

MY STORY OF MY LIFE

BY JAMES J. JEFFRIES



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CHAPTER XXII.

THE TRUE STORY OF THAT MUNROE AFFAIR IN BUTTE.

SOME time after our fight Fitzsimmons and I formed a combination and began touring the country with a show. Fitzsimmons was a good card because of the great fight he had given me. The show was a success everywhere we went. Around through some of the western states we met all comers instead of boxing together. Some Fitz took on, and some I took on. It was in this way that I happened to make Jack Munroe famous.

This Munroe was a miner working in Butte, Mont. He had been a good football player and amateur champion boxer of the Pacific coast.

Long before we struck Butte our advance agent had picked him out. I didn't know a thing about Munroe. The house that night was packed, and all the people there expected to see some fighting. The fellow who had been selected for Fitzsimmons didn't know how to fight, and he made such a poor exhibition that Fitzsimmons knocked him out in a round to end it. Mose La Fontaine, a good little fighter from Montana, who won a lot of fights all over the west, went on next and knocked his man, some second rater named Foley, out in a round too.

That left only Munroe and me. It wasn't much of a show to give with a packed house out in front. I told Fitzsimmons I was going to let Munroe stay as long as I could and try to give the people a run for their money.

"Don't you be a fool," said Bob. "You get in there and finish him as quick as you can. You're champion, and you can't afford to fool around with a dub."

I thought I knew best, so I went out and boxed lightly and gave the miner a chance to make a showing. I was careful not to hurt him. Fitz was mad as a hatter when I came back to my corner after the first round. He roared me to a turn and told me to go out and end it. In the next round I sparred easily again, but I hit Munroe in the stomach and dropped him harder than I meant to, and I was afraid he wouldn't get up. But he did. In spite of Fitz, who was almost raving, I let Munroe stick until the fourth round. Then I went in to finish him, but every time I feinted for an opening or stepped in with a punch he dropped to the floor without being hit and took the count. He was on his knees so much that I didn't have a chance to knock him out. That was all there was to the Munroe matter in Butte.

That night Clark Ball had a falling out with Fitzsimmons. He rushed over and signed up Munroe and began wiring all over the country, telling the papers that Munroe had won a decision over me in four rounds and had knocked me down.

Fitzsimmons was sore as a bear. He offered to fight Munroe and give him \$5,000 if he stayed two rounds. Neither Munroe nor Clark Ball could see it, and Munroe wouldn't fight me another four rounds for any amount of money.

On the 1st of March, 1903, I met Jim Corbett in the Hotel Delavan to sign for another fight. Corbett had been challenging me for a long time, and all the papers were full of stories about it.

We decided to fight twenty rounds in California for the best purse above \$25,000 offered by any club, the winner to take 75 per cent and the loser 25 per cent. A little later we accepted Jim Coffroth's offer for the Yosemite club of San Francisco, then the strongest boxing club on the Pacific coast.

When the time came to train Corbett went to Croff's Gardens, in Alameda, one of the prettiest little towns on the coast, just across the bay from San Francisco, and I went back to Harbin Springs again. I like the Springs for a training camp. I had Bob Fitzsimmons with me now as a sparring partner. Friends of mine came up and stayed at the hotel and watched my work every day. It was a sort of family party. When I was training at the Springs for the fight with Fitzsimmons all the ladies and children at the hotel used to come down to the gymnasium and see us box. We were all good natured about it, laughing when we were hit hard. They used to go away and say: "Why, there isn't anything bad about fighting. It's just a game for big boys."

I thought then I'd have to put off the date of the fight for a few weeks after a bull pup that we had in camp

mewed holes in my leg that I could put my fingers into. My leg was all black and looked pretty bad. So I told Delaney, and he telephoned Coffroth in San Francisco. Coffroth came rushing up on the next train to Calisloga and took the stage over to Harbin.

"Jeff, you can't postpone the fight," said Coffroth. "It will spoil the crowd. It'll cost you \$20,000 if you don't fight on scheduled time."

"I don't care," I said. "I'll not fight anybody unless I'm in shape."

We argued and argued, and at last Coffroth said: "Jim, a lot of your friends have started to the coast from all over the country. Most of them are business men who can't afford to take another trip to see you fight. They can't stay over a couple of weeks for another date either. You don't want to throw them down."

It hadn't struck me that way before. "I'll fight," I said.

A day or two after that the doctor looked my leg over again and took the bandages off for awhile. He said there was no more danger of blood poisoning, and it was cheerful news to the whole camp. The bandages were replaced to cover the open wound, and I went off hotfoot for the gymnasium. For nearly a week the boys had been loafing. I called them together now, and we went at it for the hardest day's training I'd done yet. "You fellows have had too much of a snap," I said. "I'm going to make you earn all of your money in a bunch now." I went after Joe Kennedy, and we had a regular fight. He walloped me on the jaw as hard as he could, and it certainly did feel good after a week of laziness. I punched Joe in the ribs until he had a big red patch over the heart. Fitz, who looked on that morning, came around grinning and said, "Jim, you're as big and strong as a 'ouse." We wound up with a hot sulphur bath in the springs and a rub-down.

In the afternoon I boxed and roughed around with Joe again and with my brother Jack and Fitz in his pink and baby blue tights. I played handball, punched the bag, skipped the rope a thousand times and went for a run. When it was over some of us stood out in front of the hotel shooting at a post 300 yards away across the canyon. I used an automatic pistol and put several bullets into the post. I wound up by shooting all the spots out of a ten of diamonds nailed to a stump about fifty feet away.



Photo by American Press Association. JEFFRIES TRAINING FOR JOHNSON—BACK FROM A FISHING TRIP.

And after that I felt like myself. I remember that I ate a whole chicken for dinner that night, as well as a couple of good steaks.

We still had time for a little fun. Fitz was a great practical joker. One of our friends at the Springs was a big policeman from East Oakland, who was on his vacation. He liked to joke too. One morning he rose before sunrise and stood out in front of my cottage singing songs until he got us all out of bed. We ran out and chased him, but he escaped. After breakfast I happened to see him standing in front of the hotel. Now, there were a big fountain and a pool in front of the hotel. I went over and got down on my knees by the pool, at the same time tipping a wink to Fitz.

"I don't see the goldfish this year," I called out.

"There never were any goldfish," said the copper.

"Oh, yes," I said. "Somebody turned a lot of them in here last year. I used to see them swimming around."

I leaned over and looked all around.

"There goes one now," I yelled.

The big cop dropped on his knees at the edge of the pool and craned his neck, and just then Fitz slipped up behind him quietly and gave him a shove. He took a fine header, and before he could climb out again we were gone. That copper always thought I pushed him in, and it used to make me nearly explode when Fitz would go around with a solemn face and sympathize with him and agree that Jeff's idea of humor was a little too rough.

I had a good joke on Fitz while winding up the training. I got Bob to go hunting with young Hayes and myself. We went straight away from Harbin, taking pack mules and blankets, and stayed three days. Hayes got a deer, and I got two. Coming back I hiked for camp with a buck over my shoulders, and Fitz limped in three or four hours behind me. He wouldn't quit, but in the mountains I could set a pace that carried Bob off his feet.

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We could tell much about the beauty, quality, variety or the price advantages made possible by this splendid array of NEW FABRICS, TRIMMINGS and ACCESSORIES, but for your own satisfaction we prefer to let you enjoy the charm of fabric and design for yourself, to let you examine the weaves and textures, combine the cloths and trimmings, and picture in your own mind the charming costumes you are now to have made—as you want them—from materials you personally select.

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The latest effects in cream and ecru all-over laces.

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GEMS FROM BRYAN.

From the Commoner's Labor Day Address at St. Joseph.

"Democratic sentiment is bigger than the Democratic party or any other party ever will be.

"The initiative and referendum is more popular today than other issue before the people and more potent than upward, or downward revision of the tariff.

"Government in the hands of the people is more safe than in the hands of any men that the people may select.

"If a governor of a state may have the power to veto the action of his legislature should not all the people have a right to veto any legislative act through the referendum?

"The laboring man has a right to a trial by jury and no judge, as in an injunction suit, has the right to be law-maker, judge of that law and prosecuting attorney as well.

"Labor is classed as an honor, and to be idle or to sponge off others is now considered dishonorable.

"The great problem that confronts organized labor is what portion of the products of its brain and muscle shall be its recompense for its labor.

"Organized labor must be interested in education. Every boy and girl has a right to an education and no one has a right to say that they shall not be educated.

"If God had intended that a few should do all the thinking, then he would have made the backs of the many broader that they might be better able to bear the burdens placed on them by the thinking few.

"Education places the child on an equality with everyone.

"The better a man is educated the better he is able to demand his rights and without education a man is not able to do his duty as a citizen."

"The laboring man must realize that moral wealth counts in business and I am glad that organized labor has ad-

vanced the moral welfare of its members.

"A man had better make his wife his treasurer every Saturday night than to allow the saloon to act in that capacity.

"I am glad to see that laboring men are putting a restraint on themselves in regard to drink and intemperance.

"I am here to say what I think is for the betterment of all, regardless of those who do or do not like it.

"Organized labor has made mistakes but had it not it would have been mighty lonely.

"Organized labor has done a service for humanity in lessening the hours of toil per day; in eliminating to a large extent child labor and in bettering the conditions under which laboring men work in general.

"You can drive a man from his bed to his work and from his work to his bed and thus make him a useful animal, but it does not make him a useful citizen.

"Organized labor has done much to achieve the secret ballot.

"If by organization labor has accomplished these things it should have the right to insist that those who share in the fruits of victory should be members of organized labor.

"The argument of organized labor can never be more than a moral one. Government can never permit of the argument in favor of organization being carried farther than moral suasion. The minute force is resorted to organized labor loses its dignity and its prestige and suffers. Violence reacts on organization.

"In arbitration organized labor and the world at large has the solution of all controversies, and it protects a man who would otherwise be forced to strike to coerce an employer into granting a just claim, and to prevent a man from being thrown out of employment while matters are being settled.

"The public has an interest in all problems that arise between capital and labor and has a right to demand that they be settled by arbitration."

UNIONISM'S PROBLEM.

When Union Men Are Consistent the Victory Will Be Won.

The most difficult problem to be solved by organized labor is the one great factor of Union Consistency. Everywhere we go in the interest of union label products we are met with the statement that merchants must handle what the trade demands, and that union men do not demand union made goods. This especially applies to goods that in itself bears no evidence as to the condition under which it was made. Many a man will select his hat with the assurance that the label is in it, because some one may look under the sweatband and find the truth but when it comes to a cigar he may buy any old scab, child labor, tenement house or penitentiary-made product and stick the nasty product between his teeth, and his fellow comrades cannot tell that he is scabbing it on the union cigar makers.

If you find a fellow who claims this or that brand is the only thing he can smoke, put him down as both a knave and a fool. Not one man out of a million can do more than guess as to the kind of tobacco he is smoking in this age, and in most cases he cannot positively distinguish between his favorite brand and other brands much better or inferior, if taken out of the same box and his belief is that it is the same. Get a good free smoking cigar and label it "Roosevelt," and a hide-bound follower of the colonel would revel in heaven. Take the same cigar to an opponent and he'd say it's punk. These are characteristics of the smoker. If you believe in unions smoke union-made cigars and stick to it and you'll soon swear by them and honestly so.

"Labor Day" was obtained as a holiday after a great struggle, and it's a good day to renew our faith and allegiance in the trade union movement by hiring union labor when we buy.

I am thoroughly convinced that no

unfair employer could successfully carry on a business depending on a small article of commerce if union men, women and their sympathizers would insist on union made goods—if they would hire union labor when making a purchase.

It is almost humiliating to go in a store and see a member of some labor organization call for some advertised scab cigar, or buy a non-union hat, or shoes or clothing of any kind, and then excuse his treachery on the ground of forgetfulness or something equally as bad.

Why will not the average member of a labor organization excuse the employer if he does likewise? Why will a strict union man in his own organization fight to a finish for a CLOSED SHOP in his own trade, then go out and foree by his purchasing power the OPEN SHOP upon his fellow unionists in other trades? Is that not a stab in the back of your own friends? Will the scabs whom you assist by buying non-union goods help you in time of need? If you are one of these inconsistent union men we ask that you turn over, not a mere leaf, but your whole book of action and make it conform to your profession of union loyalty and consistency.—F. G. Hopp in Union Labor Advocate.

HOW IT IS DIVIDED.

Labor produces thirteen dollars in wealth and receives two in the United States. Special privilege produces nothing and takes nine dollars, leaving capital and labor to squabble over the rest. The greatest special privilege is that of land ownership in our large cities. The enormous revenues from land in New York City represent the burden of labor, for very nearly all the people are tenants. And the tenants have built the houses and paid for them over and over again. What they pay rent for is not houses, but the land on which the houses rest.—Portland Labor Press.