

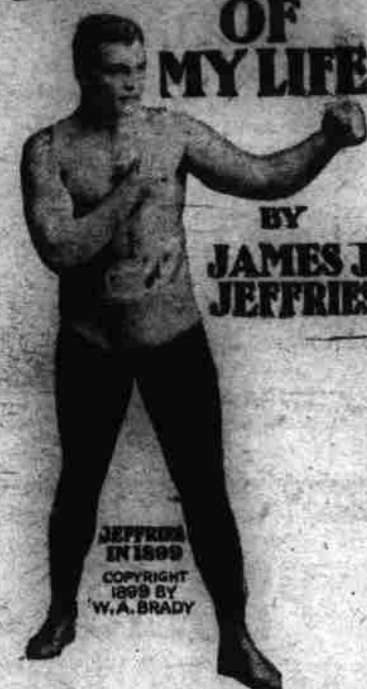
New Bern Weekly Journal.

No. 19

NEW BERN, CRAVEN COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY JUNE 3, 1910--SECOND SECTION

33rd. YEAR

MY STORY OF MY LIFE



BY JAMES J. JEFFRIES

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CHAPTER XIV.

READY FOR THE FIGHT AND WHAT HAPPENED IN THE DRESSING ROOM.

I DIDN'T do much work the day before the fight, for I was ready and it only needed a dry rest.

I never ran my weight down so low while training for any other fight. When I came east to meet Armstrong I weighed just 245 pounds stripped to fighting togs in the ring. Now, ready to meet Fitzsimmons, I scaled exactly 204 pounds. I had run myself to a shadow. Two days before the fight I weighed just 200 pounds stripped and let everybody around camp see me



I STRETCHED OUT ON A COT.

on the scales. The day before the fight I went with a number of reporters to the baggage room at the railroad station. There, on the baggage scales, I weighed an even 210 pounds.

I never attempted to make such low weight again, as I know I'm stronger and have more endurance when I carry forty pounds more flesh on my bones.

On the way up to New York I went sound asleep on the train and slept an hour. In New York we all had lunch and then went to Proctor's and saw a vaudeville show. After the show we went to Coney Island by train.

Fitzsimmons was a great favorite of course. Few people knew anything about me. I was a stranger. At Ben Cohen's hotel—a great gathering place for sporting men—the most famous sports in America had gathered.

In the beginning Fitzsimmons was a 3 to 1 favorite, but as the talk about his great fight with his friends began offering more and more before we were in the ring the betting was 3 to 1 on Fitz, and some put up 4 to 1.

I heard all about the odds, but that didn't worry me at all. I felt absolutely sure that I'd win. Of course I knew that Fitzsimmons was a great fighter and that he knew more about boxing in a minute than I did in an hour. But I had it all figured out. I hadn't the slightest fear that he'd knock me out. The only thing that bothered me was the idea that he might be able to close both of my eyes and that in that case it would be hard to find him. But all the time I expected to get him in the end.

When we reached the Coney Island A. C. there was a feeling of nervousness in our little party. Brady and Delaney thought it was an edge, and perhaps I was—a little. It was a pretty big occasion. In a couple of hours I was going to either have my head knocked off or beat the world's champion and put myself in line for a whole lot of fame and a big bunch of money. It was either to the top or back to the hills for me, and nobody knew it better than I did.

Bill, if I was nervous I didn't feel it, and I thought the boot was on the other foot. I thought Brady and Delaney were about ten times as nervous as I was. They weren't in training like myself, and they hadn't lived out of boxes in the hills. They were to win or lose a pile of money on what I did in the ring, and they could only stay on the outside and watch me.

But as I heard it afterward Billy, Brady took Delaney off to one side, and said something like this:

"Bill, we've got to keep the big fellow from getting too nervous while he's waiting. We must get him away from here and keep him where he won't do too much thinking. I've got a scheme. I want to talk it over, and when he gets to his head he'll be more confident."

So Brady and Delaney came back to me and said, "Well, let's go out of here and take a quiet walk to kill time. We started. It was a cold night. We

walked slowly along Coney Island boulevard away from the crowds, keeping in the shade of the trees, where nobody could recognize us. And on the way Billy Brady unfolded his plan. "Jim," he said, "we don't know what tricks these fellows may have up their sleeves, and we might as well spring something first and get them guessing. I have a corking scheme. We can pull it off easy, and it's a winner."

"It's all right, Jim," put in Delaney. "Sure winner," said Brady, slapping me on the back.

"Well," I said, "what is it?" Billy looked around to make sure nobody was within hearing.

"Jim," he went on, "confidence is the thing that makes a champion. As soon as any fighter loses confidence he's a whipped man. Now, I know you've got it," slapping me on the back again, "but so has Fitzsimmons. We've got to shake his confidence, and the rest will be like taking candy from a baby. Now, here's the idea. Fitzsimmons has never seen you stripped, or he hasn't seen you for a long time. He doesn't realize what he's up against. He thinks he's going to fight a half baked dud who'll be scared to death the moment Fitz puts up his hands. See?"

"You've got to shake his confidence just a few minutes before the fight. It's got to be a sudden shock to upset a man like Fitzsimmons. You must show him your size first and your strength and then let him see that you don't care a snap of your finger whether he's Fitzsimmons or some bum preliminary scrapper."

"Now, here's the way you're going to do it. When you are stripped to go into the ring and waiting for the call you stretch out on the cot just opposite the door in your dressing room. Sprawl yourself out to look as big as you can. Fitz's dressing room is only a few steps away. I'll go to his door and get Martin Julian out. I'll get into a discussion with Julian over the rules. We can't agree, and I'll say, 'Damn it, get Fitz and come into the room here and let Fitz settle it himself.' Fitz will be inside his door listening on the quiet to hear what I'm saying. He's a foxy fellow, and he'll strike him all of a sudden that this will be a good chance to let you see him and scare you before you get into the ring. He'll jump right out and come with us. The minute he pops into your door his eyes fall on you and he gets a good look at the size of you. That's his first shock. You just glance at him as if you didn't take any interest in Fitzsimmons at all. At the same time I'll begin to claw at Fitz and argue about the rules for all I'm worth. You jump up from your cot, grab me by the collar, throw me on my head in the corner with a jerk of your hand and growl at Fitz, 'Well, how do you want to fight?' Then put your hand on his shoulder as roughly as you can and slam him up against the wall."

We went back to the club. It all came off exactly the way Billy Brady planned it. I stretched out on the cot. Brady went out, and in a minute he came back with Julian and Fitzsimmons. I glanced at Fitz as if I didn't know who he was and wonder why he was butting in. Brady got in front of Bob and began saying: "I want this thing settled before my men goes into the ring. I want to know whether it's to be clean breaks or hit in the breaks."

I almost had to laugh at the expression on Fitzsimmons' face as he looked over Brady's head at me.

But I jumped up as if I were dead sore. I grabbed Billy by the collar and jerked him toward the corner of the room so hard that he spun around two or three times and fell all over himself.

"You talk too much," I said. "What've you got to say about it?" Then I turned to Fitzsimmons, and looking as ugly as I could considering how much I wanted to laugh, I growled, "Well, how do you want to fight?"

At the same moment I gave him a shove and put all of my weight into it, so that he fell the whole length of the dressing room and nearly broke through the partition at the end. I could see Fitzsimmons' eyes pop out.

Afterward when Fitzsimmons told Martin Julian he was "drugged" when he fought me Julian said:

"Yes, Bob, that punch Jeff hit you in the second round drugged you all right."

After that round I fought like a machine, doing my work steadily. "Keep that right hand up. Use it for the body," Billy Delaney told me in my corner. Fitz, sore over having been knocked down and beginning to realize that he was up against a hard proposition instead of a "big dud," began walking into me and trying to look after me. He didn't go for the body much. Almost all of his blows were sent for my jaw. Many of them I blocked or ducked, but a few reached me, and the champion surely could hit. In the middle of the fourth round I dropped the crumch for a moment and straightened up to slug, and then as Fitzsimmons whirled into me I bent over and drove my right into his ribs so hard that he went down to his knees and stayed there five seconds. I walked and gave him plenty of time, and we were taking it easy when the bell rang.

From that time on I used the right and the left for the body hard and often, and I could see Fitzsimmons gradually weakening. He began to knock after awhile that nearly every rear wheel end by my getting in a hard punch along the edge of his ribs. He never stayed away and never stopped trying. The way he recuperated in every minute's rest after going to his corner tired and wobbly was astounding. No matter how weak he was at the end of a round, he always came up strong and full of fight for the next one.

In the seventh round, I think it was, Bob landed a terrible right hander to the pit of my stomach. It was as hard as the blow he landed Corbett with at Carson. Lucky for me, I had a thick layer of muscle to bounce the blow off. It hurt, but it didn't stop me or slow me up very much, although



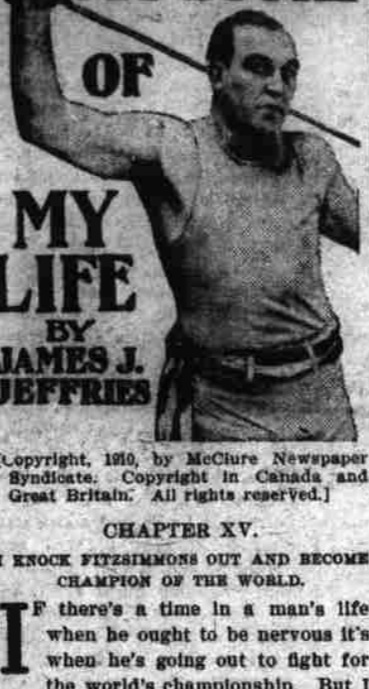
I GAVE FITZ A SHOVE.

Brady says that he had picked himself up by that time, and he almost had to laugh as he saw Fitzsimmons stare at me with his jaw dropped down in surprise.

That about ended the discussion. "Straighten up," said Fitz, and then he and Julian went out and back to their own room.

It was all right to talk about having Fitzsimmons beaten before the fight began. But if any other beaten man can fight the way Fitz did that night may I meet few of them. I believe that little act in the dressing room shook his confidence and that he knew he was up against the hardest proposition of his life, even up against defeat. But for all that he fought like a cornered wildcat. He was the greatest man in the world, old Fitz was.

MY STORY OF MY LIFE



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CHAPTER XV.

I KNOCK FITZSIMMONS OUT AND BECOME CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

IF there's a time in a man's life when he ought to be nervous it's when he's going out to fight for the world's championship. But I didn't feel nervous as I pushed through the crowd and walked down toward the ring that night at Coney Island. Funny! I just kept thinking, "Gee, I'm glad all that hard training is over."

Fitzsimmons was ahead of me. He looked a little pale, but had a grin on his face and was waving his hands to his friends around the ring. At last the bell rang, and we came out toward each other. As soon as we



I COULD FEEL THE WEIGHT OF BOB'S BODY AT THE END OF MY ARM.

came together I rushed, and Fitz avoided me and kept out of danger. Then we both settled down to work. There wasn't much doing that first round, except that I had a chance to realize Fitzsimmons' strength by the way he pushed me away from a clinch. He seemed stronger than Shaskey. Later on in the fight, from the way he hit. I should judge that he was a third as strong again as the sailor—yes, at least a third.

In the second round I began cutting loose. I punched the champion two or three good ones in the body, and he clinched. I pulled his arms down and tossed him away. He came back with a rush, but was swinging wild. I caught him on the ear with a right, and Fitz stepped away and scratched his head with his glove, laughing as he called from my corner. But I was doing my own fighting now. I jumped in as suddenly as I could and shot my left straight to the champion's jaw. I could feel the weight of Bob's body at the end of my arm. The punch lifted him fairly from his feet and dropped him flat on his back on the floor.

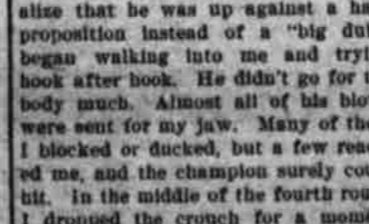
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FITZSIMMONS ROLLED OVER AND WAS COUNTED OUT.

me such a great fight. Yes, at that moment I was almost sorry that I was taking the championship away from him. But it was all in a fair fight.

Fitzsimmons rolled over, rolled back again, got to his knees and up to his feet. As before, I gave him plenty of time. When he poised himself to start fighting again I stepped in and jabbed him with the left. Fitz tottered. Then, judging the blow very carefully to make it just hard enough to finish him, not trying to knock his head off, I brought the right over. Down went Fitzsimmons for the last time. He fell on his face, lay still a moment, rolled over on his back and was counted out.

There was a roar from the crowd. On all sides men were scrambling into the ring. Brady and Delaney were through the ropes in a second and almost carrying me back into my corner in their excitement.

I pulled a ray and walked across the ring to Fitzsimmons, who had been carried to his corner by the referee and propped up in his chair. He was still dead, but held in his hand feebly. "Well, Fitz, we couldn't both win," I said.

It made my legs feel heavy for a moment.

The amount of punching Bob could take was a wonder. In the eighth, after landing a bunch of hard blows on his ribs, I sent in one that lifted him from the floor and nearly threw him over the ropes. Yet Fitz came back at me grinning as if he liked it and trying to knock my head off. I had a big cut over one eye, and his swings opened it fresh every round. Still, I wasn't getting cut up the way I expected to be. Fitzsimmons was bleeding much more from my left jab.

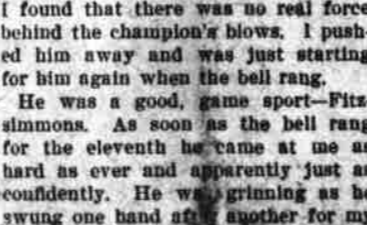
In the ninth I slipped in hard rights to Bob's ribs as he rushed me, and then suddenly varied by following the right with a left hook so hard that the breath flew out of his mouth. That was a great combination of punches. I knocked out Jim Corbett the same way years later in San Francisco. This time it didn't put the champion down, but it robbed him of his judgment, and although he came at me again in his dead game fashion his swings were weak. They either went short or around my neck as I ducked in toward him.

"Go slow!" I said to myself. "Go slow! You've got this fellow licked." The end was near. I think everybody in the house but Fitzsimmons realized the crowd that had been cheering like mad grew quieter. It was seeing the passing of a great champion.

In the tenth round Fitzsimmons started furiously and drove me across the ring and against the ropes. As I felt them at my back I managed to slip away to one side. Fitz turned and fairly jumped at me. I met him with a straight left on the face with all my weight behind it. As in the second round, the champion was lifted from his feet and thrown flat on his back. It was a hard knockdown and would have kept nine men out of ten on the floor. Seven or eight seconds went by, and then Fitz got up slowly and shook himself and looked around to see where he was and what was going on. I waited and gave him plenty of time. As soon as he saw me he came in again with a wild rush, swinging both hands for my body with all his might. He was a desperate man now. He forced me to the ropes, and for a moment I covered up. Then I found that there was no real force behind the champion's blows. I pushed him away and was just starting for him again when the bell rang.

He was a good, game sport—Fitzsimmons. As soon as the bell rang for the eleventh he came at me as hard as ever and apparently just as confidently. He was grinning as he swung one hand after another for my jaw. I ducked under the blows and met him with a right in the ribs that stopped him short and shoved him back a step. It knocked the breath out of him, and for a moment he didn't move. I stood still and looked him over. The muscles of his thighs were quivering. His mouth was open as he gasped for air. But only for a second. Then he tore at the again. This time I crouched low and drove my left into his body. The punch didn't stop Fitz. He pushed me back to the ropes, trying his best to put me down with a swing on the jaw. The blows glanced off, and I stopped him with jabs on the mouth.

And now came the finish. Fitz rushed at me. For the first time I broke ground and ran away. It was only to draw him on, for as he came with a great rush I stopped suddenly with my left arm stuck out like a beam and let him run into it. My glove caught him on the mouth, and he dropped, forward this time, on his face. Siler, the referee, stepped right over Fitz to push me back. I had dropped my hands and was waiting quietly. I didn't feel excited. I was sorry for the game man who had given



For Rent.

Two suites of office rooms in Moore building opposite Gaston Hotel. One office building adjoining Armour Packing Co.'s building on South Front street.

C. T. HANCOCK, Agt.

Big Hill's Property Burned

Shortly before 3 o'clock the fire companies were called out to extinguish a fire which had originated in a small stable on the property of W. F. Hill (Big Hill,) on South Front street.

The flames had gained much headway before the alarm was turned in and when the companies reached the scene they saw there was no possible chance of saving the building and turned their attention to saving the Coca Cola factory which adjoins the stable lot from destruction.

Several cords of wood which had been placed on the lot to dry out were also destroyed. The owner W. F. Hill is now at Long Beach Cal and will not return to the city until the latter part of the season.

A WORD TO THE WISE

While in New Bern don't be led astray but go to Watson's restaurant where you can get something to eat like mother and wife cooks. Also a good bed for you at night.

Yours truly,

J. B. WATSON, 48 Middle St.

COTTON MARKET RALLIES

Fine Weather Causes Weakness Operators Await Developments.

Special to Journal. New York May, 31.—Favorable weather over the holiday, and unexpectedly good private crop reports led to heavy selling of cotton today by Southern and Western houses which forced general liquidation. When this had run its course prominent bullish operators began buying and forced a vigorous rally.

It is believed that a considerable short interest has developed on the break and that the market can be advanced still further at their expense.

Spot dealers bought moderately on the decline, but operators generally are inclined to await the movement before taking a decided stand on the market.

LATHAM ALEXANDER & Co.

Make Your Dollars Extend.

Our agency will prove that thirty-five years big sales and pleased users of the L. & M. Paint, will save you dollars, because when painting with L. & M. you are using metal Zinc Oxide combined with White Lead. Zinc Oxide is imperishable, and makes the L. & M. wear and cover like gold. The L. & M. Colors are therefore bright and lasting.

You won't need to repaint for 10 to 15 years; besides L. & M. Paint costs less than any other, say about \$1.30 per gallon. Sold by Gaskill Hdw. & Mill Supply Co., New Bern.

To Start Rescue Home in This City

Capt. and Mrs. Stern of Philadelphia, Pa. are in the city in the interest of the American Salvation Army that is endeavoring to establish a home for those who are unable to take care of themselves and also a mission.

Capt. Stern was busily engaged yesterday in securing subscriptions and a number of the most prominent citizens gave liberally to the cause.

This is a great work and any assistance given them will be highly appreciated. They intend securing a suitable location and hold their first meeting next Sunday afternoon.

Civil Service Examination

An examination for the position of Deputy Collector and Inspector of Customs will be held at the post-office in this city on June 15, 1910.

For application blanks, and for full information relative to the examination qualifications, duties, salaries, etc., address Secretary, Board of Civil Service Examiners, Post-Office, City.

Immigrants Enroute to New Bern.

The writer was informed yesterday by Tony Cusmai, an Italian, who came to this city several weeks ago and opened up a shoe repairing shop on Craven street, that he had just received a letter from his wife stating that she and their three children were enroute to New Bern from Naples, Italy and would arrive here next Sunday afternoon.

In Memoriam

At a memorial service in respect for Rev. G. W. Conoway, an old and honored citizen who died on the 10th inst., the following resolutions were passed by the large audience in attendance.

Whereas, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst our brother, Rev. G. W. Conoway in the 80th year of his age, we, the members of "Welcome" Prayer Meeting, and also the citizens of the community do hereby

Resolve 1. That in the death of Rev. G. W. Conoway, we have lost a faithful member and leader of the prayer meeting and a worthy citizen of high christian and moral character.

2. That in his death another faithful soldier and Confederate veteran has gone to answer the roll call in a better land, where he, in the happy realms of light, awaits to welcome us when we shall cross the dark river.

3. That his christian character warrants the belief and hope that Bro. Conoway is at home with the blessed Master whom he served so faithfully in this life.

4. That these resolutions be sent to the New Bern Journal and Raleigh Christian Advocate for publication.

J. W. Sanders, W. G. Higgins, Mrs. Sallie Weayl, Miss Sallie Weeks, Miss Edie Higgins, Com. Oceans, May 25th 1910.

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 \$24.00. Call and look our stock over—J. S. Hill, Jr., 57 & 59 Middle street.

SENT AWAY WITH BUT 20 CENTS

A New Bern Woman Tells of Her Dismissal by Philadelphia Nurse School.

Philadelphia, June 1.—Many startling disclosures have been made here into the workings of training schools for nurses through an investigation being conducted by the State Board of Examiners for the registration of nurses. All such institutions in the city are under the probe.

Mrs. Claude Arnold, of New Bern, N. C., testified before the examiners and declared that she was sent away from the Philadelphia School for Nurses with only 20 cents and no place to go and no friends to take care of her. When she told these facts to an officer of the school he said: "I don't care what you do or where you go; you've got to get out of here at once."

Mrs. Arnold declared that she was sent away because she had told another nurse that she intended to enter another training school. This reached the ears of the school authorities and her dismissal followed.

The State Board intends to recommend to Governor Stuart any reforms which may be necessary.

Unveiling of Monument.

The Woodmen of the World, in pursuance of a beautiful custom of theirs in erecting a monument to the grave of each deceased member, will make a trip to Harlowe next Sunday the 5th of June, to take part in the unveiling ceremonies of a monument erected at the grave of a member of Myrtlewood Camp of Carter county.

The houseboat "Comfort" has been secured to take the party from New Bern, and will leave the pier at foot of Pollock street, Sunday morning at seven o'clock sharp. In performing this noble fraternal duty, it is hoped that every member, who can possibly do so, will be on hand promptly at the hour named, and as the entire day will be consumed, it would be well to have a good sized lunch basket along.

The family and friends of the Woodmen are at liberty to take in the trip, and every arrangement will be made to make it restful and pleasant. A small contribution of fifty cents each to cover costs will be required.

The "Comfort" will not be able to reach the point of destination by about three miles, but comfortable boats will be on hand to make the transfer, and every body is expected to have a pleasant time.

From "The Girl and the Wizard."

By special arrangements with the publishers of the music of the musical play "The Girl and the Wizard," The New York World will publish next Sunday the song hit of the production, music and words complete. This is the famous "Frankenstein" song which fairly brings down the house every time it is sung. Be sure to order next Sunday's New York World to get this song.

High Grade Colonial Glassware.

M. E. Whitehurst & Co.

Items from Truitts.

Craven county, May 31.—Our farmers are very much discouraged because of the damage done by the recent heavy rains. The water in the streams was higher than it has been in seven years, so say the older residents.

Our Sunday school at Spring Hops is progressing nicely. We tender our best wishes for its continuance.

Messrs Orpha Fulcher, John Ipeck and Ellis Purifoy were visitors at Galilee Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr Duffy Campbell passed through here Friday on his way to Mr. A. G. Price's to do some mechanical work.

Mr. James Caton, of Zarah, visited his brother Mr. Allen Caton Sunday.

Mr. Over Edwards, of Zarah, visited friends at Truitts Sunday.

A match game of base ball was played here Saturday. A team from Olympia and the one at Truitts being contestants. A large crowd witnessed the contest which resulted in a score of 15 to 12 in favor of Truitts.

The prospects for a very fine crop of peaches in this section is encouraging, but the yield of apples will be short.

Mr. Orpha Fulcher has opened a store at this place, which is a great convenience to the farmers in buying supplies and selling their produce without having to go to a distant market.

For Sale Cheap Lunch

Lenox, the best 30 ft. long 3 ft. beam. Has 10 H. P. engine practically new. She's outfit-up with life preservers, lighter flag and every thing necessary for carrying passengers or freight. Will carry 25 or 30 passengers. Has 2 separated anchors. Makes 3 miles per hour. Reason for wanting to sell no larger engine being larger beam.

For further information write to CLAUD TAYLOR, North Craven.