STATEN ISLANDERS.

COMMUTERS WHO LIVE WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS.

SOME OF THEIR HABITS AND CUSTOMS AND THE PRETTY, QUAINT OR CURIOUS PLACES WHERE THEY DWELL.

This is about the only city in the world which can boast of having genuine commuters who do not go outside the city limits in their commutation travels. Perhaps Chicago will insist that she has commuters' homes within her boundaries, but when they made greater Chicago they tried to take in the entire State of Illinois and parts of Wisconsin and Indiana. At any rate, not even Chicago has commuters like the Staten Islanders who come to the Borough of Manhattan every day from the Borough of Richmond.

That they are just as real commuters as those who come to the city from New-Jersey, from Westchester County or from Long Island no one who has ever travelled with them will doubt. And there is not a better way of realizing to the fullest degree how big greater New-York is than to make a journey to Tottenville or Arlington, every mile of which is in the city limits. These island residents have all the marks of other commuters. They ride on monthly tickets, it takes some of them more than an hour to reach their homes, and they have the usual commuter "grouch" against suburban railroads and ferryboats, especially the ferryboats. When it comes to bundles, they outcarry any other commuters in the country.

The strangest thing about it all is the pride they take in being Staten Islanders. When one meets a Harlemite away from New-York he never thinks of saying that he lives in Harlem. Not much! He is from New-York, and he is proud of it. But the Staten Islander! Meet him in Buffalo and ask him where he lives. Nine times out of ten he will answer: "I live in Staten Island, and it's the garden spot of America." Then he gets "chesty," as Devery would say, and talks about the island as a Philadelphian does about the sleepy Quaker town. He always forgets to say anything about mosquitoes, which are a sad handicap on any paradise when they come in bunches, as they do on this particular island.

Horace Porter once said, in addressing the Loyal Legion or some such body:

"It has always been a mystery what became of Noah's Ark. At last I have solved it. They are using it for a Staten Island ferryboat."

That was several years ago, but they are still using arks to carry commuters and others from the Battery to St. George. Perhaps that is the reason why the commuters "kick" at the ferry instead of the train service. Yet it took a ferryboat disaster to acquaint the rest of this big city with the fact that commuters by the thousand live on Staten Island.

"Why, I didn't know that many people lived on the whole island," said an old resident of Manhattan, when he heard that eight hundred commuters had been saved from the Northfield.

Ever since that disaster the ferry ride to St. George has been the safest in the harbor. Masters of other boats were amazed at the ease with which the Northfield went to pieces and have given the old yellow boats a wide berth ever since. The company has promised new ferryboats some day, and the commuters hope that their sons or their sons' sons will ride to and from the city on modern boats.

Yet the half hour's ride down the bay is one of the best features about life on Staten Island, according to the real estate man who is trying to sell one a house and lot. "It is bracing, healthful (provided the boat don't sink), and gives you a great chance to get acquainted with your neighbors," is the way he puts it. One might think from this last phrase that all Staten Island was one happy family, but it isn't. There is just as much petty pealousy between the little villages as there is between Yonkers and Mount Vernon.

Sometimes exciting things happen on the ferryboats. One Staten Island wife once horsewhipped her husband in the main cabin. A few dozen persons have attempted suicide, and some of them succeeded. It was only a short time ago that a riot was narrowly averted on one of the boats, and the reason for it makes a story that is worth telling.

Two men who had been drinking boarded the boat at the Battery. One of them carried a golden haired baby in his arms; at least it looked for all the world like a baby, and the women passengers were sure of it when it began to cry. They did not notice that the man was pressing a hidden spring.

"What a shame it is that those drunken men are allowed to carry that poor baby around!" said one woman. There were other expressions of sympathy.

The baby continued to cry, and finally the man who held it said in a loud tone: "If you don't shut up I'll punch you."

"The horrid brute!" chorused the women.

Then the man clinched his fist and struck the baby in the face.

"You strike that baby again and I'll kill you!" exclaimed the other fellow.

The man with the baby dropped it on the floor and jumped on it. Women fainted, others shrieked. Three or four men jumped to the rescue, and others started to thrash the "brute." It was almost a riot. It ended when the rescuers found that all their sympathy had been wasted over a doll baby.

Staten Island commuters are creatures of habit to a large extent. Habit tells them to take a certain ferryboat every morning and evening. If they reach the Battery terminal first they wait around for their usual boat, even though the terminal is as dreary a place in which to wait as one can imagine. There is some reason for this in the case of young men. Staten Island "queens," in other words the pretty girls who come to Manhattan for business or on shopping trips, are also in the habit of taking just such a boat. Of course, the young men wait. After the boat starts these "queens" hold court in corners of the cabin when it is cold, and corners of the deck when the sun shines. And the young men gather like moths about a flame. As a rule the "queen" is pretty, and has one of those lasting, progressive, continuous laughs that is mighty cheering after a hard day's work. She is not idle either, though her "working" way is well concealed. It starts this way:

"Wish you'd come to the theatre with me some night," mutters one young man who is under the influence of her flashing eye.

"You know I can't go to town"—they call Manhattan "town"—"in the evening. Now, the matinee"—

"That's right, 'Billy,' ask her to the matinee or you're disgraced," comes from his friends.

"But I can't get off afternoons," wails poor "Billy."

"Bluffer! Bluffer!" exclaim the men. "You didn't intend to take the lady."

Then "Billy" protests that he will take her to the show the very next Saturday afternoon, even if he loses his job for it.

The next lucky victim, who perhaps owes his fall to the "queen's" silken tresses of lemonade hue, loses a box of gloves on an utterly hopeless wager.

Still another, who is charmed by her "Standard Oil" figure—you know how good Standard Oil is—sacrifices a five pound box of chocolates. No wonder Staten Island women like to commute!

St. George is the Staten Island terminal of the ferry, and settlements are closely grouped on each side of it. To the west are Brighton, Snug Harbor, Livingston and West Brighton, and to the east Tompkinsville, Stapleton and Clifton. These are really little more than the names of stations on the Staten Island Rapid Transit Railway. A stranger cannot tell where one village leaves off and the next begins. In the days when Staten Island was only Richmond County and not a part of New-York these were separate villages, and some of them are pretty aged, as the old Colonial houses show.

The railroad climbs the hill beyond Clifton and gets some distance away from the shore. The country is rolling, and not as well wooded as might be. There is a village every mile or two all the way to Tottenville. Several of the stations have two names, as they serve the suburban dwellers of two settlements. In between the little towns are farms—real farms, in spite of the fact that they are within the limits of the greatest city on the continent. Some day they will be cut up into city lots, streets will be graded through them and commuters will build homes. To-day there is acre after acre that is still out of the hands of the real estate man, and there is room for all the homes New-Yorkers will care to build for years to come.

Brendan, Eltingville, Huguenot and the rest would be typical country villages if it were not for the presence of men in the blue uniform of the police and for the occasional glow of an electric bulb. Those are the luxuries which came to them when they were included in greater New-York. They still hold, however, to other things which are common to country settlements. They have general stores, in which one can buy hardware, groceries, drygoods and what not. The country postmasters and postmistresses still read the postcards which pass through their hands and speculate over the contents of letters. At least some of them do.

On the trains one sees other evidences that Staten Islanders are slaves to habit. There is one man, for instance, who always rides in the rear end right hand seat of the smoking car. If he finds a stranger in the seat he frowns and mutters: "What are you doing in my seat?" The stranger thinks he owns the road, and moves without making much protest. The other commuters know that he looks upon this particular seat as his personal property and act accordingly.

No story of Staten Island commuters would be complete without mention of the dean of the commuters—Nicholas Muller, whose city offices are in the Washington Building. He comes to town every morning on the 9 o'clock boat, and leaves at 4 in the afternoon. He knows that he is the oldest commuter of the lot and sort of lords it over the others. Besides, he is the political boss of Staten Island, which gives him additional privileges. He usually has a team of fast horses waiting for him at the ferry terminal.

Some of the commuters who live near St. George begin and finish their daily trips on trolley cars. The service is fast, and it reaches several little settlements which are out of the way of the railroad. The cars are full of signs for the instruction of passengers. One says that no gentleman will remain seated while a woman hangs to a strap, or something to that effect. This sign is a dead letter. Another painted on the front and rear windows reads:

GENTLEMEN
Will stop smoking while
LADIES
Are entering or leaving this car.

SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE.

From The Boston Courier.

Smith—I understand, Jones, that you have given your consent to your boy becoming a newspaper man?

Jones—Yes; I gave my consent and he tried the work for about three weeks, but found it unsuitable.

Smith—Found it unsuitable?

Jones—Perhaps it would be better to say the work found him unsuitable.

Smith—So he left it? Severed his connection, etc.?

Jones—He left it. To tell the truth, he was asked to resign.

Smith—What is he doing now?

Jones—Lecturing on the evils of modern journalism.

HE WORE THE KEY.

BUT IN THIS EXPERIENCE HE PROBABLY WISHED HE'D KEPT IT OUT OF SIGHT.

It was in the smoking compartment of a Pullman car on the New-Haven road, and the young man who lounged there may have belonged to either Yale or Harvard. There was no way of telling which college, for only the "muckers" wear college pins these days, and he wasn't a "mucker." There was a mildly dissipated look about his face, but that may have been due to the excitement of a visit in New-York. The only thing in the way of decoration he wore was a gold watchkey, which hung as a fob from a black ribbon.

An elderly man entered the smoking room, and, after adjusting two pairs of glasses, began to read from a book of verse. Any one could have told that he was a college professor. He wore a key like the youth who sat opposite, for he was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, a fraternity of prize students. On glancing up from his book he noticed the key which the youth wore. He arose, and, crossing over to him, held out his hand.

"My boy, I'm glad to see you've won your key," he said. "So many boys are going through college these days in a half-hearted way that I'm always glad to meet one who wears the badge of hard work—the key of old Phi Beta Kappa."

The youth seemed to be embarrassed, and muttered something which might have been thanks.

"What was your major study?" asked the old professor, kindly.

The student hesitated a moment, then answered, "Chemistry."

"I'm sorry I can't discuss it with you," said the old man, "but it is out of my line. I'm in Greek, you know."

"And I know very little of Greek," said the student.

Presently the professor left the compartment, and the youth's sigh of relief attracted the attention of the business man who was smoking in the corner.

"What is that Phi Beta business he was talking to you about?" he asked.

The student reddened, but finally explained.

"It is an honorary society for university chaps who are mighty bright and who get "A" marks all through their course. Some fellows nearly kill themselves working for it."

"Hum! You don't look as if you had worked very hard," said the man of business.

"That's just it. The old party, the 'prof,' made a mistake. This isn't a Phi Beta Kappa key, and it represents industry far removed from study."

"Well, what is it?"

"It is the badge of a social club—Phi Kappa Beta. It's a 'roast' on the real thing, for we select our members from the fellows who can drink the most. To help along the idea we 'cribbed' their badge."

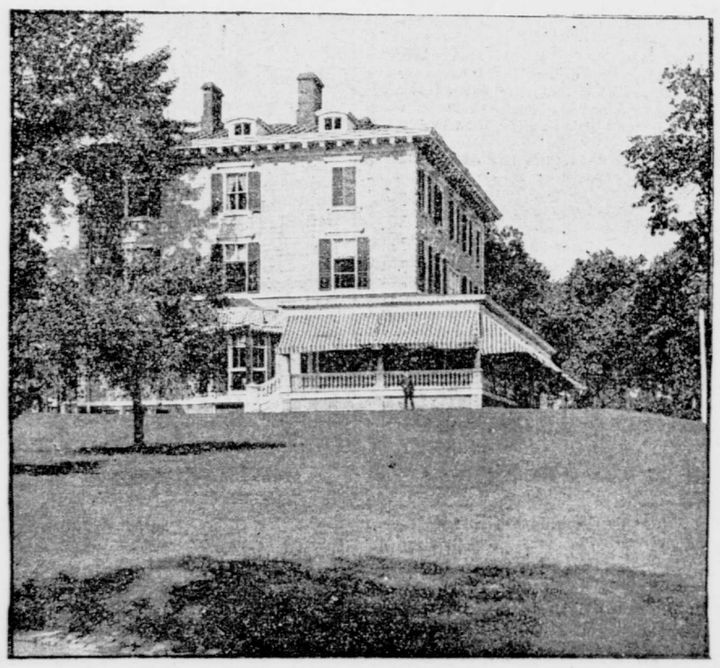
"What was that you said about chemistry?" asked the man.

"I had to tell him something, and chemistry was the first thing that came into my mind. Never studied it in my life. Had a roommate once, though, who specialized in the stuff."

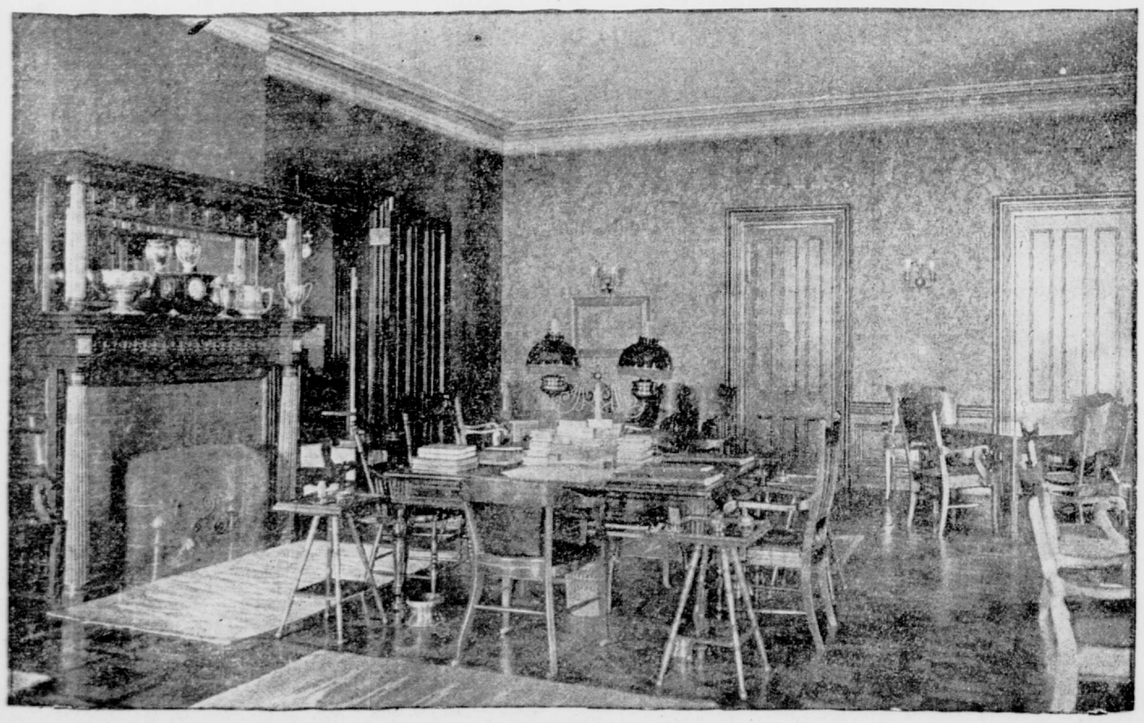
"I just wish I was your father for about ten minutes," was the only comment. "I'd specialize on you till you had some respect for things that are away above your reach."

THREE PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE RICHMOND COUNTY COUNTRY CLUB GOLF TEAM.

JAMES PARK. JOHN R. CHADWICK, CAPTAIN. W. P. LOUGH.



CLUBHOUSE OF THE RICHMOND COUNTY COUNTRY CLUB.
At Garretson, Staten Island.



THE CAFE OF THE RICHMOND COUNTY COUNTRY CLUB.

GOLF ON STATEN ISLAND.

THE RICHMOND COUNTY COUNTRY CLUB—ITS ATTRACTIVE SITUATION.

The Richmond County Country Club, of Staten Island, furnishes a signal instance of the popularity golf has had among clubs originally established to maintain a pack of hounds and to hunt the fox, for, like the Myopia, Devon, Meadow Brook, Essex County and Westchester Country clubs, Richmond County, which a few years back was one of the crack hunt clubs of the country, is now almost as well known for its devotion to the Scottish game.

Originally established in 1888 in the old Clove Road, the fascinations of golf so weaned its members from the sports of the chase that in 1897 a move was made to the present quarters, near Garretson, in order that more ample grounds might permit the equipment of a links. The Alexandre estate, with its old mansion and capacious grounds, perched on the hills back of Garretson, was the spot chosen for the new home, and its selection has proved the wisdom of those who saw in the rolling Staten Island hills a site pregnant with golfing possibilities. To-day the club ranks as one of the best golf clubs in the East. Many of its members are as well known in Manhattan as on Staten Island, and its popularity is evident from the fact that almost four hundred names are included in its rolls.

It is an ideal spot for any outdoor sport, this old estate overlooking the bay. A magnificent panorama presents itself from almost every point of the property. Beneath are the waters of the Lower Bay, widening out into the broad blue expanse of the Atlantic, while in other directions the eye meets nothing but rolling woodland and the greenest of green turf. The Alexandre mansion is a spacious, decidedly comfortable structure of three stories, built in Colonial style, with large, airy, high ceilinged rooms and ample halls. A veranda surrounds the house, and from the back a similar view to that from the links greets the eye. On this veranda in bygone years the owner of the Alexandre line of steamers used to sit, spyglass in hand, and scan the horizon for his incoming ships.

The property includes about ninety acres, and is about a ten minute ride on the Midland Railway from the St. George ferry. Three-quarters of a mile away is Midland Beach, in plain view from the clubhouse, and the trolley service has thus proved excellent for members running down from Manhattan for an afternoon's outing on the links. The president of the club is E. S. Turning; vice-president, George Cromwell; secretary, Ex. Norton; treasurer, Stacy C. Richmond, and captain, John R. Chadwick.

The general condition of the course is excellent. Much time and money have been spent in bringing it up to the standards required by a modern golf club, and the result has been eminently satisfactory. A notable feature is that, with the exception of three cop bunkers, all the hazards are provided by the natural lay of the grounds. The entire circuit is arranged to take in every latent possibility. An instance of this is the ravine which runs back of the first hole. This same ravine has been used as a partial hazard at the second hole, entirely as a hazard at the third, where there is a drop of almost one hundred feet in 112 yards, and again at the fourth, a natural hazard at all.

The outward journey lies in the fields to the north of the clubhouse, while the homeward trip is to the south of it. The entire distance is 5,175 yards, for which the bogie is figured at 77 strokes. Albert E. Paterson, who last year held the important position of captain of the greens, now holds the amateur record at 80, while the professional record is 71, made by the former English champion, Harry Vardon, on his recent trip to this country. Mr. Paterson also holds the George Hunter gold medal, which carries with it the championship of the club. First offered in 1896, this medal is now the oldest golfing trophy in the country, the famous John Reid medal at St. Andrews having been finally disposed of two years ago. The Hunter medal contest is one of Richmond County's notable events, and the keenest rivalry exists among the members for the honor which victory brings. Mr. Paterson's winning score this year was 84, while the eight who qualified for the president's cup, another of the important trophies of the year, were Charles T. Stout, R. D. Wrenn, C. W. Pierson, W. P. Lough, H. C. Plimpton, Gordon Willis and John R. Chadwick. These eight are thus in the very front rank of the club's golfers, and, together with C. W. Taintor and James Park, are perhaps the best known.

Other good players are T. W. Hoxie, E. O. Schuyler, J. E. G. Higgins, H. B. Slayback, Laurence B. Stoddart, Eugene L. Richards, jr., A. L. Walker, R. E. Bonner, W. P. Larned, Ralph Lane, Thomas S. Hope Simpson, R. P. G. Bucklin, W. H. Busk, J. M. Carrere, De Frees Critten, J. E. Faber, C. A. Fry, Richard Agar, Otis L. Williams, R. St. George Walker, J. Y. G. Walker, H. H. Shearson, W. H. Lowry, A. P. Kelley and Vincent Hockmeyer. The club has never gone out of its way to secure notoriety, has given only one open tournament in its history, and has never claimed a championship. It is one of the most conservative members of both the United States and Metropolitan Golf associations, and its team has taken a prominent part in the matches of the last season. There are four classes of members: Resident, non-resident, associate and summer, the latter being permitted to join for five months only, and without initiation fee. For resident and non-resident members the initiation fee is $30, while the annual dues are $50 for the former and $25 for the latter. Summer members pay $35, and it is interesting to note that three of this class last summer were at one time widely known for their prominence in tennis, furnishing another illustration of the inroads golf is making into the territory of other sports. These three are "Bob" Wrenn, the former tennis champion of the United States; his brother, George Wrenn, and A. E. Foote, formerly New-England tennis champion.

The green committee of a big club is always an important body. Those who look after Richmond County's greens are Otis L. Williams, John R. Chadwick, Ralph Lane, E. O. Schuyler and A. E. Paterson. In addition there is a special grounds committee, composed of Ernest Flagg and J. H. Alexandre. "Ben" Tew, for five years under "Willie" Davis, at Newport, is the club's professional, and while not well known as a player, he knows a thing or two about turf and course building, as is shown by the present condition of the grounds. The directors are J. H. Alexandre, Henry B. Montgomery, Otis L. Williams, Walter L. Clark, Ernest Flagg, E. O. Schuyler, N. S. Walker, jr., and Gordon Willis. On the house committee are W. L. Clarke, H. B. Montgomery, Stacy C. Richmond and George Cromwell. A committee on "miscellaneous sports" completes the club's official family. This committee includes N. S. Walker, jr., Horace A. Davis, Gordon Willis and J. Y. G. Walker.

Like most of the golf clubs hereabouts, Richmond County began with a nine hole links, but it was not long before this was outgrown and nine more holes added to keep pace with the growing demands of its players. To-day the course compares favorably in length and variety with any in the metropolitan district. A detailed summary of the holes and distances, together with the bogie score, may be shown as follows:

OUT.

Holes—	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	Totals.
Yards	426	254	112	238	249	252	155	469	380	—2,535
Bogie	5	4	3	4	4	4	3	6	5	—38

IN.

Holes—	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	Totals
Yards	219	290	318	308	229	388	480	267	144	—2,640
Bogie	4	5	4	4	4	5	6	4	3	—39

There are only three local rules, but each has a special bearing on the manner of negotiating the links. They are:

"If a ball be driven out of bounds a ball may be dropped at the spot from which the stroke was played under penalty of loss of the distance.

"A ball lying on the cop of a bunker must be lifted and dropped a club's length back of same in the bunker, without penalty.

"From all ditches a ball may be lifted and dropped from the direction from which it was played, with penalty of one stroke."

The first hole is known as "The Bay" on account of the fine view of the water. The ground slopes slightly to the right and the only notable hazard is a road 225 yards from the tee, which must be carried on the second shot. The green is terraced at the back and to the right, making judgment necessary in approaching it.

The second hole is known as "the Narrows" and is guarded by a bunker 100 yards from the tee. The third is one of the distinctive features of the course, and, though jocosely dubbed "Wee Drop," is in reality a descent of 100 feet in 112 yards. For the fourth the play is across the upper end of a ravine, with a terraced green located on the brow of a hill, from which another glorious view of the Narrows may be obtained.

The fifth runs over a fine rolling turf, with plenty of good lies, while at the sixth there is a pond as a hazard for a badly pulled ball. Vardon scored this hole in 3, though bogie is figured at 4. The seventh skirts the woods to a terraced green, and the eighth crosses a cop bunker 110 yards from the tee, then taking a turn around a point of trees in order to reach the green. On the ninth the bunker is only eighty-five yards out, but a road must be crossed on the second shot, and the bogie of 5 must be regarded as a fair one.

The journey on the homeward bound holes begins at another point of the grounds, across excellent turf and to a slightly terraced green. One ditch, about twenty-five yards out, and another one hundred, are the chief hazards to be met with on the eleventh, where the bogie is 5. Down hill for the twelfth brings the player over the valley and ditch to the putting green, while the thirteenth leads to a green close to the edge of the woods. Two good drives and a mid iron are necessary to reach the fifteenth, which crosses a ditch to a circular putting green. Now comes the longest hole on the course, the Highlands, 480 yards from tee to green, which is followed by "Fair View," played from a teeing ground on the hill back of the sixteenth. The play is almost parallel to a road, with long grass on either side to penalize a sliced or pulled ball. The home hole is only 144 yards long, but it requires the most accurate play to cover it successfully in 3, the bogie figure. The first fifty yards is over an abandoned mine dump. A line of trees skirting the road will catch a slice, but a straight drive of 125 yards will lay the ball on the green, and will enable the player to equal bogie.

CAMPAIGN BUTTONS.

MAKING THEM A UNIQUE BUSINESS—HOW THEIR USE HAS GROWN—THE EXPERIENCES OF "BIM."

It seems that there is at least one man in the community to whom the nominations of the two city conventions were no surprise. He is the man who furnishes the campaign buttons which have become a prominent feature in all political contests. A few minutes after it had been decided that Mr. Low should be the fusion candidate for Mayor "Bim, the Button Man," appeared at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and distributed handfuls of Low buttons, and with every lot he gave away he threw in for good measure the remark: "I told you so!"

When Tammany had its convention called for the purpose of indorsing the choice of Croker "Bim" was on hand again. The house resounded with cheers for Coler, but "Bim" passed among the delegates and spectators and distributed Shepard buttons and made the same self-satisfied remark with which he had greeted the friends of fusion at the Fifth Avenue Hotel a few days before.

"If I could pick the winning horses in Saratoga," he said, "with as much certainty as I can local candidates I'd have money enough to buy the City Hall. Last summer, when everybody was making wild guesses about the nominations, I laid in a stock of Low buttons, and two weeks before Shepard was spoken of I had three barrels of Shepard buttons ready to put on the market. Of course, there were several barrels of other buttons ready in case the cat jumped the other way, but it couldn't jump any way and get out of my reach."

There is no other business just like that of making campaign buttons. When the button maker picks the winner his profit is large, but when he gropes in the dark and lays in a stock of buttons of many designs bearing the portraits of many persons he incurs expense which becomes absolute loss. Coler, McClellan, Nixon and Guggenheimer buttons can be used for nothing but scrap. A manufacturer of ordinary merchandise can dispose of "seconds" and "thirds" or poor styles at a loss, and while this may at times be great, he usually realizes something, but the button with the wrong picture on it is worthless, and, therefore, "Bim" had good reason to congratulate himself.

When they were first introduced, campaign buttons were worn by men to show their political leaning in a campaign. The sales were comparatively small, because the price was high. But improved methods have made the campaign button a cheap article, and the sales have become enormous. They are packed in boxes containing one thousand, and cases containing fifty or a hundred of these boxes are sent to headquarters and to candidates who wish to distribute them.

"If buttons were used only by voters," said "Bim," "our business would shrink. Thousands and tens of thousands are 'taken home to the baby,' bushels of buttons are used by the boys on the streets to play with, as they do with marbles, and great quantities are put away in collections. Candidates know the value of keeping before the public, and are liberal with their campaign buttons, and when leaders apply for boxes of buttons they usually get all they want. How can a man make himself known better and at less expense than by means of the button? When ordered in lots of 100,000 we furnish them at about 70 cents a thousand, and I suppose that even this low price might be shaded a little when the order is large enough. I've made buttons for all sorts of men, and it's a mighty satisfactory job. Many a man think's he's in it for months until the convention lays him flat. In the mean time he's been distributing buttons by the thousand. When he finds himself in the soup his only consolation is the thought that lots of people wore his button, and he's sorry for every cent he put into the fight except what he gave to me. They all like to see their picture on buttons, and the man don't live who doesn't think he's a good looker on a button."

WHEN GOLF IS DEADLY.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN TAKES EXERCISE WITH RISK TO HIMSELF.

From The Philadelphia Record.

Said Dr. A. C. Bernays, of St. Louis, who ranks high among American surgeons: "Wayman McCreery was a victim of golf, a sacrifice to the golf fad." The subject of this expression was a prominent citizen of St. Louis, a man of unusual mental and physical qualities, who had been an all-around athlete. At the age of fifty he showed a tendency toward obesity, with shortness of breath when taking exercise. Some stupid person told him there was an accumulation of fat about his heart and that the remedy was strenuous physical action. He was told that he ought to play golf. In truth the trouble was a weakening of the coats of the arteries, which was probably due to the strain of too violent exertion. Mr. McCreery took enthusiastically to the golf idea. He often made two continuous rounds of the links, and sometimes he made three. At the same time he dieted himself and rigidly cut off his usual beverages. Last May he shocked his physician by saying that he had taken off thirty-eight pounds. With his weight thus reduced and resistance in the vessels to the action of the heart diminished, that organ worked more rapidly and at last ruptured a tiny artery in the brain, causing death by apoplexy.

Dr. Bernays expressed what is probably the opinion of most medical men of large experience when he said: "I do not think there is a more dangerous thing for a man of fifty or over to do than to change radically his mode of life in any way that will involve more work, either physical or mental. To professional or business men who have reached the middle age I should say: 'Do less than you have been doing and do not take off weight rapidly.' The golf fad for busy men who have become corpulent while doing hard work is a dangerous experiment."

It is the teaching of common sense as well as of experience that a man who has reached middle age should never take physical exercise to the point of weariness, and that any exertion which he may make should be less violent than the training to which he was used to in his earlier years. It is not well that a man at any age should attempt to maintain the highest degree of bodily strength and agility, except as a preparation for an event which will tax his powers to the utmost. The prizefighter puts himself into the best condition for a contest, but it is never his aim to keep in that state. Experience has taught him that there is a limit beyond which a reduction of weight is unsafe. Men who use their brains cannot carry muscular development far. The greatest minds and their greatest efforts have not been associated with severely trained bodies.

When men are guided in their physical exercises by a theory, or by the rules of a trainer, or by anything except their own sense of comfort, they are in danger of overexertion, which is always worse than underdoing. Walking at a moderate gait to the tired point, but not beyond, with plenty of fresh air, will usually accomplish all that is needed for most men and women. There are persons whose organs have a tendency toward sluggishness, and who require special forms of exercise to stimulate healthy action; but they are proper subjects for the physician. Stout people are too often and too positively urged to reduce their weight by strenuous exercise, especially since the fields have become crowded with golf enthusiasts of both sexes and all ages.

THE GHOST OF A FOREST.

From The London Star.

After a demonstration held at Lambourne Common, Essex, on Sunday afternoon, a procession of about five hundred persons marched to a portion of the estate of Colonel Lockwood, M. P., chairman of the East London Water Company, and forcibly removed the fences, on the alleged ground that there was a public right of way.

About thirty Essex police were present, the spot in question being just outside the boundary of the metropolitan police district.

Lambourne Common is an interesting spot, because the uninclosed portion of it is absolutely the last remnant of the ancient royal forest of Hainault, so called, it is said, in honor of Philippa of Hainault, the consort of Edward III.

It once stretched from Theydon Bois to Aldborough Hatch and from Leytonstone to near Harvering-atte-Bower. But when the kings of England gave up stag hunting the royal forests began to suffer.

In 1723 Hainault Forest comprised 17,000 acres. In 1858, when it was "disafforested" by act there were only 4,000 acres. About 100,000 trees were cut down and sold, and the ground turned into farms.

But the act reserved a strip of the old forest near Chigwell Row, as a common for the three parishes of Chigwell, Lambourne, and Stapleford Abbots. This strip ran from Grange Hill to Bourne Bridge, about four miles in length, and varied in width from a quarter of a mile to a mile. Chigwell and Stapleford Abbots parishes subsequently obtained acts by which their shares of this common were lawfully inclosed, the lords of the manor of course getting the oysters and the commoners the shells.

Lambourne parish never did get an act, but it is admitted that a considerable portion of the land which was set out in the award under the act of 1858 as Lambourne Common is now inclosed, and occupied by various persons. It is this inclosure against which the demonstration was directed yesterday.

The portion still uninclosed, the eastern end of the original strip, is thickly wooded and beautiful. It has often been the camping ground of gypsies. The lord of the manor (Colonel Lockwood, M. P.), has objected to the gypsies and others cutting wood on this uninclosed portion as a breach of his rights.

It is necessary that some scheme should be adopted under the Metropolitan Commons act.

But with regard to the portion westward of this already inclosed and cleared of trees, the reassertion of public rights is beset with difficulties. The Commons Preservation Society does not advise any such demonstrations as that of yesterday.

It is probable that Colonel Lockwood would consent to the uninclosed mile of old Hainault being secured to the public for ever, and that would be a real gain to Essex and to London.

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