

MY STORY OF MY LIFE



Joe Fitzsimmons

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CHAPTER XIII. HOW BOB FITZSIMMONS WAS TRICKED INTO FIGHTING ME.

AFTER half a year at home, with a lot 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 a fight for the championship. Things were going along this way in the spring of '09 when all of a sudden we heard from Billy Brady in New York.

Brady had been out of ring affairs for a long time and busy with theatrical stunts, as he told me afterward, when one day a gentleman came into his office with a proposition. He wanted



RYAN CRACKED DUNKHORST ON THE NOSE.

ed Brady to go into the Coney Island Athletic club and take charge of all its 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 Fitzsimmons and take the world's championship. He's fought here in the east, but he didn't make much of an impression. People don't know him the way I do. The time is ripe to spring him, and I've got a good mind to take a flier in fighting again."

"Why don't you?" asked the party on the other side of the table.

"By George, I will!" exclaimed Billy Brady.

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 was actually in New York Brady began planning a way to get Fitzsimmons 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 you," said Billy.

Brady knew in a general way that Fitzsimmons was either nearly that broke or that he had all of his ring earnings 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 Fitzsimmons, 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 Fitzsimmons. I suppose he's a little short just now. He hasn't fought for a long time."

The printers acknowledged that Fitzsimmons didn't appear to be rolling in ready wealth.

"Well," said Billy, "that could be fixed up easily enough. Next time you call on Fitz with the bill why don't you suggest that he take on some dough for an easy fight and get a few thousand dollars? He hasn't been in the ring since he won the championship at Carson two years ago, and the people are crazy to see him again."

While Brady stopped and thought awhile. Then he jumped out of his chair as if he had a sudden idea.

"Why, say," he said, "I'll give him a fight at my club down at Coney Island and pay him good money for it. He can take on this big clumsy guy, Jeffries, that I've just brought on from California. He can beat Jeffries without any trouble. It'll be easy money."

"I'll mention it to him," said the printer, getting interested. "It sounds good, and I'd like to see Fitz in action again myself."

Brady did another thinking stunt. "The preliminaries won't need to

cost much when we've got a champion like Fitzsimmons 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 get rid of him, so I'll save money that way too. I figure that I can give Fitz 65 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. Fitzsimmons listened and agreed to fight.

So we got Fitzsimmons, and at last the thing I'd been dreaming about ever since that day when I walked down the street with Charlie White at Carson had come 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 stretcher. I didn't intend to take the trouble to provide the stretcher either.

Now that I was really matched work started in earnest. We got a cottage at Allenhurst, N. J., not far from the beach at Asbury Park.

Back of our cottage we had a handball court built. It was like the handball court Corbett had at Carson except for the fact that it wasn't roofed over. The weather was fairly warm now, and I like to work as much as possible in the open air. Beside the cottage there was a croquet court. Croquet may be a ladies' game, but nobody would have thought so if they'd seen Tommy Ryan and big Ed Dunkhorst, the "human freight car," at it. Then it was more like football. Tommy had a little on Ed. They used to bet a quarter a game. One day I was acting as referee, and Tommy had won about a dollar and a quarter from Dunkhorst. Ed had only two bits left, and he was sore. Tommy just touched the ball with his mallet before making a shot and moved it an inch or so. Dunkhorst jumped in and claimed a foul. As referee I decided that there was no foul. Dunkhorst started to holler, and Ryan turned on him.

"You big quitter!" yelled Ryan, and he reached over with his mallet and cracked Dunkhorst on the nose. The blood flew all over the front of his shirt. That broke up the game.

My training staff at that time consisted of Billy Delaney, my special adviser, and Ryan and my brother Jack and Ed Dunkhorst. Ryan was middleweight champion, Jack weighed well above 200 and was game and clever. Dunkhorst was like an elephant. He weighed over 300. He was covered with layers of fat that made him like a punching mattress.

When I boxed with Ryan it was a pure fight. Ryan was supposed to be in the camp to give me the benefit of his skill, for he was one of the greatest boxers in the world and full of tricks. But I'll say right here that during the whole time I trained at Allenhurst Ryan didn't show me a single trick. He surely didn't invent the "crouch" for me, as most of the papers said at that time, for I used that crouch in my first fight and in every fight afterward whenever I needed it. Ryan didn't want to show me anything. His whole idea was all Ryan, Ryan. He seemed to hate me for being so big and strong. He was envious, for if he'd had my physique with his skill he'd have been heavyweight champion as long as he cared to keep on fighting, and nobody would ever have come near him as a fighter.

One funny thing happened at our camp that I nearly forgot. Next door there were several of those imported English fighters training.

I had several cases of good Bass ale shipped down to the cottage when training began and stored it away in the cellar. Every day I went down and got what we wanted for our dinner. After awhile it seemed to me that ale was going mighty fast. I be-

gan to keep track of it. I looked the staff over, and they were all nice and thin except Dunkhorst, who seemed growing fatter and fatter in spite of the hard work. Said I to myself, "That big stiff Dunkhorst is stealing my ale." So I thought I'd teach Dunkhorst a lesson.

That night I went to my room at 9 o'clock, waited until all was quiet and then sneaked down and hid myself near the cellar door. Nothing stirred for a couple of hours, and I was just about to give it up when I heard a sound at the cottage across the way, and in a few minutes one of the little Englishmen came creeping across our lawn to our cellar door. He opened the door slowly and sneaked in. A moment later he came out again with his arms full of my bottles of Bass. I jumped on him like a cat. But I didn't hurt him—just took the ale away and told him I'd kill the next Englishman I saw around the place and let him go. There wasn't any more ale at the English quarters. Next day at dinner I gave big Dunkhorst two bottles for himself to ease my conscience. But I didn't tell Ed.

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OFFICIALS FEAR MOB VIOLENCE

THE TRIAL OF THE FIVE MEN ACCUSED OF KILLING OLLIE SNYDER AT PRAIRIE CITY CAUSES MUCH EXCITEMENT.

(UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.) Prairie City, Ore., May 26.—

Fearing that mob violence might be attempted on the persons of five men who go on trial today for the lynching of Ollie Snyder here last Christmas, armed deputy sheriffs guarded the county jail at Canyon City during the night. Several guards with loaded rifles are on duty in the sheriff's office to protect the prisoners.

The men charged with being responsible for Snyder's death are Deputy Sheriff Joe Casaday, Emmett and Earl Shields, Ben Hinton and Bert Green. The charge will be murder in the first degree.

A special jury list of 100 names has been drawn, but this undoubtedly will be inadequate if each of the defendants demands a separate trial.

An effort has been made to obtain special counsel to assist in the prosecution. George Rader, a prominent stockman of Long Creek, has offered \$500 toward the employment of James E. Fenton, of Portland, to assist in the prosecution of Casaday, but the district attorney will refuse Mr. Fenton's services unless he appear also in the other cases.

The people are aroused and feeling against the accused men is intense.

VETERAN KILLED BY SEATTLE TRAIN

Tacoma, Wash., May 26.—Preparations are being made today for the funeral of George Rossman, of the Orting Soldiers' Home, the winner of first prize at the Seattle exposition last year for being the best physical specimen of manhood over 80 years. Rossman was run down and killed by a Grays Harbor train yesterday. He died several hours after being struck.

To the last he displayed remarkable vitality. As he was being removed from under the locomotive wheels, which had crushed both feet, he remarked: "Looks as if I was done for now."

Rossman was 84 years of age and served with Company X, Second Michigan, in the Civil war. He had been in the home four years.

Rossman had secured a week's furlough and was on his way to visit his daughter on Fox Island.

CAR ROBBERS ARE SENT TO SEATTLE

Governor Benson yesterday honored the application of the Washington authorities for the extradition to that state of Ray Coburn, Wm. Wilson, Frank Ford, and Frank McCasne, alias Blakely, who on May 12 of this year, held up a street car in the city of Seattle, and secured from the passengers over \$1,500 in money, and over \$1,000 in jewelry, and who were arrested on the charge by Portland detectives in that city.

Coburn shortly after being arrested made a complete confession with relation to himself, and also implicating his confederates. He stated that after committing the robbery he and his confederates eluded the Seattle officers and came to Portland with the intention of committing a number of robberies there.

The robbers are also suspected of being implicated in the robbery of another street car in Seattle which occurred on the same day as the one to which Coburn has confessed to, but at an earlier hour in the morning, but Coburn denies that he or his confederates participated in it. Coburn is the leader of the gang, and is a young man of about 24 years of age.

INCORPORATIONS.

Articles of incorporation filed in the office of the secretary of state May 24, 1910, as follows:

Radale Investment Co., principal office, Portland; capital stock, \$10,000; incorporators, Geo. F. Brice, Frank W. Walden and W. T. Brice.

The Folly Theatre Company; principal office, Eugene; capital stock, \$3,000; incorporators, M. E. Watson, Julius Goldsmith and G. Nettle.

Hotel Marion Company; principal office, Salem; capital stock, \$25,000; incorporators, H. W. Doolittle, Chas. H. Savage and D. S. Rabb.

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Remove Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Blemishes, and every blemish on beauty and complexion. It is a good skin of 60 years, and is as harmless as soap. It is properly made. Avoid imitations. It is sold by all druggists and fancy goods stores in the United States, Canada and Europe.

GENE T. HOPKINS, Prop., 27 Grand Jones Street, New York.

NO WAR WITH JAPAN.

Kechiba Mural, the Japanese Morgan Talks About the Countries. Los Angeles, Calif., May 26.—

There never will be a war between the United States and Japan, according to Kechiba Mural, the J. P. Morgan of Japan, who is in Los Angeles today with his wife and daughter.

Mural, who is the head of Mural brothers banking house of Tokio, and of various manufacturing and agricultural projects throughout Japan, is taking a six months vacation. He declared today that the opportunity America afforded for a study of financial and industrial methods had prompted him to spend the vacation in this country.

"Almost every Japanese who visits America," he said, "tells you there will be no war with Japan. You listen and think his statement is merely a courtesy because he is your guest."

"But he is right. Japan admires America and, in the main, American ideals. When America comes to know Japan better, the admiration will be mutual."

"Anyway Japan wants war with no one. She is beginning to have a keener realization that her destiny is to be worked out along industrial and other peaceful lines."

"Talk of war between Japan and America is not worthy of a hearing."

HARRIMAN'S DAUGHTER IS TO MARRY

New York, May 25.—The marriage of Miss Mary Harriman, daughter of the late railway king, to Charles Cary Rumsey, of Buffalo, N. Y., an artist and sculptor, will take place tomorrow at the Episcopal church at Arden, the country seat of Mrs. E. H. Harriman.

The family still is in mourning for Harriman, and the wedding will be a quiet one, devoid of the usual spectacular features attending a society match. Only the family and a few close friends will attend.

BECAUSE HE DANCED WITH MAYOR'S WIFE

Dixon, Tenn., May 26.—The eighth general assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, after a session extending through six days, adjourned tonight to meet next year in Evansville, Ind.

A law prohibiting the manufacture of whisky in the United States, or its importation was was demanded by the temperance committee. The sale of cigarettes was likewise condemned.

Rev. J. F. Gill, of California, denounced President Taft as one he would not want to federate with because he said, "Though he turned down his glass, he danced all night with a mayor's wife."

Commander Julius A. Pratt Post No. 143 Dept. Ill., G. A. R.

We have a communication from Mr. Isaac Cook, Commander of Julius A. Pratt Post, Knoxville, Ill. "For quite a long time I was bothered with backache and pains across my kidneys and back. About two months ago I started taking Foley Kidney Pills and soon saw they were doing just as claimed. I kept on taking them and now I am free from backache, and the painful bladder misery is all gone. I like Foley Kidney Pills so well that I have already told many of my friends and comrades about them." Sold by J. C. Perry.

Rosland, a little town 30 miles south of Bend, is on wheels and is being moved to a new location, one mile distant.

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What Everybody Wants

Everybody desires good health which is impossible unless the kidneys are sound and healthy. Foley's Kidney Remedy should be taken at the first indication of any irregularity, pain in the back and head, nervousness and exhaustion, and a serious illness may be averted. Remember you cannot live without your kidneys and you cannot be sound and well unless they perform their work properly. Foley's Kidney Remedy will build up worn out tissues, and restore your kidneys to their normal state. Sold by J. C. Perry.

Whooping Cough.

This is a more dangerous disease than is generally presumed. It will be a surprise to many to learn that more deaths result from it than from scarlet fever. Pneumonia often results from it. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been used in many epidemics of whooping cough, and always with the best results. Dr. J. C. Perry, McKaig of Harlan, Iowa, says of it: "My boy took whooping cough when nine months old. He had it in the winter. I got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy which proved good. I cannot recommend it too highly." For sale by all good druggists.

Will Promote Beauty.

Women desiring beauty get wonderful help from Buckley's Arnica Salve. It banishes pimples, skin eruptions, sores and boils. It makes the skin soft and velvety. It glories the face. Cures sore eyes, cold sores, cracked lips, chapped hands, heat for burns, scalds, fever sores, cuts, bruises and piles. 25c at J. C. Perry.

Gray Hairs Banished.

The old idea of using sage for darkening the hair is again coming in vogue. Our grandmothers used to have dark, glossy hair at the age of seventy-five, while our mothers have white hair before they are fifty. Our grandmothers used to make a "sage tea" and apply it to their hair. The tea made their hair soft and glossy and gradually restored the natural color. One objection to using such a preparation was the trouble of making it, especially as it had to be made every two or three days on account of its soiling quickly. This objection has been overcome and by asking almost any first-class druggist for Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur the public can get a superior preparation of sage, with the admixture of sulphur, another valuable remedy for hair and scalp troubles. Daily use of this preparation will not only quickly restore the color of the hair but will also stop the hair from falling out and make it grow. It is sold by all druggists for 50c and \$1.00 a bottle, or sent direct by the Wyeth Chemical Company, 74 Cortlandt St., New York City, upon receipt of price.

SPECIAL RATES FOR THE

Portland Rose Festival

June 6th to 11th ON SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY Lines in Oregon

One and One-Third Fare FROM ALL POINTS IN OREGON

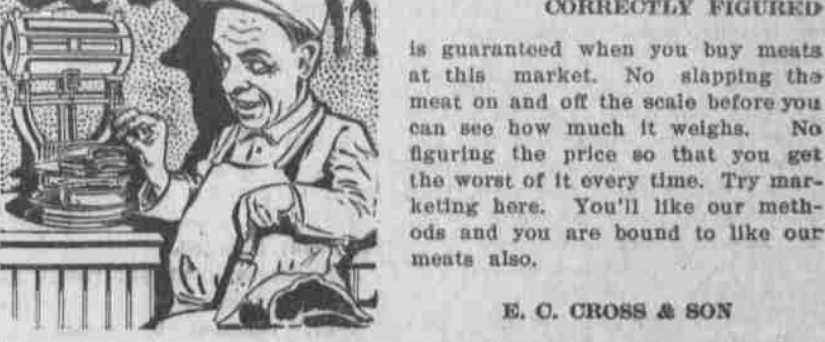
Sale Date—From Roseburg and all stations north thereof, including all branches June 6, 8 and 10. From all stations south of Roseburg June 6 and 8. Final time limit, June 8.

For further particulars as to rates, etc., apply to any S. P. agent, or to

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