

The Training of Jenks.

THE STORY OF THE AMBITIOUS FRESHMAN AND THE INTERCOLLEGIATE RACES.

BY ALLAN P. AMES.

I.

FULLY two-thirds of the sophomore class, including Stuffy Myers, Hefty Stevens, Bones Palmer, Red Kimball, and myself, were out on the athletic field watching Jenks run the hundred in nine seconds and three-fifths. When his ungainly form stumbled over the finish, a wild cheer went up, and a crowd surrounded the runner to congratulate him upon his performance.

Wrapped in a bathrobe whose colors rivaled the rainbow, the astonished freshman leaned upon the shoulders of two admirers and accepted our praise with smiling modesty. But nine and three-fifths for the hundred-yard dash, you say, beats the college record. Certainly; we understood that, so did Jenks; but something else that we knew and he didn't was that none of the timers started their stop-watches until a couple of seconds after he had left the mark!

Marcus Aurelius Jenks was the latest star in our athletic firmament, a luminary whose magnitude was limited only by his own unbounded credulity. In college, as elsewhere, we are prone to despise what we have and seek what we have not. Behind Jenks' high, white forehead Greek and Latin roots were piled like cordwood. He had led his classes so long that he sighed for glory of a new kind, on which account it was not strange that his changed ambitions led him to try athletics.

At the time of which I speak our track athletics were on the top wave of prosperity. Half the freshman class talked of going into training, and the coaches were actually embarrassed by the wealth of material. Owing to our comparatively small numbers, our football and baseball teams and crews were seldom a match for the large universities, but that did not prevent us from developing track men whose victories carried our name across the continent and over the water.

This year Springler, the best sprinter we ever had, was at the height of his form, and nothing in college was too

good for him. For him underclassmen fetched and carried, swollen with pride if he permitted them to help him dress or assist the rubbers in massaging his wonderful muscles. With Springler's example before them, it is not surprising that the majority of aspirants went in for the dashes, regardless of physical fitness. But Jenks was the last man of whom one would have suspected such a leaning. Over six feet tall, and angular as a hay rick, he had the stoop and face of a typical student. There was absolutely nothing about him to suggest the crack sprinter.

If Jenks had confided his ambitions to any one besides Stuffy Myers there is little doubt that they would have been promptly but mercifully smothered, and this story would never have been told. But practical jokes, particularly on freshmen, were Stuffy's daily food, and Jenks' request tempted him beyond endurance. Had he realized the lanky youth's earnestness, he might have hesitated; but regarding him only as any other freshman, and therefore fair game, when Jenks came to him for advice he went to work without foreboding and with the skill of long experience.

The first intimation the class had of anything doing was the following notice posted next morning in all the sophomore recitation rooms:

Marcus Aurelius Jenks will begin training for the hundred yard dash on the athletic field at half-past three this afternoon. A large attendance is requested. Suggestions thankfully received.

WILSON MYERS, Trainer.

Myers' signature was a guarantee of superior entertainment, and at the appointed time only those members of the class who had recitations they could not cut were absent. Jenks and his trainer arrived promptly. The former's appearance, as he marched proudly onto the track, was enough to make a hen laugh; but, so universal is the instinct that nurses a practical joke, not a man among us betrayed the slightest amusement.

Marcus Aurelius was a sight for the gods. Stuffy had rigged him out in a

scarlet jersey, so small that it was stretched to the bursting point, missing connections with the top of his running drawers by a good two inches. At first sight the upper garment seemed sprinkled with white polka dots; but this proved to be an illusion, caused by holes cut at regular intervals to show his tender skin. Jenks explained that they were for ventilation, but it was not hard to trace the origin of the idea to his ingenious trainer.

Thus attired, Jenks skipped out on the cinders and began to "train." Here Stuffy's monopoly ended, for the mob of volunteer coaches that lined the path showered him with suggestions:

"Kick your feet up more behind!"

"Throw your knees out sideways!"

"Swing your arms more; your hands ought to go above your head!"

"Let your tongue hang out; it makes you cooler!"

And so it went, each piece of advice more absurd than its forerunner, until Myers was obliged to stop them for fear that, guileless as he was, the victim's suspicions might be roused.

"That'll do, fellows," called Stuffy, raising his hand. "Mr. Jenks and I are extremely grateful for your good-will, but we are working on a system that must not be disturbed. We have concluded that the Iliowitz method is best suited to Mr. Jenks' style, and you will oblige by not interfering."

Knowing Stuffy, we obeyed, and the "Iliowitz method" proved satisfactory beyond our rosiest dreams. When Stuffy's originality exhausted itself he had the fertile brains of the "gang" to draw upon, and what Hefty Stevens and Red Kimball and Bones Palmer could not hatch up in the way of freshman baiting wasn't worth considering. The only systematic feature of that boy's "training" was its unvarying absurdity.

II.

THE fun did not end when Jenks left the track. Stuffy's word to stop work was the signal for a small riot, the object being to decide which of Jenks' ardent admirers should bear him back to the dressing-room. This point being settled, Jenks was lifted in the arms of those who gained the privilege and carried triumphantly indoors. Here another squad of volunteers snaked off his running togs, and turned him over to a third group in appropriate attire, who put him under the shower, rubbed him

down with strange and fearful mixtures, lugged him back to the shower again, and soused him in the plunge. Finally they passed him along to the fourth bunch of Sophomores, who dressed him in his street clothes, each individual garment being presided over by a separate admirer. During the whole process the smiling and delighted athlete was not permitted to help himself by so much as lifting a finger.

Those who didn't know Jenks must wonder how any man with sufficient intelligence to get into college would submit to such a mauling and consider it honor; but Marcus was unique in more ways than one.

Of course the awakening of his suspicions was only a question of time; but thanks to his singular guilelessness, his persecutors actually tired of the sport before that time arrived. Indeed, I am not so sure that we deserved the name "persecutors;" for while the game was on its victim basked in what he took to be genuine hero-worship, and was the happiest fellow in college.

The really serious side of the affair occurred to nobody until a couple of weeks after different interests had almost blotted out the remembrance of Jenks and his ridiculous performances. For although the hair-brained Stuffy turned his attention to other sources of amusement, and the mob of volunteer coaches, dressers, and rubbers dwindled and disappeared, that amazing freshman continued training as faithfully as ever, and soon began to talk of his chances in the approaching intercollegiate meet. Believing that he had done the sprints in less than record time, he saw no cause to doubt that he would be the star performer in the team that would represent the college.

The originators and abettors of the great hoax found themselves confronted with the problem of making Jenks understand that he had about as much chance of winning one of the intercollegiate races as a man with a wheelbarrow. The boy was in such deadly earnest that we feared lest a brutal statement of facts might break his heart. To hints and suggestions he was impervious; nothing but the plain truth from some one like Springler or the trainer, whose authority he could not doubt, would disillusionize him; and these two, not being responsible for his condition, refused to assume the unpleasant task.

In short, it began to look as if, rather than tell the freshman how things stood,

they were going to let him enter the meet and become the laughing stock of several thousand spectators. This, of course, would be the most undesirable result possible. The realization that he had made a fool of himself before a lot of "rooters" from rival colleges, not to speak of several hundred girls, would be enough to humiliate any man for life.

Finally, having discussed and rejected a dozen schemes, Stuffy and Hefty and Bones and Red and I concluded to appeal to Pop O'Brien. Pop was the professional trainer—not one of those modern physical directors with "M. D." and "Ph. D." after their names, but an old professional runner who had learned what makes and unmakes an athlete by personal experience. A better-natured, more tender-hearted Irishman never lived, and if he had caught the gang at work on Jenks the great joke would have seen an untimely finish. But, as it happened, during the week that Marcus was treating us to those amusing stunts, Pop was away. He had learned of the affair after his return, of course, and the indignation we had heard him express made us both eager and reluctant to seek his assistance; eager, because we knew he would be anxious to save our victim further suffering, and reluctant because we knew he would embrace the opportunity to tell what he thought of us.

In the end an honest liking and solicitude for Jenks won the day. We found Pop at the end of the straightaway, putting half a dozen dash men through a course of starts.

"Faith, an' I'm plaised to learn that ye sophomores have a little ordinary human kindness in yez," he replied, after Stuffy had explained the object of our visit. "There's the poor lad out there now, chasin' round and round the track as if he was wound up. He'd never run the hundred under eleven if he trained all his life. But if a bye ever had grit, it's him. I've had me eye on the poor, innocent freshie ever since I heard of the mane thrick ye played him. It's a cryin' shame, that's what! I'll do what I can for yez; not because ye desearve help, but on his account."

"Pop, you're a brick," cried Stuffy. "You see, I'm the most worried over this because I'm principally to blame. But when I started the joke I never dreamed it would go so far. He was such a soft mark. Why, a fellow doesn't run across material like him once in a century!"

"Thru' enough," assented O'Brien heartily, with a strange twinkle in his

eye. "Well, I'll see what can be done. Fact is, I've had that freshie on me mind for a long while. I guess it'll come out all right."

Having unbounded faith in the resources of Pop's Irish wit, we left the field with clear consciences, feeling that the matter was as good as settled. But three days later we saw Jenks jogging around the track as doggedly as ever. Somewhat disturbed, we asked O'Brien what the matter was. He told us that the affair was all settled.

"But I'm goin' to let ye puzzle over it a little," the trainer added, with a mysterious grin. "A bit more worriment won't hurrt ye. Maybe ye'll be surprised at the way I've managed it; but never ye mind, the lad's safe in my keepin'. He'll come out of this all right, or me name ain't O'Brien!"

That was all the satisfaction he would give us. Notwithstanding persistent efforts to worm his secret from him, the day of the meet arrived with Pop wearing the same baffling smile, and Jenks saying nothing, only working harder than any other man on the team.

III.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of that meet to the college. In the first place, it was our turn to hold it on our own grounds, consequently half the spectators were our old grads, our fathers and mothers and sisters and sub-freshman brothers, and other fellows' sisters, all wearing our colors and coösure of our success. Then, it was a year of unusually bitter rivalry between us and the State University. The preceding fall the university had licked us at football, and all this spring they had been bragging how they would do the same to our baseball and track teams.

For various reasons, but principally for its blustering bigness, we hated that institution. While we dated back nearly a century, to the time when our founder cleared the virgin forest, they could boast of barely a dozen years' mushroom growth. The Legislature voted them a generous annual appropriation, but Legislatures can't give history, nor traditions, nor moss-grown, time-mellowed buildings, nor old grads. In place of these the university had barrels of money, enormous classes, and still more enormous check.

Four other colleges sent teams to represent them, but the real contest was admittedly between us and our overgrown

rival. Experts predicted the closest fight since the founding of the league. Upon Springler we depended for fifteen points, five for first place in each of the three dashes; but the university had a man who was equally sure to win the two long runs. In the half-mile, the hurdles, the jumps, and the weights we felt secure of as many points as they. Figuring out the prospects, we had concluded that we should win the meet by about five points. The outlook was cheerful, but not rosy enough to banish anxiety altogether, especially since the university rooters, as soon as they marched upon the field, began to behave as if they had not the slightest doubt about winning.

Each college had a certain section of the grand stand assigned to it, and even from a distance you could tell where each crowd sat from the predominating color. Stuffy and Hefty and Red and I, with a few others of our particular coterie, had the good luck to be unencumbered with relatives, so we went out to the field together, and all got seats in a bunch.

As we looked over the programs distributed through the rows by a couple of freshmen, Jenks and Pop O'Brien's promised surprise being far from our thoughts, suddenly there came a howl from Hefty:

"Oh, wow! Bully for Pop! See here, fellows, what he's gone and done!"

Eagerly crowding around Hefty, we let our eyes rest on the spot his finger indicated. There, among the entries for the two-mile run appeared the name of M. A. Jenks!

With a common impulse, we glanced up at the list of men who were to take part in the dashes. Jenks was not there.

"Well, I don't see as he's helped things any," growled Kimball.

"You don't, hey, you pudd'n'-head?" retorted Hefty. "Haven't you brains enough to understand that since Jenks isn't officially entered for the sprints he can't start? That's Pop's foxy scheme. If the boy had been left out altogether, he might have suspected a conspiracy; but now O'Brien can explain that his name got in the wrong place through some regrettable error, which was discovered too late to remedy. Since Jenks considers himself only a sprinter, he'd never dream of starting in the two-mile run, and so he'll be left out altogether."

"You're right!" shouted Stuffy, with a vigor that proved his delight. "That ought to let the freshman down without wounding his tenderest feelings."

More than satisfied with the manner in which Pop had kept his word, the gang dismissed the subject and prepared to give the coming events its undivided attention.

As usual, the meet began with the hundred-yard dash. Springler, just as everybody expected, won, with two yards of clear daylight between him and the nearest opponent. That started the cheering, and from then on there were few intervals when one college or another was not stretching its lungs. The State University men had every kind of new-fangled device for making a disturbance, and whenever one of their team won the racket was hideous.

An athlete of theirs took the low hurdles, with Johnson of our team second, while in the high hurdles the same two men came in ahead, only in positions just reversed. And this was an illustration of the way things went most of the afternoon. Practically, it was a dual meet, for the other colleges got firsts in only three events. Springler took the two-twenty in hollow style, and Felton, the university's crack distance man, had just as easy a time in the mile run. The field events distributed points about as we had anticipated, and when the result of the broad jump was announced we held the victory as good as won.

With the quarter and the two-mile events yet to come, the score stood thirty-eight to thirty-one in our favor. Springler was regarded as a certainty in the quarter, while the long run was conceded to Felton, so it looked as if nothing could prevent our coming out six or seven points ahead. The university men realized this as well as ourselves, for their cheering died away, and the section where their supporters sat suddenly became quiet as the grave, with hardly a flag in sight.

Although our rivals had not a man who could finish the quarter within yards of Springler, the two they had entered were considered good enough to beat any of the other contestants. Altogether, eight starters faced the mark.

The pistol cracked, and it was glorious to see the way our star man lit out from the bunch. Half way round the track he led by ten yards, running so easily that he scarcely seemed to exert himself at all. It looked like a walk-over; then all at once our cheering ended abruptly in a wail of dismay, for, entering the home-stretch, Springler, without warning, suddenly lost his magnificent stride, staggered a few steps, and pitched over

on his face. The two university runners darted past, and the next minute they had crossed the line and won the race.

It all occurred so unexpectedly that for several seconds the whole grand stand sat in silent amazement. Then from the university section burst a roar that shook the distant dormitories.

How had it happened? There sat Springler on the edge of the track, with his face buried in his hands, overwhelmed by the calamity. O'Brien and a couple of his men rushed up to him, and we saw them help him slowly to his feet and half carry him to the dressing-room. Pretty soon Pop came running back and whispered something to the manager of the team, and before long the explanation was going the rounds of the stand. Springler had stepped into a hole in the cinder path and wrenched a tendon so badly that he was not likely to run again that season.

The question remained, however, how came the hole there? O'Brien declared that before the race began he had inspected the track and found it in perfect condition. This fact, together with the careful manner in which the two university sprinters had avoided the dangerous spot, gave the thing an ugly look; but there was small chance of proving anything. Somebody had scooped out that hole for the purpose of throwing Springler. Who it was we never discovered.

This accident gave the university first and second places in the quarter, which meant eight points, enough to put them one ahead. Third place had gone to a runner from one of the other colleges. The two-mile was the only event left, and, as I have said, Felton was as certain to win it as he had been with the mile.

Meanwhile, our rivals had been carrying on like all-possessed, jumping up and down in their seats, tooting their silly horns, waving their sickly yellow flags, yelling, and making such a fearful din that you couldn't hear yourself think. And the worst of it was we had to sit and hear them without a ray of hope for the future.

IV.

THE uproar was still at its height when the clerk of the course called the men out for the last event. They came from their dressing-rooms, looking, in their gaudy bath-robes and blankets, like a lot of frozen Indians. Grief had so dulled my interest that I scarcely gave them a

second glance, but Red Kimball, who sat just behind, bent over and landed a terrific punch between my shoulders.

"Holy smoke!" he exclaimed, "look there! If that clothes-pin in the red and brown blanket isn't Mark Jenks I'll eat my *chapeau*!"

Several others who had heard him looked at the same time, and, sure enough, it was that freshman!

"Oh, heavens!" moaned Stuff; "the fool's really going to run! Where's Pop? I don't believe he knows it."

We watched the preparations for the start, expecting every moment to see some one run out and drag Jenks off the track; but no such thing occurred. Presently O'Brien came over from the gymnasium, and walked along the line, whispering final instructions to our three men, but when he reached Jenks he showed neither surprise nor anger. He only talked to him a little longer than he did to the rest, and then stepped back out of the way.

Marcus Aurelius had the extreme outside of the track, which brought him into full view of the stand, and more than one laugh was heard as he threw off his blanket and revealed his ungainly form. Even in regulation running costume Jenks was a sight for the merry. His face, leaner than it had been when we first knew him, and burnt by his outdoor life to a healthier hue, expressed the most heartrending anxiety, while his deep, near-sighted eyes were fixed upon the starter as if he feared he would never be able to pick the man out again if he once removed them.

Now a two-mile run is a long, trying race. The eager novice generally makes the mistake of racing his heart out in the first mile; the veteran, unless he is after a record, generally takes things easy at the start, and lets some one else cut out the pace until he can size up his opponents.

Jenks did just as might have been expected. At the sound of the pistol he set out at a pace that soon left the others behind. Running diagonally across the track, he almost immediately took a lead close to the pole. Once there, he let nobody pass him, and before the first quarter was covered he led by a good twenty-five yards.

Felton at first kept well back with the crowd. His strongest point was his ability to sprint at the close, when other men had not an ounce of energy left. There were times when his fondness for a spectacular finish tempted him to post-

pone his sprint until the last possible moment.

Our track is three laps to the mile. As the runners came around the first time, Jenks, at the head of the string, was greeted by a chorus of derisive hoots, the university rooters vying with one another to see who could shriek the most exasperating things. But action seemed to have restored the freshman's nerve, for he loped steadily along without heeding their attempts to rattle him. When he had passed, Bones Palmer, who was the only fellow in our particular crowd who pretended to be an authority on form, turned and remarked:

"Say, that giraffe may look funny, but let me tell you he's running in first-rate style. Not an ounce of effort wasted in that long swing of his! You can't expect a bean-nole to look as pretty as those knotty little chunks behind him. Bunchy muscles make a fine show, but they're more use in a gymnasium than on a running-track."

"You don't mean to say that gawk can run?" demanded Stuffy.

"Yes, I do," declared Bones; "but of course there's no telling how he will hold out. I'm afraid he's setting too stiff a pace."

"I'll give him one more lap at that gait before he's lugged off to the infirmary," growled Stuffy, relapsing into the gloomy silence that had followed Springler's failure.

Notwithstanding his prophecy, when the runners went by the second time the only noticeable change was a slight increase in Jenks' lead.

"Stay where you are, Felton!" yelled a volunteer coach in the stand. "That fellow's only a stalking-horse. Don't let him pull you out!"

Before the end of the fourth lap the rattling pace had used up three of the contestants so badly that they quit, sitting down beside the track to recover their wind. Only two-thirds of a mile remained, and Jenks had widened the space between him and the nearest opponent to pretty nearly a hundred yards. It was incomprehensible! In breathless silence we followed him with our eyes, expecting each stride to be his last, but he kept on at the same mechanical lope without the least sign of weakening.

Jenks a two-miler! Jenks beat Felton! It was preposterous! Yet Felton's anxiety was manifested by more acts than one. Until nearly the end of the fifth lap he waited for his unknown rival to drop back; then, finding him running as

strong as ever, he threw back his head and started to close the gap. Felton was a wonderful finisher, and now, exerting himself to the utmost, he gradually began to overhaul the leader.

Until this spurt came our fellows had watched the race with scarcely a sound, into such a trance had amazement thrown them. But now there was a swift awakening. The college leaped to its feet and found its voice in one prolonged, inarticulate yell, for even the most inexperienced could see that our blessed freshman was running within his strength and without a hint of distress.

Now, perhaps for the first time, some of us recalled a picture of early spring afternoons with Jenks patiently jogging round and round this same track in the same mechanical, ground-devouring stride. We had grown so accustomed to regard the chap as a hopelessly awkward duffer with a pathetic ambition to sprint that we failed to observe the gradual transformation from an ungainly novice to a seasoned long-distance runner. Now we began to understand the meaning of those long afternoons of dogged hard work, and of Pop O'Brien's mysterious remarks.

But most of these thoughts occurred to us afterward. It was no time for memories of the past just then. Around the bend raced Jenks, with Felton straining behind. It is a terrible thing to run a mile and two-thirds as fast as you think you possibly can, and then find that you must finish just a little faster. This was the task cut out for the university champion. Contempt for his unknown opponent had tempted him to delay that famous spurt too long.

At first he closed on our man rapidly, but when the gap had narrowed to about twenty-five yards, in spite of the fact that Jenks ran as mechanically as ever and not a bit faster, there it remained. As the two runners flew down the stretch every person in the stand was up shouting incoherent words of encouragement. Then the State University people dropped dumbly back into their seats, leaving us to cheer alone, for Jenks, with a smile on his lean face as he glanced behind at Felton staggering twenty-five yards in his wake, had crossed the line.

If our opponents had gone crazy when their man won the four-forty, our fellows behaved now as if they had never known a sane hour in their lives. Barely waiting for the third runner—an outsider whose one point had no effect upon the result—they poured over the grand



THE ASTONISHED FRESHMAN LEANED UPON THE SHOULDERS OF TWO ADMIRERS AND ACCEPTED OUR PRAISE WITH SMILING MODESTY.

stand railing like water over a spillway, and flowed out along the field, throwing up their hats and coats, thumping one another on the back, dancing and yelling like a horde of drunken Indians.

By winning the race Jenks had given us five points, which, balanced against Felton's three for second, won us the meet by a score of forty-three to forty-two. Not a large margin, but enough! The very closeness of the result made the triumph all the sweeter. And how we did celebrate!

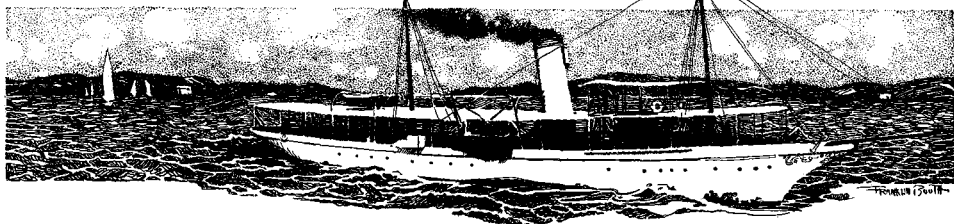
And Jenks! Before he could escape to his dressing-room he was seized and lifted upon the shoulders of as many adoring classmates as could find room beneath him. With a scarlet blanket draped about his lanky form to guard against a chill, he was carried along the front of the stand and then across the field and into the gymnasium, much as the sophomores of Stuffy Myers' gang had borne him a few weeks earlier in the year. Only this time the demonstration was as much in earnest as that other had been in mockery. At that moment I am

sure there was not an undergraduate nor a subfreshman on the campus who would not have given all he possessed to be in the shoes of that once despised and pitied freshman.

During the three remaining years of his course Jenks won us many a race, and developed into nearly as good a miler as he was a two-mile man; but his inability to sprint was something that no amount of training could remedy. We left him a junior, one of the most popular fellows in college, and captain-elect of the following year's track team. His popularity dated from the afternoon when he saved the intercollegiate meet by beating Felton, but its rapid growth was due in no small measure to the cheerful manner in which he forgave the treatment he had received from Stuffy Myers' gang.

We all appreciated this, except Stuffy himself, who to the end of his days will insist that the college owes him an everlasting debt of gratitude for being the first to discover in Jenks the makings of a star athlete.

Our Fleet Of Floating Fortunes



BY FRANK S. ARNETT.

THE ACME OF MODERN LUXURY IS THE STEAM-YACHT OF THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE—A COSTLY FLOATING PALACE THAT COMBINES THE COMFORTS OF A FIRST-RATE HOTEL, THE RICH DECORATIONS OF A FIFTH AVENUE MANSION, AND THE POWER TO CRUISE AT WILL IN TROPIC SEAS OR IN THE COOL WATERS OF THE NORTH.

THE most costly luxury possible to an American millionaire is the ownership of a sea-going steam-yacht. Even the splendid cangia in which concealed oarsmen bore along the waters of the Nile the swarthy Cleopatra, ruler over a despotism of two thousand years ago—even that poetic vessel, compared with the great floating palaces of a twentieth-century democracy, would seem little more pretentious than the canoe of the American aborigine. Nor need we go back so far to find a comparison. Queen Elizabeth, to whom is credited the ownership of the first fairly modern pleasure-ship, to-day would rank in the New York Yacht Club only as the possessor of something akin to a tramp trading lugger.

The Egyptian queen carried on her state barge fourscore oarsmen, a pilot, and two personal attendants. The largest modern steam-yachts require the services of almost as many officers, sailors, and servants as do the Atlantic liners, to which, indeed, outwardly they bear no small resemblance.

The average American, or at least the average New Yorker, knows something of the stupendous luxury with which, in the last few years, some of our very rich men have surrounded themselves. The view of splendid equipages on the avenue or in the park is free to all. So, too, are glimpses through elaborate gateways of wrought-iron and brass. Stately offices, fitted up at the cost of an emperor's cabinet of state, are not entirely in-

accessible either to the anarchist or the merely curious. Gorgeous gowns and dazzling diamonds are on view three nights in the week, during the season, in the parterre of the Metropolitan Opera House. But very few outsiders have any definite idea of the combination of comfort and splendor to be found on board the ocean-going yachts of American multi-millionaires.

THE COST OF MODERN LUXURY.

There are other costly luxuries, of course. Not long ago one of our rich men paid a hundred thousand dollars for the Dido tapestries, taken from the Barberini Palace. Another, a famous captain of industry, gave half a million for a single Flemish tapestry once the property of Cardinal Mazarin. Several gentlemen with more money than is actually required to keep the wolf from the door have subscribed to an edition of Dickens that is to cost each of them considerably more than a hundred thousand dollars. But the difference between such luxuries as these and the ownership of a steam-yacht is that once the former are paid for, the expense ceases, whereas in the case of a yacht it has only commenced.

Such vessels as W. K. Vanderbilt's Valiant, J. Pierpont Morgan's Corsair, John Jacob Astor's Nourmahal, Mrs. Robert Golet's Nahma, and Anthony J. Drexel's Margarita, cost, to build, all the way from half a million to a full million of dollars. Figures, it has been remarked, were invented only that we