THE JOURNAL'S SPECIAL PAGE FOR AMATEUR SPORTSMEN.

HOBART'S TENNIS.

Happy Gossip of Players at the Net.

Carr B. Neel, the Western champion, is in a class by himself among the Western players. He secured the championship from S. T. Chase last Summer, and won two round robin tournaments against the best players in the West without losing a match. He surprised every one by his defeat of Malcolm Chace in straight sets at Newport, and many people thought him a very likely winner of the all comers, if not of the championship, but Hovey's style of game proved too much for him. He will bear watching this year, however.

His game against Chace displayed the most uniform high class tennis I have seen by an American player. He is not at all brilliant, and rarely makes a very difficult stroke, but his volleying is remarkably sure and steady, and he embarces every possible opportunity to get to the net. In serving, he starts from about ten feet behind the service line, serves the ball just before he reaches the line, and without stopping continues his run to the net. With this flying start he gets into position at the net in shorter time than would be possible from a standing start. He executes this manoeuvre on every serve throughout a match, and as he also takes the net on every first return, it follows that his back court play is very limited. His endurance is unusual, for otherwise he could not keep up this exhausting game.

In volleying he has a peculiar habit of apparently steadying his right arm by grasping the right wrist with the left hand just before he strikes the ball. It is not graceful, but it certainly is effective, and he has an unusual command of the ball in placing. So great is his gift in this respect, that while umpiring his match with Chace, the same feeling came over me that one experiences when under the spell of a good conjuror or juggler—perhaps a slight sense of the unnatural.

ARTHUR FOOTE'S POPULARITY.

Arthur E. Foote is one of the most popular of tennis players. His absence this year from our tennis courts, caused by his trip abroad, will be keenly felt by his fellow players. He is coveted for an opponent, because, while an earnest player, he never loses his temper, has always a pleasant word for his adversary, and is such a good loser that others do not mind so very much being beaten by him.

For several years he has been classed just behind Stevens, but his game does not come so near to first-class form as the latter's. He has beaten Wrenn, Howland, Chace and Hobart on occasions, but never Hovey, Larned or Stevens. He is so steady when in form, that an off day on the part of an opponent is often fatal. He lacks aggressiveness, and has no good finishing strokes, but his defensive game is excellent.

Foote becomes overtrained rather easily, and for that reason his game usually weakens toward the end of the season. Last year, however, in the Intercollegiate T[illegible] in October, he defeated Bud[illegible] players in the country [illegible] practice, by the remarkable score of [illegible]0 6—0. He has been champion of Yale, and in 1894 won the championship of New England, and has done some very good work in doubles, usually playing with Howland or Chace.

It is a very pretty but unusual thing to see a woman volley well, and the question arises, would it pay the woman player to cultivate this stroke? In doubles it would undoubtedly, as with two players there is not so much ground to cover as in singles, and it would make the game far more interesting, and break up the monotonous exchange of ground strokes, commonly seen in women's doubles.

In singles, however, as long as woman continues to wear skirts in her athletics, I believe it will not pay her to try to play net. Her movements are too cramped to permit of her covering so much ground, and she is almost powerless against lobbing. I have never seen a woman start to go up to the net in singles without feeling that she would certainly lose the point, and she has generally fulfilled my expectations.

One stroke in which the British players show a marked superiority over us is the second service. All those who have played in this country risk a sharper second service than almost any of our best men, and, as they also place it well, and make few double faults, the advantage gained is considerable.

CHEERING CROWDS INSPIRE.

Nothing is so inspiring to the players in tournaments as a large attendance and boundless enthusiasm. While it is true that when you are intent on winning a match you notice little that goes on about you, still the average player is keenly conscious of the amount of interest the spectators are taking in the game, as evidenced by their applause. The meetings which draw enthusiastic crowds are far more popular with players than those whose principal inducements are handsome and expensive prizes.

On the eve of an important tournament I once received a telegram from the man in charge of arrangements, reading something like this: "You have first mortgage on $450 worth of first prizes, besides $500 challenge cup. Do not fail to come on." I did not go, having other plans, and not finding this decidedly pecuniary invitation particularly attractive. If, however, he had assured me that interest in the game in that locality was at fever heat and that enormous crowds would cheer on the contestants I might not have been able to resist him.

The assemblages which gather yearly to witness the invitation tournaments of the Neighborhood Club, of West Newton, are unparalleled in this respect. They are composed in the main of people who understand and love the game, and who appreciate its finer points, and are therefore able to discriminate between good and merely lucky shots. Other tournaments where keen interest and enthusiasm are often awakened are those at Orange, Southampton, Newport, Staten Island, Tuxedo, Narragansett Pier, Philadelphia, New Haven, Nahant and Chicago.

CHICAGO IS ENTHUSIASTIC.

My one experience in Chicago tennis was gained during the World's Fair, when the tournament for the doubles championship of America was held there, and stands out in my recollection of past tennis events as unique, thrilling and most enjoyable. Hovey and myself were, I believe, the only Eastern pair entered, although Campbell and Huntington turned up later to defend their championship. The crowds were naturally intensely partisan, albeit signally good natured, and, of course, were against us in every match with the Western teams. As it happened our only close contest before the championship round was one with the Neel brothers, in which we came rather uncomfortably near defeat. Then the spectators let themselves loose. They screamed and stamped and shouted encouragement to their favorites, and "Down in front!" to persons who obstructed their view, and behaved generally in a way to remind us forcibly of the crowds in the bleachers at an exciting game of baseball.

This partizanship, however, certainly had no venom, and they were magnanimously appreciative of our efforts, when well directed, and showed a better knowledge of the game than I have often found among the spectators at Eastern tournaments, and the newspapers! We sat down to read them every morning after the first with the anticipation of hilarious enjoyment, and were never disappointed. One or two were sober, well-informed reports of the matches, but the others were breezy and highly colored in the extreme.

CLARENCE HOBART.

YALE'S PREPARATIONS FOR HER COMING VISIT TO CLASSIC HENLEY.

Four weeks from next Saturday the most notable and enthusiastic congregat'on of "rooters" that ever was brought together for a similar occasion will assemble at the dock of the American Line, to bid au revoir and godspeed to the representatives of "Old Elf," who are going to England with a two-fold mission. Which of the two missions is the more important will be an open question, and both have warm advocates. One is to counteract the ill effects of last year's Cornell fiasco, the other is to push the nose of Yale's proud boat any distance from an inch to infinity in the van of the sturdy competitors.

As it is to be my happy privilege to chronicle the adventures of the crew for the readers of the Journal from the time the good ship Berlin starts down the bay and until the feted victors or vanquished strugglers shall depart from their Henley home, a preliminary visit to New Haven last week proved to be very pleasant and extremely encouraging. Historians and statisticians will tell of the exact weight, height, age and incidental details of the life of each and every member of the crew and to them will be left the privilege, but there are—in the humble judgment of the writer—many other events and items of interest in connection with the coming journey which it will be the earnest endeavor to faithfully—and readably—chronicle.

First, and most emphatically, it is a great pleasure to be able to say that there need be absolutely no fear of the diplomatic side phase. President De Sibour, who will manage the business and diplomatic details, is a man that will immediately set all uneasiness at rest in the minds of any who may fear the repetition of the foolish "breaks" of the Cornell representatives last year. He is in every sense a typical, popular college gentleman.

Captain Treadway, upon whose shoulders much will of necessity devolve, is also in every way qualified to meet any and every emergency, and if the white "Y" shall prove to be able to spread the blue which surrounds it until the limits shall reach away beyond the beautiful hills of Henley and over the housetops of all England, it is a safe wager that the crew will return at least minus a captain—for Captain Treadway is acknowledged to be the most perfect type of manly beauty that ever sat in a Yale boat. But I trust that no necessity will arise for diplomatic settlements within the precincts of the boat house. On land and in private life Captain Treadway is a most attractive Dr. Jekyll, but the moment the boathouse door is reached, most marvellous symptoms of Mr. Hyde are made apparent. He has eyes for nobody and the entire crew becomes imbued with the same deathlike, determined, oblivious spirit. During the possible twenty minutes occupied in launching the boat last Tuesday afternoon not a smile was seen, not a word, except: "More!" (which referred to desired grease for the oar locks) was spoken.

For the first time in twenty years the blue and crimson will not struggle for supremacy. It is all the result of the childish football quarrel of last Fall. It is not the intention to refer again to this pitiful subject, except to say for the benefit of those who have not followed recent events, that at the present moment the clouds have nearly all passed, and that every Harvard man in England on the 7th (and, hope, 8th and 9th) of next July will be for the nonce a rabid Yale "rooter." In this particular instance the "difference" has had a very unlooked-for beneficial effect. At home it will stimulate intercollegiate rowing more in one year than the combined influences of the last dozen years. It may lead to—what it should lead to—a broader spirit being forced upon Yale.

As Harvard is, of necessity probably, now manifesting that spirit by entering against Pennsylvania, Columbia and Cornell, so may Yale for the same reason. It is hardly probable that Yale will send another crew to England for some time, and if Harvard should refuse—not on the small grounds of the present differences—but on the broader basis of American love of right and honest sport—Yale will be forced to enter the big event or else be left without any competitors. And this result may, with good reason, be looked forward to. Harvard holds the key to the situation. If she stands by those who are her friends this year it can be accomplished. No spirit of antagonism need be manifested. Two years ago nine out of ten Yale and Harvard men favored a dual league in every branch. But the success of other institutions, notably Pennsylvania, on the track and football field, has proved the false position which Yale and Harvard would be occupying should they regard themselves as being to America what Oxford and Cambridge are to England. The most hopeful sign of the broad and proper solution of the question is that the large majority of the alumni of the two institutions see the situation as it is seen by others, and seem to feel the error of endeavoring to check the tide.

But to return to the present work ahead of the Yale crew. The Royal Henley Regatta, which has been the most important racing fixture since 1839, is held on the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of the second week of July. A number of other important events are decided for single, double and four-oared amateur championships of the world. But the Grand Challenge Cup, for eight-oared crews, is the most important. It is for this trophy and the accompanying title that Cornell went to Henley last year and for which Yale will struggle this year. The course is one mile and 550 yards in length. Four times American crews have visited Henley. Harvard sent a four in 1869 that was defeated. In 1878 Columbia sent a four that captured the Visitors' Challenge Cup, the only time an American college crew has won in England. In 1888 Cornell sent a crew that was defeated, and did the same last year. Our great supremacy in track and field sports, as manifested last year, has led many to believe that Yale will do the trick this time.

The statistics of the fourteen men now in training, with comments furnished by Dr. J. W. Seaver on each one, are given here:

Ralph B. Treadway, '96 (Captain), age twenty-two years, weight 170 pounds, height five eleven and a half inches. Prepared at Phillips Exeter Academy. Rowed on the '96 freshmen crew and at No. 7 on the University crew, in 1894 and 1895. The best individual oar in the University.

George Lanford, '97 S., age twenty years, weight 175½ pounds, height six feet one-half inch. Prepared at St. Louis, Minn. Rowed at stroke on last year's University crew, showing up very well for a new man. His physical development since last year has been very great.

John McC. Longacre, '96, age twenty-two years six months, weight 175 pounds, height five feet eleven inches. Rowed at No. 4 in '93 boat and at No. 6 in '95 boat. Prepared at Penn Charter School, Philadelphia. The most powerful candidate for the crew and knows how to apply his strength.

Philip H. Bailey, '97, age twenty-two years nine months, weight 180 pounds, height six feet. Prepared at Hartford High School. Rowed No. 3 on the '97 freshmen crew and was substitute last year on the University crew. Strong and knows how to apply his strength.

James O. Rodgers, '98, age twenty-one years four months, weight 178½ pounds, height five feet eleven and a half inches. Prepared at Andover. Rowed No. 5 on last year's freshmen crew. Has especially strong legs.

William M. Beard, '96, age twenty years, weight 162½ pounds, height five feet eight and a half inches. Prepared at Hopkins Grammar School and Poughkeepsie Military Academy. Rowed No. 3 on the '96 freshman boat and at the same place on the '94 and '95 crews. Is probably the hardiest candidate and has remarkable staying powers.

Alexander Brown, '96, age twenty-three years, weight 170 pounds, height six feet one-half inch. Prepared at St. Paul's School. Is very strong in body muscles and arms and has largest chest measurement of any candidate.

James H. Simpson, '97, age twenty-two years five months, weight 160 pounds, height five feet eleven inches. Prepared at St. Paul's School. Rowed stroke and was captain of the '97 freshmen crew, and was substitute on last year's University crew. Rather light, but very well built.

George T. Marsh, '98, age twenty years, weight 160 pounds, height five feet eleven inches. Prepared at Williston Seminary. Rowed at No. 3 and was captain of the '98 freshmen crew. Has no waste tissue, with a good chest.

Theodore W. Miller, '97, age twenty-one years two months, weight 164 pounds, height five feet eight inches. Prepared at St. Paul's School. Rowed No. 2 on the '97 freshmen crew and was substitute on last year's University crew. Very thick set and strong.

Paul D. Mills, '97 S., age nineteen years five months, weight 165 pounds, height five feet ten inches. Prepared at Lawrenceville School. Rowed No. 7 on the '98 freshmen crew. One of the best built of the candidates, and very strong.

David F. Roger, '98, age twenty-one years, weight 168 pounds, height six feet. Prepared at King's School. Rowed stroke on the '98 freshmen crew.

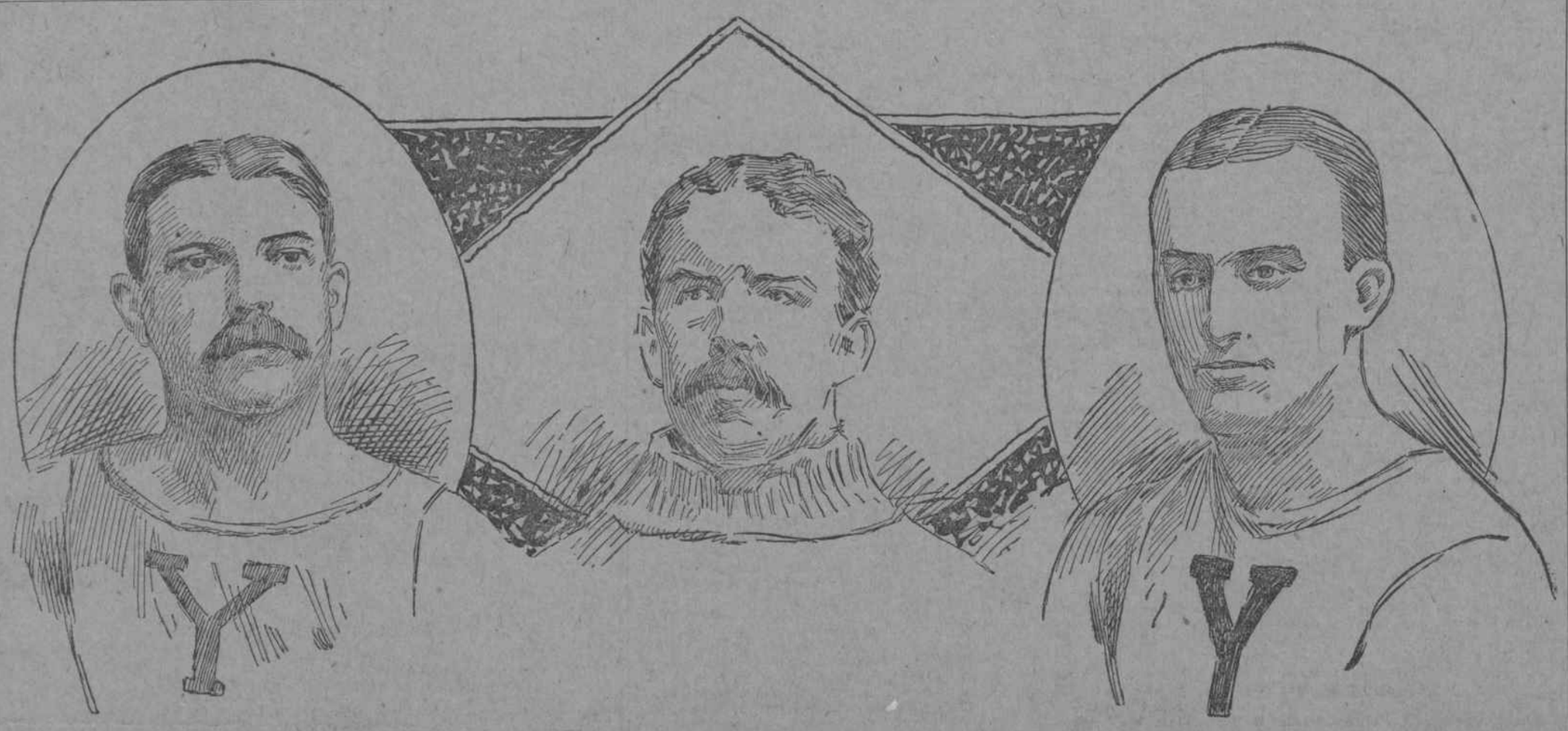
Stewart Patterson, Jr., '97, age twenty-one years three months, weight 174 pounds, height six feet one-half inch. Prepared at St. Paul's School.

Payne Whitney, '98, age twenty years, weight one hundred and seventy-five pounds, height five feet ten and one-half inches. Prepared at Groton.

The first crew is one of the tallest seen in years. Most of the heavy men to be found among oarsmen are heavy in the upper body, and very often verge closely upon being muscle-bound. In the present Yale crew there is not a single man with a particularly large arm. It is the best example of "bone and sinew" I have seen in many days. Take Brown, for instance—one hundred and seventy pounds and six feet and one-half inch. Nobody would suspect his ability with the hammer and shot. There certainly is good ground for the feeling of confidence which is innate in Yale followers—but there is no over-abundance of coaching. A perfection of stroke, which should have been attained at this date, is not yet visible. But everybody who is at all interested in rowing knows the ability of a Yale crew to do wonders "at the last minute," when Uncle "Bob" Cook gets down to steady work.

That the coming invasion of the Yale crew is the most important sporting event in the history of international amateur athletics is proved by the space which the newspapers throughout the country are giving to the matter. That there are possible serious rocks and breakers ahead is also certain. The Cornell episode, the Dunraven disaster, the complete defeat of the English athletes in this country last Fall, will all tend to stir the hoodlum element to almost any pitch of excitement, and when papers like the Field become abusive and openly declare that the crew is not wanted, the danger can be seen.

BURR W. McINTOSH.



TREADWAY. BEARD. LANGFORD.

Treadway, Beard and Langford are the three known quantities in the Yale crew. Men of brawn are they, and from them is expected to come the supreme effort which is to win the big Henley event. Treadway is again captain, Langford stroke, and Beard No. 3, the positions which they occupied in last year's crew. Briefly, the eight who will take the signal at Henley are: Stroke, G. Langford, '97S.; No. 7, R. B. Treadway, '96; No. 6, J. M. Longacre, '96; No. 5, P. H. Bailey, '97; No. 4, J. O. Rodgers, '98; No. 3, W. M. Beard, '96; No. 2, A. Brown, Jr., '96; bow, J. H. Simpson, '97.

FEMININITY IN LOVE WITH GOLF BUILT AND MANAGE THIS INSTITUTION.

The most unique golf club in all clubdom is that at Morristown, New Jersey.

It was planned by women and built by women for women, and although it has not yet celebrated its second birthday there is no more prosperous organization in the country.

Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly (nee Vanderbilt) was the moving spirit in forming the club and has been one of the officers since its organization. She is now honorary vice-president. Other ladies who are connected with the executive department are Miss Howland Ford, the champion player of the club; Miss Nina Howland, Mrs. Louis A. Thebaud, Mrs. Rudolph H. Kissel, Mrs. Marmaduke Tilden, Mrs. G. G. Frelinghuysen and Miss F. S. Hopkins.

The ladies comprising the house committee are Mrs. Robert F. Ballantine, Mrs. W. Allston Flagg, Mrs. C. B. Mitchell and Mrs. Tilden.

Until a few weeks ago, when the club was incorporated, necessitating a change in the management, it was governed entirely by women. All the officers were women and all the regular members were women. There was, however, an advisory board of men, who might venture to offer occasional suggestions—that is, if requested so to do; about two hundred men were also admitted to limited membership in the pleasures and benefits of the club.

When, however, it was decided to incorporate the club, Mr. Paul Revere was chosen president, with Miss Nina Howland, who formerly was at the head of affairs, as honorary president.

This club is one of the four in this country possessing an eighteen-hole course; it is laid out on a domain of ninety-five acres, and the course from start to finish is three miles in length.

In regard to hazards, the Morristown grounds have one which often proves the destruction of many a good golfer—it is the declivity called the punch bowl. The Meadow is the name of the long hole, of 458 yards. Other names are the Ideal, the Oaks and the Lackawanna. The drive to the last hole goes over three hazards, a road and two fences; the sixth hole is 247 yards and is on the edge of what is known as the goblet field, being so termed from a miniature punch bowl formation in the grounds. The Blind Ditch, Land's End, Westward Ho, Lilliputian, Apple Trees, Hoodoo, so named from being the thirteenth hole and because it crosses the railroad track; Longfellow and Setting Sun are distinctive names given to the different holes.

The clubhouse, as one may judge from the accompanying photograph, recently taken, is a charming building of the Colonial style, with long curving roofs and wide verandas at front and back.

Upon the verandas one always finds a goodly number of bicycles, most of the members, both men and women, being also devotees of the wheel as well as of golf. Afternoon tea is served in the pretty delft blue and white reception room every afternoon, or at one end of the broad veranda.

The ladies' championship tournament is to be held at Morristown in the Autumn, and this will bring together all the best women golfers in the country and will be one of the most important features of the '96 golfing season.

Mr. Robert Cox, of Scotland, an enthusiastic golfer, has presented a magnificent silver cup, valued at a thousand dollars, to the United States Golf Association, and it will then be first played for, and every fair golfer is eager to win it. Among crack players who will compete are Miss Ford, Mrs. William Shippen, who holds the ladies' record for nine holes at forty-eight strokes; Miss Lois Raymond, Miss Walker, Miss Helen Shelton, Mrs. Arthur Dean, Miss Gertrude Hoy and Mrs. Dickson.

MORRISTOWN GOLF CLUB.

Golf.

The tie at 88, 2, 86, last Saturday between James Park and H. R. Sweeney, in the Class A monthly handicap of the St. Andrew Golf Club, was played off Friday. Sweeney proved the victor, making the rounds in 92, to 94 by his opponent.

The record of the St. Andrew course was lowered in fine style on Wednesday by Will Tucker in a game with W. H. Sands. Despite the fact that his play for the road hole in each round was bad, it being easy for a man in his class to make in four, he nevertheless made up his loss on the other holes, making the long hole on the first round in four, which is a record for that hole. He completed the first round in 35 and the second in 38, making the total for the eighteen holes 73. The professional match record was 79, made by Willie Park, on May 25, on the last two rounds of his match with W. Campbell. The best record, medal play, is 80, and was made by Willie Dunn, October 12, when he won the annual professional competition. The amateur record is held by W. H. Sands, which is 85, made November 5, in the last two rounds of his winning score for the John Reid medal.

It is expected that a number of clubs will be elected to membership in the United States Golf Association at the next meeting of the Executive Committee. Secretary Tallmadge said yesterday that two clubs were now on the waiting list for allied membership. One is the Illinois Golf Club, of Chicago, and the other the Lexington Golf Club, of Massachusetts. He expects to receive an application for associated membership from the Oregonsia Golf Club, of Illinois. They have purchased a fine piece of property near Chicago and have taken in nearly all of the old members of the disbanded Lake Forest Golf Club, of Chicago, which was an associated member of the United States Golf Association.

BALD'S CYCLING.

Training for the Race Course Is Not All Fun.

The letter that I received from Chairman Gideon last Tuesday was a signal for the beginning of active training for a season's hard work on the racing track. It virtually said: "Now, get down to business. Eschew pastry, sweetmeats, stimulants, late hours and all the other vain delights of a fleeting world and put yourself in condition. Abolish every idea from your mind except that of making yourself perfect physically. Build yourself a pair of legs that will never tire, lungs that cannot get winded, and nerves that will not go to pieces if you want to make a reputation or keep what little in that line you have already earned." And so the active training has begun.

It is no picnic to train for the race track. It means hard work and plenty of it; abstinence of the strictest sort, and abundant self-denial. If a man doesn't feel equal to the life of an ascetic he had better not think of getting into condition. But, after all, it has its compensations. For myself, having taken a course of light gymnasium work, which has included work with the chest weights, dumbbells, rowing machines, running on the sprinting track and sparring with Tommy Ryan, the change will not be very great, except in the matter of diet. And now for something about the routine work of training.

For the first week at training quarters it is advisable to draw it mild. As far as actual work upon the track goes, three or four miles twice a day is enough. This riding should be done at a very slow and steady gait. The trainer makes a mistake who tries to develop a sprint before he has laid the foundation for it.

During the second week the distance ridden should be increased to six or eight miles twice a day. The routine may now be varied by an occasional sprint of two hundred yards which may be increased to a quarter of a mile toward the end of the week. Now it is time, too, for the pacemakers to draw the candidate for championships out for a fast mile. Twice a week at first is sufficient to judge how he is coming on, and oftener would not be wise. But by the third week he should begin to get into shape for daily workouts at various distances, paying the most attention, of course, to those on which it is intended to bank during the racing season. Every rider has his favorite distances, and, however good he may be at others, he is surer of his ability at these, and gives them the preference in his training. The mile, however, is the pet, for the mile race is usually the great race of the meet, and to excel in this is the ambition of every racing man. The reason isn't far to seek. The mile is the unit. It is the standard by which racing horses are gauged, and the speed at which locomotives reckon. So the racing men develops his ability at the mile unless he goes in as a long-distance rider, hoping to win championships in that direction.

FAST TRIALS SLIPPED IN.

It is amusing to watch a crowd of fast men in training. They will ride in a bunch without making an extra exertion until they are warmed up, and then, at a signal from his trainer one of them will drop out, and, falling behind the others, hit 'em up for a little sprint all by his lonesome. The reason that makes the rider flock by himself for his sprint is that he wants to keep the other fast 'uns in ignorance as to his exact ability. When three or four men are sprinting on different portions of the track it is hard for any one except their trainers to keep track of their individual speed, and if they make a phenomenal quarter, the push is none the wiser. But the general view of the training track with the push going round at a hot clip and three or four individual riders letting themselves out makes an invigorating scene.

The dietary of the training quarters wouldn't be especially inviting to an epicure. No matter how great a gourmet a man may be when he is out of training, here he has to follow a dietary as strict as that set by a physician for a chronic dyspeptic. And there is no dyspepsia cultivated on the training track. The programme for the day is something like this: At 7 o'clock everybody rises with the precision of a military encampment. Short but vigorous toilets are made, including a good rub-down that is as invigorating as a bath. At 8 o'clock all assemble for breakfast, which consists of oranges and oatmeal, lamb chops and eggs, with very few potatoes, the whole washed down with water or very weak tea. A man in training does not get coffee.

AT THE TRAINER'S TABLE.

After breakfast the men go to the track, where they ride between 11 and 12, and at 1 o'clock they are ready for dinner. This consists of a roast of beef or lamb, with vegetables of the dryer and more nourishing sort. No watery vegetables are allowed. Watermelons, cucumbers and pickles of all sorts are strictly prohibited, as well as sweets of every character. Some trainers allow ice cream, but in my opinion this is in most cases extremely harmful. For dinner the beverage is milk or weak tea, and no pastry is allowed for dessert. Dinner is the principal meal of the day, and at this as at all other meals the men are allowed to eat all they want, provided, of course, that it is included in the dietary. And it is astonishing how much they can put away. With such appetites, if it were not for the work done on the track, the fellows would get to be as fat as prize porkers. But the workouts directed by the trainers do not permit of taking on any superfluous flesh.

There is a good long wait after each meal before work is begun in order to allow the process of digestion to get well started before exercise is allowed to divert the blood to the muscles, where it is needed when the riding begins. From 4 till 5 o'clock in the afternoon the men are again busy at the track under the direction of the trainers, and at 6 o'clock they are ready for supper. This consists of milk, toast, beefsteak of the juiciest cut, dry toast and tea. At an early hour the men turn in. Here at Fountain Ferry the training quarters and dormitories are close to the track, and there is little to vary the monotony of camp life except the skylarking of the boys when the day's work is done. By 9 o'clock everybody is in bed, and the silence of slumber hovers over the camp, varied only by a few stentorian snores.

TOO MUCH BATHING HURTFUL.

There is a wide difference of opinion among trainers as to the wisdom and efficacy of baths. While I believe in sufficient bathing to keep the body in a clean and wholesome condition, I cannot agree with those who practise dousing their men with cold water at every possible opportunity. It is not invigorating if carried to such an extent, and in many cases it is positively debilitating. Scrub to keep clean, of course, but aside from that a good cool bath once a week is sufficient. For the rest, a rub-down with a dry towel and some liniment is the wiser course.

The liniment which I prefer, and which I believe can hardly be improved upon, is made after the following formula: Alcohol, one pint; oil bergamot, 1 ounce; tincture arnica, one gill. This place in a quart bottle, with sufficient water to fill it, and no liniment that I have ever used will so invigorate, take away soreness and leave the skin in such excellent condition.

As far as the use of malt or spirituous liquors is concerned, they should be severely let alone. If a man is accustomed to their moderate use when out of training, it will do him no harm to drink a bottle of ale once or twice perhaps a week, but no more.

The regimen I have described if carefully carried out will do all that can be done in the way of training to make a rider, but unless he has the ability to start with, training is labor thrown away.

E. C. BALD.