

Jolly From

"John L."

By John L. Sullivan

WHILE passing through a town in Wisconsin a short time ago I met a man I hadn't seen in years, and he looked a sport down and out. He was in just the shape I expected to find him about this time. He spoke to me and when I placed him I told him to get away quick. It was this man who sent a proposition to me to "lay down" in one of my fights, and the price was three times what the winner's end of the purse would be. This proposition wasn't made to me direct, but came through a friend of mine who had been induced to think he was doing me a good turn by carrying the message.

When I jumped on the scheme the robbers behind it tried to explain that they were only taking measures to be sure that the money they were going to put on me would be safe. But I was on that wasn't the only time the cards were stacked to beat the public, but it never was done in any fight I was in. Before my meeting with Ryan, Joe Goss, who was one of my seconds, was offered \$500 in cold cash—not stage money or promises—to drug me just enough so that I couldn't win. Joe Goss, who was as honest a man as ever stepped, and who loved me as his own brother, was fit to do murder when the bribe was put to him. Joe didn't do any too much praying and he didn't do any hymn singing, but he could show a lot of good people how to live on the square and die without fear when his time came. Although the first fight of my account in my career was my defeat of Joe, who had been champion, he never had one minute's hard feeling for me, but was my admirer, friend and helper during his life.

Tug Wilson's Quick Touch and Getaway.

The down-and-out sport I started telling about was in his day as high a roller as you'd find. He made a lot of money on "fixed" events of all kinds and he made boasts that he was out to win money, not to lose it. He always played with loaded dice and he was one of the men who introduced the plan, now so much in use, of having boxers fight to trim the outsiders. In the good old days there was none of this, and while fighters did not advertise themselves as "gentlemen boxers," they did fight on the square.

Think over the "fights" of the past few years and see how many of them have been "fixed." Enough money has been picked out of pockets by this kind of fighting to pay for the Panama canal. And the strange thing is the nerve of some of the grafters keeping before the public when they have been caught with the goods.

There's none of this in mine. In the few draws in my list of fights there wasn't any suspicion that I didn't do my best. I've already told about Mitchell. Tug Wilson, in the battle in New York, kept falling to the floor before he was hit and used up most of the four rounds in that way. I did hit him once and he went down, all right. But he was up inside of ten seconds, as counted by the referee, Harry Hill, but according to the time by Al Smith and several other outsiders, Tug was down 15 seconds. Al Smith was an Englishman.

I made another match with Tug, and the owner of a sporting paper in New York who was scouring the world to get somebody to wallop me, posted \$500 forfeit. Before the time for the battle Tug happened to think of some business he had to transact in dear old England, and he quietly took ship and sailed away. The \$500 came to me and Tug lived happy ever after on the coin he'd collected from the blawsted Yankee.

By the way, I expect to meet Mitchell in the ring at Tacoma this month.

John L.'s Father Never Weighed Over 130.

After Donoghue, the sculptor, had produced his statue of "The Boxer," for which I posed to him during a whole summer, sharp on such matters said the shape of the statue was one of the most perfect that had ever come down any pike either in this country or Greece. Although this statue which shows yours truly when I was at my best has been exhibited in this country and Paris and praised as the most perfect of human shapes, I mention it only to show what a remarkable thing it is that I should be the son of a father who never weighed over 130 pounds.

My mother was of fair size, weighing 150 pounds, and it was said that I got my strength from her. My uncles and other relatives on my father's side were large men and in Ireland were called by a Celtic word meaning "The Big Sullivans." According to the yardstick measurements I didn't have much of a start in life, yet here are some of the names I have had put upon me during my career in the ring:

Boston Hercules, Knight of the Fives, The Hard-Hitting Sullivan, The Boston Miracle, King of the Ring, The Magnificent Sullivan, Boston's Philanthropic Prizefighter, Boston Giant, Trip-Hammer Jack, Spartacus Sullivan, Monarch of the Prize Ring, Scientific American, Boston's Pride and Joy, Sullivan the Great, Sullivan the Wonder, Prize Fighting Caesar, Champion Pounder, Goliath of the Ring, etc.

Pretty strong for the son of a father who never damaged any scales.

How He Tied Up Street System.

Several times in my crowded hours I put the street car system of Boston out of business. When I opened my cafe, "The Champion's Rest," in that town that night the horse cars couldn't run through Washington street because all evening there was a jam of people packed solid from wall to wall for a couple of hundred yards on both sides of the cafe. Neither Blaine nor Cleveland ever drew a bigger crowd in that town, and even the Ben Butler crowds looked small compared with that push. Sports came from all parts to attend that opening and those who got into the middle of the crowd didn't get out again for hours. That

"opening" was one of the big things in the history of Boston.

An official of the street railway company came to me and told me I was worse than a house afire for playing horse with their business and if I'd move away and never come back to Boston, he'd pay my fare as far as I'd go. But I wasn't to blame because the streets were too narrow. Soon after this when a horse car got on the track on Washington street and six or eight men had tried to lift it back on the iron, I lifted it on alone, I sent word to the street railway official that what he needed at the head of his outfit to keep his arks going all the time was a Sullivan or two. They've got a Sullivan at the head of the system now.

Refuses a Fortune Rather Than Fight a Negro.

Have you noticed that Marvin Hart's victory over the colored brother has fallen very flat. It surely has. It's only what might have been looked for. A white man has nothing to gain by swapping punches with a negro. I have twice been almost goaded into meeting the colored brother, but I took a second think in time. A club in San Francisco hung up a fortune for me to meet Peter Jackson—there was \$20,000 in it, and nobody ever questioned my ability to win it—but I ducked. I was insulted from one end of the country to the other in the attempt to stampede me into that fight, and I was angry enough at one time to throw principle to the winds and give Jackson his. Another time I almost came to a set-to with George Godfrey, but I am glad to say I didn't.

When I go out to battle with a man I agree that he is of equal standing. A negro is not the equal of a white man and it is no kindness to the negro to let him think so. Fights between negroes are all right, but the line should be drawn there. Hart has gained nothing by meeting a negro, and if he had lost to the colored brother it would have been his finish. I am willing to admit that Hart had a great deal of provocation, but he never had as much as I had to meet Jackson.

I want every negro to do well and my opposition to seeing white boxers meet colored boxers is not based on any petty feeling. But for a white man to meet a negro as an equal doesn't pull the negro up to the white man's level, but rather pulls the blonde down to the brunette's. I'll bet that if Hart could start his career over again he'd cut the dark meat out of his.

One of the hardest turns at training I ever did was for a fight that never came off. I got ready to make a demonstration on the make-up of Dominick McCaffrey, and I never made it. It is quite a story. To begin with, McCaffrey was matched to fight Jake Kilrain before the swell Cribb Club of Boston. Kilrain appeared to carry out his part of the contract, but for some reason McCaffrey did not show up. The head man of the Cribb Club—a Mr. Apollonio, I think it was—announced to the members of the club that never would McCaffrey be allowed inside the doors of the place because of his failure to come to the scratch.

To those who never heard of this Cribb Club of Boston, I may say that it was made up of the blue bloods and kid glove element of Boston. Only members were allowed to attend its affairs, one black ball could bar any candidate for membership, and only men whose people came over in the first cabin of the Mayflower need apply. The fighters, of course, whose folks came over in the Cephalonia, were hired for their occasions. There was another Cribb Club in Boston later on, but that was a different kind of club, and anybody could get into its affairs if he had the price at the door.

Well, after the failure to meet Kilrain, McCaffrey fought Pete McCoy in the old Windsor Theater in Boston. The bout wasn't a decision, and I was in McCoy's corner and told Dominick what I thought of him. He declared that he could not only wallop McCoy, who was a breezy and cheerful fighter, but he could lick me. He added some things—words which, all the world over, mean fight.

He Goes After Dominick McCaffrey.

At that time, only the boldest kind of men used the kind of language on me that McCaffrey did, and as he made his boasts before quite a crowd of folks, I made up my mind to make him eat his words.

A match was made and we were to meet in Philadelphia. I went to Patsey Shepherd of Boston and told him I wanted him to train me for the work on the hide of the bold and boastful Dominick.

"I'll train you upon one condition," said Patsey, "and that is that you'll do absolutely what I tell you as regards eating and drinking, especially drinking."

I made the promise and stuck to it. The training was as stiff as Patsey could make it, and there wasn't any drinking in it at all. When the time came for the battle in Philadelphia I was as fit as a fiddle and Dominick McCaffrey might well have felt a little weak around the knees at the prospect that was before him. But to give him credit, I think he was as eager for battle as I was—and I was simply crazy to get him within a comfortable ring and before as large a crowd as he had when he made his original def.

The night the battle was scheduled for there was a mob of sports gathered in little old Philadelphia to see it. If John D. Rockefeller or J. Pierpont Morgan or any other geeser who owns all the money had dumped a cartload of gold in front of me as an inducement to have me call that fight off I'd have given him the laugh. There wasn't money enough in the mint to have got me to let Dominick off, even if he had wanted to duck the meeting, which he didn't.

Philadelphia Police Spell a Good Thing.

But just as we were about to start the ball a-going, in came a flock of police and they declared the whole thing



THE COON BEGAN TO WATCH IT HIS EYES POPPING OUT OF HIS HEAD



JUST AS WE WERE ABOUT TO START IN CAME A FLOCK OF POLICE



JOHN L.'S FATHER NEVER WEIGHED OVER 130 POUNDS



DRAWN FROM MEMORY BUT I NEVER SAW HIM.

ARMSTRONG

boxing in the East that unless things are made more limber in the States East the whole of the game will be transferred to Nevada and California. Boxing is a sure thing for at least two years longer in California, and Nevada will come in as a strong claimant for this sport. Out in Nevada there are 30,000 miners in twenty-five miles of country that takes in the richest gold camps in the world, and nearly every one of them stands ready to pay \$5 or \$10 a crack for the right kind of boxing shows. When some promoter opens up this part of Nevada to light-ers, I can see things drift away from the East unless things are changed. Watch the size of the crowd that will see Jimmy Gardner and Honey Melody at Goldfield, Nev., within a couple of months.

It is a fortunate thing that California did not kill off the heavy-weight contests, for if this had happened, this cream of the sport would be driven to the secret places and that would be bad for all hands. The public takes more stock in one battle by us big fellows than they do in fifty fights by lighter fellows, no matter how clever the latter may be, and I can't see why there is this cranky desire to kill off the sport by barring the big fellows from doing the things nature built them to do. Frames like mine were never intended for ribbon counters and such. They were made for athletics and the joy of healthy struggle. Why don't the legislators set out to legislate the zip out of colts and the sap from running in the trees? It would be as sensible.

Disappearance of a Colored Wonder.

There was a colored brother who mysteriously disappeared from a camp I was in some years ago, who, if he had been kept in captivity long enough to have trained, would have put Peter Jackson and all the other chocolate bruisers into the second rate class. I don't know where he came from. All I knew was that he said his name was Julius Wilson and he wanted to be a fighter. Some of the fellows with me tried him out and they told me he sure had a terrific punch and couldn't be hurt with anything softer than a hammer.

I thought I'd take him in hand as a curiosity and while I was fishing for bass in the pond near by I told him to come and talk to me. He stripped to show me his build, and a birch pole which he could do, a birch pole which had been used to catch live bait and which had been thrown into the pond began to rush through the water, stop, stand on end, dive and do the funniest stunts. The coon began to watch it, his eyes popping out of his head, and as it made one very swift dive he grabbed his overalls and hat and dashed into the woods yelling that the place had "de haanta."

We afterward got the pole with a big bass on the end of the line. We found that a small shiner had taken the hook on the line and the bass had taken both when nobody was intending to catch him. But that cullud person never appeared and he missed being a world-beater in his color class because he didn't wait to find out what was doing. I never laid eyes on him afterward. Yours truly,

JOHN L. SULLIVAN

(Continued Next Sunday.)

off. Say, you might have knocked me down with a feather. All my hard training had gone for nothing, and there was Dominick within arms reach and they wouldn't let me show him. Of all the thousands who had looked forward to that battle, I was the most disappointed, and I don't know how much liquor I used in drowning my sorrow.

Patsey Shepherd wanted me to go back to Boston, but I remained in Philadelphia a couple of weeks, and most of this time I was in a cafe owned by an Englishman. The people came there in droves to see me, and they thought the Englishman's wet goods without stopping to count their change after they'd tried to drink the froth

and when I was ready to return to Boston, I knew that I had been the cause of putting thousands of dollars into the pockets of my English friend. By way of a joke, I said to him:

"Arthur, do I owe you anything?"

"Yes, Johnny, you owe me \$1500, but hif you 'aven't got it with you, some

h'other time will do," was his come-back, without the flutter of an eyelid.

I had a good mind to pay him the money, for such a nerve as his ought to be coddled, I haven't used the full name of my English friend, but the sports may be able to guess it.

I send a warning to the lovers of