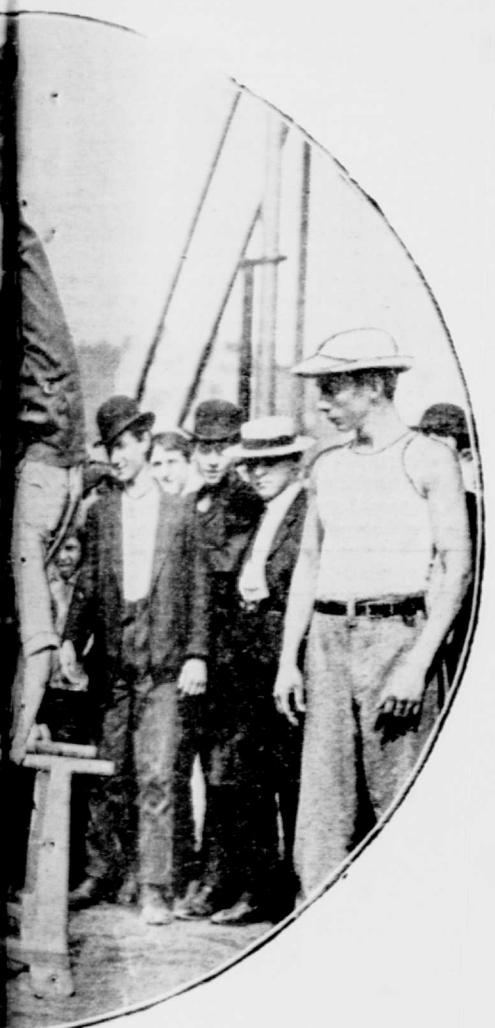




TO ABE FINE TENNIS PLAYERS.



RESTING IN THE SEWARD PARK LOGGIA AFTER PLAY.



ACCOMPLISHED WITH EASE THAT A REMED IMPOSSIBLE.

on a bench while he eats it. When her day's work is done she calls for him."

Many other mothers send their boys to the gymnasium for the day and bring them a bite to eat at noon. For them the inclosure the city has provided fills a long felt want.

"No 'cat' in here!" the director called to a crowd of boys who had started the game which is played in every street in New-York. "Stop that game!"

The order was sufficient. The boys knew very well that "cat" was prohibited, but they were ready to play it until the director stopped them. If they had not stopped when he told them he would have put them out.

A moment later there was a commotion in the further end of the yard. In an instant an interested ring had formed about two little shavers who were going at each other tooth and nail. The director swooped down on them at his top speed, bumped their heads together, dragged them to the gate and started them in opposite directions.

"We don't have many fights in the gymnasium now," he said. "The boys know that both will be punished if they begin fighting, and they go outside the fence when they want to fight. When the park first opened, about a quarter of my time was spent breaking up fights.

"The 'Monk' Eastman and other gangs decided that the park was a place to their liking. They would come in here and make all sorts of trouble. A favorite, and for a time profitable, diversion was starting 'fake' fights, and then picking the pockets of those who gathered to look on. So many watches were stolen and pocketbooks lifted that we had to put up a sign, 'Beware of Pickpockets.'

"We finally got rid of the gang, but there was still trouble with individual rowdies. Only the other day a strapping big fellow came into the yard and started in to play baseball. I told him to stop, but he grinned and invited some other young men who were standing about to join in a game.

"If you start to play I will take the ball away from you," I said, and in saying it I knew I had a fight on my hands.

"Now, sonny," said the big fellow, 'just you keep to the bleachers and watch a real man enjoy his sport. You wouldn't take a fly from a plate of ice cream.'

"As I walked over to him, he started swearing and calling names. When I got close enough I landed on him, just once, a blow that takes the fight out of a man, no matter how big and strong he is. The fellow made for the gate, and there was no baseball.

"Big fellows who have learned some gymnastic trick come in the park and perform. Then they ask, with a sneer: 'Let's see you do that one.' In order to maintain authority one either has to do the trick or set a harder one. When I came down here I was out of training and could not run very fast. I found that I had to work up to my best speed before I could hope to manage the runners."

Every effort has been made to work up a sort of park spirit by developing expert basketball and gymnasium teams and contesting with organizations from other parts of the city. The park has a team of sixty pound youngsters who are the basketball champions of New-York at their weight. It also claims the champion boy gymnast. He is Harry Cohen, aged four years, weight about sixty pounds, and what he can't do on the apparatus is impossible for any other

boy of his size. He performs some daring tricks, made all the more dangerous because the apparatus was made for larger boys, but his nerve has never failed him and he has never had a serious accident.

This park spirit shows itself in the park yells, which are characteristic. The official slogan of the park runs thus:

Sweet potato! Sweet potato!
Thirty cents a peck.
Whoever plays Seward Park,
Gets it in the neck.

A few days since one of the basketball teams defeated a rival from another section of the city by a score of 30 to 0. For the rest of the day this was the cry that echoed about the park:

Happy Hooligan, Gloomy Gus!
Thirty—Goose, Favor Us.

The thirty, of course, represented the Seward Park score and the "goose" is their way of saying "nothing."

There is another expression which seems to belong to the park. When a boy has swung on the rings, or climbed the ladder or showed off on the horizontal bars until he is tired and has had enough, he will usually drop to the ground with the cry, "Too much is plenty!"

The shower baths in the Seward Park pavilion are beginning to be appreciated by the youthful athletes. It has become the proper thing after a hard basketball game and after the regular afternoon gymnastic drill for all hands to adjourn to the bathhouse and enjoy a shower. When the pavilion was first opened the baths were promptly put out of business by the element of the community which does not know how to appreciate that which comes to them for nothing. They wanted nothing but hot water, so they tore off the cold water valve that there might be no mistake about it. It took two weeks to put the baths in shape after they had been used only four days. Changes were introduced, the most important being the institution of one water valve instead of three and the control of the volume of water from the engine room. It would go hard with any one tampering with the present arrangement if the Seward Park athletic contingent discovered him at it.

To return to the girls' playground, a visitor is most interested in the monitor system, which makes it possible for two young women to control the throng of mothers, girls and babies which crowd the inclosure every pleasant day. The monitors are distinguished by red and blue and yellow cloth badges. Each swing is in charge of a monitor with a yellow badge and each section of three swings has a special monitor who wears, with no little pride, a badge of blue. The monitors see that no girl or clique of girls monopolizes a swing. If the monitor cannot get a swinger to give up when her turn is ended she appeals to one of the directors. On the "teeters" a turn consists of twenty-five "jumps," and there is trouble for the girl who tries to take a twenty-sixth. The monitors are supposed to see that there is no twisting of swing ropes, which is considered dangerous, and therefore against the rules, and that no one swings too high. At tether ball and volley ball five games put the player out whether she wins or not. Tennis is not so much in demand, as most of the girls are too small to play well.

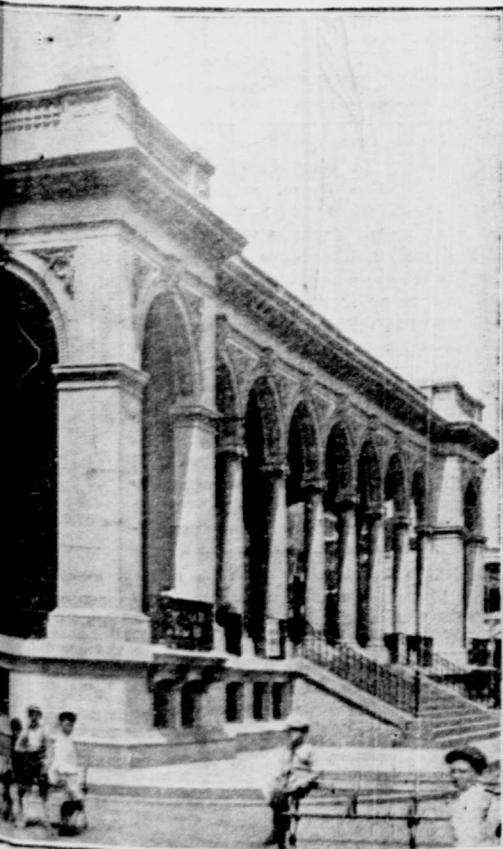
It is the ambition of every girl to be monitor, and no tot is too small to apply for the coveted distinction. A little tot hardly two feet high came up to one of the superintendents the other day and lisped: "Make me a monitor onct."

"You are too small to be a monitor, my dear," said the young woman.

Then came this protest, which has become a classic in the annals of the playground:

"I'm all the bigger I was where already I was the monitor two times yet."

Which being translated means that she had



UILDING IN SEWARD PARK, WITH UNDERNEATH.



TETHER BALL ALWAYS DRAWS A CROWD OF SPECTATORS.

Continued on eleventh page.