

BRITT-NELSON FIGHT AN UNCLEAN AFFAIR

Jim Corbett Says It Is Too Early to Pick Winners—He Believes Battle Will Be One of the Greatest Ever Fought—The Biggest Money Ever Offered Lightweights—A Sample of Double Crossing.

By Jas. J. Corbett.
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Like the explosion of a bomb on a still night came the announcement from Frisco that James Edward Britt and Battling Nelson had affixed their signatures to articles for what promises to be a finish fight before the Colma club on September 5 for a guaranteed purse of \$20,000 with the privilege of taking 65 per cent of the gate receipts.

These two greatest of little men have been talking battle for nearly four months, but they seemed as far apart as ever until Jim Corbett got to dicker with them. They must be brought together regardless of price. Their managers were called into consultation by the manager of the progressive Colma club and were to have been made an offer. Nelson, as ever, was willing to accept the liberal proposition as put up by Corbett, but Willie Britt insisted that instead of \$20,000, or 65 per cent of the gross, that the men be guaranteed a purse of \$20,000 with a privilege of taking the 65 per cent of the gross if their share of the receipts went over that.

At first Corbett staggered, but Billy Nolan came to his assistance and agreed to share half of the responsibility. This is really a guarantee of \$10,000 to get Britt into the ring.

The attractive end of the whole affair to Nelson is that the limit is placed at 45 rounds instead of 25 as Britt first demanded, making the go practically a finish match.

In addition to the purse which will be one of the three largest ever offered for a fight and the largest ever hung up for lightweights, there will be a \$10,000 side bet which is to be placed in my brother Harry's hands before the battle.

According to these figures the winner will receive \$30,000 in addition to the income from the picture privileges, which will be enormous on this occasion.

The battle will be fought in the afternoon and it is believed will at-

tract as many if not more than any one of the recent great heavyweight championship encounters.

Both Britt and Nelson have been resting up for nearly a month, but will get down to business at once. The former has not announced his plans, but the latter will have Jack Root as his head sparring partner if he can secure him.

It is most too early to begin predicting the outcome of this match. The friends of Nelson have maintained all along that if a finish match could be arranged between these two premiers there would be nothing to it but Nelson. That Britt does not think this way is evident from the stand he took in regard to the division of the gate receipts. He insisted on winner taking all. Then he proposed the \$10,000 side bet. On top of all this he says that he can get a lot more to place on himself and he intends to do it.

Personally, I have always favored Britt in a short fight, but in a long drawn out engagement I believe Nelson has a much better show. I also believe that since those two men last met Britt has made the greater progress.

But, as I said before, it is still too early to predict the result.

In the meantime the public will anxiously await any developments and every move of the two fighters will be watched as two exponents of the squared circle were never watched before.

Both in the east and west the betting will be extremely heavy, probably favoring the Dane.

Any prize fighter that is half wise will detect a double-cross about as quick as any man in the world. They are always on the lookout for being done. But there is one case in the history of the ring in the old fighting days of New York's East Side that still stands in a class by itself and furnishes one of the most interesting tales I believe I have ever heard in connection with ring happenings.

Shortly after my return to New York from New Orleans in 1891 I was invited by a friend to see several fights arranged for a hall in one of the out-of-the-way places in New York. I declined on the grounds that I had another exceedingly important engagement. But I was sorry afterwards, for an incident occurred that will probably never be pulled off again.

The semi-final event on the program was a limited round go, I think, for 10 rounds, between a youngster by the name of Martin Fogarty and a colored lad by the name of Dave Simpson, who had been drilled some by George Dixon.

The two men entered the ring at the given time. With Fogarty was Charlie Conors and another man whose name I have forgotten. With Dave Simpson was his twin brother, Jerry, who afterwards gained considerable of a reputation around New York's tenderloin as a tough guy.

Fogarty went right after Dave and seemed to have all the best of it from the start. In the sixth round he pounded away at Dave's wind and seemed to have the colored lad in a bad way.

When the round was over, much to the surprise of everybody Simpson left the ring and made a bee-line for the dressing room door. He was followed by his twin brother, Jerry.

Two seconds before the gong sounded for the seventh round they emerged from the dressing room door. It being only a preliminary bout, nothing was said of the actions of the colored boys. Fogarty paid little attention to it, as he was confident the seventh round would be the last.

Much to his surprise he found himself being forced rapidly around the ring by the man who but 60 seconds before had proved so easy to him. In the eighth round Fogarty was sent into the land of nod.

About two years afterward Fogarty went to Dave Simpson and asked him how he regained so much strength.

"Poh de lawd's sake, man, did you never find out how dat happened?" responded Simpson. "Sho, it was my twin brother dat done whipped you."

Jerry Simpson had raced into the dressing room and changed costumes with his brother Dave, an taking the latter's place without it being noticed that he was several pounds heavier than Dave, he finished the battle and won.

THE ONLY WAY



the control of the factory in the interest of the commonwealth, only to find ourselves face to face with a new alignment of individual forces demanding a change of strategic front? And may it be that the city has had its day, just when it loomed largest as a factor in human life, demanding all our time and thought and strength? It is well that the workman of the twentieth century has found himself, for his day is big with problems that can be solved by men only, not by machines.

A TEN-MILE HONEYMOON TRIP IN A BIG BALLOON

At Omaha George Young and Dora Rogers were married in a balloon at a park, in the presence of 25,000 people. Then the string was cut and the

PRINCE CARL TO BE KING OF NORWAY



Prince Carl, third son of King Oscar of Sweden, has been practically settled on by the Norwegians as their new king. Carl is 44 years old and is greatly loved in both Norway and Sweden, where he is called the "blue dragon" because of the cerulean color of the cavalry uniform he often wears. His wife is Princess Ingeborg, daughter of the crown prince of Denmark and niece of Queen Alexandra of England. The prince and princess have two children, both girls.



balloon floated away. The happy pair landed 10 miles from the park none the worse for their ride.



presented. The Rev. M. M. Mangasarian of Chicago is the only American representative. The main object of the congress this year is to lend moral support to the attempt of the political party now in power in France to bring about the disestablishment and disendowment of the church there.

INTERNATIONAL LIBERAL CONGRESS

PARIS, Sept. 4.—The International Liberal congress opened here today. Nearly every civilized country is represented.

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"TAKING TIME TO THINK, FINDING LEISURE TO LIVE"

The Greater Share of the Credit, Says Jacob A. Riis, Belongs to the Union That Has Fought the Toilers' Fight.



Written for The Press by Jacob A. Riis.

Some carpenters were at work upon my place this summer. They came in the morning, after I had finished my breakfast and was busy with my mail—at 8 my working day is well under way—and in the afternoon on the stroke of 5 they hung up their aprons, lighted their cigars and went home. Watching them pack up their tools one day, I said that they had cut off the best hours at each end of the working day.

"When I learned your trade, 40 years ago," I said, "we went to work at 5 in the summer and quit at 7 in the evening. In winter the day was from sunrise to sunset."

They laughed. "And you had no Saturday afternoon off. Many things can happen in 40 years."

That Saturday afternoon found me in a particularly busy neighborhood down town, where, at the rush hours, the crowds of workers hastening to and from their shops made the streets fairly impassable. The street was well deserted in fact. Coming over, I had met that fellow ever famous with a holiday through bound for the beach. I thought of my carpenters' story

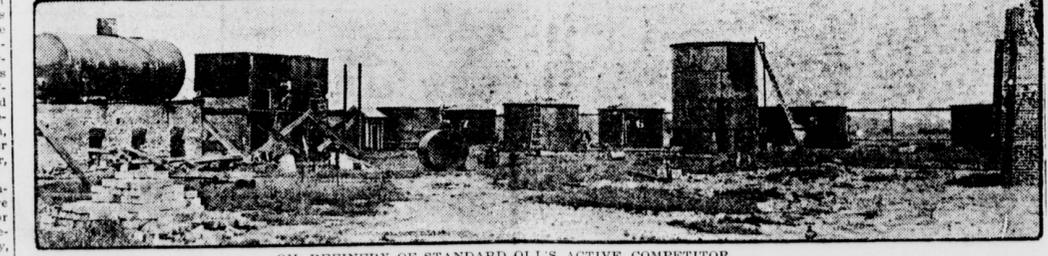
number of years since the Saturday half-holiday, coming over from England, took root in New York, championed by organized labor. It was Mr. Gompers who was instrumental in forcing the law, establishing it upon national New York, much to its disgust. It protested loudly to the legislature that business would desert the metropolis and move to Jersey and Connecticut, where it was not so hampered. Instead, the half-holiday has invaded these states and all the others, as Mr. Gompers predicted it would. And from a month, or two months, it has stretched over the whole summer, and the winter, too, in the trades.

The working day has been shortened at both ends, as I said. There is no longer a 16 or 17-hour day for street car drivers, as some of us remember. In Chicago, the other day, they had to change the time for keeping the bridges closed to a late hour because the early morning crowds were no longer there. The men named, the laborer, has time for his family, for play, for life. His wages have gone up so that he can afford a day off. This also he owes to organization, some of it perhaps

man's share to the union that has fought his fight. "The effort of men, being men, is to live the life of men," has prevailed to this extent. The nation is his debtor. The old senseless hurry is lessening. We are taking time to think, finding leisure to live. Only at the top and at the bottom does the waste go on. The get-rich-quick man is in as much of a hurry as ever. Perhaps a feeling that it won't last makes him go at even a harder pace. In Poverty Row, where children work, the day is as long as ever, and in the tenement homes the treadmill grinds by night as by day. But in the war upon these evils outraged humanity is joining hands with organized labor, and the fight will be won, for the social conscience is aroused.

What then? Have we reached the turn in the lane? Will the shortened work day of itself operate to prevent further cutting? Every privilege has its penalty. "The action of earnings and prices," says the last report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, "is mutually reflex. If the workman toils for less hours and gets more money for his labor, the costs of production and distribution are increased, and manufacturers and dealers advance prices." Hence the higher cost of living. The concentration of population about the centers of steam energy bred our modern factory system and the perplexities of city crowds that threaten the home, in the century that is gone. Yesterday I read that a company with large capital had been organized to transmit power for manufacturing purposes to the homes of individual workers living at distance. Have we indeed reached a fair workday, and

ACTIVE COMPETITION FOR STANDARD OIL CO.



(Scripps News Association.)
CHERRYVILLE, Kan., Sept. 4.—The laws passed by the Kansas legislature last winter affecting the oil situation have begun to bear fruit in the shape of active competition of refineries is now in operation hereupon which are 87 wells. Drills are and has begun to ship oil.

The refinery was built by the Uncle Same Refinery company, which owns several thousand acres of oil land. The refinery has a capacity of 1000 barrels of oil a day. The company

In addition to the refinery here one will be built at Kansas City, Kan., to be connected with the plant here by a pipe line, part of which has already been laid.

The refinery is owned by a stock company, in which nearly 6000 people have invested sums of from \$5 to

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