# A Little Matter of Real Estate

BY MYRA KELLY.

(McClure's Magazine.)

In an East Side school-room, fifty-six little children of Israel received instruction from an adored young teacher. "Teacher" was the title they had given her, and they knew her by no other. It was Teacher's ambition to give moral tone to her flock, and under her instruction Room 18 became the admiration of the public, to Teacher's vainglorious satisfaction. But pride goes before a fall; and in the third month of her reign of love she was troubled and heavy of heart when it was borne in upon her that two of her little flock—cousins to boot—had so far forgotten the golden rule as to be "mad on theirselves und wouldn't to talk even," as that Bureau of Fashionable Intelligence, Sarah Schrodsky, duly reported.

"Und, Teacher," Sarah continued, "Eva Gonorowsky's mamma has a mad on Sarah Gonorowsky's mamma, und her papa has a mad on her papa, und her gran'ma has a mad on both of papas und both of mammas, und her gran'pa has a mad somethin' fierce on both of uncles, and her auntie ——"

Teacher sent the too communicative Sarah to her place and called the two members of the divided house of Gonorowsky to the desk for instant judgment. As she spoke she was delighted to see that her words were falling on good ground, for the dark and dainty features of her hearers expressed a flattering degree of conviction and humility. As she studied the wonderful lashes lying damp and dark on Eva's smooth cheek, the beautiful eyes unclosed, gazed straight across the desk at Sadie, and then Eva took a flying leap into Teacher's lap, and clung with arms and knees and fingers to her chosen refuge.

"Oh, Teacher, Teacher," she wailed, "Sadie makes on me such a snoot I got a scare over it."

Teacher turned to the so lately placid face of Sadie in search of the devastating "snoot," but met only a serene glance of conscious guilelessness and the assurance;

"No, ma'am, I don't makes no snoot on nobody. I get killed as anything off my mamma so I makes a snoot. It ain't polite?" This with a reassuring smile and a directand candid gaze.

"Teacher, yiss ma'am she makes all times a snoot on me," cried the now weeping Eva, "all times. She turns her nose around, und she makes go away her eyes, und comes her tongue out long. Only I dassn't to fight mit her. Und over cousins you got all times kind feelings."

"Well, Sadie," Teacher questioned, "what have you to say?"

The dark eyes met Teacher's with no shadow in their depths as Sadie uttered her denial:

"I never in my world done no snoot."

A shudder of admiring awe swept over the assembled class—followed by a gasp of open contradiction as Sadie went on with her vindication, for Sadie's snoots were the envy of all the class. Had not Morris Mogilewsky paid three cents for lessons in the art, and, with the result, frightened a baby into what an angry mother described "spinyell convulsions?" And now Sadie was saying, "I couldn't to make no snoot, never. But, Teacher, it's like this: Eva makes me whole bunches of trouble; Julia und me is monitors in the yard when the children comes back from dinner. So-ooh I says, 'fron dress' like you says, so the children shall look on what head is in front of them. Only Eva she don't 'fron dress' at all, but extra she longs out her neck and rubs on me somethin' fierce——"

"It's a lie!" interrupted Eva gently. "I don't make nothing like that. I stands by my line und Sadie she makes faces on me with her hand. It ain't polite." This with plaintive self-righteousness. "No, ma'an, it ain't polite—you make snoots mit your hand like this." Here Eva illustrated with outspread fingers and pink thumb in juxtaposition to a diminutive nose, and Teacher with uncertain gravity was forced to admit that snoots of that description are sanctioned by few books of etiquette.

"Now, my dear little girls," said Teacher, "this quarreling must stop. I think you ought to kiss each other as cousins should."

This suggestion was a distinct failure. Eva and Sadie, with much fluttering of aprons and waving of curls, sought opposite corners of the schoolroom, while up started Sarah Schrodsky: "Teacher, they couldn't to make no kissing. They're mad on themselves cause their mammas had a fight. Sadie's mamma says like this to Eva's mamma—'Don't you dast to talk to me—you lives by the fifth floor already und your man is a robber.' Und Eva's mamma says—

When Teacher hed managed to silence Sarah she led the weeping Gonorowskys back to their places. And the scholastic world wagged on in outward tranquillity.

Hostilities were temporarily suspended owing to the illness of Sadie, by far the more aggressive of the opposing parties. Eva led a placid life for three peaceful days, and then,—as by law prescribed—invited by postal card, Sadie's mother came to explain her daughter's absence. Large, bland of manner, in a heavy black shawl and a heavier black wig, Mrs. Lazarus Gonorowsky stood beaming and bobbing in the hall.

"I like I should Sadie Gonorowsky's teacher see," she began, in the peculiar English of the adult population of the East Side. Mrs. Gonorowsky could neither use nor understand her young daughter's copious invective. Upon being assured that the diminutive form before her was indeed clothed with authority, she announced:

"Comes a letter I should by the school come. I was Sadie's mamma." Here she drew from the inner recesses of the black shawl a bundle which, being placed in a perpendicular position, proved to be the most recent addition to the Gonorowsky household. She smoothed the bundle with a work-worn but tender hand and repeated with saddened voice: "Yes, ma'am, I was her mamma und she lies now on the bed."

The increasing sadness in Mrs. Gonorowsky's voice and the sinister phraseology startled Teacher. "Not dead!" she cried. "Oh, surely not dead!"

"Sure not," was the indignant response. "She's got such a sickness she must lay on the bed, und comes the doctor. Sadie's papa holds much on that child, Miss Teacher, und all times he has a worry over her—me too. She come by the school tomorrow maybe und I ask you by a favor you should do me the kindness to look on her. So she feel again sick she should better on the house come. She say, 'Oh, mamma, I got a lovely teacher; I likes to look on her the while she has such a light face.'"

Having thus diplomatically led up to the question, Mrs. Gonorowsky with great sauvity asked, "Sadie is a good girl, hein?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"She is shmardt, hein? She don't make you no trouble?"

"Well," answered Teacher, "she has rather bothered me lately by quarreling with her cousin, Eva Gonorowsky."

"So-ooh!" exclaimed Sadie's parent ponderously. "So-ooh, Eva makes you trouble; she is a most bad girl—I tell Sadie—Sadie is a good girl—I tell her she should make nothing, with Eva, soch a bad girl. For what you not put her back to baby class? She is not shmardt."

"Oh, but she is; she is a bright little thing," cried Teacher "I couldn't think of putting her back. She's a dear little girl. I can't imagine why Sadie quarrels with her."

Mrs. Gonorowsky drew her ample form to a wonderful erectness as she readjusted her shawl, and answered with much stateliness:

"It was a trouble off of real estate." With dignity and blandness she then kissed Teacher's hand and signified entire willingness to entrust her precious Sadie to the care of so estimable a young person, inquired solicitously if the work were not too much for so small a lady, and cautioned the young person against rainy mornings. Had she a mackintosh? Mr. Gonorowsky was selling them off that week. Were her imperceptibles sufficiently warm? Mr. Gonorowsky, by a strange chance, was absolutely giving away "fine all from wool" imperceptibles, and the store was near. Mrs. Gonorowsky then withdrew, leaving a kindly sentiment in Teacher's heart and an atmosphere of ironing-boards and onions in the hall. On the following morning Sadie returned to her light-faced teacher, and for one whole day hostilities were suspended.

On the morning after this truce Eva was absent from her accustomed place and Sadie blandly disclaimed all knowledge of her whereabouts. After the noon recess a pathetic little figure wavered in the doorway of the schoolroom with one arm in a sling and one eye in a poultice. The remaining eye was fixed in deep reproach on the face of Isidore Belchatosky, the Adonis of the class, and the eye was the eye of Eva.

"Eva!" exclaimed Teacher, "oh, Eva, what can you have been doing? What's the matter with your eye?"

"Isidore Belchatosky he goes und makes me this here shiner," said Eva's accusing voice, as the eye under the poultice was uncovered for a moment. It was indeed a shiner of aggravated aspect, and Isidore cringed as it met his affrighted gaze. The sling and the bandages were of gay chintz, showing forth the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, and their lurid colors made them horribly conspicuous. Friday scampered across Eva's forehead, pursued by savages, and Crusoe, under his enormous umbrella, nestled close to her heart.

"Surely Isidore would never hit a little girl?" Teacher remonstrated.

Teacher, yiss ma'am; he mekes me this here shiner. Sadie she goes und tells him she kisses him a kiss so he makes me a shiner. He's lovin' mit her und she's got kind feelin's by him, the while his papa keeps a candy cart. It's a stylish candy cart mit a bell und a horn. So I was yesterday for buy my mamma some wurst, und I don't make nothin' mit nobody."

Here the poor, half-blind Eva, with her love and talent for pantomime, took a gay little walk past Teacher's desk, tossing her head and swinging her skirts. Then with a cry she recoiled from the very memory of her wrongs.

"Come Isidore! Und he hits me a hack on my leg so I couldn't to hold it even. So I fall und I make me this here shiner. Und when my mamma seen how comes such a bile on my bone she had a mad; she hollered somthin' fierce."

One could well sympthize with the harassed Mrs. Nathan Gonorowsky.

"So," continued Eva with melancholy enjoyment, "my mamma she puts medsin at a rag und bandages up mine eye. Und now I ain't healthy."

Teacher forgot moral tone and the ethical ascendency of Room 18, for she was savagely angry.

"Sadie!" she called, "and Isidore! Come here."

Teacher strove dutifully to remember the by-laws forbidding corporal punishment. Then with long strange words to supply the element of dread uncertainty teacher began to speak: slowly and coldly as one should when addressing ears accustomed to much sputtering profanity.

"Sadie and Isidore, did you dare to interfere with the life, the liberty, and the happiness of your cherished young friend, Eva Gonorowsky? Did you dare?"

"No, ma'am," said Sadie with a sob.

"It's a lie!" said Isidore with a snuffle.

"Did you, Isidore, allow yourself to be tempted by beauty to such inconceivable depravity as to blacken Eva's eye?"

"No, ma'an. Self. done it."

"Did you, Sadie, descend so low as to barter kisses with Isidore Belchatosky?"

"No, ma'an," this with much scorn. "I wouldn't to kiss him; he's a scare-cat und he tells out."

"What did he tell?" asked teacher.

"He tells out how I say I kiss him a kiss so he make Eva a shiner. Und I wouldn't do it. Never. So he gave me five cents even I wouldn't kiss no scare-cat."

"Well, then, why did you promise?"

"'Cause I couldn't hit her mineself," said the doughty Sadie. She was inches taller than her victim, and stout withal. "I couldn't, 'cause I ain't so healthy; I'm a nervous child, teacher, und I was day-before-yesterday sick on the bed."

Here the plaintiff showed a desire to testify once more, and teacher appointed three-thirty as the hour most suitable for a thorough examination of the case.

When the last arm had been twisted into the last sleeve, when the last chin had been tied into the last shawl, when the last dispute as to ownership in disreputable mittens had been settled, the great case of Gonorowsky vs. Gonorowsky was called. On either side of the desk stood a diminutive Gonorowsky; Eva still plaintive, and Sadie redly on the defensive. Directly in front stood the laborer defrauded of his hire, that tool in the hands ofa guileful woman—Isidore Belchatosky.

"Now," teacher began, "I intend to find out why you two little girls are disgracing this class and teacher; I want to hear nothing but the truth. Now, Isidore, did you hit Eva?"

"Yiss, ma'an."

"What for?"

"What for?"

"For a kiss."

"From whom?"

Here Sadie muttered a threat "to lay him down dead if he tells," and Isidore required promise of safe conduct to his own block before he consented to murmur:

"Sadie Gonorowsky."

"Did you get the kiss?"

"No, ma'an."

"Well, then, you may go home now, and bring your mother with you tomorrow morning."

"When she sees this shiner she will have a mad," Eva volunteered, as she once more uncovered her eye and turned its dreadful rainbow hues upon the culprits.

"Partick Brennan's papa could arrest you—think shame."

Isidore left with a heavy heart and the inquiry was continued.

"What has Sadie been doing to you, Eva?" asked teacher, and Eva with resigned mien began.

"All things," and then details followed. "She makes on me a snoot, she pulls me on the bottom of my hair, she goes und and takes her pencil and gives me a stick in my face. When I was marchin' she extra takes her shoes und steps at my legs; I got two swollen legs over her. Und now"—here a sob—"you could to look on how she makes me biles und shiners."

As Eva's voice droned out these many accusations, Sadie grew more emphatic in her favorite repartee:

"It's a lie! It's a lie! It's a lie!"

"And now, Eva, will you tell me why Sadie has been doing all these naughty things?"

"Teacher, I don't know."

"Oh, yes; you do!"

"No, ma'an; I don't. I could swear if I do. I kiss up to God." She wafted a kiss towards the ceiling. "I got all times a kind feelin' over Sadie, on'y she wouldn't be glad on me. I seen yesterday her little brother in the street mit Sadie und she make he shouldn't to talk to me. My heart it breaks when she made like that; 'I'm got no brother und no sister und I'm lovin' so much mit my little cousin. She goes und makes he should say nothin' und in my eyes stands tears. I was ad."

"Well, dear, that's a shame," said teacher, "and if you really don't understand go out into the assembly room and wait for me. Sadie is going to tell me all about it."

Eva vanished only to return with the lurid bandage in her hand and the query:—

"Can I make this wet?"

Upon receiving permission so to do she retired with her courteous "Good afternoon, teacher," and her unchanged "Goodby, Sadie: I've got yet that kind feelin'." Truly the "pangs of disprized love" seemed hers.

Several kinds of persuasion were practised in Room 18 during the next five minutes. Then Sadie accepted defeat, faced the inevitable, and began:

"It's like this: I dasn't to be glad on Eva. So I want even, I dassn't. My mamma has the same mad, und my papa. Mamma she says like this. So my papa gets sooner glad on my uncle she wouldn't to be wifes mit him no more! Such is the mad she has!'

"Why?"

"Well. My uncle he come out of Russia. From long he come when I was a little bit of baby und he didn't to have no money for buy a house. So my papa—he's awful kind—he gives him thousen dollers so he could to buy. Und say, Teacher, wha you think? he don't pays it back. It ain't polite you takes thousen dollers und don't pay it back."

Sadie's air as she submitted this rule of social etiquette to Teacher's wider knowledge was a wondrous thing to see—so deferential was it and yet so assured.

"So my papa he writes a letter on my uncle how he could to pay that thousen dollers. Goes months. Comes no thousen dollers. So my papa he goes on the lawyer und the lawyer he writes on my uncle a letter how he should to pay. Goes months. Comes no thousen dollers." At each repetition of these fateful words Sadie shook her serious head, pursed up her rosy mouth, folded her hands resignedly across a flat little stomach, and sighed deeply. Clearly this was a tale more than twice told, for the voice and manner of Sadie were as the voice and manner of Mrs. Lazarus Gonorowsky, and the recital was plagiarism—masterly and complete.

"And then?" prompted Teacher, lest the conversation languish.

"Well, my papa he writes again on my uncle a awful bossy letter. My uncle must have a mad when he seen how my papa writes. Goes two days. Comes no thousen dollers."

Here ensued a long dramatic pause.

"Well, comes no thousen dollers. Comes nothing. On'y by night my mamma she puts me on my bed; when comes my uncle! He comes, und make a knopping on our door. I couldn't to tell enen how he makes knopping. I had such a scare, I was green on the face, und my heart was going so you could to hear. I'm a nervous child, Teacher, und my face is all times green sooner I get a scare."

This last observation was a triumph of mimicry, and recalled Mrs. Gonorowsky so vividly as to make her atmosphere of garlic and old furniture quite perceptible.

"So my mamma hears how my uncle knopps und says 'Lemme in—lemme in.' She says "scuse me, Teacher)—she says 'he must be' ('scuse me) 'drunk.' That's how my mamma says."

"So goes my papa by the door und says 'Who stands?' Und my uncle he says 'Lemme in.' So-ooh my papa he opens the door. Stands my uncle mit cheeky look und he showed a fist on my papa. My papa had a fierce mad sooner he seen that fist—fists is awful cheeky when somebody ain't paid. So my papa he says ('scuse me)—it's awful how he says on'y he had a mad over that fist. He says ('scuse me.) 'Go to hell!' und my uncle, what ain't paid that thousen dollers, he says just like to my papa. He says too ('scuse me, Teacher), 'Go to hell!' So-ooh then my papa hits my uncle (that's Eva's papa), und how my papa is strong I couldn't to tell even. He pulls every morning by the extrasizer, und he's got such a muscles. So he hits my uncle (that's Eva's papa), und my uncle he fall und he fall und he fall—we live by the third floor—und even in falling he says like that ('scuse me, Teacher), 'Go to hell! go to hell!' It fierce, on'y but that's how he says. On all the steps he says 'Go to hell! go to hell! go to hell!' ('scuse me)."

Teacher appreciated the futility of interference in a family feud, so she contented herself with keeping a watchful eye on Sadie and tying Eva to the side of the throne where violence was impossible during school hours. Sadie was warned that on the first appearance of evil she would be delivered into the hands of the Board of Health.

Some weeks later Eva was again missing, and Sadie presented the explanation in a rather dirty envelope.

"Dear Miss:

"Excuse pliss that Eva Gonorowsky, comes not on the school. We was moving un she couldn't to find her clothes.

"Yurs Resptphs,

"Her elders,

"Nathan Gonorowsky,

"Becky Ganurwoski."

"Is Eva going far away?" asked Teacher. "Will she come to this school any more?"

"Teacher, yiss ma'am, sure she comes; she lives now by my house. My uncle he lives by my house, too. Und my aunt."

"And you're not angry with your cousin any more?"

"Teacher, no, ma'am; I'm loving mit her. She's got on now all mine best clothes the while her mamma buys her new. My aunt buys new clothes, too. Und my uncle."

Sadie reported this shopping epidemic so cheerfully that Teacher asked with mild surprise:

"Where are all their old things?"

"Teacher, they're burned. Und my uncle's store und his all of goods, und his house, und his three sewing machines. All, all burned!"

"Oh, dear me!" said Teacher. "Your poor uncle. Now he can never pay that thousand dollars."

Sadie regarded Teacher with puzzled eyes.

"Sure he pays. He's now most as rich like Van'bilt. He pays all right, und my papa had a party over him he had such an awful glad.

"Glad on your uncle?" cried Teacher, startled into colloquialisms.

"Yiss, ma'an. Und my mamma has a glad on Eva's mamma, und my gran'ma has a glad on both of papas und both of mammas, und my gran'pa has a glad just like my gran'ma. All, all glad."

As Teacher walked towards Grand street that afternoon, she met a radiant little girl with a small and most unsteady boy in tow. She recognized Eva and surmised the cousin whose coldness had hurt her even unto tears.

"Well, Eva, what little boy is this?" she asked.

And the beaming and transformed Eva answered:

"It's my little cousin. He's lovin' mit me now. Sadie, too, is lovin'. I take him out the while, it's healthy he walks, on'y he aint so big und he falls. Say, Teacher, it's nice when he falls. I hold him in my hands."

And fall he did. Eva picked him up, greatly to their mutual delight, and explained:

"He's heavy, und my this here arm ain't yet so healthy, but I hold him in my hands the while he's cousins mit me, and over cousins I'm got all times that kind feelin,."

## HAFF SAYS LIPTON WILL GET THE CUP.

Capt. Hank Haff, of cup defense fame, believes that Shamrock III. will take the America's cup. Capt. Haff is guiding the destinies of the schooner yacht Ariel of Francis L. Leland, in the annual squadron cruise of the New York Yacht club now at Newport.

Before the fleet left Hampstead harbor, L. I., the veteran skipper of the old defender said he did not think the Reliance fast enough to save the cup this year. At the close of the first day's run of the fleet to New Haven, the skipper repeated his belief that the Reliance will not do. He added:

"The Reliance is not fast enough to pull off the trick."

Asked for details as to his reason for reaching such conclusion, Capt Haff said:

"In the first place Shamrock III. is by far the best boat ever brought to this country. She has demonstrated that in every way, both on this side and before she left the old country. Neither of her sisters is able to hold her down in real actual work. Shamrock III. can beat Shamrock I. and Shamrock II. handily in every race. Shamrock II. was in my opinion the superior of the Columbia. The latter won her last race on a fluke. It was clearly the Shamrock's victory. At that time the Columbia was deteriorating.

Shamrock II.' on the other hand, was coming right up to her proper swing. Had the Shamrock won this race she would have captured at least one other, because she was improving with every race, while the Columbia was falling off fast.

"The first Shamrock was handicapped throughout in her match. Her main boom went wrong, her gaff swung off in windward work, her mast was none too good and, worse than all, Designer Fife was ill and unable to give the boat his attention. The Reliance is not beating the Columbia sufficiently to make the well-wishers of the cup defender sanguine. This fact alone makes me think that the cup is in great danger.

"A careful observation of the work of Shamrock III. convinces me that she is as good as the Reliance, if not better. She is a wonderful boat in light airs and in going to windward she will be found leading the Reliance, in my opinion. I think Shamrock I. was every bit as good a boat as Shamrock II., but she did not have the same attention nor the same fine rig.

"Shamrock III. is a great improvement on the other boat. The same cannot be said for the Reliance, as compared with the Columbia. These observations and facts make me think that at best we can only hope for a narrow shave at the finish of each race, though I'm inclined to believe that Shamrock III. will defeat the Reliance."

## UNMITIGATED SEVERITY.

(Argonaut.)

Today Hamilton says that a countryman was one day looking at the wonders of Barnum & Bailey's circus. He looked at the fat woman with admiration, and then gazed at the living skeleton. Finally he addressed that compilation of skin and bone and asked: "Did you ever have the dropsy?"

"Well, hardly," said Bones. "But why do you ask such a foolish question?"

"Well, I jest thought if ye ever had been troubled with dropsy ye was the best cured man I ever saw."


LAXA-CARA TABLETS

DAZED—TIRED—LIFELESS

Every woman has times when she feels dazed, tired out, almost lifeless, when her work, which she usually contemplates with pleasure, seems almost past her strength.

Are you that woman sometimes? Do you realize that it is ninety times out of a hundred caused from just common, but dangerous constipation?

Mother Nature says, "I have given you a mouth and a stomach to receive food and send its strengthening parts through your system. I have given you bowels to discard the useless parts of that food and keep your system clean. I will do the best I can out of whatever food you give me. But unless the bowels are kept regular, I cannot prevent the poisoning of your whole system."

**Laxa-Cara Tablets** will do for you just what Nature asks. They will correct your clogged bowels; will put them on the road to regularity and health; will not strain or abuse them; will in a short time work a permanent cure and insure you permanently against constipation.

If you are taking nothing now, you ought to. If you are taking something already and feel pretty well suited with it, you won't feel that way if you try **Laxa-Cara Tablets** once.

25 cents per box at your druggists', or by mail postpaid on receipt of price.

FRANK WHEATON

FOLLY VILLAGE, N. S.

SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA


# The World of Sport

## THE RING.

### IF CORBETT OUTPOINTS JEFFRIES DOES HE WIN?

(By W. W. Naughton.)

Now that a referee has been selected for the big fight in August some wierd discussions are in progress in regard to the things which may influence him in handing down his decision. The writer has received a number of communications, each of which propounds the query: How should the referee decide in the event of Corbett outpointing Jeffries, and at the same time failing to knock him out?

One of my correspondents explains that he understands it to be an ancient tenet of the prize ring that a champion is never regarded as dethroned until some other fighter comes along and knocks him out. Hence the request for information.

One does occasionally hear the argument referred to, but so far as the writer can gather it is more a modern piece of reasoning than an ancient ring rule. One thing is certain, to wit: that in the old days champions frequently lost their titles through default, a fact in itself which contradicts the contention that a champion could only be deposed by the knockout process.

However, in answer to my various correspondents, I would say this: A common sense view of the situation suggests that once a champion steps into the ring to do battle, he is champion no longer.

The title hangs in the balance. It is the thing that is being fought for and the winner takes it.

When this is accepted as the correct view it will readily be admitted that what Mr. Jeffries or Mr. Corbett accomplished in a former fight should carry no weight with the referee. The affair that is coming off in August has been advertised as a twenty-round boxing match, and presumably it is for the boxing championship of the world. The man who does the most effective work will receive the award of merit and all the title and emoluments that go with it, and this whether the match lasts one round or twenty.

Meanwhile some of the arguments heard in this connection are amusing. A Jeffries man of my acquaintance said he believed Corbett would simply indulge in flyaway tactics in the hopes of staying the 20 rounds and landing the championship. A great many of those who speculate on the possibility of Corbett out-pointing Jeffries appear to think that the lighter man will accomplish his end by tapping and scooting.

To such I would say this: Ed. Grancy knows the pugilistic game in all its ramifications, and he can tell the difference between a sparring exhibition and a genuine boxing match for the highest prize in the ring. He isn't likely to crown a man champion of the world simply for staying twenty rounds with somebody.

## SOME VALUABLE BOXING HINTS.

A noticeable and notable development in the world of athletic accomplishment is the rapidly increasing popularity of boxing as a gentlemanly pastime. People everywhere are becoming acquainted with the great value of the art of self-defense and are not slow to exhibit an active interest in it.

To those who are about to take up the study of the science of boxing, and also to those more or less advanced, a few words of advice and of general information regarding various of its phases will not go amiss.

Of course the principal object of the boxer is to deliver and block blows without permitting himself to be injured. This is the foundation of all sparring. Hitting power is to the boxer what money is to the financier, brains to the college professor and diplomacy to the statesman. Therefore to become a successful manipulator of the gloves you must develop your punching power, at the same time cultivating speed in delivering blows and in retreating out of harm's way. The number of blows and blocks in the boxer's repertory are legions. It would take a book to describe them, and I shall speak only of the fundamental punches.

The primary blow is the left hand lead to the body or to the point of the jaw. Next comes the right hand lead, and then the other jabs, jolts, swings, upper cuts, etc., follow in their order.

As you deliver either the right or left lead, step in and in striking do not fail to straighten your arm to its full extent, thus making your blow as effective as possible. Always turn your head in the opposite direction from the hand you use. For instance, in sending the right to your opponent's jaw or body, incline your head sharply to the left and at the same time holding the chin well down on the chest.

Many pugilists have originated individual blows, which have materially assisted them in forcing their way to fame and fortune. Perhaps the most notable of these is the solar plexus, invented by Bob Fitzsimmons and used with tremendous effect on Jim Corbett at Carson City.

The "corkscrew" blow was evolved by Kid McCoy a few years ago, and, as its name would indicate, is very deceptive. This punch is delivered to the chin with the left hand and at the moment of impact the arm is straightened out at full length, the hand being turned palm downward. In delivering this blow you must be at short range. Take the fighting position with the left hand ready to lead as usual, being careful to have the hand tightly clinched, with the palm turned upward. Step in driving the hand over or under your opponent's guard and turning the palms downward with a sudden snap just as the blow lands. A well developed triceps and swiftness of execution make the blow effective. As the fist lands it is from three to five inches higher or lower than the line of its original course, according to the height of the opponent. A dropping forward of the shoulder, adding its full power, contributes to the blow's effect.

Valuable adjuncts to boxing are certain features about which we hear little technically. I refer particularly to "stops," side stepping and feinting.

The stop is a blow delivered as an opponent prepares to lead or immediately after he leads, his blow having not yet reached you. This maneuver is a strong point in counter striking, which, in addition to stops, includes prop blows and all counters. A boxer's success depends largely upon his ability in countering, and it should be the ambition of every beginner, as well as of the more advanced, to excel in this branch of the sparring science. Stops are invariably executed with the left hand to your combatant's head or body. Watch him closely and just as his eye, expression or attitude cause you to believe him about to lead, shoot out the left to land hard, beating him as it were at his own game. In stopping a blow, guard the face with the right forearm and draw the stomach well in.

Side stepping is always pleasing to spectators and is an extremely useful element in a bout. It is generally brought into play in evading a rush or in getting out of a corner after you have drawn a lead. The side step is best executed by stepping back with the right foot, drawing the left toe back and placing it directly behind the right heel and in a straight line with it, and facing to the right, take a long quick step with the right. Then follow up with the left and turn, facing your opponent in boxing attitude. The different parts of the side step should be done so quickly as to become one complete movement, the impetus gained by the original spring carrying you into a position identical with that you first held.

There is not a single boxer in the land that does not appreciate the value of a judicious feint.

The keynote of successful feinting is rapidity. Always bear this in mind and don't be indecisive. Make up your mind quickly and start right in to suit the action to the thought. The correct feint is done as follows: Step in with the left foot about six inches, leaving the right foot stationary. Straighten the left arm as in leading, sending the hand as close as possible to your adversary's head or body without touching. Draw back the arm like a piston rod and bring the foot back also. Then, to deliver the actual blow, step in quickly from eight to 12 inches, following up the left foot with the right to cover the former position of the left and lead the left hand sharply to any unguarded spot.

## SURE OF WINNING.

In speaking of his coming battle with Jeffries, James J. Corbett predicted that he would win the contest.

"I figure that my chance of besting Jeffries is stronger than his chance of putting me away," said Corbett, "because I don't believe in 25 rounds Jeffries can land on me a knockout blow. I know what Jeffries can do. I know his limits. I know his strength and I know his weaknesses. I know my own, and for three years I have studied to overcome just those weaknesses which made me fall before him in our last fight. In the first place, we don't have to bother about being champion of the world. After all, he is only a man, and a punch on the chin or a good strong rap on the solar plexus will do for him as surely and as quickly as it would do for any other man, whether he were champion or not.

"My position before this fight is better than it was before the last one, in which I stayed 23 rounds. I have been boxing since I was a boy. Jeffries did not begin until he was a grown man. I have studied the boxing game as a lawyer studies the statutes and as a merchant studies his business, and have invented improvements in it and used them to my advantage. Jeffries is a big, strong, husky fellow, who has been told how to fight and had fighting qualities drilled into him until he has made himself champion; but with my knowledge of ring tactics I am a better man than he."

## HARD FOR JEFF TO TAKE OFF WEIGHT.

Pugilistic circles in San Farncisco are receiving all kinds of shocks over the stories of lack of condition from the Jeffries camp that will not down.

The most persistent of these reports is that Jeffries is finding the task of reducing a most trying one; that his efforts to acquire speed have disappointed Fitzsimmons, Delaney and the corps of trainers called into consultation.

The reason for Jeffries' troubles is, of course, attributed to the rather free and easy way in which the boiler maker conducted himself after his last contest.

The critical ones affirm that Jeffrffies is not the Jeffries of old by 40 per cent, and that Jim Corbett, after all, with his wonderful skill, may avoid the deadly piston rod long enough to be declared the winner on points.

Jeffries has been in a rather sullen mood of late, and this adds to the discomfiture of his backers.

So disappointed has Jeffries become over the failure to get down to fighting weight that he is preparing all sorts of schedules for himself that ought to take the place of a Turkish bath as a weight reducer.

For the next two weeks Jeffries will cover all sorts of distances over the road, as well as engage in long bouts with his sparring partner.

Jeffries is determined that he will enter the ring in tiptop condition, even though certain observant people assert that he must sacrifice his weight only to get speed.,

In any event Jim Jeffries is worrying not a little bit over his coming controversy with Mr. Corbett and the sporting fraternity hereabouts is inclined to give the former champion a "look in" where two weeks ago they called it a cinch for Jeffries.

Corbett's frame of mind is quite a contrast to Jeffries.

The stories of Jeff's woes (real or imaginary) are the source of much amusement to Corbett.

"I'm really sorry for Jeff," said Corbett, "I'd hate to go to whip a man who really was not properly conditioned. It is my hope and aim to whip Jeffries in his best possible form. If the excuse should be offered that I had scored over a delicate fellow I might be put to the inconvenience of fighting him again."

## A CHOICE OF EVILS.

As a sweep was crossing a field one day he was chased by a savage bull. He immediately climbed up a tree. The bull kept him a prisoner for some time, but at length wandered a little distance off, and espying another person coming he gave chase and ran him up the same tree that he sweep was in.

The second person did not climb up very high, and the sweep, thinking the bull, who was bellowing and pawing the ground, might reach him, said: "You had better come up a bit higher."

Upon looking up the second person was horrified to see amongst the branches the sweep's black face and white eyeballs.

With a scream of terror he rushed down the tree, saying, "I would rather face the bull than the devil any day."

## EASY TO CHOOSE A SIDE.

"Cicero," said the lawyer's wife, fidgeting about in a fruitless effort to woo sleep, "which is the best side to lie on?"

"The side that puts up the biggest retaining fee; go to sleep and don't bother me with silly questions."