

without straining his neck. He was 6ft 6in high, and went 18.0, "without being fat." Harold Barbour, who stood on a Persian rug that cost £1250, and gave moral support to the gathering, was a little fellow only 6ft 3in high, while his slab-sided form turned the scale at only 10.5. The physical culture expert was so overcome that he nearly upset a vase that once belonged to the Doge of Venice, and which Colonel Barbour had bought during a European visit for £3800.

Next day Warren Barbour started his work. He proved the best training athlete who ever occupied a prominent position in the United States. Most athletes are willing enough for competitive events, but they look askance at the drudgery of training. Not so with Warren Barbour. He simply revelled in toying with masses of pig-iron in the seclusion of the expert's gymnasium. He took the same delight in laborious extension motions that mean nothing that the average lad does in winning a hard-fought contest. The expert couldn't drive him away from his work. He liked training better than most people like eating.

Warren Barbour decreased in weight and increased in hardness. From being a big, soft, clumsy lad, he became an active, agile man. His movements became graceful, his eye bright. The flabbiness left his cheeks, and he began to gain a reputation as a beauty man. The girls of the Four Hundred commenced to sit up and take notice. Ladies connected with the theatrical profession started to confide to one another that Warren Barbour was one of the nicest boys in the Republic. But Warren Barbour took no hints. He seemed to regard the society girls as a bore, and the high-heeled shoes and dainty lace petticoats of the show girls in their hours of ease made him yawn. He was a Galahad of the ring. "I'll always be an athlete," he announced. "It's one of the only things worth while."

Neither had the company of other millionaires' sons any attractions for him. References to European trips, golfing, motor-racing, tarpon fishing at Florida, nor the joys of little old New York, with its cold bots and hot burrs, took his thoughts from the arena of sport. Warren Barbour had no use for the little brothers of the rich. He sought his friends among the men with the round heads and the hard muscles.

His physique firmly established, the expert tried out Barbour at various sports, and the first day he put on the gloves he was hailed as a natural fighter. It was decided that his career should be in the ring, and Barbour became a slave of the ring, more devoted than any genie who suffered solitary confinement in a bottle. He became a boxer of outstanding ability among amateurs. Coupled with immense bulk and strength, he developed wonderful speed.

Charlie White, the famous referee, happening in one afternoon without knowing the identity of the society fighter, refused to believe that he was not a professional. "That boy's got the finish and style of the man who fights for his living," said White.

Barbour developed confidence. He was 19, and wanted to enter for the national championship. "Not on your life," said the expert. "Next year for yours," said Barbour, disappointed, but quite content, went back to his labour of love of giving and taking solid punches from all heavyweights who could be persuaded to mix it with him. After a time these were all professionals. Amateurs weren't "taking any." Every day Barbour fought—not boxed—for the contests were so willing that there were always from a score to 100 onlookers.

The national championships came round again, and the expert gave his consent. Barbour entered. During the last 10 days of his training his hitting grew so powerful that his professional sparring partners couldn't pace it with him. One, Mick McDonough, who has put up some good fights against half a dozen American fighters in the champion class, was knocked down six times, and forgot to come up for the seventh. Tom Kennedy had enough after one round, and left saying he would take on an easier job, as sparring partner with Al Kaufman, one of Jack Johnson's late opponents.

On the first night of the championship he drew a bye, and saw Day, the champion of Canada, beaten by Salisbury, a burly trolley-driver, against whom Barbour was drawn for the next bout. There was a large attendance for this, and those who did not know Barbour thought it would be great fun to see the pampered son of wealth knocked about by the sturdy worker of the wharves. But the pampered son of wealth declined to provide the element of humour. Following

ROWING.

Sculling Championship.

THE ZAMBESI COURSE.

The secretary of the British South Africa Company in London recently received from the company's secretary at Livingstone, in North-Western Rhodesia, a copy of a report by Mr. Peel, who was engaged in making a complete survey of the proposed sculling course on the Zambesi. The report ran as follows:—

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that I have been over the "Middle" and "Northern" courses suggested for the sculling championship race, and beg to report as follows:—

The starting-point of the middle course should be as near as possible to the rapids, which run across the river below Kanshar Island, in order to get in the full length, and should be close to the right bank of the river, where the current is running at slightly over two miles per hour; thence the course would pass close to the west bank of Long Island until the winning-post off "Penny Bun" Island opens out, about two miles from the start. The finish would be about 150 yards from the north end of "Penny Bun" Island, the current at that point running at one mile and three-quarters per hour.

In the present condition of the river the water is over 10ft deep at the start and finish referred to, but I think it very probable that in August, when the river is low, there would be broken water at a starting point so near to the rapids. Another disadvantage to this course is that the wind, which I believe blows more or less steadily from the same quarter during the dry season, blows straight up to the river between Long Island and Kalai, and meeting the current where it divides, to pass on either side of the former island, causes a certain amount of rough water.

In taking the northern course, i.e., past the Zambesi Boat Clubhouse, this disturbance is avoided, as the course, which starts lower down the river, heads in a more easterly direction, and when opposite the end of Long Island is close to the left bank of the river, where the water is smooth.

the advice of his corner, he contented himself with outpointing his adversary. But it was in the final that the millionaire pug, simply paralysed the followers of the game. His hitting and side-stepping and smothering were perfect. Burke, the holder of the championship, who opposed him, might have been a feather-weight. Barbour simply played with him. Before the end of the first round he had demonstrated his ability so eloquently that Twin Sullivan, who was at the ringside, swore that he was a strange pro, who had been rung in under the name of Barbour. In the first minute of the second round Burke was clean knocked down twice, and came up to meet an uppercut that sent him out, Barbour breaking a bone in his right finger by the force of the hit.

There were 100 millionaires present at this fight, and Colonel Barbour, hysterical with joy at his son's success, called on them all to go to supper at the Hotel Touranne. As the procession of motor-cars shut along Broadway the proud old man stood up and tossed out 10-dollar notes to the new-boys in the street.

This is the man that the eyes of America now centre on as a possible victor over Johnson. Whether he will be satisfied to forfeit his amateur status is uncertain, but it must be remembered that professionalism in athletics does not carry with it in America the stigma that attaches in England. Barbour, whose name is now known among all followers of pugilism in the United States, is said to be undoubtedly a better man than any living fighter, barring only Jeffries and Johnson. He is bigger and stronger than Ketchell, a better tactician than either Kublin or Kaufman, or either of the Sullivans, and quicker than any of them. His hitting is harder than that of Papke or Marvin Hart, and though there is generally an immense gap between the best amateur and the mediocre professional, Barbour is said to have so much to spare in his superiority over other amateurs that he is able to hold his own with the best. In addition to other qualifications, Barbour has the advantage of youth. He has just turned 21, while Johnson has already reached an age when most athletes are regarded as has-beens.

The southern course being presumably out of the question on account of the rocks near the finish, the middle and northern course compare as follows:—

Middle Course.—Starts almost at the rapids, and may therefore have broken water. Longest straight course possible about two miles. Finishes about 150 yards off "Penny Bun" Island, with a current running at one mile and three-quarters per hour. If windy will probably experience rough water off the end of Long Island.

Northern Course.—Starts about one-third of a mile below the rapids and avoids the broken water off Long Island. Longest straight course possible about three miles. Finishes where the current is running at one mile and a-half per hour, with a clear reach of water beyond the winning-post.

The bends necessary in both the above courses are about equal, each course having one bend.

Mr. Peel was also asked to furnish information on the following points:—

1. Is the southern course entirely out of the question? Have you examined the rocks?

2. By including more than one bend, is it possible to get a full-length middle course?

3. Do you mean that a good northern course is possible, but that such a course would have one bend in it?

Mr. Peel answered as follows:—

1. According to previous survey southern course was very much more curved than either of the other two. Water is at present too deep to find the rocks, but they are shown on the plan some distance before the finish.

2. Full-length middle course possible by starting and finishing as stated in my report. If the starting-point is brought lower down the river there will not be room.

3. Yes, the northern course seems very much the best.

A Strange Custom.

A ceremony unknown at other Royal funerals takes place when an Austrian Emperor is buried. On the arrival of the funeral procession at the gates of the Capuchin monastery, where all members of the Imperial family are interred, a monk steps forward and asks the name of the dead, whereupon a herald proclaims the Emperor's titles in full. The monk replies in solemn tones that no such person is known to the Almighty. After a pause the baptismal name alone of the dead monarch are given. The doors of the church are then thrown open, and the cortege is allowed to enter.

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W. M. KENSINGTON, Under-Secretary Lands.

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18th-11.45 a.m.	2 p.m. No str. 2 p.m.		
21st-8 p.m. day.	9 a.m. 8 a.m. No str.		
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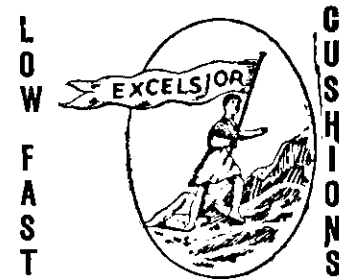
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