When the Prince of Wales Cooled Heated Fight Fans

Our Popular Heir Apparent Loves a Good Boxing Bout and Attends Many—Is Always Democratic

WANTS NO FAVORS

With boos and hisses the London prize-fight crowd voiced its ugly temper, roused by the unsatisfactory way things were going. There had been hints—unjust we are told—of a fake in one of the preliminaries, and one of the main fighters had refused for a time to enter the ring. The angry rumblings of the crowd grew more ominous, and the nerves of the promoter tauter and tauter. It was a bad situation under any circumstances and, to make it worse, at the ringside sat a personage. "Come on, Prince. Give us a speech!" yelled some one in the gallery. The cry grew insistent, and the members of the party with the Prince of Wales became acutely uncomfortable. But not so the urbane and democratic Prince, we are told by Harry Preston in the New York Herald Tribune Magazine. The Prince sized up the situation and the temper of the crowd, and dealt with both coolly. He thought for a moment or two, then got up, climbed through the ropes into the ring, and made a little speech which began simply, "I thank you for the kind way you have received me." That settled it. Roars of cheering broke out, and continued unabated for five minutes, while the audience sang enthusiastically, "For he's a jolly good fellow!" This was the Prince's second fight, and it might, considering the disorders which attended it, have been his last, according to Mr. Preston, a celebrated British sportsman, who has taken the Prince to many matches since then. We read further of the time when the Prince cooled the heated fans:

It was at the Royal Albert Hall, early in 1920. Jimmy Wilde, that extraordinary little man with pipestem arms, but a fist like a steel hammer (the greatest boxing freak in ring history, I think), was fighting Pete Herman. Bombardier Wells was also having an argument with the formidable heavyweight, Levinsky.

I had ventured, through the medium of Wing Commander Louis Greig, then controller to the Duke of York, and an old friend of mine, to ask if the Prince would join my party for the fight. Louis had presented me to the Prince on the night of the Beckett-Carpentier fight at the Stadium Club, the previous December, and I hoped His Royal Highness would attend some more contests, and so give boxing some badly needed encouragement.

Mack came the reply that the Prince would not be able to dine with me, but that I was to dine with him at St. James's Palace. I called upon Louis Greig at the palace to explain that this was a little awkward for me, as I had already invited my guests for dinner and the fight. "Bring them all," was the laconic reply I received.

Thus, on the night of the fight, I presented myself and my fourteen guests at the palace. There were E. V. Lucas, the novelist and publisher, I remember; Tom Marlowe, the then editor of The Daily Mail; my brother Dick, Louis Greig and his brother, Arthur ,and some others.

While we drank our cocktails in the beautiful reception-room upstairs, a message came through that we were not to wait. The Prince was coming up from Northampton, where he had been hunting, and would be a little late.

We went down then to the dining-room, sat at the long table, and began. The Prince arrived half-way through the meal, and I shall never forget the impression he made when he came in, finely flushed from exercise and fresh air, with that something in his eye, that intimate regard peculiar to men who care for sport and athletics—a flash that establishes friendly contact immediately over gulfs of rank and blood and differences of calling. He was comparatively without stiffness, affectation, or self-consciousness.

But we had not occupied our ringside seats at the Hall many minutes before trouble began. The arrangements were very bad, and the balcony crowd, unable to see properly because of the banks of lights put up for the cinema and press cameras, began to shout. The Prince saw what was wrong and said it was a shame the people in the cheaper seats should not get as clear a view as the ringside audience. He asked me to send for the manager.

When the latter came, the Prince asked him if something couldn't be done. He didn't like to sit there with a good view, while other people who had paid their money couldn't see. That made the manager get a move on. They got some wires and ropes, and the banks of lights were pulled higher and to one side.

There had been an incident or two over the fight before the big event. Levinsky was fighting Bombardier Wells. Something went wrong with Levinsky's arm. Some folk in the gallery scented a fake, and said so at the top of their voices. Of course, it was a perfectly straight affair, but the gallery was in a bad mood anyway.

To crown everything, Pete Herman was overweight and Jimmy Wilde, who weighed about seven stone, dressed, and was invariably giving away weight, said he wouldn't fight him. He was quite within his rights. But they told him the Prince of Wales was there, and they mustn't disappoint him.

"Well, I'll fight for the Prince," said Jimmy at last, "but for nothing and no one else." And on that he took the ring and put up one of the greatest fights of his life.

The Prince's interest in boxing, as throwing light on his democratic nature, will some day be considered important by historians, Mr. Preston believes; and he adds that the English like their future King all the more because of his interest in the sport. But not only does he like to watch boxing, we are told. The Prince is a very shrewd judge of boxers' form. We read further:

He eyes them in their corners before the fight begins, and is seldom wrong in his estimate of a man's condition and chances. That is because he himself is something of an authority on training. His average life would knock most men out after a week or two, but he emerges from the most prolonged spells of heavy and arduous public duties, work that exhausts mentally and physically, with plenty of energy left for play—and play of a strenuous kind.

The secret of this is largely intelligent exercise and sparse eating. He i salways interested in the technique of getting the most out of the human machine. Indeed, the most vivid memory I have of the Beckett-Carpentier fight, which really put Carpentier on the international boxing map, is not of the fight, which lasted seventy seconds, but of a conversation I had with the Prince about training in youth and middle age.

It was the Prince's debut as a patron of the ring. The scene was the Stadium Club. Carpentier, who had leapt into fame by knocking out the tall Bombardier Billy Wells at Ghent had come to try conclusions with the big Englishman, Joe Beckett. The French boy looked white and drawn beside the burly, well-colored Beckett, and most people agreed with Arnold Bennett, who, before the fight began, told me he thought Carpentier was "a dead man." People were not then aware of the tiger that slept in that pale French boy!

The Prince had come to his first big fight with Louis Greig. This was in December, 1919. The Prince was twenty-four, and just back from his first great post-war tour to Canada and the States. He looked with interest at the crowd—one of the most brilliant and intriguing that ever assembled round a ringside—and up at the movie-camera men, who had their feet in rope loops. Charles Cochran, the promoter, sat beside the Prince, but gave up his seat to me when Louis Greig called me over and presented me. We began to talk of the boxers and their prospects. I had seen both in previous fights and in training.

Mr. Preston then gives us some information regarding the strenuous life that the Prince's position forces upon him, and how he keeps fit for it:

The Prince was exercising very hard then—too hard, I thought. Having indulged in most forms of strenuous exercise in my youth, and having reached the age of seventy without losing my keen zest in life, I feel that I know something about the delicate art of keeping fit. "You ought not to begin to train until you are forty, sir," I told the Prince.

He looked a little astonished at this, but became very interested in my exposition that, unless a man is going in for unusually strenuous athletics, it is a mistake to take too much out of himself while he is young, because he won't be able to keep it up later on, and there will come the time when he has to fight superfluous flesh seriously.

Not that the Prince is ever likely to be worried by adipose tissue. Every ounce of fat on the human body gets there by way of the mouth; and the Prince is a sparing eater. In December last year he joined my party for dinner at the Piccadilly Hotel, with his two equerries, Major the Hon. Piers Legh and the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, late of the Guards. We were all going on to the National Sporting Club.

The Prince had had a strenuous day. He had been hunting—and had arrived back in town just in time to dress quickly and motor from York House to join us. Yet all he had for dinner that night was a spoonful of caviar, a taste of sole, a slice of woodcock, and a glass of champagne.

I remember on another night last year, when the Prince was joining me for a fight at the Royal Albert Hall, he arrived late and slipped into his ringside seat beside me. He explained that he had dashed up to town from his hunting quarters and had stopped only to change and eat a sandwich. His lunch that day had consisted of a sandwich or two and a glass of sherry, between hunts.

Immigration

Ottawa Droit (Ind. Lib.): The millions spent on increasing the Canadian population by means of immigration have been spent in vain. More than that, they have been spent to the detriment of the country itself, since this intense immigration has caused the departure to the United States of a portion of our Canadian population.

BRITAIN'S HIGH COMMISSIONER TO CANADA

Sir William H. Clark, K.C.S.I., C.M.G., who has been appointed Great Britain's first High Commissioner to Canada, commenced his career in the public service as a clerk in the board of trade department of the government in 1899. He was secretary to the special mission to Shanghai to negotiate a commercial treaty with China in 1901; was a private secretary at the board of trade to Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George in 1906, and to Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill in 1908; secretary to Lloyd George as Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1908 till 1910; member for commerce and industry of the Council of the Viceroy of India from 1910 to 1916; comptroller-general of the commercial intelligence department of the board of trade from 1916 till 1917, and comptroller-general of the department of overseas trade since 1917.

Bathing Beauty Contest

Chicago Tribune: As newspaper men we admit that bathing beauty contests are good for the back page and the roto section. But for the purposes of civic betterment they are punk advertisements. . . . We will admit, for the sake of argument, that every beauty who steps into a one-piece suit and what she imagines is the pose of a Parisian mannequin is a home girl, is kind to her mother, loves potted geraniums on the window sill, always goes to bed by 9 o'clock, and is just waiting until true love comes along, regardless of bank accounts. We still contend, nevertheless, that bathing beauty contests are not for art's sake or for love of a Greek ideal of physical perfection. They are, on the contrary, about as close to the ancient slave market, where the bloom of shapely anatomy won young ladies places as dancing girls or as favorite consorts of luxurious caliphs, as anything we have ever developed in this country. We don't think Chicago needs that sort of advertising.

Long Non-Stop Run Makes New Record For British Railway

London.—What is claimed to be the world's record non-stop railway run was made recently by two Royal Scot expresses of the London, Midland & Scottish Railway, one of which made the journey from Euston (London) to Edinburgh, 399¾ miles, and the other the trip from Euston to Glasgow, 401½ miles. This railway claims to have held the previous record in the run from Euston to Carlisle, 299 miles, without halt, also done by the Royal Scot.

No disclosure of the intention to eliminate the stop at Carlisle was made when the two record-breaking trains left Euston at 10 a.m., but officials at Carlisle were informed that the trains would pass through. Both trains arrived seven minutes early. Engines with specially large tenders, holding more coal and allowing of a double crew, have been constructed for these long hauls.

First Spectator—Who called the referee a —— fool? Second Spectator—I dunno. Who called the —— fool a referee?

Marriage—When a girl exchanges the attentions of a dozen men for the inattentions of one.

Touring

Whenever you put your car away for the night in a strange garage, look at the floor under it. The chances are you'll find puddles of oil and water there. If you didn't discover them until the next morning, you might think your engine had been leaking its vital contents.

It's not a bad idea, either, to make a note of your mileage when putting the car to bed away from home. Any one who happens to see you taking down the figures may be discouraged from borrowing it for a joy ride during the night. If the car is taken out, you'll know it when you check up in the morning.

Don't let garage men push your car around by applying their energy to the headlights. Lamps are easily loosened in this way, or bent out of adjustment.

It's better to leave your car parked with the front wheels pointed out than in toward the curb. Parked cars are sometimes bumped by passing vehicles. If the wheels are pointed in, the car may run up on the sidewalk and injure some one. If the wheels are pointed out, the car will roll away from the curb and into the passing vehicle.

When running at high speed it's a good thing to remove the foot from the accelerator from time to time. The throttle is thus closed and oil is sucked up past the pistons. This helps to prevent scoring the cylinders.

Into the car and out to the country club for a round of golf is a popular proceeding these days, but watch out for golf shoes with extra wide soles. The accelerator pedal is rather close to the brake pedal on many cars, and a wide sole will often press it when a driver is reaching for the brake.

YUM YUM

Angry Customer (tossing a package on the counter): "Makes washing a pleasure, does it? Does the washing while you wait, does it? It's the little flakes of soap that——"

Grocer: "Madam, one moment, please. This is not soap."

Angry Customer: "Not soap? Not soap."

"No. Your daughter asked for a half-pound of grated cheese and a half-pound of soap flakes. This is the cheese."

"My stars! And last night I made a pudding."

Texan to Lasso Mexican Lions For Scientists

Brothers Gain Reputation Along Rio for Success in Taking Beasts Alive

Raymondville, Tex.—Hunting Mexican lions, or panthers, as they are called by most Mexicans of the chapparal region of south Texas, is dangerous sport and more especially so when the daring method of capturing the animals alive is attempted.

Bob Snow, of Raymondville, who is widely known for his expertness in roping these denizens of the wilderness, has been selected as professional hunter for the expedition which the Denver Museum soon is to send into Mexico for the purpose of obtaining as many specimens as possible of panthers and other wild animals peculiar to that country. A. C. Rogers, curator of the museum and a representative of the Smithsonian Institution, also will accompany the party.

But for the fact that a variety of animals besides the panther are to be sought by the expedition, the hunting would be done in the vicinity of Raymondville, which is notorious for being the habitat of more panthers than any other part of the lower Rio Grande border.

MEXICAN ROPERS TO ASSIST

Snow will take with him two or three Mexicans who are well trained in the use of the lasso. It is dangerous business for one person to attempt to handle a panther by means of a rope, Snow said. On his trips into the wilds he usually is accompanied by his brother, Sheriff Luther D. Snow, of Willacy County, who is likewise widely known for his success in trailing and capturing alive the ferocious beasts.

Occasionally the Snow brothers serve as guides for sportsmen, who visit this region in search of excitement. Only recently they accompanied R. Bona Ridgeway and John Coffee into the heart of the panther country. They took with them a pack of eight hounds and a fox terrier. It was an exciting experience from start to finish and as results of the chase they brought back to Raymondville two live panthers. The first panther was brought to bay in a tree after a long chase.

NARROW ESCAPE RELATED

"When we came to the spot the animal was standing on a limb about twenty feet from the ground," Ridgeway said in describing the incident. "Luther Snow climbed up a prong of the tree something like ten feet above the ground, and with part of the fifty-foot rope, which he had fixed with a loop and knot so that it would not choke the lion when tightened about the animal's neck, he began his efforts to rope it.

"He was in an awkward position and missed his first throw. The lion was not used to such procedure and turned its fury from the dogs toward this new attack. We on the ground held our breath in suspense in a tense moment when the cat growled and crouched as if to spring on Luther. Luther said: 'Look out, boys! If she umps I'll fall out backward.' We were much relieved when the lion seemed to abandon the idea. On the next three throws the lion caught the rope its mouth and held it a while and then released it. Finally the rope went around its neck and was tightened.

"The dog-holders could not see the lion when she hit the ground because of the dense brush, but we knew, from the earnest yells of the Snow brothers, just what had happened. The noose had slipped off and the lion was free.

HOUNDS RECAPTURE LION

"The brave little fox terrier did its best to catch that bounding lion, but it was soon outdistanced. The tied hounds understood instinctively that they were needed, and all tried to go at once. Their voices were working, too. It was an exciting moment. We could not untie those dogs without help, for fear of their getting away all yoked up. When freed, however, the dogs scattered in every direction and in twenty minutes had the lion up another tree.

"The knot in the rope was adjusted and both ropes were thrown around the lion's neck. When she jumped out she was held at a safe distance until thrown on her back, the natural position they take for fighting dogs. When she ceased the struggle, Bob tied her hind feet together with strands from a piece of rope. It was more difficult to tie her front feet; she came near catching him two or three times in her powerful jaws. He threw his tough duck hunting jacket over her head. The frightened and enraged beast bit this full of holes. With this blind on her, he finally got her front feet tied.

LARGE FEMALE TWICE TREED

"We had almost reached the edge of the thicket when the dogs hit another hot trail and treed, some distance back in the thicket. The two trailmakers rushed to the scene as fast as possible, to find a still larger female lion at bay in a mesquite tree. She jumped out as soon as we came up, but was soon treed again. Luther yelled for the ropes, having decided to make a full day of it by capturing the second lion.

"The four of us tried to drive this second lion nearer to the edge of the thicket. She measured about seven and a half feet from tip to tip, and we were tired of packing lions and cutting trails by this time, anyway. There was some danger in this as she was liable to come our way despite our yelling and usually there was not room to pass in the narrow underbrush trails and small open spots. One time she came pretty close to the ax bearer—that caused just a slight chill.

HUNTER FLEES INTO BRAMBLE

"The last time we jumped the lion out of a tree she came bounding straight toward Coffee's little open space, the dogs hot on her heels. He did not hesitate for a moment, but with a mighty yell plunged head first his full six feet into a mass of thorn bushes. The lion missed him about four feet. Coffee was a sorry sight when he emerged from his thorn bed.

"By this time Luther Snow was near the beast's head with a rope, and Bob, with another rope, was working to get to her rear, They scolded and beat the dogs away, and as the lion turned to get up Luther roped her around the neck the first throw."

FOREGOES HIS PLAYS

Eden Philipotts, celebrated English author, has announced that he has never seen one of his own plays.

Rheims to Celebrate

City Will Observe Completion of Reconstruction on June 9

On June 9, 1918, General Gouraud, in command of the Rheims sector, definitely turned back the German offensive against it, and on June 9, 1928, the city will celebrate the completion of its reconstruction by an international exhibition of the "Meilleures Marques." The inauguration ceremony will be attended by the Minister of Commerce and the Ambassadors and Ministers of the principal foreign powers. Later, at a day not yet set, the President of the republic will dedicate the reconstructed Hotel de Ville, or city hall, and the library, the latter the gift of the late Andrew Carnegie.

Of the 8,625 dwellings and shops completely destroyed and over 5,000 damaged, more than 10,000 have been rebuilt. The factories and workshops have completely resumed work, and the exhibition is expected to reveal the remarkable revival of the industries which were ruined from 1914 to 1918.

Aside from the religious fetes of thankfulness and rejoicing, tributes will be paid to the soldiers killed in Champagne on an "Alsace and Lorraine Day," with which the Bishops of Strasbourg and Metz will be associated. Hector Berlioz's "Te Deum" will be sung by a choir of 300 voices, conducted by Gustave Charpentier, and the same composer's "Requiem" will be given in the reconstructed cathedral on the same day.

Had a Profession.

"He has a profession, eh?"

"Sure—you couldn't get him to work."

In a year's time the average human takes approximately one and one-half pounds of aluminum into the body from natural foods. The mineral, however, does not accumulate in the body.

When Major Fitzmaurice, the Irish member of the "Bremen's" crew arrived at Seven Islands from Greenley Island, he and "Duke" Schiller, pilot of the relief plane, were met by Mr. L. A. Genest, Lower Quebec representative of Christie, Brown & Co. Limited, and Mr. Stewart of the Clarke Trading Company, who tendered them refreshments in the shape of hot coffee and Christie's Biscuits which were, naturally, much appreciated. The above picture shows the aeroplane which carried the first shipment of Christie's Biscuits by Canadian air freight from Toronto to Windsor.