

That Son-in-Law of Pa's—By Wellington

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ENGLAND IS "DIPPY" OVER CHEAP BOXERS

Pay High Prices for Third-Rate Fighters and it Looks as if There Would be Dough A-plenty for All Sorts of Boxers There.

(By Herbert Corey.)

LONDON, June 30.—It's a cruel thing to say of a perfectly friendly nation, but England is dippy about boxing. This is the time appointed for any American manager who may have some real merit in his gymnasium to come over and get a few guineas. The English will pay the bill and pay cheerfully. All they ask is that real fighters are imported. They tire very quickly of counterfeits—so quickly that you can hear them tire for miles.

"Go up to New Barnet and watch the open-air fighting," said a friend of mine the other day. "That will show you just how dippy this country has gone over the sport."

So we went up to New Barnet on a Saturday afternoon. And there, on platforms just sufficiently elevated, we saw various earnest young gentlemen just as earnestly watching others quite as sincere. There was no particular science about the game. The young gentlemen fought like a good preliminary battle under a good preliminary referee in New York. They tried to kill each other the usual way. There were some of the most successful knockouts I have ever seen during the two hours we stood around there and watched the blood flow. But every now and then some kid appeared who had the earmarks of good raw material. Given proper handling, he might make his mark.

Now, the point of this anecdote is that several years ago this sort of open-air boxing was going on at every crossroads in Great Britain. Wherever there was a country fair there was a boxing match, with some alfalfa master of the art inside to pit

the country kids against each other, and—if need be—to earn breakfast money—to knock them out himself. These boxing booths made the circuit of the fairs and holidays through the rural districts, just as the individual who has a passion for snakes or no-natural and the heavily whiskered lady do in our own country to-day.

Then boxing in rural England partially died out. And now it is coming again. The New Barnet open-air school of knocking out is not the only one. There is hardly a cattle town in England that cannot boast its open air boxing booth of a Saturday. Down in Lancashire hardly little catch-as-catch-can devils are reviving that grand old leg-breaking art. Corn-law's wrestlers are getting out their linen jackets and re-engaging in the Cousin Jack variation of the hug-and-heave. All over Great Britain the "manly arts" are coming into their own again.

High Prices for Fights.

Proof of an assertion nowadays is usually found in the finances. Therefore look at what has been going on in London recently, and what is still going on. A battle for the lightweight championship of the world between Willie Ritchie and Freddie Welsh is to be decided on July 7. It is estimated that \$100,000 will be taken in at the door. Bombardier Wells, that saturnine heavyweight boxer, who does so perfectly lovely in the moving pictures, was matched with Colin Bell, and the 10,000 seats in the tremendous Olympia Hall—where the horse shows and the naval and military tournaments are held—were priced up to \$5.50 and all the cheaper seats were sold two months before the match.

And yet Bombardier Wells is referred to as a disappointment by every English sporting editor every time he speaks of the Bombardier at all, and Bell is not highly regarded except as a fine, strong young man who could do a lot of hard work.

Very few people know anything about Bell. He might be the top heavy of the world, but having been born outside of England he will never be well regarded until he has whipped a few of England's best. Then the sporting old country will adopt him out of hand.

Gunboat Smith came over here to fight with Georges Carpentier on July 16 for the white heavyweight championship of the world—a prize which doesn't happen to be within the reach of either gentleman, so far as can be seen from outside. Mr. Smith is a large, slow, heavy footed young man who carries a crumpling punch in his right arm. Carpentier is an agile, swift, hard hitting, light heavy, with a genius for play-acting that sent poor old Bombardier Wells to the rouge pot before ever a blow had been struck in their fight. Either Johnson or Langford would sprinkle a little salt on Carpentier and eat him—provided that Johnson can ever make himself fit. By no process of reasoning can you make the Smith-Carpentier fight a championship contest, although it is certain to be an intensely interesting one.

Wild Over Gunboat Smith.

And yet our English friends meet Gunboat with a band and blockade the streets when he automobiles through, and cheer their enthusiasm at a boxing club. That despite the general belief held by boxing experts here that Carpentier will deliver one of his broadsides. If he does, all agree it will be curtains for the Frenchman. A fact which all of his friends are calling loudly to Mr. Carpentier's attention. No one armed puncher was ever so loudly shouted over as is Mr. Smith. If Carpentier wins he will be elected president of France.

The Johnson-Moran fight in Paris did not attract much attention on this side of the channel because of the general belief that the negro is invincible. Dan McKetrick is issuing \$25,000 a side challenges on behalf of Young Ahearn to meet any one in his class. Tony Ross, the Italian-American, wants to fight the winner of the Wells-Bell battle for \$5,000 a side. A score of similar challenges are in the air. At least a dozen fight clubs conduct regular meetings here each week, and three of them fight from two to three nights a week. Heaven only knows how many amateur tournaments there are always going on. There isn't a city in England big enough to have a mayor in which fighting is not the weekly billy. To a less extent the same thing is true of Scotland, and to a still less extent of Ireland.

It is perfectly true that the purses are not much, in the minor classes. The average patron of boxing is a poor man. When he throws copper pennies on the platform for the favored scrapper at New Barnet he has done all that can be expected of him—and all that is expected. The amateur fight like wildcats all over town for engraved tin cups and polished medals. Thirty bob—which is about \$7.50—is a fair purse at many of the smaller clubs for the lesser attractions of the night. Even the semi-finals sometimes only pull down \$100. But in the higher orders the purses are really generous.

And—between us—there are lads fighting around New York who could come over here and fight their way through the British product like a darning needle goes through yarn.

BOSTON BRAVES GET DEVORE FOR MARTIN.

BOSTON, July 4.—"Josh" Devore formerly of the New York Giants, will join the Boston Nationals as a result of a trade by which the Philadelphia Nationals, of which he is now a member, will receive John Martin, a third baseman, in exchange, according to an announcement by Manager Stallings of the Boston team last night. Martin played with the Rochester International club last season. President Gaffney of the Boston club, announced last night that the following players have signed contracts for two or more seasons: Evers, Maranville, Schmidt, Cowdy, Gilbert, Rudolph, James and Strand.

By an order in Council the cold-storage act has been amended to provide that the public be given preference in the matter of storage under certain conditions.

DOUBLE-DASH STEAL IS CONNIE'S LATEST

It is Worked With One or None Out With Runners on Second and Third.

Have you heard of Connie Mack's "double-dash steal?"

The baseball season of 1914 may not be productive of the richest financial results ever enjoyed—but much improvement has been made, especially in base running, says a writer in the Chicago Post.

Connie Mack, manager of the Athletics, continues to spring new plays and his world champions are forever attempting something new and startling in the old game.

The Athletics are slowly but surely revolutionizing the sport so far as lightning speed and electrifying plays are concerned, and when he popped his new double-dash squeeze play, with men on second and third, the wise birds shook their heads, muttering "It can't be done."

But Mack seldom starts a play that cannot be perfected. In the new squeeze-the opposition is often thrown off its balance, so suddenly is the speedy trick sprung. With a man on second and another on third and either none or one out, the signal is tipped and the batter taps off a bunt. On the tip of the signal both base runners dash off like wild and for a few seconds the spectators are everybody seems to be running and jumping about.

The man at bat must not slip up on his end of the new squeeze. He must connect for a slow roller, and then—twish—they're off in a bunch. The man on third is speeding for the plate and the pitcher or whoever fields the ball pegs home to catch the man. Sometimes they catch him and again they fail. But, whether or not that man is nipped, there is another runner beating the path directly behind him and that man has his orders. He must slide into the plate on the opposite side from which the catcher is working on his team mate, and seldom does this play fail to score at least one of the runs.

WHERE IS BRUCE ISMAY?

Said to be Hidden in Most Desolate Part of Ireland.

Costello, Galway Bay, Ireland, July 4.—Where is Bruce Ismay? During the two years the director arranged for the tragedy of the Titanic has been missing from the world he knew.

The loneliest road to Ireland runs from Minna to Costello along the shore of Galway Bay. Sheer moor, quite treeless, bleak beyond words, hardly a stone cabin in sight and no path but the straight mail road. More sterile than Donegal, more pitiful than Clare, the strange network of grey land and grey water constitutes the country of far Connecht.

In the heart of this Irish wilderness a solitary lodge shows white against its surrounding patch of green. A locked gate forbids entrance. Here lives Bruce Ismay. Money he has and all that money will buy. But he cannot shake off the memories on his mind. Day after day he must hear the shrieks of drowning men crying down the wind. This is his curse. What he did will be remembered until the Titanic is forgotten.

MURDER IS VERDICT OF CORONER'S JURY.

MONTREAL, July 4.—A verdict of murder was returned yesterday morning by the coroner's jury against a man named Rickard, who was caretaker at the Chateau Tait, mysterious-ly razed to the ground by fire early in January. The recent finding of the body of an unknown man in the ruins of the destroyed chateau renewed interest in the sudden disappearance of Rickard and a companion, who is said to have been with him in the Tait residence at the time of its destruction.

RAY CLEMENTS, OF SAINTS, IS RELEASED BY CRAVEN

Was a Good Pitcher Last Year, But His Showing This Season is a Decidedly Poor One.

ST. THOMAS, July 3.—Ray Clements, who has been a member of the Saints' pitching staff for three seasons, was released after the game in Brantford Thursday. Ray has only won two games this season, and has been a terrible disappointment to the management. He was counted on as one of the St. Thomas club's winning twirlers, and was always looked upon as one of the league's best pitchers.

ST. THOMAS LADY GOLFERS LOSE TO WOODSTOCK. ST. THOMAS, July 3.—The Woodstock Ladies Golf Club defeated the local club in an interesting competition on the links here. The score was: Woodstock 16-12; St. Thomas 12-12. Refreshments were served at the country club house by ladies of the home club. The weather and other incidents made the day a very enjoyable one.

BASEBALL.

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Baltimore	46	22	.678
Chicago	42	24	.636
St. Louis	38	28	.573
Pittsburgh	35	31	.529
Philadelphia	33	33	.500
Cleveland	32	34	.485
Newark	28	38	.424
Brooklyn	26	40	.394
Jersey City	22	44	.333

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
St. Thomas	1	1	.500
Woodstock	1	0	1.000

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Chicago	27	22	.622
New York	26	23	.591
Pittsburgh	25	24	.561
St. Louis	23	26	.519
Cincinnati	22	27	.490
Philadelphia	20	32	.435
Brooklyn	18	34	.395
Boston	16	27	.411

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Brooklyn	1	0	1.000
New York	1	0	1.000
Pittsburgh	1	0	1.000
Cincinnati	1	0	1.000
Philadelphia	1	0	1.000
Brooklyn	1	0	1.000
Boston	1	0	1.000

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Philadelphia	41	31	.568
Detroit	38	28	.573
Washington	35	31	.529
Boston	33	33	.500
St. Louis	32	34	.485
Chicago	28	38	.424
New York	26	40	.394
Cleveland	24	42	.364

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Philadelphia	1	0	1.000
Detroit	1	0	1.000
Washington	1	0	1.000
Boston	1	0	1.000
St. Louis	1	0	1.000
Chicago	1	0	1.000
New York	1	0	1.000
Cleveland	1	0	1.000

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Baltimore	34	22	.608
Chicago	32	24	.571
Indianapolis	28	28	.500
Buffalo	23	31	.431
Brooklyn	22	32	.408
Kansas City	22	24	.479
St. Louis	21	41	.339

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Baltimore	1	0	1.000
Chicago	1	0	1.000
Indianapolis	1	0	1.000
Brooklyn	1	0	1.000
Buffalo	1	0	1.000
St. Louis	1	0	1.000
Kansas City	1	0	1.000
Cleveland	1	0	1.000

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
London	20	20	.500
Ottawa	18	22	.450
Etobicoke	17	23	.426
St. Catharines	16	24	.400
Hamilton	15	25	.375
Peterborough	14	26	.350

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
St. Thomas	1	0	1.000
Woodstock	1	0	1.000
St. Catharines	1	0	1.000
Hamilton	1	0	1.000
Peterborough	1	0	1.000

KILLED IN MOTOR CAR.

ROUEN, France, July 4.—Blinded by a flash of lightning during an electrical storm last night, Dr. Bellen, a prominent physician, lost control of his automobile, which he dashed into a ditch by the roadside, killing him.

VANQUISHED YET VICTORIOUS.

Having the Last Word, Though at the Cost of Personal Disparagement. There is a lawyer with an office in one of the largest buildings downtown who is famous as a man who never loses his temper or allows his words to grow intemperate. The other day when he was very busy a book canvasser entered his private office.

"I should like to show you a very valuable work," she began. "Madam," said the attorney, rising from his chair, "you must excuse me. I am very sorry, but I am engaged."

The agent had heard the same thing before probably, for she kept on getting closer. Though the lawyer never peated his plea of an engagement, she came nearer and nearer and talked and talked.

"Madam," he cried desperately, "I am busy, and if you don't go at once you will force me to be what I have never been before—guilty of rudeness to a woman!"

"That did the business. Like a true woman, she had the last word, even though she knew she was licked. As she retreated toward the door she cried:

"I'll have you know I ain't a woman; I'm a lady!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

INTERNATIONAL IS O. K.

NEW YORK, July 4.—After a four-month session here yesterday the International League club owners completed their special business, which began the day previous.

President Barrow said that none of the business transacted was of public interest and that the organization was perfectly well able to take care of its own interests without having to resort to transferring franchises or any other measures outside of its regular routine.

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In The

A Budget of News For Those Interested in Labor

Let it be Said of Me

By Kate Brownlee Sherwood
Let it be said of me—
Not that my wit was subtle or all;
Not that its thrust was keenest the fall
Of him, my foe, was compass my act;
That I was versed in language or fact;
Not that I had the gift of speed away;
A multitude to think the other way
Not that the world of custom was guide;
Not that in rich possessions was pride.

Let it be said of me—
Not that I strove and ran and the prize.
And blocked the way when sought to rise;
Not that my voice was heard in hurrah
When ancient license posed, as law;
Not that my eyes were blind to sham was set
To dazzle folly into mild regret
Not that my ears were deaf to cry
Beneath the wheels when sped hurried by.

Let it be said of me—
Wherever there was holy cause to serve,
Or hearts that ache, or perils to unnerve;
Wherever there was arduous to do
A path to light, a duty to pursue
Wherever there was child to from wrong,
Or weary soul athirst for love song,
Wherever slaves of time cried free,
My hand was reached—let it be said of me.

Plenty of Leisure

We have hatched the lightning 10,000 industries. We have emble the human voice. We talk soon as we would across a room. We going to tether the sunlight of a mer day and put it upon a treat—Public Ledger.

We cannot say who? But it is certain he is living; maybe a small boy; but he will be putting sunlight to work before many pass. Things are moving in the reaction. We are rigging up all of machinery to make use of powers of nature and release from hard work. It won't be long before it will not require more than two or three hours work a day keep everybody supplied with ing and food. What is going to ten that day is for everybody as efficient as they can be no to employ their leisure for and moral improvement. We make up any time for this consumption by loafing, drinking, and spitting, as the day.—Ohio State Journal.

Cooling Wash

Yes—not in half an hour—ten minutes—but in 5 seconds. Just a few drops of that soothing, cooling wash, the Dr. Prescription, the famous cure for zema, and the itch is gone, burning skin is instantly relieved.

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