MY STORY of MY LIFE & Jas J Juffers HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

Tom Sharkey—A Fighter. LIVED around Billy Delaney's place in Oakland after beating Pete Everect. Billy had one little cherry tree in his back yard, and I used to climb into it and eat the cherries. Rilly would come out and laugh at me until he nearly fell down. He said I looked like an elephant sitting on

Oakland was a pretty good place to train. There are good hills to climb just out of town. When I wasn't tramping around I took a two-wheeled cart and drove over the road to Redwood Canyon and shot squirrels with a pistol or a .22 Winchester. There wasn't much else to hunt. When I wanted to work indoors I went to the heliance A. C. The club had a good building and a fine gymnasium. Billy Acres, the old-timer, was boxing insetructor. There were a lot of big men around to work with now and then, for the club had the best foot-hall team on the Coast. Since that time it has become a regular profes-sional boxing club, but I always go fhere for the last touch when I come down from the mountains a day before fighting in San Francisco.

About this time there was just one lighter left to the Pacific Coast to meet me. He was Tom Sharkey. Tom had a couple of years start in the game. When I fought Long Shar-key was a top-notcher. He came ashore from the cruiser Philadelphia

ushore from the cruiser Philadelphia in 1895 and knocked out Australian Billy Smith in seven rounds. After licking a soldier named Miller and drawing with Alex Greggains, he knocked Choynski out in eight rounds. Sharkey was such a rough customer that they put him against Champion Jim Corbett, expecting to see him cut to pieces. He rough-housed Corbett for four rounds, and everybody went years over him. Then he fought Fitzcrazy over him. Then he fought Fitz-shimons, and Wyatt Earp gave him the decision on a "foul." It was about this time that I met

Sharkey first. He went to Carson to see the Corbett-Pitzsimmons fight. I was sparring with Corbett, of course, and nobody knew me, while Sharkey was one of the big guys. The first time I saw Tom he amused me a whole lot. He was walking around with his chest study out a comple a with his chest stack out a couple of fect. A reporter for one of the Frisco papers was asking him what he hought of Corbett and Fitzsimmons. can lick ayther wan av thim," said "Haven't I licked 'em both

ready? I looked the satior over and couldn't he p thinking it ought not to be much frouble to bent a little fellow like that, it was more trouble, though, than I though, as I found out on two later accasions. He had a lot of confidence in the ring and nothing could beat it and of him. He surely was one want of him. out of him. He surely was one game

Sharkey was a natural fighter. didn't think about anything but fighting. When he first came ashore from the cruiser he used to fight in the ring and then go down to the waterfront with a lot of sailors and clean out some sallors' barroom, throwing every-body into the street. I guess Tom was never licked in a rough and tumble. They tell a lot of stories about how sharkey trained. One day while he was running on the road and just bassing a farmhouse a savage dog rushed out belind Tom and jumped at lim. The sailor was carrying a heavy sitek in his hand. He just caught a glimpse of the dog from the corner of in eye, and without breaking his stride or so much as changing expression, reached around with his right, clouted the dog on the head and knocked it cold. Then he plugged along down the road at the same speed, not even thinning to take a look at the dog lying in the ditch. The only thing he was thinking about was finishing that run.

Sharkey had ambition, too. While he was working on the road for our fight a writer on one of the papers went along on a wheel. Sharkey didn't talk much in those days. Once in a while he'd say "yes" or "he," and that was

This time Tom jogged along for two or three miles without saying a word. At last he turned his head and asked; "Den't smoke, do your"

No," said the reporter, hoping to

"Never," said the reporter, looking for a beer sign.

Three or four miles more. Sharkey's run was nearly finished. He had anwered questions with a grunt or a nod,

Don't go skatin' around with no skirts, do you?" he said in a low tone, looking back to make sure he hadn't stocked the newspaper man too much

with such a suggestion. "Never," said the reporter, "Do you?"
"I do not," said Tom, "and I never
will till I'm champion of the world,"
It was very inkind of me, after hearing this store, to give Tom two setbacks in his chase for the title.

There are other stories on Tom. He was a rough card. While he was training at the Seal Rock House on the beach he used to box and then run



ocean for a swim. There was nearly always a heavy surf and a bad undertow there, but the sailor could swim like a seal and he never got into trouble. The water was ice cold. Tom would come out, grab one of his sparring partners and drag him in for a loke, and then dash back to the quarters. It was cold work.

ble. The water was ice cold. Tom would come out grab one of his sparring partners and drag him in for a joke, and then dash back to the quarters. It was cold work.

Once as Tom was running back to the guarapher stopped him and asked if he wouldn't put on a pair of gloves and spar with one of the boys out in the sunlight so that he could get some smapshots of real action. Tom called a sparring partner and told him to run and get the gloves. They picked out a smooth piece of ground back of the house. Tom and his sparring partner put up their hands and the photographer set his camera.

"What do you want first" asked Tom.

"Oh," said the photographer, "I want to get the real thing, I want a snap-

"Oh," said the photographer, "I want to get the real thing. I want a snap-shot showing how you deliver a knockfor it and have the other fellow go down so that I can



catch a picture of him while he's fall-

or three miles without saying a line of the camera man was ready.

"No." said the reporter, heping to fixed Tom out.

"Nayther do I," said Sharkey.

"Three or four miles more passed without a word from Tom. Then he will be photographer.

"Three or four miles more passed without a word from Tom. Then he three three three the camera man was ready.

"All ready," said the photographer.

"Fall as if you were knocked cold."

"He will." said Sharkey, suddenly swinging his right. It was a genuine knockout, and the sparring partner hit the ground so hard he nearly broke his hip. Sharkey was willing to pose for hip. Sharkey was willing to pose for more pictures, but his training staff declined.

declined.

When I was offered a fight with Sharkey, Billy Delaney and I both felt like celebrating. Things were coming my way and the championship didn't look far off. As for Bill, he sat down look far off. As for Bill, he sat down and said. Jim, you can lick this sailor. There's nothing to it. Billy wasn't much on giving our tips, but ne did tell a lot of his friends that I could beat Sharkey. The fight was to be in Mechanics' Pavilion, May 6, 1898.

CHAPTER XXVL Sharkey Gives Me a Good Fight.

The night I fought Sharkey was more xciting than a circus. In the first place the promoters got

The preliminaries were on by this time. While Stelaner and Baker were fighting another and higher section of seats fell, carrying down about four or five hundred people. The pavilion was packed from doors to gallery. A few were hurt more or less this time. A little after 9 o'clock a third section of seats went down with a crash that shook the building. I thought the roof had fallen in. There were shrieks and groans, and all over the place people struggled to get over the place people struggled to get out of the wreckage. Baker and Steizner stopped fighting until the referee ordered hem to go on to attract the attention of the crowd and prevent a stampede.

All I had heard of this was from my treasing room. The ambulance came and carried the injured away to hos-

one end of the stand all to himself. But

Bob Edgren, another hefty sporting man, joined him. "Keep away," yelled Big Bill, "if we two get up here at once the thing'll drop sure!" Bill beat it for the

pitals. Luckily, even when the highest section fell nobobdy was killed. Those who fell and were only bruised scrambled standing room and stayed to see the

When I came down to the ring, a few minutes shead of Sharkey, I saw the most curious sight that ever confronted a fighter. On all the immense floor of the pavilion there were only a couple of seat sections standing. All the rest had fallen flat. The crowd had climbed on the weekeys for the day. ad climbed on the wreckage for standling room, and it looked as if the ring was surrounded by low mounds covered with speciators. Everybody was uneasy. The air was full of dust.

Well, a fighter gets used to taking

things as they come. I didn't wast-much time looking around. Sharkey came into the ring ready to fight. He had Spider Kelly and Tim McGrath with him. Billy Delaney and De Witt Van Court and my brother Jack were n my corner. Alex Greggains was the

in my corner. Alex Greggains was the refereg.

I looked over at Sharkey and he grinned. He was as confident as a gamecock. He looked like a sawed-off Hercules. His skin was tanned by the sun and wind and his muscles bulged out all over in big lumps. He had anchors tattooed on his arms and a hig with in red and him ink on his cheef. ship in red and blue ink on his chest.
"Do you see that ship on Sharkey's front," I asked Billy Delaney.
"Sure," said Bill.
"Well keep your eye on it: I'm going to sink it." I said.
We have frontier.

"Well keep your eye on it; I'm going to sink it." I said.

We began fighting.

Without watting to feel Tom out I walked straight at him and he gave ground. He didn't like my looks much, I guess, after the elever fellows he had been fighting. But in a moment he jumped at me with a wild swing. It was no trouble at all to push him away with my left and make him miss.

Sharkey, just out of the navy, always had a big bunch of sallors in the ringside seats to see him fight. They paid their own way in and bet their heads off at any sort of odds. No sailor ever thought the navy champion could be beaten. There were at least a hundred sallors from the Olympia around the ring that night, and every time Tom swung at me they yelled like Indians. When we came into a clinch I'd look over Tom's shoulder at his crowd and give them a wink. It was along in the fourth round, I think, when I lanced a good stiff left in the body that made Tom lose his leasd. He closed in and began lifting in the clinch, contrary to the rules we were fighting under. I pushed him away and nailed him on the chin with my left, staggering him. Sharkey gave ground and backed over loward his corner, where all the sailors were. Then he delibet call the sailors were. Then he delibetately turned his head around to look at them. One of the fellows outside the

ilberately turned his head around to look at them. One of the fellows outside the ring told me afterward that Tom turned and winked to show that something was

coming off.

He was a foxy saller all right. His scheme was to draw me in to take a punch while his head was turned and then easich me with a wallop on the jaw. then exich me with a wallop on the jaw. Luckily I suspected something, so when Tom whirled back all of a sudden with a wild left swing, not even looking to see if I was there, he missed me a foot. There was steam enough in that punch to have done damage if it had landed.

I had taken a good lead now and was forcing the fighting round after round. While we were mixing there was another loud crashing sound and we hoth While we were mixing there was another loud crashing sound and we both stepped back and dropped our hands while we looked around. Up in the gallery a section of temporary seats had caved in and a couple of hundred people slid down until they were wedged against the rail. Luckily that was a strong rail, otherwise they would

hage poured over on the heads of the crowd below. In a moment we went on fighting. Just then down went another section on the main floor.

In the seventh round Sharkey got victous and rushed at me as if he wanted to throw me overboard. Two or three times he jammed me against the 'Next time he tries that show him me of your strength," said Van

Court in my corner.

In the next round Tom came tearing at me with his head down like a bull- I reached out and caught him by both shoulders. Then I spread my feet to get a good hold on the floor and shock snoulders. Then I spread my feet in get a good hold on the floor and shook him like a school teacher shaking a boy. That was the biggest surprise Sharkey ever had in his life. He was used to outroughing everybody and using his strength to beat men he couldn't land on. I gave him a few good shakes and then walked forward slowly and pushing Tom half way across the ring put his shoulder up against the ropes, pinned him for a moment, dropped my hands and stepped back. Tom looked at me with the funniest expression I ever saw, and for a least a couple of rounds he was a parfect gentleman. When he hit in a clinch after that he apologized.

In the middle of the fight Tom got the ducking habit and i timed him and knocked him down with a right on the jaw. He was a tough fellow. He got up with a smile and ran at me swinging both fisis for all he was worth. But he was very wild. He landed a few good clouts, but for the most part I got there first. I began studying Sharkey out. He was a mark for a

But he was very wild. He landed a few good clouts, but for the most part I got there first. I began studying Sharkey out. He was a mark for a left hand. Tom had a habit of swinging twice. He'd come in with his left hand held back, swing it, and instantly swing the right. If he missed you with the left he had a chance to score with the right. But I found that when he pulled that left back it was easy to nall him with a left on the jaw, or shoot a right across inside before he could start his punch. Toward the end of the fight I scored hard and often. At times Tom was dizzy, but he came out as strong as ever after each rest.

I tried hard to get him in the last round, and I guess he tried hard, too, for he got in a couple of good swings. At the finish Greggains gave me the decision. Sharkey left the ring looking pretty glum, but he hadn't anything to say except that he'd fight me

thing to say except that he'd fight me

gave him the first chance at my e when I became champion.

My First Trip East-and a Disappoint-

nothing to do but to go East and make a any fun. cleanup there that would lead to a fight with Pitzsimmons for the championship. My hopes went high when I was offered my first chance in New York. The Eastern people wanted to see the man who had beaten Peter Jackson and Tom



against two men for 10 rounds each, the

against two men for a rounds each, the lights to take place at the Lenox A. C., ir New York city. The East seemed strange to me on this first trip back since my boyhood days. Even the streets and the frees and the buildings were so different from ours in California that it seemed like going into a foreign country. Even the people were different. Today I have friends and acqualitances everywhere and can enjoy a visit to New York, but the first time a few days of it left me homesick for my own California mountains.

As for Armstrong and O'Donnell, the

strong for my first man, thinking I'd do the hardest before there was a chance of getting tired.

chance of getting tired.

I couldn't help admiring the looks of big Bob when he stripped in the opposite corner on the night of August 5, 1897. He was like a great bronse statue. Here at last I was going to fight a man taller than myself, with a greater reach, equal atrength and plenty of weight. Armstrong was clever, I knew that, and he could hit. He was a fine looking fighter, even if he was black.

If he was black.

Armstrong was waiting when I stopped into the ring with Billy Delaney. As soon as I reached my corne he came across and held out his hand with a wide smile that showed all of his teeth. Billy Delancy whispered to his teeth. Billy Delaney whispered to me that Armstrong's corner, the south-



west, was considered unlucky because of the number of losers that had occu-

There were many famous fighters around the ring that night. I remem-ber seeing Jim Corbett, John L. Sulli-van, Joe Goddard, Peter Maher, Kid Lavigne, Sammy Kelly, Tom Sharkey, Mysterious Billy Smith and a lot of others. Bob Fitzsimmons wasn't there.



BREATA OUT OF ME FOR A

FEW SECONDS. Being champion, he didn't care to look at any dub heavyweights.

As soon as the bell rang I went right at the high black man. After a few light exchanges I landed a hard left on his jaw and, rushing him back, swung the left again. Armstrong ducked a little and the blow vent high. As it landed a sharp twinge of pain shot along my arm. I had broken my left thumb.

That was pretty tough luck in the

title when I became champion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

My First Trip East—and a Disappointment.

I had cleaned up all the big heavy-weights in the West now and there was ward to the triple on the triple of triple of the triple of triple of the trip

As I remember the fight, I forced the pace from the start. The black man was hard to get at, being on the defensive. I didn't want to rush matman was hard to get at, being on the defensive. I didn't want to rush matters too much, keeping the second fight in mind, and along in the fifth or sixth round Armstrong gave me a surprise. I had hammered him with both hands, paying no attention to my broken thumb, and in trying to get away he dodged under the ropes. I punched at him with my left, and he ducked and came back with a fierce left in the stomach. That was a great punch. It knocked the breath out of me for a few seconds, but I soon went after him harder than ever, and had him bleeding from a cut over the eye. When he saw that the body punch didn't worry me he began to run away.

I figured when we came up for the last round that I had the fight won casily, but I wanted to knock Armstrong out now that the end was so near. He stood up to me for a moment and I swung my left hard enough to do the trick. But saw it coming and in his hurry to getsaway he fell on the floor. As he got up I went after him, and landing both hands on his jaw, drove him back into his own corner. Armstrong's seconds were yelling to him that the end of the round was near and the big black turned his back to me and covered up like a turtle. I was pounding away at his back ribs to make him turn around, when the last bell rang.

ribs to make him turn around, when the last bell rang.

Referee Charile White gave me the decision at once and I started for the dressing room for the half-hour's rest.

Brady, in a ringside chair, called to me "How are you, big fellow?" and asked: and asked. How are you, one color is just held up my broken hand and went along. Brady followed me out to the dressing-room. My hand was so badly swellen that the glove had to be cut to get it off. Brady took one look. Dr. Fivey of the club examined the hand, too, and said that it would be impossible for me to go on with O'Donnell. I never could have put on

another glove that night. It was announced from the ring that on account of a broken hand Jeffries would be unable to go with the second bout. I could hear a sound like tysit to New 1.

As for Armstrong and O'Donnell, the men picked to fight me, I didn't worry over them. Armstrong I knew only by reputation. O'Donnell I had met in San Francisco when he came to the Coast with Madden and Ruhlin. O'Donnell I had neet in my life I was being hooted and jeared by the crowd. It was the worst jar in my life I was being hooted and jeared by the crowd. It was the worst jar in my life I was being hooted and jeared by the crowd. It was the worst jar in my life I was being hooted and jeared by the crowd. I felt like going out and fighting O'Donnell with one hand, but what was the use? I felt sick and sors and disgusted with the East. That was the most homesick moment of my truth, it was nothing

to what I got the next morning. As soon as I had hopped out of bed and dressed myself with my hand in a big bandage, feeling pretty blue, they began to hand me the papers. When! What to land me the papers. When't What a roasting! It seemed that everbody regarded me either as a quitter or a clumsy second rater. Some of them even said it was lucky for me I did break my thumb, for Steve O'Donnell would

have heaten my head off.
That day I went down to the Police
Gazette Office with Billy Delaney. In
the outer hall there was a bench for visiting fighters to sit on while they were waiting to see the editors. Dube sat on the bench, Champions walked right in. I sat on the bench while Billy aw Sam Austin and talked over the saw sam alistin and talked over the fight with him. It was fumy to be left all alone out there, with the office boys tooking me over and everybody walking right by. It made me feel like a nieasly yellow dog without any friends. That surely was a grouchy day, and I didn't love the East very much.

But just as I had reached the bot tom of the blue streak one of the few newspaper writers that hadn't roasted me walked in. He hit me on the shoul-der and said: "Cheer up, big fellow. You've got the stuff in you and you'll beat them all yet. Don't mind the knockers." "I'm going home and back to the old b," I said.

"Oh, forget it." said my one friend. "Go home and get in shape and then come back again and clean them all "T'll do it," I said. And two days later I was on my way. California never looked so good to me before as it did when our train crossed the state

CHAPTER XXVIII. How Fitzsimmons Was Tricked Into Fighting Me.

After half a year at home, with a lo of good hunting. I began to feel like taking on another fight. But I didn't care to look for little ones. I felt near enough to the top of my class to want

Brady had been out of ring affairs for a long time and busy with themirical stunts, as he told me afterward, when one day a gentieman came into his office with a proposition. He wanted to be affairs. Brady didn't care much for the scheme at first. He wanted to be known as a theatrical man and not as a promoter. Anyway, boxing had been dead in New York for some time, and there had been few good matches.

But the game came up again in great shape and people began clamoring for the champions. Brady was sitting in a cafe one day talking the situation over, and as he talked he got enthusiastic.

'I have a great chance here, he said. 'I know a big fellow out West who can whip Fitxsimmons and take the world's championship. He's fount know him the way I do. The time is ripe to spring him, and I've

The preliminaries won't need to cost much when we've got a champion like.

The preliminaries won't need to cost much when we've got a champion like.

The preliminaries won't need to cost much when we've got a champion like.



got a good mind to take a fiver in g again."
y don't you?" asked the party
other side of the table. By George, I will!" exclaimed Billy

He did. He took charge of the Coney Island A. C. and wired Billy Delaney to see me and get me to come East again. In a few days we were on the

way.

When I arrived this time I had a warm reception from the few good friends I had made on the former trip. and I want to thank them here for it, for it surely did ease me through the feeling of homesickness I had in those days whenever I was out of sight of the good old Sierra Madres. "I knew you'd come back," said one of the boys who have street the said one of the boys who have street to the said one of the boys who have street to the said one of the boys who have street to the said one of the boys who have street to the said one of the boys who have street to the said one of the boys who have street to the said one of the boys who have street to the said one of the boys who have street to the said one of the boys who have street to the said of the you'd come back," said one of the boys who has stuck to me from the first the trouble to provide the shutter of time we met right up to today. "And Jim, old man, every cent I can save or borrow goes on you when you fight. I have to laugh when I hear the wise ones knock, for I know what you for its own sake, and he never for its own sake, and he never for its own sake, and he never can do.

ando."

When I was actually in New York chances.

Brady began planning a way to get

Fitzstumons to fight me. "You can beat Fitz," Billy told me.

"I know very well I can:" I said.

"Then it's Fitz we've got to get for

Then it's Fitz we've got to get for you, said Billy.

Brady had a Sheriock licimes way of doing business—at least in ring affairs. The first thing he did was to lay out a list of the different things that might induce Fitz to fight. Some lighters, when they want to drag an unwilling champion into a fight, go and take a punch at him in zome cafe or roast him through the papers, or meet him and make a few uncomplimentary remarks in his presence.

None of that coarse work would have suited me. I never tried to roast a man I knew to be a good fighter. I always like to give credit to anybody who deserves it. And as for taking a punch at a man on the street—that isn't a pain of the game according to my lights. I don't go around punching people. I do my fighting in the ring, legitimately, if I ever use my lists outside it will be like a gentleman—in self-defense and no other way.

For that matter Billy Brady wouldn't have encouraged any such low-brow tactics either. He has intelligence. He never suggested anything to ruffle Fitzsimmons. Instead he figured that the flying most likely to influence Fitz was the need of money.

the fling most likely to influence Fitz was the need of money.

Brady knew in a general way that Fitzsimmons was either nearly flat broke or that he had all of his ring broke or that he had all of his ring carnings tied up in some way. Being in the theatrical business, he knew a lot of inside things about various people. He heard somewhere or other that Fitzsimmon, after a stage tour just finished, had failed to pay the printers bill for his theatrical posters. The bill was something around \$400 or \$500 and the printers had been unable to collect.

Brady, who was a customer, too. dropped into the printing company's office in an incidental sort of way and in the course of conversation said: "I hear you have some trouble getting money from Fitzsinimons. I suppose he's a little short just now. He hasn't fought for a long time."
The printers acknowledged that Fits-shumons didn't appear to be rolling in ready wealth.
"Well" said Billy, "that could be fixed.

Then he took out a pen and a piece of paper and figured for the minutes.

"The preliminaries won't need to cest much when we've got a champion like Fitzaimmons for a headliner," he went on, "and I won't have to give that big stiff. Jeffries, more than a few dollars. As soon as the fight is over I can send him back to the Coast and got rid of him, so I'll save money that way, too I figure that I can give Fitz 55 per cent of the receipts, win, lose or draw, and still make enough to cover all expenses and have a fair profit left over. Tell him that. He can have 65 per cent, and we'll draw the biggest house on record. Brady had struck the right scheme. Fitzaimmons listened and agreed to fight. He remembered how I fought Armstrong and broke my hand, and be didn't kind I could fight for sour apples. He didn't know that I'd put in nearly a year studying the game and working up my speed. And, anyway, there never was a more cocksure, self-confident man in the world than Pitz. He was champion, and he looked on me as just a big awkward fellew who would be soft picking.

"The bigger they are the arder they

"The bigger they are the arder the fall," said Fliz when he met Brady to talk over the terms. "I know that," said Brady, but when

is told me about it at night be leaned back in his chair and laughed. "And do you know what I was eaving to my-self, he asked. 'I was saving, 'And the bigger they are the 'arder they hit.

So we go; Fitzsimmons, and at last the thing I'd been dreaming about ever since that day when I walked down the street with Charley White at Carson had com-true. I had my chance to fight for the championship of the world, and I made up my mind right then that I'd either win It or they'd carry me out of the ring on a shutter. I didn't intend to take the trouble to provide the shutter either have said that Fitzsii mons, being so sure of winning, didn't train hard for our fight. But I hardly believe that. Fitzalmmons never fought



