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MY STORY OF MY LIFE

BY JAMES J. JEFFRIES

CHAPTER IV. I JUST HAPPENED TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL FIGHTER.

I JUST happened to become a fighter. That's the only way to explain it. There had always been some sort of an idea back in my mind that I'd like to be a champion. I guess every boy has that notion. But I hadn't followed the idea up. Working and hunting took all of my time now. There was a welter-weight fighter named Billy Gallagher at the works. He was a good one in his day—a good clever fighter. Billy was always after me. He said I had the making of a great heavyweight and that I could get a pile of easy money for fighting instead of pulling down a few dollars a day by hard work. Billy was enthusiastic over it, but I myself couldn't see where fighting in a ring could touch hunting deer or mountain lions as a sporting proposition, and I didn't seem to care much for getting money by punching other people on the nose. I guess I was too good natured, and, for that matter, I never have gone into a fight with much spite toward the other man. Some of my best friends today are the men who have fought me in the ring and been knocked out.



AS I RAN IN I BEGAN PULLING OFF MY COAT.

through the west. Our fellows knew his reputation, but when he began to boast they didn't like it, and when he threw a handful of gold twenties on the bar and said he'd back himself to knock out any man in the town they got together in a corner and talked it over. They decided that young Jeffries was about the only man within reach equal to the negro in size and strength. In a few minutes they sent a man running to my house to call me out to fight.

It didn't take long to explain things. In about a minute I was tearing back with them. As I ran in through the door I began pulling my coat off, ready to fight him there on the spot. But he explained that there was a slight misunderstanding. He didn't want to fight off-hand like that. He meant that he could whip any man in town in a ring with gloves on his hands and with a referee. That was what he meant. He'd like to fight me that way and we might as well both make a little money out of it.

That was a new notion to me, but it sounded good. The boys offered to back me with a bet, which suited Griffin well enough, judging from the way he grinned. Gallagher wanted me to fight too. In short, we fixed up a match on the spot, and I went home and slept like a log until the alarm clock rang in the morning. There wasn't anything to worry over about the idea of fighting a professional. He didn't look so terrible, and besides that I never did credit negroes with much fighting ability and gamesness.

Billy Gallagher wanted me to go into training for the fight, which was to be held in a hall in town. But I wouldn't do it. I went right along with my work and let Griffin go into training.

were lit, and in the middle of the hall a regulation boxing ring had been put up on an elevated platform. We both got stripped for action without much delay. Before I went out to the ring they pulled the gloves over my hands and tied them on. I can remember just how funny boxing gloves felt to me. I never had a pair on before in my life. My hands felt so big and clumsy that I didn't know what to do with them.

We got into the ring. Griffin was a tall fellow, all stoney muscles from head to heels. He wore a wide smile like a hungry man sitting down to a good dinner. But he didn't look very dangerous. I'd seen stronger and bigger men in the shops. The lights and the people interested me more than he did.

At last time was called, and we walked together and shook hands. Then I got the surprise of my life. Almost before I had my hands up he hit me an awful smash on the nose. You can talk about being hit on the chin or in the stomach or on the ear, but let me tell you that a blow on the nose hurts more than any of them. It makes your eyes fill and blur, and you wonder if your nose is flat. A blow on the nose either makes a man want to stop fighting or it makes him mad. It made me mad. I forgot all about the boxing gloves on my hands for a moment and tore after that con to break him in two. I went for him just the way I've seen the bulls rush at the matadors in the Mexican bull rings. That was just what Griffin wanted. He was a boxer, and I was a novice. A boxer can play with a novice, as a rule, and never take a chance. What that negro did to me during the next four or five rounds was a shame. He punched me all over the ring. He landed on my nose and my eyes and my chin as he pleased. He just walloped away as fast as he could hit, and I surely did see stars. As for landing on him, I couldn't have hit him with a whip.

But after a few rounds I recovered from my surprise. I took stock and began to figure. Here was a man handling me in a way I'd never dreamed of. This must be the boxing skill that Gallagher had told me about. Griffin was hitting me where he pleased, but he couldn't either daze me or knock me down, and I wasn't tiring at all. The thing for me to do was to find out how he did it—to get the combination—and then pay him back in his own coin. And I felt sure that if I could ever land on him he'd drop.

I cooled off as I began to think. I stopped rushing at him in blind bull fashion. Griffin thought I was tiring and he began coming to me instead. For awhile he peppered me as hard as he could, trying to put me down. As each blow started I studied out the way he delivered it. Now and then I tried one of his blows in return; but, as a rule, he either blocked or ducked cleverly or stepped aside a little bit and countered me on the chin. The way he could land on me made me feel foolish—it made me feel helpless. And yet all the time I knew that if he end I'd knock him out. I felt sure of that.

I was learning now in every round. In fact, I think more knowledge of the fighting game came to me that night than in a year's boxing that followed. In eight or ten rounds the negro began to show signs of growing tired. He was wearing himself out trying to beat me down, and his blows didn't hurt. I could feel the difference now. There didn't seem to be the same weight and sting behind the punches when they landed on me. I began walking into him slowly without attempting to strike a blow, just holding my head forward, crouching a little with my right hand up near my chin and the left stuck straight out in front. I learned that trick in my first fight, and afterward it won the championship of the world for me. Tommy Ryan never showed me that "crouch." It was my natural way of fighting.

Now that he was tiring the big negro baffled me by sticking his left hand into my face with light jabs holding me off. I used my right hand, nearly all the time, only jabbing at his head now and then with the left, for as he battered me I had learned something and had planned a way to win. I wanted to settle him with one sure punch. I've always liked to win my fights that way.

It was hard to get the opening I waited for. Griffin was still fast on his feet. His cleverness puzzled me. When I saw a chance it had passed before I could get into action. In my corner after the thirteenth round my second said: "Jim, it's 11:30. The lights go out at 12. Go after him now or you'll lose your chance and he'll get the decision on points."

"I'll get him," I said. We came up for the fourteenth. Griffin was weary, but unmarked. I was cut and bruised and battered, but just as strong and fresh as at the start. Moreover, I had begun that fight without any idea of what glove fighting is a ring meant, and by this time I had learned something. I began forcing my way in, walking steadily toward Griffin and making him back away as he jabbed at me. I straightened up a little and let him have a good opening for my chin. It was a chance for the right. Griffin, grinning a little, shot the right over. I bobbed in enough to let the blow slip around my neck and jammed my left fist into his stomach. He just dropped in a heap and curled up like a leaf. The fight was over. The referee counted his ten; he could have counted a hundred. All the boys were stepping on the back and telling me I was a wonder.

SCARED BY COMET LEAPS IN SEA

A Virginian on Board Steamship Ends Life While Crazed With Fear.

Philadelphia, May 17.—Terrorized at the sight of Halley's comet, Virgin Mathews, a passenger on the steamer Admiral Schley, of the United Fruit Co., arriving here today, leaped overboard while the vessel was steaming up the Atlantic coast. Lifeboats were lowered, but the man's body did not come to the surface.

When the comet appeared on the horizon Captain Mader called all the passengers on deck. Mathews grew nervous and shook with terror. A few minutes later he climbed over the ship's rail and threw himself in the sea. Mathews was a Virginian, and had booked passage for Baltimore.

Are You a Paint Maker?

You don't have to be one in order to mix your own paint when you have a house to paint. Its mighty easy to buy 4 gallons of L. & M. Paint, and 3 gallons of pure Linseed Oil, and put both in a large pail and mix well together. You will then make 7 gallons of the best paint at a cost of about \$1.30 per gallon and then have a good painter paint your house.

The L. & M. is sold by: Gaskill Hdw. & Mill Supply Co., New Bern, N. C.

Rinaway Yesterday Morning

Becoming frightened at some trivial object a horse that was driven by Geo. Rispon, a colored hack driver, became unmanageable near the court house and dashed down Broad street at a pretty lively clip. When in front of the Broad Street Grocery Company the animal ran up on the sidewalk and a bicycle and crate of strawberries that were in the path of the vehicle were totally demolished. In turning off of the sidewalk the buggy which was attached to the horse struck a vehicle belonging to George Eubanks and turned it over. The animal was finally brought to a standstill near Jones' livery stable without any further damage being done. Neither the colored driver or the frightened animal were injured during the flight.

For Sale Cheap Launch

Lenoir, the boat is 36 ft. long 8 ft. beam. Has 10 H. P. engine practically new. She's fitted up with life preservers, lighter flags and every thing necessary for carrying passengers or freight. Will carry 35 or 40 passengers Has 2 separated saloons. Makes 8 miles per hour. Reason for wanting to sell not large enough using larger boats.

For further information write to: CLAUD TAYLOR, North Harlowe.

County S. S. Association

The County Sunday School Association which will effect a permanent organization in New Bern. Craven Co. on Tuesday June 2 when the Interdenominational Convention will be held, is a part of one of the largest organizations in the world. It is not merely a county association in itself, but it is a part of a system of association. Behind the County Organization is the State Association and behind the State Organization is the International Association, which comprises Canada, United States and Mexico, and behind the International is the great World's Sunday School Association, which embraces all the countries where the Sunday school forces are at work. Thus the County Association is a part of a whole, and has the benefit of the work of all the other associations behind it.

The purpose of the County Organization is to secure a deeper interest and broader view of the organized Sunday school movement through the means of interdenominational cooperation in the organization of township association in each township of the county. The Township Association is the link that completes the chain of the system. Into its organization is poured the very cream or organized Sunday school work, as it comes from the world's through the International by the State to the County into the Township Organization.

Thus this Organized Sunday School Movement is a big thing world wide in its scope, yet local in its application. It combines the qualities of being extensive and intensive at one and the same time. It is further strengthened in the fact that its work is interdenominational and behind it stands all the evangelical denominations.

The gathering here on June 2, in the Presbyterian church promises to be quite a large one and much good to the Sunday school work throughout the county is expected to follow the organization in Craven county.

LARGE WHALE WRECKS VESSEL

Crew Escapes After Big Fish Shatters Hull With Tail.

Juneau, Alaska, May 17.—An unusual disaster befell the whaler Sorenson, owned by the Tye Whaling Company, of San Francisco, when it was wrecked last Thursday by a blow of a whale's tail off Cape Carmany.

A harpooned whale crushed the hull of the whaler so that the vessel sank in four minutes. All the crew escaped in small boats.

The crew camped on the shore, and were picked up the following night. The whale was found dead the next day.

Certificate of Dissolution

To all to whom these presents may come—greeting: Whereas, it appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that the New Bern-Swanboro Transportation Company, a corporation of this State, whose principal office is situated in the city of New Bern, county of Craven, State of North Carolina (J. S. Basnight being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whose process may be served) has complied with the requirements of Chapter 21, revisal of 1905, entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing of this certificate of dissolution:

Now, therefore, I, J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did on the 28 day of April 1910, file in my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law.

In testimony whereof, I have hereto set my hand and affixed my official seal at Raleigh this 26 day of April, A. D. 1910. J. BRYAN GRIMES, Secretary of State. Recorded in Record of Incorporation "C" folio 120, Craven County Records. W. M. WATSON, Clerk Sup. Court.

SEVEN BISHOPS ARE ELECTED

College of Bishops is Now Filled And it is a Busy Day With The Workers.

Ashville, May 18.—In the General Conference at Asheville yesterday morning the list of bishops which the Conference has been selecting during the past few days was completed.

The new bishops in the order of their election are: Dr. Collins Denny, of Baltimore, a professor at Vanderbilt University. Dr. John C. Kilgo, president of Trinity College, Durham, N. C. Dr. W. B. Murrah, president of Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss. Dr. W. D. Lambuth, Secretary of the Church Board of Missions.

Dr. R. G. Waterhouse, president of Emory and Henry College, Emory, Va. Dr. E. D. Moulton, dean of Southwestern University, Georgetown, Tex. Dr. James H. McCoy, President of Birmingham College, Birmingham, Ala. Rev. T. N. Ivey, D. D., editor of the Raleigh Christian Advocate, was chosen on the fourth ballot by the General Conference South, an editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate, the official organ of the General Conference.

Dr. Ivey is regarded as one of the brainiest of the young men of the church and his selection seems to have met with general satisfaction. This gives two important places to North Carolinians, Dr. Ivey is editor of the Advocate and Bishop Kilgo from President of Trinity College.

Notice

All members of the Family Record Mutual Life Insurance Company will take notice that if the collector fails to call upon them in the next few days they will notify me at once. This is necessary as there has been a change in the management in this city. S. A. EDWARDS, Supt. 180 Broad St.

Special Sale

We have just received the finest line of brass beds that has ever been shown in the city. Different styles and different prices. Prices from \$14.00 to \$44.00. Call and look our stock over.—2 S. Mill, or 27 & 29 Middle street.

ARGUMENT BEGINS TODAY

In Case of Blakely vs Buckeye Co. Much Interest Manifested In the Case.

When Superior Court convened yesterday morning the case of Blakely vs. Buckeye Co. et al in which the plaintiff is suing for the recovery of a tract of timberland, and which was continued from the preceding day was called.

The entire session was taken up with securing the testimony of the witnesses, of whom there are quite a number, and at 4:30 o'clock, after the last witness had been examined court took a recess until this morning at 9:30.

When the session convenes today the counsel in the case will begin their arguments, and it is more than probable that this will take up the entire session and that the case will not be concluded until tomorrow.

Large Berries

One of the largest strawberries ever seen here was shown the writer by Horace Duncan, a colored farmer, who resides a few miles from the city. The berries were very large, and one of them measured 4 1/2 inches in circumference and 2 1/2 inches in length. Duncan stated that he had found other berries in his garden that were larger than the one he exhibited, but that they were not in a state of perfect preservation.

Death of W. C. Brewer

Yesterday, in this city, after a few days illness, death came to Mr. W. C. Brewer. It will be a surprise to many to learn of his death, because Mr. Brewer has been seen on the street, and May 10th was Chief Marshal of the Confederate Memorial Day parade. Mr. Brewer has been prominent in county affairs, was in the State Legislature and always interested in politics. His remains will be interred at Vanceboro.

Prof. Craven's Request

Only nine days remain before the summer vacation of the city schools will begin. Every pupil is now exerting himself or herself as the case may be, to the utmost, in order to make a good showing in the final examinations which are now taking place. Professor Craven requests the parents of pupils to see that their children do not remain away from their class a single day during the remainder of the session.

Died at Seven Springs

News was received in this city yesterday which stated that Mr. A. L. Clark better known as "Major" Clark, who for the past few years has been a resident of this city died on the 13th at Seven Springs, N. C., where he had gone to be treated for a cancer.

Mr. Clark came to this city just before the Norfolk-Southern railroad was built and assisted in surveying the route. He was at that time one of the best civil engineers in the State and since then has done much work in that capacity.

Some months ago he found that a cancer was forming on his hand and to avoid any bad results had his arm amputated, since that time he has suffered much and had rapidly failed in health. Despite the fact that his suffering at times was intense he always had a pleasant word for visitors.

At the time of his death he was 64 years of age and is survived by one son and three daughters all of whom reside in Tennessee.

Swanboro News

May 18th.—Mr. W. N. Marine, of Marine, was down here last week. He expects to build a large store here soon.

Messrs J. M. & J. R. Hatch, of Richlands have moved down here and opened a market. They are supplying our people now with some very nice meats.

Mr. T. H. Pritchard is having 2 new dwelling houses erected on the lot he recently purchased from W. D. Hargett.

The work on Mr. Pritchard's new steamboat is progressing rapidly, and we hope he will have it ready by the 4th of July and give us an excursion down to Morehead City and New Bern.

Our friend David J. Moore, is out among his friends this week canvassing for the nomination of Treasurer for (this) Onslow county. We wish "Bro. Dave" success.

Mr. D. W. Russell, of Bear Creek, was in town Saturday on business. The Masonic funeral of the late W. H. Hurst will take place next Sunday the 22nd at the family burying ground on Brown Sound. He was a member of Beulah Lodge here. COUSIN PHIL, 27 & 29 Middle St. The Furniture Man

ARGUMENT CONCLUDED

Case of Blakely vs. Buckeye Company Will Be Concluded Today.

When Superior Court convened yesterday morning the case of Blakely vs. Buckeye Company which has consumed practically all of this week's session and which was continued from the preceding day was called.

The entire session yesterday was taken up with the arguments of the counsel on both sides and some brilliant and eloquent speeches were made. The last attorney concluded his remarks at 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon and the court took a recess until this morning. The case will doubtless be concluded by noon and the jury will be discharged.

BRIDGETON ITEMS.

May 15.—We have had nice weather since our last writing although several days were cool for the time of year. Sunday passed off pleasantly, had two well attended Sunday schools and prayer meeting at the M. E. Church. Our pastor was away to fill his appointment at Beach Grove Church.

C. A. Ryman went out to Beach Grove church with Rev. J. M. Wright yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. White of Comfort, have been in town for several days visiting their sister Mrs. W. H. Willis, returned home yesterday.

The M. E. and Disciple Sunday school who were to go up to Spring Garden on the steamer Howard a picnic have decided not to go, as so many objected to going on the water so they will go Thursday out to Olympia on wagons.

Miss Lucy Cahoon who has been attending school, returned home Saturday.

Mr. J. E. Parker of New Bern spent the day in our town yesterday with relatives.

We are glad to say that the sick in town are on the mend we hope to see them well and out again.

Miss Minnie Cahoon who has been doing Pamlico teaching, and her mother Mrs. J. W. Cahoon, returned home Saturday.

Mr. S. B. Williams took a trip to his old home near Kinston last week, his sister accompanying him.

We still have new families moving in town two moved in last week. Houses seem to be scarce, someone will have to build some to rent.

Next Sunday will be Rev. J. W. Wrights appointment to preach here. We hope to have a large crowd out to hear him.

Mr. J. B. Morton is having a new home built near Blades mill, will soon have it ready to occupy.

Mr. Woody will move his family to Belhaven Tuesday. GRAY EYES

Circus Today.

Today is "circus day" and hundreds of persons will go out to the great canvas tops this afternoon and night to witness the performance of the Nathan Brothers' large troupe of performers. Remember the price is only 25 cents.

Catarrh Can Quickly Be Cured

A bottle of Hyomei, a hard rubber pocket inhaler, that will last a lifetime, and simple instructions for curing catarrh make a Hyomei outfit. Into the inhaler you pour a few drops of magical Hyomei (pronounce it High-o-me).

This is absorbed by the antiseptic gauze within and now you are ready to breathe it over the germ infested membrane where it will speedily begin its work of killing catarrh germs. Hyomei is made of Australian eucalyptol combined with other antiseptics and is very pleasant to breathe. It is guaranteed to cure catarrh, bronchitis, sore throat, croup, coughs and colds, or money back. It cleans out a stuffed up head in a few minutes. Sold by druggists everywhere, and by the Prudham Drug Co. Complete outfit \$1.00. And remember that extra bottle if afterwards needed cost only 50 cents. Breathe it, that's all. To break up cold in head or chest in a few minutes, pour a teaspoonful of Hyomei into a bowl of boiling water, cover head and bowl with towel and breathe the vapor. Just Arrived Wall paper now in stock we decided to put in good quality paper so you would not have to wait for it to be ordered, we will be glad to show you the prices from 10c. per double roll to \$2.00. J. S. MILLER, 27 & 29 Middle St. The Furniture Man

EARTH PASSES THROUGH TAIL

No Perceptible Effects. Hundreds Watch For Probable Electrical Effects.

Well we're still alive. Halley's comet that much talked of celestial visitor which was scheduled to pass between the earth and the sun last night and probably annihilate the inhabitants of the earth by the poisonous gases which its tail contained and through which we passed, shot past the danger point and no visible effect was noticed by people in this city.

At every point of vantage last night shortly after eleven o'clock people could be seen gazing intently at the elements. They were expecting to see some awe-inspiring spectacular electrical display but alas their anticipation was not rewarded for there was not the least perceptible effect.

"And just to think" remarked one of the young ladies who was returning from Neuse river bridge where she had been watching for the probable display, "that probably several hundred people have committed suicide during the past few weeks on account of being afraid to await the results of our trip through the comet's tail."

The colored population were also out in full force last night and their incoherence could be heard until early morning.

DIED.

Yesterday morning, little William Anderson Gaskins, infant son of Mr and Mrs. C. Whit Gaskins, age 15 months, The funeral services were conducted from the residence, No. 121 East Front street yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock Rev. J. B. Hurley officiating. The interment was made in Cedar Grove cemetery.

ANNOUNCEMENT

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Treasurer of Jones county, subject to the vote of the Democratic primaries and if nominated and elected I promise to faithfully administer and honestly conduct the affairs of county as treasurer for the best interests of the entire people of Jones county. C. P. HARRIETT, Pollockville, N. C., April, 15th.

Two Bald Eagles on Exhibit.

Mr. Nick Bray, who is connected with M. L. Jacobs and company has on exhibition at their store two bald eagles that are attracting a great deal of attention from those who have been so fortunate as to have seen them.

The two birds are magnificent specimens of that species of eagles and although only four months old measure six feet from tip to tip of their wings. They were captured near Reelsboro by Mr. Fulton Brinson, who shipped them to Mr. Bray.

To see them devour fish, eating them whole, is indeed very interesting and those who have never seen one of these grand old birds—the emblem of our nation's strength, should take advantage of this opportunity.

Recital Tonight.

Tonight in the Griffin Memorial building there will be a recital given under the auspices of the Graded School, and every one, especially lovers of good music are invited to come out. Some of the best talent in the city has been secured and a rare treat is in store for all who attend.

The following program has been arranged: Orchestra—Selection. Piano Solo—Potomac—Slunie—Miss Nannie Willis. Song—"Won't you be my Honey,"—Misses Sadie Block and Thelma Bryan. Violin Solo—Moto Perpetuo—Miss Cora Munger. Vocal Solo, Selected—Mrs. Williams. Piano Solo, Selected—Miss Mammie Baxter.

Duet—"Little Tattle, Tattle Tale"—Misses Julia Bryan Jones, Ellen Golon. Orchestra Selection. Vocal Solo, Selected—Miss Emma Duffy. Vocal Sextette—Sailor Song. Piano Solo, Selected—Miss Mammie Baxter. Quartette, 8-voice—Mrs. Williams, Miss Stannard, Messrs Watson and Humphrey. Solo, Selected—Miss Emma Duffy. Choral Club—Selections. Orchestras.

The recital will begin promptly at 8:15 and will last about one and a quarter hours. An admission fee of 10 cents will be charged at the doors and the proceeds will go to the school magazine. —The Athenian.