

New Bern Weekly Journal.

No. 17

NEW BERN, CRAVEN COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY MAY 27, 1910--SECOND SECTION

33rd. YEAR

MY STORY OF MY LIFE



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CHAPTER VIII. CORBETT SHOWS ME THAT HE CAN LAND STEVE PUNCHES.

At first I followed instructions in sparring with Corbett and tried the blows they told me Fitzsimmons used. But I never could get the knack of it so that I felt right in letting the punches go. Every man has his own instinctive style of fighting. Fitzsimmons had his, and it wasn't like mine at all. It was a style designed to fit his own build. Fitzsimmons had light, thin legs and narrow hips. He stood in a knockkneed posi-



CORBETT AND I WENT OUT EVERY DAY FOR A TEN OR TWELVE MILE SPIN.

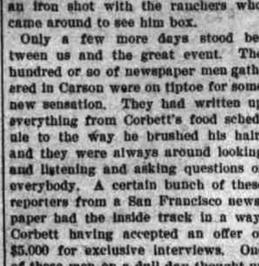
tion. His shoulders were very wide, and he had a long reach. Everything about his build helped him to pivot at the hips and knees and swing his whole body into the blow. My style was different. I didn't need to pivot like Fitzsimmons. All I did was to stick my left arm out like a piece of scappling and let them try to run into me. I could hold them off with the left and could hit a hard blow with my arm nearly straight, swinging it a few inches like a club. I could whip that arm down to the body in a good stiff punch and plunge in with it. And the right I used for a good dig into the body whenever I came to close quarters. I crouched a little, and my chin was partly protected by my left shoulder. When I began using more of my own style I did better, and especially after I had begun to try to equal Corbett's fast footwork. That, I think, was about the most important thing I learned from Jim Corbett.

One of the first things I noticed when I began sparring with Corbett was that unless I could find Corbett's toes I might as well throw a stone at a flying duck as try to hit him. When we first boxed he was an hard to reach as a shadow. I soon grew tired of watching my blows on the air and determined to force my way to close quarters before letting go a single punch. So I went after him steadily while he jabbed and hooked and danced away. At last in closing I struck my toes against his and, lunging at the same moment, managed to get home a good whack on his ribs. As soon as I started forward again I tried the same trick, feeling around for him with the toes of my left foot and then shooting out one hand or the other. As soon as I felt him I knew he must be within striking distance. White lightning at me after that round and asked me if I was trying to step on Corbett's feet to hold him there so he couldn't get away, but I kept my own counsel. Corbett knew what I was doing, as I could see plainly, for when we boxed again he took care to keep shifting about rapidly to confuse me.

The part of the training that I liked best was the work on the road. I liked to be out there, Corbett and I, sometimes with the other sparring partners trailing along, went out every day for a ten or twelve mile spin. Sometimes we walked and ran alternately; sometimes I ran the whole way at an easy trot, finishing with a 300 or 300 yard sprint as we came near the handball court. Jim Corbett was very proud of his running ability, and naturally I ran even with him at the finish, although there never was a day when I couldn't have left him far behind.

Billy Delaney thought that Corbett was doing too much road work, especially when he went out for a long slow jog on the day before he was to meet Fitzsimmons. "He's leaving his legs on the road," Delaney complained. But Jim was a nervous big fellow. He had to be doing something all the time. With me it never made much difference how I killed time just before a fight as long as I knew my work had been done and that I was fit. A game of croquet or a couple of hours' poker playing was good enough to fill in. Corbett was different. He was of a worrying mind, always thinking he had to do a little more to get himself exactly right and perhaps actually being more strength through-

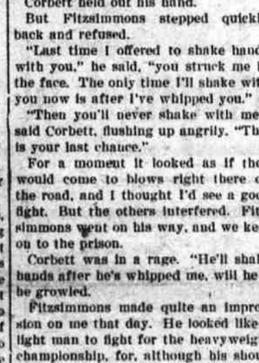
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CHAPTER IX. THE EVE OF THE GREAT FIGHT--THE DOWNFALL OF CORBETT.

I seem to be writing a great deal about this experience in Carson, but let me explain that it was the most important thing in my life up to the time I beat Bob Fitzsimmons and became a world's champion. This time in Carson was the real turning point in my career, for it gave me knowledge and ambition. Corbett, as I said somewhere before, was a nervous and high strung fellow. As the 17th of March approached he became more and more



JOHN L. SULLIVAN CHALLENGED THE WINNER.

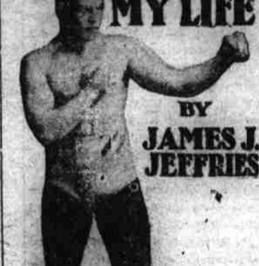
irritable. It wasn't that he feared Fitzsimmons in any way, but that he realized all he had to lose if the fight went against him; and he was trying to lose last few days to make up for years of easy living that had followed his win over Sullivan and could not entirely satisfy himself. We were all up bright and early the morning of the eventful 17th. Corbett seemed in high spirits. The whole camp was in a bustle. Scores of newspaper men were flying around from place to place and asking all sorts of questions. I ate a big breakfast and half an hour later went out with Jim for a stroll on the road. The fight was to begin at noon. It was to be a flash. The moving picture machines were all ready. The crowd was gathering. Sporting men from all over the world assembled there in Carson were gathering at the big new yellow pine arena that Dan Stuart had built especially for the occasion. Among the spectators were to be John L. Sullivan, Tom Sharkey, Jack McAuliffe and scores of other famous fighters.

At the ring side twenty selected Nevada gamblers, placed there by the sheriff because of threats from a San Francisco bunch that the referee, George Siler, would never live to get out of the ring if he gave a decision against Corbett. I'll pass the preliminaries, although every word spoken is still clear in my mind, even John L. Sullivan, fat and round bellied, rolled through the ropes and challenged the winner, saying at the end: "I think I have one good fight left in me yet. I'm yours truly, always on the level, John L. Sullivan." Bob Fitzsimmons, his red face shining, from the collar of his blue bathrobe, strutted up and down across the ring from us, stopping to test the ropes with his hands or to scrape his shoe on the red wax canvas, and all the time watching Corbett with light blue eyes that squinted half shut in the sunlight. Our champion paid no attention to Fitz.

At last the waiting time was up. The sun was at its height when the bell clanged sharply on the frosty air, and I, with the other seconds, scrambled down from the platform and crouched behind Corbett's corner, starting with straining eyes to see the first blow struck. It was not long in coming. Corbett, light on his feet, circled around Fitzsimmons like a hawk. The Cornishman crouched rather like a cat as if to spring when he saw an opening. After circling a moment Corbett flashed in and jabbed Fitzsimmons on the mouth, and the jab was on Fitz, clinching a second, turned to where his wife sat in a box and nodded to her encouragingly.

The first round was all fast, pretty work, with no very heavy blows delivered. Each man was trying to study

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CHAPTER IX. THE EVE OF THE GREAT FIGHT--THE DOWNFALL OF CORBETT.

Fitzsimmons was making a mistake, and Corbett could see it as well as any man at the ringside. Whenever he was hit hard the freckled fighter turned his head toward his corner and grinned at his wife to show her he was unhurt. Each time that he turned Corbett caught him heavily with a jab, but he didn't step in close, for Fitzsimmons was notably crafty, and it might be one of his tricks to draw the more clever man within range. In the sixth round that rapid fire of jabs and swift right handers to the jaw began to tell. The middleweight champion moved unsteadily on his legs and seemed worried. His face was smeared with blood. Corbett was fighting harder--hitting harder and more confidently. At last Fitz stepped into a clinch, took a blow in the body and slipped down to his hands and knees. There he sat up deliberately on his knees and cleared his throat of the blood that was strangling and sickening him. He took the count of nine and rose. Corbett had waited deliberately. Instead of rushing in wildly and trying to beat Fitzsimmons down again in a hurry, the most fighters do when they have a man going, he took his time, feinted and jabbed carefully while his enemy reeled away. We were jubilant, but soxy old Billy Delaney, the veteran, called to Corbett: "He's shamming, Jim. Look out."



JOHN L. SULLIVAN CHALLENGED THE WINNER.

Just then the bell rang, and Fitzsimmons, reeling to his corner like a drunken man, fell into his chair. We were busy on Corbett in an instant, but, stealing a glance across the way, I could see frantic towel waving in the corner across the ring. Evidently Fitzsimmons' seconds were flurried. In our corner Jim sat up straight, laughing and cracking jokes with his friends at the side of the ring. He looked an easy winner.

But when the bell rang for the beginning of the seventh round Fitzsimmons sprang from his chair like a flash, with no trace of prostration now, and ran across the ring at Corbett so hard that Jim was almost caught napping in his corner. With this round Fitzsimmons stopped turning his head toward his wife and gave all his attention to fighting. He was strong and full of fight again.

Whether he was shamming in that sixth round or just naturally recovered his strength nobody but Fitzsimmons will ever know. In any case he was a different man now. Corbett realized it at the first clash. I could see the laughter go from his lips and his face turn to a dull gray. Then he set his jaw grimly and went on fighting, using every particle of his wonderful skill to stall the rushing Cornishman off and wear him down if he could. Corbett didn't laugh and joke in his corner after that. The affair had grown too serious. He fought like a game man, and when Fitzsimmons dropped him in the fourteenth round with the famous solar plexus blow he crawled to the ropes across the ring and tried desperately to pull himself

up. The count went along slowly, and I could hardly realize that this struggling form across the ring from us was the champion, to be a champion no more in ten short seconds. Fitzsimmons was in the middle of a swirl of men that plunged through the ropes on all sides of the ring. Corbett pulled himself to his feet just as we reached him and frantically threw us aside and rushed at the grunting Fitzsimmons. When the melee was all over we took him back to his dressing room. He was in agony from that last blow at the joining of the ribs, and looking at him, I determined that it was a good blow to finish a man with in any fight. Since that time I have used it often myself, and it's a winner. I used it on Fitzsimmons, by the way.

THE WRECKED N-S TRAIN

21 Persons Injured None Seriously. Cause Derailment Unknown. Norfolk May 25--Twenty one persons were injured in a wreck on the Norfolk Southern Railway at Anderson's siding two miles south of Hertford, N. C. at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when the engine tender and four cars of train No. 1 found from New Bern to Norfolk, jumped the track, and turned over in a ditch. Eleven of the injured were brought to Norfolk on a relief train at 7:30 o'clock, and taken in ambulances to St. Vincent's Hospital. Others, who sustained but slight bruises and injuries, were sent to their homes.

The most seriously injured are: Mrs. W. A. Sanderlin, ankle sprained and other bruises. Sheldon Sanderlin, 4 years old, face cut; internal injuries feared. Miss Bertie Nelson, ankle sprained, and other slight injuries. Captain W. A. Lee, baggage master, hurt about body and legs by falling trunks.

Robert Mitchell, colored, severe bruises about the body. David Davenport, colored, cut about the face. W. C. Hassel, colored, body severely bruised and several slight injuries. James H. Moyler, colored, ear and face cut, also bruised about the body. Two of Moyler's children severely bruised about the body and badly shaken up.

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The cause of the accident is unknown. Running at a speed of thirty miles an hour, the engine tender slid from the rails at the siding, the mail, baggage and smoking cars and one coach also leaving the track. All the cars turned over in a ditch alongside the track. The engine alone kept to the rails. Uninjured passengers, who extricated themselves from the wreck with great difficulty, hurried to the assistance of those less fortunate. All the injured had been taken from the wreck when a relief train sent out from Elenton arrived an hour later. The train was in charge of Conductor J. P. Deans, J. B. Wessinger was the engineer. Neither was hurt. Baggage man Lee being the only one of the crew injured.

Officials believe that some defect in the trucks of the tender was responsible for the accident. The rails were new and were found to be perfect condition after the track had been cleared.

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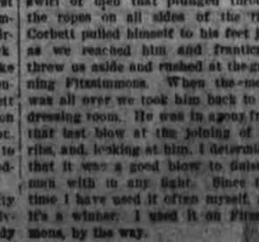
Wall paper now in stock we decided to put in good quality paper so you would not have to wait for it to be ordered, we will be glad to show you the prices from 10c per double roll to \$2.00. J. S. MILLER, 87 & 89 Middle St. The Furniture Man

Death of Cyrus Foscoe.

A telephone message was received here yesterday announcing the death of Mr. Cyrus Foscoe, near Maysville. Mr. Foscoe was one of the most prominent men in Jones county, having held various positions of honor and trust at different times. His vocation was farming at which he was eminent ly successful. He was for many years a leading member of his church, identified in all his charitable, benevolent and other works for the uplift of humanity, and a member of the Masonic fraternity, high up in the councils of the order. Mr. Foscoe had been in poor health several years, but reached a ripe old age, being perhaps over 70 years. The funeral will take place today at 3 o'clock from his late residence, conducted by the Masonic lodge of Maysville. The interment will be in the family burying ground.

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 us at once. This is necessary as there has been a change in the management in this city. S. A. EDWARDS, Supt. 180 Broad St.



FITZ DROPPED HIM WITH THE FAMOUS SOLAR PLEXUS PUNCH.

PRESIDENT SENDS NAME

J. S. Basnight For The New Bern Post Office Causes Suppriso. The report was received here yesterday that President Taft had sent the name of Mr. J. S. Basnight, the well known local hardware merchant, as a nominee for the U. S. Senate to name as postmaster in this city. There appears nothing to prevent Mr. Basnight's confirmation, and he will assume the office about July 1st. There was a good deal of local discussion over the appointment, as the position is a good one and a number were after it. Mr. Basnight stands well in this community as business man, and his political enemies have nothing to say against his character in any way.

Lamberts Point, Va. May 27--Mr. Richard Edward Coleman of New Bern, N. C., and Miss Bessie Viola Whitley of Fourth street, were married at 10:30 noon yesterday at the home of the bride's parents, and left this afternoon at 3 o'clock to reside at the home of the groom.

The wedding was followed by an elegant dinner. Mrs. Herbert Miller played the wedding march and Miss Edith Whitley, a sister, was maid of honor. Mr. Henry Coleman was best man. Rev. George W. Cox officiated. The bride wore a handsome gown away suit of steel gray with hat and gloves to match. The young couple were recipients of many valuable presents from relatives and friends.

Mr. Brock Gets Appointment

Information has been received that Mr. John K. Brock of Trenton, has received the appointment to succeed the late Charles C. Clark, Jr. as U. S. Deputy Collector of the port. Mr. Brock was lately a Deputy U. S. Marshal in this district and made a very active and efficient officer. He was located in New Bern for quite a while and made many friends who congratulate him on his appointment.

New Service.

Commencing with May 30th 1910, R. P. O. Service will be inaugurated in A. C. L. Railway trains 61 and 65 between New Bern and Wilmington, N. C. This service will be daily except Sunday and the line known as the New Bern and Wilmington R. P. O. making this service double except Sundays.

Death of Mr. F. D. Russell.

Mr. Francis Daniel Russell, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Russell, departed this life yesterday evening at the home of his parents, at No. 24 Hancock St. The young man had been in poor health for several months, his afflictions culminating in paralysis a few days ago. He was in his 27th year of age. He had many friends who will mourn with his stricken family. The funeral will take place at the First Baptist Church, which he constantly attended, this afternoon at 4 o'clock. The service to be conducted by Revs. Greaves and Hurley.

Next Convention Meets in This City

At Tuesday session of the annual meeting of the United States League of Building and Loan Association which was in session at Charlotte this week, Mr. John Dunn of this city was elected third vice-president. This city was selected for the next convention which will be held in June 1911.

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 \$60.00. Call and look our stock over--J. S. Miller, 87 & 89 Middle street.

Death of Joseph Whitty

Mr. Joseph Whitty died at his home near Lenoir's Chapel, Sunday after a short illness. Mr. Whitty was a well-to-do farmer and merchant, a native of Jones county and was 45 years of age. He leaves a widow. About two years ago he removed from Pollockville where he had been engaged in the mercantile business to his late home, a fine farm which he purchased where he was meeting with marked success. The body was taken to Pollockville Monday for interment.

In politics the proof of the pudding is in the distribution of the plums.

A TRIP ALONG THE WATERWAY

Rapid Progress Being Made By The Large Dredges That Are Digging the Canal. Core Creek, Carteret Co., N. C. May 25th, 1910. Mr. Editor:-- Your humble reporter, after a long silence, wishes to relate, for the benefit of the many readers of your paper, a trip or an outing taken last Friday morning getting a few articles together, such as weapons, remedies for snake bites etc., which we deemed necessary for such a trip. All being packed away in a large, we boarded the same, which in a short while was taken by a swift horse to the bank of the canal opposite and in full view of dredge No. 10, which has passed the head of Core Creek and is now at work in the open field.

After viewing the work done by the rapid progress now being made by the capable captain, chief and other officers and men on dredge No. 10, who are in charge of the construction of the Beaufort division, we abandoned horse and buggy (of course, not forgetting to take with us our outfit) and set out on foot to reach dredge "Potomac," which is at work on the Adams Creek division, about two miles distant and in full view of dredge No. 12, with high, steep levees to ascend and descend, now and then a deep gorge to cross, or slip in according to ones luck, we arrived on the bank opposite the "Potomac" at 10:30, and was conveyed on board by a boat dispatched by Chief Olsen for that purpose.

The trio being glad to meet our jolly and popular friend, Otto Olsen, and especially in his new position as Chief on dredge "Potomac," greeted him accordingly. Next, it was our good pleasure to be presented to Captain Aldrich, who by the way, made a lasting impression on the writer as a gentleman fully capable of his position in every respect. It was also our privilege to meet and form acquaintances with others on board whom we must speak of in the highest terms. Looking still further in the rear of the "Potomac" there may be seen the boat "Maryland," steaming and puffing away in a chase to catch up with her superior, the "Potomac," when she will then take her place along side and both work together in a manner.

The "Potomac" will, in a few days, drop back to complete a short distance passed over, which will require about thirty days, after which Capt. Aldrich says he will grind away in full force with the expectation of completing his division in October next. Having cut what he terms, the most difficult part of the work, they are progressing fine, averaging about 35 feet daily.

One standing on the upper deck of the "Famlico" and looking down the canal toward Adams' Creek, on either hand, may see one of the finest opportunities for a driveway or a public highway, that is to be seen in eastern North Carolina, it is a white sand bank, beautiful to look upon.

Now, we would feel that we had not only done ourselves an injustice in not making mention of the hotel-like dinner that was our special privilege to partake of, but particularly so in regards to the congenial Chief and Captain, who, though with an eye to their duties, took a delight in imparting information and making it pleasant for the trio.

Before taking our leave for home we visited the digger's room, where we found the well known and clever Johnson at the levers pulling the congested mass of machinery ahead, swaying and forcing the cutter into solid earth from 7 to 8 feet above water, which underrived by the cutter's continuously giving way, reminding one of a land slide.

Looking southward from our position we again beheld the No. 10, which reminded us of the fact, that we must take our departure. So after a hearty hand shake and adieu, we bade the clever gentlemen adieu, and with our potent refrigerator in hand, which you know, Mr. Editor, is of that grip model and contained the residue of our outfit, we started homeward, and with all our ups and downs, arrived home at 6 P. M. in time for supper.

For Sale Cheap Launch

Lenoir, the boat is 26 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 25 or 40 passengers. Has 2 separated cabins. Makes 2 miles per hour. Reason for wanting to sell not large enough using larger boats. For further information write to CLAUD TAYLOR, North Harrison.

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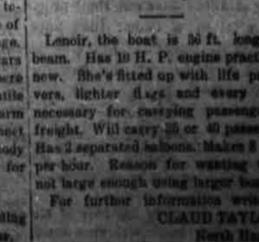
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