

studies them from the cushioned seat of his own automobile. It will be an invasion of pleasure cars primarily, but there is no good reason for supposing that trade opportunities blossoming among mamays and sapodillas will be overlooked, and thus in time other boats may be bringing in fleets of trucks.

FROM Key West it is ninety miles across the indigo Gulf Stream to Havana. So many motorists will want to make the crossing, it is believed, that there is already talk among the shipping men of ferry-boats with a capacity of 200 or 300 automobiles so constructed that cars may embark and debark under their own power. Havana, quaintest and cleanest of cities, and an ample satisfaction in itself, is by no means to be the sole attraction in Cuba. President Machado and Secretary of Public Works Cespedes, desiring to give their country one of the truly fine highways of the world and keenly aware, through the efforts of the American Chamber of Commerce in Havana, of the urge that is driving Americans southward, have sponsored tax laws that will provide

\$300,000,000 through a period of years for road-building, as well as for the further beautification of Havana. Contracts have been let for the first units of a highway which is to extend through the interesting primitive country of five provinces from Pinar del Rio to Santiago, a distance of 600 miles. In places the highway will pass under great cievea trees planted three hundred years ago in order that the horseman who took his tedious way along the stony trail might have shade.

THE auto tourist who rolls down this highway in the days when it stands completed to Cuba's southern shore will find that he may go on to Jamaica, Haiti, Santo Domingo, or Porto Rico by resorting to shorter ferry ride than was required to fetch him to Havana. Farther away, but not so far that their call may not be heard by the more adventurous, will await the Canal Zone and the inviting republics of Central and South America. Or, if the traveler decides to go no farther south than the Cuban mainland, it may be possible for him to prolong the novelty of his trip by

taking a new route home. A steamer can pick up a motor car on the western extreme of Cuba and set it down, several hours later, on the Yucatan peninsula in the eastern extreme of Mexico.

How rapidly and how plentifully the United States may develop seagoing automobilists is a pleasant matter of speculation, but Miami, a metropolis in the path of the human movement in the direction of the equator, has written the future's possibilities definitely into her plans. Miami, according to some of her leading citizens, anticipates the uninterrupted development of Florida, boom or no boom, and she expects, in an important degree, to inspire and equip the grand adventure that will make conquest of the West Indies and then roll on nobody knows how far. Experience, according to the same resident authorities, has prepared Miami for vast things. It has given her a superior understanding of the merchantable qualities of a benign climate and the dollars and cents to be won from the beauties of nature when expressed in a tropical and overwhelming mood.

Where Football Falls Down

In which a Former Football Player Points Out the Shortcomings of a Game He Loves

By JOHN C. BALDWIN, M.D.

THERE is no doubt but that the boy who plays football takes a foremost place among his college fellows. When he makes the team, his place in college life is thereby established. No other game makes half the appeal to the undergraduate body, or as great a one to the world at-large. To me no game can offer a thrill to compare with a cleanly caught punt run back past charging ends or a smashing offense held on the very goal line.

Perhaps it may seem strange, then, that I do not want my own boys to play college football. I grant its dramatic appeal. I grant its place as a developer of courage, self-control, and team-work. I am not particularly perturbed by the whispers of commercialism and professionalism. Neither am I aghast at the physical dangers of the game, although a somewhat treacherous knee often reminds me of them. These common arguments for and against football are, so far as I am concerned, beside the mark. And for these reasons:

I believe that four years at college

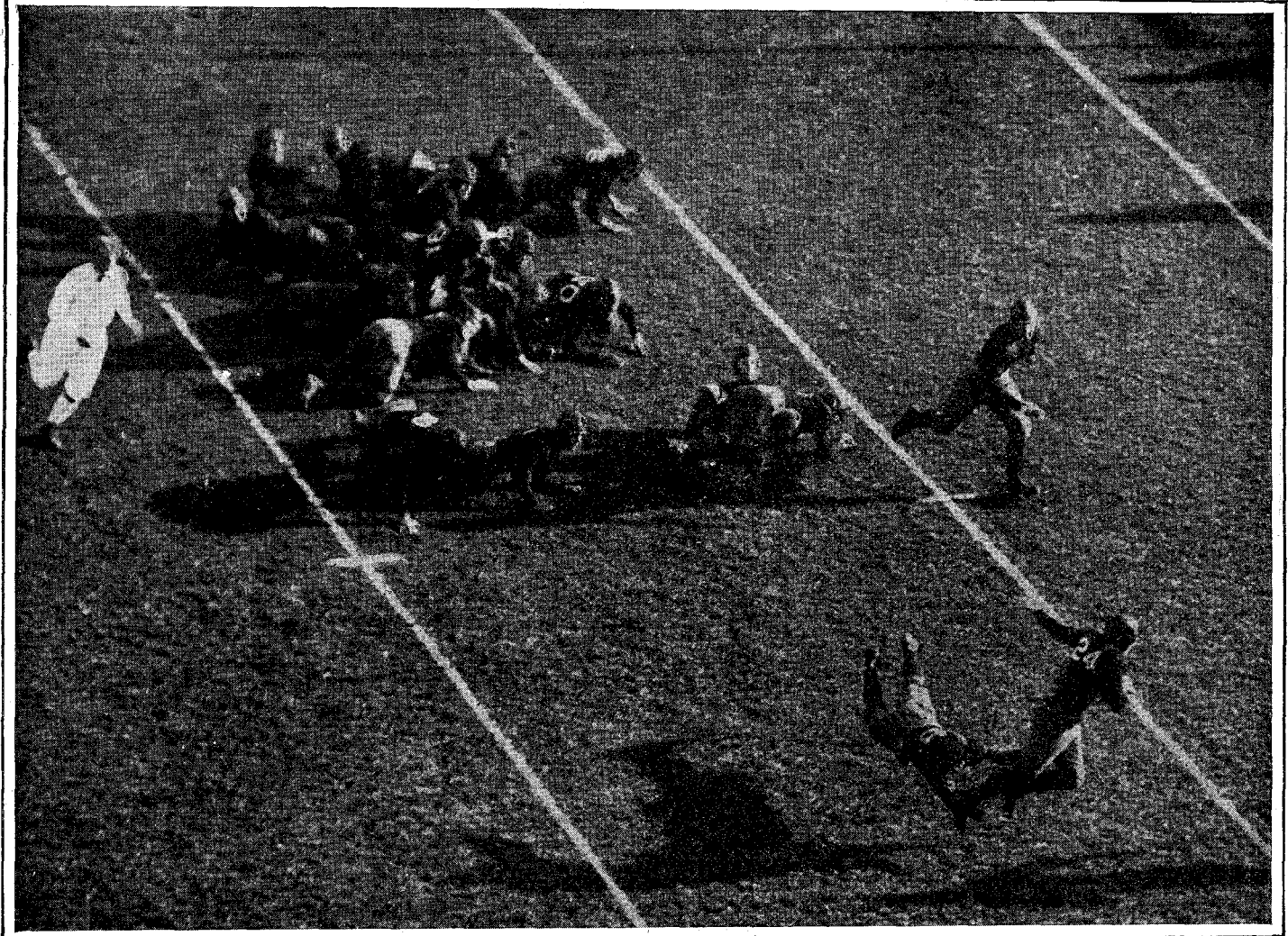
should give a boy certain things which he can get less surely elsewhere. The most important of these things is the capacity to enjoy life, intellectually, socially, and physically, to the full. It is, of course, of the physical enjoyment of life that I am writing here. Just as his intellectual education should fit him to appreciate books and pictures and music, so his physical training should fit him to get the most out of his games and outdoor recreation. In so far as college athletics do this they accomplish their purpose, and hold a rightful and important place in education. When they do not, they become a side-show; attractive, to be sure, but, after all, not the main issue. From this standpoint, athletics are a vital part of the training a boy is to receive at college. They are not merely fun for the moment, any more than are economics or biology. They are to be chosen and followed with a view to the use that is to be made of them in later years.

That is where football falls down. There comes, one Saturday afternoon in

November of senior year, your last game. And when the whistle blows, at the end of a weary fourth quarter, you're through! You never play again. You have left memories. Nothing to give life more zest at thirty or forty or fifty. Leaving out of consideration the sporadic attempts to establish football as a profession, it is not played after leaving college. Judged on this basis, it does not live up to its splendor of college days.

What are the sports, then, which do make life fuller after graduation? The list will vary with different localities and with personal preference, but there are certain fundamentals which are the same pretty much the world over. To swim, to ride a horse, to box, to skate, and to shoot; these are the rudiments which every boy should know. Of the less elemental sports, tennis and golf rank first. Rowing, hockey, and lacrosse hold a few after graduation.

But football is a game quite apart. It has less in common with the sports of later life than any other form of college



Underwood & Underwood

A Big Game of 1926

Princeton defeats Harvard in the stadium on the banks of the Charles. The illustration shows one of those dramatic moments in modern football which bring the stands up cheering

athletics. The same amount of time and energy if applied, for example, to golf or tennis would give the boy a dexterity which would last him throughout his life. As it is, it gives him a well-developed body with no aptitude for other games. For it does not follow that a man who has developed an excellent physique under perfect control through his years of football can take up other sports readily. To most men the first ten years after leaving college are the busiest and most exacting of their lives. Playtimes are few and far between. Without constant exercise, the physical advantages which football has given are soon lost. And with only an occasional Saturday afternoon, one does not start playing golf or tennis. These games are recreation to the man who has a certain proficiency, not to the dub. He who has learned to play at college picks up his racket or his golf bag, when a free afternoon comes, and hies him to the court or the links, with a background of training which makes his afternoon good fun. While the man who played football deprived himself of the time necessary to master these other sports. And, having no

game to keep himself in condition, he soon loses the physical strength which football gave him.

There are, of course, other benefits of the game which are not lost. Perhaps the most important of these is a consciousness of physical courage. Every boy has it as his birthright, but he must know he has it. It must be proved to him on the field of battle before it is really his own. Football proves it beyond all doubt. But so does every worth-while sport. To pull to the end of the last half-mile in an eight-oared shell, with every nerve crying for rest; to smash over the winning point in a five-set tennis match, when the body has rebelled, games before; to hole out a putt on the eighteenth green with the game hanging in the balance—these all take courage. Not so heralded as playing through the last quarter with a broken rib, but just as real and just as fine and just as needed in later life. The gridiron is not the only proving-ground of courage.

The boy who is playing on the college football team cannot hope to play the other games too. Football is too hard a

taskmaster; it brooks no interference. During the fall it takes all of his time, and snatches a few weeks of spring for practice as well. Furthermore, it takes so much of his energy and thought that his studies suffer woefully. In consequence, if he wishes to stand creditably in his classroom, he must study doubly hard during the rest of the year. It takes far too much for what it gives.

That is why I do not want my own boys to play college football. Not because I dislike football—I still love it—but because I believe a boy should take part in those forms of athletics which will give him games to play when college days are over. His sports should be chosen, just as his studies are, with some regard to the life he will probably lead after graduation. He ought not to spend four years majoring in a form of athletics which, while fine exercise in itself, has no bearing on recreation after graduation. Football stops with the end of college days. I want my boys to have games which they can play with enjoyment because they can play them well when they are thirty and forty and fifty.

Autumn Along the Beaches

By JOHN HALL WHEELLOCK

A YEAR, with all its days, has come and gone
Since last under the arch of heaven I stood
In the old ecstasy, and looked upon
These endless waters, this bleak solitude.

All is unchanged: the sea-birds wheel and pass,
The patient dunes go down along the sky
In wavering lines of green, from the scant grass
A single cricket lifts his solemn cry.

Autumn is on the wind; the chilly air
Is wide and vacant, the pale waters seem
Paler and lonelier—lonely and bare
The tawny beaches, fading like a dream.

On the right hand of heaven there is light—
And on the left is darkness and the gray
Cover of cloud; southward the sea is bright—
But northward sorrow and shadow all the way.

Dull blues and purples, glossy black and green
On the one hand—and on the other sheer
Glory of gold! The waters in between
Are doubtful—half in hope, and half in fear.

But always a cold light along the rim
Wells secretly, the under-heavens cast
Cold light along the verge under the dim
Borders of darkness where the clouds are massed.

Around one center the slow bulk revolves;
Far out a haze curtains the mystery
Of some ecstatic deed—the cloud dissolves
And sheds his drifting rain upon the sea.

It is the bridal of heaven and ocean—brief
Is the rapt moment ere the gauzy veil,
Crumbling, is lifted. As with tremulous grief
Of parting, the divided wastes are pale.

Wan wastes of wave, and glimmering wastes that crowd
The worn horizon—passion and regret.
Sea-scud, and faltering light, and trailing cloud
Reluctant, where the old longing labors yet.

The slant rain slackens. From the hopeful, blue
Meadows of heaven, widening evermore,
A sudden shaft of light comes piercing through,
And points a shining finger down the shore.

Alternate gleam and shadow! Like a wand
The running radiance all along the line
Travels with soundless motion. Far beyond
Headlands and dunes and brightening beaches shine.

Darkness is rolled away: the great banks move
Northward, save for a few high streaks that show
The vault of heaven still higher far above,
So high they seem, yet lie so far below.

They move like swans upon an azure lake—
The bleak skies of the autumn afternoon
Wash 'round them in chill loveliness and make
Their fleecy edges brighter, fading soon.

The room of the world is bare from bound to bound,
A vacant chamber—heaven overhead
Is a blue ceiling, the heavens that wall it 'round
Are blue, before me the blue floors are spread.

Blue mile on mile, from deep to azure height
Eastward, the everlasting arches loom!
Blue mile on mile forever to the bright
Limits! The world is like an empty room.

On the void sea no sail, no sign. Far out
A lone bird, through the shifting corridors
Of billowing water blown and tossed about,
Wavers and veers along the windy floors.

Loneliness—endlessness—and mystery!
No voice disturbs the silence of the sun.
No shadow is on the surface of the sea.
The clouds are scattered and darkness is undone.

The huddled waters in their sorrow move
At the wind's will that herds them without stay
Over the barren reaches, drove on drove—
A myriad waves all moving the one way.