

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE MAGAZINE PAGE

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Battling Nelson's Worst Knock Out!

The Real Inside Story of the Little Lightweight Champion's Battle with Matrimony and Why He Got the Count So Soon



This is One of the Admirable Cartoons Fay King, Latter Mrs. Bat Nelson, Drew of Herself and the Battler After His Yellowstone Park Tour.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I will now introduce to you Mr. Battling Nelson and Miss Fay King, both members of this club. (Can the funny stuff, Bat, and take your corner!) This is a return match, Divorce Court rules, for a final decision of their disputed Matrimonial Prize contest—hatpins and left scissors hook barred—and Bat's pompadour guaranteed free from glue or Portland cement.

Bat's record you know—what he did to Jimmy Britt, the Dude, and others too numerous to mention more than even up what Gans and Welgast did to him. Accidents will happen even in the best regulated "pug" families. As to Miss Fay King, most of you know that her home town, Denver, Colorado, considers her the best lady cartoonist in captivity. She's sure some artist. (Take your corner, Fay—you're looking lovelier than ever!) That she's back on the cartoon job—though technically still Mrs. Nelson—looks bad for Bat, for, as already remarked, she's sure some cartoonist.

Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you. (Shake hands—Time!)

ROUND 1—A Heart Punch Brings Bat to His Knees.

FOUGHT in Portland Oregon, three years ago—after Battling Nelson had visited Yellowstone Park and was writing a little book about his experiences with grizzlies and geysers. As he himself wrote therein: "Miss Fay King has talent, ambition and a strong heart, which is bound to win out sooner or later. Such wonderful artists as Tad and Homer Davenport have commented very favorably on her work. She is but a mite of a girl, standing only five feet tall, weighing 123 pounds, fully clothed. Has black hair and eyes—in all she's a stunning little brunette."

Bat opened the round with a powerful appeal to Fay's admiration of physical strength and ability to take punishment. She readjusted his diamond stick pin, and countered neatly with a cartoon for his booklet, containing two figures—"him and her"—in the act of taking and being taken.

The blow was right over the heart. Bat sank to his knees, breathing hard. He was ready to take the count, but her ringing laugh roused him in time to attempt a clinch before time was called.

ROUND 2—Fay Sends in a Solar Plexus Jolt.

FOUGHT in Denver, a year later—where her professional punch would have landed her even without Bat's skilful foot-work on her behalf. On entering the ring both appeared to be in fine training—though some secret anxiety seemed to have drawn Bat a bit fine. At the call of "time" Bat led with his right in which was a \$1,000 diamond engagement ring.

Fay staggered slightly under the force of the blow. On the defensive while recovering she spritely twice around the ring, avoiding Bat's left hooks containing the same argument. Suddenly she ducked another sparkler aimed for her ear and cross-countered neatly with one of her best cartoons. The punch, landing squarely in Bat's eyes, dazed him.

During the remainder of the round, Bat's left still offering the engagement sparkler, landed lightly once or twice without making any visible impression on his wary and laughing antagonist. Her counter punches, each with a stupefying cartoon in it, were jolts that added to Bat's evident grogginess. A strange, imploring look was in his eyes, which remained fixed on her pretty, smiling countenance. Repeatedly he made vain efforts to save himself in a clinch. When time was called, Bat limped to his corner, doubled up from the effects of a cartoon masterpiece in the solar plexus.

ROUND 3—Bat's Foot-work Weakens Fay's Defense.

Bat forced the fighting. Seeing that he was concentrating on her heart—which she had difficulty in guarding—she was on



the verge of panic. It was evident that Bat hoped she would clinch, and he meant to keep that clinch working until the call of time, during which he would be able to get in a finishing undercut with the engagement sparkler. The spectators were breathless; in vain the presses called for cartoons.

Fay spritely, but Bat's foot-work was superior, and her heart began to feel the strain. During their third circuit of the ring her head suddenly drooped, as Bat footed it around in front of her, landing on his shoulder, while her arms got a strangle hold on his neck. Taking chivalrous pains to keep his bristling pompadour out of her eyes, Bat planted his undercut. The engagement ring landed as per programme.

ROUND 4—Bat Scores a Clean Knock-out.

FOUGHT in Hegewisch, a suburb of Chicago, principally owned by Battling Nelson. Referee, the Rev. Dr. Fourthly. Date, January 22, 1913. Both entered the ring looking smiling and confident. The cheers of a dozen Chicago sporting editors nearly drowned the referee's opening remarks. There was a dangerous sparkle in Bat's eyes. He fainted with his left and scored a clean knock-out with his right—in which was clasped a plain gold ring, which the referee insisted was according to the amended rules of the game.

It looked as though Fay would take the count. But at "eight" she came up smiling with a marriage certificate under her arm.

ROUND 5—Fay Makes Bat Take the Count.

FOUGHT at the Wellington Hotel, Chicago, the next morning. Bat opened the round, landing heavily with a wedding breakfast. Fay countered with rapid fire smiles at the following tribute to "My Friends," printed on the menu card:

Barratt O'Hara, Lieut-Governor, Illinois.
Joseph W. Latimer, My Attorney.
Mark A. Foote, U. S. Commissioner.
Johnny Coulon, World's Bantamweight Champion.

When Bat Was Married He and Mrs. Nelson Sent Around to Their Friends a Postal Card with Both Their Faces on It in the Happiest Attitude. This is Part of the Postal. It's Cupid's Fault It's Torn Like This. Cupid Had a Perfectly Awful Time of It and Tore It in Revenge.

Robert Clement, My Investor.
William A. McGuire, Author of "The Divorcee" My Dramatist.
John R. Robinson, My Manager.
Fay King Nelson, My Bride.
Kathryn Pearl Robinson, My Manager's Bride.

Bat landed strongly with new clothes and an imported valet. Fay countered with several new bonnets and a French maid.

Bat began to send in short arm jolts of a variety new to Fay, which she named "ingrowing egotism." She came back with retorts to the effect that he had "rushed her to the matrimonial ropes"; that he had virtually "kidnapped her"; that if a taxicab had not been handy, it never would have happened; that she regarded it as a "marriage of convenience"; anyway, she doubted if it was any longer convenient. He made a feint with a fist filled with sparring engagements, leaving an opening, into which she thrust a clean knockout, labelled, "overdue cartoon orders in Denver—and it's strain time!" Bat had to take the count.

THE POST-MORTEM—Long Distance by Telegraph.

Denver, Colo., March 12. Mrs. Fay King Nelson, wife of Battling Nelson, who has resumed her work as cartoonist here, makes the following statement regarding their separation:

"I don't want Battling Nelson nor any of the luxuries or money he can give me—I just want my freedom. And I intend to be freed from him, for I am going through with my plans for a divorce. His claim that there is another man in the case is absolutely false and he will have a hot time trying to prove this if he brings a counter suit."

"I won't have a thing to do with him, when he comes to Denver. I am going to get a divorce from him just as soon as it can be arranged. I won't even see him or him, except to have my attorney arrange for a settlement and the divorce."

"I realized that I had made a mistake the day of the wedding and the first opportunity I got I hurried back to Denver."

I want to keep on working as a newspaper cartoonist and make my own living until I meet a man I can love, whether he is rich or poor.

"If Bat Nelson owned the whole of Chicago instead of most of Hegewisch, I wouldn't take a cent of his money. I have even refused to accept his wedding presents."

"I just want him to free me, for I never could be happy with him. I told him so repeatedly, but he rushed me off my feet when we were married. Until I meet a

Atlanta, Ga., March 12. Battling Nelson's manager, John R. Robinson, speaking for the pugilist about his domestic troubles, made this statement:

"Battling Nelson is the cleanest minded and most honest man I have ever known, and I have been in the newspaper business meeting all manner of men, for a lifetime. Mrs. Nelson and her folks are taking a foul advantage of him and I am not going to stand by and see him get the short end of the deal."

"I have read letters from Mrs. Nelson,

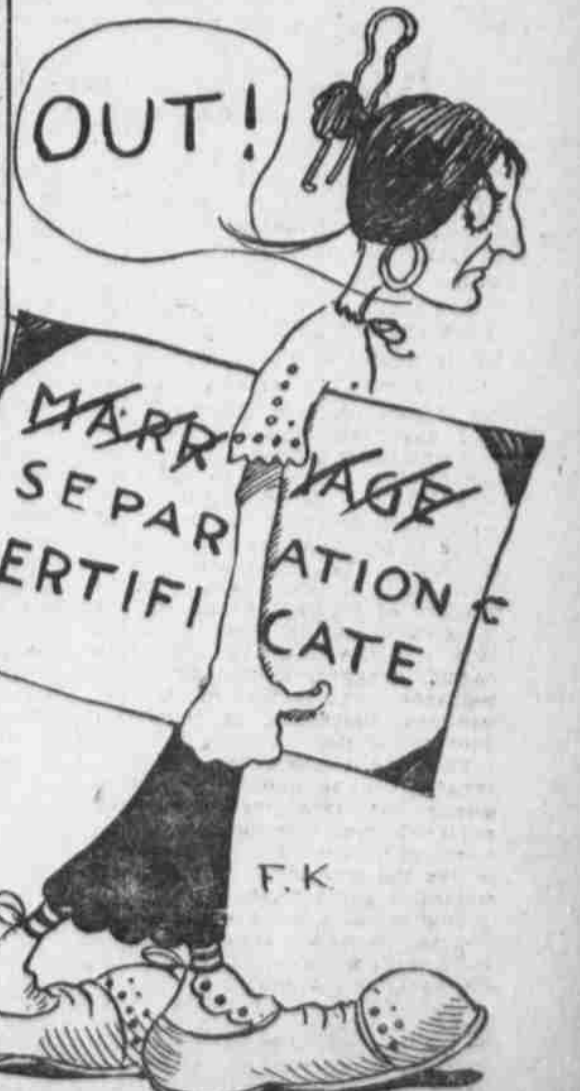
And This Is the Beautiful Cartoon Mrs. Nelson Drew of Themselves in the First Delicious Hours of Their Honeymoon.

man I can love I want to work along earning my own living. I never met such a man."

when she was plain Fay King, that eulogize the fighter to the sky. There are no words in the English language that she did not use in praising him and every word was the truth. These letters have continued for years. To use her own expression, he was a demigod to her.

"Then she went back to Denver, under the hypnotic influence of the 'other man.' That's the entire answer. Nelson will never allow her to get a divorce. His hands are absolutely clean in the matter, but he is too game to show the pain he is suffering. After the time limit of two years for desertion, as provided by the laws of our State (Illinois), have passed, he will sue her for divorce. He will be the one to get the decree, not she. In the meantime, Attorney Latimer will look after the matter and see that no shyster lawyer, looking for a big fee from the Nelson bank roll, puts anything over on Bat. And if that 'other man' ever crosses Nelson's path, it's a job for the emergency hospital."

A Picture from the Battler's Wedding Menu. He Was Right. It Was the Finish of a Champion—but Not Quite in the Way He Meant Then.



Growing Beefsteak and Chicken Artificially

A VERY surprising solution of the cost of living problem has been suggested by Prof. W. H. Lewis, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Professor Lewis and his wife together have discovered that beefsteak, chicken and other desirable meats may be made to grow by keeping them in a saline solution.

This discovery is a development of the work done by Prof. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, New York. He caused tiny pieces of the organs and tissues of certain animals to reproduce their cells in a laboratory vessel.

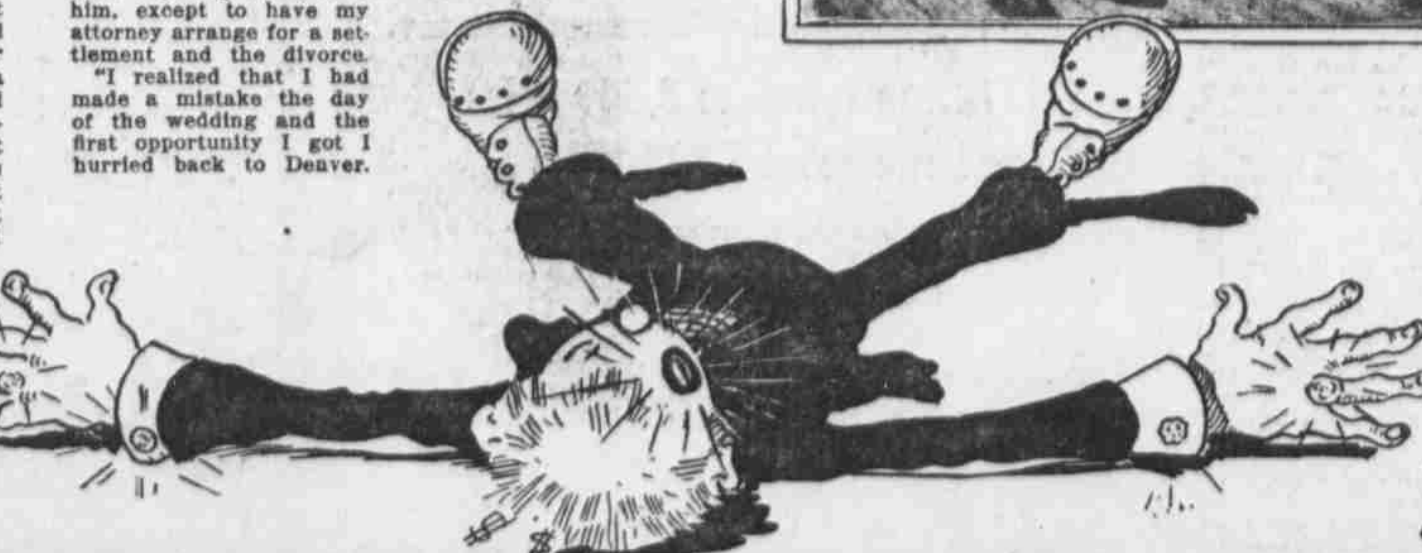
It occurred to Professor Lewis that this method might be applied to meats used in domestic cookery, and he claims to have obtained practical results which will reduce the price of meat very greatly.

Dr. Lewis and his wife have taken pieces of chicken, placed them in a saline solution, and grown chicken meat. They have discovered that it is possible to cut off some of this chicken meat without hindering further growth, and the process can be repeated indefinitely. They also claim that the process can be applied to any

sort of flesh. Dealing with the question of his discoveries, Dr. Lewis says:

"The value of all these experiments which my wife and I have conducted has several different phases. For instance, it may some day have a great commercial value. There is nothing to prevent our operations from being conducted on a much larger scale. Suppose that you had a number of vats filled with saline solutions, and that in these solutions you put the muscles or other organs of various animals, not only while in the embryo, but even when they had reached the adult stage. There would be large growths, and these would be edible. In other words, the salt solutions could be turned into incubators, sure to hatch, and from which pieces of embryo chicks could be taken every day without hindering the increase of the supply."

The possibilities conjured up by this statement are so great as to almost verge on the miraculous. The idea of actually growing meat appears to offend the laws of nature, and yet science has done stranger things.



This Is Mrs. Nelson's Last Sad Cartoon of Their Parting: "1", "2", "3", "4", "5", "6", "7", "8", "9", "10"—and "Out!"