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BATTLING NELSON
Lightweight Champion of the World

LIFE, BATTLES AND
CAREER

OF

Battling Nelson

Lightweight Champion
of the World

By
HIMSELF

ILLUSTRATED BY TAD AND EDGREN

HEGEWISCH, ILL.

1908



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BATTLING NELSON

INTRODUCTORY

**RICHEST PUGILIST IN THE WORLD TELLS HOW HIS PROWESS
IN THE RING HAS BROUGHT HIM WEALTH—PROUD OF HIS
RECORD OF 100 PER CENT AT ALGEBRA IN SCHOOL—
SHREWD INVESTMENTS OF HIS EARNINGS—BORN
ON DANISH INDEPENDENCE DAY AND BEAT GANS
ON THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—HERE'S A SCRAP-
PER WHO SEEMS TO BE A PRETTY
LEVEL-HEADED BUSINESS MAN**

Oscar Battling Matthew Nelson, lightweight champion of the world and richest of all living pugilists, is the one "New Giant" who has accomplished his life ambition. The left half-scissors hook on the liver that blasted Joe Gans' ring career and ended the Old Master's reign as monarch of the lightweights made Nelson the happiest man in America.

Nelson is a unique champion. He is a fighter, pure and simple. There is nothing of the fancy boxer about his style. His ruggedness and apparent disregard for his opponent's blows have finally conquered all of the other claimants to the title which he now holds. He has never been knocked out, and from his past record it appears that he never will be. Terry McGovern, Young Corbett, Jimmy Britt, Aurelia Herrera and finally Joe Gans have all struck Nelson flush on the point of the jaw and in the solar plexus—or rather where the solar plexus ought to be—only to have Nelson shake the punches off, come back and win. Several of these men have sent Nelson crashing to the floor with sufficient force to break his bones, but the Battler has always risen before the fatal ten had been counted over him.

Terry McGovern jammed his sturdy fist against Nelson's jaw time and again with all his strength and weight behind it—and Terry could hit—but the blows never feazed the Dane, and he

kept coming without appearing to have even felt the jarring punches.

Nelson is the fourth real lightweight champion since the peerless Jack McAuliffe retired with the title. The Durable One says he is worth a quarter of a million dollars, and does not care if he ever sees a glove again. He has always fought on the level, and says he would rather fight than eat. Withal he is intelligent and possesses more schooling than the average prize ring champion. He boasts of his record as a mathematician.

He began at the bottom of the pugilistic ladder and gradually worked his way up till he reached the pinnacle of success in the ring.

Bat has also written a special story—My Ring Experiences With the Negro Population.

In addition to Battling Nelson's own stories of his life, he has written a Synopsis of the two foremost cartoonists in the world—T. A. Dorgan known as TAD, Sporting Cartoonist of the *New York Evening Journal*, and Robert Edgren, known as Bob Edgren, Sporting Editor and Cartoonist of the *New York Evening World*.

There are also a few stories of the Battler's career that tell of the thrilling times he has had during his climb to the championship. They are reproduced in this book, word for word, as they were written by the authors.

The stories that appear are:

By John R. Robinson: Dr. Dudley A. Sergent's Examination—Nelson A Human Being.

By Bat: Synopsis of the Lightweight Champion.

By W. J. (Spike) Slattery: Fighting Dane Thrives on Punishment and Wears Down His Rival.

By John Wallace Crawford: Why Battling Nelson Fights.

By Jack London: Brain Beaten By Brute Force, or Nelson, "the Abysmal Brute," Beat Britt, the Intelligent Creature.

By Miss Etta Foster: How a Woman Views a Fight and Fighters.

By Ashton Stevens: Tragedy Is Mirrored in Face of Britt's Father.

By Fred Eldridge: The Battler's Training Camp at Essington on the Delaware; Preparing for McGovern Fight.

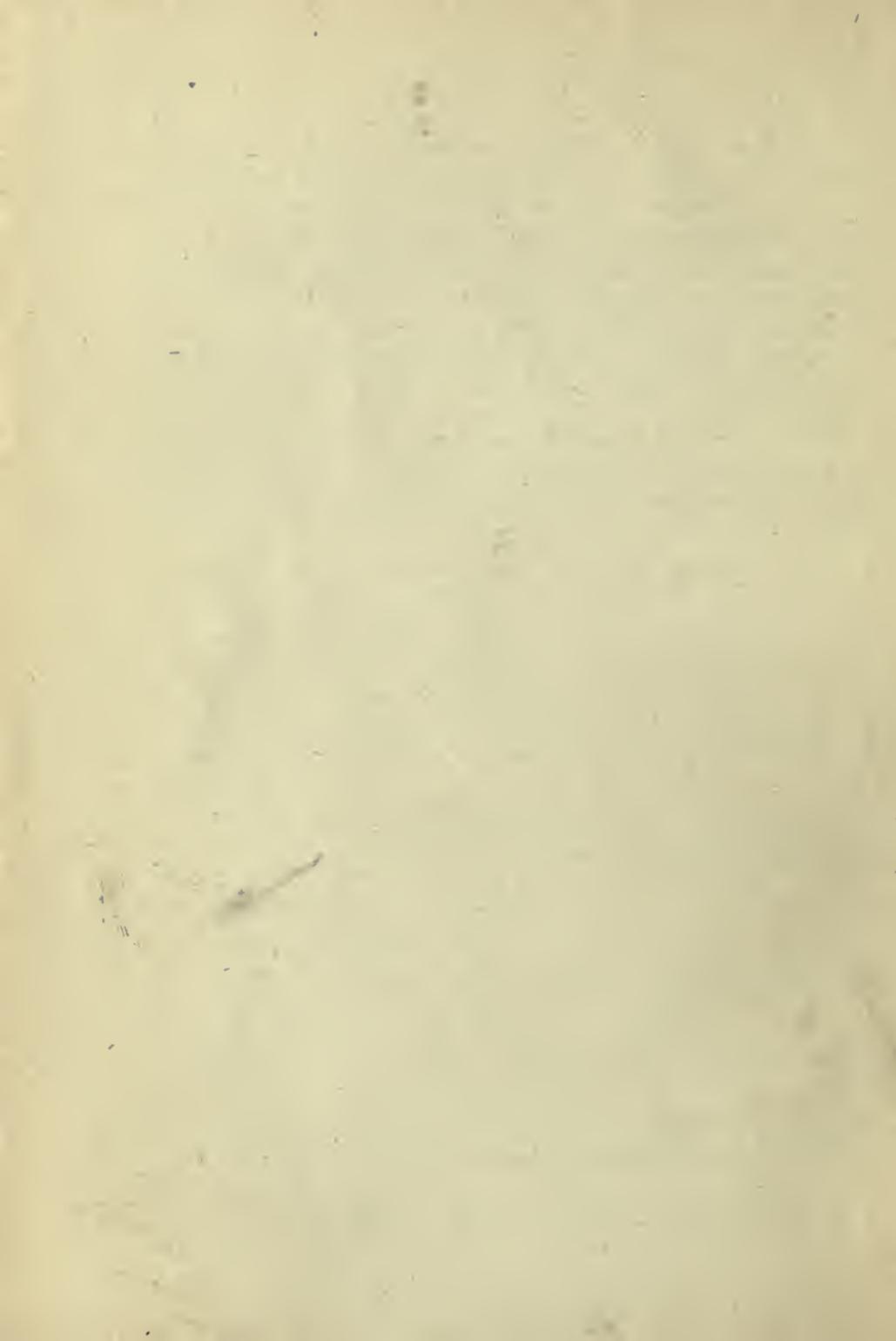
By English Jack: The Battler at Los Angeles Assisting the Destitute of San Francisco's Calamity—The Earthquake Shock Came 5:18 A.M., April 18, 1906.

By R. H. Guelich: That Little Battling, Fighting Dane.

By Chicago Examiner: Nelson in a Class by Himself, Says Joe Gans.

By R. A. Smyth: Youth, Perpetual Motion and the Durability of Concrete Wall, a Winning Combination.

By D. D. Crowley, M.D.: Nelson's Heart Is Like Man of Iron.



The Nelson Family, One of the Oldest and Most Blue-Blooded in His- toric Old Denmark.

THE CHAMPION COMES OF THAT GRAND OLD
DANISH FIGHTING STOCK.

BY **BATTLING NELSON,**
Lightweight Champion of the World.



BAT.

My full name is Oscar Battling Matthew Nelson. I was born on June 5, 1882 in Copenhagen, Denmark, the day on which we Danes celebrate the winning of Independence. Though born on foreign soil I herewith proclaim myself an American in every sense of the word.

When scarcely one year old my parents and their small family emigrated to this glorious land of the free, and the home of the brave. This was in 1883. Father and Mother had relatives in the West, and therefore we did not tarry long in New York. We landed in Oshkosh, Wis., that fall, and settled down on a neat little truck farm which father had purchased. We remained there one year after which we moved to Dalton, Ill., a place not far from Chicago

proper. The following Spring we moved to our present home Hegewisch, Ill. Therefore the Nelsons have been residing in Hegewisch for 23 years or more.

THE BATTLER GOES TO HEGEWISCH SCHOOL.

I was sent to the Henry Clay school when six years old, and continued to master English until I was 13. Hegewisch is located within a short distance of Wolf Lake and Lake Michigan, one of the largest bodies of fresh water in the world. The chief industries of this thriving little town in those days were truck gardening, Ice cutting, and meat packing. The lakes in the vicinity each winter gave up tons upon tons of beautiful clear ice which was shipped to all parts of the country. The winter seasons found nearly every able bodied man, youths, and mere kids like myself employed cutting, storing and packing the big cold cakes for the Chicago market. Boys were employed to drive the horses used for hauling the ice. I showed an early aptitude for the



business, and secured a steady position with John Daline, the ICE MAN of Hegewisch. My first week's work netted me 90 cents, or 15 cents per day.

I remained in Daline's employ all Winter, and as I had been attentive to business and worked hard Mr. Daline appealed to my father to allow me to continue in his employ. I wanted to go back to work in preference to going back to school.

I forged ahead gradually, and before I quit Daline to enter the employ of the G. H. Hammond Co., I was drawing one dollar a day. I picked up the fine points of the business rapidly and from driver was promoted to cutter, timekeeper, and finally assistant foreman. During this time I was going to night school.

It was this early taste of heavy, hard outdoor work which served to build up and make a strong, sturdy "kid" of me. Though not very tall I was stockily built for a youngster, and when I quit the Hammond Company I was really doing a man's work.

HE FIGHTS CIRCUS CHAMPION.

I was in the employ of this company when I made my first public appearance as a boxer, or prizefighter, at Wallace's Circus, in Hammond, Ind., on Sept. 3, 1896. Hammond is only a few miles from Hegewisch.

At the time I was working as a meatcutter. On account of the warm weather we were working only three or four days a week and, of course, being such a kid, I was anxious to see the circus when it arrived in town. I applied there and asked for the job of carrying a banner in the parade, or carrying water to the elephants.

The manager lined us up in the parade and after its conclusion we kids were put to work carrying water to the elephants, for which work we were handed passes for the show. I had gained quite a reputation about Hammond and Hegewisch as a shifty, hard-hitting sort of a kid and naturally my ability as a boxer was greatly

admired by all the youngsters in our vicinity, most of whom worked in the factories thereabouts.

We learned that Wallace had a world renowned prize fighter traveling with the big show who was meeting all comers. The strangest part of the affair was the fact that no one seemed to know just who he was or where he had won his reputation as a "man eater." Wallace positively refused to divulge his identity.

COMRADE MAKES BOLD CHALLENGE.

We hove in front of the main entrance of the show long before the affair had opened, and one of my comrades, who possessed an unusual amount of nerve, boldly stepped into the manager's tent and said: "Say, boss, we've gotta feller here wid us named Bat Nelson wot's willin' to meet dat champ of yourn to-night. What would you give if our champ knocks de block off your great slugging unknown "

The old manager, used to such incidents as this, laughed heartily and said: "Well, if your pal stands up the full three rounds necessary before my man, why I'll give him a dollar. Besides, if he should actually manage to win, why I'll give him a chance to try each succeeding night."

That suited me to a nicety, and while we all enjoyed the show very much we were all anxious to hear the big lusty-lunged ringmaster announce the "main scream" of the evening's entertainment, the appearance of the sensational whirlwind lightweight wonder-fighting champion of the world—Wallace's unknown.

My fighting togs consisted of a thin well-worn, red sweater in which I worked and a pair of low rubber shoes. The big, white tent was packed to suffocation with citizens of Hammond, Hegewisch, South Chicago, and other small burgs thereabouts. Three of my brothers were there and, of course, were unaware of the fact that I was awaiting my turn to tackle the "Demon,"—to go

into the sawdust covered arena and dance before the public for the first time as a fighter.

STING OF DEATH IN EVERY BLOW.

The manager of the show grabbed me roughly by the shoulder and hustled me into a side tent saying: "Now, kid, be game and don't allow this fierce man-eater to kill you. He hits like a trip-hammer and the very sting of death is in every blow."

Now, kind reader, you can easily depict the string of chills and thrills which chased themselves up, down and across my spinal column. The sea of faces, the roaring of the lions and other wild animals, and the wonderful glare of the hundreds of flaming lights were sufficient to unnerve anyone. Inside the tent I met face to face the terrible Unknown. He was stripped for action already, and was nervously pacing the floor like a caged tiger, ready to spring upon and throttle the innocent lamb (the dub who was to face him).

The manager, with a growl, said, addressing the Unknown, "Here, Jack, is Bat Nelson, who is going to try and win a dollar of your money to-night by staying on his feet for three rounds!"

Jack was as tough a looking fellow as I had ever seen or have met since. He stood about five feet six, and, of course, was a few inches taller than I. He possessed broad, compactly-built shoulders, had a square, heavy jaw, and, all in all, was a rather likely looking fellow. He would have passed for a twin brother of Kid Broad. I wasn't much on muscle or breadth of shoulders then, but I had worked hard and long for two years hauling ice, shovelling coal and doing some butchering also, and, for a kid, had a beaut of a sleep producer myself.

Jack would hardly look at me and he growled, "All right, we'll see him stand it out."

BAT NELSON THE PACKING-HOUSE PRIDE.

Then the band played "Down Went McGinty," and the

big audience roared in laughter as the announcer sang out that one, Bat Nelson, the Packing-house Pride, would take the chance of his life and attempt to stand up before the ferocious onslaughts of "Wallace's Wonderful Unknown."

They say that my elder brother, Albert, fell off his seat, close to where the ring was pitched, from sheer excitement when I was tamely led into the ring: that my little brother Harry tossed up both hands and fainted dead away of fright. But my faithful gang was there and



ready to see me through, even if they had to break up the circus and kill all the wild animals. I became a bit cheerful when I saw them settled about the ringside, all apparently supremely confident.

It didn't take long for us to get started, though I must say I felt awfully queer when the bell clanged and the announcer cried "Fight!"

THE GREAT "UNKNOWN" IS TAMED.

Round One—He made a bound at me before the gong had ceased to chime, and everybody expected me to toss

up both arms and go down and out. But I didn't! If ever he made a mistake in his life he made it here trying his rushing tactics on me, the best, even then, of all kid rushers. I met his rush flatfooted, with both hands set in front of me, the left a bit high and out. On he came and collided with that trusty left of mine with such force that I almost tossed him to the sawdust.

Back he went staggering, with blood streaming from his nose and mouth. I had not been touched. I then jumped forward and whaled in a terrific right uppercut which landed squarely over his heart. He was pawing the air like a bronco now, and his trainers were frantically crying out: "Knock his block off, Jack! Rush him through the ropes! Don't let that dub beat you!"

Yes, and I have to give it to Jack for his gameness. He came right back at me and handed out a hard jolt flush to my jaw. That one crack set the house roaring for my opponent, but Mr. Unknown, after landing, forgot to get out of the way, and over flashed my left to his jaw, while I countered hard with right to the wind. Then something dropped like a bundle of lead into the deep sawdust. It was Wallace's Terrible Unknown—Wallace's Ferocious Maneater.

He wallowed in the sawdust like a chicken with its head cut off, completely knocked out. His seconds rushed over to where he lay and dashed buckets of water over him in an attempt to revive him. The house was in a tumult of excitement now.

My gang danced about me singing "Down Went the Unknown," with "McGinty" and other songs. The sensational evening will hardly be forgotten in Hammond even to this day.

CIRCUS OFFERS BAT A JOB.

The manager of the defeated fighter, of course, was greatly put out over the easy manner in which I dusted his wonder into oblivion, and naturally wanted me to

play a return engagement the next evening. He, in desperation, followed me home to Hegewisch and wanted to sign me up to travel with the circus, offering a salary of \$50 per week and my expenses.

However, my parents wouldn't listen to such a proposition at the time, informing him that I was needed at home and was entirely too young to travel with such an affair.

When the excitement that prevailed had subsided I asked the boys what had become of my coat and vest. Much to my chagrin I discovered that some of the circus hands had stolen the coat which contained my week's salary of \$5.40 and a dandy Waterbury watch. We paid a visit to Mr. Manager the next day and made an attempt to recover my property, but with little success.

I had, however, decisively trounced their star boxer, and there was at least some satisfaction in that. It was that opening win which unquestionably started the boxing bee in my bonnet, and if old Wallace is alive to-day and reads this story I guess he'll laugh heartily over that great night's fun.

Just ten years after this, my first victory, I fought the first battle with Joe Gans for the lightweight championship of the world at Goldfield, Nev., Sept. 3, 1906.

Ten years doesn't seem very long, but it made a difference in size of purses with me from \$1 to \$23,000. Going up a bit!



THE MOTHER AND PART OF NELSON FAMILY.
FRONT ROW: HARRY. LEFT TO RIGHT: IDA, ART, CHARLIE, JOHNNIE AND MOTHER.

Bat's Own Story.

HERE ARE THE STATISTICS WHICH GIVE IN DETAIL THE HISTORY OF THE BATTLES OF THE CHAMPION, ALSO TIME, PLACE, NUMBER OF ROUNDS, NAME OF OPPONENTS AND OTHER DETAILS. THE MOST WONDERFUL RECORD EVER MADE BY A FIGHTER. FIRST AUTHENTIC RECORD EVER PUBLISHED.

BATTLING NELSON.

BORN, June 5, 1882, Copenhagen, Denmark. HEIGHT, 5 feet 7½ inches; WEIGHT, 133 lbs.; NATIONALITY, Dane; COLOR, White; HOME, Hegewisch, Illinois.

| 1896 | NAME | RESULT | PLACE | ROUNDS |
|-------|------------------------|--------|--------------------|--------|
| Sept. | 3—Wallace's Unknown | K | Hammond, Ind. | 1 |
| 1897 | | | | |
| June | 5—Ole Olson | W | Hegewisch, Ill. | 3 |
| 1898 | | | | |
| May | 10—Freddie Green | W | Sioux Falls, S. D. | 7 |
| May | 11—Soldier Williams | K | Sioux Falls, S. D. | 8 |
| 1899 | | | | |
| Jan. | 1—Eddie Herman | D | Hegewisch, Ill. | 6 |
| Apr. | 6—Eddie Penny | K | Chicago, Ill. | 1 |
| May | 3—Bull Winters | K | Chicago | 1 |
| June | 1—Unkno'n (John Smith) | K | Chicago | 2 |
| 1900 | | | | |
| July | 4—Feathers Vernon | No De | West Pullman | 6 |
| Aug. | 30—Charles Dougherty | K | Chicago | 1 |
| Sept. | 14—Joe Hedmark | L | Chicago | 6 |
| Sept. | 21—Harry Griffin | W | Chicago | 6 |
| Oct. | 8—Young Bay | W | Chicago | 6 |
| Nov. | 2—Clarence Class | D | Chicago | 6 |
| Nov. | 12—Jack Readle | Exb. | Chicago | 3 |
| Nov. | 12—Joe Curtain | Exb. | Chicago | 3 |
| Nov. | 15—Black Griffo | K | Chicago | 3 |
| Nov. | 22—Ed Burley | K | Chicago | 5 |
| Dec. | 1—Pete Boyle | L-F | Chicago | 4 |
| Dec. | 1—Danny McMahan | D | Chicago | 4 |
| Dec. | 7—Joe Percente | W-F | Chicago | 2 |
| Dec. | 8—Jack Martin | W | Chicago | 6 |
| 1901 | | | | |
| Mar. | 17—Black Griffo | K | Chicago | 3 |
| Apr. | 19—Mickey Riley | L | Milwaukee | 6 |

BATTLING NELSON

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| 1901 | NAME | RESULT | PLACE | ROUNDS |
|---------|--------------------------------|--------|---------------------|--------|
| May 3 | —Charles Berry | D | Milwaukee | 6 |
| May 18 | —Harry Fails | No Dc | Omro, Wis. | 6 |
| May 24 | —Harry Fails | D | Rhineland, Wis. | 10 |
| Nov. 10 | —Billy Heck | No Dc | West Pullman | 4 |
| Nov. 15 | —Joe Percente | L | Milwaukee | 6 |
| Nov. 29 | —Eddie Santry | L | Chicago | 6 |
| Dec. 2 | —Joe Percente | D | Milwaukee | 6 |
| Dec. 16 | —Mike Walsh | K | Chicago | 6 |
| Dec. 17 | —Charles Berry | L | Milwaukee | 6 |
| 1902 | | | | |
| Jan. 13 | —Frank Colifer | K | West Pullman | 5 |
| Jan. 21 | —Charles Berry | L | Fon du lac | 8 |
| Mar. 13 | —Joe Percente | W | Oshkosh, Wis. | 8 |
| Mar. 17 | —Kid Ryan | K | Chicago | 5 |
| Mar. 21 | —Cyclone Johnny Thompson | W | Chicago | 6 |
| Apr. 5 | —William Rosser (2 seconds) | K | Harvey, Ill. | 1 |
| Apr. 12 | —Danny McMahon | D | West Pullman, Ill. | 6 |
| May 17 | —Pudden Burns | W | Hegewisch, Ill. | 6 |
| June 14 | —Billy Hurley | D | Hammond, Ind. | 6 |
| Dec. 2 | —Elmer Mayfield | W | Hot Springs, Ark. | 10 |
| Dec. 26 | —Christy Williams | K | Hot Springs, Ark. | 17 |
| 1903 | | | | |
| Jan. 3 | —Geo. Brownfield | No Dc | Hot Springs, Ark. | 4 |
| Jan. 6 | —Sammy Maxwell | K | Hot Springs, Ark. | 11 |
| Mar. 17 | —Adam Ryan | D | Little Rock, Ark. | 15 |
| Apr. 5 | —Jack Robinson | No Dc | Hot Springs, Ark. | 6 |
| Apr. 24 | —Cyclone Johnny Thompson | W | Milwaukee | 6 |
| May 22 | —Stockings Kelly | K | Milwaukee | 4 |
| June 16 | —Young Scotty | W | Fond du lac, Wis. | 8 |
| June 19 | —Mickey Riley | D | Milwaukee, Wis. | 6 |
| June 20 | —Larry McDonald | K | Harvey, Ill. | 4 |
| June 27 | —Clarence English | D | Kansas City, Mo. | 15 |
| July 15 | —Mickey Riley (Police) | No Dc | Ashland, Wis. | 11 |
| July 23 | —Mickey Riley | D | Hurley, Wis. | 15 |
| Aug. 26 | —Eddie Sterns | L | Michigan City, Ind. | 9 |
| Sept. 3 | —Dare Devil Tildon (Police) | No Dc | Chicago, Ill. | 2 |
| Oct. 16 | —Charles Neary | L | Milwaukee | 6 |
| Nov. 10 | —George Memsic | W | Milwaukee | 6 |
| Dec. 28 | —Clarence English | W | St Joe, Mo. | 15 |
| 1904 | | | | |
| Jan. 16 | —Art Simms | K | Milwaukee | 3 |
| Feb. 5 | —Jack O'Neill | W | Milwaukee | 6 |

| 1904 | NAME | RESULT | PLACE | ROUNDS |
|-------|-------------------|--------|------------------------|--------|
| Apr. | 6—Spider Welsh | K | Salt Lake City, Utah | 16 |
| Apr. | 12—Tommy Markham | Exb. | Eureka, Utah | 3 |
| May | 20—Martin Canole | K | San Francisco | 18 |
| July | 29—Eddie Hanlon | K | San Francisco | 19 |
| Sept. | 5—Aurelia Herrera | W | Butte | 20 |
| Nov. | 29—Young Corbett | K | San Francisco | 10 |
| Dec. | 20—Jimmy Britt | L | San Francisco | 20 |
| 1905 | | | | |
| Feb. | 28—Young Corbett | K | San Francisco | 9 |
| May | 22—Abe Attell | No Dc | Philadelphia | 6 |
| June | 2—Kid Sullivan | D | Baltimore | 6 |
| June | 6—Jack O'Neill | No Dc | Philadelphia | 6 |
| Sept. | 9—JIMMY BRITT | K | Colma, Cal. | 18 |
| 1906 | | | | |
| Mar. | 14—Terry McGovern | No Dc | Philadelphia | 6 |
| Aug. | 13—Willard Bean | Exb. | Salt Lake City, Utah | 3 |
| Sept. | 3—Joe Gans | L-F? | Goldfield, Nev. | 42 |
| 1907 | | | | |
| July | 31—Jimmy Britt | L | San Francisco | 20 |
| Oct. | 19—Tom Freebury | Exb. | Red Lodge, Mont. | 4 |
| Oct. | 23—Charles Berry | Exb. | Billings, Mont. | 4 |
| Oct. | 26—Mark Nelson | Exb. | Minot, N. D. | 4 |
| 1908 | | | | |
| Jan. | 13—Jack Clifford | K | Ogden, Utah | 5 |
| Feb. | 4—Rudolph Unholz | No Dc | Los Angeles, Cal. | 10 |
| Mar. | 3—Jimmy Britt | No Dc | Los Angeles, Cal. | 10 |
| Mar. | 31—Abe Attell | D | San Francisco | 15 |
| May | 28—Jack Grace | Exb. | Seattle, Wash. | 3 |
| July | 4—JOE GANS | K | Colma, Cal. | 17 |
| July | 5—Red Cornett | Exb. | Livermore, Cal. | 4 |
| Sept. | 1—Jeff Perry | Exb. | U.S.S.Ohio, S.F., Cal. | 3 |
| Sept. | 9—JOE GANS | K | COLMA, CAL. | 21 |
| Sept. | 27—Joe Galligan | Exb. | Chicago | 3 |

CHAPTER II.

The Battler Meets Ole Olson, Then Pride of Hegewisch.

THEY FOUGHT AT THE NOW FAMOUS WHITE
HOUSE CLUB, ON JUNE 5th, 1897.

It was the early taste of heavy, hard outdoor work which served to build up and make a strong, sturdy "kid" of me. Though not very tall, I was stockily built for a youngster, and when I quit the Hammond Company I was really doing a man's work.

In 1897 I engaged in one bout at home with Ole Olson, and of course I won it. The Swede at the time had gained the reputation in Hegewisch and vicinity as being the best kid scrapper going. We had a boy's athletic club in Hegewisch called the White House Club, which was organized immediately after my decisive victory over Wallace's Unknown. Ole Olson questioned my right to pose as the champion of Hegewisch, and a battle was arranged between us.

The town was, as it is now, populated mostly by Swedes and Danes, and there were about an equal number of each residing there at the time of the fight. The Swedes naturally took Olson's part, and, of course, the sterling Danes all supported me. We fought for a purse of \$3, my end being put up by the club members. It was on a Sunday afternoon, and I will never forget the day. The rivalry of the two factions was intense, and many good-sized bets were made on the affair.

OLSON GETS A LICKING.

Olson, like the Unknown, had it on me both in height, reach and weight, but, despite this, I felt confident I could best him that day.

In the opening round Olson went after me to make short work of it, and I certainly had to fight good and hard to stall off his fierce rushes and heavy infighting. At the conclusion of this round it was pretty even at that. Again in the second round he continued to carry the fight to me, and at times had me covering up to avoid punishment. During these hard mix-ups, however, I was sending in telling left upper-cuts, which were, as far as I could see, fast getting Ole's goat.

I was the aggressor before the second round was up, and when the bell tingled calling us up for the third and final round I was on top of my opponent in a jiffy. I handed him a series of heavy swings and short-arm jolts at close quarters which knocked all the fight out of him.

I knocked him down a few times, and when he came in at me I handed over a straight left which floored him. He cried "enough."

SWEDES AND DANES IN BATTLE ROYAL.

My stock immediately soared to the skies. During the excitement after the knockout the Swedes, angered over the defeat of their pride, started a war of extermination with us Danes. Then and there the trouble began and some fun as well. We lined up in the White House yard and the two factions charged each other, each side willing to go "the derby," or Battler's route, or die. It was the dandiest battle royal I ever took part in and there was more good old-fashioned excitement in Hegewisch that day than has ever been since. I was triumphantly carried off the battlefield to my home by my admirers, and many times since, when over-enthusiastic fight fans have loaded me on their shoulders and carried me out of the ring, have I recalled pleasantly that memorable afternoon in Hegewisch of long, long ago. I need not add that we Danes won the free-for-all fight.

After this battle I had an argument at home because of the affair, and I ran away from home.

"Going away, ma, to seek my fortune," was the childish

note which I mailed to ma from Hegewisch on the evening of June 15, 1897. Ma still has this letter, and she is a witness to the fact that "I made good" my childish brag.

I headed northward, beating my way in slow stages and working at odd jobs. I landed in Huron, S. Dak., about the middle part of July, a sadder and much wiser little lad. My two great victories, as I called them, over the Unknown and the champion of Hegewisch, Olson, had caused the fighting bee to get busy in my bonnet. I secured a position in Kimmel & Edler's meat market in Huron at \$15 per month, and worked steadily until Christmas Day. I demanded \$20 a month, and when it was refused me I quit.

BAT BECOMES A COWBOY.

Here I met up with a cowboy and he took me out to one of the big ranches close by, where I became a regular cowboy. Another wild ambition of mine had been gratified. I had read novels of Buffalo Bill and other famous men of the plains, and greatly admired their personalities and records. So here I was astride a horse now and actually herding cattle.



When winter set in I jumped the "chaps" and tossed the lariat aside and hiked over to Miller, S. Dak. Here I secured a job as waiter in the Vanderbilt hotel owned by B. F. Torrey.

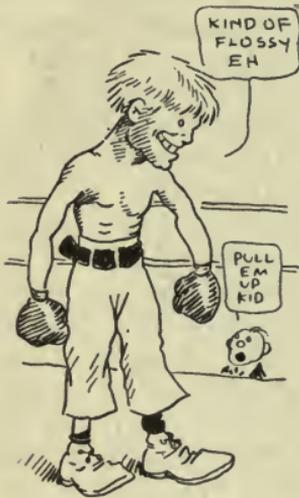
There was a pretty nice boxing club at Sioux Falls, S. Dak., at the time and fights were being held over there weekly. That clinging ambition to become a great boxer wouldn't down in me and early in May I jumped over to the Falls.

Despite the many hardships encountered since leaving home I was determined to become "A Boxer of World Renown."

I called on the manager of the club and asked him to be good enough to bill me for a bout. He looked me over critically, felt my arms, looked into my eyes, and then said. "Well, Kid, I'll take a chance with you. Be around here next Saturday night and I'll put you on with the famous lightweight, Freddie Green. If you manage to make good, why, I'll give you a chance the next day (Sunday) to fight Soldier Williams. This latter battle to take place at our annual picnic and field day."

WINS FIGHT IN SIOUX FALLS.

I was Johnny on the spot Saturday evening, all beaming with smiles over my good fortune and serenely confident. I wore, for the first time in my life, regulation fighting shoes and had purchased a pair of pretty green trunks. (I have worn that lucky color ever since.) In fact, I was togged up like a real fighter, even though I was an unknown and from a place called Hegewisch, Ill.



MY FIRST PAIR
OF FIGHTING
TIGHTS

"H e g e w i s c h, Illinois!" exclaimed the Master of Ceremonies. "Where in the world is that located?"

"Battling Nelson! Whew! what a good fighting name! A regular Admiral Nelson, eh?"

"I'm just starting out, sir," I answered in all humility. "I have fought two battles to date and

have managed to win both—that's all."

It's a funny thing, indeed, about this Hegewisch business. I made up my mind when I left home that if ever

I should be fortunate enough to become famous as a boxer I would certainly not go back on my old town, Hegewisch.

The wheel of fortune turned in my favor, and of course, as the entire world knows, wherever you see the name of Battling Nelson so you will see the name Hege-
wisch, Illinois.

HERE ARE STATISTICS SHOWING AMOUNT OF MONEY THAT THE BATTLER RECEIVED IN EACH FIGHT FROM THE FIRST, UP TO AND INCLUDING THE GREAT GANS FIGHT (SEPT. 9, 1908).

| 1896 | | OPPONENT | MONEY RECEIVED |
|----------|-----|---------------------------|------------------|
| Sept. 3 | 1— | Wallace's Unknown | \$ 1.00 (Robbed) |
| 1897 | | | |
| June 5 | 2— | Ole Olson | 3.00 |
| 1898 | | | |
| May 10 | 3— | Freddie Green | 7.50 |
| May 11 | 4— | Soldier Williams | 10.00 |
| | | | <hr/> |
| | | | \$21.50 |
| 1899 | | | |
| Jan. 1 | 5— | Eddie Herman | 10.00 |
| Apr. 6 | 6— | Eddie Penny | 10.00 |
| May 3 | 7— | Bull Winters | 2.50 |
| June 1 | 8— | Unknown (John Smith) | 2.50 |
| | | | <hr/> |
| | | | 25.00 |
| 1900 | | | |
| July 4 | 9— | Feathers Vernon | 5.00 |
| Aug. 30 | 10— | Charles Dougherty | 15.00 |
| Sept. 14 | 11— | Joe Hedmark | 15.00 |
| Sept. 21 | 12— | Harry Griffin | 35.00 |
| Oct. 8 | 13— | Young Bay | 10.00 |
| Nov. 2 | 14— | Clarence Class | 7.50 |
| Nov. 12 | 15— | Jack Readle | Benefit |
| Nov. 12 | 16— | Joe Curtain | Benefit |
| Nov. 15 | 17— | Black Griffo | 15.00 |
| Nov. 22 | 18— | Ed Burley | 10.00 |
| Dec. 1 | 19— | Pete Boyle | 25.00 |
| Dec. 1 | 20— | Danny McMahon | 5.00 |
| Dec. 7 | 21— | Joe Percente | 15.00 |
| Dec. 8 | 22— | Jack Martin | 25.00 |
| | | | <hr/> |
| | | | 182.50 |

| 1901 | OPPONENT | MONEY RECEIVED |
|---------|------------------------------|----------------|
| Mar. 17 | 23—Black Griffo | 15.00 |
| Apr. 19 | 24—Mickey Riley | 109.23 |
| May 3 | 25—Charles Berry | 50.00 |
| May 18 | 26—Harry Fails | 5.00 |
| May 24 | 27—Harry Fails | 150.00 |
| Nov. 10 | 28—Billy Heck | 5.00 |
| Nov. 15 | 29—Joe Percente | 35.00 |
| Nov. 29 | 30—Eddie Santry | 50.00 |
| Dec. 2 | 31—Joe Percente | 62.50 |
| Dec. 16 | 32—Mike Walsh | 75.00 |
| Dec. 17 | 33—Charles Berry | 50.00 |
| | | 606.73 |
| 1902 | | |
| Jan. 13 | 34—Frank Colifer | 50.00 |
| Jan. 21 | 35—Charles Berry | 75.00 |
| Mar. 13 | 36—Joe Percente | 125.00 |
| Mar. 17 | 37—Kid Ryan | 75.00 |
| Mar. 21 | 38—Cyclone Johnny Thompson.. | 100.00 |
| Apr. 5 | 39—William Rosser | 50.00 |
| Apr. 12 | 40—Danny McMahan | 50.00 |
| May 17 | 41—Pudden Burns | 75.00 |
| June 14 | 42—Billy Hurley | 50.00 |
| Dec. 2 | 43—Elmer Mayfield | 35.00 |
| Dec. 26 | 44—Christy Williams | 39.50 |
| | | 724.50 |
| 1903 | | |
| Jan. 3 | 45—George Brownfield | 5.00 |
| Jan. 6 | 46—Sammy Maxwell | 65.00 |
| Mar. 17 | 47—Adam Ryan | 350.00 |
| Apr. 5 | 48—Jack Robinson | 5.00 |
| Apr. 24 | 49—Cyclone Johnny Thompson.. | 100.00 |
| May 22 | 50—Stockings Kelly | 125.00 |
| June 16 | 51—Young Scotty | 125.00 |
| June 19 | 52—Mickey Riley | 75.00 |
| June 20 | 53—Larry McDonald | 50.00 |
| June 27 | 54—Clarence English | 250.00 |
| July 15 | 55—Mickey Riley | 150.00 |
| July 23 | 56—Mickey Riley | 150.00 |
| Aug. 26 | 57—Eddie Stearns | 50.00 |
| Sept. 3 | 58—Dare Devil Tildon..... | 7.50 |
| Oct. 16 | 59—Charles Neary | 100.00 |
| Nov. 10 | 60—George Memsic | 200.00 |
| Dec. 28 | 61—Clarence English | 500.00 |

BATTLING NELSON

| 1904 | OPPONENT | MONEY RECEIVED |
|--|--------------------------|----------------|
| Jan. 16 | 62—Art Simms | 200.00 |
| Feb. 5 | 63—Jack O'Neill | 200.00 |
| Apr. 6 | 64—Spider Welsh | 498.00 |
| Apr. 12 | 65—Tommy Markham | 5.00 |
| May 20 | 66—Martin Canole | 750.00 |
| July 29 | 67—Eddie Hanlon | 1,250.00 |
| Sept. 5 | 68—Aurelia Herrera | 2,100.00 |
| Nov. 29 | 69—Young Corbett | 2,700.00 |
| Dec. 20 | 70—Jimmy Britt | 5,600.00 |
| | | 13,303.00 |
| 1905 | | |
| Feb. 28 | 71—Young Corbett | 3,500.00 |
| May 22 | 72—Abe Attell | 1,500.00 |
| June 2 | 73—Kid Sullivan | 1,000.00 |
| June 6 | 74—Jack O'Neill | 750.00 |
| Sept. 9 | 75—Jimmy Britt | 18,841.00 |
| | | 25,591.00 |
| 1906 | | |
| Mar. 14 | 76—Terry McGovern | 11,771.50 |
| Aug. 13 | 77—Willard Bean | 500.00 |
| Sept. 3 | 78—Joe Gans | 23,000.00 |
| | | 35,271.50 |
| 1907 | | |
| July 31 | 79—Jimmy Britt | 9,400.00 |
| Oct. 19 | 80—Tom Freebury | 450.00 |
| Oct. 23 | 81—Charles Berry | 400.00 |
| Oct. 26 | 82—Mark Nelson..... | 250.00 |
| | | 10,500.00 |
| 1908 | | |
| Jan. 13 | 83—Jack Clifford | 2,236.00 |
| Feb. 4 | 84—Rudolph Unholz | 3,085.52 |
| Mar. 3 | 85—Jimmy Britt | 2,400.25 |
| Mar. 31 | 86—Abe Attell | 2,700.80 |
| May 28 | 87—Jack Grace | Showing |
| July' 4 | 88—Joe Gans | 10,800.00 |
| July 5 | 89—Red Cornett | 191.00 |
| Sept. 1 | 90—Jeff Perry | Benefit |
| Sept. 9 | 91—Joe Gans | 11,552.00 |
| Sept. 27 | 92—Joe Galligan | Showing |
| | | \$ 32,965.57 |
| My End of Purses Received for Twelve Years' Fighting..... | | \$121,486.80 |

CHAPTER III.

Bat's Third Battle, Fought May 10, 1898, at Sioux Falls, S. D.

IN WHICH HE DEFEATED FREDDIE GREEN,
KNOCKING HIM OUT IN 7 ROUNDS.

PURSE, \$7.50.

I was up against a real classy fighter in Freddie Green. He had been bucking the padded arena for several years and was then known as "the Champion of the Dakotas." He was a shifty, clever fellow, raw of bone and had a reach like a gorilla. I entered the arena, unknown and unannounced, as it were. I didn't even have a trainer.

From the tap of the gong in the first round to its finish Green danced around me like a grasshopper, pecking bad jabs into my face repeatedly, and then dancing out of harm's way. My style then was slow and awkward, but I felt from the start that he couldn't knock me out, so as the fight progressed I became confident. He drew first blood in the fourth round. It was the first time in my short career that I had suffered such humiliation and you can bet I was angry. I grew a bit wild and commenced to carry the fight to him. I worked him into a clinch and almost put him out. This round he was overly cautious and kept away from me.

CLEVERNESS A NOVELTY TO BAT.

It was a new experience for me, this slapping and getting away business of Green. I was really tiring, as I could not catch up with him at all. I changed my tactics then and laid back a while. The crowd, under the impression that I was giving in, began to cry frantically to Green to rush in and finish me.

This was in the sixth round of the battle. Green was

a game sort of a fellow and right there I didn't doubt the stories told about his many successful battles and many knockouts. He tried to exchange blows with me, and there's where he made the same mistake as did Wallace's Terrible Unknown, as well as Ole Olson. Ah! how I did tickle his ribs and crack my left into his jaw during that round.

I was warming up to the real fighter's work then. At the end of the round I had the champion hanging on to me, tired and badly battered, though still in the ring.

He came up at the call of time in the seventh round in an extremely cautious manner, not making the slightest move to follow up his rushing tactics of the early rounds.

WINS CHAMPIONSHIP OF DAKOTAS.

On the other hand, I assumed the aggressive, and when the old bell tapped I was out of my corner in a jiffy and was on him like a tiger cat. I cut out a dizzy pace for Freddie, which I don't think he will ever forget, if he is still on earth—and I hope he is.

I boxed and cuffed him all about the ring until he was groggy. Then I stepped back and handed him a left hook full on the jaw. They carried him out of the ring unconscious. I was thereupon proclaimed the Champion of the Dakotas before I had shed my boxing gloves. My titles so far acquired were: Champion of Hegewisch, Champion of Wallace's Circus and Champion of the Dakotas.

Pretty good, boys, for a kid who had only fought three battles. The purse for the fight amounted to \$7.50, which was collected from the ringside in hats. As I had been doing all along, I sent half of the purse back to mother at Hegewisch, Ill.

FIGHTS SOLDIER WILLIAMS.

I was, of course, the town topic of Sioux Falls that evening and the next morning. The manager of the club came around to see me early and made good his

promise to fight me against the noted Soldier Williams that afternoon. He raised the purse to \$10, which I readily accepted. Soldier Williams was no spring chicken at the game. He was a successful fighter and had a string of victories to his credit up to the time he met me.

We met in the open ring which was pitched on the picnic grounds of the fight club. You can bet I was a bit stiff and tired after my night's battle, but was out to win myself some reputation and as a result was chuck full of ginger. Williams was not a fancy boxer, but a rough, determined strong fellow like myself.

Gee! but we certainly busted the atmosphere with wild punches right from the jump. He came at me in the first round determined to finish me right then and there and, of course, knock my reputation and ambition as a kid champion into smithereens. I, of course, loved just that sort of game. He was there with the aggressiveness and stamina, and in him I found the toughest fellow whom I had met to date.

He really had the edge on me up to the sixth round of the battle, just as Green had had the night before. His condition, however, was beginning to tell on him, and I was watching for just such signs of weariness.

THE SOLDIER IS BEATEN.

In the seventh round I reached out and planted my right deep into his wind in order to see how he would stand the gaff. Then I broke ground to discover if he was game enough to come back again and counter.

Instead he retreated, muttering something under his breath.

"Ha! ha!" said I, handing over a left hook on the jaw. "So you're quitting, are you?"

Biff! came another from my right, and then I set sail and fairly smothered him with uppercuts, full swings and body blows.

The gong in this round saved him. He came back all out in the eighth, which proved to be the final round. I

again carried the fight to him, and in a few seconds had him stretched out on the floor, more dead than alive.

He did manage to get to his feet, but I wheeled and then planted my right hand on his wind, and over he went for the count.

Down went Soldier Williams, the champion of the army.



RETURNS HOME AND FIGHTS DRAW.

After defeating several Northern champions I decided to return home and secure, if possible, a few good bouts in the neighborhood of Chicago. Eddie Herman, another Hegewisch product, had been cleaning up every fighter in the vicinity when I arrived and my admirers in Chicago and at home prevailed upon me to go after him. My great success in the North had reached home before me, and I was greeted as the coming champion.

I was received at home with open arms by father and mother and settled down studying faithfully and "train-

ing" secretly at night or whenever the opportunity presented itself. I could see nothing then but a ring career for the Battler.

On New Year's Day, Jan 1st, 1899, I began my professional career as a boxer in earnest. On this date I tied up with Eddie Herman at Hegewisch, going to a six round draw with him. My battle had caused so much talk at home and school that I immediately decided to cease my studies, and go after a reputation as a boxer. I continued to battle around Chicago with varying success until May 17th, 1902. Then I made my historic march into the hilly state of Arkansas where I gained my first real reputation as a coming fighter.

It is unnecessary for me to go into further details as to what happened after as it is contained in detail in other chapters of the book.

Many persons and critics are of the opinion that the name **BATTLING** is a nickname of mine. Such is not the case. It was handed me when I was born, the selection of the splendid name falling to my Daddy. I was such a scrappy, lusty lunged, busy child that he decided that there was but one name for me "De Battler" or Battling. I have used the name to good advantage ever since, of course. Matthew was tacked on by my mother. She probably named me after the famous Father Matthew founder of the well known temperance order. True to this good name I have followed the principles of this man all my life. I don't drink intoxicants, don't chew tobacco, nor do I smoke. The possessing of these virtues is not much to brag about because they were no doubt born and bred in me, that's all. After that it required but a good strong will power to offset these temptations.

I have six brothers and one sister. Albert is a machinist; Henry is a blacksmith; Johnny is a moulder; Charlie a Junior at the University of California, and is studying to become an M. D., but I wouldn't be surprised if he should turn out to be a preacher. Arthur is a motorcycle racer and once rode a mile and a quarter in a

minute. My younger brother Harry is the smartest kid of them all, at present he is going to the Boys School at Quincy, Ill. He is inclined to be scrappy, and is already exhibiting signs of following my footsteps. My only sister Ida is living with the folks at home, Hegewisch, Ill. My father's name is Nels Nelson, and my mother's name is Mary Nelson.

THE CHAMPION RETURNS TO HEGEWISCH.

Upon my arrival I lost no time in getting a match with Herman who agreed to fight me on my own doormat. Yes, and he certainly made me go some during the six rounds fought. He was fast on his feet, shifty on the order of Abe Attell, and for the first three rounds I could not get inside his guard. He refused to mix things



with me, and as the scrap was for points the fourth round opened with his having the edge because of his cleverness. He tired in the fourth after I had reached him a few times, and then the fun began. I forced the fighting, and at the conclusion of this round poor Eddie was a sight. He stalled during the first half of the fifth,

but I got him and broke down his defense prettily. In the final round I beat him badly. The referee, however, gave him a shade when he held up both our hands for a draw decision. I had done well, his friends said, even to stand him off that long. I say to this day that I defeated him in this bout. The purse in this fight was \$10.

* * * * *
 * HOW THE WORLD'S LIGHTWEIGHT CHAM- *
 * PION LOOKS AFTER HAVING A BOUT WITH *
 * THE TAPE MEASURE. HIS EXACT MEASURE- *
 * MENTS HERE GIVEN CORRECTLY FOR THE *
 * FIRST TIME. TAKEN BY D. D. CROWLEY, M. D., *
 * OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, JULY 27, 1908. *
 * * * * *

| | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| HEIGHT | 5 ft. 7½ in. |
| WEIGHT | 130 to 133 (Trained) |
| WEIGHT | 140 to 145 (Normal) |
| REACH | 67½ in. |
| NECK | 15 in. |
| CHEST, NORMAL | 34 in. |
| CHEST, EXPANDED | 39½ in. |
| WAIST | 27 in. |
| BICEPS | 10½ in. |
| BICEPS, CONTRACTED | 12 in. |
| WRIST | 6¾ in. |
| FOREARM | 10 in. |
| LENGTH OF ARM..... | 26 in. |
| THIGH | 19 in. |
| CALF | 14 in. |

CHAPTER IV.

Defeats The Noted Eddie Penny in One Round in Chicago, April 6, 1899.

FIGHT WAS RESULT OF AN OLD GRUDGE.

Eddie Penny was doing an all star stunt about Chicago, and he was not slow to challenge me for battle. We fought on the South Side on April 6, 1899. Penny had defeated a number of shifty fellows, and was, as was usually the case in those days, a top-heavy favorite over me in the betting. I fixed Penny's championship aspirations in just one round, which was perioded with great slugging—on my part—mostly.

In fact, Penny hardly touched me with one good punch during the short mix-up, from the call of time up to the point where I reached out and cracked him into unconsciousness. After this clean cut victory over such a big Chicago favorite things began to break a bit better for me and the managers of the various clubs were hot on my trail.

THE CHAMPION HANDS BULL WINTERS THE SLEEP PRODUCER.

Bull Winters wanted some of my game after I had bested his chum Penny. I obliged him on May 3, in Chicago. Bull came at me in the opening round like an uncaged wild cat and endeavoured to smother me with wild swings and fierce rushes. I don't usually do much ground breaking in my fights, but the Bull would certainly have pushed me off the stage but for my alertness in side stepping him and backing up. He handed me just about 12 seconds of wild work and then stopped short. He was tired and winded. He stood panting in the middle of the ring inviting a lead from me. Here I

got busy. I walked up with both hands down, shifted a bit, and batted the Bull doubly hard on the chin with my right: then came back with a left hook which went hard into his wind.

Down he went "THEY CARRIED HIM OUT A BELLOWING."

The club members there assembled evidently favored Winters, and when the hat was passed around they only handed me a paltry \$2.50.

However, since that evening things have changed. I have met a dozen or more of this same crowd, and all have informed me that they have paid as high as \$25.00 a seat to see me fight.

EVERYTHING COMES TO HIM WHO WAITS.

After defeating Eddie Penny and Bull Winters they tried to stack me up against a ringer in Chicago, who will be found in my "morgue" of knockouts under the name of John Smith, the Unknown.

This man Smith was a strong, well built, tough looking customer. He looked the part of a ringer all over, but I feared him not. I was out to fight my way up to the top, and didn't care who he was, or what he had done previously. Well, anyway, the plans of Smith and his followers went sadly astray, as I handed the fellow the neatest trimming of his life. The bout went only two rounds.

This victory marked the ending of my schedule for the season. I returned to Hegewisch, and took up my training in our White House Club.

LICKS NEGRO IN PICNIC FIGHT.

Now here's what I call a funny one. After I had taken a long rest in which I learned how to shoot big game on a Western hunting trip, I decided to fight a negro. His name was Feathers Vernon, and I met him at a picnic which was held in Dalton, Ill., on July 4, 1900. I did not knock him out for the reason that he never would get

close enough to me so I could land "my sleep producer." I batted him all around the ring, however, and but for the "no decision" clause would have won easily.

We fought for the sum of \$10, which of course, was easily divided. When the president of the club was in the act of paying us off a fight was started and the money was knocked out of his hand. I managed to save a dollar and a half of it. I have the torn dollar still in my possession. I tried to pass it, but it was too badly torn, so I kept it as a memento of my first mixup with a "cullud person."

I have fought close to one hundred battles so far, but I had more fun during that scrap than I have ever had since. I licked a dozen negroes during the melee.

HIS FIRST BIG FIGHT.

You readers can easily imagine how tickled and proud I was when the manager of the old Star Theatre Club in Chicago offered me the chance to fight before a regular club and the big sports. This first big battle was with Charles Dougherty. This being the first time that I had appeared before thousands of people, many of whom were regular fight fans, cheering and rooting for their favorites, one would imagine that I would have been nervous, but not so with yours truly.

I naturally was worked up to a high pitch of excitement at times, but I never lost my head. As soon as the fight was started I went after Dougherty in such vicious style he imagined a Kansas cyclone had broken into the building and taken my place in the ring.

I fought more determined than ever, as I knew if I was lucky enough to score a knockout it would be the means of securing good engagements and large purses. I knocked him out in the first round, exact time being one minute and ten seconds. From this time on I got offers galore, a whole bundle of press advertising and was kept busy. I received \$15 for putting out the lights

on Dougherty, which was handed to me in nickels and dimes.

BATTLER GETS GOOD BEATING.

Luck was not so good, however, for it was right after this that I lost my first battle.

Joe Hedmark is a name I shall never forget. We fought at the Star Theatre, in Chicago, on Sept. 14. He licked me good and clean. Hedmark was a combination of Terry McGovern and Dal Hawkins. He was fast as a bullet, strong, shifty, and could hand out a punch like Jeffries. He had it on me in weight, height and experience. I did my utmost to hold my unbroken string of victories. I fought harder that night than in all my previous battles put together. Poor Joe, I wonder where he is now? I'd like to see him and shake his hand.

In the opening round of the fight he stalled me into leading at him. I fell for it, and as I came in he hung a full swing under my chin, which boosted me off my feet and sent me sprawling to the floor. That was something new to me, and you should have seen me fight back. I went after him, and we mixed it up hard for the balance of the round. It was a dandy round, and I think I had the better of it. However, he had a shade in the second, third and fourth. In the fifth I went out and tried to finish him.

HIS RIBS WERE PELTED.

I carried the scrap to him, but as he had it on me in reach he simply pelted my ribs with rights and lefts. I gave him a good mill here, but he had me very tired when the bell rang. In the sixth he tried his utmost to put me out, but could not. We finished in the centre of the ring, battling like demons. The referee gave him the fight amid great cheering. I was licked thoroughly, fairly and squarely, and readily admitted it.

I received \$15 for my end of the purse. I consider this one of my hardest battles experienced during my entire fighting career.

This was one of the real fights that each and every spectator who attended will never forget. It was very spectacular in many respects. I was floored by actual count seventeen times in the six rounds. I was not to be denied altogether, as I put Hedmark down five times for the count as well.

The entire audience was in a continual uproar from start to finish, first cheering for Hedmark, and then for me. This was due to our continual slugging and our earnest efforts to knock each other out. The people all over the city of Chicago will talk about this great battle even to this day.



JOE HEDMARK
DROPPED ME 17
TIMES I FELT
AS THOUGH I
HAD SPRINGS
ON MY FEET"

As you can see, fights were coming pretty regular now for the boy from Hegewisch, and I was losing no opportunity to make a little coin.

After my go with Hedmark I signed up to meet Harry Griffin, in Chicago, on Sept. 21. My opponent gave me a pretty stiff argument of it up to the forepart of the third round, when I got to him hard and forced him to break ground like a race horse. We boxed before a splendid crowd, due probably to the fact that Griffin had been putting away a number of good men, and the fight fans naturally expected him to beat me as well. I fooled them, however, and won the decision easily at the end of the sixth round.

During this engagement I had the pleasure of knocking Griffin off his feet just thirteen times by actual count. This battle was almost a repetition of the battle I had the week previous—only I was on the winning side.

I drew down thirty five dollars in cash, and you can

just bet I was the most pleased kid in Chicago that night. It was the biggest purse received by me up to that time.

On October 8th I was asked to meet Young Bay, another shifty 135 pounder, at Billy Gain's Logan Square Club. I went the six rounds with him, and at its conclusion the referee awarded me the decision.

Young Bay was at that time unquestionably one of the best of all lightweights, he having won 20 straight battles up to our go, mostly by the knock-out route.

Clarence Class was anxious to try conclusions with me after I had defeated Young Bay, and I obliged him on November 2. Class was fast on his feet, and throughout the fight forced me to chase him around the ring like a six day pedestrian. As a result he managed to stay the full six rounds, getting a draw because of his clever foot-work and scientific blocking. I did however, punish him severely, whenever he got into close quarters. We split the pot, each receiving \$7.50.

TABLE SHOWING THE BATTLER'S ACTIVITY DURING
HIS TWELVE YEARS OF FIGHTING FOR
THE CROWN.

| YEAR | NO. OF FIGHTS | ROUNDS FOUGHT | MONEY REC'D |
|---------------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|
| 1896..... | 1 | 1 | None |
| 1897..... | 1 | 3 | \$ 3.00 |
| 1898..... | 2 | 15 | 20.00 |
| 1899..... | 4 | 10 | 15.00 |
| 1900..... | 14 | 61 | 179.00 |
| 1901..... | 11 | 65 | 606.73 |
| 1902..... | 11 | 78 | 724.50 |
| 1903..... | 17 | 143 | 2,307.50 |
| 1904..... | 9 | 115 | 13,303.00 |
| 1905..... | 5 | 45 | 25,591.00 |
| 1906..... | 3 | 51 | 35,271.50 |
| 1907..... | 4 | 32 | 10,500.00 |
| 1908..... | 10 | 91 | 32,965.57 |
| TOTALS 12 YEARS.... | 92 | 710 | \$121,486.80 |

| YEAR | VICTORIES | DEFEATS | NO. Dc. | DRAWNS | K. O'S. |
|----------|-----------|-----------|---------|--------|---------|
| 1896.... | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| 1897.... | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| 1898.... | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| 1899.... | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| 1900.... | 7 | 2—1 L. F. | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| 1901.... | 2 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| 1902.... | 8 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 4 |
| 1903.... | 7 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 3 |
| 1904.... | 7 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 5 |
| 1905.... | 2 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 2 |
| 1906.... | 0 | 1—L. F. ? | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| 1907.... | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 1908.... | 3 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 3 |
| TOTALS | — | — | — | — | — |
| 12 YRS. | 43 | 12 | 12 | 14 | 25 |

12 Years. Exhibitions Recorded..... 11

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Total Cash Received by The Battler, Dating from First Battle Held at Hammond, Ind., with Wallace's Unknown, Sept. 3, 1896, up to and Including the Negro, Joe Gans..... | \$121,486.80 |
| First Theatrical Tour..... | 21,400.00 |
| Second Theatrical Tour..... | 11,000.00 |
| Odd Theatricals, Etc..... | 13,000.00 |
| Won in Side Bets During 12 Years' Boxing..... | 15,000.00 |
| Funds Accumulated on Successful Business Enterprises, Mines, Real Estate, Farms, Etc..... | 50,000.00 |
| Actual Money Received During 12 Years' Fighting.. | \$231,886.80 |

I was a pretty busy sort of a kid just then, and the day following I was booked to box Joe Curtain, and Jack Readle, exhibition bouts in the same ring at Eddie Santry's benefit. I was there all right and I went the double bill of 3 rounds each at a merry clip. Of course neither of the boys were in my class and I had little trouble in outboxing them.

In Chicago Nov. 22, Ed. Burley, another member of the "Ham What Am" brand, was selected by the Chicago fight promoters to try his hand and break, if possible, my winning streak. Their selection again proved a poor one. As was the case with Griffio, I treated Burley rather

roughly, and for five rounds I hammered him about the ring as though he was a punching bag. I finished him in the fifth round with a series of right and left swings to the jaw.

His picture can be viewed in another section of the book in my "Colored Morgue." I received \$10.00 for the finished job.

LOST FIGHT ON A FOUL.

It is not up to me to begin to knock but, strange as it may seem, the only two fights in which I lost on a foul the referee was George Siler, the well known referee and pugilistic expert of the Chicago Tribune.

The first was to Pete Boyle in Chicago, Dec. 1, 1900, and the second was to Gans in Goldfield. Incidentally I fought two fights on the day I lost to Boyle, and you can bet I was a very busy person

The battle with Boyle was a slashing one from the jump, with me doing all the punishing, leading and real scrapping. I was a mile in front in the fourth round and had Boyle hanging on the ropes and all but out, when Mr. Siler sprang forward and stopped the fight.

His contention was that I had fouled Boyle. He thereupon, with the assistance of Boyle's seconds, helped him to his corner and gave him the battle. When Siler interfered and declared my opponent the victor there was quite a demonstration in the club in my favor, mind you, the members being of the unanimous opinion that I had done nothing during the round which warranted my being disqualified. I was paid \$25 for my participation in the "fiasco."

TWO BATTLES IN ONE DAY.

Not satisfied with the ending of the Boyle go, and remembering that I had dated up with Danny McMahon to meet him in a four-round go at the Hibernian Society entertainment, booked to take place at their hall, I instantly donned my street clothes, grabbed a rattler and

in a few moments I was on the spot ready to proceed with my second fight of the day. Danny and I mixed things up rather lively for four full rounds, and at its conclusion the referee decided that we had both fought a valiant scrap and he held up both our hands, signaling a draw.

When the friendly Irish handed me a crisp \$5 note for my workout I was tickled, and I rolled home fairly well pleased with the busy day's doings. To make \$30 in one day was not so bad, eh?

LAST FIGHT IN 1900.

MY FINAL GO of the season was with Jack Martin at Chicago.

It was a warm mix-up of six rounds. We went the route all right and Martin gave me quite a tussle of it, although I put him down six times during the fight. I tried hard to add his name to my already long list of knock-outs but to no avail. I won the decision, receiving \$25.00 for my end of the purse. During the latter part of the second round while going in Martin caught me on the jaw and dropped me to the mat for the count of 8. I got up, cut in and almost knocked him out. He lost heart and another round would have finished him. Louis Zimmerman acted as referee.

THE CHAMPION'S BATTLES ALPHABETICALLY
ARRANGED.

| NAME | ROUNDS | RESULT |
|----------------------|--------|--------|
| Attell, Abe | 6 | No Dc |
| Attell, Abe | 15 | D |
| Bay, Young | 6 | W |
| Berry, Charles | 6 | D |
| Berry, Charles | 6 | L |
| Berry, Charles | 8 | L |
| Berry, Charles | 4 | Exb. |
| Boyle, Pete | 4 | L-F |
| Britt, Jimmy | 20 | L |
| Britt, Jimmy | 18 | K |
| Britt, Jimmy | 20 | L |

| NAME | ROUNDS | RESULT |
|--------------------------|--------|---------|
| Britt, Jimmy | 10 | No Dc |
| Bromfield, George | 4 | No Dc |
| Burley, Ed | 5 | K |
| Burns, Pudden | 6 | W |
| Bean, Willard | 3 | Exb. |
| Canole, Martin | 18 | K |
| Class, Clarence | 6 | D |
| Clifford, Jack | 5 | K |
| Corbett, Young | 10 | K |
| Corbett, Young | 9 | K |
| Colifer, Frank | 5 | K |
| Cornett, Red | 4 | Exb. |
| Curtain, Joe | 3 | Exb. |
| Daugherty, Charles | 1 | K |
| English, Clarence | 15 | D |
| English, Clarence | 15 | W |
| Fails, Harry | 6 | No Dc |
| Fails, Harry | 10 | D |
| Freebury, Tom | 4 | Exb. |
| Gans, Joe | 42 | L-F ??? |
| Gans, Joe | 17 | K |
| Gans, Joe | 21 | K |
| Grace, Jack | 3 | Exb. |
| Green, Freddie | 7 | W |
| Griffin, Harry | 6 | W |
| Griffo, Black | 3 | K |
| Griffo, Black | 3 | K |
| Galligan, Joe | 3 | Exb. |
| Hanlon, Eddie | 19 | K |
| Herman, Eddie | 6 | D |
| Headmark, Joe | 6 | L |
| Heck, Billy | 4 | No Dc |
| Herrera, Aurelia | 20 | W |
| Hurley, Billy | 6 | D |
| Kelly, Stockings | 4 | K |
| McDonald, Larry | 4 | K |
| McGovern, Terry | 6 | No Dc |
| McMahon, Danny | 4 | D |
| McMahon, Danny | 6 | D |
| Mayfield, Elmer | 10 | W |
| Markham, Tommy | 3 | Exb. |
| Memsic, George | 6 | W |
| Maxwell, Sammy | 11 | K |
| Martin, Jack | 6 | W |
| Neary, Charles | 6 | L |
| Nelson, Mark | 4 | Exb. |

| NAME | ROUNDS | RESULT |
|--------------------------------|---------------|--------|
| O'Neill, Jack | 6 | W |
| O'Neill, Jack | 6 | No Dc |
| Olson, Ole | 3 | W |
| Penny, Eddie | 1 | K |
| Percente, Joe | 2 | W-F |
| Percente, Joe | 6 | L |
| Percente, Joe | 6 | D |
| Percente, Joe | 8 | W |
| Perry, Jeff | 3 | Exb. |
| Riley, Mickey | 6 | L |
| Riley, Mickey | 6 | D |
| Riley, Mickey | 11 (Police) | No Dc |
| Riley, Mickey | 15 | D |
| Robinson, Jack | 6 | No Dc |
| Rosser, William | 1 (2 seconds) | K |
| Ryan, Kid | 5 | K |
| Readle, Jack | 3 | Exb. |
| Ryan, Adam | 15 | D |
| Santry, Eddie | 6 | L |
| Scotty, Young | 8 | W |
| Simms, Art | 3 | K |
| Sterns, Eddie | 9 | L |
| Sullivan, Kid | 6 | D |
| Tildon, Dare Devil | 2 (Police) | No Dc |
| Thompson, Cyclone Johnny | 6 | W |
| Thompson, Cyclone Johnny | 6 | W |
| Unknown (John Smith)..... | 2 | W |
| Unknown, Wallace's | 1 | K |
| Unholz, Rudolph | 10 | No Dc |
| Walsh, Mike | 6 | K |
| Welsh, Spider | 16 | K |
| Winters, Bull | 1 | W |
| Williams, Soldier | 8 | K |
| Williams, Christy | 17 | K |
| Vernon, Feathers | 6 | No Dc |

CHAPTER V.

The Battler Gets \$2 a Word for Making a Speech, Later Fights Battle in Snow.

While I am a great admirer of President Roosevelt, I think he is laying claim to a record that I held eight years ago. I notice from the papers that he is to receive \$1 a word for writing stories about shooting lions, and some of the magazines say that that is the record price. But it isn't. Right after my fight with Mickey Riley in Milwaukee, in 1901. I made a speech for which I was paid at the rate of \$2 a word. It happened like this: Riley danced around me and would not give me a chance to land on him hard enough for a knockout. As a result the referee gave him the decision on points. My friends in the crowd thought that I got a little the worst of it, however, and they began to yell for me.

"Speech! Speech!" was yelled from every side of the ring, and me a poor little lad, had to try and say something. I would rather have taken a whipping, as I had never said a word in public in my life.

"Go on and say something, kid," said Tom Andrews. "Pull something, boy!" urged my second. "You might get a piece of money."

Everybody in the crowd began to yell again, and with a sickly grin on my face I stood up in the middle of the ring and looked around. You would have thought that I was deaf and dumb. To save my life I couldn't think of a word to say. "Hurry up," said Teddy Murphy "Pull it."

HIT IN MOUTH WITH DOLLAR.

A great big lump rose in my throat, but finally I managed to start a word around it.

"Gentl"—and before I could get the word out of my throat on account of that lump—zip—some fellow hit me squarely in the mouth with a silver dollar. I came near

swallowing the dollar, lump and all. That ended that speech. As I had only said half a word and got a dollar for it that was at the rate of \$2 a word, and I claim the record even over Mr. Roosevelt.

As I was about to duck under the ropes money came raining from every part of the house—dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies. A lot of it rolled off the sides of the ring, and right then I got the idea of being a business man.

"I'll give you fellows 10 per cent. of all you find," I said to my seconds, and there was a wild scramble to pick up the scattered money. Finally they got together \$109.23. Having paid the 10 per cent. this left me \$98.31, in addition to which I got \$35 from the club management. I nearly broke my neck getting to the postoffice the next morning so that I could send my mother \$100. That was by far the largest amount of money I had ever made up to that time.

BAT BUYS SOME SWELL CLOTHES.

The next day I made a tour of the gents' furnish-
ing stores and finally landed at Messrs. Sisson and Se-
well's and attired myself in a
swell-looking outfit, made up of a
\$7 suit of clothes, a \$1 derby hat,
a \$1.50 pair of kicks and the pret-
tiest green necktie you ever saw
in your life. I am not Irish, but
I certainly do love the green.

You can imagine how tickled I
was over this enormous amount
of money, as a little while before
that I had been robbed out of
\$2.50, which I needed badly, in
my first fight with Joe Percente,
the Italian. I was to have re-
ceived \$17.50 win, lose or draw.
I won the fight on a foul, but in-
stead of giving me \$17.50 they



gave me \$15. "If you had lost," the manager said to me when I kicked, "I would have given you but \$10." I didn't understand how men could be dishonest up to that time, and it was a pretty bitter lesson. Talking about fouls, though, that fellow Percente fouled me and knocked me down and then jumped on top of me.

I fought Percente four times altogether. I beat him twice, fought to a draw once and lost one on points. I never was knocked out by anybody.

MILWAUKEE STILL A HOODOO.

As I have said before, Milwaukee was always my hoodoo, but I decided to make one more try, anyway.

On May 3 I danced into the ring for the third time in the old hard-luck town. On this occasion I hooked up with Charlie Berry in our first meeting. He didn't make much of a showing at that, being content with standing off and boxing a la Attell. He refused to come in and fight, and as a result the best the referee could do was to declare the engagement a draw. I received \$50 for my end of the pot.

I moved up the State a bit here, and on the evening of May 18 I found myself ready for action at Omro, Wis. Harry Fails was my opponent. He was a hefty sort of a scrapper and he went one of the warmest old six-round battles seen there in many days. It was one of those "no decision" affairs and both were dissatisfied with the affair.

The ending of this battle was so unsatisfactory to both of us and there was so much talk among the fans, that it was decided to match us again.

GOES IN BATTLE IN SNOW.

To have a second match sounded all right, but I am here to tell you that we had our troubles right then and there. The sheriff of the county came over and told us that if we attempted to fight at Omro that he would arrest the whole bunch, and that a few of us might get

in the pen. That gave us a scare, because that penitentiary thing didn't make much of a hit with me. The sheriff said the authorities higher up had notified him that if he didn't prevent the fight his job would go to some other man.

The fight "bugs" wouldn't have any delay, however, and they got busy. Being a mere kid and searching for adventure this idea of doing something on the sly got next to me and I was right in for it. Fails was also willing to take a chance. So, the sports went to work and hired all the rigs in town and early in the morning we set out for Rheinlander, Wis., which was just across the county line.

Our troubles were not over yet, for, just as we started there came up a heavy snow. That was the first time I had ever seen it snow in May, but it was bitterly cold. We two fighters didn't have any way to ride, and while some of the fellows offered to let us sit in their laps we decided to hoof it, as it would be good training, anyway. The snow came down in great sheets. In fact, it snowed so hard that we couldn't see 100 yards ahead of us, and we were afraid all the time of being stopped by some constable who was just as liable to let his gun go off as not. I had on my little \$7 suit, but before I had gone two miles the wind had blown it out of shape and I almost cried.

FOUGHT IN AN OLD BARN.

The whole gang of country sports finally landed safely across the line and, frozen nearly stiff, we fighters were taken into a big barn that had formerly been used by goats. We had to jump up and down to keep warm, and when I donned the fighting togs the goose pimples broke out on me as big as small peas.

After everybody had got their bets down a long, lank country "sport" was selected as referee. The influence that caused him to be selected was the fact that his daddy owned the barn.

Well, we finally went at it hammer and tongs. It was ten rounds and every minute was filled with tough fighting. The crowd was howling all the time and urging each of us to knock the other out, but we couldn't.

At the end both of us were fresh and ready to go on, but the "sport" who had been refereeing grabbed both our right hands, and holding them aloft, exclaimed: "Even up, boys, hang-fiddled if she wasn't."

Of course, he meant by that peculiar decision that we had fought a draw bout.

MONEY ROLLED THROUGH CRACKS.

There was no purse to fight for, but the generous sports began showering us with coin. We immediately decided to divide evenly all that was picked up. There were some tall pickings, too. The cracks in the floor were very large and a lot of the money rolled through. Not to be done out of anything we got a hammer and a crowbar and pried up the floor planks. When we had gotten all the coin together we each had \$150. That was enough to make up for the hardships we had suffered, and having learned something about \$7 clothes I went right back to town and planked down \$12.50 like a real "sport" and told the clerk to give me the best in the house.

ANOTHER TILT IN A BARN.

AFTER MY GO with Fails at Rhinelander, I hit the road for a tour of the northern resorts, intent on resting up a bit. I did not even view a fight until November 10th, when I tied up with Bill Heck, at West Pullman, Ill. This was not much of a battle, as we fought but four rounds, it being one of those "no decisions" affairs. My end of the purse amounted to \$5.00. We fought in Pete Kelley's barn.

COMPLETE TABLE OF BOXERS WHO SECURED THE VERDICT OVER THE CHAMPION.

| OPPONENT | ROUNDS | DECISION |
|------------------------------------|--------|---------------|
| Berry, Charles | 6 | Won |
| Berry, Charles | 6 | Won |
| Boyle, Pete | 4 | Won on foul |
| Britt, Jimmie | 20 | Won |
| Britt, Jimmie | 20 | Won |
| Gans, Joe | 42 | Won on foul ? |
| Hedmark, Joe | 6 | Won |
| Neary, Charles | 6 | Won |
| Percente, Joe | 6 | Won |
| Riley, Mickey | 6 | Won |
| Santry, Eddie | 6 | Won |
| Stearns, Eddie | 9 | Won |
| Total Fights Decided Against Me... | | Twelve |

Unlike most fighters who reach the top and then immediately take steps to cover up their old records, I am herewith giving out for the very first time, a correct table of record showing in detail just how many boxers defeated me. The battles with Berry, Boyle, Hedmark, Riley, Percente, et al, were, as will be observed, all limited goes, and were fought when I was a "green kid." You will observe the names of the two BIG ones—GANS and BRITT, above. Well, on another page among my list of Knock-outs you will also find their names boldly inscribed. It is from this pair that I won the WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

PRES. THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND BATTLING NELSON AT WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.



THE CHAMPIONS

On February 14, 1909, I paid a short visit to the White House to call on President Roosevelt and was received royally and had the honor of spending about an hour in his company.

Theodore Roosevelt's name is one that will be associated in the minds of the American people with that of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

CHAPTER VI.

Nelson Learns of Dishonesty for First Time. Was "Jobbed" in Fight With Eddie Santry.

The worst evil that a young pugilist has to encounter is the tendency on the part of certain men connected with the game to make him dishonest. These smooth talking fellows who are not game enough to take an even chance and bet their money on the man they think will win, hang around a fighter's training quarters like wolves. They are continually making propositions to the coming champions to sell out. These offers of large amounts of money sometimes turn the head of the boy whose will isn't too strong at best, and they frequently become dishonest.

I shall never forget how one of these human wolves came to me before my fight with Aurelia Herrera and offered me \$10,000 and half of the money he won on bets if I would lose.

"You had better go and bet that \$10,000 on me and pay nothing," I told him, "for I am going to win anyway." He went away saying he was afraid to take the chance. After that I would not let him near my training quarters.

But that is getting a little ahead of my story. The young fellow just starting out is often trapped into things which hurt his record, even though he is perfectly honest. This is one of the pitfalls that all pugilists encounter at the start. They are so ignorant of the ways of the world that they think everybody connected with the game honest.

BAT'S FIRST RAW DEAL.

The first raw deal that I got was in my fight with

Eddie Santry at Chicago Nov. 29, 1901. It was for six rounds.

Immediately after my mill with Percente, Santry's manager challenged me for a go. I, of course, accepted, but wanted a longer fight. He refused to go over six rounds, so I had to accept, being glad at the time to get a chance to box him at any distance.

The fight was pulled off at the famous old Pyramid Athletic Club. From the very tap of the gong in the opening round clear down to the conclusion of the sixth I battered Santry all over the ring.

I made him break ground every inch of the way, carried the fight to him and did 75 per cent. of the leading.

In the final round I clipped Santry on the jaw and he went to the mat. He was all but out. I was dancing around in glee, waiting for him to get up, and the crowd was yelling like mad men. I noticed Santry say something as he was falling, but I could not make out the words.

GIVES DECISION TO FALLEN MAN.

Imagine my surprise when a minute later Referee Jimmy Bardell grabbed the fallen Santry by the right hand and held it aloft. That meant that Santry had won the fight. I was almost knocked dumb with surprise. I had been winning all the way and saw a chance for new honors. As I afterward found out, Santry—old fox that he was—got the ear of Bardell before he went on and said: "Bardell, everything is all fixed. I am going to allow Nelson to stay the limit so he can win a reputation by going this far with ME. I am, of course, to receive the decision on points."

It was a beautiful frame up indeed—from Santry's end. At the time I was an unsophisticated kid and little suspected that I was being robbed. That's why they put one over on me. After Bardell had given Santry the decision I was very angry. I stepped up to him and asked an explanation. Here's what he said:

"Why, Nelson, Santry told me everything was fixed for him to win."

Evidently Bardell and the club managers at that time imagined I should be willing to stand for such a game. They were badly mistaken, I'll tell you. It was my policy to fight on the square at all times.

After the Santry jobbery I went over to Milwaukee and fought another draw with Joe Percente, the Italian. I didn't stay there long, however, as I wanted to be in Chicago the following day.

THE FRESH KID MAKES GOOD.

The second day after I arrived in Chicago I was playing pool with a pal of mine on Wabash avenue. The boys standing around got to talking about prize fighting and I cut in as if I knew something.

"I can fight some myself," I remarked to a fellow who had started up an argument.

"So you can fight, can you," he replied in a sarcastic way, and everybody laughed. He was a kind of a bully around there, and everybody always laughed when he said anything. They had to.

"Yes, I can fight," was the way I came back at him. "And more'n that, I'll bet money on it." I was kind of cut up over being shown up and I dug my little bank-roll of \$6 up and offered to bet it.

About that time Johnny Hertz, manager of a fight club, dropped in and he began to listen to my talk. He seemed to take a liking to me right away and came over and bought me a soda water.

"Kid," he said, "do you really want to fight?" I told him that I sure did.

"Well, I'll tell you, I've got a fellow over here named Mike Walsh, and he was to go on to-night, but the other man has failed to show up. If you want to fight you can have the chance. He is a much bigger fellow than you, however. He is a middleweight. If you can make any kind of a showing I will give you \$75."

That made my eyes open and I jumped at it. "I don't care how big he is," I said, and with the crowd following me I went over to the American Athletic Club at Thirty-first street and Wabash avenue.

WALSH SNEERED AT HIM.

When Walsh saw me he sneered and told the manager that he had better get a man. "I'm not here to lick kids," he said, as he looked me over.

After some talk we finally got into our fighting togs and into the ring we went. The first crack out of the box I shot one into his bread basket that doubled him up in a knot. It had him going, but he was so big that he quickly got over it. He was six feet tall and I was only five feet six then. Though he outweighed me by pounds, was taller, more experienced and tougher, I lambasted his slats for fair.

In the sixth round I stung Mike in the stomach again and he appeared to get very angry.

"Why, you fresh little runt," he snapped at me, "I'll take you up and swallow you whole." The crowd laughed at this, but I was just as fresh as he was, and I came right back at him.

"Well," I replied, "if you do you'll have more fighting sense in your belly than you've got in your head." This brought a big laugh from the fellows who heard it, and Walsh was so surprised that he dropped his hands to his side to glare at me. Just as he did I let one fly from my hip that caught him squarely on the jaw and he hit the mat with a jolt. He was out for fair. When he fell his neck hit the ropes, he was so tall.

I got my \$75, and that night was hero at the pool-room where the fellow had tried to make fun of me. Nobody around that place ever took me for a mark after that.

ENDS SEASON WITH A DEFEAT.

I concluded the siege of 1901 in old "Jonahville," Milwaukee, tying up with Charley Berry again. We

met the night after I had cleaned up big middleweight Walsh, and I felt as though I was due to close up the final chapter of the reason by licking Berry. He pursued his same old tactics of stalling, holding on in clinches and dancing around the ring, keeping out of harm's way, and as a result I hardly got a chance to hand over my sleep pills during the fight.

I just couldn't shake the hoodoo, and though I was giving him the worst of it whenever I got near him, and at the finish was smothering him with blows, he was awarded the decision on "points."

So ended the hardest and unluckiest year of fighting experienced by me during my entire career—1901.

SYNOPSIS OF TAD'S LIFE.

(BY BAT.)

T. A. Dorgan (the cartoonist, who has several illustrations of my career in this book), known the world over as—TAD—is a very unique person, indeed. He was born amidst flowers and sunshine. He first saw the light of day in San Francisco, Cal., Sunday, April 29, 1877. He was reared in the same neighborhood as Jimmy Britt, Frankie Neal and Joe Kennedy, which is known as South of Market.



BAT.

When Tad was still a good sized kid his folks moved over to the Hayes Valley district. Incidentally he was compelled to move along with his folks.

He was still in a neighborhood of such noted mitt pushers as James J. Corbett, Joe Choyinski and others of note, and consequently got interested in sports such as boxing, foot racing and, in fact, every sport known to the kids.

As a mere stripling he befell an accident to his right



TAD, SPORTING CARTOONIST OF NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL.

arm, rendering that wing paralyzed. He has been compelled to earn a living with his one remaining mitt—his left, or south paw—which, by the way, is a sure enough “bread winner.”

TAD A *REAL SCRAPPER

He went through grammar school and graduated at the head of his class. While attending school he was a frequent visitor to the fighters training camps and drew many cartoons of the fighters doing their training stunts. He also got so that he could use his mitts—or rather his remaining mitt, and had all the boys of his size buffaloed with his skill as a glove wielder.

Graduating from grammar school he went to the Polytechnic High School, where Miss Van Vleck gave him his first real lessons. After graduating from the Polytechnic High School he secured a job from the San Francisco Bulletin, drawing fashion plates for *no salary*.

After six years of working on that paper he had worked his way up to being a “Sporting Cartoonist,” and was receiving the largest salary ever paid a man in that department on that paper.

The last year’s work was of such rare quality that all the leading papers in the United States were bidding for his services.

ARTHUR BRISBANE LANDS TAD

Arthur Brisbane, one of the cleverest editorial writers, and, without a doubt, the highest *salaried newspaper man in the world*, sought his services. After out bidding all others he secured Tad’s “John Hancock” to an agreement to work as sporting cartoonist of the New York Journal, where he has been dropping them ever since with “one punch.”

Tad, in my estimation, as a cartoonist, is in a class all by himself.

CHAPTER VII.

Bat Nelson's Father Makes Him Fight for Honor of Hegewisch, and He Wins.

In 1902 the Battler engaged in eleven fights, and received \$873.50 in purses.

I got an early start of it in 1902, beginning early in January and continuing uninterruptedly up to almost the close of the year. I faced the referee just eleven times.

I fought 78 rounds all told. I managed to win eight of my eleven starts. I knocked out four of my opponents, and won the decision over four others.

When I had finished my fight with Charley Berry, in December, 1901, it was getting close on to Christmas, and it was up to me to hike back to Hegewisch. I am awful strong for Christmas at home and that hanging up the stocking thing still has a hold on me. Every Christmas as regular as a clock I hang up my sock, and my good old mother never fails to see that Santa Claus puts something in it.

With \$50 in my pocket I reached Hegewisch two days before Christmas Eve, and I had to get very busy, as all the kids were writing letters to Santa Claus and giving them to me to "mail." The little rascals were wise about Santa Claus, but they tried to make me believe that they were not, and, of course, I "fell." I couldn't buy everything they wanted, because one of them wanted a big balloon with a parachute so that they could go up and make parachute leaps! Can you beat that?

On Christmas Day my father called me into the little parlor and said he wanted to have a talk.

"Now, Bat," he began, and then he told me that he

wanted me to stop the fighting business. "Before you leave home," he said, "you must promise."

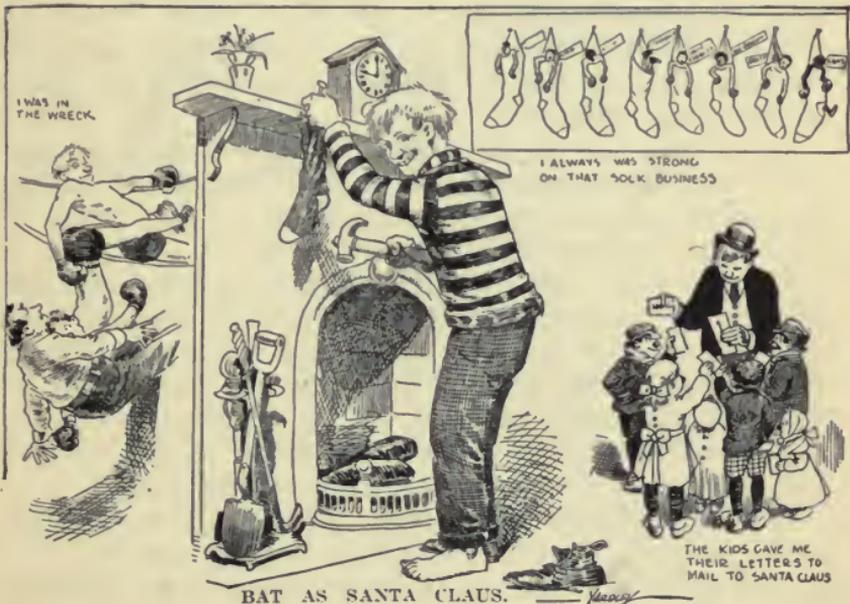
WOULD NOT PROMISE TO QUIT THE RING.

I wouldn't exactly promise, but told him I would think it over. So we all went downtown. The crowd in Hegewisch usually hangs out at Dad Knight's bar. Just as we went in the door two fellows were having an argument. One of them was from Pullman, where they make the sleeping cars. In Hegewisch we have the largest car works in the world, but we only make working cars, such as flat cars, freight cars, etc.

The Pullman fellows think they have something on us because they make fancy cars, and there is always an argument about which is the better town.

"Maybe you do make the best cars," said the fellow from Hegewisch, "but you can't fight over there."

"Can't fight?" snapped the other fellow. "What's tearing at you? Why we've got the greatest fighter in the world at Pullman, and he can lick anything that



ever growed in Hegewisch. I'd like to see you show some guy who could face Frankie Colifer. Why, he's a whirlwind."

"Get out!" cried the Hegewisch man. "Hegewisch can beat anybody in Pullman at anything, and I'll bet you on it." Just then he spied me and the old man as we came in the door.

"Say, kid," he said, "can't you lick any body your weight in Pullman?"

I said "I was willing to try, and would take a chance at it anyway."

"You tink dey got boy over dere vot can beat my boy—vot?" my father flared up in his funny Danish dialect. "Vell, ve'd lack to see him. My boy bane a vonder;" and the old man was getting all worked up. He had forgotten all about my promising not to fight any more.

HIS DANISH FATHER GETS ANGRY.

"I bet—I bet—I bet you von tousand dollars," the old man said excitedly, as he kept getting redder in the face. "Leek my boy—vot?"

"Bat," he said turning to me, "you go an' leek dis Pullman boy, and eef you dake a leekin—vell, I leek some myself, huh? vot——?"

There was nothing to it now. I had to fight for the honor of Hegewisch, and the fellow who was boosting me patted me on the shoulder and said: "Now bring on your fancy Pullman fighter!"

For the next few days the town was wild with the talk of the coming fight and they were betting their shoes. The same thing was going on in Pullman, which was just six miles away. We boys had two weeks in which to get ready, and on Jan. 13, 1902, everybody in Hegewisch went over to West Pullman to see the go. The town was closed up. It was a general holiday.

We fought in an empty barn adjoining Pete Kelley's saloon, and the bout was to have gone six rounds.

This fellow Colifer was a pretty good fighter at that,

but I remembered that I was battling for the honor of my home town, and I tore at him like a demon. The building was packed so that it bulged out at the sides. On one side the Pullman employees were pulling for their man, and on the other it seemed to me like all the Danes and Swedes in the world were pulling for me. You know I had made peace with the Swedes by this time, and they were working in perfect harmony with us Danes. This time we were all together. Everybody in the town had made a little bet.

HAMMERED AT THE RIBS.

The first few rounds went along pretty even, but I was hammering away at Colifer's wind, and it was beginning to tell. In

the fifth round while the Danes and Swedes were talking all sorts of languages and yelling for me to go on I cracked Coli- in the stomach. He doubled over and as his head came down I hung a beautiful squarely on his chin and he flopped over

on the mat. By this time the Hegewisch crowd was crazy with joy. Colifer was very limp and took the full count of nine, and then to everybody's surprise, he got up. He was certainly game to the core. As he got to his feet I set myself and got a clean right-handed swing on his jaw. This put him out for good, and we had a hard time bringing him back to consciousness.

The last word I heard as I started to jump out of the ring was, "An' dey dink dey can leek my boy, vot!" followed by a familiar chuckle. The old man was still on the job.



I was handed fifty one dollar bills for my victory, and I won that much more in bets that I had made with the Pullman employees.

My success in saving the fighting honor of Hegewisch appeared to take all of the talk out of the old man about making me quit the game. From this time on he was a dyed-in-the-wool fight fan. To this day he thinks there is nobody in the world who "can leek his boy, vot!" and, between you and me, his son Battling has got somewhat of the same notion.

HIS TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE IN RING.

Anyway the change in my dear old father was enough to warrant me in starting out again. Having had good luck in Wisconsin I journeyed that way again, and it was at Fond du Lac, two weeks later, that I met Charley Berry for the third and last time.

I had lost, as stated, a close decision to Berry the December previous, and he challenged me again. This time we had eight rounds, though I held out for twelve or fifteen rounds. Like our previous battle the affair went the full eight rounds. He fought a pretty stiff sort of a battle throughout, but although at no time did he have the best of the fighting, Referee Tom Ryan of Oshkosh awarded the plum to him. In the final rounds I forced Berry through the ropes in my anxiety to put him out. Fearing he would be killed, as the drop to the floor was about eight feet, I tried to catch him as he was falling. I did this because I figured I had gained a big lead and thought that I had the battle wrapped up. Therefore I grabbed him to check the fall, in order to give his fat manager Paddy Dorrell a chance to protect his man. Paddy during the excitement made a misstep in his corner and fell, and Berry tumbled over him, thus saving himself from a hard fall. I was in the wreck and tumbled headlong over a chair, my head striking a post, almost knocking me out as well.

The gong sounded and Referee Ryan held up Berry's

hand as the winner. I received \$75 for my end, though I lost out.

FINALLY BEAT JOE PERCENTE.

Joe Percente and I met for the fourth and last time at Oshkosh, Wis., on March 13, 1902. I had caught a bad cold after the Berry affair, and when I weighed in, clothes and all mind you, the beam scarcely tipped 130 pounds. I was game, however, and went in to hand Sir Joseph a good beating. I carried the fight to him and won the bout in handy fashion.

RETURNS TO WINDY CITY AND KNOCKS OUT KID RYAN.

I RETURNED TO CHICAGO after the win over Percente, and was matched with Kid Ryan in the feature bout, on a lovely St. Patrick's Day evening, March 17, of course.

Strange to relate, I had previously fought on each Irish day of celebration, and had managed to win each time with a knockout.

Ryan, will be remembered by the fight fans of Chicago and vicinity as a slashing sort of a boxer. He tried his rushing tactics on me early in the fight, but after I had met his fierce rushes with a series of telling uppercuts and left hooks, he backed up a bit and allowed me to do the leading. The bout, according to the announcer, was to go six rounds. It didn't, however, as in the fifth round I sailed in and hooked Ryan "crooly" on the jaw several times, also using my left half-scissors hook on the liver, and down he went for the fatal ten seconds. I was handed \$75 for the job. Besides I won a nice little side bet.

WINS DECISION OVER CYCLONE JOHNNY THOMPSON.

THE WEEK FOLLOWING the knocking out of

Ryan found me matched with the then coming Cyclone Johnny Thompson. We tied up on the night of March 21, and there was surely a cyclone all right that struck the place—but it was not of the Thompson variety. No, it was another of those Nelsonian whirlwinds which even at that date was scouting about knocking aspiring young pugilists into oblivion and other places.

The Cyclone was prettily dusted out of wind in the early rounds of the battle, and his famous "funnel" shaped cloudy rushes wouldn't work at all. I beat him into submission in the final rounds of the fight, though did not knock him completely out. I won the decision easily; also the snug sum of \$100 purse money.

Going up a bit in the financial world?

SYNOPSIS OF EDGREN.

(BY BAT.)



BAT.

Robert Edgren, sporting editor and cartoonist of *New York Evening World*, commonly known as Bob Edgren, has donated several cartoons, illustrating my life, etc., and, of course, the book would be incomplete without his invaluable pen and ink drawings.

Bob first saw the light of day in good old Chicago town. He graduated from the primary grades and then moved his bag and baggage to California, the land of climates and apricots (and some lemons). While on the Pacific Coast he put on weight rapidly until he weighed over 200 pounds.

He was a human giant. His stature was 6 feet 2 inches.

USED WEIGHT FOR MORE THAN BALLAST.

While attending the University of California Bob, with his 225 pounds of human avoirdupois, figured to use it for more than ballast. He took up hammer throwing and won every contest he entered for two or three years, breaking J. Sarsfield Mitchell's record by two feet and became a champion.

For a year Bob threw out his chest as "King Pin of Hammer Throwers." John Flanagan came to this country and beat Edgren's record by about three feet. Flanagan afterward put the record on the shelf beyond the reach of Edgren.

SPARRING PARTNER FOR JIM CORBETT.

About the time Jim Corbett went into training for his championship fight at Carson City with Bob Fitzsimmons, he was looking for big men to spar with. As Edgren had showed great skill with the mitts he was invited to join the Corbett training staff, which position he filled like a veteran.

STARTS NEWSPAPER WORK IN NEW YORK CITY.

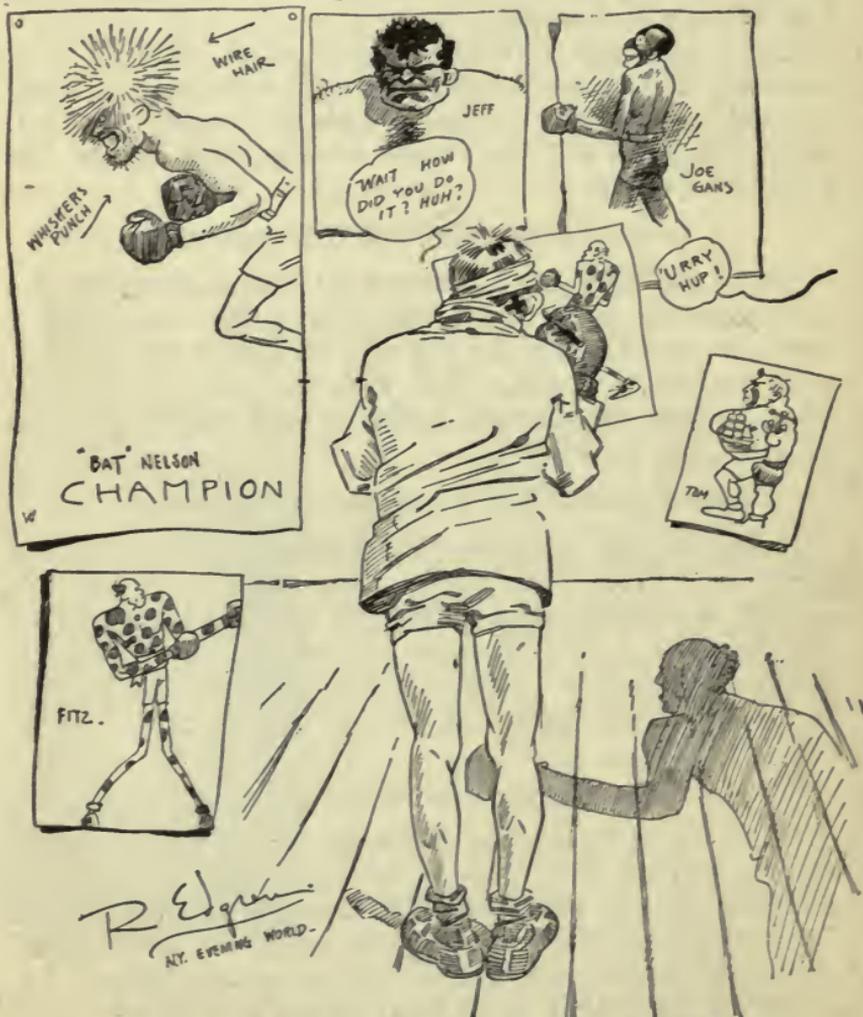
Following the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight he started work on a New York paper doing some cartoon work as well as writing some articles on sporting events. One day he drew a freckle and outlined the form of Fitzsimmons around it. Next day his boss gave him a raise in salary. Ever since Fitz has been pictured as a "Human Freckle."

PUTS SHIP ON SHARKEY'S BREAST.

Encouraged by the success of the freckle and the boost on the payroll Bob drew a picture of Tom Sharkey, and pictured the battleship Maine on his massive breast. This caused Edgren to "leap to fame," as the biographers say, and he was given another raise in salary. By this time his wages were large enough to allow pie in the bill of fare at least once a day.

Bob has also pictured me up into distinct caricatures—"The Wiskers Punch" and "The Wire Hair."

Bob Edgren is, at the time this is going to press, holding the position of sporting editor and cartoonist on the *New York Evening World* at a fat salary. He is now able to add, not only pie, but all the delicacies to the bill of fare from soup to nuts.



EDGREN. OUTLINING FITZ'S FORM ON A FRECKLE.



"FRANK A. BROWN" "FRANK D. BUCKENFELLER" "REBECCAH DORIS D. BRONNER" "BARBARA A. BULLOCK" "WILLIAM WELLS" "FRANK H. BULLOCK" "WILLIAM A. P. BROWN"
 SEVEN CHICAGO INFANTS WHICH BEAR MORE OR LESS OF RESEMBLANCE TO SEVEN WELL-KNOWN MEN ARE HERE PICTURED—IN NO CASE IS THE CHILD RELATED TO THE PERSON WHOSE NAME APPEARS BELOW THE PORTRAIT.
 QUEER ILLUSTRATIONS OF HOW NATURE REPEATS ITSELF IN THE EVOLVING OF FACIAL TYPES.

CHAPTER VIII.

Champion Knocks Out William Rosser in Two Seconds, the Shortest Fight on Record.

As a rule, I do not gamble on fights, but occasionally I make exceptions, and I have always been exceedingly fortunate in picking winners. This is due largely to the fact that in the fights in which Battling Nelson has participated I have always bet on myself.

As a beginner, however, I didn't have enough money to risk on the result of my ring battles, and I was very well satisfied to get the purse. The greater part of my earnings was sent to my mother, and I had very little pocket money that I could afford to lose.

Shortly after I had licked Cyclone Johnny Thompson, in March, 1902, I began to take on a lot of confidence, and I made up my mind that I would put down a bet on myself the next time I started, if a good chance was offered and I could keep my mother from finding it out. It came quicker than I expected.

William Rosser, a lightning fast young lightweight, and at that time the pride of West Pullman, and a boy who had been defeating every Chicago fighter who dared to come into his bailiwick, sent me a challenge after I had stopped the Cyclone. With a large party of my Hegewisch friends and backers we journeyed over to

Harvey by buses, buggies, automobiles and in every manner imaginable. We were about 250 strong.

MAKES A WILD BET.

About a week previous to the fight while training at my White House Club at home, Frank Reiger, one of those talkative fellows, dropped into the club rooms and asked me what I thought of my chances in the coming fight. I jokingly said, "Why, I'll knock him out in a round."

Reiger, who had been continually belittling my ability as a fighter, at once offered to bet me \$40, to \$4, or \$10 to \$1, that I wouldn't knock him out in a round. I, thinking it was only a bunch of hot air, dug down in my jeans and took up the bet. Reiger immediately appointed George Wickham as stakeholder and handed him the \$40. Of course, I put up my four, thinking he would try and crawl out of the bet any moment. But the stakeholder forced him to keep his coin up.

Now that the bet was made and the money posted it was up to me to figure out ways and means to win that fight in a gallop.

I immediately made up my mind to get that one-round money if I never fought again. I notified my backers that I would show the Harvey sports three minutes of the fastest fighting they ever saw in their lives, if Rosser lasted that long.

Having that forty dollars in view all the while, I made up my mind that I wouldn't allow him to get a start. When we were called to the centre of the ring for instructions I had the scheme figured out. Instead of retiring to my corner, as is customary, I decided to take a step toward his corner.

WORKED LIKE A CHARM.

The trick worked like a charm. As the timekeeper rang the bell Rosser raised out of his chair, and he was just within nice hitting distance. The bell had not

ceased ringing before I shot a terrific right-hand swing flush on his jaw. He tottered a step forward and fell in the centre of the ring. Rosser tried hard to get up and made two futile efforts to rise, but only got to arm's length, and by the time the referee had tolled off seven seconds he dropped on his face and turned over on his back and remained for the full count, only to be carried to his dressing room by his handlers.

My only punch was so well directed that it was hours before he regained consciousness. This is the shortest fight on record.

Malachy Hogan, who officiated as referee in the famous Martin Flaherty-Dal Hawkins fight at Carson City, Nev., March 17, 1897, which lasted four seconds, also officiated in our fight. He makes affidavit to the effect that our contest was the shorter of the two.

I received for the job \$50, or an average of \$25 a second.

PRESENTED WITH GOLD WATCH.

The following day I was presented with a nice solid gold stop-watch by Billy McLatchey for my two-second knockout of Rosser.

My brother "Art" was a spectator, although a mere kid. It being very late in the evening when the fight took place he fell asleep on the benches and some of the crowd suggested to him that he stand up so he could see the fight. "No," he said sleepily, "I had better sit down so that I can't fall off the bench in case Bat gets hurt."

"Art" to-day is not sure that he saw the punch that put Rosser out, although he saw him fall to the floor.

The following day I collected my bet of \$44 won from "Noisy Reiger." He is to this day being chided by the bunch around Hegewisch because of the bet he made when he thought he had a cinch.

That was by far the most satisfactory bet that I ever won.



GLOVES WORN BY BATTLING NELSON WHEN HE KNOCKED OUT
WILLIAM ROSSER IN TWO SECONDS AT HARVEY, ILL.

PULLMAN AGAIN GETS AMBITIOUS.

At this time it began to look as if those Pullman fellows were never going to get enough. I had hardly got through talking about the quick victory over Rosser when a young fellow named Danny McMahan, of Philadelphia, whom I had fought before, wanted to take up Pullman's fight, and I had to hustle over there and meet him. The fight ended in a draw and that was the closest I came to losing a decision in the town which loves my native Hegewisch like Battling Nelson loves the small-pox.

This was giving me good experience, however, and as long as I kept winning I was perfectly willing to take a chance.

A few days thereafter I was sitting on the front steps of our home in Hegewisch when a fellow came along and asked me if I was "Kid" Nelson.

"Some call me 'Kid' and some call me 'Battling.'" I replied, "I guess either one will do."

"And you think you are some fighter, eh?" he asked in a sneering way.

"That's just about the size of it," I came back at him.

"Well," he answered. "You don't look so good to me. I think I can lick you myself."

"Vot, you dink you kin leek my boy, vot!" My old man was just sticking his head out of the door to get in the argument.

CHALLENGED ON MY DOORSTEP.

The fellow said his name was Pudden Burns, and I found that he was a citizen of Hegewisch and worked at the car shops.

"Go and get some money," I told him, "and then we'll talk."

He reached right down in his pocket and came out with a roll.

There was nothing to it. I had another fight on my hands.

In two hours the whole town was talking about the coming bout, and we arranged to have the mill in the Hegewisch Opera House, a block from my home.

This fellow Pudden Burns wanted to show me up right in my home town, and I always have had a sneaking idea that the Swedes put him up to it. They didn't want to see a Dane winning all the glory.

That fellow gave me a tough fight of it, however, and stayed the full six rounds, though I mauled him all over the ring. At the end of the last round the referee gave me the decision and Pudden didn't kick. He said he thought that I had won. I got \$75 for turning this trick, and that entitled me to stay a few more days at home.

By this time my father had given up all idea of making me stop the fighting game and very privately one day he said: "Go ahead, veen de champeenship!" With that to urge me on I finally made good.

As a matter of fact I think my start for the championship began that week. I went over into Indiana again and was jobbed out of a decision when I met Billy Hurley at Hammond. The referee called the bout a draw, and the affair came near winding up in a free for all fight.

LOST CONFIDENCE IN OFFICIALS.

I was losing confidence in the honesty of officials and I decided to quit that part of the country entirely and seek a new field.

It was during the early part of July, 1902, when I packed up my fighting togs, bundled up my Spalding fighting shoes, and, after bidding the folks good-bye at home, I hiked over to the freight yards and a few minutes was cozily settled beneath the body of a big freight car which was tagged for the South. I had heard many yarns about the hot sports of Hot Springs, and thought there was a good chance for me to get on in a few bouts during the big season. Then, the curative properties of the water, I figured, would do much to build me up and make me strong.

After several days of hunger and other hardships I found myself rudely thrown out from under the car, and there I was at last, safe and sound, in the Springs of good old Arkansaw.

FAMOUS EXPERT EXAMINES FIGHTER FOR THE TRAVELER.

BY JOHN R. ROBINSON.

Wallop Battling Nelson in the stomach, hard and swift. Then follow it by another wallop in the same place. And according to the dope, you're lightweight champion of the world.

You can hit Nelson on the jaw as long as you want, and the only thing that you'll hurt is your hands. You can hit him over the kidneys, on the ears, on the nose, blacken both eyes and pound his chest to a frazzle, and he'll still grin through the blood and come back for more.

This is no opinion of mine. I've boxed and wrestled with the wonderful Danish fighting machine, have pulled him to the floor and jumped on him, have battered his head against the walls of the gymnasium until my arms were sore, and the only thing I ever found out was that I got tired quicker than he did, and wanted to rest after the exercises and watch Nelson go through the same course with another willing man.

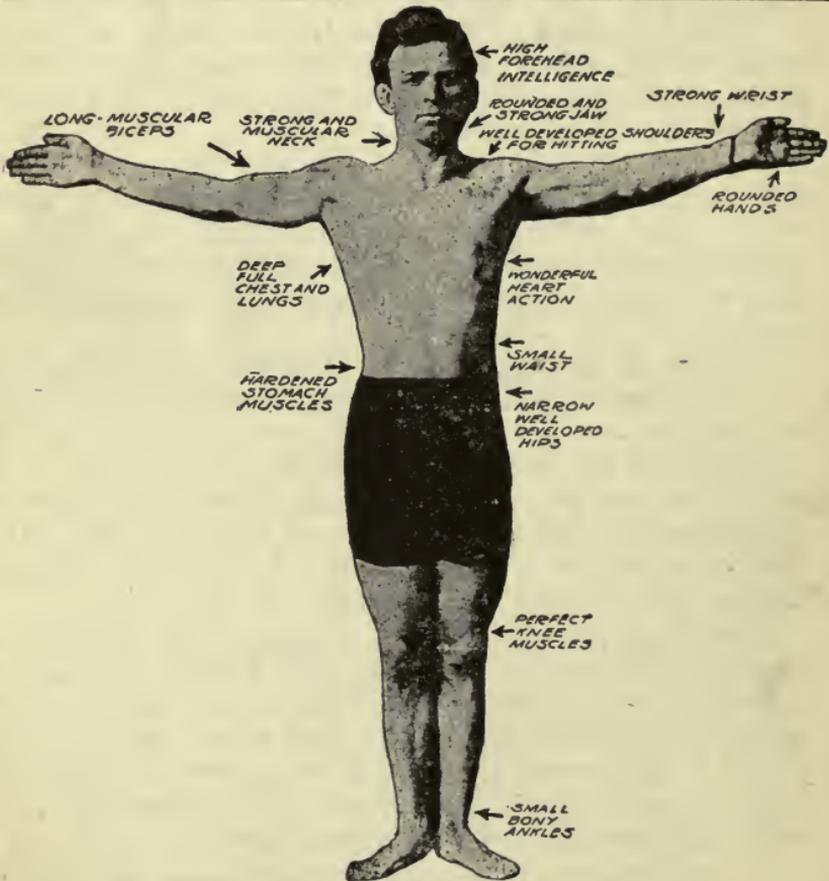
"Some people say I'm not human," said Nelson recently in Boston. "Joe Gans and Jack London have called me funny names, but still that real estate of mine keeps on increasing in value. And now I want to find out if I really am like other people, both in mind and body. I want you to take me to Dr. Sargent at Harvard, and have him settle the question."

DR. SARGENT WELL QUALIFIED FOR WORK.

This was ten days ago, and in the meantime Dr. Sargent has prepared charts and made his deductions. And

*Battling Nelson a Perfectly Developed Man,
Both Physically and Mentally,
Dr. Sargent's Report on Nelson
A Human Battering Ram.*

NELSON AND POINTS OF STRENGTH



The Traveler is fortunate enough to be able to present exclusively to its readers the opinions of the greatest physical culture expert in the world.

Just a few words about Dr. Sargent. He is so well known that the average reader does not need this information, but for those who are not acquainted with him, it may be well to say that he has examined some of the greatest pugilists of modern times, and has spent a lifetime in the study of the human body. Starting with his medical degree, he had the real foundation upon which to work to advise others their weak and strong physical points, and his many years' experience with his own physical culture institution at Cambridge and in the Hemmingway gymnasium have fitted him to talk expertly on Nelson as a fighter and a man.

We were sent to the Hemenway gymnasium by Dr. Sargent, and Nelson was ordered to undress. First his lungs were tested, then his grip, then his lifting, pulling and pushing power. Then the doctor took hold of him and started him through a course of exercises, stopping him every few moments to examine his heart, lungs and other portion of his anatomy.

"Nelson has the best heart and lungs I have ever examined," said the doctor. "Take the same care of yourself in the future as you have in the past, and you'll be champion for many years to come."

NELSON'S BRAIN IS OF NORMAL SIZE.

Here is what Dr. Sargent said of the fighter after his examination. It shows wherein the Dane excels all other men for his own profession:

"I find that Nelson is a very intelligent man," said Dr. Sargent. "His brain is of normal size—there is nothing extraordinary about it, except that he can think quicker and act faster than most persons.

"His heart, a most essential organ to be in perfect condition for a professional athlete, is a most extraordinary organ. It is about normal in size and beats very

regularly. I find that it beats perfectly before exercise and during exertion increases a very little. After exertion it returns very quickly to its regular beat again.

"This is very uncommon. A man who takes the exercise that all professional boxers should and do take regularly has, as a rule, a very irregular heart. But Nelson's heart does not show this weakness. He can go into the ring with his regular heart beat, fight a hard three-minute round and his heart will beat faster. But when he takes his corner and rests for a minute he is in the same condition as before he started.

"Nelson is a chap who is not easily excited. It takes more than a good strong blow to make him mad. I believe he could do almost anything, under almost any circumstances, and still keep his head. This may be attributed to his heart and also to the fact that he has trained his mind to obey the orders of his brain.

"His lungs are normal and perfect. He is a man who breathes with the long, deep breath which I advise all persons to use. His lungs are just right for a man of his weight, age and build, and capable of taking a good hard punch. This is a very good point in a fighter—you could strike him in the chest and knock out part of his wind, and he could come back in a few seconds after recovering from the shock with the remaining wind in his lungs, and keep on fighting until the lungs were well filled again.

"His chest is good. He has a fine expansion—far greater than many heavyweights I have examined. This alone is due to constant exercise and the fact that Nelson never used tobacco or liquor in any form. He has a thick, strong set of ribs, and I find they are abnormally wide, thus forming almost an armor plate around his body.

JAW IMPERVIOUS TO PUNISHMENT.

"Nelson's jaw puzzled me more than any other part of his anatomy. You can catch him a good hard uppercut on the point of the jaw, and you get no response.

I do not think any man of Nelson's weight and inches could hit the young Dane hard enough on the jaw to even make him feel dazed.

Nelson is a well developed man, and keeps himself in constant training, whether he is preparing for a battle or resting between his engagements. He breathes deeply, takes a good long walk and uses every muscle in his body when he gets to work. It is not a case of strength with him, but of endurance, and I think he could last for any length of time in a battle regardless of how strong or fast his opponent was.

"Nelson recuperates very quickly. This is because he is not easily excited. A man might send him to the floor for the count of six or seven, but he would still realize his position, and he would be ready to continue the fight far within the time limit of ten seconds. He acts very quickly both during exercise and when talking with a person. If he were in the corner of the room and you would mention his name he would jump. He is exceptionally quick moving on his feet, and with his hands. He has smaller hands and feet than the average person, but that is no odd characteristic. His hands, I find, are very strong and well rounded. He can double his fist quicker than any man I ever saw, and this should enable him to do better execution in hitting than the ordinary pugilist can do.

SHOULD MAKE A GREAT RUNNER.

"His endurance is wonderful. He would make a good long-distance runner, as he can last a long time through the hardest ordeal. He should be able to run for hours and still be fresh, just as he is able to fight for forty-two rounds and be strong at the finish. He swings his arms at all times and keeps moving his body, so that the average person might think him nervous. This is not so—Nelson methodically goes through these motions to aid in his plan of perfect health. His body is hard, his

skin is thick, and his neck able to stand almost any kind of a blow.

"If he continues to live as he has during the past five or six years, he should reach a remarkable age. I would not dare to say how long he would live, but he should still be a vigorous man at the age of three score years and ten.

"Nelson worries but little. Worrying has killed many a good man, but this young fighter takes things as they come, and does not look into the future with any degree of doubt. He is generally happy and smiles a great deal—indeed, during the examination he was very much in earnest, but still he kept chaffing his companion and telling me funny stories.

On the eve of a battle I do not think he likes to talk of what is coming, but prefers to sit by himself and wait. Talking of what is to come might get him excited a little, but it would not worry him in the least. He simply awaits the day of the fight and goes into the ring without a single thing on his mind. He fights better as a result. The man who goes into the ring worrying does not have his mind on the fight, and he gets scared when his opponent makes a pass. But Nelson waits for something to happen, and then he acts accordingly. Then he maps out his own campaign in his calm, methodical way.

ALL IN ALL, A WONDERFUL MAN.

"Taking him all in all, he is a wonderfully built man. His hips are small, and his legs are also small. His chest and arms are those of a man of 150 pounds, and his legs, hips and stomach those of a man of 130. He is not perfectly built, according to our modern statue, but nevertheless many of his measurements correspond proportionately to those which the early Greeks decided were the perfect model of symmetry. He is built just right for his profession, and any years that he spent outside of the prize ring were wasted."

This ended Dr. Sargent's interview, and I do not see

where anything can be added to it. Nelson is human—that is a certainty—I never saw him refuse a man a dollar when the asker was in need. He supports his family and lives well himself, and keeps his friends who are true to him. That's human, and if he looks like a fiend to Joe Gans in the ring I can excuse Joe. Imagine how you'd like to be in Joe's place yourself.—*From Boston Traveler*, Nov. 13, 1908.

CHAPTER IX.

Bat Takes \$3 Job as Waiter and Whips Six Foot Manager.



After I had been kicked off the train at Hot Springs the first thing I had to think about was something to eat. I didn't have a cent, and the best I could do in the way of clothes was one tattered suit—the old \$12.50 boy—that I had bought up in Wisconsin. It was up to me to get busy, so I went out looking for a job. In front of a restaurant I saw a “Waiter Wanted” sign and I went in and applied for the job. The manager offered me \$3 a week and my board. It was a good chance to get fed, so I accepted on the spot and went downstairs to wash up.

This restaurant was called the “Ironside,” and I afterward learned that it got the name from the tough steaks which were served at 15 cents a throw. It was a regular hash-slinging joint and I knew there was no chance for tips. The fellows who ate there were lucky to have the 15 cents which was the price of a regular meal.

ACCUSED OF STEALING FIFTEEN CENTS.

It was in this restaurant while working as a waiter that I had one of the liveliest fights in my career, and it wasn't in the ring either.

On the fourth day I was accused of stealing 15

cents, and it made me awful sore, for I was innocent. I had a lot of harsh words with my accuser, who it seems was a deputy sheriff as well as owner of the restaurant. He went away, but came back in a few minutes and told me that he had found out that I was innocent and he apologized.

I was just getting ready to leave the place, and he asked me what was the trouble.

"Why, the manager refuses to give me my \$3 pay that he promised," I replied. "He thinks that my board is enough."

The sheriff told me to go back to work and he would see that I got paid. So I went back on the job.

On the next day the manager had told me to put some ice in the cellar, but just as the ice man came in two customers dropped in, and I had to wait on them. The manager, whose name was Bill Ashton, was in a rage when he came back, and he began to abuse me about the ice. I explained that I had to wait on the only two customers of the day, and, incidentally, I said something about the business being bad. This made him worse, and he began to curse me awfully. Finally I told him to stop, as I wouldn't stand for being called all those names.

WHIPS RESTAURANT MANAGER.

Ashton was over six feet tall, and he made a furious lunge at me with his fist. I stepped aside, and peeled him a beaut on the jaw. The blow knocked him flat, but he came up with a catsup bottle in his hand and made for me. I caught the bottle and took it away from him, and walloped him in the jaw. He tried more bottles, but he couldn't get a chance to use them. Finally he picked up a four gallon milk pitcher, which he slung at me. I ducked it nicely, and it hit the table where two customers sat, and gave them the first bath they had had in a week.

When it comes to the milk bath thing Anna Held never had anything on them.

Again Ashton tried to kill me with a bottle, and this time I decided to get busy myself. I jerked the bottle out of his hand and tapped him on his bald head.

"I hate to do this, old fellow," I said, as we were both panting. "But I need the money." Down he went in a heap.

I was getting on my coat, preparing to leave, when the owner came in and had us both arrested. He told me to go back to work and he would pay me my \$3. I did so. The next morning in court the judge wouldn't believe that I had licked that big six-foot man. After hearing the evidence, however, he turned me loose and fined the manager \$5.

GETS INTO GYMNASIUM.

I continued to work as waiter at the springs for the reason that if I didn't I would have starved to death.

I put in my spare time around the several gymnasiums located in the bathhouses and was in pretty nice shape when things got going. I wanted to give the visitors a line on my ability, and many a hard bout did I box around the baths—just to keep me in shape. I didn't care how big the fellow was, I was there with the gloves ready at all times.

After knocking out a couple of real fresh scrappers who thought they were the whole works, I got to be the talk of the town.

The knockout of one of these fresh young fellows, by the way, was really responsible for my giving up my \$3 job as a waiter. Billy Maurice, of the Maurice bath, had kindly consented to let me train in the gymnasium connected with his place, and I was working hard to get in shape. One day a big fellow named Wagner came in and began punching at a bag. He

was a middleweight in size. Quite a crowd of rich sports came in with him, and began talking about his ability as a boxer.

"Say, Kid," he said to me, "how would you like to box a little while for exercise?"

I looked up at him, and he saw that I was sizing him up. I shook my head a little as if thinking him too big.



BAT'S OFFICE, HEGEWISCH, ILL.

"Oh, I won't hurt you," he said. "I will only spar. Come on and let's have some fun."

"All right," I finally said, and the rich fellows gathered around to have some fun at my expense.

We had boxed along nicely for a couple of rounds and the big man, who I afterward learned was a rich young amateur, was getting the best of it.

"You are doing fine," the crowd said to him.

He made a couple of light passes at me and one of them landed.

"Now watch me hand this fellow something," he

whispered to his friends and winked. I didn't hear the words, but I knew what he meant by his actions.

All of a sudden he made a wild swing at me. If it had landed it would have taken off the top of my head. I ducked it, however, as he lunged forward with the force of his blow I drove a right-hand swing plump on his jaw with all the force I could put into it. He almost turned a flip-flop, and it was ten minutes before they could bring him around.

I didn't know then that he was a swell guy, but I went right up to him and told him something.

RICH MAN APOLOGIZES.

"I didn't want to do that," I said, "but you thought you had a little kid to deal with, and you tried to knock his head off just to show him up before your friends. I simply gave you a little of your own medicine, that's all."

"You are all right, kid," he replied. "I did try to do you a mean trick, and I want to apologize."

The sports gathered around and made up a little purse for me. They told me that I could give up my job as waiter, and that they would stake me to a good fight later on. Thereupon, I resigned as waiter at the Old Ironside restaurant.

COLONEL ANDY MULLIGAN TO HIS AID.

Col. Andy Mulligan heard of me through those gentlemen, and seemed much taken up with my style and grit. He was running the Vapor City Athletic Club then, which was located at Whittington Park.

His friend, Jack Frisby, had a fighter working for him as head waiter, and the latter thought he could stop me without much trouble. A few days after meeting Mulligan and Frisby, his head waiter, Elmer Mayfield, hurled a challenge at me. I jumped at the proposition and accepted on a second's notice. I

wanted him to go twenty or twenty-five rounds, but he positively refused to box unless I agreed to ten rounds.

It was indeed a lucky thing for him that he had stipulated the ten-round go, as I was getting to him hard during the last three rounds of the battle. We fought at catchweights, Mayfield weighing 142 while I weighed but 130. However, the aggressive, game, slugging fight which I put up immediately won for me hundreds of friends at the Springs.

The sports wanted to see more of me, and ever since that day the residents of the Garden City have claimed Battling Nelson as their own product.

My next opponent in the South was a negro,—Christy Williams. His engagement with me is mentioned under a special chapter which is devoted exclusively to the members of the colored race whom I defeated mostly by the knock-out route. No black man ever defeated me.

In a few words, however, I might add that I knocked Negro Williams cold in the seventeenth round.

This splendid victory concluded my busy season of 1902.

Story Written for New York World and Published July 12th, 1908.

SYNOPSIS OF THE LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION.

BY BAT,

Lightweight Champion of the World.



BAT.

I am content. At last I am recognized as the only real live champion lightweight fighter in the world. I have long known that I could beat any man in the ring at my weight, but I have had a hard time convincing the public at large of my ability. Now that I have shown them by decisively beating Joe Gans, I have accomplished my one great ambition in life, and in doing so I have collected so much of the so-called "root of all evil" that I don't know how to get rid of it without disturbing the peace. I have not been foolish with my money, like some former champions, but have invested it wisely, and today I would not sell all of the property that I have for a quarter of a million dollars.

When I was quite a youngster I read of the championship fight between Jim Corbett and John L. Sullivan, in 1892. It was the first championship battle I had ever heard about, and I remember that the article said that the people followed Corbett about on the streets. I thought at the time that that was as great as a man could get, and I became fired with the ambition to be like Corbett. Now I have my wish. When I went out to the battleship U. S. S. Ohio to



A BOXING BOUT ON THE U. S. S. OHIO WHILE ANCHORED IN
SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR, SEPTEMBER 1, 1908.

pay the boys a visit, which was anchored in San Francisco Bay, on their tour around the world under Rear Admiral Bob Evans, the other day hundreds of small boys followed me along the water front and cheered me.

"There is the new champion," they cried, and I could not help getting wider around the chest when the leader of the gang yelled: "He's a fighter from Fightersville."

WOULD RATHER FIGHT THAN EAT.

I guess that kid was right. I'd rather fight than eat. That's the secret of my success. I have lost several fights, but have never been beaten. Sounds rather paradoxical, doesn't it? But it's true, just the same. The reason for my "defeats" is that I am not a "short distance" or "parlor" boxer. I believe that all fights should be to a finish to determine which is the better man,—this is called the "Battler's Route." Everything that fights keeps on till it wins, is beaten or has enough. By beaten I mean unable to continue. I have never yet been placed in the situation where I was unable to continue or where I had enough, and in all of the battles that have been decided against me I am morally certain that I would have stopped my opponent if the contests had been longer. Therefore I do not consider that I have ever met my master in the fighting game.

I have always felt that I would be the greatest fighter in my class. It is in the stars, and, although I am not superstitious, I can't help believing that I was ordained to be a successful fighter. This is how I figure it out: I was born on June 5, 1882, in Copenhagen, Denmark. Nothing very remarkable about that, say you? Well, hold on a minute; June 5 is the Danish Independence Day, and you must remember that I beat the heretofore unconquerable Gans on July 4, Uncle Sam's Independence Day. Kind of a

coincidence, isn't it? Of course nations do not obtain absolute independence unless they fight for it and win, and from the fact that the independence days of two nations are such important dates in my career I believe I am justified in thinking as I do.

WAS BORN FIGHTING.

Although I was born in Denmark I am a full-fledged American, for I was brought to this country when I was less than a year old. My father, Nels Nelson, declares that I was born fighting and have been fighting ever since, and I guess he is about right. That's why he named me Battling. My mother, Mary Nelson, tacked the two other handles to my surname, so I have to go about wrapped up in the disguise of Oscar Battling Matthew Nelson when I attend social functions.

From my elongated name I'd assume that I was an heiress-seeking nobleman if I didn't know differently.

I have six brothers and a sister. Al is a machinist in the North Western shops in Chicago; Henry is a blacksmith; Johnny a moulder; Charley is a junior at the University of California and is studying to be a doctor, but I wouldn't be surprised if he should turn out to be a preacher; Art is a motorcycle racer and recently rode a mile and a quarter in a minute. My youngest brother, Harry, is the smartest kid of them all. At present he is attending the Boys' School at Quincy, Ill, but he is inclined to be a bit scrappy. My sister, Ida, is living with the folks at Hegewisch, my home town. Now you know all about the whole Nelson family.

ALWAYS STUDIED HARD.

I went to school off and on until I was sixteen

years of age, but I was always getting into trouble



HOW THE BATTLER
MIGHT DRESS—

and being suspended for fighting. My teachers always declared that I was living up to my name as a battler. I studied for all I was worth, and I don't think that I was so bad. As a matter of fact, I had all of the other kids in my class beaten to a frazzle when it came to mathematics. I remember the first examination I ever took in algebra. It was a tough exam., but yours truly was able to deliver the goods, and I got 100 per cent. Can you beat that?

In the pugilistic game I've had a hard uphill fight to make. I was fourteen years old when I got my first professional match. I was to have fought for a dollar, but instead of getting it the crowd that I was among stole my clothes. The first fellow that I ever beat was Wallace's Unknown. We fought in Hammond, Ind., on Sept. 3, 1896, and I knocked him out in the first round. I was working for the G. H. Hammond Packing Co. learning to be a butcher. After that I fought around in the Middle West for collections, and later I got before legitimate clubs and fought for purses of \$10, \$15 and \$25. Whenever I fought for a purse of \$25, I sent \$15 of it home to my mother.

“JUST NATURALLY” BECAME A FIGHTER.

How did I come to get into the fighting game? Well, I just naturally drifted into it. You see, when I was young I was not noted for having a particularly pacific disposition, and all of the kids in my set had a wholesome respect for me.

Though the public regarded me as pretty much of a prize ring joke when I began my fighting career, I made up my mind that I wanted records that no one could beat. I've got them. I have the record of the quickest knockout ever landed. It happened before the William McLatchy Club in Harvey, Ill., on April 5, 1902, when I knocked out William Rosser in two seconds after the bell rang for the beginning of the first round. Nobody ever beat that record, and I don't think anybody ever will. Malachy Hogan, the well known referee of Chicago, officiated as third man in the ring.

A peculiar thing about all of the men that I have fought is that all of them are now in the pugilistic discard, although they were at their best when I met them. The beginning of their backsliding dates from their fights with me. Even the great Gans "went back" after his first battle with me, but nobody knew it except myself.

GREATEST DISSIPATION IS DANCING.

After my fight with Gans I think I'll settle down. I have no bad habits, and my only dissipation, if it may be termed thus, is dancing. Next to fighting, I'd rather dance than do anything else. And after dancing comes hunting. I've had my fun at all three, and I have made up my mind to pick out some nice girl, if I can find one that'll have me, get married, and lead the simple life. I've got lots of friends of the gentle sex throughout the country, and I have seen several that I would be willing to make my wife. However, I'm not a Mormon, so I'll have to select only one. When I find her I'll retire from the ring for good.

There is practically no one left for me to fight after I get through with Gans. Hence it appears that there are few battles ahead of me, and there do not appear to be any men who will come up. I'm going to be



SIX OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST REFEREES.

from Missouri when I make a match hereafter, and now that I have landed I'm going to enjoy myself. I have eighty acres of vineyard at Livermore, about forty miles west of San Francisco, in Alameda county. I own considerable property in Hegewisch and Streater, Ill.; and Cleveland, Ohio. Own some mining property in Nevada, and a 320-acre ranch at O-Bar, New Mexico, as well as some of the best corner lots in town.

I want to say this to the boys who will read my story: I have never smoked, chewed or drank in my life, and I never intend to. I have fought nearly 100 battles in the roped arena during my career as a prize fighter, and I am proud to say that every one of them was on the square. I have tried to make a record in the ring so that when I do retire people will say of me:

"He was the most honest fighter that ever graced the ring, and if there were more like him it would be a boost to the game."

CHAPTER X.

The Year 1903, the Turning Point in the Battler's Career—Continues to Fight at Hot Springs.

The year of 1903 was the turning point in my career. In other words, I began my upward climb along that shaky ladder of fame, "the roped arena." My success in defeating second raters in the several states visited had brought my name and prowess to the attention of the big fight promoters and I soon found it an easy matter to secure main bouts.

I began my schedule on January 3rd, at Hot Spring, tying up with George Brownfield, and closed it on December 28th at St. Joseph, Mo., where I went fifteen rounds with the famous Clarence English and won the decision. I went to the post just seventeen times, succeeded in grabbing the big end of the purses seven times, split the deals in draws four times, and had the decision rendered against me twice. I engaged in three no-decision affairs. Two battles were stopped by the police. The other went the limit.

I drew down for my end in purses over \$3,000 and picked up as much more on side bets, presents, etc. I fought one hundred and forty-three rounds. My toughest foe during the year was one Mickey Riley. I met Riley for the first time in April, 1901, and lost the decision to him in six rounds in my Jonah town, Milwaukee. In 1903 I met him on three separate and distinct occasions and "Blawst" me if I could knock him out. We fought all told thirty-two rounds and the decisions were: First a draw, then at Ashland, Wis., when I was winning, the police stopped the go, thus depriving me of a clean win over him; our other go also resulted in a draw. The many hard battles of

1903, I reason now, were the making of me. I was gradually learning all the tricks and fine points of the game and becoming quite a favorite all over the country.

BAT'S GOOD AND BAD LUCK AT HOT SPRINGS.

The first real fight that I had at Hot Springs came about as a result of my belief that I was of championship calibre. After I had fought George Brownfield and the negro, Christy Williams, I asked the officials of the Vapor City Athletic Club to match me with some one who was capable of giving me a run for my money. At this time Sammy Maxwell, a cracking good Western lightweight, was sojourning there and in excellent training. The club officials were a bit ruffled over my apparent display of "nerve" in demanding that I be matched with a good one, and they framed up to hand me a beautiful bunch of "cheese" and a good beating at the hands of the selfsame Samuel Maxwell.

BEATS SAMMY MAXWELL.

Maxwell was a very clever sort of boxer, his footwork being particularly good. He was up to all the Western tricks of stalling, fighting foul in clinches, and playing for time. I warmed up to his style after the fifth and after that Sammy had a hard time of it trying to stay on his feet. If I cracked him to the mat once I did it half a dozen times. I won easily.

Having won a decisive victory over Maxwell and got the fight fans with me I was matched to fight Adam Ryan, a lightweight, who was in close line for the championship. On that fight depended my first chance to go into business, and I was determined to win or die in the attempt. We met at Little Rock, Ark., on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1903. I never lost a fight on St. Patrick's Day, and that gave me more confidence than I would have had ordinarily.

And that is saying a whole lot. George Kelly promoted the fight.

I tried my utmost to hammer Ryan and his wonderful reputation into the land of Nod that evening, but the best I could do was to get a draw with him. Ryan had some class then and evidently had seen me fight before. His seconds cautioned him continually not to attempt to go inside, or carry the fight to me. All I could hear from them was "Adam, look out for his left—it's dangerous."

He followed orders all right, and though I punished him unmercifully during the fifteen rounds fought, he managed to hang on. At the finish he had a death-like grip around my neck and was all in. You can imagine my joy and great surprise when the secretary of the club walked up and handed me \$350 in cash—by far the largest lump sum I had yet received for one fight. Middleweight Champion Tommy Ryan was my chief second and adviser in that fight.

BAT BUYS A RESTAURANT.

I had been employed in the Turf Cafe, at Hot Springs, at the time, and, after finding a partner, I bought my boss out and the place was turned over to me. My first business venture had begun, and I worked as hard to make it a success as I ever have to win in the ring. Somehow the fellows didn't seem to be quite so hungry that year as they had the season before, and the business was not near as big as that at the Waldorf, in New York. As we weren't making much money, I would let my partner run the restaurant at night, and I would go out and fight to keep the thing going.

I was notified that I could come up to a "stag" and fight Jack Robinson and pull down a little dough to help the restaurant along. It was the night of April 5, and I shall never forget it. The only chance I saw to keep the restaurant going was to lick that fellow Robinson.

When I arrived at the club, however, they told me the thing was just for fun and that nobody must be knocked out. You can imagine what kind of a go it was.

When we were through with the six rounds the manager of the house slipped me a \$5 bill. "Bat," I said to myself, "this is no place for you."

BUSINESS GOES TO SMASH.

In pretty bad spirits I went back to the restaurant, and there I saw all the waiters lined up. They had peculiar looks on their faces and I knew that something had happened.

"What's the trouble, fellows?" I asked as I went in the door.

"Nothing," said one of them, "except that your partner has beat it and I think he's got all the money."

The waiter's words were certainly true. That fellow had vamoosed with everything in sight. My \$350, that I had worked so hard to save, was gone up in smoke. I was almost broken-hearted.

"Here, you fellows," I said, turning to the waiters. "You fellows serve all the meals and get all the money you can tonight, for I haven't got anything else to pay you with." They all sympathized with me in my misfortune and went to work to scrape up what change they could. Some of the steaks sold at bargain prices that night. Every cent taken in went to the waiters. When they were through that place was a wreck.

Just as I was about to close up the door and go uptown to look for another job, a messenger boy came running up and handed me a telegram.

ONE RAY OF HOPE.

Here was one ray of hope. I tore open the message and inside was an offer from Tom Andrews to go to Milwaukee and fight Cyclone Johnny Thompson, an-

other Dane. I had defeated him before and felt sure that I would have a cake walk this time.

But how was I to get there? I couldn't borrow money and I didn't know what to do. Suddenly I thought of my \$5 bill that I had gotten at the "stag." I quickly shoved this down in the sole of my shoe, stole silently up Central avenue and headed toward the Little Rock & Hot Springs Western railroad station yards.

The fast train to St. Louis was just rolling out of the yards and I chased hard after her, and in a few moments I had planted myself under the mail car and was huddled over the trucks. Boys, particularly you kids who are perhaps inspired over the success I had so far attained as a champion boxer, take heed here. There I was, Battling Nelson, the hero even then of almost half a hundred ring battles—seven years of continuous fighting, cuffing and mauling—driven to the choice of losing out on a chance to win money and laurels by remaining at the Springs, or risking my neck by riding beneath the trucks of a mail train to keep the engagement in Milwaukee.

I accepted the desperate chance, and though the trip was fraught with many dangers, starvation and pain, I finally managed to reach Milwaukee in time for the fight.

DANGERS OF RIDING ON TRUCKS.

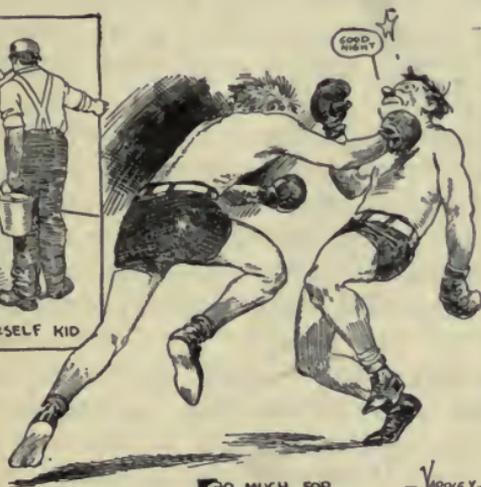
I forgot to say that before I got on the trucks of that train I ran back to the restaurant which I had owned a few hours before and got two sandwiches. Nothing else was left, and as I had to hurry, I grabbed those.

You may think that riding on the trucks of a passenger train has a lot of fun in it, but you are mistaken. At times it is like torture. You can't get in a comfortable place. The worst thing though is the temptation to go to sleep. I shall never forget one

time on that trip. I was so tired and so broken up over my misfortune that I began to nod. I fully realized the dangers of going to sleep, but I could not help it. I dozed off for a moment and my foot dropped from its place and struck one of the ties of the track. In another second I was almost jerked off my perch as my foot slammed against the floor overhead. It is a wonder that my leg was not broken. Luckily I got back to my former position without injury, but you can bet that I went to sleep no more that night.



WASH YOURSELF KID



EVERY TIME I PUT SCOTTY DOWN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT

SO MUCH FOR CYCLONE JOHNNY THOMPSON

-YARDLEY-

CHAPTER XI.

Kind Hearted Old Irish Car Greaser Proves a Friend Indeed.

The train on which I had started from Hot Springs, and on which I had experienced such a narrow escape from death while riding on the trucks, thundered into St. Louis on the morning of April 23. It was a fast train, and when the snorting engine backed its long string of cars into the beautiful Union Station it was found that the brakes wouldn't work properly. Bang went the end coach against the huge, steel-ribbed, safety bumpers, and the crash jarred every bone in my body, tossing me out from my iron-ribbed bed between the wheels, and onto the ties under the car. The bumpers were strong and didn't give. Had such been the case I surely would have been ground to pieces beneath the train.

A dear, old grease-begrimed car repairer, whose name I afterwards learned was Mike O'Toole, happened to be right on the spot at the time, and seeing my predicament, hastily sprang under the car and yanked me out. I was black as the ace of spades; my clothes were tattered and torn, and I was bruised from head to foot.

The old fellow was very angry, and said he intended turning me over to the big policeman, who was standing at the entrance gate a few feet away. With tears in my eyes I begged the old fellow not to arrest me.

"Let me tell you who I am and the hard luck I have had," I pleaded. "And maybe you won't think so hard of me."

OLD CAR GREASER A FRIEND.

The old car greaser saw the tears in my eyes as they trickled over the soot and grease, and without saying a word he led me to a little room in the yards.

"Wash yourself, Kid," he ordered, "and then I'll talk to yea."

While sputtering in the water and soap I told him that I was "Kid" Nelson, and that I had given my word to be in Milwaukee shortly to fight Cyclone Johnny Thompson. I told him of my misfortune at Hot Springs and of my old mother at Hegewisch. He stopped a minute, as if thinking.

"Here's the clippings," I said, and I pulled out the dope that I had cut from the Chicago papers.

"Look here, Kid," he suddenly exclaimed, "are you the boy that licked that Ole Olson out at Hegewisch?" I told him that I was that self-same boy.

The old man danced with glee when I showed him the clippings telling of how I licked several negroes down South. He then got towels for me and saw that I was nicely fixed up.

He secured a clean pair of overalls for me, after which he made me "dibby up" his morning lunch. He then showed me a fast train, which was headed Chicagoward, and would pull out in half an hour. The old man even went so far as to tip off the fireman that I was "Kid" Nelson, the great little Hege-wisch boxer. I was pretty well taken care of after that, and that evening I rolled into the Polk street station, happy, though pretty badly used up. It was a record-breaking trip, and, mind you, didn't cost me a penny. I pulled out the friendly five-spot upon my arrival and fed the "tiger" on real steak at my old standby's place,—Flynn Brothers' restaurant.

BAT HAS A REAL FEED.

After putting away the first real feed I had had since leaving Hot Springs, I felt pretty good, only

that I was dust-begrimed, and my clothes were all worn out, after the thrilling experience of "A Night and a Day." I hurried down to one of those 10-cent "flop houses" on State street, where you get a bed and a bath, all for a dime. I, of course, broke the rules of the house by taking the bath before I went to bed instead of waiting until morning. Early next morning I met my manager, Teddy Murphy, and we went up to Hoo-Dooville, Milwaukee, and came off with flying colors.

Cyclone Johnny Thompson was the boxer the Badger Club officials had picked to break my winning streak, and for whom I rode the record-breaking trucks from Hot Springs to Chicago. It was my second meeting with Thompson. Since the former bout he had fought his way up to the very top of the light-weight division like myself and was the favorite over me in the betting. I might casually mention here that I have usually been the under dog in the betting. The exception was, of course, in my last battle with the negro Gans, when I went to the post a 2 to 1 favorite.

I could never understand it, but I experienced a good share of my tough breaks while fighting in Milwaukee. I lost several of my battles fought right in the "city of beer." (All on hair line decisions or where the referee showed favoritism to the home talent.) My record will bear me out, as it will be seen that I never lost a fight in Milwaukee to an outsider, but all to home lads.

LICKS CYCLONE JOHNNY.

On the evening of April 24, 1903, the "Cyclone," fresh as a daisy from four weeks' hard training on his farm at Sycamore, jumped over the ropes and grasped my hand.

"Kid," he said, "you won't find this fight as easy as the other one. Your great Southern record doesn't

seem to have made much of a hit here, as I see they are quoting you at 3 to 1."

"All right, Johnny," I answered, "take good care of yourself tonight, as I'm in a bad humor; the odds will be 100 to 1 against you before three rounds are over."

"Clang! clang! went the gong, and we sailed into each other. Johnny in our previous fight did not rush me hard, but contented himself with staying away and tried to outpoint me. He did last the six rounds. but I beat him easily. This night, however, he sailed into me from the outset, and, my, how we did whack each other about the ring. I always go hard to begin with, but he probably had the first round up his sleeve. Again, in the second, he kept up his slugging and rushing. Toward the close I slipped a neat left deep into his wind and he backed up as though I had hit him with a piece of lead pipe. In the third the "Cyclone," like a sprinter out in front of the field in a long race, began to tire and come back to me. Then I began to shoot over some of my extra special left hooks and mixed things up with him, so that he probably didn't know whether he was fighting or mixed in a railroad wreck. I forced him to cover for the balance of the battle, and in the sixth and final round he probably raced five miles around the ring while endeavoring to keep out of reach of my "hot punches." In the last round I got to him, and it was the gong alone that saved him. So much for "Cyclone" Johnny Thompson.

BEATS STOCKINGS KELLY.

Stockings Kelly, another one of Chicago's best lightweight, challenged me. I accepted and we met on May 22. It was our first meeting, and as Kelly had defeated several pretty fair fighters, I trained hard for him. He put up a pretty nifty battle for just two rounds. But the fast pace quickly told on

his wind, and then I cantered out to put him away. I got to him prettily in the fourth round, and ended his suffering with a straight right to the wind, which was ably assisted by a half left hook to the jaw.

Three weeks later a young man whom many of the readers of this history will remember, challenged me, Young Scotty, by name. We met at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. This is one of the fights that will live forever in the minds of every man who witnessed it. I knocked Scotty out about half a dozen times, and, strange to say, every time I put him down and out the electric lights went out too.

His head hit the floor with such force it jarred the building and I guess turned off the electric light switch? ? ?

Nevertheless, with the assistance of the referee and the electric lights, etc., he managed to stay the limit, eight rounds, and to my surprise I was actually handed the decision along with \$125, for my trouble. The facts in the case are the bunch tried to shoo Young Scotty in, but I beat them to it. The lights were turned off purposely to save him. Nick Finley, who had won several small bets handed me a crisp one hundred dollar bill, saying, "You done great Bat, even though they turned out the lights on you. You turned them out on Scotty a few times yourself—well, what's the use—you won—that's enough."

Fighting Dane Thrives on Punishment and Wears Down His Rival.

BY W. J. (SPIKE) SLATTERY.



SPIKE.

Succumbing to sheer exhaustion and tireless pursuit by his relentless opponent, Joe Gans sank in a heap in the twenty-first round at the Mission street arena yesterday afternoon. Before he could raise his weary body from the floor Referee Eddie Smith had counted him out and Battling Nelson had demonstrated beyond all cavil that he is the greatest fighter in the world at the lightweight limit. Gans was a beaten man from the third round, and it was only his wonderful gameness and ring generalship that prolonged the battle. The fight was almost an exact counterpart of the one two months ago, when Gans lost his title. The only difference was that it lasted four rounds longer and Gans took a far more severe drubbing. Yesterday's defeat not only used Gans up physically, but it crushed his spirit. Before leaving the arena he announced that he would never again battle in a prize ring.

It was a great fight. Sensational in the extreme, bloody and fiery from the moment the first blow was struck, the conflict stirred the thousands of the spectators and made mad, screeching things out of the

men gathered at the ringside. Although the result was never in doubt, the fray held the interest of everybody until Gans sank down, a humiliated gladiator.

What the finish would be was apparent from the third round on. Once Gans failed to stop his tearing opponent from boring into him he was gone. It was not Nelson's blows so much as his tireless forcing and bustling that wore Gans down. The old master held out just as long as he could and incidentally saved his friends who had bet that he would last twenty rounds. Then he was willing to fade away gently, and he did.

Nelson again demonstrated that he could withstand any kind of punching on the head. He took the hardest blows that Gans could shoot at him and fought all the faster. Every wallop which the wonderful black landed seemed only to spur on the Dane. The more Nelson was punished, the harder he battled.—*The San Francisco Call*, Thursday, September 10, 1908.

CHAPTER XII.

Mickey Riley Proves the Champion "Jonah" for the Battling Dane.

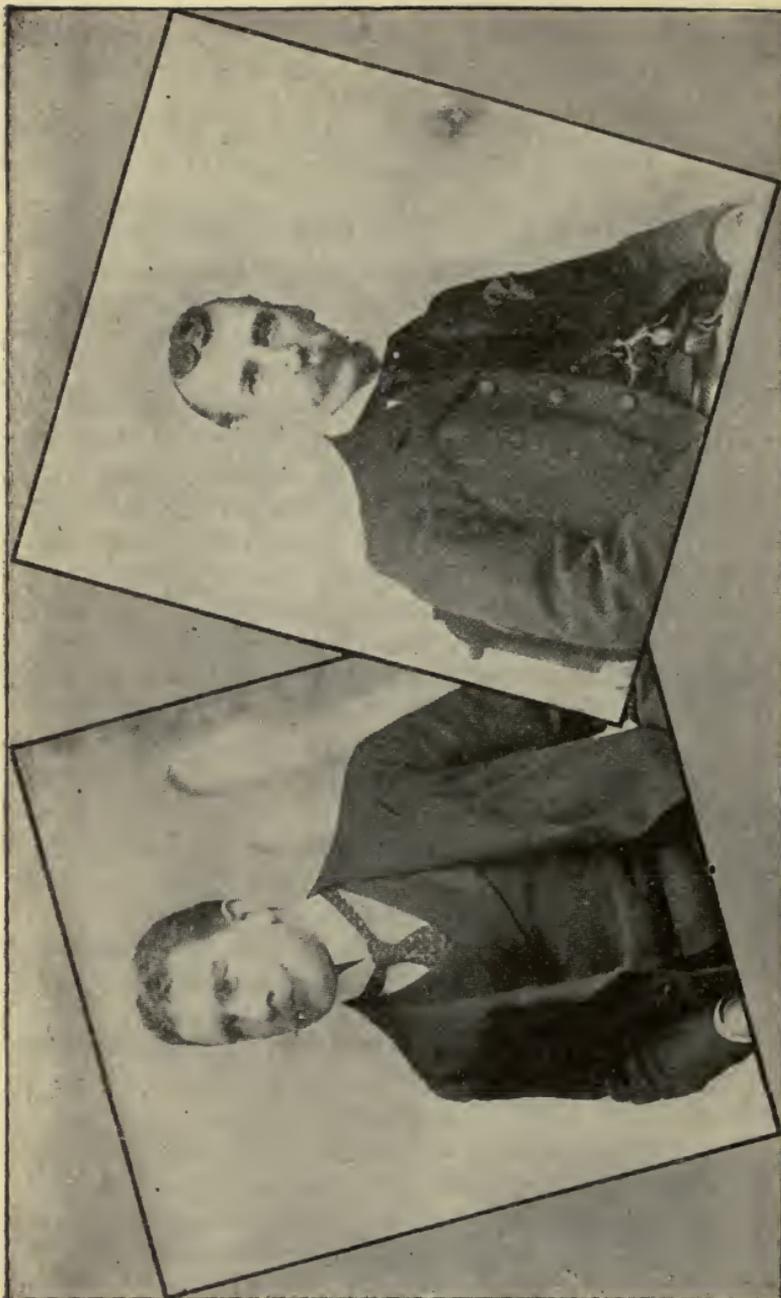
Did you ever hear that song called "Hurrah for Mickey Riley?"

Well, whether you have or not, it was written in honor of Mickey Riley, a prize fighting product of the State of Wisconsin. He was some fighter, too. Every time I hear that song I lose my temper. That's one fellow I never could lick. I don't know what has become of Mickey, but if there is still a fight left in him I would certainly put aside my great tour and tie up with him again. I want to have the satisfaction of beating him and clearing up my old record. I have, of course, unquestionably and indisputably won my right to the title of world's champion lightweight, but when I dream of the "goes" with this Riley boy I become flustered.

I met Riley the first time in "Hoo-dooville"—Milwaukee—on April 19, 1901. He won a decision over me in six rounds at the Badger Athletic Club.

After the young Scotty win, who should challenge me again, after a wait of two long years, but that same Mickey Riley. I obliged him on June 19, 1903, three days after the Scotty battle. We fought in the same club. The same fight fans were there, and, as I remember it, the self-same referee.

For six rounds we boxed, cuffed, butted, mauled and hammered each other. He was a clever sort of fellow—mauling, etc.—but didn't possess much steam behind his blows. I was forced to do much of the leading, and as it was a rule of the club that if both fighters were on their feet fighting at the end of six rounds the bout would be called a draw, the official



HON. EUGENE CURRI, OF LONDON, ENGLAND, AND W. P. WATSON, EUROPE'S FOREMOST REFEREES. WATSON IS SPORTING EDITOR OF "SPORTING LIFE," LONDON, ENGLAND.

of the ring held up both our hands. Riley gave me a pretty stiff argument that day. He always did.

DECIDE TO FIGHT IT OVER.

Both Riley and myself were dissatisfied with the six-round affair and were anxious to settle matters in a longer bout. We arranged the third battle, to take place at Ashland, Wis., July 24, 1903.

We "shied our castors," as the pugilistic writers say, into the roped arena, both fit to go a long route. I had knocked out Larry McDonald in four rounds at Harvey, Ill., and fought Clarence English a gruelling fifteen-round draw at Kansas City, Mo., the week previous. As a consequence, I was in fine condition. Again we fought every inch of the way from gong to gong, and from round to round. He would have the edge on me for a round or so, after which I would put on steam and batter him up and down and around. I finally landed a couple of those old famous left hooks and cut his eye. He was bleeding freely, and my right wind-sinker seemed to take all his steam away. Here the police stepped in and stopped the fight, preventing me from scoring what I believe would have been a clean knockout over Mickey. The club manager handed me \$150 wrapped up in a neat little package for my pains.

The battle was fought in the evening at the Eagles' carnival.

FANS INSIST ON FOURTH FIGHT.

The fight fans, many of whom had viewed our other two battles, were dissatisfied because the police interfered, and right there urged that the entire party take the train for Hurley and have the fight settled, for once and all time. Poley La Page, the manager of the fight club in Hurley, Wis., was among the spectators, and immediately approached both of us and offered a guaranteed purse of \$300 to fight the following week.

My manager, Teddy Murphy, and I accompanied La

Page to the battle ground the following day, while Mickey and Dan Clark his manager went to Milwaukee to attend to some business. They arrived the following day, and, as we had a few days' training, we stepped into the ring in prime condition, ready for the fight of our lives.

FOUGHT WITH SULLIVAN'S OLD GLOVES.

A very funny incident happened, as the club officials hadn't provided gloves for the entertainment through some oversight that wasn't discovered until Riley and I were in the ring ready for action. We, of course, had to send out for a pair of old ones. After half an hour's wait they returned with a pair of old gloves that had been used by Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan in Mississippi City, Miss., in 1882.

Of course, the mere mention of the old time gladiators using the gloves stirred our blood up to a fighting pitch, and how we did tear, maul and slam each other for fifteen rounds will not soon be forgotten in the old copper district of Hurley, Wis. After fifteen rounds of the most gruelling, as well as bloody milling, with the battle swaying first one way, then the other, the referee at its conclusion called it a draw amidst tremendous applause.

I fought, all told, thirty-eight rounds with Riley, four battles, and drew down in purses \$484.23. Just two years after my last battle with Mickey I beat down the pride of the Golden West, James Edward Britt, in eighteen rounds and received for winning \$18,841, besides a \$10,000 side bet. I also won the white lightweight championship of the world as well. Jimmy Britt received \$12,558 for his share.

PITCHER JACK POWELL BAT'S FRIEND.

Shortly after this I paved the way for a chance at the title holders by finally cornering Clarence English and forcing him to agree to a match. Clarence English needs no introduction to the readers, for he was a light-

weight of national prominence during the year 1903. I persistently dogged him for a go and finally, thinking me soft picking, he accepted.

At that time one of the best friends that I had was Big Jack Powell, the giant pitcher of the St. Louis Browns. As the fighting game was flourishing in Missouri, I was anxious to get a go with Clarence English at one of the St. Louis clubs. I tried Charley Houghton's West End Club, but was unsuccessful. They couldn't see me as a drawing card. Jack Powell took a big interest in the matter and tried to persuade Houghton to put me on and assured him that if I were given the chance I would make good.

Houghton was stubborn, however, and said "Nay, nay," to everybody. There was nothing to be done but go to Kansas City. Clarence and I fought there on the evening of June 27.

I surprised English and all his friends early in the fight by almost knocking him out of the ring with a vicious right uppercut. He had held me cheaply up to that, and my, how he did begin to back up whenever I started one of my now famous rushes.

GETS DRAW WITH ENGLISH.

I stood toe to toe with him, and swapped blow for blow, and at the conclusion of the fifteenth round, amidst great cheering, was given a draw. I fractured my left arm along about the middle of the fight, which tended to make me somewhat cautious, and possibly stopped me from winning by a clean knockout. As it was a great many of the spectators thought that I was entitled to the decision.

A couple of weeks after my Kansas City engagement with Clarence English I went to Pewaukee Lake for a little recreation. Upon my arrival I found Eddie Santry there training for an engagement with Eddie Sterns. A few days before this bout, which was to take place at Michigan City, he was taken sick, and I, being under the



BATTLING NELSON AS HE APPEARED WHEN HE WON THE
CHAMPIONSHIP FROM GANS.

same management, Manager Murphy substituted me in order to save the forfeit money. I was in fair condition, having been training with Santry.

We met on August 26, and of all the raw deals ever handed me, this one certainly takes the cream. We were billed to go ten rounds to a decision at 133 pounds. We had \$50 up for weight and appearance, but when my manager (Murphy) and I arrived in Michigan City, about noon, we found that Sterns had taken down his weight forfeit, and, being overweighed, also refused to weigh in. Nevertheless, we waived the forfeit, and I went on and fought.

BAT GETS RAW DEAL.

Of course, at that time I wasn't so much of a card, and didn't have so much chance to argue about the referee, etc., and had to accept any referee the club put in the ring. We jumped into the ring and went at it.

Before the fight had gone half a minute I knocked Stearns out, and he was given at least fifteen seconds to get to his feet. Every round up to the ninth was identically as the first, the referee cautioning me, saying: "If you hit him again you will be declared loser on a foul." I guess he wanted me to quit.

Finally in the ninth round I sunk my good right into his mid-section. He doubled up like a jackknife, and down he went, completely out, as limp as a rag. His seconds and the referee carried him to his corner, and he was given the decision, I believe, for taking more knockdowns than I did.

When we came to the box-office to settle up I was to receive \$125 guaranteed, win, lose, or draw, two railroad fares and hotel bill. But instead they handed me \$50 and made me pay all my expenses, and when I started to complain they ordered to shut up and leave town as quickly as possible, or be put into State's prison. I immediately went to the hotel, paid my bill, and went to the depot about 1:30 A. M.

Teddy Murphy and I got one of those side-door sleepers—"freights"—which we rode to Hammond, later walking to Hegewisch, Ill., my home.

QUITS INDIANA FOREVER.

I have previously mentioned Milwaukee as Hoodoo-ville, but Indiana has Milwaukee played off the boards. The fight promoters there at that time would have put Jesse James and his brother Frank to shame. The first fight of my career I fought at Hammond, Ind., and was to receive a dollar for it. Instead, they stole my coat and vest and refused to give me the money.

My second fight was with Billy Hurley at Hammond, Ind. I was expecting a bad deal, therefore I demanded my measley little fifty dollars before I would enter the ring, nevertheless they slipped me a package by only giving me a draw when I should have won.

But in Michigan City I was handed such a bundle of green goods that I immediately swore vengeance against the State, saying that as long as I lived I never would pull on another glove on Indiana soil. And I never have since.

THE BATTLER FIGHTS HEAVYWEIGHT.

A few nights after my unsatisfactory scrap in Michigan City, Indiana, I chanced to be in Flynn's restaurant talking with Will Flynn and Frank Daniels, the well known actor. We were discussing the way they treated me after winning the fight, and only gave me \$50 instead of \$125, etc.

Flynn and Daniels suggested I fight a fellow the "Ham Actors" were boosting as the greatest "What Am" for a collection. They would all donate to the purse. Will Flynn presented me with a \$5.50 meal ticket for a starter, and put \$5.00 in the hat towards the purse.

I hadn't seen the fellow. In fact, had never heard of him. His name was "Dare Devil" Tilden. He was doing a "High Dive," in a tank of water on a bicycle,

as well as the loop-the-loop, so you can imagine the nerve he had.

FOUGHT IN FLYNN'S HALL ON NORTHWEST SIDE.

About midnight of Sept. 3, 1903, when all the actors and a few actresses were put wise to the bout, about 100 of us started for the northwest side, and stole our way into the hall, and in a few minutes we were stripped and ready for the fray, which was fought in the dance hall.

The first round started off, and the very first punch Tilden let go copped me square on the nose and started the blood. We both scored a knockdown before three minutes of fighting had elapsed.

In the second round I got to Tilden good and hard, and had his nose bleeding, also put him down for the count. At the sight of blood the women commenced to scream and some one called "Police! Police! Police!" and then some of the bunch turned out the electric lights.

THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1908

Cartoonist Hugh Doyle on Battling Nelson's Literary Aspirations



The party all ducked into the "ante room" for a few minutes and lay quiet and wait developments.

AT IT AGAIN.

We started at it again, and again some one yelled "Police!" and the women screamed. It was later tipped off that Tilden's "sweetheart" was the one that started the police racket to save the humiliation of seeing her "future" stretched out for the count.

Will Flynn, the referee, wisely called a halt and declared the contest a no decision bout, and split the purse \$7.50 a piece. The whole party fled for the night to their hotels—those that were fortunate to have such luxuries.

One month later, October 16, found me again mixing things in Jonahville, Milwaukee. This time it was the pet of the village, Mr. Charlie Neary. He fought in Milwaukee a few years before that, and as the reader will remember several years after, and no outside pugilist was ever allowed to win from him in six rounds. He was part owner of the club in which he did battle. He has since, however, been foolish enough to go "Outside," and if I remember correctly has been defeated decisively, each and every time.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Battler Describes His Famous Left Half Scissors Hook and How He Used It.

In one of the preceding chapters I made mention of a blow that I have termed the "left half scissors hook." I wish to say right here that the discovery of this blow is largely responsible for my entering the ranks of the champions. Soon after I had discovered this deadly blow I began to meet the aspirants for the championship title, and I keeled them over one after another.

The left half scissors hook is nothing more than a quick hook, which lands on the top of an opponent's liver. The blow is always unexpected, and it is so painful that it is almost paralyzing in its effect. That was the blow that I dealt Joe Gans at Goldfield when it was claimed that I had fouled him. But we will take that up later.

The left half scissors hook is dealt with the side of the left hand. In coming out of a clinch fight fans will notice that the left hand of a fighter is withdrawn, as a rule, from under the right arm of his opponent. It is just at this moment that the blow must be delivered.

HITS WITH SIDE OF HAND.

Instead of hitting with the knuckles of the fist I take a swing of not more than six inches and plunge the side of my hand with thumb and forefinger on top of my opponent's liver. To test this blow suppose one of you get a friend to tap you about three inches below the right armpit and a little forward. To be explicit, the spot is on the two lower ribs about two inches above the lower right-hand pocket of your vest. A slight tap on that spot will send a pain shooting all the way to the spine.

I have struck men with that punch and they would crumple up and fall in a heap. The pain is intense. Often the blow is not seen by the spectators, and they have an idea that the fighter who falls is quitting or "laying down."

CHOYNSKI HAD WICKED TRICK.

I discovered how to use this deadly punch from watching Joe Choynski. He had a wicked habit of placing his fingers on an opponent's breast while in the clinches of a fight as if to talk to him.

With the tips of his fingers touching the other fellow's right nipple he would say, "Now, old fellow, you want to be good." Then before a word could be said in reply, by the mere movement of the wrist, he would plunge the heel of his left-hand into the man's liver. When a man doubled up from the unexpected pain, Joe would whang him in the jaw and the fight would be over. To try that blow put the tips of your fingers on any object and see with what force you can bring the heel of your hand down on the same object without removing the fingers. Try this once and see what you think of it.

As I have said, I was always trying to learn something while a kid. I saw Choynski do this a couple of times and I began to study anatomy. I got a chart of a human body and saw exactly where the liver was located. I then improved on Choynski's scheme and developed the left half scissors hook. Incidentally, this is the first time I have ever tipped this off. There are many fighters, however, who will tell you it was what put them out.

USED BLOW WITH DEADLY EFFECT.

It was in the early part of 1903 that I began to use the left half scissors hook with deadly effect. Then it was that I began to be a champion. The first good fighter that I used the blow on was George Memsic, and I came near putting him out in six rounds at Milwaukee in November of that year. We fought at the Badger

Athletic Club. As you all remember, Memsic was a hustling little scrapper. At that time he was fresh from the State of Washington, where he had won a lot of glory in his four-round go with Young Corbett, at that time the featherweight champion, and the talk of the universe. George was going at his best when the Milwaukee promoters signed me up, expecting, of course, to see me trimmed. We went six hot rounds, and Memsic was given probably the worst trouncing he has ever received in his entire fighting career.

I won the decision by a block. In fact, had the battle been a few rounds longer, I would have hung his scalp in my "Knockout Closet," wherein hang such famous and gallant warriors as Art Simms, Spider Welsh, Martin Canole, Eddie Hanlon, Young Corbett, with a couple of notches; Jimmy Britt, Jack Clifford, and, to make the morgue complete, I have Negro Gans with two such awful dark slashes as anybody would care to see.

The closet contains right now no less than twenty-seven well battered and dried scalps.

LICKS CLARENCE ENGLISH.

Mr. English, called Clarence, to whom I gave fifteen rounds of pretty bad usage in Kansas City in June, challenged me for a return go and I accepted. The battle ground was chosen at St. Joseph, where he made his headquarters.

Again I packed up my Spalding fighting shoes, my dear old green tights and hustled off Missouriward. We were to go the same route, and English and his friends figured that I would be easy over that distance; however, I found that I had won hundreds of friends in Kansas City by giving the famous English such a brushing, and imagine my surprise and delight when upon my arrival I was met at the station by Cal Morton and Johnny Webster, the most famous brother Eagles that fly and a hundred Kansas City admirers. The odds at ringside were 3 to 2 in favor of English. Despite this

my Missouri friends went down on my end hook, line and sinker for all they had. They said, "Bat, old boy, if you lose to this fellow we'll have to foot 'er all the way back to Kansas City. Be a nice boy and trim him right." I did all right, and my Kansas City friends to this day are spending the money they won on that battle.

TRIED TO SMOTHER BAT.

English tried to smother me with a series of lightning swings from the very outset. He was determined to outslug me as well as use his splendid footwork to disconcert me. I saw through his scheme quickly, and in the first round contented myself with blocking and sparing my blows. I did crack him two awful jolts in the wind before the round had closed, but he won the round all right. He came back again and I worked him into clinches at every opportunity. Here I played havoc with his wind and roughed it with him furiously. Round three found Mr. English bleeding pretty badly, and, strange to relate, breaking ground like a good fellow. This round was all mine. I had him covering up, crying foul and doing his best to stall through.

In round four I uncorked my special left half scissors hook, which true to its training landed hard on his liver. Back he went with both arms to his sides. It was now a shame to take the money. I stepped in and biffed him a counter with my right in the wind, which straightened him up. The balance of the fight went all my way. Think of it! I was handed down \$500—regular United States dollars. My Kansas City friends had bet \$500 for me as well. So there I stood, or rather I was carried out of the ring in possession of \$1,500—a small fortune then. As usual, I immediately wired every cent of it home to mother.

MADE ABOUT \$2,300 THAT YEAR.

This signal victory concluded my year's work. I had won in purses about \$2,300, besides, of course, much

more in side bets, etc. I began the year fighting for \$5. I ended up by earning \$1,500 in one evening.

Though the year was ended and I was still a long way from the lightweight championship, I had learned something that was destined to bring me fame and fortune. I had learned to deliver the left half-scissors hook, and I made up my mind to try it out in the next fight. I then went home and took a long rest. I was determined to get a fresh start and go after the top-notch honors.

Upon my arrival at Hegewisch I was honored by being requested to come to the public school and talk to the boys on physical culture.



BATTLING NELSON SHOWING HIS WONDERFUL PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT,
AS WELL AS THE DEFECTS IN HIS TWO BAD (?) ARMS.

Note.—Right arm won't straighten out. Left can't bend enough to button a collar.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Champion Has Something to Say About Managers in General.

I consider 1904 my most successful year of fighting, as it led me up to the point where I could take things easy and have some say as to the amount of money I was to get for engaging in fights. I had finally boxed my way to the coveted heights where nestled such famous pugilists as Art Simms, Jack O'Neill, Spider Welsh, Martin Canole, Eddie Hanlon, Aurelia Herrera, Young Corbett and Sir James Edward Britt—the latter pair and Hanlon champions.

The year 1904 also brought me in touch with a regular manager. Up to this time I had been training and taking care of myself. I had also made all my matches, and had never carried such excess baggage as trainers or managers. Besides, those fellows are not strong for riding on the trucks. I acted as my own "secretary and treasurer," and to this day I regret that I didn't follow out that policy to the letter. My failure to do so cost me over \$50,000, and I am not mentioning any names, either, Mr. William Nolan.

AS TO NEED OF MANAGER.

The need of a manager is a very interesting feature of the prize ring. While I admit that some young fighters find it absolutely necessary to have some one to get them matches, the wise boy can do pretty well for himself unless he gets into one of those places where the managers have the fight clubs sewed up. I have known of frame-ups where a fighter would not be permitted to appear unless he gave a manager a percentage of his earnings.

There are many boys who are good fighters but are

ignorant of the ways of the world, and especially as to business methods. They absolutely need a manager, as they could never get a chance to make a reputation unless he paved the way by getting good matches and seeing that they were not robbed out of their small purses.

On the other hand, a boy who works himself up to the top does not need a manager, in the accepted meaning of the word, when he becomes a champion, as he can dictate his own terms more or less, to the club managers. All he needs is a fellow to look after details, such as referees, etc. The last man I had to look after my affairs was Willis Britt, and I want to say right here that he is the best one I ever had.

The manager usually exacts a large per cent. of the purse from the young fighter. I have known some of them to get as high as 60 per cent. I think, however, that 25 per cent. is enough. You know that is a lot of money when the fighter gets as much as \$25,000 for one fight.

TAKES CRACK AT NOLAN.

As I said before I paid Billy Nolan \$50,000.00 in less than two years, and, well—then I cut loose from him and went out on my own hook. I have done much better financially since.

No fighter can look after the details of a fight after he reaches the position of champion. He must have somebody to stay up nights and look out for any jobs that are about to be framed up. There are a thousand and one other little things that must be looked after. When a man is training he must not be worried with anything, and it is absolutely essential that he gets his regular sleep. No fighter can hold a championship and run about at night.

FOUGHT NINE BATTLES IN 1904.

I participated in nine engagements during 1904, fighting 115 rounds. I succeeded in winning seven battles,

five of which were won by the knockout with my left half scissors hook. I fought one exhibition with Tommy Markham in the copper district of Utah, known as Eureka. I lost my first battle with Jimmy Britt, as many of my readers will remember, when Referee Billy Roach, the "Honest Bowery Boy" (as he is called), gave a very bum decision. The crowd present will bear witness of this fact.

The following year, 1905, however, I hooked James Edward into Snoozeville, in eighteen rounds at Colma, Cal., on Admission Day, winning the white lightweight championship of the world."

KNOCKS OUT THE "ARTFUL DODGER."

I was feeling pretty good leaving St. Joseph, Mo., after the fine trimming which I handed Clarence English, and I rolled into Milwaukee several weeks later and was matched to take on Artie Simms, "The Artful Dodger," as I called him. I was not a full fledged lightweight, and was fighting around 128 to 130 pounds. Simms was in his prime and was rated as the king-bee of all the boys fighting in the Central and Middle West States. We hooked up on the night of Jan. 16, 1904, at the Milwaukee Athletic Club. This club is located on the top floor of the Wells Building, and is possibly as near heaven as I have ever had a boxing match.

Simms during the early stages of the fight persisted in crowding me about the ring with his furious rushing tactics. Oh! but that was peach pie for me, as he was playing right into my hands as English had done a few weeks previously. I combed his hair a few times in the early rounds just to see how he would stand the gaff. He came back hard at me in the second round with the same line of stuff and I got busy. I turned the tables on him before the close of the round and hammered him all about the ring, forcing him to clinch on every opportunity.

In round three, which proved to be the last, I knocked

him down twice. The last time he was out for good. Artie Simms, poor fellow, had boxed with me at Gilmore's training quarters on several different occasions and, of course, he being at that time one of the cleverest as well as one of the most popular in the country, figured that he could outbox me. I surprised him, as well as the majority of the fans present, by stopping him in such workmanlike style. He was practically knocked out until next afternoon. We were badly worried about him.

The first thing he said next morning about 10 o'clock, when he came out of the trance, was "Who took my wife away?" Then he lapsed off into unconsciousness again for several hours. Abe Pollock, the popular Chicago sporting man, acted as referee of this bout.

There is somewhat of a coincidence attached to this fight. You see I knocked Simms out in the third. But still I didn't win until round four. You see the bell saved Art from taking the full count. Nevertheless, he was out proper, and I have him on my record—knocked out in round three. All records please follow.

KILLS THE MILWAUKEE HOODOO.

Feb. 5, 1904, marked my final appearance in Milwaukee. Jack O'Neill, the speedy little Western fighter, who was about "it" at that time. By the way, he was cleaning up all the better class of lightweights in the short six-round goes in the East.

As it was my sixtieth battle I wanted to celebrate the occasion with one of my best knockouts. Right off the reel "Jack the Slugger," as he was called back East, crossed me on the jaw with his right and put me flat on my back, though I was up and after him in a jiffy. He was a splendid boxer, very fast on his feet, and his work in a short bout was showy—much on the order of Freddie Welsh, the boy whom I now consider the greatest of shadow or "butterfly" boxers. O'Neill would have probably won the decision over me that night had he been content to have stood off and boxed with me.

But no—he wanted to finish me in the first round, as he went after me like a shot out of a cannon, and especially after being so lucky as to floor me he picked up courage and went after me to do or die.

If O'Neill ever made a mistake in his life he made it in this fight, by trying to outslug me, as I beat him every inch of the going, and in the fifth and sixth rounds he was just barely able to stand.

I, of course, won the affair by a Hegewisch block, which means a mile. When the train pulled out for Chicago a few days later I was a happy kiddo. I had finally succeeded in downing that old Milwaukee goat, and, besides, my airship was now hitting the high altitudes in the pugilistic atmosphere. I licked O'Neill again in Philadelphia later on.

GOES TO UTAH.

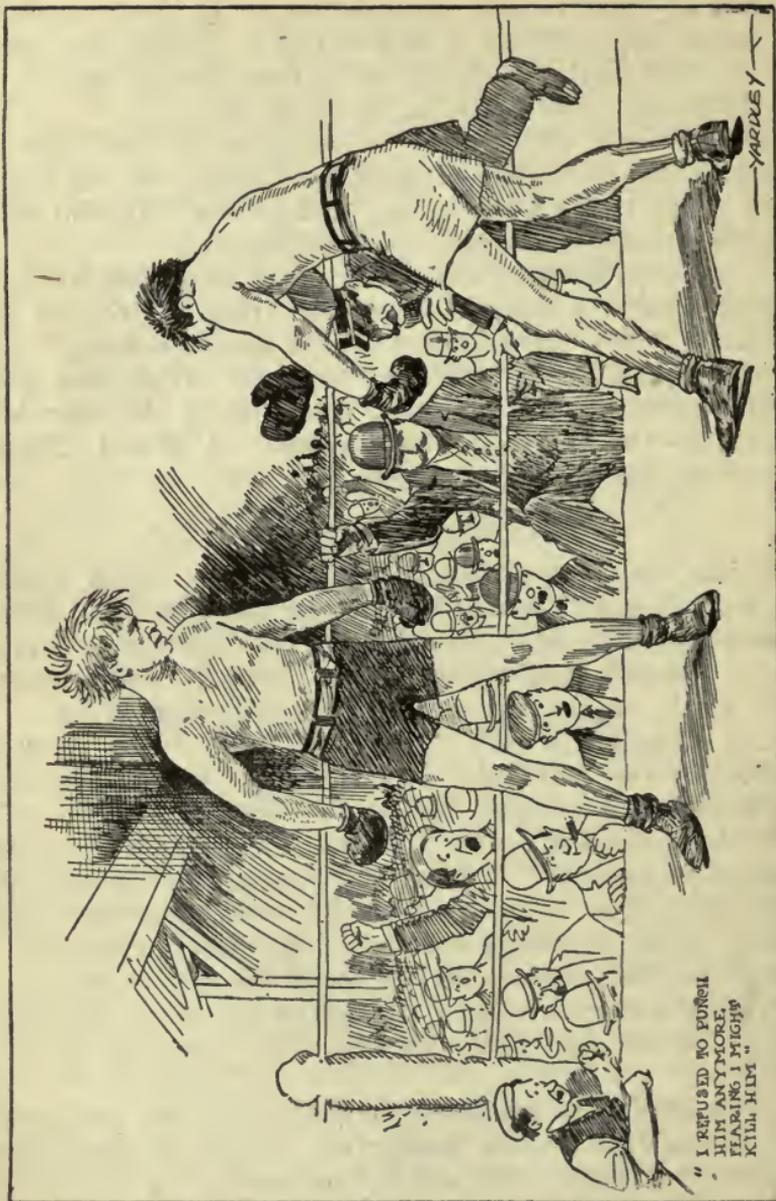
With the scalps of Clarence English, Artie Simms and the famous Jack O'Neill under my belt I felt that I needed greater fields to conquer, so I borrowed carfare from my life-long friend, Billy Benner, and steamed into Utah, on my way to the glorious golden West.

As I landed in Salt Lake City, S. J. Kelley, match-maker of the Salt Lake City Athletic Club was in need of a substitute to meet Spider Welsh, as the fighter who had been booked with him had taken sick and was unable to appear. I being on the ground, ready and willing to fight anybody, even if it was for a ham sandwich, made the match and signed to meet the Spider on April 6. We were matched to go twenty rounds to a decision, purse to be split 60 and 40 per cent. I trained hard for the battle and stepped into the ring fit as a fiddle.

The Spider, as his name would imply, was as slippery as an eel, and, besides being very clever, he showed me a line of straight jabs which hurt some.

He was a combination of the clever boxer and heavy hitter. We went sixteen of the speediest and most

BATTLING NELSON



" I REFUSED TO FURGH
HIM ANYMORE,
FEARING I MIGHT
KILL HIM "

BATTLING NELSON AND "SPIDER" WELCH AT SALT PALACE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

vicious rounds of fighting the good citizens of the dear old Mormantown ever viewed.

Welsh had the edge on me, as I remember, up to about the fifth round. I had, however, shaken him up severely myself in the clinches, and was quick to see that the hard pace was telling on him. I played somewhat of a waiting game up to the twelfth, until I heard the fans shouting "Finish the Dane, Spider! he can't last it out!" Then I got busy and forced that big mob to turn about and yell frantically for me. I forced the Spider to climb back into his web and in the fifteenth I hurt him badly.

FINISHES THE SPIDER.

In the sixteenth round I went to the Spider with the steam turned on full blast, determined to do or die, but try as I might, I couldn't put the Spider to the floor. I was sure enough beating him to a pulp. In about the middle of the round, fearing I might kill him, I refused to punish him any longer and appealed to the referee asking him to stop the fight. At the same time William Lynch, Chief of Police, jumped into the ring to stop the slaughter, and to prevent what looked like the ruination of one of the gamest fighters that ever put on a glove.

Like the gamester that Welsh is he fought on as best he could, and when Referee Willard Beam led him to his corner he collapsed in his chair as soon as he discovered he had lost the fight. The chief was just a little late to accomplish his purpose as has been proven since, as Spider Welsh never fought a winning fight, although he made several attempts against inferior fighters afterward.

Since the Welsh fight I have maintained that Utah soil was very lucky for me. First, because I considered that my winning fight at Salt Lake City was the real starting point of my successful career; second, because after my first fight with Gans at Goldfield, when nearly

everybody in the country thought I was "all in" pugilistically speaking, I secured a match with Jack Clifford at Ogden, a good tough fighter, who had been the stumbling block for more than one champion, and I knocked him out in five rounds. This made the sporting public sit up and take notice.

From that time on there was no stop to me. It was one continual climb to a match with Champion Gans, which, by the way, is now a matter of history. More than once I have met the same Spider Welsh since, and by the way felt sorry to think I had checked his fighting career.

While my manager was dickering with the different fight clubs about terms, etc., I took a trip up to the copper district known as Eureka, and boxed an exhibition with Tommy Markham, for which I was handed a five case note.

CHAPTER XV.

The Battler Begins His Real Championship Career by Defeating Martin Canole.

In May, 1904, I really began my championship career. After beating Spider Welsh I became a great drawing card. Fight clubs all over the country were after me. I was in a position now to have a say as to the terms regarding purses, etc. It had been a hard climb, but I was near the top. You can imagine how happy it made me when I wrote to my mother that I was beginning to make money hand over fist. I told her there would be no more tramping and riding on trucks for Battling Nelson, the little Dane who some years before had triumphed over the Swedes in Hegewisch.

Beginning on May 20, when I fought Martin Canole, up to November 20, when I knocked out Young Corbett, I did not lose a fight. Canole, Hanlon, Herrera and Corbett fell before my mitts in succession. During this period of exactly six months I drew down in purses exactly \$6,800, and in addition to this I made a little over \$5,000 in side bets and exhibitions.

KNOCKS OUT MARTIN CANOLE.

After my decisive win over Spider Welsh, the California favorite, Alex Greggains, of the San Francisco Athletic Club, offered me a match with Martin Canole, who had made good in San Francisco the previous year by his grand showing against the pet of the Golden West, Jimmy Britt. I was now to take the tough ones!

I immediately accepted and started for San Francisco in company with my manager, Teddy Murphy. On our arrival we signed articles of agreement, the fight to take place on the coast, I was anxious to make a good showing, and immediately adjourned to the training quarters

at the Beach Tavern and worked into the best possible shape for the battle. I secured Frank Newhouse, whom I



consider one of the ablest handlers of fighters in the world, to train me.

On the night of the battle we "shied our castors," whatever that means, at Woodward's Pavilion. Canole, with a long string of victories over classy fighters, was,

of course, a heavy favorite, the betting being 10 to 2½ against yours truly. Despite this I started off to beat Canole. I met him in his own corner at the jump, but he fainted and swung a left on my jaw, and to my surprise he dropped me flat on my back. I thought I had been hit by the Brooklyn Bridge. This only served to irritate me, as I quickly recovered and it made me fight all the more.

CANOLE WAS VERY CLEVER.

Canole so outclassed me in cleverness that in the third round such "wise critics?" as Spider Kelly got up and left the building and were followed by one hundred more fight fans.

"What a lemon this Hegewisch Dane is," said Kelly.

I knew I was being badly outpointed, nevertheless. I figured I was outfighting Canole. I cracked him one on the liver and in the seventh round Canole practically admitted defeat, as before he left his corner he rubbed his gloves in the resin, expecting to cut me up by jabbing his gloves in my face. That is an old trick of fighters.

From that time on the tide of battle turned in favor of the Dane, who, many had thought, had been led to slaughter, and only the referee and timekeeper saved Canole from being knocked out long before it happened. On four or five different occasions when I had him down and out the timekeeper rang the bell, ending the round as much as two minutes before the stipulated time.

In the eighteenth round I hooked my hard left on Canole's jaw and he dropped as though hit with a baseball bat. He lay limp as a rag and never stirred while counted out.

Canole was, indeed, a very hard nut for me to crack at best. He was wonderfully clever, game as a tiger, and carried with these virtues a hard punch, excellent head and clever footwork.

HAS HIS FIRST TEMPTATION.

Right here I met the temptation of my life, and I

overcame it. You can well imagine how gleeful I felt after beating one of the first class fighters, known all over the United States. I felt inclined to celebrate. I wanted to go out in the town and enjoy myself. You can say what you please about boys or men caring nothing about the opinion of the public, but it is all rot. I wanted to hear what they all had to say. In other words, I felt just like bubbling over and taking in the town. I had never taken a drink in my life, but this night I think I would have taken one if I hadn't fought off that temptation to "go out with the boys."

Something kept saying to me, and it was like the voice of my old mother in Hegewisch: "Now, Bat, because you are successful don't go out and make a fool of yourself." These words would keep coming to me, and I went back to the training quarters to think it over.

TEMPTATION GETS A KNOCKOUT.

All this time I had been reading the papers and I had read where many of the former champions had thrown themselves away while celebrating their victories. I was not yet a champion, but I was awful close to it. I had fought my way all over the country and I felt as if the magic title was almost in reach.

"No," I said to myself, "'Battling' Nelson will stick it out right here. I will do no celebrating and running around at nights until I am comfortably fixed." Then I'll know better.

It was a hard tussle, but I fought that temptation until I knocked it out and it went the way of the others whom I have defeated. Having won out in my mind I went to bed and slept peacefully.

As you can imagine my victory over Canole had made me the talk of San Francisco and the managers were after me. I fought Canole at 133 pounds and the backers of Eddie Hanlon, who was a great boy in his day, offered to fight me at 130 pounds, weigh in at 3 o'clock. They thought I would have trouble in making the

weight, but I fooled them and grabbed at the chance. I could have fought at 128 pounds, but they didn't know it.

DEFEATS EDDIE HANLON.

The fight was arranged to take place on July 29, to go twenty rounds at the same old spot, Woodward's Pavilion.

Hanlon, game as a pebble and a shifty, hustling boy like Canole, went after me to gain the twenty round decision on points. He danced around me like an escaped kitten during the early stages of the fight, but I soon solved his style and began wearing him down, fighting fiercely in the clinches. Game little fellow that he is, he met me at my own game.

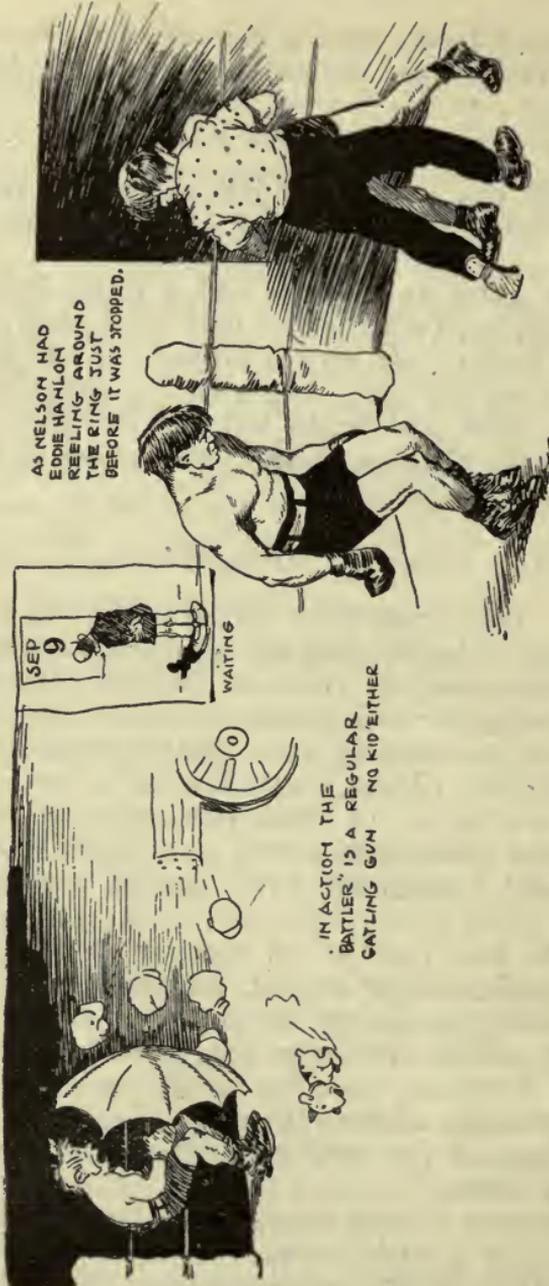
HANLON MEETS BAT AT HIS OWN GAME—SLUG.

Slug? Why, that little fellow made me sit up and take notice. He did chug me several mean blows in the wind, and, to tell the truth, he had me worried a little at the start. The kid, however, was not strong enough to keep up his dashing pace, and gradually I saw him slowing down. Then I got busy. In the seventeenth round I started in to finish him, and by the time we reached the nineteenth round poor Eddie could barely stand, and I toppled him over, winning amid thundering applause.

For the first time in my fighting career, I received more than \$1,000 for my bit, the officials of San Francisco handing me \$1,250 for my share of the purse. I also won several nice side bets as well. By this time the San Francisco sporting public were beginning to think seriously of the "Batling Dane," as Waldmar Young, one of the sporting writers there, dubbed me after this battle.

Immediately after winning over Hanlon the fight promoters made a rush for me. One of them—then unknown—Billy Nolan, matchmaker of the Butte Athletic

BATTLING NELSON



AS NELSON HAD
EDDIE HANLON
REELING AROUND
THE RING JUST
BEFORE IT WAS STOPPED.

IN ACTION THE
"BATTLE" IS A REGULAR
CATLING GUN NO KID'ETHER

BATTLING NELSON AND "CUTE" EDDIE HANLON AT WOODWARD'S PAVILION, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Club, wired my manager, Teddy Murphy, already known as the "Boy Manager," offering a \$1,000 purse for a twenty round battle with Aurelia Herrera for Labor Day, Sept. 5, 1904. Murphy, showing signs of a clever manager, did not reply immediately. He put the contest up to the highest bidder and Uncle Tom McCarey, of Los Angeles, and Nolan bid against each other for three days, when Nolan came through with an offer of a \$3,500 purse and transportation from San Francisco to Butte, then to Chicago. We, of course, considered this the best inducement available, and accepted. We journeyed over to the high altitudes of Montana and began hard training for the fray.

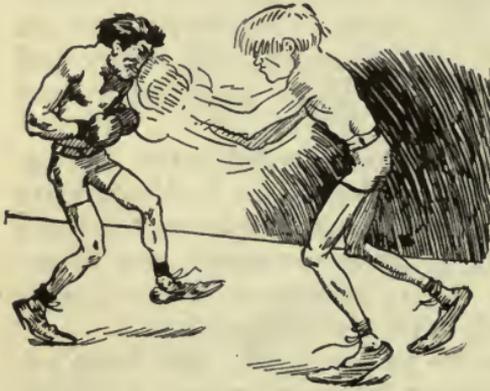
I knew that I would be a rank outsider in the betting, as Herrera had beaten every opponent he had fought in the City of Butte, knocking out such tough ones as Jack Clifford nine rounds, Kid Broad four rounds, and Benny Yanger in eight rounds. I was willing to take a chance, however, and went ahead with my preparations.

Less than a year previous to our fight I had been engaged as Herrera's sparring partner around Chicago, working for the sum of \$10 per week. Consequently I knew his style to a "T" and thought from my experience with him that I could get him. He also thought he could defeat me.

CHAPTER XVI.

Bat Says Aurelia Herrera was One of the World's Greatest Fighters.

While I felt confident that I could lick Aurelia Herrera, I was in for one of the greatest surprises of my life, or rather, of my prizefighting career.



COW PUNCHER HERRERA
WAS TOUGH ENOUGH TO STAY
20 ROUNDS WITH NELSON

I had trained faithfully and was in such perfect condition that as I made my way to the ring I felt as if I could beat Jim Jeffries. On the way I stopped in a pool room and found the odds against me were 10 to 7. I bet

\$1,000 on myself at those odds, and as that was the largest amount I had ever bet I felt that I simply had to win. We fought in an open-air arena built specially for the occasion down on the flats of Butte. It was in the afternoon, and as it was a national holiday—Labor Day, 1904—we drew by far the largest crowd that ever attended a boxing match in Montana.

I want to say right here that Aurelia Herrera was the greatest whirlwind fighter that ever lived. He could hit like a trip hammer and he was so fast that his arms worked like the piston rods on the New York Central "Twentieth Century Limited" engine going at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. When least expected his fist would shoot out like the head of a snake and

down you would go. As you all know, he is a Mexican, and, incidentally, he is the only good Mexican fighter that we have had.

HERRERA MIGHT HAVE BEEN CHAMPION.

If Herrera had taken care of himself he might have been the champion. He was of a peculiar surly disposition, however, and made few personal friends. He was the idol of the Westerners, though, because he could always be depended upon to cash a bet. He had been knocking out everybody that stood before him, and no matter what his personal habits might have been his fighting ability made him strong with the fight fans.

I knew Herrera's style perfectly, for I had formerly been employed as his sparring partner in Chicago at a salary of \$10 a week. I felt in my heart that I could beat him if I could stand off those terrible rushes which were sure to come in the first two rounds. He not only could deliver a knockout punch but he could take one.

I shall never forget how surprised Terry McGovern was when he hit him a right-hand swing on the jaw in the first round at 'Frisco.

"Why, he didn't budge an inch," said McGovern. "I landed a beaut on the point of his jaw and it was just like hitting a Marvin safe.. My mitt bounded off like a pebble and he came right back at me."

Knowing these things I had to be extremely careful.

MEXICAN AN INVETERATE SMOKER.

Herrera was one of the first great fighters who succeeded without training. He never paid the least attention to the ordinary rules about taking care of himself. He was a stockily built fellow, with immense power in his shoulders. He fought in a style peculiarly his own. In other words, Herrera was one of the wonderful freaks of the ring. He was dark and swarthy—a typical Spaniard. He smoked cigars continually and kept a bottle of whiskey in his training quarters all the time. He

took a drink whenever he felt like it and ate what he pleased. He would go out for a run on the road with a cigar in his mouth. On many occasions I have seen him go to sleep with a cigar held between his teeth, and he would often smoke one before he got up the next morning. But that didn't keep him from hitting.

Knowing all these things as I did I was more than anxious to beat the husky Mexican, for I felt that if I could lick him I could lick anybody in the world.

BAT HAD TOUGH JOB BEFORE HIM.

As we were a little afraid of having the bout stopped, I got over to the ringside early, reaching there about two o'clock. There I found Herrera smoking a cigar and full of confidence. I had not seen him for some time, and we shook hands in a friendly way. He never was any too friendly with anybody, but he appeared to like me even when I was his sparring partner.

After some delay one of the officials came to the dressing room and told us that everything had been fixed with the State authorities and that the fight would go on. We lost little time in getting to the ring.

Herrera was the favorite with the crowd as well as in the betting. Out there he was the hero, and the people didn't seem to like the idea of an outsider taking any of his honors away.

Finally I got under the ropes and received some applause, but not so much as my Mexican opponent.

After the gallant style in which he had been knocking out all his opponents in Butte, Herrera felt absolutely confident and he started out to finish me in a hurry. I fought him very cautiously and kept away from his terrible swings until the fourth round. Up to this time the honors had been about even. But right here I came in for the biggest surprise of my life.

HERRERA KNOCKS BAT TO MAT.

We had just gotten together in a clinch, and I was

backing away with my head down. I had no sooner turned loose his arm when he swung a short swing squarely on top of my head. I felt as if somebody had hit me with a sledge hammer. I turned a complete somersault and fell flat on my back, my head hitting the mat first. I looked up and could see the Mexican standing over me with a vicious look in his eyes. He was ready to finish me. In fact, he thought I was already out. But I wasn't. I took a few seconds of the count and then regained my feet.

Aurelia tore after me like an infuriated tiger, putting every ounce of strength he possessed into his punches.



BATTLER AT AGE OF ???

latter rounds were all my way, and at the end of the twentieth I had piled up such a lead that I was handed the decision on a silver platter. Not a man kicked on the verdict, and the bets were paid off without a ques-

He was somewhat dazed when he found that he had not knocked me out. I was the first man on whom his punch had failed. I then surprised him some more by standing up toe to toe and meeting him blow for blow. Before the end of the round I succeeded in hooking my left half-scissors hook into his liver and forced him to cover up. As the round closed he was hanging on for dear life.

I did my best, but I could not succeed in knocking him out. The

tion. Duncan McDonald was referee, and his decision was cheered by the crowd.

NOW READY TO MEET CHAMPION.

As soon as I could get dressed I hurried over to the pool room and collected nearly \$2,500 on my bet, which included the original \$1,000 that I had put up.

This victory put me in direct line for the championship, and from then on I began pursuing the great stars of the ring. Having licked Canole, Hanlon and Herrera, the fight managers had to recognize my right to challenge the topnotchers, and in the long run I forced these fellows to give me a chance.

With my natty little manager, Teddy Murphy, a string of sparring partners and Trainer Frank Newhouse I rolled back to San Francisco in a special Pullman. My signal victory over the great Herrera, of course, had been widely published in the fair 'Frisco papers, and I was fast becoming a public personage thereabouts.

When I reached San Francisco I found that Young Corbett, who had lost his crown to Jimmy Britt, was in town. I was after a fight with Britt, however, and went straight to him first.

ARRANGES FOR FIGHT WITH CORBETT.

"Go and get a reputation for yourself," said James Edward. "You will have to lick Corbett before you can talk to me about a fight." Britt refused to listen to any conversation at all until after I had tried out Corbett, "the marvellous slugger."

I saw that there was no chance of getting Britt to fight, so my manager went out to find Corbett and see what kind of terms he could make. After a long argument, in which one of the club officials took part, we finally agreed on a match. We were to fight in 'Frisco on November 29 at Woodward's Pavilion.

Young Corbett was then in his prime, and I need not say that he was a great fighter. Next to Herrera, he was

the hardest hitter among us little fellows, but he was not so snappy a hitter as the Mexican. His style of rushing in at a fellow like a bear and shooting out a million rights a second were bad things to get in front of.

Britt licked Corbett because he was the better boxer and stayed out of harm's way and won the decision. That policy won for him the championship.

CHAPTER XVII.

Nelson Gets in Reach of Championship by Knocking Out Young Corbett.

I knew that I would win the championship of the world after I had fought four rounds with Young Corbett. He was a wonderful slugger as well as a fair boxer. While he had just been defeated by Britt I knew that if I could lick him I could down the champion, because James Edward relied so much on his boxing skill.

I regard Young Corbett as one of the greatest fighters this country has ever seen. He was a terrific hitter, though he could not deliver as snappy a blow as Aurelia Herrera. Corbett was a very smart fellow, however, and in the matter of brains Herrera could not be compared with him.

Corbett knew that the quickest way to get a fighter's goat was to tantalize him so that he would lose his temper and begin swinging wildly. That is the way he always succeeded in beating Terry McGovern. Terry couldn't stand the kidding.

CORBETT A TANTALIZER.

Corbett would first try his man out by roasting him as a fighter, and if that didn't succeed he would say things that were personally insulting. His opponent would then get angry and rush at him with wild swings. That was just what Corbett wanted, for he was as game a fighter as ever lived, and he loved nothing better than a chance to rough it.

I was somewhat of a rougher myself and I figured that I would be able to beat Corbett at his own game. He was pretty sour over his defeat by Britt, and I believe that he still maintains that Britt was not entitled to the

decision which lost him the championship. That took some of the spirit out of him. Admitting he is a jolly, good-natured fellow, in the ring he is nasty as can be.

I was in excellent condition, and we agreed on a match, and it didn't take long to get in shape. All I needed was a little loosening up.

Though I felt confident when I stepped into the ring with the great slugger I knew that I had a job before me. You can take it from me that Corbett gave me an awful fight for the first few rounds. If the decision had been given on points at the end of the fourth round I guess he would have been the victor. I was stalling around, however, to find out wherein he was weak. I finally discovered the spot—his wind. I then began beating a tattoo on his ribs, and occasionally I would get a chance to soak that left half scissors hook on his liver. When he would bend over I would crack him on the ear to make him dizzy.

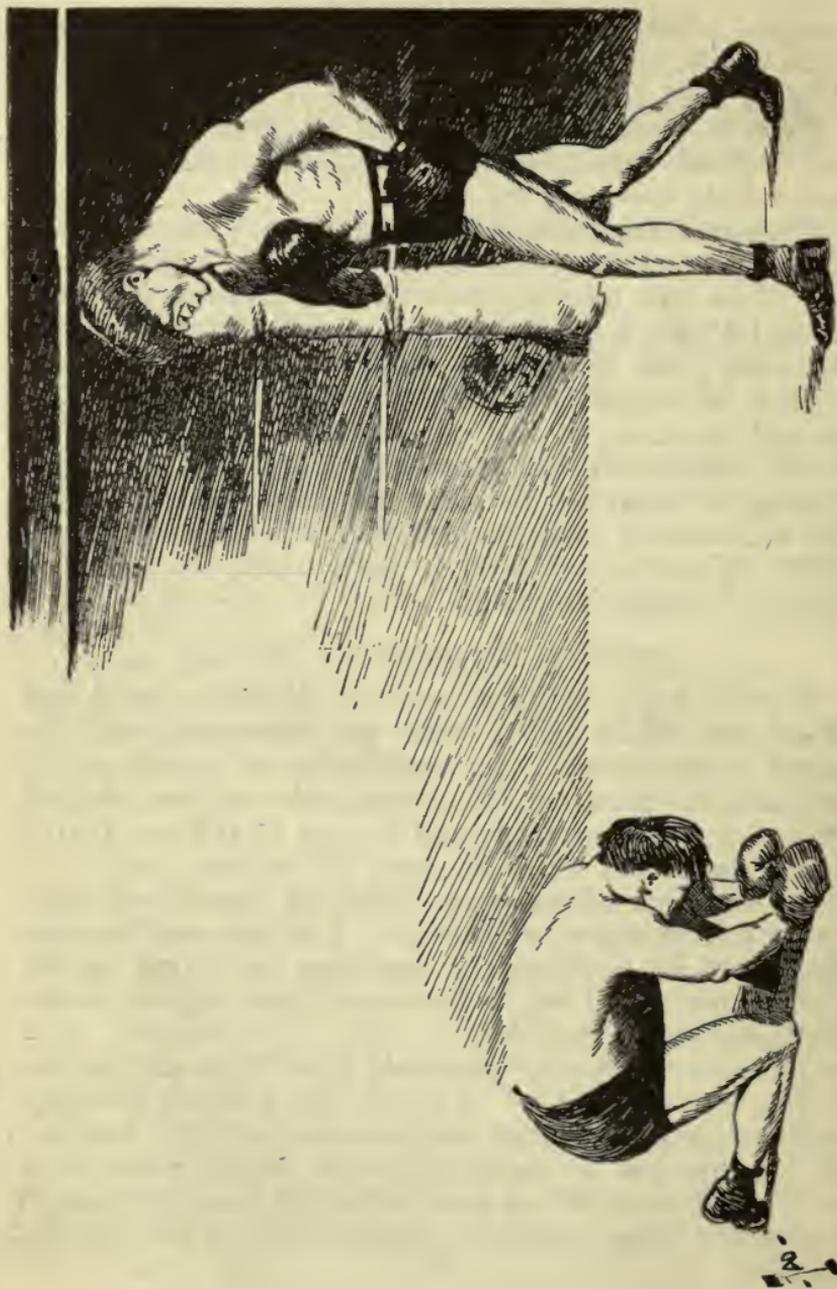
CORBETT HAD PECULIAR STYLE.

Corbett had a peculiar style of fighting that I had never seen before and if I had not been very careful he might have got me. He would start on a rush at me, shooting his arms out like piston rods. It looked as if he had a thousand arms, and I want to tell you that it was a dangerous thing to stand before that rush.

He had a tantalizing way of kidding me while in close and I got as angry as a hornet. I didn't mind his kidding until he got personal, and then he stirred up the lion in me and I more than paid him back with the walloping that I gave him.

"Whoever told you you could fight?" he said to me. "Why, you're a joke." I didn't say a word, but kept right on getting madder every minute. Finally I landed on his jaw, but he simply shook it off and came back.

"Huh, I thought you were a hitter," he said to me in a clinch. "You couldn't put a dent in a Charlotte Russe."



FIRST NELSON-CORBETT FIGHT, WOODWARD PAVILION, SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 29, 1904.

"Say, kid," he said to me later on, "what's the name of that town that you come from?" I was furious and was almost on the point of replying, but I caught myself very quickly and barely dodged a punch headed straight for my mouth.

"You've got an awful nerve," he said again, "to be fighting. You ought to go back to work as a hash slinger."

CORBETT BEGINS TO TOTTER.

In the tenth round I began poking him in the ribs so hard that he commenced to totter, but he didn't stop his kidding. He got insulting this time. I got very angry and patted him an awful welt on the liver. He bent over.

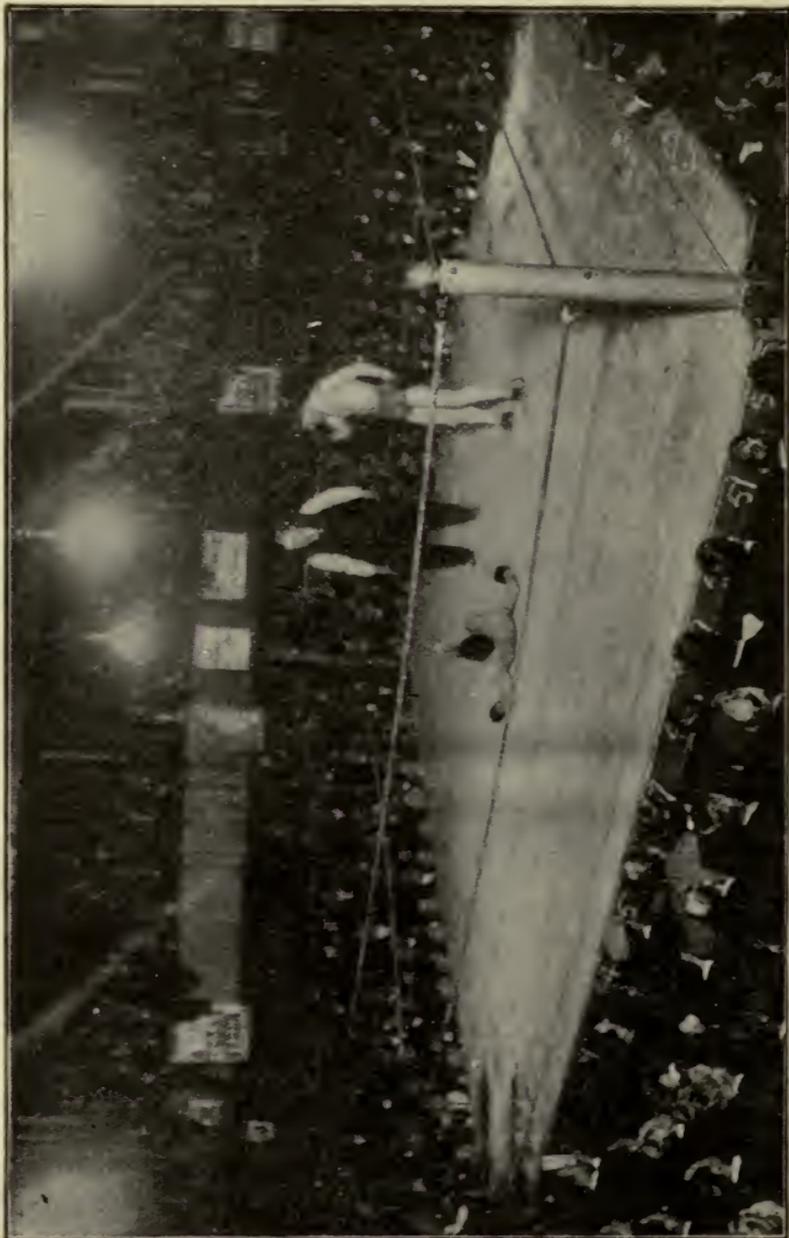
"Jump in the ring, you fools," yelled one of the crowd to Corbett's trainers, "and keep your man from being killed."

Corbett was still bending over and I jammed my right into his wind. He sank to the floor and Trainer Tuthill jumped into the ring and carried the former champion to his corner. He was completely knocked out.

This was the worst licking that Corbett had ever received, and for administering the dose I received \$2,700.

FOLLOWING IS THE TENTH ROUND IN DETAIL AS SENT OVER THE ASSOCIATED PRESS WIRES.

Nelson led off with full swing right on the jaw. Corbett rallied and let go right and left, missing every time. Nelson stepped in close again and smashed him repeatedly in the face. Ringsiders yelled to Corbett's seconds, "Jump in the ring, you fools, and save your man from being killed." The Dane struck out slowly putting more force into his blows. Corbett was bent over and apparently ready to sink to the floor, when Nelson upper cut him a hard right to the body; Corbett sinks



SECOND NELSON-CORBETT FIGHT AT WOODWARD'S PAVILION, SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 28, 1905.

to the floor and Trainer Tuthill jumps into the ring and carries Corbett to his corner a badly beaten man.

KNOCKS OUT CORBETT AGAIN.

I was forced to fight Corbett again later on, so that I could have a second match with Britt. The Britt affair will come up later. All of you readers know how Britt was given a very questionable decision over me in my first fight. Before I could get a return match, however, I had to fight Corbett again. At that time I feared him really more than I did Britt. Corbett was there with a vicious knockout all the time—Britt was not.

On Feb. 28 Corbett and Yours Truly went at it again at Woodward's Pavilion, the place of our former battle ground. The fight enthusiasts of San Francisco had been won over to my side long ere this, and a week before the fight it was common gossip in the town that I would again beat down the Denver champion. Their predictions proved only too true. Corbett made a very fair showing with me in the early rounds only. I knocked him down in the fourth round, and as he was taking the count I went over to him and told him to "get up" and not go down until he was hit. Corbett was infuriated by my taunting him, and arose enraged like a wildcat. He swung a hard right into my body and broke one of my ribs, and to this day I have a large lump there as a souvenir of this battle. That was the worst punch that I ever took.

The ninth round had hardly begun when I cut loose a series of right and left hooks and down he went flat on his back and was counted out by Referee Jack Welsh.

My share of the gate amounted to \$3,500. I and my backer, Billy Benner, won several side bets amounting to \$5,000

ENDS CORBETT'S CAREER.

That practically ended the career of one of America's greatest fighters. Corbett from that time began to de-

cline, and he has not won an important battle since. Notwithstanding the fact that he had roasted me unmercifully in the ring, I always have had a spark of sympathy in my heart for him, for he was certainly a game little fellow. More than that, he was a real fighter. He was not one of those showy boxers who rely on the referee's decision to win. Corbett wanted to either win or lose by a knockout. Like myself, he didn't like those decisions on points.

I also sympathized with him because the decision was given against him in his fight with Britt, and I was handed the same dose. Not that I wish to boast about it, but I was treated worse than Corbett. But I will bring that up in my next chapter.

WHY BATTLING NELSON FIGHTS.

The following letter was written by Prof. Mike Donovan and sent to George Siler and re-mailed to the Battler at Hegewisch, Illinois.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 3rd, 1904, Geo. Siler, Chicago Tribune.—Friend George: Battling Nelson's brilliant victory over William Rothwell, "YOUNG CORBETT," at San Francisco, California, Thursday night, revealed a domestic drama which at one time threatened to be a tragedy. The story of the boy's struggles against great odds and his rapid ascent as a pugilist, conceals behind it the fact that for years Nelson has fought with two objects. His objects were outside the prize ring. He fought his way towards the championship with but two ideas—to pay the mortgage on his mother's home on Superior avenue, Hegewisch, and to win back the love and admiration of his father, brothers and sister. His mother's love and tenderness he has had all the time. Practically driven away from home because his family objected to his chosen profession, forbidden scores of times by his father to enter the ring, pleaded with by his mother who feared he would get hurt, Nelson insisted. The boy had fought, and fought desperately, in order that the debt might not worry his father—in order that his brothers and sister might go to school and get better educa-

tions; and he has steadily urged the other boys not to follow in his footsteps—to keep out of the fighting game.

This is a story sure to arouse the admiration of such a man as JOHN WALLACE CRAWFORD, and was a worthy inspiration of the following poem:

Your friend, PROF. MIKE DONOVAN,
N. Y. A. C., New York City.

BATTLING NELSON.

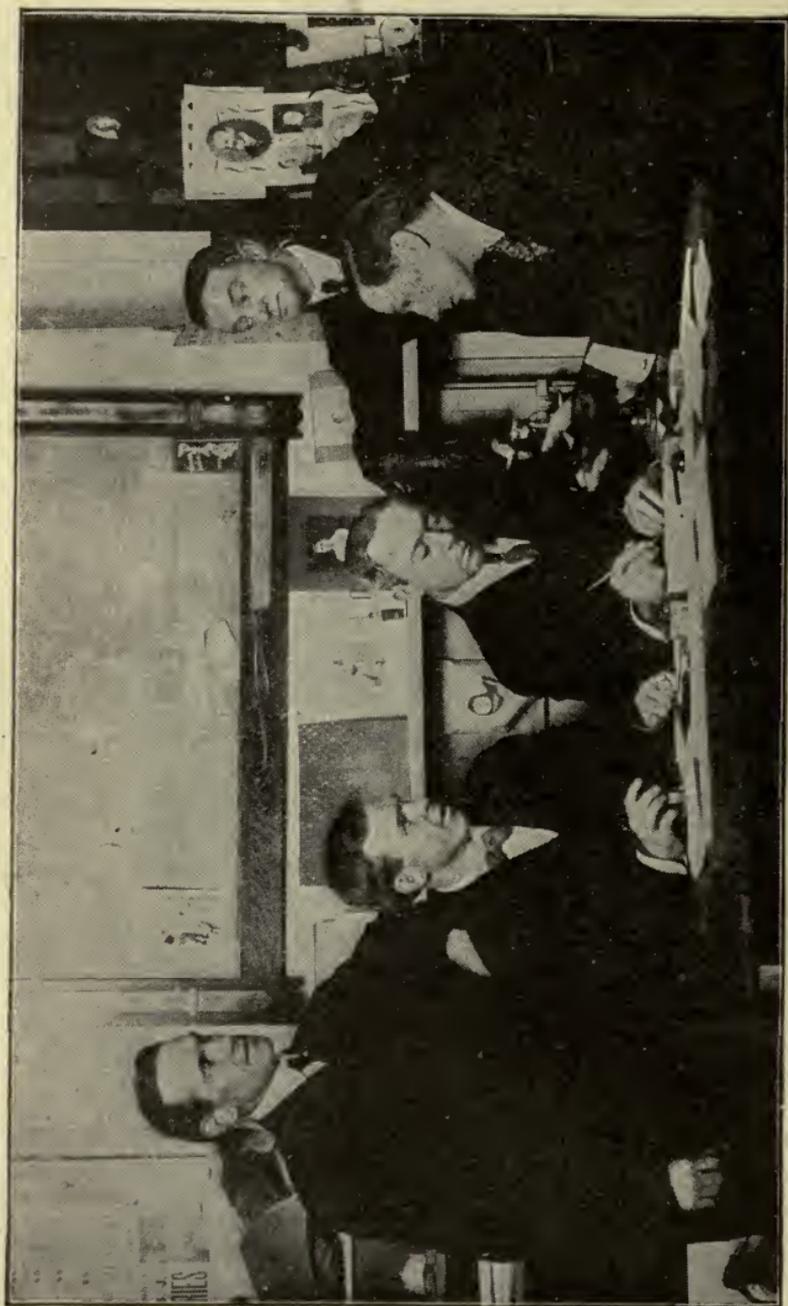
I have no use for fighters—
 (Prize fighters, as they go)
For as a rule they're mostly full
 Of bluster, brag and blow—
But when a boy is fighting
 For love of home and Mother,
With honest smile, I'll doff my tile
 And proudly call him Brother.

I have no use for bullies—
 A "bull pug" makes me sick,
But in the game of "Home Sweet Home,"
 I want to take a trick.
So I'm for Battling Nelson,
 And I'm glad to call him Brother—
He must be right in every fight
 Because he loves his mother.

I have no use for loafers,
 Or snobs whose talk is "smart"—
No bar-room "Jag" to bluff and brag,
 About the manly art.
But when I meet a fellow,
 Among the motley crowd,
Who on the level, beats the devil,
 Keeping clean and true—

And who abstains from liquor,
 (The thief that downed JOHN L.)
You hear me toot, I want to shoot,
 And sing and laugh and yell—
So here's to BATTLING NELSON
 The lad who fights to win,
Whose love and wit supply the grit—
 And love will pardon sin.

JOHN WALLACE CRAWFORD.



SIGNING THE ARTICLES FOR THE NELSON-BRITT FIGHT, DECEMBER 20, 1904.
BILLY BENNER, BATTLING NELSON, HARRY K. MONAHAN, TIV. KREILING, JIMMY BRITT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Nelson Describes His First Fight with Jimmy Britt for the Championship.

Aside of my natural ambition to win the lightweight championship, one of the strongest reasons I had for my desire to lick Sir James Edward Britt was because he wore a high hat and a Prince Albert coat. It may sound like a "kid," but, on the level, it made me awful sore to see a prizefighter going around in those swell togs, and I made up my mind that some day I would bring him down to the class where he belonged.

In those days it was somewhat of a job for a fighter to lick Britt because he always fought on the coast, and to get a decision over him on points out there was like trying to slip the Washington monument through the eye of a needle.

After I had licked Corbett, however, there was nothing for Britt to do but to meet me as he had promised. I was doomed to a bitter disappointment, however, before I finally won the championship.

BRITT HAD ONE GOOD PUNCH.

Britt is a strong, game, clever fighter. The only man that ever made Britt show the white feather was Joe Gans. I gave him a much worse beating than Gans did, but the minute he saw the black fellow in the ring he practically threw up his hands and admitted defeat. In his fight with all the other lightweights Britt was game to the core. I never could exactly understand why he let Gans get his goat.

While Britt was a very clever boxer he was lacking in a hard punch. He hit me numerous times on the jaw, but could not even jostle me. He had one punch, though, that was a wonder. It was a low left-hand

swing that was a half uppercut and half hook. He would rip this into a fellow's stomach, and as a rule it was a winner. It was one of the best punches that has ever been used in the ring.

Though I had been clamoring for a fight for a long time, this was my first meeting with the pride of the Golden West, and I certainly had my troubles all the way through. Britt did not stand up and fight me, but danced around the ring from the very start to the finish of the fight. As a result, I hardly got a chance to knock him out, although in the thirteenth I laid him flat on his back for the count of nine.

REFEREE WAS HARD ON BAT.

I did get a hold on him several times and came very close to putting the hooks on him, but Referee Roach, who, it seemed, was fighting Britt's battle, roughly pulled me away or stepped in front of me, blocking my punches aimed at his pet—James Edward.

In the sixteenth round I finally kidded Mr. Britt into a slugging match, a thing which I had been trying all during the fight, but without avail. I had been walking into Sir James without ever guarding a blow, trying to get him to swap punches, and this was my first opportunity to get him.

Mr. "Wise" Spider Kelly, falling for the act, yelled to Britt to Knock 'im out!" and, of course, Jimmy tried to do everything his seconds told him.

I took all his punches for about forty-five seconds and backed up a step to lead him on. I didn't try to hit back at all, when suddenly I noticed Jimmy step back. Then I knew he was tired, and I thought it was time to set sail and deliver.

TORE INTO THE CHAMPION.

I jumped out of my supposed trance like a flash of electricity and tore after Sir James, determined to do or die, and I knocked him practically out and over the

ropes, when his seconds grabbed him in order to save him from falling from the ring; at the same time the timekeeper rang the bell to save the Pride of the Golden West. My timekeeper who held the watch protested, claiming that there had been just two minutes of fighting during this round, but it was not allowed.

The story of the battle is too well known and is probably fresh on the minds of the public, so I see no need of going into lengthy details in describing it. To this day I contend that Britt had no business accepting the decision. I have since demonstrated that I was his master. I was his master then, though the battle did terminate in a very unsatisfactory manner for me. My wounded feelings, however, were somewhat healed when the officials handed Manager Murphy a real package of greenbacks containing \$5,600.

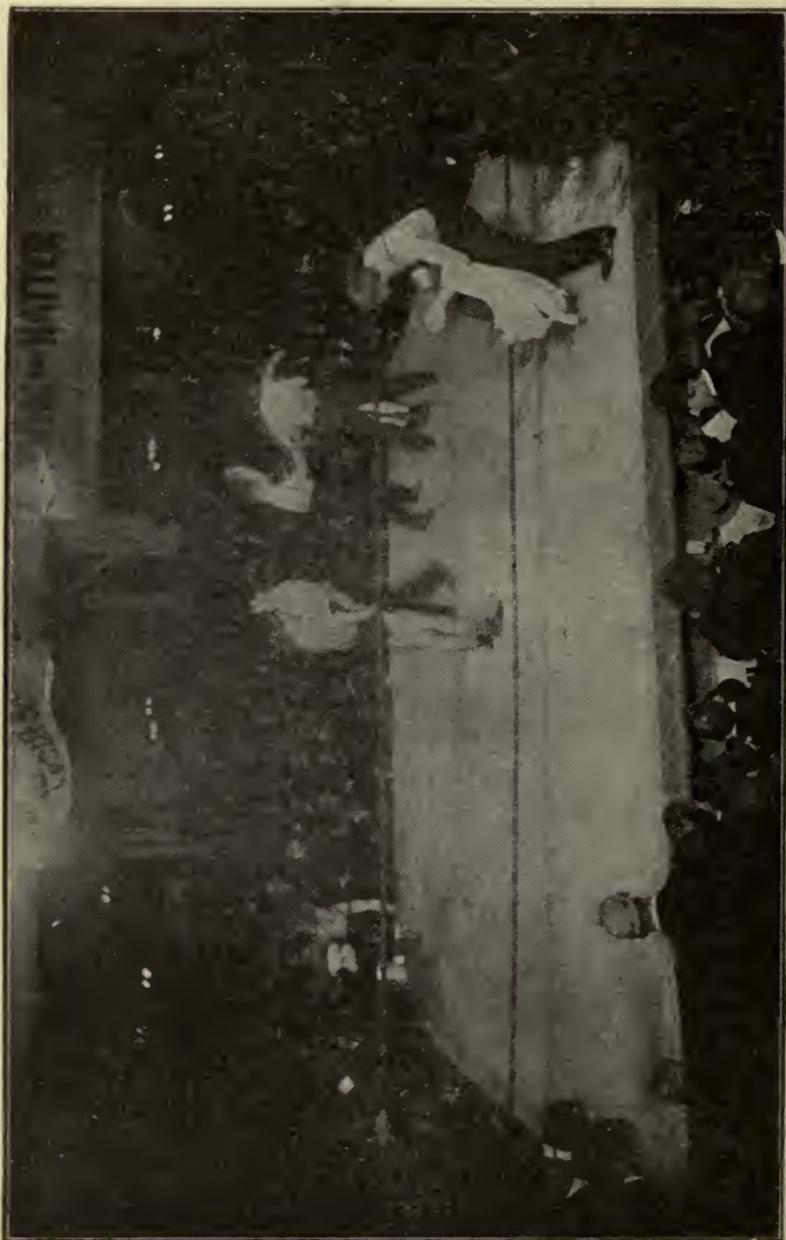
This was the most money I had received for one fight up to that date.

BAT'S MANAGER IS MISSING.

The day following when I looked for Teddy Murphy, the forty-two-year-old boy manager, as Wally Young, one of the sporting writers on the coast had dubbed him, he was impossible to locate.

Up to date he had not been prompt in settling, and I was anxious to do business in a business-like manner. Hence my anxiety to find him. When I did meet him he made an excuse of business engagements and promised to meet me the next day. I went to the appointed spot, but failed to find Murphy and, of course, became very much worried.

As Eddie Santry, my former sparring partner, was to depart for Chicago, I figured Murphy most likely would be at the ferry to see him off. I hurried to the ferry and found Murphy and Santry checking their trunks. When I accosted Murphy for an explanation he informed me that he was merely there to see Santry off. I had a dinner appointment and therefore couldn't cross the



FIRST NELSON-BRITT FIGHT, SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 20, 1904.
NOTE.—CARRYING BRITT TO CORNER—THOUGH HE GETS DECISION.

bay with them. On my way back I dropped into Harry Corbett's for my mail. On top of the cash register lay the secret inclosed in an envelope—it was from the "boy" manager. I recognized the handwriting as being from Teddy and immediately became very suspicious.

I opened it and there found a note with a hundred dollar bill inclosed. The letter stated that he had been called home on account of sickness in the family and a lot of "bull," etc. I felt positive then that it was his intention to run off with my bankroll, and I immediately got busy.

The police chief and Captain Burnett instantly wired instructions to Stockton, advising the authorities there to arrest Murphy and Santry. Next day Detective Taylor was sent to Stockton and brought Murphy and Santry back to San Francisco, where we settled our difficulties.

After that Murphy and I severed connections for good.

AFTER BRITT AGAIN.

I have already told how I defeated Corbett a second time. I now felt as if I was entitled to a return match with Britt, so I got hot on his trail.

As I had knocked Corbett out twice the San Francisco press and the public at large demanded of Britt to show his colors and fight me. He finally agreed to sign a temporary set of articles and posted a \$2,500 forfeit with Harry Corbett for a fight to take place some time in July. This was done.

Two clauses were inserted in the articles—one that I was not allowed to engage in any fight that went over six rounds, the other that I must be on San Francisco soil not later than July 1 for signing of final articles.

FIGHTS ABE ATTELL.

As I was under the care of Dr. Charles A. Clinton because of my broken rib gotten during the Corbett fight, I found it impossible to fight for a few weeks. I

went to the mountains hunting for a month on the doctor's advice.

In the meantime San Francisco sport writers had chronicled the story of my gallant victory over Young Corbett through the East, and as a result I was very much in demand thereabouts. I received offers from the Philadelphia Club to fight three battles, at \$1,500 per fight, to go six rounds, no decision—they to name my opponents.

It was here that I met Abe Attell. We fought six slashing rounds with the usual "no decision" result. I received \$1,500 for my end.

MY RING EXPERIENCES WITH THE NEGRO POPULATION.

During my twelve busy years of fighting I have met just five different negroes out of a string of nearly 100 battles. I feel proud of stating "*No Colored Man Ever Conquered Me.*" Many of my readers may take exception to this statement, but it is nevertheless true. I was not defeated by Joe Gans at Goldfield, Nevada.

The referee sure enough did decide that I hit the negro foul. His opinion should not be taken as absolutely the whole truth against mine—the man whom he accused of striking the alleged foul blow.

This fight is now a matter of history. I demonstrated fully—to the public—on July 4 and September 9 of this year (1908) that I was this same negro's master by licking, trouncing, beating and battering him into a mass of "black jung," if such a slang phrase may be used.

My success in boxing him clear off the pugilistic map twice within eight weeks should go far in clearing me of the "foul claim" charged against me at Goldfield, Nevada, in 1906. Shouldn't it?

If Joe Gans wants to make the hit of his life and win the friendship of "The Battler," as I am called, he will come out and tell the exact conditions of that al-

leged foul—yes, tell how he worked upon the poor eyesight of old George Siler.

In the year of 1900, when a mere kid, I was knocking around Chicago and vicinity making heroic efforts to become recognized as a fighter. Naturally I was compelled to take on any fighter the club officials saw fit to match me with, and as a result had to tie up with several tough Negro scrappers.

It was in July of that season that I met the first Negro boxer—one Feathers Vernon, a man who was at that time looked upon as a pretty tough coon in and around Englewood, "one of Chicago's beautiful suburbs."

The story in detail of this great scrap is given in another chapter of the book and needs no recounting here. We fought six rounds and was one of those no decision affairs. I received a five dollar note for the job.

In the following November I met Black No. 2—Black Griffo, also one of the best of his class and color fighting around Chicago. He had been dubbed "Black Griffo," because of his style of fighting and general actions in the ring—it much resembled that of the noted Australian fighter—Young Griffo.

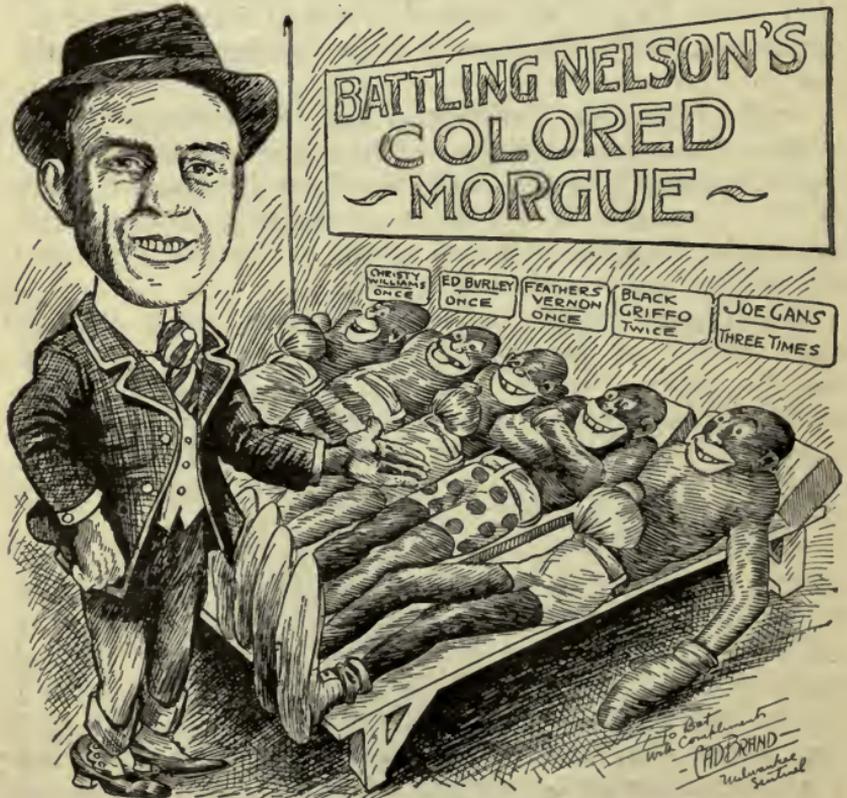
We fought before the old Twelfth street Turner Hall, corner of Twelfth and Halsted streets, Chicago, run by Silvie Ferreti. Black Griffo lasted but three rounds, being cracked into dreamland with my favorite punch, a "left half scissors hook" on the liver, where I usually have been getting them all ever since, *particularly the negro boxing population.*

Mistah Edward Jackson Burley was the way they announced the arrival of my third colored opponent at Billy Gain's Club at Logan Square, Chicago, on that quiet cool evening of November 22, 1900. Fifteen minutes later Mr. Edward Jackson Burley was carried out of the ring on a wheelbarrow with his "burlaps" very much disturbed. Oh! it was a shame to do it, but I was fighting on an empty stomach and needed the

money badly for coffee and sinkers. Five rounds was all he lasted, and \$5.00 was what I got. "A dollar a round." I dined at Flynn Bros. on State street after the bout and must say I felt better indeed after winning from Burley and eating a good meal.

MY PRIDE HURT.

The Danes, as Burke's Irish history tells us so plainly, were the boys who populated and set at rest all war and strife in Old Ireland many, many "rounds" ago. Well, I'm a *Dane* all right, and as most of the Irish are no doubt related to me in one way or the other, through ancient descent, I have a feeling for most of them—that is, the good ones. So when on *St. Patrick's Day*,



BAT NELSON, "COON HUNTER."

March 17, 1901, when the Chicago papers announced the fact that *Bat Nelson* was going to meet *Black Griffo* again at the Sheridan Club, I had a spasm. The idea of me fighting a *negro on St. Patrick's Day*? What would my Irish friends say?" Sur'n," said "Big Jack" Powell, pitcher for the St. Louis American League, "Bat don't hav' any broachins about Oireland an' yer bein' our cousins, an' not wantin' t' foight on Paddy's birthday, but go in me Batthler an' knock th' devil's head off th' coon. Ye' don't hate thim anny more thin Oi do."

I followed Jack's instructions to the letter and it required but three rounds to accomplish the task. I received \$15.00 for my work, and again celebrated at my old standbys—Flynn Bros. restaurant and treated myself and friends to the proper feed on such a night—"corn beef and cabbage."

All the training I got for this fight was at the *Hawley Down Draught Furnish Co.* (on the north side of Chicago), *swinging a sledge through the day. On the eve of battle I got off early so as to get a bath, hair cut and a shave, and then I was in condition for the fight.*

The Negro who gave me the hardest battle of all the coons was one *Mistah Christopher Columbus Williams*. This coon had a jaw like the hull of the battleship Ohio, and it required seventeen gruelling, slashing rounds to shove him gently into "slumberland." It is a little out of the ordinary, but a regular occurrence at Hot Springs to have the brass band at the ringside. I will never forget when—in the seventeenth round—I put "Christy," as he was called over the ropes, down and out. The band set up the tune, "*All Coons Look Alike to Me*," "*I Don't Care If You Never Come Back*," and wound up with "*Home, Sweet Home*." The crowd filed out.

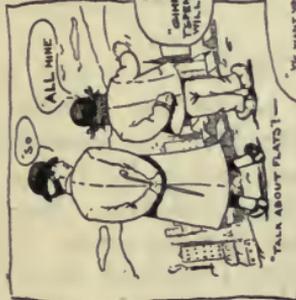
All this time Williams' handlers were trying to revive him. All my seconds, my brother Johnnie and

Charlie Peterson and myself were dancing with glee over winning. In the seventeen rounds I fought with Williams I was punished more than I was in all the three long fights I had with Gans.

I received for this—one of the hardest fights of my life—\$39.50 for my end.

Negro Gans was the last of my colored victims. There are detailed accounts of all his fights in other chapters of my book, so I won't go into detail here. I might mention that at Goldfield, Nevada, Sept. 3, 1906, I made him quit under punishment in the forty-second round, although he was awarded the decision on an alleged foul. On July 4 and Sept. 9, 1908, I knocked Gans out twice—17 and 21 rounds, respectively, before Coffroth's Mission Street Arena, both times at Colma, Cal.

A FORECAST OF THE BATTLING DANCE'S FUTURE SHOULD HE WREST THE CHAMPIONSHIP FROM CHAMBERLAIN DRITT.



NIX!!
"SHAKE A CHAMBERLAIN
SPEND ME HEALTH
WILL YOU."

"DO YOU WANT TO SING IN HELL?"
LET US USE YOUR WIRE
ON OUR BROTHERS
"WELL, WE'VE SING A BALLAD
FOR YOU (SINGING)
I THINK AMATEUR"
"WRITE A TESTIMONIAL FOR
YOUR BROTHERS
"GIVE A LECTURE YOUR"
ETC."



SOME PREDICTIONS THAT CAME TRUE.

CHAPTER XIX.

Nelson Survived Trick That Might Have Ruined His Career.

This chapter brings me up to 1905—the year I won the championship. I was touring around the country engaging in short fights before going to California on July 1, when I was to sign up the final articles of agreement for my second fight with Britt.

While engaging in one of these six-round affairs I became the unsuspecting victim of a prize-ring trick that might have ended all my championship ambitions.

As a rule, the public knows very little about the underhand methods that are sometimes resorted to in pugilism, and a little expose right here might be interesting.

At that time Al Herford was running a club at Baltimore and at the same time managing Kid Sullivan. He matched Sullivan and me at his club and agreed to pay me \$1,500, guaranteed, win, lose or draw.

Herford, thinking he could put one over and gain fame for one—Kid Sullivan—felt very much enthused over the match.

BAT, VICTIM OF TRICK.

We met on June 2, and were to go six rounds to a decision, but on the eve of battle Herford demanded that we fight six rounds and the match be called a draw if both were on their feet at the finish. He refused to give up more than \$1,000 for my end. This sum I demanded be handed me before I entered the ring.

Later this proved to be a very successful move on my part.

I started off in the first three rounds apparently winning easy. Herford, Joe Gans and Young Peter Jack-

son, by the way, all of whom were handling Sullivan, became uneasy, fearing I would knock Sullivan out. They then began to use tricks and unfair methods. When Sullivan went to his corner at the end of the third round some of his handlers smeared belladonna or some drug on his gloves. Their purpose was to have Sullivan smear them over my eyes and blind me.

Sullivan during the entire round resorted to such sprinting tactics that he hardly succeeded in getting his gloves to my face.

Again at the minute's rest between the fourth and fifth rounds, his seconds, thinking they hadn't applied sufficient medicine on his gloves, smeared on an extra heavy dose, which almost blinded me during that round.

In the sixth and last round we both stepped to the centre, and, as is customary, shook hands. This time the dope had been applied heavily and he succeeded in rubbing the besmeared gloves to my face. In a moment I was almost totally blind.

ALMOST TOTALLY BLIND.

In fact, I could hardly tell Sullivan from the referee and stood in the centre of the ring with hands extended. No one knew my condition but myself, and I tried to hide it. Sullivan rushed into me, but I got close and, relying on my fighting instinct, kept following him all over the ring until the finish. On one occasion I hit the referee, thinking he was Sullivan.

The decision, of course, had to be a draw, as Herford had refused to allow his man to fight until we had agreed on the draw clause if both men were on their feet at the end of the sixth round.

Billy Rocap, the referee, failed to notice that Sullivan's gloves had been doped until the finish of the fight. I was then totally blind and had to be led to my corner. Rocap asked what was the matter, and when I told him he immediately went to Sullivan's corner to try and

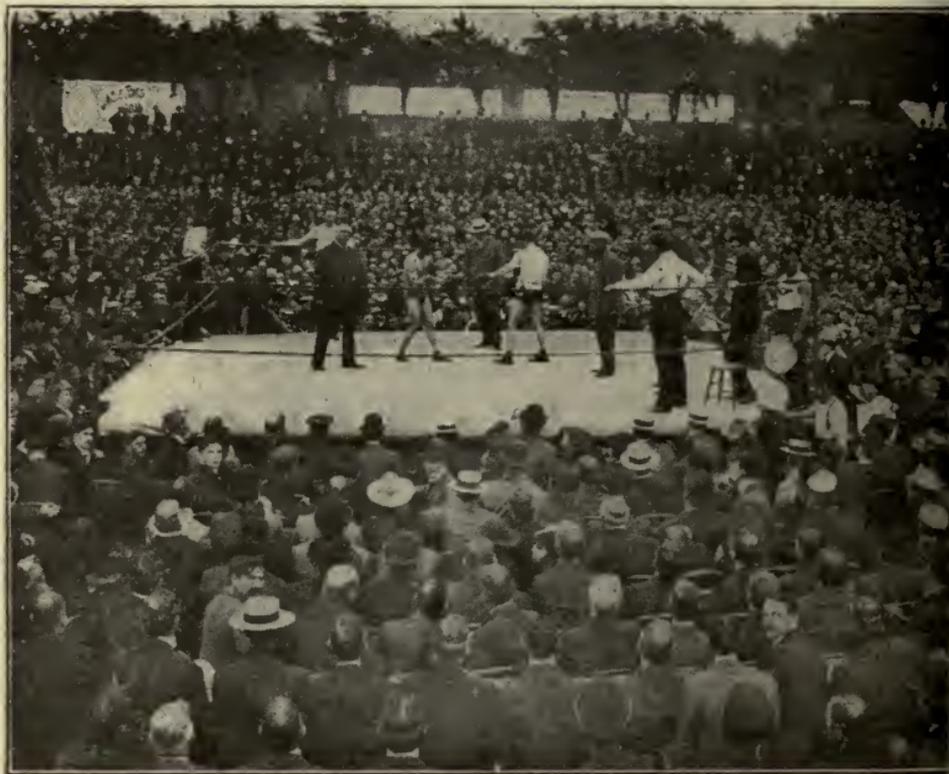


Ed Grady REFEREE

**WORLD'S WHITE
LIGHT
WEIGHT
CHAMPIONSHIP.**



Battling Nelson.





James Britt

**COLMA,
CALIFORNIA,
SEPTEMBER 9,
1905**



J.W.G. Smith



get the gloves, but Herford, fox that he is, hustled Sullivan away and refused to give up the mitts.

FIRST APPEARANCE ON STAGE.

My appearance in the East had created quite a lot of attention, thanks to the sporting writers and the fight fans, and I was a little bit surprised one night in Philadelphia when it was suggested to me that I go on the stage. I had just licked Jack O'Neill in a six-round fight and was feeling pretty good.

The stage thing kinder got my goat, however, for I couldn't help thinking about the time when I tried to make a speech after my fight with "Cross-eyed" Mickey Riley. That was the time the fellow hit me in the mouth with a silver dollar and cut off my further conversation.

I saw a chance to make some money out of it, though, and after thinking it over I decided to take a chance. It was less than twenty-four hours from that time that I got a telegram from Harry Farren, manager of the Columbia Theatre, in Boston, offering me \$700 for a four nights' engagement, in addition to two round-trip tickets from Philadelphia to Boston. I accepted immediately and started for Boston.

COULDN'T MAKE A SPEECH.

All the way up there I was trying to think what kind of a speech I would make. I knew I would have to say something in addition to boxing a few rounds.

You ought to have heard me when I got on the stage and saw all those people looking at me. I made two stabs at the speech and then quit cold. Never again for mine!

Anyway, I drew packed houses and felt that I had given the theatre people their money's worth. On my way to the coast I showed a week at the Trocadero Theatre, in Chicago, and got \$1,000 for it. But there was nothing doing in the speech line.

Now that it was getting close to July 1 and as the

special clause in the temporary agreement in the Nelson-Britt articles stated that I must be on California soil by July 1. I hustled back to San Francisco, arriving June 30. On July 1 my manager and I went to Harry Corbett's place, where the forfeits had been posted, to meet Britt and his manager, where we were to sign the final articles.

I was amazed to find that Britt was matched to fight Kid Sullivan instead of me, and that he had pulled down his forfeit. I was again sidetracked for more easy game by the elusive native son, Sir James Edward.

BRITT FORCED TO SIGN UP.

Later on public sentiment forced Mr. Britt to get out and do something to show that he was capable of defending his title against me. Early in August my manager and Britt's brother, Willus, got together in Cofroth's Belvidere and discussed the details of a match. Jimmy and I were not present and the managers wrangled for three days before a final agreement had been reached. The Britts tried every means imaginable to lock the match, but were unsuccessful. They held the trump card and dictated almost every phrase. The Britt brothers, thinking I would balk at the long route, stipulated that the battle go forty-five rounds, that we weigh in at 133, ringside, also that we must bet \$10,000 on the side and fight, winner take all.

Evidently the Britts didn't figure that they were playing right into my hands when they named the forty-five-round route, which the San Franciscans have since named the "Battler's route," because I can go over the long course like a Derby horse over a Derby route. I conceded him each and every point and would have agreed to a thousand rounds just to get him inside the 24-foot ring.

After agreeing to all the conditions named, even to a percentage of the gate, the Britts balked, demanding

a \$20,000 guaranteed purse, with the privilege of 65 per cent. of the gross gate receipts.

James W. Coffroth, who was to promote the match, readily agreed to either one of the conditions—a \$20,000 flat guarantee or 65 per cent. of the gross gate receipts.

Just as negotiations were apparently all off and things became darker than ever and the parties concerned started to adjourn, we took the last resort. My backers guaranteed Jimmy Britt the \$20,000 purse for me and posted \$10,000 to make it good, and were willing to gamble on a percentage basis for my end.

CHAPTER XX.

Battling Nelson Becomes White Lightweight Champion of the World by Knocking Out Britt.

On Sept. 9, 1905, I finally achieved the ambition of my life. On that day I defeated James Edward Britt by a knockout at Colma, Cal., near 'Frisco, and became the white lightweight champion of the world.

That may not sound as big to you who read it as it does to me, but to have that title in front of a fighter's name means both fame and fortune, as well as the satisfaction of having conquered them all.

From the night of our unsatisfactory affair of Dec. 20, the preceding year I had my mind set on meeting the champion again. I knew full well that I could beat him. He had point blank refused to meet me until I had gone out and whipped the men that he had selected. I did all this and finally got him backed in a corner from which he could not escape and he had to agree to fight me for the championship. The articles of agreement had finally been signed up after nine months of wrangling in which I had taken what was offered me.

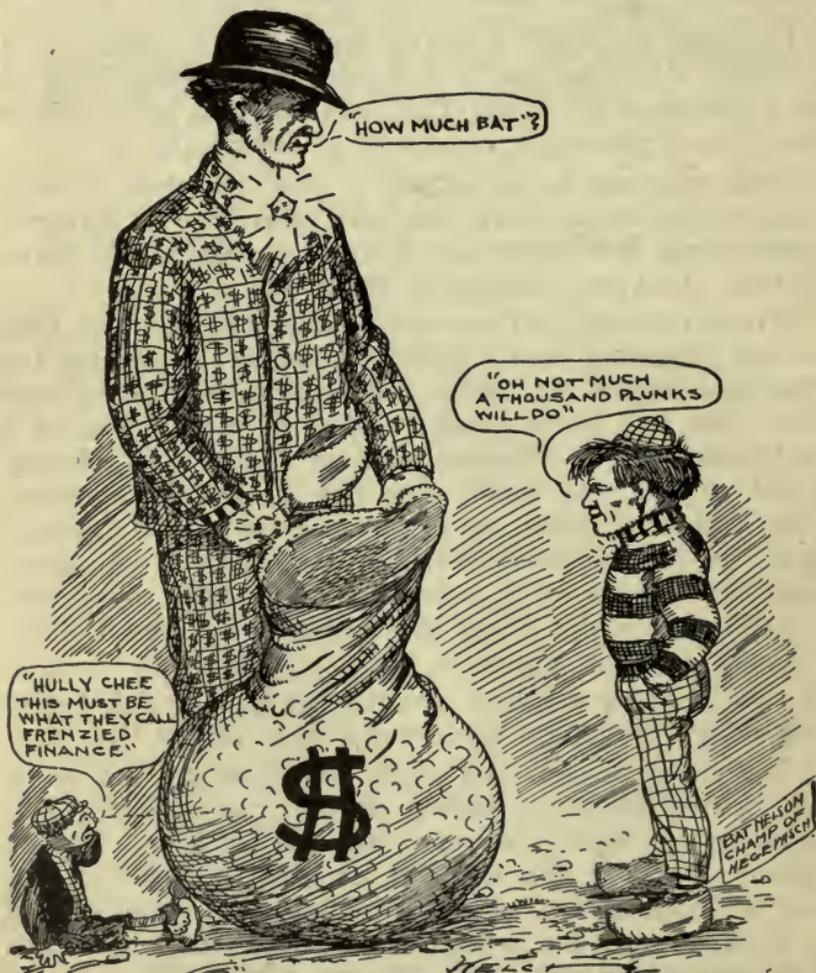
Being assured that everything was all right, I went to Joe Millett's training quarters at Colma and began preparing for what I figured the fight of my life.

Everything went along nicely for about a week when the Britts balked on posting the \$10,000 side bet, also refusing to fight—"winner take all." I, of course, balked—wanting the side bet as well as the "winner take all" clause—but sooner than lose the match agreed to their terms. But when I conceded to their demands I refused to guarantee the \$20,000 purse. Thus it was

that we fought for a straight 65 per cent. of the house, with a cut of 60 and 40, winner and loser, respectively.

SQUABBLE OVER REFEREE.

Everything went lovely until the selecting of a referee came up, and this almost caused the disruption of what looked like the fight of the century. We agreed on James J. Jeffries to officiate, but at the last minute Nolan



BAT NELSON AND HIS MILLIONAIRE FRIEND WILLIE BENNER

heard of a few things that were to come off, and being determined to take no chances, we point blank refused to stand for the big boiler maker to act as the third man in the ring. The battle was delayed some two hours while we argued over this matter.

Finally, we agreed to accept Eddie Graney. Jeffries stepped down and out and Graney took possession of the bout. Graney, it will be remembered, promptly declared all bets off when he entered the ring. The battle went seventeen and a fraction rounds. In this bout, as the pictures showed, I never gave an inch of ground to my opponent. I forced him round and round the ring from start to finish. He put up a game gruelling fight, but finally caved in.

I had been chasing Britt all over the ring for seventeen rounds, but could not induce him to stand up and fight. I knew that if I ever coaxed him into swapping blows with me that I would get him. I had not yet had a chance to land on his liver with that left half scissors hook which had crumpled up so many of my opponents. But I was waiting.

When the gong tapped for the beginning of the eighteenth round I rushed at him like a tiger and began pounding him in the wind for all I was worth. He broke away and ran. Britt then turned and came towards me as if to rush me off my feet. I knew now that I had his goat. I met his rush with a jab in the nose that staggered him. He then tried to break ground again in the hopes of getting away from me. I kept punching him in the wind as fast as I could and I saw that he was weakening. I felt that the championship was almost within my grasp. Nothing could stop me now.

LIKE CAT AND MOUSE.

I determined to finish him in that round if I had to use up every ounce of my strength. It was no time for stalling or attempting to box. The thing left for me was

to wear him down while he was weak. Again I punched the champion on the liver with a quick jolt and he began to swing with arms wildly. He threw all of his science to the wind and came at me with his arms going like a windmill. I do not like to appear cruel, but as I looked at him I thought of that big hat and Prince Albert coat, and I imagine I felt very much as a cat does that has a mouse in a corner. I was waiting for a chance to get another stiff punch to his wind.

Britt made the mistake of his life when he tried to mix it with me at close range. Some fellow has said that I am the "king of the infighters," and I certainly felt like it that day. "Chug, chug, chug," I would crack him in the stomach. In two more seconds he was hanging on my neck. I believe he would have fallen then but I held him because I wanted to knock him out with one blow. Referee Graney ordered us to break, and I leaped right at him again. I was almost wild with enthusiasm now, for I felt that I had the champion's measure.

"Knock him out, Jimmy!" came in a roar from the 10,000 fans. Everybody was standing up and yelling their heads off. They were all Britt's friends. I was out there all alone, but I knew that far away in little Hegewisch I had a mother who is my friend. Instead of stopping me the noise made me work all the harder.

BRITT GROWS WILD.

As a last resort Britt abandoned his opening tactics and started to swap blows with me. It was "slug, slug, slug." We were chasing all around the ring. Towards the middle of the round Jimmy made one of those terrible half-hooks—body punches which landed flush on my wind. It was an awful blow, but I managed to shake it off and went right back at him. Britt thought that his blow had weakened me and he made a wild lunge as if to finish me. Instead of backing away, as he expected, I put all the strength I had

in my right arm and let fly a punch which caught the champion squarely over the heart, followed by a left, right and another quick left while he was falling. I shall never forget that moment. Britt's face crumpled up with pain, and throwing his hands up over his head he toppled over and fell on all fours, but immediately turned over flat on his back. He was knocked out as cold as a wedge.

At that I couldn't help feeling sorry for him as I saw him twisting and squirming in an effort to get up long after the count was over. He showed an example of gameness that I didn't know he possessed.

I was the champion!

For winning this great battle, as well as the white lightweight championship of the world, I received the tidy sum of \$18,841. In addition to this I sold my interest in the fight pictures to the manager of the club for \$5,000. I never received a cent of this picture money. Total gate receipts were \$48,306.15. Later I was presented with one set of films of this fight.

The final round (18) of this battle as published by the Associated Press follows in detail:

"Round 18—When the gong tapped Nelson sprang out of his corner like a tiger and beat Britt to the center of the ring by seconds. He received Jimmy with a straight left which landed on Britt's nose. The latter was staggered by the blow and immediately resumed his tactics of breaking ground in a wild endeavor to get away from the now infuriated Dane's terrible rushes. Britt began to swing wildly with both hands, casting all science to the winds. With the Battler close upon him now, the Pride of the Coast, closed into a clinch. He hung on in sheer desperation, working both arms furiously. Nelson, the King of infighters, battered the 'Frisco lad with deadening body blows, and when Referee Eddie Graney parted them, Britt was hanging on the Dane's shoulders all in. He would have fallen to

the floor then, but for his opponent's kindness in holding him up. They had hardly been separated when Britt again rushed into a safety clinch. Again the terrific infighting went on with the Battler doing most of the punishing.

"The 10,000 fight fans there assembled were on their feet cheering, and howling frantically for their "pride" Sir James to knock his man out. Poor Jimmy, he was thanking his stars the rules of the game here permitted his running "into harbor" at every opportunity in order to save himself. Around the ring battled the two wonderful little athletes, punching and clinching, and it was slug, slug, slug! At times they stood head to head and biffed and banged each other to what seemed the very limit of human endurance. The pace set by the wonderful Dane in this now historical round, was, so all the experts who were gathered about the ring, agreed the hardest fought and most terrible one round ever fought in the history of the ring.

"There was the little youth from Hegewisch, thousands of miles from home fighting before thousands of frantic fight fans, only a few of whom were friendly disposed towards him. Previously he had defeated Canole, Hanlon, Herrera and Young Corbett, four of the most popular and toughest fighters on the coast. Besides he had on December 20, 1904, given this same champion, Britt, a most beautiful twenty round beating, but was robbed of the decision by Billy Roach.

"No wonder the 'native sons' were frantic during this great round of fighting. The Battler did not want any hairline decisions here. He went in to knock Britt out, or get his own "cotton top" badly singed.

"The round was scarcely half over when Britt cut lose a wild swing which struck the Battler flush on the wind. It was a mean blow and would have probably finished any ordinary fighter. Not so with the Battler. The blow served to incite him to a higher pitch and he

let fly a right hook which caught the incoming Britt hard on the solar plexus.

"There was a sudden cessation of wild yelling from the mob. Britt was seen to straighten up momentarily, throw up both arms—AND HE TOPPLED OVER PRONE UPON HIS BACK. KNOCKED OUT COLD AND UNCONSCIOUS, in which condition he remained for several minutes.

"Frantically did his loving seconds endeavor to arouse Jimmy from his slumbers—but 'twas all unavailing—the Pride of the Coast had fallen before his MASTER, and with the fall went the WHITE LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

"The finish of this memorable Admission Day fight at Colma was truly a spectacular one, indeed. The thousands of fight fans who were there will not, for some time, forget the woebegone expression which overspreads Britt's features as he lay struggling on the canvas in a semi-unconscious condition trying his utmost to recover and drag himself to his feet. Though hammered into complete helplessness, Britt, in his vain attempts to arise, exhibited a spirit of gameness which won the admiration of everyone there assembled."

How Different People View Fighters. Brain Beaten by Brute Force.

From San Francisco Examiner, September 10, 1905.

DANE'S PERPETUAL MOTION MORE EFFECTIVE THAN
BRITT'S MENTAL SUPERIORITY, SAYS JACK LONDON.

BY JACK LONDON.



JACK LONDON.

In the first round Britt hit Nelson half a dozen blows. At each blow Nelson was coming in. The blows did not stop him. He kept coming on. Then Nelson hit Britt, and Britt was staggered by the blow. The whole story of the fight was told right there. Blows did not stop Nelson from coming on. Blows did stop Britt; also they staggered him.

Nelson is a fighting animal. Britt is an intelligent animal with fighting proclivities. This is another way of telling the story.

It was the abysmal brute against a more highly organized, intelligent creature. Now, do not misunderstand me. I do not wish to call Nelson a brute; but what I wish to say is that Nelson possesses to an unusual degree the brute that you and I and all of us possess in varying degree.

Let me explain. By abysmal brute I mean the basic life that resides deeper than the brain and the intellect in living things. It is itself the very staff of life—movement; and it is saturated with a blind and illimitable desire to exist. This desire it expresses by movement.

No matter what comes it will move. It came into

the world first. It is lower down on the ladder of evolution than is intelligence. It comes first, before the intellect. The intellect rests before it; and when the intellect goes it still remains—the abysmal brute.

Let me explain a step farther, if you are to understand this fight between Britt and Nelson as I saw it.

Here are you and I, average creatures, fairly normal and fairly rational. Our minds are clear. We reason. We conduct ourselves with the intelligent poise of mind. But a sharp word is spoken, a sneer is made, an insult is given. At once our poise of mind is gone. We are angry. The mind no longer dominates us. The abysmal brute rushes up in us, muddles out clear brain, takes charge of us.

This is a moment of anger. We are temporarily insane. Reason is gone. The brute has charge of us. The difference between us and the man in the insane asylum is that the brute always has charge of him.

It is this abysmal brute that we see in a man in a Berserker rage or in a jealous spell of anger. We see it in a horse, tied by too short a rope, frantic, dragging backward and hanging itself. We see it in the bull, bellowing and blindly charging a red shirtwaist; in the strange cat, restrained in our hands, curving its hind-quarters in and with its hind legs scratching long, ripping slashes.

And now to return, Nelson is the lower type. Britt is the higher type. Nelson is more callous to pain and shock, has less sensibility. At the same time the abysmal brute in him gives him a tremendous capacity to move and to keep on moving. Britt is more delicately organized. He is more easily put out of gear. At the same time he possesses less capacity to move and to keep on ceaselessly moving. Had he Nelson's capacity to move, plus his own intelligence, he would have whipped Nelson. But Britt did not have this power of movement; was too far removed from the brute, and

was himself whipped. The best man won—according to the rules of the game.

All the preliminary fuss of the battle showed that bull-headed stubbornness and balkiness were on the Nelson side, and that intelligence was on the Britt side. "No Jeffries!" was the stubborn Nelson (Nolan) cry.

The Nelson side had balked like any fool horse, and was hurting itself all the time. The Britt side, being intelligent, gave in. It gave in intelligently, at the eleventh hour, spectacularly, throwing all the odium upon the Nelson side, winning all the sympathy for itself. Nelson was hooted; Britt was cheered. Intelligence won hands down, but it was only in the preliminary.

Britt stripped and showed himself deep chested and shouldered. His lines were soft and rounded. He was beautiful as a man goes, and his condition was perfect; while his eyes were clear and bright.

When Nelson stripped he looked like a proletarian that had known lean and hungry years of childhood. His face was weazened, his eyes were small, his hair was colorless, his neck was thin, his naked body was not beautiful as Britt's was beautiful.

As they faced each other, one or the other seemed to belie his weight, for Britt looked much the larger. The contrast was striking. If Nelson looked the lean and hungry proletarian, Britt looked the well-fed and prosperous bourgeoisie. It was like a scrub and underfed creature facing a thoroughbred. Nelson's eyes and face were vicious. Britt's face was inexpressive. His mind was in control. Whatever feelings stirred within him, they were well hidden.

The first round has been told. Nelson forced the fighting. He moved. He moved always. And he always moved forward. When Britt backed away, Nelson moved forward. When Britt hit him, he moved forward more swiftly. That was all.

It was the whole fight. From start to finish, for eighteen savage rounds, Nelson kept boring in. Britt could

not keep him back. No matter how often and how hard Britt punched him, he bored in just the same. Always Britt backed away from him, smashing him cruel blows from a distance; and always he kept advancing after Britt.

And when Nelson got inside Britt's arms he went to work. Punch, punch, punch, right and left on stomach and kidney, and uppercuts to the face. It was here that the force of Nelson's blows was demonstrated. When he shot in an uppercut Britt was appreciably lifted by it.

In the clinches Nelson did practically all the punching, while Britt strove to protect himself. Nelson had little success in reaching Britt from a distance. It was at close quarters that he got in his work. He punched through the beginning of a clinch. He punched through the clinch. He punched in the breakaway. And the next moment he was moving forward again upon Britt in order to get at close quarters and deliver himself of some more punches.

On the other hand, Britt was not idle. He landed six blows to the Dane's one. Had Britt received the blows he gave Nelson, Britt would have been out long before the eighteenth round. But Nelson scarcely seemed bothered by the punishment. One thing was strikingly noticeable. His blows, when they did land, jarred and often staggered Britt, while Britt's blows did not seem to jar nor stagger Nelson. He met these blows as he came on, and he kept on coming just the same.

In the sixth round came the test of the two men. Nelson punched Britt groggy. This is another way of saying that Britt was dazed and weak.

His clear reason was reeling because his body was going back on him. It could not move, and move, and continue to move. He was too highly developed, too finely organized. There was not enough of the brute in him to save him. But the gong saved him. Another minute and he would have been out.

Britt recuperated' wonderfully, but in the next round could do nothing with the Dane. A blow, two blows, a dozen—the Dane received them all, but they did not deter him from keeping right on and boring in. From the standpoint of blows landed, it was Britt's round. But from the standpoint of winning the fight by a knockout, it was no more Britt's round than was any other round of the fight. Victory was hopeless for him from the first round.

And so the battle went until the fourteenth. In this round Britt went groggy and for a while was all but out. Then it was that he made a terrific rally. He did not fight with his head. It was his own share of the abysmal brute that rose up and fought. He fought like a madman. Blows were exchanged frankly without attempts to protect. Boxing ceased. It was punch, punch, slug, slug—a tolsen in itself that Britt was not fighting with his mind, for he was fighting himself out, exhausting all his reserves of strength.

In the fifteenth round Britt's mind resumed its sway. A minute of rest had brought it back. He was intent on resting his tired body. But the Dane never ceased from pursuing, from boring in and fighting at close quarters. The life that was in him moved, moved, ceaselessly moved.

DANE HAS STATIONARY HEAD.

When Nelson was hit on the nose or chin or jaw his head came forward in advance of his advancing body. No blow of Britt's seemed capable of sending that head back. But Nelson's blows when they landed sent Britt's head back with a snap.

The fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth rounds might be all called Britt's rounds. By appearance they seemed so. In reality they were the Dane's for Nelson never ceased from boring in and forcing the fighting. He was wearing Britt out, punching him out; while Britt, even if he did give many more blows than he received, was

not wearing the Dane out, nor was he punching the Dane out.

Nelson did not knock Britt out with a blow, nor with a series of blows, in the eighteenth round. Britt was knocked out by the whole fight he had fought from the beginning of the first round. His multitude of punches on the Dane had not counted. The far smaller number of blows landed by the Dane had counted. It was the sum of the blows struck by the Dane, plus the exertions of Britt, that put Britt out. He had consumed all his strength, all his vitality.

INTELLECT LOST THE DAY.

Fighting with his intellect, and with his body as well, Britt was knocked out because his body was not strong enough to keep his mind poised in control and directing his body. When the body was weakened the mind was overthrown, and his cleverness and his intelligence counted for nothing.

Not so much with the Dane. The abysmal brute in him fought on. It was the will of life itself, the fleshly life as a thing apart from the mind and the spirit. that moved on in him and that outmoved the same kind of life that was in Britt. Britt is the finer human. Nelson is the finer fighting animal.

Nevertheless all hail to both of them! They play the clean game of life. And I, for one, would rather be either of them this day at Colma than a man who took no exercise with his body to-day but instead waxed physically gross in the course of gathering to himself a few dollars in the commercial game.

JACK LONDON.

HOW A WOMAN SEES A FIGHT AND FIGHTERS.



MISS ETTA FOSTER.

DEDICATED TO BATTLING NELSON, LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD. BY MISS ETTA FOSTER. COLMA, CAL., SEPT. 9, 1905, IN MEMORY OF THE VICTORY OVER JIMMY BRITT.

They met in the roped arena
 On that now famous day,
 The one wore the wreath of Laurel
 The other must fight his way.

As they stood in the glare of the sunlight
 Like the famous gladiators of old,
 The one so slight and boyish,
 The other so stalwart and bold.

The eager crowd cheer for their hero
 The pride of the Golden gate,
 Not a word of applause for the Danish lad
 But soon a surprise the public awaits.

But Battling, the lad who was scoffed at
 Whom no one would cheer or applaud
 Stands today the world's lightweight champion,
 Whose praises all gladly will laud.

And he, the Laurel-crowned victor
 Is a man who bears well the fame,
 Who won by fair deal a title
 That no one yet dares claim.

Tragedy is Mirrored in Face of Britt's Father.

From San Francisco Examiner, September 10, 1905.

CRITIC SAYS THIS IS MORE THAN MELODRAMA, AND TELLS
HOW ACCURATE DRAMATIZATION WOULD BE
LESSON FOR "THE GAME."

BY ASHTON STEVENS.

Melodrama would be a hollow word—poor old cut-and-dried melodrama! For this duel between Jimmie Britt and Battling Nelson had a nerve-wrecking shudder for every moment of the fifty-two minutes of actual fighting. It was a sight such as I hope never to see again; and yet it was the greatest matinee I have ever witnessed. The most colossal audience—and the most expensive too, that I have ever known—played the horrible mob.



ASHTON STEVENS.

When the right fist of Nelson emerged from a tangle of blows in the eighteenth round and came invincibly against the jaw of Britt, and the champion of his lightweight kind fell numb against the ropes and sank to the canvas floor, his lips geysers of blood, his tongue a protruding, sickening blade of red, the mob went mad.

Referee Graney had declared "all bets off," and it was more merely a matter of passion.

So the crowd opened its throat in unmercenary rapture. The King was dead—curse him!—and long live the Battling One!

A thousand cushions from the hard seats of the Colma arena were thrown into the afternoon air, and picked up and thrown, and thrown again.

Nelson the Great!

Britt the Beaten!

For ten minutes after the determining blow, hell was lidless.

Jubilant arms tossed Nelson again and again in the air as college kids are tossed in blankets. He was the gloat of fifteen thousand throats. The prize ring filled for him, and the policemen detailed to clear it fought to retain their clubs.

In the corner of the vanquished mourned the seconds, and if the truth must be told—for I sat at the ringside in Britt's corner where Britt fell—mourned also the referee, who that afternoon at the last moment had accepted the post in the face of what had appeared to be an implacable grudge twixt himself and the Britts.

FATHER AND SON.

But more touching still in that near corner was Old Man Britt, pillowing the gore-flecked head of his heretofore undefeated first born. He bent his body over his broken son and made of his back a shield against the flying cushions.

As well as fake the prize ring has its tragedy, and one sees it with ghastly vividness at the ringside.

Quickly permit me to admit that my small change and my large sympathies had been with Jimmie. I had interviewed him for the Sunday *Examiner* as fistrion and plumber boy. His mind had won me. His neck had appeared to be a bit too long and thin for "the game," yet he had more brains than all of the ringsters I had ever chanced to fall in with. Also he had quickness, muscle and a left arm like a foil. His mentality and fleetness I would have pitted against the brawn of any man of equal weight. And I had seen him defeat Nelson in twenty rounds—where yesterday in a contest of

the practically unlimited number of forty-five, he went down in the eighteenth.

So I motored out to Colma with the rest of the experts and imposters (like myself), wondering just what sort of a foolish dramatic critic's point of view I should be able to bring to bear on Jimmie Britt's victory.

On everything save paper I had my story written before the gong rang. Presently, when I turned and looked two rows behind into the troubled features of Old Man Britt, I felt like a living obituary.

During the fiercest rounds, Mr. Britt was the only man that stood in the great open-air auditorium. Others that attempted to keep their feet were hissed and cussed down.

But the Old Man stood, and even those directly behind made no murmur. He stood with his black hat in his hand, close against his black coat, like a mourner at a funeral. When big Dean Naughton turned and said, "Nothing but a miracle can save Britt," the foreboding was echoed in the face of the father. When he said, "It's all over now for Jimmy; we have only to wait for the rounds," the Old Man's mouth was working with every blow and his breathing was hopelessness against hopelessness.

Before the finale came, the senior Britt had surrendered. To have taken his game youngster out of that padded square he looked as though he would have given one plumbing shop and some flats.

But Jimmie knew that he was beaten only after he had been lifted to his corner. It's a pity that such grit has to be sold in the market place for purses and per cent. It's a crime against what we are pleased to call civilization. If the bloody wage of war must come, and come in response to national pride and protection, the Jimmie Britt should be foremost with the fighters. They deserve a dearer heroism than this cheap one of the glove.

Almost throughout the battle was a fury, Britt seemed bent on throwing fancy boxing to the winds and piercing

his opponent by main strength. Vainly the picturesque "Spider" Kelly and the other Britt seconds cautioned him to caution—just as vainly as they urged him to wildness in the fatal eighteenth. He fought his own fight, and the cheers that greeted his defeat were for a stronger but not for a braver man.

I am not depreciating the courage of Battling Nelson. No one can but admire the sand and strength and skill of him. There were times when his expressionless face was a crimson jelly under the thud of Britt's sodden gloves; there were times when his Greek body seemed to be stung through and through by the merciless flogging from Britt's left. But invariably Nelson returned for more, and gradually, cumulatively he gave rather than took that more. He had rounds to spare, yet, like Britt, he wanted no boxing. The man that called this a "boxing match" was a merry jester. I will leave it to the experience of Otto Floto, Naughton and Hamilton if a harder, bloodier battle has ever been fought in the vision of paying spectators.

Some of these spectators should have been excluded. They were women. A few of them looked like decent women, but the most gave token of being jaded jades in search of some new torment for their sagging nerves. Hoots of mock applause properly met the entrance of each.

Man at a prize fight is not a polite animal. In fact, he has no politeness at all and is much more animal than man.

I saw yesterday professional men, doctors and lawyers high in practice and clubs, writhing rapturously with every blow. Each was "fighting the fight" by himself.

And I saw the eyes of Jack London, who in his novel, "The Game," has translated to the stage a prize fight better than Bernard Shaw in either novel or play—I saw the eyes of this great primitive fictionist turn from sympathy with Britt to contempt for the mob that thundered at Britt's fall.

Even London has not written the whole "Game;" and no melodramatist has approached it. Oh, these miserable sublimations of fights that you see in the casual melodrama! They have nothing of the spirit; nothing of the ring and after all the ring and those immediately about it are about all you could hope to show within the confines of an ordinary stage.

If we must have the fighter in drama let him be dramatized accurately. Let him have a "Spider" Kelley in his corner screaming:

"That's the candy, Jimmy! Once more where he bleeds! Draw more of the claret; I like to see it run! Go in, you tiger, you, and finish him before he faints on your shoulder!"

I admit, ladies, that this sounds brutal, but it is only a scented version of what actually is shouted at the ring-side.

Then again, if we must have the ring on the stage, give us the real surroundings; the telegraph instruments clicking against shout; the hooded telephone operators; the worried correspondents from all ends of the earth. And if we must have prize fights on the stage, give us an actor to play the part of a Naughton, so that in one of those deadly climaxes where the tension of the crowd is too great for clamor, when what London calls the "blood-cry" is choked in the throats—then I say give us a Naughton on the stage, talking like a phonograph to his telegrapher, the news of to be carried from ocean to ocean, from newspaper to newspaper.

"A—couple — of—lefts — to—the — body—brought —Britt's head — forward. As — Britt's — head—came —in — Nelson — showered—rights—and—lefts — on—the—jaw. Nelson — tore — loose—with—a—hard—left —on — the—body. Britt—began—to—crumble Then —Nelson — unloaded — a—right — on—the — head—and — a — left—on—the stomach. It—was—hard—to say — which — blow—ended—the—fight—but—Britt—sank — to—the—floor—and—rolled—over—his—tongue

—protruding. It—was—blood — red—and—he—was—
gasping — for — breath. He — grasped—the—ropes—
and—tried—to—arise—but—”

If women and children and sedentary gents must see prize fights on the stage, give them to them as they are. This will show the ring for its true worth. Give us everything, I say—save one. Not Old Man Britt erect in the mob and holding his hat like a mourner at his son's funeral. To show “the game” as it is you don't have to go quite that far. I saw a fighter kill a man in the ring, the picture was not half so sad as that of Old Man Britt.

CHAPTER XXI

Nelson Exposes a Secret About His Manager—Fights Terry McGovern at Philadelphia.

My life, battles and career have certainly been strewn with many pitfalls and thorny paths, as these pages will testify.

After almost a year's haggling to secure the second Britt match which was fought at Colma, Cal., Sept. 9, 1905, being blocked by the Britts on various occasions, my manager, Bill Nolan, came very near throwing a bombshell into the match. While the Britts and the club promoters were fighting over the selection of a referee, none other than Billy Nolan and I sat in our cottage, two blocks from the ringside, wrangling and arguing regarding the percentage Nolan was to receive for acting in the capacity of my manager.

I had nothing but a verbal agreement, no written contract. It was understood that he was to receive the same percentage as my former manager. This was 25 per cent. of net proceeds. I figured, however, that he would put one over in the Britt match, knowing that it was a big thing. He demanded 50 per cent. from me for his end. I refused point blank to consider any such proposition, while Nolan insisted on his 50 per cent. and seemed determined not to yield an inch.

I decided to fight the battle regardless of who was my manager or who was referee, and told Nolan so. He was insistent, and offered to post a \$10,000 forfeit and wanted me to post a like amount, guaranteeing that I wouldn't fight Britt, and he would gracefully step down and out as manager.

After a lot of jawing I compromised with Nolan,

agreeing to give him 35 per cent. of all my net winnings, so as to keep peace in the family.

My victory over Britt, which gave me the championship, quickly brought me into fame and fortune. I was



TERRY MCGOVERN, LIGHT-FEATHER AND BANTAMWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

snapped up by several theatrical agents and in a sixteen weeks' tour of the country I received \$21,400, or \$1,337.50 a week.

It was at the end of this tour that I got a chance to fight Terry McGovern, the terror I had heard of all my life. I had often wanted to meet Terry, as I had

understood that he was the greatest of them all in his day.

THE CHAMPION PRAISES ROKO IN TRAINING.

As soon as the match had been arranged I went to Essington, Pa., to train for two weeks. Kid Abel, Frank McKinley, Hughie McMahan and Eddie Kelly were my sparring partners. This is where I first introduced Roko into my training and found it very beneficial, and have used it ever since, and attribute my success, in a measure, to its use.

Fent E. Spink, owner and inventor of the game, of Cleveland, spent a week at the quarters instructing me and my assistants in all of its fine points.

As a result of two weeks' training, during which I played Roko every day, I stepped into the ring to meet Terry as fit as a fiddle and as fast as lightning. We met at 133 pounds ringside weight. We drew the banner house at the National Athletic Club of \$23,543.00, of which I received a guarantee of \$5,000 win, lose or draw, with a privilege of 50 per cent. of the gross gate receipts, which amounted to \$11,771.50. This is a world's record for a six-round fight, and over three times as large a house as has ever been drawn, before or since, at this club, and I am using Harry Edward's word when making this statement.

As will well be remembered by the many patrons who attended this club on the memorable night of March 14, 1906, I kept Terry McGovern waiting in the cold on the raised platform for about three-quarters of an hour. Knowing that McGovern was very, very nervous and easily "riled," I took my time in putting the tape on my hands purposely to get his goat. I certainly succeeded. Terry, as everybody knows, is a great little fighter, and, being of a nervous disposition, is always anxious to hear the bell so he can start fighting and finish the job in a hurry. I also brought in an extra shoe lace, knowing I was going to break the one I had in my shoe accidentally—on purpose.

BAT CHIDES TERRY.

After keeping McGovern waiting about fifteen minutes he commenced to become cold and fidgety. He put on his overcoat and walked around the ring, and finally came over to my corner and made inquiry as to why I was so slow in getting ready.

I only looked up at him and said, "Don't worry, Terry, you'll get yours soon enough." That got him red-hot and he complained to his managers, Sam Harris and Joe Humphreys. They both came over and tried to get



BATTLING NELSON TOOK 20 MINUTES TO BIND HIS HANDS WITH TAPE. BY THE TIME THE BELL RANG MCGOVERN WAS SO NERVOUS THAT HE SHOOK LIKE A LEAF.

me to hurry, but I only laughed at them, so they went back to Terry's corner to try to humor their champion and keep him from worrying about the fight.

After about three-quarters of an hour the fight fans became anxious and were yelling "Fight! fight!" Thinking that I had gone far enough and that I had McGovern worked up to a high pitch, I put on the finishing touches and was ready for the bell.

Jack McGuigan, the referee, called us to the center,

giving us our final instructions, and poor Terry shook with fright and nervousness as he stepped back to his corner to await the bell. As everybody will remember, instead of retiring to my corner, I stood directly in the center of the ring, and when the gong rang, tore after McGovern. We had hardly fought thirty seconds when I could tell that I had McGovern's goat. He was nervous and held on. He was afraid to fight his usual fight of rushing from start to finish. We went six good hard, fast rounds with considerable clinching—on McGovern's part. We finished the six rounds in the center of the ring battling like demons, neither being apparently much the worse for wear.

Immediately after the great fight with Terry McGovern at Philadelphia, I was matched to fight Aurelia Herrera at Los Angeles before Tom McCarey's club. McCarey thought so well of the match that he agreed to give a \$20,000 purse for it. I was to receive \$4,000 bonus and Herrera and I were to cut the remaining \$16,000, 60 and 40 per cent winner and loser, respectively. On the morning of April 18, just as I was going for my daily spin on the road at Fairview, Hot Springs, a dispatch flashed over the wires bringing news of the most frightful calamity of the century. San Francisco had been struck by an earthquake at 5:18 A. M., and the entire city was in ruins. Of course, I being so well acquainted in San Francisco, I was anxious for the welfare of my many friends and immediately hurried to Los Angeles and that night got aboard the Los Angeles Examiner special and arrived on the scene the following morning. The sight viewed as I stepped off the ferry on the 'Frisco side was a picture of death, ruin, wreck and destruction I shall carry fresh in my memory to the grave.

THE BATTLER DONATES \$1,000.

On my arrival at Los Angeles a relief fund had been started, to which nearly everybody contributed. I re-

sponded with a check for \$1,000. Owing to the disaster, McCarey had the Nelson-Herrera fight postponed for a few weeks, which was acceptable to both parties.

The day following the boxing carnival we gave for the benefit of the sufferers, in company with "Megaphone" Cook, I peddled papers on the street corners of Los Angeles and swelled the fund \$181 more.

The fight was booked for the last week in May, and everything went lovely up to 6 o'clock, the time for the weighing in, when the Herrera party tampered with the scales, making it impossible to weigh in on them. McCarey and I suggested that we go to Barney Bloom's Turkish bathrooms, on Third street, where there was a physician's scale, to weigh in. I proceeded to the bathhouse to weigh, expecting Herrera there also. I waited for three-quarters of an hour, and commenced to think Herrera was not going to appear. I stepped on the scale before the officials and stakeholder, and was well under weight.

About 9 o'clock I arrived at the clubhouse and demanded that Herrera weigh, but he refused, stating that he found it impossible to make weight after eating a hearty meal. I allowed him two pounds grace; still he refused. Then I offered to fight if he weighed 138 or less. In desperation, I finally raised the weight to 140, and still he refused.

As the last resort I offered to fight him at catch weights, providing he step on the scales. He refused, declaring the fight off entirely.

THE BATTLER'S TRAINING CAMP AT ESSINGTON ON
THE DELAWARE. PREPARING FOR THE McGOV-
ERN FIGHT. PHILADELPHIA MARCH 14, 1906.



FRED ELDRIDGE.

(BY FRED ELDRIDGE.)

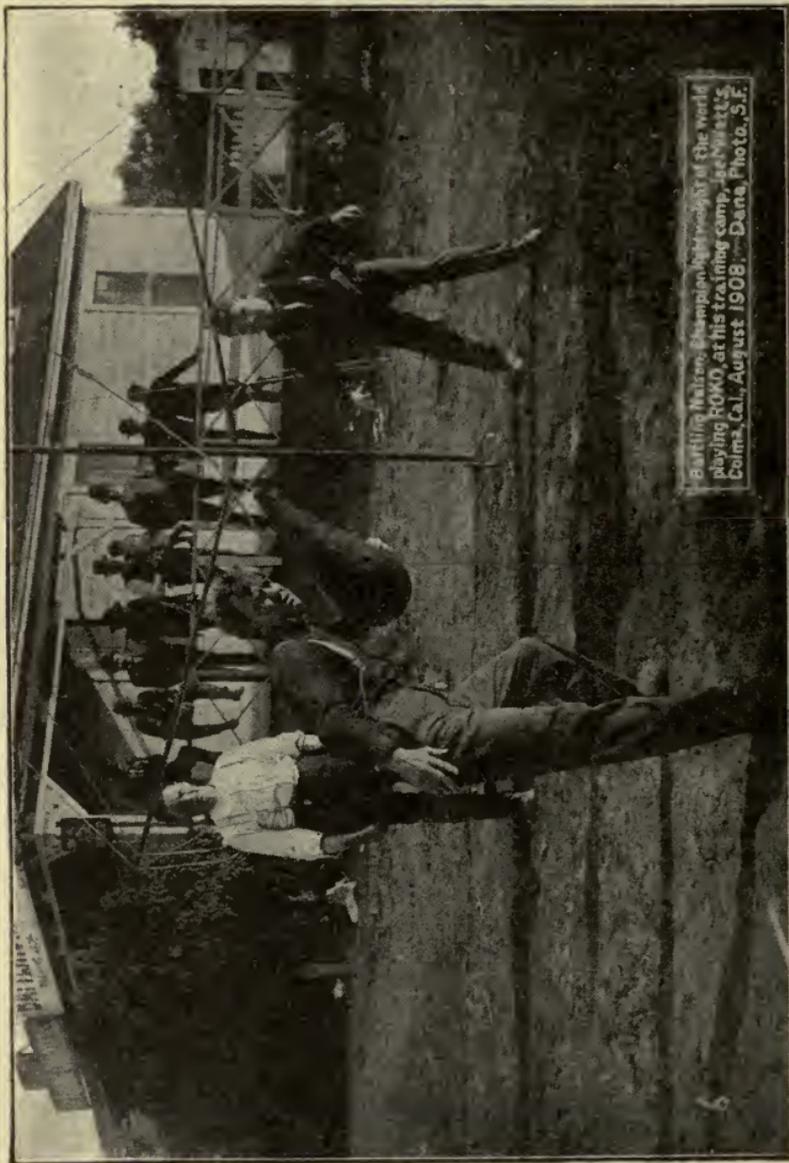
We'll not forget old Essington,
Upon the Delaware,
In March, when we were training
For McGovern's battle there.
At Rosedale Inn, (Delaney's house)
And "living high" for fair.

'Twas Battling Nelson's training camp,
That we were quartered at,
With good old scouts and fighters—
Starting off with Champion "Bat"
And John R. Robinson the Battler's
-friend
And a pretty good one at that.

Frank McKinley, of Toledo,
Was one of them, and he
In passing out his rights and lefts
Was busy as a bee;
And at his weight a clever lad,
As any one could see.

And Hugh McMahan, a sturdy boy,
Came from Toledo, too,
And though he wasn't frisky
No one ever saw him "blue,"
And few there were of boxing tricks
That "Hughey" couldn't do.

Kid Abel, came from out the West,
Chicago sent him down
To "rough it up" with Nelson,
And you never saw a frown
Upon the good Kid's kindly face—
A prince, without a crown.



Battling Maltese Championlight weight of the world playing ROKO, at his training camp, at Westcott's Camp, Cal., August 1908. Dana, Photo. S.F.

THE BATTLER AND TRAINERS PLAYING ROKO WHILE TRAINING TO MEET JOE GANS AT COLMA.

And newsboy Kelly, from Buffalo
Was there amongst the bunch,
But all he tried to put away
Was friend Delaney's "lunch."
And what he got was better than
A "solar-plexus" punch.

And Spink came down from Cleveland
With the jolly Roko game,
And when the boys got busy
It was anything but tame.
And all developed punches
Very difficult to name.

As down the road of life we roam
And battles come and go,
The pleasant hours that we have spent
Bring happiness, and so,
Let's all remember Essington,
The week before the show.

THE BATTLER AT LOS ANGELES ASSISTING SAN FRANCISCO'S DESTITUTE.

BY ENGLISH JACK.

"Who is that human megaphone?"
The deafened listener cried
"It's Mr. Cook, the talking man"
The weary one replied.

"Who is that little sun-burned man
Who takes in so much dough?"
"It's Battling Nelson" he replied
"At least, they told me so."

For they're selling evening papers
And they're going by the score.
They're not giving any change back
But it don't make people sore

It's to help the great relief fund
They've a hundred now and more,
And it's Bat that's selling papers by the million.

CHAPTER XXII.

Nelson Describes the Great Fight With Gans at Goldfield.

Immediately after the Herrera fiasco, I began another theatrical tour, which finally landed me in Chicago. Joe Gans had been following me for some time, and he would appear on the stage of the various show houses and challenge me for a fight.

He followed me into the American, a newspaper in Boston, one day and became so persistent that we almost came to blows. I refused to listen to his talk for a long time and many sporting writers and the general public wondered why.

My first reason for holding him off was that he was looked upon as one of the crookedest fighters the prize ring has ever seen or ever will see. He was a self-confessed fakir, having admitted to the Terry McGovern scandal in Chicago, as well as to that most palpable fake with Jimmy Britt in San Francisco. For all of that he was a wonderful fighter and I refused a meeting with him on the grounds that I had never been mixed in a scandal of any kind whatsoever, and knew the minute I signed articles I would be accused and called as guilty as he.

Finally the entire coterie of sport writers the country over came out and demanded a meeting between Gans and myself, claiming that Gans as well as I had beaten all the lightweights in the country, and it was up to him and I to settle for once and all the question as to who was the real undisputed lightweight champion of the world.

Upon this demand I finally consented to a meeting.

The meeting of Gans and I was spectacular in more ways than one. I had just spent two weeks hunting and

fishing up through Ogden canyon, being piloted over the country by Hegewisch Anderson, one of the pioneers of Utah. I had a grand two weeks' season of hunting and fishing. I then went to Salt Lake City, where I engaged in an exhibition bout of three rounds with Willard Bean, the Mormon pugilistic minister.

Just about this time Goldfield, Nev., was in the height of its boom, and naturally I was interested. One day I picked up a Goldfield Sun, which stated that Jack Clifford had arrived on the scene and challenged the entire camp, and the club promoters were advertising for an opponent for Clifford for Labor Day. As I had enjoyed a good rest and was just aching for a fight, I sent a telegram to the Sun, informing them that, if inducements were right, I would come and meet Clifford.

In the course of an hour's time I received an answer asking me what my terms were to meet Clifford. I wired back I would accept a \$5,000 guarantee, with a \$5,000 side bet, the fight to be to a finish.

Evidently the Goldfield sporting blood was aroused to bigger game, as they sent me the following answer:

"Your proposition of \$5,000 guarantee and \$5,000 side bet accepted, but would prefer a meeting between yourself and Gans. We will give \$15,000 for same.

(Signed) "TEX RICKARD.

"Goldfield Athletic Club. Answer."

I sent back the following reply:

"Tex Rickard, Goldfield Athletic Club, Goldfield, Nev.:

"Raise bid to \$30,000 for Gans match and accepted.

"BATTLING NELSON."

In less than an hour's time I received the following telegram from Rickard:

"Your proposition is accepted. Money posted J. S. Cook & Co. Bank; will forward to Salt Lake or any place you name."

John S. Cook & Co., Bankers No. 3489
 Goldfield, Nev., Aug. 11th 1906 \$30,000⁰⁰
 Goldfield Athletic Club
 Thirty Thousand and no/100 Dollars
 payable to the order of The San Francisco Call. (Gans & Nelson fight)
 with return of the original paying instrument.
 CERTIFICATE OF DEPOSIT
 NOT SUBJECT TO CHECK
 \$30,000⁰⁰
 J. H. Galt Cash.

DEPOSITED WITH "SAN FRANCISCO CALL" FOR GANS-NELSON FIGHT.

I wired back to Rickard and told him to wire the money to the San Francisco Call and that if this was done we would come on and make the match. Rickard responded promptly. As I didn't know Tex Rickard's standing at that time I wired him either to send on \$500 expense money or have John Nolan and Jim May, proprietors of the Palace in Reno, guarantee it—which he did. My manager went to Goldfield and arranged the "minor details," and when I arrived a few days later Gans and everybody interested was on the scene and held a meeting and signed articles. I was to receive in addition to my \$20,000 of the purse, \$2,500 bonus and \$500 expenses, making a grand total for my end of \$23,000. Gans was given \$1,000 bonus and expenses in addition to his \$10,000 guarantee, win, lose or draw. We drew \$69,715, which was undoubtedly the largest amount in gate money ever taken in at a prize fight in the history of the ring.

Much discussion was aroused regarding the "three time weighing in," namely at 12 o'clock, at 1:30, and again at 3 P. M. on the day of the contest.

This was done to avert any more "Herrera fiascos," as I had just experienced one, at a very great expense. Nevertheless, neither my manager nor I asked Gans to do a single, solitary thing that I myself didn't agree to do, and do willingly. Therefore, I don't think we should be criticised. "What's good for the goose ought to be good for the gander." Articles follow as printed in Goldfield Sun Aug. 12, 1906:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT WHICH FIGHTERS HAVE SIGNED.

THIS AGREEMENT, made and entered into this 11th day of August, A. D. 1906, by and between the Goldfield Athletic Club, party of the first part, and Joseph Gans and Battling Nelson, the parties of the second part, WITNESSETH:

That for and in consideration of the sum of One Dollar (\$1) to each of the parties in hand paid by the other parties, the receipt of which is hereby mutually and severally acknowledged, the parties hereto agree as follows:

The first party agrees to give to the second party a purse of Thirty Thousand Dollars (\$30,000) for a glove contest to a finish to be held in the town of Goldfield, County of Esmeralda, State of Nevada, September 3, 1906, at the hour of three (3) o'clock p. m., said purse to be divided between the second parties upon the basis of Twenty Thousand Dollars (\$20,000) to the said Battling Nelson and Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000) to the said Joseph Gans, win or lose, said Athletic Club, at its own expense, further agrees to provide a suitable arena, advertising matter, etc., for the proper and efficient handling of the patrons of said contest.

Said second parties agree to accept the division of the purse as above, and to enter into said contest with the club, and to do all things required of them by the State of Nevada, in regard to "Glove Contests," upon the following terms and conditions:

FIRST—Marquis of Queensbury rules to govern the contest; five (5) ounce gloves.

SECOND—Second parties are to weigh one hundred thirty-three (133) pounds, both parties to "weigh in" at 12 noon, 1:30 and 3 o'clock p. m. on the day of the fight, and to weigh not more than one hundred thirty-three (133) pounds at any of the times above stated; the last "weighing in" to be at the arena; first two "weighings in" to be at convenient places designated by the club.

THIRD—Soft bandages allowed; referee to decide as to sufficiency.

FOURTH—Orders by referee to break to be given by word of mouth only.

FIFTH—After a fighter has knocked down his opponent, he must retire to his corner.

SIXTH—Each contestant has a right at any time during the contest to have a representative inspect the gloves or other apparatus used by his opponent, such inspection to be had only during the intervals of the call of "time" and in no wise to interfere with the proper handling of each contestant by his seconds.

SEVENTH—The referee shall be furnished by the club.

EIGHTH—The San Francisco Call to be official stakeholder.

The first party and each of the second parties hereto agree, for the faithful performance of the covenants and conditions of this agreement to deposit in the John S. Cook & Co. bank, in Goldfield, Nevada, the sum of Five Thousand Dollars (\$5000) each; in case the first party causes a forfeiture, said sum of Five Thousand Dollars (\$5000) is to be divided between the second parties; in case either of the second parties causes a forfeiture of this contract, his deposit of Five Thousand Dol-

lars (\$5000) is to be divided equally between the first party and the other second party.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, The said first party has caused these presents to be executed by its President and attested by its Secretary, and the second parties have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year in this agreement first above written.

GOLDFIELD ATHLETIC CLUB.

By G. L. RICKARD, Its President.

BATTLING NELSON. (SEAL)

JOE GANS. (SEAL.)

By W. S. ELLIOTT, Its Secretary.

Signed, Sealed and Delivered in Presence of
MILTON M. DETCH.

This fight was given more publicity than any other contest in the history of pugilism, including such great battles as the Fitzsimmons-Dempsey and the Sullivan-Corbett fights at New Orleans, and even the great Corbett-Fitzsimmons go at Carson City, Nev.

The widespread interest in the fight attracted hordes of sporting people from all over the universe. Goldfield at that time had a population of less than 2,500 people. To get to Goldfield you had to ride thirteen hours straight out on the desert from the main line, and only one train a day on regular schedule.

Every newspaper in the United States that could afford it had a representative there to report the fight. We met in a specially constructed arena, which cost the promoters \$15,000 to build. It was located down on the flats, two blocks from the main street. The edge of the fence extended directly into a graveyard.

It was a warm, clear afternoon. The exact time of the starting of the contest was 3:23 P. M. Gans and I weighed in under weight—fit and ready for the fight of our lives. Gans was expected to outpoint me during the early part of the fight, but at the end of the third round I retired to my corner, telling my seconds that I would knock him out in the next round. I had just hurt him with a good hard left half-scissors hook to the liver which finally proved his undoing. Gans stalled through the fourth and fifth rounds and commenced to

take quite a lead. In the eighteenth round he had a decided lead. In the nineteenth and twentieth I commenced to hit my fighting stride and took quite a lead myself. Up to this time Gans had been the favorite in the betting. The tide switched, however, after the twentieth round, and I was then an overwhelming favorite, people betting \$500 to \$100 that I would win. There was scarcely a taker in sight. After that round it was impossible to force Gans to fight, as he would hold, hang on, clinch, stall, back up and run away.

There was a clause in the articles of agreement that we were to break at the order from the referee and he was not to lay hands upon us. George Siler evidently forgot about such a clause or else didn't care. Several times during the fight, when I was in close doing effective work punishing Gans in the body, Siler deliberately took hold of my hair and pulled me back, allowing Gans to thump me on the jaw.

At the forty-second round it was getting dark and would have been impossible for the fight to have continued over three rounds more at the outside. During the latter part of the contest Gans went back to his corner several times vomiting. As he reached his corner at the end of the forty-first round, he heaved violently and I could tell by his condition that his finish was very near.

As the gong sounded for the forty-second round I sailed over to Gans' corner and met him within a yard of his chair. I went after him hammer and tongs, determined to knock him out. I had backed him about half way across the ring when I delivered the final punch, a hard left half-scissors hook to the liver, that traveled less than a foot. This punch was delivered with the forefinger and thumb, the knuckles being up, and landed directly on his liver, on the right side of his body, just above the second rib.

This is the punch that toppled the black champion over. Referee Siler commenced to count and had

reached the count of "four" when Gans' seconds jumped up on the edge of the ring and began yelling, "Foul! Foul!"

The referee then stopped counting and, thrusting me aside, waited almost a minute, when he declared that Gans had won on a foul.

I made a vigorous protest, claiming that I had not dealt a foul blow, but it was all to no avail. I said then and still declare that Gans deliberately quit under punishment for fear of being knocked out legitimately by me.

Gans either put one over on Siler, claiming to have been hurt by a foul blow, or else I was beaten by jobbery.

Two years later I knocked Gans out twice with the same identical punch, delivered in the same place and on the same spot. The referees, Jack Welsh and Eddie Smith, declared no foul blows were struck.

Marshall, Texas, July 27, 1908.

The official box office statement of Nelson-Gans finish fight at Goldfield, Nevada, before the Goldfield A. C., September 3, 1906, as follows:

| | |
|------------------|----------|
| 927 at \$25..... | \$23,175 |
| 130 at 20..... | 2,600 |
| 400 at 15..... | 6,000 |
| 1,760 at 10..... | 17,600 |
| 4,062 at 5..... | 20,340 |
| <hr/> | <hr/> |
| 7,285 | \$69,715 |

There were about 500 entered without paying admissions, including newspaper men, deputies and special officers, making a total of almost 8,000 people in attendance. There were about 1,500 women in attendance from all parts of the world.

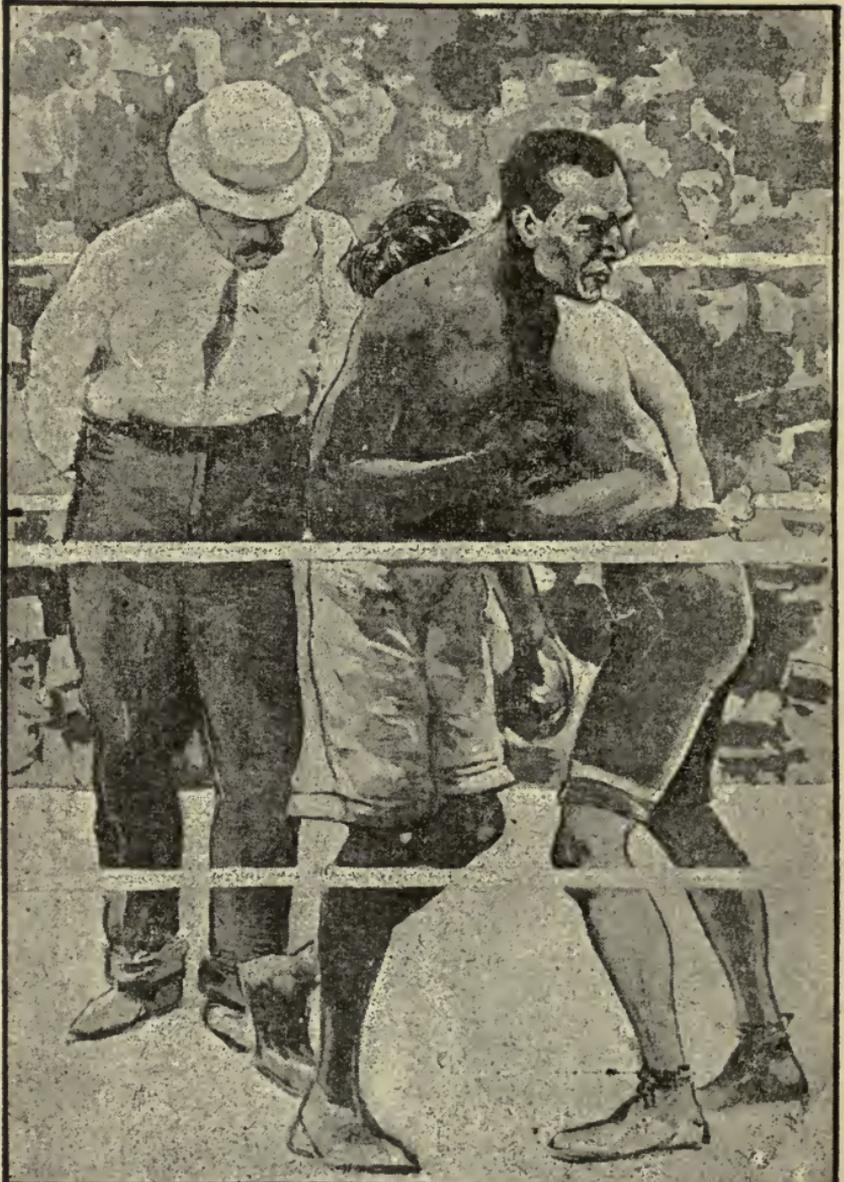
Signed

T. L. RICKARD, President.

W. S. ELLIOTT, Secretary.

WAS IT A FOUL?

The Exact Blow Which Lost Nelson His Fight With Gans



THE FIRST PICTURE TAKEN FROM THE FILM AND REPRODUCED BY ANY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

THAT LITTLE BATTLING, FIGHTING DANE.

BY MR. R. H. GUELICH.

They talk about these scrappers,
And these fighting men of fame;
But the only real fighter,
Is that little battling Dane.
His name is Battling Nelson,
They call him Battling Dane;
There are a lot of fakers,
Who try to kill the game,
But the Battler is a scrapper
Who never lost his name;
He fought in old Nevada,
A country that is fame;
He beat a big black negro,
And they robbed him just the same;
He fought in California,
They thought that he was dead,
But that little battling, fighting Dane,
Knocked off that negro's head.
There are a lot of Champions;
They are Champions just by name,
The only real Champion,
Is that Little Battling, Fighting Dane.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Bat Takes a Trip Abroad and is Royally Entertained—Helps Union Labor.

Shortly after my unsatisfactory affair with Joe Gans I decided to take a trip abroad. Can you beat that for a fellow who ten years before had been riding on the trucks of a train and slinging hash at a cheap restaurant? But you never can tell.

I rigged myself up in a swell layout of clothes and booked passage on the steamer *Majestic*. Finally I set sail from New York and arrived in Liverpool a week later, after a most delightful voyage.

I was met by a committee of English sports and escorted to London. There I put up at the Hotel Cecil. I had a great time for a couple of days and then accepted an engagement at one of the big music halls at Newcastle on the Tyne. I showed in conjunction with the Gans-Nelson pictures and proved as big a drawing card over there as I had in the United States.

TENDERED A BANQUET.

I was tendered a banquet by the Hon. Louis Zollner, Danish Consul at Newcastle. Among the notables present were the Lord Mayor of Newcastle—Count Oubridge and Major Harvey Scott. The dinner was laid in the select banquet hall of the Northumberland Cafe. A number of speeches were made and they finally called on me. I felt pretty good that night and I managed to say that I appreciated the compliment.

As I stood there in swell clothes I couldn't help going back to the day that I licked the Terrible Unknown in



Wallace's circus, and had my coat and vest stolen as well as my highly prized Waterbury watch.

After the dinner the entire party attended the theater as my guests in a private box.

It was in London that I had a good chance to show my American spirit. As a result I think I can truthfully say that no fighter has more friends in London than I have today.

I met with such overwhelming success as a drawing card that two days after my opening night I was signed for a twelve weeks' contract in the city of London, on the Holborn-Empire circuit. Under my contract I was to receive \$1,000 per week to show in one house at a time. I only worked a week when the Artists' Federation went on a strike. The Artists' Federation consisted of practically all the actors and actresses working in England and on the continent.

REFUSED TO WORK AS SCAB.

Naturally, as any American would, I refused to work unless the managers and the federation settled their difficulties. I waited around London a few days to see if they would settle their difficulties and then crossed the English channel, arriving at "Gay Paree." I spent about a week sight-seeing, after which I returned to London. Upon my arrival at the Hotel Cecil I was served with a notice to appear in court and answer to a charge of breach of contract by the theatrical association with whom I had signed. This suit was later settled by compromise.

The following week found me showing at the Palace Theater, Manchester, England, in an independent house, which was not involved in the trouble at all.

As the strikers had not come to an agreement with the managers' association I thereupon decided to return to the one and only country on the universe—AMERICA. I was instrumental to a certain extent in winning the strike for the artists. I have received numerous letters from the presidents of the artists' federations in the different cities of England thanking me for the grand and noble stand that I took in refusing to work as a scab while they were striking. Before coming to America I visited Cork, Dublin, the Killarney Lakes, and last but not least, the Killarney Castle and kissed the good old Blarney Stone.

SLEPT IN THE KING'S SUITE.

While visiting in Manchester I hit the hay in the same royal suite that King Edward used when visiting in Manchester. This suite is the most beautiful one to be found in England and is located on the ground floor in the Midland Hotel.

And they turned me out of the swell hotels of New York! Can you beat it? And they say America is a free country!

The night before leaving good old Ireland I visited that well-known coast town of Queenstown, putting up at the Queen's Hotel.

Next morning I departed for America on the steamship *Lucania*, arriving on the evening of March 2 in the harbor of the great and only New York town.

CROWD MET HIM IN NEW YORK.

I was met at the docks by a throng of friends and sport writers that would do honors to a king.

I immediately set sail for a return meeting with my most hated rival—Joe Gans. I found it impossible to

get an immediate meeting with Gans, therefore went after the next best fighter available.

I departed from New York for my home, Hegewisch, Ill., to pay a short visit with the folks and to rest up a bit. While visiting there Gans happened in Chicago and was showing at the Trocadero Theater, where I picked up his trail and challenged him for a return battle, consenting to every proposition he made with the exception of guaranteeing him the winner's end of the purse, win or lose. Quite a discussion arose regarding our relative drawing powers on the stage. Some of the sport writers claimed that Gans was superior as a drawing card and was entitled to the lion's share of the purse, win or lose.

Others agree that I was just as good a card, or better than Gans, and that Gans would draw for his end in a fight with me more money for losing than he would receive for winning over any other opponent in the country.

This assertion proved correct, as Gans fought Spike Robson, in Philadelphia, knocking him out. Later he fought Rudolph Unholz, the alleged Boer. He received for both bouts less than half of what he received for his fight with me before Jim Coffroth's club on July 4, 1908, when he lost the championship. We fought for a winner's and loser's end as I predicted we would when we met.

COULDN'T GET GANS TO SIGN.

I found it impossible to get a return meeting with the negro at the time and therefore signed up to meet my old rival, Jimmy Britt, at San Francisco, before the San Francisco Athletic Club on July 31, 1907.

We met in the evening at Dreamland Pavilion, which was packed to the limit, the gate receipts amounting to almost \$25,000.

We fought at 133 pounds, weigh in at 6 P. M. on the



THE BATTLER'S VERY EARLIEST AND LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS

day of contest. I was a decided favorite at 2 to 1 in the betting, as I had in the previous battle knocked Jimmy out cold in eighteen rounds.

In the next chapter I will make an explanation concerning this fight that may prove interesting.

SOME NELSONIAN LOGIC AND WITTICISMS.

BY

BATTLING NELSON,

Lightweight Champion of the World.

NEVER give up until you're licked. Then fight all the harder.

I'm prouder of my clean record and honorable ring career than I am of all my lands, mines and money put together.

Be honest and if you can't be honest don't be anything, which is a polite interpretation for a world famous saying.

I started in as the Ice Man—now Gans, Corbett, Britt and other boxers say I'm the NICE man.

I did not squander my hard earned money in gambling and drink. Neither did I hide it under the "SINK."

On September 9, 1908, I found after a bit of study that I had been fighting just 4,386 days, or twelve years and six days. Each and every one of those days was fraught with many trials and tribulations. Still I am happy withal, even though I own the brow which wears the crown.

Boys listen a second: Don't drink, don't' chew, don't smoke, don't gamble, don't swear. Then you can fight if you care. Yes—and with a sturdy constitution, a clear conscience and a vicious wallop for your enemies.

Nelson in a Class by Himself, Says Joe Gans.

FORMER CHAMPION DECLARES NO LIGHTWEIGHT HAS A
CHANCE WITH DANE IN LONG GO.

According to Joe Gans, and certainly none knows better than the dethroned champion, Battling Nelson is in a class by himself in the lightweight division. The old master, who hates Nelson with all the hatred that a bitter ring rivalry of several years can produce, would not hand the Durable Dane such a boquet did he not believe absolutely that it was true. Gans admits that there are a few lightweights, including himself, who possibly can best the Battler over a short route, but when it comes to fighting with him until one or the other drops the Baltimore boxer declares Nelson to be invincible at his weight. Gans spent a few hours in Chicago, Friday, on his way East from the coast. It took some time to draw him out on the subject of Nelson, which is a sore one with him, but after much persuasion he unburdened himself as follows:

"Nelson is the best lightweight over a distance that I ever saw, and I have been fighting as long or longer than anybody in the game today. There are a few of us who might get decisions over him in short bouts, but I am frank to admit that the long goes are the ones to decide championships rightly. I was in pretty good shape at Colma the other day and think I could have whipped any other 133-pound man in the business. But I stood no chance against Nelson. I hit him blows with which I have knocked out many heavier men than he, but they had no effect other than to snap his head back. He is simply impervious to punishment. I had no chance at all and knew it after the first few rounds. I

fought on because I wanted to die game and last as long as I could. Nelson is as tough as nails, as game as they make them and the most determined, desperate, persistent fighter I ever saw in action. He can take a world of beating, nobody knows how much, and I don't believe there is a man in the world at his weight who can hold his own with him in a bout scheduled for forty-five rounds or to a finish. Nelson is a real champion—the best in his class.”—*Story published by Chicago Sunday Examiner, Sept. 20th, 1908.*

I may be a subject of Denmark, or better—was, but I have no doubt been the SUBJECT of much worry for a band of ill-mannered ring followers and their “bread-winners” in this good old land of the free—U. S. A.

Enthusiastic writers of late have been wont to call me “the PEERLESS DANE,” “the DURABLE DANE,” etc. This is all very nice, but I am simply Battling Nelson, of Hegewisch, Illinois, a champion boxer, that's all.

My advice to the thousands and thousands of enthusiastic young men who are continually writing me asking information and advice as to the possibilities of the art of self defense—is DON'T.

Many there come, boys, but few, very few, indeed, are chosen. Then the road is ribbed with snags, thorns and pitfalls. Few youngsters could have withstood the knocks Yours Truly encountered. I was lucky—that's all.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Champion Ate Too Much Steak and Came Near Losing Out—Third Fight With Britt.

My failure to control a good healthy appetite came near losing me all the honors that I had worked so many years to gain. It was during my third fight with Britt, and in that connection I think I owe the public an explanation.

I had been chasing Gans all over the country for a return match, but his conditions were such that I could not accept them. As a matter of fact, I do not think he wanted to fight at all.

After traveling all over the country I found it impossible to get him in the ring again and I finally consented to meet my old rival, Jimmy Britt, in a twenty-round go at the Auditorium Pavilion, San Francisco. We were to fight at 133 pounds and weigh in at 6 o'clock P. M. on the day of the fight.

Mind you, I am not trying to take anything away from Britt for the great fight that he put up, but the real cause of my bad showing lay in a big juicy steak that I got outside of before going into the ring.

ATE A HEARTY MEAL.

Directly after weighing in at the Central billiard hall, on Ellis and O'Farrell street, I and my party retired to Thompson's cafe, next door, where I had ordered "a fighter's after-weigh-in meal," consisting of tenderloin steak, baked potatoes, toast and tea, to be ready at 6:15 P. M. and on the table. I was there promptly, accompanied by Jack Grace, Red Cornett, Eddie Madsen, Martin F. Welsh and H. A. French, news editor of the Frisco Call. I began to eat before the waiter came round to take the orders of the rest of the party.

They all ordered steaks, the same as I had, and the waiter, miscalculating the persons present, brought in an extra one. About the time he served the rest of the party I had finished my meal and he set the extra steak directly in front of me. I felt good, and the steak, I must say, was excellent. I thought it a shame to see it go to waste, and thereupon I ate over half of it. We left the cafe about a quarter of 8 and I was hurried into the ring at 9:20.

As usual, I started right after Britt, and before we had been boxing thirty seconds I received a hard left hook plumb in the pit of the "kitchen." This punch was followed with one or two in every round thereafter for half of the fight. I was terribly hurt, but no one seemed to realize my condition but myself. In fact, I hardly showed any effects of being distressed until after we passed the tenth round, as was evident by the betting. As late as the seventh round they were betting even money I would win inside of the ten-round limit. I never stopped forcing the fight, and tried to be as vicious as I knew how, knowing by Britt's actions that he was afraid to mix matters. So I bullied and bluffed him through to the finish.

BRITT LOST CHANCE.

Jimmy Britt lost the chance of a lifetime by not taking advantage of my condition, as if ever there was a man in the world whom I had fought that had a show whatever of putting me down for the count it was this same Jimmy Britt. After the thirteenth round I only held up and fought through gameness and my natural instinct of fighting. The old bull-dog courage would not down in me, notwithstanding the fact that he was setting a hot pace.

Only once during the entire fight did Britt pick up enough courage to mix it. This was in the last thirty seconds of the twentieth round, when he tore after me in "do or die" style, and I am glad that he didn't pick up courage any sooner. As soon as the last gong rang for

the ending of the twentieth round, Referee Jack Walsh immediately declared Britt the victor. I retired to my corner and before I got to the chair I was vomiting violently.

I went to my dressing-room, where I hurried to dress.

I drove to Burns's baths in our automobile, where I retired for the night a very sick but much wiser young man. The meal cost in actual value \$12.35, but I have dubbed it since "the fifty-thousand-dollar steak." In reality it cost a great deal more than this amount, for the reason that most of the sporting public thought that I was a back number as a fighter. I knew the cause of losing this fight; knew in my heart that I shouldn't have lost, therefore would not give in, but was willing to start from the bottom and fight up to the championship again.

This I did, as is well known, when I started by knocking Jack Clifford out and fighting up to the world's championship, where I knocked out the old master, Gans, without the question of a doubt, on two occasions, thereby winning the crown, which I am the possessor of to this day. Determined to regain my laurels, I decided to start over again and work my way up, but the climb this time was not so long. In one way my bad showing with Britt was a blessing in disguise, for it caused Gans to think I was all in, and he finally consented to a match.

Practically losing a decision to Jimmy Britt was almost as hard a blow as if someone had tossed a bombshell under my office and scattered me and all I possessed to the winds. I migrated to the hills of Montana for a little hunt and recreation, trying to bear down the past and forget that I had ever had any hard luck. On the way to the Yellowstone I stopped off at Red Lodge, Montana, and engaged one Tom Freebury, a local pride, in a four-round exhibition, before Dan Davis' athletic club, for which I received \$450.

A few days later I happened into Billings, Montana,

one of the greatest little sporting towns in the west. Tony Minder, proprietor of the Topic theater, engaged me to box my old rival, Charley Berry, from Hoodo-ville—Milwaukee—three nights at \$200 per night, in four-round exhibition bouts. A few days later I visited Minot, North Dakota. At that time there was an installation of the Elks Lodge there, and they being a sporty lot, and being aroused over my appearance there, suggested a boxing match. Clarence H. Parker, a personal friend of mine as well as a prominent member of the Elks, was on the arrangement committee and approached me as to boxing an exhibition for the entertainment of the Elks, with Mark Nelson, to which I readily consented. We boxed four spirited round on October 26th, for which I received \$250 and expenses.

After the exhibition, I was invited as a guest of Clarence Parker to attend a deer hunt to be held at Charles Hewets' camp at Stroud on the Missouri river, about fifteen miles from Williston, N. D. I spent a pleasant week with Parker and friends and we bagged eighteen deer and coyote. Of the lot I bagged two nice bucks and a coyote.

So ends my career of 1907.

* * * * *

I arrived in the lucky Mormon state at Ogden, Utah, where I fought Jack Clifford on January 13th, I succeeded in knocking him out cleanly in the fifth round. Being idle practically for a year's time, my fighting blood was up and I went in at the start determined to go right after the championship. Clifford never was a world beater, although he proved a stumbling block for many, and many a near champion. He had knocked out several opponents, breaking two of their jaws and was dubbed "Jack the Jaw-breaker."

We fought before the Twin City Athletic Club, which was under the management of William Guiney, the fight taking place in the Grand Opera House. I knocked him out with a right uppercut to the jaw. When he went

down he lay limp as a rag for several seconds, after Referee Abe Pollack had tolled off the fatal ten seconds. The last round is given here in detail as sent over the Associated Press wire:

“Round 5—Nelson rushed across the ring to Clifford’s corner where Jack swung a hard right landing on Nelson’s ear. Nelson waiting to land a knockout steadied himself, pushed Clifford back with a straight left. Clifford’s nose bleeding. He clinched and held on. Nelson braced himself, shot a right uppercut which landed on Clifford’s jaw which dropped him to the floor. Bat landed with such force the blow could be heard in the gallery.

The fight critics at the ringside stated that Nelson showed faster and to better advantage than in any of his recent battles.

BAT GOES TO LOS ANGELES TO MEET THE JOKE—UNHOLZ.

After knocking out Jack Clifford I boarded the Los Angeles Limited due for Los Angeles, where I was billed to meet one Rudolph (Boer?) UNHOLZ. We met on February 4th before Tom McCarey’s club in a ten round bout, which in my opinion resembled a hundred yard sprint, more than a regular boxing bout. For ten rounds Rudolph was content with racing from one side of the ring to the other with me in hot pursuit. Of all the fighters I have ever met Unholz is without a doubt the biggest joke of them all. On one occasion when the Joke—Unholz turned his back and ran across the ring I playfully kicked him with the side of my shoe. It was to laugh.

Owing to the boxing laws there, we were compelled to fight ten rounds to a no decision verdict. This deprived me of a well earned victory.

Within a month after the time I had met the joke of the prize ring—Unholz in a ten session sprint I again met my old rival Jimmy Britt—for the fourth and last time.

I was determined to fight each and every month, and meet all the minor lights and force the public to make Gans tie up with me. I met Britt on March 3d at McCarey's club.

I held the upper hand during the contest and in the sixth round floored Britt, and the bell—was the sweetest kind of music in his ears. From the sixth round on to the finish it was a case of Britt stall and run away as best he could—and as he is the champion staller of the world he managed to last the ten sessions. Of course, Referee Charlie Eyton was not allowed to give a decision under the rules.

At the ringside were quite a few out-of-town sport writers, and each and every one, including the Los Angeles critics, was of an unanimous opinion—except W. W. Naughton of San Francisco, Cal., who was sent there for his paper—the San Francisco *Examiner*.

This is where H. M. Walker, sporting editor of the Los Angeles *Examiner*, won my admiration by writing the fight just as he saw it—“Nelson Wins From Here to Hegewisch and Back.” His story appeared on the same pages that appeared W. W. Naughton's story—“Britt Wins Easy.”

BOXES DRAW WITH ATTELL.

On March 31st, I met Abe Attell in a fifteen round bout.

Attell had previously been accused of stalling and loafing in all his contests. This was one time when he was forced to extend himself to the limit, as he was chased from one side of the ring to the other and backed into the corner and forced to fight every inch of the going. We went along fairly even until in the fourteenth round when I slipped a good hard left to his jaw and it began to look like curtains for Abe. This was where Attell was forced to do his utmost to last the round out. He came to the scratch rather fresh in the fifteenth round and we did some tall slugging, and the final bell found us in a hard mixup.

GANS' RETURN MATCH ONLY A MATTER OF
A DAY. THE BATTLER BOXES AN EX-
HIBITION WITH THE CHAMPION
"GLOBE TROTTER" JACK
GRACE.

Determined to keep up the good work and fight at least once a month I traveled to Seattle, Washington, where I was booked to meet Kid Scaler. In the meantime I had engaged Willus Britt to act in the capacity of manager, and to close, if possible, a match with Gans. Just before arriving at Portland, Oregon, I received a wire from Willus Britt telling me to stop in Portland and communicate with him over the long distance telephone regarding the Gans match. I felt very much elated over the news, as I knew my life's ambition would be realized if the match could be closed.

After three long distance conversations with Willus Britt and several hundred words over the W. U. telegraph, the match was within a few hours of being closed. I continued to Seattle determined to meet Scaler before Johnny Reed's club. When I arrived at the hotel Washington Annex—I received a telegram from Manager Willus Britt stating that the contest between Gans and I was closed for July 4th. However, it was stipulated that I must declare the Kid Scaler match off, otherwise I would lose out on a match with the negro for all time to come.

I looked up Johnny Reed, the manager with whom I had signed articles and informed him that in order to close up the match with Gans I would be compelled to forfeit my match at his club with Scaler. Reed and I were very good friends and he felt very much elated over the opportunity of my meeting Gans, however he hated to lose the Nelson-Scaler match, as we had already set all the northern towns talking of our coming battle.

I agreed to stand all of the Seattle club's expense of the Nelson-Scaler match, if released from my contract. Johnny Reed displayed his true sportsmanship when he refused positively to allow me to pay one dollar of the expenses our match had incurred.

He at once released my contract, and even insisted that I accept my transportation to Seattle and back to San Francisco, which he had advanced me.

The Seattle citizens, feeling the loss of the Nelson-Scaler fight, insisted that I show at one of the local theaters.

The Sullivan-Considine management secured my contract to work four days at the Star Theater, doing a three-round exhibition with that old globe trotter, Jack Grace.

The Seattle public displayed their appreciation by packing the theater four days, and I received a total cash bundle of over \$1,000.

As Grace made good as a sparring partner, I carried him along to Portland, where I showed another week. I went direct to 'Frisco and immediately began training for the big battle with the negro, which was scheduled to take place on July 4, 1908.

I went to Menden Hall Springs for a week's training with my assistants, Jack Grace, Jeff Perry, Red Cornett, Percy Dana and Manager Willus Britt.

We spent a week at the springs hunting and climbing hills and doing road work, etc. We found the high altitudes very beneficial. Next we went to Millett's training quarters at Colma, Cal., which had been my old lucky stamping grounds.

THE BATTLER THRIVES ON ROKO DURING TRAINING.

I put in three weeks of good hard training, for WHAT I FIGURED THE MOST IMPORTANT BATTLE OF MY CAREER.

I considered Roko the most important factor during my training, as it developed speed and agility, as well as sharpness of the eye.

Youth, Perpetual Motion and the Durability of Concrete Wall a Winning Combination.

DEFEAT OF GREATEST FIGHTER OF MODERN TIMES A SHOCK TO WISE ONES WHO BACK THEIR OPINION OF GANS' ABILITY AT ODDS OF 10 TO 3.

RUGGED DANE RUSHES HIS OPPONENT COMPLETELY OFF HIS FEET.

RESISTLESS, IMPLACABLE ATTACK OF CHALLENGER CANNOT BE STALLED OFF BY THE TITLE HOLDER.

BY R. A. (BOB) SMYTH.

Battling Nelson, lightweight champion of the world. So reads the record of the Queensberry ring as the



result of the meeting in the arena just across the San Mateo county line yesterday of Joe Gans, who held the title six years, and the young Dane who has fought his way so gallantly from obscurity to the highest place attainable among boxers of his weight. A great throng witnessed the passing of Gans, who has stood out as the marvel of the ring for almost every one of the seventeen years he has been before the public. The title goes into clean hands, Nelson never having been a

party to a dishonest act in his ring career.

Although Gans' frame was the picture of a well mod-
eled athlete, the vitality had left the body. This was
seen quickly when Nelson fairly rushed him off his feet
with the pace he set. There is a time worn adage that
"youth will be served," and this had its confirmation
yesterday as it has so many times in the past. It's a
story as old as the ring of one fight too many, and it is
always the sturdy young man who lowers the colors of
the master hand at the game.

END PITIFUL AND DRAMATIC.

The end of Gans' victorious career in the ring was
pitifully dramatic, and for many the pleasure of Nel-
son's success was tempered by regret that Gans could
not have made a better stand. When the pace began to
tell upon him he looked an old, old man. This was
accentuated in his dressing room, where he gave way
to his feelings. He had put his wonderful powers to
the test once too often, and in a brief time all the honors
of his career had been swept away.

Gans' heart seemed broken by the time he had gone
eight rounds. At the end of the third round he told
his seconds that he felt his strength slipping away from
him. His nerve gave way completely in the sixteenth
round, when he had the palsy and he could not control
himself. He had not regained his composure by the
time he reached the ferry en route to his quarters at
San Rafael.

Gans was either knocked down or went down to avoid
punishment eight times in all during the fight. On a
number of occasions he was just getting up as the time
keeper was about to count him out. As a matter of fact,
he was counted out twice officially in the last round.
The first time, owing to the tumult, Referee Jack Welsh
did not hear the count of 10 and the fight went on. The
next time exhausted nature would not come to the relief

of the old champion, and he was unable to regain his feet.

NELSON A WONDERFUL ATHLETE.

Of Nelson it must be written that he is the most wonderful athlete of his inches in all the world. He hardly drew a long breath during the fight. Added to the fact that he seems absolutely tireless is the additional quality of being insensible to pain. He took blows from Gans which seemed to have enough power behind them to fell an ox. When they landed Nelson merely shook his head and rushed in for more. Each time Gans tried to mix matters and put in his best efforts to stop the Dane the latter came back fighting all the harder. He was relentless in his attack.

Nelson did his most effective work when in close. He kept both arms going as though they were machine driven and he landed an incredible number of blows. The majority of these were to the body and they sapped the strength of the colored boxer quickly and effectively. Although few admitted Nelson has any boxing skill he seems to find a way to land on the cleverest men who have faced him.

That two years' is a big span in the life of an athlete who has passed the highest point in his career was demonstrated by the fight. Although Gans had none of the advantages of training for his fight with Nelson at Goldfield that he enjoyed for this fight he was not so effective in the ring. He seemed to lack the hitting power and he was also heavier on his feet, lacking the brilliant ducking ability and footwork which marked his work in the Nevada mining camp.

DANE WAS WELL HANDLED.

Nelson has undoubtedly improved. He was shrewdly handled in his training by Willie Britt and the latter

mapped out what proved to be a brilliant plan of campaign for him to follow in the ring. Nelson claimed after the Goldfield fight that Gans did not want any more of his game, and this was the thought which carried him into the ring with such a light heart. He seemed absolutely devoid of nerves. This was shown in the tantalizingly slow manner in which he adjusted the tape on his hands in the ring. He acted as though he had all day to do so, and the crowd marveled at his coolness. He fastened the banadages well up his wrist to which Selig, representing Gans, objected. Nelson paid no heed to it, and nothing further was said about the matter.

Nelson is a cunning fighter in the ring and does much more effective work than the casual spectator sees. When he stood up and boxed Gans he showed at a disadvantage at once. He could be hit then and his own work was not so effective. His tactics were to rush in at the first opportunity, and resting his head on Gans' shoulder he was ready to deal out blows which the average boxer never learns. His left arm is peculiarly crooked at the elbow, making it terribly effective. It requires no effort to keep it up in boxing position, and when Nelson hooks with it there is no lost power.

With Nelson in close Gans could not hit him effectively, although he tried all he knew. Added to this was the terrific pace set by the Dane which would have a tendency to rush any man off his feet. Gans knew there was a long route before him, and he probably tried to conserve his energies, but it proved unavailing with such an irresistible force in front of him.

GATE RECEIPTS HEAVY.

There were 7,598 paid admissions, which represented an attendance of nearly 9,000 spectators. The total receipts were \$24,031. The fee of Referee Jack Welsh, amounting to \$500, was paid out of this. The fighters received 70 per cent. of the receipts, amounting to

\$16,821.70. Of this Nelson received 60 per cent, or \$10,093.02, while Gans received \$6,728.68. Promoter Jim Coffroth's share was \$7,209.30, out of which he has to pay the expenses of handling the fight, which were heavy.

Jim May, the Reno sporting man, was the heaviest winner on the fight. He made three bets with Tex Rickard at the ringside, all of which he won. He first bet \$5,000 even that Gans would not win in 20 rounds. He then bet \$2,500 against \$5,000 that Gans would not win the fight irrespective of the distance it went. He also bet \$2,000 even that Gans would not win in 15 rounds. Sid Grauman bet May \$1,000 even that Gans would win in 20 rounds. The straight betting at the ringside went to 10 to 3, with Gans favorite.

The men weighed in 10 minutes before they entered the ring to fight. The scales were adjusted by John Clark, the stakeholder. Gans was the first to step on the platform and the bar did not rise. Nelson followed and he proved to be within the weight also. There could have been but a matter of ounces in difference in the weight.

NELSON LEAST CONCERNED.

When the last details had been disposed of and only the two fighters and the referee were in the ring, Gans walked about near his corner as though anxious to have the fight under way. Nelson stood quietly in his corner and seemed the least concerned man in the vast gathering.

When the gong sounded, signaling the opening of the fight, the men went to the center of the ring and Gans began to jab Nelson's nose with his left. He landed frequently, but the blows did not seem to disturb Nelson, who kept forcing the champion about the ring. Gans varied his lefts with a right uppercut and Nelson came back with two lefts to the head. He missed a right and took another left to the head.

This early in the fight the men began to get in close, and while they were not clinched, it meant about the same thing. Near the end of the round Nelson landed a right to the head and Gans came back with a right and left as they broke out of a clinch. At the end of the round Gans' mouth was bleeding, while his blows apparently had no effect on Nelson.

Gans landed some rights and lefts to the head in the second round which were hard enough to stop any one but the man in front of him. When the round opened Nelson jabbed Gans four times with a left to the head and took a straight right to the nose and a right to the jaw as punishment for his temerity. This early in the fight Gans showed a propensity to hold on.

The men stood head to head in the center of the ring and Nelson began to play for Gans' body. Gans swung a big right and left to the head, but it only sent Nelson in the faster. Nelson started after Gans quickly in the third round and took three hard blows to the head and a particularly hard right to the heart. Gans followed this with another right and left, but Nelson was back at him fighting.

BAT BLEEDING BUT BUSY.

Nelson began to bleed at the mouth after this. Nelson sent a right to the body and a left to the head. Nelson slipped down and Gans showed what a perfect judge of time and distance he is by hitting Nelson a hard right to the head just as he left his knees. The crowd yelled "foul," but the referee signaled that the blow was a fair one. The end of the round found Gans on the ropes and being punished severely about the body.

In the fourth round Gans opened proceedings with a straight right to the head and a right to the body. The referee had to warn Nelson to keep his head up. Nelson landed a hard left hook to the body and Gans came back with three rights in succession to the head.

Gans did not hear the bell at the end of the round and struck Nelson after it had sounded.

The fifth round found them head to head and Gans landed several hard blows to the body. Nelson landed two hard lefts to the body and got some tough ones in return. Nelson was working hard throughout the round.

There was little to choose between them in the sixth, each man seeming to pay particular attention to the body. The crowd seemed to scent victory for Nelson in the seventh round. This was all in his favor, Gans doing no effective work whatever. They exchanged rights for the head and Nelson's blows seemed to have the more force, as Gans seemed to stop fighting after he took a few of them. At the end of the round the spectators stood up and cheered wildly for Nelson. Gans' right eye was cut in this round.

Gans' face wore a serious look when he came up for the eighth round. Nelson, as usual, forced matters and fairly drove him around the ring. Gans sent a right to the head and repeated it twice without a return. Nelson began to use his left and landed four blows to the head without a return. He followed these with a big overhand right to the head which hurt Gans.

Nelson was punishing Gans severely at the end of the round.

Conditions remained unchanged in the ninth, Nelson still punishing Gans severely, while he had him on the ropes. Gans scored often to the head in the early part of the round, but his blows had no stopping power in them and the Dane kept crowding him.

Gans made a desperate stand in the tenth round and he staggered Nelson, but he was so tired himself that he could not follow up his advantage. He opened the round with a right to the head and took a hard right uppercut in return. Nelson sent a left to the head and Gans held on. Gans sent three rights to the head hard

when Nelson was rocking on his feet for an instant. Once Nelson recovered his balance he bored in again and evened matters up with his opponent.

Gans was badly off in the eleventh round. Nelson missed a big right to the head, but was more successful soon afterward with a right and left. Gans sent a right to the head and Nelson chased him around the ring. Nelson backed Gans into his (Nelson's) corner and punished him badly. The windup of the round was all in Nelson's favor.

Nelson apparently knew that he had the fight won, as he fairly ran to the center of the ring to meet Gans in the twelfth round. Nelson landed his left to the head three times and each blow shook Gans badly. Nelson sent a right and left to the head which staggered Gans, and then sent a hard right to the body which put Gans down to his hands and knees. Gans took nearly the full count and went down again, this time on his haunches. For the third time he hit the mat and remained eight seconds.

OPENS WITH RUSH AGAIN.

Nelson had Gans practically defenseless in the thirteenth round. He fairly ran out of his corner again, and they were soon head to head in the center of the ring, with Nelson punishing his man severely about the body. Nelson sent a left to the body and followed this with a hard right which sent Gans to the mat. When he stood up Nelson landed a right and left to the jaw, Gans being unable to defend himself.

Gans showed a flash of speed in the fourteenth round, but the harder he hit Nelson the faster the latter came back at him, so that it proved an unprofitable style of fighting for the colored boxer. Nelson kept up his fusillade of blows for the body and punished Gans badly.

Early in the fifteenth round Gans tried to duck some of Nelson's swings, but his efforts were painful as com-

pared with the skill he showed in this department of the game in other days. Nelson used his left for the head with deadly effect in this round and had Gans on the ropes near its end.

Gans' frame was quivering convulsively when he came up for the sixteenth round, as though he had a chill, and medical men at the ringside said that this was an indication that he had lost his nerve. He held on to Nelson as soon as they came together and the latter peppered his body frequently with right and left. Nelson sent a hard right to the heart and soon had Gans in a corner. Gans tried a right to the head, but there was no steam behind the blow.

OLD MASTER DEFENSELESS.

Nelson was after him relentlessly and the once peerless Gans had no defense against the attack of his young opponent. Nelson uppercut Gans with his right and landed that terrible left to the head again. Gans went down on his right knee and at the end of eight seconds the gong sounded the end of the round, just saving him from a knockout at this stage of the fight.

The seventeenth and last round found Nelson spurred on to the greatest efforts, as he knew the end of the fight was close at hand. He sent a right to the head and followed this up with a jarring uppercut. Gans rushed Nelson to the ropes and the Dane slipped back out of the ring, being half supported by the lower rope, which caught him around the leg. Gans fell over him, putting a severe strain on the Dane.

The latter was up without any delay and attacked Gans viciously, rushing him across the ring and Gans went down on his side, being partly wrestled down and partly hit. He was down on his haunches a moment afterward and stayed almost for the full limit of ten seconds. When he stood up Nelson sent a hard right to the jaw, and this time Gans stayed down for the full count of nine.



DAD NELSON CONGRATULATING HIS SON, ALONG WITH TWO BROTHERS, ART AND CHARLIE.

COUNTED OUT TWICE.

In the excitement of the moment the spectators could not understand under what conditions Gans had lost. Referee Jack Welsh pointed to Nelson as the winner and the information gradually reached the men throughout the arena that Gans was knocked unconscious, and was unable to respond to the call of time and was counted out. After the fight Official Time Keeper George Harting said that Gans had been officially counted out twice during the round, the first time there being so much noise and confusion that the result was not known to even the referee.

With the end of the fight a great crowd surged to the ringside and tried to hail the new champion, the latter's seconds throwing towels in the air and lifting the Dane high above their heads. Nelson's father was one of the first to greet him, and there was a world of expression in the handshake which they exchanged. It took but a few minutes to remove Nelson's gloves and he was then ready for a triumphal exit from the scene of his victory. His seconds had to fairly force a way for him and the big crowd cheered as he made his way to the dressing room.

Gans was sitting in his corner in the meantime in deep distress and being comforted by his wife and his friends. He had to be assisted from his chair and down the short steps leading from the ring. He was still shivering as though with a chill and seemed to have no control over his movements.

NELSON SHOWS HIS SUPERIORITY IN
EARLY STAGES OF THE FIGHT, PUNISH-
ING GANS SEVERELY.

FIRST ROUND.

The men shook hands. After feinting with the left Gans sent in three smashes to the face and swung to the ear. As Nelson rushed in Gans met him with a

right uppercut. Gans backed away slowly and evaded Nelson's onslaught. They went to close quarters and were ordered to break by the referee. Before breaking, however, Nelson planted a short right to the wind. Mixing it at close range Gans shot right and left to the face and Nelson retaliated with a left to the nose. Nelson rushed Gans against the ropes, but the champion was too clever. Wriggling out of a tight place Gans shot right and left to the face. Nelson rushed in close, this evidently being his mapped out plan of battle. His efforts to land, however, were fruitless. The round was in Gans' favor. Gans' lip bled slightly as he took his seat.

SECOND ROUND.

Gans met Nelson with two straight lefts to the jaw as the Dane rushed in. Nelson swung wildly three times. Gans was quick to take advantage of this and planted three hard lefts to the face. He followed this with two short right arm swings to the jaw. Nelson continued to fight at close quarters and they worked to the center of the ring without harm to either man. Gans then staggered Nelson with a succession of short swings to the jaw, but they did not appear to feaze the Battler. Gans raised Nelson's head a foot with a right uppercut as they were locked in close embrace. They continued to fight head to head and every time Nelson's head got a foot away from Gans' shoulder Gans sent in a right and left wallop to the jaw. They were fighting in Gans' corner as the round ended, which was in Gans' favor. It is apparent that Nelson intends to fight at as close quarters as possible.

THIRD ROUND.

Gans backed slowly away, landing right and left on the Dane's jaw. He continued to play with Nelson as if the latter were but a child, landing right and left to the face at will. The blood started to spurt from

Nelson's nose as they emerged from a clinch. They continued to fight in close. After Gans had landed two hard rights to the face Nelson sent a left to the face, for which he was rewarded with a vicious swing to the face. Nelson fought in desperately and went to the floor from a well directed swing. Nelson kept boring in, only to be met with a fusillade to the jaw which started the blood flowing in a stream. Nelson spat blood and went to his corner with a serious expression on his face. It was all Gans.

FOURTH ROUND.

Nelson as usual tried to get to close quarters, but Gans steadied him with two lefts and a right to his sore mouth. They wrestled about the ring, Gans trying to make Nelson step back, but the Dane persistently refused. Gans then rocked the Dane's head with his favorite short arm right and left swings, which had considerable force behind them. Nelson scarcely landed a blow and Gans smiled as he covered up from the Dane's relentless attempts to land. Every time Nelson stepped away, his head proved a target for Gans' lightning left. Nelson then surprised the champion with a hard right to the face. Gans landed a vicious right to the jaw, but Nelson danced merrily to his corner as if nothing had happened. Nelson was bleeding as he went to receive attention from his seconds.

FIFTH ROUND.

They immediately closed in. Nelson tried to uppercut with his right, but the latter's guard was impregnable. Nelson finally swung a right to the jaw and Gans retaliated with a right and left to the same place. Nelson again sought refuse at close quarters. Gans outfought Nelson as the men had their heads locked, sending a hard right to the stomach and two lefts to the face. By way of diversion Gans hammered away at Nelson's stomach, but the Dane continued to fight

hard at close quarters. They wrestled about the ring, Gans permitting Nelson to do all the work. Gans with consummate generalship, nursed his strength and went to his corner with his head held high.

SIXTH ROUND.

For the first time the men fought for half a minute at arm's length, during which Gans landed a couple of lefts to the Battler's face. They immediately resumed their shoulder to shoulder tactics, without result. Nelson landed a short right to the colored man's ear and forced the champion to the ropes. However, he did not land to any extent and they soon fought their way to the center of the ring, where Gans planted a vicious right to the kidneys. In a clinch Nelson sent a hard drive to Gans' face and they exchanged uppercuts to the jaw, Nelson giving as much as he received. After Gans had started the blood from Nelson's mouth with two hard left punches, Nelson swung a hard left to the jaw, which was the best blow he had landed during the fight. The gong at this stage. This was more even than the previous rounds.

SEVENTH ROUND.

Gans backed away and seemed content to let Nelson waste his strength in useless wrestling. Nelson simply did not break away, and suddenly landed right and two light lefts to the face. Gans then staggered Nelson with a right swing to the jaw and a serious rally followed, Nelson having much the better of it. He landed right and left to Gans' jaw and Gans apparently clinched. The crowd rose to its feet in excitement. They continued to mix it, and Nelson drove left and right to the champion's head without return. The bell ended a round which was greatly in Nelson's favor.

EIGHTH ROUND.

Nelson waded right in, forcing the champion to break ground. Gans, however, drove right and left to the

Battler's face, but the latter did not give way an inch. At close range Nelson swung lightly to the face, after which both men fought very carefully. Nelson staggered Gans with left and right short arm swings to the jaw and a moment later sent in a hard right to the kidneys. Nelson crossed right to the face and forced Gans to the ropes for a moment. Nelson continued to peg away, with Gans blocking. Gans sent in a straight right and followed it with a vicious left uppercut to the jaw. Nelson swung three lefts to the jaw and forced Gans to cover up after landing a hard swing to the colored man's face. The round ended with Nelson pegging away at Gans' face. It was Nelson's round.

NINTH ROUND.

Nelson came up like a bulldog. He rushed Gans around the ring and finally jabbed his left to the face, Gans retaliating with left and right to the same place. Gans caught Nelson at arm's length and sent three rights and one left to the Dane's jaw. Nelson closed in, but Gans uppercut him twice with right to the jaw. "Hold your head up," Welsh shouted to Nelson. Nelson did so and immediately Gans clouted him with a vicious right to the jaw. Gans rocked Nelson's head with a wicked right to the face, but it did not stop the Hegewisch lad. As they broke from a clinch Nelson caught Gans quick with a vicious left on the liver. He followed his advantage by sending the champion through the ropes with a succession of rights and lefts. Gans had a serious expression. It was Nelson's round.

TENTH ROUND.

Nelson quickly rushed in and Gans fought desperately to keep him away. Gans then planted two solid rights to the Battler's jaw, catching the Battler at arm's length. They immediately went in close and Gans did some execution with right and left to the mouth. Nelson did not cease fighting for an instant.

Gans again landed right and left to Nelson's sore mouth. Nelson's seconds set up a wild shout. The Battler's mouth was covered with blood. One particularly hard punch staggered Nelson. Nelson fought back viciously, however, and gave Gans no rest. The round ended with Gans having the advantage.

ELEVENTH ROUND.

Nelson danced to the center of the ring and immediately forced Gans about. Gans pegged away with his left for the jaw, but Nelson was relentless. He shook Gans' blows off like so much chaff until finally Gans caught him a terrific clip on the point which staggered the Battler. Gans put another to the same place, like a fiend. Nelson forced Gans to the ropes. Gans contented himself with nursing his strength and permitted Nelson to do all the work. They fought viciously in middle ring, Nelson planting a left and two rights to the jaw. Gans rested up, but Nelson flung two rights to the stomach which forced Gans to cover. The bell rang at this stage. Nelson set a furious pace in this round, and although doing all the work was the fresher of the two. Nelson had a shade.

TWELFTH ROUND.

Gans met the oncoming Battler with a straight left to the face and sought to punch him with right and left to the same spot. Nelson got in close and thwarted him. Nelson swung his left to jaw as they came from a clinch and Gans came back with two rights. Nelson made Gans groggy and almost sent him through the ropes with a right. Gans' seconds threw water on him. Gans dropped to his knees from a left uppercut and looked all out. Nelson followed him about, planting right and left to head and body. Gans took the count of nine. Nelson rushed up to the beaten champion and Gans again took the count by being hit by one of Bat's favorite left half-scissors hooks on the liver. It looked

as though he could not last out the round. When Gans got to his feet he planted a straight right to the jaw and the bell rang. Gans would have fallen had not his seconds rushed in and dragged him to his corner. Gans will probably not last much longer.

THIRTEENTH ROUND.

Nelson rushed in and landed two lefts on Gans' jaw. Gans stayed in close and tried for the Battler's body, but he was easily blocked. Gans fought, Nelson exchanging rights and lefts. Nelson then floored the champion with another left half-scissors hook on the liver. It was a wicked blow and Gans' face took on an agonized expression. Gans stalled and was evidently in sore straits. Nelson tried to reach him, but Gans hung on. Nelson worked unceasingly to put in the final punch. He hammered away at Gans' stomach, finally forcing the champion against the ropes. Joe fought back very determinedly. Gans did considerable stalling in this round, which belonged to Nelson.

FOURTEENTH ROUND.

Gans was the first up. They worked to close quarters and Gans used all his cuteness to keep the Battler at bay. Nelson's arms kept working like an aerometer for the champion's body and head and he finally swung a right and two lefts to the jaw and then three left uppercuts to Gans' jaw. All of Gans' ring generalship could hardly protect him. Gans covered up constantly and made little attempt to land. Nelson swung his left to the jaw, but Gans countered, rocking Nelson's head with right and left short arm jabs. This served only to make the Battler fight the harder, and he landed a couple of good blows as the round ended. The round was comparatively even and both men bled profusely as they sought their corners.

FIFTEENTH ROUND.

Nelson missed a vicious left swing and rushed Gans to the ropes. Nelson forced the champion against the

ropes and Gans apparently held on, which prevented Nelson from landing. They fought shoulder to shoulder and Gans put in two rights to the face. Nelson put in several short arm rights and lefts to the stomach and varied this with a left and right to Gans' sore mouth. Nelson again sank his left into the liver. Joe retaliated in kind. Gans rocked Nelson's head with two rights, Nelson countering by sending in a right swing to the face and forcing Gans to the ropes. Nelson played for the colored man's stomach, and planted three short arm jolts to that spot as the bell ended a round in his favor.

SIXTEENTH ROUND.

Gans came up trembling apparently from a slight chill. Nelson kept after him, giving the champion no rest, but none of his blows landed, as Gans covered up successfully. Finally Nelson uppercut to the jaw and forced Gans into a neutral corner with a right to the stomach. Nelson caught Gans on the jaw with a right swing and fought him to the open ring. He hammered away at the champion's head and body and Gans was scarcely able to protect himself. Nelson forced Gans into his own corner, but the champion wriggled out and shot right and left to Nelson's stomach. It looked if Gans was trying to invite a foul. Finally a left found its way to Gans' liver, sending him to his haunches for the count of time. Nelson enjoyed a clear advantage.

SEVENTEENTH ROUND.

They wrestled for half a minute, Gans appearing a bit freshened up. Some ineffectual sparring followed with the men locked in each other's arms. Finally both men fell through the ropes. Nelson forced Gans about the ring. Nelson sent Gans down with a right uppercut to the stomach. Gans took the count of eight and immediately Nelson sent him against the ropes. After Gans rose to his feet Nelson sailed in and landed a good hard left half-scissors hook on the liver. Gans went down

for the third time and although trying to regain his feet, he was too slow and was counted out. Nelson was declared the winner amid a scene of tremendous excitement. The crowd surged into the ring and Nelson was fairly smothered with congratulations. He was finally carried to his dressing room on the shoulders of his seconds.—From *San Francisco Call*, July 5, 1908. Ringside Description.

It has been remarked by critics who read the advance sheets of this little book that I feature most prominently a majority of the boys whom I knocked out. This is true. I ask my Southern friends particularly to note that the picture of Joe Gans appears in the book several times. They will also note that in all the poses he is down upon the broad of his back, with one exception—that to decide whether a foul blow was struck—at Goldfield, Sept. 3, 1904. The final punch delivered just before Gans quit—taken from moving picture film and reproduced.

THE END OF
THE OLD MASTER

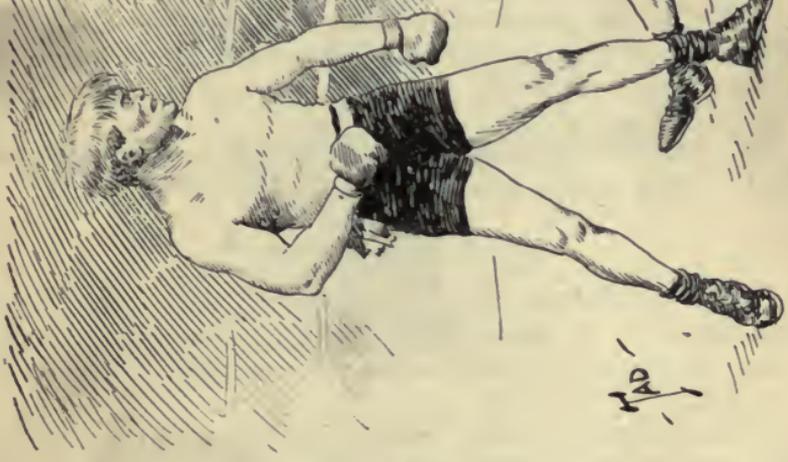
KNOCKED OUT BY BATTLING NELSON
AT COLMA, CAL IN 17 ROUNDS
JULY 4, '08



GANGS
WINNING THE
TITLE FROM ERNE
WITH A PUNCH
AT FORT ERIE
MAY 12 1902



BATTLING NELSON WINNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP



KAD

His Heart is Like Man of Iron.

NERVES OF STEEL PREVENT HIM FROM GETTING EXCITED
IN RING. HEART BEATS AT FIFTY WHILE NORMAL
MAN BEATS AT 72 A MINUTE. IT WILL NEVER
DO FOR THE GREAT BATTLER TO FALL
IN LOVE.

It has been stated that Battling Nelson is the wonder of the prize ring; that he is an abnormal man. In order to ascertain the facts THE TRIBUNE secured the services of Dr. D. D. Crowley to examine Nelson in the presence of H. A. Herrick, news editor of THE TRIBUNE. The conclusions are given herewith:

BY DR. D. D. CROWLEY.

Evening Tribune, Oakland, Cal., July 27, 1908.

Battling Nelson has a perfect nervous system along the line of his work, that of pugilism.

His development in this particular is extraordinary.

There is no indication of any irritation to the brain or of the nerves which supply his important organs.

His organs that act independently of the mind are normal.

His brain at present, an organ that is the fountain head of the nerve system, is in repose.

BRAIN OF FIGHTER.

It has no irritability or excitability. It is the brain of a fighter. It calmly awakes to the necessity of unusual activity without wasting a single ounce of strength.

In other words, when aroused to action, either of defense or offense, his brain irritation is not an exaggerated thought or a mental uncertainty. The action

is not uncertain—it is carried out without the waste of any material.

For these reasons a blow which would render the usual man unconscious would have no effect on Nelson.

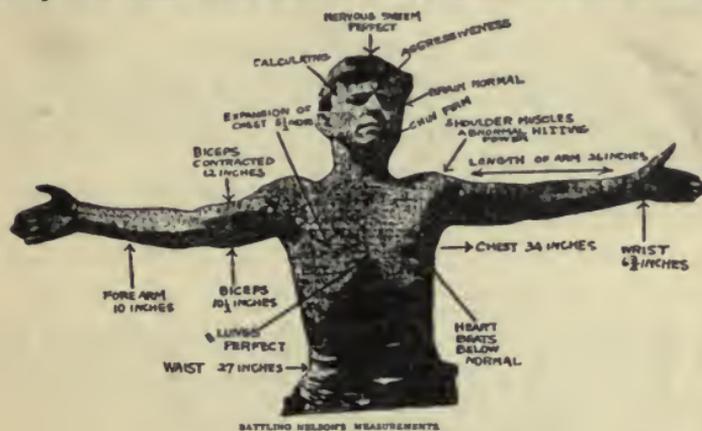
Physically he is a splendid type of muscular development. Ideal in many points, unusual in none.

A GREAT HITTER.

His muscles are not bunched, but long, almost all

NELSON, THE WONDER OF THE PRIZE RING

Secret of Why He Has Not Been Knocked Out Is Discovered



muscular fibre, with very short tendons. He is particularly well developed about the shoulders, showing great "hitting" power, as it is termed, but his "stomach" muscles are particularly well developed and peculiarly defensive. His heart action is abnormal. It responds

to exercise, yet in less than 15 seconds the heart beats go back to his normal, about fifty beats a minute.

PERFECT NERVOUS SYSTEM.

Nelson is remarkable in the fact of his perfect nervous system, which is accountable for many elements of his physical prowess which have marked him as an unusual fighter.

The ordinary emotions are not normal with him. Assuming his statements of no abuse of his system by drinking, smoking or other excesses to be true, this splendid nervous system will yield only to the trials of repeated trainings.

In this way will his nervous system fail to provide for him his wonderful defensive organization. His nerve resistance will be less.

Repeated blows on the head will in time awaken a nerve irritability. His brain, that organ now so slow to punishment, will become more sensitive and responsive to violence.

WHEN TO DEFEAT HIM.

Then, and only then, will this human machine lose that spark of vitality, that aggressive power which at present makes him superior to other men.

D. D. CROWLEY, M. D.

BY H. A. HERRICK.

Battling Nelson, lightweight champion fighter of the world, is more than a prize ring wonder. He is a scientific marvel—a study for savants and perhaps one of the few natural ideal fighters.

The "Durable Dane," as he fondly likes to be called, is declared by the sporting writers to be the sensation of the prize ring.

Science, often scoffed, supplies a reason for all this which is logical enough for consideration, dignified

enough for discussion and of enough interest for serious treatment. With all this in view, *The Tribune* secured the prompt acquiescence of Battling Nelson to submit to an examination by one of the foremost surgeons on the Pacific Coast, Dr. D. D. Crowley of Oakland.

Dr. Crowley was requested to give the fighter a thorough examination from a scientific standpoint and express an opinion upon such physical points as seem to be the source of differences between sporting authorities. In other words, to scientifically explain some of the unusual points of superiority which this fighter has indicated as holding above his other competitors in the fighting line.

NELSON ON THE GRILL.

For more than two hours Nelson was pinched, slapped and literally turned inside out by the calm scrutinizing and thorough man of science. His eyes, his teeth, his toes, his past life, everything was systematically tabbed and noted.

And the diagnosis?—

Well shorn of all scientific verbiage, it was that Battling Nelson was a specimen of that *rara avis* in the world of fighters—a man with a perfect nervous system.

Until you have that explained to you in a way which appeals to you by reason of its deductions, this does not seem to mean much.

When Dr. Crowley exulted over this discovery after a long line of questioning and a careful examination of the fighter, it did not seem to be so awfully apparent. But as he, by degrees patches the questions he had asked and his examination discoveries together into a logical deduction and extraordinarily plain explanation, it became apparent that Nelson's wonderful success in the prize ring, his lauded title of "phenomenon" was explained and that the young fighter is, aside from his pugilistic class standing, a real physical wonder.

THE HEART BEAT.

From Dr. Crowley I learned that the heart is a muscular organ situated in the thorax lying greatly to the left of the breast bone. It is a hollow muscle whose mechanism corresponds in a degree to a pump. This organ propels the blood to various parts of the body, distributing nourishment to all of the tissues and carrying away with it waste materials by the various eliminating organs.

The frequency of the heart beat in the adult male is about 72 to the minute. While standing it is about 80 beats; while sitting about 70, and while lying down 66.

So long as blood flows to the heart there is an irritability in the muscular fibres which aid in its movements. But the nervous system has a direct and important influence in the heart movements. The pneumogastric nerve slows the heart. If that nerve is excited or irritated the heart becomes slower, but if cut or destroyed by disease the action of slowing the heart is lost and there is a decidedly increased action. The sympathetic system of nerves naturally increase the heart pulsation and when they are cut the pulsations are decreased. A disease of these nerves therefore increases and decreases the rapid beating of the heart.

THE BLOOD VESSELS.

The tone of the blood vessels, the free respiration, have much to do with the proper circulation of blood which is necessary to the nourishment of the body. Respiration is an involuntary action and requires no thought. And yet a mental disturbance, or rather an excitability of the mind, will increase the number of respirations in a minute; also, the number of pulsations of the heart.

"The increased respirations and pulsations through excitement," said Dr. Crowley to me, "are not conducive to a great muscular effort.

"The calm and healthy nervous organization will bet-

ter sustain the body in any physical trial. Of course, under an extreme physical trial of endurance the heart must beat more rapidly to nourish the body and to keep the blood pure. And the lungs must take in more air by greater and more frequent expansions, that oxygen may be conveyed to the blood and suffocation prevented."

DOES NOT WORRY.

"How do you rest the night before a fight?" Dr. Crowley asked Nelson.

"Just the same as if it was ten years off," was the quick reply.

"On entering the ring do you note any sort of choking sensation?" queried the Doctor.

"No, sir."

"When the gong strikes to go to the center of the ring, do you notice any such feeling?"

"I should say not," and the fighter sniffed.

Nelson was then put through a series of stunts such as are practiced at the training quarters. For several minutes he jumped about, shadow boxed and ran about the room so strenuously that he was bathed in perspiration and was breathing hard. In the midst of it Dr. Crowley placed his stethoscope over Nelson's heart and listened there for more than a minute.

A curious look came over his face and, with the pertinacity of a scientist, had the fighter repeat the test.

QUICK HEART ACTION.

"Within 15 or 20 seconds," said Dr. Crowley, turning to me, "his heart beats which were more than 85 were reduced to 52 beats a minute."

Referring back to a few paragraphs preceding this is found the doctor's statement that the average heart beats for an adult man are about 72 a minute.

"An abnormal condition," said Dr. Crowley referring to Nelson, "and one very rarely found."

• The pertinency of the questions to the fighter regarding his night before training and feelings in the rings were now shown. They indicated the fact that this man has so perfect a nervous system, so rare a condition, that neither violent exercise or mental excitement caused the loss of a single ounce of energy beyond that actually required for the instant.

FIGHT WITH GANS.

In his running comment that Nelson carried on during all this time was a further demonstration of this phase of his character. He referred to the accounts of the incident in the last fight with Gans when he was winding bandages on his hands.

"In Philadelphia," he continued, "when I fought Terry McGovern, the little fellow just went wild because I took a long time to fix my bandages. The longer I took the wilder he got, and that's why I always take my time."

Not much of an incident, but a straw to indicate the personality of this man who thinks only of his own end of an affair, the coldness of one who let's but one thing occupy his mind at a time. The action of a man, who bore out the savant's deduction, that he never wastes a particle of brain energy—the secret of his recuperative powers and great endurance.

THE THOROUGHBRED.

It was while watching the man, as cool and collected under the scientist's hands as he is in battle, that one is impressed with the fact that there are exceptions to all rules. One thinks of the thoroughbred chaffing and impatient for action, and admirers. It thrills and enthuses. Here was the antithesis, a cool, implacable human being, who wasted not a thought, whose physical nature only awaited the awakening as necessity demanded of the powers, who judged and weighed only the general result and filled with the supreme egotism that was na-

ture's gift—perhaps a paraphrase on life—but as wonderful as it was rare.

It raises the point that one cannot by any means figure out this fighter by the rules of ordinary life. One cannot imagine this man displaying an emotion. Just a calm, dispassionate ambition to achieve triumph—the ultra only of success. The one whose paens of victory are only songs.

AN ABNORMAL MAN.

Battling Nelson is a wonder and an abnormal man to the loss of much that goes to make life endurable—a pure fighting machine which nature has lavishly bestowed with an unusual gift.

Assuming that the fact of his perfect nervous system being the secret of his great success as a fighter is correct, further reinforced by ring criticism of those who expert fighting, then Nelson has been sacrificed by nature by this gift.

Were he to be possessed of all the pleasures there is of falling in love, for instance—were he to have the impassioned thoughts of the poet—the worry of a business man, or the fancy of a painter, he would be as a Samson shorn of his locks, a commonplace man, an ordinary fighter may-be. Thus does science reach in and dissect the man.

WONDERFULLY DEVELOPED.

“A wonderfully developed athlete,” commented Dr. Crowley as he tapped, twisted and tested Nelson's muscles. “Not beyond the normal in anything, but singularly a well muscled man.

The measurements of Nelson as made during the examination are perhaps given for the first time. This statement is the fighter's own, as he explained they were not given out correctly at the time of match making for obvious reasons.

By the tape he is shown to be:

Height, 5 feet 7½ inches.

Weight (trained), 130 to 133 pounds.

Weight (normal), 140 to 145 pounds.

Waist, 27 inches.

Chest, 34 inches.

Expansion, 5½ inches.

Biceps, 10½ inches.

Biceps (contracted), 12 inches.

Length of arm, 26 inches.

Forearm, 10 inches.

Middle thigh, 19 inches.

Calf, 14 inches.

Ankle, 8 inches.

Wrist, 6¾ inches.

HIS STRENGTH.

“This man,” said Dr. Crowley, “has the same apparent strength of other men whom he may meet in the prize ring, yet he proves himself their superior. He has about the same expansion of chest, the same quickness of motion. He has about the same force in a blow, the same height and weight, yet he remains solid upon his feet, with a clear brain, when his opponent is demoralized, senses obscured, weak, failing, and finally succumbing. His secret of success is his wonderful and perfect nervous system. He has no irritability of the brain—of the nerves that supply his important organs. There is no waste of material. He has no mental disturbance, so important to one of the most essential organs which have so decided an influence in maintaining a superb physical power. His brain is in repose, answering only those calls which circumstances demand, and then only to the direct end of supply without the waste of an ounce of energy.”

NELSON AN EGOTIST.

Nelson is likewise an egotist. One born to the condi-

tion and one in whom it is part of the natural heritage of birth. To depart from science, it can be safely claimed that Nelson, whether it is due to nerve force or power, could not believe it possible for any person to excel him in an undertaking of any sort, and the so-called "confidence" credited him by sporting experts is nothing but this egotism birthright.

Those things which other fighters do Nelson does not do, guided by his birthright. He says he has never drank liquor of any kind, chewed or smoked tobacco. He does not believe in eating to excess. His logic is the same—"other fighters do that," he says, and that's why he does not do them. With it all is a natural shrewdness that is not to be overlooked. He saves his money because other fighters spend it.

Carrying the deductions to a greater latitude, much is opened as to what this great fighting machine has lost by his perfect nervous system and his natural egotism. He bears his championship laurels easily—they are his by his heritage as he views the situation. There is not much left to be considered. There is not much else needed to complete the picture.

PICTURESQUE CHAMPION.

He is easily the most picturesque of all the champions—more, in fact, like those olden-time fighters who braved the dangers of the ring from the impelling innate desire to rule. Like the king of a herd whose sway was with his power and whose power as the heritage of egotism.

Nelson truly rules in several classes by himself. He is a champion by might and by right of might.

H. A. HERRICK.

Battling Nelson Finally Knocks Out Gans and is the Undisputed Champion.

I had determined to keep in condition and continue my fighting career in the hope that I would finally get Gans in a ring and let the people know which of us was really the better fighter. After touring the West I finally started for Seattle, where I had intended fighting one Kid Scaler, but I stopped off at Portland in response to a long telegram.

I was called to the long distance telephone upon my arrival, and who do you suppose was on the other end of the wire? No other than Willus Britt, the clever little brother of Sir James Edward.

"I think I have everything arranged for a fight with Gans," said Willus in a clear voice, and my heart jumped into my throat. I felt that my life's ambition was about to be realized.

After three conversations over the phone and a few hundred words over the telegraph wires the match was within a few hours of being closed. Johnny Reed very kindly agreed to let me call off the Scaler match, and I beat it for Frisco. Upon my arrival I found that all arrangements had been made for me to fight Gans on July 4.

I went to Mendon Hall Springs for a week's training with my assistants, Jack Grace, Jeff Perry, Red Cornett, Percy Dana and Manager Willus Britt.

We spent a week at the springs hunting and climbing hills and doing road work, etc. We found the high altitude very beneficial. Next we went to Millett's training quarters at Colma, Cal., which had been my old lucky stamping grounds.



THE CHAMPION PUTTING ON THE BANDAGES.

We met at the lightweight limit, 133 ringside. The fight was to commence directly after weighing in. Jack Welsh, of San Francisco, was mutually agreed upon as referee of the contest by all parties concerned.

We entered the ring a few minutes after 3, and both were accorded hearty receptions. After a bit of preliminary photographing and posing for the moving picture machines, we bandaged our hand and were ready for the fray. Then old familiar Billy Jordan, the official announcer, said:

"Gentlemen, this will be a forty-five round contest, straight Marquis of Queensberry rules to govern. Let 'er go!"

SAM BERGER BETS \$20 TO WIN \$2.

As we entered the arena, as usual I was the under dog in the betting. Anyone who cared to bet a dollar on me could practically "write his own ticket." Just to give an idea of how the battle looked in the fourth round, such a wise fellow as the "one time" fighter Sam Berger, bet \$20 against \$2 with a personal friend of mine named Joseph Hamlet, of Ireland. I could never see where I had any the worst of the fighting at all, but some of our opinions differ.

After the seventh round I had such a big lead in the fight that every man in the house seemed of the one opinion—"Nelson is a sure winner and it is only a question of rounds before the black man will get his."

Before our first battle in Goldfield I was somewhat in doubt as to my ability of being able to defeat the black wonder—but after that fight I was more confident than ever.

I knew full well that the negro had quit in Goldfield during the first part of the forty-second round, claiming foul, when the referee awarded him the verdict.

In the sixteenth round Gans admitted that he was being beaten beyond all question, when he attempted to take unfair means. He tried to push me through the ropes and in fact did everything dirty he knew how rather than be knocked out by me.

In the seventeenth round I became somewhat angered but I was careful not to lose control of myself. I followed him around the ring pounding him unmercifully about the body.

Toward the end of the round we fell into a clinch. As we were pulling away I saw my chance. Drawing my arm to one side about six inches, I dealt him a terrible left half-scissors hook squarely on the top of his liver. The negro let forth a loud grunt. His face twisted up, his eyes rolled back, and crumpling up like a bundle of paper, he fell sprawling on the mat. He was out good and clean.

Gans claimed foul two or three times during this Colma fight, but his claims were not allowed by Referee Welsh.

I had achieved the ambition of my life. I had licked them all. I was now the real champion of the world, and nobody could question my title in any way whatever.

My decisive defeat of the negro champion at Colma that day should have been sufficient to convince the public that I was his master, but several sport writers intimated that Gans might have thrown the fight to me, or "laid down," as some expressed it.

THE BATTLER'S PRIDE ALONE GIVES GANS RETURN MATCH.

This worked on my pride, and feeling that I could beat him again, I finally agreed to a return go. Jimmy Coffroth offered us flattering inducements to fight again at his club in Colma, and after some argument over details I agreed to give the negro another chance.



BAT STARTING ON THEATRICAL TOUR.

The third and last fight with Gans was decided on Admission Day, Sept. 9.

Eddie Smith, of Oakland, officiated as referee. For the first time in my life I entered the ring an overwhelming favorite in the betting. The betting was just the opposite of the Fourth of July meeting. At that time, if you wanted to bet on me, you could practically write your own ticket. In the present fight, if you wanted to bet on the negro you could write your own ticket and there would be no questions asked.

Practically all the betting that was done was on the number of rounds the negro would last. In the July fight I made two bets with him—one of \$500 against \$1,000 that I would win the contest; the other \$500 even money that I last twenty rounds. When I was making the bet I considered it about the same thing as robbing a man's safe. Nevertheless, it was Gans who put the bet up to me and I naturally accepted it.

In the September fight I offered the negro the same bets that he offered me in the other match, only I was the favorite this time, but he refused to consider them.

Just before commencing the battle I walked over to Gans's corner and reminded him of the dirty, mean, contemptible, foul methods he used in the sixteenth round of our last battle, when he tried to push me through the ropes and possibly injure me for life by so doing.

THE BATTLER WARNS GANS.

I warned him that if he attempted any of those tricks or resorted to any unfair means during the battle he would get all that was coming to him.

If Gans had any hope of winning this battle before we entered the ring he lost it all right there. He seemed to turn "white" with fright.

At the end of the twentieth round it was noticed that Gans shook hands with his manager, Benny Selig, as much as to say, "Well, I won," meaning he lasted twenty rounds and won his twenty-round money.

Joe's time after that was very short-lived. In the twenty-first round he went out with a spirit of do-or-die, taking a chance of mixing for the first time during the entire fight, with hopes of either landing a lucky punch or being laid away, thus ending his sufferings.

He certainly bumped into several good hard punches by taking that chance, as I finally succeeded in hooking that now famous "left half-scissors hook" into his liver. As soon as I had landed that punch I could tell that his finish was near. I stepped back a bit to steady myself to land another similar punch when he keeled over on his head, helpless and unable to continue.

This made the third time that I had fought the same Gans and beat him each and every time with the same identical punch—the "left hand scissors hook," which was originated by me.

Following the grand manner in which I defeated the negro this time, I took to the road, doing theatrical work in the various cities, accompanied by Joe Galligan of Chicago, the newsboy champion, as my sparring partner.

While showing in Detroit the following fall the world's championship baseball series opened between the Chicago Cubs, of the National League, and the Detroit Tigers, of the American League. By reporting these games for a syndicate of papers I became a writer. After the championship series I again took up my theatrical tour for a few weeks. Then I returned to my home, Hegewisch, Illinois, to finish the final chapters of this book, entitled "Life, Battles and Career of Battling Nelson, Lightweight Champion of the World."



