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Named Shoes are Often Made  
 in Non-Union Factories.

**Do Not Buy Any Shoe**

no matter what the name unless  
 it bears a plain and readable  
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JOHN F. TOBIN, Pres.

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Food For  
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G. W. MONTGOMERY, President H. C. PROBASCO, Cashier

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My country, 'tis of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty,  
 Of thee I sing.

Land where my fathers died  
 Land of the pilgrims pride  
 From every mountain side  
 Let Freedom ring.

We wish everyone a pleas-  
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**Clothes Cleaned, Pressed & Repaired**

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 or Cleaned and Blocked. Fixed under our Guar-  
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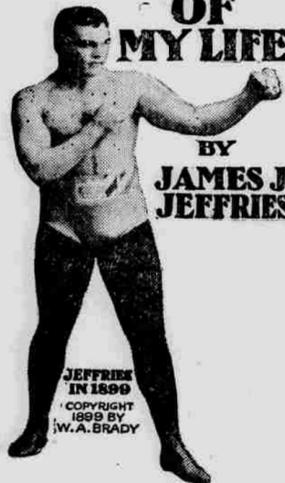
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**The Dr. Benj. F. Baily Sanatorium**  
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For non-contagious chronic diseases. Largest, best  
 equipped, most beautifully furnished.

**MY STORY  
 OF  
 MY LIFE**



BY  
**JAMES J.  
 JEFFRIES**

JEFFRIES  
 IN 1899  
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CHAPTER IX.

THE EVE OF THE GREAT FIGHT—THE  
 DOWNFALL OF CORBETT.

**I**F I seem to be writing a great deal  
 about this experience in Carson  
 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  
 in those 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 news-  
 paper 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  
 finish. The moving picture machines  
 were all ready. The crowd was gather-  
 ing. 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. Sulliv-  
 an, Tom Sharkey, Jack McAuliffe and  
 scores of other famous fighters.

At the ringside sat twenty selected  
 Nevada gun fighters, 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 how John L. Sullivan, fat  
 and round bellied, rolled through the  
 ropes and challenged the winner, say-  
 ing 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 resined can-  
 vas, 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, scram-  
 bled down from the platform and  
 crouched behind Corbett's corner, star-  
 ing with straining eyes to see the first  
 blow struck. It was not long in com-  
 ing. Corbett, light on his feet, cir-  
 cled around Fitzsimmons like a hawk.  
 The Cornishman crouched panther-like  
 as if to spring when he saw an open-  
 ing. After circling a moment Corbett  
 flashed in and jabbed Fitzsimmons on  
 the mouth, and the fight was on.  
 Fitz, clinching a second, turned to  
 where his wife sat in a box and nod-  
 ded to her encouragingly.

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

out the other's style. Each had seen  
 the other fight and was not to be foot-  
 ed easily. Neither cared to take a  
 desperate chance, although Fitzsim-  
 mons was apparently the more care-  
 less of the two.

Corbett danced and jabbed steadily.  
 Fitzsimmons, his face reddened by the  
 blows, only grinned and waited his  
 chance. He wasn't one of those fight-  
 ers who, like Corbett, gradually wore  
 their men down. He was a terrific  
 biter, who won with a sudden knock-  
 out. Corbett knew this, and he was  
 wary as a fox. Oh, it was pretty the  
 way they watched each other and  
 measured each lead to the fraction of  
 an inch. At the end of the round  
 Corbett danced back to his corner,  
 laughing, flushed and confident. Fitz  
 stood up in his as if he didn't even  
 care to rest himself by sitting down.

And so the fight went along. Cor-  
 bett, growing bolder, was gradually  
 cutting and tearing at Fitzsimmons  
 with left and right as he found his  
 openings. Fitzsimmons landed a hard  
 blow on Jim's mouth, and I could see  
 a grim look come over our champion's  
 face for a moment. His lips had been  
 cut, but he would not show "first  
 blood." He jabbed at Fitz until a  
 tiny stream of crimson trickled from  
 his nose and lips, and then Corbett  
 deliberately spit the blood from his  
 own mouth.

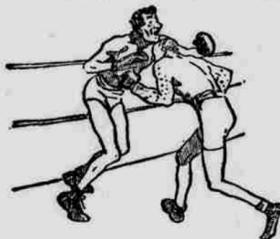
Fitzsimmons was making a mistake,  
 and Corbett could see it as well as  
 any man at the ringside. Whenever  
 he was hit hard the freckled fighter  
 turned his head toward his corner and  
 grinned at his wife to show her he  
 was unhurt. Each time that he turned  
 Corbett caught him heavily with 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 short 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—biting 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 delibera-  
 tely 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, as most fight-  
 ers do when they have a man going,  
 he took his time, feinted and jabbed  
 carefully while his enemy reeled away.  
 We were jubilant, but foxy old Billy  
 Delaney, the veteran, called to Cor-  
 bett: "He's shamming, Jim. Look  
 out."

Just then the bell rang, and Fitzsim-  
 mons, 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 be-  
 ginning of the seventh round Fitzsim-  
 mons sprang from his chair like a  
 flash, with no trace of grogginess now,  
 and ran across the ring at Corbett so  
 hard that Jim was almost caught nap-  
 ping in his corner. With this round  
 Fitzsimmons stopped turning his head  
 toward his wife and gave all his atten-  
 tion to fighting. He was strong and  
 full of fight again.

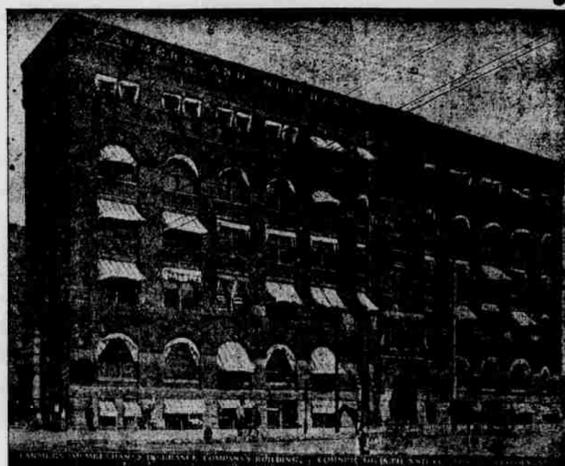
Whether he was shamming in that  
 sixth round or just naturally recover-  
 ed his strength nobody but Fitzsim-  
 mons will ever know. In any case he  
 was a different man now. Corbett re-  
 alized it at the first clash. I could see  
 the laughter go from his lips and his  
 face turn to a dull 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



FITZ DROPPED HIM WITH THE FAMOUS  
 SOLAR PLEXUS PUNCH.

up. The count went along slowly, and  
 I could hardly realize that this strug-  
 gling 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 grin-  
 ning 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 Fitzsim-  
 mons, by the way.



Insurance that insures is the prime  
 requisite for individuals and business  
 firms when a conflagration destroys  
 their property. Such an institution,  
 and one in which the utmost confi-  
 dence can be placed, is the Farmers  
 & Merchants Insurance company.  
 They issue policies which give ab-  
 solute protection against loss by fire,  
 lightning and tornado. This company  
 is under careful and conservative  
 management and is a credit to Lin-  
 coln and its citizens. It is a source  
 of pleasure and undoubted satisfaction  
 to deal with an insurance company  
 in whom one can place the utmost  
 confidence, and have an absolute as-  
 surance that the policy issued will  
 at all times be worth its face value.  
 It is also a source of pleasure to deal

with an insurance company whose  
 officials are men of the highest stand-  
 ing and integrity, and in whom the  
 utmost confidence can be placed at  
 all times. These men are among  
 the best known of Lincoln's citizens  
 and are identified with many suc-  
 cessful business enterprises. They have  
 always maintained a friendly interest  
 in the welfare of the wage-earner  
 and are entitled to the consideration  
 of all men who believe in honest and  
 fair treatment. A policy in the Farm-  
 ers & Merchants Insurance company  
 is an absolute protection against fire  
 and lightning and tornadoes and no  
 better investment can be made than  
 the taking out of a policy in a com-  
 pany so well and ably managed as  
 the above concern.

MAKING CITIZENS.

And This is the Stuff We Make Them  
 From These Days.

Under examination recently in the  
 United States District Court, in New  
 York City, to test his qualifications for  
 citizenship, Antonio Esposito was  
 asked:

"Do you believe in polygamy?"  
 "The comet has nothing to do with  
 that," was the answer through an in-  
 terpreter, after a thoughtful pause.

"Who wrote the Declaration of In-  
 dependence, and what is it?"  
 "I don't know what it is, but Roose-  
 velt made it. He is the greatest  
 man."

"Who is the president of the United  
 States?"

"Some say Bill Taft, but look out  
 for Teddy when he comes home."

"Do you believe in anarchy?"  
 "I go whatever way Teddy goes on  
 that. I hear he says we must have big  
 families."

"What is the Constitution of the  
 United States?"

"Plenty of people have that, but the  
 doctors say it can be cured. I never  
 had it."—Clothing Trades Bulletin.

UNION BARBER SHOPS.

When you enter a barber shop, see  
 that the union shop card is in plain  
 sight before you get into the chair.  
 If the card is not to be seen, go else-  
 where. The union shop card is a guar-  
 antee of a cleanly shop, a smooth  
 shave or good hair-cut, and courteo-  
 us treatment. The following barber shops  
 are entitled to the patronage of union  
 men:

Geo. Petro, 1010 O St.  
 J. J. Simpson, 1001 O St.  
 Geo. Shaffer, Lincoln Hotel.  
 C. B. Ellis, Windsor Hotel.  
 C. W. Laffer, Capital Hotel.  
 E. L. Scott, Royal Hotel.  
 A. L. Kimmerer, Lindell Hotel.  
 C. A. Green, 120 No. 11th St.  
 W. G. Woods, 1132 O St.  
 E. A. Woods, 1206 O St.  
 Chaplin & Ryan, 129 No. 12th St.  
 Bert Sturm, 116 So. 13th St.  
 J. B. Raynor, 1501 O St.  
 W. H. Barthelme, 122 So. 12th St.  
 J. J. Simpson, 922 P St.  
 E. J. Dudley, 822 P St.  
 Lundahl & Warde, 210 So. 13th St.  
 Frank Malone, Havelock.  
 C. A. Hughtart, Havelock.  
 H. A. Wise, 112 No. 13th St.  
 Winterstein, 107 No. 14th St.  
 T. G. Theckfelt, 114 No. 14th St.



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