

Basket-Ball at Smith College

By Elizabeth Fisher Read



THE game of basket-ball was adopted at Smith College four years ago, and was directly incorporated into the work of the departments of physical training. All work done in basket-ball is under the immediate supervision of the department, and in connection with the regular gymnasium work. During the first and second years this work is compulsory for all students. The classes meet, in small divisions, four half-hours a week, from November to Easter. One afternoon a week is given to basket-ball, so that every girl in college has a practical acquaintance with the game, and has learned by falls and tumbles how to appreciate good playing.

During the winter the games are played in the Alumnae Gymnasium. The floor of the gymnasium is marked off into three divisions, each of which forms the territory of a certain number of the players on each side. In each of the end divisions is a goal—an eighteen-inch cylinder or basket, the mouth of which is ten feet from the floor. The object of the game is to get the ball into the basket. At Smith a regulation Rugby football is used. Each basket is protected by three "homes"—players on the side to which that goal belongs, whose object is to get the ball into the basket. In the same territory stand three "guards," players on the other side, who try to prevent their opponents from scoring. In the middle division the "centers," four in number, play. The center players on each side try to get the ball when the referee puts it into play by tossing it out among them, and to pass it along from one member of the team to another, until it reaches the homes, and a goal is scored. The side scoring the most goals in forty minutes wins the game. The game is played in two halves of twenty minutes each, with ten minutes' intermission.

The game was at first considered an absurdity, as so many things were distinctly forbidden that there seemed to be no game left at all. The ball cannot be kicked or struck with the fists; no player can run with it, or hold it except with her hands; there can be no pushing, tripping, or shoving. In view of these restrictions, no interest or excitement seemed possible. Yet even these ordinary rules have been still further modified at Smith without decreasing the interest of the game. The additional limitations have only made the game more scientific. The rules adopted by the Y. M. C. A. provide for eight kinds of fouls—those made by striking the ball with the fist, kicking it, running with it, holding it with anything but the hands, holding, striking, pushing, or shouldering an opponent, needless rough play, touching the ball when put into play by any one except a center, and addressing the

umpire or referee by any one but the captains. Under these rules it is possible for a player to hold the ball in his hands until he can decide what to do with it, or to bounce it indefinitely until matters arrange themselves to his satisfaction. At Smith, however, it was considered that by this hesitancy one of the best results of the game—the training in quick, decisive judgment—was lost. Any one can tell where to throw the ball after thinking two or three minutes about it; the value of the game lies in the training it gives, in knowing, at once, on the instant, what to do with it. Accordingly two more acts were made fouls—holding the ball longer than three seconds, and bouncing it more than three times, or lower than the knee. Under this arrangement rapidity of thought and action are essen-



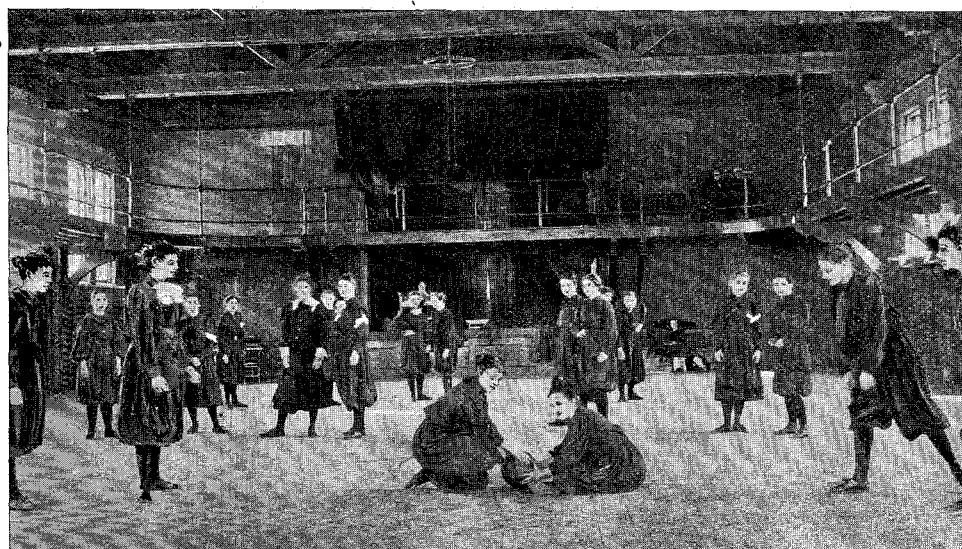
GUARDING THE THROW INTO THE BASKET

tial to success. A player has to throw the ball to some one else before it is fairly in her hands.

The division of the ground into sections is also an arrangement peculiar to Smith. Each player can play only on her own territory; if she gets out of bounds, it constitutes a foul. This adjustment is more scientific, because it gives each player an especial thing to do. She knows just what part of the game she has to see to, and is confident that the other players on her side will attend to the playing in their divisions. Greater concentration of purpose and a less extensive responsibility are thus secured. Each player is responsible for a definite thing.

The culminating point of the gymnasium work is the annual basket-ball game between the teams of the first and second classes. A position on the class team is a highly

coveted honor. The hope of getting on it makes the students more regular in their gymnasium work than they might otherwise be. The weekly practice work brings about the recognition of ability, and insures the selection of those students that are best able to uphold the honor of their class. About a month before the match game is played, a first and a second, or substitute, teams are chosen in each class. In order to equalize the contest, and offset the greater experience of the second class, the juniors are allowed to coach the first class team. Until this year, however, their greater experience in playing the game and in working with each other have enabled the second class to beat,



BASKET-BALL IN THE SMITH COLLEGE GYMNASIUM

in spite of the junior coaching. This year, however, owing to a combination of circumstances, the first class won the game by a close score.

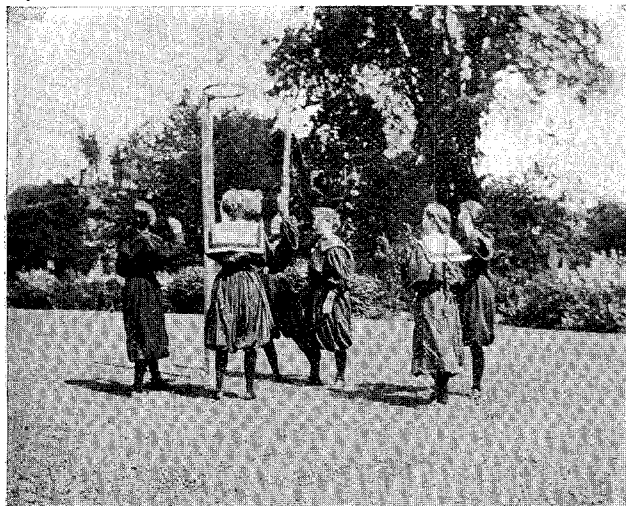
The game is played in the Alumnae Gymnasium, usually on the Saturday before the Easter vacation. On that day the interior of the gymnasium presents a very interesting appearance. On the stage at one end of the hall the Faculty and guests from the city are seated. They usually appear wearing the colors of one side or the other. Great rivalry is displayed by the members of the two classes in inducing popular members of the Faculty to wear their colors. Often members of the Amherst Faculty are present. The parents of the students living in or near Northampton show their interest in the game and in the welfare of their daughters' class by lending their moral support to the occasion. Each team uses one of the small dressing-rooms on each side of the stage.

The students are massed on the running-track—the second class, with their natural supporters, the seniors, on the one side, with the first class and the juniors opposite them. The railings and pillars on each side are decorated with the colors of the side whose stronghold it is, and the students themselves are so well provided with neckties, scarfs, banners, umbrellas, and even dresses of their class colors that the effect from the floor is almost that of a solid bank of color.

While waiting for the teams to come out, the students while away the time by singing songs gotten up for the occasion. These songs consist of lines appropriate to the situation, in praise of the class or the team, set to some popular melody. From time to time both sides join in singing some song of general interest. As each member of the Faculty comes in, he is greeted with cheers and with his verse of the "Faculty song." During the actual playing no singing is permitted, but in the intermission it is renewed with increased vigor, the winning side trying to express their approval and pleasure, the losers trying to cheer up their team to greater efforts. After the game cheers, songs, and a triumphal parade end the contest.

The game is carried on in a friendly spirit throughout. Naturally each side strains every nerve to win, but that no bad feeling is caused is shown by the fact that the two teams have a supper together in the evening, at which good fellowship reigns.

During the spring term no gymnasium work is required, so that whatever playing is done is entirely voluntary. In



A SURE GOAL

spite of the fresher attractions spring at Smith affords, in the shape of walks among the hills and meadows with which Northampton is surrounded, in spite of mountain-climbing and tennis and the Walking Club, the members of the basket-ball teams still manage to find time for an occasional game. In the spring the playing is done on a ground laid out on the campus. The pictures accompanying this article were taken on this out-of-door ground. The gymnasium suit shown in the pictures is the dress worn by all the gymnasium classes. It consists of a blouse

with Turkish trousers. These out-of-door games are very popular with the students. The ground is nearly always surrounded by interested spectators when a game is going on.

When it became a recognized principle in colleges for women that physical training was as necessary for them as for men, the question arose, What form should this training take? Should Vassar and Smith attempt to give their students physical training identical with that offered in



PUTTING THE BALL IN PLAY

Harvard and Yale? Those who considered a women's college as necessarily inferior to a college for men, unless it offers the same courses in all departments, naturally extended this principle to physical training, and regarded as amateur and inefficient all training that did not follow exactly the lines of men's athletic work.

This principle, however, has never been recognized at Smith. From the beginning the college policy has been, not to duplicate the means of development offered in men's colleges, but to provide courses and methods of study that should do for women what the men's courses did for them. Emphasis has been put, not on the resemblances between men and women, but rather on the differences. The effort has not been to turn out new women, capable of doing anything man can do, from walking thirty miles to solving the problems of higher mathematics. Instead of this the college has tried to develop its students along natural womanly lines, not along the lines that would naturally be followed in training men. Instead of the methods natural and proper in a college for men, and resulting in a system of athletics, there is in operation at Smith College a method equally natural and proper for a college for women, but resulting in physical training. Yet, while it was obvious that men's sports could not be adopted bodily in a women's college, it was nevertheless felt that some of the benefits resulting from these sports would be of equal value to women. A man who has learned to play football knows how to meet a crisis. From the effort to devise some form of training that would secure to women this ability among other advantages, while at the same time avoiding the undesirable features of football, the game of basket-ball above described has resulted.



The Sweetest Flower

By Priscilla Leonard

Among the summer's lavish store
Each heart knows some familiar flower,
Dearest of all, whose subtle power
Unlocks, with fragrant key, the door
Of memory, and wakes again
A bygone joy, a bygone pain,
So keen, so sweet, that days long dead
Live with intensest life once more,
And we, with trembling footsteps, tread
The unforgotten ways of yore.
Ah! other flowers may fairer be,
But these alone, unfadingly,
Our youth, our past, to us restore.

Hyderabad

By William Frederick Dix



VISIT to the independent principality of Hyderabad, in southern India, is a plunge into mediævalism. The government of a prince who is practically a despot, the power of feudal lords or rajahs, the lack of strength in any central power, the free, adventurous life, the gorgeous costumes of the people, the pageants of petty rulers and their suites—all these bewilder the traveler. As he passes through the thronged streets of the capital, elbowed by Afghans and Khurds from the north, by Bengali, Brahmins, and Punjabi, all garbed in glittering brocade or brilliant cloths from Kashmir, or in pure white, all armed with sword, dagger, and enormous pistols, he feels that he is indeed living in the days of chivalry or of the Arabian Nights.

Hyderabad, the country, is in the center of southern India, and is still free from British control, although a British "Resident" lives in the capital, and it is said that before the Nizam ever does anything important "he has a chat with him." This prince has always been friendly to England, and England has followed the wise policy of giving him, at least in appearance, autonomy for his country, which has about ten million inhabitants.

Hyderabad, the city, is the capital, and is a walled city of about three hundred and fifty thousand people, and is entered by thirteen gates. From the railroad that runs diagonally across India from Madras to Bombay, a branch road has been built, through the country of Hyderabad (which is about equal in size to Ireland), to its capital in its center. Of all places in India, this dazzling city is the most turbulent and unsafe. Within its walls each man is his own guardian. The two ruling classes of society, the Mohammedans and the Hindus, are at enmity with each other, and petty chieftains coming down in quest of adventure from the wild districts of the north, with their bold retainers, eager for a fray on any excuse, make life exceedingly interesting, for there is almost no police or military surveillance.

As these maharajahs, rajahs, and chieftains vie with each other in the splendor of their apparel and the number and magnificence of their weapons, the streets, lined with rose-colored buildings carved in arabesque designs and thronged with scarlet-caparisoned elephants, with camels, and with chariots drawn by white bullocks, and *tongas* with two horses, are more brilliant and spectacular than can be described.

In the town itself there is no place where the European traveler may stop, but six miles away a Eurasian has a comfortable bungalow for the entertainment of the infrequent visitor.

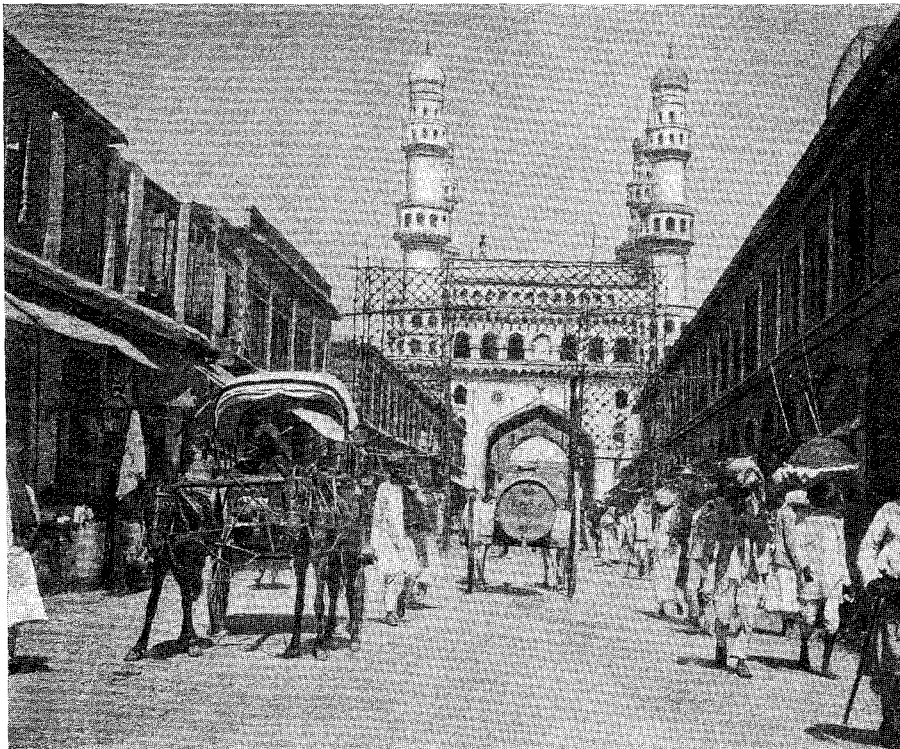
In the morning one is called early by his *khitmighar*, who has slept at his door-sill. A native servant is indis-

pensable; he attends to all his master's personal wants, acting as a valet, table servant, and courier. He buys and cooks his own food, and at night, when all are asleep, he unfolds his turban, wraps himself in its generous folds, stretches himself outside the doorway, and finds surcease from the day's labors in the temporary Nirvana of night.

At seven o'clock he arouses his master, and bears in a tray with the tea, toast, and plantain of *chotta hazree* or "little breakfast." Not waiting for the more substantial meal at nine, we enter the *tonga* or two-wheeled, basket-roofed cart and are driven over the level, dusty road to the city. It is a continuous settlement, with huts, bungalows, rows of bazaars, and an occasional mosque of Mohammedan architecture, with beautiful white arabesque doorways and graceful minarets spearing up into the blue. A shallow lake or so are passed, with gray storks flapping lazily away as we approach, and a muddy river with innumerable *dhobies* and *dhoba* beating wet linen upon the rocks. These washermen and women dip the clothes in the none-too-crystalline water, swing them in the air in

a circle above their heads, and slap them against the stones. They are dried by being spread upon the dusty banks. These people form a caste by themselves, and clothing is always washed in this manner throughout the land.

This river is the Moosa, and a picturesque scene it is. The water lies in pools and little branching streams among the sand strips, and in the brown waters are huge elephants wallowing and lying upon their sides, being scrubbed by their keepers, and everywhere the crouching



CHAR MINAR, IN THE CENTER OF THE CITY—HYDERABAD

From a Photograph by the Author

dhobies with the white linen twinkling over their heads.

A great creamy wall appears suddenly before us, and a massive gate with heavy oaken portals, studded with spikes to keep hostile elephants of war from butting their heads against them. The ponies' hoofs ring out sharply upon a stone pavement, and then—Hyderabad, hot, dusty, crowded, kaleidoscopic, and bewildering. A city without one single European element, of ever-changing scenes, and a populace representing all the races of India, fierce, wild, armed, and kept in check only by the lawless army of the Nizam, who, next to the Sultan of Turkey, is the most powerful Mohammedan ruler in the world.

The streets are straight and wide, dusty and crowded; there is none of the tangle and darkness of an Oriental city with its high buildings and narrow, sinuous alleys; this is not Oriental, it is—Hyderabad.

The main street extends before us straight away from the gate, meeting midway a similar street at right angles to it, which cuts the city, likewise, from wall to wall. At the junction of the two the great Char Minar, a lofty white tower used for storing grain in case of a famine, pins the city to earth in its very center. Upon each side of us as