

REVIEW OF RAILING ATHLETIC SPORTS

BAT NELSON'S WORD BATTLE

Great Dane Has the Toughest Encounter of His Career.

EASY TO FIGHT IN THE RING.

Entirely Different Matter When One Attempts to Tell About It, Says Lightweight Champion.

Battling Nelson, lightweight champion, "Great Dane," "Durable Dane," etc., etc., who got his real start right here in Salt Lake City when he beat Spider Webb, certainly appreciates humorous articles written about him.

Recently he was interviewed in New York by a Bostonian Bulger on the New York World. The article so pleased Bat that he sent copies of the same to his friends, and one reached the sporting editor of the "News." The article follows with the read with interest and amusement by Bat's many friends here:

"Literary Office of Battling Nelson (Inc.).

That is as near an exact reproduction of the sign on the door as can be made. But there it was in all its awe-inspiring importance! My feeling of timidity as I stepped on the red carpeted stairs in answer to a summons from the author can readily be imagined.

In response to a grunt which indicated that I was to enter I shoved the door open, and there sat the author poring over a bundle of manuscript that looked like one of the early editions of our leading dailies. On one side of the desk rested a typewriter machine, a bottle of mud, the World Almanac and a sporting annual. On the other lay a bundle of freshly sharpened pencils stacked up like cord wood.

The author, who I saw in his shirt-sleeves, the only thing that betrayed his manly calling was the movement of his muscles so well formed as to be only half hidden by the pink-striped covering. There was also a faint, but distinct, red line on the forehead side of his head and could not be observed from the door. I afterward learned that the room was arranged with that particular thing in mind.

TOOK SWAT AT JOE GANS.

With the slash of his pencil Battling Nelson blotted out a line which was somewhat an "editorial" error, and turned around in his swivel chair.

"Set down, kid," he began by way of making me feel easy. "I want to ask you some questions. You've been to college, haven't you?"

The visitor nodded his head. "Well," went on the author, "I want you to tell me the exact meaning of the word 'notorious'."

A weak attempt was made to explain that it meant a person whose bad deeds were well known. This didn't quite hit the mark so far as the Battler was concerned. He looked up inquiringly.

"In other words," I said, "to say that a man is notorious is more of a reflection than a compliment."

"I get you," replied the author. "You mean to say that if I call a man notorious I'm handing him a little knock?"

Down went the word on the MS. "Fine word," the author gleefully commented as he scribbled it. "I wanted to call Joe Louis a notorious fellow for writing a story in which he said I was an 'abysmal brute,' and I didn't want to slip him a boot."

"Flop yourself down there, kid," he went on. "I want to read you a few chapters of my book and see what you think of it." His request, or rather his order, was obeyed.

CHAPTER ON HARD KNOCKS.

"Here's one that I think will be a knockout," and he pulled a closely written strip of manuscript from beneath the mangle. "As you can see, this chapter is dealing with the hard knocks I had and how I finally triumphed in the end—that triumphed is a pretty good one itself, eh, kid?"

"I really thought it a bird, but that was just a feather."

"Here is the way I slugged the idea down on paper, and I want you to tell me how you like it on the level, now—not the 'bull'—but the way I wrote it, precisely: 'The biting snow may fall and the wintry winds may blow, but, nevertheless, the Battler kept plugging on and beat them all low.' He looked up expectantly. "I got that one, eh?"

"That's it, that's it," he chuckled reassuringly. "I'm putting over something new here, and that's where I am going to make a hit."

Having gone this far, Nelson handed me a whole awful of manuscript and bade me read. For the work of a man who has never used a pen before, his writing, his ability to describe what he has experienced is really wonderful. I became so interested in the first chapter that I had to read on. In a simple manner he has told some incidents that are graphic in detail.

HIS WORK WAS DONE WELL.

The work was done so well that I hesitated to read it. I developed, however, that he had eliminated everything that he was not sure about—the meaning of words, for instance. He was simply seeking information.

Nelson is always trying to learn something new. During the two weeks that he was at work writing his manuscript he had the visit him every morning and bring along a dictionary. Some paragraphs he would rewrite as many as five times. Nothing ever got through until he had thoroughly dissected it.

He had just finished a special chapter on Billy Nolan, the manager with whom he is at odds. He handed it over for me to read.

"That's good stuff, Bat," was my comment. "Only I think you ought to have a little more dialogue in it."

"Why?" and he looked quizzically. "I don't want any dialogue about it."

"Say, kid," and he swung around quickly. "What the hell is that dialogue thing anyhow? That word ain't in my book, but it sounds to me like a good one."

I explained as best I could that dialogue meant a conversation between two persons. "In other words, Bat," I

said, "write down just what you and Nelson said to each other."

Oh, chop it, chop it," emphatically declared the author. "I couldn't put that in the book. He simply told me that he wanted 50 per cent, and I told him to—and other things. Couldn't put that in a book, would you?"

HE DUCKS BIG WORDS.

My suggestion was that he could not so long as he stuck to the original phraseology. He was about to jump at me again and I amended by substituting "words" for "phrasology."

"O," he said, "I get you."

"You know," he explained when my reading had resumed. "I have tried to duck all the big words that I can. Still, and he looked reflectively, 'I've slugged in a couple that are beauts.'"

Leaning forward he asked that I read the fourth chapter. I read carefully, and as my face failed to show any startled wrinkles, he asked in a disappointed tone: "Didn't you get it?"

"That's the biggest word that's in the book, but I think it's a hot one," he then pointed to the word "unsophisticated." It did look big at second glance, but I waited for the explanation.

"I put that one in there, kid, to show these rummies that I had some class to me. If I wanted to show it. You see, that's a bird of a word because these rummies won't know what it means, and they'll look it up. Once it gets in there, they'll stick it, and they'll learn something."

The word was used when he called himself "an unsophisticated kid."

"You know," he explained, "I could have said 'unpolished,' which means the same thing, but I wanted to put the other one over. It's longer."

NELSON'S GREATEST BLOW.

I tried in vain to explain that the two words did not mean the same thing, and came very near getting myself disliked for so doing. In fact, I think that attempt was largely responsible for his demonstrating his great liver punch on me one hour later.

"What is your greatest blow, Bat?" I asked, by way of suggestion. "That might be an interesting feature in the book."

He whispered: "That is the big secret of the layout. 'That is the one best chapter.' He took me into the secret, however, and explained that it had to do with the liver. Wait'll I show you."

I arose rather tremulously and started to back away. "Oh, I won't hurt you," he said, reassuringly. "I just want to show you the principle of it." In his eye I thought I saw something that made him think about our tilt over that word "unsophisticated."

He put his fist under my arm and explained that he was now backing out of a clinch. "When I get right here," he said, "I jab my hand into the liver, like this—"

When I came to he was grinding out the words "liver punch" and the downfall of one James Edward Britt.

WHERE BIG TEAMS

WILL DO TRAINING

All the big league clubs have agreed on their training camp for next spring. In the American league this arrangement follows:

Detroit, San Antonio; St. Louis, Houston; Cleveland, Mobile; Chicago, California; Boston, Hot Springs; Athletics, New Orleans; New York, Macon; Washington, Galveston.

A rule passed at the American league meeting, and which for some reason was not given out officially for publication, is that American league teams are at liberty to play games among themselves in the spring.

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DO RORAND'S WINE THEORY

DOES NOT HOLD GOOD

Give me wine, red wine, because it makes me run fast, and faster and faster, give me Chianti and give me lots of it for its life itself, is wine. I love it because it makes me forget that I am tired. I want wine because when I drink it no one can catch me. Ah, Chianti, it makes life and victory.

This is what Dorando Pietri, near-winner of the Marathon race, said in New York a few days before he met Johnny Hayes.

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old league follows: Boston, Augusta; Brooklyn, Jacksonville; Philadelphia, Cincinnati; St. C. or Cincinnati; Newburg, Hot Springs; Cincinnati, Atlanta; Chicago, Shreveport; St. Louis, Little Rock.

An interesting tilt will be a clash between rivals, Stallings of New York, booking spring games with Cincinnati, a club now managed by Clark Griffith, who formerly managed the New York club.

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the official winner, in a rerunning of the classic event.

Dorando was drinking several bottles of wine each day. He took it while running, while eating, before arising and before retiring. He practically lived on wine. He said he couldn't run without it, and laid his success in the long distance events to wine.

Pietri collapsed after he entered the stadium at Shepherd's Bush grounds for the Olympic games last summer. He lost the Marathon when in sight of the finish line.

Dorando came to America. He said he lost the real Marathon because he was given whisky and champagne instead of wine. He declared if he had been given wine he would have won. He drank wine in preparing for his race with Hayes on American soil, and he won. He laid his success to wine.

Then came Longboat. Dorando was still training on wine. He said he would defeat Longboat on wine as he had defeated Hayes, but in that meeting on the cinder path of Madison Square garden in the closing week of November, Dorando collapsed near the finish line and was carried off the track. He said his heart gave out.

Last Saturday night they ran again, Dorando and Longboat. They met in Buffalo. Again there was no question about Longboat's superiority over the Italian. They had gone 18 miles and six laps when Dorando collapsed again. He said his heart gave out.

Four times this year has Dorando engaged in Marathon contests and in only one has he finished. His wine theory must still be proven, for when he raced Hayes the American was in a bad shape and was hardly expected to win.

Mat Maloney is one of the most prominent Marathon runners in the country today. He was defeated by Gus Ruhlman, who now keeps a palatial cafe in Brooklyn. Thomas Crowley because he collapsed when 20 yards from the finish line. Maloney declared he collapsed because he took a sip of wine. Near the sixteenth mile Maloney's attendant walked off, and some one handed the runner a glass of wine. He drank it. His collapse was the result. It was the only time he took anything stronger than water during the contest, and the only time that he ever collapsed.

Dorando Pietri himself has established convincing proof that a man can't keep in good physical condition and sip from the cup that cheers.

MOTOR COMPANY

CONDUCTS SCHOOL

In order to help its ambitious employees, to increase the efficiency of its factory organization, and hence improve its product and its service to its patrons, the Chalmers-Detroit Motor company has organized a school for employees. The school is for the purpose of helping the men study the general principles of motor cars and their application in the factory.

The classes meet for an hour after work. At the head of the school is a member of the engineering department. In addition to the regular lectures by the instructors from the engineering department, the school is addressed by some official of the company, or by some well known man from the outside who is an authority on some special line connected with the automobile industry.

President Hugh Chalmers and other officers are regular attendants at the school, thereby encouraging the men to keep up their work and enthusiasm. At the opening session of one of the classes, Mr. Chalmers said:

"Satisfied owners are the greatest assets any automobile company can have. It is the duty of a company to prosper very long unless it can satisfy the people who buy its cars. Satisfied owners, first of all, depend upon the merit of the product. The merit of the product depends to a large extent upon the efficiency of the men concerned in its manufacture."

"It is the ambition of this company to have nothing but satisfied owners. We are determined that every man who buys a Chalmers-Detroit car shall have cause to feel satisfied with it. The object of this school is to help employees increase their knowledge of the automobile business so they can help us to refine and improve our product."

"We want all of you to learn all that you possibly can concerning our cars and about the theory of automobile construction generally. All of you know that knowledge is power. This company means to expand its business, and that we will have important positions to fill. We will have to have more heads of departments and we want to get the best men for the job. We are in our own plant if we possibly can."

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Manager Griffith Denies Stories Published About "Reds."

Cincinnati, Jan. 22.—There are two stories out that I would like to deny," said Manager Griffith of the Reds today. He is the report from Chicago to the effect that he had offered to trade Morley and Hubert for Joe Thicker, either in Chicago or any other place. He said he had not offered to trade Morley and Hubert for Thicker, and that he had not offered to trade any of his players for Thicker.

LONG WALKING MATCH.

Old Time Sporting Event Scheduled At New York.

New York, Jan. 22.—The stage set for the long walking match, one of the most popular of the International Sports company, will be held at Madison Square garden for the week beginning March 7. It is a match for an individual, a prize of \$10,000, and is planned to have 10 runners, divided into 10 teams, who will go after \$1000 each, prize money, and a large sum of international affairs. It is with the representatives of America, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Russia, Belgium, Brazil, Holland, China and the Philippines.

It is said that America will have three teams in the race, and that there may be one from the United States. The American teams will represent New York, Chicago and California. The match is a six-day race of this kind, long distance, and has been held for 30 years ago, when it was won by John Howard, Hart, Norman, and others. It was a race of 100 miles, and Frank at 137 pounds and Frank at 143 pounds.

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HAS-BEE BOUCH AFTER JOHNSON

Negro Champion Receives Many Funny Challenges Now-a-Days.

BUT THEY ALL WANT MONEY

Would Rather Meet Black Under Conditions Imposed By T. Barnes—\$30,000 or So.

With the invasion of Jack Johnson in the championship inner circle there has arisen in the breast of every true and loyal Caucasian an ambition to save the old "rag" from the Ethiopian peril, and as a consequence a flood of challenges are being hurled at the black giant. All the famous "has-beens" who still have vivid recollections of the days when they had the pugilistic world at their feet have come forward to make noble response and have issued challenges. The blood of Gus Ruhlman, who now keeps a palatial cafe in Brooklyn, Thomas Crowley because he collapsed when 20 yards from the finish line, Maloney declared he collapsed because he took a sip of wine. Near the sixteenth mile Maloney's attendant walked off, and some one handed the runner a glass of wine. He drank it. His collapse was the result. It was the only time he took anything stronger than water during the contest, and the only time that he ever collapsed.

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clubhouse the Denver Motor club has secured a country clubhouse about seven miles south of the city for the coming year.

Austin will hold a commercial vehicle competition from October 1 to 17, and the Automobile club of France will have a similar demonstration and test from November 18 to 28.

There are now more than 1,000 taxicabs in operation in New York City.

Chicago is the center of the motor buggy manufacturing business. There are made no fewer than ten different makes of the high-wheelers in that city.

The number of self-propelled vehicles registered in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales has more than doubled in the last three years. In 1905 the number was 74,000; at the end of September, 1908, it was 154,391.

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