

# GRIM TRAGEDIES OF AMERICA'S LEADING COLLEGE SPORT MAKE BENEFITS FROM GAME DOUBTFUL TO MANY

**Danger of America's Leading College Sport Brought Home by Recent Fatalities—It's Considered Doubtful If It Makes Manly and Strong Men.**

(Continued from First Page.)

abandon so healthful a sport as wrestling. It is the same in football."

President W. H. P. Faunce, of Brown University: "The deplorable accident at the recent football game will inevitably raise the question whether or not we have yet succeeded in modifying this form of sport so as to make it reasonably safe. Certainly the facts ought to be investigated and made public."

President Lowell, of Harvard: "It is a most unfortunate happening, a blemish on the game. My hearty sympathy goes out to the parents. About the future of football at Harvard, that is for the athletic committee to decide."

W. J. Tucker Says

Game Needs Regulation.

Former President William J. Tucker, of Dartmouth: "The game should be so regulated that an accident like that may not occur."

Dr. Edward Hitchcock, head of the physical culture department of Amherst College: "The game is too strenuous, and should be modified."

Prof. Howard McCallahan, secretary of the faculty committee on outdoor sports, of Princeton: "We do not think that this will have any effect upon Princeton's position in football."

Dr. Charles W. Needham, president of George Washington University: "I believe in football, for it is essentially a college game. That it is attended with evils and dangers and that it is confined too closely to a few players, rather than to the general student body is apparent. I think this condition has grown out of the fact that football playing has been the medium of college and university advertisement. The result of that has been to develop what might be called the semi-professional teams with a view of getting teams that will win. It is the winning that advertisers want. We need in our colleges today is to develop a more general athletic activity of the student body. We should have, I think, a team or teams in each class and interclass games, with, perhaps, only two or three at the outside of the intercollegiate or interuniversity games. That would develop the physical well-being of the students."

## STORM OF GRIEF.

"What is your opinion of football?" The mother to whom this question was addressed looked out on the West Point campus. She saw the very spot where her son, Eugene A. Byrne, had been done to death beneath Harvard's furious charges. Workmen were tearing down the stands that lined the gridiron. Fellow-classes of the dead student, erect and khaki-clad, were shooting at a target on the other side of the great field. They talked of Byrne as they shot.

"What is my opinion of football?" she repeated.

Suddenly there came a rush of tears into the heavy lidded eyes. Her voice caught in her throat as though a hand had clutched her there.

"Is there any need to ask me that question? It has taken from me my brave, dear son, the pride of my life."

"It has ended a life that only a few days ago was filled with joy and with promise of useful and noble manhood."

"There can be only one answer to your question—at least, only one answer from a mother. It should be changed, or abolished."

Makes Gallant

Fight to Keep Alive.

Mrs. James A. Byrne's fine face sank into her hands as the memory of that sudden death was revived. Lieut. Col. Charles Gandy, in whose home at "The Point" she was a guest, murmured a

few words sympathetically. Eugene Byrne had died in his arms. He had made a gallant but a losing fight to keep the struggling flame of life alive until the mother arrived from her home in Buffalo.

It was the day after Eugene Byrne had been buried in the West Point cemetery. Every cadet in the big institution had crowded into the little Catholic chapel on the hill and afterward had stood at attention when the brave lad's coffin was lowered into its resting place.

The visors of the caps that came well down over the eyes of the boys only partially hid the misty eyes and the brave tears that slowly coursed down the young faces.

The mother, father and younger brother of 'Gene Byrne were, beside the coffin. They felt the genuine grief of everybody from the grizzled veterans of the faculty to the laborers in the fields. They heard the rattle of the drums as these called "good night," and the volley of the rifles as they spoke farewell.

Cadet's Ceremony

Fitting and Grim.

Fitting and grim was all this to the man and the boy. To the mother it was nothing. She saw only her boy, knew only that the strong, manly, fine body was being taken from her sight.

It was long before she recovered from that tension sufficiently to talk. Then mastery of her spirit came. She could name her son without those uncontrollable paroxysms of grief that before had made speech impossible.

"I have never seen a finer spirit of resignation and consideration," said Lieutenant Colonel Gandy. "Her principal concern was that she must not permit her grief to overshadow our home. Quietly and firmly, she has controlled her immeasurable grief and is now able to discuss her boy's life and death with inspiring resignation."

"I should find consolation in many things," she said, her sad face softening as she spoke. Colonel Gandy had said that, as she had given her son into the keeping of his country as a soldier sudden death might have been his portion at any time.

"At least he died doing his best for the institution he loved," she continued. The long, well-formed hands smoothed a wrinkle in the black dress. The crown of gray hair was lowered a bit to conceal trembling lips and misty eyes. Then it was lifted bravely and a smile born of memory lighted the sweet, strong face.

"I should have liked to see my boy grow into perfect manhood, a devoted and useful servant to his country. I should have liked to be with him when great happiness came to him, and to have made lighter his burden of sorrows."

Untimely Death

Loses Much Blackness.

"Yet, when I reflect upon the trials that would have come to him, the many ways in which death, disaster, and ill-

ness would menace him, this untimely removal loses much of its blackness."

"My boy loved the army. He would have followed the career of a soldier all his life in all probability. That would bring him into fever-stricken camps and would make him touch shoulders often with sudden death."

"He was but human, and tremendous and unusual temptations would be about him. Death came to him when he was young, fresh, fine, and clean. The affection of his comrades was about him as he died. The consolation of religion was his. He lies out there on the hill overlooking the scene he loved so well."

"These are some of the things that make his loss easier to bear. Outside of the big fact of his death, there are some things I would have different. I would have had him die in another way than trampled to death in a useless game of football. I would have liked to have been with him when—when he died."

The grief of the mother seized her and her body was shaken by the storm of her grief.

## Football Casualties For Nine Years

	Killed.	Injured.
1909 (thus far)	5	10
1908	10	272
1907	15	166
1906	14	160
1905	24	200
1904	14	296
1903	14	63
1902	15	106
1901	7	74

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## UNUSUAL DEVOTION.

IN that grief Mrs. Byrne lived again the agony of that twelve-hour ride from Buffalo that had followed her husband's telegram bidding her hasten, that Gene, the pride of their hearts, had been hurt and was dying.

Lieutenant Colonel Gandy and two other surgeons worked with the dying lad to keep him alive until the train should reach the Point. He could neither breathe nor swallow naturally. One of the vertebrae near the skull had been broken and the exposed nerve was paralyzed, cutting off almost all movement in the body below the neck.

That the tortured brain realized the fight that was being made and the reason for it, was clear. He followed the movements of the surgeons at times with his eyes, and looked long and tenderly at his grief-stricken father. He heard them tell of the telegram that was sent to his mother, and their speculation upon the length of time required for the journey from Buffalo.

The surgeons commenced to pump air into his lungs within half an hour after he had received his fatal injury, and they kept at their task for fourteen hours.

At midnight the dying lad looked at Colonel Gandy beseechingly, and moved his lips. The surgeon bent his head low over the cot.

"This hurts," he said, indicating with a flicker of his eyelids the apparatus with which air was being forced into his lungs. "But keep it up. Keep it up." Unquestionably, part of his desire to be kept alive was that he might see his mother. With the dawn came death. Mrs. Byrne did not arrive until Sunday afternoon.

Something more than the usual love between mother and son was shared by these two.

"I have rarely witnessed such affection of a son for a mother," said Lieutenant Colonel Gandy. "When Mrs. Byrne came to the hops and the other social affairs at the Point, she usually brought a bevy of very pretty and very interesting girls with her. At these times also there was the usual array of loveliness that features these festivities."

Spent Time

At Dances With Mother.

"Eugene Byrne would have all these fascinating young women for his mother, and would spend almost the entire evening with her. It was not that he was a mollycoddle. Far from it. He

## Stop

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**Many Dangers May Cause Game's Abandonment. Mothers Beseech Faculty to Stop or Modify Sport. Nothing to Gain, Many Claim.**

was manly and fun-loving. Diffidence where women were concerned, however, was one of his characteristics. His mother appeared to be the only woman for whom he really cared."

Gene Byrne had played football since he was fourteen years old. He was a member of the Buffalo High School eleven, playing halfback and tackle.

His father, James A. Byrne, who was then chief of Buffalo's detective force, advised him to stop.

"You'll be hurt some day, my boy," he said. "The game is too rough to make it worth while risking your neck and life for the strength and glory that comes from it."

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

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3. Feed for a few days on thick rice water, strained, and just sweetened, while hot, with some condensed milk. Keep cold until used.

4. When cured, gradually substitute fresh milk, pasteurized or scalded.

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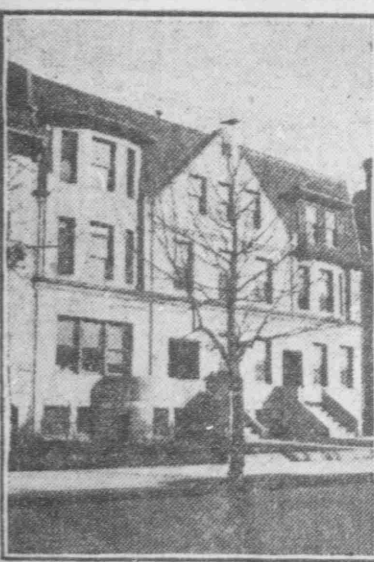
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