

THIS WASHER is built on correct scientific principles. Does its work by gently rubbing and squeezing the clothes in steaming hot

# THE CRYSTAL WASHER

**\$5.00**  
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suds between a revolving wheel and a slightly inclined washboard.

## "A WOODEN HAND"

Clothes raised up and down - a new rub and a new squeeze in a new place each time, will wash the heaviest or lightest fabrics. Easiest running, most durable, most efficient.

**ONLY FIVE DOLLARS!**

Was \$10.00 until we secured this big lot. Saves work, worry and clothes. A labor saving machine for the housewife. "It is the best machine for \$10. that is made, and I know this from many trials of

different makes. You can send anyone to my house, if they wish to see the work the washer will do" - Mrs. W. R. Kimball, 1268 So. Twentieth. "The Crystal Washer is better than you claim, and after seven months' use I can recommend it as the cleanest washing, the easiest operating and the most satisfactory made." - Mrs. Geo. F. Burr, 311 No. 34th St.

## HALL BROS., CO.

1517 O Street

### A BRILLIANT IDEA.

Need a Place to Exhibit Goods Made in Our Own State.

President Rudge of the State Fair board has delivered himself of a thought that should receive careful consideration. It is one of the best ideas that has been sprung in a generation.

Briefly Mr. Rudge suggests that a building be erected upon the state fair grounds in which to exhibit only goods made in Nebraska. And it would take a mighty big building to adequately provide for such a display of manufactures. It wouldn't be the smallest buildings on the grounds, by any means. On the contrary, it would be among the largest, if not the largest. Nebraska is rapidly becoming a manufacturing state, and it is high time the people of Nebraska realized the growing importance of Nebraska's building and a display as Mr. Rudge proposes would do more to educate the people of Nebraska, and more to advance the material welfare of the state, than almost any other agency. It is to be hoped that the state fair board will take up Mr. Rudge's idea at once and proceed to act upon it. The board will have the co-operation of thousands of wage earners who are not now particularly interested in the state fair because its exhibits are either purely agricultural or wholly of goods manufactured in other states. Mr. Rudge could render no better service to the state as a whole than to keep hammering away on that single idea until he sees it an accomplished fact.

### GENERAL MENTION.

Brief Bits of Labor News Deftly Picked and Pilfered.

Union printers in New York are boycotting non-union bread.

The Grand Trunk is not taking back strikers as fast as it might.

The Spokane Teamsters will pay sick benefits of \$5 a week hereafter.

The International Machinists have nearly \$100,000 in government bonds.

A great deal of work is being done on the state aided roads near Spokane.

The reduction of express rates in Oregon is more nominal than real.

Roosevelt approves of better laws for the protection of labor from injuries.

The British trade union congress this year will open in Sheffield on September 12.

Some of the Australian printers are asking an increase from \$14.25 to \$16.25 per week.

The teamsters of Spokane are in a prosperous condition and hope soon to have 300 members.

Philadelphia street car men now have a women's auxiliary with a membership of 6,000.

Success magazine in New York was getting to be too much of a critic of big business. Therefore it has been reorganized.

Brickmakers and masons were locked out in Winnipeg, Canada, last month in an "open shop" fight started by the employers.

Wealthy Pittsburgh grafters sent to jail have been lamenting the cruelty of the prison keepers in not allowing them luxuries and favors.

The Young Women's Christian association in Spokane is a recruiting station for waitresses for the unfair restaurants, and is scouring the small towns and country to secure them.

Young women suffragettes in Washington are arousing great interest in their cause by giving musical and literary services at gatherings of all kinds. It is a very effective way of

securing a little attention from a large number of people.

Milwaukee printers have a new scale with a raise of from one to two dollars a week.

The free employment bureau of Spokane is securing jobs at the rate of 700 a month.

All sorts of graft is alleged in connection with naturalization matters in New York City.

Ragpickers in New York threaten a strike if their demand for higher wages is not granted.

Many of the bakeries of Spokane are found to be in a most filthy and unsanitary condition.

Demand for women to do housework is far beyond the response in Spokane, even at \$30 per month.

A joint meeting of operators and miners to fix a wage scale will be held in Montana October 1.

It is proposed to form a department of the A. F. of L. composed of all the clothing and garment trades.

A general strike of miners in Spain began on August 26th, but required several days to get under way.

Industrial accidents in Ontario, Canada, factories in 1909 totaled 665, an increase over the previous year.

The building trade are tied up in demanding the abandonment of the fake unions by the contractors.

Japan has just as much right to absorb Korea as America has the Philippines or England to protect Egypt.

Custom recognizes, health requires and civilization demands the eight-hour day. He who fights it fights the fates.

Trainmen in the Northwest are talking about an eight-hour day, and the different organizations may demand it soon.

A permanent arbitration board has been appointed for five years to deal with longshoremen's disputes at Montreal.

Spokane officials are forcing men to give up their unions or their jobs, but say that Spokane runs an open shop.

In Tacoma a large shop that signed up with the machinists is working two shifts a day to try and keep up with orders.

All the world loveth a cheerful loser. Get into the game! Subscribe for your local labor paper and demand the union label.

The striking workmen of the sugar trust in New York have put up a strong and determined fight against great odds.

Canadian authorities have fined the Grand Trunk \$50 each for bringing strikebreakers into his majesty's domains illegally.

Over 5,000 members of the Structural Iron Workers' Union of New York have received a second raise of wages since January 1.

Organized labor will co-operate with Senator Bourne in working for the extension of the Oregon direct legislation and primary methods.

The wages and treatment of white men on the Canadian Grand Trunk now building to the Pacific are so bad that the officials want coolie labor.

The first postal savings bank will be opened in Chicago next January, after which it will be extended to other cities as slowly as possible.

A member of the Seattle Postal Clerks is suing the government for overtime; alleging that eight hour applies to clerks and carriers alike.

The International Brewery Workmen are sending \$10,000 every week to Los Angeles. The employers realize they are up against the real thing.

Organized labor in Great Britain is

going to make a strong fight to have Parliament reverse the judicial decisions forbidding unions to contribute their money for political purposes.

On burned over forests the grass grows well the next spring. This is said to be the motive that has inspired incendiaries to start some of the forest fires.

Hundreds of men were recently tricked into Buffalo, N. Y., to help break the strikes of the lake sailors. They generally refused and they receive no strike benefits or donations, either.

**Bent at the Knees.**

Buckskin clothing was in the early days of the western country almost universal, among the frontiersmen at least. When the railroad first went through Idaho an old trapper came down out of the mountains and was standing on the platform of a little station. His buckskin trousers, soaked and stretched by the rain and the melting snow of the winter and then dried and shrunk by the August sun, bagged most wonderfully at the knees. A tenderfoot who stood near by observed him with interest for several minutes. Then he walked over to him and inquired:

"Well, if you're going to jump why don't you jump?"

**Complaining.**

We do not wisely when we vent complaint and censure. Human nature is more sensible of smart in suffering than of pleasure in rejoicing, and the present endurance easily take up our thoughts. We cry out for a little pain when we do but smile for a great deal of contentment.—Feltbam.

**Served Them Right.**

Higgins Wentworth was hoeing one April morning when three rough looking men climbed the fence and crossed the field to him. They had just been shipwrecked, they said, on the big Maria. They had lost even their clothes. Would Higgins help them?

Higgins Wentworth looked closely into the sailors' faces, for he knew the ways of men. Then he said:

"You, the bowlegged one, go stand twenty yards to the right, and I'll get you to help me a minute with the seed-in'. You, baldy, there, you stand twenty yards to the left."

The two men complied, and the Higgins Wentworth said quietly to the man who remained:

"What did you say your captain's name was?"

"Williams, Captain Williams," was the reply.

The old farmer sauntered to the man off to the right.

"What was your captain's name?" he asked.

"Everett, sir," the man answered.

Higgins Wentworth crossed the field to the third man.

"What was your captain's name?"

"The name was Captain Jones."

Higgins Wentworth leaned on his hoe and gathered the three men about him.

"A fine lot of sailors you are," he snorted. "to go to sea in a ship with three captains! No wonder you were wrecked. It served you right."—Detroit Free Press.

**The Last Straw.**

They were driving from the railway station to the village in which the blissful honeymoon was to be passed, and, though she had not as yet brushed the confetti out of her hair, the bride was in an agony of nervousness in case they should be taken for anything but a couple well seasoned to the joys and sorrows of matrimony.

Presently the carriage drew back with a jerk.

"What's the matter?" queried the bridegroom of the coachman.

"Horse thrown a shoe, sir," said the driver.

The bride clutched her husband's arm and, with what sounded suspiciously like a sob, "Oh, dear George," she said, "is it possible that even the very horses know we are married?"

## MY STORY OF MY LIFE

BY  
**JAMES J. JEFFRIES**  
FROM PHOTO TAKEN  
APRIL 15, 1910



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### CHAPTER XXIV.

MY RETIREMENT AND HOME LIFE AND THE MATCH WITH JOHNSON.

I SETTLED down now to a quiet family life—no more stage work, no more fighting. I believed that I'd never put on a fighting glove again. I bought a fine ranch of 145 acres near Los Angeles, with a country house on it, and became a farmer again. For two years I worked hard on my ranch, clearing away the brush and putting a hundred acres in alfalfa, which grows eight crops a year in my country. I did the heavy work myself, and I never enjoyed life more than down on the ranch. I was tired of fuss and publicity. Here I was just a farmer again, and it was great.

From time to time, of course, I went to see a good fight somewhere or other or took a good hunting trip to the mountains or went fishing at Catalina, where we have the best fishing in the world. I was as healthy as a man could be. It used to make me laugh when some one sent me the papers and I read stories of my "dissipated life." Why, no man since Noah's time ever lived a cleaner life than I did, up early and to bed early after a hard day's work.

After two years on the ranch I built a fine town house, with everything in it that one could want and everything the best I could buy. I won't say what it cost, but it's insured for \$15,500, so it's something of a house. In the same year I bought a tract of land near the town, cut it up into lots and sold again with a profit of \$20,000. A friend of mine and myself cleared \$35,000 on another tract, so I didn't need to fight to earn money. In the next year I went into partnership with another friend, and we got one of the 200 bar licenses in Los Angeles and built the finest cafe west of New York. That was a big money maker too. Fitting it up cost over \$50,000. I moved into town now to my big house and attended to the cafe. Because I was there so much of the time the old stories about my drinking broke out again. I never did drink to any extent. My limit was usually a glass of charged water with about a spoonful of claret in it, and only a few of those.

When not hunting or working I mixed up with the fighting game a little, often refereeing important fights. One of these was the Hart-Root fight up in Nevada. The promoters asked me to officially "present" the heavyweight title to the winner. I refused. Nobody can give away championships. But they told everybody I had "given" the title to Hart after he stopped Root, and I didn't take the trouble to deny it.

While I was in retirement Bill Squires came over from Australia. Billy Delaney went to work and signed for a fight with Squires. But I hadn't given him the right to represent me, and I refused the match. That broke up my old association with Delaney.

One disagreeable thing happened about this time. My reputation has always been clean in ring affairs, and if any crooked work has ever been planned in connection with any of my fights I've never known about it. In fact, I don't think any ever was planned, for people have known that I'd go out to win and would win. But while I was at home in Los Angeles a certain heavyweight, who shortly afterward became notorious through the exposure of his trickery, came to my house to see me. He talked a little while and beat about the bush, and then he said:

"I have just been over in Nevada. One of the promoters over there put up a proposition to me that sounded like a lot of money. He said that he'd give a purse of \$35,000 for a fight between you and me, then he'd put \$50,000 in the bank with the purse, and you could have the whole \$85,000."

Here he stopped and looked at me queerly for a moment.

"Yes?" I said.

"Of course," he went on, "the promoter would have to make his money out of the match some way besides at the gate, and I'd have to make mine, too, if you got the whole purse and all that money too. We'd have to make it out of the betting. If you won we couldn't make anything betting, you understand."

"Go on," I said quietly.

"Well," he said, sidgting around a

little, "you see, if he put up an tant money for you he'd expect me to win. You'd have to lie down."

"Get out of my house!" I said.

The faker got up and began to explain. "Oh, I knew you wouldn't listen to anything like that!" he said. "I was just telling you about it to show how far some people will go."

"Get out of my house," I said again, "and get out quick!"

He got out, and he left town. I'm glad he did. I'm one of the slowest men in the world to rouse and naturally one of the most peaceful, but when I once start I go the limit. I'm glad I didn't meet that fellow again within the next few weeks. I was smoldering like a volcano.

Jack Johnson, the black fighter, had been trying to get a match with me ever since I left the ring. The big negro kept on challenging me. In the meantime Tommy Burns, a good fighter for a little fellow, cleaned up the heavyweights in America, went to England, Ireland, France and Australia and earned the heavyweight title by defeating the best in all those countries. Johnson followed him to Australia, and they fought. Burns was game and aggressive, but the handicap in size and weight were too much for him. In the fourteenth round the police stopped the bout, and Johnson was given the decision by Hugh McIntosh, the referee.

Johnson came right back to this country.

In a little while the whole world was calling for me to come out and defend the supremacy of the white race. Johnson outfought Al Kaufman in ten rounds, although there was no decision, and knocked out Stanley Ketchel, the game little middleweight champion, in twelve. Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Sharkey, Ruhlin—all the old timers who could fight—had passed by. Everywhere my friends were begging me to come out and fight again. They seemed to think I was the only man who could stop the big and clever negro.

As for myself, there was no reason for my fighting again. I had a good home, many friends, a good business, everything a man could want. And I had been out of the ring for over five years. Billy Delaney had told me, I remembered, that no champion could stay out of the ring more than two years and come back at his best. I knew that I was in no condition to fight now. I had taken on weight and had lost the old ambition that a champion must have. But the pressure became too great. I announced that I'd work and when I knew I could be the old Jim Jeffries again I'd fight, and if I couldn't I wouldn't fight for love or money.

So I went out on a long trip with an athletic show. All through the eastern states the people kept calling to me. Often I was tempted to say I'd fight Johnson, condition or no condition. And when at last I began to get into shape and feel the old fight-



Photo by American Press Association. JEFFRIES TRAINING FOR JOHNSON—AN EARLY MORNING RUN.

ing spirit growing strong I announced that I'd fight. I put \$5,000 in the hands of Bob Edgren, sporting editor of the New York Evening World, my old friend in the Carson training camp, as a forfeit for the match. Then I went to Germany with my wife for a little vacation. There I took long runs over the quiet country roads to the intense amazement of the natives and got into better shape still.

Upon returning to America I signed articles with Johnson. I'll give the negro credit for one thing—he didn't bust now, but came right down to business. Promoters came or sent in their bids from all over the world. No such sums were ever offered for a fight before. The winning bid, a purse of \$101,000 and control of the moving picture arrangements, offered by Tex Rickard and Jack Gleason, was a world's record.

Under Sam Berger's business management I started out with a big athletic show and toured the country, making a new fortune from that alone. And everywhere I trained hard. The fight was a sure thing now.

Three months before the date fixed, which was the 4th of July, 1910, just lacking a month of six years after my fight with Jack Munroe, I went into hard training in a mountain camp at Rowardennan, in Santa Cruz county, Cal.

The fight is before me now. I feel that I will be fit to defend the title I won years ago from Bob Fitzsimmons. I know Johnson is a good man, and I expect to have a hard fight on my hands. Perhaps this time I'll even have to draw on that reserve force that I have never needed yet. And if I do I know that it will be there.

THE END.

## SHACKLES LABOR.

Injunction Issued by a New York Justice.

AGAINST THE UNION SHOP.

Judge Calls Strike of Cloakmakers a Conspiracy in Restraint of Trade. Invasion of Guaranteed Rights of Liberty, Says Gompers.

Once more the labor movement has been unreasonably and despotically enjoined by a court ruling, and this one goes a bolt shot beyond anything of the kind in its specific bearing ever before issued. The ruling came from Justice Goff of the New York state supreme court and is to the effect that a strike which demands the union shop is a conspiracy in restraint of trade.

The decision grew out of the strike of the union cloakmakers in New York city, which Justice Goff says was ordered in its primary purpose "to better the condition of the workman," but really "to deprive other men of the opportunity of their right to work."

Justice Goff cites one of the articles of compromise presented by representatives of the union to the manufacturers, as follows:

"The association shall obligate each of its members to employ union men as long as the union shall be able to furnish union men who can do the work properly. Within two weeks the nonunion men shall join the union."

This clause, he asserts, which shows the purpose animating the strike, as interpreted by the court, is clearly unlawful, and he passes to the conduct of the strike.

"If the unions," he states, "have not formally directed a systematic course of aggression by criminal acts, the members of the unions, acting in concert, have connived at and morally supported such acts on the part of many of their members in pursuance of a common object."

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, in reply to Justice Goff's decision made the following response:

"The unions are going to live. The unions of the working people are the outgrowth of our industrial and economic conditions. Without the unions there is no possibility for protection to the worker against the tyranny or the absolute autocratic sway of concentrated capital and greed. Let any one imagine if he can what the conditions of the working people would be today if the capitalists, the corporations and the trusts had full and unchecked sway without the union of labor in existence. Misery, poverty and degradation, with slavery in their wake—these would be the results. The republic based upon the sovereignty of its citizens depends upon the intelligence of its people, the great mass of whom are the working people, and unless they have the opportunity for not only work, but development, rest, recuperation and leisure, that they may secure better wages, better homes and a higher intelligence, the republic would necessarily be doomed and we would have an aristocracy and an empire, or an empire founded upon a degraded people.

"The unions of labor have done more than any other human agency to develop a higher character, better manhood and a broader conception of duty of citizenship among the working people of our country. Justice Goff quotes an unjust decision in support of his own, and that is supposed to be good law. The unions of labor will live despite injunctions and decisions which invade constitutionally guaranteed rights of human liberty."

### New York's Liability Law.

Beginning Sept. 1 there went into effect in the state of New York a law which goes further to indemnify workmen for injuries received at their occupations than any legislation heretofore enacted in the United States and equaled only by those of northern European countries.

The assumption of risk feature of the old law is abolished, and the employer becomes fully liable. Under the old law when a man applied for work at an occupation in which he knew there was risk of injury involved and took a position with that understanding the employer was absolved from responsibility, but this is not the case under the new law. The employer has got to settle with the injured man.

The burden of proof of contributory negligence is now placed upon the employer, whereas it rested heretofore on the workman.

Still another feature is that employers are liable for accidents occurring to men employed by their contractors or subcontractors.

Virtually any kind of a notice to the employer is legal, for if there are any defects it is the duty of the employer to send it back for correction.

### Court Decisions Favor Labor.

The Minnesota supreme court has rendered two important decisions relating to damages for industrial accidents. One opinion entirely repudiates the heretofore understood "assumption of risk" on the part of the employees, and it is held that employers must provide all possible safeguards against accidents. The second decision eliminates the "fellow servant" rule as formerly interpreted and means that an employer is liable in the event of an employee being injured on account of the negligence or carelessness of a fellow employee.