

CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

Takes up Case of Musicians and Involes the Unfair List.

The Central Labor Union at its meeting last week heard the delegates from the Musicians' Union in regard to the present secession of a number of members, and then proceeded to put the recalcitrant members upon the unfair list. These recalcitrant members are employed in various business institutions, and in two cases are engaged in business. Due notice of the action of the central body will be given to all local unions and union men and women will be asked to withhold patronage from the firms employing them. This will, of course, raise a howl from the secretary of the Business Men's League, but as he is paid to howl he will be given ample opportunity to earn his money.

The protest of the Business Men's League against Deputy Labor Commissioner Maupin was considered and the central body replied by unanimously adopting a resolution commendatory of the deputy labor commissioner and ordering it forwarded to the governor.

The organization committee was instructed to get busy in the matter of organizing the laundry workers, the necessary literature and instructions having been received from the international organization.

The Labor Day committee reported that the work of forwarding the celebration was being pushed and that the various locals had been notified. As soon as the general committee is organized the central body's committee will be relieved from further duty. The general committee will meet at the Labor Temple next Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

A proposition to change the method of roll call was defeated after considerable argument.

The committee having the recent benefit in charge reported the receipt of \$54. The total receipts of the evening amounted to a handsome sum, the largest reported at any one meeting for many years. The attendance was larger than usual despite the terrific heat, and the interest manifested was good to see.

THE LEATHERWORKERS.

Men Being Taken on at Gratifying Rate Here and Elsewhere.

Conditions in the leather workers' business are taking on a brighter hue, and every day sees more of the men being put back to work in Lincoln. The conditions of the trade render it impossible to take back all the men at once, but they are being taken back as rapidly as possible, and there is a feeling of confidence that argues well for the future.

Dallas, Texas, reports a settlement of the strike, the men getting the nine hour day and a ten per cent increase in the piece system. Stockton, Calif., reports a victory—the men getting the eight hour day and a 15 per cent increase.

Weber Bros. in Kansas City have agreed to unionize their shop before August 16.

A little trouble has developed with the national officers of the organization, but it is hoped to reach a settlement before the matter reaches the acute stage. The fight has been a hard one, and it is only natural that there should have been considerable criticism of the method of conduct.

THE PLUMBERS.

An Item or Two of Interest to the Plumbing Craft.

The San Francisco Plumbers' Union and Master Plumbers' Association have agreed that one apprentice should be employed in each shop and one additional apprentice for every five men employed.

The plumbers' strike for an increase of wages, of Trenton, N. J., has been adjusted by the men compromising on 55 cents per hour, which was their original demand. The plumbers first demanded 55 cents. The employers refused it. The plumbers then increased their demand to 60 cents an hour; struck to obtain it; were out about a week; employers agreed to give 55 cents; men accepted; strike is over.

George Chipman and family have returned from an extended visit in Colorado points and report having had a fine time. While in Denver Mr. Chipman had the pleasure of seeing thirty-five employers sign up with the Plumbers' Union.

THE CARPENTERS.

Dull Times in the Trade Reported on Every Side.

Conditions in the building trades are not the best in Lincoln at the present time. There seems to have been a considerable slump in residence building, and there is very little doing in the line of business block erection outside of the Y. M. C. A. and Banker's Life buildings. The First National Bank work has not yet begun. As a result of the slackness a large number of carpenters are out of employment.

Plans have been accepted and ground broken for a labor temple in Chicago, to cost \$100,000, and to be ready for

occupancy by fall. The building will be five stories high, with basement, and will be built of pressed brick and terra cotta.

Carpenters employed by the Pennsylvania railroad to erect buildings in which to house strikebreakers in case a strike was declared refused to do the work, and walked out at Youngwood, Pa.

THE PRINTERS.

A Union Printer Now President of the Elks' Organization.

"Garry" Hermann, the base ball magnate of Cincinnati, and a member of the Cincinnati Typographical Union, was elected grand exalted ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks at the recent Detroit meeting. "Garry" Hermann is the base ball magnate of Cincinnati and president of the national base ball commission. Everything connected with Hermann's base ball business is "on the square." All the printing bears the label, every mechanic employed on the grounds must carry a paid up card, and only union made tobacco and cigars are allowed to be sold on the property of the magnate.

An increase in wages of about 30 per cent, an eight hour day and about 90 per cent of the printers organized, are a few of the things that have been accomplished by the International Typographical union in Lancaster, Pa., in the past month.

THE STAGE HANDS.

Hold Big National Convention and Hear Good Reports.

The convention of the Theatrical Stage Employes held in Washington closed with a stirring address by President Gompers, who referred to the conditions existing 25 years ago, when it was customary for the stage hands to give their services for an opportunity of witnessing the performance. Through careful calculation by the American Federation of Labor during the last year, an average increase of 66.2-3 per cent in wages had been granted to stage employes.

John J. Barry of Boston, was re-elected president, and Lee M. Hart of Chicago, was re-elected secretary-treasurer. The other results were: First Vice President, J. H. Screws, Montgomery, Ala.; second vice president, G. Quinn, Minneapolis; third vice president, C. Malloy, Butte, Mont.; fourth vice president, C. Shay, New York City; fifth vice president, L. C. Thompson, Galveston, Texas; sixth vice president, C. M. Taylor, Los Angeles, and seventh vice president, L. C. Merrill, Kansas City.

Delegates to the American Federation of Labor: Lee M. Hart, Chicago; P. J. Barry, Boston, and M. C. Higgins, Youngstown.

With Milwaukee a close second, Niagara Falls was chosen as the 1911 convention city. There is a move on foot to abolish conventions or at least to have them held only once in five years.

The local union of stage employes gave a banquet in honor of the delegates, which was attended by President Gompers of the A. F. of L. and a number of prominent Washington labor leaders.

LET IT GO AT THAT.

But Turner Must Show Proof of Those Paying Subscribers.

A few of our contemporaries use matter produced for the "Labor Clarion" without giving a word of credit. The other week a California labor paper clipped a whole column and ran it as original, without even changing the local references. All this is very flattering, but!—San Francisco Labor Clarion.

The esteemed Clarion is not the only one suffering from this sort of piracy. The Wageworker has the pleasure of seeing its burning editorials clipped far and wide—and never credited. As a matter of plain fact, there are about thirty labor papers that have editorials seemingly bereft of original thinking, but possessing unusual powers of discrimination backed up by shining shears. Hence they manage to keep their columns entertaining by swiping the brain product of others. We are so used to it that we no longer mind—in fact, it rather swells us up to know that our stuff is so widely appreciated by our brother editors. The esteemed Clarion should "buck up" and let it go at that.—Lincoln, (Neb.) Wage-worker.

Cheer up, fellows. There is not a week passes but the Labor World finds stuff among its exchanges that is better written than anything we could expect to hammer off. So we swipe it and just about the time we get it clipped out and pasted up some dotard comes along and pays his subscription and the shock makes us forget all about the credit line at the end.

And, just between us three, so it'll go no further, we have more than once come across stuff that we pounded out in rare moments of lucidity carefully revamped in the columns of a contemporary, so its own stepmother would hardly know it. It's bad business, we admit, but look what would happen if

every labor editor were confined to his own exordiums.

Jim Barry, of the Golden Gate Star, and Maupin and Egan and perhaps Guiney, would be about all that would survive the ordeal. The balance of us would have to go back to the case with our fingers all thumbs from long hours of sloth and high living. Terrible!—Duluth Labor World.

NO MORE CHECKS GO.

Under Recent Law Kansas Employers Must Pay in Cash.

Announcements have been sent to all the employers of labor by the officials in Kansas that hereafter they will have to pay their employes in cash and not in checks. In most factories the men are paid in checks. When they received their pay on Saturday the banks were closed. The men had to go to saloons to spend money in order to get their checks cashed. This resulted in many abuses and many unpleasantnesses to the working people. They began to agitate against the check system until a law was passed making it obligatory for employers to pay in cash. Of course the workers who belong to unions did not suffer from the check system, as in most unions there are rules demanding that all wages be paid in cash.

CANADA BARS STRIKEBREAKERS.

One hundred "free American workmen" got a touch of Canadian law enforcement last week when they were stopped by Dominion officials and denied the right to enter King George's domain and do their strikebreaking stunt against Grand Trunk railroad employes.

This position was unexpected, and caused much surprise to men Professor Eliot calls "American heroes."

MAKE AGITATOR SHOW LABEL.

Whenever you hear a union man damning a "scab" ask him to show the label in his hat. If it is there then he may be somewhat justified to continue. If it is not there the gentleman is out of order.—Minnesota Advocate.

GOT HIS DESERTS.

S. Herman, a tailor, of Chicago, pleaded guilty in the criminal court to using the union label on garments not made by organized labor. He was fined \$500 by Judge Latschaw and given a stay of execution on his promise not to repeat the offense.

ARIZONA WORKERS ENTER POLITICS.

Union delegates who founded the union labor party of Arizona have completed a preliminary organization for the constitutional convention campaign.

WHAT ORGANIZATION DOES.

Cleveland trolley men have won their contention for better pay. Organization and arbitration did it. They will receive 27 cents an hour the first year and 30 cents thereafter.

THIS YEAR'S CONVENTIONS.

August 8, Minneapolis, Minn., International Typographical Union.

August 22, Detroit, Mich., United Garment Workers of America.

September 5-7, Chicago, Ill., National Federation of Post Office Clerks.

September 5, Chicago, Ill., International Slate and Tile Roofers of America.

September 5, Boston, Mass., International Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employes.

September 6, Bangor, Pa., International Steel and Copper Plate Printers' Union.

September 6-10, Louisville, Ky., International Photo-Engravers' Union of North America.

September 8, Boston, Mass., International Spinners' Union.

September 12, Kansas City, Kansas, Coopers' International Union.

September 12, Denver, Colo., International Union of United Brewery Workmen of America.

September 12, Philadelphia, Pa., International Union of Elevator Constructors.

September 12, Streator, Ill., International Brick, Tile and Terra Cotta Workers' Alliance.

September 13, New York, N. Y., American Brotherhood of Cement Workers.

September 19, Des Moines, Iowa, United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America.

September 19, Rochester, N. Y., International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers.

September 21, St. Paul, Minn., Brotherhood of Railroad Freight Handlers.

September 26, Columbus, Ohio, Operative Plasterers' International Association of the United States and Canada.

October 18, New York, N. Y., United Textile Workers of America.

October 18, Detroit, Mich., International Association of Car Workers.

MY STORY OF MY LIFE

BY JAMES J. JEFFRIES



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CHAPTER XII.

I GET DECISION OVER SHARKEY AND DAWN UPON NEW YORK.

ABOUT this time there was just one fighter left to the Pacific coast to meet me. He was Tom Sharkey. Tom had a couple of years' start in the game. When I fought Long, Sharkey was a topnotcher. He came ashore from the cruiser Philadelphia in 1895 and knocked out Australian Billy Smith in seven rounds. After kicking a soldier named Miller and drawing with Alex Greggains he knocked Choyanski out in eight rounds. Sharkey was such a rough customer that they put him against Champion Jim Corbett, expecting to see him cut to pieces. He roughhoused Corbett for four rounds, and everybody went crazy over him. Then he fought Fitzsimmons, and Wyatt Earp gave him the decision on a foul.

When I was offered a fight with Sharkey, Billy Delaney and I both felt like celebrating. Things were coming my way, and the championship didn't look far off. As for Bill, he sat down and said: "Jim, you can lick this sallor. There's nothing to it." Billy wasn't much on giving out tips, but he did tell a lot of his friends that I could beat Sharkey. The fight was in Mechanics' pavilion on May 6, 1898.

When we entered the ring I looked over at Sharkey, and he grinned. He was as confident as a gamecock. He looked like a sawed off Hercules. His skin was tanned by the sun and wind, and his muscles bulged out all over in big bumps. He had anchors tattooed on his arms and a big ship in red and blue ink on his chest.

"Do you see that ship on Sharkey's front?" I asked Billy Delaney. "Sure," said Bill. "Well, keep your eye on it. I'm going to sink it," I said.

We began fighting. Without waiting to feel Tom out I walked straight at him, and he gave ground. He didn't like my looks much, I guess, after the clever fellows he had been fighting. But in a moment he jumped at me with a wild swing. It was no trouble at all to push him away with my left and make him miss.

I had taken a good lead and was forcing the fighting round after round. In the seventh round Sharkey got vicious and rushed at me as if he wanted to throw me overboard. Two or three times he jammed me against the ropes.

In the next round Tom came tearing at me with his head down like a bull. I reached out and caught him by both shoulders. Then I spread my feet to get a good hold on the floor and shook him like a schoolteacher shaking a boy. That was the biggest surprise Sharkey ever had in his life.

I tried hard to get him in the last round, and I guess he tried hard, too, for he got in a couple of good swings. At the finish Greggains gave me the decision. Sharkey left the ring looking pretty grim, but he hadn't anything to say except that he'd fight me again.

I gave him the first chance at my title when I became champion.

I had cleaned up all the big heavyweights in the west now, and there was nothing to do but to go east and make a cleanup there that would lead to a fight with Fitzsimmons for the championship. My hopes went high when I was offered my first chance in New York. The eastern people wanted to see the man who had beaten Peter Jackson and Tom Sharkey. Tom O'Rourke matched me against two men for ten rounds each, the fights to take place at the Lenox Athletic club, in New York city.

The east seemed strange to me on this first trip back since my boyhood days. Even the streets and the trees and the buildings were so different from ours in California that it seemed like going into a foreign country. Even the people were different. Today I have friends and acquaintances everywhere and can enjoy a visit to New York, but the first time a few days of it left me homesick for my own California mountains.

As for Armstrong and O'Donnell, the men picked to fight me, I didn't worry over them. Armstrong I knew only by reputation. O'Donnell I had met in San Francisco when he came to the coast with Madden and Ruhlin. O'Donnell was as clever as Jim Corbett in a gymnasium, but he was an unlucky big fellow. As soon as he stepped into a ring to fight he became so nervous that he forgot his skill. I couldn't help admiring the looks of big Bob when he stripped in the opposite corner on the night of Aug. 5,

1898. He was like a great bronze statue. Here at last I was going to fight a man taller than myself, with a greater reach, equal strength and plenty of weight. Armstrong was clever. I knew that, and he could hit. He was a fine looking fighter, even if he was black.

Armstrong was waiting when I stepped into the ring with Billy Delaney. As soon as I reached my corner he came across and held out his hand with a wide smile that showed all of his teeth. Billy Delaney whispered to me that Armstrong's corner, the southwest, was considered unlucky because of the number of losers that had occupied it.

There were many famous fighters around the ring that night. I remember seeing Jim Corbett, John L. Sullivan, Joe Goddard, Peter Maher, Kid Lavigne, Sammy Kelly, Tom Sharkey, Mysterious Billy Smith and a lot of others. Bob Fitzsimmons wasn't there. Being champion, he didn't care to look at any dub heavyweights.

As soon as the bell rang I went right at the big black man. After a few light exchanges I landed a hard left on his jaw and, rushing him back, swung the left again. Armstrong ducked a little, and the blow went high. As it landed a sharp twinge of pain shot along my arm. I had broken my left thumb.

That was pretty tough luck in the first round of a double header.

I didn't let any one know my hand was hurt, but went right on hitting with it. If you ever punched anybody with a broken thumb on your punching hand you know how it feels. It isn't a fun.

As I remember the fight, I forced the pace from the start. The black man was hard to get at, being on the defensive.

I figured when we came up for the last round that I had the fight won easily, but I wanted to knock Armstrong out now that the end was so near. He stood up to me for a moment, and I swung my left hard enough to do the trick. Bob saw it coming and in his hurry to get away fell on the floor. As he got up I went after him and, landing both hands on his jaw, drove him back into his own corner. Armstrong's seconds were yelling to him that the end of the round was near, and the big black turned his back to me and covered up like a



DUBS SAT ON THE BENCH—CHAMPIONS WALKED RIGHT IN.

turtle. I was pounding away at his back ribs to make him turn around when the last bell rang.

Referee Charlie White gave me the decision at once, and I started toward my dressing room for the half hour's rest.

As I stepped from the ring Billy Brady, in a ringside chair, called to me and asked, "How are you, big fellow?"

I just held up my broken hand and went along. Brady followed me out to the dressing room. My hand was so badly swollen that the glove had to be cut to get it off. Brady took one look. Dr. Frye of the club examined the hand, too, and said that it would be impossible for me to go on with O'Donnell. I never could have put on another glove that night.

It was announced from the ring that on account of a broken hand Jeffries would not be able to go on with the second bout. I could hear a sound like the Roman mob growling behind the scenes in a theater just before reaching the stage. All of a sudden it struck me that for the first time in my life I was being hooted and jeered by the crowd. It was the worst jar I ever had. I felt like going on and fighting O'Donnell with one hand, but what was the use? I felt sick and sore and disgusted with the east. That was the most homesick moment of my life.

And to tell the truth it was nothing to what I got the next morning. As soon as I had hopped out of bed and dressed myself with my hand in a big bandage, feeling pretty blue, they began to hand me the papers. Whew! What a roasting! It seemed that everybody regarded me either as a quitter or a clumsy second rater. Some of them even said it was lucky for me I did break my thumb, for Steve O'Donnell would have beaten my head off.

That day I went down to the Police Gazette office with Billy Delaney. In the outer hall there was a bench for visiting fighters to sit on while they were waiting to see the editors. Dubs sat on the bench. Champions walked right in. I sat on the bench while Billy saw Sam Austin and talked over the fight with him. It was funny to be left all alone out there, with the office boys looking me over and everybody walking right by. It made me feel like a measly yellow dog without any friends. That surely was a grouchy day, and I didn't love the east very much.

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