

Swiss Echoes of Sacco and Vanzetti

THERE has been much tension here these days over Sacco and Vanzetti. In fact, for weeks placards of a fiery nature have been posted on the walls.

We went to the Students Union last evening to hear Dame Rachel Crowdy, and were unable to cross Place Neuve. On the steps of the Conservatory of Music, where our girls assemble daily for the Zimmern Lectures, stood a gesticulating, haranguing man, with the Place packed with an audience. Its attitude was ugly in regard to our passing so we turned and went another way. Just to avoid confusion, we returned by taxi. The Place was then free, but we ran into crowds on reaching the Pont du Mont Blanc and a block from our apartment a murmuring, hustling throng held our passage back.

Before we reached our place other crowds were pouring up side streets and began running so that they were only a block behind when we reached home. Shouts and murmurings and tramping feet lent agility to our own steps. Our plucky little concierge was at the entrance, but we did not wait to open up with the big night key; she hustled us into her own quarters that you recall give on the pavement outside. She had turned out all the lights. We skittered our way through directly to the lift and by the time we had reached our floor the crowd had arrived below and were trying our heavy entrance door and attacking the autos of the "rich" that were parked along the street.

An individual dining in the building saw his car endangered and rushed out. A woman hurled some invective and the misguided gentleman thrust at her with his foot and slapped her face, snarling "*canaille*." Enough for the crowd, which crouched and closed in on the unfortunate, landing a stone on his temple.

IN the meantime the Bellevue Hotel became the center of excitement as the probable refuge for a man who had killed a bystander in the general uproar. The crowd surged about, breaking windows at random with stones and shouting portentously. At this crisis came an illustration of latent Swiss respect for the "Arm of the Law." Four nice little gendarmes, all trimmed up with white braid that stood out in the dark (looking all the world like boy dolls!), gave a flourish of authority and three-quarters of the packed bunch of people twittered away like startled sheep. It

ONLY by such a vivid account as this can people in this country get any idea of the feeling aroused in some quarters of Europe towards America. Explain how we will, that feeling exists. It is pictured in its outward expression by this vivid sketch by Mrs. Elbert Francis Baldwin, wife of The Outlook's European correspondent. Though not intended for publication, it is here printed by her permission. Mrs Baldwin's account of the rescue of the Antinoo at sea by the President Roosevelt will be remembered by many Outlook readers.

was as amusing as it was significant. The other quarter were of sturdier mood but were backed up along the Quai. However, a host had tramped up to the League above us in the next block. Do you recall the great police dog, sole resident-police, in that place of "moral suasion"? That large brother-of-the-wolf was released in the space between the bronze fence and the entrance, and charged up and down, speaking his mind and offering the "teeth" that the League is assumed to lack, according to certain mistaken American interpretations. The canine proved as effective as the gendarmes but he was more fortunate than some of his confrères in the town who were badly hurt. The crowd contented itself by smashing the shutterless windows in the famous Glass Room of the League and the Library, for the emotion now embraced Internationalism as well as the United States of America, including demonstrations at the International Club and Pharmacy. However the first attentions had been given to our own land; the American Express headquarters were badly damaged, and the Walk-Over Shoe (that in Geneva is chaperoned by a perfectly good Swiss), was looted and the fine hand-sewn "*chaussures Americaines*," flung by the box into the near-by lake. Thrifty citizens, however, fished out many of the floating shoes; incidentally, the first evidence I have had that any of the multitudinous Izaak Waltons hereabout ever caught anything!

I felt concern for our group, for I realized the natural interest any one feels in a demonstration alien to one's previous experiences. So I called up our

nice vice-consul for directions. As a consequence, Young America (and Old for that matter), is urged to keep off the streets entirely to-day and to-night and the evening papers demanded that all youth under eighteen remain indoors. A mass-meeting and procession are planned, and reports are that the Consulate is to be raided. In any case the local militia is ordered into soldier clothes for an "*alerte*," and troops are coming from Berne. Further, the noon-day papers are suppressed; thus incidental oil is withheld from an inflammatory state of mind. It is better taste, in any case, to keep our easily recognized personalities in their own houses for the moment, though no one need exaggerate conditions and dangers.

ONE thing seems clear: However just the sentence of these two men, there is a deep feeling of protest in regard to the antiquated legal system of Massachusetts under which these men have been tried. Doubtless the evidence must have been convincing to the high-minded men whose painful conclusions make them targets for the anarchist.

Later: Drenching rains all day have had a helpful share in cooling inflamed ardor. In fact, H₂O has been widely effective; the Fire Department took up its position in front of the American Consulate and met untoward interest of aliens with instant streams, deftly aimed.

One begins to sort out the various opinions. All are moved by the seeming uncertainty that persists in this cruelly drawn-out case. The universal conscience is troubled with the feeling that a possible moral fault has been committed, that this case has been handled in a way to play effectively into the hands of communists and anarchists—this very group that aids and abets far greater crimes of their brothers in Moscow. They would screen through their attitude the Soviet leaders who send victims to die of cold and privation; who kill in cold blood priests, women and children, who with hate in their hearts, would spread the power of Communism over an immense Empire and the world. Needless to say, the Swiss authorities are stirred over this hysterical outburst in a town noted for its sanity and order. Switzerland stands so solidly for law, readiness, and preparedness that its citizens are shocked and humiliated over this hysterical episode staged in the quiet and beautiful streets of this tranquil city.—MARY WASHBURN BALDWIN.

Geneva, Switzerland.

Let Football Alone

Yale's Famous Football Coach Gives His Views on the Game as He Enters His Last Year at Yale

By TAD JONES

(In Interview with Dixon Merritt)

THIS year will be my last year in football.

In looking directly at this season's situation, in looking back over twenty-five years of active connection with football as player and coach, in looking forward to what I hope the game of football will be in the future, I discover some convictions which I think I ought to express.

Football is the finest influence for good in the life of a university.

Let me change that. Football can be made the finest influence for good in the life of a university. The difference between what football is in the life of a particular university and what it might be in the life of that same university is not exactly the difference between the number of games won and the number of games that might be won, but the two things are related.

FOOTBALL has changed very greatly in my time. In my playing days, it was a terribly grinding affair. Still, to the best of my recollection, I liked it. But, also to the best of my recollection, I was an exception to the rule.

I remember how Lucius Bigelow used to try to tell me how he loathed going on the field. He never could quite find words to express it. What Lucius tried to express most of the others felt, I think. But, while they loathed the monotony of practice, they must have realized that they derived something from the game which they could not get in any other way.

That was before the forward pass came into existence. There was much less football played then than now and, therefore, less competition.

Then you could cover the entire country with half a dozen fine broken-field runners. Now there are almost as many fine broken-field runners as that on every first-class team.

Nobody ever saw a finer bunch of boys than the ones I have handled during my years at Yale. They have been simply great. And my principal compensation, no matter what else I may have received, has been my association with them.

The great trouble with football at Yale, and probably at other institutions,



Photos Wide World

Tad Jones, football coach at Yale for the eighth consecutive year

lies in the lack of time which can be given to it. There should be some real fun in football, and we have had a little of it here at Yale, but a team cannot be clocked at full speed at every afternoon's practice and expect to derive much pleasure from their play. On the other hand, if they are not driven at full speed for the entire hour of practice which is at their disposal, then it is impossible to attain precision in the execution of plays, either offensively or defensively.

Great football teams go through their plays in much the same way that Bobby Jones executes a golf swing. It is a habit. In the pinch, they do not press. They do not revert to incorrect position and stance, or to any other bad habits. It all takes time and patience and very careful training. But the team ought to

be trained under such conditions that the boys will still have time for pleasure in their work.

Now that matter of fun as against drudgery may have something to do with the ratio of games won to games lost. I mention it for what it is worth.

THERE is no possibility of questioning the fact that there is a football spirit in every university—something that does not apply to track or crew or anything else. Students are interested in those other things, but it is in football that the university spirit is most felt.

A hundred and twenty-five men, perhaps, come on the field. You actually try to make football players out of