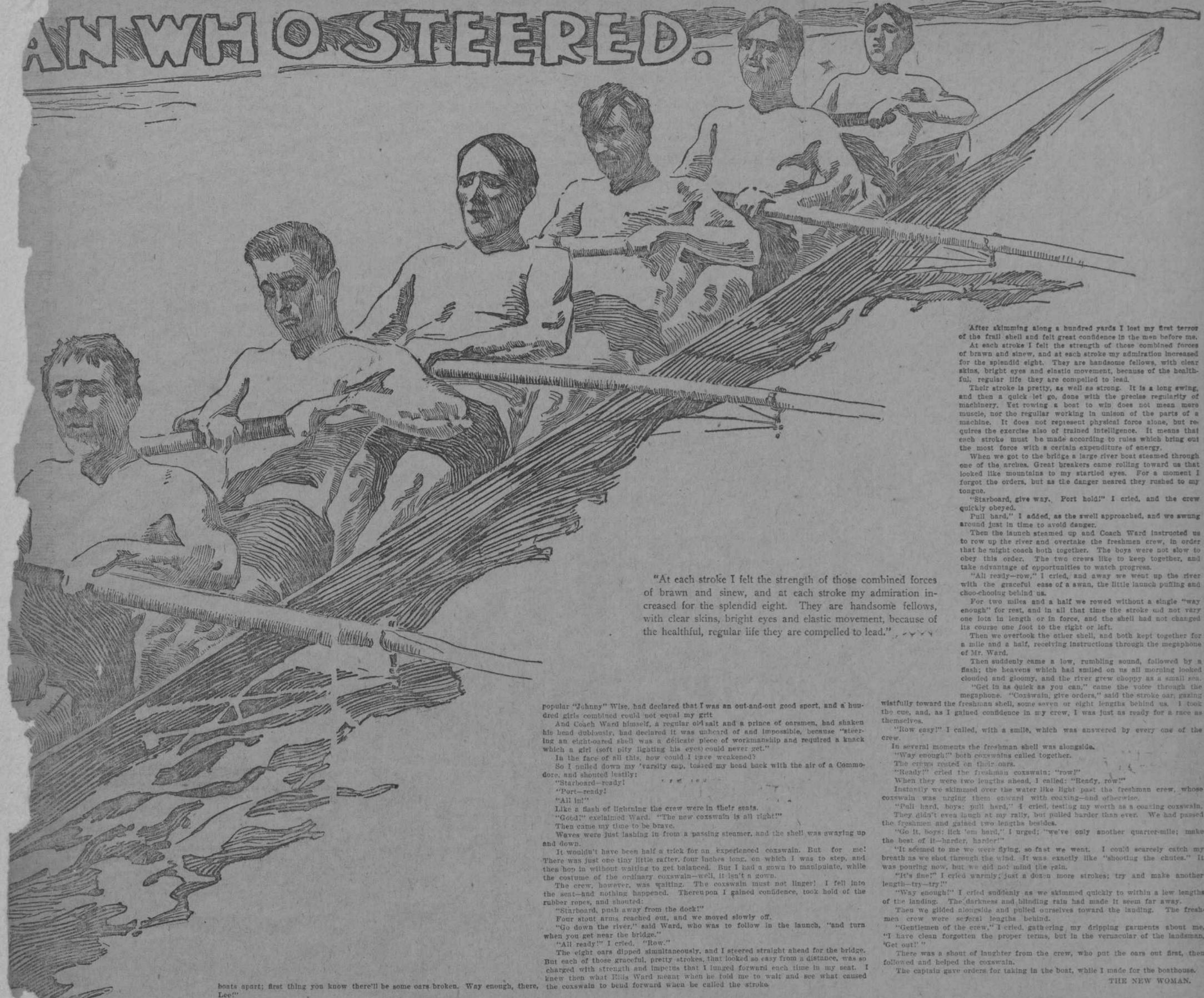


AN WHO STEERED.



After skimming along a hundred yards I lost my first terror of the frail shell and felt great confidence in the men before me. At each stroke I felt the strength of those combined forces of brawn and sinew, and at each stroke my admiration increased for the splendid eight. They are handsome fellows, with clear skins, bright eyes and elastic movement, because of the healthful, regular life they are compelled to lead.

"At each stroke I felt the strength of those combined forces of brawn and sinew, and at each stroke my admiration increased for the splendid eight. They are handsome fellows, with clear skins, bright eyes and elastic movement, because of the healthful, regular life they are compelled to lead."

Their stroke is pretty, as well as strong. It is a long swing, and then a quick let go, done with the precise regularity of machinery. Yet rowing a boat to win does not mean mere muscle, nor the regular working in unison of the parts of a machine. It does not represent physical force alone, but requires the exercise also of trained intelligence. It means that each stroke must be made according to rules which bring out the most force with a certain expenditure of energy.

When we got to the bridge a large river boat steamed through one of the arches. Great breakers came rolling toward us that looked like mountains to my startled eyes. For a moment I forgot the orders, but as the danger neared they rushed to my tongue.

"Starboard, give way. Port hold!" I cried, and the crew quickly obeyed.

"Pull hard," I added, as the swell approached, and we swung around just in time to avoid danger.

Then the launch steamed up and Coach Ward instructed us to row up the river and overtake the freshmen crew, in order that he might coach both together. The boys were not slow to obey this order. The two crews like to keep together, and take advantage of opportunities to watch progress.

"All ready—row," I cried, and away we went up the river with the graceful ease of a swan, the little launch puffing and choo-chooing behind us.

For two miles and a half we rowed without a single "way enough" for rest, and in all that time the strokes did not vary one iota in length or in force, and the shell had not changed its course one foot to the right or left.

Then we overtook the other shell, and both kept together for a mile and a half, receiving instructions through the megaphone of Mr. Ward.

Then suddenly came a low, rumbling sound, followed by a flash; the heavens which had smiled on us all morning looked clouded and gloomy, and the river grew choppy as a small sea.

"Get in as quick as you can," came the voice through the megaphone. "Coxswain, give orders," said the stroke oar, gazing wistfully toward the freshmen shell, some seven or eight lengths behind us. I took the cue, and, as I gained confidence in my crew, I was just as ready for a race as themselves.

"Row easy!" I called, with a smile, which was answered by every one of the crew.

In several moments the freshmen shell was alongside.

"Way enough!" both coxswains called together.

The crews rested on their oars.

"Ready?" cried the freshmen coxswain; "row!"

"When they were two lengths ahead, I called: 'Ready, row!'"

Instantly we skinned over the water like light feet, the freshmen crew, whose coxswain was urging them onward with coaxing—and otherwise.

"Pull hard, boys; pull hard," I cried, testing my worth as a coaxing coxswain. They didn't even laugh at my rally, but pulled harder than ever. We had passed the freshmen and gained two lengths besides.

"Go it, boys; heh 'em hard," I urged; "we've only another quarter-mile; make the best of it—harder, harder!"

"It seemed to me we were flying, so fast we went. I could scarcely catch my breath as we shot through the wind. It was exactly like 'shooting the chutes.'" It was pouring now, but we did not mind the rain.

"It's fine!" I cried warmly; just a dozen more strokes; try and make another length—try—try!"

"Way enough!" I cried suddenly as we skimmed quickly to within a few lengths of the landing. The darkness and blinding rain had made it seem far away.

Then we glided alongside and pulled ourselves toward the landing. The freshmen crew were several lengths behind.

"Gentlemen of the crew," I cried, gathering my dripping garments about me, "I have clean forgotten the proper terms, but in the vernacular of the landsman, 'Get out!'"

There was a shout of laughter from the crew, who put the oars out first, then followed and helped the coxswain.

The captain gave orders for taking in the boat, while I made for the boathouse.

THE NEW WOMAN.

popular "Johnny" Wise, had declared that I was an out-and-out good sport, and a hundred girls combined could not equal my grit.

And Coach Ward himself, a regular old salt and a prince of oarsmen, had shaken his head dubiously, had declared it was unheard of and impossible, because "steering an eight-oared shell was a delicate piece of workmanship and required a knack which a girl (soft pity lighting his eyes) could never get."

In the face of all this, how could I have weakened?

So I pulled down my 'varsity cap, tossed my head back with the air of a Commodore, and shouted lustily:

"Starboard—ready!"

"Port—ready!"

"All in!"

Like a flash of lightning the crew were in their seats.

"Good!" exclaimed Ward. "The new coxswain is all right!"

Then came my time to be brave.

Waves were just lashing in from a passing steamer, and the shell was swaying up and down.

It wouldn't have been half a trick for an experienced coxswain. But for me! There was just one tiny little rafter, four inches long, on which I was to step, and then hop in without waiting to get balanced. But I had a gown to manipulate, while the costume of the ordinary coxswain—well, it isn't a gown.

The crew, however, was waiting. The coxswain must not linger! I fell into the seat—and nothing happened. Thereupon I gained confidence, took hold of the rubber ropes, and shouted:

"Starboard, push away from the dock!"

Four stout arms reached out, and we moved slowly off.

"Go down the river," said Ward, who was to follow in the launch, "and turn when you get near the bridge."

"All ready!" I cried. "Row."

The eight oars dipped simultaneously, and I steered straight ahead for the bridge. But each of those graceful, pretty strokes, that looked so easy from a distance, was so charged with strength and impetus that I lunged forward each time in my seat. I knew then what Ellis Ward meant when he told me to wait and see what caused the coxswain to bend forward when he called the stroke.

boats apart; first thing you know there'll be some oars broken. Way enough, there, Lee!"

"Way enough," repeated the coxswain, and the boats reluctantly separated.

All hands are becoming consumed with racing fever, and every opportunity for a little sport is made the best of.

"Why does the coxswain lunge forward when he shouts 'Row!' at each stroke?"

"You'll find out for yourself when you get in there," Ward replied, smiling.

"Row stroke," through the megaphone; "keep that left arm perfectly straight; no, you're bending it; keep it rigid; that's better."

"Doesn't that make you hear?" I asked.

"Not at all," replied Ward. "I don't raise my voice; that's what it's for. Want to try it?"

I certainly did, and was surprised to find that the big thing only weighed a couple of ounces, being made of papier mache.

I put it to my lips. "What shall I say?" I murmured.

The crews laughed. The murmur had been perfectly audible to them, 100 feet away.

"Tell them to come to order."

"Order in the crews!" I called.

Smiles immediately fled, backs were straightened, every eye looked straight ahead.

"All ready!"

"All ready!" I called.

"All ready!" repeated the coxswains.

Every oar was ready to dip the water at the word.

"Row!"

"Row!" repeated the coxswains.

The blue and red oar spoons disappeared in the water, the shells shot up the river and we put on steam and followed.

"Pull harder!" I called through the megaphone at intervals, and, although no extra effort was visible, the shell shot faster and faster over the water, while we puffed and steamed away and managed to keep up with them.

The freshmen crew was 'way behind, and the megaphone was headed toward the 'varsity eight.

"Way enough!" I cried, after we had timed them thirty-six full strokes to the minute.

"Way enough!" repeated the coxswain, and without a second's delay the men rested on their oars.

Then, after a two-mile run up the river, I called through the megaphone:

"Starboard give way; port hold!"

"Starboard give way; port hold!" repeated the coxswain, and with the swiftness and grace of a bird the shell turned round and headed for the boathouse.

"All ready—row!"

"All ready—row!"

"Row easy!"

"Row easy!"

With graceful, swinging strokes the strong arms plied the oars, and the shells glided along at the foot of the green Palisades.

It was beautiful—every detail that went to make up the picture.

As I uttered exclamations of delight Coach Ward said cheerfully, "Don't mind if one or two of those go through the megaphone; a little encouragement won't do them any harm."

Then the 'varsity shell swept gracefully up to the landing, the crew got out to take a restful five minutes' stretch, and Coxswain Lee resigned his seat to his willing successor.

That is, I was willing, and, indeed, impatient, to assume my duties—until the crew lined up beside me, waiting for orders, with the light little shell dancing on the waves beneath us, looking no more secure than a toy boat of paper.

But it would not do to let the crew see that the coxswain was weakening. Their praises had been too hearty for that. The good-looking captain had told me my muscle was of superior quality—not to mention the quantity—and "Johnny," the

LAUNCHING
"PENNSY" SHELL FOR AN AFTER-NOON ROW.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE AT POUGHKEEPSIE BY THE SUNDAY JOURNAL'S SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER.

PHOTOGRAPHER.

ne and red edges, dashed like eels in the sun. It is beautiful, rhythmic motion keeping time with the oars. And with those easy, graceful they glided swiftly up the river, almost before the shell and Ellis Ward and I in the launch, through which Ward does his coaxing.

"In a spin of an hour or so up the river," said

"I'd see what your coaxing powers can

anything that can prevail on a race day. He

mettle power and enthusiasm, to inspire the

good deal depends on the coxswain."

"No racing there, boys; keep the