

form the one aspect of the exhibition that can be contemplated with satisfaction. For the rest, the evidence now coming to hand shows that Jeffries must have gone into the ring knowing for certain that he had not a possible chance of success. Right up to the last moment the world was told that 'Jeff.' could 'come back'—had in fact 'come back.' Then on the very eve of the contest it leaked out that there was fat on the lungs, and fat over the heart, and fat around the kidneys that could not be removed. This is the explanation of Jeffries's statement that as soon as the first round began he knew he was a beaten man. As a matter of fact he must have known it long before.

For submitting himself to be a chopping-block for the negro, Jeffries—who, by the way, is the son of a clergyman—receives at least £20,000, and unless the pictures prove a frost, he is to receive a further £25,000 as his share of the proceeds of the cinematograph shows. Unless he is different from most of his class the money is not likely to do him much good. The vast sums that have been made by some of the champion prize-fighters have usually been quickly squandered; and the fast living which is such a common accompaniment of the prize-fighter's career has killed off more than one of the front-rankers. It is little more than a year ago, if we remember rightly, that a young man, said to have been far and away the cleverest boxer Australia ever produced, died in Melbourne as the result of excess—a physical and moral wreck. According to an American authority the recent untimely death of Willus Britt, Stanley Ketchell's young manager—who fought Corbett and 'Battling' Nelson—was partly due to sudden wealth easily acquired. Britt, always a soldier of fortune, took Ketchell to the Eastern States early last year, and arranged two contests with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, which netted about £6250. Of this amount the reckless young manager received nearly a third, and with it he proceeded to go the pace. Nothing was too good for him. Wine suppers, automobiles, fine clothes, and other luxuries soon reduced his bank roll, and when Ketchell failed to knock Papke out inside of twenty rounds Britt lost £625 in wagers—all that was left. He borrowed more money and bet every dollar of it on Ketchell to beat Jack Johnson at Colmar. When the big negro won by a knockout Britt was penniless, his vision of a great fortune was gone, and his heart was broken. It was the old story. Squandered wealth earned in pugilism had sown the seeds of early death.

There is probably no class of persons supported by the public who live in such reckless luxury as star pugilists and their close associates. A great fighter may reign only for a few years at the head of his class, but during that period he is generally what the Americans call 'a high roller,' and goes the pace. John L. Sullivan, for example,—who figured in the recent contest as the first man to congratulate the negro—is said to have been one of the most luxurious champions that ever appeared inside the ropes. He lived literally like a prince. He ate and drank like a modern Falstaff, and has been known in his palmy days to dispose of a quart of whiskey at a sitting. The result was that from a rawboned, muscular young giant he became a ponderous elephant, prematurely old, weighing more than 235 pounds. His kidneys and liver became diseased and his physician ordered him to cut out liquor entirely or die. For very good reasons Sullivan didn't want to die, so he swore off and hasn't touched a drop since. It is estimated that he ran through a quarter of a million of money before he settled down and began to save. With a few honorable exceptions, such as Tommy Burns and one or two others—exceptions which, in this case, really prove the rule—present-day fighters all show a disposition to 'gang the same gait.' Jeffries, Johnson, Ketchell, and Nelson, who like to have the best, own automobiles and use them incessantly. They all know how to live well, and when out of training none of them keep down expenses. Johnson in particular scatters his coin like a nabob, and spends it absolutely as fast as he gets it. According to report, Ketchell, who acted as timekeeper in the Johnson-Jeffries contest, has gone through practically all his ring earnings, and will either have to pawn his motor or borrow, in order to raise the wind. For decent, clean-living young fellows the obvious moral is that, even from the point of view of mere money-getting, the prize-ring—in spite of the big stakes and the dazzling prospects—is a very good place to keep away from.

Archbishop Carr Scores

His Grace Archbishop Carr has just exposed and repulsed a particularly mean and underhand attack on a Melbourne Catholic Orphanage School—an attack which if left unanswered and unresisted would have done im-

mense injury to Catholic educational institutions not only in the city, but throughout the State. The history of the calumny, and of its refutation, were detailed by the Archbishop at the 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday, June 19, and we summarise the facts from the full reports appearing in our Melbourne contemporaries, the *Advocate* and the *Tribune*. The attack began by the appearance in the Melbourne *Age* of a statement to the effect that in one of the Catholic convent schools two children who had been educated for eighteen months, on subsequently going to a State school, were found to be so backward that one had to be placed in the infant class and the other, aged eleven years, was so ignorant that she could not distinguish one letter of the alphabet from another. The school was described simply as a convent school. This was followed the next day by a long paragraph in the same paper, headed 'The Education Bill,' with a sub-heading 'State Examination of Private Schools.' In the course of the paragraph the statement of the previous day, regarding the two girls, was repeated, and it was added that the case raised the question as to what the State was doing in order to see that all children received a proper education, and then it was further added that the Minister of Education had stated that the question of examining all schools, private as well as public, was under consideration in connection with the drafting of the new Education Bill. The object of these insidious paragraphs was apparently not only to calumniate the Catholic school, but to jockey the Minister of Education into establishing State inspection of all private educational institutions.

At once—on the very day on which the charge was repeated against the school—the Archbishop asked for an immediate examination, and on the following day an inspection was made. It was made by a State school inspector—the assistant head State school inspector—and the report which he sent in to the department was a triumphant refutation of every charge brought against the school. For the staffing, organisation, and the work of the school generally, the inspector had nothing but words of approval and praise. 'The organisation generally is that obtaining in a successful State school. During inspection the business of the school proceeded with quiet industry. The teaching was purposeful. It conformed to approved methods. From the quality of the pupils' responses during the current lessons, and the lessons given at my request, and from an inspection of the recorded work in the children's books, I am of opinion that the progress being made by the school is substantial.' And much more to the same effect, without one word of fault-finding or criticism.

Regarding the special case of the two children referred to in the press paragraph, the inspector's inquiry elicited the following facts:—(1) That instead of two children attending the convent school, only one of the children attended, so that at once 50 per cent. of the charge failed. (2) The convent school referred to was not an ordinary convent school, but was the orphanage school of South Melbourne; and an orphanage school—with poor orphans coming at various ages and in various stages of education—is obviously on a different footing from an ordinary school. (3) The child referred to was nine years and five months old when she entered, and she never attended school before. She was, moreover, what the teacher delicately called a girl of low mentality. (4) Nevertheless, with all those obstacles, it was found that she not only knew the letters of the alphabet, but was able to read and write short sentences when she left the orphanage school. This was proved not merely by the teachers at the school, but also by the headmaster of the State school at St. Kilda, to which she went after being away from the orphanage for six months. He testified that the girl was of low intelligence, but that she showed an acquaintance with the elements of reading, writing, and the rudiments of arithmetic. (5) The girl's name was not Brophy, as stated, but Churchill; and she was not a Catholic child, neither was her parent a Catholic. She was registered as a Protestant, and it was a remarkable thing, as his Grace pointed out, 'that the only institutions that had done anything for her was a Catholic school and the Catholic Church, and the only reward received for that consideration was abuse and an insinuation regarding the inefficiency of their schools.'

Thus on every point these malicious charges, when investigated by competent and impartial authority, broke completely down. Thanks to the wise and prompt action taken by Archbishop Carr, not only has the particular calumny been refuted, but the all-round efficiency of the institution attacked has been so thoroughly and conspicuously established that the public cannot fail to be more than ever impressed with the splendid work that is being done. And just as all other Catholic schools would have been implicated in the discredit and injury which would have re-

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