

THE IDEAL TENNIS PLAYER

STROKES THAT WOULD MARK AS WORK AT THE NET.

By Berwin Wright's Service and Grace, Alexander's Overhead Work, Pell's and Arden's Backhand and Some Other Things, He'd Be a Wonder at the Game.

The price who sits around the courts and watches said yearningly: "Get I wish I could pick out my strokes from some of the players I've seen! I bet I'd be a corker. There wouldn't be any Norman Brookes or Doherty who could outdo me."

"Well, what strokes would you pick?" said the listener.

"I'd like I never could have all these things, but if I could I would go right through the list and make every crack give up to me the thing I think the best. For instance I'd go to Beals Wright and tell him that I wanted his service."

"I was down at Jay Bridge only a little while ago and saw him there in the doubles matches. Against the Westerners he served in eight games and won them all. And say, all they could get against him in all that time was six points. There were four love games against the West. That's the kind of service I'd want."

"He hits the ball awfully hard, too. With that reverse twirl on it it's one of the hardest things there is to hit right. He doesn't slacken up much of the second ball. That goes in almost as fast as the first and you can bet it bothers the others a lot."

"It takes a very experienced man to get anything on Grunt in the service line. Of course Wylie Grunt's express is a very hard driven ball, but there isn't any twist to it, and he's not so fast as Fred Alexander's service has lots of twist to it and it's mighty good, too, but I think if I had my choice I'd take Beals Wright's service away from him."

"There's another thing, too, I'd like Wright give up. That's his gracefulness on the courts and his knowledge of where the ball is coming. I never saw a player who looked prettier or surer than Wright when he's playing his game."

"And the way he's there when the ball arrives is a caution. When he's playing singles he seems to be able to stand on the center line and take in everything on either side of him."

"Wright's arms are exceptionally long, but he's got such control of himself that he slips around easily. There isn't any other 'em where they ain't strokes on Beals Wright."

"But of course," said the listener, "the service isn't everything. You have to have more than that."

"Don't I know that?" asked the amateur. "There are a couple of things I'd like to get from Fred Alexander. One of the greatest things about him is that wonderful overhead work."

"When he's playing doubles, even though he isn't specially tall, he can't put much over his head. He smashes the ball hard and fast, whether he's on the run or not, and his kills are just about sure."

"That smashing is one of the best things about Alexander's game, and he brings off those things so regularly that it's a great exception when he misses. I don't see how a man can do that sort of thing whether the sun's in his eyes or not, but it doesn't seem to bother Alexander."

"He's the president and most of the officers of the Society for Discouraging Lobs. Most fellows have to get a short job to make an effective kill, but it's all the same to Alexander."

"He must be a very pretty man to watch," said the other. "That smashing always is spectacular."

"You bet he is," sighed the novice. "But that isn't all he can do. When they put one away to the back line sometimes he runs out to it and just with one swoop sends that ball back close over the top of the net as hard as any man could do with a forehanded drive when he's all set and waiting for it."

"That's a stroke he got from squash playing in the winter, and no one else gets it off as he does. Most folks are content just to lob them back in return."

"And Alexander has a forehanded drive that's a corker. There isn't any better going around. Perhaps Ray Little's is as good, however, but it's not so hard to get it off as Alexander's."

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Two years ago the opinion was general that the lobster was doomed to disappear from the sea. Five years ago a few scientific men were inclined to believe that at the hatchery of the Rhode Island Commissioners of Inland Fisheries, directed by Prof. Albert D. Mead, head of the department of biology of Brown University, a promising plan had been developed for supplementing the natural productivity of the species. Now it is generally conceded that what was supposed to be impossible has been accomplished.

Prof. Ehrenbaum, who is connected with the German fisheries station at Heligoland, wrote in 1903 a report regarding certain attempts at artificial rearing of lobsters on the coast of Norway, and indicated his belief that the thing couldn't be done practically. After seeing the work of the Rhode Island commission in 1905 he returned to Heligoland and in a paper recently published he looked upon that "to-day the problem which was supposed to be impossible has been accomplished."

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The cove in which the Rhode Island commission's floats have been conspicuous for about ten years has other merits besides its propitious position. Like many of the inlets from Narragansett Bay it is very rich in minute animal life, natural food for the baby lobsters to supplement the finely chopped boiled beef with which they are fed in the early days of their existence.

It has been estimated that these waters, of an average depth of 10 feet at low tide, carry in suspension about three tons to an acre of this food material—diatoms, copepods, amphipods, all sorts and conditions of elemental life forms that are as valuable on a marine plantation as so many tons of grass on a terrestrial farm.

Why the trick of lobster raising was turned at Wickford by the discovery of the simple principle of keeping the lobsters always on the move involves a little explanation of the conditions under which the larvae of this crustacean are brought into the world to eat and be eaten until finally a few only out of millions that have been hatched become big enough to be accounted of legal size and to grace a salad.

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"I should think that you had about all you needed," said the listener. "You have a good service and can play the balls in the air and off the ground, backhand or forehand. What more do you want?"

"Well, there is another thing, volleying. In singles there isn't anybody I know who volleys better than Larned. The older straggle, I mean, although his younger brother is far from bad."

"But you see Larned coming up to the net and putting in that pretty stroke of

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"It's a nice thing for slow places under the net and for blocking off a hard hit ball. He just gets up there and taps it off to one side or another, as nice as you please. Larned has lots of good judgment, too. When he's playing tennis and I suppose that's what has kept him right at the top for the last sixteen years. He beats a lot of men on headwork."

"But then again there's one thing I don't want to have that Larned has. He's apt to get worried when his strokes aren't going right and veteran though he is he's just as likely to play away of one day and on the next. I'd want to be steady."

"For that quality I guess I'd go to Harold Hackett. There isn't a more composed man playing the game. He stays calm. He has more nerve than any other man playing tennis, except perhaps Henry Molienbauer. But Hackett in doubles, say, will stand right up to the net and take every ball that comes and hit it just so."

"When he's making his greatest effort, even, his face is just as smooth as can be. Most players make faces through the exertion, but you take any picture of Hackett making a stroke and you'll see that he's unmoved. His composure is almost unnatural sometimes because there isn't any man who doesn't feel it when things are breaking badly for him."

"But if Hackett does he never shows it in the least; when he misses a shot you never hear him say anything. Lots of players walk around shaking their heads or saying 'Fahaw' or something stronger, but Hackett

just keeps on with that half smile and never turns a hair."

"If you could do all those things you have mentioned I suppose you'd be pretty near the front, wouldn't you?" asked his listener, smiling satirically.

"I should say I would," answered the younger, enthusiastically. "Of course I wouldn't be a human, because I could win any tournament I went into. I simply couldn't lose."

"I never would miss a stroke and I'd always have the right judgment on where to be to return a ball. And I'd never lose my temper as I do now. And besides, if I had all those things, I don't suppose I'd need to work much."

"That's where you make your mistake," said the other. "How do you suppose those men got all their good strokes? You'll find Larned's name in the tennis books away back in 1892, when he was intercollegiate champion."

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"These fellows didn't learn what they know in a year or two, and it takes some ten years to get near the top notch. Any player will tell you that lawn tennis is a hard game; that you have to stick to it if you want to make good at it."

"The men you're talking about are the best, but you know there are lots of others who aren't quite so good and probably never will be. Their turn may be coming and maybe yours is on the way, if you get out and practice and stop sitting around and wishing."

This, he said, prompted him to suggest to the management of the line on which he returned to place in the steerage fifteen or twenty books relating either to this country or to the industries which the steerage passenger expected to follow, and the officials thanked him for the suggestion and promised to do it.

The absence of any of any kind on the old type ship Mr. Behar thought to be a great deprivation and he rejoiced to see them in the new type. In speaking of this the reporter he said that he had been told that the majority of his fellow passengers did not share his delight in the bathing facilities offered. In fact few of them knew what the bath was for, and the purpose was explained few cared to benefit by the opportunities they offered.

This prompted Mr. Behar to suggest to the ship officials that the crew be instructed in the use of the facilities and that stewards and stewardesses should be assigned to instruct the passengers how to use the bath and the shower. Mr. Behar is writing a report of his investigations which will be submitted to the committee in Congress having immigration bills in the hearing as it would aid its object. He is active in campaigning to secure important opponents to restrictive legislation and showed great satisfaction in referring the matter to the crew. He had a letter written by the late Bishop Potter on February 7, 1908, to Edward Lauterbach, which in part reads as follows:

"This drastic immigration bill recently introduced into Congress is entirely grotesque and vicious. It would seem to be impossible for the gentlemen who introduced them to realize that the effect of a great republic is to transform uneducated foreigners into intelligent and efficient citizens, and I am rejoiced to unite with you in resisting so mischievous a tendency as your bill involve."

COMFORT IN THE STEERAGE

CONTRAST BETWEEN SHIPS OF OLD AND NEW TYPE.

Shower Baths, Dancing and Music for Immigrants Nowadays—Cleanliness and Good Food Even on the Older Vessels—Mr. Behar's Personal Investigation.

The Liberal Immigration League of this city has for its chief object opposition to immigration restrictive legislation. Its operations are chiefly conducted by N. Behar, a highly educated and well to do Italian Jew, now a citizen of this country.

Although the physical conditions of immigrants on board ship are not the principal concern of the league, Mr. Behar made a personal investigation of these conditions recently, prompted to do so by an article in the *Banquet Mission Monthly* describing the alleged "horrible steerage conditions" and by a speech in Congress by Representative Sabath, who in a debate upon a proposed immigration act spoke of the "shameful, inhuman and almost brutal" conditions in the steerage of ships bringing immigrants.

Mr. Behar knew in a general way what the conditions really were and knew also that they differed greatly in what he describes as the old type ship, which is rapidly being displaced, and in the new type ship. To learn the former from personal experience precisely what conditions are on both types he took passage as an emigrant on an old type ship with his daughter and son-in-law and their two children and returned from a European port with the same party in a new type ship.

Concerning the conditions which he found to approve in the old type ship Mr. Behar said to a Sun reporter upon his return that the air in all sleeping compartments, carefully regulated by steerage attendants, was better than that in the typical tenement in New York or Chicago.

"The atmosphere in the tenements," he said, "is conducive to consumption and immorality. On shipboard, even in the crowded sleeping arrangement, the good ventilation was conducive to good health and morality."

On the old type ship he found the food excellent in quality and ample in quantity and brought promptly three times a day to the 600 emigrants by a sufficient number of attentive stewards. He found the upper every condition of the ordinary steerage passenger except that, as the state of his health demanded, he had some food delicacies from the first cabin served to him. But he visited the steerage passengers during meal times daily and found nothing in the food or the service to complain of. Indeed he saw that most of the steerage passengers enjoy their meals as something much better than they were used to.

What he found to condemn in the old type ships was that the passengers slept in hammocks in large compartments, many as 100 being in one. This deprived the passengers of privacy, although the assignment of passengers divided the married people and children from the unmarried, and the latter by sex.

The second and greatest fault was that in the old type there is no dining room for passengers, but the food is served to them in their sleeping compartments. Also they had no lounging or smoking room, and the deck room to which they were confined was ill arranged and insufficient. None of the old type ships has any bathing facilities in the steerage.

On his return in a new type ship he found every defect he had observed in the old type remedied. Steerage passengers are now assigned to cabins of only two and four berths. Their meals are served in a dining room and the photograph of one of these which he had the reporter looked at with a smile and well appointed as the second cabin dining room of an old type ship.

He found also that both tub and shower baths had been provided and that stewards kept these thoroughly clean. Also in the new type steerage passengers are allowed to use greater and better arranged deck space, where the ship's band plays for half an hour or so every day and where the immigrants danced.

In the steerage coming over Mr. Behar noticed that a large passenger who he learned was a German college professor had a Bible and one work on America, and that this latter he read aloud to as many passengers as could get within the sound of his voice. Mr. Behar himself had an atlas of this country and when he offered to explain something of the great West and illustrate with his atlas he was always surrounded by many eager steerage passengers.

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ECONOMY ON THE PUSH CART.

A Huckster Who Saves All the Paper Wrappers of Fruit He Sells.

The fruit pedler had cleaned out his stock and there was nothing on the barrow but a litter of papers in which the pears had been set up. Before he set out to wheel the thing to a pushcart, stable he carefully collected all the pieces in a large bag.

"Not a single person ever thinks of taking the paper with the fruit," said a man who watched the process, "and the huckster just saves them and uses the wrappers over again or sells them."

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The Liberal Immigration League of this city has for its chief object opposition to immigration restrictive legislation. Its operations are chiefly conducted by N. Behar, a highly educated and well to do Italian Jew, now a citizen of this country.

Although the physical conditions of immigrants on board ship are not the principal concern of the league, Mr. Behar made a personal investigation of these conditions recently, prompted to do so by an article in the *Banquet Mission Monthly* describing the alleged "horrible steerage conditions" and by a speech in Congress by Representative Sabath, who in a debate upon a proposed immigration act spoke of the "shameful, inhuman and almost brutal" conditions in the steerage of ships bringing immigrants.

Mr. Behar knew in a general way what the conditions really were and knew also that they differed greatly in what he describes as the old type ship, which is rapidly being displaced, and in the new type ship. To learn the former from personal experience precisely what conditions are on both types he took passage as an emigrant on an old type ship with his daughter and son-in-law and their two children and returned from a European port with the same party in a new type ship.

Concerning the conditions which he found to approve in the old type ship Mr. Behar said to a Sun reporter upon his return that the air in all sleeping