



SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1910.

MY STORY OF MY LIFE

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



CHAPTER XXIV. MY RETIREMENT AND HOME LIFE AND THE MATCH WITH JOHNSON.

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 then 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 "disgraced 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 officiate "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.

"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, sidestepping around a little, "you see, if he put up all that 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, Rubin—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 bluster 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 Glenson, 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. The date fixed.

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 Rowdennan, 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.

"Does Bigs meet his obligations?" "Frequently," answered Miss Cayenne. "But he almost invariably snubs them."—Washington Star.

Cameo Kirby

Novelized by W. B. M. FERGUSON



Another Great Booth Tarkington-Harry Leon Wilson Story

They said he was the worst man on the river, yet he showed them that the soul of a man and the heart of a man would not perish while the spirit willed that they should live.

THIS romantic novel of life, love, war, intrigue and revenge on the Mississippi in the early Colonial days, captures the imagination, thrills the soul, and illustrates that even an unprincipled gambler and card sharper may yet redeem the life he has bartered for illicit gain.

We Congratulate Our Readers on the Opportunity to Read This Absorbing Narrative Commences this week on Page 2.

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER DIES

Passes Away at His Summer Home in Maine.

HUGHES MAY SUCCEED HIM

Noted Jurist Was Stricken With Heart Disease—Served as Chief Justice of United States Supreme Court For Twenty-Two Years.

Melville Weston Fuller, chief justice of the supreme court of the United States, died at his summer home, Main Stay, at Sorrento, near Bar Harbor, Me. His death was due to a sudden attack of heart disease. His daughter, Mrs. Nathaniel Francis, and a guest, Rev. James E. Freeman, were with him.

The death of the chief justice was entirely unexpected, as he had been in apparently good health lately, and there had been no premonitory symptoms of trouble.

Though there have been reports that ill health would force Mr. Fuller's retirement from the bench during the last seven years, he was believed to be in the best of health when he left Washington for his summer vacation. On his seventy-seventh birthday, Feb. 12 last, he announced that he had never felt stronger in his life and that he had no intention of retiring.

It is believed by many that Governor Charles E. Hughes, of New York, will become chief justice of the United States supreme court when that body reconvenes this fall. Mr. Hughes was appointed a member by President Taft several months ago, but did not take his seat.

Chief Justice Fuller was one of the picturesque members of the supreme bench. He was born in Augusta, Me., in 1833, but had always been identified with Illinois, because after his graduation from Bowdoin college at the age of twenty years, and admis-

tion to the bar in 1858, he took up his residence in that state and for thirty-two years was one of the most prominent lawyers of that state.

Before leaving his native city his talents had been recognized and he was made city attorney and president of the common council, and was also one of the editors of the Age, the leading Democratic paper. These positions he resigned to take up life in the west.

In 1862 he was named as a member of the Illinois constitutional convention, and the following year was elected to the legislature. Prior to his appointment as chief justice he was seen at all the state and national conventions of his party, and his counsel was widely sought by Democratic leaders.

President Cleveland offered him at different times the positions of solicitor general, civil service commissioner and member of the commission on Pacific railways; but all of these he declined.

At length, however, on the death of Chief Justice Waite, in 1887, the president offered him the vacant position and he accepted it. From a financial standpoint he made a great sacrifice. At this time he was one of the foremost lawyers at the western bar, having argued during the two decades previous more cases before the United States supreme court than any other lawyer in the west. His income was something like \$75,000 a year. His salary as chief justice was only \$10,500.

Chief Justice Fuller held third rank for length of service as presiding justice in the highest American tribunal. For twenty-two years he was chief justice. Chief Justice Marshall presided for thirty-four years and Chief Justice Taney for twenty-eight years.

The chief justice was expected to retire in 1906, but declined to do so, and his action doubtless had much to do with the election of Taft to the presidency. Roosevelt desired to make Taft chief justice. Fuller stood in the way. He held his job and Taft went to the White House.

His first wife, Mrs. Mary E. Fuller, died while seated on the porch of the Sorrento home, where the chief justice expired, in August, 1904.

Steamer Afire, Races to Port. With flames consuming the cargo in the hold, the steamship Grecian, of the Merchants' & Miners' Transportation Co., raced back from Cape May,

N. J., to her dock in Philadelphia. Although there were eighty passengers aboard the steamship, which was bound for Boston, there was little confusion among them during the trip up the Delaware bay and river. The discipline of the officers and crew had saved the situation. Captain W. E. Briggs, skipper of the ship, said later that a panic was averted by the admirable courage of the passengers.

The tourists, in turn, gave Captain Briggs and his men credit for saving their lives.

Twelve firemen from local fire companies were overcome by the heat and smoke while fighting the flames after the Grecian was moored to the pier. Although the fire was discovered at midnight, only a few persons in this city knew of it until the vessel was back at Spruce street. After every passenger was off the ship, Captain Briggs ordered an alarm sounded and firemen extinguished the blaze.

The Grecian left the Spruce street wharf for Boston. All was well then. It is believed that the fire started from spontaneous combustion among cotton wool in the hold, but the exact origin has not been determined.

The weather was so delightful that a number of the passengers sat up on the decks in order to see the lights of Atlantic City as the Grecian passed along the coast.

Most of the women and children had retired to their staterooms before midnight, and when the fire was discovered the Grecian was just rounding Cape May point. It was then a few minutes after 12 o'clock.

The man on watch smelled smoke. He traced it to the hold and saw that the cargo in hatch No. 1, in the forward hold of the ship, was burning. The lookout hastened to Captain Briggs. Before the captain started to learn the extent of the blaze he sounded the call for every man in the crew to go to his post.

Then he summoned H. Valentine, the steward, and the stewardess, and told them to go from stateroom to stateroom and awaken every passenger. He also ordered the crew to man the boats. While the passengers were being aroused all the boats were ready to be lowered. The eighty passengers assembled on the decks or were in the saloons. Captain Briggs had to tell them that there was a fire below the decks, but he added:

"Now I assure you that there is not the slightest danger. The hatches are all battened down, water is being

pooured through the emergency hatches and even if we are afloat for several days the fire cannot get out of the hatches."

FARMER'S HEAD BLOWN OFF

Killed by Gun He Carried to Shoot Rats.

Theodore Middleton, one of the most prosperous farmers and real estate owners in the locality of Milford, Del., was killed.

He went to his chicken yard, as had been his custom, to kill rats, which infested the place. He took with him his gun. Prior to feeding the chickens he sat his gun down, when it exploded. The contents blew off the entire side of his head and face. He died instantly. So severe was the explosion that the trigger was blown from its socket.

T. R. OPPOSED TO BALLINGER

Endorses Insurgent For United States Senator.

MAY SPLIT WITH TAFT

It Is Believed the Ballinger-Pinchot Controversy May Cause Break Between the President and Ex-President.

If Colonel Roosevelt is going to fall in line and endorse the administration, as a good many political sharps think he will do, he is employing a novel method of making his attitude known.

The colonel announced that several of the most rabid insurgent leaders in the country are coming to Sagamore Hill on Thursday. The conference gives every indication of being the most important gathering that Mr. Roosevelt has participated in since he got back from the other side, with the possible exception of the meeting with President Taft at Beverly last week, which apparently was not as satisfactory to the colonel as the Beverly dispatches would have it.

It has been stated frequently in the Oyster Bay dispatches that the ex-president is cautiously feeling his way before he lets the public in on how he feels toward the administration. It has been remarked, also, that the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy is the rock upon which Colonel Roosevelt and President Taft are likely to split. For the first time the colonel defined clearly his opposition to Secretary Ballinger by telling Representative Miles E. Poindexter that he will endorse his candidacy in the fight for the United States senatorship against Senator Piles, of Washington. Piles is identified with the Ballinger wing of the Republican party in the state of Washington. Poindexter is an out and out supporter of Pinchot and a militant insurgent.

There is, of course, the possibility that Mr. Roosevelt will support the administration in due time, but he certainly is in no hurry about it. He, himself, has summoned nearly every one of his political visitors to Sagamore Hill. He wants to hear the insurgent side of the story first, and then, perhaps later, he may ask some of the regulars to drop in and explain the stand they have taken during his absence. Judging from his program, the colonel is going to work the New York state and national game together, because he believes they are pretty closely related.

In case the investigating committee that is looking into the Ballinger-Pinchot matter brings in a report to the president adverse to the secretary of the interior, which results in Ballinger's resignation or removal, whatever probable breach now exists may be healed. The colonel has been so careful to have his position known on this matter that his personal comment is unnecessary. Without exception, his Sagamore Hill guests have kind words for Pinchot, and there is a lurking suspicion here that Mr. Ballinger will get out.

BALLINGER WON'T QUIT

Secretary Has Conference With President on Reclamation.

The reclamation service came up for a long discussion at the summer capital at Beverly, Mass. Secretary of the Interior Ballinger got here early, went over to the Evans cottage on Burgess Point, and stayed there until night. He then left for Boston and Washington, without having resigned, but it is said in some circles here, with the scalp of Director P. H. Newell, of the reclamation service, in his portfolio, Mr. Ballinger absolutely refused to discuss the question of the removal of Mr. Newell. The White House preferred not to talk about it, too, but the impression prevailed that Mr. Newell's finish is coming swiftly.

The report that Mr. Newell is to go is based upon the undoubted fact that he and the secretary of the interior do not agree.

The secretary of the interior looked confident, stepped with a spring and laughed at the rumors that he had come to resign. "I haven't brought any resignation with me," said the secretary, "and I don't intend to leave any when I go away. I am not a quitter. I have gone into this thing and I intend to fight it out."

Confesses Killing of Woman. John Smart, colored, arrested on suspicion of having killed Eliza Brown, a colored woman, of Belair, Md., on Sunday night, made a confession to State's Attorney Stiffer, saying he and the woman quarreled, when he dealt her three blows over the head with a hatchet, causing her death shortly afterwards.

CHARACTERISTIC SNAPSHOT OF MR. ROOSEVELT TAKEN ON THE KAISERIN AUGUSTE VICTORIA.



Pictures of Roosevelt's Arrival. ETHEL ROOSEVELT AND BONGO.



This picture of Miss Ethel Roosevelt and her dog, Bongo, presented to her in London by Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Lee, was taken aboard the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria.

SNAPSHOT OF KERMIT ROOSEVELT.



Photo by American Press Association. COLONEL ROOSEVELT ACKNOWLEDGING CHEER.



Photo by American Press Association.

Endorse Folk For President. At the Democratic convention held at Windsor, N. C., on Tuesday, resolutions were adopted endorsing Governor Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri, for the presidential nomination. Governor Folk's father was a native of Berne county, N. C., and removed from the state when he was twenty-one years of age.

Senator Cummins Has Heart Trouble. Because of heart trouble, augmented by his hard labors at the recent session, Senator Cummins, of Iowa, has cancelled his lecture dates until Aug. 14. The senator has also been ordered to give up golf and cigars temporarily.

Washington May Bar Fight Pictures. The moving pictures of the Jeffries-Johnson fight may be barred from the District of Columbia. Chief of Police Sylvester, of Washington, has announced that he will do his utmost to prevent the films from being shown.