

Why Boxers Break Their Hands.

(By EUGENE CORRI (the famous referee) in Pearson's Weekly.)

We have had so many cases of boxers breaking their hands in recent contests that everyone interested in boxing is asking, "What is the cause of it all?" Even the man who knows nothing about boxing is beginning to suspect that there is something wrong somewhere.

Carpenter broke his thumb in his fight with Jack Dempsey. He damaged it to a worse extent in his contest with Battling Siki; so much so that it went back on him in his last fight, his meeting with Marcel Nilles in Paris.

Beckett has also injured his left hand, which went wrong fairly early in his contest with Dick Smith. And it will be remembered, Jack Bloomfield knocked up both hands recently.

Now, of these boxers with broken hands one has been a rather remarkable world's champion and the other two were sound strange when I say that the reason of the prevalence of broken hands is that the present-day boxers do not know how to hit correctly.

The old-timers, who not only fought without bandages but fought terrific fights with bare knuckles under the old Prize Ring Rules, seldom injured their hands. They punched correctly—with the knuckles.

I notice, by the way, that in dismissing this subject in some half-dozen lines, one critic mentioned that the reason the old-timers never broke their hands was because they carefully pickled them in preparation for a fight. So they did. But it needs only a moment's thought to realise the "pickling" could harden only the skin and make it tough. It could not affect the "frame" of the hand.

Faulty hitting is at the bottom of all the trouble to-day. And the reason we have so much faulty hitting is that we have no good instructors.

How many of our boxers have been taught at all, let alone taught properly? They learn their boxing in the ring nowadays and hit wrongly from the start.

What a pity we have not got a few more like old Jim Brock! He was a boxing instructor at Harrow when the famous John Hopley was at school there, and it was Jim Brock who taught this remarkable amateur.

John Hopley was the finest specimen of manhood I think we had the pleasure of beholding. He stood 6ft. 1½ in. and scaled 15st. 8lbs. when fit. He won three blues: cricket, football and boxing, but it was in the last sport branch that he stood supreme. He used to hit so perfectly that he knocked nearly all his opponents out in the first round. It is on record that only one man succeeded in lasting out three rounds with him.

There are still good judges who hold the view that John Hopley would have been any professional heavyweight in the world. He gave up boxing, however, because he knocked a man out for over two hours, and he promised his mother he would not box again.

But he was prevailed upon to don the gloves once again to engage in a bout with Bombardier Wells during the war when he was at Sandhurst. I had previously spoken to Wells in high praise of Hopley, and the Bombardier had said, "I've heard what a wonder he is supposed to be, but how many of the fellows he beat knew how to use a good, straight left properly?"

After the bout at Sandhurst, however, Wells came to me and said, "You were right, Mr. Corri, he must have been a terrific boxer. He nearly knocked my head off."

Wells knows the value of straight hitting and he always hit cleanly with the knuckle part of the glove. He is a fine boxer still and moreover he knows how to impart his knowledge. I hope Wells will, before long, see the urgent need there is of a good instructor for our young boxers, and will decide to open up an academy and teach the art of hitting.

Why Some Girls Lack Lovers.

DOROTHY DIX ON WOMEN WHO FAIL TO ATTRACT.

An old maid says that in all her life she has never had a sweetheart. She wants to know if her experience is unique—if she is the only woman that men have passed by without giving a single look.

No, not by any means. In spite of all the white lies that middle-aged women tell about how much they were admired when they were young, and how suitors knelt in rows at their feet, and what wonderful matches they could have made if they hadn't been set against matrimony, there are thousands upon thousands of women with whom no man has ever walked out except upon compulsion, and who never had the shot of a chance of acquiring a wedding ring.

Nobody knows why one woman can have seven husbands and another

can't get one. It isn't a matter of looks, because in any beauty show the spinsters would get quite as many prizes as the wives.

Just what particular thing it is in women that attracts men is the great psychological problem that the feminine sex spends most of its waking time in trying to solve. But they never find out. However, we can put our fingers on contributory causes.

Sometimes a girl does not have any lovers because she lives in an Adam-less Eden. All over the country there are small towns from which every eligible male has emigrated. Only old

men and schoolboys are left, and the girls are foredoomed to old maidhood unless they imitate the examples of the boys and follow them into the places where hunting is good.

Often a girl does not have lovers because her family scare away all the young men. No youths in these free and easy days are going to hang around a house where the very doorman is frozen, and where parents sit around all the evening listening to the boy and girl chatter.

Mothers and fathers can very easily keep the boys away by sticking around too much themselves. Many

a girl is chaperoned out of a husband as well as a good time. Sometimes a girl never has lovers because she won't take the trouble to make herself agreeable. She adopts a grand and haughty air and expects men to bow before her as if she were a queen.

Another girl may be passed by because she is not anxious for a lover. When there is any chasing to be done men want to be the hound not the hare; the pursuer and not the pursued. The girl who calls men up over the telephone and demands to know why they haven't been to see her will

never succeed in making herself a belle. The woman who is crazy to marry very seldom catches a husband. The over-anxious woman defeats her own ends.

MEN WHO FEEL INFERIOR. The girls who have plenty of suitors are those who make every man feel that he is welcome and appreciated when he comes, but that he'd never be missed if he didn't come.

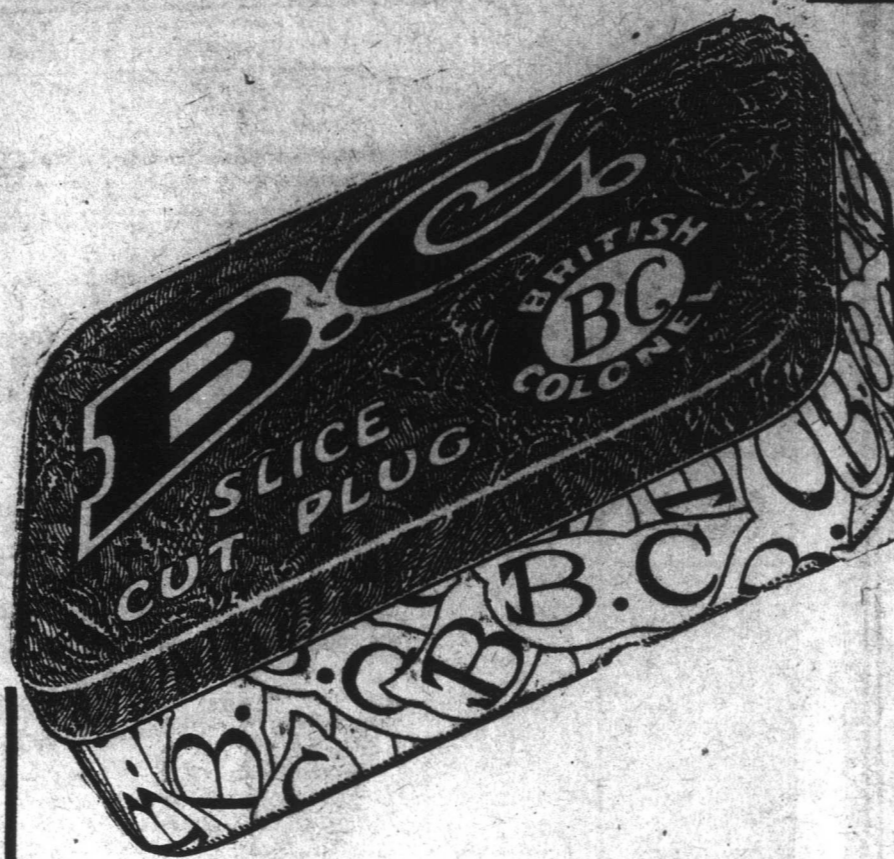
Frequently a girl fails to attract because she is a misfit. Often she is too highly educated and too cultivated for the young men into whose company she is thrown. She makes

them feel inferior and awkward, and so they leave her severely alone.

Like goes to like in youth. The birds of a feather flock together; and the girls who can dance and play a good game of bridge and do what all the others are doing naturally belong to the bunch, while the girls who do not dance and play bridge are left.

These are a few of the many reasons why some girls have lovers and others have none.—Tit Bits.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

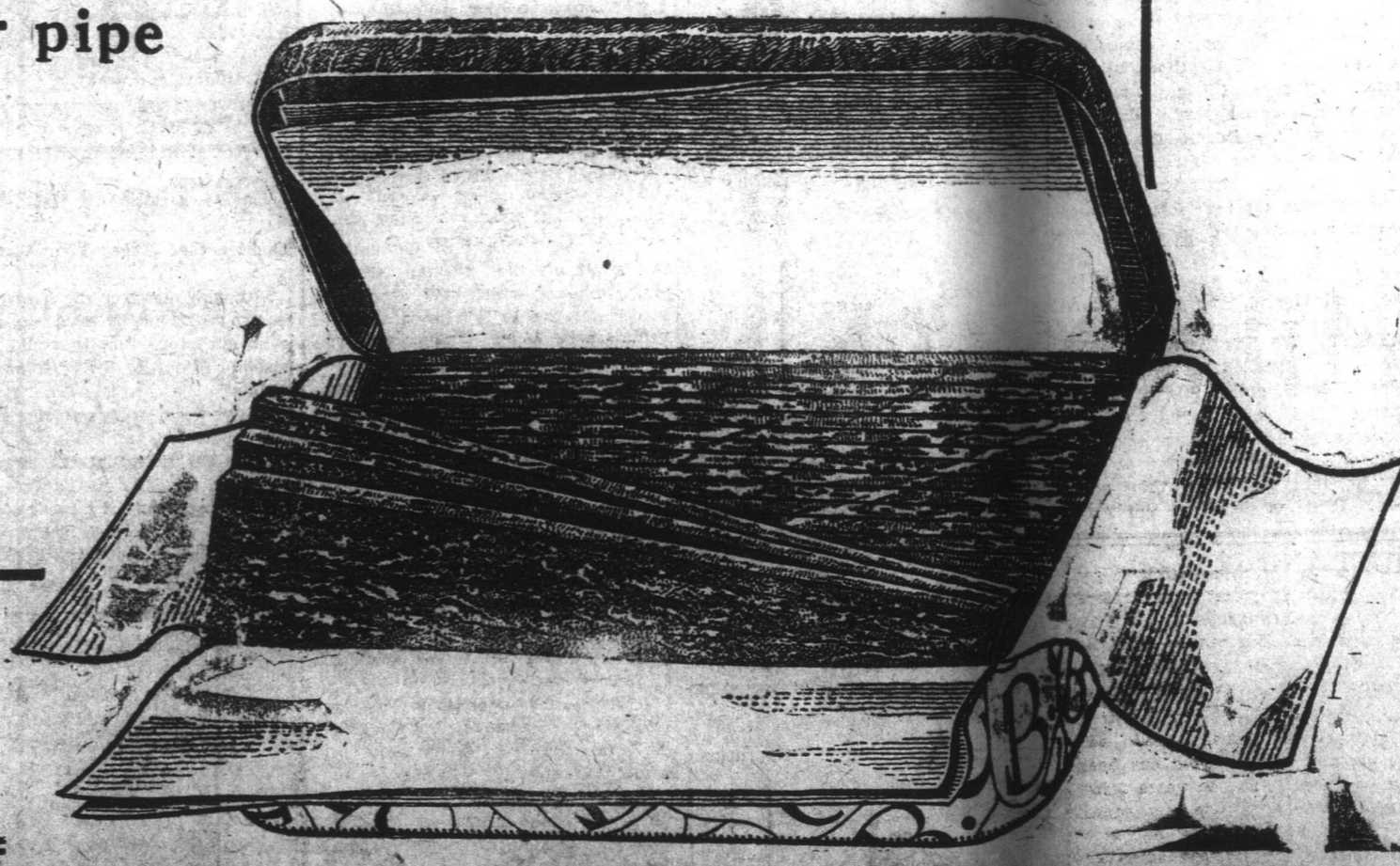


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Life and Looks

Much Truth in Adams' "My Fortune"

In the old nursery rhyme the maid announces that her fortune is good. So far, so good. Beauty, however, is not permanent. In London Answers its readers.

Sometimes life is short. Apart from the father time takes, it has many enemies. Late hours, over-eating, worry, over-exercising, and worry are perhaps the deadly of beauty destroyers. However, can be tackled and ed harmless. Late hours out.

It is quite right that we should enjoy life, but not at the cost of health and lost beauty. It is very true that beauty is deep, we must not neglect the face covering. It is fresh, close, soft water, a good soap like, that keep the skin soft and with the bloom on it. Bad temper soon makes a pretty face unnaturally ugly. It would not lose our beauty, not, however great the pressure, lose our temper. Over-exercising, quite apart from the fact that in the end it leads to derworking, and that there is gained, puts its imprint on the face.

Worry brings the same may have trials and trouble is far better to face them come them, or—if it must be kept them in the same sense has to accept a rainy day, worry over them. Worry is a waste of mental effort. Nothing, retrieves nothing, nothing. But it destroys beauty.

There is something else a great effect on good looks. It takes nearly all the beauty of a face. Present, it doubles, quadruples ordinary prettiness will make an ordinary face even the plainest of faces—The "something else" is expression.

If Providence has denied you can, of your own will, tute expression, and let that "fortune."

We wonder sometimes why make such queer matrimonial es. Pretty Doris is passed preference given to plain Dora but Dora has a pleasant expression and Doris has not. What Doris is expressed in her face, are attracted to her. Take turns one by one, and each perfect. But that nice, pleasant expression transforms every reveals a beautiful character.

Doris, as the years roll, lose her beauty. Dora's beauty through her expression will mold her face to attract. What is the gain in possessing beauty if we ruin it with, a contented expression? What use of beauty with no expression? The moral is surely clear. We are plain of face, put a expression on it, and the plain not so noticeable. If you beauty don't destroy it, but add a beautiful expression. All the virtues inevitably find the expression in our faces. So Doris is obvious: Watch your face. It makes or mars your looks. dian Recorder.

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

THE MORNINGS OF CHILDHOOD
In the days long ago
Youth's delights were ours
And our dreams were fair
And the hills were good to us
We were brave and we were true
Neither pain nor grief nor sorrow
Had left one blot of sorrow
On the register of time.
It was sweet to wake at morn
For the dawn was always new
And the past was left behind
With the night we'd slumbered.

In the days of long ago
We could easily come and go
We could race the fruitless hours
Or go trudging down the hours
We would wander left or right
Light of heart from dawn to night
For we had not met with pain
Had not heard the voice of pain
Then no scorn of censure came
At the ending of our play.
And our little wrongs at night
Were all gently washed away.
Now men look on us as we were
And there's sorrow in our eyes
On our cheeks the lines of care
Have been permanently traced.
Much we've suffered, much we've
learned.
And our souls are seared and
It is not easily erased.
Now the sunny mornings come
As they called us long ago.
But we wake to worry and
And the memory of woe.

To the ribbons of the past
We are tied and tethered fast
To life's cares and griefs and pain
We are slaves forevermore.
Not as children now, but as
Morning calls us back again
To the tasks which life has set
We have looked on pain and
We have worshipped fame and
Has been tainted by the old.

MINARD'S LINIMENT
FOR RHEUMATISM

Household Notes.

Mix cold boiled rice with stiffly whipped, sweetened cream, and chilled, sliced pineapple, well drained. Serve cold.

Hot caramel sauce is delicious served with frozen pears. Chopped roasted almonds are a welcome addition to the sauce.

If the children are old enough to accept the responsibility, allow them turns in arranging flowers for the house.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR CORNS