

## Named for Lincoln Made in Lincoln



Test of the Oven  
Test of the Taste  
Test of Digestion  
Test of Quality  
Test of Time

Measured by Every  
Test it Proves Best

Demand Liberty Flour and take no other. If your grocer does not handle it, phone us about it.

**H. O. BARBER & SON**

## Once Tried Always Used

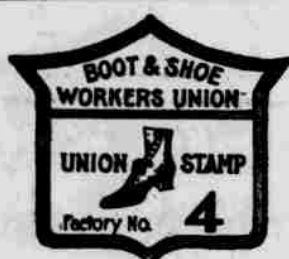
### Little Hatchet Flour

Made from Select Nebraska Hard Wheat

**WILBER AND DeWITT MILLS**  
RYE FLOUR A SPECIALTY

TELEPHONE US  
Bell Phone 200; Auto. 1459

145 So. 9th St., LINCOLN, NEB.



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  
impression of this Union Stamp.

All Shoes Without the Union Stamp are Non-Union  
Do not accept any excuse for absence of the UNION STAMP

### Boot and Shoe Workers Union

246 Sumner St., Boston, Mass.

JOHN F. TOBIN, Pres.

CHAS. L. BAINE, Sec.-Treas.

**DEMAND  
THE  
UNION LABEL**

## First Trust and Savings Bank

Owned by Stockholders of the First National Bank  
**THE BANK FOR THE WAGE-EARNER**  
INTEREST PAID AT FOUR PER CENT  
Tenth and O Streets Lincoln, Nebraska

Bell 348, Auto 2535

Oliver Theatre Bldg.

## Underwood Typewriter Co.

137 North 13th Street

E. E. FRANCIS, Mgr.

LINCOLN, NEBR.

## Green Gables

**The Dr. Benj. F. Baily Sanatorium**  
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

For non-contagious chronic diseases. Largest, best  
equipped, most beautifully furnished.

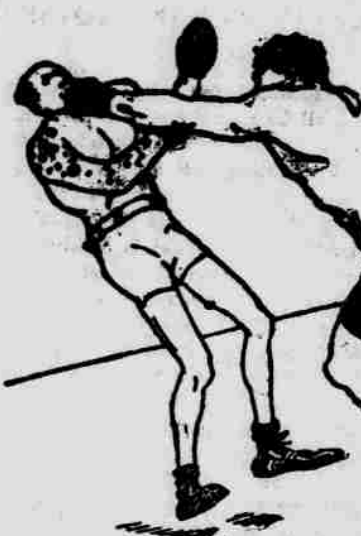
## MY STORY OF MY LIFE BY JAMES J. JEFFRIES

[Copyright, 1910, by McClure Newspaper  
Syndicate. Copyright in Canada and  
Great Britain. All rights reserved.]

### 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 Sharkey. 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. "Look out, Jim; he's bluffing," Ryan called from my corner. But I was doing my own fighting now. I jumped in as suddenly as I could and shot my left fist 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.

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 down. 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 dub," began walking into me and trying hook after hook. 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 crouch 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 waited 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 know after awhile that nearly every rush would end by my getting in a hard punch along the edge of his ribs, yet he never stayed away and never stopped trying. The way he recuperated in every minute's rest after going to his corner tired and wabbly was astonishing. 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 in the pit of my stomach. It was as hard as the blow he finished 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

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 jabs.

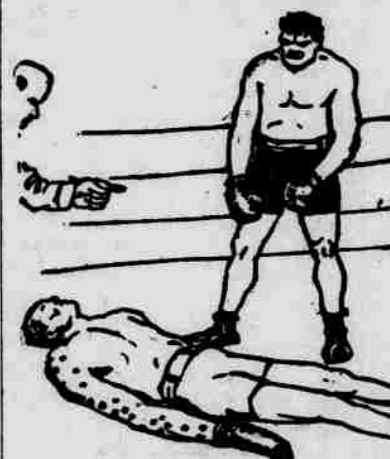
In the ninth I slipped in hard rights to Bob's ribs as he rushed me and then suddenly varied by following the right with a left hook so hard that the breath flew out of his mouth. That was a great combination of punches. I knocked out Jim Corbett the same way years later in San Francisco. This time it 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 wild. 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 it. 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 me 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. Silly, 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



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

## LABOR DAY EDITION

# THE WAGeworker

The Seventh Annual Labor Day Edition of The Wageworker will appear on Friday, September 2, and will be the handsomest edition ever issued by this paper.

## PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

The Labor Day Edition of The Wageworker will be illustrated with portraits of leading union men of the community, cuts of prominent public buildings, business houses, public officials, etc.

## SPECIAL ARTICLES

Special Articles will appear on union topics from the pens of pioneers in the organizations of the community. These special articles will be of great interest and possess a rare educational value.

## LABOR DAY PROGRAM

The full program of the Labor Celebration to be held in Lincoln, together with a list of prizes offered in the sporting events of the day, will appear in this issue.

## BITS OF HISTORY

The historical sketches in this edition will be worthy of preservation by loyal unionists or inscribed on union archives. In every respect the Labor Day Edition of The Wageworker for 1910 will be in keeping with the high standard set and maintained by this newspaper.

## TO THE ADVERTISERS

The Wageworker's regular and gentlemanly advertising solicitor is now making contracts for space in this handsome edition. He will call on you.