

# JIM CORBETT GOT SHIVERS WHEN HE FACED FITZSIMMONS

By James J. Corbett.  
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George Dixon and Champion Jeffries were the two coolest fighters that ever stepped into a ring.

The former would sit in his dressing room, read the papers and discuss fighters of promise before a battle.

I remember on one occasion the little negro asked for pen and ink. He quietly wrote a letter to a friend in the middle west. Not the least bit of nervousness was displayed, and the letter is today preserved by Dixon's friend as a souvenir of the great little man's nerve.

On another occasion Dixon sent for a bootblack to come and shine a pair of shoes, as he wanted them after the fight, to wear to a dinner to be given in his honor by some friends, if he won.

Asked what he thought his chances were against Fitz, Jeff said: "I think I will win. If I don't, I won't make a boiler."

Peter Jackson and myself were probably the most nervous of all the big fighters. Jackson, at least an hour before the fight, would begin drinking brandy in small bits.

At the bell Jackson would be keyed to a high pitch and his nervousness would be plain to every spectator for at least two rounds, when he would settle down and work like a whirlwind.

Before I won the title I never appeared on the stage. I was at home in the ring, as much so as at the dinner table. But when I made my first trip around the country as an actor, I lost a lot of coolness. The long strain I was under each day told on me. Consequently, when I met Fitzsimmons I was a different man than when I faced Sullivan; I was extremely nervous.



"CHANCE FOR MITCHELL AND SULLIVAN."

Jeffries' actions are somewhat different, but display even greater coolness than those of Dixon.

When a match is made, Jeff shows great interest and talks to his friends almost continually of the coming struggle. As the date of the battle approaches, Jeff grows indifferent. This is due chiefly to the fact that he realizes his condition is gradually nearing perfection, and that he will be capable of doing his best when he steps into the ring.

I remember before his fight with me at Coney Island, he would ask his friends repeatedly what they thought of his chances, and of course he always received a flattering answer, which, by the way, never carried any weight with the big fellow, even if the opinions were solicited.

The proposition Jeff has to face, never cuts any figure with him in training. He probably worked harder for the Munroe fight than he did for the Fitzsimmons battle, which gave him the title.

Before he shook hands with the miner he chewed gum in an unconcerned manner. One would have thought that he was going to give an exhibition with some friend.

Before his fight with Fitzsimmons, Jeff was joshing with some friends and was late getting into the ring. When he finally arrived, he wore a small cap and heavy sweater, and jumped into the ring with the agility of a cat.

Bob Fitzsimmons, by the way, always let some one else do his worrying. His wife, he claims, used up enough nervous energy for both. He always held that many a good fighter dropped a battle because he did too much thinking.

Before his fight with Gus Ruhlin, at the Garden, in New York, Fitz went to sleep in his room in a nearby hotel.



"I WAS EXTREMELY NERVOUS."

## ALL HAIL THE KING



Fantastic ceremonies attended the recent coronation of Sisavong, the new king of Luang-Prabang. His kingdom is one of the states of French Indo-China. He is 29 years old and was formerly a pupil of the Ecole Coloniale of Paris.

An important feature of a coronation in Luang-Prabang is the salutation of the new ruler by the ancestors of the race, the Laotians. As the ancestors cannot or law not attend, masks and huge wigs are made to represent them. These masks, worn by Prabangites, are called Pou-Gileu Ma-Gileu. Their benediction is supposed to bring success to the reign of the new king.

At the installation of Sisavong there were three of the images worn by his subjects. Two were grotesque painted human faces, painted red,

and the other represented a lion. It didn't look so much like a lion, but the people over there are not sticklers for detail. The trio conferred on the king all possible good luck.

Sisavong's capital is Luang-Prabang, same name as the state. It is located at the confluence of the Nam-Kan with the Me-Kong. The town has a population of 12,000. The town has an extensive royal palace and many temples. There is little trade.

## SOME WONDERFUL POLICE DOGS



HARRAS, CHIEF OF THE DOG POLICE, CAPTURING A VAGABOND.



THE CZAR'S DOG BRINGING A WAR MESSAGE.

Dogs have been used in many various and useful ways to suit the service of man. Perhaps the most unique use of the dog has been devised by the authorities of Brunswick, in Germany.

There they have trained sagacious canines into a police force, and they do their work extremely well. In fact, these dog police have never yet been subject to a municipal investigation.

The chief of the dog police is Harras, who is shown in the first picture, as he was photographed in the act of capturing a vagabond. Harras held on with grim determination until his less agile men comrades of the police force arrived on the scene. Harras' two leading lieutenants are Luchs I and Luchs II, while they have many subordinates.

These dogs are of a kind of shepherd dog breed.

In the second picture is shown an

other of the Brunswick dogs, trained to bring a "war message." He is the companion of another dog, both of which were purchased by the czar of Russia. These dogs are used in all of the military hunts of Prussia and Bavaria.

### GINGHAM PARASOLS AND GLOVES

With A Postscript About Queer Fish Sandwiches.

By Cousin Lili.

New York, July 1.—One might think half the designers of the fashionable world had been at work on parasols this year, so novel, so new and so elaborate are they.

They run all the way from the gingham one, covered like the gown it matches, to the white duchess lace, with jeweled handle, which, by the way, is also covered like the gown it matches.

There is one covered all over with tiny pink ruffles, called "the rose," and another embroidered by the Chinese, (which makes it alike on both sides, you know), in bright, red cherries. Embroidered ones are very popular, and some have even a spray of artificial flowers tacked at the top. Some are lined with tiny puffs of chiffon, and they make you think of the under side of a mushroom.

Four pretty ones, of different styles, are shown in the cut.

The one in the upper left corner is covered with flat rows of embroidery, a thing one could do at home. The one below is decorated with painted roses. Painted parasols are very fashionable this year. Most of them have two or three bunches of flowers on them.

The lower right parasol is of white silk, lined with rose. Bow knots of insertion are set into the silk, showing the lining underneath. A lace butterfly is perched near the top, as though ready for flight. This has the hinged, or "dress suit case" handle, which makes it very easy to pack.

The parasol shown is a very stylish one. It has apparently two silk covers of the same shade of blue, and below it is a plain fold of sheer white linen. The handle is of wicker.

### Gloves.

Gloves are no longer the prosaic things they once were. It is almost as exciting to buy a pair of gloves as it is to buy a new hat. They are much trimmed, usually with a contrasting color of kid. Almost any combination of colors can be found, light, trimmed with dark kid and buttons, or just the other way. A few are trimmed with lace, a few with embroidery, and one pair even boasts of a tiny purse, right in the palm of the hand for car fare.

What few mitts are shown are very lacy and pretty, with a long wrist, and point which falls low over the back of the hand.

(P. S.—Must tell you about a fish sandwich the Italians here make. They take tiny fish, an inch or two long, you've seen them, and roll them in a bit. Then they root out bread dough, spread on a layer of fish, more dough, more fish, etc. Bake it, and there is the Italian fish sandwich, all ready to eat.)

LET THE CITIZEN FOLLOW YOU

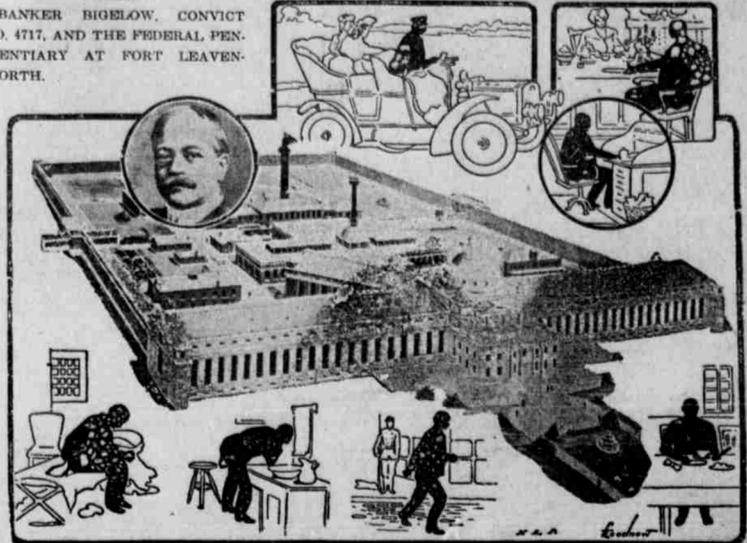
Albuquerque citizens who are leaving the city should not fail to have The Citizen follow them. In this way only can they keep informed about affairs at home. Addresses may be changed as often as desired, and the paper will come promptly to any part of the country. Send order direct to The Citizen. Telephone—Automatic 183; Bell, 15.

No need to fear sudden attacks of cholera infantum dysentery, diarrhoea or summer complaint, if you have Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in the medicine chest.

# WHAT BANKER FRANK BIGELOW DOES AS CONVICT NO. 4717.

THE MAN WHO LIVED IN LUXURY AND STOLE MILLIONS GETS THE SAME CLOTHES, THE SAME FOOD AND THE SAME TREATMENT AS THE REST OF THE STRIPED CRIMINALS AT FORT LEAVENWORTH PRISON—TRIED TO GET HIM A NICE JOB, BUT THE WARDEN TURNED THEM DOWN.

BANKER BIGELOW, CONVICT NO. 4717, AND THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY AT FORT LEAVENWORTH.



By O. A. Anderson.

Fort Leavenworth, Kas., July 1.—Convict 4717, formerly Frank G. Bigelow, president of the First National Bank of Milwaukee, and embezzler of over a million and a half dollars, tumbled off his cot at 5 a. m. today, hurriedly put on the prisoner's garb of blue, made up his bed, washed, and, at the signal, walked to a nearby building, where he ate a substantial but plain breakfast, which had just been unloaded from a wagon.

It was then 6 a. m., and the financier's daily unvarying grind had begun. Day in and day out he gets up at 5 o'clock and goes to bed at 8 p. m. Day in and day out he performs the same menial tasks and the same clerical work which the youngest boy in his great bank could do as well as he does. Sundays and holidays alone is there any variation.

From a palatial residence in Milwaukee to a cot in a laundry building, filled with felons, is a great fall. He broke down soon after entering prison gates and was put in the hospital. It was simply the collapse of a nervous strain, and within a day or so his time came to go through the dreaded ordeal of being "dressed in."

Bigelow's photograph in prison uniform is put away with thousands of similar pictures. His Bonwillon measurements and thumb marks are printed on a card and stored with imprints taken from felons all over the country.

There are two federal penitentiaries near Leavenworth, the old one and the new. The latter is in course of construction, and Bigelow is helping in a way to build it. The desire of the morbidly curious to see the noted embezzler was so great that Major McLaughrey, the warden, transferred him to the new prison, which is not in the run of prisoners seekers. It embraces seventeen acres and on three sides is surrounded by a seventeen-foot wall. Not enough

cells are completed to hold all the convicts at work here, so 100 or so are temporarily quartered in the laundry building. Bigelow is one of them.

Bigelow is one of three clerks in the office of Will McLaughrey, record clerk of the prison. The former bank president enters into big books the daily records of a certain number of prisoners. Convict No. 17 gets a new suit of underwear. Bigelow enters it. Convict 21 breaks spade. Into the book it goes in Bigelow's handwriting. Convicts 27 and 46 don't work as industriously as they should. Marks are recorded against them by Bigelow.

The ex-speculator has relatives living in town, and in a misguided moment a delegation of them, headed by a minister, started to ask Warden McLaughrey to assign Bigelow to the "task of operating the telephone exchange in the prison. The job affords much variety and would be pleasant compared to some convict tasks.

What the warden said to the committee is not known, but it is safe to say that his remarks were to the effect that he knew his business.

Warden McLaughrey has an international reputation as a penologist.

When Bigelow was being dressed in, he was game until it came to donning convict's garb. The only request he is known to have made was:

"I would like to request permission to wear my own underwear."

"If I were you," replied Storekeeper Hannay, "I would not make a request of that kind. It will only be a question of time till the government will have to supply this. You had better put it on now and get done with it. It will be easier now than later."

So Bigelow laid aside his underwear of finest thread and put on that which Uncle Sam provides. The clumsy socks came next and then the blue trousers of light material and the four-button jacket of the same material. Roomy shoes were given him and a cap, and he was equipped, and upon his heart he bears the number 4717.

Some of these days the government will put a little red circle surrounding a white star below the numeral. That will be when Bigelow has earned it by good conduct.

Uncle Sam takes good care of his prisoners. Their food is plain, substantial, well cooked and better than many an honest man gets.

Each man has a knife, fork, spoon and quart tin. Bigelow and others doing clerical work are served first in one corner of one of the rooms and then the common horse is called in. Here is a sample menu:

- BREAKFAST.**  
Coffee.  
Bread and molasses.  
Sausage.  
**DINNER.**  
Beef soup.  
Bread.  
Coffee.  
**SUPPER.**  
Cold boiled beef.  
Bread and Olo.  
Prunes.  
Tea.

When Bigelow's friends write to him they address:  
Mr. Frank G. Bigelow,  
Box 65, Fort Leavenworth, Kas.

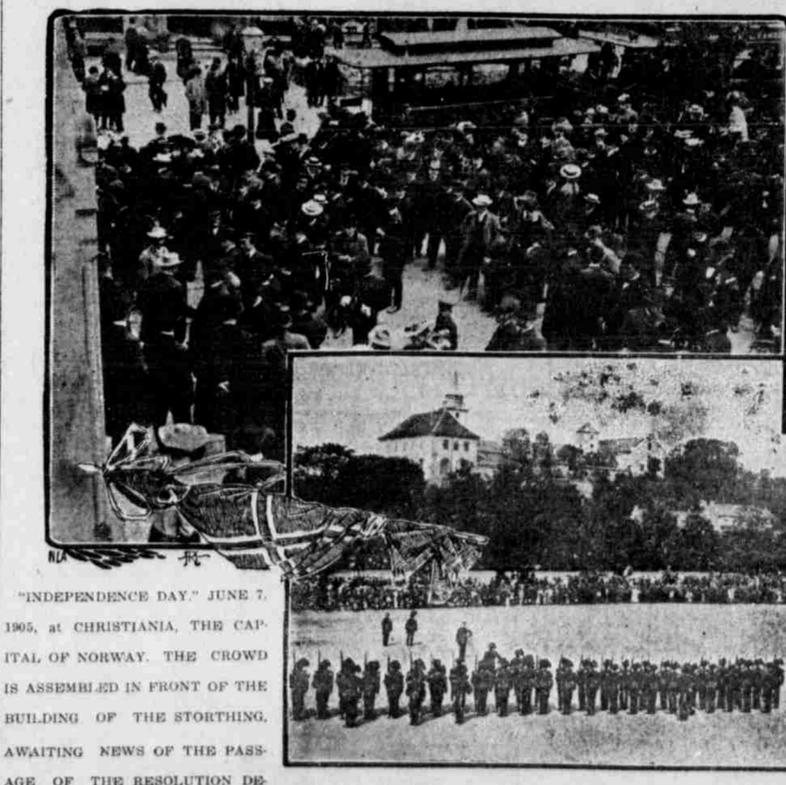
If the prison rules are enforced in Bigelow's case, and probably they are, he may write two letters a month in reply. Only two. The government provides the plain white paper and envelopes and stamps. Its officials read every letter going out and every one coming in. If a convict writes matter which is forbidden (usually it is some obscene or smutty language) a clerk carefully blue-pencils it out.

Bigelow, like the ordinary convict, may see visitors three times a week. The prisoner is brought into the guard's room when a caller comes and the interview takes place in the hearing and under the eyes of an official.

Bigelow does not have to do the lock-step and may talk to other prisoners.

Seven and a half years from now, when Bigelow's time will be up if he behaves himself, the fine clothes taken from him probably will not be fit to wear after having been stored away so long. The government has provided for this, and about seven years and three months from now Bigelow, if still in prison, will be ordered to report to the head tailor and be measured for a suit of clothes. Then a complete suit will be made up for him by convicts and he can wear it away.

# FIRST NEWS PICTURES OF THE REVOLUTION IN NORWAY



"INDEPENDENCE DAY," JUNE 7, 1905, at CHRISTIANIA, THE CAPITAL OF NORWAY. THE CROWD IS ASSEMBLED IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING OF THE STORTHING, AWAITING NEWS OF THE PASSAGE OF THE RESOLUTION DECLARING NORWAY FREE AND INDEPENDENT.

"CHANGE OF THE FLAG," ON JUNE 9, ON THAT DAY THE OLD NORWEGIAN FLAG WAS UNFURLED AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE BEFORE A GREAT CONCOURSE OF PEOPLE. THE TROOPS WERE DRAWN UP AND SWORE ALLEGIANCE TO THE NATIONAL BANNER.

Mrs. Bambini, at her parlors, No. 209 West Railroad avenue, is prepared to give thorough scalp treatment, do hair dressing, treat corns, bunions and ingrowing nails. She gives massage treatment and manicuring. Mrs. Bambini's own preparations of complexion cream builds up the skin and improves the complexion, and are guaranteed not to be injurious. She also prepares a hair tonic that cures and prevents dandruff and hair falling out; restores life to dead hair; removes moles, warts and superfluous hair. Also a face powder, a freckle cure and pimple cure, and pils cure. All of these preparations are purely vegetable compounds. Have just added a vibrator machine for treatment of scalp, face and cure of wrinkles. It is also used for rheumatism, pains and massage.