



Diagram Showing the Blows Received by Corbett and Fitzsimmons in Each Round.

and its New York particeps-criminis, the Journal, no doubt caused thousands to keep away from Carson. It was remembered that the Examiner took a part in the Fitzsimmons-Sharkey fight, and that the referee supplied by it for that contest gave a decision that was denounced far and near as unfair and false. Yet that decision meant a large sum of money in the pockets of men on the Examiner and a heavy loss to honest sportsmen.

With the odium of this disgraceful affair fresh upon it, the Examiner began to boom the fight at Carson. Corbett was its protegee. He and Fitzsimmons were contracted with to keep their information for the Examiner exclusively. Other newspapers were given the cold shoulder, and the public was taught to look upon the Examiner as the only authority on the condition of the men. Whatever came from the pens of writers was in Corbett's favor. On the morning of the fight its business manager and sporting editor, over their own signatures, declared that Corbett was the better man, and if Fitzsimmons won something little short of a miracle would have to be recorded. Naturally the betting was in Corbett's favor, and the men who have lost, like those who lost in the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons fight, may thank the Examiner for their misfortune.

The question that must be answered is this: Did the Examiner, with its exclusive information, willfully lie about the men's condition, causing the majority of bettors to place their money on Corbett while it and those who enjoyed its confidence placed their wagers on Fitzsimmons, or was its corps of much-advised special writers mistaken, grievously mistaken, in their estimates? Perhaps this new rival of the Police Gazette prefers the former horn of the dilemma. It is used to being called a liar, but it is not used to having its stars pilloried as incompetent.

No matter what the answer may be, one thing is certain, thousands have lost money through the Examiner's misrepresentations and pugilism has been dealt another body blow.

As evidence of the manner in which Corbett was boomed as the winner, the following copy of an announcement posted on every fence in the City is here reproduced:

MECHANICS' PAVILION.
Triumphal Reception to
JAMES J. CORBETT
—ON—
Thursday Evening, March 18
ON WHICH OCCASION WILL APPEAR
CHARLEY WHITE
BILLY WOODS
J. JEFFRIES
JOHN MCVEY
JOE EGAN
—AND POSSIBLY—
JOHN L. SULLIVAN
Master of Ceremonies, Billy Delany
Entertainment under the direction of
WM. A. BRADY

Another evidence of the Examiner's interest in the ex-champion was shown in the fact that he was the guest of the paper in the special train that came down from Carson last night. It is whispered, however, that the copyright on his work has expired and that several volumes of explanations are forthcoming.

It was a frosty St. Patrick's day for Jim Corbett and many more.

CARSON, Nev., March 17.—Robert Fitzsimmons is now the champion heavy-weight pugilist of the world, and there is mourning to-night in the Corbett camp. It was a great fight, and there is no question that from a fighter's point of view the best man won. Corbett, as has been already stated in THE CALL, lived a speedy life since the time he defeated John L. Sullivan in New Orleans, and as a result his vitality cannot stand a heavy strain, which was proven to several thousand people who witnessed the great battle of the century. From a scientific point of view Corbett is superior to Fitzsimmons, but he was not in the race when it came to hard punching.

times to the once that the Cornishman hit him, but Fitzsimmons' blows were hard and telling. Time and again Corbett put his left on his opponent's face and alternated by planting his right on Fitzsimmons' ribs. Time and again Corbett beautifully ducked away from wild swinging blows, which had they landed would have quickly brought the battle to an end. As a clever fighter and a great ring general Corbett stands to-day at the head of the pugilistic army, but physically he has seen his best days and cannot possibly do a hard race when forced to cut out a lively pace.

After the sixth round, when Corbett had Fitzsimmons almost out, he seemed to go to pieces, his blows lacked steam and he was puffing after each sharp rally. As the battle wore on Corbett toed the scratch at the commencement of each round looking like a man in distress. He knew that his vitality was waning, and he nursed whatever little strength he possessed in tapping his opponent on the nose, from which the blood was flowing fast. Occasionally he grew courageous, and on receiving a blow from his antagonist he would rally and smash Fitzsimmons several times in return on face and body, but the Cornishman, although frequently retiring to his corner in a weak condition, would invariably come to time at the sound of the gong as fresh as if he had just commenced the game.

Fitzsimmons' recuperative powers are extraordinary, and it is his wonderful vitality and ability to take punishment that wins him his battles. He cannot hit a straight blow—at least, he did not land a straight lead during the fight—but his swings and crooks are terrific. Some of the swinging rights that Corbett warded off with his arms left marks on those members, and no doubt, Corbett much preferred that they were ducked than stopped. Another thing about Fitzsimmons that puzzles many of the best judges of pugilism is his awkward and shuffling style. In fact, he looked like a raw recruit before the scientific and polished Corbett; but he is a fighter and the other man is the cleverest exponent of the game.

Informed Professor Walter Watson of the Olympic Club, who sat next to me during the contest, that Corbett (that was after the second round) was not anything like the man who faced Peter Jackson about seven years ago in the old California Club. He did not seem to have that ability to send forth a swift blow from the shoulder which he was possessed of then. The fact of the matter is that Corbett has lost vitality, and although he may look perfectly sound and trained to the hour he is wanting in something, and that something is a constitution, which once lost can never be recovered. He retains his remarkable cleverness, however, but in prize-fighting cleverness and speed must be supported by a physique which is sound, or at least not so far impaired.

It was a sad sight to see Corbett when he was knocked down in the fourteenth round struggling to regain his pins. With his left hand placed over the spot on which Fitzsimmons had planted his big right-hand glove the defeated champion made a desperate struggle to rise, but the effect of the blow was too much. The damage was done and Corbett reeled back against the ropes, where he was counted out.

M. J. GEARY.

BEFORE THE BIG BATTLE.
Fine Weather, a Small Audience and John L. Sullivan's Speech the Opening Features.

CARSON, Nev., March 17.—Never were the snow-topped Sierras which encircle the valley in which Carson lies snugly watched with more absorbing interest than they were this morning. After years

of disappointment the two greatest fighters of the century were ready to meet to decide the heavy-weight championship of the world, the ownership of a purse of \$15,000 with a side stake of \$8000 and a prospective fortune for the winner. It was no wonder, therefore, that Dan Stuart in Carson and the men at Cook's Ranch and Shaws Springs watched eagerly for the appearance of Old Sol above the hills, for on the weather alone the battle depended for success and the avoidance of the oft-time obnoxious postponement. The absence of rain or snow and a moderately clear morning would have satisfied the sports, and their thanks to the weather deities were fervent indeed when they saw the sun rise in all his majesty to shine benignly through one of the most glorious days ever experienced in this locality. Every one was astir by 7 o'clock. Both the training quarters were visited by a constant stream of vehicles, and those who were satisfied with the condition of the men from previous visits stood around the street corners discussing the probable outcome.

By 8:30 o'clock the outer gates of the huge wooden arena were thrown open and those who were not fortunate enough to possess tickets for the reserved seats got through their breakfast hurriedly and hastened to obtain the most advantageous seats on the bleachers. The holders of numbered seats took things more easily and did not start for the scene of action until about 9:30. The battle was advertised for 10 o'clock, but the special train from the East did not arrive until long after this hour, and it was evident that Corbett and Fitzsimmons knew that there was no hurry for they took their time about reaching the ring. By 11 o'clock the arena was comfortably filled and nearly all the ticket-holders had taken their seats. The seating capacity of the arena is estimated at 18,000, and when the crowd were all seated it was computed that about 5000 people had paid for admission. While the spectators were awaiting the arrival of the principals and their aids they put in the time listening to a series of challenges to the winner, which were quite plentiful. Billy Jordan challenged on behalf of John L. Sullivan, and the old-time champion was greeted with a round of applause when he doffed his silk hat and clambered through the ropes

to make the customary speech. On behalf of Joe Goddard and Tom Sharkey, Billy Madden hurled "dubs" at the head of the prospective champion.

Fitzsimmons was the first to reach the dressing-room which had been selected for him on the north side of the arena. Martin Julian and Rober led the way for Bob, who was driven by his wife in a neat single buggy. They were followed by Hickey and Stelzner. The little procession passed through the crowd without receiving much applause and got into their quarters at 10:41. Corbett left Shaws Springs in a closed carriage and was accompanied by White, Delaney and Judge Lator. His brother Joe, with Woods, Jeffries and McVey, followed in a stage and had Jim's two mascots, the colliers. They arrived at 11:10 and went at once to the dressing-room. At 11:50 Mrs. Fitzsimmons left the dressing-room and took a seat in a box directly behind her husband's corner. There were about a dozen women sitting in different boxes. At 11:55 a scattered round of applause announced Fitzsimmons' appearance. He wore a Turkish towel bathrobe of blue and white and was followed by his seconds. He had scarcely got half way to the ring when Corbett appeared in his aisle at the opposite side of the ring. He wore a dark-gray, brown-striped dressing-gown. Both men reached the platform almost together, but Fitzsimmons was first up the steps inside the ring. The lanky Australian stood in his corner for a moment and sized up his rival with a peculiarly cool and critical searching glance. Then he paced up and down his own side of the ropes, rubbing his hands together with a nervous motion.

Corbett appeared very cool, and chatted confidently with his friends at the ring-side and with his seconds. The gloves were then handed in by Wheeler and the men donned them. Charley White looked after Fitzsimmons' fitting and Martin Julian performed a like office for Corbett. Master of Ceremonies Billy Madden introduced the men and Referee George Siler announced the officials and seconds. In Corbett's corner were Charley White, Billy Delaney, Jack McVey and Billy Woods. Fitzsimmons' aids were Martin Julian, Ernest Rober, Dan Hickey and Jack Stelzner. Referee George Siler called the men together and said, "I don't suppose

it is necessary for me to instruct you?" Both quickly shook their heads. "You both know the rules as well as I do," Siler continued.

"Yes, yes," Corbett answered. Fitz nodded his head emphatically and Siler stepped aside. Corbett handed Fitzsimmons with his right hand outstretched, but Fitzsimmons shook his head slowly, but emphatically, and half-turned back to his own corner. Corbett smiled and stopped short. Fitzsimmons' action was received with hisses and cheers. Official timekeeper Muldoon motioned to Lou Houseman of Chicago, who held the watch for Fitzsimmons, and to Jimmy Colville of Boston, who acted as timekeeper for Corbett, and then Muldoon clanged the gong and the battle was under way. During the contest the crowd seemed impressed with the greatness of the struggle and the fair and manly way in which it was waged. Good order was maintained until the last moment, and after the first couple of rounds the selling points made by either man were cheered impartially.

After Corbett came to his senses the two pugilists shook hands, Jim having indirectly apologized for his outbreak after the contest was decided. After Mrs. Fitzsimmons had embraced her husband, apparently regardless of his sanguinary appearance, the victorious procession headed for the dressing-room.

The betting underwent very little change before the battle, and the men entered the ring at 100 to 70 on Corbett. Few big individual bets were laid, but during the progress of the fight Mose Gunst of San Francisco bet \$500 even on Corbett with Pittsburg Phil. The latter won \$4000, and would have wagered much more money on the ring-side if he could have obtained re-

nable stakeholders. Paris mutuals paid \$13 50 for 1 on combination Fitzsimmons, Green and Hawkins.

FAIR AND SQUARE.
United Associated Presses' Reporters Tell How Corbett Lost by One Unwary Move.

CARSON, Nev., March 17.—After two years of doubt and vexatious postponements, the heavy-weight championship of the world was decided beyond cavil when Robert Fitzsimmons sent James J. Corbett helpless to his knee with a left-hand blow under the heart, after one minute and forty-five seconds of the fourteenth round of their battle in the arena here this afternoon.

The great contest was won in the simplest manner, and the knockout was the result of one unwary move on the part of Corbett. After the first minute of the fourteenth round had been spent in a few harmless clinches and counters, Fitzsimmons made a fake lead with his right for the jab and a simple ruse, but it caught the Californian napping. Instead of keeping his body inclined forward and throwing back his head just a trifle to allow the blow, which was very light, to pass, Corbett contemptuously bent his head and chest backward and thus protruded his abdomen. Fitzsimmons' small eyes flashed and, like lightning, he saw and availed himself of his advantage. Drawing back his left, he brought it up with terrible force, the forearm rigid and at right angles to the upper arm. With the full power of his wonderful driving muscles brought into play, the Australian fairly ripped the blow up to the pit of Corbett's stomach at a point just under the heart. Corbett was lifted clean off his feet, and as he pitched forward Fitzsimmons shot his right up and around, catching Jim on the jaw and accelerating his downfall. Corbett sank on his left knee, and with his outstretched right grasped the ropes for support. His left arm worked convulsively up and down, while his face twitched in agony. Referee Siler threw up his hands on the call of ten and left the ring.

There were some cries of "foul" when the referee declared Corbett out, but they were unheeded by anybody, as the battle was won fairly and squarely.

The defeat nearly drove Corbett wild. When he was able to feel his feet after his seconds had helped him to his corner he broke away from them and rushed at Fitzsimmons, who had not left the ring. A scene of dreadful confusion ensued. The ring was crowded with an excited mob, but Corbett burst through them and struck at Fitzsimmons. The Australian kept his arms by his sides and with a great deal of generosity made allowances for Corbett's half-demented condition. Bob merely ducked under the blow and when Corbett clinched with him and struck him a feeble blow on the ear the champion only smiled. It was with great difficulty that Billy Brady and the seconds succeeded in quieting Corbett down and getting him back to the dressing-room.

The fight was clean and speedy. It demonstrated two facts—that Corbett is the cleverest boxer of his weight in the world and that Fitzsimmons is able to hit him. The California boy smothered the Cornishman with left jabs in the face and right and left body blows. Fitzsimmons' most effective attack was a semi-fake left swing followed with a quick half arm hook. The first time he tried it in the third round. Jim threw back his head from the fake, coming forward for a counter when he thought Fitzsimmons' glove was comfortably past his jaw. Quick as a flash Bob doubled back and barely missed Jim's jaw with the hook. Corbett's smile died away for an instant, and he took no more chances on countering on that particular form of lead afterward.

The battle, as predicted, was fought on purely scientific and almost new principles. Neither of the men took any advantage of the privileges allowed them under the London prize-ring rules, and there was very little hitting in clinches. Corbett made no attempt to bring around his right in breaking away, probably because Fitzsimmons held up his elbows too high. Jim's only effort in the way of a parting shot was a full right uppercut, which he brought around very clumsily and failed to land by at least a foot every time he

tried. He did get in one good uppercut in the fourth round, splitting Bob's under lip and starting a thick bleed in a thick stream. Several times the men clinched and parted with both hands up. Frequently Bob worked Jim into a corner and reared for him right and left with blows that would win any championship battle if they landed. Fitzsimmons himself admits that Corbett shuffled and sidestepped his way to safety in a manner which simply dazed the Australian.

TOLD BY ROUNDS.
Fast and Furious Fighting Precedes the Blows That Make Fitz Champion.

CARSON, Nev., March 17.—Here is the story of the great battle told in detail by rounds:

Round 1.—Time-keeper Muldoon pulled on the gong string at 12:08 o'clock. The men faced each other. Corbett with his back to the sun and Fitzsimmons blinking slightly as the bright rays struck him full in the face. Corbett danced around lightly on his feet. Fitzsimmons covering his ground more slowly. Both were cautious and smiling. They feinted for an opening. Fitzsimmons seemed inclined to force matters. Corbett broke ground and danced about his opponent. Fitzsimmons feinted and missed. Corbett was the first to lead with a left swing, which missed Jim's head by about ten feet. The Californian did no better in his first attempt. More feinting at long range followed. Fitzsimmons forcing Corbett to keep his uppercut him lightly in the clinch. In a mix-up which followed no damage was done. Corbett stepped back and broke away clean. Fitzsimmons swung his left, but missed. A hard exchange of lefts followed, in which the Australian had a little bit the worst of it. Fitzsimmons then adopted aggressive tactics and frisked around the corner, but Jim got out of danger and sent a heavy right on the body as he slipped away. Fitzsimmons put his hand to his ground and Jim swung wild with his left, but landed his right on Fitz's wind. Corbett ran into a clinch, but the quick action of the referee was still forcing matters, but a hard left swing put him on the defensive for a moment. Jim swung his left on the head, and the two came together. On the breakaway Bob sent a vicious left uppercut to the jaw. A clinch followed, but the men parted without a blow as the gong sounded.

Round 2.—Fitzsimmons opened with a left swing, but missed his mark. They came to a clinch and were rather slow in breaking away. A vicious left on the head and a broad Corbett's breast, and again they were inclined to hug in the clinch. After the breakaway Fitzsimmons put his right arm around Corbett's ground before the Australian, although the latter contented himself with feinting and did not leave. Fitz had Jim's right hand and sent a neat left to the face and a right on the body, dancing away without a return. Fitzsimmons swung his left and a broad on the aggressive and again forced Jim into his corner, swinging right and left for the body, but Jim's face showed no sign of reach. Fitzsimmons came into a clinch, and in the breakaway got a stiff left uppercut, which swung wild on the head and the very pretty defensive fighting followed, neither man being able to get a lead. Corbett did most of the feinting, in which Corbett did most of the leading, followed. Jim soaked a hard left on the ribs and a right on the jaw. Corbett later, Fitzsimmons smiled and tried to corner Jim, who dodged quickly out of reach and clinched with both hands on the men and corner left on the stomach brought the round to a close, with the men in a clinch. It was clearly Corbett's round.

Round 3.—Jim opened with a rush and sent a left jab hard on the wind. Fitzsimmons did not like it and tried to run in return, but was wild with right and left. Jim stopped moving and feinted carefully and cleared out of clinches. Bob's left found the wind, but Corbett swung from the jaw into the clinch that followed. Then Jim put his left on the body, and as Bob came in to clinch Jim piled two stiff rights on the head and followed up with another on the body. Fitzsimmons landed a nice left on the jaw after missing the right lead for the stomach. A clinch followed and Bob got in a straight drive on the wind. A little hugging followed and for the first time the referee came between the men and broke them. Before the bell sounded a cessation Fitzsimmons put a neat right on the body and swung his left to the jaw and the round was fairly even.

Round 4.—Jim again led off with a left, which failed to land, and they clinched and broke clean. Bob tried with a right lead and left missed, the mark by inches. Corbett put a hard right punch on the body and in the clinch swung his right to the jaw. Bob was determined but slow. Corbett commenced to make things pretty lively, but they clinched three times without a blow being struck. A right left swing on the jaw from Corbett was returned with interest by Fitzsimmons as far as intention went, but Bob's right and left missed the mark by inches. Corbett landed two heavy rights on the wind and put a straight left jab into the face. Then Jim played his right under Bob's ear and easily escaped a right and left. Jim sent his right to the wind and Bob before he was taking an upper cut in the chin before he broke. Corbett seemed to cling to Fitzsimmons in the clinch and he missed a heavy left landed on the stomach and a vicious right for the jaw, which he landed on the jaw. He missed a moment later. He swung, missing right and left, but he landed a vicious right to the stomach and followed up with two swift lefts on the jaw. Corbett was on the aggressive now, and did not miss a blow for the head he sent his right across on the stomach. Time was called with the men clinched and smiling in each other's faces.

Round 5.—Jim swung a hard left on the jaw which made Fitzsimmons angry. Corbett was fast and got away, sending a left on the jaw as he skipped back. Bob was not striking quite so much now. Jim was a bit wild with the right for the stomach on the first attempt, but on the second he landed viciously on the wind. They exchanged hard right body blows and then Corbett landed with both hands, his right finding the body and his left the jaw. As they clinched he uppercut Fitzsimmons, and the latter returned the compliment with a right hook on the jaw. Corbett landed two right hand body punches and they clinched. After they stepped back Jim's right reached the wind,



Arrival of John L. Sullivan at Carson.