

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.

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"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 \$25 or \$50. 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 4-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 \$300 to \$600; 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 \$50 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 right and left facers, 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.

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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 corner 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.

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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 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 showed useless punches, with Bippus clinching and holding on to save himself.

"Suddenly Bippus let fly a haymaker

## Those Spots on the Moon

A GREAT many curious ideas exist in various parts of the world regarding the dark spots in the moon's disk. In the eastern part of Asia the spots are believed to be a rabbit or a hare; the Chinese in particular look upon them as a hare sitting up and pounding rice in a mortar. Most of the Siamese take the same view. Some few, however, see in the moon a man and woman working in a field. Curiously enough, the North American Indians have almost the same superstition as the Chinese, and on old monuments in Central America the moon appears as a jug or vessel, out of which an animal like a rabbit is jumping.

The South American Indians, on the other hand, believe that a girl who had fallen in love with the moon sprang upward toward it, was caught and kept by it, and that it is her figure which is seen on the moon's face.

The Samoan Islanders look on the spots as representing a woman carrying a child, and many other southern peoples have similar beliefs, the woman and child sometimes being altered into an old woman bearing a burden on her back. The Eskimos

have an original superstition. They say that one day Aniga, the moon, chased his sister, the sun, in wrath. Just as he was about to catch her, however, she suddenly turned around and threw a great handful of soot in his face and thus escaped him, and of that soot he bears the traces to this day.

The inhabitants of northwestern India, who account for the moon's monthly disappearance by declaring that she is burned up regularly and replaced by a fresh moon, explain the dark spots by saying they are the ashes of the former moon.

Other nations explain her disappearance in various ways. The Dakota Indians have it that she is eaten up by mice; the Polynesian superstition is that the souls of the dead feed on her; according to the Hottentots the moon suffers from headache, and when it gets very bad she hides her head with her hand and covers up her face from the gaze of the world; the Eskimos maintain that after shining for three weeks she gets tired and hungry and withdraws to take one enormous meal after their own fashion, and then reappears and begins to shine again.

that caught McCloskey on the point of the jaw and I hit 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 battle-worn 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?

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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 spoke:

"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 of the Nubim Film Company.

"McCloskey," he said, handing me an envelope, "here's my check for \$600. 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!"

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