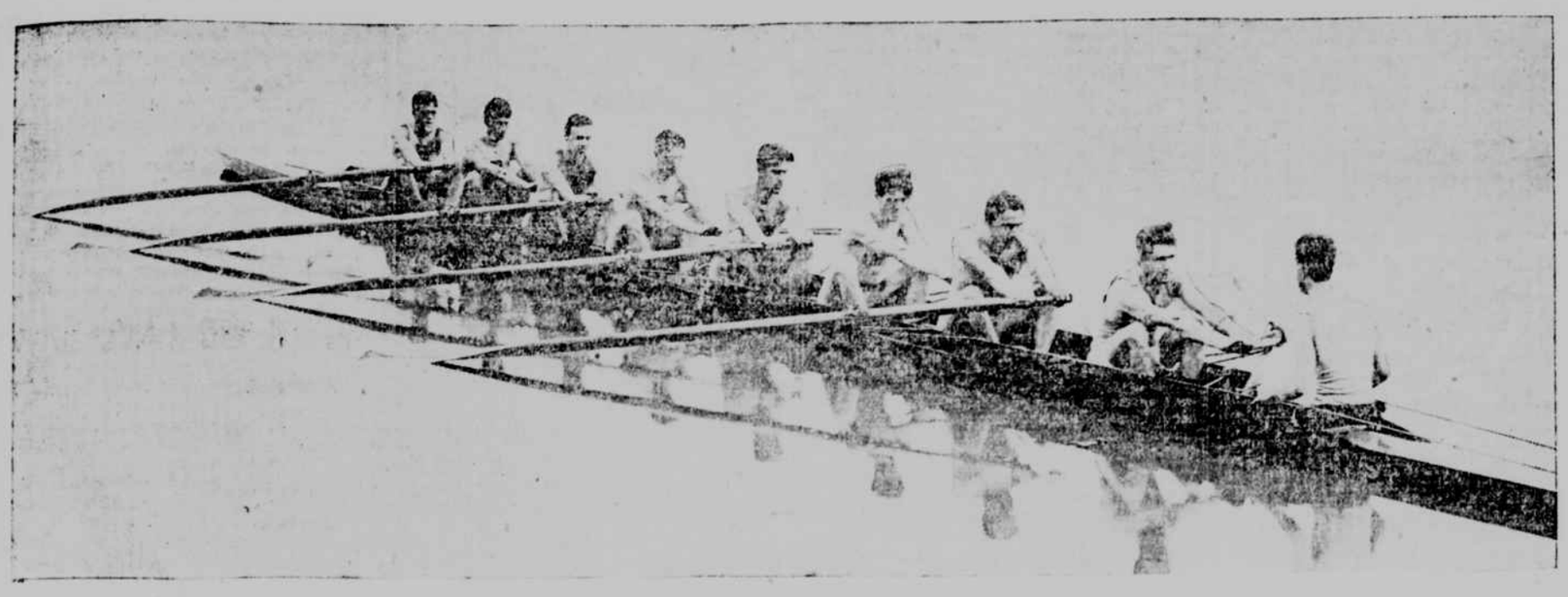
SPORTS AND SPORTSMEN.



THE CORNELL CREW.

PROGRAMME OF SPORTS TO-DAY.

TROTTING.—Parkway Driving Club, Brooklyn, 2:30 p. m.

LAWN TENNIS.—Metropolitan championships, West Side Lawn Tennis Club; Pennsylvania State championships, Philadelphia.

SHOOTING.—Falcon Gun Club, live birds, at Dexter Park, Long Island; New-York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, live and clay birds, at Rochester.

BOXING.—Sullivan and Hawkins, Lenox Athletic Club, 8 p. m.

YACHTING.—The Seawanhaka fleet of knockabouts will sail the first of the return cruising races from New-London to Oyster Bay.

VICTORIOUS CORNELL.

WINNER OF THE GREAT RACE.

HARVARD DOES BRAVE WORK, BUT IS NO FACTOR IN THE CONTEST.

A CHOPPY COURSE TRIES THE CREWS, BUT THEY MAKE A FAIR RECORD NEVERTHELESS—TIME, 23:48.

New-London, Conn., June 23 (Special).—The great intercollegiate boatrace over the four-mile course of the Thames was won by Cornell in a manner which will long be remembered by those who had assembled from all parts of the country to witness the contest. The doughty sons of the great institution of learning which nestles on the hilltops above Cayuga's waters gave an exhibition of skill, endurance and all-round oarsmanship which has no equal in the history of aquatic contests. Cornell led from start to finish, and crossed the line an easy winner of four lengths over Yale. Harvard was at no time a factor in the struggle. The Crimson crew fell behind within the first fifteen strokes, and thereafter simply tagged along, losing ground at every stroke.

The weather conditions overhead were perfect, but the race was fought out over water that was choppy and rough, with a strong head-on wind blowing up the river. This made record time impossible. Under such conditions the time may be looked upon as remarkably good. Yale pulled pluckily to the end. At the start the Blue showed excellent form, but the pace was too hot, and throughout the latter part of the course there were times when her crew seemed at sixes and sevens with each other.

Cornell finished strong and with plenty of speed in reserve. After crossing the line the victorious eight paddled for a few moments, and then, swinging into a long beautiful stroke, they sped away for a quarter of a mile to a point under the west shore, where they were met by Manager White and Coach Courtney, both wreathed in smiles. There was a short pause of five minutes, during which Courtney told the boys that he was proud of them and their success, and then Colson shouted an order; the men and the shell pointed toward Harrison's landing, and in a moment more were rushing through the water at a thirty-stroke clip. Not a man showed the result of a bruising race, and the crew kept up a rattling pace until the float, two miles away, was reached. Some there are who say that this was rubbing it in a little too severely. But Cornell is proud of her aquatic achievements, proud of Courtney and his style of rowing, and the opportunity to show the thousands present the kind of crews that come from Ithaca was too good to let pass, and so a little incident happened which was not without its impression on those who saw it.

CONTEST CALLED ON SCHEDULE TIME.

The race was rowed promptly on schedule time. The hosts which had journeyed from far and near, and which had endured the hardships of a one-night stand in New-London, made an early start. The small craft in the river took up a position along the lower end of the course fully an hour before time. The observation train, much the worse from the effects of the terrific wind and rain storm of the day before, steamed out of the station at 11:30 a. m., and reached the head of the course in time to give every one a chance to settle down for the excitement of the coming battle. It did not carry as many passengers as the day before. The sky had been overcast several times during the morning, and many feared a repetition of the disaster of Wednesday. The big side-wheelers, the Block Island and the City of Lowell, with good-sized crowds of enthusiastic rooters, had ceased ploughing around and disturbing the waters adjacent to the course. The referee's launch, with Mr. Meikleham in the bow, scurried swiftly up and down to see that all was in readiness. A lumbering old water vehicle, called America, which had been provided by the local Board of Trade for the accommodation of the newspaper men, bumped along up the river with many a shiver and shake, and managed to reach the flags at the beginning of the course in time to narrowly miss seeing the start.

In the mean time the crews had taken position. Cornell came first, followed by Harvard, with Yale the final one to fall in. There were a few moments of breathless suspense. The referee's boat drew near, and Mr. Meikleham could be seen giving instructions through the megaphone. The launches of Yale and Cornell hovered near, with Cook and Courtney on board. "Steady, Cornell, steady," called Courtney. In reply to "Are you ready?" from the referee, each coxswain answered "Yes." Another moment and the word was given, and twenty-four oars swished through the water, and twenty-four brawny representatives of three of the great universities of the land were pulling might and main for the lead. "They're off!" came the deep, sullen howl from the observation train. All three crews caught the water at the same moment. There were ten or fifteen rapid strokes and then a settling down to the long fight, with Yale and Cornell pulling at about thirty-two strokes to the minute, and Harvard a trifle less. For a few minutes Yale showed in the front, but it was only for a short distance. Nervy little Briggs, the Cornell stroke, had caught the word from Colson, and the men behind him followed it like so much machinery. Cornell poked the nose of her shell in the lead before the first quarter of the mile had been reached. It was slight at first, but it was the beginning of a gain which never slackened until the cannon booming down at the bridge had proclaimed the winning of the race. Harvard dropped back before this point had been reached, and open water could almost be seen between the two crews fighting ahead. The wind, which had veered round to the south, now increased in violence, and was blowing strongly against the swift-moving shells. The water was rough, and became more so at every gust. It could be seen that a test of watermanship was involved. It was remembered that the Yale and Harvard oars were fully two inches wider than Cornell's, and with such a wind over a long four-mile stretch this was bound to tell. Cornell's skill in handling a boat in rough water was known alike to those who had followed the trials of the last few weeks. "Cornell can't lose!" howled a big hulk of an Ithacan, standing in his seat on the observation train. "Look at 'em go! It's all over but the shouting!" For reply was hurled back a hoarse whirlwind of "Yale! Yale! Yale!"

HARVARD QUICKLY LEFT BEHIND.

At the half-mile Cornell was slowly increasing her lead. The Yale men were pulling like demons, and their form was of a high order, but there was no such thing as staving off the rush of the Ithacans. Even at this point Harvard was conceded "out of it." The men were swinging through a long, steady stroke in the adaptation of the English style concerning which so much has already been said, but there was no life or power in it. It was slow and measured, barely reaching thirty.

Passing on to the mile it looked as if Cornell was rowing Yale to a finish right then and there, and she was. The Ithacans were moving backward and forward with the rhythm of a perfectly balanced pendulum. There were life, vim and speed in every oar. Not a pound of muscle was wasted. There was no checking or hanging, and the shell cut through the whitecaps steadily and unfaltering. The same could not be said of Yale. The men were not keeping well together. The bow and No. 3 did not appear to be in the pull. At the mile and a half Cornell was still forging to the front. Yale had steadied herself and was hanging on with its old bulldog tenacity. Walton was calling on his men, and they failed him not. Harvard was dragging along as if there was a ton of lead in the shell. Colson now seemed satisfied that he had the race well in hand, for the crew had settled down to a thirty-two stroke. Cornell rooters, who for some time had been showing some anxiety and had been asking each other why Cornell had not let herself out and shown some of her much-vaunted speed, now began to pick up courage. The worst part of the course for Cornell had been passed. The first of the two deadly turns had been negotiated, and Yale had not been able to gain. The two-mile flag was near at hand, and then for the straightaway home. The water grew rougher, and in addition long rolling swells tossed the shells up and down like cockles. Harvard was not equal to the conditions, and there was considerable splashing. However, the Crimson were still keeping up the stroke with which they had begun and which was causing them to lag far behind the leaders. The bow man in the Harvard boat was doing a little "bucking" on his own account, and this, combined with what appeared to be an attack of blind staggers on the part of the coxswain, who was steering a course remarkable for curves and zigzags, placed the Crimson more decidedly out of it than at any previous time.

CORNELL'S LEAD ASSURED.

The two-mile turn was made with Cornell still in the lead. The Ithacans, realizing that not a foot must be lost, here put on increased pressure. Yale was after them hard. The crisis had been reached. For the next half-mile the Cornell men gave the onlookers a specimen of their prowess, which left no doubt as to the ultimate result of the race. Their in-and-out boat work was superb. Cheer after cheer rose from the excited throngs. The eight men worked as one. They caught the water hard, and fairly lifted the boat along. The oars were pulled well through the stroke, which had a world of life. It looked from the stern as if the men almost laid on their backs. The body recovery was slow and gliding, leaving no chance for a check, and the hands were thrown away like a flash. Yale now made one last desperate effort. The men from New-Haven gritted their teeth together and set after the Courtney tribe with grim determination, but in vain. Cornell was now two good open boat lengths to the good, with not an indication of a let-up. In fact, they were growing stronger as the miles were left behind.

With a mile and a half remaining, Harvard attempted to make a run. The coxswain, Orton, urged Captain Perkins and his men to pull for old Harvard, but there was nothing left. Harvard had shot her bolt. For a few moments the stroke was increased, but it soon fell back, and with it the last ray of hope for even second place. While Yale was showing the strain of the conflict she was yet miles too good for the Crimson men. The wind grew stronger and stronger and the rolls of the sea more formidable. The flotilla at the finish loomed into view. Cornell now begins spurting. Up goes the stroke to thirty-four, and it is pulled for keeps. The pace is killing. The wearers of the blue see the pride of their college still unable to overhaul the flying leaders. The old Yale spirit comes in evidence, and the wearers of the blue on the observation train and the yachts group along the line and send cheer after cheer. But Yale is tiring. The stroke grows slower. It is all over. Cornell is going it like mad. There is no stopping, no lagging. On, on the shell speeds with every man apparently as strong as at the start. Little Briggs can almost be seen to smile in derision as, at a word from the dapper little captain of the Cornell crew, he sets the heart-breaking pace. Cornell's stroke is fully six above that of Yale. There is some splashing on Yale's part as they near the goal. But the lift is good, and with one or two quite noticeable exceptions, the crew are still keeping up an appearance of form. Harvard is hopelessly in the rear. The coxswain has lost all track of the course and the shell has dropped away behind Yale.

THE UPROAR AT THE FINISH.

As the last half-mile of the race is entered upon by Cornell the din is terrific. Engines on shore and steamers let loose their valves, and the tooting becomes deafening. The course has now become a lane, with craft of every conceivable size and shape lined up on either side. Another short moment of delirious excitement, and it is over. Cornell crossing the line the winner by four lengths in front of Yale, who pulls gamely to the last. Harvard fails to finish, and the men hang on their oars while the shell floats past the line. While there were no "dead ones" in any of the shells at the finish, there were two or three men in both the Yale and the Harvard boats who were nearly done for. Yale's bow, Captain Whitney, had not appeared to be rowing his own weight for some little time before the line was crossed, and when the last stroke had been pulled through he was almost over. Wickes, who had gone into the race with a boil, was also in bad shape, while No. 7 gave unmistakable signs of distress. Nearly all the Harvard crew had a signal out, and No. 5 especially looked weary. Neither Yale nor Harvard tried to row, but rested on their oars until their launches came down and picked them up. Harvard was first away for quarters, with Yale following shortly after. As has been mentioned before, Cornell rowed back to Harrison's landing with all the good form that had been displayed throughout the race. The official time was as follows:

	Cornell.	Yale.	Harvard.
One-half mile	2:43	2:44	2:48
One mile	5:30	5:45	5:54
One and one-half miles	8:17	8:48	9:01
Two miles	11:11	11:48	12:02
Two and one-half miles	14:43	14:55	16:13
Three miles	17:48	17:59	18:28
Three and one-half miles	20:32	20:42	21:12
Four miles	23:48	24:02	24:35

The record time for the New-London course is 20:10, held by Yale and made in 1888. The four-mile record, as well as the three and one mile records, is held by Cornell. The record over a four-mile course is 19:20, made at Poughkeepsie in 1896 in the race with Columbia, Harvard and Pennsylvania. The boat races began at New-London in 1878.

The subject of strokes has already been exhaustively treated. The race showed that all the crews were in condition, as The Tribune had reported. Cornell rowed the old Courtney stroke, and Yale had the Cook style, which has won many victories for the wearers of the blue. Harvard's lamentable failure, both this year and last, may be the cause of a general turning over of things down at Cambridge. Cornell rowed with an American boat and oars. The oars are fully two inches less in width than those of Yale and Harvard. No doubt, much may be heard of this element in the contest during the next few days of comment. Cornell certainly won a decisive and impressive victory, and her claims to the rowing championship are stronger than ever.

STATISTICS OF THE CREWS.

CORNELL.

Name.	Position.	Class.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
F. A. Briggs	Stroke	1898	22	5.08	158
Edward J. Savage	No. 7	1898	23	6.00	170
R. W. Bradshaw	No. 6	1900	23	5.11	150
Clarence S. Moore	No. 5	1898	21	5.06½	160
Theodore L. Bailey	No. 4	1899	20	6.00	168
S. Wiley Wakeman	No. 3	1900	19	6.00	168
Wilton Benner	No. 2	1898	21	6.00	158
W. Duffield, Jr.	Bow	1899	20	5.11	165
Frederick C. Coleman	Coxswain	1897	22	5.08	112
Erwin R. Steinhart	Substitute	1899	22	6.00	172
Isaac C. Ludlum	Substitute	1898	21	5.10	158
Harold E. Galloway	Substitute	1900	21	5.11	160
Arthur B. Raymond	Substitute	1899	20	5.10	160

YALE.

Payne Whitney (capt.)	Bow	1898	22	5.10	164
Harry P. Wickes	No. 2	1900	19	5.11	168
J. Penn Brock	No. 3	1900	19	5.10½	183
Robert H. Fitzt	No. 4	1899	22	5.11	165
James W. Niegsen	No. 5	1900	21	6.00¼	170
Fred W. Allen	No. 6	1900	21	6.00	181
John C. Greenleaf	No. 7	1898	20	6.00	169
William H. Williams	Stroke	1900	18	5.10	157
J. Mott Hallowell	Coxswain	1899	18	5.09	114
R. A. Metcalf	Substitute	1899	18	6.01	180
James C. Greenway	Substitute	1900	22	6.00	172
John W. Cross	Substitute	1900	20	6.00	174

HARVARD.

Fletcher Dobyns	Stroke	1898	26	5.09	166
Nicholas Biddle	No. 7	1900	19	6.00	169
J. H. Perkins (capt.)	No. 6	1899	22	6.01	170
C. L. Thayer	No. 5	1899	19	5.10	162
C. L. Hemenway, Jr.	No. 4	1900	20	6.01	162
Elliott Walsworth	No. 3	1898	21	5.10	163
J. D. Kernan	No. 2	1900	20	5.10	167
G. S. Derby	Bow	1898	23	5.10	162
G. D. Marfia	Substitute	1900	24	5.11	155
F. Blake	Substitute	1898	20	6.00	170
J. P. Peraino	Substitute	1900	20	6.00	170
Henry Adams	Substitute	1899	23	6.01	154
G. P. Orton	Substitute	1897	24	5.07	160

FROM THE SPECTATORS' POINT OF VIEW.

THE MAJORITY HAD PICKED CORNELL AS THE WINNER—SEVENTEEN HOURS ON A SPECIAL TRAIN.

There were probably more "I told you so's" among the men who returned from New-London last night than had been gathered together before for a long time. Judging from the conversation on the trains about ninety-nine out of a hundred of those from this city who attended the great 'Varsity boat race were sure that Cornell would win, barring accidents. Of course, there was a large number of Yale graduates in the crowd, but many of them were doubtful of "Old Ell's" being able to defeat the plucky Ithacans. Many of the spectators who went from this city to witness the race did not return last night, but stopped over at New-London to help the friends of the winning crew celebrate. Those who did return were apparently of one opinion, and that was that the best crew won. Nobody could be found last night who thought that the postponement of the race from Wednesday until yesterday had made any difference to the losing crews. The consensus of opinion was that had the race been rowed on Wednesday the result would have been just the same. Cornell simply had the best crew.

More than one-half of the members of the University Athletic Club, who started for New-London in the club's special car, on Wednesday morning, got back to this city at 3 o'clock yesterday morning without seeing the race at all. They had been seventeen hours in the car. Among these disappointed ones were Magistrate Robert C. Cornell, C. C. Cuyler, Tracy H. Harris, J. Sanford Barnes, jr., Charles H. Mapes, Edward W. Harris and William C. Hill.

The members of the University Athletic Club who went to New-London congratulated themselves on the foresight of the committee headed by Tracy H. Harris in providing a well-stocked larder for the special car, more especially because it was the only car of the entire special train on which there was any food. The train left this city at 10:02 a. m. on Wednesday morning, expecting to reach New-London at 1:30 p. m. Instead of that, however, it did not reach there until 3 p. m., on account of the railroad accident. The passengers waited in the cars until 6:30 p. m., and were then placed on the observation train. This latter train was made up of a lot of flatcars with canvas awnings over them. The rain continued to come down in torrents for some time after the people got aboard the observation train. It caused the awnings to sag badly, and every now and then one of the awnings would burst and a bucketful of water, more or less, would descend upon the passengers. The many-colored spring costumes of the women and girls were ruined by the rain, and their escorts were rendered extremely uncomfortable. While the rain was coming down the hardest much amusement was caused by a man clad in a frock coat and a tall silk hat walking alongside the observation train. His once immaculate attire was soaked through and through, but he did not appear to mind it. Later on, when the special train was on its homeward journey, and was stalled on a single track half-way between Bridgeport and New-Haven, several of the passengers—among them the man with the frock coat and silk hat—got off and, lighting a bonfire alongside of the track, tried to dry their clothing. It was a funny sight to those of the passengers who had been fortunate enough to escape a wetting. The weather at the time was so cold that a person could see his breath.

YALE FRESHMEN WIN.

EVERY FOOT OF THE COURSE DESPERATELY CONTESTED.

THE YOUNGSTERS GIVE AS PRETTY AN EXHIBITION AS THE 'VARSITY, AND EVEN MORE EXCITING.

New-London, Conn., June 23 (Special).—The people that left here for home immediately upon the conclusion of the 'Varsity race, without waiting for the freshman contest, missed one of the prettiest aquatic battles ever decided on the Thames. In a desperate struggle, the issue of which was in doubt until the last dozen boat lengths of the two-mile course, Yale pluck and bulldog courage won, and the Blue finished first, the Crimson second, with the Cornelian and White third.

Had not the storm of the day before caused a postponement, throwing the principal event over into the day of the freshman race, it is hardly likely that the latter would have been favored with such an audience. As it turned out, however, the greater part of the crowd that witnessed the Ithacans' victory of the early afternoon journeyed back to the scene later in the day, most of them expecting to see the same colors cross the line first, and speculating only as to whether the Blue or the Crimson would have the honor of chasing the Cornell boat in.

VEXATIOUS DELAYS IN STARTING.

The freshman race, it was announced by the authorities, would be called at 3 o'clock. This allowed but a little over an hour and a half for the sightseers to return to New-London, eat their luncheons and be on hand again. Consequently there was a great deal of scurrying around to make connections, and many persons, in the congested state of the town's hotels and restaurants, obtained but a scanty repast. This was another instance of the wretched management that characterized the two days' events, for instead of the race being held at 3 o'clock, it was fully an hour and a half later before it took place. During all this time the impatient people, tired out by the delays and vexations of Wednesday, waited patiently in blind ignorance of what the trouble was or the reason of the postponement.

The same favorable conditions of sky and water that attended the 'Varsity race obtained for the freshman struggle. If anything, the skies and river were bluer and more beautiful. A light, westerly wind was blowing diagonally across the course, but not strongly enough to cause any trouble. The course was the last two miles of the one that the 'Varsity rowed over, the finish being on the same spot, a little above the bridge. The starting point had, however, been shifted from the west to the east bank of the river, and just below the turn in the four-mile course. From here the finish line, two miles away, was plainly discernible, and looking down the river, the long lane of bright, sparkling water, hemmed in on either side by the fleet of yachts, sailboats and excursion steamers, was a beautiful and inspiring sight.

LITTLE CHOICE IN POSITIONS.

Yale had drawn the east course, nearest the shore; Cornell was in the centre, and Harvard on the west or toward the middle of the stream. In this straightaway trip there was probably but little choice in the positions, and whichever crew might be defeated, they could give no other reason than that they were simply outrowed.

The sun was settling close to the hills over Fort Griswold-Groton when the starter's pistol sent the boats away on what proved one of the greatest triangular college races ever rowed. All the crews caught the water nicely, and apparently without any advantage over each other. Cornell and Yale rowed a thirty-four stroke at the beginning, while Harvard was hitting it up to thirty-six in a desperate but futile attempt to obtain the lead, so much prized in a shell contest. Even in the first eighth of a mile it was seen that there was not the great difference in the three crews that was to be discovered early in the 'Varsity race.

THE FIGHT CLOSELY CONTESTED.

At the first half mile Cornell had dropped her stroke to thirty-two, and was rowing beautifully. Yale and Harvard were also going in good form and holding the same stroke with which they started. In the next quarter the New-Haven and Cambridge men slowed down to thirty-two, the Ithacans raising their speed a notch, to thirty-three. At this time it was difficult to tell which boat was ahead. As the brawny, sunburned backs bent and straightened with the stroke, first one boat's nose and then the other would show in front.

The closeness of the contest was exciting the spectators. As the crews in a neck-and-neck struggle approached the end of the first half of the journey, Coxswain Ward called on his men and they hit the stroke up to thirty-six. Under this the Cornell prow slowly drew ahead. But it was very slowly that the Cornelian and White gained. The Cornell men, even in the spurt, maintained their form, and had the steering of their boat been on the same par the result might have been different. In the 'Varsity race, Cornell had magnificent steering, but Ward's direction of his boat was far from that of Colson's.

Notwithstanding the bad steering, Cornell had a decided advantage at the end of a mile and a half. But now both Yale and Harvard began to spurt. Yale, who had been rowing thirty-two and thirty-three strokes a minute, increased it to thirty-four, and maintained this speed to the end. Harvard also ran her stroke up, and while rowing a less number than either of the other crews preserved her position.

THE STORY OF THE LAST HALF-MILE.

As the crews began the last half-mile, less than ten feet separated them, with Cornell ahead and Yale a little in advance of Harvard. And here it was that the Yale bulldog won. The college that, though often defeated, had never quit, was fighting it out in the same old way. With white faces, each bearing the grim, determined look and desperate resolve that is remembered on many a football field, the Yale freshmen were pulling the race of their lives. The half length advantage of Cornell disappeared and the boats were even. A moment more and the colors of the Blue shot to the fore.

While the followers of Yale were cheering like madmen and hugging themselves in delight, thinking it was all over, the Crimson had been doing great work also. No one had given the Harvard men credit for being so good a crew as it turned out they were. So that it came in the nature of a surprise to find the Cambridge boat in the contest at this stage of the race. But there was no disputing the fact. The Crimson was proving a dark horse and on the home-stretch looked dangerous.

A quarter of a mile away lay the finish line. Yale's boat was a little ahead and gaining slowly. Cornell's coxswain shouted frantically to the men and called for a spurt. They responded and the stroke quickened to thirty-six. But still Yale held her own. The thirty-four stroke, which the Blue had maintained since the passing of the mile post, was not changed. But the men pulled a little stronger and their hardly won advantage remained. And then, whether it was that Cornell was rowed out, or whether the conviction they were beaten, affected their stroke, for the first time the New-Yorkers lost heart and perceptibly slowed down.

As Cornell dropped back Harvard became the contesting boat. The Crimson crew were surprising their best friends with their form, speed and endurance. In a series of magnificent spurts they ran away from the Ithacans and actually closed on Yale. The latter, which had in a moment of mistaken overconfidence eased a little on passing Cornell, again settled back to work and from that moment, and that moment only, the race was won.

Yale crossed the line a winner by half a boat's length in 11 minutes 22 3-5 seconds. Harvard's time was 11 minutes, 23 1-5 seconds, and Cornell finished in 11 minutes, 26½ seconds, about a length and a half behind Harvard. The referee announced that Cornell had rowed the first half-mile in 2:46, Harvard in 2:47 and Yale 2:50, but acknowledged that from the position of the referee's boat it was impossible accurately to catch the time at that point and that he would not guarantee it.

All the crews stood the journey well and none of the men collapsed; if anything, Yale was the fresher, but the fact of winning probably revived them somewhat.

Yale men say that much of the credit of winning the freshman race belongs to James O. Rogers, who coached the crew. Rogers was assisted by "Rob" Cook only occasionally, and that merely in the way of suggestions and hints more than in active work. Mr. Cook devoted himself to the 'Varsity, and practically left Rogers in charge of the freshmen. Rogers will be remembered as the captain of the Yale football team of 1897, and the winning of yesterday's boat race is similar to the Yale-Harvard football contest last year, in that in each case Yale was not the favorite and won unexpectedly.

Cornell backers, who won heavily on the 'Varsity race, lost all their gains on the freshman contest. So confident were the Ithacans after the big event had been decided, that they offered big odds on the last race. Cornell money at 20 to 8 on Cornell against the field, was taken in liberal blocks by the Yale boys, and even by Harvard adherents, who in many cases pooled their funds against the triumphant Ithacans. The result was a facer to the latter, and a correspondingly joyful occasion for the backers of the Blue. But the pockets of the college men were about evened up.

The following is the make-up of the freshman crews:

YALE.

Position.	Name.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Bow	C. R. Waterman	19	5.09	160
2	H. P. Alcott	20	5.11	170
3	H. Auchincloss	19	6.00½	168
4	G. S. Stillman	18	6.02	185
5	R. H. Gillett	21	6.00	175
6	P. G. Brown, jr.	18	6.03	190
7	P. L. Mitchell	18	5.11½	168
Stroke	A. Cannon, jr.	18	5.10½	160
Coxswain	H. C. Neal	18	5.03¾	107

HARVARD.

Position.	Name.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Bow	C. Hawkins, jr.	18	5.04	141
2	P. L. Whitney	17	5.08	154
3	L. Sulzer	19	5.08	148
4	R. F. Gilbert	20	6.00	185
5	H. P. Lord	19	6.00	168
6	H. H. Paxton (captain)	21	5.09	175
7	J. Lawrence, jr.	19	6.01	174
Stroke	F. C. Lodge	18	5.08	141
Coxswain	R. H. Howe	19	5.06	109

CORNELL.

Position.	Name.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Bow	C. Fay	20	6.00	157
2	H. S. Vanderbeek	21	5.08	154
3	E. C. King	19	5.10½	162
4	C. W. Gross	19	5.10	165
5	A. Day	24	5.08	151
6	J. Lynn (captain)	19	5.09½	154
7	S. E. Harlan	19	5.10	158
Stroke	O. B. English	21	5.08½	160
Coxswain	C. A. Ward	21	5.04	108

THE SPECTATORS' GRIEVANCES.

POOR ACCOMMODATIONS, HIGH PRICES AND A GENERAL FEELING THAT THEY WERE BADLY TREATED.

New-London, Conn., June 23 (Special).—New-London awoke this morning with eyes heavy from lack of sleep. A holiday race had never been dreamed of. The town was utterly unable to cope with the howling and disappointed rooters. Those who undertook to negotiate the proposition of the great triangular boat race of 1898 will quietly but indelibly write it down on their mental tablets, and it will never be overlooked. On all sides nothing could be heard save criticism at the postponement of the race the day before. However it had to be made the best of, and those who had to remain over, or, rather, those who were determined to see the race if it took all summer, turned to the serious task of getting a place to sleep for the night. There were no rooms to be found. Everybody who had a room took in as many friends as it would accommodate, that is, hold. Three slept in a bed and the rest on the floors and radiators. Many walked the streets all night. Chairs in the hotels were secured by certain fortunate individuals, and were held firmly onto as a sure resting-place for the night. All in all, it was a sick crowd. It was enough to drive a saint to drink, and no wonder that many fell from grace.

The first thing in the morning everybody took a glance at the weather, and it looked favorable. But so it did the day before. There were a few clouds in the sky, and the early air was chilly, although as the day advanced it grew quite warm. The water on the river was good. The race must be pulled off anyway, rain or shine. There was no such thing as another postponement. The crews would go at it even if a hurricane or a tornado was raging. So the crowds made preparations for an early start.

Many had left yesterday, and did not come back to-day. There were many vacant seats on the observation train when it pulled out, and the number of craft fell off.

Let it be written down for the benefit of future generations that, outside of a good race, there was not a single satisfactory feature in connection with the whole affair. No doubt the New-London people and the local Board of Trade had the best of intentions when they bid for the race, but subsequent events have demonstrated that, as a sample of bold, audacious highway robbery, nothing has ever equalled the attempts of certain commercial institutions in this town. The hotel accommodations are poor at best. Prices were asked for rooms which were simply extortionate. Little single rooms were held at $5 and $10 on the European plan. The prices of all articles on the bills of fare at the hotels were doubled and trebled. At every turn these conditions prevailed. It looked as if New-Londoners felt the race would never be rowed there again, and were determined to squeeze the last cent out of those unfortunates who had placed themselves at their mercy. But a day of reckoning is at hand. The handwriting is on the wall. New-London has sounded its own death-knell. It is predicted right here that if the colleges ever decide to row another race on the Thames it will prove an absolute failure.

Then the course must be considered. The great majority of unbiassed rowing enthusiasts who saw the race yesterday condemn in emphatic terms a four-mile course with two turns. There is no such thing as fairness and justice in the whole proposition. The tides, combined with the weather, which changes during every hour of the day, with a wind that blows hard each day for 365 days out of every year, form a combination to produce a surface-water which can never be depended upon. The present fiasco has given ample proof of this. After having been postponed one day on account of bad weather the race was finally pulled off under conditions which could not have been much worse.

To add to the constant annoyances on every hand a wreck on the railroad threw all traffic into confusion. Some New-Yorkers who went up spent thirteen hours on the trip. As a matter of advice it is suggested that no questions are asked those who went to New-London regarding their experiences. There are a lot of sore people in this locality just now, and it will not be wise to disturb their gloomy meditations. The sentiment at Yale is expressed in the following editorial of "The Yale News," which got out an extra, the first on the streets of New-London, after the race.

The race is rowed and lost. That is a brief statement of the case. But it does not tell how it was rowed with the grim resolve not to allow defeat till the last stroke was pulled, how the men responded to spurt after spurt; how they rallied in the last mile, and how they showed the true Yale pluck and endurance. Perhaps, after all, that is the most important part of the fight, though it may not take the place of joy and victory. Yale is disappointed, but not disheartened. She acknowledges the skill of her victors, and congratulates them on their success, only trusting that at another race the order may be different. The thanks of the University are due to Captain Whitney. He has merited the deep praise of all Yale men, graduate and undergraduate alike. By his determination and devotion he has put a crew upon the water of which the University is in no way ashamed. He has led his men through unusually trying circumstances and hindrances, and has developed an eight which, while not a victorious one, is a credit to the University. Our coach, Bob Cook, has worked well, and in defeat we can only sympathize with him. We are greatly disappointed and are free to admit it. We may look forward to better success another year.

AT CORNELL'S HOME.

ITHACA PRACTICALLY SUSPENDS BUSINESS WHILE THE BIG RACE IS ON.

Ithaca, N. Y., June 23.—All Ithaca was ablaze with excitement at noon to-day. From every part of the city, as the time scheduled for the race approached, townspeople and students streamed toward the office of "The Ithaca Journal," where the Associated Press dispatches of the race were to be announced. There was but one sentiment in the city this morning, from the humblest newspaper boy to the highest public official, and it was, "May Cornell win."

At noon a great part of the business of the town was suspended, and business men and their customers, clerks, office boys and stenographers, as with one accord, hurried to "The Journal" office. At the Town Hall members of the Ithaca Fire Brigade held themselves in readiness to sound the big fire bell when the result of the race should be announced. Up on the hill of the University campus, professors and officers crowded the office of Treasurer Williams, where there is a telephone, in order to hear the latest news.

At 12:40 o'clock a single sonorous peal of the fire gong announced that the race had begun. Immediately dozens of persons who had lingered behind somewhat began to run, and in a few seconds there was a crowd of thousands listening to the bulletins, which were shouted through a megaphone by King, who would have rowed No. 4 in the 'Varsity boat had he not been taken ill.

When the result was finally announced thousands of strained faces relaxed, and prolonged cheering announced to people even in the outskirts of the city that Cornell had won.

To-night the proud Ithacans celebrated the victory of the Cornell 'Varsity crew at New-London. Not even regret at the defeat of the freshman crew could dampen the exuberant enthusiasm of the collegians who remain in town; nor were the citizens of Ithaca less demonstrative than the students. The principal business blocks were gayly decorated, and horns and cannon-crackers made the night lively. Crowds of people went to Renwick Beach, on Cayuga Lake, where the main celebration took place. The trolley-cars running to the beach were prettily decorated in the cardinal and white, and the students enlivened the trip with college songs and their staccato yell. A band of music ably seconded the students in their efforts. The principal feature of the celebration at the beach was a fireworks display. Many prominent students and alumni who were unable to attend the race took the lead in the celebration of the afternoon and evening. They included ex-Captain Troy, of the '95 crew; Weber, president of the class of '96; Rammelkamp, '96; Frazer, '97, and many undergraduates. Every one is confident of a 'Varsity victory at Saratoga, and already plans are being made to give Cornell's brawny oarsmen a hearty welcome home.

NEW-LONDON AFTER THE RACES.

STUDENTS MAKING JOYFUL NOISES, AND EXPLODING MUCH POWDER.

New-London, Conn., June 23 (Special).—New-London to-night is arrayed in the Cornelian hues. The Blue and the Crimson are subdued thus.

The Cornelian is gorgeous as the rainbow. The Cornell yell, with its rather naughty rhyme, punctuates the atmosphere of the staid old Puritan town and shocks the propriety of the inhabitants. But the Cornell boys, flushed with two successive victories over the crews that do not consider Cornell in their class, have arrogated to themselves the freedom of the town, and they are making the most of it.

Giant firecrackers render State-st. a perilous thoroughfare. The street smells like the Fourth of July. Spent skyrocket sticks suggest to the throng what the plunging fire so often spoken of nowadays is like. Ithacans are wearing red and white feathers in their hats, and their lungs are loaded with hundreds of rounds of red hot enthusiasm for vocal projectiles.

Hardly a Harvard man is to be seen. The Crimson crew got enough of it in to-day's 'Varsity race. Mr. Lehman and his 'Varsity crew left town before the freshman race and are seeking solace in Cambridge. The freshman boys did not remain in town to hear about their defeat, which was almost a victory. Competent critics of rowing are of the opinion that Harvard would have won the freshman event if the course had been a hundred yards longer.

The Cornell men will leave to-morrow morning for Saratoga, where they will at once resume training for their races of next week. Manager White, of the Cornell navy, was interviewed to-night by The Tribune correspondent. He stated that he did not care particularly whether the crews ever returned to the Thames or not. "Had our 'Varsity men been defeated," said Mr. White, "I should have made no complaint, but as we have won, I wish to register an objection to the Thames course. I am of the opinion that it is most unfair, and that a real test of the merits of rowing crews cannot be had here. Poughkeepsie is not perfect, but it is superior to New-London. The best rowing course in America, in my opinion, is that at Saratoga. The water is ideally smooth there. Here we have had very rough water ever since we came. To-day we had the west course, and although we won, I say frankly that we had the worst of the three. I believe that if two crews of equal ability were to row on the course we had and that one which Harvard rowed, the boat on the Harvard side would finish four to five lengths the winner. We had a choppy water for the first three-quarters of a mile, and it is well known that deep water is preferable for rowing."

Mr. White stated that the Cornell freshmen were deeply disappointed at their defeat, but that they were fairly beaten, and had nothing to complain of so far as equal chances are concerned.

Referee Meikleham and Regatta Chairman Laurence F. Sexton returned to New-York on an early train this evening. Most of the Yale men also went home.

The members of the freshmen crew went to New-Haven to celebrate their victory. Win or lose, Yale men never remain in New-London the night after the race. They are too near home.

The Yale navy elected Allen as crew captain for next year, at a meeting held this evening. Harvard elected F. L. Higginson, who rowed No. 4. Cornell will not elect until after her races next week.

Comparisons are odious as between the 'Varsity and the freshman race. Those who witnessed both declare that the latter was by far the more interesting. Men who have seen every race on the Thames since 1878 say that no more exciting finish has been seen than that of the freshmen crews this afternoon. It was a battle royal from start to finish. One of the old-timers remarked to-night that he missed his dinner to