

tomobile machine shop in San Francisco. For three and one-half years I stuck to it. The last year I acted as a demonstrator and salesman, so when my usefulness as a ring star is on the wane, I will be in a position to turn my attention to a trade and business that will come in handy to me, if necessary to chose as a means of livelihood.

I was very fond of boxing and every spare moment that I had would find me in a gymnasium or, if I could spare the price, would pay or work my way into a club the night one of the big boxing contests were to take place, and believe me, I missed very few of them.

At that time Jimmy Britt was a great favorite in San Francisco. I envied him. My own thought and wish was that some day I could be the real fellow like Britt. The latter was very clever and I used to go to the gymnasiums and practice his best blows. Whenever I would see him on the streets I would follow him and when he fought I was somewhere inside or close to the outer walls of the building.

When Britt met defeat by Nelson for the first time, I was perched on the cross post of a telegraph pole. The arena was out of doors. From 1 o'clock until 4:36 I sat there waiting for that great battle. The contest itself lasted one hour and a half. I certainly was stiff and sore from my cramped position in mid-air. Strange to say I was watching my present manager, Billy Nolan, who was Nelson's guiding spirit on that occasion.

For three and one-half years I engaged in close to 50 contests in and around San Francisco. In the beginning it was a case of taking very small purses, and many a good licking. The last year that I was boxing with so-called amateur clubs, I was so clever that I often had to give away chunks of weight.

It was a case of my meeting the best short distance fighters of the

country whom I defeated with ease in the four rounds as prescribed by amateur ruling. Seldom I received less than \$500 for one of these battles. Then it was that my attention was turned to becoming a real professional, just 18 months ago.

After my showing with Welsh, Young Erne, Joe Mandot and others, my one ambition was to meet Wolgast for the title. I had met and defeated him in San Francisco in four rounds, received no more for it than I did for fighting an amateur, nor did I get the credit I should.

When I do lose, as of course I must some day, then I will turn my attention to business, not a saloon or dance hall, but a real business, where I will be honored and respected. That is the real ambition of my life.

The picture shows the lightweight champion ready to take a plunge, and how he looks when in his ordinary street clothes.

THE LAST WORD IN MELODY

This world is full
Of songs that pull
And wrench the human heart;
Of songs as sweet
As rippling wheat
Where pulsing drift-winds start;
Of melodies
That grip and seize
The well-known savage breast;
That furnish dreams
Of moonlit streams
And—well you get the rest.

This world is filled
With notes that thrilled
Since old Doc Adam's day;
Of liquid notes
From high-priced throats
That hold a siren's sway;
But at the end
Of music's blend
This gets the final call—
When a bloke in blue
Looks up at you
And howls—"P-L-A-Y-B-A-L-L!"