

ica's early single-scuttlers, refereed the race, and soon after he invited me to come to Cornwall and train under him for a couple of weeks and then compete in a race to be rowed under his management. You may well imagine the boy's pride who was thus singled out and honored by a man who was only little less of a hero than the great men whose names cling to sacred spots along the Hudson.

So that is how I broke into the ranks of professional oarsmen, in the days when some dozen of them did the rowing for the country. The mention of Josh Ward brings to my mind, not only the famous Ward brothers, of Cornwall, but many other men whose names were household words in those days. I was

one of them. I knew them all either personally or by reputation. There are few of these men still living, but that is not to be wondered at, for their years must have exceeded the Biblical standard of threescore and ten. Those who do remain aren't tottering around with two crutches and a cane. Last summer two of them appeared in an exhibition race at the National Regatta at Philadelphia and later in the summer rowed a match race at Saratoga. Fred Plaisted and Jim Reilly are the oarsmen referred to. While they didn't break any time records, I doubt if you can muster two or three men from any other sport, professionals or amateurs, who can come back after having been for fifty years

more or less actively interested in a sport and give a performance that people will pay money to go and see.

We can still do a little long-distance work too. There has been a good deal in the papers from time to time about an athlete being all through at forty. When I was nearer fifty than forty, a New York oarsman, Anthese by name, issued a challenge to any oarsman in the United States to row a match race from New York to Albany for a thousand dollars. I accepted the challenge and won, with no worse effect for the hundred-and-fifty-mile race than a handful of blisters. My actual rowing time was twenty-four hours and twenty-four minutes.

The Mirage

The First of a Series of American Vistas

By HERMANN HAGEDORN

DESERT, desert, desert, hour on hour; serried ridges, bare and hot; cactus and brown sand, greasewood and brown sand; and, standing guard over the waste places like ghastly sentinels without limbs or features, lofty and grotesque, the spined suwara that were ancient when Cortez's men sought here the seven lost cities of Cibola.

Desert; a row of misshapen houses; a brief stop; desert. The train speeds on.

And suddenly, without warning, water! A silver strip, a lake, a sea, as placid as the face of the deep before it knew the first breath of Jehovah!

The train rushes toward it; it runs beside it. No mountain pool was ever so limpid, no tropical ocean ever so majestically calm. No oar, no prow disturbs its surface; no human form breaks the soft lines of the shore. The lavender peaks and ridges at the farther side are sharp and clear as the craggy hills that rise out of the Ægean in an old engraving that I remember.

I stare out of the car window, hushed with wonder, enthralled at a beauty so real and so immaterial, a phantasm of air and light set in a frame of crags and desert stretches. "Such stuff as dreams are made of!"

A soft voice recalls me from my musings. The woman in the seat opposite me is also staring at the strange, unearthly vision; she does not turn her head as she speaks.

"Is it an arm of the Gulf? My geography is weak. Or is it the Salton Sea?"

"The Gulf is three hundred or more miles to the east; the Salton Sea is a thousand miles to the west. It is a mirage."

"It cannot be," she murmurs. "It

cannot be. It is so real; it is so beautiful. Don't you see the water lapping on the shore?"

"It is a trick of light."

"It can't be that, it can't be that!" Her voice is intense, almost indignant. "That line of darker water—a breeze is ruffling the surface. And there where the lake touches those hills!"

"The hills are real, madam."

"What can we trust if we cannot trust our eyes?" The words are not meant for me, and I have no words to give in answer to them.

The train speeds on. The desert draws in upon the magical sea. Slowly the serene expanse narrows.

"It is a lake," she says, firmly. "We are coming to the end."

"Look back."

She leans forward. Eastward, too, the lake is coming to an end. The desert is pressing the sea against the distant hills. It is no longer a sea; it is a broad river. It is no longer a river. It is a long pool, such as one might see in low-lying meadows after a night of rain. The pool narrows and is gone. Once more desert, desert, desert; serried ridges; cactus.

I hear her sigh, and catch the sigh before it is half spent. She has gray, thoughtful eyes; her hair has a touch of silver in it; she is past middle age. She leans her head against the back of the seat; the lids cover the eyes. There is a look of desolation on her face as though she were remembering other mirages.

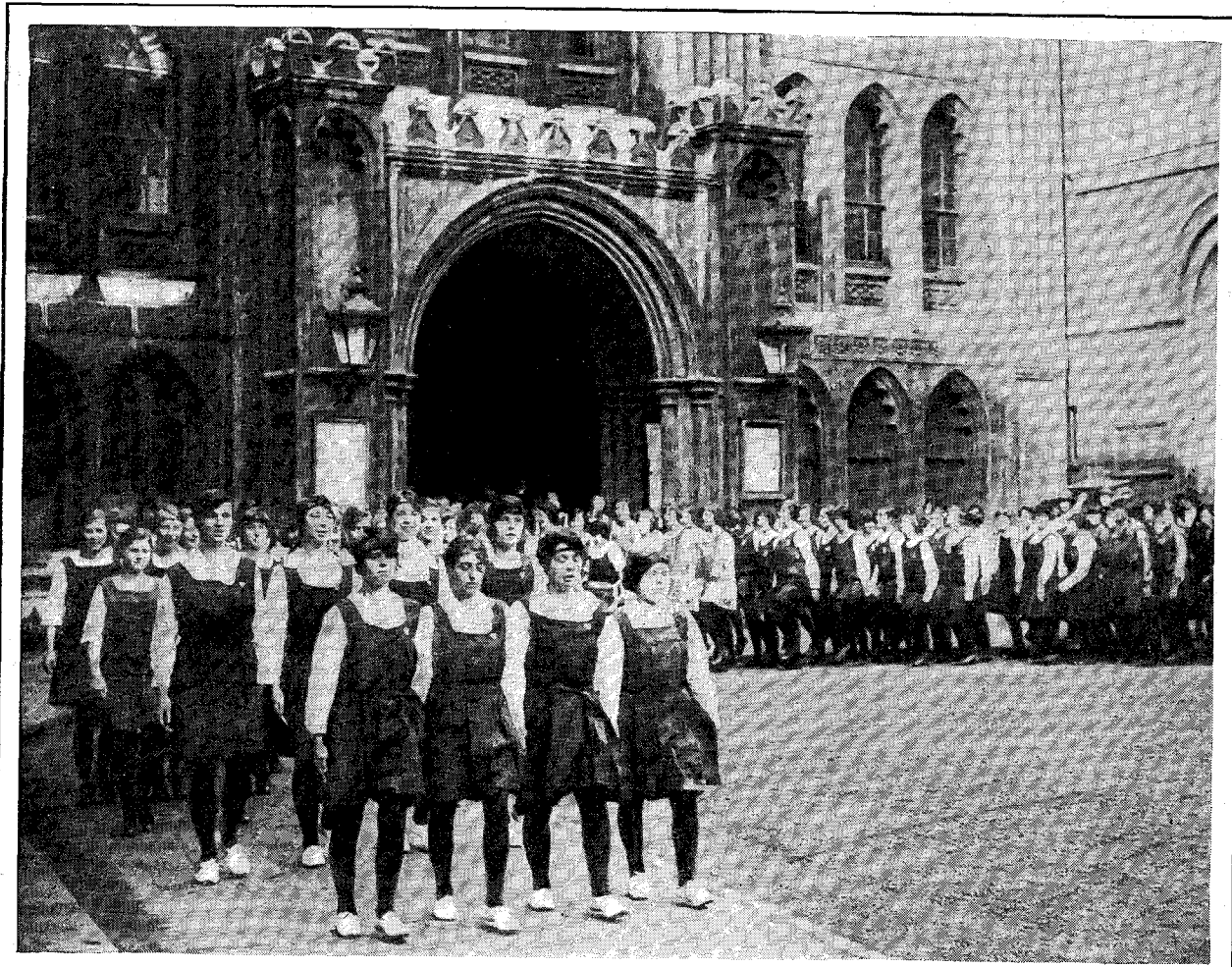
THOSE who wonder at the reluctance of our Government to recognize the "reformed" Government of Russia are invited to read with particular attention two articles by

Richard Eaton

They will be published in early issues of *The Outlook*.

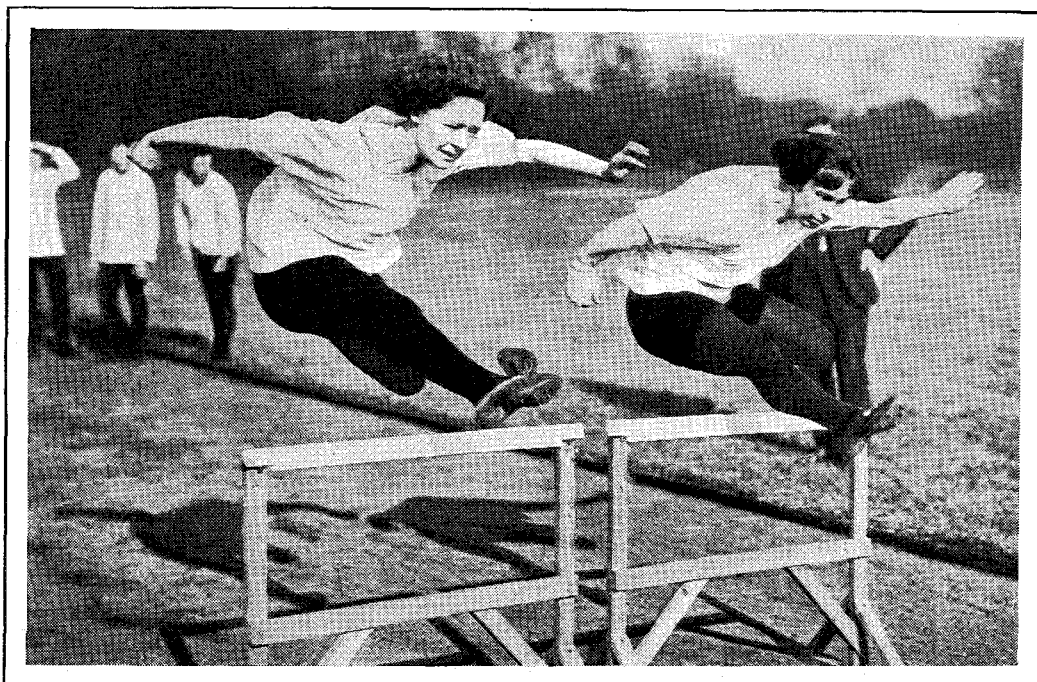
One article deals with the strange educational theories of the new Russia—a land where children are free to disobey everything but the State; the other with the hospitality of the Russian Government to those who are suspected of being counter-revolutionized. It is a thrilling story that Mr. Eaton tells of his meeting with the tragic beauty of Simianova and his dreary hours in a Bolshevik prison.

Recruits for the



Wide World Photos

Girls of the London Division of the Y. W. C. A. taking part in the annual drill competition, which was reviewed by Mrs. Stanley Baldwin



(C) Underwood

London girls training for the British Women's Olympiad. Miss H. M. Hatt (left), one of England's star women athletes, and Miss D. J. Dwight taking the hurdles at Battersea Park, near London