



## BOXING AS AN EXERCISE. MAKES OLD MEN YOUNG.

### AN AMATEUR'S EXPERIENCE.

Journalists who give frequent attention to boxing, as well as ordinary every-day ardent followers of the game who read its history, are aware that the longevity of the pugilist compares favourably with that of any other athlete. Particularly does the champion who takes reasonable care of himself see a ripe old age. An average of 14 lives of English champion heavy-weights reaches close to 63 years. Jack Broughton was 85 when he died, Jem Ward some years older, John Gully 80, Mendoza, John Jackson, Tom Belcher more or less on the road towards becoming octogenarians, Bendigo 69, Cribb 67, Perry 61, Tom Johnson (Jackling) 47, Caunt 46, Tom Spring 56, Tom Sayers 38, and Jem Belcher 30. A reference to pugilistia will fully show that in each of the last five cases of early death extraneous causes account for the comparative shortening of life. The following article, taken from the "New York World" magazine, supplies further and interesting testimony regarding what the exercise of boxing does for man. It is more than interesting, it is instructive otherwise as indicating how and what exercise should be taken, also the proper foods for men of mature years to eat:—

Would you remain active until 50? Do you wish to be strong of heart, clear of eye, steady of hand until middle age has passed? A lithe, alert individual, springy of step, quick of movement, at a time of life when most men are flat-footed, dull-eyed, and with shapes resembling turnips?

Then take up boxing.

Not professional boxing, merely amateur boxing. There is no need for you to emulate a Hercules, or run 10 miles before breakfast, or knock out Jack Johnson. You may still frequent the society of gentle beings (if you have a mind to), and you may yourself remain as gentle as a lamb (if such be your nature).

Recently a lean, fit-looking man climbed through the ropes of the ring at the National Turnverein in Newark. He was a competitor for the amateur boxing championship in the 145lb. class. His hair was iron grey and rather thin; and at the top of his head a patch of bald scalp looked out. His face was lean, his mouth thin and firm, his features very regular, his eyes deep-set and brown. He was the sort of man one would take a second look at.

The spectators were rather surprised.

"Who is he?" asked one.

"Why, he must be Daniel Hutchinson," replied another, consulting his programme.

"But, great Scott! he doesn't expect to compete with these young fellows, does he?"

"Evidently he does or he would not be in there. How he'll make out I don't know; certainly his age is against him. But did you ever see a cleaner looking or more active man?"

It was Daniel Hutchinson, and he was over forty. Yet he disposed of his opponents with ease. One after the other, lean and lithe, clumsy and heavy-muscled, the "scientist" and the man with the "kick," they all went down before him. Youngsters with all the ginger of youth, set young fellows of twenty-six or twenty-seven, with the cyclonic speed and all the stamina of youth, were put out of the way in due order. And Hutchinson nearly double the age of any of them!

It seemed little short of marvellous that a man of his years could defeat well-trained youngsters—a man at the age when most of us walk a few blocks for exercise, and hesitate to run after a car for fear of our hearts. But he did it.

Mr. Hutchinson does not regard his feat as anything remarkable. Most men of his age could do it, he believes, if they would but try. Not be as good a boxer, perhaps, but just as active. There is no need for a normal man between forty and fifty to grow fat. Rational exercise, and boxing especially, will keep him fit.

Hutchinson does not train, in the

accepted sense of the word. He keeps fit by living outdoors. During the summer months he lives at the top of the Palisades, and every day descends to the Hudson River. He gets into a little canoe and paddles for miles and miles. The more pleasure he gets out of exercise, he thinks, the better it is for body and mind. And the more slowly any exercise takes off weight the better that exercise is. Soccer, football, and handball are the best reducers; for, though they take weight off gradually, there is little likelihood of their allowing a man to get stale. Stringent exercise, such as roadwork,

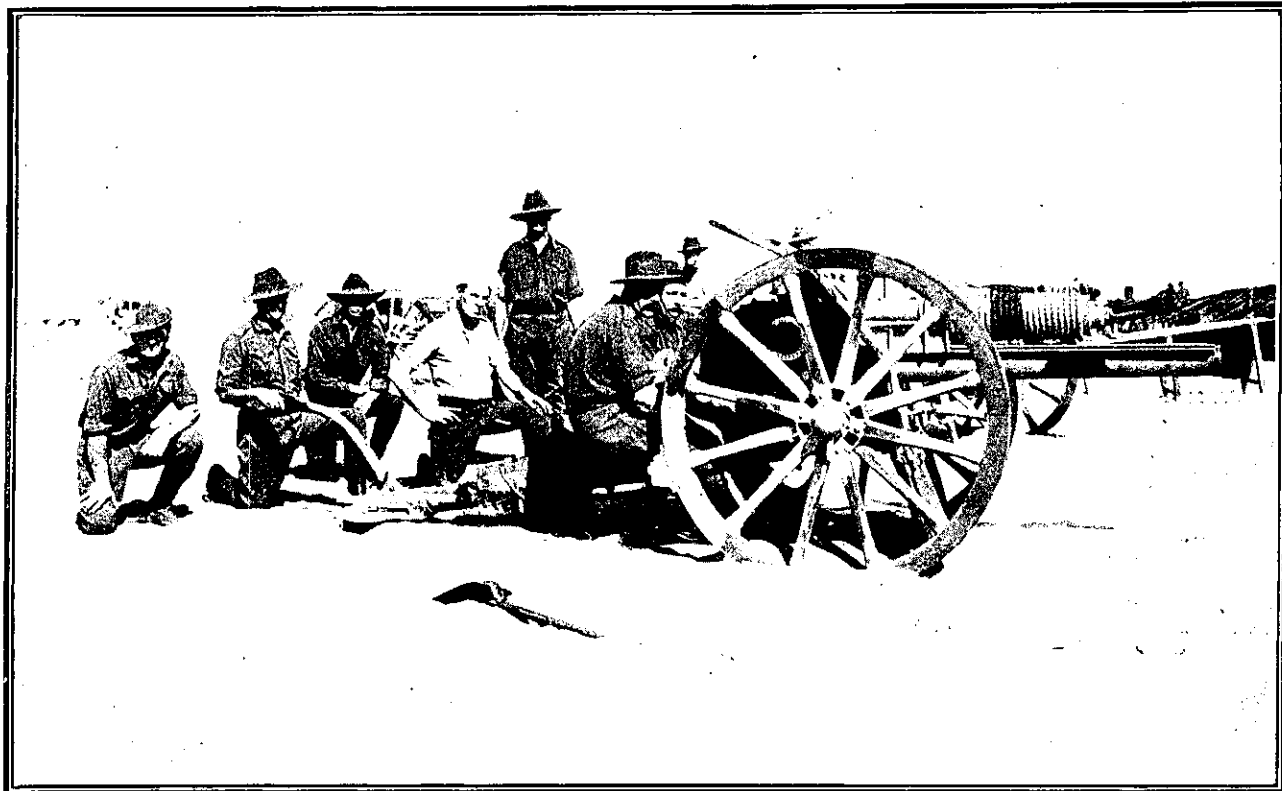
of course, he does gymnasium work. But his great hobby is out-of-doors.

Hutchinson is a great believer in the "kick." Science is an excellent thing and a necessary thing, but the kick, or the punch, is what does the work. The best way to develop the punch is by the use of the sand-bag.

Get a bag of close weave and fill it with sand and sawdust until it weighs from 50 to 100lb. Then suspend it by a rope from the ceiling. Have the middle of the bag even with the pit of the stomach. Then stand back from it at a sufficient distance to get

and he finds that they pay too much attention to head blows. He has seen two of them boxing, who continually played for the head. Both their guards were high, and the solar plexus of each was actually smiling at the other, yet neither boy took advantage of the opening.

Another mistake young fellows make is judging an opponent by his looks. A fellow muscled like a weight-lifter will climb into the ring, and his opponent immediately thinks he packs a terrific wallop. He keeps away from him, therefore, and as a result finds himself outpointed. In reality



AUSTRALIAN ARTILLERY, PHOTOGRAPHED IN EGYPT, A FEW DAYS PRIOR TO PROCEEDING TO THE DARDANELLES—GUN, WHEELS, AND ALL PAINTED RED, YELLOW AND BLUE FOR BETTER CONCEALMENT IN THE DARDANELLES.

drying out, etc., will often reduce a man's weight below what it should be, and, instead of putting him on edge, weakens him.

Hutchinson goes to bed early and gets up early. He eats sparingly of starchy foods and smokes not at all. He knows exactly what he should weigh to fight at his best, and never attempts to take off weight in a hurry. His work is sedentary, and when he feels himself getting out of trim he measures his calf and his waist.

"I am a little off colour," says he.

And away he goes to the Palisades again until he is fit. During the win-

all your speed and strength into the blow. Hit the bag with either hand and with all the strength and weight and snap that you have in you. At the moment of impact be sure that your fingers are closed tightly over the palm, and the thumb over the fingers.

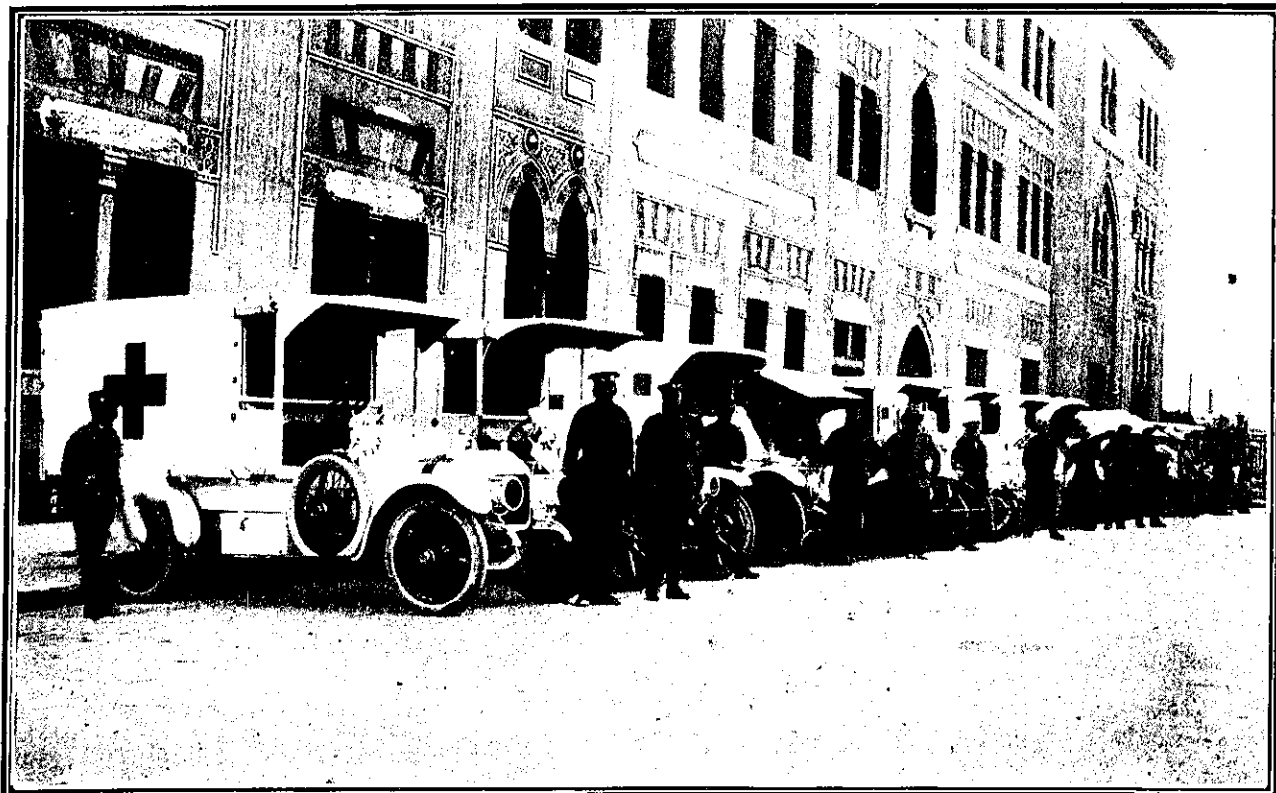
Then step in closer and strike the bag with your elbows bent. When hitting, however, see that your fist is true with your forearm, or you may get a sprained wrist. This is good cultivation for body blows.

Mr. Hutchinson boxes with the young fellows in his home in Yonkers,

the heavy-muscled man could not hit at all. At other times a long muscled man gives one the impression that he is weak, and his opponent, without feeling him out, goes after him. When he wakes up he realizes that he has been fooled.

And, now, a word about training. Beef and mutton are the best meats to train on. Use butter, sweets and starchy foods sparingly. Acid fruits, such as grapes and oranges, are better than liquids for those who put on weight quickly.

Do not go in for tremendous strength of the arms and shoulders.



AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND MOTOR AMBULANCES WAITING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN FROM ALEXANDRIA WITH WOUNDED SOLDIERS FROM THE DARDANELLES.