

VETERAN ATHLETE COMPARES TRACK ATHLETICS OF TO-DAY AND 30 YEARS AGO

Charles Hitchcock Sherrill Says America Is Supreme and Is Sure to Win Next Olympic Games as She Has Won All Others.

By CHARLES HITCHCOCK SHERRILL, Author of "Prime Ministers and Presidents."

The writer of this article on athletic events is of class '39 of Yale, and originated the series of international inter-university track and field meets that began in 1894. Since his graduation, he has won a notable name in politics, diplomacy and literature.

ANOTHER Olympiad will soon be upon us, and whether the arena be Paris or San Francisco or Athens or Rome the effect will be the same. It will bring forth track athletics from the dark corner of the sporting section to the flaring well deserved brilliance of the front page. And to one—even so humble a one as myself—who has in times past dug spikes in cinders at the pistol report, it is a cause for rejoicing. It seems but just that this clean, hardy sport, beloved of the Greeks of old, should receive for a moment, at least, in these modern days a place of honor.

Indeed the prospect of an Olympiad should be to Americans cause for rejoicing in more ways than one, for in track athletics we find typical and admirable expression of our national genius. The United States will win the next set of Olympic games as it has won all others in the past, and as long as nations vie with each other on cinders and turf for supremacy, the United States will be victor. This is my firm conviction grown out of years of association with track athletics, sometimes as participant, sometimes as sympathizer and supporter, sometimes as passive, though somewhat critical spectator, both in this country and abroad.

Thirty Years of Memories Give Ground for Comparison

My memories wind back for more than thirty years, to the days when Mike Murphy, renowned as the trainer of the first Olympic team this country ever sent abroad, was still running with the Natick (Mass.) hose team. Those were the gallant days when the call for candidates for the track team at any of the large universities brought out only a handful. But he appeared as a candidate was a lover of cinders, a man who felt more at home in a pair of running trunks than in trousers. That so many remarkable athletes were produced at that time and so many lasting records were hung up, many of which remain to-day, is eloquent testimony to the fervor of the runners, jumpers and weight throwers of the years before what may be called the modern era.

Let me say at once that I do not speak in disparagement of any of the present day athletes. I have always found time to keep in touch with the news and developments. No one can possibly have greater admiration for such athletes as Jole Ray, an athlete whose running of a mile has the quality and virtue of any great work of art. Nor am I one of those veterans who dismiss the achievements of the new generation with a wave of the hand and the old, old, old, "No, they aren't what they used to be. Why, in my time . . ."

The athletes of the present day and of the to-morrows that he directly ahead will surely raise the record books. The process is inevitable. Sentimental affection for the old days and ways cannot hold back the forward push of progress. It is a sad thing, of course, to see the old names and the proud numbers blotted out of history—for that is what it amounts to—but at the same time it is a good omen, for it would be even more saddening if no athlete ever performed in a manner endangering these records. Men will chip fractions off track records and add fractions to jumping and weight throwing records with the inevitability of the calendar.

Advance in Athletics Is Admitted and Noteworthy

While this advance is admirable there are at the same time reasons which explain why we are not so far ahead as we might expect. In my day—I was a member of the Yale track team in the late '80s—I would roughly estimate that there were hardly 5,000 amateurs in track athletics in the entire United States. To-day, I have read an estimate somewhere that there were upward of 300,000 men who are competing amateurs. This fact alone, with the knowledge of how irresistible is the battering of sprinter, puffer and hurdler against the wall of the old records. With so many to choose from it is no nine days' wonder that a coach here and there and now and then produces a man who sprouts like a greynod, or who throws a steel ball as far as a catapult.

Not only has the number of men that coaches have to choose from increased enormously but the quality of the rank and file of candidates is somewhat superior, at least physically superior. Universities throughout the United States give all matriculants a physical examination, calling for such details as height, weight, chest expansion, strength of biceps, strength of thighs, etc. After forty years examination of these records shows pretty conclusively that the average college man of to-day is two inches taller than his predecessor two score years ago. If the college men of today are stronger and longer than those of yesterday it would follow, it seems to me, that the caliber of the average candidate for the track team would be of a higher quality.

The Man With Longest Legs Usually Is Best Sprinter

Length of leg has much to do with the excellence of any runner, although I have "used it" is a peculiar kind of leg length which goes into the composition of the sprinter. I have met sprinters of every shape and size and mixture of dimensions, men who have legs apparently much longer than those with each other save this peculiar fact

—an abnormal length of thigh. Any man with an abnormal length of thigh can feel certain that he is or might have been a sprinter no matter how much he weighs. But there is one other qualification he must have before he sets out to vie with Paddock for his laurels—namely, an unusual control by his nervous system over the muscles. He must be high strung. He must possess a set of muscles that follow his slightest wish faster than a bulldog a chicken thief. With these two qualifications there is little doubt that any one possessing them can sprint if he so desires.

The strain of the sprint race was much more manifest in earlier days. Now the sprinters fall easily into a crouch, toes and fingers dug into the cinders, possessing in addition to a better starting position than the older school did the advantage of all this grip on something solid, a grip which while it eases the tension, makes them more alert and eager to respond to the pull of the starter's trigger than a man who starts from the standing position. The old sprinters were aware of the value of having something to grip and provided themselves with "spikes" which they braced by being clutching in any of the old pictures, but while these did some good they were not wholly adequate.

During my days as an athlete garbed in the colors of Yale I was a slight, nervous, highly strung lad. Naturally, grip means much more to such a one than it would to the bulky, serene youth, so that I had been lying awake nights trying to evolve some plan for relieving the high tension at the start of a race. May 12, 1888, was the date of an extremely important set of games at Cedarhurst, L. I., in which I had entered for the 100 yard dash and the 220. Then there was first shown the crouching start, which for several years thereafter was called the Sherrill start. Coming to the mark at the call for entries in the 100, I crouched instead of standing up.

Modest and Gentle Women of India, in Seclusion of the Ages, Admire "Emancipation" of Modern Sisters; They Live Only for Home, Husband and Children, Taking Marriage as Sacred Vocation as Nun Takes Veil

By Lady MUIR MACKENZIE.

WHEN I look back on the eight wonderful years I spent in India I see many a scene where there were just women gathered round me. Slender beings, dainty as butterflies, clad in soft colored draperies, their fluttering little hands ready to touch mine in love and friendship. I used to feel like a clumsy mortal who had arrived unexpectedly in fairyland, and my hat seemed all of a sudden to become an absurd cumbersome affair.

One scene especially remains in my memory. I had invited all the most important ladies in Bombay to tea. Every man had been sent out of the house, and for the afternoon women were to be alone. Many of the lovely guests lived in seclusion, behind the Purdah or curtain, and might not meet a stranger man. One of the guests was so particular she had her landau driven under the porch and would not alight until the coachman had unharnessed the horses and had led them away.

Hindu Poetess Sings of Indian Women's Seclusion

On the afternoon of which I speak we all gathered on the broad veranda overlooking the sea, whence the great ships went backward and forward to Europe. Pink and white roses hung down like a fragrant veil and seemed to exist only to show off the many colored veils and flashing jewels of my guests. Presently into our midst came a little figure, the glow of genius on her face, and with her form tense with feeling began to recite some of her own poems. She was Sarojini Naidu, the poetess. No one has perhaps told us more beautifully the reason for the seclusion of Indian women. Not in cruelty, but through love, does the husband and father try to screen the beings he loves from the rough contact of the world. In a poem entitled "The Purdah Naahin," or "The Hidden Women," she describes how they live.

Behind their seven lattices Like jewels in a turbaned crest, Like secrets in a lover's breast.

But, alas, human love and care has its limitations.

For who can stay the subtle years, Or shield a woman's eyes from tears.

Sometimes a purdah woman is carried in a curtained palanquin by eight men, and the poetess suggests they sing thus about their fair burden:

Sing, oh! softly, we move—we sing: We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

Again she describes the Indian dancing girl:

Like swaying, wind swept blades The dancers twist and twine Soft in a rhythmic gesture, Swift in a rhythmic line.

Or in a minor strain she speaks of the unlucky Indian widow. She describes how her relations take from her her pretty clothes and cut off her hair and break her glass bangles for—

What further need hath she of loveliness? Mrs. Naidu, who speaks English beautifully, and has been educated at Oxford, was perhaps the only one of my modest, gentle guests who would at that time have been emancipated enough to appear on a public platform and, thrill thousands with her eloquence. It was easy, however, to see that her sisters admired her, and were glad to have a voice to speak which they were debarred from uttering themselves.

Turner, the starter, tapped me on the back as a signal for me to rise and get myself for the pistol crack. When I informed him I was going to start from this kneeling position he told me I was crazy and advised me to start the race in the conventional way. Fortunately I was obstinate. I won this race and the 220, although several of the newspaper reporters had it that I had stumbled at the start in both races. To my knowledge that was the first time the crouching start had been used in open games in the United States or anywhere else. This episode serves to illustrate the difference between the athletes of my day and those of the moment. This improvement in the method of starting came so suddenly, but there were other methods improving on the old which did not come till later. In training methods, for example, there have been a number of noticeable changes. Hurdlers, for example, practice certain exercises, the purpose of which is to facilitate the squatting position while going over the hurdles and make a habit of the peculiar loops which is essential to the hurdler who would be champion.

Gymnasium Practice Is Now More General Than 30 Years Ago

Much has been done in the way of utilizing the gymnasium in the training of track athletes. Other improvements in details have been made, too, but, roughly speaking, training methods are much the same as they were thirty years ago. Of course, the introduction of scientific methods as in the case of the hurdler, shows a tendency to put the athletic event and the athlete on the dissecting table and discover what is necessary to obtain supremacy. Muscles to be trained, habits to be formed, etc.—a tendency which if developed, will assuredly later mean an even better athlete than the athlete of the present day.

But trainers, however scientific, will have to possess a certain uncanny instinct or intuition before they will be in a position to say they are perfect. I am convinced that the great coaches or great trainers who possess the so-called penetrating vision. Such a trainer was Mike Murphy. He was a genius. Murphy in his heyday was the second fastest professional runner in the

Sounds Supremacy of America



Charles Hitchcock Sherrill, who welcomes the vast growth of amateur athletics in the United States.

country and displayed his knowledge and speed running with the Natick hose team. In those days popular races were those between the hose team of one town and another, the race consisting of a race from the hose's barn to a structure set on fire on purpose. The first team that got

to the spot and had a hose playing on the flames was adjudged victor. Each team required among its number one particularly fast sprinter, whose duty it was to attach the hose, &c. I got Murphy to come to Yale to train the team. When the race-laden veteran walked out on the field the day

of his arrival he pointed to a hurdle and asked "What are those boards?" Mike Murphy soon became trainer of many hurdlers who won national championships and then crossed the Atlantic to outstrip the speediest of the European stars. Murphy was a genius and a psychologist. He made every man on the Yale team feel that it was in him alone in whom Mike Murphy was interested, although, of course, he wanted to see the others get along. In his methods he exhibited an insight into types and conditions of athletes that was unusual. Knowing that a certain man ran on his nerves he would train him lightly, giving him little more than starts. On the other hand, the runner with brawn was worked like a draft horse. Such trainers occur only now and then in a generation.

In the actual methods of running races there have been several distinct advances made. The sprint has remained practically stationary, since the crouch start no advance having been made. We have been born quarter miles, half miles and sprinters; these races we look to as naturally as ducks to water. In the world of the hurdler the men who run the thick roll, which is simply a trick of rolling the hips slightly so as to increase the stride. This trick has done much to increase the speed at which the 220 was run. The youngsters who entered the 220 thirty years ago were told to "run briskly for the first 150 yards and then sprint." Nowadays and for some years past the men who run this race have been running as fast as they have been able all the distance.

Americans did not learn how to run the mile until they had competed with Englishmen and thus learned the simple lesson that made them supreme in this distance. The coaches used to send the miler out on the track with the advice to slow up at the half quarter, to save himself at the quarter, to save himself for a furious sprint during the last quarter. The English runners, the Americans found, kept going at an even gait throughout the race, and with this finding the truth dawned upon them, the truth that every man who drives an automobile knows. It is better for the automob-

300,000 Competing Amateurs To-day Where There Were 5,000 in the '80s, Bound to Bring Down Many Old Records.

While all the years remain without change once you have set them, the American miler did not really rest himself by letting down during the first quarter, but simply robbed himself of the momentum and stride the first half of the race had given him and then exhausted his ebbing energy by doing one American sprinter in a uniformly throughout the race, speeding up only at the finish.

Some Important Changes in Different Puts and Jumps

There has been some little change in the technique of putting the shot and in the different jumps. The hammer throw as we know it is no more. Then the hammer had a stiff wooden handle and was thrown standing still. Then it was an honest to goodness hammer, but nowadays the hammer has a long flexible wire handle which is swung at terrific speed by a man who lets the hammer fly as he leaps across a circle. Quite different from the stiff hammer throwing of the eighties.

The mile walk, which used to be an inevitable part of every track meet program, disappeared about twenty-five years ago, for some reason. Recently it has become the vogue again to have a walking event on the program. Low hurdles were unknown in this country until the middle of the nineties. There used always be a bicycle race on the old programs, a race usually between high wheelers. Not until 1889 did a bicycle resembling our present day highly developed mechanism make its appearance. Never did coach or athlete think of exclusively doing one man's entire attention to the broad jump. Usually the star sprinter was entered in this event. Walter Dohm, the famous Princeton star, for example, did the running broad jump in addition to competing in the sprints.

Not until recent years did coaches commence developing men exclusively for the broad jump. The tremendous increase in the length of time owing to large fields required to complete participation in an event to-day over what it was years ago has made the participation in more than one event by an athlete virtually impossible. In the old days there weren't many heats to a race. Then a sprinter could walk across the field after he had finished running and enter the broad jump. The old way made for versatility, but as in all other things to-day track work has become highly specialized.

The type of athlete has undergone a transformation in manifold ways, and perhaps it is nothing to cause wonder, for the last thirty-five years have been years of tremendous expansion in every direction. In my day the athletes who competed were genuine amateurs, they made bets on events to compete other than the prize for winners offered by the organization which was running the meet. To-day such an organization, in order to make its track games more attractive and better attended, will pay the expenses of professional athletes to and during the competition. It is considered as if the athlete who desired to run at a set of games was forced to pay every cent of his own expenses. During my career as an athlete the only expenses paid for me by Yale were those connected with the intercollegiate track meet. So this matter of expenses is another factor to be considered, as it reduced the track material to those athletes who lived in the vicinity of the arena where the games were conducted. Back in the timber somewhere there may have been youths who could have established records to make the best of the best efforts of the present generation.

In the good old days Athletes Knew Each Other. Athletes nowadays are generally managed by one another, but earlier another different way. We knew each other, friends all, a happy family. That made a better, higher spirit, which rebounded to the benefit of the sport. Other things helped foster this spirit among the cinder track devotees, namely, the spirit of the enthusiastic amateur. It was not a matter of a track meet to-day that you bet, but then what is the quality of their attention? There was real enthusiasm, fire and fervor among the watchers of a few generations back. They yelled, they ran out on the track, they threatened, they had to be led from the field, dentist told me he was called on 400 different evenings. Who bets at a track meet now? In 1890 I was told that at the games of the Berkeley Athletic Club, now defunct, at Berkeley Oval, \$10,000 in wagers was reclining in the safe of the Windsor Hotel. A typical manifestation of the spirit of the times was furnished when W. O. Downes of Harvard and Walter Burley Phillips of Yale made bets on one another in a 600 yard race. Downes was 50-miles for his performance in the half mile; Dohm for what he could do at the quarter. Thousands of dollars were bet on that one race. This speaks much for the interest in track athletics over a quarter of a century ago.

In 1891 the Yale track team went to London to compete against Oxford. The first time a group of American athletes had gone abroad to engage in competition. The visit to Europe of the Yale team was brought about as a result of an effort on my part to increase interest in track athletics among Yale students. The idea was that the spirit of a voyage to Europe was more inspiring than any promising young sprinter to resist.

More Beautiful, but Not So Lovable Are the Moslem Wives

The Moslems are a very different race—later comers to India. The Hindus had to migrate late into India far back as 2000 B. C. and the Moslems made their first appearance in 700 A. D. If only the philosophic peace loving Hindus had been allowed to continue in peaceful possession of the country history would have worn a very different face.

The Moslems were ruthless conquerors and Tennyson has immortalized the fact that one of the first conquerors, Timur, "built a tower of 50,000 human skulls." These being Hindu skulls. Naturally the Moslems imposed some of their restrictions on the Hindus, and especially on the women. The Hindus were forced to hide their women from the conquerors, but they never kept their women in such close confinement as did the Moslems.

I had many friends among both the few emancipated, the many Purdah keeping Moslem ladies. They were less in number and perhaps more beautiful than their Hindu sisters. I started some women clubs and we used to play handball and bridge. The Moslems play cards very well, for many come from Persia, and Persia is the birthplace of cards.

I made friends with a charming Moslem family. The father was the commander in chief to the Nizam of Hyderabad, a Prince who rules over a State as big as England and Scotland. They invited me to stay in their home so that I might see this interesting principality.

My host and his sons have been at Eton, but modern life has not touched the women. They were allowed to drive in closed carriages, but seldom women mounted his funeral pyre, and then a look of ecstatic satisfaction passed over his face.

Now that widows may not be burned there is no place for them in a Hindu household. They are thought to bring bad luck; they are only allowed to peep through the door when a party is in progress. As child marriages prevail there are many child widows. First Christian missionaries and later Hindus with advanced ideas started homes for these unfortunate children, who, by the way, may never remarry.

The first time I was invited to visit a home for widows I imagined myself saying a few comforting words to some dear old ladies, but when I arrived I found the widows were all under twelve years of age. These widows will play a useful part in life

conveyors, corridors or blowers to distant parts of the plant, where, if sufficient pressure is built up, the explosion occurs. Dust explosions, Government records show, have wrecked well built plants, thrown, bodily, loaded freight cars, turned into twisted skeins of scrap strongly built steel structures, moved heavy bins from their foundations, and in the case of the North Western blew out concrete bin walls seven inches thick.

A long list of similar disasters is in the hands of the Government investigators, and not all are from cereal dust explosions.

Any number of explosions of light wood dust in wood working plants have been reported to the Department. Leather dust, formed in process of manufacture, has also caused explosions; dust from various processes in paper and cotton mills, rice mill dust, feed dust and other grain dusts have also caused terrible explosions resulting in loss of life and property. Explosion of coal dust in mines has long been the bane of engineers and operators. The Government's study of dust explosions had resulted in the formulation of a series of safety rules. These include recommendations that the dust be prevented so far as possible and be quickly removed; machinery producing friction be kept in repair and lubricated; machines generating static electricity be grounded, and open flames and matches, lights and fires be eliminated.

Hindu Women Who Serve As Doctors and Nurses

Dr. Ramabai was granted the wish of her heart. I had the joy of staying with her in her beautifully equipped maternity hospital. It was strictly for women only; not even a man servant was allowed to cross the threshold.

These slender, fragile little women, who look as though a breath of wind would blow them away, make the most remarkably efficient doctors and surgeons. I made friends with a Dr. Krishna Bai, such a dainty creature, looking quietly on the world from the folds of her sari, or veil. She was the head of a woman's hospital in a State ruled by an Indian Prince. Near by was a hospital for men, and I was told that when a very difficult operation had to be performed, after the patient was put under chloroform Krishna Bai's clever fingers would perform the operation.

Dust in Food Mills Deadly as TNT; \$3,000,000 Toll in One Explosion

WASHINGTON, March 11.—That loaf of bread you cut last night for your dinner at one time in its career possessed all the dangerous characteristics of TNT. The spices in the apple dumpling you ate for dessert once boasted an equally strong claim to dangerous propensities. The sugar you put on it to add to its tastiness had, and still has, the potentialities of dynamite.

Children Quit School in Order to Marry Early

One drawback to these early marriages is that the bride has to leave school. I saw a touching sight at one mission school, a child wife of 13 bending over her books and at her feet a tiny girl, her tiny replica of herself. As soon as the baby was born she had returned to her beloved school, and having no one to look after the baby she had brought it along with her.

How to educate the mass of the women of India is a heartbreaking problem. There are something like 150,000,000 women in India, and out of these a bare 3,000,000 can read and write. It is no one's fault we have only had compulsory education in England in very modern times. We English may not compel our sisters in India to go to school, and the few advanced souls in one generation show the high water mark to which the men of the nation will rise in days to come.

We long to see education spread, both among the men and women of India, for who knows what points of the nation they should be sent to the world through lack of opportunity to express themselves?

One of the most enchanting characters I have ever met was a woman doctor called Ramabai. She had had a romantic life. She was married as a child, but when she was 19 she was told she must go and live in her husband's house. But she refused. The husband took the case into court, and the English Judge decreed she must either carry out her marriage contract or go to prison. She chose prison. Finally money was collected by sympathizers and she was sent to England to study medicine. Her dear-est wish was to become a doctor and save lives by the means she was suffering fellow women. In England she made many friends, especially among work-

Dust Explosion Wrecks Factory

An explosion of ordinary powdered table spices in a spice factory wrecked a factory recently, exacted toll of six lives, injury to twice as many others and high property loss.

An explosion of powdered or confectioners' sugar in an Eastern refinery wrought damage estimated at \$1,000,000 and cost four lives.

Story of an Indian Beauty Like Helen of Troy

It is in this State that visitors ascend the famous fortress of Chitor on elephants. Here it was that the Indian Helen of Troy, a beautiful Princess, was besieged by the man who loved her for many years.

When the last day came and the garrison could hold out no longer the Princess with all her ladies threw themselves onto flaming pyres so that the men, knowing that whatever happened the women would not fall into the enemies' hands, would be moved to fight on to the end and may be conquer.

The Indian woman is used to the idea of ending her life by fire, for widows through past ages committed suicide, that is, threw themselves alive on their husband's funeral pyre. The custom, by more and more consent, was stopped in the reign of Queen Victoria.

The idea is still thought beautiful. One day in a royal cemetery I was standing by a monument on which lay eight fresh marigolds. The guardian of the cemetery came up and said: "I place those flowers there every day for when the Prince died eight doves were released and he was a woman mounted his funeral pyre," and then a look of ecstatic satisfaction passed over his face.

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