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THE BLACK UHLAN

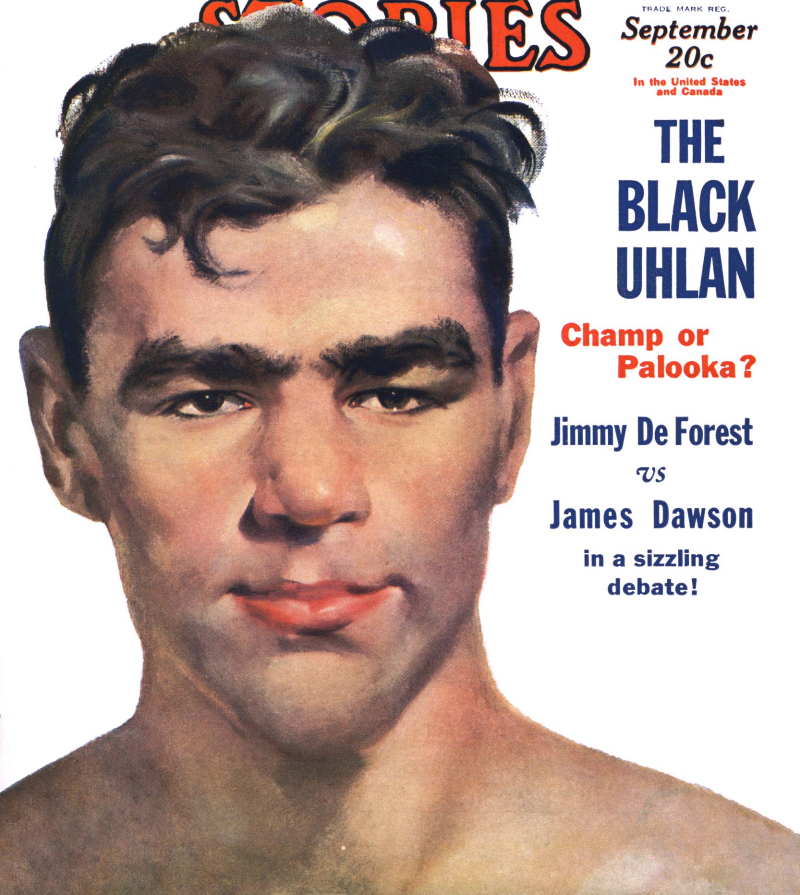
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Palooka?**

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VS

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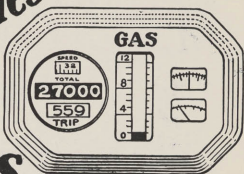
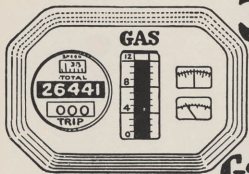


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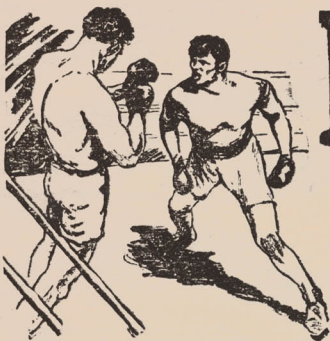
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SEPTEMBER, 1930

FEATURE FACT STORY

- THE BLACK UHLAN—Champ or Palooka? . . .** { Jimmy De Forest 3
(A Debate) { James P. Dawson

*What did those four hectic rounds between Schmeling and Sharkey prove?
Here are two viewpoints—both from experts.*

COMPLETE FIGHT NOVEL

- SONS OF SOCK** Paul L. Anderson 15

Up from the pork-and-beaners, battering his way to the big shots—that was Tommy Dugan, until Fate singled him out for the leading part in a drama of unbrotherly love.

FICTION

Waterfront Fists

- Robert E. Howard 36**

Trouble never troubled Costigan, for it meant action with a capital A.

Socker Dooley, Fighting Golfer

- Charles Francis Coe 63**

This time, his squared circle was a golf links.

Say It With Haymakers

- Joseph B. Fox 72**

Flash O'Dowd! There was a title threat for you!

No Bell to Save Him

- Will H. Greenfield 91**

He fought anywhere, any time . . . just to educate his mitts.

Fighters All . . . Arthur J. Burks 98

It's not the game, but the men who play it!

FACT STORIES

The Baby-Face Terror

- Jack Kofoed 47**

(Life-Story Serial—Part II)

A beautiful scrapper to watch—that McLarnin boy!

Tommy Ryan—Financier . . . 82

What he did in the arena of business.

Famous Fights I Have Seen

- Old Timer 83**

Johnson had begged for a chance to fight Burns, and now it had come!

Upsetting a Jinx 97

Singer's comeback against Fernandez.

Jack Slack's Backhand Punch 110

La Blanche wasn't the only one.

FIGHT STORIES DEPARTMENTS

Through the Ropes . Hype Igoe 105

Do you know your fouls?

Keeping Fit . Jimmy De Forest 111

What a good second can do for the embattled leather-pusher.

Cover design by E. K. Bergery

From the Ringside . . Bill Cook 119

Meet Jack Britton, ex-King of the Welters.

The Neutral Corner

Fight Stories Readers 121

Where the fans "speak out in meetin'."

Story heads by Allan Thomas

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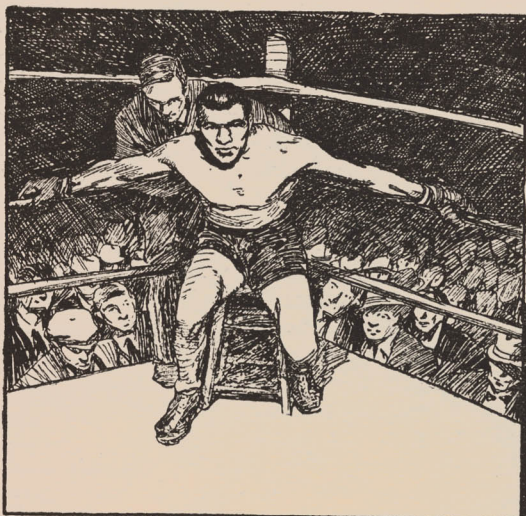
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THE BLACK UHLAN



Champ or Palooka?

By JIMMY DE FOREST



Dempsey's twin! So they described the invader, Max Schmeling, Black Uhlan of the Rhine, as they groomed him for his big shot against Sharkey. . . . He looked like anything else but Dempsey's twin to Jimmy De Forest, as that canny old trainer of champs studied him from the ring-side at the Yankee Stadium.

MAX SCHMELING is heavy-weight champion of the world. The title has been conferred upon him because he won on a foul from Jack Sharkey in the fourth round of their fight last June.

It may be an unkind thing to say, but it is an unquestionably true one: *The Black Uhlan of the Rhine is the poorest champion we have ever had. More than that, he is not even best among the poor crop of big men who are making fortunes in the prize-ring today.*

I think that certainly Jack Sharkey and possibly Primo Carnera should rate above him, so if my judgment of him is correct, Schmeling—despite his glory as successor to Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Dempsey—is only third best in his class, and a singularly unimpressive class it is, too.

Outside the ring, Max is a pleasant, unassuming, intelligent young man. I dislike saying anything that would hurt his feelings or cast a cloud on his prestige, but the only honest thing to do is to freely speak my mind no matter who may take offense.

I believe that Sharkey would have beaten him decisively if he had not unfortunately fouled the black-haired German, and it is my conviction that, when these men meet again, Jack will establish his superiority beyond any question of doubt.

Schmeling has had only half-a-dozen bouts in America. I have seen them all, and I have watched him day after day in training, studying not only his physical but his mental reactions. From this observation I know him as well as any outsider can, and it is on these

observations that I base my judgment.

We can throw out Max's first two victories—those over Joe Monte and Pietro Corri. Neither are even second-raters. They know nothing of boxing and are not hard hitters. Their only claim to any sort of a place in the ring is ability to take punishment and willingness to endure it. Corri had been knocked out frequently before fighting Schmeling, and Monte has suffered such depressing defeats a number of times since.

Joe Sekyra was Max's third opponent. Joe is fairly clever and has a fine pair of legs. He was in there to stay the limit, so he ran as fast as he could all the way. Schmeling chased him, and gave him a two-handed lacing from long range, but never could quite catch up with him, at least not well enough to knock him out.

Then they booked the Black Uhlan with Johnny Risko, and this made his reputation, because he knocked John out—a feat no one else had been able to accomplish.

Let's study this fight a little. In the first place Risko is not a fast man, he is not a clever one, and he cannot hit. His success has been achieved because he keeps crowding an opponent, flailing away all the time, never letting the other fellow get set if he can help it. Fast, clever fellows like Tommy Loughran were able to make Risko look pretty bad, but he won a lot of smashing victories over slower and more rugged fighters.

Risko isn't smart, but then Schmeling isn't either. This statement will probably surprise a lot of people who figure him to be pretty shrewd-headed in the ring. Outside the ring, Max is intelligent enough. I make no aspersion against his brains when I say he isn't smart, for I mean it entirely in a boxing sense. Put the most erudite college professor you ever saw in the ring and he would be a complete dumb-bell while he had the gloves on. Some people have an instinct for doing the right thing

when they are boxing. Schmeling hasn't.

For one thing, he becomes dazzled by the crowd and the lights and excitement. It takes time for him to get his bearings. He is too stirred by his imagination. Before the Sharkey fight, the physician who examined him found his blood pressure extremely high and his heart action far beyond normal. The Germans are supposed to be phlegmatic and cold-blooded, but this is not true of the Black Uhlan. I assume that he has been that way before all his bouts.

Risko took the fight to Schmeling just as he does to everyone else. He never had any finesse. All his battles are waged along the same lines. Max knew that. He had seen Johnny fight, but through the earlier rounds he didn't know exactly what was the best thing to do. This is not an indication that the German is a good student of the game.

Though the records show that Max scored a knockout in the ninth round, the whole story isn't told by that. Up until the final minute, Risko didn't have any the worst of it. In spite of the fact that he is easy to hit, Max didn't land on him nearly as much as he should have. He missed plenty. Frequently Risko made the Uhlan fight the way he wanted him to.

Then, zowie! The right hand landed on the button. It hit the exact spot where it would do the most damage. That punch nearly knocked Johnny's brains out. He was rocky, half blind, hadn't any defense left. Max had a dead target to shoot at. He just whanged away with both hands at the helpless baker until the referee stopped the fight.

Schmeling is supposed to have a great right. I'll admit that he has a good one, but he slammed Risko on the chin half a dozen times when John was in no shape to protect himself, and couldn't drop him. You'll have to take some of the credit away from his punch on that performance. Do you think that Johnny would have kept on his feet under similar conditions if Dempsey had hit him

like that?—or Bob Fitzsimmons?—or Jim Jeffries?

Not so you could notice it.

But my opinion isn't based on that alone. Schmeling bats hard enough with his right. He can hurt a man plenty with it, which is more than you can say of a lot of other heavyweights who talk big and do little. But, though he was acclaimed to the skies for his technical knockout of Risko, it seemed to me that Max's very evident faults more than overbalanced his good points at that time.

Suppose that wallop had missed. In that case, Johnny might have won or gained a draw. Even if he lost the decision, it wouldn't have mattered much, for he had dropped plenty of others. But Schmeling would have missed the biggest ballyhoo of his life. That's what they sold him on—his knockout of Risko. Without that golden mark in the record books he would have been just another heavyweight.

I don't mean to say it was a lucky punch. It wasn't. Max had been throwing right hands all night, and a number of others had landed. Knocking out an iron man like Risko isn't just a question of getting to his chin. The blow has to be perfectly timed and land in exactly the proper spot. It did just that—and made Max Schmeling's fortune for him.

The Uhlan showed that he had a powerful right, but his left was nothing to rave about, and the usual flaws of a comparatively inexperienced boy were evident in his work. Still he showed enough to make his friends enthusiastic. If he could do that well so early in his career, there were high hopes that he would add a lot to what he had already shown.

SCHMELING had imitated Jack Dempsey's style. He fought out of a sort of crouch, but wasn't able to bob and weave as the old Mauler did. The style seemed suited to him, but it wasn't developed. His handlers wanted to

turn him into a more upright fighter. Not immediately. Against Paulino, the crouch was still in evidence, but while training for Sharkey it was almost entirely abandoned.

There has been too much puttering and tinkering with Schmeling. He is essentially a fighter and not a boxer. He should be made to fight and not box. Sharkey has forgotten more about the mechanics of fisticuffs than Schmeling will ever know. But skill, of course, isn't essential in the winning of a heavyweight championship. Sullivan, Jeffries and Dempsey proved that. But, without boxing ability, you must have ruggedness, aggressiveness and a real punch. With the punch must go not only power but accuracy.

Max's next fight was with Paulino. He won the decision in fifteen rounds, giving the Basque a terrible beating in the last five, a beating that turned Paulino into a bloody and mangled object. But again the same objections found in the Risko fight held good here. For the first ten rounds it was a miserable exhibition, with the men standing head to head and pawing away without doing much damage. In short, it took two-thirds of the fight for Max to find how to penetrate the burly Spaniard's awkward guard. That doesn't seem to me an indication of exceeding smartness.

Still, the interest in foreign fighters, and particularly the fact that Schmeling was the first championship contender to come out of Germany, helped push him along rapidly. He has color and an interesting style, and his marked physical resemblance to Dempsey—aside from his style—added to the publicity that was given him.

Had he kept in harness after his fight with Paulino, the Uhlan might have improved considerably. But trouble with Arthur Bülöw, his former manager, impelled him to return home. He didn't want to fight because Bülöw held a contract that permitted him to collect one-third of Schmeling's earnings. So in-

stead of boxing regularly, Max took to the gymnasiums and vaudeville theatres of Germany.

That year of comparative idleness didn't do him any good. I have said frequently that a boxer must fight to keep in proper shape. All the sparring practice in the world can't take the place of a few keenly contested bouts for getting a man in real trim. Schmeling didn't have those fights, and he did himself a lot of harm by his abstinence.

Still, his knockout victory over Risko brought him continued praise. Most of the boxing writers thought that John was washed up physically, but his fine fights with Von Porat, Campolo and others proved that this was not true. So Schmeling's triumph began to assume greater and greater proportions.

Eventually, Max was recognized as the leading contender for the title Gene Tunney had left vacant. The New York State Athletic Commission rescinded the ban it had placed on him for refusing a scheduled match with Phil Scott and decided to recognize the winner of a Sharkey-Schmeling bout as heavyweight champion of the world.

It seems rather extraordinary, when you stop to think of it, that a man who had really accomplished so little should have been given that opportunity. There were two reasons of course—the lack of good big men and the fact that Schmeling was the best fighter in Europe.

I WATCHED the Black Uhlan very carefully in training. As a man who has conditioned fighters for forty years, I think I can see what the average observer misses.

Max was badly trained. He did little road work, no bag punching and much less boxing than he should have done. I imagine the automobile accident he suffered in Europe harmed his legs, and it was felt that too much road work would do him no good. People who know what must be done to get a fighter in shape understand that a training

period without lots of road work is so much wasted time.

Certainly Schmeling looked slower. There was nothing impressive about his foot work, and the man who hasn't spent time on the road will begin to show what ails him along toward the end of the bout. Fortunately for Max, he won on a foul in the fourth round, so his lack of the right sort of work didn't really show up in action.

Against Sharkey the German showed no improvement over his match with Risko. As a matter of fact, I don't think he was as good. Jack succeeded in drawing him in and countering. He made Schmeling miss a lot—and poor judgment of distance is inevitable in a fighter who has had a long layoff.

Sharkey was absolutely confident that he could whip Schmeling, and his confidence was justified by what happened in the ring. Not one of his opponents gave him less trouble. Jack knocked out Tommy Loughran in three rounds, but up to the time Sharkey put over that lightning finishing punch, Tom had been giving him all he could handle.

The German didn't. He was out-boxed and out-hit and out-thought from the first bell. The only point on which he surprised me was his ability to take a punch. He had been knocked out by Larry Gains and Gypsy Daniels earlier in his career, and in none of his American bouts had he been forced to meet a real hitter. So, when Sharkey blasted him on the jaw with right-handers that were labeled death and destruction, it was a little surprising to see Max throw them off and come right back for more.

Schmeling showed one bad hitting fault in training. He had a habit of knocking down his opponent's leads with his right hand, and then before he could shoot a punch himself he had to draw the arm back. This telegraphed the punch even to casual spectators at the ringside. There were other faults in the Uhlan's boxing, too, that proved that he not only wasn't a finished per-

former, but had some of the errors of a novice.

His handlers at that time pressed their efforts to change his style. He had developed it because, as a youngster, he was a great admirer of Dempsey. He had studied moving pictures of the old champion, and once boxed with Jack when the latter was on an European trip. Of course, he didn't have Dempsey's cat-like speed, though he is fairly fast; and he hadn't learned to shift, either. But the style was his. He was at home with it.

Not being in Schmeling's camp, it was none of my business to offer suggestions. I am pointing out these facts as a disinterested observer. As I have said, Max showed no improvement against Sharkey, and I don't believe he will improve in future bouts, either.

This may seem like a radical statement. I don't think it is.

Usually, when a boxer fails to better his performance, it is because he lacks intelligence; or because he is stubborn and won't accept advice. I don't think either of these things is true in the German's case. He has brains and is well educated, even though he isn't, in my opinion, a smart fighter. The drawback is the injury he suffered last winter. If he, as I think likely, fails to go ahead, the cause will be physical rather than mental.

Before the Sharkey-Schmeling fight, I picked the sailor to win. It seemed to me that he was a better boxer, a better hitter with both hands, and had a more natural ring intelligence despite his hot temperament and likelihood of going off at a tangent. Schmeling's performance in training was so mediocre and Sharkey's so brilliant that my belief was further strengthened.

Nothing that occurred in the fight itself tended to change my opinion. Sharkey was far in the lead when he accidentally hooked that low left into Max's body. In my opinion, had the fight continued, the American would not only have won by a wide margin, he

might have knocked Schmeling out. There is nothing to bolster the contention that Sharkey was tiring as Max grew stronger. Jack was boxing coolly and well. As a matter of fact, he never looked better than he did that night, though some of his brilliance may have been due to the Uhlan's mediocre performance. Of course, fifteen rounds is a long way to go and lots of things can happen, but certainly all the evidence so far produced is in Sharkey's favor.

WHEN they meet again, just about the same thing will happen—barring the foul. Schmeling will undoubtedly turn in the same sort of performance he did the first time, and he showed then that it wasn't good enough. It is enough, of course, for the Riskos and Paulinos and Von Porats, but not enough for a fellow like Sharkey.

A first-class fighter must have some sort of defense. It may be a defense built on first-rate boxing skill such as Corbett's. It may be a weaving, bobbing style such as Dempsey had, but defense of some sort *must* be there. Max showed little ability to block. He was pinned on a left jab and was wide open for a right cross to the jaw. The few times that Jack let loose his vicious hooks for the body, they landed, too.

Some months ago in *Fight Stories* I wrote an imaginary account of a fight between Schmeling and Dempsey. Had they been together in the ring last June, my story would have been turned into fact by what happened. Jack has lost much of his speed, but still has a terrible power in his fists. Old as he is, if he had been hitting Schmeling as Sharkey did, the Black Uhlan would have finished on the floor, completely knocked out. Max could not have kept away from Dempsey's blows, and those blows would have ruined him in spite of all his stamina and courage.

If a fighter lacks defensive ability, he must have a furious, ceaseless attack that takes the place of it. Stanley Ketchel had. He kept firing with both

hands all the time he was in there. Ketchel hit so hard and fast that the other fellow didn't have much chance to be aggressive himself.

As an example of a light hitter whose attack was his defense, it is only necessary to cite Harry Greb. The Pittsburgh Windmill cuffed and slapped and hit from every angle, and let loose a hundred blows a minute. No single one was dangerous in itself, but they came in such a shower that his rivals were continually off balance and swept away in the flood of blows.

Schmeling, in his attack, is neither a Ketchel nor a Greb. He cannot keep up such a sustained and furious volley. He hits pretty well with either hand, both his left hook and right cross having lots of power. But, for all that, Max isn't a really good hitter, for he lacks accuracy against a man who knows how to box. It didn't mean so much that he was able to land so easily on Johnny Risko and Paulino Uzcudun. They have always been targets, even for less accomplished men than Max Schmeling. It was lucky for him that he was born in a generation when there are so few good fighting men.

The Black Uhlan is a strong fellow, but not as strong as Sharkey, who

handled him rather easily in the clinches. Schmeling has not yet become a good man in the clinches. He doesn't know all that a champion should about this important phase of his business.

It may sound as though I am rather hard on Max. I don't mean to be, but we can't be too easy on a champion of the world. He should be an expert, indubitably the best of all who play his game. But Schmeling isn't. He is really still in the experimental stage, even though he is recognized as king of all the fighters in the world.

I can say nothing against his courage or his hitting power, his colorful personality or his ability to keep going in the face of punishment. These are assets that a champion must have, but in themselves they are not enough.

But he hasn't the boxing skill that would have made him any sort of a match for Tunney, nor a wallop that would have permitted him to meet Dempsey on even grounds. To go even a bit lower in the fistic scale, he hasn't enough all-around ability to cope with Sharkey. Mark my word: *When these two men meet again, the German will take the worst thumping of his life.*

He may be champion of the world—but in name only.

But, On the Other Hand—

"I'm Stringing With Schmeling"

So says James P. Dawson, boxing expert and nationally known sports writer, in reply to De Forest. And once more—after a series of smashing arguments, rich in analysis of these fighters—he picks Schmeling to defeat Sharkey when they meet again.

By JAMES P. DAWSON

"I AM glad to be the champion. I could not be otherwise than glad. I have what you call it, reached my goal. But I am not satisfied. Better I had knocked out Sharkey or beat him on a decision, than to win by a foul. There is something missing

in such a victory. To me it is disappointing, as it is to the people, because I know I can knock out Sharkey. I felt it before the fight, and I never was so sure of anything in my life as I was after that third round. However, I will have my chance. And, if Sharkey

thinks he can knock me out, he will have his chance. I want the American people, and the people of the world, to know that Max Schmeling is a real champion, worthy in every way of the title. Or, that Max Schmeling is not a worthy champion because he is knocked out or beaten by a better man."

Max Schmeling was talking.

The German lad had just returned to his quarters at the Hotel Concourse Plaza, in New York's Bronx Borough, to the east of the Yankee Stadium. In that Yankee Stadium, Schmeling had just won the world's heavyweight championship from Jack Sharkey, Boston's ex-gob who was and is America's premier heavyweight.

Prone on a bed, enveloped in a musty-colored bathrobe, Schmeling furnished a strangely novel picture from the accepted order of things in this, his first hour as boxing monarch of the world. Shattered were the conventional illusions; gone the mistaken belief that a new king's life in the realm of sport opens with a dash and a splurge and a wild riot of excitement and uncontrolled celebration.

With Schmeling were his manager, Joe Jacobs, fiery-faced and highly nervous; Max Machon, quiet-spoken, pensive German, trainer, pal, adviser and friend; Mushky Jackson, associate of Schmeling's during their training camp life at Endicott, N. Y.; Detectives Caswell Jacobs and Roger Meehan, the former a brother of Schmeling's manager. Benny Jacobs, another of the brothers, also was there, discussing the recent fight.

Into this atmosphere of subdued, respectful jubilation, I projected myself in the line of duty. Like many other critics, I was eager to get Schmeling's immediate reactions to the possession of a title as rich in tradition as it is in financial rewards. It happened that I was the first to intrude upon the new champion's solitude, for that is exactly what it was.

There was no popping of corks. No

blatant turmoil. No overwhelming crush of the hero-worshippers to the throne-room. Quite the opposite. Liquids there were, to be sure: White Rock and ginger ale for the guests; milk for the host, who, contrary to popular belief, is an abstainer. And there was a buffet of sandwiches and coffee. A quiet little family gathering, eh?

It was as Schmeling wanted it. He likes quiet and seclusion; it is the normal desire of a stolid, retiring, modest disposition. He was unmarked, physically, at the time. He admitted no pain from Sharkey's blows, and he showed no bruise. But the following day he had a growth about the size of a pigeon's egg between the eyes and directly above the nose, as a reminder of the battle which brought him the title. And there was a little discoloration about the left eye, at the bridge of the nose.

I mention this post-battle setting because it is a natural part of the story and a distinct, undeniable reflection of a side of Schmeling's nature which is his greatest ring characteristic. Though he showed no surface marks, he was in pain nevertheless. And for two very good reasons.

The low left hook with which Sharkey ended the battle and his chances of becoming the world's heavyweight champion, left its sting. And there was the mental anguish Schmeling felt as a result of the disputed and unsatisfactory termination of the bout.

"I am not satisfied. I do not want to be champion this way. Better I had knocked out Sharkey—" And, if the truth were known, Schmeling was wishing that, if he could not knock out Sharkey, he had been knocked out himself. At least then he would have had the satisfaction of a warrior who had gone down fighting gloriously. He would not have been the occupant of a throne on an all too shaky foundation.

I CAN appreciate Schmeling's feelings, for I know the lad; better, perhaps, than most others not directly

associated with him. And, knowing him, I subscribe to his protestations that he would have conquered Sharkey, even in the face of the near-disastrous third round, which was not, however, as disastrous in its threat to Schmeling's safe-being as it appeared to the onlookers.

In this I am merely owning to a conviction or a belief, and in arriving at my conviction, I use that third round barometer, just as others use it to prove that Sharkey must assuredly have knocked out Schmeling. The difference is that I interpret the third round differently.

Schmeling is the stolid, mechanical, plodding type. He comes of a race whose members were thrown uncompromisingly into the cannon's death-dealing maw; who went blindly, unflinchingly to their doom, because they were drilled painstakingly and methodically to do just that—for a cause.

Schmeling was fighting methodically for a cause in his ring war with Sharkey.

He was fighting, moreover, against a foe whose steel was none too sharp; whose fighting equipment, aside from competitive ability alone, was none too reliable because of an undependable morale.

Schmeling figured on fighting just the sort of battle he waged, and was coached to fight as he did, with but a single exception. He was not advised to keep his chin up as an inviting target. He planned to take what Sharkey had to offer in the early rounds to test Sharkey's emotional reaction. It had been suspected that if Sharkey failed early in a destructive assault, he would grow lethargic to the point of indifference. His morale would fall and his temperament would assert itself to his own destruction. In the vernacular of the ring, it was suspected by some, and boldly proclaimed by others, particularly those of the Schmeling camp, that Sharkey would lose heart if he could not knock Schmeling over with one death-dealing, fiery outburst.

This is no reflection on Sharkey's courage. His fearlessness in battle is established. Rather, it is an indefinable psychological condition, a temperamental reaction which unknowingly overcomes a fighter who sees his best efforts wasted. Few fighters are constructed to overcome the disheartening experience of pounding away without result.

In his appraisal of Sharkey's principal weakness, Schmeling had past performances on which to base his conclusions. He knew that Johnny Risko had beaten Sharkey at an important time in the career of the Boston heavyweight. He was aware that Tom Heeney, the immovable rock from "Down Under," had cast a painful shadow across the Sharkey path in another critical bout, which ended in a draw. He knew that it was Sharkey's weakness, and, for all I know, always will be his weakness, to fail when success means so much to him, notwithstanding that success in this latest instance meant the realization of all his dreams.

Perhaps this very responsibility can be calculated to contribute to the collapse of a Sharkey battle plan when you know the temperamental Sharkey. And there was the sting of that raucous jeering to which he was subjected as he entered the ring for battle, the Stars and Stripes cloaking his shoulders over the blue dressing gown he wears with its naval insignia, "U.S.N." in gold letters.

This reception for Sharkey, an American before a home crowd, about to launch a battle for a title which has been almost exclusively an American possession since the beginning of modern boxing, moved even Schmeling to sympathetic impulse. And his reaction was one of resentment toward the crowd.

"It was not nice, I think," said Schmeling. "I wanted to cross the ring and pat him on the back, or shake his hand, or do something to make him feel comfortable, because I know how I would feel if I were treated that way. Yet, it was good for me because it

must have the effect of discouraging Sharkey."

It might be argued that Sharkey's reaction to this reception would be one of cool indifference and mocking disdain. This, perhaps, would have been true a year ago, at a time when Sharkey was held in only moderate esteem when he was not actually ridiculed and ignored. But the Sharkey who stepped quickly up the steps to the battle platform in the Yankee Stadium on last June 12th, had only a short time before been accorded a thunderous ovation in Madison Square Garden when he slipped through the ropes to be presented to the crowd.

Such a reception as he received in the Garden was regarded by many as more harmful than beneficial to the hertofore indifferent Sharkey, because it only added to his feeling of responsibility—this sudden awakening to the realization that he was a popular hero almost overnight, and not the despised boxer he had thought himself.

You have, therefore, the picture of a man weighted down with conflicting emotions, burdened with the importance of the role that was his in the drama spreading before him, facing a youth who was indifferent to these conditions almost to the point of imperviousness.

Schmeling had no worries, other than those presented by the ever-present prospect of annoyances from a discarded manager, and the realization that he was appearing before a staggering mass of strangers in a strange land. To the last-named condition Schmeling naturally experienced a slight nervousness. But this disappeared when introductions were over and the men were called to the center of the ring.

Then Schmeling was the methodically trained fighter, waging a battle for a cause. And his cause was the destruction of Sharkey and the acquisition of the world's heavyweight championship.

PHYSICALLY there was little difference between the men. Schmeling entered the ring something of an un-

known quantity who was yet known to a certain degree. He had had five battles in American rings, after coming, unheralded and unsung, to this country in the spring of 1928. In succession he knocked out Joe Monte, at a time when no other heavyweights were knocking out Monte; gained a decision over Joe Sekyra in a bout in which the Dayton, Ohio, lad spent the night retreating, not strategically, but desperately and disorderly; knocked out Pietro Corri in a round, and Johnny Risko in nine, and battered his way to a decision over the rugged, stout-hearted Paulino, in fifteen rounds of systematic, plodding fighting.

Schmeling's gamble was an invitation to Sharkey to do his best in the first five rounds. It was as if Schmeling said to himself, "I will let him hit me with everything early in the fight, and if I go down and out, so be it. But, I know I will not go down, nor will I go out, for I am capable of taking his best without wilting. Then, after this disappointment he must feel in the failure of his early work, I will go after Sharkey, and he will be mine."

Sharkey's past record supported Schmeling's confidence in this respect. The German lad had been expertly advised by Manager Jacobs of Sharkey's suspected weaknesses, of which the chief was his uncontrollable temperament.

It has been held that Sharkey's battle against Jack Dempsey back in 1927 offers the best illustration of this condition. It will be recalled that Sharkey, with a fiery outburst of fighting in the opening round, had what then remained of the once invincible Dempsey reeling and staggering around the ring under a volley of powerful right- and left-hand drives to the jaw. It looked as if Dempsey must be knocked out in the first round, and the great crowd looked on in amazement tinged with sorrow for the threatened fall of a ring idol.

But Dempsey survived that dangerous situation, and Sharkey's failure had an unfavorable reaction upon him. The

consequence was that Dempsey plodded blindly on, fighting against the demoralized Sharkey until the seventh round, when his blows aimed for the body, which I have always maintained were foul, caused the ex-gob's collapse; this was aided, as he crumpled, by a left hook to the jaw.

The late Leo P. Flynn, for whose judgment I have always had the highest respect, said that "heart" won that battle for Dempsey, disagreeing violently with me when I protested that Sharkey had been fouled four times with right-hand drives aimed at the body. And when he referred to "heart," Flynn did not mean that Sharkey was a coward, but that Dempsey was too indifferent to punishing blows from the ex-gob, who, upon realizing this, became discouraged.

Dempsey was a rushing, tearing, fearless type of fighter, whose object was to accomplish the downfall of a foe in a minimum time and with a maximum of satisfaction. He represented a type against which Sharkey always has had trouble. The cases of Johnny Risko and Tom Heeney are advanced in support of this contention. Heeney built a career which brought him the title bout against Gene Tunney, on his fighting heart almost exclusively. He held Sharkey to a draw simply because he rushed at him with a consistency that was discouraging to the ex-sailorman, and caused Sharkey to forget what he knew about boxing and straight, accurate, forceful hitting, in his alarm.

Johnny Risko was another case in point. The Cleveland ex-baker-boy has the true fighter's heart. He overcame Sharkey more by the storm of his furious, ever-pressing style than by the force of his blows, for Risko is a notoriously weak hitter—a puncher who punishes without crushing. Risko won a decision over Sharkey and robbed the Boston heavyweight of a promised match against Gene Tunney for the title, and only because Sharkey could not bring himself to the belief that a steady, coolly calculated battle would avail

against a fighter of this type. Indeed, Risko was so busy on the attack in that battle that Sharkey, being constituted temperamentally as he is, had no time for thought of an effective counter-offensive. He just wanted to protect himself as best he could against the flailing arms of an annoying foe.

It has been argued that Sharkey was misinformed in his corner as to the progress of this battle—that he was told he was leading on points and that victory was assured, when, as a matter of fact, the reverse was the case. But I place no stock in this explanation, for the simple reason that any man engaged in a battle knows when he is and when he is not getting the best of a foe. Knows it better, indeed, than do many of the onlookers, because he is in there taking them and giving them and feeling an opponent's reaction to blows as he experiences his own.

SCHMELING had satisfied himself in advance of the battle that stolid resistance to a Sharkey fire, even without a determined counter, would ruin the morale of the American bidder for the title. He had been told, and it had been impressed upon him, that Orlando Reverberi had floored Sharkey and that Quintin Romero-Rojas had knocked out the ex-gob. These facts were particularly stressed for the benefit of the invading German, and the consequence was that Schmeling's supreme confidence in his own ability was increased proportionately.

I hold that Sharkey's and Schmeling's bouts with Risko offer the most accurate indication of their relative fighting qualities. The Risko who scampered off with a decision over Sharkey in 1928 was knocked out on February 1, 1929, in nine rounds by Schmeling. The comparison on actual results is not the guiding influence in basing deductions, necessarily. But the meter of each battle offers a concrete basis in favor of Schmeling. Whereas Risko simply overwhelmed Sharkey, the Cleveland

heavyweight went down to his first and only knockout at the hands of Schmeling, at a time when Risko was leading on points.

For some unexplained reason, the fact that Risko was leading on points at the time he was knocked out is advanced by many as proof that Schmeling accomplished Risko's downfall with a lucky punch or a succession of fluke punches. It is recalled that Schmeling had Risko "on the deck," in the first round of their struggle; that the German lad floored his American rival with an early punch, only to have Risko arise and thereafter proceed to subject Schmeling to a characteristic Risko lambasting which did not end until Schmeling knocked out the Clevelander in the ninth round.

In this interpretation, Schmeling is the victim of a grave injustice. His fighting determination and methodical style are not accorded the consideration they deserve. When he came from behind to score a knockout, Schmeling accomplished the unusual, and demonstrated his ability to assimilate punishment without becoming discouraged. He felt that he could topple Risko when next he hit him squarely on a vulnerable spot, and was content to plod along until the opportunity to hit that vulnerable spot presented itself. It made no difference to Schmeling that he exposed himself to seven solid rounds of punishment. It was his plan and his style, and he did exactly what he calculated he could and would do. And he had his reward in a victory which projected him forthwith into the front ranks of the title-seekers.

A contrast is glaringly presented. Sharkey, with every incentive to urge him on in his fight against Risko, could not overcome his greatest weakness—temperamental emotion. Schmeling, on the other hand, with victory within his grasp in the first round, refused to become excited and press his advantage. Rather, he bided his time, protected himself against a possible injury to his hands in punching at a carefully cov-

ered and protected antagonist, and claimed his reward when it was long overdue.

The Paulino battle offers another contrast. Schmeling accepted a match with the Spaniard at a time when Paulino was being advanced as one of the most dangerous of the title contenders. He then proceeded to batter and pound and belabor Paulino through fifteen rounds in a style and at a pace to which Paulino was popularly supposed to be best accustomed. Sharkey never would fight Paulino.

The Paulino battle established Schmeling as the purely methodical fighter he is. The Risko fight demonstrated Schmeling's ability to come from behind and win. And the combination justified an advance prediction that Schmeling would conquer Sharkey.

AGAINST Sharkey, Schmeling fought a battle that was similar to the one he waged against Risko. He was cautious at the start, content to feel Sharkey out and at the same time discourage the American through an ability to take his best blows.

And Schmeling proved conclusively in that third round that he could take Sharkey's best without wilting. He was hammered mercilessly about the ring, or so it seemed. In one outburst, still fresh in memory, Sharkey cracked a terrific right to the jaw, and then, as Schmeling went backward toward the ropes, leaped after him, pumping one, two, three more powerful right-hand drives to the jaw, face and head. Schmeling said after the battle that he was in no danger. But his appearance under the fire justified a contrary illusion. For Schmeling was rocked and stung and hurt. But he lived through this storm, and through Sharkey's successive punching outbursts until near the end of the round, when he resumed his aggressive tactics and hooked a left to Sharkey's body and crossed a grazing right to the jaw.

The finish came in the fourth, and

prevented a demonstration of the theory Schmeling was trying to put in practice. Perhaps I should say the finish delayed a demonstration of Schmeling's theory that an undying spirit, unflinching determination and a fighting heart that admits of no reverse, will ride to victory—because I am convinced that in another match Schmeling will knock out Sharkey, or beat him so badly there will be no room for doubt as to the German's superiority.

Schmeling's own account of that third round is pertinent. After the battle, the German lad said, in effect:

"I knew I could beat Sharkey after the third round. He gave me everything he had, and I was not hurt. He hit me one clean punch on the chin, here"—indicating a point on the left side of his jawbone—"and I felt it, I tell you. But I was not hurt. My legs and my head were what you call O. K. And before the round was over, I was fighting him back, rushing at him, and hitting him to the body and to the jaw with my own punches. When I went to my corner after the round, Joe Jacobs put the smelling salts under my nose, but I pushed them away and said, 'That is not necessary, Joe; I am all right.'

"When I came up for the fourth round, I felt that Sharkey was not the same man. He was different than the man I had been fighting through the first, second and the third rounds. I cannot say what, but there was something missing, the way he was hitting

me. His punches were not so strong, and he did not seem the same. Maybe he had lost heart when I did not go down in the third round. That was the way he impressed me. And I knew that I had him where I wanted him, and that I would get him later on."

I am impressed by Schmeling's account of his experiences in the third round, which we all thought so threatening for the German lad. He bespeaks quietly a supreme confidence in his ability to assimilate punishment, as well as in his punching power—and it cannot be denied that he hits as hard as Sharkey, if not harder. He is more determined than ever, whereas Sharkey has cause for further discouragement.

That he experienced no lessening of confidence, is reflected in Schmeling's prompt decision to give Sharkey another chance, and without delay. In this, Schmeling admittedly is in a class by himself, for the custom is to capitalize on the title without regard to public opinion. Schmeling could have done this without ridicule, for he won the title on a decision which called a foul that could not be overlooked. But Schmeling chose the sportsman's path, and is deserving of commendation.

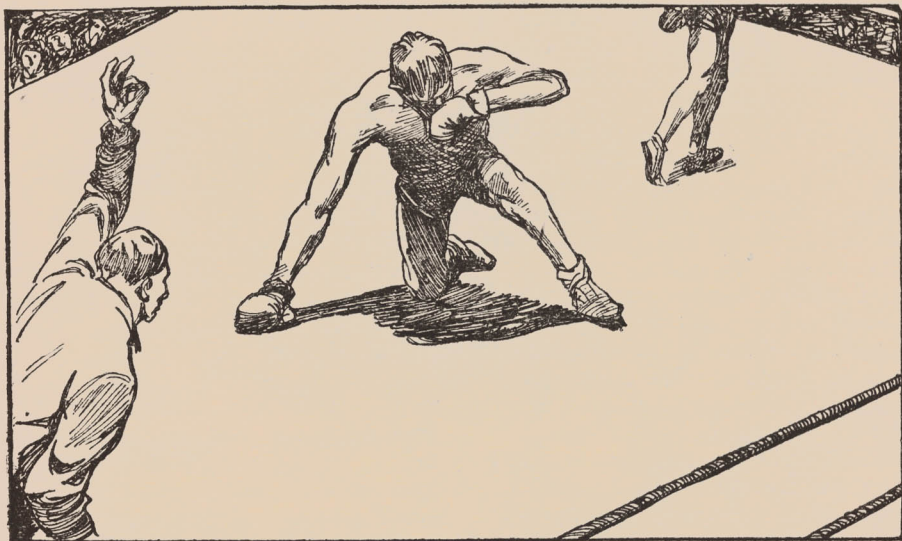
He may be wrong. I may be wrong. None of us is infallible.

But another battle should be interesting for the opportunity it offers to demonstrate a disputed theory.

And I'm stringing along with Schmeling—heavyweight champion of the world and worthy of the title!

Two new life-story serials, packed from the first chapter to the last with the red-blooded battle-action of the roped arena, begin in the next issue of FIGHT STORIES. Joe Choynski tells his own tale of a day when they slugged it out to a finish, while Jack Kofoed relates the amazing adventures of Georges Carpentier, the Gorgeous Orchid of France.

SONS OF SOCK



By PAUL L. ANDERSON

Up from the pork-and-beaners, glorying in the smack of wet leather, battering his way to the big shots—that was Tommy Dugan, until the heavy hand of Fate singled him out for the leading part in a drama of unbrotherly love.

Complete Fight Novelet

THE scrappy one o' them Dugan brats!" That always meant Tommy.

Tommy Dugan was born and grew up in the Third Ward of Harlow, a city of a hundred thousand population not far from New York, and since every youthful argument in the Third Ward is settled either by a fight or by a foot-race, and since Tommy was built like an iron safe—the same dimension whatever way you looked at him—it was at an early age that he became known as "th' scrappy one."

These were the terms in which irate mothers of the local population referred to him while bewailing black eyes, bloody noses, and other personal damage to their offspring, but among his fellows he enjoyed more honor, for the youth of the Third Ward do not care

much for boxing, but they do love fighting.

Of a thousand men who attend prize-fights, ninety per cent say they go to see good sparring—and about one-tenth of one per cent tell the truth. They go to see a courageous exchange of blows, to hear the smack of wet leather landing on the human countenance, to see blood flow, to see a man's knees sag when a hard punch goes home, to see someone drop and be counted out. And Tommy Dugan's young companions were like their fathers.

Tommy was no boxer; the finer points of jab and duck and feint and block remained a sealed mystery to him. But he came in time to be the idol of the crowd, for his notion of fighting was to set himself firmly on his feet, bend forward, and work both arms like

the dancing piston-rods of a steam-engine until someone—usually his opponent—went down.

Any clever boxer could walk around him like a cooper going 'round a barrel, hit him with everything but the referee's watch and the kitchen sink, and take the decision; but let that boxer come within range of Tommy's fists, indulge in a split-second of inattention, or forget to duck one, and he would wake some minutes later to ask in a blurred manner why the roof fell in.

Tommy had small respect for these cream-puff fighters; an opponent who would stand toe to toe with him and trade wallops was his delight, but he owned little respect or liking for the hit-and-run boys.

So Tommy Dugan fought his way up through the ranks of the pork-and-beaners to the top of the top flight, and this is the story of how he climbed the first rung of that long ladder.

WHEN Tommy was fifteen and his brother Michael was a year older, their father became involved in an argument with some friends, and was patted on the head with a piece of Irish confetti. He had a magnificent funeral, but he left little provision for his family, and Tommy and Mike had to go to work.

Tommy was the fighting unit of the pair, but it was Mike who had the head-piece. Slim, graceful, good-looking, he resembled Tommy about as much as a panther resembles a bear; further, he had latent within him the mean, treacherous streak of the big cat, though this did not become apparent until later in life; during early boyhood Mike was noted chiefly for his cleverness.

Mike, however, was no coward, and did not take to his heels when battle threatened, but on the other hand he did not rush to combat with the joyful enthusiasm of the younger brother. It was Mike who pointed out that there was money to be made in selling papers; it was Tommy who fought off the boys

who resented an invasion of their pre-empted territory. It was Mike who counted and kept the money; it was Tommy's job to shove and elbow his way through the crowd at the newspaper office to get first chance at the distribution.

Also, it was Mike who observed and acted upon the fact that the most profitable form of the business is selling sporting editions at the fights. Why should this be so? The answer was that the free-handed sporting man often hands out a dime or a quarter, sometimes even half a dollar, with the delightful words: "Keep the change."

So Tommy and Mike spent many of their evenings circulating among the fight spectators at the Armory, where the Harlow Sporting Club holds forth to a semi-soup-and-fish clientèle; at the Gloria Theater, a cheap joint run by Jack Spurge and frequented by the tough babies; and at the Donovan Boxing Club, which for quality of fights and customers is midway between the other two.

They did not pay their way in; that would have been a foolish waste of good money. They simply eased themselves in with the crowd, the ticket-taker passing them on with a good-humored nod. But once inside, there was no law against combining business with pleasure, and they naturally hung around to watch the fights.

It was one night at the Armory, while gazing at the preliminary bouts, that Mike first became inspired with the thought that there was money to be made from his brother's fistic ability. Marty Callahan, also from the Third Ward, and well known to the Dugan brothers, went on with another pork-and-beaner and gave him a beautiful lacing, winning on a technical K. O. in the third round of a scheduled four-rounder.

Marty was a rough-and-tumble fighter, and had several times been beaten by Tommy Dugan in impromptu battles. It now occurred to Mike,

watching, that if Marty could get money for it there was no reason why Tommy shouldn't, and he promptly visioned for himself a glowing and affluent future as manager of a local ring favorite. For the moment, his aspirations went no higher, but he turned to his brother, remarking:

"Cripes, Tommy, you can take that Callahan guy. If he drags down the coin for this kind of a show, why wouldn't you?"

Tommy wagged his head; the idea percolated slowly. Finally he answered:

"I wonder how much he gets?"

"More'n he could selling papers, I bet. I'm going to find out. This might maybe be good. Would you fight him in the ring?"

Tommy let this ramble around in his cogitations. Then, simply:

"Sure. Why not?"

THE boys were standing back of the rear row of seats, and near them a stout individual in a pepper-and-salt suit and an iron kelly was leaning against the wall. Overhearing the conversation, he rolled a gigantic cigar to the far corner of his mouth and spoke around it.

"You say that kid's licked Callahan?"

"Sure!" answered Mike, promptly. "Ain't you, Tommy?"

Tommy debated the question with himself, at length responding:

"Sure."

"What's he weigh?"

"About one twenty-eight."

The exact tonnage of a preliminary fighter is never a world-stirring matter, and the inquirer nodded, satisfied.

"How long since he trimmed Callahan?"

"'Bout two months."

"A lot can happen in two months," dryly commented the stout person. "He want to go on with him?"

"Sure! Don't you, Tommy?"

Tommy gave this careful consideration.

"Sure," he finally assented.

"Come around and see me in the morning," said the stout man. "Ask for Mr. Rosenthal. I'm matchmaker for the club. I'll be in my office upstairs."

"We'll be there," Mike promised. Then; "How much do we get?"

Rosenthal turned a sardonic eye on the questioner.

"Always the business man," he said. "There ain't no more like Ad Wollgast. All he ever asked was: 'When do I fight?' Never did he say 'Who?' 'How much?' All he wanted to know was 'When?'"

"Yeah," Mike defended himself. "And look at him now—cutting out paper dolls with round-nosed scissors. It's a business proposition, ain't it? You ain't doing it for fun, your ownself, are you?"

"That's what's killing the game," Rosenthal evaded. "Always, 'How much?' Never, 'Can I give the crowd a good show?'" Mr. Rosenthal was no philanthropist; any time he could talk a fighter into taking a small cut, so much the better for the Harlow Sporting Club.

"How much?" persisted the hard-boiled Mike, and the other grunted:

"Fifteen if he wins; nothing if he loses."

"It ain't so much," demurred Mike, to which Rosenthal answered:

"Take it or leave it. Who d'you think he is—Jack Dempsey? It's better'n a kick in the pants."

"Yeah," Mike agreed, "it's better'n a kick in the pants." He could afford to be philosophical; he was not the one who would be in there absorbing Marty's punches. "All right; we'll be on hand in the morning."

CHAPTER II

Fighting His Way

HOPE springs eternal in the human breast and Marty Callahan was chock-full of hope. The mere fact that

he had already taken three informal beatings from Tommy Dugan didn't discourage him from again taking on the "Dugan brat."

The following Friday night, therefore, saw Tommy contemplating Marty across a square of once-white canvas some three feet above the floor of the Armory. He had often seen the roped ring and the crowd, but never from that point of vantage, and he gazed about with interest—things look different when you are in the ring. He felt an odd thrill, akin to stage-fright, as he realized that all those people were there to see him fight, but he was recalled to himself by the referee's summons. Stepping forward, he and Mike met Marty and his second, received their instructions, and the four retired. The fighters' overcoats were removed (neither of them had risen to the dignity of a bathrobe) and the gong sounded.

Tommy bent his head for an instant, then shuffling out in a queer bear-like fashion, he encountered Marty in the center of the ring. They touched gloves, eyed each other for a moment, then with one impulse ducked their heads, stepped in close, and set to work on each other's midriffs.

Within thirty seconds the whole audience was on its several and collective feet, howling. This was no foot-race—this was a fight!

Neither Tommy nor Marty had the slightest notion of boxing; they simply fought as fast and as hard as their fists would fly, each taking all the other had to give, and each firmly resolved that the other would back up first.

For three solid minutes this went on, and by the end of the first round the fifteen hundred men and two or three hundred women of the audience were fairly mad with delight. They yelled, screamed, howled, cheered, bellowed, stamped—in fact, gave vent to their joy with every kind of noise they could find in their systems, and when the gong sounded, and the referee had to pry the

fighters apart, the spectators were almost as tired as, and far hoarser than the battlers themselves.

The second round was a repetition of the first, except that some twenty seconds before the gong Marty stepped back; even his rugged anatomy was not proof against so ferocious a battering. And that backward step was the beginning of the end; by the close of the third round Mr. Callahan was through for the evening. The spirit was still willing, but the flesh had taken a-plenty.

As the movies gracefully put it, this was the dawn of a new day for our hero. More prosaically, Mike sold out the newspaper business, and he and Tommy devoted themselves entirely to the fight game.

Isidor Rosenthal, having a fine appreciation of what pleases the public, congratulated himself on a valuable discovery, and exploited Tommy to the full. In an extraordinary burst of generosity, he handed Tommy twenty-five dollars for the evening's work, and offered him another engagement for the following week.

The offer was accepted, carried to a triumphant conclusion, and Mike, the business man, thereupon decided that managing a fighter was the life-work for which Nature had designed him.

READING everything he could find on the subject of training, Mike set about developing the gift the gods had dropped in his lap, and he worked his brother for further orders.

"You gotta train," he assured Tommy, vehemently. "This business o' fighting on a clean shave and a run around the block ain't going to get us nowheres. Pretty soon Rosenthal's going to put us on in a semi-final, and then in a ten-rounder, and you gotta be in shape to go the distance. And besides, if you're in shape, the other guy's punches ain't going to hurt so much." Mike's use of pronouns showed that he possessed the managerial instinct; when a fighter is successful, or there is money

to be shared, it's "us"; when he fails, or there is work to be done, it's "you."

"I don't like training," objected Tommy. "There's fun in fighting, but there ain't no fun in training. Road work, pulling the weights, skipping rope, shadow-boxing—it's dumb."

"So are you dumb," asseverated Mike. "You like the coin, doncha?" And Tommy was obliged to admit that he did.

Having a frugal mind, Mike saw no sense in paying good money to work out in a regular gymnasium when there was a whole barn going to waste back of the house.

He fixed the place up for a gym, and then found himself confronted by the question of sparring partners. He objected to spending money on what he scornfully termed "a bunch of pa-lookas," but recognized the need of such assistants, so one night at the Armory, when no one was watching, he dropped a set of gloves out of the dressing-room window, later recovering them in a wholly inconspicuous fashion. It is to be feared that Mike's ethics were a trifle scrambled.

He then declared himself a sparring partner, and worked out with his brother for several rounds each day. No match for Tommy in rough-and-tumble fighting, in self-protection he developed no slight amount of boxing skill, and in a year's time could have performed with credit against any of the Armory favorites. But when this was pointed out to him he laughed contemptuously.

"For why should I go in there and get myself banged up?" he demanded. "There's more money in managing. Tommy, there, he's dumb, and ain't no good for nothing else, but I got brains. For why should I want to get myself pounded goofy?" He had observed the mental fog that, sooner or later, envelops the hit-and-take-it boys. "Tommy, he does the fighting," he concluded. "But I'm the brains of the combine."

Tommy, listening, grinned amiably; he was far from the imbecile his brother asserted him to be, but he recognized Mike's superior mentality.

There is no question that Mike was keen. Observing closely, picking up ring gossip wherever it was to be found, and sharpening his wits in constant competition, he avoided dangerous opponents, secured for Tommy as near a collection of set-ups as a prelim boy ever gets, and gradually raised his demands until Tommy was fighting every fortnight in the semi-finals and several times in the main bouts, and he battled, verbally, with Rosenthal until that hard-boiled, but sagacious, individual was paying the Dugan brothers \$250 a fight. Which, in the Third Ward, is Important Money—with capitals, please.

Of course, Mike took half of every purse, and equally of course, Tommy turned his half over to his mother, so it is hard to see just where the profit for the younger brother came in. However, he never stopped to analyze that question; he was earning money and his mother was taking care of the house, so why shouldn't he hand it over to her? Did Mike turn his half into the family budget? Laughter from the gallery! The elder brother plucked the tail-feathers from every eagle and banked what was left.

ABOUT the time that Tommy achieved the distinction of the main bout, he began to notice at the ringside a pleasant-faced little black-haired Irish girl. She occupied the same seat at every fight, accompanied by a young man about her own age, who looked like her brother, and she watched closely, seeming to follow Tommy's fortunes with interest and applauding in a manner half enthusiastic, half bashful.

When this had gone on for some three or four battles, Tommy ventured to look directly at her between two rounds, and finding her looking at him, he dared a grin. To his utter confusion,

she smiled and nodded in return, whereat he turned away, overwhelmed.

"Who you grinning at, ape?" demanded Mike, following the direction of Tommy's eyes. "That skirt in the blue dress? Can it, dumb-bell, can it! Pay attention to what you're doing, 'r this Goldman's going to knock you for a row of loops."

But Tommy was so inspired by that smile, by the fact that a good-looking girl had noticed him, that he knocked Mr. Goldman, if not for a row of loops, at least for the count of ten. The influence of a good woman can lift even a pork-and-beaner above himself.

Later, on the way home, Tommy casually remarked:

"I wonder who she is?" He was not conscious of speaking aloud, but Mike picked up the words.

"Still thinking about that fluff?" he inquired, with a slight sneer. "Can it, Kid, can it! You wanta keep off 'n the dames; they're worse for a fighter than booze 'r hop. Forget 'em! They'll grab your coin, run you ragged, and spill you in the ash-can. There's been more'n one good fighter tucked away in the cuckoo cage on account o' the janes. You leave 'em be!"

Not giving much credence to Mike's words, Tommy said nothing, but a few days later, while buying some handkerchiefs in the Five-and-Ten, he found himself standing near the girl of the ringside. He tried to nerve himself to speak, but couldn't, and was turning away when she happened to turn toward him, and their eyes met. She looked for an instant, then smiled a bit doubtfully, and by a tremendous effort of will Tommy succeeded in removing his cap.

He didn't realize it, but he looked so wistful—like a good dog that's trying hard to understand—that she took pity on him; it may be that she was encouraged by the fact that he was more frightened than she. At all events, she smiled again, extended her hand, blushed charmingly and said:

"It's Mr. Dugan, isn't it?"

"Yes'm," babbled Tommy. "That's me—I mean I'm him—I mean—well, yes'm."

"I thought so. I've seen you fight a number of times—my brother takes me—I feel almost as if we'd been introduced.

"I—I suppose it's not very womanly to go to the fights, but—"

"No'm," agreed Tommy. "I mean, yes'm—I mean—well, gee, why shouldn't you? There's lots o' swell dames goes. Gee, why not?"

She flashed him an upward glance, then:

"I do love it, though. And I'm so glad to have met you."

"Yes'm. I—I'm pleased to meet your acquaintance."

She smiled again, paid for her purchases, and turned to go. Tommy astounded himself by his daring; he actually fell in beside her and walked with her from the store! The girl who had been waiting on him looked after him, shrugged her shoulders, and laid his bundle on the shelf behind her.

"He'll prob'ly be back for it by and by," she commented.

Tommy escorted his lady of the ringside to her home, where, saying goodbye, she invited him to come around and see her some time, if he cared to.

"Tonight?" inquired Mr. Dugan, who was nothing if not direct.

She seemed mildly amused at this prompt acceptance.

"I'm sorry, but I have a date for to-night. How about Wednesday?"

"Wednesday it is," Tommy agreed, and dragged at his cap, he departed, a trifle intoxicated with emotion.

It may be thought that the lady of the ringside was somewhat bold, forward, unladylike but it was far from being her custom to pick up casual men. The fault, if fault there was, lay in Tommy's exceeding innocence; he was so obviously a nice, bashful boy that there was no possibility of mistaking him for anything else.

CHAPTER III

The Second Stage

THUS began the second stage in the epic of Tommy Dugan, fighter. For the first time in his life, clothes assumed a more glorified aspect than mere covering for the body; they became a medium of decoration. And, as the boys say, how!

Tommy revolved affairs in his mind that evening, and next day, when released from bondage to Mike, he went to his mother and asked for fifty dollars. Mrs. Dugan immediately threw four conniption fits, but in the end relented.

"Sure, ye're a good b'y, Tommy," she said. "And never no bother to me at all. Here's yer fifty—" She hesitated a moment. "Tommy, b'y, it's not for drink, is it?"

He assured her that it was for a suit of clothes, and she gave him the money, along with an affectionate love-tap which would have staggered the ordinary man, but only made her son laugh.

Tommy then betook himself to a clothing store where he collected an outfit that would have made Solomon in all his glory look like the last rose of summer, left blooming alone.

Tommy had his gorgeousness packed, took it home, and two nights later arrayed himself like no lily of the field that ever was, and with all the modest inconspicuousness of a lighthouse, presented himself at the lady's home.

Rose Garland received him with a becoming mixture of shyness and pleasure, introducing him to her father, who kept a small but flourishing grocery store on a side street, and to her mother, the comfortable and pleasant wife of a small grocer. Also to her brother Jack, who drove a truck, and, being an ardent patron of sport, was staggered by the honor done the family.

Not to drag things out, Tommy instituted a campaign directed at Rose's

affections. He was not conscious of doing anything of the sort, being attracted to the girl as involuntarily as the steel is drawn to the magnet. At all events he spent every possible evening at the Garland home, eventually being accepted as Rose's steady.

Her parents were at first inclined to demur at her intimacy with a prize-fighter, for they held the not uncommon belief that a fighter is a noisy, profane, drunken, brawling savage. This belief, like most ready-made ones, is true in only a very small percentage of cases; the average fighter is a quiet, modest, and extremely well-behaved youth, enthusiastic in his profession as any doctor or minister, and far less apt to engage in miscellaneous brawls than the ordinary citizen.

This reluctance is partly due to the fact that fighting is his business, and he doesn't mix business with pleasure; partly to the fear that, fighting with bare knuckles, he may injure his hands and so incapacitate himself for the ring; and partly to a chivalrous feeling that it is unfair for a trained fighter to attack an untrained man.

Rose's family came to understand that Tommy was a respectable citizen, painfully shy, but polite and respectful to his elders, and he shortly became a welcome visitor. Jack Garland, to be sure, was hugely puffed up over being on intimate terms with a local celebrity, and developed a habit, in conversation with friends, of dragging Tommy's name in by the ears.

"I was talking to Tommy Dugan last night—" "Tommy Dugan was around to our house last night," and—"Tommy Dugan was telling me—" And so on, until it became general knowledge in at least one of Harlow's circles that Tommy Dugan, the fighter, was keeping company with Rose Garland.

ABOUT two months after the affair began, Tommy was working out one day in the Dugan barn-gymnasium. He had gone through his chest-weight

drill, had punched the light bag and skipped rope, and now was shadow-boxing with an imaginary opponent, under the watchful eye of his fraternal trainer.

"All right," said Mike, suddenly. "Rest." Tommy dropped his hands and began walking about in the traditional manner of fighters during training intermissions. "Say!" burst out Mike. "What's this I hear about you running around with a fluff?"

Tommy colored and kept his eyes on the floor.

"She ain't no fluff," he objected. "She's a swell girl."

"Banana oil!" sneered Mike, the cynic. "So are they all, till they trim you. Take it from me, brainless, she's out to roll you."

But Tommy shook his head.

"You got her wrong, Mike," he assured his brother, eagerly. "She ain't no gold-digger. Why, she won't leave me spend no money on her at all, only once in a while a soda, 'r a movie, 'r something like that. Why, I tried to give her a pin I got up to Cohen's—paid six beans for it—and she wouldn't have it. Made me take it back and make Cohen cough up, and then get her one at the Five-and-Ten. I gotta admit the ten-cent one don't look so bad, neither. No, Mike, you got her wrong; she ain't out for the coin."

"Yeah," sneered Mike, "I know. Bait. That's her game. She's out to make you think she's one o' these here innocent young things, and when you're hooked good and plenty—blooie! goes the roll, all in a bunch. 'R else she's fixing to do an altar walk with you, and that's worse yet; leave a fighter get spliced, and his wife won't leave him fight no more, and you ain't got the brains to make a living no other way." This was pure calumny; Tommy was quite intelligent enough to fill any ordinary job. "She'll be scared you'll get your beauty spoiled. You! Huh!"

It is true that Tommy's features had

suffered damage; this always happens to the boy who takes one to land one, and his left ear was slightly cauliflowered, his nose had been broken and badly set, and his face had the slightly lumpy appearance which comes from the thickening of the skin in response to pounding. For all that, though, it was not an unattractive face; good-natured friendliness counts for more than the regular features and smooth complexion of a movie he-doll.

But Tommy was concerned neither with the insult to his looks nor with the aspersion on his intelligence; he was overcome with embarrassment at the reference to marriage, for this was his own private, pet, beautiful dream. He had often imagined himself proposing to Rose; he had visioned himself rescuing her from fire and flood, from savage beasts and yet more savage automobiles; and he had built a picture of himself winning the championship from the titleholder, while Rose sat at the ringside and cheered him on. Naive? Of course! And as lovable a young rascal as ever was. And he flushed crimson when Mike laid a rough finger on this dream.

"You gotta cut it out," pursued Mike. "I ain't going to have no women spilling you now. Kid, you're going up fast. I bet anything you like that another two years'll see us holding the title, and then for the big coin, see? But leave some dame sink her hooks in you, and good-night! it's all off. No, you gotta shoosh her off, see? And do it quick."

But Tommy shook his head.

"I can't do that, Mike," he answered. "It—it wouldn't be right. She'd think I'd just been playing with her—"

"Ah-r-r, park it outside!" snarled Mike. "What d'you think I been bringing you along for, all these here two years? Ain't you got no ambition? Don't you want to get nowheres? Here I been working with you, training you, getting good bouts for you, going to the mat with Rosenthal, prying more coin outa him, stepping you up from a

pork-and-beaner to the main bouts, working in your corner every time you go on, leaving you bat me around in training, making you the big drawing card at the Armory, shaping you up for a go at the title, doing all that for you—and now just because a girl makes eyes at you, you talk about taking a run-out powder on me! Well, you just ain't, so count ten over that one! I got two years invested in you, and you ain't going to dump me now."

"I ain't taking no run-out powder," Tommy defended himself. "What if I should—" he gulped "—should marry her? There's lots o' married guys fighting."

"Yeah, and what good are they? Look 'em over and pick me out the ones that counts. Leave a fighter get spliced, and right away his wife gets cold feet, no matter how much a fan she was before, and he either retires 'r else goes to pot. Maybe both. And I ain't going to have you doing neither one nor the other, see? I got too much at stake. You gotta shake this here girl o' yours, and do it now."

BUT Tommy was obstinate, and the discussion ended in Mike's putting on the gloves for the daily workout and giving his brother a neat shellacking.

Mike was by far the quicker of the two, and was a clever boxer, and though he could not drop Tommy, whose ruggedness and ability to take punishment were fast becoming proverbial among Harlow's sporting element, nevertheless he landed a thousand stinging jabs and hooks, blacked both of Tommy's eyes, bloodied his nose, puffed his lips, and opened a cut over the left cheekbone. Nor could Tommy land one of the solid punches that would have curled Mike up like a snake with the colic.

"There!" grunted the older brother, when the bout was over. He stepped back and surveyed his handiwork with grim satisfaction. "Talk back to me, will you? Take that pan and show it to

your girl—you won't have to give her the air; she'll give it to you."

It will be observed that in this entire discussion Mike had not stressed Tommy's welfare. He was not thinking of that; he was thinking wholly and exclusively of his own.

Tommy, however, steadfastly declined to give the desired promise; usually submissive to his brother's orders, in this matter he developed a firmness which might have been the envy of Gibraltar, the Pyramids, and other objects noted for stability of character.

Mike, accustomed to obedience, and taking it for granted that his instructions would be carried out, was highly incensed when he learned that this was not being done, and one evening followed Tommy to Rose's home.

Emitting sounds expressive of anger, he walked in on Tommy and Rose, poured several crates of verbal raspberries on the former's head, and ordered him home. Rose promptly flew to defend her inarticulate caller, and a delightful oratorical battle ensued, with Rose the victor. For once in his life, Mike was out-talked. Marveling at this phenomenon, he came off the boil, took a chair, and spent the evening chatting with Rose, while Tommy sat and listened.

This was the first of many evenings that the invader passed with the other two. Briefly, Mike found himself as much taken with Rose as Tommy was—there is no denying that she was an attractive youngster—and he spread himself to make her like him, not without success.

He was a smooth talker, was clever enough to talk about her rather than himself, and in a good cause could spend money without apparent pain.

He managed to date her up for a number of occasions without Tommy, but he was wise enough to know that abusing the kid would do himself no good with Rose, so he spoke well of him when absent, and when Tommy was one of the party he did not, as was his

custom, treat the younger boy like an imbecile chimpanzee. On the contrary, he was reasonably polite and considerate, so Tommy found himself torn between jealousy and pleasure; on the one hand, he feared and resented the invasion, but on the other, it was delightful to have Mike, of whom he was genuinely fond, treating him like a human being.

As for Rose, she treated both boys exactly alike, sat between them at the movies, insisted that Tommy go along when Mike proposed a trip to the Arcadia Amusement Park, and showed absolutely no preference; she was unfailingly and uniformly nice to both.

She did discriminate to the extent of dancing oftener with Mike, for when it came to the light fantastic, Tommy owned two left feet; but she made up for it by sitting as close as possible to Tommy's corner when he fought, and cheering loudly at every success. No, she was not a coquette; she was just a young, happy, healthy girl, who liked a good time.

CHAPTER IV

Some Pickings!

SIX or eight months went by in this fashion, with Tommy going on every fortnight at the Armory, and with Mike gradually working his prices higher and higher until the Dugan brothers were drawing down \$800 a fight, and their mother, the envy of her set, was driving a sedan of a popular but inexpensive make.

Isidor Rosenthal knew his business, and Tommy Dugan was the best drawing card he had; the S. R. O. sign was out every time he fought, for Tommy not only gave a good show, but shared the gift of personal appeal with Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, and other notables.

There was something fascinating about his good-humored grin, his chunky body, his queer shuffling gait,

his absolute concentration on the job, his obvious love for the game. And even the fellows whom he beat liked him, for he was utterly free from any touch of animosity or meanness, and was genuinely distressed if one of them was hurt, though he never pulled his punches on that account.

One day early in May, Mike came to his brother with an announcement.

"Listen!" he said. "I got you matched with Sailor Parker, what kayoed Rocco Bianchi, and you know what that means." Tommy blinked at him. "Snap out of it, domeless! First place, I jacked Rosenthal up to paying sixteen yards for the go—double what we been getting. Next place, he's going to have the guy what's matchmaker for the Garden there, and if we win we'll get to go on over there. Not in the main bouts at first, o' course, but it's a starter. And some pickings, Kid, some pickings! And all that means you gotta train like you never done before."

"I'm always in shape," Tommy offered.

"Yeh, for these palookas you been meeting. Listen, sap! This go is for twelve rounds, and you ain't never gone that distance—"

"I've gone ten."

"Yeh, and it's them two extra rounds what spills a lotta guys. You didn't see no sense in training for four when you knew you could dump the guy in two, but I made you do it, and look what it done for you when you met Bart Shaughnessy. Next place, this Sailor guy's the toughest baby you've gone up against yet. That boy's fast, and tough, and he can hit, and don't you think he can't. He ain't never been kayoed yet; even the champ couldn't flatten him. And there ain't many holds decisions over him neither. Believe me, dumb-bell, you're going to train, and I don't mean maybe!"

Mike spoke the truth; he put Tommy through the stiffest course of sprouts the latter had ever met. Road-work, rope-skipping, bag-punching, shadow-

boxing, working out with sparring partners—Mike loosened up and hired three tough prelim boys for this occasion—Tommy went through them all. And in spite of driving him so, Mike did not make the mistake so many inexperienced trainers stumble over, of letting his principal go stale.

Watching like a hawk, he eased off in time, for he seemed to know by instinct when Tommy would be on edge, and stopped just short of letting him go over. An occasional cigarette or ice-cream soda or trip to an amusement park—these and other things brought Tommy to the big night in as perfect physical condition as any human being ever knew.

Whatever else one might say about Mike, he was a born genius at training, and this fact was recognized beyond the limits of Harlow. Unknown to Mike, some of the big men in the game had been watching his work with Tommy, considering the possibilities in case he should decide to move up.

In this work of preparation, Tommy's imperturbable nature helped vastly, for he seldom worried; his mind was almost always at ease. This was partly due to his unemotional make-up, and partly to a resolve he had taken. He had for a time been bothered over Mike's attentions to Rose, but he had reached a decision that set aside this worry. His share of the purse would be eight hundred dollars, there would be more coming in, eight hundred dollars a fortnight was twenty thousand eight hundred a year—and his mother had a bit saved up. So Tommy had decided on a momentous step—contingent on his beating the Sailor. He was going to ask Rose to marry him.

THIS resolution cost him no little debate, but when once it was taken it was firmly taken, and he set about composing his speech of proposal. And this occupied what time he had left from his training, kept his mind busy, and prevented any possible worry over the

bout from creeping in. Nor, strangely enough, did it cause him any worry of another sort. He was no egotist, but he was so deeply in love with Rose that it never occurred to him that he might fail; he could not conceive of an affection so deep as his not meeting a response, and his only concern was to express himself in language worthy of the girl he adored.

A lover is proverbially humble and dubious of his chances, and it may seem odd that Tommy was so confident; still, it is the truth, and the oddest thing about it is that his confidence was wholly lacking in conceit; it was the child-like simplicity of a one-track mind. But there it was; let him win from Sailor Parker, and just as sure as the sun comes up in the morning he was going to ask Rose to marry him.

They'd have a home somewhere on the edge of town, and a bit of a lawn, and a little garden in back, and a car, and a couple of kids, and he'd come home and turn his purses over to her, and she'd keep the house, and they'd be happy all their lives. Gee! It'd be grand!

IN this spirit he proceeded to the Armory on the great night. Mike would be handling him, Jack Garland would be in his corner—a great honor for Jack, who appreciated it fully—and Rose would be just outside the ring. And when the fight was over Rosenthal would hand Mike \$1,600, and Mike would give him half, and then—

At five minutes after ten, one of the runners of the Harlow Sporting Club stuck his head in the dressing-room door, saying:

"Let's go, Tommy. Barnato's got Wilson pretty well softened up; he won't last more'n another round."

Tommy slid off the rubbing-table, gathered his bathrobe about him, and started out. A roar from the crowd notified him that Wilson was through, and with Mike and Jack at his elbows he moved briskly down the aisle. The

beaten fighter, supported by his handlers, passed them, his head lolling weakly from side to side, and Mike grinned at the spectacle.

"That's the way they'll be taking Parker out in a few minutes," he said, jerking his thumb toward Wilson, and Tommy nodded, his eyes full of pity.

The ring, the white faces shading off into obscurity, the glare of light on the canvas, the gray haze of tobacco smoke, the bandages, tape, and gloves—all these were an old story to Tommy Dugan, and he glanced about him, passing over them indifferently to look for the bright face and smooth black hair of Rose. There she was, in her usual place, and he nodded and smiled at her, feeling a curious thrill as she nodded and smiled in return. When this was over— But the referee was beckoning the fighters to the center, and Tommy and Mike went forward to meet Parker and his manager; this, too, was old stuff.

"—and make it clean and hard," concluded the official. Tommy had spent the time in sizing up his opponent rather than in listening to what he knew by heart.

Back in the corner, Mike stripped off the bathrobe, saying:

"Now mind, this guy's clever, and he can hit. You gotta keep forcing him all the time; try to box him, and your name's mush. You gotta fight him. Keep after him all the time, and don't give him no chance to get set, see?"

Tommy nodded; he had heard this a million times.

Clang!

THE Sailor was as different from Tommy as could be. Half a head taller, smooth-muscled, lithe, active, his handsome face unmarked by blows, he was the ideal of a fast and skillful boxer, but there was in his features none of the good nature that distinguished Tommy Dugan; thin-lipped, hawk-nosed, with hard gray eyes, it was a cruel face.

Beautifully put together, he stepped

forward with the easy grace of a dancer, and coming within range he planted a straight left on Tommy's forehead; it was aimed for the nose, but went a trifle high. The glove landed with a smack, and a short barking yell came from the crowd, but Tommy only grinned; that sort of thing could never hurt.

Ducking his head, Tommy rushed, but the Sailor danced easily away, landing a quick one-two as he went, and Tommy's head rocked under the blows. But they also were high, and did no harm, and he rushed again, taking two and landing none; this time the Sailor had got the range, and connected with Tommy's nose and jaw.

And so it went, Tommy trying always to work in to close quarters, the Sailor keeping always out of range of those lethal fists and wearing Tommy down with sharp, stinging blows, none of which, taken singly, did any perceptible damage, but whose cumulative effect was weakening.

A hundred times Tommy drove in straight lefts and rights, swung savagely, tried hooks and jabs, but always his blows were taken on glove or elbow, or passed a head which ducked barely enough to let the fist go by. And ever those stinging blows to the face, those sharp, rib-tearing hooks to the body, those paralyzing hooks or swings to the heart.

By the end of the eighth it was clear to all that the bout could end in only one fashion; Parker would keep on, strong as ever, gradually softening the rugged Tommy until the latter was too weak to land a damaging blow, and then he would tear in, measure his man, and drop him. The unbeatable iron man was on his way. Mike sponged Tommy with ice-water, massaged him, kept up a steady stream of encouraging words.

"You're doing fine, Kid. Keep after him. You'll get him. One sock's enough to do the business; stay with him." But somehow Mike's voice sounded perfunctory; he didn't really seem to mean what he said—funny,

that! Did Mike think the Sailor was going to win?

And with that, a suspicion crept into Tommy's mind that all was not well. Maybe this guy was too fast for him, too clever. And how he could sock! That last one over the liver—gee, how that hurt! He'd felt his knees sag when that blow landed. His face was all puffy; looking down his nose, it seemed as big as a house. And his right eye was all bunged up; he could hardly see out of it. He couldn't get home on the Sailor—hadn't landed a dozen punches on him all evening, and he was going away when those got there. No, Tommy Dugan, himself, was being taken for a ride.

Tommy could feel himself growing weak; there was no steam in his punches. His gloves weighed a ton, his feet had lead shoes on them, he could hardly step around. And he knew the agony that comes to a fighter when his body, worn down by repeated assaults, no longer responds to the fiery will that urges him on. But he must keep going—no quitting—go down game and trying to the very end.

He turned his head and glanced at Rose; Mike was whispering something in her ear, and she was laughing . . . was she laughing at him? No, not Rose; she wouldn't ever do that. There was the boy, carrying around a placard with a huge "9" on it. Four more rounds to go—the gong!

MANY of the spectators were leaving, some few because they hated to see a game fighter pounded without mercy, but most because the conclusion was foregone; no sense in waiting to see the end. It wouldn't be long, now; Tommy was weakening fast; he could never stay the limit.

About the middle of the tenth, the Sailor drove in to attack, to finish Dugan off. He rushed Tommy to the ropes, swung right and left to the jaw, and Tommy went down.

Resting on hands and knees, half

stunned, he shook his head to clear it. Vaguely, like the roar of a distant cataract, he heard the shouting of the crowd; before his eyes he saw a patch of canvas; and above the distant roar he heard someone counting. One thought persisted in his dazed mind; beaten, he could not ask Rose to marry him. Why this should be, he could not have told, but he had determined to come to her victorious.

He drew a long and shuddering breath, groped blindly for the ropes, caught them, dragged himself to his knees. He could see the white-clad referee, one arm swinging in time to the count; he could see the face of the Sailor, a cruel sneer on his lips; and that was all. The great crowd might have been a thousand miles away for all he knew of them.

"Eight!"

With a mighty effort, Tommy hoisted himself to his feet, stood facing the tiger that flashed across the ring for the final blow.

The difference between a novice and an experienced workman is never more clearly shown than when delivering a knockout. Confronting a helpless man, one who is out on his feet, the beginner rushes in with a wild flurry of blows; he is over-eager, and punishes his man unnecessarily—sometimes even fails entirely, and lets him recover. But the craftsman measures his victim with a light straight blow, then steps in with one quick and merciful punch.

Sailor Parker was old and wise in the ring, but tonight he was over-confident; this was only a trifling battle, out in the sticks, and this guy was a set-up. Coming in with his guard down, he left an opening, and Tommy called up the last flicker of his vitality, stepped suddenly forward, and drove in a terrific right-hand uppercut that took the Sailor full and square at the base of the breast-bone.

That tremendous blow picked the Sailor clear of the canvas and slammed him, gasping and writhing, on the floor.

And, with a roar that shook the building, the amazed crowd greeted the victor. No need to wait the count; it was ten full minutes before the Sailor's seconds could get their man to his dressing-room.

CHAPTER V

A New Deal

STRETCHED out on the rubbing-table, Tommy submitted to the sponging and massage that Jack gave him. He was tired, very tired, and sore all over, but his young strength was coming back under Jack's manipulation.

"I'm going to collect from Rosenthal," said Mike, and disappeared, while Tommy, completely relaxed, grunted assent.

After a time:

"O. K.," said Jack. "Slip into your clothes, Tommy. Gosh, what a fight! And that last wallop! *Pow!* And down goes the Sailor. Some battle, I'll say, so-ome battle! I'll bet they haven't got the dust out of his nose yet. I wonder where Mike is? He's been gone 'most half an hour."

"Battling with Rosenthal, most like," Tommy rejoined, as he began to dress.

But still no Mike appeared, and at length the two went in search of him, invading Rosenthal's office.

"Why, I paid him off before the fight started," said that worthy, in surprise. "'S funny. Maybe he's gone on home. But it's queer he wouldn't wait. Why not call up and see?" And he pushed the telephone across the desk to Tommy, who called up his home.

"Mike?" answered Mrs. Dugan. "Sure, he's not home yet. Isn't he with you? How'd the fight come out, Tommy b'y? Ye won, of course?"

"Oh, sure. Kayo in the tenth. You sure Mike's not home?"

"Certain sure Are ye coming along?"

"Be there in a few minutes." And,

hanging up, he turned to the others and shook his head.

"Maybe he's taken Rose home," Jack offered. "Gimme the 'phone." He called the number. "Hey, Mom," he asked, "is Rose home yet? . . . You sure? . . . Well, look in her room, will you? She might have got in without your knowing it . . . yeh, I'll hold the wire." A long silence, then: "*What?* Say that again, will you? . . . Gosh! . . . All right; I'll be right along." He hung up and turned to Tommy, his face full of concern. "She's run off with Mike. Left a note to say they were married this afternoon, and 've caught the eleven o'clock rattler for Chicago. He's got a job helping condition Battling Clark for his go with the champ. Tommy, she's ditched you, the little—"

But Tommy's upraised hand stopped him; the fighter's dream was in ruins, but no one must say a word against Rose.

For a time there was silence in the office, then Tommy got to his feet. He was sick, heart-broken; he felt as though that solar plexus punch had landed on him instead of on the Sailor. But he mustn't let anyone see it; that is the first and fundamental article of the fighter's creed; never to let anyone know how much you are hurt.

"And that's that," he said. "So long, Rosenthal. See you again."

"I'll walk home with you," offered Jack, following him from the building, but Tommy refused.

"I'd rather be alone," he said.

"O. K., if that's the way you feel," Jack assented, doubtfully. "See you tomorrow?"

"Sure. Come around in the P. M." But still Jack hesitated.

"Look here, Tommy," he stumbled, "you won't—you won't—"

"Won't what?"

"Well—do anything—desperate?"

Tommy laughed. It was by no means hearty, but it was a laugh.

"Don't be a fool, Jack."

And the two friends separated.

TOMMY did not go directly home. Instead, he walked out to the park, where he sat down on one of the benches and stared idly, dully, at the lake. Bruised, sore, and weary, still he felt the pain of his body far less than the agony of his soul. Rose false to him; Rose a deceiver! But do her justice; he held no promise from her. But Mike—ah, that was harder to bear! Oh, God knew which was worse! Mike, his brother, whom he trusted and admired, was a traitor, a crook—had betrayed him, had stolen his money and his girl.

The dream was a false one; there would be no little home, with a garden and a couple of kids; no Rose to sit at the ringside when he fought. A great sob tore his throat, and something choked him; his brother was gone, his money was gone, his girl was gone—what was left for him?

He stared at the quiet water at his feet, and Jack's suggestion came to his mind—he wondered how it would feel to walk out, deeper and deeper, until the lake closed over his head, gave him peace from the misery that racked him so. He blinked, and two round tears trickled out from under his eyelids, rolled down his cheeks.

Angry, he dashed them away with the back of his hand. What if he was alone? A fighter, crying like some little kid! But his eyes filled again, blurring the lights on the water, and he fixed his gaze, winking to drive away that childish moisture.

He stared long and fixedly, and gradually the dancing lights, reflected from the surface, steadied, took form. From the water there slowly rose a vast arena, hazy in outline, blazing with lights. And now he was inside, and the building was cloudy with smoke, through which he could make out thousands and thousands of men and women, close-packed in one huge crowd. Sharper and clearer it grew, and all those thousands were on their feet, shouting, waving their arms. In the center was a raised platform, fenced about with ropes, floored with

white canvas, and on the canvas lay the crumpled figure of a man, over whom bent another figure, counting. And now he, Tommy Dugan, was standing inside the ropes, leaning against them, and vague forms were lifting the unconscious man, carrying him away. Now the referee was raising Tommy's arm and saying something. He could not make out what was said, but he could see the official's mouth shape the words: "Champion of the world!"

Slowly the vision faded, and again Tommy was sitting on the park bench, but now he was leaning forward, fists clenched, muscles tense, eyes glowing. He rose, drew a long breath, relaxed, looked up at the stars. His money was gone, his brother was gone, his girl was gone—yes, but there still was left—the game!

A CERTAIN gentleman has commented on the existence of a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, and such a tide must have been waiting for Tommy Dugan.

The morning after his fight with Parker, he was roused by his mother, who announced a visitor.

"Who is it?" demanded Tommy.

"Sure, and I dunno," came the reply. "All I can tell ye is that he looks like a cross between a million dollars and a polecat. Will I be after telling him to come back later?"

"No, I'll be right down." And Tommy hoisted himself a bit painfully out of bed.

Entering the modest parlor of the Dugan home, Tommy realized that it was the visitor's clothing which had inspired the first part of Mrs. Dugan's description, and his face which had provoked the latter.

Blindly dressed, and decorated like a Christmas tree with diamonds of the sort that look best by artificial light, the stranger carried features strongly suggesting a weasel's. Narrow, with small eyes of a peculiar green, thin nose, and

close-pinned lips, and with lines deeply graved from nose to mouth, it was a face which, though it could scarcely be called handsome, yet spoke clearly of shrewdness and force of character. Tommy was impressed by the other's evident wealth and assured manner.

"Mr. Dugan?" began the stranger. "My card."

Taking the pasteboard, Tommy read: J. W. Moulton, Manager of Tommy "Kid" Gordon, Battling Buford, Young Joe Gans, One-Punch Donlon, and Many Others Too Numerous to Mention.

"That's me," the caller went on. "J. W. Moulton, mostly called Lop-Ear, on account o' this." With a forefinger he indicated a badly cauliflowered left ear. "Well, to business. I hear your manager took a run-out powder on you last night." Tommy nodded, as Moulton paused inquiringly. "Well, then, how about signing up with me? And grabbing yourself off some jack? As you see, I got a stable o' fighters, and I seen you fight last night, and with good management you'd ought to go over big.

"I got connections with the Garden, and I can get you on there; not right away, maybe—we got to build you up first—but before too long.

"And I'm willing to give you my pers'nal guarantee that inside o' three years you'll be up in the top flight.

"I won't promise you the title, because I ain't abs'lutely sure, and I don't never promise unless I know I can perform, but I will guarantee that if you ain't champ, you'll at least be challenger, and there's more jack in that than in fighting for Izzy Rosenthal at the Armory and getting the works from a crooked manager.

"And I won't say you mightn't get to be champ, at that; I got my suspicions, even if I ain't willing to abs'lutely guarantee it.

"Well, what say?"

He produced a paper and a fountain pen. "Thirty-three and a third's my

cut; I ain't like some o' these here robbers, what grabs all they can get; I take what the law gives me, and no more. You sign right here." He spread the paper on the table, thrust the pen into Tommy's hand, and pointed to the famous dotted line.

Two of the neighbors were hastily summoned for witnesses, and Tommy, hypnotized by the forceful Mr. Moulton, signed away body and soul for the term of ten years.

There is this to be said for Lop-Ear Moulton: he lived up to his promise. No one knew better than he the dark and devious ways of the questionable promoters, managers, and fighters who, to the regret of all clean sportsmen, sometimes defile a good game, or of sellers of fake oil-stocks and the other parasites who are always on the lookout for easy money; it was little use for anyone to attempt trickery when Lop-Ear was on watch. He protected his boys.

"Without pinning no bokays on myself," he told Tommy Dugan, "if I do say it, a guy's got to be pretty cagey to hand me the runaround, and I don't let nobody rob the boys in my stable."

CHAPTER VI

The Black Sheep

TOMMY profited by the new arrangement, and did well, for Moulton got him on at the Garden, which the fighter found not unlike his vision of that memorable night, save for the haze of smoke. At first, of course, it was only as a prelim boy, but in two years Tommy rose to the dignity of the semi-final, and was doing far better financially than with Rosenthal. In fact, as a drawing card he sometimes outshone the principals; he could always be depended on to make a fight of it.

Tommy found that to do justice to his public it was necessary for him to live in New York, so he got a cheap room near Moulton's gymnasium, and kept pretty

much in trim all the time; occasionally, for an important bout, he put the finishing touches on at a training camp some thirty miles out of the city, up in the hills.

Whenever possible, he spent weekends with his mother, of course, and equally of course he turned over to her, to use for herself or to save for him, all his earnings except bare living expenses. Moulton encouraged him to save, and he was never a spendthrift, so he gradually accumulated a nice little bank account.

For a final touch, he managed to acquire, under Lop-Ear's instruction, some slight knowledge of boxing. He never rivalled Young Griffo or Packy MacFarland—not by several million miles!—but he did at least learn that a glove stuck out in front of a fighter will sometimes save a knockout, that the elbows should be kept close to the body when infighting, and that a straight left, besides breaking up an opponent's attack, does more damage in the long run than a roundhouse swing.

So two years slipped by, with Tommy slowly but surely advancing in his chosen profession, till one day Moulton came into the gym in an unusually cheerful mood; he was never one to show depression, but this day he was fairly bubbling over with good cheer.

Ignoring the other fighters who were going through their daily routine of exercise, he marched over to where Tommy was working out with the heavy bag, and slapped the youngster on the back. Tommy turned around and grinned pleasantly; he was fond of his manager.

"Kid," said Moulton, "lay off o' that and give three loud cheers."

"What about?" demanded the phlegmatic Tommy.

"I've got Ace Warren for you."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh, and then again yeh. 'S 'at all you can say? 'Yeh!' D'you realize what it means? Do you? Or do you? Snap out of it!"

"He's a good man," replied Tommy, soberly.

"My gosh!" Lop-Ear flung up his hands in mock despair. "My good gosh and little pussy-cats! Here I go to work and get you a big shot, and all you can say is: 'Yeh? He's a good man.' Sure he's a good man! If he wasn't, we wouldn't want him, would we?"

"Can you beat it?" Lop-Ear appealed to the others, who were listening by this time. "Listen, Kid, while I put it in words of one cylinder for you. Buster McGowan holds the title; Johnny Campi's the leading contender; and Ace Warren's fought three times with Campi—won one, lost one, and drew one. Beat Ace, that puts us in line for a go with Campi; beat Campi, and we get to go on with the champ.

"Or, we might even jump over Campi, at that; such things has happened. 'S 'at plain? Or do I have to send you over to Bellevue and let the sawbones op'rate on you to get the idea through the concrete?"

"Oh, I get you," said Tommy. "But suppose Ace beats me?"

Moulton dropped his hands in disgust.

"Suppose you break a leg?" he snorted. "Suppose you get run over by a truck? Suppose you jump off the dock and forget to come up? And I wouldn't put that past you, neither," he added, darkly. He really liked Tommy more than a little; it was merely his custom to pour raspberries on his pet fighter.

"Anyway," he continued, "you get to go on in the finals at the Garden, and we meet tomorrow P. M. to sign articles. Kid, this here's one big chance; you got to train like you never done before."

"All right," agreed Tommy. "Say, I think I'm getting this feint to the head and left hook to the body better. Watch, will you?" And he turned again to the bag.

THE following afternoon, Lop-Ear escorted Tommy down town to the lawyer's office, and two or three minutes

after they got there, Ace Warren, with his manager and trainer, came in.

Warren was a duplicate of Tommy in build—short, stocky, and broad of shoulder—but his face lacked the genial Dugan friendliness, being tough, brutal, and savage.

He was not in the ring for money, nor yet because he liked fighting; he was there because he loved to hurt people, and in the ring he could gratify this desire without penalty; that he got paid for it was a gratifying but wholly minor incident, and that he sometimes had to take punishment was no deterrent, but merely inflamed his savage disposition.

There are not many fighters of this sort, but there are a few, and Ace Warren was one of the most noted of them. It would be gross flattery to call him a gorilla; the gorilla might, if not angered, show some faint indications of a sense of pity; but Warren, never. It follows, as day follows night, that Warren, like Tommy, was a rushing, two-handed, take-one-to-land-one fighter, though for a very different reason.

Warren, who hated all mankind, grunted something which might by a stretch of the imagination be considered a greeting, and Tommy answered pleasantly, then looked at the others, discovering, to his vast astonishment, that the trainer was none other than Michael Dugan. Mike grinned cheerfully, came over to his brother, and stuck out his hand, saying:

"Hello, Kid. How's tricks?"

By all the rules, Tommy should have taken a punch at his brother, but he could no more hold rancor than a sieve can hold water, and in the past two years his anger against Mike had largely evaporated, so he grinned in return and answered:

"Fine, Mike. How's everything with you?"

"Fine as frog's hair in August. The old lady O. K.?"

"O. K., sure. How's—" Tommy hesitated a little—"how's Rose?"

Mike laughed indifferently.

"I dunno," he replied. "I ain't seen her in a year and a half."

"She isn't—" a horrible fear gripped Tommy by the throat—"she isn't . . . dead?"

Mike laughed again.

"Not so far as I know. But I ditched her. We didn't live together but about six months, and then I give her the air. She was too slow for me; no pep. Her notion of a whale of an evening was to sit around the house and read a book and go to bed. Spend the evening watching the clock go 'round. A swell way to live! One o' these here homebodies, what I mean. So I give her the gate. She wrote to me a couple o' times, but I never paid no attention. Last I heard she was back in Harlow, and had got a divorce or something."

Tommy was conscious of a fearful, a terrible rage that welled up within him, such a blinding fury as he had never known. Before, Mike had only injured him, but now he had hurt Rose—and spoke of it with utter callousness! But before he could get set to leap on his brother, his slow-moving mind was diverted by the lawyer's voice, summoning him to sign the articles, and the office missed a battle for which many a promoter would have paid good money.

ALL that afternoon and evening Tommy was in a deep study; he wanted to maul his brother, to injure him, to tear him to pieces. But after all, that seemed inadequate—it wouldn't hurt Mike enough. And for the first time in his life, Tommy became crafty, showed a knowledge of human psychology, and developed a plan of revenge deeper than mere physical harm.

That was on Friday. On Monday Tommy presented himself, according to custom, at the gym, where he requested a private interview with his manager. In Moulton's office, Tommy gave Lopear a certified check, saying:

"Listen! I want you to bet this on me."

Moulton examined the slip of paper, then whistled.

"Fourteen grand! Say, Kid, are you cuckoo? That's most of what you've got soaked away, ain't it?"

"All of it. And that ain't all I want. I want you should take my share of the purse—three thousand, ain't it?—and bet that, too. Get me the best odds you can. And lookit! Don't just go around betting it with anybody; I want you to bet it with my brother. He won't want to bet that much, but you're cagey; you can talk him into it. Talk it up to him strong, and you can make him do it."

Lop-Ear grinned; he remembered the old story, he had heard the conversation in the lawyer's office, and he saw instantly what was in Tommy's mind. Tommy confirmed the guess, saying:

"I want to clean him out."

"Swell!" said Moulton. "But how about if Ace wins? Who'll be cleaned out then?"

Tommy stared.

"I thought you was sure I'd take 'Ace?" he queried, and Moulton shrugged.

"I am—practically. But there ain't nothing dead sure in this world, only death and taxes, as the saying goes."

"Oh, well," responded Tommy, philosophically, "it's a chance we got to take. You can't break eggs without making an omelet, can you?"

"I'll say you can!" snorted Lop-Ear. "Look here, Kid—"

But all argument, all dissuasion, were futile; Tommy's mind was set, and although that mind functioned slowly, once made up, it continued on its way with appalling definiteness. So Lop-Ear took the check, and some days later reported.

"I got it all down," he said. "Got you six to five. It's all down in Ace's stable, but your brother couldn't take only fifteen grand, and he had to go plumb to the bottom of his sock to do that. Ace took the other two, himself."

But Tommy was not interested in details.

"Then Mike'll be cleaned?" he asked.

"If we win," Moulton pointed out. "If Ace takes you for a ride it'll be another Dugan that'll be cleaned."

"Oh, yeh," replied Tommy, vaguely. "Well, I guess I better get to work."

CHAPTER VII

Square Shooters, Always

THE evening of the battle saw the Garden packed from ringside to roof; this fight was a "natural," and further, both men were known to be tough battlers; there'd be no waltzing match when they came together. The fans knew it would be a slam-bang, rip-snorting fight from start to finish, with an excellent chance of someone being flattened, and they turned out in thousands with that hope.

Tommy was first in the ring, and waited no more than a minute for his opponent; Ace was always eager to get to work, and the roar that greeted Tommy's appearance was still echoing when it was renewed for Warren. This was not a title bout, so the preliminaries were quickly run through, and the fighters, with their managers and seconds, joined the referee for instructions.

"Here's where you walk home talking to yourself, Kid," Mike jeered at his brother. "That is, if you can walk at all after Ace gets through with you."

Tommy was never quick at repartee; his notion was to say it with fists.

"Yeh?" he returned. "You go roll a hoop, will you?"

But Mike only laughed insultingly.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" warned the referee, and sent them to their corners to await the gong.

With the sound, Ace Warren shot from his corner, across the ring, and met Tommy, who hesitated not a second, and with heads down and fists working, the two got to business, bringing the crowd to their feet, delirious

with joy, before the round was half over.

It was a thrilling battle to watch—a hard, slashing fight from gong to gong; no dancing-party, no hit-and-run affair, but a desperate battle of bludgeon against bludgeon, victory to rest with the stouter club.

By the end of the seventh, both men were battered, but Ace Warren had taken the worst of the exchange. His left eye was closed, his mouth was puffed and cut, and a great bruise, slowly turning purple, extended clear across his stomach, and from belt line to ribs.

Tommy, on the other hand, was scarcely marked about the body—thanks to keeping his elbows close—and though his face was bruised his eyes were both wide open, and he could still gauge his distances perfectly.

In the fourth, Tommy was half knocked, half pushed through the ropes, smashing a typewriter in his fall; in the sixth Warren went down, only to bounce immediately to his feet and renew the attack. Aside from these, there had been no knockdowns.

But Warren's worst injury was to his disposition. He was taking a beating, and he knew it, and his savage, venomous temper was looking for someone to take it out on. During the rest between the seventh and eighth, an altercation broke out in Warren's corner, and Tommy, his ears cocked, heard the fighter say:

"A fine dub of a trainer you are! Git outa here! Go on! Get away from me! You're fired! Come near me again, and I'll sock you!"

Ace's manager attempted some remonstrance, drawing from the fighter a stream of abuse that sent the referee in a hurry to that corner, to remind the choice Mr. Warren that there were ladies present.

"Pull anything more like that, and I'll duck you out of the ring and have the cops take you for a ride," he warned.

Thereafter, Warren merely growled under his breath, but Tommy noted that Mike no longer went near the fighter; he crouched just outside the ring, and his face grew longer and longer, more and more strained, as he saw his cherished dollars slipping away.

The end came in the eleventh, and with surprising abruptness. Warren had been taking a thorough beating, but he was still strong, and the spectators, mad with delight, had about concluded that it would go to a decision, when Ace Warren staggered out of a flurry of blows and rocked unsteadily on his feet, his left side toward Tommy.

Instantly Tommy drove home a straight right to the angle of the jaw, the full thrust of his powerful back and legs behind it, and Warren crashed full-length to the floor, where he squirmed and twisted in an effort to rise. Tommy retired to a corner, where he leaned against the ropes while the referee bent over Ace, shouting the count to make himself heard above the roar that filled the Garden.

But Warren was game. Savage and brutal though he was, he lacked nothing in courage. He got to hands and knees, rested there, shaking his head to clear it, and at the count of nine was on his feet, utterly helpless, tottering, hands down, held erect only by his fighting heart. Tommy started toward him, then stopped and looked at the referee. The official caught Tommy's wrist, lifted his glove for an instant, and motioned Warren's seconds to take the beaten man away.

THE following afternoon, Tommy and his manager were closeted in the latter's office. Moulton was figuring on a bit of paper.

"Your own fourteen grand," he said, "what you give me. And your share of the purse, three grand, that's seventeen. And at six-to-five you win twenty grand, four yards. That's altogether thirty-seven thousand four hundred you got coming to you. A nice evening's

work, Kid—a sweet bunch o' kale, I'll say."

"Yeh," Tommy agreed. "Not so bad. Now, look here, Moulton, I want you should do something else for me. You know my brother—the dirty skunk—he ditched the girl he married." Lop-Ear nodded. "Well, I been asking around, and I find she's on the rocks. She's got a kid, and her old man died and didn't leave nothing, and she's working in a store to keep herself and her mother and the kid. Her brother's a good guy, but he ain't making much, an he's got a fam'ly of his own, so he can't do nothing for her."

"Now, I want you to take what I won—twenty thousand four hundred, was it?—and hand it over to her."

"Will she take it?" asked the skeptical Moulton.

"Not from me, she wouldn't, no. And that's where you got to be cagey. Take it to her yourself, and say it comes from

her husband. Tell any kind o' fairy story you can think up, but see that she takes it. It ought to be easy for you—you could sell ear-muffs in the Desert o' Sarah. And maybe it won't burn Mike up when he hears about it! Christmas, he'll be fit to be tied!"

Moulton put his head back and laughed aloud, then sobering down, he rose and solemnly extended his hand.

"Kid," he said, "that's sure complete. Broke, out of a job, and the twenty thousand you took away from him going to the wife he ditched. Boy, I'll tell the cock-eyed world you've got one grand idea of revenge! And," continued Moulton, "there's the other side of the picture I ain't forgettin', either. They don't all come all wool and a coupla yards wide. Shake!"

There was a catch in the manager's voice and a mistiness in his eyes as their hands clasped in a grip of understanding between two square-shooters.

A BIT OF GODFREY STRATEGY

ODD things happen in the ring now and then. According to a Chicago paper one of them occurred recently to George Godfrey, king pin of the colored heavyweights. The report is that big George was putting on a battle incognito. George, it seems, has to do that now and then as he is such a terror in the ring that few of the top-notch heavyweights will take him on. So to get fights he has to take on third and fourth-raters. This is all right with George. He is not exclusive. Knowing what a terror he is, however, the third and fourth-raters decline to get into the ring with him if they know who he is. Hence, the incognito.

The boxer George was meeting in the bout referred to was a husky colored lad. Not knowing George's real identity, he waded into him with zeal and enthusiasm. As Godfrey hadn't done any serious training for the bout, he soon found himself having a rough time of it. It was a ten-round bout. Along about the sixth round George felt he had used up all his available steam, and still his opponent kept charging in with unabated vigor and enthusiasm. Going back to his corner at the end of the round, George whispered something to one of his seconds.

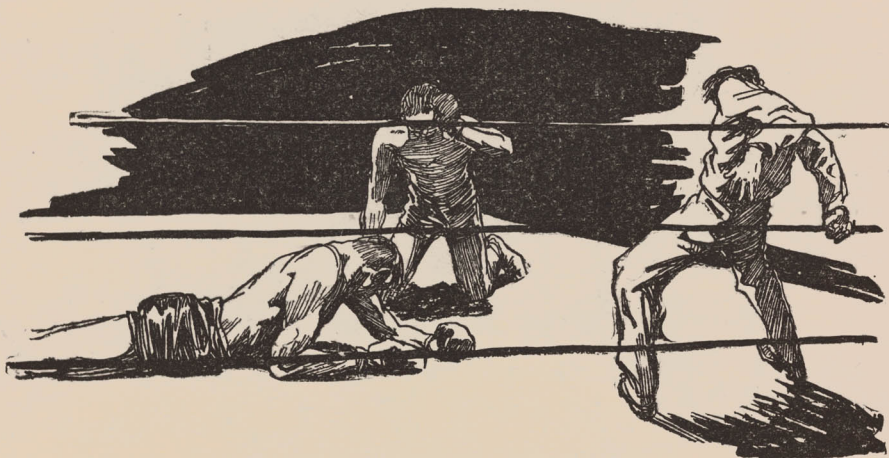
Shortly thereafter an individual entered crying in a loud voice, "Mr. Godfrey! Mr. Godfrey! Telegram for Mr. Godfrey!"

A startled face reared itself above the flapping towels in the opposite corner. "Not Mr. George Godfrey?" said George's opponent.

"Ya-as, boy, that's my name. Godfrey. George Godfrey," drawled the big colored scrapper.

After this announcement the fight became a foot race, with Mr. Godfrey quite well satisfied to amble around the ring after his lately enthusiastic opponent, taking care never to crowd him too closely, or to take any chances of making him forget his newly acquired respect for the man he was boxing.

WATERFRONT FISTS



By ROBERT E. HOWARD

Author of "The Iron Man"

Trouble never troubled Steve Costigan, for trouble meant action with a capital A—and action was what Steve craved. This time it was Honolulu, waterfront cabarets, and—guess what—a beautiful girl!

THE *Sea Girl* hadn't been docked in Honolulu more'n three hours before Bill O'Brien come legging it down to the pool hall where I was showing Mushy Hansen the fine points of the game, to tell me that he'd got me matched to fight some has-been at the American Arena that night.

"The *Ruffian* is in," said Bill, "and they got a fellow which they swear can take any man aboard the *Sea Girl* to a royal cleanin'. I ain't seen him, but they say he growed up in the back country of Australia and run wild with the kangaroos till he was shangaied aboard a ship at an early age. They say he's licked everybody aboard the *Ruffian* from the cap'n down to the mess boy—"

"Stow the gab and lead me to some *Ruffian* idjits which is cravin' to risk their jack on this tramp," I interrupted. "I got a hundred and fifty bucks that's burnin' my pockets up."

Well, it was easy to find some luna-

tics from the *Ruffian*, and after putting up our money at even odds, with a bartender for stakeholder, and knowing I had a tough battle ahead of me and needed some training, I got me a haircut and then went down to the Hibernian Bar for a few shots of hard licker. While me and Bill and Mushy was lapping up our drinks, in come Sven Larsen. This huge and useless Swede has long been laboring under the hallucination that he oughta be champion of the *Sea Girl*, and no amount of battering has been able to quite wipe the idee outa what he supposes to be his brain.

Well, this big mistake come up to me, and scowling down at me, he said: "You Irisher, put oop your hands!"

I set my licker down with a short sigh of annoyance. "With a thousand sailors in port itchin' for a scrap," I said, "you got to pick on me. G'wan—I don't want to fight no shipmate now.

Anyway, I got to fight the *Ruffian's* man in a few hours."

"Aye shood be fightin' him," persisted the deluded maniac. "Aye ought to be champ of dey *Sea Girl*. Come on, you big stiffer!" And so saying he squared off in what he fondly believed was a fighting pose. At this moment my white bulldog, Mike, sensing trouble, bristled and looked up from the bowl of beer he was lapping up on the floor, but seeing it was nobody but Sven, he curled up and went to sleep.

"Don't risk your hands on the big chump, Steve," said Bill disgustedly. "I'll fix him—"

"You stay oot of dis, Bill O'Brien," said the Swede waving his huge fists around menacingly. "Aye will see to you after Aye lick Steve."

"Aw, you're drunk," I said. "A fine shipmate you are."

"Aye am not droonk!" he roared. "My girl told me—"

"I didn't know you had a girl here," said Bill.

"Well, Aye have. And she said a big man like me shood be champion of his ship and she wouldn't have nothings to do with me till Aye was. So put oop your hands—"

"Aw, you're crazy," I snapped, turning back to the bar, but watching him close from the corner of my eye. Which was a good thing because he started a wild right swing that had destruction wrote all over it. I side-stepped and he crashed into the bar. Rebounding with a bloodthirsty beller he lunged at me, and seeing they was no arguing with the misguided heathen, I stepped inside his swing and brought up a right uppercut to the jaw that lifted his whole two hundred and forty-five pounds clean off the floor and stood him on the back of his neck, out cold. Mike, awakened by the crash, opened one eye, raised one ear, and then went back to sleep with a sort of gentle canine smile.

"Y' oughta be careful," growled Bill, while Mushy sloshed a pitcher of dirty water over the Swede. "You mighta

busted yore hand. Whyn't you hit him in the stummick?"

"I didn't wanta upset his stummick," I said. "I've skinned my knuckles a little, but they ain't even bruised much. I've had 'em in too many buckets uh brine."

AT last Sven was able to sit up and cuss me, and he mumbled something I didn't catch.

"He says he's got a date with his girl tonight," Mushy said, "but he's ashamed to go back to her with that welt on his jaw and tell her he got licked."

"Ya," said Sven, rubbing his jaw, "you got to go tell her I can't come, Steve."

"Aw, well," I said, "all right. I'll tell her you fell off the docks and sprained your ankle. Where's she live?"

"She dances at the Striped Cat cabaret," said Steve.

After downing a finger of Old Jersey Cream, I tightened my belt and me and Mike sauntered forth.

Bill followed me out into the street and said: "Dawg-gone it, Steve, you ought not to go cruisin' off this way, with the fight just a few hours in the offin'. That *Ruffian* crew is crooked as a buncha snakes—and you know what a soft head you are where women is concerned."

"Your remarks is highly insultin', Bill," I returned with my well-known quiet dignity. "I don't reckon no woman ever made a fool outa me. I know 'em like a book. Anyhow, you don't think I'd fall for a dame as encouraged a sap like Sven, do you? Heck, she's probably some big fat wench with a face like a bull terrier. What'd he say her name was—oh, yes, Gloria Flynn. Don't you worry about me. I'll be at the American in plenty uh time."

It was after dark when me and Mike got to the Striped Cat Cabaret which is located in a tough waterfront section of the city. I asked the manager for Gloria Flynn, and he said she'd just finished a dance and was in her dress-

ing room, changing to street clothes. He told me to wait for her at the back exit, which I done. I was standing there when the door opened and some girls come out. I said, taking off my cap, politely, "Which one of you frails is Gloria Flynn, if any?"

You could of knocked me over with a pile-driver when the snappiest, prettiest one of the bunch up and said, "I'm her—and what of it?"

"Well," I said, eyeing her with great admiration, "all I can say is, what does a girl like you want to waste her time with such tripe as Sven Larsen when they is men like me in port?"

"Don't get fresh!" she snapped.

"Oh, I ain't fresh," I assured her. "I just come to tell you that Sven fell off a dock and broke his neck—I mean sprained his ankle, and he can't make the date tonight."

"Oh," she murmured. Then looking close at me, she said, "Who are you?"

"I'm Steve Costigan, the fellow that licked him," I replied thoughtlessly.

"Oh!" she said, kind of breathlessly. "So you're Steve Costigan!"

"Yeah, I am," I said, having spilled the beans anyway. "Steve Costigan, A. B. mariner, and heavyweight champion aboard the trader *Sea Girl*. I knowed you didn't know me, or you wouldn't of persuaded your boy friend to risk his life by takin' a swing at me."

She looked kind of bewildered. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, it's all right," I hastened to assure her. "Sven told me about you urgin' him to climb me, but it's natural for a frail to want her fellow to be a champ of somethin'. What I can't understand is, what you see in a galoot like Sven."

She gave a kind of hysterical laugh. "Oh, I see. Why, Mr. Costigan—"

"Call me Steve," I beamed.

"Well—Steve," she said with a little embarrassed laugh, "I didn't urge him anything of the sort. I just said he was such a big fellow I bet he could whip anybody aboard his ship—and he said

one of the other sailors, Steve Costigan, was champion, and I said I was surprised that anybody could lick him—Sven, I mean. Why, I had no idea he'd get it into his head I wanted him to fight anybody. I do hope you didn't hurt the poor boy."

"Oh, not much," I said, unconsciously swelling out my huge chest, "I always handle my shipmates easy as possible. Though uh course, I'm so powerful some times I hit harder'n I intend to. But say, sister, I know a swell little girl like you wasn't takin' that big square-head serious. You was just sorry for him because he's so kind of big and awkward and dumb, wasn't you?"

"Well," she admitted, "that was the way of it; he looked lonesome—"

"Well, that's mighty fine of you," I said. "But forget about him now; after the beltin' I give him, he won't want to come back to you, and anyway, he'll find a native girl or a Chinese or somethin'. He ain't like me; a woman's a woman to him and he'll fall for anything in skirts that comes along. Me, I'm a one-woman man. Anyway, kid, it ain't right for you to trail around with a galoot like him. You owe it to yourself to keep company with only the best—me, for instance."

"Maybe you're right," she said, with downcast eyes.

"Sure, I'm always right," I answered modestly. "Now what say we go in and lap up something. All this talkin' I been doin's got my throat dry."

"Oh, I never drink intoxicants," she said with a bright smile. "If you don't mind let's go over here to this ice-cream parlor."

"O. K. with me," I said, "but first lemme introduce you to Mike who can lick his weight both in wildcats and dog biscuits."

Well, Mike, he shook hands with her but he wasn't particular enthusiastic. He ain't no ladies' dog; he treats 'em politely but coldly. Then we went over to the joint where they sold ice cream, and while we was dawdling over the

stuff, I let my eyes wander over my charming companion. She was a beauty, no doubt about it; curly yellow hair and big trusting violet eyes.

"WHAT'S a nice girl like you doin' workin' in a dump like the Striped Cat?" I asked her, and she kind of sighed and hung her head.

"A girl has to do lots of things she don't like to," she said. "I was in a high class stock company which went broke here on account of the manager getting delirium tremens and having to be sent back to his home in England. I had to eat, and this was the only job open for me. Some day I'm going home; my folks live on a dairy farm in New Jersey, and I was a fool ever to leave there. Right now I can see the old white farm house, and the green meadows with the babbling brooks running through them, and the cows grazing."

I thought she was going to cry for a minute, then she kind of sighed and smiled: "It's all in a life-time, isn't it?"

"You're a brave kid," I said, touched to my shoesoles, "and I wanta see more of you. I'm fightin' some guy at the American Arena in a little while. How about holdin' down a nice ringside seat there, and then havin' supper and a little dancin' afterwards? I can't dance much, but I'm a bear at the supper table."

"Oh," said she, "you're the man that's going to fight Red Roach?"

"Is that his name?" I asked, "yeah, if he's the man from the *Ruffian*."

"I'd like to go," she said, "but I have to go on in another dance number in half an hour."

"Well," I said, "the fight can't last more'n three or four rounds, not with me in there. How 'bout me droppin' around the Striped Cat afterwards? If you ain't through then, I'll wait for you."

"That's fine," she said, and noting my slightly unsatisfied expression, she said: "If I'd known you were going to fight

so soon, I wouldn't have let you eat that ice cream."

"Oh, that won't interfere with my punchin' ability any," I said. "But I would like a shot of hard licker to kind of settle it on my stummick."

That's the truth; sailors is supposed to be hawks about ice cream and I have seen navy boys eat it in disgusting quantities, but it's poor stuff for my belly. Mike had ate the bowl full I give him, but he'd a sight rather had a pan of slush.

"Let's don't go in any of these saloons," said Gloria. "These waterfront bars sell you the same stuff rattlesnakes have in their teeth. I tell you, I've got a bottle of rare old wine not very far from here. I never touch it myself, but I keep it for my special friends and they say it's great. You've time for a nip, haven't you?"

"Lead on, sister," I said, "I've always got time to take a drink, or oblige a beautiful girl!"

"Ah, you flatterer," she said, giving me a little push. "I bet you tell that to every girl you meet."

WELL, to my surprise we halted before a kind of ramshackle gymnasium, and Gloria took out a key and unlocked the door.

"I didn't tell you I had a kid brother with me," she said in answer to my surprised glance. "He's a weakly sort of kid, and I have to support him as well as myself. Poor kid, he would come with me when I left home. Well, Mr. Salana, who owns the gym, lets him use the equipment to build himself up; it's healthy for him. This is the boy's key. I keep the wine hidden in one of the lockers."

"Ain't this where Tony Andrada trains?" I asked suspiciously. "'Cause if it is, it ain't no place for a nice girl. They is fighters and fighters, my child, and Tony is no credit to no business."

"He's always been a perfect gentleman towards me," she answered. "Of course I come here only occasionally

when my brother is working out—" she opened the door and we went in and then she shut it. To my slight surprise I heard the click as she locked it. She switched on a light and I seen her bending over something. Then she swung around and—wow!—I got the most unexpected, dumfounding surprise of my life to date! When she turned she had a heavy Indian club in both hands, and she heaved it up and crashed it down on my head with everything she had behind it!

Well, I was so utterly dumfounded I just stood and gaped at her, and Mike, he nearly had a fit. I'd always taught him never to bite a woman, and he just didn't know what to do. Gloria was staring at me with eyes that looked like they was going to jump right out of her head. She glanced down at the broken fragments of the Indian club in a kind of stunned way, and then the color all ebbed out of her face, leaving her white as a ghost.

"That's a nice way to do a friend!" I said reproachfully. "I don't mind a joke, but you've made me bite my tongue."

She cringed back against the wall and held out both hands pitifully: "Don't hit me!" she cried, "please don't hit me! I had to do it!"

Well, if I ever seen a scared girl, it was then. She was shaking in every limb.

"You don't need to insult me on top of busting a club on my skull," I said with my quiet dignity, "I never hit no woman in my life and I ain't figurin' on it."

All to once she began to cry. "Oh," said she, "I'm ashamed of myself. But please listen—I've lied to you. My brother is a fighter too, and he just about had this fight with Red Roach, when the promoter at the American changed his mind and signed you up instead. This fight would have given us enough to get back to New Jersey where those cows are grazing by the babbling meadows. I—I—thought, when you told me you were the one that's go-

ing to fight Roach, I'd fix it so you wouldn't show up, and they'd have to use Billy—that's my brother—after all. I was going to knock you unconscious and tie you up till after the fight. Oh, I know you'll hate me, but I'm desperate. I'll die if I have to live this life much longer," she said passionately. And then she starts to bawl.

Well, I can't see as it was my fault, but I felt like a horse thief anyhow.

"Don't cry," I said. "I'd help you all I can, but I got all my jack sunk on the imbroglio to win by a k. o."

She lifted her tear stained face. "Oh, Steve, you can help me! Just stay here with me! Don't show up at the Arena! Then Billy will get the fight and we can go home! Please, Steve, please, please, please!"

She had her arms around my neck and was fairly shaking me in her eagerness. Well, I admit I got a soft spot in my heart for the weaker sex, but gee whiz!

"Great cats, Gloria," I said, "I'd dive off the Statue uh Liberty for you, but I can't do this. My shipmates has got every cent they got bet on me. I can't throw 'em down that way."

"You don't love me!" she mourned.

"Aw, I do too," I protested. "But dawg-gone it, Gloria, I just can't do it, and please don't coax me, 'cause it's like jerkin' a heart-string loose to say 'No' to you. Wait a minute! I got a idee! You and your brother got some money saved up, ain't cha?"

"Yes, some," she sniffed, dabbing at her eyes with a foolish little lace handkerchief.

"Well, listen," I said, "you can double it—sink every cent you got on me to win by a kayo! It'll be a cinch placin' the dough. Everybody on the waterfront's bettin' one way or the other."

"But what if you lose?" said she.

"Me lose?" I snorted. "Don't make me laugh! You do that—and I can't stay another minute, kid—I'm due at the Arena right now. And say, I'll have some dough myself after the battle, and I'm goin' to help you and your brother

get back to them green cows and babblin' farm houses. Now I got to go!"

And before she had time to say another word, I kicked the lock off the door, being in too big a hurry to have her unlock it, and the next second me and Mike was sprinting for the Arena.

I FOUND Bill tearing his hair and walking the dressing room floor.

"Here you are at last, are you, you blankety-blank mick dipthong!" he yelled blood-thirstily. "Where you been? You want to make a nervous wreck outa me? You realize you been committin' the one unpardonable sin, by keepin' the crowd waitin' for fifteen minutes? They're yellin' bloody murder and the crew which is all out front in ringside seats, has been throwin' chairs at the *Ruffian's* men which has been howlin' you'd run out on us. The promoter says if you ain't in that ring in five minutes, he'll run in a substitute."

"And I'll run him into the bay," said I, sitting down and shucking my shoes. "I gotta get my wind back a little. Boy, we had Sven's girl down all wrong! She's a peach, as well as bein' a square-shootin'—"

"Shut up, and get into them trunks!" howled Bill, doing a war-dance on the cap I'd just took off. "You'll never learn nothin'. Listen to that crowd! We'll be lucky if they don't lynch all of us!"

Well, the maddened fans was making a noise like a flock of hungry lions, but that didn't worry me none. I'd just got into my fighting togs when the door opened and the manager of the Arena stuck a pale face in.

"I got a man in place of Costigan—" he began, when he saw me and stopped.

"Gangway!" I snarled, and as I pushed by him, I saw a fellow in trunks coming out of another dressing room. To my amazement it was Tony Andrada, which even had his hands taped. His jaw fell when he seen me, and his manager, Abe Gold, give a howl. They was two other thugs with them—Salana and Joe Cromwell—I'd been in

Honolulu enough to know them yeggs.

"What do you think you're doin' here?" I snarled, facing Tony.

"They want me to fight Roach, when you run out—" he begun.

Bill grabbed my arm as I was making ready to slug him. "For cats' sake!" he snarled, "you can lick him after you flatten Roach if you want to! *Come on!*"

"It's mighty funny he should turn up, right at this time," I growled. "I thought Billy Flynn was to fight Roach if I didn't show up."

"Who's Billy Flynn?" asked Bill as he rushed me up the aisle between howling rows of infuriated fans.

"My new girl's kid brother," I answered as I clumb through the ropes. "If they've did anything to him, I'll—"

My meditations was drowned by the thunders of the mob, who give me cheers because I'd got there, and razzes because I hadn't got there sooner.

On one side of the ring the *Sea Girl's* crew lifted the roof with their wild whoops and on the other side the *Ruffian's* roughnecks greeted me with coarse, rude squawks and impolite remarks.

Well, I glanced over to the opposite corner and saw Red Roach for the first, and I hope the last, time. He was tall and raw-boned, and the ugliest human I ever seen. He had freckles as big as mess pans all over him; his nose was flat, and his low slanting forehead was topped by a shock of the most scandalously red hair I ever looked at. When he rose from his stool I seen he was knock-kneed and when we came to the center of the ring to pretend to listen to instructions, I was disgusted to note that he was also cross-eyed. At first I thought he was counting the crowd, and it was slightly disconcerting to finally decide he was glaring at me!

WE went back to our corners, the gong sounded, the scrap started and I got another jolt.

Roach come out, right foot and right hand forward. He was left-handed! I

was so disgusted I come near lighting in and giving him a good cussing. Red-headed, cross-eyed—and left-handed! And he was the first good port-sider I'd ever met in a ring.

I forgot to say our weights was 190 for me, and 193 for him. In addition, he was six feet three, or just three inches taller'n me, and he musta had a reach of anyways fifteen fathoms. When we was still so far apart I didn't think he could reach me with a pole when—*bam!* his right licked out to my chin. I give a roar and plunged in, meaning to make it a quick fight. I wanted to crush this inhuman freak before the sight of him got on my nerves and rattled me.

But I was all at sea. A left-hander does everything backwards. He leads with his right and crosses his left. He side-steps to the left instead of the right ordinarily. This guy done everything a port-sider's supposed to do, and a lot more stuff he thought up for hisself. He had a fast hard straight right and a wicked left swing—oh boy, how he could hit with that left! Seemed like every time I did anything, I got that right in the eye or the mouth or on the nose, and whilst I was thinking about that, *bam!* come the left and nearly ripped my head clean off.

The long, lanky mutt—it looked like if I ever landed solid I'd bust him in two. But I couldn't get past that long straight right. My swings were all short and his straight right beat my left hook every time. When I tried trading jabs with him, his extra reach ruind that—anyway, I'm a natural hooker. My straight left is got force, but it ain't as accurate as it should be.

At the end of the first round my right ear was nearly mangled. In the second frame he half closed my eye with a sizzling right hook, and opened a deep gash on my forehead. At the beginning of the third he dropped me for no-count with a left hook to the body that nearly caved me in. The *Ruffian's* crew was getting crazier every second and the *Sea Girl's* gang was yelling bloody mur-

der. But I wasn't worried. I'm used to more punishment than I was getting and I wasn't weakening any.

But dawg-gone it, it did make me mad not to be able to hit Roach. To date I hadn't landed a single solid punch. He was a clever boxer in his way, and his style woulda made Dempsey look like a one-armed paperhanger carryin' a bucket.

He managed to keep me at long range, and he belted me plenty, but it wasn't his speed nor his punch that kept me all at sea; it was his cruel and unusual appearance! Dawg-gone—they eyes of his nearly had me batty. I couldn't keep from looking at 'em. I tried to watch his waist-line or his feet, but every time my gaze wouldst wander back to his distorted optics. They had a kinda fatal attraction for me. Whilst I wouldst be trying to figure out where they was looking—*wham!* would come that left winging in from a entirely unexpected direction—and this continued.

WELL, after arising from that knock-down in the third frame, I was infuriated. And after chasing him all around the ring, and getting only another black eye for my pains, I got desperate. With the round half a minute to go, I wowed the audience by closing both my eyes and tearing in, swinging wild and regardless.

He was pelting me plenty, but I didn't care; that visage of his wasn't upsetting all my calculations as long as I couldn't see it, and in a second I felt my left crash against what I knew to be a human jaw. Instantly the crowd went into hystericals and I opened my eyes and looked for the corpse.

My eyes rested on a recumbent figure, but it was not Red Roach. To my annoyance I realized that one of my blind swings had connected with the referee. At the same instant Roach's swinging left crashed against my jaw and I hit the canvas. But even as I went down I swung a wild dying effort right which sunk in just above Red's waist-

line. The round ended with all three of us on the canvas.

Our respective handlers dragged us to our corners, and somebody threwed a bucket of water on the referee, who was able to answer the gong with us batlers by holding on to the ropes.

Well, as I sat in my corner sniffing the smelling salts and watching Red's handlers massaging his suffering belly, I thought deeply, a very rare habit of mine while fighting. I do not believe in too much thinking; it gives a fighter the headache. Still and all, with my jaw aching from Red's left and my eyes getting strained from watching his unholy face, I rubbed the nose Mike stuck into my glove, and meditated. A left-hander is a right-hander backwards. Nine times out of ten his straight right will beat your left jab. If you lead your right to a right-hander, he'll beat you to the punch with his left; but you can lead your right to a left-hander, because his left has as far to travel as your right.

So when we come out for the fourth round, instead of tearing in, I went in cautious-like for me, ignoring the yells of the *Ruffian's* crew that I was getting scared of their man. Red fainted with his right so clumsy even I knowed it was a feint and instantly shot my right with everything I had behind it. It beat his left swing and landed solid, but high. He staggered and I dropped him to his all fours with a whistling left hook under the heart. He was up at "Nine" and caught me with a wild left swing as I rushed in. It dizzied me but I kept coming, and every time he made a motion with his left I shot my right. Sometimes I landed first and sometimes he did, and sometimes we landed simultaneous, but my smashes had the most kick behind them. Like most port-siders when they're groggy, he'd clean forgot he had a right hand and was staking everything on his left swing.

I battered him back across the ring, and he rallied and smashed over a sledge-hammer left hook that rocked me to my heels and made the blood spatter,

but I bored right in with a sizzling left hook under the heart. He gasped, his knees buckled, then he steadied hisself and shot over his left just as I crashed in with a right. *Bam!* Something exploded in my head, and then I heard the referee counting. To my chagrin I found I was on the canvas, but Roach was there too.

The still weaving and glassy-eyed referee was holding onto the ropes with one hand and counting over us both, but I managed to reel up at "Six!" Me and Red had landed square to the button at just the same second, but my jaw was just naturally tougher than his. He hadn't twitched at "Ten" and they had to carry him to his dressing room to bring him to.

Well, a few minutes' work on me with smelling salts, ammonia, sponges and the like made me as good as new. I couldn't hardly wait for Bill to dress my cuts with collodion, but the minute I got my clothes on and collected my winnings and bets from the bartender, who'd come to the ring under escort from both ships, I ducked out the back way. I even left Mike with Bill because he's always scrapping with some other dog on the streets and I was in a big hurry.

I was on my way to see if Gloria had followed my advice, also something else. One hundred and fifty bucks I won; with what I had that made three hundred. I got a hundred and fifty for the fracas. Altogether I had four hundred and fifty dollars all in greenbacks of large denomination in my jacket pocket. And I was going to give Gloria every cent of it, if she'd take it, so she could go back to New Jersey and the cows. This sure wasn't no place for a nice girl to be in, and I'll admit I indulged in some dreams as I hurried along—about the time I'd retire from the sea and maybe go into the dairy farming business in New Jersey.

I WAS headed for the Striped Cat, but on my way I passed Salana's gym, and I noticed that they was a light

in one of the small rooms which served as a kind of office. As I passed the door I distinctly heard a voice I knowed was Gloria's. I stopped short and started to knock on the door, then something made me steal up close and listen—though I ain't a eavesdropper by nature. From the voices five people was in the room—Gloria, Salana, Abe Gold, Joe Cromwell, and Tony.

"Don't hand us no line, sister," Gold was saying in his nasty rasping voice. "You said leave it to you. Yeah, we did! And look what it got us! You was goin' to keep Costigan outa the way, so's we could run Tony in at the last minute. You know the promoter at the American was all set to match Tony with Roach when Costigan's ship docked and the big cheese changed his mind and matched the Mick instead, because the fool sailors wanted the scrap.

"Roach woulda been a spread for Tony, because the wop eats these port-siders up. The town sports know that, and they woulda sunk heavy on Tony. We was goin' to bet our shirts on Roach, and Tony would flop along about the third. Then we coulda all left this dump and gone to Australia.

"Well, we left it up to you to get rid of Costigan. And what does he do, I ask you? He walks in as big as you please, just when Tony was fixing to go in for him. I ask you!"

"Well, don't rag me," said Gloria in a voice which startled me, it was that hard, "I did my best. I got hold of a Swede aboard the *Sea Girl* and primed the big stiff proper. I stirred him up and sent him down to climb Costigan, thinking he'd bung the mick up so he couldn't come on tonight, or that Costigan would at least break his hands on him.

"But the harp flattened him without even spraining a thumb, and the first thing I knew, he was waiting for me outside the cabaret. I thought he'd come to smack me down for sicking the Swede on him, but the big slob had just come to tell me the square-head couldn't keep his date. Can you feature that? Well, he

fell for me right off, naturally, and I got him into the gym here, intending to lay him cold and lock him up till after the fight. But say! That big mick must have a skull made of reinforced battle-ship steel! I shattered a five-pound Indian club over his dome without even making him bat his eyes!

"Well, I hope I never have a half-minute like that again! When I failed to even stagger him with that clout, I thought I was a gone goose! I had visions of him twisting my head off and feeding it to that ugly cannibal he calls his bulldog.

"But you can't tell about those tough looking sluggers like him. He didn't even offer to lay a hand on me, and when I got my second wind, I spun him a yarn about having a kid brother that needed this fight to get back home. He fell for it so easy that I thought I could coax him to run out on his own accord, but he balked there. All he'd do was to advise me to bet on him, and then all at once he said it was time for him to be at the stadium, and he busted right out through the door and took it on the lam, making some crack about coming back after the fight."

"A fine mess you've made!" sneered Salana, "you've gummed things up proper! We had everything set for a killing—"

"A high class brand of sports you are!" she snapped. "I'm ashamed to be seen with you, you cheap grafters! A big killing! You don't know what one is. Anyway, what do you want me to do, cry?"

"We want you to give back that hundred we paid you in advance," snarled Salana, "and if you don't, you'll cry plenty."

"And I guess you think I risk my life for such cheap welchers as you for nothing?" she sneered. "Not one cent—"

There was the sound of a blow and Gloria give a short, sharp cry which was cut short in a sort of gasp.

"Give her the works, Joe," Salana

snailed. "You can't cross me, you little—!"

NEVER mind what he called her. I'd have half killed him for that alone. I tore the door clean off the hinges as I went through it, and I seen a sight that made a red mist wave in front of me so everything in that room looked bloody and grim.

Salana had Gloria down on a chair and was twisting both her arms up behind her back till it looked like they'd break. Joe Cromwell had the fingers of his left hand sunk deep in her white throat and his right drawn back to smash in her face. Tony and Abe Gold was looking on with callous, contemptuous sneers.

They all turned to look as the door crashed in, and I saw Salana go white as I give one roar and went into action. He turned loose of the girl, but before he could get his hands up, I crashed him with a left-hander that crushed his nose and knocked out four teeth, and my next smash tore Joe Cromwell's ear loose and left it hanging by a shred. Another of the same sort stood him on his head in a corner with a cracked jaw-bone, and almost simultaneous Abe Gold barely missed me with a pair of brass knuckles, and Tony landed hard on my ear. But I straightened with a right-hander that dropped Gold across Salana with three broken ribs, and missed a left swing that wouldst of decapitated Tony hadst it landed.

I ain't one of these fellows which has to be crazy mad to put up a good fight, but when I *am* crazy mad, they's no limit to the destruction I can hand out. Maybe in the ring, under ordinary circumstances, Tony could of cut me to ribbons, but here he never had a chance. I didn't even feel the punches he was raining on me, and after missing a flock of swings in a row, I landed under his jaw with a hay-making right-hander that I brought up from the floor. Tony turned a complete somersault in the air, and when he come down his head hit

the wall with a force that laid his scalp open and wouldst of knocked him cold, if he hadn't already been unconscious before he landed.

Maybe a minute and a half after I busted through the door, I stood alone in the middle of the carnage, panting and glaring down at the four silent figures which littered the room. All I craved was for all the other yeggs in Honolulu to come busting in. Pretty soon I looked around for Gloria and saw her cringing in a corner like she was trying to flatten herself out against the wall. She was white-faced and her eyes was blazing with terror.

She give a kind of hunted cry when I looked at her. "Don't! Please, don't!"

"Please don't what?" I snapped in some irritated. "Ain't you learned by this time that I don't clout frails? I come in here to rescue you from these gypes, and you insult me!"

"Forgive me," she begged. "I can't help but be a little afraid of you—you look so much like a gorilla—"

"What!"

"I mean you're such a terrible fighter," she hastily amended. "Come on—let's get out of here before these welchers come to."

"Would that they wouldst," I brooded. "What I done to 'em was just a sample of what I'm goin' to do to 'em. Dawg-gone it, some of these days somebody's goin' to upset my temper, then I'll lose control of myself and hurt somebody."

Well, we went out on the street, which was mostly deserted and rather dimly lighted, and Gloria said pretty soon: "Thank you for rescuing me. If my brother had been there—"

"Gloria," I said wearily, "ain't you ever goin' to stop lyin'? I was outside the door and heard it all."

"Oh," said she.

"Well," I said, "I reckon I'm a fool when it comes to women. I thought I was stuck on you, and didn't have sense enough to know you was stringin' me. Why, I even brung the four hundred

and fifty bucks I won, intendin' to give it to you."

And so saying I threw out the wad of bills, waved it reproachfully in front of her eyes and replaced it in my jacket pocket. All to once she started crying.

"Oh, Steve, you make me ashamed of myself! You're so fine and noble—"

"Well," I said with my quiet dignity, "I know it, but I can't help it. It's just my nature."

"I'm so ashamed," she sobbed. "There's no use lying; Salana paid me a hundred dollars to get you out of the way. But, Steve, I'm changing my ways right here! I'm not asking you to forgive me, because I guess it's too much to ask, and you've done enough for me. But I'm going home tomorrow. That stuff I told you about the dairy farm in New Jersey was the only thing I told you that wasn't a lie. I'm going home and live straight, and I want to kiss you,

just once, because you've showed me the error of my ways."

And so saying, she threw her arms around me and kissed me vigorously—and me not objectin' in no manner.

"I'm going back to the old, pure simple life," she said. "Back to the green meadows and babbling cows!"

And she made off down the street at a surprising rate of speed. I watched her go and a warm glow spread over me. After all, I thought, I do know women, and the hardest of them is softened by the influence of a strong, honest, manly heart like mine.

She vanished around a corner and I turned back toward the Hibernian Bar, at the same time reaching for my bank roll. Then I give a yell that woke up everybody in that section of Honolulu with cold sweat standing out on them. Now I knowed why she wanted to put her arms around me. My money was gone! She loved me—she loved me *not!*

McGOVERN'S LONG COUNT

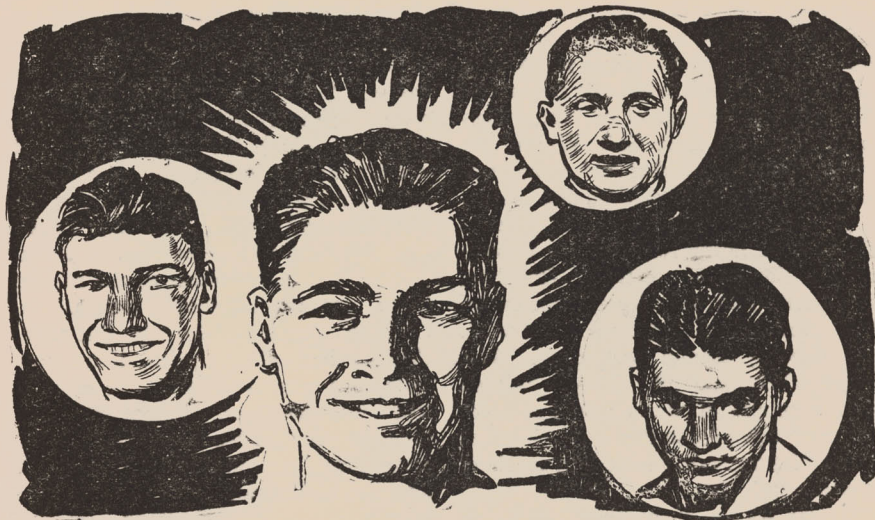
THE never-ending controversy over the alleged long count in the second Tunney-Dempsey fight brings to mind a famous long-count fight that took place when Gene and Jack were still in the nursing-bottle and perambulator stage. The battle in question was between Terry McGovern, then featherweight champion of the world, and Oscar Gardner, a prominent challenger for honors in that class.

Gardner was famous for his right-hand punch. He had cut a swath through the featherweights of the day with it and was regarded as the runner-up in Terrible Terry's division. Early in the fight he crossed his terrible right to McGovern's jaw. Down went the champion. In those days, when a man was knocked down, his antagonist did not have to go back to his corner of the ring, so Gardner stood over Terry waiting for him to get up. Terry was numbed and bewildered. Throwing out groping hands he got hold of Gardner's leg.

More by instinct than anything else, he began to pull himself to his feet. Gardner tried to get his legs away, but Terry hung on. The referee, Johnny White, has been accused of partiality to the champion, just as the referee in the Chicago fight was accused of favoring Tunney with a long count. At any rate, White did not do very much about making Terrible Terry release Gardner's legs, and after scrambling around with his opponent, the champion eventually got to his feet.

No official time was taken, but spectators at the ringside have claimed that it took McGovern nearly half a minute, even with the assistance of his antagonist's legs, to get to his feet. However, when he did get up, he came back strong, and shortly thereafter knocked Gardner cold. The fight caused a great scandal in fistic circles and is still discussed wherever old-timers get together.

The Baby-Face Terror



By JACK KOFOED

Author of "Fitzsimmons, the Wonder Fighter"

A beautiful scrapper to watch—that McLarnin boy! And a cool yet dynamite-laden battler to boot. It's in the Irish blood of him. Not without reason is he known as the Baby-Face Terror.

JIMMY McLARNIN, a thin, pale little fellow, was picked up and taught how to box by a Canadian war veteran, Pop Foster, because Pop liked the looks of Jimmy's legs. Baby Face, as they called the tiny fighter, won steadily. He beat Fidel LaBarba and Jackie Fields and Joey Sangor. The only one who had anything on him was Bud Taylor. But Jimmy grew from one class into another until he was a full-fledged lightweight, and was bitten by a desire to show his wares in New York. By knocking out Lou Kid Kaplan and beating Billy Wallace, Jimmy won the attention he wanted. Tex Rickard signed him to fight Sid Terris, and Baby Face made his debut on the New York scene.

(Now go on with the story in detail)

NEW YORK! Glittering Broadway! Jimmy McLarnin was dazzled and happy when he first set foot in Gotham-town. He went around to Forty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue to marvel at the size of Madison Square Garden and blush a little at the signs advertising the coming fight between Sid Terris and Jimmy McLarnin. There were men at the box-office already. It was no small job to crash New York—to make people pay out hard-earned money to see you fight. They said New York was cold and hard to failures, but that if you caught its love and admiration nothing was too good for you. Well, the first obstacle in the way to gaining that success was a young gentleman named Terris. He must be removed.

When Jimmy weighed in at the Com-

mission's office, he had his first look at Sid Terris. He saw an extraordinarily thin young man, whose skin was drawn tightly over his cheek-bones and mottled with a hectic flush. His legs and arms looked powerful. Sid was a pretty good hitter, but he had won fame because of his extraordinary speed of foot. They called him the East Side Will o' the Wisp, and lightweights had found him as easy to collar as a mosquito.

Jimmy studied his opponent. Terris didn't have much resistance to punishment. You could see that. The thing to do with him was to get close, crowd him, keep belting away. No fancy work. No dancing around or boxing. Just get in there and hit. If you whaled him a couple of times he'd go. Not through lack of gameness, but just because Nature hadn't built him to stand a walloping.

Terris was a New York idol. He packed 'em in when he fought. And Jimmy was making his big-time debut against this fellow. Knock him out, and you're made, boy. Fight fans, like everyone else, string with the winners. Put Sid Terris away and you'll pull them in at the gate like nobody's business.

"He's awful fast," said Pop Foster. "Don't let him get away from you, Jimmy. He's like one of them lightning bugs. If you nail him he'll go. Get close before you begin shootin'."

"Don't worry, Pop," said Baby Face. "I think I know how to beat this guy."

The hours whirled by. Almost before he knew it Jimmy McLarnin sat in the glaring white ring, a quizzical little smile on his lips as he looked across the ring at Sid Terris. Well, New York, here I am! Are you going to like me? Will you take to the way I belt 'em over? I want you to like me, New York. It's too bad that you can't get anywhere without putting somebody else out of the picture. There's Terris. A nice, mild boy. If I plaster him away his money earning days will sim-

mer out. But that's none of my business. It's his job to put me away if he can.

Gee, how the galleries are roaring for Terris. They certainly like him in this town. What's that Joe Humphries is saying, "... the representative lightweight of the Pacific Coast, Jimmy McLarnin." That's the tip to get up and smile and bow. Gosh, that was a nice hand for a stranger! New Yorkers are not such cold people, after all. Looks like they want to give everyone a break.

Now, out in the center of the ring to listen to cut-and-dried instructions. Look at Terris. He's pale, but then, they say he is always pale. These East Side boys never had much sun to color them up. But you can see his heart thumping against his ribs. Bang, bang, bang. He's nervous, all right. Is that any sign? Lots of great fighters have been nervous before the gong—Jeffries, Ketchel, rafts of them. That doesn't mean that they are ready to be pushed over. Jimmy himself never felt particularly fidgety, but everybody is different.

A pat on the back from Pop, a quick handclasp. The boys are in their corners waiting for the bell. There it is! Out goes Jimmy McLarnin for his first fight in New York.

TERRIS skipped about on those springy, long legs of his like a grasshopper, prodding with his left hand. Gosh, he was fast, wasn't he? Looked as though he could jump clean across the ring with one bound. No wonder they couldn't catch him very easily. Jim went in with a rush, hooked, and missed. Sid jabbed him and sprang warily away. The crowd yelled its admiration. Go ahead and yell. This thing hasn't even started yet.

McLarnin wasn't going to waste his energy firing at long range. He went in flat-footed, seeking to get close enough so the target would be easier to hit. There's Terris against the ropes. Jimmy lashed out with his left again, but the

punch was glancing and did no damage. Sid was in the middle of the ring. Laughing at him? No. There was all the seriousness of an undertaker in the pale, gaunt face of the East Sider, but a hint of derision in his eyes.

Jimmy came closer. Terris, his left hand extended, hesitated like a gazelle ready to fly. A feint to the body. The Will o' the Wisp pulled down his guard, and whango!—over went the right with every ounce of power Jimmy could put into it. The blow landed squarely on the jaw. Terris went down as though he had been hit by a blackjack. He went flat on his back, his head cracking against the floorboards.

Jimmy said to himself, "That finishes him. Tougher guys than he would go out with that wallop. Look at him. Eyes shut, gloves open. They could count a hundred over him and he wouldn't move. Well, boy, this is a pretty nice start for me."

The place was in a bedlam. The referee counted seriously, as though there was a chance that Terris would get up. But the Will o' the Wisp lay there helpless, done for.

"Nine, ten—out!"

Jimmy McLarnin turned a hand-spring in the center of the ring, and rushed over to where Pop Foster stood with a beatific smile on his broad, grizzled face. Their metropolitan debut had been a riot.

It was nothing less than that, really. Their share for the quick knockout over Terris amounted to \$19,645.50, by far the largest purse the partnership had ever taken in. But there was even more to it than that. Jimmy signed for a four-day appearance at Fox's Academy of Music for \$1,500, and was swamped with offers to appear in half a dozen cities.

Pop turned down all bids of a fistic nature, and waited to see what Madison Square Garden would do next. That was the big bet. Jimmy had proved himself a fighter, a hitter and a drawing card. They would be anxious to put

him on again, quickly. Sure enough, Rickard called them in. He wanted Jimmy to fight Phil McGraw.

That sounded swell. Phil was a Greek lightweight, a Battling Nelson sort of punch-absorber, a club fighter of the first order, but neither a fine boxer nor a great hitter. It looked like a softer spot to Pop than Sid Terris had been, but a good box-office attraction at that. There wasn't even any need of talking it over with Jimmy. Baby Face was perfectly willing to take anyone or everyone, the more the better. Each fight was another step toward the championship.

McGraw was noted for his ruggedness. No lightweight in the game had shown greater ability to absorb a thumping without slowing up. He had fought most of the men in his division, and none had hurt him. Those who believed that Jimmy's quick victory over Sid Terris had been something of an accident saw in this match a real test of the boy's hitting power.

Phil himself was confident that McLarnin couldn't hurt him. He believed he could take anything shot his way and outrough and outpunch Baby Face. As soon as these hitters understood that they couldn't hurt you they lost most of their stuff. The old confidence went.

They drew an excellent crowd to Madison Square Garden. Jimmy had caught on instantly, and McGraw's desperate battles with Stanislaus Loayza and others had made him a drawing card, too.

There was a big difference between McGraw and Sid Terris. The latter had flashy speed and some boxing ability, but was entirely lacking in ability to take a punch. Phil, on the other hand, was not extraordinarily fast, but could stand up under a walloping until the cows came home.

There was one interesting occurrence on the bill, though it had no connection with Jimmy McLarnin. A boy named Al Singer made his Garden debut in the opening four-rounder, and knocked out

Tommy Gervel. Within a very short time Singer was to share with McLarnin the distinction of being the best drawing card in New York. Even then he was tremendously popular with the East Side fans, and a string of victories spread his popularity throughout the city. Jimmy had never heard of him at that time.

When the main event started McGraw rushed at Baby Face. Phil was wide open for any kind of a punch, but not being a boxer he depended on the ferocity of his attack to make up for his defensive shortcomings. That ferocity wasn't enough to bother Jimmy McLarnin. He was a sharpshooter and in this instant was firing at the side of a barn. He just couldn't miss.

JIMMY'S first right-hand drive landed flush to the button. If McGraw had not known before what it was to be hurt, he knew then. A bomb exploded inside his head. His feet were swept out from under him. He had been back toward the ropes and he pitched head-first through them onto the heads of the men in the press seats. Phil didn't know where he was; didn't know anything except that he had been hurled out of the ring and that if he didn't get back quickly he'd be counted out.

So he scrambled around, reached for the the bottom strand of the ropes and hauled himself up. The referee had only counted to five, so quick had been McGraw's actions, but Phil didn't know what the count was, and couldn't take any chances. He hitched himself to his feet, shook his head, blinked his eyes and catching sight of Jimmy McLarnin, rushed at him again.

It was really too bad to take the money. Baby Face didn't even bother to feint. He just whipped the right to the jaw again, and down went Phil McGraw. The latter felt as though he had been hit with a mallet, but he had his reputation to live up to. He was an iron man. Who ever heard of an

iron man being knocked out in the first round? Who even heard of him staying on the floor to take advantage of a count? McGraw scrambled to his feet as quickly as he could, and that was quick enough since the referee had only reached "two."

This time he had a little more difficulty in locating McLarnin. His head was going around like a top. His jaw felt as though it had swollen into a balloon. No wonder Sid Terris had been flattened so quickly. No wonder this baby had knocked out Kid Kaplan and all those others. Could he hit? Whoohie! It was nothing short of murder. Well, let's go. Where is he? McGraw's bleared eyes focused themselves on the form of Jimmy McLarnin suddenly looming before him.

He put his gloves up before his face, peering over the tops of them. No use being too reckless when a guy is throwing dynamite bombs in your face. Let McLarnin lead. He'd wait a bit.

Then—and McGraw hadn't the faintest notion of how it happened—another bomb exploded under his chin.

He felt the resin scraping under his elbows. The sound of the explosion rang in his ears. Phil shook his head, trying to clear it. His legs felt all right. There was no weakness there yet, but his dome felt as though it weighed a thousand pounds. It took all his determination to pull it up, to lift that huge weight upright.

Phil had no idea of what round it was, or how long it would be before the round ended. He didn't know how often he had been on the floor, either. The only thing he was conscious of was the absolute necessity of getting up again. He didn't know why he should get up—but he just had to.

All over the Garden people were yelling for the referee to stop it. There was no logic in having a game man slaughtered when he didn't have a chance.

Jimmy looked at the referee. The latter shook his head. He wasn't going

to stop it yet. McGraw had lived through terrible punishment before this. Stop it now, and his people would yell bloody murder the rest of their lives. Let's see what happens.

McLarnin walked in, set himself, and shot another right-hander to the jaw. Down, down, down went McCarthy to the bottom of the sea. Only this time his name was McGraw. Down through an alley of velvet blackness. Phil McGraw felt as though he had been dropped off a precipice into a bottomless abyss. But he wound up with a thump on his hands and knees again.

How many times had he been there? He didn't know. He didn't care, either. He didn't care about anything. Wearily he scuffled his way to his feet again as the referee reached "eight." He was rubber-legged with punishment. His knees buckled under him. Just the weight of his body on them was too much to carry. His arms hung by his side. His eyes were glazed, unseeing. Another blow might be fatal. There would be no resistance to it. The Greek was utterly relaxed, ready to fall without being struck.

Then the referee stepped between the men. There was no doubt in his mind or anyone else's about it now. McGraw couldn't last out the round let alone the fight. Why permit it to continue? He didn't.

CHAPTER VII

For the Title!

HAVING knocked out the fleet-footed Terris and the rugged McGraw, Jimmy waited for other game. It was presented to him shortly in the person of the Chilean Indian, Stanislaus Loayza. Loayza was beetle-browed, and tough as shoe-leather. He was tougher than McGraw, for he had twice beaten the Greek in savage, hair-raising battles. If any of the lightweights could stop Jimmy's knockout streak

this dark skinned man from South America should be the man to do it.

Stanislaus, who had little imagination and no fear of anyone, went at McLarnin the way a hungry dog would snap at a bone. He slapped away with both fists without accomplishing much for McLarnin had forgotten more about boxing than the Indian would ever know,—and then the right hand went over.

From that moment on it was just too bad. McLarnin slaughtered Loayza. He hit him with everything but the water bucket. He raked him from brow to belt line with the choicest punches in his repertoire, and still Loayza came striding in for more. If you couldn't admire his judgment you could applaud his gameness and ability to stand up under the most ferocious punishment. He didn't go over as easily as Terris and McGraw. At each savage thump he shook his head, knit his brows and charged in for more. As for handing out any punishment himself—he couldn't have hit Jimmy with a handful of buckshot.

It wasn't a fight, but a case of aggravated assault-and-battery. No one rightly understood how Stanislaus managed to keep his feet. But constantly dripping water wears away stones, and the pounding of McLarnin's fists had the same effect on the Indian. The fight ended in the fourth round—and everyone was glad when it did.

This third straight sensational victory of his New York invasion put Jimmy in an enviable position. He was set now for a shot at Sammy Mandell, the title-holder, and when he went into the ring against the handsome Sheik of Rockford he'd carry a lot of New York money. The big town was just crazy about him. He looked like the greatest lightweight to come down the road since the days of Benny Leonard.

Tex Rickard was very keen for a lightweight championship bout between Mandell and McLarnin. That class was very close to his heart for he had started

his promotional career with Battling Nelson and Joe Gans in the humid heat of Goldfield, Nevada. He wanted another lightweight title bout—one that might equal the success of the battles staged between Benny Leonard and Lew Tendler. McLarnin had become startlingly popular in New York.

It looked like a great financial shot, but old Pop was a little dubious. He knew fights and fighters, and he knew as well as anyone else that Mandell was a capable, polished ringman—not a Leonard, perhaps—but a master just the same. He wasn't sure that he wouldn't be rushing Jimmy too fast by making the match.

Baby Face himself was the deciding factor. Pass up this chance to stiffen Mandell? I should say not! Sure, we'll fight him, and beat him, too. Wasn't that what they had come to New York for? Weren't those victories over Terris and McGraw and Loayza the steps toward the match? Pop finally acquiesced, and Jimmy began to train.

The work of getting down to weight was more difficult than he had anticipated. It was the old story over again. He was growing, and Nature would have to be placated. That was the worst part of this racket, the business of making weight.

Jimmy entered the ring wearing a resplendent green bathrobe with the famous yellow harp embroidered on the back. His round, pink face was sober. This was a chance that could not be taken lightly. You didn't laugh off a championship. Of course, he wasn't afraid. He believed that he could whip any man of his weight in the world, but—the championship of the world was at stake!

A moment later Sammy Mandell climbed through the ropes. He was shrouded in a brown bathrobe, and his dark, good-looking face was just as serious as Jimmy's. He realized that he was putting his most prized possession on the line against the most dangerous contender in the world.

AS Joe Humphries introduced Cannonball Martin and Joe Glick, both local favorites, Pop Foster and Dia Dollings hovered over their charge like parents over a new-born child. The crowd was impatient. They wanted the fight to start. Joe's introduction of the champion brought an enthusiastic cheer, but nothing compared with the wholehearted roar of applause that burst forth when McLarnin rose to take his bow.

The Irish boy had caught the metropolitan imagination the first time he showed his wares in New York. His subsequent showings had cemented that affection. Everyone wanted him to win.

Referee Magnolia called the rivals to the center of the ring for instructions. They were solemn as schoolboys caught in a prank that might mean expulsion. Jimmy's heart hammered against his ribs. Let's get going. Action was an antidote for nervousness. Once he was throwing leather this crowded sensation in his chest would pass. What was the use of being nervous? It didn't help, and it might make it seem that he was afraid—when he wasn't really; when the crowd and the importance of this fight and his own hot desire to win were the causes of his jumpiness.

McLarnin looked at Mandell, for the first time, when they faced each other in the center of the ring. Down inside of him he was saying, "I'm going to lick you. Within an hour I'll be the lightweight champion of the world. *Lightweight champion of the world!* I'll lick you!"

They smiled a little diffidently at each other when Referee Magnolia slapped their backs and said, "That's all, boys."

They shuffled to their corners, and stood waiting for that last interminable moment to pass. Irish and Italian. Good-looking, clean, honest. Two finer boys never faced each other in any ring.

The brass voice of the gong called them into action.

Jimmy rushed, fists flying. He might have boxed—and, had he boxed as he

had in earlier bouts, might have equalled Sammy in cleverness. But blah with that! He was a fighter—a slugger. He'd knock Mandell into the middle of next week. Championships shouldn't pass on decisions. The way to win was by a knockout. Flatten 'em!

The Sheik of Rockford wasn't there to be flattened so early in the fuss. He was a flickering beam of light. He flashed around the ring on his talented toes, but used more than footwork. His jab was perfection, straight as a piston and with the power of his shoulders behind it. It wasn't a powder puff that struck Jimmy McLarnin, but a balled up missile of bone and leather. It stung, hurt, disconcerted Jimmy. He had never run into anything as bothersome as that left hand. It was continually in his face.

Still, no one as game and confident as Jimmy McLarnin loses confidence through being disconcerted. Sure, he might be cut up, made to look bad for a while, but what of that? He had the utmost faith in his right hand. It had knocked out some great lightweight. It would knock out Sammy Mandell if it landed, and McLarnin didn't believe that the man lived who could keep him from landing for fifteen rounds.

What were a few bruises? Sure, the champion found it easy to poke him with that jab. Why not? He was coming in wide open, bothering about nothing but landing the one big, vital shot. That was all he needed. He'd gamble on the rest. Sammy wasn't a hard hitter, though a punishing one. Jimmy could afford to gamble on a ten-to-one basis. He'd trade one right cross for ten jabs. It didn't make any difference if he looked good or bad to the spectators at this stage of the game. He'd have them cheering for him before the finish—and what a finish it would be!

MANDELL seemed so darned confident, so sure of himself without being careless. He didn't jab as most fighters do, flicking the left hand into

the other fellow's face. He put some steam into it. His shoulders were back of the blows, and Jimmy's head bobbed back under them. In the clinches—and there were many of them in the first few rounds—Sammy showed his greater experience by tying Jimmy up.

The Belfast boy fumed. He wanted so desperately to land. He tried so hard! As he rushed and swung and missed, Mandell ripped him with both hands. At times the champion smiled broadly and winked at his manager, Eddie Kane, as though to say, "Imagine this guy thinkin' he can lick me!"

This fight, as a matter of simple truth, must be reported as a picture of a master working with a pupil. Jimmy, game and willing as he was, simply couldn't find the target, and his own pink cheeks felt the continual impact of his rival's gloves.

In the fifth, McLarnin's wild swings occasionally found the mark. There was plenty of steam and danger in them, but they didn't land often enough to balance the rain of punches that fell upon him.

By the time the seventh had passed the little Irishman's face was dyed crimson. The blood provoked Mandell to further efforts. Experts had scoffed at his hitting powers compared with McLarnin's. He hit away at a faster pace.

Through it all Jimmy came rushing in, his blue eyes narrowed against the storm. He was not discouraged. The picture of Sid Terris and Lou Kaplan and others writhing on the floor, spurred him on. Terris was faster than Mandell. Kaplan was tougher. Yet both had dropped under the McLarnin blows. Mandell would, too, sooner or later. But the champion's stabbing jab kept him off balance. The hooks and counters and crosses shook him, though none seemed to hurt him vitally.

There was a certain sameness to the bout, a lack of thrill and drama. It was not because either boy slackened his efforts for a moment. It was rather

because there was no rise and fall to the flow of action. One round was too similar to the other. Jimmy rushed, swinging, and Mandell made him miss and hit him in return.

By the end of the eleventh McLarnin's left eye had closed under the barrage of blows. It gave his baby face the appearance of being peculiarly askew; like that of a Bacchus cherub. It did more than make him look queer. Half-blinded, the game little Irishman was more than ever a wide open target for his clever rival.

Still, never for a single instant did Jimmy stop trying. Though the pounding he had undergone had robbed him of the sting of his punch he kept throwing it desperately. He knew as well as anyone that his only chance lay in a knockout—and the chance had faded away almost into nothingness.

And he kept trying right through to the very last second. When the final bell sounded it found him lunging in, feebler physically, but just as brave and determined as ever.

When the bell rang Jimmy's pink-cheeked face was only a caricature of its smooth and childish self. The pink had deepened to a dull red. Over his shut eye was a bloated and discolored lump. His slim waistline was banded with the crimson imprint of a thousand blows the champion had landed.

McLarnin walked over and shook hands with his conqueror. He smiled, with no hint of regret or envy.

"You fought a great fight, champ," he said, gracefully admitting the decision before it had been announced. "It just wasn't my night. Some other time, eh?"

"Thanks," answered Mandell. "You're the gamest boy I ever saw, Jimmy. You deserve another chance. Sure, I'll give it to you whenever it can be arranged."

The Belfast boy went back to his corner to soothe Pop Foster, who was more cut up about the defeat than Jimmy. Of course, McLarnin was barbed by disappointment, but, being a

confirmed optimist, was certain that his time would come. This didn't mean that he would never climb to the title. Bosh! He'd get there. It was just his misfortune that on this night Sammy Mandell had been at his superb best, and that Jimmy McLarnin hadn't. That's all there was to it. If they met again he felt—in spite of the trouncing he'd just taken—that he would win, and that the lightweight champion of the world would finish with his nose in the resin.

CHAPTER VIII

The Blare of Battle

DISCOURAGED, but not disheartened, at the lacing Mandell had given him, Jimmy started again on the trail that leads to championships.

He was again finding more and more difficulty in making weight. In a few years he had grown from a flyweight to a lightweight, and the end was not yet. He would finish up as a welter, sure as shooting. McLarnin hoped that this transformation would take some time yet. He wanted another shot at Mandell. His Irish optimism flamed high. Nobody was going to hold a permanent edge on him.

As a starter, he took on Ray Miller. Through the medium of one of the best left hooks in the business, Ray had climbed out of a shoe salesman's job and became a contender for the lightweight championship. Smart ring generalship and hitting ability had made him extremely popular.

It was one of the worst matches Pop Foster ever made—though it was more a matter of bad luck than anything else. Jimmy had an old cut over one eye. Miller made that a target from the start and soon ripped it wide open. The blood gushed out in a stream. Nothing his hard working seconds could do stopped that crimson river. It annoyed Jimmy no end. He could hardly see,

and his work became less and less effective. He weakened physically, of course, and though he was in no real danger of being stopped, the referee ended the fight in the eighth round—awarding a technical knockout to Miller.

This was one of the greatest upsets of the year. No one could figure Ray Miller—good as he was—stopping Jimmy McLarnin. Those who depended on brief newspaper accounts for the result of the fight wondered if Jimmy was through; if his hard work as a youngster had burned him out.

It hadn't, of course, but Baby Face lost prestige throughout the country. Stopped by Ray Miller! Imagine that. Play that one on your Victrola, boys, and use it as a lesson not to bet on fights. The unexpected happens so frequently in the ring game that it almost comes to be the expected.

Jimmy became a question as well as a popular idol in New York. The fans had seen him badly trounced by Mandell, and now he had been stopped by Miller. Just how far back had he slipped? Would his nice smile and great punch disappear from the ring? Most of us doubted that. Baby Face was too young. He had not suffered sufficient punishment to batter him down. The Garden matched him with Joe Glick so that we might all find out.

Then the ring game suffered its greatest loss. Tex Rickard died of acute appendicitis at Miami Beach. His body was sent North and he lay in state in the Madison Square Garden his executive genius had created. Jimmy McLarnin was one of those who mourned. Rickard had represented great things to him. Rickard had given him his first opportunity in New York. And now the cold, silent man from the North was gone from the scene of his greatest triumphs. It was a sharp lesson to the Belfast boy. He saw how trivial are all things in the face of death.

But even such a happening as Rickard's death could not halt the march of

business. McLarnin trained hard for the fight with Glick. This represented the turning point of his career. A defeat now would set him back a long way. It would be nothing short of ruinous. He must win, and win decisively, to hold his place in New York's affections. There were no two ways about it. He *had* to win.

Jimmy went to the Garden that night a very serious young man.

MORE than nineteen thousand people stood bareheaded, banked from floor to topmost gallery of Madison Square Garden.

In the darkened ring—where two days before the flower decked coffin of Tex Rickard had rested—stood Jack Dempsey, a very solemn and unhappy Dempsey, and Joe Humphries.

Joe, of the silver throat, had spoken simply of the departed Barnum of the ring. He spoke simply because he felt deeply just as Dempsey did.

Through the stillness came the haunting note of "Taps" and the deep voice of the veteran announcer, "... and may his soul rest in peace. Amen."

And the nineteen thousand who had come to cheer Jimmy McLarnin and Joe Glick stayed to mourn the man who had given them Madison Square Garden.

Glick had never been a champion, but for years he had been an annoyance of champions. He was a smart, defensive boxer and a fair hitter. He knew his business, and a good part of that business was to see that he wasn't hurt. A tough fellow to lick, this button-hole maker from Williamsburg, an exceedingly tough one.

He started to make it difficult for Jimmy in the very first round. Baby Face wanted to end the matter quickly. He threw rights until Glick set him back on his heels with well-timed jabs. Then McLarnin decided that this affair was not to be ended so quickly. He began whipping his left hook to the mark. Those digs made Joe take to

cover, but he always came out with a flurry of punches that landed.

Student that he was, James McLarnin found out exactly what Joe Glick had in those three minutes of fighting. It wasn't enough, he decided to cause him any trouble. Bingo with the left hook! That would win this fight for him. He'd left hook this baby to death.

Jimmy did exactly that in the second round, and wound it up with a blasting right-hander at the bell that almost hurled the button-hole maker through the ropes. It was exactly that sort of a story through to the seventh round, McLarnin winning all of them. He not only outhit Joe but outboxed him as well. Glick wrapped himself in a beautiful defense and was never in real danger of being knocked out. Occasionally he would land a rousing left or right himself, but these spurts were too rare to give him an advantage.

The seventh was a fine slugging bee. Glick's seconds urged him to get out and fight—to take chances, if need be. He couldn't win by staying in his shell. Get out there and trade with 'im.

Joe had apparently arrived at that decision himself. He started by peppering Jimmy's nose with a fast left jab that brought a spurt of blood. That stirred the Irishman's pride and temper. Back he tore in a furious effort to knock Glick out. He pegged away with both fists, and the button-hole maker stood up to him in fine style and fired back at him.

It was a rip-snorting fight. Those who thought that Glick excelled only in defending himself were surprised to see that he took what McLarnin sent over, and dealt out punches himself that weren't labelled creampuffs.

The eighth and the ninth were hot, too, though Jimmy increased his advantage by dint of continual leading. The final was the tip-off on the whole fight. They slugged furiously in mid-ring, neither giving ground until that canto was nearly over. Then, bit by bit, Joe retreated, fighting bravely, but unable

to do any execution in the face of McLarnin's tireless attack. Jimmy's arms moved like pistons. He threw eighty percent of the blows, and did eighty percent of the execution.

There was absolutely no question as to the justice of the decision, which went unanimously to McLarnin.

Incidentally it might be mentioned that with popular prices prevailing—that is with a top charge of five dollars for a ring-side seat—the McLarnin-Glick bout drew \$71,158, a record for that scale. Jimmy, of course, was the magnet. He always pulled 'em at the box office, and against a popular metropolitan regular like Glick, was sure fire.

Outside of perhaps Jack Dempsey there wasn't a better liked boy in the ring than Jimmy McLarnin. The crowds he always drew was proof enough of that.

There hadn't been any doubt in the minds of those who saw the bout between Jimmy and Joe that Baby Face was the better man. Still doubt is not essential in the making of matches. The boys had waged a great fight—one that was well worth going to see. The chances were all in favor of them doing exactly that thing again. Besides—most important of all they had attracted an enormous gate. So match-maker Tom McArdle proposed staging an encore.

It was all right with Jimmy. He was readying up for a second shot at Ray Miller. Another meeting with Glick would be an excellent warm-up. Sure, he would meet the button-hole maker again. Why not? Joe was quite as willing. I doubt that he really believed he could whip McLarnin, but he had been very well paid for the last match and had suffered no particular damage, even if he had lost.

They met again in Madison Square Garden, and again a goodly crowd was there. Jimmy went in very determinedly. He should have knocked Glick out the first time they met. He would do it now.

MAKING up your mind to do something and then doing it are quite different things. However, Jimmy accomplished what he set out to do, and he did it in jig-time.

The first round indicated that their battle might be a repetition of the first one. It wasn't anything like it. In the second McLarnin hit the button-hole maker with his right hand—hit him with everything he had, and exactly on the proper spot. After that there was nothing much to do but sweep up Mr. Glick and carry him thence.

That quick and flashing victory cemented the return bout between McLarnin and Ray Miller in Madison Square Garden. It intensified interest in it. New York, having seen both men in action, could not believe that their Jimmy could have been the victim of Miller's left hook, great a weapon as that hook was. Now that he had finished off Glick in jig-time, they wanted to see him try to reverse the verdict that the Chicagoan held over him.

The principal drawback was the question of weight. Jimmy had grown into a welterweight. There was no doubting that. He could do nothing but hurt himself if he tried to make 136 pounds at two o'clock in the afternoon. Miller, on the other hand, was something less than a legitimate lightweight. He could do 132 pounds very easily, and 136 was heavy for him. So, naturally, Ray's people fought bitterly about the weight. Despite the fact that Miller had scored a technical knockout in their first meeting he didn't want to give away gobs of poundage. The young man had a high regard for McLarnin's ability.

Finally they came to an agreement. It was much too profitable a match to be spoiled by even so important a matter as weight. Ray realized that the advantage was with him anyway. Even if he were beaten he would lose no prestige. This match was between a lightweight and a welterweight. Jack Dempsey, who had begun to promote bouts in Chicago, was

anxious to stage one between Miller and Sammy Mandell with the title of the 136-pound class at stake.

If he could have done so immediately after Ray had stopped McLarnin it would have been a huge money-maker. That wasn't possible, however, but if the left hook specialist made a good showing this time the possibility of a profit still existed. So Dempsey went to Miller and offered him a date with Mandell if he was on his feet at the end of his battle with McLarnin.

That offer did more than anything else to spoil what should have been a really great fight. Ray was not a cautious fighter under normal conditions. He had always been willing to take a chance. Now, however, too much hinged on his showing to permit him to take a chance. Had he gone out and fought McLarnin, as he did in their first meeting, it would have been a swell battle and everyone would have been satisfied.

Instead, he had Dempsey's offer on his mind. A fight with Mandell for the lightweight championship of the world! He must be on his feet to get it. If McLarnin clipped him with that right hand it would ruin everything. So the little Chicago puncher went into the ring with the single idea in mind of playing safe. He wouldn't give Jimmy a shot at his chin no matter what happened. He was going to earn that bid.

Well, the inevitable happened, of course. Miller played too safe. He wouldn't take any sort of a chance. He kept in his shell from start to finish. It must be admitted that Jimmy was none too hot himself, as the saying is. He had a poor night, and combined with Ray's safety first tactics, the most ballyhooed bout between little men in years fizzled off into an uninteresting ten round you-grab-me-and-I'll-grab-you affair.

The gate was a vast one, and the returns for both fighters top-notch. It was too bad that their performance was so disappointing. As it happened,

Miller didn't get his big chance with Mandell after all, for Dempsey decided not to go through with the bout. If Ray had gone in, traded with McLarnin, and fought a slashing battle whether he won or lost, he would have been better off.

Jimmy, however, hadn't lost any of his popularity in New York. Getting men who had a chance with him was quite a different matter, or even men who wanted to take a chance with him. The life of a matchmaker is full of troubles and problems. This fellow won't fight that one, or the other chap wants so much money that there is no sense in putting him on. It would have been good business for Madison Square Garden to feature Jimmy McLarnin at least once a month, but where could you find enough opponents? You couldn't. That was the answer.

Tom McArdle kept looking around. Fighters who didn't have a chance and had nothing to lose by being knocked out, were quite willing to accept an assignment if they were well paid for their pains. But fellows like that were not drawing cards. Much as the fans wanted to see Jimmy in action they didn't want to see him against some helpless push-over, who couldn't have won if he went into the ring with a butcher's cleaver in each hand.

Then a happy thought came to the harassed Mr. McArdle.

He had the right fellow now, by gosh. Paired with McLarnin the Garden wouldn't be big enough to hold the crowd.

Ruby Goldstein!

CHAPTER IX

The Jewel of the Ghetto

RUBY GOLDSTEIN was one of the most amazing figures the prize ring ever saw. He was a modest, brown-eyed, boyish youngster, who had learned to box and play basketball in

the Henry Street Settlement on the East Side. He had every apparent requisite to become one of the greatest lightweight of all time. He boxed brilliantly, and was a deadly hitter. At the start of his career he had scored twenty straight victories, fourteen by knock-outs, when he was matched with Ace Hudkins at Coney Island.

He gave Hudkins a fine trouncing for three rounds, and in the fourth dropped him. But the rugged Nebraska Wildcat climbed to his feet and knocked Ruby out with a terrific smash to the chin.

Goldstein started all over again. He flattened Pete Petrolle, Sig Keppen, Johnny Ceccolli and Ray Mitchell, and gave Jimmy Goodrich a fine pasting. Then he met Sid Terris and the drama with Hudkins was reenacted. These setbacks apparently ruined Ruby's interest. He fought only occasionally, signed for bouts and ran out on them. Though only twenty-three years old, it looked as though his ring career was over. He had saved fifty thousand dollars, and had about decided to enter some business and forget the gloves altogether when he met a girl.

She was of his own people and his own neighborhood. It galled her that Ruby Goldstein should be called a quitter. She urged him to go back into the game to make good for her sake, if not his own, this time. So, at the start of 1929, the mild Mr. Goldstein renewed his campaign for greatness.

In quick succession he stopped Freddy Mueller, Joe Reno, Joey Kauffman, Cuddy DeMarco and Billy Drako. No great fighters among them, true enough, but they were veterans who knew how to take care of themselves. Ruby looked so good that his partisans flocked to him once more. He had failed them in his two biggest shots, but he wouldn't fail them now. Ruby Goldstein was a second Benny Leonard, and he'd prove it.

So a match was made with Jimmy McLarnin.

The East Side was more than hopeful. It was willing to bet that its idol had been made over. A girl had done it. No more debacles like those with Hudkins and Terris. Goldstein was really on the road now. The newspaper observers and the bettors were not so optimistic. They were not convinced that the intuitive fighting spirit the Jewel of the Ghetto had lacked in other encounters could be supplied overnight in this way.

The intimation was not that Goldstein lacked courage. It wasn't that. It was rather a lack of competitive spirit. Ruby could be brave enough, but simply could not whip himself to his highest pitch when most was demanded of him. Had he possessed that attribute he might have gone on to a championship. For he had every physical asset.

McLarnin, a student of the opposition he was called upon to face, did not believe that Ruby had changed. He believed that the boy would be frozen with stage fright at the very beginning of the battle. If he succeeded in getting by a few rounds he might find a new esprit. He would become more and more dangerous with the passing moments. The thing to do would be to overwhelm him at the start. Not give him a chance to get set. Batter and smash and hack the heart out of him.

Despite the fact that Jimmy was a 3-to-1 favorite and was generally tabbed to win by a knockout, the bout excited the greatest attention in New York. The East Side has always stood staunchly by its own. It stood now by Ruby, hoping against hope. The average ring fan, who knew that Goldstein could hit with anyone of his weight, knew that when two punchers get together drama hangs breathless in the balance. So Madison Square Garden was packed the night Jimmy McLarnin and Ruby Goldstein met.

Baby Face came with Pop Foster and that cagey old second, Doc Bagley. The Jewel of the Ghetto was backed by Abe Attell and Whitey Bimstein, mas-

ters of the corners. Ruby was solemn, almost frightened looking. Jimmy smiled a little. This might very easily be the easiest fight of his life—or the toughest. He couldn't know in advance, but he did know that no one who could punch as Goldstein could should be rated as a set-up.

Hadn't this soft-eyed boy put Ace Hudkins on the floor, and was there a tougher soul on all the green footstool than this same Hudkins? Ruby could blast with either hand, and there was no guesswork about that.

Baby Face looked across at his rival's corner. Attell and Whitey were laughing and patting Goldstein on the back. Trying to laugh some confidence into him. That's what they were doing. Before leaving his dressing-room Ruby had told some of the newspapermen that he would win by a knockout in four or five rounds. He didn't believe that himself.

There's the bell!

GOLDSTEIN danced out, jabbing, straight as a lance, a good-looking boy. Jimmy, in a crouch, his lips drawn back from his white teeth protector, waded in grimly. It was apparent that Ruby was nervous. He jabbed and jumped away before a return could be made. McLarnin rushed, swinging. He missed. Ruby poked with another jab and sprinted off, high on the balls of his feet. There was no power in his jabs. They were merely tentative pokes.

Jimmy kept pressing in. Bang! There's the right. How do you like that, Mister? Goldstein's down. The Garden is filled with a bedlam of screams. Goldstein down on his haunches, dazed and frightened, a look of appeal in his brown eyes. Why should you hurt me? . . . Why . . . He's up again, dancing away, poking frantically with his left in an effort to keep off the merciless Irish boy. Keep him off? You can't do it. Yes, Goldstein is the same fighter he always was.

A champion against the second-raters; a second-rater against the champions. Why can't he keep his head and his nerves? He's good enough to box with anybody, but look at him! All at loose ends. He can't do anything right. One knockdown might not mean anything with some men, but it's the finish with him. No matter what happens afterward, that first knockdown was the real finish.

Look at McLarnin drive him to the ropes! Cover up, Ruby, cover up—What's the matter? Oh . . . oh . . . the bell!

There was a vast sigh of relief from the galleries, where Goldstein's friends were packed. He was past the first round. Maybe in this minute's rest he would find himself. Maybe he would get over the palsy that gripped his muscles in this big moment. If he did he yet might beat McLarnin. His seconds are working desperately. They're talking to him—Abe Attell, who was one of the greatest featherweight champions that ever lived; Whitey, who has few superiors as a second. They're trying to inject some of their own spirit in him. Come on, Ruby. Get yourself together! Your girl, your friends—everybody is watching . . . Beat this guy and you'll be in the million-dollar class. Untrack yourself. He ain't got nothin' that you ain't got . . . Come on, baby . . . Fight!

Ruby went out to give the best he had. He met a tigerish boy, who with head down and fists flying, drove him to the ropes. Nothing Goldstein could do was enough to keep McLarnin off. Jimmy was certain of himself. The smell of victory was in his nostrils. A smashing right knocked Ruby through the ropes!

He lay on the rim of the ring outside the ropes, and started to roll onto the newspapermen. They held up their hands to protect themselves. Referee Magnolia rushed over and shouted, "Don't hold him up."

We gave him the horse-laugh. "What

are we supposed to do, Lou—let this fellow fall down our throats?" We didn't shove Goldstein up, but we did stop him from caroming off our typewriters.

Don't let anyone say that Ruby Goldstein isn't game. I was in that group when the Jewel was propelled out among us. His eyes were staring. He was desperately hurt, almost unconscious. Yet he reached out for the bottom strand of the ropes. His gloved hand found it, somehow, and he hauled himself up and through.

On the floor of the ring once again he heard Referee Magnolia counting, ". . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . ."

Ruby Goldstein came swayingly to his feet.

A man who wasn't game would have stayed down. There wasn't a chance for him—not a single, solitary chance in the world. All that could possibly happen when he did get up was for Jimmy McLarnin to hit him again and knock him out. Those who said that Ruby Goldstein lacked courage saw him get up, and with the fighter's instinct go forward into a blasting right hander that knocked him flat on his back.

He lay there, arms outflung, his eyes closed. He made no effort to get up, because he was stone cold. He didn't hear the toll of the seconds that marked his complete passing as a star fighter. He heard nothing at all.

He had failed to prove to the girl of his heart that he deserved to be ranked with the great fighting men of his day, but he did prove one thing. He showed the world that he was game; that whatever his faults as a ringman, lack of courage was not one of them.

Jimmy watched the closing of the drama with a queer, twisted little smile. He felt more sorry for Goldstein than for any man he had ever beaten. It would have meant so much for Ruby to win.

Baby Face turned his usual hand-spring, and then walked over to shake hands with the Jewel of the Ghetto.

Goldstein was just coming out of it. He looked up at McLarnin and smiled wanly.

"I'm sorry," said Jim.

"That's all right," said Ruby. "I guess it was in the book."

CHAPTER X

A Coming Champ?

THE welterweight class had taken a new lease on life since the passing of Joe Dundee as champion. The lantern-jawed Baltimorean had guarded his title so carefully, permitting no one a shot at it, that interest in the division had waned. When Jackie Fields finally won it that interest flamed up again.

Fields! Jimmy McLarnin had knocked him out in a couple of rounds when they were both kids—remember? A bout between them was a natural for the outdoors, a bout that would draw several hundred thousand dollars.

In the meantime there were plenty of welterweights to keep Jimmy busy. One was Young Jack Thompson, whom Tom McArdle, matchmaker at the Garden, was anxious to toss in with Jimmy. Thompson was a slim brown panther of a man, a fine boxer and a hard hitter. He had knocked out Joe Dundee in two rounds, and had stopped Harry Kid Brown, Jack Silver, Red Herring, Harry Dudley, Johnny Adams, Russie LeRoy and others. A sweet fighter, and one who had never shown his wares in New York.

Sometimes it is almost incredible to me how the bookmakers figure the chances of rival fighters. Jimmy McLarnin is undoubtedly one of the best fighting men, inch for inch, that the modern game has seen. He can punch and box, has courage, brains and ring instinct. In short, he is everything a good fighter should be.

All that is admitted, but Jack Thompson's record showed that he was a star in his own right. He had beaten many

good men. How in the name of common sense McLarnin could be quoted as a four-to-one favorite is almost impossible to understand. No one as good as Thompson should be on the short end of four-to-one against *any* man of his weight. It isn't in the cards. Yet that is exactly how they figured the brown man's chances.

This is what happened:

As is usually the case when Jimmy fights, the Garden was packed. The crowd was crazy about him. It gave Thompson a good hand, too, considering the fact that he was totally unknown in those parts.

They traded pretty evenly in the first round. Jack showed himself a good boxer, a snappy hitter and a smart ringman. He found out very soon that the best way to counteract Jimmy's terrific blows was to keep crowding so that he couldn't get entirely set.

He won the second round, after taking a few solid belts around the waistline, whipping in a fast uppercut that had plenty of damage in it. McLarnin landed one right-hander high on the brown boy's head—and snap! His hand went. Jimmy felt the bone break on an old injury. The pain was numbing. He knew that, except for defense, the fist would be useless for the remainder of the fight. Thompson would soon find out that something was wrong. To counteract the loss of that weapon, Jimmy stepped faster. He won the third and fourth, carrying the fight to Thompson and lashing away with his left hook, while making threatening gestures with the right. Jack wasn't hurt. He drifted about like a brown shadow and rolled with the blows that landed—a boxer who knew what it was all about.

Then the brown man, sensing what was the matter, went out himself. He tore into Jimmy like a tiger. McLarnin's nose was cut. He swung wildly at the body, and was warned by the referee. Thompson's seconds urged him to be more careful, but he believed that he had a chance to knock out the good-

looking white boy and put himself in the big money. At the end of the seventh round he had a distinct edge.

"You'll have to step out, Jimmy," said Pop. "You ain't goin' so well. This Thompson guy has something on you, up to now. You ought to be able to beat him with your left. Get started now."

"I'll do just that," said Jimmy, his lips tightening.

So, in the eighth round he took the play out of Jack Thompson's hand. He bluffed with his right, missing always, but wreaking execution with his left. Just as the bell sounded for the eighth and ninth rounds he let fly with the injured fist, landing on the body.

That made the whole fight pretty even as they waited to go out for the final round. The winner of those last three minutes of struggle would come pretty close to earning the decision. Both men knew that, I think. Jimmy did, at any rate. He was a good judge of pace. He always knew to a fine point what was needed of him, and he understood just as well what he was capable of doing. He had enough stuff left to carry things to Young Jack Thompson. He was still strong and able, even though his right hand was swollen and painful. With both fists working, McLarnin was certain that he would have won easily, possibly have knocked out this slim panther. But beating a good two-handed fighter with one hand is a job for a master. The last round would be hot.

If the broken digit had to go—well, let it go. Being beaten by Thompson at this stage of the proceedings would be fatal. It would cast a pall over a Fields-McLarnin battle for the welterweight championship of the world. It would be the greatest set-back Jimmy had ever run into. That last round must go to him. Nothing else was conceivable. The bell sent them out.

JIMMY roared and slashed and raved. He hit with both hands, the left to the head and the right to the body. Pain

was nothing. Bursting, straining lungs were nothing. He kept close to Thompson. He never let the brown-skinned body dance away out of danger. He hung on like a leech, pounding, pounding.

Thompson, fine fighter that he was, failed to stem the tide. He couldn't get set for his own punches. The play was taken out of his hands. The ripping attack of the Irish boy drove him like a leaf before the gale. Time after time he stood up to the punches, trying to break through with his own batteries, but the hammering was too much for him. It would have been too much, I think, for any welterweight in the world. McLarnin was fighting mad; ready to throw away his future, if need be, to win this fight.

The last gong sounded in the midst of a roar from the spectators. That was a champion's finish. No one could dispute it. It was a winner's finish, too, and was enough to snatch the decision out of Thompson's waiting hands.

They clapped each other on the back, and went to their corners to await the official decision from Joe Humphries. When Joe had collected the slips from the judges and referee he walked over to McLarnin and lifted his soaked glove in the age-old token of victory.

It was one of the most popular decisions ever given in the Garden. The idol of the fans had snatched it from the burning, when it seemed that defeat must be his portion. It should have been a lesson, too, to those optimists who bet four-to-one that Thompson would lose. There is no such thing as a four-to-one shot when two first-class fighting men face each other in the ring.

We must leave Jimmy McLarnin at this stage of his career. Still a youngster, the greatest years of his fighting life should lay before him. When he finally hangs up his gloves for the last time, he will—with a smile from the Fates—have compiled a record worthy of standing with the historic ones of the ring.

SOCKER DOOLEY, FIGHTING GOLFER

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

This time, his squared circle was a golf links, the bright sun his spotlight, and on his ability to sock a little white ball rested his reputation as a mauler of men.



IT was Artie Coombs's big idea. He thought it would yank Socker Dooley back into the spotlight, and it did appear to be one of those thoughts that seem fated to lead somewhere from the very beginning. Socker was a fading pugilist with a wonderful future behind him and therefore not anything to be raved about as a source of news. Publicity was hard for him to get except on fight night.

Artie was a press agent with ideals. By that we mean that Artie went after results with both hands and feet and really felt that he was slipping badly in the ethics of his profession if he failed to think up a story big enough to pass the blue pencil as "news." And he seldom slipped.

This celerity was due largely to two things: Artie was about as nice a little fellow as the law allows and he had as breezy a smile as any living man. Then, too, he really had an inventive turn to that mind of his which made up good stuff for any one's newspaper.

Once let Artie roll into an editor's

presence with the silk handkerchief hanging so far out of his breast pocket that he seemed to be in danger of tripping over it, his smile working overtime and his story all neatly typed and held in his left hand while his right grasped that of the victim, and something was going to be printed.

Then knowing Artie will enable you to understand coming events.

The big idea appeared in the form of a story which had Socker Dooley taking up the gentle and aristocratic game of golf. Ordinarily fighters don't go in for that sort of thing, which accounts for the story. Artie never did anything ordinary.

"The reason I wrote that," he explained to Socker after the damage had been done, "was that a different type of people is becoming interested in your manly profession. Ladies are attending bouts, business men go openly and invite their friends. Fighting is getting to be like singing in opera or playing baseball. You must have public appeal. The only place you can read about

Babe Ruth's baseball playing is in the score. But you can see his Sudbury swish hound on the front page and find out all about his lumbago and his bridge playing in the columns once given to news.

"Why? Folks like to see him and get acquainted through the papers with what sort of a guy he really is. That's what keeps us guys alive."

"Yeah—I know—but *gulf!*" Expostulated Socker feelingly. "I—"

"For the love of Mike don't say *gulf!* It's go!f!"

"Awright then—*gulf*. My gosh, I can't even say it! How can I play it?"

"Well, when I wrote the yarn I didn't think you'd have to play it. You wanted to get on the front pages, and that was the only thing that would do it. I had no idea this Red Mulrain would see a chance to put his pork and beaner across with us!"

"He's a wise guy. I shoulda had me a manager like that guy. He seen me goin' over on th' story an' comes back with a challenge for me to play his fighter a game of *gulf*. Now I either play or get called yellow!"

"Well, maybe this Jimmie McKone can't play it any better than you."

"I'm bettin' he can't play no worse!"

"Who is he?"

"He's th' coast heavyweight champ—whatever that means. I ain't sayin' he ain't a good guy an' all that—but them that knows him says he's tougher'n cafeteria beef an' has a heart full of flint."

"Well, this looks to me like a play on their part to cash in a bit on your publicity. I admit it is an unlooked for and unusual development, but let me get in touch with this Red person and see what I can fix up."

"Don't get me on no *gulf* grounds," Socker admonished as a parting shot.

BUT the worst was found to be true when Artie had finished his investigation. He returned to report that Red was adamant. His heart was set upon

going through with the first real break that had come his way. He and McKone had been in the East for two months contending themselves with liners on the sport pages. This was different. They were in the headlines now and meant to stay there as long as luck held good.

Jimmie McKone, tough and unsuspecting, had gone out to a public course, watched a few people drive and putt and convinced himself that he was safe enough at the game. It looked rather tasteless and unexciting to him, but had every indication of being easy to play.

"And we've got to go through, Socker," admitted Artie. "Red has got Tommie Silver as a press agent and he's pretty good. Next to me, in fact. He's bound to get the story over and they are going to challenge us in the morning papers. There's no way out; we've got to play."

"I know a way out," snarled Socker reaching for his hat.

"Wait, don't get into a jam over this thing. We won't get anywhere that way. Don't argue with them."

"Argue? I ain't gonna *argue*, kid, I'm gonna crease his dial. No cripple can play *gulf*—"

"And have the papers full of your ducking the match by licking this fellow outside the ring? All that does is show you up for a roughneck and we lose all we've gained. There's a better way than that—just give me time to think of it!"

"There ain't no better way in th' world of fixin' up a guy like him than bouncin' knuckles off'n his whiskers."

But even before Socker had finished it was evident that Artie had the idea. His face broke into a smile with the radiance of a sunrise. He slammed one fist into the palm of his other hand, then fired questions like a machine gun:

"How much does this McKone weigh?"

"About one ninety."

"He's in your class, isn't he?"

"Yeah."

"You are a fair and reasonable match in the ring?"

"I'd prob'ly knock him for an ingloo in about four rounds if I was right—"

"But you might be matched? I mean, you could be so far as weights and that stuff is concerned? He's as big as you are?"

"Sure. Now your talkin'. Get us matched up in the ring. I can eat them. Readin' about meself playin' gulf wouldn't feed me."

"No, no, Socker. You don't get the idea at all. I've found the way out of this mess and at the same time we'll get a whole flock of stories on the side."

"I won't have to play gulf?"

"No! When they hear this come-back, watch them wiggle out of the golf match!"

IMMEDIATELY Artie retired to his typewriter and dashed off a rather amazing affair for the response to the challenge which was due in the morning. Something made Artie sing and whistle as he worked that day. Even a press agent loves something real to write about and this time Artie had it.

The first issues of the next morning carried considerable of a story. Socker read it with deep concern, if insufficient ardor. Jimmie McKone deliberately called the bluff of Socker Dooley and challenged him outright to a match of eighteen holes, for any stake Socker cared to name. There was a lot more, but that was the import of the whole thing.

Then came the afternoon papers. They disclosed in Artie Coombs that master sort of mind which asserts itself in the pinch. Not only did Socker Dooley accept the ill-advised and misguided challenge of the said McKone; no, not only that, he named the stakes as well—and the scene of the match!

Read it in Artie's own words:

When notified of the challenge of McKone, Socker Dooley smiled tolerantly and nodded a quick acceptance. But it took a lot of thought on the part of the famous ringster to deter-

mine upon a fair stake to be played for.

That he retained his shrewd faculties outside the rings that have made him famous is attested by the decision he finally reached. And, according to the terms of the challenge, he is in position to enforce or claim the match by default.

"Sure, I'll play, Jimmie. We'll make it one week from today, rain or shine, and the game to be played over the municipal links. As for stakes, I'm dead game, though I don't claim to be a star golfer. Since Jimmie and I are both workers of the hands I think we should satisfy the public by playing the match for a punch a hole. In other words, every hole he wins he earns a punch at me—and every hole I beat him—he tastes of the 'sock' that won me my name!"

The public read this with a thrill. Artie with an infinite sense of achievement, Red Mulrain and Jimmie McKone with portentous doubts and Socker Dooley with high blood pressure and a determination to kill Artie on sight.

"Don't fly off the handle, Socker," shouted the latter as Socker charged into his office. "Can't you see that was the one way out of the match?"

Socker saw. A grin spread over his face.

"That's right, Artie." The relief was so great that Socker sank into a chair and fanned himself with his cap. "Sure. I see it now."

"Of course! They never in the world could agree to such terms, yet you get a lot of credit for naming them. Not so bad, eh? They can't accept, they wouldn't dare. And yet we get the space and the credit. I'm going to make considerable of a guy of you yet, Socker!"

Both grinned and indulged in one of those little mutual admiration societies that make life agreeable. They mutually admired for the better part of an hour and might still have been at it but for the sudden and impetuous appearance of Tommie Silver. He rushed across to them in a high state of excitement.

"You're took up! You're took up, Socker. Red and Jimmie McKone has agreed to the match! It's the greatest morsel for a press agent that the well known profession can boast of—hop to

it, Artie. You and me has got something to write about this time!"

THE first tee at the municipal links was aswarm with people. Extra police had been detailed.

"Will they really do it?" was the question on every lip.

Pandemonium broke loose when the bulk of Socker Dooley stepped from a car that had been rented for the occasion and walked through the crowd to the tee. At his side strode Artie, aburst with importance and behind him came a caddie lugging a bag of borrowed clubs. A close observer might have seen in the battered eyes of the ring hero the sort of courageous determination which characterized the martyr—or bridegroom. He was not unmindful of that which lay before him, but faltered not despite it.

A well known sports writer stepped up to Artie.

"I've been drawn as scorer for Socker. I follow Jimmie around the course and see that his game conforms to the letter of the law. Mr. Williams here will represent McKone and follow Socker."

"Fine. I am more than sure that Socker will have a square deal. Where's McKone?"

"Here he comes now."

All eyes turned toward the Coast heavyweight.

He swaggered onto the tee with the stride and nonchalance of a first class lion-tamer; glanced casually about until he saw Socker, then strode over and held forth his hands for inspection. Socker did likewise and the motion went for a handshake. Those who have followed the ring got a real smile out of that.

"It ain't your lunch hooks I'm wantin' to see," Socker grunted. "Lip protectors don't go in gulf, either. Open your yap."

With deep concern each examined the mouth of the other, then ran his hands over the body to detect any padding

that might have the effect of easing the strain of the pending golf match.

"Which corner you want?" asked McKone.

"There ain't none. We'll toss to see who whales away first."

One of the scorers tossed a coin and Socker called "heads." He won. The honor was his; dubious, but his.

"Guess we're all set to go," he said. "Hand me th' whacker, kid!"

Little Bobbie Aldrich always did have a lot of sense for a kid, so he drew forth the driver and handed the ringster a ball.

"Take a little sand out of that box, Socker," he coached; "make a tee, set the ball on it and take your time. Don't press and be sure to keep your eye on the ball."

"Watch me go, kid. I'm gonna bust that pill where it's tender!"

SOCKER made the tee and stood the ball upon it. Then he took the driver and assumed his stance. For a wholly extemporaneous one it wasn't bad. True, he took hold of the club like a bat and glared at the ball with a venomous purposefulness. The crowd milled and whispered. That disturbed Artie.

"Fore!" he called sharply.

"How do you make that out!" demanded Socker. "I ain't even had one swipe at it yet!"

"Never mind, Socker. I wasn't talking to you. Everything is all right; you just play the game. Lay her right down the middle, old boy. Nice and firm, but don't press."

Once again Socker turned to the business in hand. He waved the club menacingly, cast his huge arms upward, whirled like a dervish and flailed away. There came a shower of dust and the muffled report of club against ball. Then a deadly silence.

"Where is it?" Socker asked. "I hit it an awful belt!"

But not a man in the crowd could answer. A second before the ball had

been there, now it was gone. For at least twenty seconds there was complete bafflement. Then there came a dull thud and the ball rolled back onto the tee. All eyes turned toward the sound. They saw Red Mulrain reeling around with one hand clapped to the top of his head and his knees wabbling like the legs of a country hotel bureau.

"Foul! Foul!" the manager mumbled. "Th' thing's a plant." Then, as his faculties returned somewhat he charged at Socker, and only a burly sergeant of police cheated the crowd out of some real fun.

"It's all right, Red," one of the sports writers assured him. "It just happened. I've seen a dozen balls hit that way. Socker didn't mean it."

The official scorer marked down one stroke for Socker and the job was up to Jimmie McKone.

"The trouble with that shot was that you stood too close to the ball after hitting it, Socker," grinned Artie. No man could be a press agent without a sense of humor. And with all the energy Socker had put into that shot, the ball now lay some ten feet away.

But things quickly adjusted themselves. Jimmie took three swings in rapid succession. Which means that the first two missed entirely. The third darted happily off the toe of the club and was saved from a long flight out of bounds only by the interference of a bench.

Every one saw the bench stop the ball. The pellet hit the boards and shot straight up into the air. "Pretty lucky," grinned a spectator. But, almost as though the remark had tempted fate, the ball dropped again to the bench and then took a graceful little loop straight into the bucket of water on the first tee!

"Play it out! Play it out!" shrieked the watchful Artie. "It's a fair hazard."

Lengthy conference decided that Artie was right. Jimmie took his driver, mounted the bench and took one lusty whale at the bucket. The bottom sprung loose and a stream of dirty water

trickled forth, but the ball remained secure.

Rather than dwell upon detail we will quote results. When finally Jimmie was clear of the bucket and his ball once more lay in the fair, he had taken eighteen strokes and been presented with a summons for destruction of public property.

But they were off. Down the fairway beckoned the velvety green where the two must soon pay for their folly or collect their just reward.

"Dooley away," chanted the scorer.

"Try an' get me away! After that guy loses out before he gets started?"

"No, no, Socker. He means you are farther from the hole than McKone, so you shoot now," explained Artie.

"Don't use that same stick, Socker," little Bobbie coached. "Take this mid-iron and don't try to hit it hard. Just dribble along to the green. You got it won now!"

But Socker's idea was for the spectacular. With a margin in his favor such as he had, disaster seemed endlessly distant.

"All I gotta do is win the first hole. That gives me a sock at this gink's chatter channel. After that he won't even see a ball."

"You can't tell, Socker," warned Artie. "He looks pretty tough."

"Yeah. But I'll just miss his chin far enough to close his eyes. How can he hit that dodgin' domino with his eyes shut? I can't with 'em open!"

SOCKER took the iron, waved it carefully and planned his shot. He heard Bobbie urge that he keep his left arm straight and keep his head down. He did both. He swung and the ball began a flight that would have made Sarazen green with envy. True and far it sped. The crowd gasped in amazement at its marvelous soaring. Watched breathless until it finally landed dead center of the fairway and leaped gracefully toward the green.

"Oh, now I get the idea better,"

noded Socker. "I got th' secret now!"

He followed along as the perspiring Jimmie took four more shots to catch up with him. Socker lay two, Jimmie twenty-two. Things looked sweet for the vet.

"Th' first hole was for a smash on th' chin, Jimmie," Socker reminded his rival as they neared the green.

"I'd rather take it than try to hit that fool ball any more! I told Red he was carryin' a yegg into church when he gets me onto this daisy an' dandelion emporium!"

Socker grinned. All confidence now, he stepped up to his ball, looked calmly at the green and repeated, as he thought, his last shot. And it looked as though he had, for a moment. The ball started out well, but suddenly seemed attracted by something off its course. In a wide but rapid sweep it curved to the right.

After that it curved some more, and then kept on curving in an ever increasing scope until the ground under its flight ceased to be the smooth, open fairway and altered into stubble, then "rough" of a menacing nature and, finally, into wavy, long sward.

Socker watched this unexpected development in somewhat awed amazement. Never had he seen such a queer doings. His mental category had failed to embrace such a thing as a "slice" and as for the physics back of it—well, back to the old gentleman under the apple tree! The only difference is that the fruit missed Socker.

"Is there sumthin' up there!" he gasped. As if trying to determine the cause of the unfortunate phenomena his eyes remained fixed in an effort to trace the thing to its source.

"Good night!" cried Bobbie Aldrich. "We'll be lucky to find that at all. That's a terrible place!"

"He done sumthin' to me ball, that's what he done!" Socker suspected any one at a time like this.

And to make matters worse an extra caddie appeared at that moment carry-

ing a large, square box. Somehow it was familiar to Socker.

The lad walked straight up to the police sergeant and offered the box for inspection. Then Socker saw what it was. A set of boxing gloves!

"The only way you can pull off this nut idea is in conformity with the law," the official announced. "I can see that one of you swamp rats is due for a sweet pasting in another hundred yards and I won't stand for bare knuckles!"

They trooped excitedly to the point where the ball had seemed to land. The most interested parties arrived first, followed by about a thousand of the gallery. A lost ball is ever a source of worry and dismay, but in this case it was destined to delay arrival at the green and that crowd was anxious to see the first score paid.

"You have five minutes in which to find your ball," Jimmie's scorer announced. "If in that time you have not succeeded you lose the hole. This is match play."

They hunted feverishly for three of the precious five. At the end of that time they were exactly where they started and Socker was showing considerable concern. Then it was that Artie's fertile brain began to work. He sidled about until he secured another ball which he secreted in the palm of his hand.

Four minutes came and went and the gloating look upon the face of Red Mulrain enraged Socker to the point of destruction. Four and a half minutes—then a shout from Artie.

"Here it is—I have it!"

Every one rushed toward him and Socker heaved a sigh of infinite relief.

"It's a lie!" shouted the suddenly infuriated Red Mulrain. "I been standin' on his ball for three minutes!"

ONCE more the police prevented sudden death. Socker did his best to get at Red, but to no avail. And when he did finally place himself for the next shot he was dismayed to find

his ball ground so deep into the clinging grass and soggy earth that he couldn't hit it.

There was endless argument, but no final decision. Any ruling was a precedent. Both scorers begged the question. "It all comes down to the fact that golf is supposed to be a gentleman's game and it's catching some terrible abuse around here," one of them declared. "Play the shot as it lies, and if you lose the hole you can protest."

Socker began whittling away. It was incomprehensibly arduous and unprofitable. His shoulders were draped with grass, his mouth was filled with flying mud and his muffled curses and strokes plenteous before he found the ball once more on the fairway.

"McKone is away?" said the scorer ultimately. Socker welcomed the breathing space. "Shoot, McKone. You lie twenty-two—Dooley twenty-six!"

"My gosh! An' they call this gulf a game!"

Ten minutes later—forty since leaving the tee, both men got onto the green. Jimmie lay thirty-nine while the best that could be counted for Socker was a snappy forty.

Jimmie was away. Using the same swing as he juggled with his driver, he putted. The ball gyrated across the green in the general direction of the cup, but so far past it that he still was away.

Again he putted. This time the galleries held their breath. For better than twenty feet the ball rolled true on its course to the cup. Then it stopped. But even so it hung on the very lip of the cup. That left Jimmie a clean forty-two, for by no conceivable chance could he miss his next shot.

It also meant that Socker had to sink a fifteen foot putt in one to win; or two to halve.

Under the dutiful and not inexperienced guidance of Bobbie Aldrich, Socker planned his shot. Very carefully he swung. The crowd gasped in astonishment. Straight as a die the ball coursed

over the green; right up to the cup—where it collided with Jimmie's with the gentleness of a downy caress, and glanced off to the left.

But Jimmie's ball did not glance. No. It teetered a fraction of a second then dropped neatly into the cup. Jimmie had won on Socker's shot. Jimmie was down in forty-one. With a yell of delight he motioned the police officer and began swinging his arm by way of tuning up.

For a hazy moment Socker hesitated. Then he strode across the green and held forth his chin while a big glove was slipped onto Jimmie's mitt.

While the crowd held its breath in expectancy, Jimmie measured his man. Putting every ounce of his experience and strength into the move, he drove his right fist against the Dooley jaw. It was a prodigious wallop.

"Good night! He busted his jaw bone!" gasped a spectator.

"He did not!" yelled Red Mulrain who saw that Socker had managed to take the blow and keep his feet; "he near missed him, that's what he done! All you heard was his knees knockin' together—that wasn't no bone break-in'!" Some men cannot hide disappointment.

"How many holes did you say there was to this ga-ame, Artie?" Socker mumbled thickly.

One of the gallery laughed raucously which had the effect of bringing Socker back to earth. He saw at once that his standing was being impugned, not openly by direct declaration, but by insidious innuendoes.

Turning upon Jimmie McKone he burst forth in justified anger.

"S'all right, kid. Come on to th' next hole. An' don't forget that sock you gimme don't count! You needn't bank nothin' on it either. I got a protest comin'!"

FIVE thirty P. M.

A weary but intensely excited throng jams about the eleventh tee and

lines the eleventh fairway, pushing and hauling its way to points of vantage. Extra traffic officers are swinging their arms in frenzied directions at all points approaching the course. Reserves surround the battered principals in the golf match of the century.

On the tee Socker steps up for the honor. One eye is closed and his lips are thick and bruised. While he tees his ball Red Mulrain approaches the tee bucket and dips a towel into the sandy water. With this he sponges the face of the illustrious Jimmie McKone. Jimmie looks like an infant dinosaur that has been inadvertently stepped upon by all its ancestors at a family gathering. The bridge of his nose is so swollen and only half his ears show.

Obviously he is a man who is caught out of his element.

Socker hesitated a moment, then turned to the scores with a query:

"Lemme get this straight. Th' guy that wins th' next hole gets four socks at th' other one—?"

"Correct. You have agreed to syndicate the bets and you halved the last four holes."

"Right."

Again he addresses the ball, hesitates, turns once more—

"An' we're bettin' on th' side, Jimmie, that th' next time we're matched up I gets a pound extra weight weighin' in for each shot on this hole that is better than your'n—"

"An' I gits th' same from you!"

"Right."

Socker regards the hole before him. Though his visual concept of things generally is distorted, he sees at once that the green is much nearer the tee than usually has been the case.

"A short hole," whispered the faithful, though terrified Bobby. "Don't miss this shot. Play it easy, keep your head down and don't bend your left arm."

Socker nodded and swung. Careful analysis of the official scores afterward,

showed that it was his six hundred and eighth shot for the day. With this in mind, it may be attributed to the natural law of averages. That is for you to decide. We are merely chronicling events.

Suffice it to say that the ball rose in a magnificent arc, glistened momentarily in the fading sun, dropped to the ground close to the green, took a weird but fascinating hop in the right direction—and rolled into the hole!

"Down in one!" screamed a scorer. Bobbie Aldrich kicked his heels together and did a back flip forgetful of all else. Artie Coombs reached for a pencil. And Red Mulrain and Jimmie McKone contributed a harmonized gurgle and wheeze respectively.

Socker had achieved the ambition of every golfer extant. It was several seconds before he realized the extent of his good fortune. Then he grinned slowly, almost torturously with his swollen lips, and turned toward his enemy.

"Laugh that off, Wilbur—go ahead, make a wise-crack!"

But Jimmie was game. He rose to the occasion. Seizing his driver he teed the ball and swung blindly. But nothing happened. The ball reposed upon the tee after the memorable match had been won and lost. Whereas Socker Dooley had made a hole in one, Jimmie McKone immersed himself in the depths of golf humiliation by missing the ball entirely.

"Dooley wins the hole, the syndicate bet and a pound of flesh when they meet in the prize ring," announced the scorer.

Jimmie McKone turned from the tee. He did his best to recognize folks over the bridge of his nose, but gave it up as a bad job. All he could see of the man before him was the rim of his hat. It had been a tough golf match thus far.

"Well, come an' take it, Socker," he invited, gamely.

SOCKER had the glove on and ready. He stepped up and with his left hand tilted the battered chin upon which he was to wreak vengeance. When the angle was exactly to his liking, he let drive.

The glove was big, but the sound of the fist within its folds could be detected for several feet. Jimmie folded under the impact like a tent in a gale. But he rose shortly to face the medicine. Again Socker socked. And it was on the order of the old "sock" that had made him famous, too. Jimmie's garters just withered away from the clout he took. It was longer this time that he took to rise.

The third time Jimmie took it, he didn't suffer much. It was as though he had been drugged and didn't mind. One can form any kind of a habit in these prohibitory days and Jimmie had had a lot of practice that afternoon.

"Stay with 'im, Jimmie," Red Mulrain warned sonorously. "I'm right with you here, ole boy. Don't quit to th' big punk!"

But Jimmie had thought things out a bit. He got so far as to raise himself on one knee, then rolled back onto the ground.

"You, win, Socker," he muttered hazily. "Take it from a guy as knows—you're th' greatest gulfer in th'

world! There ain't none like you!"

The glove slipped from Socker's fist leaving the great bony knuckles exposed. Before a man could move he had driven home the fourth punch. The sound of it told eloquently of its power. The blissful snort that told of oblivion for the stricken man proclaimed the complete knockout.

Then Socker reached forth and helped his vanquished foe to his feet.

"I won that fourth sock fair an' square, Jimmie," he apologized, "an' I had every right to take it. So I did."

"Sure—'S'all right, Socker. No hard feelin's. Anyhow—I didn't even feel it!"

"Course you didn't," grunted Socker, 'cause I didn't slip it to you—I tucked it under this Red Mulrain's second chin! That's him under th' bench there. He tells you you're partners, so I figgers it's all fair an' square if you whacks up a bit!"

Jimmie grinned in spite of all his woes.

"I'm glad you handed it to him, Socker. He ain't on th' level with me anyhow. If he was, I asks you now, Socker, if he was would he steered me into a guy that plays th' game of gulf you do? Would he now?"

"He would like blazes!" agreed Socker.

Next month—another smashing adventure of Socker Dooley! Watch for it.

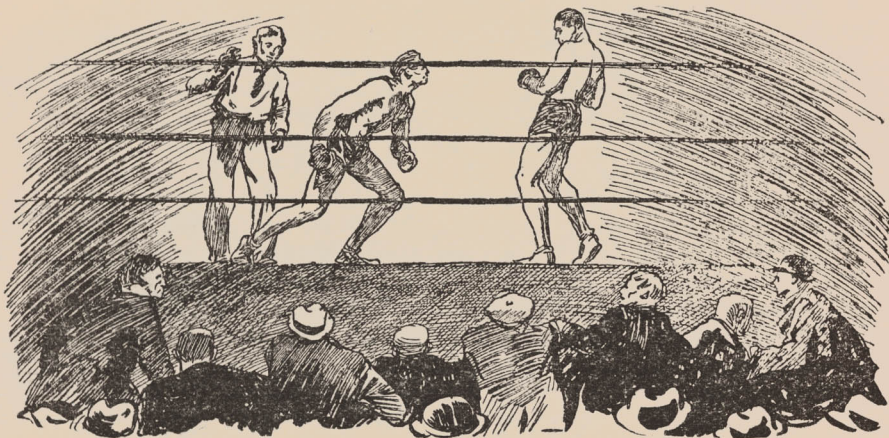
ADONIS VERSUS ADONIS

THE recent bout between Schaaf and Loughran in Philadelphia saw the meeting of two of the best looking pugilists in the history of the game. Both have been models for sculptors and painters. Both have been widely praised by artists for physical perfection.

Schaaf was selected by Mahonri Young, famous sculptor, as a model for the Tunney-Muldoon Trophy. Young pronounced the Bostonian the most perfectly proportioned boxer in the ring, and stated that the Tunney-Muldoon Trophy, which has won universal admiration, is nothing more than a copy of his physique.

Loughran has been the subject of half a dozen sculptors and painters, and is frequently described as "the Philadelphia Adonis."

Say It With Haymakers!



By JOSEPH B. FOX

Flash O'Dowd! There was a title threat for you—one sweet fighter who said it with haymakers—until he went beauty-conscious. Then Manager Bill Purdy said it with flowers!

A SMASHING right to the heart and a left to the jaw knocked "Butch" Bowers for a loop; also it boosted the man who delivered the blows, "Flash" O'Dowd, into the pugilistic spotlight. More than this, it made O'Dowd's manager, Bill Purdy, happy—which was a frame of mind he had not enjoyed for some time.

With the knockout of Bowers, Purdy's vision of handling a world champion hovered before the rotund little fight manager's keen gray eyes. This was the great ambition of his life, and with the advent of Flash in his stable the vision grew brighter—for a time.

Flash had always been ready to mix with any and all of his class, but after his victory over Bowers he began to slow up. Thereafter, he seemed content to jab his way to tame victories. Purdy's vision dimmed and faded, and with it went his temper.

Tonight, three months after the Bowers victory, Flash had barely won the nod over "Shifty" Crane, and Bill

Purdy, exasperated beyond further restraint, could hold his tongue no longer.

"For th' love of little apples!" he broke out, as Flash stood before his mirror in the dressing-room after the fight. "What's th' matter with you lately?"

"Who, me?" asked Flash, after adjusting his tie to his satisfaction.

"I wish you'd forget that map of yours long enough to win a fight with your mitts instead of runnin' around till the other guy drops dead," declared Purdy with considerable heat.

Flash gave his tie a final twist, whistled a bar or two of the latest Broadway success, then turned to face his manager.

"Aw, be yourself, Bill," he smiled. "You're all wound up tonight, like a ball of yarn."

"Who wouldn't be?" demanded Purdy.

"Listen, Mister Fashion-plate, I want to tell you I had a tough time getting you on with Crane tonight, see? I had to promise that you'd give 'em th' kinda

scrap they want. And what did you do, eh?"

"You mean you were crazy enough to promise that I'd let Crane make a punching bag outa me?" asked Flash with a lifting of eyebrows.

"I mean I promised you wouldn't put on no bicycle act," stated Purdy angrily.

"I didn't. I simply proved that science is better than brute strength," declared Flash calmly, again turning to the mirror and giving his sleek black hair a final pat.

"And you were th' guy that used to bring the gang up on their feet every round," said Purdy sadly, with a shake of his gray head.

"That was before I knew any better," smiled Flash.

"That's before you got a beauty complex," snapped Purdy.

"Why should I let anyone scramble my pan?" demanded Flash.

"I didn't say you had to," said Purdy. "But I'm telling you the managers and th' gang's gettin' tired watching you use the ring for a cinder path. And," he added, "after all it's the gang who pays th' shot, isn't it?"

"Well, I won tonight, didn't I? And I made a monkey outa Crane. What's the beef?" demanded Flash.

"Yeah, and a monkey outa me to th' promoters," railed Purdy. "Jab . . . jab . . . jab, with your left, like you'd forgot to bring your other hand with you."

"Which all goes to prove that I can take fellows like Crane with one hand," Flash was smiling again.

"Oh, you're good and you know it," sneered Purdy.

"You *know* I am," nodded Flash with an exasperating grin. Then before Purdy could frame a retort, "Well, Bill, old-timer, I gotta go down to see my tailor. He's waiting for me. Going to get a fitting on my new suit. Boy, you ought to see it. A wow! And only a hundred fish."

"Aw, you and your comical ideas give me a pain," raged Purdy. "I wish some-

body would spoil that mug of yours with a brick or something." And in his raging disappointment, Bill Purdy really believed that he meant it.

BILL PURDY propped the Seattle *Morning Post Intelligencer* against the sugar bowl, dunked a doughnut in his coffee, took a bite, then almost choked as his eyes took in the screaming headlines:

Flash O'Dowd Near Death's Door!

Swiftly, Purdy ran his eye through the body of the story:

Flash O'Dowd, the Beau Brummel of the Pacific Coast prize-ring, lies in the Emergency Hospital, his face badly mangled.

Eye-witnesses say that O'Dowd interfered when a burly logger, apparently under the influence of liquor, maltreated a crippled newsboy. O'Dowd was administering a well-deserved drubbing when he was attacked by two of the logger's companions. Backed off the curb by the sudden rush of his new opponents, O'Dowd stepped into the path of a speeding sedan. . . .

Then the last paragraph caught Purdy's eye:

Physicians at the hospital fear that O'Dowd may have suffered a concussion of the brain. They fear that, even should the fighter recover, he will be disfigured for life. . . .

There were other details, but Purdy raced to his car at the curb. Ten minutes later he presented himself at the information desk in the Emergency Hospital.

No, Mr. O'Dowd had not regained consciousness. Sorry, but no one was allowed to see him at present. However, if Mr. Purdy would be seated, one of the nurses would give him such particulars as were available.

Bill Purdy left the hospital terribly depressed. Flash was in a bad way. Recalling his last words to Flash: "I wish somebody would spoil that mug of yours with a brick or something." Bill felt as though he could never forgive himself.

"But, gosh, I didn't mean it, Flash—not really," he muttered to himself, as he climbed into his car and drove slowly away.

But Flash O'Dowd got better. In this time of need his splendid physique stood him in good stead. Beyond a slight relapse when he first caught sight of his badly twisted nose, and scarred upper lip, he recovered rapidly.

Purdy was a constant visitor during Flash's convalescence. And when Flash, passing a tentative hand across the surgeon's tape that still adorned his face, remarked that Bill's wish about his looks had been granted, Purdy silently cursed his temper, and tried to explain.

So, Flash O'Dowd, fully recovered in body, even though not in spirit, resumed his vocation of fisticuffs.

But he was not the same Flash O'Dowd who had carefully boxed his way to decisions in those other days. He was now a fighting demon who feared no man's fists.

His first battle, some six months after the accident, was a return bout with Shifty Crane, over whom he had barely earned the decision on the evening of his mishap,

Shifty Crane received the surprise of his somewhat lengthy fistic career. Flash O'Dowd brought the ring-worms to their feet within the first minute of fighting.

At the clang of the gong things began to happen immediately. Crane, smarting under the sting of his previous defeat, which he had always credited to an unfair decision, waded right in.

Flash, wasting no time in preliminary fiddling, weaved in and socked home a hefty right chop to Crane's square chin, to follow through with a left in the short ribs that did more than tickle.

The fans awoke with a start. The boos that had greeted Flash died.

"Atta old sock, Flash."

"Pow! Who said they never come back?" howled another.

Shifting his attack, Flash got in two more solid smashes without a return.

"Cream puffs," sneered Crane, as he buried his chin behind a bulking shoulder.

"Have a chocolate eclair," Flash in-

vited, whipping over a straight left that slipped past Crane's elbow and took him on the button again.

Bill Purdy stood peering over the edge of the ring platform, his ruddy face wreathed in smiles. The vision of managing a world champion welter-weight was obtruding again.

During the first two rounds, Crane also wore a grin, for he was quite evidently under the impression that he could take Flash's measure in a slug-ging bee.

But in the beginning of the third canto, Flash caught his adversary with a whistling right that wiped the grin off as though by magic. The end came so suddenly, a moment later, that Bill Purdy could scarcely believe his popping eyes.

A straight left to the face brought Crane's mitts up for the fraction of a second. Flash's terrible right took him under the heart with terrific force. Then all in a second Flash's left hook took him flush on the button.

Crane's legs folded up. The fight was over. The crowd rose as one person, yowling approval. Flash O'Dowd was again their idol; the ringster who brought them to their feet in a mad frenzy of excitement.

NO trouble to secure matches for Flash now, and Bill Purdy was almost happy. Not quite, however, for two things bothered him. Flash, since his recovery, constantly railed against the fate that had marred his once classical features, and Purdy found his charge increasingly difficult to handle with each successive bout. Then, too, when Flash was in one of his frequent moods, Bill Purdy, remembering his angry wish, was filled with self-reproach. Somehow or other he could not help feeling as though he were partly responsible. This, he argued to himself, was an absurd feeling. But there it was, and it bothered him.

"I always said you could take any of these monkeys, if you'd only fight," was

Purdy's unfortunate beginning, as they entered the dressing-room, after Flash had stretched "Tiger" Gorman.

"Yeah?" grunted Flash, throwing himself face down on the rubbing table.

"I'll bet you ruined Tiger for a month," Purdy rattled on, as Uncle Joe, the colored trainer began his work on the prostrate fighter.

"Yeah?"

Evidently Flash wasn't communicative tonight, but Purdy was enthusiastic.

"I'll say so." And then a moment later, "Listen, Flash, if you can hang it on 'Kid' Peters in Frisco next month, us for the East what I mean . . . and th' title from Lennie Sharkey."

"Yeah?"

"Say, what's th' matter with you lately?" Purdy bristled. "You used to be a regular guy."

"I had a regular face then," Flash burst out as he jerked to a sitting posture. "Now look at it!" thrusting his battered features upward so that the light overhead gave his face a satyr-like expression. "What fun do I get outa life now?" he demanded savagely. "I've got a pan that'd scare a gargoyle off a roof."

"Aw, gee, forget it, Flash," mumbled Purdy, taken aback by the very fierceness of the other's tone. "You're not half as bunged up as some fighters. Why—"

"Don't try to kid me, Bill," rasped the other. "I know what I look like. I've got a face like the missing link."

"You're the best welter in the game," declared Purdy vehemently.

"What do I care about the game?" raged Flash on the instant. "I'd gladly give my chance at the title, if I ever get it, if that would bring my face right again."

And Bill Purdy, being a wise manager, let it go at that.

Except for such occasional outbursts, however, Flash was an ideal fighter to manage. He was a heavy producer who never questioned Purdy's

choice of an opponent. So, matches came with steady regularity, for there are many good boys in the welter class.

Flash tucked Kid Peters, the pride of California, away in five sizzling rounds, and Purdy, true to his word, bought tickets for the East. Purdy was on the trail of Lennie Sharkey, the title holder.

FLASH made his debut in the Big Town by adding another K.O. after his record at the expense of "Sailor" Ritski, and the sports writers got an earful from Purdy concerning his protege's future place in the world of mitts and resin.

Other battles followed, and it was not long until the aces began to ask why this young fellow with the mashed pan shouldn't be given a crack at Lennie Sharkey.

It began to look as though Flash O'Dowd would finally punch his way to a shot at the title.

"And if I can just ease him along till then," Purdy confided in Uncle Joe, "maybe he'll forget that busted map for a while."

"Mebbe so, boss, mebbe so," said Uncle Joe. "But 'at Flash is sho' 'nuff a changed boy sence he done got hurted."

So, Bill Purdy tried his best to keep Flash from brooding. But it was a thankless job, and Purdy's patience was sorely tried.

"What do I care what they say about me?" Flash would say, when Purdy would relate a favorable bit of gossip from one of the gymnasiums. And, Purdy, with a shrug of shoulders would sigh as he dropped the subject.

Then Flash took the "Bowery Kid" in four rounds. And the sports writers began an earnest campaign calculated to stir the champion's manager, "Bud" Williams, into action.

"Flash, there's just one more guy between us and a shot at the crown," said Purdy as he looked over the morning papers and saw the space given to Flash's latest victory.

"Who?" asked Flash indifferently.

"K.O. Morgan," answered Purdy. "And," he went on, "he's the boy that held Sharkey to a draw a year or so ago—Sharkey's dodged him ever since. He's one tough slugger."

"Get him for me," said Flash evenly. "Let's see how tough he really is."

"Wow!" ejaculated Purdy. "Boy, if you can take Morgan, you'll sure be the popular lad."

"With who?" demanded Flash sharply.

"Why—why, with everybody—with all the gang," stammered the little manager, somewhat at a loss for words. He had thought that Flash was in a more amiable mood tonight for a change.

"*The gang!*" echoed Flash scornfully. "And who's the gang? A bunch who'd frame their own brothers to make a dime. *The gang!* Huh. Guys who sit and yell, 'Kill him—knock him dead!' And not one of 'em could bust an egg with a sledge hammer. Most of 'em would faint over a cut finger. So that's the mob I'm popular with, eh? But outside of the ropes I'm a fighter with a messed-up pan that scares kids on the street. *The gang!* Blah!"

"Just the same they've been pretty good to you, that same *gang*," flared Purdy, unable to hold back his anger at this unfair indictment. "They give you credit for being the gamest scrapper in the game today. They've always given you a real reception since you've been givin' 'em the stuff they pay to see. And I bet if you were on your back tomorrow, without a dime, they'd chip in and give you a benefit."

"Why?" cut in the other.

"Why? Because they like you, that's why," declared Purdy with conviction.

"You're wrong," said Flash. "They like to see me knock some guy loose. I give 'em the worth of their admission fee."

"Aw right, have it your way," was Purdy's come back. "That's what all fighters owe the gang—their money's

worth, isn't it? No fighter has to stay in th' game if he don't like it."

For once Flash had no further argument.

"Let it go at that," he said, "but get me this K.O. Morgan and we'll see if we can give the *gang* one hundred percent entertainment value for their dollars."

THE Sporting Club was packed to the rafters with the faithful. K.O. Morgan vs. Flash O'Dowd! Truly a spectacle to warm the cockles of any ring worm's heart.

Two battlers who would give them a knock-down-drag-'em-out fight that would keep them on the edge of their seats until the last downward swing of the referee's arm. K.O. Morgan, whom the champion had dodged for months, and Flash O'Dowd whose string of knockouts included some of the hardest skulls in the business!

The preliminaries had been all that could be desired, and now the immense crowd yelled for the big thrill of the evening.

Flash entered the ring first, amid a thunder of applause that should have stirred the heart of a cigar store Indian. Yet he gave no outward sign that he heard any of it.

K. O. Morgan, on the other hand, grinned all over as he drew his share of hand-clapping and yells, when he emerged from his quarters a moment or so later.

They shook hands without wasting any words, and were introduced. Bill Purdy fussed around like a mother hen with a day-old brood of chicks. Over to the enemy corner for a last examination of bandages and gloves. One never knew what oft-color trick might be attempted.

The aces studied the fighters with wise eyes. There had been no advance dope on this go, and they were trying to pick a winner.

K.O. Morgan, with a week's growth of stiff black beard on his granite-like

jaws, certainly looked every bit as tough as his news-clippings averred. Flash, save for his twisted features looked like a healthily tanned Greek god. His long biceps gave little indication of the tremendous hitting power they held. Nor did his deltoids betray the terrific driving force hidden in their snaky ripples.

Both fighters betrayed signs of nervousness while various challengers climbed through the ropes to the announcer's loud introductions. Old stuff, and they were on edge, ready to go.

Then the referee beckoned them to the center for final instructions. More old stuff.

The hot, spluttering arcs above threw their magnificent bodies into sharp relief, emphasizing the fact that Morgan was stockier than Flash. Too, his abnormally long arms somehow gave him an ape-like appearance.

Flash, devoid of hair on his chest, looked as supple as a jungle cat. And the regulars, having witnessed his man-killing right in action, knew that Morgan, tough as he might be, had picked a Tartar this time.

A breathless hush of expectancy as the referee with a curt, "... Shake hands, and come out fightin'," patted them each on a shoulder as they took their corners.

Now a jerking back of stools, and a hurried scrambling of handlers as the ten second whistle shrilled ... last haorse whispers of advice from both corners ... a nervous clearing of throats from the audience ... the sudden darkness, leaving the ring and its three occupants framed in a brilliant square. ... Two men, whose hearts beat rapidly in spite of their professional nonchalance. ... Then ... a brazen *Clang!*

THE spectators drew sharp breaths between set teeth as the two men slid from their corners, wary, ready for anything.

Sure-footed, hands and feet synchronized perfectly, Flash moved with-

out effort. Morgan, with the trained shuffle of the heavy hitter, moved to meet him, hands weaving to and fro, a contemptuous sneer lifting one corner of his thin lips.

Within distance, Flash abruptly swerved to the left, at the same time whipping over his right with a swish. Speedy as the punch was, Morgan weaved away, taking the blow on his arm as he countered with a stiff left.

"Take him, Flash! . . . Come on, K.O.! . . . Sock him Irish!" The leather-lunged rooters were opening up.

Just back of Flash's corner, his face alight with suppressed emotion, Bill Purdy peered upward at the battlers. This Morgan was one hard boy and Purdy realized fully that the result of tonight's fight would, in all probability, settle once and for all whether or not he would ever manage a world's champion. For, it was generally conceded that the winner of this battle would quite likely beat Lennie Sharkey.

The first, more or less nervous, exchange over, both men settled down to business. Both knew full well that this would be no one-punch affair. It would be a man-killing battle, punctuated by many agonizing seconds, when the ring career of one or the other would hang precariously in the balance.

No wasted efforts spent in grandstand plays here. Every punch was a premeditated menace!

For three, action-packed rounds both sought by means of every legitimate trick of the game to put over the wallop that would mean the beginning of the long count.

Then, in the fourth, Morgan clipped Flash solidly on the jaw as the latter weaved in. Too high for serious damage, Flash had ducked, but the punch still had considerable steam behind it. Flash was swung a little off balance.

Before he could recover, Morgan's right caught him just under the breastbone. That one did hurt, and for the first time during the fight, Flash went

under wraps. The fans jumped up and howled madly!

At the bell K.O. Morgan went to his corner with a decided swagger. At last he had forced this fighting fool into his shell.

"Hurt y'?" questioned Bill Purdy anxiously, as O'Dowd stretched himself back on the stool, arms flung wide over the second rope.

"Darn right!"

"Serious?" pursued Purdy.

"Caught me in the wind, and dug his elbow in my belly," gritted Flash. Then a second later, after Uncle Joe had wiped his face with the squeezed sponge, "I'll make him pay for that one."

"Keep your noodle," advised Purdy. "That's his old game. Gets 'em all steamed-up . . . an' takes 'em."

"He won't take me," Flash growled. "Easy on them ribs, Joe."

Before the sound of the gong, calling them for the fifth, had died, Morgan left his corner with a cyclonic rush, plainly calculating to catch his opponent unprepared. K.O. was out to finish the job so well started in the previous canto.

Even as he started over the canvas, Flash sensed the situation perfectly, and acted accordingly. Like a graven image he stood motionless until Morgan weaved into position for a right swing.

Then, like a streak, Flash's rapier-like left shot out wickedly. Beaten to the punch by the perfectly-timed blow, calculated to throw him off his stride, Morgan took Flash's countering right under the heart and plopped to a sitting posture on the canvas for the first knock-down of the bout!

And the ring-worms exercised their lungs!

His pride hurt, rather than his body, Morgan bounded back to the attack before the referee had time to start a count.

"Wow!" yelled a fan. "Set 'em up in the other alley!"

For a few seconds, Morgan's temper got the better of his judgment and he

tore into the grinning Flash, swinging like a gate in the wind. But another solid smash under the ticker cooled him considerably.

"Easy, boy . . . easy, boy," came from Morgan's corner.

"At-a-boy, Flash . . . you c'n do it!" roared Purdy.

The fifth ended with both fighters socking, ding-dong, hammer-and-tongs in the middle of the ring, with the crowd screaming for the knockout!

"He's weakenin'," was Purdy's greeting as Flash took his stool. "Watch him close, he always tries to dish th' dirt when th' goin' gets too tough."

Flash lay back, breathing deeply without answering.

Clang!

NOW it was Flash who left his corner like a thunderbolt.

Morgan was not prepared for this. Before he could slip out of the trap, Flash nailed him on the ropes with his dynamic left and right.

Flung against the tautened hemp, Morgan rebounded under partial cover, only to take Flash's right mauler under the heart again! He doubled over in agony, and a great billow of sound came from beyond the shadows.

Flash drew back to put over the sleeper. But even as he swung, K. O. went to the canvas on one knee.

Too late to pull the punch entirely, Flash stumbled awkwardly in his effort to avoid a foul.

In a trice K. O. saw his chance. All in one movement he shot to his feet, and his right mitt flashed in a looping arc that started from his heels!

The cowardly blow took Flash with a loud—sock!—flush on the button!

Dazed, Flash rocked back on his heels. Instantly Morgan was on top of him, throwing leather with both hands. A terrific uppercut caught Flash in the stomach, doubling him over.

Morgan's eyes glinted with the killer-light as he hastily measured his man and swung again. But for his haste, the

fight might well have ended then and there. As it was, the punch landed high on Flash's jaw. Yet, every ounce of power in Morgan's one hundred forty-five pounds was behind that leather-covered fist, and Flash hit the canvas, his head spinning like a top.

Purdy's yell: "Take a niner . . . take a niner . . ." came to him in a dull whisper. . . . His head felt strangely light . . . there was a jangling as of bells, rung too close, in his ears. . . . All around him a confused jumble of meaningless noises, punctuated by shrill yelps. . . . His limbs refused to move. . . . Then suddenly he made out the referee's: ". . . seven . . . eight. . . ." He shook his head savagely and the ring stood still again. . . . The dancing mists cleared, and he saw Morgan, over in a neutral corner, tensed for the kill.

At nine he weaved to unsteady legs to meet Morgan's head-long pounce. And again Morgan's hurried eagerness was a life-saver, to Flash.

Despite his still somewhat benumbed faculties, Flash retained enough fighting instinct to step inside Morgan's vicious swing, and clinch. Before Morgan could shake himself free the gong ended the round.

Lying back in his corner, gulping huge lungfuls of life-giving air, Flash heard the crowd roar its contempt of Morgan's unfairness. Somehow, he felt a sudden glow of satisfaction.

"Throw th' rat out . . . Morgan, you're a dirty . . ." and other fragments of choice expressions.

"Boy, they're for you, no foolin'," beamed Purdy. And a strange determination to win at any cost, sent new strength surging through Flash's tired muscles.

"No use trying' to play fair with a rat like that," gritted Purdy, as he jerked the stool aside. "Take him when you get a chance."

"I'll take him," said Flash quietly, "but I'll take him fair."

THE minute respite had worked wonders for Flash and both battlers surged to the center of the ring—ready.

There was a flurry of short but deadly punches given and absorbed. Then Morgan, ducking a wicked right chop, clinched and rammed his stubble-covered chin in Flash's right eye, raking downward cruelly, as he brought his left elbow low to his adversary's stomach.

"You dirty dog," snarled Flash, tearing free and lacing over a right and left. "You don't know what fairness means."

Blocking both punches craftily, Morgan grinned and slid into another clinch.

"Did I hurt th' pretty boy? Gee, if I had a map like yours I'd fight bulldogs."

Unwittingly, Morgan had pierced Flash's weakness. With a savage oath, he heaved free and flailed away at Morgan as though demented. His one desire was to maim the sneering face that mocked him. To heck with science!

Morgan, sensing that he had pulled an exceptionally good goat-getter, covered up before Flash's wild attack, waiting his chance.

Rage-blinded, Flash was all over his opponent like a swarm of bees. Coolly, Morgan's keen eyes weighed every possible opening. And here was one made to order!

Stepping inside a left swing, that left Flash's entire side open, Morgan uncorked his devastating slumber-powder.

Wham! The right-handed punch caught Flash fair in the solar plexus! A left to the chin, and then another right.

Smash! That one was fair on Flash's twisted nose!

Both battlers were splattered red!

Bill Purdy danced up and down as though hung on wires. What was th' matter with Flash? Must have gone goofy. . . . Up rose the blood-lustful fans, yelling unheeded advice to both principals.

With a shake of his head, that covered his features with a mask of blood, Flash weaved in without pause! His face felt as though covered with a leaden mask. . . . Nose must be smashed to a pulp again, ran his thoughts. . . . But the bell found him boring—boring in!

"What th' . . ." began Purdy as he helped Flash to his stool.

"Shut up," snapped Flash. "Get busy . . . blood . . . choking me . . . can't breathe!"

Frantically Uncle Joe worked with cold packs on the back of Flash's neck, and wads of paper under his upper lip. Gradually the stream was checked.

Once more came the relentless call of the bell.

MORGAN shot across the ring like an arrow. Out for the kill this time without mistake!

"He's all in. Take him," had been his orders.

Swings and right crosses, uppercuts and jabs; Morgan tried them all within the next few seconds. Yet, time after time the man with the grotesque red curtain over his face evaded his choicest offerings! Cunning elbows were always in the way.

Flash had himself in hand again. A cold, killing rage flooded his very soul. Each time that Morgan led, Flash stabbed back with a deadly left that always landed true; a left that kept Morgan's close-cropped head snapping backward with monotonous regularity.

The ring fans, sensing that Flash was far from through, again took up their chant of encouragement.

A dozen stiff jabs slowed Morgan down somewhat. Too, the coolness of this man who evidently did not know when he was whipped, began to unbalance Morgan's sense of distance. He missed continually, his anger becoming more evident with every frustrated attempt.

Feinting his man into a corner, Flash suddenly switched his attack. Pulling

a straight left, he brought his battering right over in a stiff-armed cross that took Morgan in the middle.

"Take him, Flash!" from a ringsider, sent a fresh surge of elation through him that, in some inexplicable manner, seemed to make it all worth while.

"Tear his dome off," came a roar, as Morgan's knees wobbled.

Slithering back into perfect hitting position, Flash measured the distance accurately and brought his famous one-two punch into action.

A left to the button, opened Morgan like a book; then a breath-stopping right just under the heart. K. O. Morgan went down like a collapsed wall!

Pandemonium! A hoarse babel of discords! Flash slid into a neutral corner and the referee's arm began ticking away a fighter's chances for future fame and fortune!

Gloves hooked over the ropes, Flash stood with heaving chest, eyes glued on the sprawled form at his feet. The swelling roars of the crowd thrilled him to the core in this moment of hard, squarely fought victory!

" . . . eight . . . nine . . . ten . . . and OUT!"

Even as the referee strode over and raised Flash's right arm, Bill Purdy and Uncle Joe tumbled through the ropes toward him.

"A doc. Nose all busted like a dropped egg," gasped Flash, as the blood streaming down his throat made him cough.

A GAIN Flash O'Dowd lay on a white cot in a hospital, his face swathed in temporary bandages. His nose was fractured in three places. The famous surgeon, hastily summoned, shook his head.

"Money is no object," Bill Purdy said. "I want the best remodeling job you can turn out."

So the surgeon with a " . . . most difficult case . . ." said he would do his best, guaranteeing nothing, which is a way men of science have.

Flash O'Dowd sat sunning himself on the balcony of the famous surgeon's hospital. Today, after two months, and many operations, Flash would know whether the bone grafting experiment had succeeded—or whether—but he would not let his mind dwell on the other alternative.

"Howdy, Flash," greeted Bill Purdy cheerfully. "How's th' new smeller comin'?"

"Feel like a million, Bill," returned the other. Then after a moment, "About the new smeller—well, today's the day they take this stuff off," with a motion of his hand toward the adhesive tape that still adorned his face.

"Gee," he said earnestly. "If I've only got a nose like a human being again. . . ."

"Aw, Flash, old kid," said Purdy somewhat throatily, "don't get all worked up. Gee, they've done th' best they could. But . . . well, maybe it isn't in th' book, see. . . ."

"Mr. O'Dowd," interrupted a white-gowned nurse at this moment, "Doctor Melville would like to see you, if you please."

"Good luck, Flash," murmured Purdy, as his protegee followed the nurse inside.

Five minutes seemed like an hour to Bill Purdy as he paced the floor. . . . Ten minutes. Purdy looked at his watch. Fifteen minutes. Hurrying footsteps, and Flash stood before him.

Purdy blinked unbelievably and sank into a wicker chair.

"Bill! Bill! They did it!" Flash shouted joyfully. "They built me a brand new smeller, Bill. Look!"

"Flash, it's a swell job," said Bill Purdy, after he had examined the newly built organ at close range. "They sure 'nuff made a reg'lar fix all round."

Both men shifted their feet uneasily and fell silent, staring at each other.

It was Purdy who finally broached the vital subject that now confronted them.

"Well, Flash, old kid," he began,

after he had cleared his throat, "what's th' good news?"

"Bill, I don't know," said the other quietly. "The doc told me that maybe it would stand the gaff—and maybe it wouldn't."

Another silence.

"Well," said Purdy at length, "you're th' one to say. What am I goin' to tell Sharkey's manager? You know I've told you the line of bull he's been shootin' ever since you took Morgan. Says you'll be afraid to put on the mitts and all that stuff."

Purdy paused, and fortified himself with a man-sized chew of coal black tobacco.

"Well?" he intoned at last.

"Bill, I don't know," answered Flash, honestly.

Bill Purdy drew a deep breath, and squared his shoulders. This was the situation he had foreseen weeks ago. He had sized it up from every possible angle, seeking the right solution. Now it was time to play his ace in the hole. If he was correct in his belief that Flash O'Dowd's pride was even deeper than his vanity—well . . .

"You know," he said meeting Flash's gaze squarely. "I kinda figured if th' sawbones made a first class fix, you'd be leary 'bout riskin' another bust. So, I been sorta stalling the news hounds and the gang off."

"Gee, Flash, that bunch a sports, you know the gang that calls themselves Th' Aces Club, the fellers you got all the flowers shaped into a horseshoe from?"

Flash nodded slowly. That horseshoe wreath sure must have set the Aces back a hundred fish or so. . . . Nice kind thought that. . . .

"WELL, they're sure going to be disappointed, Flash. Gosh, they sure planned to give you one swell send-off when you stepped in the ring with the champ." Purdy paused, and sighed deeply. A flush slowly mounted Flash's cheeks, but Purdy went on remorselessly.

"I sure hate to spring th' bad news on 'em. . . . Gee, what a razzin' I'll get from Cole and Sharkey. He said to me only yesterday, 'It's a lucky break for that palooka that K.O. put 'm in the hospital. I'd 'a' done a *real* job.' And then he went on shootin' off his mouth that he could beat you to a froth, even if he let you wear a baseball mask to protect your new smeller."

Purdy, with a fierce satisfaction, noted the glint that crept into Flash's eyes, as well as the little ridges of rippling muscle along the lean, determined jaws.

"Made me so mad, I bet a grand you could take Sharkey in six rounds. . . . Jumpin' catfish, Flash, I sure hate . . . Well," . . . The shrewd old fellow paused again. Flash's features were set and hard. "Well—there's sure gonna be a lotta blue guys in town when they get an earful. . . . Might as well go and get it over with," he ended with a doleful shake of his gray head as he turned away.

A tough hand shot out whirling him around:

"Listen," rasped Flash, through clamped teeth. "Get this cheese champ for me. No palooka can get away with those cracks! The doc tells me to give this smeller three more months. Then I'm ready to give Sharkey his chance to say it with gloves."

"Mean it?" boomed Purdy, pop-eyed, hand outstretched.

"You know I do," answered Flash, with a bone-wrenching shake.

"See you later," Purdy called over his shoulder. "I'm on my way."

But Flash O'Dowd did not hear him. Already he could hear the roar of welcome from the gang. . . . Regular fellows, all. Sure was a kind thought, those flowers. . . . His fingers strayed into his upper vest pocket and brought out the card that had come with the remembrance.

"*To the gamest of 'em all—good luck. From the gang,*" he read aloud. "Can't lay down on a bunch of real sports like those fellows. . . ." He'd show Sharkey who needed the baseball mask. "Huh!" A wave of battle-lust swept through his veins like fire.

And later: "One hundred and fifty-four bucks," mused Bill Purdy, as he scanned the florist's statement, just received that morning.

"Not a bad idea, suggestin' to th' Ace Club that they slip their card in the bouquet," he thought. . . . "It sure pays to say it with flowers," he chuckled aloud, as he scratched his wandering signature across the bottom of a personal check.

The vision of managing a world champion welterweight was very clear to Bill Purdy at that moment.

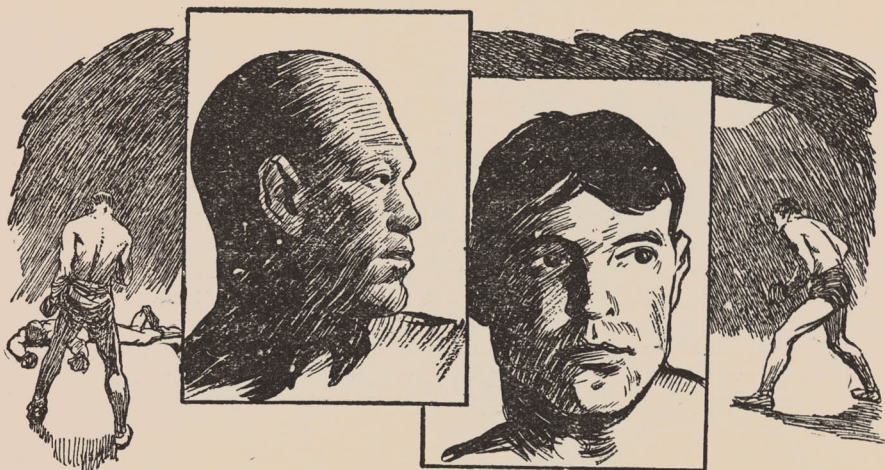
TOMMY RYAN—FINANCIER

AN old-timer in the fight game who has proved his financial shrewdness by cleaning up a fortune in business is Tommy Ryan, once middleweight champion of the world. Tommy was a wizard with his hands in his ring days, and is reported to have quit the squared circle with a bank-roll of around thirty thousand dollars.

The story of Ryan's rise to affluence reads like fiction and is replete with thrills. After journeying about the country for years, meeting with numerous ups and downs, Ryan wound up in Los Angeles something more than a dozen years ago. The movie business was still in its growing stage, and Ryan bought up a considerable plot of land in Hollywood, near a new studio which was in process of erection.

His first commercial adventure on this new sight was a gasoline station. It prospered like magic, and Ryan was encouraged to build a garage. Later he acquired an apartment house, and subsequently a restaurant. Everything the former fighter touched seemed to turn to money. He is still going strong, and no doubt rapidly approaching the millionaire class. More power to him.

Famous Fights I Have Seen



Burns and Johnson

By OLD TIMER

Johnson had followed Burns and his title around the world. He had begged for a chance to fight, and now it had come. . . . Go back to 1908. Transport yourself to Sydney, Australia, in a ringside seat beside Old Timer, and watch that desperate fight unroll. . . .

CHRISTMAS DAY in Sydney, Christmas Day, 1908.

A bright sun shone from a cloudless sky. The city was fight mad. Jack Johnson and Tommy Burns were to meet for the heavyweight championship of the world at the Rushcutters Bay Stadium that very morning. A giant black man and a stocky, agile white one. Fistic history would be made. It was the first time Australia had staged such a spectacle. And Australia has never had one like it since that time.

All the previous afternoon trains and carriages had poured visitors into Sydney. The hotels and boarding houses were crammed. Still they came. There was no talk other than fight talk. Early

Christmas morning the streets were crowded.

Betting? What are the odds? Tommy was a 7-to-5 favorite from the day the match was made, but there were few who took the negro's end at those figures. Those who like to play the short end waited. Bit by bit the odds increased. There was a vast amount of Burns money on hand. When it could not be placed at 7-to-5 the bettors offered 2-to-1. Then the Johnson followers came out of hiding and laid their money on the line. Oh, yes, there was betting enough.

The air was full of the usual rumors. It was known there was bad blood between the contestants. Now it was reported that their seconds were keeping

them hidden for fear they might meet and have a street brawl. Bunk, pure ballyhoo, but it stirred up a vast amount of interest. There was the usual yarn to the effect that the fight had been fixed. It was said that it would be a draw so they could meet again in the States for a bigger purse. McIntosh, the promoter, an honest and respected man, insisted that everything was on the level. The whispers continued. They might put something over on Mac, you know.

It wasn't long after sunrise that the early starters began drifting to the Stadium. They were the incurably curious. They wanted to see everything that happened, even the inconsequential little details of fixing the ring. Soon the dribble became a stream, then a flood, then a rushing torrent. Carriages, wagons, automobiles. Thousands of people on foot.

The Stadium was considered a vast structure in those days, for it seated 20,000 people, with room for 5,000 standees. Every indication pointed to an overcrowded house. Those who had failed to get tickets became panic-stricken. As high as a hundred dollars apiece were offered for ringside seats.

As the hours passed the stadium became jammed and bulging with humanity. The sun crept higher in the sky. The fight was scheduled for eleven o'clock. Long before that time you couldn't have squeezed a sardine into the closely packed confines of the arena.

Shortly before that hour the warriors appeared, accompanied by a perfect bedlam of cheers. The ebony-skinned giant towered more than six inches above the man who was recognized as champion. Burns was no more than a light-heavyweight, though that poundage packed on a frame that measured no more than five feet seven and a half inches made him look squatty and thick.

In one way, though, Burns was a freak. That was in the matter of reach. In spite of his lack of height his reach measured $74\frac{1}{2}$ inches, more than his

big rival's. It was this length of arm that enabled him to whip so many bigger rivals.

McIntosh decided to referee the fight himself. He was not only the best referee in Australia, but had vitally at heart the task of seeing that this bout was really on the level. To his knowledge the men intended doing their best but he wanted to be in supreme command, to act if he saw anything suspicious.

He called the rivals to the center of the ring. Johnson towered high above the white man. He smiled, showing his flashing gold teeth. It was the smile of a good-natured boy. Jack had many faults. He was wild and irresponsible, but was a friendly fellow who wanted people to like him. Burns, on the other hand, was grim and scornful. He acted as though Johnson was an interloper, a fool who was going to take a good trouncing for daring to challenge him.

The champion was seconded by Keating, O'Keefe, O'Donnell, Burke and Russell. Johnson was accompanied by Sam Fitzpatrick, Rudy Unholz, the Boer lightweight, Bryant, Mullins and Bill Lang, an erstwhile Australian opponent. McIntosh announced that if the police should stop the bout he would award the decision to the man in the lead at that time. This met with everyone's approval. Photographs were taken, and the bell rang.

BOTH men were cautious at the start. They fiddled around, sparring for an opening. Each had a deep respect for the other, even if he hadn't admitted it, and was not inclined to take chances.

Then those who had bet 2-to-1 on gallant Tommy were given a terrific shock. Johnson landed a sharp right uppercut that landed under the Canadian's chin. Down went Tommy. He was shaken, though not vitally hurt. But the psychology of the thing was now all with the black man. He had shown Burns that he could hit. He had

shown even more clearly that he was not afraid.

Tom stayed down for a count of eight. His head was clear and he nodded reassuringly toward his seconds, but a knockdown is a knockdown and he determined to take advantage of all the time possible. He sprang suddenly to his feet and charged at Johnson, swinging at the body.

Jack blocked his lead and countered with a smashing right that sent Tommy staggering across the ring. The Canadian, though, was tough and game. He pulled himself together and came back like a wildcat, landing a stiff right to his enemy's jaw and smothering the big fellow's attempted returns. But Johnson hooked in a powerful left just before the bell sounded for the end of the round, and Burns went back to his corner with a serious look on his big face.

There was every reason for him to be serious. Johnson had shown himself an excellent boxer and a sharp hitter. Tom's ears still rang with the rattle of blows on his chin. But he wasn't discouraged. He told himself that he would soon get to Johnson's body. The Texas negro would curl up if he was battered there. Sure, he'd curl. All these fellows did. They couldn't take it in the body.

Johnson rose from his stool a second before the bell sounded. He waved his gloves with a wide smile, and shouted, "Come on, Tommy."

Burns needed no invitation. He charged across the ring and was met with a left hook that swept his feet out from under him. Down he went, but leaped up immediately. He tried to get into the stomach, but Jack beat him to it, burying his left fist wrist deep in the Canadian's body. He followed up his advantage, landing with both hands to the face. Tom's left eye began to swell and turn an ugly bluish color. He tried hard, but couldn't get past the black man's superb defense. Johnson showed that he was stronger,

too, by handling Burns with ease in the clinches.

This was bad. The champion's seconds gabbled excitedly, but Tommy paid no attention to them. He sat quietly waiting through the rest period, still high-hearted, still certain that he could get past those guarding arms. He had to get past them. If he didn't the championship would be gone; he'd be licked by the big fellow who had chased him clear across the world, begging for a chance to fight.

Burns tore into Johnson with everything he had in the third round. After landing a sharp right to the head, he ripped Jack's body with both hands. The Texan was borne back by the fury of the assault. For a time he couldn't block those fists that rattled off his middle. The only execution he did was by landing some frightful blows over the kidneys when they clinched. These hurt, but Tommy was so elated at his success in taking the fight into the Johnson camp that he didn't mind them. He was winning. From now on it would be his fight. Why, the big stiff might be as tall as the Woolworth Building. It didn't matter. He'd get him, anyway.

But Jack seemed untroubled when the next round started. He lashed a heavy right-hander to Tommy's heart and the Canadian retaliated with another. They began making remarks to each other, bitter, sarcastic things. They sneered at color, religion and courage. They were each intent on getting the other excited. As they talked they fought their way in and out of clinches, but did no appreciable damage. They looked queer in the clinches, with the giant colored man towering so high above Burns.

To the casual onlooker who might have just wandered in, without a knowledge of either man's capabilities, this must have seemed a most uneven battle. But it wasn't uneven. Freshened by his minute's rest Burns flared out to pepper Johnson with both fists in the fifth and win that round with plenty to spare.

JOHNSON, though, was as coolly confident as ever. He seemed to feel that he had the Canadian at his mercy; that it was in the books for him to win. Though he didn't have much of a lead up to this point he had sampled the best punches Tommy had in his repertoire and had not been hurt or bothered by them. So, in the sixth, he took the aggressive himself.

He went after Burns, and Tommy hustled himself into a clinch. Holding with his left Jack burned his right fist into his opponent's side a dozen times. Those blows hurt. They would drain anyone's stamina. Burns, realizing that he wasn't strong enough to cope with Johnson in the clinches, broke loose, and let go a rapid-fire of blows to the body. Johnson laughed at them.

"That all the harder you c'n punch, little man?" he jibed. "Huh, somebuddy told me you was a hitter. Must've been somebuddy else he meant. Yo' can't hit a-tall."

With that he hustled Tommy across the ring, driving rights and lefts to the stomach so fast that Burns simply had to cover up and run. He couldn't get started against that whirlwind.

At that point the champion began to lose some of his high confidence. It wasn't a lack of courage on his part. He had never quit in his life, and he was not going to quit now. But he realized the tremendous handicap he was facing. If Johnson merely had size it wouldn't matter so much. But backing up his much greater strength was wonderful boxing skill and accurate hitting. The man was a real fighter. It would be a tough job to beat him.

If the sixth round had been bad for Burns, the seventh was worse. Johnson had the smell of victory in his nose. He wanted to win as quickly as possible.

The big man didn't box in that seventh round. He fought. He pounded and tore Tommy with both hands. Burns kept his head. He was cool, and knew exactly what he should do if his physical limitations permitted. Once,

in the midst of a fierce attack, he sent Johnson back on his heels with a hard left hook, but there were lumps under both eyes now, and he was tiring.

The discolored orbs were targets, inviting marks for Johnson to shoot at. He landed repeatedly and talked to the people at the ringside about how easy he found it to whip his opponent. Burns didn't lose his head even then. He kept shooting at the shiny black body before him, but Johnson, as though to show his versatility, switched from the head and knocked Tommy down with a vicious hook to the ribs. The champion came up quickly, mad as a dripping cat, but the knockdown counted against him.

He came up for the eighth, eyes puffed and with a drip of blood on his lips. An intolerable weariness had settled on him. There was no longer any sting in his punches. Several times, almost disdainfully, Johnson allowed openings, but Burns couldn't take advantage of them. In the meantime the big stevedore was hacking and lashing at Tommy's head, adding further to the damage he had done. Even Burns must have known that only a miracle could save him. It looked as though Johnson might score a knockout at any moment, but those who expected it did not count on the Canadian's courage and great stamina.

Jack taunted Tom with the ineffectiveness of his blows.

"Swing your right, Tommy," he sneered. "Swing it."

"You yellow dog!" Burns snarled, rushing into action. He was burning with rage. It didn't matter what happened to him now. There was only one thing in the world that was worth doing—that would bring him joy and contentment—and that was to bash and bruise the man opposite. He couldn't achieve that desire. He found the range too great.

The tenth was slow. Johnson, tired from his tremendous exertions. Burns from the punishment he had absorbed.

They stalled, each trying to regain his strength.

IN the next, though, the punishment began afresh. Jack, his body wet with sweat that made it gleam like polished walnut, used his fists effectively against Tom's head and body. The latter fought back gamely. He gave everything he had, but seemed singularly ineffective. He was outclassed. He knew it. Johnson was invulnerable. At the end of the round Tom limped back to his distressed seconds, a battered, weary man on the edge of disastrous defeat.

The twelfth coming up! The twelfth coming, and again the little Canadian was subjected to a frightful battering. His eyes were almost closed. His jaw was swollen to almost twice its normal size. The fight having been well and gamely fought so far, now degenerated into a test between Johnson's hitting power and Burns' failing stamina.

Tommy was dazed. He hardly knew where he was, or what he was doing. Only the instinct of a game man to keep on his feet kept him moving forward, always forward into the swirl of the merciless Johnson fists. Mercy had no place in that ring. The championship was at stake, and then there was the implacable feud between these two. Burns had lashed him with stinging words. Why shouldn't he be paid back with blows?

Johnson continued to play for the swollen eyes and bleeding mouth with his accurate blows. He hit and hit and hit at the disfigured face. He put everything he had into those punches, but Burns refused to go down. He staggered about, blind to everything, a wavering reed in a gale, but was still on his feet, enduring the battering when the harsh-throated bell saved him for the moment.

That skimpy rest period could do him no good. He was done for. His championship was gone. There was no longer even the chance of a lucky blow,

for Tommy hadn't the strength to deliver it. His seconds soaked him with water and jammed smelling salts under his nose. Burns shook his head to clear it a little more. He had just enough vitality left to get him to his feet and out to the center of the ring for the fourteenth round.

Johnson fainted and then let the right go. It landed flush on the jaw. Darkness descended over Tom's brain. Down he fell through the pitch black void, down—down—until he felt the scratch of the resin under his knees and heard Hugh McIntosh's voice beating against his ears.

"Five—six—seven—eight—"

He rose, not knowing how or why. Johnson was at him instantly with a tigerish ferocity, smashing away with both hands, expending all his dislike of this man with his blows. Game Tommy staggered. Tom's red and blinded face was toward his foe, but he could do nothing to protect himself.

McIntosh might have stopped the fight then. Under ordinary circumstances he would have done so, but this was a championship bout and tradition demanded that when a champion finishes, he must finish on his back. His seconds, knowing Tom's courage, would not throw in the towel. They'd let him take it because he wanted no intervention. So the referee held his hand, too, hoping that Johnson would do the job quickly. It didn't look as though there would be much difficulty about that.

There was a commotion at the ring-side. A police inspector and half a dozen men jumped into the ring. The fight was over!

McIntosh instantly seized Johnson's wet and bloody glove and lifted his right hand high in the air. A new champion had been crowned.

THIS was a battle that deserved to be rated among the great ones. It is true that Johnson outclassed Burns after the first six rounds; that he was

so clever and shifty; that Tommy was seldom able to reach a vital spot. It was true that Johnson jolted and jarred the white man continually, that he proved himself a greater defensive boxer, a harder hitter and a better ring general than the Canadian.

But don't forget that Tommy Burns faced a handicap of six inches in height and almost twenty pounds in weight; that seldom in any championship affair has there been such a vast difference in physical prowess. Tom has never been rated as highly as he should have been because of this disastrous bout at Rushcutters Bay. How many light-heavyweights—and that is all he was—could have compiled as fine a record as he did, and could have gone fourteen fast rounds with the Jack Johnson of that day?

Johnson really had everything. All the veterans concede that he rated with the greatest heavyweights of all time. That Burns fought him as he did, is indicative that he had some elements of fistic greatness himself. Looking back it is incredible that Tom should have been rated a favorite, but Johnson's record, for this reason or that, had not been so impressive up to then.

Burns was born Noah Brusso in Hanover, Canada. The Dominion to the North has produced great soldiers—as the Princess Pat and other regiments proved in the World War—but very few good heavyweight fighters. There were Jack Munroe and Victor McLaglen and Jack Renault, and others of that stripe and pattern, but they never went very far with their fists. Burns was the pick of the lot.

It may be that he doesn't deserve to rank with Fitzsimmons, Corbett and Jeffries. He lacked the physical qualifications of those champions. But he was as brave and smart as any one of them, a good boxer and a sharp hitter. He was rightfully the champion of his day—in the hiatus between Jeffries and Johnson—and there was no reason why there should have been any question

about inscribing his name on the Muldoon trophy.

Twenty-one years elapsed between his start and finish as a fighting man. He numbered Jim Flynn, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Marvin Hart, Bill Squires and others among his victims. That he could hit is proven by his record of thirty-four knockouts in fifty-seven fights. They didn't feed him pushovers, either. He had to fight for everything he got.

The Tommy Burns you see around nowadays—a fat, powerful man—carries no hint of the little fighting fury of twenty years ago. He could fight, too. Not that he was ever as good as the man who crushed him at Rushcutters Bay. He wasn't. At his very best he never compared with the big, lazy, gold-toothed stevedore from Galveston. Johnson had everything. If he had balanced his grand fighting ability with sense enough to keep out of trouble, he would have been admittedly one of the great heroes of the ring—just as was that other colored man, Peter Jackson.

But that is neither here nor there. He beat Burns fairly. He not only beat him; he ruined him. Tommy fought only six times in the next twelve years. Even though he won all these bouts, except his last one with Joe Beckett, they just didn't mean anything. Tom was done and he knew it.

Burns started boxing in Port Huron. He was a clean cut youngster, who never smoked or drank, and was always in condition. But there were few chances for advancement he campaigned around Michigan for twenty-five and fifty-dollar purses without getting anywhere.

A promoter dropped into Port Huron one day with the idea of building an indoor skating rink. He became involved in an argument in the hotel lobby with a stranger, concerning the number of rounds which "Nonpareil" Jack Dempsey and Dominick McCaffrey had fought. A bet was the in-

evitable result, and the men repaired to the house of an old sporting character who kept all the record books he could lay his hands on. Having the bet decided in his favor, the promoter remained to talk.

THE old-timer began talking of Tommy Burns. "A grand boy," he said, "and some time he'll be a fine fighter. Why don't you pick him up. You might make some money for yourself."

The upshot of it was that Tommy was called in. He was quiet and self-contained. He didn't boast of his ability, though he did say that he was aching for a real chance.

"I'd like to see you work," said the promoter. "A real fight, I mean, not a gymnasium workout. What's the chance o' that?"

"Well," said Tommy, "there's an Englishman in this town who used to be a fighter. I guess he's forty years old, but he thinks he can lick me. Always anxious to get in a scrap he is. If there was any money in it he would be tickled stiff."

The promoter decided that here was a chance not only to see what the boy had, but to make a little money for himself. He rented a dance hall, printed two hundred tickets that he sold for three dollars apiece, offered Burns and the Cockney fifty dollars, and hired a couple of preliminary bouts for ten dollars each. The hall was packed, for Port Huron didn't have much in the way of fistic entertainment.

The first bout was between a couple of colored men with a grudge against each other. When they started to bite like a couple of bulldogs it had to be called off. Next were two truck drivers who were bigger than Ed Dunkhorst. For three or four rounds they panted and puffed and hit at each other. When they started to kick they were ordered out of the ring. An hour later they were still fighting each other in the raging snow storm outside the hall.

Then Tommy Burns and the Englishman entered the ring.

"Take it easy with the old bozo," the promoter whispered. "Give the folks a run for their money and let me have a slant at how you work."

Burns agreed. He stripped beautifully, being in excellent condition. For four rounds he simply toyed with his opponent and didn't ladle out any punishment himself. Naturally, he became careless. That was what the Cockney was waiting for. He landed a right-hander flush on the chin with everything he had. If the man had been ten years younger Burns would have been knocked out then and there.

An indescribable change came over Tommy. He turned to cold fury. There was a terrible viciousness about him. With two minutes of the round still to go he went to work on the Cockney. He worked so well that after a minute the promoter jumped into the ring and led the bleeding, stricken Englishman back to his corner.

"Will I do?" asked Tommy.

"Do," said the promoter. "Boy," you'll be a champion some day."

He really believed it and intended managing the boy, but becoming entangled in the details of his skating rink, passed it up. In later years he moaned over his lost chance, but that didn't do him any good.

Anyway, Tom's meeting with the big-shot and his fight with the Cockney seemed to inspire him. He went further afield and began winning steadily. After a few years he assumed a leading role among the heavyweights.

Conditions among the big fellows were in a rather chaotic state. Jeffries, on retiring, presented his crown to the winner of the bout between Marvin Hart and Jack Root—Hart, a big, clever Kentuckian stopping Root in twelve rounds. Burns beat Hart, who had already outpointed Jack Johnson, and claimed the championship. He beat Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and other stars to cement his claim.

JOHNSON was coming along, too. The huge negro whipped Joe Jeanette, Sandy Ferguson, Jim Flynn, Bob Fitzsimmons and others. He went to Australia and knocked out Peter Felix and Bill Lang, who had been regarded as great fellows by the natives of Pago Pago, Hobartstown and Ballard. He whipped them more decisively than Burns had done.

All this time he continued to hurl challenges at Tommy, and Tom turned a deaf ear to them. It wasn't that the sturdy little Canadian feared Jack. He knew that Johnson was a better man than any he had fought, but was quite confident he could whip him. However, while he was making money with easier marks his reluctance drummed up public interest in a bout that was inevitable.

Tommy went off to England. Johnson didn't have a dollar, but his manager, Sam Fitzpatrick, borrowed enough from friends to take them to London. Still Burns wouldn't listen. He hastened to France and then to Australia, where he triumphed over the already beaten Squires and Lang. In the eyes of the Aussies Tom was a hero and the greatest fighter in the world.

Meanwhile in England Johnson had whipped Al McNamara and Ben Taylor, but there was little money and less renown in that. Fitzpatrick interested members of the National Sporting Club in the big fellow and they gave him the money required to get to Australia. Assistance was rendered when Johnson agreed to come back to London and fight Sam Langford regardless of the result of the match with Burns. This promise, incidently, was never kept.

When Johnson and Fitzpatrick arrived in Sydney they found that Tommy still had the upper hand. He was the champion and the big Galveston black was only a rather despised challenger. The newcomer was informed that if he wanted a fight he would have to accept Tom's terms. This wasn't news in any

sense of the world. It was expected that the champion would get the lion's share of the purse. Champions always did.

Hugh McIntosh, who promoted bouts at the Rushcutter's Bay Stadium offered a purse of \$35,000. Sounds laughable, doesn't it, in these days of high finance? But it was real money then, and the principals were agreeable. Burns, however, demanded \$30,000 for his end, win, lose or draw. That was drawing it a bit fine. After paying their debts and expenses there wouldn't be much left.

Johnson didn't care. He was so confident he could whip the little Canadian that he would have agreed to an even smaller reward. After all, the immediate results of a championship were small compared with what came later.

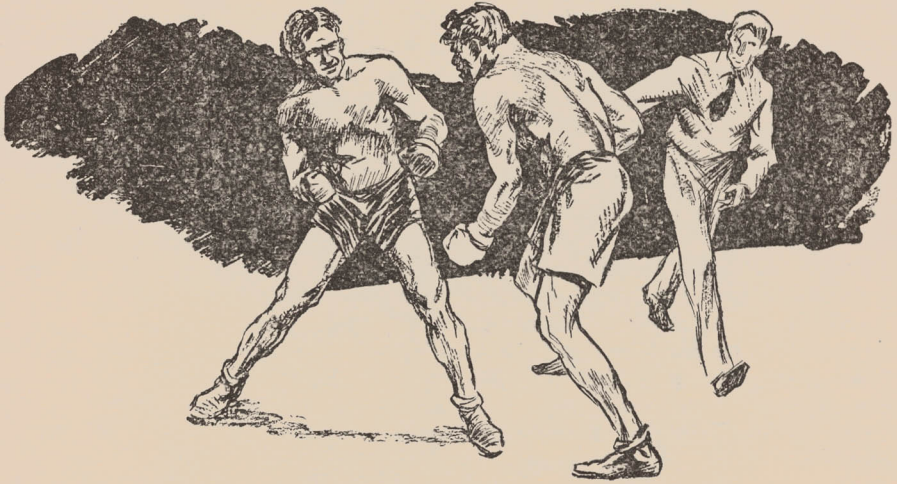
Tommy was a psychologist. He believed that Jack suffered under an inferiority complex. He continually harped on his ability to whip the big man. He claimed that Johnson was yellow and had shown a lack of courage on more than one occasion. He was so brash and sure that much of the 2-to-1 odds quoted in Burns' favor was due to these verbal assaults.

The quiet boy of Port Huron had changed somewhat. This was natural. Burns was smart, quick to take advantage of an opening. He knew as well as anyone that Johnson had a world of ability and all the physical advantages. Those advantages must be minimized by instilling a doubt in Jack's mind. He must be bothered. Of course. Tommy did not know then that the Galveston giant was just as cocky and confident as he was himself.

That esteem, perhaps more than anything else, helped carry Tommy Burns to the top of the ladder. He was always sure that he could carry out any task to which he set his hand.

He became a champion, too, even though his championship was won in a weak and futile period, and a champion must be a real man!

No Bell to Save Him



By WILL H. GREENFIELD

A battling fool was Bud McCloskey . . . he fought on the streets, in stables, on ferryboats—all to educate his mitts for one purpose: to "get" Sol Bippus!

I WAS what you might call fascinated by the boxing game when I was a mere youngster, and the name of "Bud" McCloskey was known in the pugilistic world just as soon as I was big and strong enough to take care of myself. I never could imagine anything more really enjoyable than a mill with a man who could take and give without squealing. I guess I was great for the sport from the cradle, for I know that, when I started in to scrap, life seemed just one big, meaningless jumble.

Each fight night at the old Eureka Club after I was about ten years old little Bud could be seen standing outside asking every fighter passing into the arena: "Let's carry your grip, mister?"

In this way I got to know all the glove-pushers and witnessed boxing-matches free; and as I grew older I got the opportunity to jump into the ring—not to box, but to swing a towel and rub the weary limbs of some of the performers.

It was while I was playing second that I first ran across Mr. Sol Bippus, the English champion, and collected the grouch that later sent me after the laurels of the Briton.

Bippus was booked to box Young O'Brien one night, and I laid for the blooming blinker outside of the club and coaxed him to take me in. My cup of happiness slopped over when he stripped for action and asked me to swing a towel for him.

Now, Champion Bippus had a rotten opinion of managers and seconds. He had a manager, Dan McCabe, a former boxer, but Dan cut a very small figure. Sol could not appreciate the value of a mentor who was ready to divide his earnings in the ring.

He claimed that if his fighting ability was worth so much money he was entitled to the lion's share, and he believed he knew enough about the game to pick his antagonists. He had a high opinion of his own methods of milling.

Besides yours respectfully, he had

Brisk Gillen and Sparrow Golden in his corner—two wise birds in the art of the manly. Of course I wasn't expected to ladle out any advice, but before the bout this was what Bippus said:

"I don't want any advice from you fellows. One of you just fan me and have the lemon-peel ready while the kid is rubbing my legs, and the other can sponge my face and neck. But that's all. I'll do the thinking for all of us."

I've got to hand it to the bounder, he was some fighter. I believe that Young O'Brien, who was anything but a slob, complained to his handlers that Sol was hitting him with a shot-filled hose. Before the end of the third round Mr. O'Brien had taken all of the medicine his system would hold, and for the rest of the six-round session he made any records that the first battle of Bull Run produced look like the funeral march of the Crippled Consumptives' Band.

This was the night before Thanksgiving, I remember, for Billy Murphy, one of the best and squarest sporting editors that ever boosted a boxer, said O'Brien did not attend services next day because he was averse to going to church in a spirit of sarcasm.

For six rounds I swung a towel and rubbed the English champion, proud of the chance, but expecting a decent piece of change just the same. Sol slipped me a thin dime—one large, juicy ten-cent piece, the tenth part of what I was usually paid by the preliminary boys.

"Say, Bippus," I says, "I thought the original tightwad was the fellow that saved the tips of his shoe-laces and sold them for old iron, but you put it all over him."

Well, take it from me, I got everything that was coming to me, and then some. Mr. Bippus passed me a wallop in the nose that broke that section of my scenery, and cuffed me around his dressing-room until I dropped to the floor all but dead. He had things all his own way. I couldn't have hit him then if I had tried, and Gillen and

Golden had gone out as soon as they were paid off.

It was a sweeping, unequivocal victory for the English champion. Like the man trying to make an honest dollar, he hadn't any competition.

To take a punch at Sol Bippus at that stage of the game would have been too much like trying to wipe a lump of ice dry on a hot day, so I just assembles all my scattered parts and says meekly; "Some day, old top, I'm going to lick you within an inch of your life, and don't you ever try to forget it."

Sol made some crack about it being "quite too beastly impossible, don't you know," and I evaporated. Next morning Billy Murphy prints this in his paper:

In the person of Sol Bippus, English champion, poverty faces the most energetic and unrelenting foe which it has ever encountered.

Billy took this crack at the Briton because I told him about the ten-cent-tip business and the little reprimand that had been handed to me in the champion's dressing-room.

"I hope you'll make good some day," says Billy. "I'd like to see that cheap skate murdered in the ring."

"That's just where I'm going to kill him, Mr. Murphy," I says. "You can take it from me, there's nothing going to give me the same pleasure that this job will, if I live to be the king of the bunch and earn a million bucks."

WELL, I settled right down in earnest from that time on, and it wasn't long before I was earning a nice obese livelihood with my mitts. And you can take it from me that I had to fight some to get the money, for in those days you couldn't haul down the long green as you can now.

On the level, the prizefighter's job was not so soft. The modern fighter ought to pat himself on the back and accept his personal congratulations that he was not mixing it in those days.

I know I would rather win a battle and not receive a cent than lose and re-

ceive hundreds. I was out to fight, and I was out to win, and I fought many a finish fight with skin-tight gloves for less money than the present-day fighters get for a six-round bout.

I fought on the streets, in stables, on ferry-boats, in garrets—wherever there was a purse to be won by using the mitts I was on the job. I had to keep busy; big purses were as rare as a good restaurant, and managers who fed you for talking through the sporting pages were as hard to find as yesterday's paper.

I give it to you straight, I got my share of the fights and asked for more.

But while I was always ready to wipe up the circumjacent real estate with anything in shoe-leather, as Billy Murphy put it, I never lost sight of the fact that my sole aim in life was to get a fight with Sol Bippus and kick the eternal sawdust out of him.

I boxed the boxers and slugged with the sluggers, and there wasn't a whole lot in the fight game that wasn't used on me at one time or another; and the best of it was, I was a guy who could learn a whole lot through the medium of a licking.

I seldom let the same guy slaughter me twice in the same place, as you might say, and it got to be a saying that whenever Bud McCloskey dropped a fight he was a sure winner the second time out against the same opponent. The height of my ambition was to lick the English champ; and I prayed that I might do it even if I had immediately thereafter to resume my place in oblivion.

Well, I was finally hooked up with Sol Bippus, but the best I could get was a ten-round no-decision affair. Can you imagine other fighters roasting me to a dark brown because of my luck? That's what happened, though. After working hard every day, practicing always, fighting everything that came along, and taking some artistic trimmings, just as soon as I grabbed a bout with the champion they called me lucky.

I guess I told you before that Bippus was as fast as a jack-rabbit within the roped arena and one of the trickiest pugilists that ever put on a mitt. Well, he hadn't lost anything when I met him, and opportunities to slam him were as scarce as true charity between society ladies.

Young O'Brien called him the Old Fox and the name fitted him like a coat of paint, as you will agree when I hand you this account of our little argument, written by Billy Murphy:

Young Bud McCloskey, a lad not yet nineteen years of age, proved a Tartar to Champion Sol Bippus in a ten-round bout at the Eureka A. C. last night. McCloskey fairly tied Bippus into knots with scientific boxing of a high order and easily outpointed the Englishman by a wide margin.

It was the first time Bippus was outpointed in a local ring. In young McCloskey he found a boxing enigma he was unable to solve. Bud was like a bounding ball on his feet and circled Bippus at all times, sending in smashing hooks, swings, uppercuts and back-hand punches till the English champion was wild with rage and totally bewildered by the avalanche of alien fists.

McCloskey's defense was impregnable and Bippus in his rage hit him repeatedly on the neck and kidneys to force him to draw down his guard. The crowd hooted and booed the champion for this kind of fighting.

Up to the eighth round there was nothing to it but McCloskey. Then the Englishman caught him by a trick. Along toward the end of the round, when Sol was feeling groggy from excessive punishment he had taken from the start, he grabbed McCloskey by the arms and shouted:

"There's the bell, Bud!"

McCloskey instantly turned toward his corner. Bippus with a smile knocked him against the ropes with a right swing and was on him like a tiger before he could recover his dazed senses.

McCloskey stalled the round through, but the effects of the swing were lasting and the balance of the fight was all the Englishman's.

In the ninth and tenth rounds Bippus was a whirlwind. He sent punches into McCloskey from all angles by the aid of side steps, shifts, and sudden lightninglike dashes.

In the final round he rocked McCloskey with right and left swings and made him cover up and hold on for dear life. The bell unquestionably saved Bud from a knockout.

Both boys tipped the beam at less than 133 pounds ringside.

SOME of the sporting-writers gave the fight to Bippus because he wore the belt. Take it from me, the fellow

who fights a champ is always at a disadvantage. Writers, and even referees, lean toward a title-holder.

You may really beat a champion, out-point him and everything, but in the great majority of cases you will get nothing better than a draw, if you get that. Any referee will hesitate about taking away a title, so almost the only way to get the verdict is to knock the champion cold.

Of course I was ashamed of myself for letting the Briton maul me through a trick, but some wise guy once said experience is a great teacher, and I was glad I stayed the limit because it meant that I would have another bout with him.

"That's two beatings you owe me," says Bippus to me, after it's over. "If they have you on with me again, old soldier, you'll owe me three."

"I'll pay my debts, Mr. Bippus," says I. "I guess you didn't find this last discussion quite as easy as the dressing-room affair."

"Not quite," he says; "but I'll make the next session your farewell appearance in any ring."

Strangely enough, a good portion of the fight fans and critics thought I stood no more chance with Bippus than snowflakes before the sun, and did not hesitate to say so. Naturally this did not get me anything, for when I asked for another try at the champ the Eureka management grinned and said they couldn't afford to pay a consistent loser.

"We can put you on for the picture-money," they told me, and then proceeded to explain that a moving-picture concern which desired pictures of the English champion in action might be induced to let me have twenty-five or fifty dollars. The Eureka management had to pay Bippus too much money for his appearance to add anything to this, so I was told to take it or leave it. I took it, so the match was made for ten rounds.

I hurried off to Billy Murphy with the news.

"Bud," says Billy sadly, "they've pulled one across on you, or my name is Sweeney. The only time Sol Bippus ever fought before a moving-picture machine was when he met 'Dutch' Wick. He loves to pose—just loves it—so he didn't put Wick away in the early part of the fight, as he could have easy enough, but just let things drag along until Wick got his strength back. Then with Bippus carelessly posing for the pictures Dutch come across with a knockout. After that Sol swore he'd never fight for the films again."

"But there'll be lots of money in it for him, Billy," I says; "and you know what a high regard he has for the current coin of the realm."

"Even so," says Billy; "but I can't believe there's a chance of him standing for the film company getting in on it. I think they've got you signed up to fight for nothing when the time comes."

And Billy was right. A tall, sallow-complexioned gent by the name of Mark Nubim came to me in my dressing-room on the night of the fight and asked me if I had any objections to fighting before the movie camera.

"None in the world," says I, "seeing I'm not getting a four-cent piece anywhere else."

"I am sorry for you, young feller," he says, "but Bippus has made a monkey out of you and out of me. He didn't say anything until tonight. Then, after I'd got here with my men and the machine to take the pictures, he told me flat that he wouldn't fight for the films.

"I'm Mark Nubim, president of the Nubim Film Company, and I increased my offer of three hundred dollars to six hundred dollars; but I couldn't reach him. When I asked him why he wouldn't stand for the camera he called me names that a bucko mate wouldn't use on a deaf paralytic.

"He seems to think he's the kind of champion that comes in a case by himself, packed in cotton and invoiced separately. I asked him to name his figure,

and he only cursed me the more. Now we will only take outside pictures of the crowd and Bippus after the fight's over."

"Mr. Nubim," I says, "it's not money but conceit that prevents him from giving his classic postures to the movies. And he may get a little bliss out of the fact that I agreed to go into this thing for the picture-money."

"Well," says Mr. Nubim, "I didn't know they had you tied up like that; but I'll tell you what I'll do: You lick Sol Bippus and I'll give you that fifty dollars just the same as if we took the pictures."

I COULDN'T wait till I got that Englishman into the ring after that; and the opening bell was as welcome to me as hot soup on a cold day. I started off feinting, jabbing, and blocking, and I wasn't taking the chances of a tinhorn gambler with loaded dice.

"You're a pretty husky young chap," says Bippus, starting in to josh me; "but a real champion has to have brains as well as brawn."

"Well," I comes back at him, "some champions are getting along with so little of either I still have hopes."

"Your hopes may Bud, they won't never blossom," he says.

You see, he thought he had quite a delicate wit. Sickly, I called it.

"You'd better play close to the cushion," he teased. "You're a fair boxer."

"Passing fair," I declared, jabbing him in the mouth, "passing fair. And others I know are already past. Get me?" And I shook him up with a nice right uppercut that brought the tears to his eyes.

"Don't spoil my beauty," he says. "This is the only face I got."

"Sol," says I, "you're mighty near out of face. It's a good thing you turned down the Nubim picture-people. I'm out here fighting for nothing—just to beat you to a jelly."

"From the way you're peckin' at me,"

says he, "I should say you don't hold spite."

Well, we took things so easy in the opening chapters that the crowd started to hiss and shout "Fake!" In the fifth round I took the bit in my teeth at the outset, and inside of two minutes I had battered Sol's face almost to a pulp. My rapid-fire rights and lefts, delivered at short range, seldom went wrong, and when the round was over I seemed to have a pretty fair chance of winning.

Toward the close of the sixth round Sol inflicted considerable body-punishment that rather slowed me up; but I was merrily pegging away at him in the seventh. He tried several tricks, thinking to catch me napping, but he soon found I was wide awake and watching with happy interest all that was going on around me.

Over and over again I watched for indications of a left lead and scored in advance of him, and when I stood away and boxed him he was apparently all at sea. He was as steady as a rock under punishment and seemed to pin his faith to a right-hand body-punch.

Time after time, after being worsted in heart-breaking rallies that carried us from one end of the ring to the other, he would reach my body with right and left smashes, the impact of which was heard in the farthest corners of the arena. Try as I would, I could not escape these onslaughts, although I laughed at him and told him he wasn't hurting me a little bit.

"You'll feel 'em after a while," he says, smiling as best he could with his puffed face, and split lips.

"I'm having the time of my life," I tells him, pecking his phiz to pieces all the while.

His big, blond face was gashed and bruised; his lips were torn, and his nostrils filled with blood. His protruding chin glistened with the gore that welled over his lips, but he kept winking in a joshing manner at his seconds who were dancing around and yelling like Comanches.

At the end of the ninth round Sol pulls his rally. He ripped in a blow that seemed to take my last breath and go through my stomach like a bayonet; and as I stood, open mouthed, dazed for the time being, he clipped me on the jaw with his right, the first punch he had landed above the shoulders for several rounds.

Down I goes to my knees, and when I came up without taking the count he was on top of me like a thousand of brick. Fighting like a tiger, he began to volley with both gloves. My head was tilting and jerking under the impact of plunging lefts or rasping rights, and Sol was going with lightning speed and hitting at the right time when the bell rang. It sure was some sweet music to me.

I guess I'll have to let Billy Murphy tell you the rest of it:

The last round resolved itself into a question of the survival of the fittest. Science was forgotten. The fighters battled all around the ring, head to head, shoulder to shoulder, and slugged away as though the fight had just began, with the referee frantically trying to pull them apart.

When Bippus staggered to the center of the ring for the beginning of the tenth round his only hope of winning lay in a knockout punch. He had been whipped decisively during the last nine rounds, but his wonderful recuperative powers brought him up in almost as good condition as McCloskey, who was weak and unsteady from the terrific pace he had set and the grueling work of the ninth round.

Both men swung in one blind blow after another as they charged each other around the ring, with first one and then the other doing the chasing. McCloskey dropped the Englishman after a minute of fierce fighting, but when Bippus got up he ran into a clinch.

Bud shook him off, but was in no condition to take advantage of the situation. On the neck, chest and arms Mac showered useless punches, with Bippus clinching and holding on to save himself.

Suddenly Bippus let fly a haymaker that caught McCloskey on the point of the jaw and laid him back over the ropes in his own corner. With his arms hanging to his sides, knees bending under him and a blind stare in his eyes, the Yankee was at the mercy of his foe.

Dazed by the punishment he had taken and crazed by the thought of a possible victory, Bippus squinted through swollen eyes and shook his bloody gloves in an uncertain manner as though trying to decide which of the

nineteen McCloskeys he would attack. He swayed forward with a right swing and the bewildered and battleworn McCloskey slipped to the floor.

Slowly Bud got up. He reeled, his legs quivering under him, his head wobbling from side to side like a man with the palsy. He forgot all about putting his hands up to his face to protect it, just as he overlooked the chance to remain on the floor and take the count.

Bippus, tottering on two legs that were scarcely able to bear his own weight, managed to drive home another right to the jaw. McCloskey fell in a heap, his arms, legs and muscles twitching convulsively.

After many efforts he finally pushed himself to his hands and knees. Nobody thought he would rise, but by a supreme effort he got up on to one knee.

Just as his hands left the floor he lost all power in his legs, his brain became numb and he rolled over to the floor of the ring, helpless and dead to the world.

I CAME to my senses in a few seconds, and in five minutes was as well as ever. Trying to dodge out of the rear entrance of the club, I bumped square into Bippus bowing, bareheaded, to a wildly cheering throng.

"You're the cheapest guy in the business," he says. "You took an awful licking for nothing."

You can well imagine I wasn't feeling too much like joshing with him. I tried to get away without any more talk, but he was feeling too good to let me beat it just then.

"I says," he sneers at me, blocking my way, "I says you're cheap and your revenge is a long time coming. You ain't got any spite in you. And I think you're yellow—I'll bet you went out to avoid punishment."

Can you picture it? Taking an unholy beating—and giving one, too—and then being called a quitter by a man you had missed sending into dreamland only by a hair-line margin?

The blood shot through me like red-hot arrows; before I realized what I was doing I hit Mr. Bippus a whack on the ear. A left hook sent him down on the pavement, and after that he was kept busy getting up.

There was no bell to save him, no minute rests in which to recuperate,

and my bare knuckles found him an easy mark. What I couldn't accomplish in twenty rounds with the gloves I completed in less than two minutes of rough-and-tumble stuff. I cleaned off the sidewalk with Mr. Sol Bippus and tossed him into the street, the worst licked champion that ever drew breath.

They carried him back to his dressing-room again, but as I stepped aside for them to pass he raised his head feebly and said: "You're chock full of spite, but you're cheap!"

And I was inclined to agree with him until the next morning, when I received a visit from Mr. Nubim,

official of the Nubim Film Company.

"McCloskey," he said, handing me an envelope, "here's my check for six hundred dollars. You earned every cent of it. The battle in the ring wasn't a circumstance to the one on the outside, and I'm handing you the champion's end of the picture-money."

"Gee, Mr. Nubim!" I says, still bewildered. "You must have got a lot of satisfaction out of that street fight!"

"I did," he says, slamming me on the back. "But I'll get something more than that, Bud. It was the outside affair we took pictures of!"

UPSETTING A JINX

BRILLIANT courage and gameness, in defiance of all the traditional jinxes and hoodoos of the squared circle, was displayed by Al Singer when he crushed the championship aspirations of Ignacio Fernandez, the dynamite-fisted Filipino, at Madison Square Garden recently. In the same ring, exactly one year and seven days previously, the Filipino had knocked Singer cold as a wedge.

The battle was a classic of ring history, sensational from the tap of the opening gong until the end of the last round. Fight critics agree that it ranks with the best contests in the lightweight division since the historic battles between Leonard and Tendler a dozen years ago. Singer opened by knocking the tough Filipino flat in the first round for the first knockdown recorded in the long career of the brown-skinned lad. Again, in the second round, Fernandez hit the canvas. Thereafter, the slugging continued without a pause, and at the end Singer, the Bronx Bombardier, held a commanding lead. At times, it appeared that the Filipino would go down for the long count, but his extraordinary stamina carried him through.

Singer's feat in decisively beating an opponent who had previously hung the kayo sign on him, is one infrequently chronicled in prize ring annals. It takes one back to the classic battles of Stanley Ketchel and Bill Papke. Ketchel was middleweight champion of the world when he was knocked out by Papke—and then came back a short time later to reverse the situation and regain the title. Other champions and near-champions have tried the feat, but when a fighter has once hung the kayo sign on an opponent, the mental hazard of entering the ring again with such a conqueror has been almost insurmountable, and few have shown the ability, courage and determination to come off victors in a subsequent encounter.



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Fight—Sept.—7



FIGHTERS ALL

By ARTHUR J. BURKS

Author of "Phantom of the Resin"

The war was over, but the call to battle was still high in the hearts of the fighting acting-jack and his pals. Something must break! And it did!

THEY fought mightily under the banner of Jack McNamara, who once, in old Marine Corps days, had been known as the fighting acting-jack. An acting-jack is a lance corporal, or a private who is about to be, but isn't yet, a corporal.

As an acting-jack McNamara had never taken advantage of his position. He had never hidden behind his rank, either real or prospective, though he had avoided fist fights after he became a first lieutenant. Then he had been mustered out, and the world had turned topsy-turvy because the war had ended. He was back to the world of workaday things.

Blue-eyed Jack McNamara, who had had a taste of dealing with fighting men, had discovered that he couldn't do it. Plodding was too slow for a man who liked to run. Never again would he remain long in one place. The world was wide, and there was always something

doing for the man who liked adventure.

Jack, in the old days, had been as good a light heavyweight as the Marine Corps boasted, and he had never avoided a fight, nor had he ever been knocked out, though there had been some of his rookies, who, accepting the opportunity he offered to take him on if they didn't like the way he ran them, had almost put him to sleep.

But each time he had weathered the scrambles of fisticuffs, and had whipped the men who had challenged him—and had, moreover, made them his friends for life.

There was Dick Rollins, for example, whom he had whipped until the big fellow was out on his feet, and had still been unable to wipe the smile from his adversary's face. Jack had refused to hit him again, had conceded the victory, and when Jack's boys had marched away, Rollins had called Jack a white man before them all, and had taken him

by the hand. Rollins had covered himself with glory overseas, and had returned.

Tommy Elms, the punkiest Marine who ever wore the uniform, the fastest lightweight who ever wore a regulation service glove, had covered himself with glory overseas. He, too, had come back.

And big Gallagher, whom Jack had whipped to a whisper because the big boy had talked too much—well, Gallagher had covered himself with glory overseas, too; but he hadn't come back.

Of the dozen or so men whom Jack McNamara, as the fighting acting-jack, had fought at Mare Island, and at Quantico, including Elam Carney, only four met with Jack that afternoon in San Francisco's Chinatown. Five discontented men, who had been disappointed when the war had ended, because they weren't yet ready for the excitement to die down.

Somehow Jack had got them together. Somehow he had found them. Somehow they had managed to reach this Chinese restaurant where now the five of them sat and raked up the past.

Jack McNamara was the spokesman, the chairman of the meeting.

"Well, boys," he said, somewhat thickly because of feelings he didn't thoroughly understand, "the war's over!"

"It seems so," said Tommy Elms impatiently. "Matter of fact, I think the newspapers mentioned quite some time ago. You just find out?"

"Oh, cut it, Tommy! Always talking out of turn! You were the punkiest Marine who ever wore a leather collar, or went without one."

"And you," retorted Elms, "were the punkest drillmaster who ever bawled out a rookie."

"Why this solemn meeting, anyway?" snapped big Elam Carney. "Why'd you bring us here, Jack?"

"Excitement," retorted McNamara.

"Yeah. What's the fun of chinning in a morgue?"

"Yeah," said Tommy Elms, "what's the bad news?"

JACK McNAMARA merely grinned, a half-hearted grin, at these men he had known so well in the old days. Then he spoke swiftly. For a time the men listened impatiently. Then they began to lean forward in their chairs. Then smiles of anticipation wreathed their faces.

"Tommy," said McNamara to Elms, "in the old days you used to get five hundred berries a week from home for spending money. Save any of it?"

"Nope," said Elms; "but why for? There's always more where that came from. What do you want? Is this a touch?"

"In a way, yes. I take it that you guys are all kinda wormy, like I am, and that you'd do almost anything for some excitement, else you wouldn't have met me here. Am I right? Well, here's what I propose. Now, I know every darned one of you. As a matter of fact, I've whipped every darned one of you at one time or another, except Tommy here, and he was too far below my weight."

"Good excuse," said Elms grinning. "I could whip you with one hand tied behind me! But excuse the rude interruption. You were saying?"

"I've whipped every one of you, and if you, Tommy, make another crack like that I'll turn you across my knee."

"These guys going to help you?" snorted the lightweight.

"Oh, dry up, Elms," snapped Carney, "or I'll turn you across my knee myself! Go on, Jack."

"Well, there are five of us. We can all fight. Elms here, because he isn't good for much of anything else, can pay expenses until we get going well. I'll manage the outfit. We'll join ourselves into a band of fisticuffing strollers playing the small towns first until we get our reputations worked up, then smashing into big time. You've all got guts, with the possible exception of

Tommy, for you all stayed with me until I knocked you out—"

Jack grinned at them all as he spoke, and jaws tightened as memory went back to the fights to which he referred. All friends here, but once they hadn't been, and McNamara had knocked them silly. But they said nothing as he talked on.

"—and besides you've all been Marines. That's something to start with. Now I won't stand for anything rough-neck, get that? We'll just be a clean bunch of boys, going up and down in the land to show the natives that boxing is cleaner than a lot of them think."

"And in a year's time," said Elms, "we'll know how every jail smells and looks from the inside, in every town we visit."

McNamara lighted a particularly evil smelling cigar and waited. He'd said all he intended saying.

"I'm on," exploded big Elam Carney, who once had been a corporal.

"And I," said Ahred Aaronson, who once had been known as the "battling Bolshevik" because he hadn't taken kindly to Marine Corps discipline.

"Three!" said Rollins, as though he were once more "counting off" as his half-platoon fell in on the old Mare Island parade ground.

"Four!" snapped McNamara.

"What do I say?" snapped Tommy Elms, insolently. "I once got whanged on the conk with a swagger stick for yelling 'five,' when four was as high as they counted."

"I never whanged a man with a swagger stick in my life!" barked McNamara. "You're just a plain liar, Elms!"

"Careful," said Elms, shaking his head judiciously, "or your banker will spank!"

"Just yell 'cash,'" said Aaronson, "and you're elected."

Elms laughed.

"Cash!" he said. "How much do we need?"

"Five hundred," said McNamara after a thoughtful pause, "will see us

to Los Angeles. After we get there we'll make a stab at getting our expenses."

ONCE more was Jack McNamara in his element. He knew every one of his fighters. They had been tried in the crucible and had not been found wanting. They would fight like Trojans for McNamara, in spite of their grumbling, and they were good, clean boys.

Once more, as they shadow-boxed until the sweat covered their faces like rain, and as they daily paced their mile after mile of road work until they were leg-weary and ready to drop, Jack thought of Mare Island days, of the mats placed on the tile floor of the gymnasium, of the smack of fists slammed home in grudge fights, of the slither of light shoes over canvas, he knew his arrangement had been an inspiration. It was a substitute for days that were gone.

He had visited the various Los Angeles newspapers, and whispered into the ears of sport writers his belief that he had five boxers—all ex-Marines—who could whip their weight in wildcats.

Jack had been dubiously received.

"Fly away, kid," they told him. "We've had so many things slipped over on us that we don't believe in anything any more."

But, just the same, they wrote his boys up, in order to fill the space they had to fill, and they filled it with satire and sarcasm. McNamara's stable, they averred, stood as much chance to stand up against professional fighters as ice cream on a hot stove.

"My boys are clean livers," Jack had told them, "and the clean boys win in the long run."

But nobody would listen. Jack told his boys. Elms wired for money, and they backed themselves with cold cash. McNamara rented a barn-like building, built a ring and dressing-rooms, got the necessary licenses, and issued challenges to whosoever cared to offend.

The crowd refused them that first night, but professional fighters were out for money, and McNamara had offered some—on a winner-take-all basis. But the newspaper boys had done their stuff, and the crowd stayed away. Some newspaper lads came, however, to yawn endlessly as the first bout was delayed interminably.

It was a scrap between Tommy Elms and Baby Amador, the latter a rugged little Mex who, according to rumor, had won his last six starts by knockouts, and had himself never been knocked out.

McNamara, though billed to fight the main event himself, against Sailor Lawson, another fast boy, smiled quietly as Tommy Elms entered the ring, and Amador exercised his right to keep the fans, and Elms, waiting. McNamara knew his men, and he knew Tommy Elms.

AMADOR stepped through the ropes, and here and there people who had somehow condescended to purchase tickets, glanced to the right and left at the empty seats around them.

Tommy Elms, eternally grinning, with his eyes half-closed as though he were on the verge of falling asleep, yawning at intervals to keep up the pretense, was not even looking at Amador when the bell signaled the beginning of the first round.

Amador swept across the ring like a brown cyclone, intent upon catching Elms in his corner, and knocking him for a loop before he could get set; the thin crowd, and the newspaper men, moved forward in their chairs.

Yawning, seeming not to move at all, Elms slipped out of danger, and the charging Amador crashed into his corner, striking out at a man who hadn't waited for him.

Elms slipped to the center of the ring, looking at McNamara.

"Let's go, Tommy!" cried Jack. "No fooling now!"

And the half asleep Elms uncoiled

like a whiplash as Amador thrashed around and came charging back. Elms was fast on his feet, fast as they came, and when he moved he just simply seemed to sift from one spot to the other, like something oiled. Amador had a few black marks on his record and had just been reinstated by the state boxing authorities. Fouls when the referee couldn't see, thumbs in eyes, butting, all the dirty tricks the ring has discovered and some of his own invention, tricks which had gone for to discredit boxing as a wholesome sport.

Amador always went in to win, and he didn't care especially how he did it. There were others like Amador. But not Tommy Elms.

Amador, as he crashed out, arm flailing, smashed his long right at Tommy's stomach, and Tommy knew that the blow would land low, only he wasn't there to catch it. Instead, he was off to Amador's right, and his two hands were slamming in, one-two's that were head-rocking in their sheer savagery; but every blow a clean one.

Full and true they smacked to the jaw of Amador, who whirled like a cat, and literally smothered Tommy under the fury of his onslaught, or seemed to. The sound of his blows echoed through the half empty building, but the reporters, who knew Amador of old, edged forward expectantly and studied this stranger Elms.

Tommy slipped out of harm's way as though he had been greased. He was in and out like a rapier, every time he went in his two fists landed smugly, and every time he came out he did so ahead of savage blows hurled at him by the now furious Amador, blows which never landed because Tommy came in again, his fists sending in sledgehammer blows to every part of Amador's body.

Then Amador went down, shrieking: "Foul! Foul!"

Tommy knew, and McNamara knew, that one savage right of Elms' had half buried itself in Amador's solar plexis, well above the belt line. The referee

saw it too, and started counting over Amador. Amador came back, his face twisted as though he suffered agonies, his hands held low. Tommy turned away from him to a neutral corner, leaned on the ropes, grinning.

And Amador, suddenly crouching low, stomach drawn back to invisibility, left hand extended, lips drawn back in a soundless snarl, started shifting forward, moving with deceptive speed, his little black eyes boring into those of Elms.

And Elms, glancing again at McNamara, tore into the Mexican. He tore into him like a young tornado. His right and left worked without ceasing, and though he took a few blows himself, he shot in his fists from every angle, and he shot them in all the time.

Amador had to give ground, for his head was rocking from side to side on his shoulders, as rights and lefts came in, and when he gave ground Elms slammed in like a battering-ram. His own teeth were exposed now, in what looked like a snarl, but which was merely his way of breathing.

Amador refused to back-pedal before this bird who hadn't got enough space in the dailies to be worth mentioning. Why, Amador, in the last issue—

Then Amador found himself flat on his back, his dazed eyes staring up at the cluster of lights above the ring, while the referee tolled off the fatal seconds; Elms was in a neutral corner, examining the right hand which he had smashed to the jaw of Amador with crushing force.

Amador would never get up.

THE bell rang as the referee counted nine, and Amador's seconds carried him to his stool, working over him, reviving the little battler for more bloodshed. As he came out for the second round, Elms showed Amador, the space-grabber, the dirty fighter, what a real fighter could do and do cleanly.

His fists smacked home again and

again, and each blow seemed even more powerful than the last, until Amador was staggering around the ring like a drunken man, mad as a hatter, always dangerous, his red-rimmed eyes staring his hatred at this nobody who was giving him the lacing of his career.

He slammed into a clinch. His right came up. The heel of his glove caught Elms under the chin, snapped his head back. Amador's left shot into Elms' face, tilting back the chin anew. The right slammed over and Elms went down.

At five he got up. When he got up he was charging, while blood trickled from his split lips, and though his chin was to the fore, he paid no heed to the rights and lefts of Amador, and his own fists drummed a steady tattoo on the face of the Mexican. He rushed Amador to the ropes, crowded him against them.

"I hate a dirty fighter, Amador," he said softly to the other.

Then, with Amador half hanging over the ropes, Elms' right came up in a blow that traveled no more than a foot, but which might have traveled all the way from the floor, and its smack against Amador's jaw caused the press reporters to groan softly in sympathy. The Mexican fell as a hewn tree falls, and was counted out.

The newspapermen started scribbling.

AARONSON went on for the second fight, and he started driving his opponent, a black boy with the kick of dynamite in either hand, from the first bell, and never once, during that savage first round, did Aaronson take a back step. He slammed the black boy with rights and lefts. He hammered him until the colored lad's knees buckled and he started to fall.

The negro went down, and Aaronson took his place against the ropes in a neutral corner, waiting for him to rise. Which he did. He came up at seven, set himself to receive the charge of Aaronson, and Aaronson, nothing loath,

barged in at top speed, all set to hand out the sleep producer.

He slipped on a wet spot in the center of the ring, and fell forward, his hands before his face to stay his fall, and the right fist of his opponent, carrying with it all his power, all his anger at this white boy who had downed him, came up in an almost invisible uppercut, catching Aaronson straight on the chin.

Aaronson fell.

The reporters stated that the wet spot had been his undoing, that Aaronson had been miles ahead, even though but two minutes of the bout had passed, and the black boy boasted little of his win.

There was something about these boys of McNamara's, who fought because they loved the game, because they loved it when it was clean, and fought to win. So the newspapermen scribbled some more.

Then Elam Carney—big Carney who roared with the laughter of enjoyment while he fought, no matter how terrific the drubbing he was taking, entered against Big Bill Garrick, another one of the cauliflower brigade which fights for money, chalk, marbles, or for coffee and crullers because it is all they know.

For five rounds the two big men, blood streaming from their split lips, their bashed in noses, and with cuts over their eyes, fought all over the ring, the four sides of which were always swaying and dancing, for it was scarcely large enough for men of their size.

Carney went down twice in the second, three times in the third, but every time he got up he grinned anew, and launched an attack that seemed tireless despite the knockdowns. Once Garrick turned to his manager.

"I've slapped him with the best I got," he yelled, "and he won't go down! His head and chin are concrete."

And Carney, recalling the old days, when he had fought with McNamara, knocking down the two huge stoves in the Quantico barracks, laughed aloud.

He set himself easily, running away from Garrick. His right foot clung to

the floor, and so did his left. An oddly awkward stance. Garrick followed him. His objective was the chin of Carney, for Carney, when concentrating deeply, had a habit of thrusting his tongue, doubled, between his teeth and screwing up his forehead prodigiously. A blow to the chin now would drop him, and cut his tongue half off. And so Garrick aimed his right—

From the floor, just ahead of Garrick's blow, came the murderous right hand of Carney. Garrick caught it full and true, high on the temple, and it packed a wallop that not even the heavyweight champ of the Marines in the old days had been able to weather, and Garrick, his mouth gaping open in hurt surprise, almost turned over in the air as he shot backward, his feet leaving the canvas.

Carney roared with laughter, pulled in his tongue which had trapped Garrick, and as the referee counted ten over Garrick, the newspapermen scribbled some more.

In the fourth fight Rollins fought Jack Murphy to a draw which left the scribes gasping at the end of the sixth round, for both fighters were out on their feet.

They both got the duke, but Rollins' adversary was frowning and furious, and Rollins was wearing that quiet smile which McNamara, in that never to be forgotten battle at Mare Island years ago, had not been able to knock off.

JACK McNAMARA, his heart singing the old song of battle, entered the ring for the last fight of the evening, a ten round go against a light-heavyweight who could not fight in New York because he had been suspended for various infractions.

He could fight, this Mannie Lucho, and he feared nothing that could don gloves; but he fought with all the tricks of the trade, as McNamara knew when, after the first exchange, his stomach below the belt felt as though he had par-

taken of a heavy dinner of live coals.

"I'll get you for that, Mannie," McNamara told him, and barged in.

McNamara set himself to fight at top speed for the whole ten rounds, determined to show the small crowd, and the newspapermen, that a clean man could out-last a man who wasn't entirely clean in all ways.

At the signal the crowd had left its seats, and now crowded those nearest the ring.

And Mannie and McNamara were at it, fighting bitterly. McNamara thought again of the old joy of smacking gloves, the scrape-scape of shoes over canvas, pondered on the welfare of the grand old game, and resolved to show the audience that clean men fought too.

And even as he thought, he drove rights and lefts to Mannie Lucho, hammered away at him without ceasing, squinted his blue eyes and bored in.

Smack-smack-smack-smack!

Four times, two rights, two lefts, McNamara left his mark on the face of Mannie Lucho. Then they clinched, and Mannie's elbow cracked against the jaw of McNamara.

Quick as light, stepping free of the clinch, his jaw exposed for an infinitesimal instant in his fury at the trick, McNamara whipped over his left and his right, shaking the hard head of Lucho on that worthy's shoulder, forcing him to back-pedal, forcing him against the ropes, off which Lucho bounded like a rubber ball, his fists flailing.

Straight and true McNamara's right hand slapped to Lucho's nose, and Lucho's hands slipped up swiftly to protect the suddenly distorted member. Quick as a flash, McNamara's right slammed into Lucho's stomach, and Mannie's hands dropped again to cover the stomach, while McNamara's right fled like a homing pigeon to the jaw.

Lucho staggered and McNamara went after him like a wildcat, slugging it out, taking all Lucho had to send, a paean of rejoicing going up from his fight-

loving soul as he forced Lucho to open his mouth like a gasping fish and pant like a spent runner.

From then on, through ten gruelling rounds, they fought toe to toe, slugging it out in the corners, in the center of the ring, and against the ropes. Lucho's eyes were almost closed. McNamara's teeth, blood-stained, were visible under the glare of the lights because Lucho had cut his lips with the heel of his glove, laying back the flesh.

And in the tenth, with one minute to go, McNamara lowered his head and sailed in. Whenever he uppercutted Lucho he lifted his own right shoulder, his right toe merely touched the floor as the blows landed, and their savage intensity could be well imagined by those who watched.

Thirty seconds to go, and the little crowd yelling lustily for a knockout, McNamara and Lucho trying their level best to satisfy them.

Smack-smack-smack!

Two drumming lefts to the face, a smashing right that traveled eight inches, and Lucho went down, whipped by a man with the courage to fight clean, even against a dirty fighter, and to fight for all he was worth all the time; by a man who loved the game when it was rightly played, who hated men who used roughneck tactics.

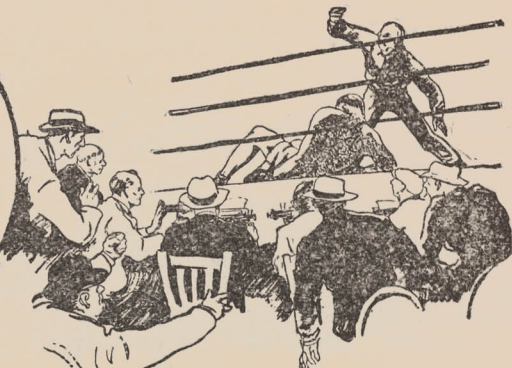
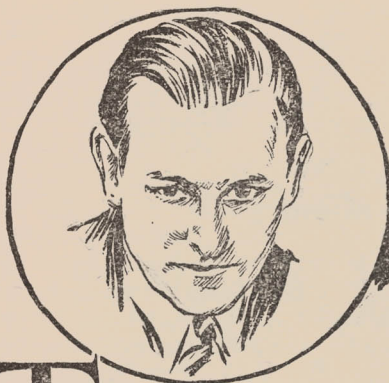
And the scribes scribbled anew.

NEXT morning there were fresh sport notes in all Los Angeles papers. The prides of the ring had been humbled by men out of nowhere, breaking pedestals which the unworthy had occupied, and the press acclaimed them.

But when the scribes went out to look up the fighters that morning, they could not find them.

That same afternoon the newspaper boys received a wire from McNamara, who was headed north with his ex-Marines:

Clean out the stables and we'll come back. It's not the game that's rotten, but some of the gents who play it.



THROUGH *the* ROPES

By HYPE IGOE

Racing typewriters telling their stories at first hand; clicking telegraph instruments relaying each move to the waiting presses; the swift shuffling of feet in the resin; the smack of wet leather on flesh; the heavy breathing of the combatants—that's ringside! And there's Hype Igoe! Up through the ropes he has watched each blood-tingling charge of all the great

fighters since John L. Sullivan. There his keen, appraising eyes have gathered together the threads of fistic drama. Meet Mr. Igoe, friend of champions and master story-teller of the ring. Each month in this department he will sit down with you, figuratively speaking, and tell you many a rare, first-hand tale of the squared circle and its followers.

WHEN Jack Sharkey put Max Schmeling down with a low punch in their long waited bout for the world's title, Max, after being awarded the crown, could well have staggered to his feet and exclaimed, "Well, voss iss goot for der goose, iss goot for der ganter."

And I don't suppose that one person in a million would have realized what Max meant. You've got to be a bit up on the history of this heavyweight business—and know your fouls to boot.

Schmeling is not the first foreign heavyweight to come into this country seeking championship honors, and it is a strange coincidence that the first English heavyweight champion, who journeyed westward to fight for the "world's title," also was involved in a foul fracas. Only this time it was the American who was fouled.

It was the first instance of a foul

having settled all the arguments, as it has, for the time being at least, in the case of Schmeling versus Sharkey. Perhaps it would be better to say that the fighting, and not the arguments, came to a halt.

It seems that back in 1869, Mike McCool met Tom Allen. Allen was a cocky Englishman who thought he could belt the daylights out of any man living, and he went afar to prove his contention. He came over in 1866, together with Joe Wormald and Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant—the latter the first of his kind, so to speak.

Allen settled in St. Louis and began to walk around with a chip on his shoulder. O'Baldwin did likewise, and the same goes for Joseph Wormald.

McCool, though he had been defeated by Joe Coburn in sixty-seven rounds the year Allen arrived, began to attract notice, despite that defeat.

Jimmy Dunn, a good one, had beaten Bill Davis in forty-three rounds.

McCool took on the tough Mr. Davis and made a much better job of whipping him than had Dunn. It took Mike thirty-four rounds and, as bare-knuckle things went in those glorious beef-brine days, it was considered a spiffy job.

Allen was trying to get a real line on his own ability and on Dunn, Davis and McCool. So he ups and challenges Davis. William lingered about for forty-three rounds. This brought McCool, three years later, right up to a match for the title against Allen.

Wormald and O'Baldwin had been haggling between themselves, and Wormald finally ducked back to England. He had the tough ones on this side of the water. There was a lot of present-day method in Joe's madness. He challenged O'Baldwin, whom he seemed to fear more than Allen. I suppose he had real reason to fear. Ned was a giant, and Mike Donovan, the old middleweight war-horse, once told me that O'Baldwin was the greatest fighter that ever lived. He laughed when I asked him if John L. Sullivan couldn't have whipped Ned.

"There never was a man of O'Baldwin's speed and power in the ring," said Donovan. "Ned could leap over an ordinary man's head, and could run faster backward than the casual man could run forward. He liked his rum—and his rum got him in the end," said Donovan.

O'Baldwin refused to go back to England to fight after having posted a \$1,000 forfeit and Wormald claimed the money. This enraged O'Baldwin, and he challenged Wormald to come back, which the chump did! Ned knocked him kicking in ten minutes of fighting in the first round. You know, in those days, a round didn't end until one or the other was brought to earth. The police jumped in and Ned got the money and the glory. This battle took place near Lynfield, Mass., 1868.

That fight spelled the finish of O'Baldwin. He never again figured with the all-important ones. His disappearance from the limelight left it right up to McCool and Allen to settle the row about the world's title.

THERE was a situation almost identical with that of Sharkey and Schmeling, except that Max, of course, was in there the other night fighting as the European and German champion. Sharkey, like McCool, was glad to be known as the American title-holder.

Then came the first real world's heavyweight championship bout. McCool and Allen fought near St. Louis, June 15, 1869.

Odd, isn't it, that that old battle and the new were fought on almost the same dates of the month? But the action was a little reversed.

The Englishman was giving the American title-holder a fine pasting when McCool made claim of a foul. It must have been a raw one or else the Englishman got the worst of the deal, but in any event, Allen was disqualified, and the world's title went to McCool.

The following year, Allen, to prove that he was a real champion, met Jem Mace, his illustrious countryman, at Kennersville, La. The woods were full of English heavyweights by this time, and Mace was looked upon as the best of the lot.

He proved it by whipping Allen in ten rounds. As Tom had gone into the fight claiming the title, Mace assumed that he was to be the wearer of the crown from that point on.

Allen, before the fight, said that McCool's claim couldn't stand up on its own hind legs, so Mace made the most of the situation. The defeat by Mace didn't dampen Allen's ardor.

Mace went on to meet Joe Coburn for the American title. They fought a draw, and then up bobbed McCool again, challenging Allen. They met, this time at Allen's lucky spot, St. Louis, Mo. McCool was fairly beaten

this time, Allen bringing him down in seven rounds, twenty minutes of fighting. This was in 1873.

Three years later, Allen lost his place in the sun when Joe Goss loomed up as an opponent.

Again Allen was guilty of an illegal blow. The fight had gone twenty-seven rounds—one hour and fifty-two minutes of slugging—when Goss was adjudged the winner on a foul.

Goss was rated the title-holder until four years later when Paddy Ryan, a rising young giant, bumped him off in eighty-seven rounds at Collier Station, W. Va.

The lads of the olden days had to do plenty of slugging to prove their superiority at times. There were no gold-slipped society "gells" at the Goss-Ryan battle. Tex Rickard's "best people" had not yet taken up the manly art of self defense!

Then came glorious old John L. Sullivan, a dashing youth of eighteen or nineteen, who was setting Boston by the ears. He had "sparring" with Professor Mike Donovan, then the middle-weight champion, and he had sent Mike into the orchestra pit of a Boston show house, the "professor" taking a lot of scenery with him.

Mike got out of the bull-fiddle and declared that Sullivan "was the champion of all the blooming wide world." And Mike meant it. He wasn't simply covering up a bad match on his own part.

Sullivan proved that he was a king-pin when he knocked out Paddy Ryan in nine rounds. This gave him undisputed right to call himself the bare-knuckle dandy of the lot, and John became quite serious about the claim.

He fought the last bare-knuckle fight among heavyweights when he defeated Jake Kilrain in seventy-five rounds—two hours, sixteen minutes, twenty-three seconds of desperate milling.

Sullivan, having claimed the bare-knuckle title under old London Prize Ring rules, never actually lost the

crown. He and Corbett, met with gloves, under the Queensberry rules.

FROM the time Tom Allen fouled Goss in 1876, right up to the Sharkey and Schmeling fight, no world's championship bout had been marred by a vagrant blow.

It is a far cry from Goss to Schmeling, but there the facts stand. It does seem that we've grown careless as we've progressed in the heavyweight ranks. Fouls are all too frequent now and the day will come when victory through the medium of a foul blow will not be allowed. For the protection of boxing, from a promoting standpoint, a curb must be found for the evil.

But, letting the heavyweights out of it for the time being, it will rather surprise you to learn just how many titles have changed hands through foul blows.

We come first to the most celebrated foul blow in the history of the ring, but because it was a new sort of punch, the winner wasn't disqualified, nor did the champion, knocked out by the blow, lose his title. I never could understand why, but such are the records.

George La Blanche, a husky young sailor, met Jack Dempsey, the original "Nonpareil," in San Francisco. Dempsey had gone along until the thirty-second round, tormenting La Blanche with the wizardry of his attack. Dempsey was a sharpshooter and he had La Blanche badly cut up. Still the husky sailor plunged in, hoping against hope that the tide would come a sailor's way, for once.

In a moment of superb boxing, and I daresay one of carelessness, Dempsey dropped his guard low.

Like a blast out of a quarry came a punch, the likes of which nobody had ever seen before. La Blanche suddenly wheeled around in his tracks, on the ball of his left foot, his left held out stiffly. He whizzed all the way around, backwards, and his fist brought up against Dempsey's jaw like a can-

nonball. The great middleweight went down as if he had been drilled by a pump gun. He never moved a muscle after he hit the floor. They were an hour bringing him back.

The blow, first called the "La Blanche swing," and in later years the despised "pivot blow," was immediately ruled out of boxing. Because of the great love with which the fans held Dempsey, they wanted to see that such an unexpected tragedy couldn't happen to him or any other fighter of the future. And that ban stands today.

La Blanche, instead of being hailed as a great champion, was ridiculed wherever he went. They counted the knockout of Dempsey the rankest kind of a fluke and La Blanche, though it was a startling victory, couldn't make it stand up.

Young Mitchell, now a city official of San Francisco, was in his prime as one of the world's greatest middleweights at that time. He was greatly attached to Dempsey. To avenge his friend he challenged La Blanche, and the Marine was knocked out in twelve rounds. This gave Mitchell quite a claim on the title, but he proved his gallantry by stepping aside, and turning the title back to Dempsey.

Some of Mitchell's friends insisted that he lay claim to the title, but eventually the victory of La Blanche was snowed under and ignored when the blow became an illegal one. It wasn't quite a square deal for La Blanche. Up to the time he used the blow, nothing had ever been done to rule against it, simply because it had never come up as a menace to boxing before that time.

Dempsey had stopped La Blanche in thirteen rounds in West Larchmont, L. I., three years before the fatal blow came into boxing. But the defeat through the pivot blow broke Dempsey's heart. He went to liquor. He couldn't get over the disgrace of being knocked out by a third-rater, and seldom after that did he rise to his great height and power as a fighter.

He defeated Australian Billy McCarthy in twenty-eight rounds, and then made the most tragic match of his life. Someone must have told him he could whip Bob Fitzsimmons. He never set eyes on the freckled one until they came into the ring at New Orleans. Dempsey took one look at the amazing physical freak before him, the lightweight legs and the heavyweight arms and torso. He went back to his corner and said; "I can't possibly beat this fellow."

He knew he was doomed. Fitz told me that he begged Jack to go down without being hit along about the seventh or eighth round, and Dempsey told him that he would have to finish him with a real knockout. Then Bob mercifully put all he had into the final punch.

Dempsey had three fights after that and then he passed into the great beyond, the best liked fighter of all time.

WHEN Stanley Ketchel was laid low by an assassin's bullet, twenty years ago, the same title that Dempsey and Fitz had owned was left without a real owner.

Billy Papke, who had knocked out Ketchel for the honor, only to be knocked out himself in a return bout, in the same year, claimed the title after the great "Steve's" death. He was generally recognized as the rightful claimant.

Two years later, Frank Klaus won the title from Papke when Billy was disqualified in the fifteenth round in Paris. George Chip settled Frank's uncertain honor by knocking him out in five rounds in Pittsburgh.

One year later, Chip was knocked cold by Al McCoy, a shambling left-hander who didn't fill the shoes of the great ones before him with any too much glory.

We come down to the welterweight division. They had their fling of championship fouls.

Rube Ferns met Mysterious Billy,

Smith for the title when Tommy Ryan left the class because of increasing weight. It was a desperate battle and Smith, always rough, transgressed in the twenty-first round of a fight in Buffalo.

Matty Matthews came along and got the decision over Ferns in fifteen rounds at Detroit. One year later Ferns came back and knocked out Matthews in ten rounds at Toronto, again assuming the title. Little Joe Walcott, with the tremendous arms, knocked Ferns from under the gilded kelly in five rounds at Fort Erie, Ontario.

And then came another change in titles through a foul blow. The "Dixie Kid," won from Walcott in the twentieth round, and though many refused to believe that Joe had committed a foul, the title went with the illegal blow.

They came back again, and this time they fought a twenty-round draw, proving at least that Dixie was some pumpkins, since the great Walcott had failed to flatten him in forty rounds of fighting. It wasn't like Joe to hold up anybody in those days, so at least both battles were on the level in that respect.

That ended the fouls in the welter division.

Willie Ritchie, came along to win the lightweight title from Ad Wolgast, in a desperate fight that ended in a foul.

The title that had been see-sawing back and forth since the day Joe Gans defended it by claiming foul against Battling Nelson at Goldfield, went to Ritchie and he was immediately recognized as the title-holder. Ritchie was a good fighter and made a picturesque champion.

He made one foolish mistake. He would have had great difficulty in out-pointing Freddie Welsh on this side of the water, but nothing would do our Will but that he must go to London town to defend the title against Freddie Welsh.

Old Fred was a champion that night,

and though Ritchie always disputed the decision which cost him the title at the end of twenty rounds, good judges who saw the battle, said that Welsh won on his merits.

It wasn't the safest place in the world to defend a title, no more than it would be for Jack Sharkey or Max Schmeling to go to England to fight Phil Scott for the heavyweight crown.

GANS was taking a sound drubbing from Nelson at Goldfield when he went to the floor in a mix-up in the forty-second round, and George Siler awarded him the decision because he said that Nelson struck low.

The fight was to a finish—one of those forty-five rounds-or-more affairs—and Joe couldn't have gone on much further. Nelson always claimed that Joe took the easy way out. He proved it by stopping Gans twice after that and establishing himself as one of the greatest lightweights of all time.

Welsh after returning from England with Ritchie's title, went to Denver to fight Wolgast and again Ad hit low. The referee disqualified him in the eleventh round and Welsh wore the crown out of the ring after having had quite a rough time of it.

George Dixon, who won the featherweight title on four different occasions, came into the crown on the third occasion when Dave Sullivan fouled him in the tenth round of a battle in New York.

In the bantamweight division, a few crowns were teetered around on the foul circuit.

Kid Williams was sailing along as the title-bearer after he had knocked out Johnny Coulon for the championship.

He met Johnny Ertle, a tiny fighter of St. Paul. In the fifth round, Ertle went to the floor from what he claimed was a low blow, and the referee was in a quandary. The Minnesota laws did not allow decisions, and the referee couldn't rule for or against either man. Ertle stuck to his claim of foul and he

became the champion, though Williams was always disputing the claim.

To prove that Williams and a lot of others didn't think that Ertle had any right to the crown, the title was generally regarded as having shifted to Kid Herman when he gained a twenty-round decision over Williams.

Surely, Herman has always been recognized as a fine little title man. He went to England to make it a world-wide claim.

AND now we come back to old Tom Allen. He must have been a tough bird, for he lasted as a retired man of old ring history until 1904—the year Jeffries knocked out Jack Monroe. Allen always maintained that he was the only world's champion among the heavyweights who won, lost and regained his title.

His claim was that he lost the title when he was defeated by Jem Mace in 1870, and that he won it back after he had knocked out Mike McCool three years later.

Right or wrong, he will go down in

history as the fellow to set the fashion in fouls in heavyweight championships.

This might be an injustice to the old fellow's memory as there are always two sides to the claim of foul business. I'm beginning to believe the fellows on their feet and not the fellows on the floor.

There are too many of them doing the dying gladiator act and when they are so well fortified against injury, it doesn't seem possible that all of the claims can ring true.

This is no belt at Max Schmeling. Sharkey's blow did go low. The pictures are the plain evidence before the world, but just how badly was Schmeling hurt? How are we to know? I'll admit that the foul claims have got the referees and the judges buffaloed. The minute a boxer hits the floor now, claiming foul, these officials run amuck.

The cure for the evil will come. I claim it is a "rest" period. That's my cure, and until it is tried out, fouls are going to be claimed oftener than before. It has come to be a racket, *one that is fouling boxing, not the fighters!*

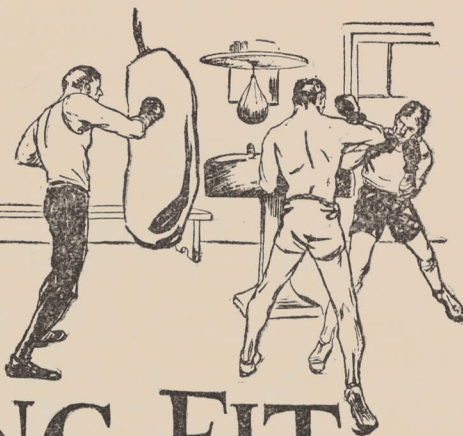
JACK SLACK'S BACKHAND PUNCH

MANY boxers in history have made use of the backhand blow, including the celebrated George LaBlanche, who invented the pivot punch, a form of the backhand wallop, to knock out the original Jack Dempsey, then middleweight champion of the world.

According to a recent controversy, the first fighter in history to use the backhand punch was Jack Slack, champion of England under the London Prize Ring rules from about 1750 until about 1760.

Slack is described as using this form of wallop by putting his two fists against his chest and rushing at an opponent with his elbows sticking out in front of him. When he came in range he would slash out with one fist, then with the other, aiming to hit his opponent with the back of his hands. Slack only used this occasionally, but it was recognized as the strongest card in his system of boxing and was called his "chopper." It was described as highly disconcerting to his antagonist and, indeed, it seems that it may well have been.

It is a little difficult to understand how the champion could hit very hard, or accomplish very much with a punch of this description, but he must have developed the knack, for he won many fights with it after other more orthodox methods had failed.



KEEPING FIT

By JIMMY DE FOREST

Trainer of Champions

Jimmy De Forest knows every phase of the fight game. In his career extending over a period of more than thirty years he has served as a match-maker for various clubs, as manager of fighters and as a trainer and conditioner. In this latter work he is world-famous, having trained champions in every class, including Jim Jeffries, Jack Dempsey, and many others. Perhaps his most notable work was his preparation of Jack Dempsey for the Willard

fight, when Dempsey won the championship. In this department in *Fight Stories* he will give you the benefit of his extensive knowledge on matters of physical fitness. He will answer your questions, advise you of correct training methods, exercises, diets, etc. Young men who pride themselves on a clean, healthy body, high school and college athletes, men in all walks of life, in fact, may turn to him in these columns for help.

BACK in 1922, Charlie White of Chicago, then a lightweight with a reputation still to make, came east to fight Ritchie Mitchell in Madison Square Garden. He asked me to second him and act as his advisor in his corner. When I showed up for the fight, the youngster surprised his manager, his trainer, his handlers, and myself most of all.

To his trainer, he declared: "Mr. De Forest will be the only man to give me instructions in the ring tonight. I won't listen to anybody else." Turning to me, he added: "I know all about you, Mr. De Forest. If I don't do what you tell me, call me down right away, and don't spare me."

Such a statement made to me in the capacity of a trainer would have been expected. But made to a man serving on first sight solely in the capacity of a second, it was one of the most flattering tributes I have ever received. Charlie

White was facing a fight that was to make or break him, and was trusting a man whom he did not know, personally, to bring him through on top. It meant that Charlie White had the good sense to recognize the great importance of the second's work, that he realized an expert in the corner was worth almost as much to him as his own skill and nerve.

Of course, Charlie's statement won me, hands down. I never have worked harder for a fighter than on that night. Most followers of the game will remember that battle. In the first round, Charlie knocked Mitchell to the floor. In the second, Ritchie came back and floored Charlie. For the next three rounds the battle was all Mitchell. Charlie was cut up badly, with nasty gashes, too, over both eyes. In between rounds, I patched up his cuts. The boy seemed to be out on his feet, but he was game.

"How'm I doing?" he gasped before he went out for the sixth.

I lied while I worked like mad to stop his bleeding and freshen him up. "Keep at him, boy, and we'll win," I told him, advising him how to avoid the worst of Mitchell's blows. Charlie was encouraged and heeded my warnings. For the next three rounds he managed to take the lead. They see-sawed back and forth in the ninth and tenth, but Mitchell was far ahead on points. I knew it was now or never. The time had arrived for a trick.

"Listen, Charlie," I told him as he went out for the eleventh, "you've got to finish this boy now. If it goes twelve rounds, you'll lose the decision. Listen: shift your punches! He's looking for your left all the time. Fool him. Use your right this round. But start out as you've been doing, so he won't be wise to anything, then shift! Try a sudden, hard, fast right to the jaw!"

Charlie obeyed. Mitchell fought as he had from the start—against Charlie's known style of left-hand punching. Charlie's right caught him completely off guard. It also caught him smack on the jaw. Mitchell went down for the count and Charlie was a made-man. On a trick his second told him!

For the next ten fights I seconded Charlie White. I was supposed to be with him for the eleventh, too, and gave up an offer to referee the Pancho Villa-Genaro fight. But when I appeared at the Garden, Charlie's manager told me that an old friend had come on from Chicago to handle Charlie and that they couldn't use me that night. So I sat and watched the fight and saw Charlie get licked, and licked in a fight where a little wise ring generalship would have saved him. Charlie, who once floored Benny Leonard and who fought Al Wolgast, Willie Ritchie, Johnny Dundee, Johnny Kilbane and others, had started right and then stumbled. The manager was sorry—when it was too late.

CHARLIE'S case illustrates the point I want to bring home in this article. What I have to say here applies directly to ninety out of every hundred present-day fighters. An old art of the ring is going a-begging, and fighters are paying the penalty. You'd never catch a fighter of the old school entering a ring without an expert in his corner. Today, there isn't one second in five who knows his business, but the fighters don't seem to know or care.

I've been following the fight game for forty-five years and I know something about it. My warning to every fighter, young or old, is to make sure that he has a real second to advise him from the corner. If you're a fighter, don't put your trust in any hanger-on that you meet in the gymnasium. Spend the money and get a recognized expert to watch you. Then see that he gets the authority to tell you what to do.

In the heat of battle few boxers are able to do more than press home their attack in their own peculiar style and guard themselves from the attack of their foes. When gloves are dancing back and forth in front of your eyes, it's hard to appraise your opponent skillfully and detect hidden weaknesses. A George Dixon or a Young Griffo might, but such super-boxers are born, not made. Most men in the ring have to depend upon the observations of their handlers in the corner.

When you're at the average fight, listen to the seconds talking to their men.

"Go on, boy. Step in! You're doing good"—and more of the same. Fine-sounding, encouraging words. Unfortunately they don't mean a thing. It'd be a lot more to the point if the seconds were saying something like this:

"He's slow with his left, and wide-open for an uppercut if you get in close. Watch his right in the clinches, because he's landing every time you break. Keep that left of yours working on his eye. Next round we'll change your punches when we see how this stuff works out."

In other words, the second should be a man who is expert, not only in the matters of ring generalship, but in judging the physical and fighting abilities of both his own man and the opponent. He must be able to out-guess the opponent's handlers and, in addition to all this, should be a crack trainer, a man skilled in stopping the flow of blood from cuts, in relieving tired and sore muscles, in noting the first signs of weakness in his fighter, and in knowing the measures to be taken to conserve his man's strength. There's no time to experiment when a man is in the ring. His handler must instantly know what to do.

The thorough second makes it a point to understand his own man. He knows his punches and the time it takes to deliver them. He is able to judge accurately his man's ability to take and give punishment. He can judge if his man is in condition for a tough fight, if his legs will stand up under him if he attempts much feinting or side-stepping. He knows if his man can mix up his punches. He can watch and determine his man's most punishing blow—a left-hand hook, a straight left, a right-hand hook or body blow, a right uppercut or a left uppercut—and tell his man when it's best to deliver it. He can watch for a round or two and get a pretty accurate idea of just how the opponent measures up in all these respects. If his man is leg weary or arm weary, he can tell him how to stall and guard himself. It stands to reason that the man with such a second has a big edge on the other fellow.

In my opinion, the trainer should be the second, provided he possesses the required knowledge of ring generalship. Some trainers of today, although efficient when it comes to conditioning a fighter, aren't much use in the spot decisions which must be made in the corner. But the game still has a goodly number of gray-haired fellows who knew all the tricks of the game before most of the present-day fighters were born. The fighter who has such a man for his

trainer should see to it that he's in the corner when the show-down comes.

I CAN'T be too emphatic on the question of handling cuts, particularly those over the eye. Fights are lost constantly because the handlers can't stop the bleeding from eye gashes. Good trainers know the proper solutions and the proper nursing tricks. Inexpert trainers and inexperienced seconds don't.

Many seconds of today don't seem to care what happens to their men. They aren't taking the punches and they are getting paid whether their men win or lose. Wise-cracks take the place of knowledge. The inevitable result is the ruination, in two or three years, of any man who lets such second-raters serve in his corner. I don't care how good a prospect a fighter is. He can't last unless his ring advisers are skillful, careful men. Many youngsters, punch-drunk after a few years in the ring, would be at the top if they had followed such advice as this article contains. There are too many "chisellers" in the corners today, where once there were experts. And I know what I'm talking about.

A fighter should be able to last ten or fifteen years and then quit the game without any serious physical injury. If he has handled himself properly, having let his serious fighting wait until he first learned how to box and protect himself, he should be in A-1 condition when he retires. There is big money in the game today, and any clever youngster with courage and good sense can get himself a slice of it. But it takes time and patience—plus scientific handling both outside and at the ringside. No youngster of promise should take chances on trainers or handlers. He should deal only with reliable, experienced men. Such men can be found in every sizeable city, if a young man will only look for them and not trust too much to chance acquaintanceships and chance meetings.

Fifteen or twenty years ago every man who stepped in the corner as a sec-

ond was an expert trainer. With purses not nearly so much as at the present, and with men fighting on a 75-25 percent basis, the second was paid at least \$70 or \$75 for his night's work. If the man won, the second probably got \$150. There weren't so many of us in the game then, and there wasn't a week that I myself didn't second four or five fighters. But what we got we earned for we knew our business, and the fighters knew we did.

In the first place, most of the men I seconded were men trained by myself or by good trainers whom I knew. The fighters came to the ring properly conditioned to do their best for the particular distance they were required to go—six, eight, ten or fifteen rounds. For the most part they were fighters toughened by far more rigorous training methods than are employed today, and able to battle hard for fifteen rounds and be fresh at the finish.

There were no "hot-house" fighters a generation ago. The men didn't have the money for expensive camps and imported chefs. They trained in cold barns, and when they wanted a shower, they stood under a big can in which holes had been punched while someone poured in a bucket of cold water from above. Rigorous treatment, but it made tough bodies. Men would go fifteen, twenty and twenty-five rounds and show scarcely a mark afterwards. Nowadays blood flows freely in almost every six-round go.

FIGHTERS of that older day, too, knew how to box. There was little of the wild swinging which marks three-quarters of the ring engagements of today. When a man let fly a punch, he knew where it was going to land. Thus, we had good material to work with from the corner. It was wit against wit, craft against craft on the part of the second. To them, also, each fight was a personal matter. Every second tried to outguess the opposing second, and guided his man every step of the way. For in-

stance, if an opposing fighter was using a straight left constantly, the second was expected to tell his fighter how to get away from it and how to attack in turn. When I saw an opponent who used his left hand regularly, I'd advise my man: "Slip his left and drive your right hand to the heart." If an opponent was using a left-hand hook to the body, I told my man how to move so that the hook would go harmlessly around his body while he was getting home a short right-hand blow to the jaw.

The seconds knew the value and meaning of the counter-punch, which is not well understood today. The counter is not a defensive tactic. It's one of the most effective offensive blows the game knows. You catch your opponent's blow on your arm—on the inside of his arm of course—and, before he can recover, shoot your same arm forward for his unprotected body or jaw. Handled properly it's a deadly punch.

When Henry Persson, the Swedish fighter, first came to this country, I taught him the counter and he became the greatest counter fighter I have ever seen. In the semi-final of the Dempsey-Tunney match at Philadelphia, Persson knocked out Jack Adams with counter punches. He beat Johnny Risko with the counter, and to my mind was the logical man to have faced Tunney for the championship.

Harry's disqualification in his fight with Bud Gorman always has seemed to me a most unfortunate happening for the ring. It angered Persson because he always insisted that he had not struck Gorman a foul blow, and he never would train for his few subsequent fights. He could have licked both McCarthy in Hartford and Jimmy Maloney if he'd really tried.

The counter punch requires a strong forearm to take up the shock and a limber wrist to deliver the snap blow. Many seconds of the present have only a vague idea how it works and can't advise their men on its use. But veterans like myself are employing it every time

we second a man who knows what it's all about. Any youngster who is trained by a veteran knows the counter.

The authority of a good second should never be questioned at the ring-side, either by manager or fighter. Nor should advice be given to a fighter by more than the one man. In the excitement of the fight, a man can't listen to two or three voices jabbering in his ear. One is plenty. The second must be cool so that he can make sure his advice gets home in the minute of rest between the rounds.

Tom O'Rourke taught me that lesson. As the manager of George Dixon and the handler of Tom Sharkey and Joe Walcott and scores of other great fighters of the past, he proved himself one of the greatest ringside advisers ever known. He acted as second himself, and he let me help him second Dixon, Sharkey, Walcott and others. But Tom was boss at the ring and his instructions were plain and blunt:

"Jimmy, watch closely for any mistakes our man or the other fellow may make. Tell me about anything you see, but keep your mouth shut when our boy comes to the corner. I'll do all the talking that's to be done."

Forty-five years of experience have taught me that Tom O'Rourke was absolutely right. In the early days of my training and seconding, I would ask the manager if I were to advise the fighter at the ringside, or if he intended to give advice. If the manager intended to talk to his man, I always announced that I would not be responsible for the fighter's work, although I would give him what advice I could. I have seen many a fight lost by divided authority. Today I will second no man unless I am in complete charge.

The fight game has gone on. It has reached a prestige and a financial position undreamed of a dozen years ago. But the old basic laws remain the same. The second can make or break a fighter, just as he always could and no youngster and no manager should take a

chance. We don't want masseurs in the corner, we need trainers schooled in the game. It's up to every young fighter to see that he has such a man.

Correspondence

NOW to consider the problems of some of our correspondents.

DEAR MR. DE FOREST:

I have made quite a name for myself around Los Angeles. In fourteen fights I have not dropped a decision, but neither have I scored a knockout. To tell the honest truth, I have never staggered an opponent. I have left the ring, unmarked, after each battle, and of course I feel pretty good about it, but I would like to score at least one knockout before turning pro.

Both my manager and myself are at a loss as to what to do. I've punished the heavy bag until I've been blue in the face, yet when I get into the ring against a slugger—all my fights have been against men who are open and easy to hit—I dance around them, shooting out my left all the time, drawing blood several times but doing no real damage. When I send in my right, it simply bounces off their chins and they keep boring in for more. They don't even blink. I have been told that I have a style like Tommy Loughran's, and my manager has developed me along those lines. I hardly feel capable of comparing myself with a boxer like Loughran, but I can't hit, either. My other faults don't matter. Puryear, my manager, and I are ironing them out. Puryear defeated Johnny Buff in a no-decision fight in 1924, so you see I have a capable manager.

ERNIE "KID" WILLIAMS,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Well, "Kid," you have a most imposing record and your letter sounds as if you were a sensible, hard-working boy who ought to get there with a bang. Developing a punch takes time and patience. First, stop using the heavy bag. That has ruined scores of promising boys. It should be used only by a well-trained heavyweight, and then not too much. Dempsey, with all his strength, punched the heavy bag only two rounds a day when in training. Take a one-half pound weight in each hand and then punch the light bag. Keep your hands closed tightly around the weights. When shadow-boxing, use the weights in each hand. Also practice a left-hand hook to the light bag, using the half-pound weight. It's possible that when you hit,

you aren't keeping your hands tightly closed. The practice with the weight should help a lot.

DEAR MR. DE FOREST:

I have decided to trust to your good humor to ask a few health questions.

(1) After eating, I have a feeling of being slowly crushed inside. What do you suppose is the cause and what do you suggest?

(2) What is a good system for building up the abdominal muscles? I would like to learn to box to protect myself. I am fast on my feet, but clumsy with my hands. I am eighteen years old and my measurements are as follows: Neck, 14¼ inches; chest, normal, 34; chest, expanded, 36¼; biceps, 13½; forearm, 11; wrist, 8; waist, 28; hips, 30; thigh, 19; calf, 12½; ankle, 8; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 122 pounds; reach, 67 inches.

A. SESSION,
Detroit, Mich.

I'm sorry I can't answer your first question for you. That's a matter for the doctor and I'd go to him without delay. For your abdominal muscle development, lie on the floor, stretch out your hands above your head, then raise your body and bend over until your fingers touch your toes. Then, for a second exercise, lie stretched out on the floor, and lift your legs as high as you can without straining. Try both exercises three times a day.

As to your measurements, your weight is too little and your legs too large. You should weigh about 130 pounds. Try deep breathing and outdoor activities.

DEAR JIMMY:

I would like to know if I am too young to do any training. I am sixteen years old and I don't intend to enter the ring until I am eighteen. I have boxing equipment, but am afraid of getting heart disease.

Do you think my hips and waist are too large. How can I reduce them. In what class do you think I will be when I'm eighteen, and twenty-one? My measurements: Height, 5 feet 3 inches; reach, 63 inches; weight, 122 pounds; neck, 14 inches; biceps, 10; forearm, 10; wrist, 6¾; thigh, 19¼; calf, 13¼; ankle, 8½; chest, normal, 32½; chest, expanded, 34½; hips, 34, and waist, 29.

MICKEY KAWER,
Medford, Mass.

Your waist, Mickey, is o. k., but your hips are large. You can try bending exercises, twisting your body sideways,

but first see a doctor about your heart and do nothing he does not sanction.

DEAR MR. DE FOREST:

For two years I have read every line of your department, "Keeping Fit." I love boxing and always shall, but I have been away from home for the past two years and have not had a chance to box. When school is out this summer I am intending to do so.

I would be very thankful if you would tell me what I might do in the way of training here. My measurements are as follows: Neck, 16 inches; chest, normal, 33½; chest, expanded, 36; waist, 29; reach, 72; forearm, 12. My height is 6 feet 2 inches and I weight 148 pounds.

I am sixteen years old. Have I a chance to become a heavyweight.

CHARLES R. WOMACK,
Spring Hill, Tenn.

For your size, Charles, your weight is light, but you will build up as you get older. Your chest measurement is off for a boy your size. You can develop this by deep breathing. Keep out in the open air as much as possible, but avoid strenuous exercises until you are older. For boxing, find some boy of your own age and inexperience and practice with him, but take it easy at the start. You have grown so rapidly that it would be a strain on your heart to do too much.

DEAR JIMMY DE FOREST:

I am fourteen years and six months of age and am much interested in boxing. I have been training myself since I have been twelve years old. Every summer day I go six rounds with the light bag and one round with the heavy bag. Then I do some sparring and exercising. In training I have knocked out six playmates and have been knocked out once. I am five feet tall and weigh 100 pounds. How can I gain weight? How can I put more muscle on my arms? Could I fight 110 amateur bouts when I am fifteen? Is it best to do your training in the morning or at night?

CHARLEY WHITE,
Lodi, N. J.

Charley, you're one of the most ambitious youngsters I've heard about in a long time. Not fifteen yet and planning for 110 fights!

I hate to check an ambitious youngster but I wouldn't want any boy of your spirit to injure himself. You must stop this training of yours and wait for

another two years before you start such work. Drop the heavy bag at once because you may ruin your hands.

You can do a little light sparring with playmates of your own age, but don't box for more than a minute for a round and only for two or three of such rounds. The best thing for you now is fresh air, sunshine and plenty of sleep so that your body can develop normally and be ready for you when the time comes to fight.

DEAR SIR:

I am a regular reader of your magazine and would like to ask you a few questions. I am fourteen years old and these are my measurements: Height, 5 feet 4½ inches; weight, 120 pounds; chest, normal, 34; chest, expanded, 38; ankle, 7½; reach, 56 inches; biceps, 11; thigh, 17; weight, 30; calf, 13; neck, 13. Are these all right? What is a good diet for a boxer? How should I start training? What hours should I sleep? Should I do much road work and skipping? What's good fighting trim for a boy my age?

FRANK COLLIER,
Duncan, B. C.

Frank, I'd suggest that you read the answer I have written to the letter immediately above. You are altogether too young to be thinking of training. Just take things easy until you're sixteen, and that will be plenty of time to begin serious work and boxing.

DEAR MR. DE FOREST:

Will you be kind enough to tell me a few exercises for the stomach, chest, legs and forearm? In the last few months my stomach seems to have been getting larger each day and I want to get to work on it before it's too late.

JACK WILLIAMS,
Newport News, Va.

I'm very sorry I can't advise you, Jack, but I can't take the chance of suggesting exercises until I know how old you are. Exercises that would do for a boy of 20 or 21, or for a grown man, couldn't be tried safely by a youngster. However, you can be careful not to eat greasy foods and pastries, and outdoor air will never hurt you.

DEAR MR. DE FOREST:

I have a few questions I would like to ask. I am 5 feet 9½ inches tall, weigh 136

pounds and am fifteen years old. My other measurements are: Neck, 14½ inches; forearm, 10 inches; biceps, 11½; chest, expanded, 35½; wrist, 7 inches; hips, 29; thigh, 20; calf, 13; ankle, 7; reach 72½. How tall will I be, and what will I weigh when I am twenty-one years old?

I also would like to have you suggest some material with which I could fill a heavy bag. I did fill it with sand but when I slugged it I nearly broke my fist.

DAVE LYNCH,
St. John's, N. B.

It's difficult to say how tall you'll become, although I imagine you should be six feet or over when you are twenty-one. Your weight is light, but with normal development you might become a middleweight. Try deep breathing exercises each morning and get plenty of sleep.

Leave the heavy bag alone. It's a wonder that you haven't ruined your hand completely. You're at least a year too young to try any training.

DEAR JIMMY:

I have been reading and enjoying your "Keeping Fit" articles a long time. My measurements are: Neck, 14½ inches; wrist 7¾; forearm, 11¾; biceps, 12; chest, normal, 34, and expanded 36½; wrist, 9½; thigh, 20; calf, 14; ankle, 9½. I weigh 150 and my height is 6 feet. I have a reach of 72½ inches and will be seventeen years old in August. Are these measurements good? How much should I weigh? What routine should I follow to improve my wind and strength, a heavy or light bag, running, walking or light dumbbells?

Please explain the "sidestep" to me.

JAMES R. SCHNEID,
Castleton, N. Y.

Your weight and measurements are good for your age. I should judge that you will weigh 175 pounds at least when you grow up, and perhaps you may enter the heavyweight class.

I am very pleased to note your request for information on the sidestep. Few of the younger fighters seem to know much about it, but it's mighty important for any man who wants to get along in the ring. Feint with your left hand as if to lead for the face, step sideways on the right foot, then bring your left foot over quickly after the right. Be careful you don't get your feet mixed up. It may sound simple,

but it's a tricky step that must be carried out in jig time and it requires a lot of practice.

For your wind, you can do a mile and a half to two miles a day. Walk the first two hundred yards, then run two hundred yards, then walk again, run again. Read what I have to say above about the heavy bag.

DEAR JIMMY:

I hope you do not mind my writing to you from over here, but I am a regular reader of your articles in the *Fight Stories* magazine, although I do not get mine until a month after they are published. I am interested in your "Keeping Fit" and I would like your advice. I am twenty years old. Height, 5 feet 3 inches. Weight, 124 pounds. Wrist, 7 inches. Chest normal, 34. Chest expanded, 38. Reach, 50. Waist, 29. Arms, 14. Thigh, 22.

I can hit with both fists. I do plenty of hard work which makes my hands strong. I am good at running, and light on my feet. I play football twice a week and go swimming regularly.

The only experience I have had is with three Army boxers. I hope you will let me know if I have a chance as a boxer. I do not think it would take me long to be able to shape up, as I am pretty useful with my fists.

ALBERT WESTON,
London, Eng.

I am very glad to know that you are able to get *Fight Stories* in England. Judging by your height, your measurements are excellent, although I imagine you might develop into the 135-pound class. You'll probably grow a little more. I believe you are an athlete and have a good chance, indeed, to make yourself a boxer. You are only started. You must learn a defense first of all, and get experience in amateur fights. Get yourself a good trainer and you should be set.

DEAR MR. DE FOREST:

I am a sport fan and play a lot of football and other sports. I think I am too fat. My father says I'm hard. I can run fifty yards in eight seconds. I am eleven years old, 5 feet in height, weigh 116. My measurements

are—ankle 9 inches, calf 14 inches, thigh 20 inches, hips 33 inches, chest normal $32\frac{1}{4}$, expanded $33\frac{1}{4}$.

Will you please tell me in the next magazine where I'm too big, and what I should do to make things normal. Do you advise my losing weight?

JOHN BOWES,
Fitchburg, Mass.

Well, Johnny, your letter gives me a lot of pleasure. I like to see a boy take an interest in his condition and in sports. I don't think you've got anything to worry about. Your measurements are fine although you're a little heavy around the waistline. The waistline should be around 28 to be about perfect for a boy your age. I should say you're a husky youngster in good health but if you want to cut down on the waist a little you can try the floor exercise. Lie down on your back and raise each foot five times. But you must be very careful not to do any more than that. At eleven, you can injure your kidneys very easily by any over-strain. You're too young to put any strain on your heart and you mustn't do the exercise any more than once in the morning and once at night, if you don't feel tired when you're getting ready for bed. You can also try a deep breathing exercise for your chest morning and night.

S. T. FARRELL, JR., Richmond, Va.: I think you ought to be a heavyweight in three or four years, judging from your build at the present time. Exercise the left hand, punch the bag with it, and use it, that is the way to develop it. Aren't you a little young to join the Navy? You might inquire at a recruit-station.

JOHNNY MURPHY, Kankakee, Ill.: You can develop your punch by using the heavy bag. Your measurements are O K, but your legs seem a bit thin. Road work will develop them.

Rifle odds had the cowmen beat in the marked-card game for Pine Valley's range. Pete Walters drew low hand. But he was playing the twin aces he held—Bluff and triggerless Colt. Read Walt Coburn's complete Western novel, "Sheep," in ACTION STORIES, now on the stands.

FROM THE RINGSIDE

This is how FIGHT STORIES sees it. Reflections, opinions, predictions—based on a close contact with the ring game and a front-row view of fighters in action.

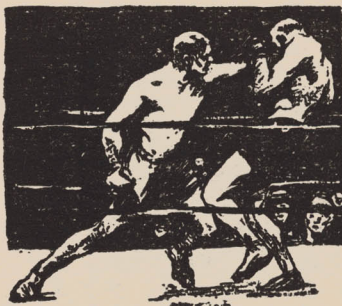
AT the Garden one night not long ago, I was talking with a boxer. When I use the word "boxer," I do so without fear of contradiction. His name is Jack Britton. This is his ring name. Forty-five years ago he was christened William J. Breslin. Almost half a century, and Jack is still "decisioning" lads who could be his own sons.

Twenty-five years of glove-slinging and ducking, and still able to give boxing lessons to ambitious youths who were probably unborn when he made his first ring appearance! He has boxed in practically every town in the country, and he has met them all.

Jack is really a marvel. A couple of curls in his ears, but not another mark to show for the hundreds of gloves that have been fired at him by such warriors as Ted Kid Lewis, Benny Leonard, Jimmy Duffy, Leach Cross, Mike O'Dowd, Packey McFarland, Mike Glover, Kid Broad, Willie Ritchie. Not forgetting the rough, tough lad who dethroned him back in 1922—Mickey Walker.

Strange as it may seem, we were not talking about fouls. I was trying to get Jack to talk about himself. But he is a hard nut to crack. Jack believes in talking with his wits and his gloves inside the ropes. I did, however, get him to unload a chestful of wisdom that a lot of ringsters might well inhale. The talk naturally reached the present crop of welters; Jimmy McLarnin especially.

"McLarnin is one of the old school," said Britton. "There's a boy who will be a champ one o'



these days. Watch him. He's one of the few in the ring today that knows how to feint. Most of them are just slam-bang kids that don't know what a left hand is for."

Jack should know. He can still plaster plenty of them. He says it is simply because the average fighter of today thinks that all he

has to do is get in there and whale away until he either drops his foe with a lucky punch or gets dropped himself. They don't stop to study boxing or the game they are entering. He calls it a trade. And he is right.

"In any other field of endeavor," declares Britton, "a fellow goes through a long preparatory course. He studies the groundwork of the business he's entering. In mechanical fields, he has to serve a long, tiresome apprenticeship. If you want to be a plumber, or an electrician, or a machinist, you've got to be an apprentice first.

"Half of these boys," Britton says, "don't understand the first thing about footwork. They don't know that they have a left hand to pave the way for the right. Very few of them know how to hook, and even fewer know how to follow the left jab with their right glove."

Britton points to himself in proof of this statement. He is not and never was a knockerout, but at forty-five he can jab his way to victory over many a boy who packs more punch than Britton ever had. The experience gained in twenty-five years of glove-duelling has of course brought Jack to a point where practically his every move inside the ropes is almost subconscious, instinctive, possibly mechanical. But it all came from study of his "trade," as he calls it.

Jimmy McLarnin, whom Jack is watching with keen interest, is going

about his quest of the crown Britton wore in much the same manner as did Jack years ago. Jimmy is a student of his trade. Fans who claim that McLarnin is lucky and gets all the breaks overlook this feature of the Coast Irishman's fighting equipment. He is a scholar of sockology. Look back over his record to date.

What does it show that proves Jimmy is a student of his trade? It smacks you right on the chin with the indisputable black-and-white. He studies his opponent, marks his every weakness and his greatest strength. Then he goes back for his second meeting armed with a mental notebook that shows him the holes in his foe's armament as neatly as if he had a chart tacked on his corner post.

This instinct of McLarnin's coupled with his natural punching power, is bound to end with the welter crown firmly perched on Jimmy's head. Provided, of course, he does not continue to grow.

In a return bout with Young Jack Thompson, I am inclined to pick McLarnin simply on this basis. When he fought the negro in New York, I was among the few who believed Thompson should have had the decision. But when one considers that Jimmy went the distance against a classy fighting machine like Thompson and did it with only one hand, it is to be expected that with two good fists the baby-faced Irishman will likely page Thompson before they go far along the route.

At this time, the strongest opposition facing McLarnin is not Young Jack Thompson. Neither is it Jackie Fields, the former champion, or Young Corbett, the Coast southpaw. Corbett, being a left-hander, can offer plenty of trouble for any of the orthodox topnotchers, but it is the Boston bean-eater, Johnny Indrisano, who may furnish the fireworks in McLarnin's title parade.

Indrisano, who was once a Beantown caddy and today can hold his own on the links with a lot of birdie-shooters, is a natural welter. If it comes to a

match between McLarnin and Indrisano, the fans are going to see more gloves whizzing than they have seen in many a day.

Boston Johnny is a sharpshooter and he has the proverbial lightning slowed down to a walk. He can't hit like McLarnin, but he can spear points faster than anything in his weight since Britton's time.

McLarnin proved that he was a student of the ring when he developed his natural punching power. He was quick to realize that the fans want to see knockouts. Primarily a clever two-handed boxer, Jimmy began immediately to put the crusher into his blows. It was this studious combination of cleverness and knockdown punching that has brought him to the forefront of the welters today. As Jack Britton says, watch his left hand open up his man for the right. And watch him feint his foe into a lead that will put him in a position where Jimmy's right can measure him.

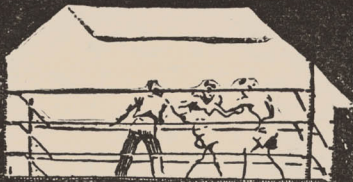
"He outsmarts them," says the old former champion.

And that's just what Baby-Face does. If he can't whip them the first time out, he catalogues his man for the next time.

"You won't find Jimmy McLarnin," says Britton, "walking on his heels ten years from now. He won't be looking around for a hand-out. And neither am I. It's a trade just like engineering or brick-laying. You study it from the ground up and learn all the tricks and short-cuts. You don't hear me talkin' to myself, do you? That's what happens to the boys that just bust into the ring with a pair of gloves and a lot of heart. They want to be champs and get rich. But they don't know what it's all about."

Nobody can deny the truth of Britton's remarks, and Jack is certainly not punch-drunk by any stretch of the imagination. What he told me, and what I am repeating to you, is all too true. A few more ringmen like Jimmy McLarnin, who study their trade, and we wouldn't have to read pages of arguments about "fouls." **BILL COOK.**

The NEUTRAL CORNER



The Neutral Corner is the meeting place for all fight fans, boxers, promoters, readers, authors and others interested in the red-blooded sport of the ring. It is the department of *Fight Stories* wherein you

may air your views, ask questions, indulge in some timely gossip of scrappers and spin a yarn or two out of your own experience. *The Neutral Corner* is your corner! Make yourself at home in it.

STRANGE how history repeats itself. A battle is fought. A great event happens. A great man is born and dies. That seems to be the end of it. But nothing is as simple as it seems. In the workshop of human destiny nothing is lost, nothing disappears forever. A generation or two later—or maybe a couple of hundred years, or a thousand or so—the same sequence turns up. A similar battle is fought. Similar events occur. A great man is born with form and features similar to those of a forerunner; and, more remarkable still, as his career unrolls, it is seen to resemble detail by detail the life of his predecessor who lived fifty or a hundred or a thousand years ago.

Historians tell us that our own George Washington was a dead ringer for Cincinnatus, the general of old Rome who lived long before the Christian era. They say that the busts of the Roman and statues of our own first president are so much alike that they could not be told apart if it were not for the difference in costume. Cincinnatus, like Washington, liberated his land from a foreign foe. He fought his battles of Trenton and Yorktown and, like Washington, refused to be made king by a grateful people and returned to end his life as a country gentleman.

And so it goes in the great world. The little world of the ring, however, is just as full of repetitions and coincidences. New champions appear who are the image of battlers departed scores of years ago. Dozens of sport writers proclaimed the scowling, black-browed Dempsey another John L. Sullivan. Now it is Schmeling who is another

Dempsey. Tunney was called a second Corbett, and Corbett himself was said by English ring authorities to be a ringer for Gentleman John Jackson who plied his trade in the bare-knuckle days a hundred years back.

All of which reminiscing, historical and otherwise, was started by a letter received from Mr. William M. Brainard of Louisville, Kentucky, relative to a feat performed by Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons.

Evidently, Mr. Brainard is one of the dyed-in-the-wool Fitzsimmons fans. So are a lot more of us. After telling about the greatness of Fitz, describing his devastating wallop, and his matchless workmanship in landing that wallop, Mr. Brainard states that if Fitz had possessed solider hands he would have been champion of the world for life. Of course this is covering a lot of territory. But here is what Mr. Brainard has to say:

Fitz was the greatest puncher and the greatest thinker of any age in the prize ring. Even with a pair of busted mitts he nearly murdered big Jim Jeffries, the toughest heavyweight of all time. After his second fight with Ruby Robert, big Jim was the worst-punished boxer who ever stood in a ring. His right eye was cut completely around by Fitz's terrible left, and his left eye was gashed top and bottom and swollen shut. His nose was beaten down level, and it took more than eighty stitches to make even a partial job of repair.

Old Bob's hands gave way in the second round, but he kept right on hitting with them anyway. He could feel the bones rattling around in his fists like ice in a water pitcher, but he kept on jamming in the punches, never-the less.

In the sixth he had big Jeff dazed and staggering. Fitz often said he felt sure that if he could have had either hand whole and solid for thirty seconds at that time, he would have emerged champion of the world. After the fight, Jeff, the winner, looked as though he had been run through a sausage machine, while there wasn't a mark on Fitz, aside from his mitts, which were done up in splints.

Then, take his fight with George Gardiner. This was the greatest feat of gameness a fighting man ever pulled off. Gardiner was a big, strong, tough, clever fellow. He could have licked nine-tenths of the heavyweights of today. Fitz was about forty-five years old when he took him on, and his hands were always like chinaware after his fight with Jeffries. In the very first round he slammed his terrible left for the body and shoved it into Gardiner's elbow. Pop! went a couple of bones. Still the freckled marvel fought on, and was making a chopping block of Gardiner when along toward the middle of the fight he thought he had him feinted into just the proper position for a knockout. The old right mitt whizzed through the air for Gardiner's jaw. By a frantic wiggle the Boston fighter just managed to pull down his head enough so that the punch landed on the top of his dome instead of his chin. Down went Gardiner just the same. If his concrete work hadn't been a foot thick and well reinforced, he would have been out cold. As it was, he managed to scramble to his feet before the count of ten, and gradually his strength came back.

With Fitz, the case was different. That mighty wallop had busted his one good hand, which made it rather awkward for Bob, to be left in the ring with a husky young near-champion without a solid bone in either mitt.

Fitz was nothing if not a man of courage and resource, however. He didn't tell anybody how badly his hands were hurt. All through the rest of the fight he kept aiming terrific punches at Gardiner, which just barely missed their mark. George had sampled those punches, and he had no desire to run into any more of them. So, by dint of swinging and missing and occasionally poking in a punch on some soft spot, Fitz carried on to the end of the battle, gaining the referee's

decision by a piece of bluffing unmatched in ring history.

So much for Mr. Brainard. Which brings us back to our beginning, as to history repeating itself. That was a great battle Fitz fought against George Gardiner, and a great feat of cunning and gameness. It wasn't so long ago, however, that something very similar was pulled and in a championship battle. The hero of the incident was Bat Batolino, and the occasion was his feather-weight championship contest with Andre Routis. Early in the battle Bat smashed his left hand, his best mitt, on the Frenchman's head. Which left him handicapped. He had landed a couple of healthy lefts on the Frenchman, however, and implanted a mighty respect in the other's brain for that wing. So all through the rest of the fight he kept on swinging with it just as Fitz had done before him, taking care to miss by a fractional margin each time. By the aid of this manœuvre and a lot of healthy activity with the right, he got away with the battle.

And that is not all. It was necessary to operate to straighten out the bones of the hand, and the wound become infected. Bat's hand was a terrible sight. Before winning the title, he had signed up to fight Lew Massey in Philadelphia, and Bat is one of those fighters who makes it his boast never to break an engagement. In spite of the terrible condition of his mitt, he went over to the City of Brotherly Love, where he put up a hurricane battle against Massey. After the bout, he fainted; and, when they looked at the condition of his hand, they knew why.

The chairman of the Pennsylvania Athletic committee censured the physician who had pronounced Bat fit to fight. Be that as it may, Bat had made his fight and won under the same conditions and under the same handicap that hampered Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons twenty-five years before, and history had pulled another of its famous repeats.

Bare-Knuckle Days

AN odd figure in the annals of the ring of the old bare-knuckle days was Tom Cannon, the "Great Gun of Windsor," heavyweight champion of England from 1824 to 1827. Beside being a first-class man with his fists, Tom had other accomplishments which lent color to his character. He was one of the best foot-racers in England, and claimed the sprinting championship



Tom Cannon, "the Great Gun of Windsor," Pugilist, Sprinter, Wrestler, Billiard Player

of the British Isles. He was also a professional wrestler, a billiard player of no mean ability, and sang a mean tenor in the barber-shop quartettes of his day.

Not the least of the unusual features in Tom's history is the fact that he won his championship at an age when most men are "has-beens." He was born at Eton, England, in 1789, and won his way to the top of the heavyweight heap in 1824, at which time he was thirty-five years old, losing it three years later at the age of thirty-eight.

Like many other champions of the British prize ring, Cannon worked as a waterman, or "bargee." In his early days he rowed a punt on the river Thames for hire, graduating from this occupation to the ring. He was about five feet ten inches tall, weighed about a hundred and eighty pounds, and was unusually active and versatile.

After spending the best years of his youth fighting second-raters, without attaining to any particular eminence, Tom was matched at the age of thirty-five to fight Josh Hudson, celebrated as the "Great John Bull Fighter." Josh was regarded as by all odds the leading candidate for the heavyweight championship. In taking on Cannon, he expected to get only an exercise bout. He got the exercise—and how!

After seventeen rounds of desperate fighting, Josh took the final count. Cannon was proclaimed the champion and was immediately challenged by Josh for a return match, which was fought with the same result.

After two and a half years at the top of the heap, the "Great Gun" lost his title to Jem Ward in a terrific ten-round battle.

He Knew the Old Boys

EDITOR *Fight Stories*:

As I am an enthusiastic reader of your magazine, I take great interest in reading about the battles had by the old-time fighters. I myself am an old man now, John L. Sullivan was one year my senior. I know John L. and Jake Kilrain well. I felt a little sorry for Jake when he fought John L., yet I was glad Sullivan won, as I had my last peso bet on him. As I said, I am one of a past age. I remember such old boys as John C. Heenan, Bill Poole, Joe Coburn, Mike McCoole, Paddy Ryan, John Morrissey, Joe Goss, Tom King, Tom Sayers, Charley Smith, Peter Jackson and others of the old style London Prize ring fighters. These old-timers were square-shooters. Very seldom would they resort to fouling an opponent when they saw the other man was too good for them.

There is one name which I presume is forgotten—that of Dan Donnelly, who fought Cooper, the champion of England, at Kildare, Ireland, in the year 1829. This was one of the hardest contested fights ever held in Great Britain. Eleven rounds. Donnelly knocked

Cooper down nine times and broke his jawbone. Now, should you have a record of this battle I should like to see it. Also, of Sayers and Heenan.

These old battles were fast and furious. I know from experience how it felt when one received a jolt on the proboscis delivered by a man who weighed 180 or 190 pounds, with bare knuckles, and when the gong did not ring every three minutes. At that time the saying was common: "I'll put a tin ear on you." And it usually was put on,

H. C. McGUIRE,
Fort Pierre, S. D.

A Word from Joe Choynski

EDITOR *Fight Stories*:

Being an old-timer myself, I read with great interest the articles of Old Timer as they appear in your magazine.

The greatest fight card that was ever arranged, I think, was the "Beef Trust" show that appeared in the old Garden a few years back when Jess Willard met Luther McCarty. This was the fastest heavyweight bout I ever witnessed, and I would like it if you would touch upon it some time.

WILLIAM H. TRANTHAM,
Washington, D. C.

Perhaps He Could

DEAR SIR:

I have been reading *Fight Stories* magazine for a long time and find that it is the best reading bar none. I only wish you would issue two copies per month.

I agree with Mr. Jack Murphy, of Vancouver, Wash., that the Bat Nelson and Jack Dempsey the Nonpareil life stories were knock-outs. But I disagree with him when he says the Dempsey of today could not whip Bob Fitzsimmons when both were in their prime.

W. E. BOYLAND,
Cathlainet, Wash.

Questions and Answers

EDITOR *FIGHT STORIES*:

Congratulations on your magazine. I have read almost all the issues. Tell Kid Bevan that I think he is a poor judge of fighters. I surely enjoyed the life story of Mickey Walker. Why not have something about Jim Maloney and Johnny Risko?

Can you answer a question for me? Do you think Dempsey could lick Schmeling? Hope you will print this letter.

WARREN RICHARDSON,
Hillsboro, N. H.

Just at present most fans—and most fistic experts—would pick Dempsey to beat the German. Dempsey is a harder

hitter, and faster, though his legs certainly are not the legs of the old Dempsey. However, it is difficult to predict how a fighter may develop, and Schmeling is strong, rugged and a puncher. His heart is also in the right place, and the faster the going, the better he seems to like it. He is big enough and tough enough to give anybody a fight and has plenty of dynamite in either hand.

It is a little too early to say what his place will be in the annals of the ring when the records are finally closed and the last votes are counted. Maybe he will be rated as a world-beater, or maybe he will go down in annals as a dub. Just at present he is more or less of an enigma. His next couple of fights will tell the tale.

EDITOR NEUTRAL CORNER:

What was John C. Heenan's real name and why was he called the "Benecia Boy?" Was he ever champion of the world? What was Kid Williams' real name, and was he an American citizen?

FREDERICK G. BEST,
St. Paul, Minn.

John C. Heenan was the real name of one of America's early heroes of the bare-knuckle school of boxing. Heenan never had a ring title and never went by any other name except his own. He was born in New York state, but at an early age moved to California, where his family settled in Benecia—hence his title of "Benecia Boy."

Heenan entered the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company at Benecia as a boiler-maker and machinist. He was a man more than six feet two inches tall, weighed over two hundred pounds, and was famous for his speed and agility. He forged rapidly to the front when he took up bare-knuckle fighting, cleaned up in California, and then came East for more worlds to conquer.

He was never a champion of the world, though he fought Tom Sayers,

champion of England, for that title in a desperate battle which was pronounced a draw. Heenan's friends claimed that he was robbed.

Kid Williams' real name was John Gutenko. He was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, but his parents came to this country when the Kid was very young, and Williams grew up here. The Kid automatically became a citizen of this country when his father was naturalized.

NEUTRAL CORNER:

I would like to know who, among the following, was the best heavyweight champion—Dempsey, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries or Tunney? Was Corbett ever champion of the world?

Which of the lot of the champions above was most popular with the fans?

CLIFTON WEST,
Houston, Texas.

Questions like this never can be settled with any degree of finality. In any gathering of fans you would find plenty of rooters for each of your candidates. Probably most of the present-day fans would vote in favor of Dempsey as the best of the lot, but plenty of the old-timers would uphold the claims of Fitz and Jeffries. Tunney, also, would find plenty of supporters on the grounds of his strength, ring generalship and boxing skill. Far be it from us to pronounce final judgment on such a matter.

Yes, Jim Corbett was champion of the world. He won his championship from John L. Sullivan in their fight in New Orleans, and later nailed it down by beating Charley Mitchell, the champion of England.

Your question as to which of those fighters was most popular with the fans is another that is difficult to answer. Each champion who wins and holds his title with decisive victories is invested with great popularity. As a rule, a champion in his day is acclaimed the greatest of all champions and is the most popular of all fighters, but just which one of the lot was really the most popular is a matter of pure speculation.



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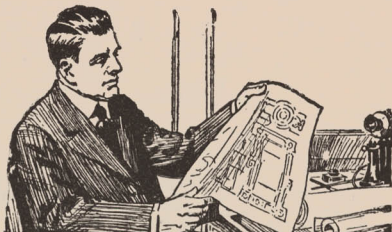
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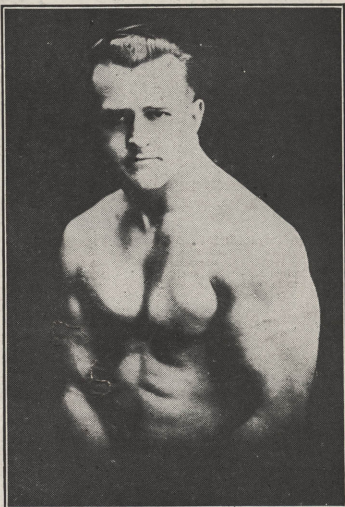
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