



Shoyen

FAMOUS "HENLEY WEEK"

MRS. BURTON HARRISON DESCRIBES ENGLAND'S REGATTA.

Vivid Pen-Picture of the Scene on the Thames by the Brilliant American Novelist.

"Henley is the premier rowing regatta of the world, and Henley week—the beginning of July, when oarsmen from Oxford and Cambridge and other universities meet to try their skill against each other on an off-contested course—the focus of a brilliant series of aquatic pageants." Thus writes Mrs. Burton Harrison, in the July Cosmopolitan, in an interesting and timely article on "Henley Week."

To the British public this famous gathering of oarsmen is a most important event. Mrs. Harrison's article is particularly

interesting in the result, seen everywhere in a university boat-race in America—a curious thing on Henley waters.

Despite the great variety of craft afloat during these regattas at Henley, with no little recklessness on the part of the boatmen, accidents seldom occur. At the dictatorial whistle of the Thames Conservancy launch, the boats of the spectators withdraw to either side of the course, which is thus left clear for each event, in turn.

"There is none of the concerted cheering of an American boat-race between colleges," observes Mrs. Harrison. "The Yale supporters of the event of '96, when Yale was beaten by Leander, created a wild excitement in the emission of their customary 'Rah! Rah! Y-a-h-e!' Among the Englishmen, one hears ever the steady roar, booming up the lines and increasing in volume toward the finish."

There was a marked difference between the crews' methods. "Leander, its boat rocking with the mighty impulse, splashed by to victory, encircled by a rainbow-hued cloud of spray," and "then Yale came along, rowing smooth as clockwork, adepts in style, a beautiful machine to look upon, shedding no water from their blades—beaten, but game to the bitter end."

The crowds that visit Henley comprise people of all classes—gypsies, fruit-peddlers, "niggers," fakers, and besides the drags and coaches of the sporting class.

Mrs. Harrison's description of the gaily-painted houseboats, where visitors may obtain refreshments after each day's racing, is particularly interesting. Here visitors are waited upon by funnels in liveries, "to the music of guitars and mandolins from below." The writer does not attempt to cover the details of any of the races she witnessed, but contents herself with a vivid pen-picture of the scene as a whole.

"It should be remembered that the Thames is not an ordinary river," remarks Mrs. Harrison; "that at Henley a dam and a lock below the island keep the banks always full to the grass roots, with a placid surface of water, with no perceptible current, while all the surroundings have the richest greenery of a typical English landscape."

The Henley regatta lasts three days, and at its conclusion, visitors return to London, to while away their time with other amusements.

KNEW NO SUCH ANIMAL.

Horse Editor Had Never Heard of "The Rubaiyat."

He had been told in the business office where he would find the literary editor, but by some mistake, says the Washington Star, he got into the stall of the horse editor, and he approached that editor, who, with the stammer, gasp, and indignant movement of a young person with a poem conceived somewhere about his person which he is hoping the editor will discharge at the public. But he had no such sinister design. However, we are getting ahead of our story.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured to the horse editor; "can I speak to you for a moment?"

"Certainly," replied the equine wonder, pulling up his pencil till he drew it back on his haunches.

"Oh, thank you," gurgled the caller. "You know, I am so afraid that I may disturb the current of your thought. You must be very busy always."

"Well, yes," admitted the equine wonder; "I am kept on the jump, but a man has got to go, you know, if he expects to win."

"Oh, yes, I presume he does; but I should think that excessive labor would rather dull the keen edge of your wit."

"It does, but I've got to hit that much."

AN EXCELLENT MOTHER

"The boat races at New London, Conn., says the Brooklyn Eagle, recalled to the old residents the time when a Greenport (Long Island, N. Y.) crew walked away from the college crews. It was 40 years ago, when the races were open to all comers. The college boys were, as usual, considered sure winners. The Greenport crew was composed of John D. Gallup, coxswain; William D. Corey, Captain Joseph Bracey, William Wallace Reeves and Robert N. Corey.

When the day of the race arrived the Greenporters pulled downy oars, and the course before the race, with their long, black boat and never for a moment were thought to have a ghost of a chance. But when the race was started they made the hearts and backs of the collegians sore.

The committee in charge of the tournament consists of A. B. McAlpin, chairman; F. H. V. Andrews, J. D. Zan, F. J. Raley, W. H. Goss, R. A. Lettier, G. V. LaFarge, J. A. Pransoff, Seattle Tennis Club; George A. Hunt, Seattle Tennis Club; J. P. Boukies, Victoria Tennis Club, and Arthur Remington, Tacoma Tennis Club. Joseph H. Smith will act as referee.

The Multnomah Club courts have been crowded during the past week by players, earnestly endeavoring to approach tournament form. All of last year's players, and many new ones, are rapidly improving, and it is anticipated that the general play will be of a much higher standard than that of last season. The style of play shown by the Eastern champions has been kept in mind, and the character of some put up by the local cranks has changed somewhat. The service is more severe; the drives swifter, the smashes harder, the volleys more aggressive, and the placing more accurate.

More Interesting Than Last Year. The matches, on the whole, will be more interesting than last year, because the relative improvement of the second-class men has been greater, and consequently, when first and second-class men meet, there will be less difference between them. Considerable speculation is being indulged in by the enthusiasts as to the probable outcome of the matches. The prevailing impression seems to be that, leaving out of consideration any outside surprises which may develop, Goss, in the singles, and Goss and Lewis, in the doubles, have the best chance of winning.

It is a matter of regret to all that "Joe" Smith is unable to enter, for many think that he would have stood an excellent show of capturing the single championship, while he and Andrews would have been an unusually strong team in the doubles. If the severe service and great speed of Andrews, and the terrific smashes of Chel could be combined with the all-around steadiness of Goss, and the style and grace of Lewis, and be vested in one man, that player would be well nigh invincible. As it is, the good points of one are equalled by those of another, and all are evenly matched.

Ladies' singles and doubles and mixed doubles have never been played here before, and it is impossible to make any prediction beforehand as to the probable winners in those events.

The round-robin tournament has almost been lost sight of in the larger and more interesting tournament, and but few matches have been played.

The scores, as played, follow: Andrews beat Arnold, 3-2; Andrews beat McAlpin, 3-2; Andrews beat Lewis, 3-2; McAlpin beat Arnold, 3-2; McAlpin played Van Duser, 3-0; Van Duser beat Gomb, 3-2; Lettier beat McAlpin, 3-2; Van Duser beat Arnold, 3-2.

With the pace set. The Greenport boat, which had been thoroughly ground with while off, fairly flew through the water, and the crossed the line easy winners.

All of the crew are alive with the exception of Robert N. Corey, who was killed by lightning. Gallup is living in Brooklyn, and the others are reading in Greenport.

A Game of Life.

Life's but a game of golf, messieurs. At first the tee—Catin, perchance or some sort—And then we see The bunkers that abridge themselves Before each green We strive with eager stroke to gain—The rule unseen That everywhere abound to foil—To bring dismay—To spoil the gains good strokes have brought, And drive our hopes away, And then there are the fancies that Bring grief or shame! The getting out of bounds—the quest For things to blame—The lasting suggestion of "What 'might have been'!" The "galleries" for those alone That chance to witness The striving on to beat the score Of foe and friend, And, after all the struggles, just To "hole down" at the end.

—S. E. Kaiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

LIFELESS SPORTING WEEK

Racing at Irvington Furnished Only Amusement—Tennis Tournament Chief Event in Sight.

Sporting matters have been unusually quiet during the past week. No doubt, it is the reaction after the continued round of events during the week of the Fourth of July. The annual session of the Willamette Valley Chautauque Association began Wednesday. There will be a number of athletic events, baseball games, etc., during the meeting. The proceedings began yesterday with a grand field meet. A number of well-known athletes entered, and some good sport resulted. A baseball schedule has been arranged, and some good games are in sight.

During the week there has been absolutely nothing in local sporting circles, except the wind-up of the horse races at Irvington. Coming events are few, and will attract the more attention on that account. Track and field competitions will not figure. The men trained long and hard for the Fourth of July games, and are now taking a rest. Many of them have gone on their vacations.

The State of Oregon tennis championships and second annual tournament of the Multnomah Club will begin on the club's courts next Wednesday, July 18. The event is attracting widespread interest among lovers of the popular game, and is referred to at length in another column. The railroad men and commercial travelers are making big preparations for a game of baseball, the proceeds of which will be turned over to the Baby Home. The game will be of the burlesque order, and will be the funniest thing that has happened here out of doors for a long time. Multnomah's baseball nine has been sidetracked for a few weeks, on account of the illness of one or two of its players, and games are in the distant future.

Horse-Racing. Interest in horse-racing has been revived, and the outlook for a first-class Fall meet is most encouraging.

Saturday, July 7, the postponed harness events of the Fourth of July meet at Irvington were pulled off. There was a fairly good attendance, and the trotting and pacing were far ahead of what was anticipated. In the free-for-all pacing event Atlas made the first time of 2:18. She was driven by her owner, Bultes, and came within one second of her record. This on a comparatively slow track, was certainly a fine performance and worthy of more than passing mention. The other harness events were above the average, and the spectators went home well satisfied with the sport.

Interest now centers in the big five-day meet scheduled for Irvington in September. The races will begin on the 11th and end the 15th of that month. This will be the week before the state fair, at Salem, and a most favorable time for the first big racing meet to be held in Portland for a number of years. Entries will close Saturday, July 21. Even at this early date, many horses have been entered, and the prospects are good for a large number of fast animals competing. As a general thing, the owners hold off as long as possible before entering their horses for a race meet.

Most of the horses that were at the Irvington track have been taken to Salem to train. The reason for this was twofold: There is a better track at Salem at present, and the removal of the horses will give the lessees of Irvington a chance to improve their track for the Fall meeting. Messrs. Williams and Roberts say that they propose to have as fast a track as there is on the Pacific Coast, next year. The inducements offered for the September meeting are excellent. Three good purses have been hung up, as follows:

Hotel stakes, for 2-20 trotters, \$500; Merchants' and Manufacturers' stakes, for 2-24 pacers, \$500; and the Brewers' stakes, for 2-25 pacers, \$500. Purses races for trotters, pacers and runners, to complete the five days' program, for the classes same as the Oregon State Fair, will be announced later. This will give horsemen a chance to double on the Portland and Salem events.

Tennis. After two weeks of comparative quietness, the tennis-players are again out in full force. Next Saturday the State of Oregon championships and second annual tournament of the Multnomah Club will begin. Local players have been working to get in good shape for the events, and one or two lively contests have been played during the past week. Players from various portions of Oregon and Washington will be in attendance, and the meet will be held under the auspices

of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association. The prizes, except the Flisk challenge cup, are offered by the M. A. A. C.

Baseball.

Watkins is still nursing the broken finger gained in the game with Palo Alto June 16. Wickersham has a "game" leg and is hardly able to walk. This leaves the Multnomah baseball team handicapped by the absence of two of its best men. One or two other members of the team will be unable, for various reasons, to play at present, so the prospects for games in that quarter are slim for some time to come.

At Chautauque, a league has been formed between teams from Oregon City, Canby, Clatskanie and Astoria, and the Columbia team, of Portland. The schedule of games has been made out and is as follows:

Oregon City vs. Canby, July 11.
Clatskanie vs. Columbia, July 12.
Oregon City vs. Columbia, July 13.
Canby vs. Clatskanie, July 14.
Astoria vs. Canby, July 15.
Astoria vs. Clatskanie, July 16.
Oregon City vs. Clatskanie, July 17.
Oregon City vs. Columbia, July 18.
Astoria vs. Columbia, July 19.
Columbia vs. Canby, July 20.
Portland's passenger agents grew bold some time ago and talked baseball. The traveling salesmen heard of it and argued that they knew more about the National game than did the ticket-sellers. A challenge was accordingly issued and accepted, and a game has been arranged. There is going to be a fight to the finish when these mighty aggregations come together.

No set of rules could be found that would answer, so Roche (his name sounds something like Reach) has prepared a set specially for the game. The number of players on each team has been increased to 11. That was done to appease those who had football on the brain. Several other changes were made, but they will be sprung as surprises on the day of the game. It would never do for such remarkable teams to come together and allow throngs of people to witness the contest gratis, so an admission fee will be charged, and the proceeds turned over to the Baby Home.

Oarsmen.

The Fall regatta of the Portland Rowing Club will be the next interesting event among the oarsmen. The club will hold the regatta for the purpose of getting an opportunity to figure on crews for next season. Most of the men who made such enviable records this year will participate, and many new men will make their appearance. The old men are taking a rest at present, but the young blood is restless, and those who will try for honors in the Fall are already at work.

Interest in rowing has never been so great in Portland as it is now. The recent defeat of the senior four, as the result of an accident, has made the members of that crew determined to regain their lost honors. Early in August the boats on the river will be numerous, and training will again be the order of the day.

WILLIE ATKINS.

GRANT LIKED BILLIARDS.

His Interest Shown While Living at San Francisco, in 1854.

In a chatty letter to Sporting Life, George E. Phelan, of New York, who is a well-known writer on billiards, indulges in some reminiscences of General Grant. Among the many things that have been written of Grant, his special fondness for billiards has been quite generally overlooked. Mr. Phelan calls to mind the old Metropolitan billiard-room in San Francisco, where Grant "was an almost constant visitor," and then goes on to say:

"This was in 1854, and he was then a Captain in the regular Army. Nearly every afternoon or night he would sit as readily as possible in the same place, smoking a cigar and watching Michael Phelan discounting such players as James Cook, William Thompson, Dan Lynch,

and catch up in the long run."—Indianapolis Journal.

The money spent in buying a golf outfit is not entirely wasted. The golf sticks are of the right size for stirring every game of billiards was played for money, often as much as \$500 being put up on a single game of 100 holes. Thompson frequently betting \$100, and a friend "Steve Whipple," invariably stating as they "strung for the lead," I'll bet \$500 on Thompson.

"One night, Phelan having run out three games in succession from the lead, Thompson not getting a shot, Whipple said: 'Bill, don't you think it costs too much to look at him play?' Thompson said: 'I think it does,' put his cue in the rack and never played with Phelan after."

"General Grant was a most patient and interested spectator, but hardly ever played, and then only with one of the attendants of the room when there were few lookers-on. He could play a fair game, but did not like to be seen playing. Once he remarked about his game:

"I believe I am even a poorer billiard player than I am a soldier."

"In 1851 Michael Phelan, then a member of the manufacturing firm of Phelan & Collesander, was standing in their warehouse in Crosby street, this city, when a military-looking man wanted in and said to him: 'How are you, Mr. Phelan? I don't suppose you remember me?' Phelan, who never could remember names, said: 'Well, I remember your face, but cannot call you by name.' General Grant added: 'I am not surprised, it is 13 years since I met you, and that was in San Francisco, where I used to see you play billiards, and I shall never forget the night you ran those three games out on Thompson. I was then Captain Grant, but now they call me General Grant.' He also stated he had not lost any of his love for billiards, but had not much chance to see any playing for some years, and was thinking of getting a billiard-table for his house in Washington."

FUN IN SPORTDOM.

Humorous Side of the Situation as Seen by Paragraphers.

"Are you golfing this Summer, Ethel?"

"Yes; I've got a lovely golf hammock."

—Indianapolis Journal.

"I can't believe a man is telling the truth," observed the doctor, when he says, a few hours after he has been knocked out in a prizefight, that he 'never felt better in his life.' It sounds fishy."

"More than that," remarked the professor. "It sounds Sharkey."—Chicago Tribune.

"Yes, we had to take Emma out of school, you know. She isn't at all strong, and we feared the application to study was undermining her health. It's never wise to permit a young girl to over-exert herself."

It was the fond mother who spoke, and the sympathetic neighbor naturally asked what the invalid was doing to pass away the time.

"Oh, she's getting a great deal of enjoyment out of her bicycle," was the reply. "She made a century run yesterday and another about a week ago."—Chicago Post.

The old Colonel had twice packed his traps and valises and indignantly trocked frontierward to escape the encroachments of advancing civilization.

To him the old friend: "Well, Colonel, still trying to keep the wolf from the door?"

Howled the Colonel: "Wolf? No, confound it; golf!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "do hear the baby crying!"

"I haven't heard anything else for the last 10 minutes," was the not very amiable answer.

"Isn't it lovely?"

"What do you mean?"

"The way the baby shouts. I can shut my eyes and imagine that we are at a ball game when our side has just scored a home run."—Washington Star.

"Is he, do you think, really in love with her?"

"Yes, madly. Why, he would even play croquet with her where people could see them at it, if she wanted him to!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Bicycle Dealer—The style of the machine is all right, madam, and I'll make the price entirely satisfactory.

Fair Customer—It isn't that. The handlebar is no wider than I'm afraid I can't take it into my flat.—Chicago Tribune.

"Miss Swift is learning to ride a bicycle, she tells me."

"But she rode one last year. Why does she have to learn again?"

"Another fellow is teaching her."—Undiscovered Exchange.

"How did that baseball expert explain our recent local defeats?"

"Oh, he said that nothing could ever be depended on to go off all right in a Presidential election year."—Chicago Record.

"James, you'll never get rich like other men if you take so many afternoons off to baseball games."

"Oh, I don't know; I'll outlive them."

AMERICA'S CHAMPION SPRINTER



ARTHUR T. DUFFEY, OF GEORGETOWN (D. C.) UNIVERSITY.

Arthur T. Duffey, the subject of this picture, is a member of the Georgetown (D. C.) University athletic team, just prior to starting, he won the 100-yard run, in close to record time, at the national games of the Amateur Athletic Union, in New York.

Franklin Lawton, Joseph W. Little and others who considered themselves first-class lawyers.

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WILL COACH EUGENE THIS YEAR.



Peter Kaaraberg, Berkeley's famous full-back.

"Pet" Kaaraberg, the famous Berkeley full-back, who has been engaged to coach the University of Oregon eleven next Autumn, is recognized as one of the best all-around football players on the coast. He played full-back on the University of California eleven for four seasons, and also pitched as one of the best baseball nine. This year the football material of the University of Oregon will be of the best, and Coach Kaaraberg should develop a strong team of players.

ularly apropos at this time, inasmuch as the regatta of 1900 is a matter of so recent occurrence. Mrs. Harrison's description of Henley town presents a vivid picture of the unimpaired reaches of the stream, in its progress. She says:

"At ordinary times, the town is merely a neat little British barge, containing between 600 and 800 souls, whose domestic life is comfortably beneath woody hill-crests, beside the immortally lovely Thames, here spanned by a graceful bridge of stone. To go there as a tourist visitor is to stroll aimlessly through leafy streets, to hang over the bridge watching the trial spins of crews always in practice on the river, perchance, the maneuvers of a ladies' eight—better still, to float in a canoe or punt between the meadowy margins, or seek Nirvana beneath the arch of drooping trees."

At the Red Lion. There is really nothing in particular to detain at Henley at odd times. If the trains back to town permit, there is a nice little dinner to be eaten in the coffee-room of the Red Lion. Without perusing myself, I dare swear they will serve you with oxtail soup; with whittings going to their last home, in the attitude of chasing their own tails; with buttered potatoes and plain boiled spinach; with a fowl having liver and gizzard tucked beneath either wing; with, finally, a cherry tart, or one of gooseberries; and for drink, what you will, from the bar behind which lurk madams fair and soft of voice and trim of figure, serene in that seat of custom dear to the British heart."

Mrs. Harrison describes the crowd as "truly English," vigorous men—typical British athletes—and the women with "waxen-tinted skin upon which wild roses have been crushed." She says that etiquette on the Thames during the progress of a race is not strictly observed, but the bumping together of the boats of eight-seers is not taken exception to. The attention of all is so completely attracted to the crews flashing by on the course, that minor matters are not considered.

"But not all of that vast, radiant, palpitating crowd is equally intent upon the issue of the race," says Mrs. Harrison. "The moment the shells have passed, the river becomes again overtopped with laughing, chaffing folk afloat; the singers and players in the muscle-boats resume their performances, the champagne corks begin to fly anew upon the houseboats amid groups whose backs are turned to the issue of the event."

Indifferent Spectators. The writer notes the difference between the way the English greet the finish of the boat races, and the way Americans act under similar circumstances. At Henley, she says, "when the finish was announced, and a deeper, louder roar than that habitually rumbling like thunders of Olympus along the course arose, the mass of the crowd around us appeared quite indifferent." She says she looked "in vain for the expression of personal

harder Hicks, don't you see?" said the horse editor, laughing at his happy turn to the caller's remark.

"I presume you have, and—but I will not detain you, though it is perfectly delightful to me to be in this atmosphere, don't you know," said the visitor, longingly. "You will kindly not mention the circumstances of my call, I am sure."

Father (to his son, who has just returned from the university)—Well, I declare! Alma mater seems to have nourished you in great shape.—Meggendorfer-Blaetter.

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continued the visitor, "but I have been asked for an article on 'The Literature of the Oriental Races,' and I confess to you that I am rather ignorant of portions of the subject, and I thought you would be sure to know, so I came to ask you to tell me what was the time of the 'Rubaiyat' of Omar Khayyam."

"Of what?" exclaimed the horse editor, dropping his pencil.

"The 'Rubaiyat' of Omar Khayyam," repeated the visitor distinctly.

"Aren't you mistaken?" asked the horse editor, reaching up for a copy of track statistics.

"Oh, no."

"Well, I'm a ringer if I ever heard of a horse of such a name," said the horse editor, emphatically, "and I know there's nobody named Khayyam owning a stable in this country."

By this time the visitor was holding himself up by clutching the desk with both hands.

"Aren't you the literary editor?" he managed to whisper.

"Well, hardly," laughed the equine wonder. "I'm the horse editor."

"Oh," was all the visitor could utter, and he fairly flew out of the place.

"That's a horse on him," smiled the equine wonder, and once more resumed his labors.

Foster Honors the League.

John B. Foster, the baseball writer, thus expresses himself concerning the National Baseball League:

"Another trouble with