

COVER THROUGH

WILL THE FIGHTER'S WIFE SHED A FEW TEARS

Mrs. Fitzsimmons Consoles With the Defeated Champion.

"You Fought Splendidly," Her Comment to Her Bruised and Bleeding Husband.

Special Dispatch to The Call.

NEW YORK, June 9.—Mrs. Fitzsimmons, with Mrs. Julian watching, and the crowd of the building. She was almost heartbroken when she saw Jeffries give her husband the blow which forever settled his claim to the title of champion.

It was entirely unexpected to her. She had thought her husband was having all the better of the contest and was quite joyful up to the time Bob received the terrible left-hand swing that started him going and the terrible right which placed him on the floor.

There were tears in her eyes when triumphant Jeffries, followed by a crowd of enthusiastic admirers, passed her. The new champion recognized her immediately and offered her his hand, which she accepted silently.

When a little later Fitzsimmons appeared, bruised and bleeding, his wife threw her arms hysterically around his neck and hugged him.

"Keep up your spirits, Bob," she said to him. "You fought splendidly, and although you were beaten, you are still the prince of fighters."

When asked if Fitz had any plans for the future, she said:

"No, none that I know of."

When asked whether he would fight again, she said she hoped not. The prize never did appeal to her, she said, and she had hoped her husband would retire long ago, but he pleaded with her to let him fight once more, and she unwillingly consented.

Fitz' occupation of the lucky corner as a good omen.

Johnnie Eckhardt, who refereed fights when the old Coney Island Club had possession of the arena, commented favorably on Fitzsimmons' selection of the corner.

He said that during the existence of the club, which extended over a period of two years, he could only remember two or three occasions on which fighters occupying the southern corner.

Tommy Ryan fought his great battle with Billy Smith he sat in the same corner Fitz occupied. It proved very lucky for Tommy, and as it will be recalled, he won the contest.

Smith had Ryan almost defeated when his interference saved him from a knockout. The police, a few minutes later, thought better of their action in stopping the contest, gave the boys orders to get on again, and the present welter-weight champion had Smith in a state of collapse when the police finally interfered in the fifteenth round.

The corner is also notable for the fact that Billy Plimmer, the bantam-weight champion of the world, sat there when he won the championship from "Spider" Kelly. It was the first fight held in the arena, Plimmer's first fight in America, and Kelly's first defeat.

A conspicuous feature prior to the fight was the absence of betting, but few bets being placed, and they were all small-size affairs. It opened a door to a favorite, with no takers. The odds finally lengthened to 2 to 1, at which figure several hundreds were bet.

Of the noted betting men very few were in evidence. Some of the wagers were concerned Jeffries' admirers, while believing in many respects he had an advantage, hesitated about placing their money owing to his limited experience as compared with Fitzsimmons, and doubting in their minds as to whether he would have stage fright or not when he put up his hands against the "lanky fellow."

There were fewer bets made than on any heavy-weight championship battle ever fought in this country.

The New York admirers of Fitz hesitated about placing their money, owing to a feeling of apprehension on account of Chief Tomlin's attitude toward fighters. It was remarkable to see such well-known plunger as "Al" Smith, Mike Dwyer, Honest John Kelly, Jimmy Kelly, Joe Ulman, Abe Levy and others, who had bet large sums of money on prize-ring contests, look on and not bet a dollar.

Prior to the appearance of the men in the ring a conference took place between George Siler, the referee, Fitz's manager, Martin Julian, Jeffries and his manager, "Billy" Brady. There was a long wrangle over certain clauses in the articles of agreement as to the probable action of the referee in the event of a knockdown.

The conference lasted for twenty minutes. At its conclusion the referee announced that in the event of one man holding with both hands, the other would have the right to jump away until he freed himself from the other's hold. Should both men resort to holding tactics and become clinched, the referee agreed to separate them.

It was announced that in the event of a knockdown the official timekeeper would count off the seconds loud enough to be heard by both principals, giving the man knocked down ample time to rise or to be helped up before the prescribed limit had elapsed.

After the conference Brady met Mrs. Fitzsimmons, who was standing outside of Fitz's dressingroom, and they shook hands. Brady then joined Jeffries in his dressingroom.

FITZSIMMONS WAS OUTPOINTED FROM THE FIRST ROUND

Jeffries Had the Fight Well in Hand Almost From the Beginning.

Special Dispatch to The Call.

BY BILLY EDWARDS.

Former Champion Lightweight of the World.

NEW YORK, June 9.—In discussing this wonderful fight which I am glad to say has brought the championship back to America, I am forced to say that it did not seem to me that the blows struck contained the force that those did that were exchanged at the time of bare knuckles. But Jeffries is certainly a big, strong, young man, and should hold the title for some years. I will discuss the fight for the Herald and Call by rounds:

First Round.

Fitzsimmons broke ground, breaking ground, breaking ground, breaking ground. Jeffries kept almost in the middle of the ring. Jeffries was evidently trying to get right over the head of Fitzsimmons twice for the stomach and fell short. Fitzsimmons led left to the head, but Jeffries ducked cleverly.

Second Round.

Fitzsimmons, in the middle of the ring, made Jeffries break ground. Fitzsimmons sent his left to the body. Jeffries countered with a right to the face. Jeffries tried a left for the body but was neatly blocked. Jeffries then assumed a crouching position, boring in on Fitzsimmons' leading right.

Third Round.

Fitzsimmons looked very determined when he came up for this round, with Jeffries on the aggressive. They clinched twice without doing much damage. Fitzsimmons tried a right hook for the body, but failed to land. It was then seen that he was bleeding from the nose.

Fourth Round.

Fitzsimmons came up determined and tried a right swing, but failed to land and both clinched. Jeffries tried a left for the neck, but Fitzsimmons got inside of him and threw a left to the head.

Fifth Round.

Fitzsimmons led off with a left to the face, spinning Jeffries' left eye, which bled freely. Jeffries retaliated with hard left to the ear and Fitzsimmons tried his right for the stomach.

Sixth Round.

Fitzsimmons jumped across the ring and Jeffries stepped back with a hard left to the head, landing slightly and blocked a right lead for the body.

Both tried to get right over the head of the other. Fitzsimmons put his left to the body and Jeffries tried a right cross for the face and missed a right cross for the jaw.

Fitzsimmons, sitting on the chest, countered lightly on the wind. Fitzsimmons crowded in with his left for the wind and Jeffries head and tried to get right over the head of the other.

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HOW THE WORKS OF CAMPIONSHIP WON BY JEFFRIES

JEFFRIES IS WONDERFULLY IMPROVED

"Honest John" Kelly Once Thought He Was a Dub.

BY JOHN KELLY.

Never Has He Seen a Man Who Has Made Such Great Improvement.

NEW YORK, June 9.—There is no similarity between the James Jeffries I saw attempt to knock out Bob Armstrong at the Lenox Athletic Club in August, 1898, and the James Jeffries who put Robert Fitzsimmons to sleep at Coney Island.

One was a big, soft, painfully slow chap, that didn't appear to know the first rudiments of boxing, though he had been sparring with Corbett all through the latter's training period at Carson City. He was the laughing stock of all the good judges around the ringside, and not one man in the building had a complimentary word for him after his really pitiable showing.

But time, and little of it, has worked wonders for this overgrown boy. Last night he was big, strong, shifty, quick and scientific. A fighter of a more aggressive big man I have never seen. He hit like a battering-ram and took hard blows in return without flinching. He used the right and left hand with equal force, both hands seemingly being alike to him, and he wanted to fight all the time.

His footwork was simply a revelation, his improvement in this respect in less than a year being really marvellous. It seemed last night as if he was all over the ring at once.

Punishment only made him fight harder, and considering the rapid pace the men did not seem to affect him. Jeffries today is a great fighter. His youth, great strength, science, quickness of hand, eye and foot, and above all his fearless attitude make him a champion worthy of the title. He should be champion for several years to come.

Those who remember John L. Sullivan before and after he fought "Paddy" Ryan will appreciate the marvelous change in Jeffries. He is the same, but both men-fat and slow one month, and big, strong and lightning fast the next.

Fitz was no spectator, as he always is, but he did not appear to be quite as strong as at Carson City. His days of distance was bad—very bad, for Fitzsimmons.

Jeffries showed more strength and speed in this round. Each man laughed at the other as he went to his corner.

Both men again showed the men had fought they both answered the bell in good shape. Jeffries was the first to swing, leading off with the left and scoring hard with that member on the nose, pushing Fitz's head back.

Fitz was too anxious and failed. Jeffries countered with a right over the heart. Fitz rushed for the left, missed and clinched, and the referee had to separate them. Fitz then swung his right hard for the jaw, but his aim was bad and the blow went wide of the mark.

Jeffries countered with the left heavily on the nose, drawing blood from the member. Fitz rushed and fell short, and Jeff smashed him hard on the nose, sending his head back and making him generally unsteady in his movements.

The Californian repeated this again, trying to draw the Californian into position for a right swing on the jaw, but the big fellow would not have it and carefully protected that part of his head. They then mixed it up and Jeff landed his left with terrific force on the jaw. Fitz was coming at the time that Jeffries swung the blow, so that the Californian got double action and the concussion was very severe, sending the champion to the floor.

Fitz fell heavily on his back, his head striking the floor. He arose just as eight seconds had been counted in rather a dazed condition. He had scarcely got on his feet when Jeff sent him to the boards again with another left hook blow. Again the champion arose before the prescribed limit had been counted, only to be knocked down with another

blow. Fitz jumped across the ring, and Jeffries stepped back with a hard left to the head, landing slightly and blocked a right lead for the body.

Both tried to get right over the head of the other. Fitzsimmons put his left to the body and Jeffries tried a right cross for the face and missed a right cross for the jaw.

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GEORGE SILER, Referee.

BY GEORGE SILER, REFEREE.

NEW YORK, June 9.—It was the same old story about fighting once too often. "Fitz," while defeated, was not disgraced. He simply met a younger, stronger and faster man. There was no time during the fight that Fitzsimmons looked as though he could win.

Jeffries outboxed and outfought him from start to finish, having the best of every round. It struck me several times during the fight as though Fitzsimmons thought the boiler maker could not hurt him. He probably got that idea from the fact that "Jim" occasionally touched him lightly with the left. Whenever these blows were delivered, or rather, when Fitzsimmons received them, he would smile and bore in. "Jeff" avoided his swings in the easiest manner possible.

I thought that from Fitzsimmons' experience as a boxer he would land often with straight left leads than Jeffries. This, however, was not so, as Jeffries countered continually with the left and hooked him with his left time and again without a return. When he put Fitzsimmons down the first time it was a straight left-hand counter. The blow was not a very hard one, but it happened to catch Fitzsimmons off his balance and so caught him coming toward him. This had the effect of putting him down. He remained down but two seconds, smiling all the time, and I thought he considered it a joke.

When he got up he forced Jeffries to the ropes, swinging right and left, but he failed to land, Jeffries avoiding him easily. Just prior to the knockdown Jeffries drew blood which gave him first blood and first knockdown. Up to this time there was no decided advantage, "Jim" if anything having a shade. It looked like anybody's fight when the men went to their corners.

Tommy Ryan from then on began coaching Jeffries to go for the body with his right and leave the head alone; also to keep the left going at the head with straight lefts and hooks. Jeffries followed his advice and landed often. Some of course, were very light, and Fitzsimmons, thinking he had no steam, did all the advancing.

He fought this out later to his sorrow, because as soon as he got within range Jeffries sent in a hot righthander which doubled "Bob" up, forcing him to lean heavily on his opponent and compelling me to get between them to avoid going between them as much as possible while they were strong and when there were no very effective blows delivered. But as soon as a man is down, he is not so strong.

Jeffries' victory places him on top of the pugilistic ladder and with nobody but a rather feeble challenger, whom he will undoubtedly fight. Should he win, he will without doubt hold the championship for the next ten years.

Jeffries reminded me of McCoy's style of fighting, crouching and keeping himself well together, but some of his swings were very awkward. Although Fitzsimmons was bleeding from his side and looking a bit foolish, Jeffries waited an instant before hitting him again. Fitz in the meantime wobbled forward. In an instant Jeffries shot out his right hand and landed on Fitz's nose.

He fell rather heavily, and I knew at a glance there was no necessity for counting, for the jig was up. Fitzsimmons fell on his back, and when I got to the count of five Julian, anxious to revive him, ran along the side of the ring with a wet sponge and tried to sprinkle water on "Bob." Some of it did reach him, but I managed to get back to the ring before the second dose reached him, and it was all over but the shouting.

Fitzsimmons was picked up and carried to his corner, where he revived in a few moments and hung his head in sorrow. Julian appeared broken-hearted, and I am sure the other seconds felt equally as bad.

After I had counted Fitzsimmons out I walked over and grasped Jeffries by the arm and presented him to the spectators. It was not necessary to summon the announcer to the ring to declare the winner, as everybody in the house knew as well as myself the result.

A punch—or rather a push—which sent him to the ropes, Jeffries could not follow him because he was too heavy, while Fitz came back as light as a feather. They feinted for a while, Jeffries coming in and receiving a few very close to his man at all times. Jeffries watched Fitz's left for a while. Fitz led with the left, Jeffries ducking cleverly and the blow going over his head. Then Jeffries stepped in and breaking away Jeffries left his left for the jaw, which fell short. He twice tried again with the same ill success. Jeffries led go the left, which fell short.

He was more successful the next time, landing lightly with the left on the nose. Fitz then quickly stepped in and swung his right hard for the jaw, but Jeffries ducked it cleverly. Just as the champion's nose and receiving a hard blow on the body in return. Jeffries led again with his left for the body, but was short. He then backed away and, assuming a crouching position, sent his right lightly to Fitz's head. He quickly followed it with a straight left to the body, and a blow on the nose from the same member. After he struck a fighting attitude Fitz rushed viciously, swinging his right for the jaw, but the champion toed and always seemed to have control of himself.

Both men answered the bell promptly and after sparring for a moment Jeffries led go his left, scoring hard on the body. Then Jeffries stepped in and breaking away Jeffries left his left for the jaw, which fell short. He twice tried again with the same ill success. Jeffries led go the left, which fell short.

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Both men in the center of the ring. The stout Fitzsimmons broke ground, breaking ground, breaking ground. Jeffries kept almost in the middle of the ring. Jeffries was evidently trying to get right over the head of Fitzsimmons twice for the stomach and fell short. Fitzsimmons led left to the head, but Jeffries ducked cleverly.

Fitzsimmons, in the middle of the ring, made Jeffries break ground. Fitzsimmons sent his left to the body. Jeffries countered with a right to the face. Jeffries tried a left for the body but was neatly blocked. Jeffries then assumed a crouching position, boring in on Fitzsimmons' leading right.

Fitzsimmons looked very determined when he came up for this round, with Jeffries on the aggressive. They clinched twice without doing much damage. Fitzsimmons tried a right hook for the body, but failed to land. It was then seen that he was bleeding from the nose.

Fitzsimmons came up determined and tried a right swing, but failed to land and both clinched. Jeffries tried a left for the neck, but Fitzsimmons got inside of him and threw a left to the head.

Fitzsimmons led off with a left to the face, spinning Jeffries' left eye, which bled freely. Jeffries retaliated with hard left to the ear and Fitzsimmons tried his right for the stomach.

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