

TUB RACING.

Jolly Summer Sport Made Doubly Interesting by Choosing Girls for Judges and Racing Tandem.

By JAMES BEARD.

Perhaps no aquatic sport furnishes more entertainment to both contestants and spectators than does tub racing. Do not think that any one may jump into a tub for the first time, paddle hard and win a race. Practice is necessary. It is more than probable that a beginner will finish his race by swimming ashore; he will even find difficulty in getting into the tub at all without upsetting it.

To step into it is to court an almost certain ducking. Watch some one who has had experience. He will grasp the tub, a hand on each side, the left hand in front of the left leg, the right hand behind the right leg (see figure 1) and then let himself gradually descend.

Figure 2 shows the position when seated and paddling. The tub is tilted slightly forward. (Some prefer to lean back a little, but I think beyond doubt it is the poorest way.) A tub race usually extends over a distance of from twenty-five to 100 yards. Longer races are occasionally indulged in, but will be found rather exhausting.

The different courses should be staked out by anchored flags (see figure 3). The start may be made from a float or shallow water, each contestant being obliged to climb into his tub after the word 'Go!' Or the races may line up for the start in deep water under the direction of a judge or starter and commence paddling at the command. A raft or skiff must be anchored at the finish, and should contain three judges. If these are girls there is less

which tends to lessen the number of contestants encourages failure. A small flag upon which has been embroidered the event will be a sufficient reward to the winner. These girls should furnish as a just equivalent for the fun they will have in watching the races. The embroidery should read: First, 100 yards single; second, etc.; first, 200 yards tandem; scull; first, 200 yards tandem, paddle; first, sailing tandem.

QUER IMPRISONMENT.

Tail Tale of the Tribulations of a Buffalo Hunter. Professional 'yarn spinners' make a point of ignoring Mark Twain's rule that fiction must stick to possibility, while truth may rise superior to it; but none of them have succeeded in spinning a yarn which seems much more unlikely than this, which is vouched for as true:

A party of scouts from the stations on Blechno's creek, in Sumner county, was over in Wilson on a tour of observation for Indian signs. As they prepared to camp late one winter afternoon, Captain Jennings, who was of the number, started out to kill a buffalo from a herd which was near by. There was a heavy sheet on the ground, and he found it difficult to get in good range on account of the noise of his feet on the crackling ice, but after following the game for several miles, he at last killed a very large bull. Fearing that the meat might

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN

His Skill and Devotion Wins Great Naval Victories for America.

ACCURACY OF AIM ASTONISHED SPANIARDS

Peccantities of the Jackies Who Man the Big Guns of Our Fleets—Some of Their Remarkable Shots at the Enemy.

The other day a little girl living on one of Brooklyn's streets, glanced from the window, then turned and, clasping her hands, called out "Papa, papa! quick! There goes a man in blue clothes with a great rolling collar and a round cap. And he has one of his arms tied up. Who is he?" The father saw that it was a wounded man-of-war's man brought north from Santiago for treatment. He answered his child and there was a catch in his voice as he said gently: "That is one of the nation's heroes, little one. He has fought for us and suffered for us and he helped to win our battles. He was one of the men behind the gun."

This is only one of many recent instances illustrating the changed attitude in which Jackie is viewed by the folks on shore. A few months ago these folks trod the streets singly and in pairs without receiving a cheer, a wave of the hand or even a glance except from some citizen who accompanied his look with a shrug and the words, spoken contemptuously, "Humph! some more sailors ashore. I suppose they will be in the lock-up before morning."

The magic of war and its victories has worked this transformation. Glorious triumph in combat! Bravery in battle! Sacrifice and suffering! Honorable wounds received while fighting for the flag! These have made heroes of the men whom many worthy citizens were half-inclined to despise a few months ago.

There is an old gunner's mate on the battleship Oregon who has been in the service for over thirty years. He polished and cared for the nine-inch smooth-bore guns of the old navy, transferred his affections to the wicked and wicked when they were in vogue and has finally adopted his pet and pride one of the monster thirteen-inch beauties of the Oregon. He cannot read a word, and signs the paper master's rolls with a cross, yet he knows the intricate mechanism of a breech-loader as a scholar. He is a good shot, and he can hit a canvas ball's eye 2,000 yards away with an eleven hundred pound projectile as easily as an expert pool player can make a pocket.

The Oregon's Decisive Shots. When the ill-fated ships of Admiral Cervera's fleet poked their noses past Morro Castle in their desperate and theatrical attempt to escape from Santiago harbor, this grizzled old gunner's mate was engaged in his usual task, that of lovingly shining up the glossy coat of his thirteen-inch pride. When the cry went up that the enemy was escaping and the drums and bugles and gongs hastily sounded general quarters, he found himself tightly imprisoned in the hide, which had frozen hard in the night and now resisted all his efforts to escape.

Hour after hour rolled by in agony to the captain. He yelled at the top of his voice for help and strained and kicked with all his might at the raveling enclosure, but it proved stubborn to the last degree. He doubtless swore many a bitter oath, for he was too irascible a temperament to submit tamely. He expected his comrades to search for him, and they did, but with a great deal of caution, fearing that he had been killed by the Indians. His prolonged absence could be accounted for in no other way. He gave up all hope of extricating himself as the hours wore away, but help which he had not thought of, was to save him from a death which would have been extremely torturing—at the least—to a man who had escaped Indian bullets and swam like a fish in his own words.

He was a young man, and when I got my arm out I worked like pizen until I got my body through. He was a young man, and when I got my arm out I worked like pizen until I got my body through. He was a young man, and when I got my arm out I worked like pizen until I got my body through.

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AS ITS KEYNOTE ONE PREGNANT WORD—Practice!

When the torpedo boat Morris dropped in at the Brooklyn navy yard on her way to Cuba several weeks ago among the different members of the crew who went ashore for a short run was a young man, smooth faced and blue eyed and with a placid, calm expression such as might be worn by a youth studying theology. He was clad in the picturesque uniform of the naval sailors and there was nothing in his attire or bearing to indicate that he had, among his effects on board, a medal won for expert marksmanship with great guns. He was a seaman gunner, had graduated from the gunnery school at Washington, and could place a thirteen-inch shell in the vitals of an enemy's war ship with the accuracy of a Rough Rider using a revolver.

That young man had entered the service as an apprentice when he was scarcely 16. He had attracted the notice of his superior officers, who are always on the lookout for promising material, and was sent, after learning the duties of a sailor, to the Government gunnery school. There he spent a number of months under theoretical and practical tuition in the science of gunnery. When he graduated at the end of the course he was detailed to the Newport torpedo school and there absorbed more scientific training. A few weeks spent in a private arms manufactory and he was returned to the service—and to his bluejacket's uniform—as a seaman gunner. Although almost fitted for a commission, he is permitted to occupy a position paying him the meagre salary of \$5 a month and rations.

There are many young men such as he in our naval service. They are to be found on every ship and there are hundreds and hundreds of naval apprentices in training for the same station. It was either the seaman gunner or men rendered expert by constant practice after our thorough system who manned the batteries of the Olympia, Baltimore and Boston in the battle of Manila Bay and of the Brooklyn, Oregon, Iowa, Texas and the rest of Sampson's fleet in the destruction of Cervera's fugitive squadron off Santiago. The "man behind the gun" in the American navy is no magician. He can shoot with marvelous accuracy and he can make a sieve with a rapid-fire gun of any warship adroit, but he is enabled to do so simply because he has been instructed after that fashion.

An Astonished Spaniard. When the officers of Cervera's squadron recovered from the shock after the annihilation of their ships, one of them—the executive officer of the Maria Teresa—exclaimed to Lieutenant Commander Walnwright of the gallant little Gloucester: "Madre de Dios! you Americans shoot three shots to our one. And you hit every time. How do you do it? What is the secret?"

"It is no secret," was the reply. "We keep our men constantly at practice. They are at the guns day after day, week in and week out. And we train them under service conditions with the regulation charges and projectiles every three months."

The Spaniard was astounded. "You fire real shots?" he exclaimed. "It costs very much?"

In that last sentence will be found one of the most potent reasons for the defeat of the Spanish naval vessels during the present war. And if the details of history be carefully searched, the loss of the armada and the whole series of naval disasters experienced by the Spanish flag during the past centuries can be laid to the fact that they have been parsimonious in expenditures and dilatory in training.

Paul Jones' Example. Paul Jones, before he made his famous cruise along England's shores in the Bonhomme Richard, took his vessel to sea and practiced zealously at the guns for several weeks. He was the pioneer of the present American system of naval gunnery. Thirty-five years later, when the stanch old frigate United States sailed away on the cruise that was destined to bring her everlasting fame, her crew was composed of sharpshooters—men who could hit a mark with the ease of a frontiersman potting a squirrel.

In that same war the only vessel which suffered an ignominious defeat was the Chesapeake, and she was manned, not by Americans, but by a crew picked up from

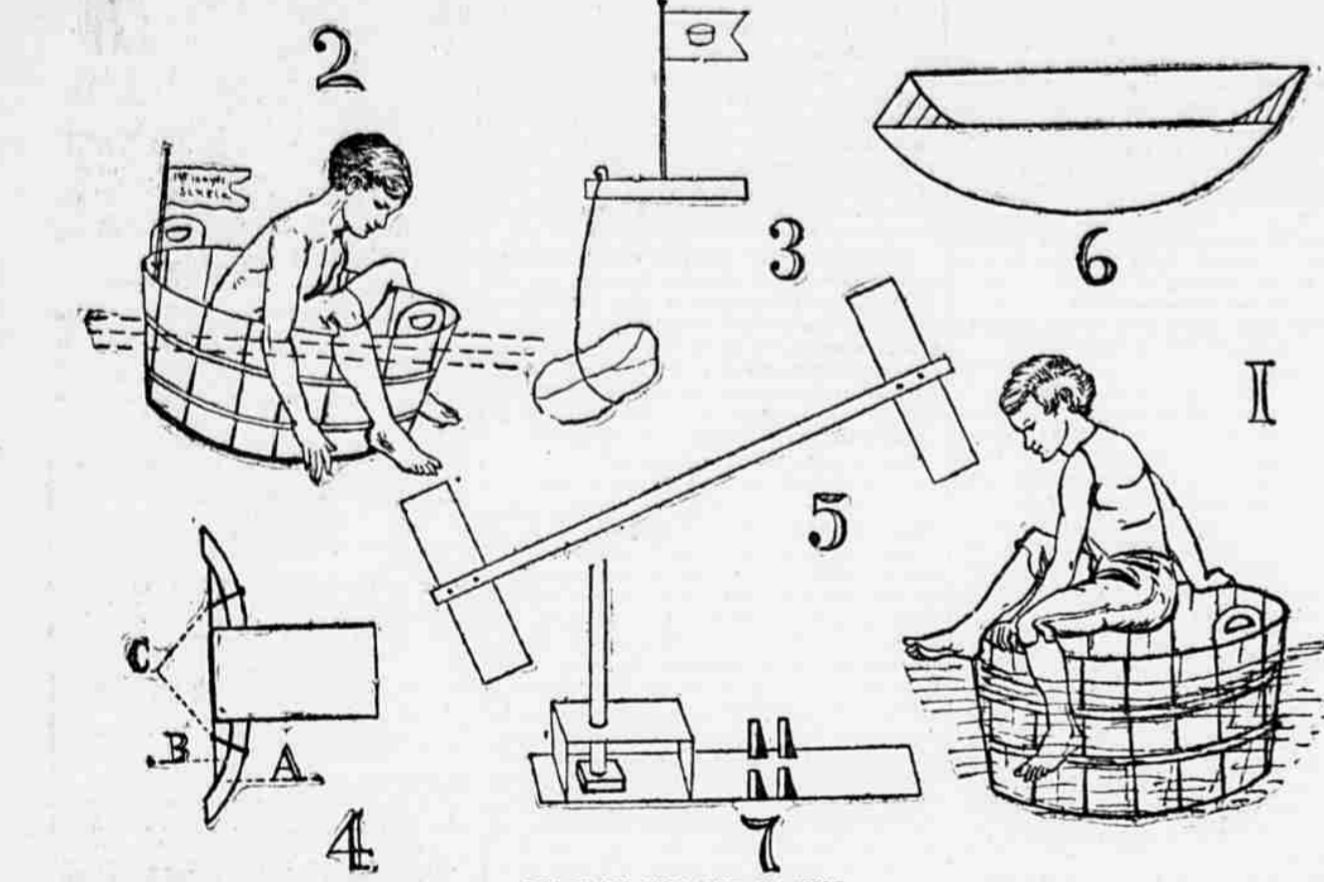


DIAGRAM FOR TUB RACING.

probability of a disturbance regarding decisions. The judges must draw an imaginary line between the two floats which mark the finish. The first to completely cross this line wins.

Paddling and Sailing Tandems. Tandem races are popular and quite exciting, because considerable skill is necessary in order to avoid tipping over.

A tandem consists of two tubs connected by a plank five feet long and one-half foot wide. Figure 4 shows the manner of connecting each end of the planks to the tubs. A is the rim of a tub; B a piece of some tough wood, cut convexly to fit on the inside, and C, two bolts which run through the sides of the tub.

Paddles are often used with tandems, but in order to keep the balance what is known as a balance pole must be resorted to. Figure 5 shows this. Its size must be regulated by the taste and strength of him who uses it. The poles average, I suppose, from six to seven feet in length, with feet (A-B) eighteen by six inches. Figure 6 shows one of the so-called feet being decked over. You will, of course, make these as light as possible. A framework covered with canvas is really best. The balance pole after practice may be handled very dextrously and enable a tubber to keep right side up in comparatively rough water. They are sometimes held under the bend of the knees, but generally four uprights, like oarlocks, are used to hold them in place.

A sailing tandem: On the connecting plank fit a step for your mast shown in figure 7; also four uprights to hold your balance pole. If you wish to devote the tandem entirely to sailing extend the connecting plank across each tub and fasten on both sides. This will stiffen your work considerably. Then cover the tubs with canvas or light boards. This will prevent the danger of swamping. You can now crowd on sail without end, and if you tip over, which is not probable, you can easily right your boat (7) again and continue with the loss of very few minutes.

The course for a sailing tandem must be determined at the time by the direction of the wind, for these racers, extremely seaworthy, as far as carrying sail or standing rough water is concerned, have a decided tendency to steer their own course, in spite of all that hands and feet can do. A sailing tandem is supposed to hold but one occupant, and he sits astride the connecting plank. I have seen centerboards, rudders and leeboards attached, but though, of course, these help, you must not expect to sail close hauled.

A good program for a day's racing is as follows: A twenty-five, fifty and 100 yards single tub race; 100 and 200 yards tandem scull race; 200 yards tandem, with paddles and balance pole; sailing tandem race, course to be decided by the wind. Such a program should be easily carried out at any resort near the water.

Some Rules to Observe. Choose a committee of three who shall attend to the entries and have the date of the races announced. Those wishing to compete should submit their names to the committee, together with the event or events which they will enter. If the committee finds no good reason for objecting, it will notify the applicant that his entry has been accepted. Entry fees are a mistake, for anything

be injured if left until next morning, he skinned the animal and took out the viscera. By the time he had done, night had come and he decided to remain with his meat instead of seeking camp in the darkness. So, wrapping the huge hide around him, flesh side out, he lay down and slept very comfortably until morning. On awaking, he found himself tightly imprisoned in the hide, which had frozen hard in the night and now resisted all his efforts to escape.

Hour after hour rolled by in agony to the captain. He yelled at the top of his voice for help and strained and kicked with all his might at the raveling enclosure, but it proved stubborn to the last degree. He doubtless swore many a bitter oath, for he was too irascible a temperament to submit tamely. He expected his comrades to search for him, and they did, but with a great deal of caution, fearing that he had been killed by the Indians. His prolonged absence could be accounted for in no other way. He gave up all hope of extricating himself as the hours wore away, but help which he had not thought of, was to save him from a death which would have been extremely torturing—at the least—to a man who had escaped Indian bullets and swam like a fish in his own words.

TOY KING OF EUROPE.

Why Spaniards Feared to Call Their Sovereign Alfonso Thirteenth. Alfonso Leon Maria Isidro Pascual Antonio Fernando Santiago, the little toy king of Europe, has the distinction of differing from all other rulers in that he was born a king.

It was Senor Sagasta who first introduced the young Alfonso to his subjects—presenting him to the nobles and senators, upon a silver tray, soon after he had drawn his first breath.

His name caused much discussion, his mother, Queen Christina, wishing to name him Alfonso, after his dead father. But an Alfonso XIII, was pronounced unlucky; the cabinet wavered between Charles and Philip, but his mother finally carried the day. The pope, who, by the way, is himself the thirteenth, stood godfather. "Bubi" is the pet name by which his mother calls the young king—a word which traces back to its real derivation, means boy.

Immediately after his baptism he was invested with all the Spanish royal orders, beginning with the Golden Fleece; he is in fact grand master of all the military orders of the kingdom, and the generalissimo of the Spanish army.

When five weeks old he made his first public appearance, driving through the streets of his capital with his mother. When a year and a half old, the king in person opened his first parliament.

His majesty's first shoes were the occasion for a pretty ceremony, they were made of white leather, embroidered in gold, and the day he first put them on the queen regent gave 500 pairs of shoes to be distributed among poor children.

He has never had any real playmates, for no boys in Spain are supposed to be

arms, the spectacle which follows is most worth seeing. Alfonso is not afraid to speak his mind, as the following story shows: One time when attending mass, when he was a mere infant, the priests were mumbling the prayers in quite unintelligible fashion, when the king suddenly cried out in a loud voice, to the meriment and dismay of the congregation, "Habela usted mas fuerte tromble," which in English would be, "Speak up, old chap."

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Teacher—I hear your mother has scarlet fever. You must not come to school till she is well, as you might get the disease and give it to the other children.

Tommy—O, you needn't worry, teacher. She is my stepmother and has never yet given me anything.

Tommy, aged 5, had been sent to a nearby store to purchase a pair of shoestrings for his mother: "How long do you want them?" asked the clerk.

"I don't want to borrow 'em," replied Tommy; "I want to buy 'em for keeps."

Two little tots were watching the clouds near the horizon one evening when one exclaimed: "Oh, see the sheet lightning!"

Shortly after there was a smaller flash from the same cloud, and the other cried out: "Oh, and there is some pillow-case lightning!"

George and Geraldine had been berrying. Geraldine's pail was full; George's was not.

"Why," said their mother, "my girl has beaten my boy! She has a nice lot of berries, while he is empty-handed."

"Yes, I'm empty-handed," admitted George; "but Geraldine is empty-stomached, and I'm not."

Little 5-year-old Flossie had observed that fish was always served for dinner each Friday at her home in the city, but she had missed it during a two weeks' sojourn in the country. "Grandma," she queried, "don't you never have Fridays in the country?"

"Of course we do," was the reply, "but why do you ask?"

"Cause," answered Flossie, "they don't smell like the Fridays we have in town."



TRAINING A RAPID-FIRE GUN.

ally a deeper roar from the thirteen-inch monsters would give a mightier volume to the din. It was after one of the latter shots that he regarded as carefully as a mother does her offspring. He is taught that the guns of the fighting battery must be regarded as the apple of his eye and that their care should be his first consideration.

A visitor to one of our warships will find the various guns as spotlessly clean as a good housewife's kitchen. The gunner's gun on board each vessel is always at work scouring, polishing and brightening. The guns are taken apart at stated intervals and the intricate mechanism of the breech given special attention. It is worth a gunner's warrant to have a spot of rust discovered on the bright work of a piece of ordnance under his charge.

All this is wisely ordered. The American system of gunnery in all its details stands vindicated and upheld before the world and in future years when the history of this war is treated dispassionately a prominent niche will be reserved for that peculiar product of Yankee ingenuity and wisdom—the man behind the gun!

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WARD & GOW. PUBLISHED by the UNION SQUARE, N. Y. City.

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