

flow in an uninterrupted stream towards Putney cabs and busses, coach and fours, each and everyone decked out with light and dark blue ribbons (light blue being the colors of Cambridge) girls in hats trimmed with the same colors, upon the horses' harness and from the forest of whip sticks as far as the eye could reach, floated little ribbons or rosettes of the respective colors.

By the time our noble little band had passed a section of Hyde Park with some of London's aristocratic clubs on its border, and had reached Kensington, it had become somewhat segregated. Four miles walking upon London's pavement is equal to seven in the country at anytime. Those of the band who were not in active pedestrian training began to develop symptoms of fatigue and incidentally pass derogatory remarks regarding the instigator of the crusade, London pavements in general, and boat races in particular. On drawing near Putney things assumed a conference aspect, only more so; the sidewalks refused to accommodate the throngs of pleasure seekers who overflowed into the street and exchanged courtesies with the cabbies and bus-drivers who seemed bent on juggernauting the luckless trespassers of their domains. Hammersmith Bridge seemed to be the goal of a good many of the crowd, who upon arriving there were grievously disappointed at the fact that the numerous police mounted and on foot kept the crowd moving and compelled them to take up posts of vantage upon the surly side low path.

From the suspension bridge the view up and down the river was a sight that to say the least of it was quite a novelty to the average Utahian. Along the low path as far as the eye could reach was a seething restless mass of humanity, whilst upon the Middlesex bank, the numerous public houses that faced the river had huge grand stands erected upon the roofs of the same to accommodate the sight-seers, for a consideration. Lumber yards, trees and all posts of vantage were occupied, whilst a goodly number of rakish looking stream launches and other river craft added to the general panorama.

After many trials and tribulations the Mormon brigade reached the Surrey side, where the fun was fast and furious. In an open space adjoining the low path pandemonium seemed to be let loose. Merry go rounds, shooting galleries, swing boats and "three shies a penny" were doing a land office business. There is no place to study human nature so easily and instructively as in a good old English crowd—the coarse wit of the coster; the anxious mother's injunction "to keep 'old of is' and, Billy;" the gentleman in the fearful check suit and sporty hat who repeatedly and in supplicating tones offers three to one on Hoxford; the gentleman who in most elegant and polished diction endeavors to sell a purse wherein you saw him with your own eyes place half a crown and which he now offers you for the ridiculous price of sixpence; "just to start the ball rolling and in aid of the Indian famine fund;" (this same gentleman from lack of custom and amidst the geying of the crowd per chance once in awhile forgets his college education and emphatically enquires of the horizon, "what in the bloody blankety, blank! has come into the poverty stricken blankety ditto British public any-

how.") Right adjoining this vociferous and sulphurous individual stands a meek looking citizen bearing aloft a sign that is the target for the omnipresent small boy's surplus orange peel and chunks of real estate. Fellow feeling makes us wonderous kind; this sign bears the legend that "by grace are ye saved."

But we do not stop; we flow on with the tide of humanity in search of some spot whence to obtain the best view of the race. A stout oak fence flanks the towpath. On the otherside of this barrier is a most inviting and seductive green bank. Despite the fact at stated intervals sign boards informed the frequent passer by that "Trespassers would be prosecuted," the majority of young men would endeavor to storm, the enclosure; but upon closer contact and investigation they abandoned the attempt from the fact that some soulless individual had unkindly festooned the top of the same with an artistic and elegant frescoe of pitch and tar. It made me feel quite bad at the way, not to say unkind way, those some of them, middle aged respectable gentlemen talked about the owner of that property behind his back. It has been my privilege to listen to a few remarks from a bibulous bus driver two minutes after his horse had fallen down in Cheapside; I have also heard a few observations on the part of a hale and healthy Africander who had been industriously endeavoring for two hours to drive an erratic ostrich through a gate; I have further been in the vicinity when an unregenerate gentile neighbor of mine has been endeavoring to put up the stove pipe; once when I was very young I heard a mild debate between a bargee and a lock-keeper, but none of the aforesaid polished phrases would hold a candle to a few utterances that dropped from the lips of a gentleman who gazed thoughtfully and sadly at a huge seam of tar across his heretofore immaculate and spotless ironed white vest. He had endeavored to sneak over the fence!

We concluded not to climb that fence but found a beautiful spot from which we could command at least 700 yards of river. Oh, vain hope! Whilst we were congratulating ourselves upon our good luck, one of those beastly, sneaking, little Thames conservancy tugs left the opposite shore having in tow a huge barge loaded with people. The little puffing, snorting boat whistled gleefully as she deposited the barge right in front of us, left her anchored there, and steamed across to get another to fill up the gap that remained. Then was it that we sighed for the man with the tarnished vest to come and soothe our tired feelings with his poetic blank verse.

All this time the crowds had been pouring across Hammersmith Bridge in thousands. Once in awhile the crowd would raise a howl as a steamer would go down the river bearing the legend "Apples' Soap" etc, one in particular, being furnished with a lady mounted on a horse in the bows, both the quadruped and biped being adorned with a superfluity of hair, whilst the public were informed in two foot letters that they used "Baldine" or some such stuff.

At 2:24 the sound of a gun was heard about a mile down the river and the cry went up from a thousand throats "they're off." Then the breathless silence of expectancy seized the multitude, broken once in a while by an exclamation as some luckless individual in the excite-

ment came near being pushed over the river's bank. Then a mighty cheer and bubble of sound arose from the spectators the cheering becoming more distinct, as the progress of the race was developed. A mighty cheer arose and went rippling along the opposite bank as the boats were viewed from there. It seemed almost two minutes before there was a yell, "Here they come!" and the two boats shot into view propelled by the sturdy eight oarsmen apiece. Oxford was leading by about half a length and the crowd were delirious. Yells went skyward; both teams rowed like automatic machines and the graceful, slim outriggers shot through the water like huge centipedes, with the little light weight coxswain sitting bolt upright with set teeth.

Even a novice could see that Oxford had the better crew, their stroke being longer, cleaner and more powerful. But Cambridge stuck to them like leeches, rowing four more strokes a minute. In a few seconds they were out of sight closely followed by the umpire's launch, the Oxford, Press, and Cambridge boats, together with a heterogeneous collection of steamers. Then the crowd began to wend its way back to the bridge. As the crowd had been steadily pouring across the bridge for four or five hours, and now all wanted to get back at once, it is a foregone conclusion that there was a block. Then it was that one realized the efficiency of the London police. Always good humored and at the same time thoroughly up to their business, they handled that crowd in a scientific manner. We had hardly reached the bridge before the Oxford steamer with the trainer in the bows bowing his acknowledgements came down the river, closely followed by other steamers blowing their whistles and firing off bombs and rockets.

I would not care to state how long it took us to cross that bridge. The prospects seemed when we ultimately did get across that possibly the crowd is wedged there still. The only thing that I regret is that I couldn't get to speak to a policeman and find out how to do the trick. I was standing hopelessly stalled between a policeman, a fat man and a stone buttress, the cop very kindly gave me a dig below the fifth rib with his elbow and lo I shot clean through the fat man and met a man on the other side who kindly trod on my corns whilst someone else hit me in the small of the back. Ultimately I landed behind a cab and just stayed with that cab for three fourths of a mile, when I made a dive for a side street.

Nobody goes out to Barnes, Putney Hammersmith or Mortlake with the expectation of seeing the race. Just a fleeting glimpse of two pulling crews is all that they see. Then they indulge in a good time with the crowd. Oxford's victory this year by two thirds lengths was a foregone conclusion, this making the eighth year in succession that she has pulled over the line first.

GEORGE E. CARPENTER.

The Oakland, Cal., police and the society for the prevention of cruelty to children are endeavoring to locate Oba. Loeb, who, it is alleged, has deserted his family. Mrs. Loeb and her several children are said to be in a destitute condition and she believes her husband has forsaken her for another woman.