

The Independent.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK: NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XLVI.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1894.

NUMBER 2402.

The Independent

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THE BLUE ARRAS.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

'Twas the night of a bitter frost
In the vale of the Bishop's Praise,
And the face of the moon was lost
In the white of a spectral haze.

The voice of the wind whist
Where the Hall hung over the lake;
But the logs on the firelog hissed
Like a serpent roused in a brake.

Rich were the walls of the room
With the trophies of wealth and fame
But the Bishop cowered in the gloom
Aback from the searching flame.

Never an eye he cast,
On all that the years had won;
But he shrunk from the sight, aghast
At a deed that was like to be done.

Tho it stung his touch like a thorn,
At a tiny scrip clutched he
That read, "Come thou at the morn,
Or I die on the gallows-tree;"

And the sign that was set thereto
Was his only brother's sign.
The sputtering flame burned blue,
And the deer-hound gave a whine.

But still did the Bishop brood
As the moments sped amain,
And his o'erwrought outer mood
Showed the battle within his brain.

"Tarry!" the Tempter cried;
"Why save what has little worth?
'Twere better that such should bide
Under five warm feet of earth!"

"When rancor and strife are rife,
Forsooth, 'twere a foolish thing
To rescue the worthless life
Of a rebel against the King!"

"His leagues of land shall be thine
From the plain to the eagle perch,
And brighter thy name shall shine
On the brow of the Mother Church."

Then, born of an old desire,
The Bishop saw, as he sat,
Take form in the core of the fire
The red of a cardinal's hat.

So he said to his soul, "'Tis done!"
And it seemed, for a breathing space,
That the Tempter's words had won,
By the look on the Bishop's face.

But sudden the flame shot up
Till it set the room a-shine
Like the bowl of a crystal cup
Aflod with the gold of wine.

And the hangings, one and all,
The marvel of Artols skill,
Wavered upon the wall
Like boughs when the wind hath will.

Wrought on a blue as bland
As the softest sky of spring,
At the Bishop's own command,
There was many a sacred thing.

All of the saints most fair
Who had fought for the faith and bled,
From Jesus, the Christ, were there,
With a halo about the head.

And lo! as the Bishop gazed,
With the firelight still at flood,
Each raptured face seemed hazed
With a blurring mist of blood.

But every eye was clear
And burned like a living coal,
While the wrathful rays pierced sheer
To the depth of the Bishop's soul.

And each thin lip seemed to frame
A word that stabbed like a blade;
For he thought it the hated name
Of him who the Christ betrayed.

Froze in his throat the prayer
So glib on his tongue before,
And down from his carven chair
Slipped the Bishop upon the floor;

Groveled, abashed, abased,
Shorn of each shred of pride;
And he lay there, downward-faced,
Till the glowing firelight died.

But when, with their clear "God-speed,"
Rang the bells to the day new-born,
Astride of his swiftest steed
Rode the Bishop to meet the morn.

CLINTON, N. Y.

FOOTBALL RUIN OR REFORM.

BY ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD,
PRESIDENT OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

THE football season of 1894 has afforded a spectacle probably unparalleled in the history of college games. The Springfield game between Harvard and Yale was an exhibition that gave the most direct and sweeping contradiction to every claim that has ever been made for football as a manly game. It has been claimed for it that it teaches men self-restraint, that it develops true manliness, that it stimulates generous rivalry. This game showed that it leads to fierce outbreaks of temper, that it gives place for cowardly assaults, that it provokes to unmanly tricks, that it makes a friendly contest a brutal battle. It has been claimed that nothing is better for our country than that thousands should see college men contend, in honorable emulation and perfect good-humor, in so sharp a struggle. It was proved that such a contest could degenerate into a disgraceful fight, and men were repeatedly carried off the field dazed and bleeding from serious and too probably intentional injuries.

And the sequel to this scene was another shock to our sensibilities. The Yale and Princeton game was played under the eye of the New York police force, as tho it was on a par with the sparring contests, which are publicly known to be prize fights under cover of a euphemism.

And all this after large promises of a careful revision of rules which was to prevent injuries, and regulate and suppress the evil tendencies so manifest a year ago.

What of the future? Is football fully and finally condemned, or is there hope of a radical reform, which will redeem and restore it to its proper place?

I hope much, but fear more. I am a staunch believer in the game. But it is a game for boys, not men; and it should be played, and not a serious, absorbing business. The trouble is not with the game, but with certain evil influences which have batten on it, and are using it, and those who play it, for ulterior and unworthy ends.

In the first place, a generous rivalry has given place to a mad determination to win at any cost. The culmination of the season is marked by a feverish excitement among all connected with the colleges, which is most unhealthful. It is marked by dishonest tricks to strengthen the teams, and by reckless betting on the results of games, and by disgraceful dissipation to celebrate a victory or drown the bitterness of a defeat. The

betting evil has reached in some quarters a dangerous development, and is poisoning the atmosphere, more or less, everywhere. The newspaper quotations of the odds offered and accepted on this and that game, the stories of the losses and gains of students here and there, call a blush of shame to the cheeks of all who have the welfare of our youth really at heart. And the worst phase of all this is that certain colleges, profiting by the advertisement given them by these games, foster and encourage them.

In the second place, the game has grown to be so serious and so exacting an affair as fatally to distract the attention of a large number of students. Moreover, quite a number on many teams are in college only to play ball; and tho they maintain a precarious standing long enough to weather the season of play, they are a dangerous element. Under such conditions the influence of a trainer, now usually an ex-member of some successful team, too often a young man of bad habits, profane, dissipated and of low ideals, becomes extremely evil. Such trainers working on such materials, with the desire to win as the *summum bonum*, introduce the intentional roughness and the sharp tricks to evade the rules which have so disgraced the game this year.

The revision of the rules worked much good with the games between the smaller colleges. I have seen as pretty football, as free from rough play, accidents and objectionable features of all kinds, as I ever saw. But the revision did not strike at the real evil, and was not meant to do so. Personally, I do not think severer penalties for violations of the rules are needed. The penalties are already severe enough. Like all very severe laws, they are not put into effect. The real need is better and braver officials and less at stake in the game. Take the games out of the great cities, confine them to undergraduates in the regular college courses, vigorously purge the game of all who are paid to play by free board, free tuition, or in any other way, and appoint referees and umpires who will apply the rules. Then and then only will the game be redeemed.

It is with a sense of shame that I plead for such things. How sad it is that our splendid young manhood should need to be defended and safeguarded from such things! How much easier it would be to cry, Away with such hideous mockeries of manhood! But this will not do. Football at its best is a legitimate sport and its place cannot easily be supplied. We can and must save it. But it can only be saved by fairly and frankly meeting the situation, recognizing the evil results of the present methods, and uniting to effect a change. A veto by college faculties, forbidding all intercollegiate contests, is not the only, or the best means—it is the ultimate, and may be the necessary means. If the undergraduates and the representative graduate friends of athletics and the faculty advisory committees could meet in a large and representative meeting, some sound plan could easily be devised. Such a plan, however, must have for its only object the reinstating of football as a genuine college sport, free from professionalism, undue roughness, and all idea of advertising any college or group of colleges.

EASTON, PENN.

FOOTBALL A GAME FOR GENTLEMEN, AND FOR THOSE OF TRAINED STRENGTH.

BY CHARLES F. THWING, D.D., LL.D.,
PRESIDENT OF WESTERN RESERVE UNIVERSITY AND ADELBERT COLLEGE.

It would be foolish to deny that football has evils; it is human. But despite its evils it is somewhat good; and it is so good that the evils should be eliminated, and it, itself, should be made a game absolutely good. In making it a sport of absolute value two things are to be constantly borne in mind.

1. Football is a game for gentlemen. It is a game for gentlemen to play with gentlemen. It demands physical strength of alertness and of vigor. It and the prize fight make a common demand for physical strength. In this respect the two sports are alike, in other respects they differ. The purpose of the prize fight is to injure, the purpose of football is not to injure; the aim of the prize fight is to get a man down, the aim of the football is to get the ball over. But the game of football demands so much physical vigor, and the relation between the contesting players is so intimate and opposing, that the football player meets a strong temptation to fight his antagon-