

SCIENCE OF MIDDLE-DISTANCE RUNNING.

True Positions for the Arms and Legs When in Action.

Keep Your Eyes on the Finish and Pay No Heed to Opponents.

Suggestions in Training for Those Who Are Fat and Those Who Are Lean.

In this letter we will take up what is known among athletes as "middle distance running." Sprint running refers to distances between 50 and 440 yards. The latter distance, it will be remembered, is a quarter of a mile, and it is the limit of sprint running. Now, middle distance running refers to distances ranging from 440 yards to three-fourths of a mile. The latter is popular only because it is an imaginary distance. As a matter of fact, however, it is a very uneven distance, if we are to regard a quarter, a half and a mile as standard races. One thousand yards is 120 yards over a half (880 yards), or not quite three-fifths of a mile.

Now there are some men who are wonderfully strong at the shorter runs that find a half-mile very wearing on them; therefore all successful runners have ultimately to make up their minds what distance they will choose. Let me give a few illustrations of nature's peculiarities in this direction.

Arthur Waldron, champion 100-yard runner of 1883, time 10 1/4 seconds, was a second-class man at 220 yards and positively outclassed at a quarter mile. H. S. Brooks left Berkeley and went to Yale University in 1881. While there he ran 220 yards in 22 3/5 seconds, turning a curve, and beat the celebrated L. E. Meyers, champion quarter-mile runner of the world. Yet Brooks could run 100 yards in only 10 1/5 seconds, while at 440 yards he has barely beaten 51.

C. M. Smith won the half-mile championship of 1886, and I have seen him run the distance in 2 min. 1 sec., yet he has declared a quarter-mile race so punishing to him that he never ran the distance after his second year, when he went close to 50 sec. He found a mile the most comfortable race. L. E. Meyers was probably the greatest all-round as well as the most reliable runner of the century. I saw him run 100 yards in 10 sec. in 1880, and beat W. G. George, champion of England, in a mile run in 1885. But Meyers dreaded the latter distance and said that even three-quarters of a mile was dreadful punishment. H. Fredericks won the mile championship four successive years, from 1880 to 1883, his best time being 4:32. Yet Fredericks was so poor for a half mile that he never trusted himself with first-class company at the distance. Moreover, he was never known to run over a mile—at least to my knowledge.

These statistics and illustrations demonstrate that there is a vast difference in people, and that this difference is as true among runners as among the mass of mankind. It is necessary, therefore, for the ambitious athlete to watch himself closely, and determine by experience, study and advice what his best distance is. Cases have been known where young men have struggled along for two or three seasons, running the sprints without much success. At length in a fit of discouragement they have entered a half mile race just to change their luck, when, to their astonishment they have won by a fine turn of speed.

In running a quarter of a mile a man should get into his running almost as quickly as in a short distance, for there is no time to be lost. Then he should take a long clean stride and run himself out, remembering, though, that he has quite a distance to travel, considering that it is a sprint. The arms should be raised and the step must be quick—not so quick as in 100, but as long, particularly from 100 to 350 yards. When the latter mark has been passed the tug of war begins. For ninety yards the runner must punish himself if his opponents are worthy of him. If his legs feel like stone and his feet like flatirons he should not concern himself, for the men with him are just as tired as he.

When you enter the home stretch fix your eyes on the finish, comforting yourself that you have only fifty yards to go, and the pleasure that will greet your victory. Pay no more attention to your opponents than if they were not present. Look around at your peril! Look neither to the right nor to the left, but concentrating all your energies on one thought, forget your numerous aches and pains and throw yourself toward and across the tape.

A half-mile is a different proposition. In that your stride must be long, but without straining. Start off with a long but strong hope, feeling, however, that it will not exhaust you. At 220 yards you should feel good; at half-distance you should feel vigorous, but not fresh. At 660 yards it is time to feel very, very tired, but not thoroughly exhausted, as the last furlong is a long distance for a man to travel who is completely played out. Bear in mind, however, that you will make a grave mistake if you reach three-quarters of the distance fresh and full of running. The only exception to this rule is when your opponent is a stronger and steadier runner than yourself and you are a better sprinter.

The sprint is a short-distance run. The sprint is a different thing, however. It is true, but it is a burst of speed in a longer race. If two men race for a mile, and one hangs behind the other until 100 yards from home and then lets out, passing his opponent at the finish, it is called a spurt.

One writer has said that three things are required of a middle distance runner: Speed, strength and pluck. He is right; speed is necessary, because the distance is comparatively short; strength to carry one through the race at a fast clip, with no chance to ease up; and pluck, because for most people a half-mile or thereabouts is a punishing ordeal.

For a man inclined somewhat to fat the following suggestions for commencing training will apply: Dress in a thick sweater and heavy breeches, and take a spin of a mile or two at an easy pace, which will start the perspiration flowing freely. Follow this by a bath and a rub down; then start home for supper or dinner, as the case may be. The immediate effect of sharp physical exercise is to stupefy the sense of hunger for the time, so that one does not mind having the evening meal an hour or two late.

After the first spin the distance may be

increased to two or three miles, but no more. Keep this up for about two weeks, and by that time you will find a good part of your superfluous fat has disappeared: the stiffness and soreness will also have disappeared from the limbs, and the breathing improved by the diminution of fat about the heart and lungs. Many runners are not troubled with much fat, and can therefore get into condition quicker than others.

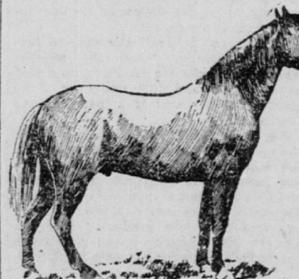
When within a few pounds of racing trim sweaters should be thrown aside, as it is a good plan to have a little extra flesh for hard every-day training, and it is not well to take off the last extra pound until just previous to your race, there being some danger of your "going stale" if you do.

Half-mile runners are generally divided into two classes—those who have considerable speed naturally, or who are inclined to be stout, and those who have plenty of endurance, or who are inclined to leanness. Now such diversity of "habit," as it is called, demonstrates the necessity of different kinds of training. Those who have a natural turn of speed and those who are inclined to be stout should practice distances exceeding half a mile; those who are strong and are not exhausted by the distance need to run quarters and frequent dashes of 220 yards. Those who are not troubled with fat should not take long, enervating runs, both because it is not necessary and because they are likely to wear a person out. Some lean men, however, are so vigorous as to be able to stand more than others. As for running the actual race a writer has said:

For this distance it is necessary to acquire a knowledge of pace in order to hit off the happy medium between going off so fast that he runs himself out before the distance is covered, or, on the other hand, starting so slowly that he falls behind a greater distance than he is able afterward to pick up. It is very unsatisfactory to finish fresh and full of running and yet a considerable way in the rear.

An athlete enters on a course of sprint-running. How is he going to practice starting if he cannot get any one to fire a pistol for him? Necessity has provided a substitute that, although not equal to a pistol shot, is nevertheless very clever and better than nothing. Secure an empty tomato can; stand on your mark ready to start, except the final position. Now, throw the can in the air and to the rear as far as you can. Immediately settle into position, standing exactly as you would if about to run the race of your life. About the time the can strikes the ground you will be ready and waiting; then go off as though shot from a cannon.

For those who are troubled with thirst, but do not want to indulge it, accept a suggestion. Gargle the mouth and throat with water as hot as you can bear, and



General Sheridan Charger Rienzi, on which he made the famous ride from "Winchester, 20 Miles Away."

then rinse with water merely warm. The philosophy of the matter is this: Thirst is caused by a peculiar condition of the membrane of the mouth. Dryness does not alone cause thirst, for I have been thirsty on a damp, foggy day; I have been comfortable on a clear, dry day; desiring water on a cold and at ease on a warm day.

It seems to me that two or three things are at the bottom of the trouble, and my deductions are as follows: We eat our meals, for instance, and necessarily there must be left on the lining of the mouth a film of grease. This prevents the saliva and water from saturating and refreshing the membrane. Salt meat or fish leaves a deposit which is sure to excite thirst. Moreover, the saliva may issue in a condition which contains less water than usual, and is consequently somewhat like muck, or "spitting cotton" it is called. Now, these substances need to be washed away by hot water or a little lemonade, while the warm water is recommended to excite a little nausea at the very thought of drinking.

CLAIMS TO PRECEDENCE.

As the tired murderer took his way over the hot plains of Esdrasland suddenly the Constable of Nod stood before him.

"Come, fellow," he cried, rudely, "this warrant is for you."

Gain drew himself up haughtily.

"Sir," he replied, in a severer tone, "be a little more respectful in your speech."

The constable gave vent to a mocking laugh.

"Inasmuch as to why?" he wanted to know, with leer.

Gain pulled his mantle about him closely.

"Because," he replied, with a proud gesture, "you are addressing a member of one of the first families."

And before the constable could gasp twice Gain had disappeared in a cloud of sand over the edge of the desert.

A FINISHED SMITH.

"I hear Curry is a finished blacksmith."

"Yes, he finished day before yesterday."

"Eh—don't understand."

"He tried to shoe a mule."—New York World.



The winners of the Olympic Games of the Mar T race.

A COLTISH HORSE AT THIRTY-FOUR.

The Famous Niles Equine for Whom Age Has No Terrors.

He Was Always Treated Kindly and Is a Stranger to All Fear.

Without a Windfall or Blemish of Any Sort—Works With a Mere Colt of 16.

The natural span of equine life is something of which we yet know very little. Whether the domesticated animal is longer-lived than the horse in his wild state, or whether the pressure of civilization and the artificial circumstances of

captivity tend to shorten his years, no one has yet been able to decide.

As a general thing, however, among us, the horse who has reached the age of 18 years is considered to have outlived his active usefulness, and the animal who continues hale and sound for twenty years is usually regarded with curiosity and cherished as an object of pride by his owner. After 20 he is deemed, like the human octogenarian, to be "living on borrowed time."

There are a good many instances of famous horses who have lived to a ripe old age. Bucephalus, the wonderful war-horse of Alexander the Great, was 30 when he died, and Baveca, the equine comrade of the Cid, famed in song and story, was not much younger at his death.

Then there was Jafa, the white Egyptian charger of the great Napoleon, who was killed at the age of 37, having grown too old and feeble to help himself and get about. Rienzi, the glorious Black Hawk ridden by General Sheridan on his famous rush from Winchester, died in 1878, aged 28, and Traveler, the equally famous charger of General Robert E. Lee, who died soon after his master did, was milk-white with age at the time.

I saw, a year or two ago, a gray mare by Pilot Jr., that wonderful sire of old-time speedy ones, who, although then 27 years old, was as sound as a dollar and full of life and good spirits, and an old mare who used to pull a phaeton about the streets of Oakland, but who died about two years



Mr. Barry's Orchard at Niles, with Cherry Trees Twenty-Five Years Old.

ago, was known to be long past 30. This old mare had crossed the plains three times from Oakland to St. Joseph, Mo., after which she served a dozen years or more in various lively stables.

But up near Niles, in Alameda County, William Barry has an old horse whose record goes ahead even of this wonderful old mare, who in her later days was knee-sprung, string-halt, rat-tailed and nearly blind. Old Sam, Mr. Barry's equine veteran, is close upon 35 years old, and looks good for a dozen years more. I saw Sam the other day on the road, hitched to a big farm wagon beside his mate, a mere colt of 16 summers or so, to whom his master still refers as "the young horse."

It was such a hot day that the Weather Bureau man has been turning out lately, and the "young horse" was sweating laboriously along, while beside him Sam jogged unconcernedly, without turning a hair.

A very handsome bay is old Sam, grown a little hollow in the back and favoring one knee slightly of late, a result, his owner fears, of having been overpulled in the recent farm work. But his eyes are clear and full of fire. His well-opened nostrils quiver and dilate with excitement over every strange object, and his interest in life is keen and unmistakable. Not a windfall or a blemish of any sort mar his clean, well-formed legs and trim ankles. Even the slightly sprung knee is firm and supple, and the old horse steps as proudly as any thoroughbred. In fact, his fine lines, his long, straight tail, thin, silky mane and short, shining hair, together with the stories of his wonderful endurance, bespeak a thoroughbred strain in his blood, but his pedigree is wholly unknown. Mr. Barry bought him, with his half-brother, who matched him very perfectly at a sale of Oregon horses at Haywards in the spring of 1868 for \$400. Sam was then six or seven years old, the mate a year or so younger. The latter died in 1887, out down untimely by an acute illness in the flower of his youth, scarce 24 years old, and "the young horse" was bought to keep Sam company.

But the old horse makes life very lively for his youthful comrade, and is by far the more coltish of the two. Turned loose in the corral, after being unhitched from the big wagon, he came first to Miss Barry and then to his master, coaxing to have his bridle removed, that he might the more easily drink. Then back from the trough he came to have the rest of the harness removed, after which he took a turn about the corral, kicking up his heels and tossing his head, eying me askance the while as a stranger and interloper upon his domain. Then down he went for a roll, and here the old fellow gave the first indication of his extreme age. He got down behind first, bending his knees and letting himself down easy, cow fashion,

and after a thorough roll and rub he arose in the same manner.

Then he came and stood beside his master in a confidential sort of way, still keeping a safe distance from me, an interested spectator of all his movements. I never saw a yearling colt more manifestly shy of strangers. It was only after a deal of coaxing on my part and of sniffing and smelling upon Sam's that he finally let me stroke his glossy neck. "He has never been made timid by abuse, has he?" I asked, somewhat surprised at this. "Abuse! Look here," and raising his clenched fist high in the air, Mr. Barry brought it down with a sudden, swift swing of the arm, but light as a feather, straight between Sam's eyes. The old horse never flinched or dodged. He only blinked, mildly, and moved not a muscle. It was evident that he did not know the meaning of a blow. "He's not afraid he will be hurt," said his owner.

But old Sam does not like modern improvements. He is still pulling the high spring wagon to which he was hitched when Mr. Barry bought him, twenty-eight years ago, and he does not see what this mad, hurrying world wants of new vehicles. In particular he dislikes the bicycle, and only a fortnight ago took the bit in his teeth and ran away with Miss Barry, by way of expressing his disapproval of the silent rival within his territory. Electric cars and locomotive engines he can tolerate. He has no use for them himself, and he evidently thinks them unworthy of his notice, so passes them by with silent contempt, but the bicycle he "despises," and never fails to create remoteness between it and himself when he meets one on the road.

The old horse has not been a stay-at-home by any means. Mr. Barry has driven him in the years they have lived together through the length and breadth of this great State. During one long trip, indeed, Sam and his mate traveled, almost steadily, for four months, averaging some thirty miles a day, a rate of traveling that would have taken them to New York City with some hundreds of miles to spare. His traveling days are about over now. There are no more long journeys for him. Mr. Barry has a "model ranch" of some fifteen acres where the principal crop is herbs. Sage and savory thyme and marjoram grow there in long rows between the fruit trees. To harrow and cultivate these, and afterward to pull big, fragrant loads of the crop, dried and baled, are the principal work of Sam's life now, and he enjoys the exercise. In fact, "the young horse" is taken and Sam is left behind the big fellow will stand and whimper like a baby, coming to Miss Barry for comfort in the slight that has been put upon him.

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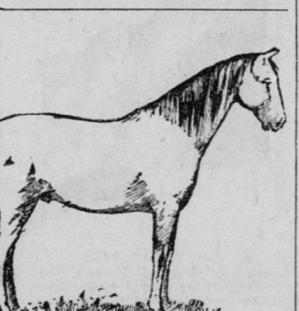
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HOW MR. ST. CLAIR EVADED THE LAW.

Makes His Escape Through Captain Dickinson's Connivance.

Came Into This Port as First Mate of the Big Four-Mast Ship.

Attacked the Sailor on the High Seas and Is Now Wanted by Federal Authorities.

When Captain Dickinson of the ship Aryan, which sailed Thursday for New York, recalls that port it is possible he may be asked to explain why he took Mate St. Clair away against the wish of the Federal authorities. First Mate St. Clair, who is aboard as a stowaway, may also find himself in trouble.

The Aryan reached this port from New York some weeks ago with a general cargo. While on the high seas First Mate St. Clair attacked Thomas Olsen, one of the sailors, breaking the latter's jaw. What led up to the trouble is not known, but in any event Olsen declares that it was unprovoked. The injured sailor declared his intention of having the mate arrested as soon as the ship reached this port.

Hardly had the Aryan tied up before St. Clair appeared before the United States Shipping Commissioner and demanded his pay. He explained that the crew would be up later for the money due them. The next day Olsen swore to a complaint charging St. Clair with assault on the high seas. The Commissioner was notified to arrest the mate when he should call for his wages.

But St. Clair had received his money, and from then until Thursday all trace of him was lost. All the prominent sailor boarding-houses were closely watched, as was also the ship.

On Monday the Aryan cleared and Thursday sailed for New York, as already stated. When the list of the crew was filed with the Shipping Commissioner the name of B. Melville appeared as first mate in place of St. Clair. The officers had an idea, however, that a trick of some sort was being played on them, but just what it was they could not determine. When the Aryan left Thursday a busy search of the vessel was made, in the hope that St. Clair would be found. In this they were unsuccessful.

As the ship was being towed out beyond the leads the officers kept sight of her by walking along the bay shore. Out to the Cliff House they went and there waited developments.