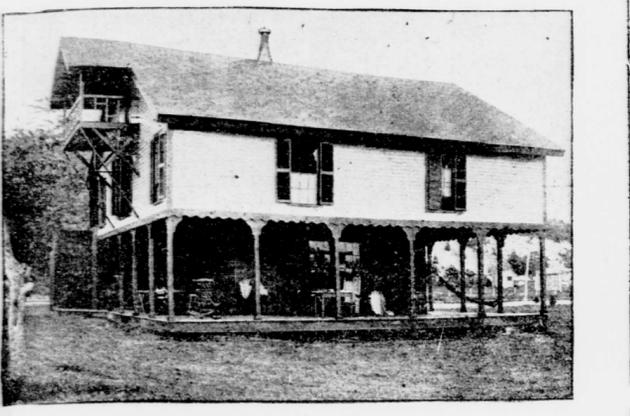
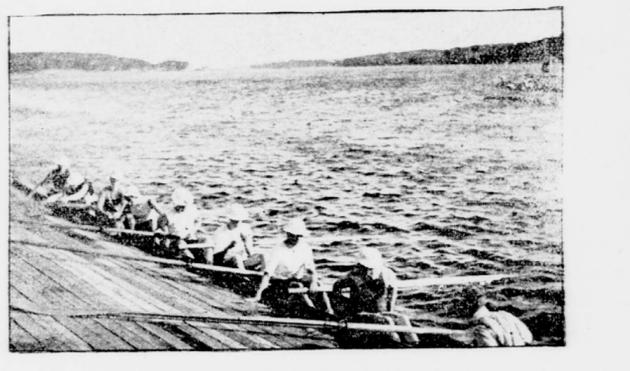


HARVARD AND YALE ARE PUTTING ON THE FINISHING TOUCHES FOR THEIR ANNUAL STRUGGLE ON THE THAMES.



HARVARD'S QUARTERS, RED TOP.



YALE'S FRESHMEN CREW. Going out for a spin at Gale's Ferry.



YALE'S FOUR OARED CREW AT GALE'S FERRY.

HARVARD-YALE CREWS. CLOSING DAYS OF STRENUOUS PRACTICE ON THE THAMES.

HOW THE MEN ARE PUT IN SHAPE FOR THIS WEEK'S NEW-LONDON RACE.

Gale's Ferry-on-the-Thames, Conn., June 21.—The close of the practice season for both the Harvard and Yale crews is now but three days off, and there are only the finishing touches to be put to the rowing form of "varsity," four oar and freshman shells that will crown with victory or humiliate with defeat the hard, grinding work which these men have been putting in daily at New-Haven and Cambridge since last fall.

No one could choose a more fitting spot for the final polishing off of a college crew than the two sheltered sites on the banks of the Thames where Yale and Harvard have their quarters. Four miles to a yard up the river from the New-London draw-bridge, on the east bank, between the railroad and the river, both Broad View and Red Top are perfectly situated in every way for the quiet and uninterrupted daily work of the oarsmen. Only two or three trains pass up and down the narrow single track daily, and there are no visitors except the friends of the men and the correspondents whom the newspapers send down annually to keep in touch with the crews. Twice a day a small steamer puffs up to the landing at the Ferry, and the captain and "crew of one" make a great ado about tying up to the only post on the wharf. But this is the only excitement—outside of watching each other. The people on the steamer stare at the oarsmen, and wave an adieu as the steamer puffs off again on its way to the mill dam, but this is the only touch with the outer world that the oarsmen have. Occasionally a back country fisherman comes down to the wharf with his garling pole and fish basket, but his crew are left mostly in peace.

Gale's Ferry itself is a hamlet of the most unostentatious kind—two dozen or more houses nestled together on both sides of a maple shaded country road that turns at right angles along the shore at the Yale quarters. There is little or no life in the place. For five or six days you will see hardly any one except squads of oarsmen, roaming about on benches under the trees on the lawns. Almost all of the houses are of the old-fashioned New-England rural stamp, white painted, set among clambering vines and blossoming bushes, and the usual high white picket fence in front, and the rows of maple trees or elms. During the most of the year Gale's Ferry is an annual awakening for just three weeks in June, when it receives the college athletes.

The Harvard boathouse is not as large as Yale's, but it has a better wharf for the landing of the crews, and it is more retired. Just above it is the cabin of the telegraph operator, who has come to be known as the veteran of the place. There is a half-mile walk on the railroad track between Red Top and Broad View, or you can take a longer course up over the bluff, from which you can see the winding course of the river for miles each way.

The daily life of a Yale or Harvard oarsman would shock the disciples of the theory that American youth has little liking for the strenuous life. It would surprise some athletes to be put through a day's work with a college oarsman on the Thames. Hard, ceaseless work, and plenty of it, is the watchword at both quarters. One happens in on the men in a quiet hour, and one might think that a crew's practice on the Thames was a holiday. Then one comes back when the crews are going out on the river for their morning or afternoon work, and wonders whether a football game is not a bed of roses compared with it. Training is not a bed of roses compared with it. Training from morning to night without a lull; hard, grinding hours, constant care for your health and what you eat and what you weigh and how you feel. A man has to work if he wants to be on a Yale or Harvard college crew.

The daily work of both crews is nearly alike. The men rise at 6 o'clock or a half-hour later, and have breakfast by 7, with possibly a sharp mile walk between. Then by 8 or 9 o'clock the coaches walk between. Then by 9 or 10 o'clock the coaches jump into the launch and order out the crews, one at a time, first the freshmen, perhaps, then the four oar, then the varsity. The launch passes all the shells, and from it the coaches follow the oarsmen closely, shouting a constant stream of orders through their megaphones, making the boats do what they want them to, to be in the line, and then the varsity. The launch follows the orders through their megaphones, making the boats do what they want them to, to be in the line, and then the varsity. The launch follows the orders through their megaphones, making the boats do what they want them to, to be in the line, and then the varsity.

The bill of fare which is served to a crew would surprise some people who have an idea that university athletes live on the fat of the land. It is of course an essential part of the physical condition enters as a factor into the changes of a race. The oarsmen have only one solid meal a day, at noon, though that becomes monotonous after a while, and their other three meals are of the sort that would make a country inn blush with shame. Breakfast consists of steak, oatmeal and toast, coffee and tea are served on the table, and toast is always there. For dinner the men get a simple soup, usually consommé; either roast beef or steak again, a few vegetables, and ice cream or puddings. Pastries of all sorts are forbidden when a man is in training. The mid-afternoon luncheon consists of cold meats and baked potatoes, and for supper oatmeal again and boiled eggs. If this is a Spartan fare, it is a delicious one, and the quantity of roast beef and steak that disappears in a week's time gives some reason for the financial fact that something over \$500 is annually spent by Yale for three weeks' board and lodging at Gale's Ferry. Liquors are sparingly used on all occasions by men in training; just a little ale now and then for a man who needs it. There are scales in corners of the quarters, at Broad View and Red Top, and boathouses at Broad View and Red Top, and what they say about the men daily is the criterion the cooks have to watch.

But it is good fun, even if it is hard work. The men are full of cheer and enthusiasm all the time, and cannot get into their rowing togs quick enough after the coaches give the word. The boat is lifted by eight pairs of arms and run to the water's edge. The captain gives the word, and the starboard four get into their wharf pushes off, by the port four. A man on the wharf pushes off, by the port four. A man on the wharf pushes off, by the port four. A man on the wharf pushes off, by the port four. A man on the wharf pushes off, by the port four.

At the turn of the road, on a high bank over the river, is Captain "Kit" Brown's house, which has been used for many years as the stamping ground of Yale oarsmen. The house itself is over a century old, with recent additions that make it a thoroughly comfortable place for a crew to live in. Beside it is a wide shaded lawn, set with benches under the trees, arbors and lounging places, while on the edge of the bank is Broad View, a commodious summer house, where the men read in leisure hours, and from which they study the Harvard shells on its trips down the river. Down the south road is another old house where some of the varsity men room, but Captain Brown's house is this year, as usual, the headquarters. The Yale freshmen have quarters of their own, between the varsity and the railroad station, in a newer place. Below Broad View, under a steep bank, is the Yale boathouse, a huge, rambling affair, with a steep wharf leading down to the river's edge.

Here is a Puzzling Question.

A Correspondent Puts a Query to The Tribune Which This Paper Declines to Answer Without Assistance.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: What is the most attractive city, town, county or borough (outside Manhattan Island) for a New-York business man to make his home in?

This question is the result of an amiable discussion which took place under my roof a few nights ago among some friends of mine. Each one championed a different place, and, as I was the host, they made me the judge. I couldn't settle it for them, so resolved to leave the question to The Tribune.

ARTHUR GRAY.

No. 653 Bedford-ave., Brooklyn, June 6, 1902.

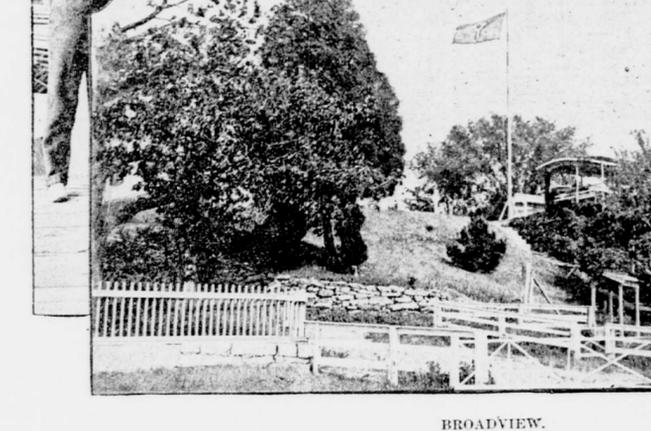
[Tastes differ so widely that The Tribune does not care just now to attempt an answer to this question. It would welcome, however, a statement from the Mayor or other chief official of any municipality within seventy-five miles of New-York which desires to claim the distinction indicated in our correspondent's query.—Ed.]

reports from the field. And two days before the race Harvard is often invited to Gale's Ferry as Yale's guests to hear from New-Haven. But these are the only amenities, and the only possible ones. On all the other days the men see each other only from across the river.

But it is on the day of the race that one sees and feels the real excitement and nervousness that have been a suppressed part of the daily life at Red Top and Gale's Ferry for those two or three weeks of training. The men are up early, and the excitement is echoed at the crew quarters. Down the river New-London is filling up with cheering, enthusiastic crowds of college men, and the excitement is echoed at the crew quarters. Friends of the oarsmen come up to the morning trains, newspaper boats steam up to the wharf, the official launches puff back and forth, coloring over the preparations for the races. By noon the first race is called, the referee megaphone rings out, and the crews are off.

and in disappointment to one or the other of those who had been so hotly worked out.

There is no field of athletic activity among American colleges to-day that is more strenuous, more heart breaking, more grinding, than training for a crew. Probably this will continue to be the case until American college men take up the healthy sport of rowing with the same sort of enthusiasm and love for the thing itself that nowadays characterize English university oarsmanship. There are few exceptions to the general rule in this country that a varsity oarsman has hardly more than three or four years' experience, all told, in shell racing, while across the water oarsmen are trained from the preparatory schools. Once in a while a freshman is given a seat in a Yale or Harvard varsity crew who has never been in anything but a rowboat in his life. It is not reasonable to expect that with one season's training he can then make his boat win from a crew



YALE VARSITY CREW AT GALE'S FERRY. From left to right, they are: Coxswain Byers, Cross, No. 7; Waterman, bow; Bogue, stroke; Captain Kuntz, No. 6; Weymouth, No. 5; Judson, No. 4; Daily, No. 2; Coffin, No. 3.

seasoned by a very different process, should it meet an English eight. Until recently both Harvard and Yale rowing has been limited to the few who have chosen to sacrifice themselves for the good of their college. Until recently there have been no rowing clubs at either university other than the varsity and freshman eights. Mr. Lehman, the English coach, could not help Harvard to win races, but he left a legacy of enthusiasm for the sport that is likely to produce results. There is now beginning to be noticed at Yale a spread of the rowing club idea, and as soon as the necessary financial backing is realized rowing may be put on a better footing. Harvard has an advantage here in boathouses, while at Yale one does for all the crews. There can be nothing in the way of notable expansion to the rowing system at Yale until better facilities are secured. The time will doubtless come when Yale and Harvard crews will be made up of oarsmen who have gone through a long and natural school of rowing, which will land them on race day in a condition to row without requiring the hard work of forced preparation that is now demanded of them.

THE INTERNATIONAL CABLE DIRECTORY.

The International Cable Directory Company, of No. 17 State-st., has just issued a new edition of the International Cable Directory of the World, issued in conjunction with the Western Union telegraphic code system. This book to users of the wires, both for domestic or cabling purposes, is to the business public what the telephone book is to users of the telephone, as it furnishes the cable addresses of prominent corporations, firms and individuals in all parts of the globe, and is therefore invaluable for reference. The State Department has ordered copies to supply all the embassies, legations and consulates of the United States throughout the world. The book was adopted by the State Department mainly for the promotion of commercial relations with the United States by residents of other countries. The business headings are printed in German, French and Spanish, in addition to English.

HOW HE KNEW.

From The Philadelphia Times. Father Joseph Stadelman, of the Society of Jesus, devotes much of his time to work among the blind and the deaf and dumb, and often tells stories to illustrate the keen sense of humor in those afflicted by loss of eyesight. A blind acquaintance was recently with him in a room where a number of women were calling. One of the number, who had seemed throughout the visit to be in very high spirits, made her adieu and left the room, whereupon the blind man remarked: "What perfect, white, pretty teeth that woman has!" "Yes, they are very pretty—but," and here Father Stadelman's astonishment was eloquent, "how can you possibly know?" "Because she did nothing but laugh all the time she was here," the blind man confidently explained.

ROYAL BOYCOTTS.

SOME MONARCHS WHO ARE OSTRACIZED BY THEIR SUBJECTS, AND OTHERS WHO ARE SHUNNED BY THEIR FELLOW SOVEREIGNS.

Emperor William can contemplate with a good deal of equanimity the project of the Polish nobles to boycott his court as a protest against the speech which he recently delivered at Marienburg, and against the policy of the Prussian Government in its dealings with its Polish subjects. For these boycotts seldom succeed, and generally fail flat. It requires a stronger sense of patriotism than people accustomed to court life in the old world as a rule possess to voluntarily cut themselves off from the court to which they have belonged, from all its festivities, and from those social circles which take their cue from the reigning house, for the sake of a mere question of political principle. The Polish nobility in particular has from time immemorial been noted for its frivolity, and to imagine that the Polish great ladies and their daughters will be content to withdraw, not merely from the court which they have adorned, but likewise from metropolitan life, to vegetate on their landed estates, in châteaux for the most part only poorly equipped with modern conveniences and luxuries, is ridiculous. For it must be thoroughly understood that an undertaking to boycott the Kaiser's court renders life

Vatican, has dwindled to infinitesimal proportions, and is composed almost exclusively of old people who are beyond the pleasures and gayeties of life, and engaged in preparing for the hereafter. Even the late Queen Victoria was subjected to a boycott during the early years of her reign by that element of the old Tory aristocracy which had hoped to place her uncle, Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, and afterward ruler of Hanover, upon the throne of Great Britain by the then immensely powerful and influential Orange Society, of which the duke was Grand Master. It was these Tory malcontents who were responsible for the continuous attacks upon the young Queen and her court which filled the London press during the first few years of her rule, and likewise for the gross abuse and discourtesy to which her husband, Prince Albert, was subjected. But this, too, came to an end. The Tory aristocracy ere long saw the error of its ways, and realizing that it had nothing to hope from the wicked old King of Hanover became conspicuous by its devotion to the young Queen and her consort, striving for offices at court, and submitting to rules of etiquette that involved a degree of subserviency without parallel in any previous reign.

Emperor William has been several times threatened with having his court boycotted. On the last occasion it was by the so-called Agrarian or territorial aristocracy of Prussia, the members of which believed that their interests were endangered by his scheme of inland waterways. But the Emperor paid no attention whatsoever to their threats beyond ordering his Grand Master of the Household to abstain from inviting to any court functionaries who had been most conspicuous and offensive in their opposition to his canal bill, and ere long they were anxious to make their peace at court, and to consent to whatever their sovereign desired, prompted thereto in a large measure by their wives and daughters, who did not in the least degree relish being excluded, not only from all court functions, but from those entertainments given by people belonging directly or indirectly to the court circle.

That is why much stock need not be taken in the threat made by the Polish nobility in the eastern provinces of Prussia to boycott Emperor William and his court. And it may be added that the nobles in question are extremely ungratefully to the Emperor, who has been not even that of Vienna, where they have been treated with such favor as at that of Berlin. Indeed, throughout the reign of King Frederick William III of his son, Alexander, who reigned during the first five or six years of the present Kaiser's tenure of the throne, the favor which the Polish aristocracy enjoyed at the hands of the sovereign, and the influence which it thereby acquired, was so predominant as to excite ill will and jealousy on the part of the statesmen of the day, and of the aristocracy hailing from the other provinces of Prussia. The late Prince Bismarck, especially, both in his writings and in his public utterances, condemned in the most unmeasured terms the favoritism manifested by his sovereign toward the Polish nobles, and was never weary of pointing out the danger which the Kaiser's tenure of the throne, the favor which the Polish aristocracy enjoyed at the hands of the sovereign, and the influence which it thereby acquired, was so predominant as to excite ill will and jealousy on the part of the statesmen of the day, and of the aristocracy hailing from the other provinces of Prussia.

Of course, there is another form of boycott to which the courts of the Old World are subjected. It is a ban of a far more serious character, being imposed by the reigning houses upon those of their number who by their tone and behavior seem destined to bring discredit upon the monarchial system. Thus for a number of years past, indeed, ever since Queen Natalie was forced by her husband's evil ways to quit Belgrade and to take up her residence abroad, the court of Serbia has been boycotted, not even that of Vienna, where they have been treated with such favor as at that of Berlin. Indeed, throughout the reign of King Frederick William III of his son, Alexander, who reigned during the first five or six years of the present Kaiser's tenure of the throne, the favor which the Polish aristocracy enjoyed at the hands of the sovereign, and the influence which it thereby acquired, was so predominant as to excite ill will and jealousy on the part of the statesmen of the day, and of the aristocracy hailing from the other provinces of Prussia.

When King Humbert's brother went to Madrid in 1871 to become King of Spain, under the style of Amadeus I, the entire Grandeeza solemnly undertook to boycott his court. Yet before he had been on the throne a year the whole nobility had made its bows and its curtseys at the palace, and its members were intriguing for offices in connection with the royal household, and were only too glad to accept decorations and other kinds of distinctions from him whom they denounced as the usurper. For they relished their feelings, of course, by abusing Amadeus and his charming Queen behind their backs. The Quirinal is another court that was for a time subjected to a boycott, namely, by the old Italian nobility, and in particular by the patriots of Rome, who were encouraged in this attitude by the Vatican. But it has virtually died out. To-day the bearers of the most illustrious names of the peninsula, and especially of the Eternal City, are to be found among the entourage of the King and Queen, and the so-called "black society," that is to say that element of the aristocracy which holds aloof from the Quirinal by way of showing its loyalty to the