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JOB PRINTING

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A Scotchman, when asked why he always talked to himself, replied:
"In the first place, because I like to talk to an intelligent man."
"In the second place, because I always like to hear an intelligent man talk."
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Fitzsimmons In Marble

PHYSICAL WONDER WHO IS TO BE IMMORTALIZED BY
GUTZON BORGUM.

Greatest Fighting Subject For Sculpturing This Age Has Produced, Says the Sculptor—Noted Pugilist a "Man of Battle" Who Always Fought Fair—Winner of Three World Championships and an Authority on Geography—His Home Life Happy.

THE fact that Fitz is sitting or standing for his statue in virgin marble does not make Michael Angelo turn over in his tomb and throw fits. According to Sculptor Gutzon Borgum, Fitz is a fit subject for the sculptor's supremest art. Mr. Borgum proposes forthwith to perpetuate Fitz as a type of the finest fighting man of the present age, so that when this country shall have been relegated to the dustiness of ancient days our successors of the fiftieth century may visit the museum of antiquities in which the Borgum marble shall repose, to gaze in awe upon the "classic" features and form of "Robert Fitzsimmons, Pugilist, Late Nineteenth and Early Twentieth Century."

Well, why not? FIDELITY carved some figures not half so pretty as Fitz. Michael Angelo's taste ran largely to angels. Mr. Borgum, it will be remembered, created some angels for the Church of St. John the Divine, but destroyed them with his hammer when some of the church people denied that female angels exist. The Borgum creations being females, now this sculptor has set about doing a truly masculine statue, non-angelic, and he will trust his fame to his figure of Fitz.

"I regard Mr. Fitzsimmons," says Mr. Borgum, "as superior in the fighting sense to any living man—the greatest 'fighting' subject for a sculptor that

Main Line to Matrimony.

By W. F. BRYAN.
Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. O'Connell.

Nettie perched on the baggage rack and regarded with dumb amazement the bearded person who sat on the observation car side tracked on the tiny switch that sufficed for the needs of Lost Mines station. The half worn cars that comprised the rolling stock of this hundred mile branch of the G. and S. W. were shabby in the extreme, and not even the Pullmans that Nettie saw when she rode down to the junction with Sam were to be compared to this paltry set of wheels. More important was the fact that the bearded person was the president of the system, the man whose word was law to the thousands of employees of the road and its various feeders.

It was the first time that any official of the main office had ever been over the line and Nettie wondered that this quiet looking man should be the head of the great system. She had expected to see a six footer with a shiny silk hat and a frock coat such as she had seen in pictures. She was a little disappointed in the subdued suit of tweeds and the peaked cap.

But if the clothing was disappointing the face came up to all her expectations. A powerfully molded face it was, and every line bespoke the power and the indomitable will that he had made the G. and S. W. one of the most important lines in the country. For a week the car had stood on the siding while the men of the party hunted and fished, and John Westhall sat on the observation platform smoking and planning fresh triumphs, and Nettie had fallen into the habit of sitting on the station platform and watching the strong, contemplative face. It reminded her of the engine that puffed lustily at the far end of the car, big and strong and powerful.

Westhall had brought his son and some of the letter's friends out west for a hunting trip. He, too, felt the need of rest, and he found it in the quiet of this tiny terminal. Once a minute he would look at his watch and see that thirty minutes on the level, so better felt a thrill of exhilaration as the crack of the engine of the line skinned over the rails responsive to her slightest touch on the throttle. She was almost sorry when at last the junction came in sight, but as they crossed the bridge Westhall came out on the platform and passed a note to the porter.

With a glow of pride Nettie read the order to run on to Præville and realized that she had the right of way over the main line—the main line which meant so much to her.

"Don't stop at the Junction," the order ran. "You have a clear track and can handle the engine."

The main line was strange to her, but she knew that there would not be two small towns before Præville, where there was a hospital, and she did not slacken speed until they came in sight of the yard. Then she slowly plucked her way over the switches and into the station, where an ambulance was already waiting.

Nettie climbed out of the cab as the stretcher was lifted from the president's car. Westhall stopped a moment on his way across the platform.

"You can get your trousseau ready," he said. "If your teacher is as good an engineer as you, he is slated for a passenger run. I will have the special run you back to the junction, where the branch train is waiting for you."

While the dusk closed down on the mountain and the old freight engine was slowly climbing the grade Nettie patted Sam's hand as it grasped the throttle.

"I can't ride with you on the main line," she said regretfully. "We shall miss old 376."

"But the main line leads to matrimony," he reminded as he kissed her.

Waxed Mearschbaum.
More than a century and a half ago there lived in Pesth, Hungary, a shoemaker by the name of Karol Kovates. Among his many patrons was Count Andras, who was once the recipient of a huge lump of mearschbaum. He handed it to Kovates, the shoemaker, ordering him to experiment on the new material and if possible fashion from it a pipe. Kovates cut two pieces from the block and smoked one himself. The heads of the shoemaker were waxy, and the mearschbaum became waxed here and there while Kovates smoked. He found after some little time that wherever the pipe had waxed a spot of pale brown appeared like a stain. Still experimenting, he waxed the entire pipe, which now, after habitual smoking, grew to a most beautiful even brown. Incidentally the pipe smoked sweeter than before. Mearschbaum then sprang into popularity.

Get a Pass For Me, Calif.
Several years ago, when the Clover Leaf railroad was built as a narrow gauge line, Ed Marvin of Frankfort was one of the prominent officials, with headquarters at Frankfort. One day a farmer walked into Marvin's office, explaining that he was a stock dealer, and asked for a stockman's pass.

"Why should you have a pass?" asked Marvin.

"I'm going to ship a calf from Frankfort to Kokomo," the man replied, "and it is the custom, I understand, to give the shipper a pass that he may travel with stock."

"What is the freight on the calf?" Marvin asked.

"Forty cents," said the stockman.

"Well," said Marvin, "the passenger fare to Kokomo is 70 cents. We'll just issue a pass to the calf, and you can pay your fare." Indianapolis Item.

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ROBERT FITZSIMMONS

But his lordliest renown rests upon the fact that he has won and held three world's championships as a pugilist, thus breaking the record. The middleweight championship he won so many years ago that he has forgotten the date. The heavyweight championship fell to him ten years ago at Carson City, Nev., when he knocked out Jim Corbett in the fourteenth round by obeying the then Mrs. Fitz's orders to "hook 'im in the slats," delivering the world's famed solar plexus punch that made Corbett's head spin.

"Here, Fitz, this man has been with Corbett a good deal. Suppose you have him tell you how Corbett fought." Before the Corbett friend could protest Fitz spoke up:

"I don't want to hear him. It wouldn't be fair."

Like Sullivan, Corbett and others of the "profess," Fitz has essayed the role of actor. His present wife, No. 2, who was Miss Julia May (Gifford), was a musical comedy singer before her marriage. Both the Fitzsimmons appeared in "A Fight For Love," where Fitz bobbed the villain and brought down the house. But it is in his home life that Fitz shines most resplendently. A year or so ago he bought a farm near Dunellen, N. J., with a house somewhat like an ancient castle and a cosy lodge at the gate. There he installed his books and his boxing paraphernalia and settled down to grow old gracefully. There are several small Fitzes to make home interesting. His children call him "papa" to his face and "Fitz" to his friends.

The familiar picture of Fitzsimmons on the sporting pages shows him with huge freckles all over his body. He used to be noted as the only man on earth with freckles on top of the head, another championship distinction. But of late years Fitz in some mysterious manner has got rid of his freckles, so that the Borgum marble which 3,000 years hence will preserve him to admiring posterity will be of pure and spotless white, like his ring record.

Earthquake Proof Houses of Dralipale. Colonel Henry E. C. Kitchener, Lord Kitchener's eldest brother, who resigned from the British army several years ago to become a banana planter in Jamaica, is now in England purchasing material for the construction of an earthquake proof house on the "Kitchener" model, says the Cement Age. Colonel Kitchener's residence in the suburbs of Kingston was badly damaged by the earthquake. He has decided to build a house with walls composed of rows of dralipale placed on end and filled with cement, with layers of cement between, with a casting of cement on the outside and thin wood inside. He declares that this construction will resist any earthquake.

Winner of Three Championships.
A pugilist does not fight with his legs; hence those members do not require excessive muscularity. If they are somewhat lanky and lean they possess the very qualities desired. Fitz's legs are so, and thus he was enabled to be what the fighters call a "light" man. He is still a live member. In the style