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WINS IN EIGHTH

Jeffries Retains the Championship.

KNOCKS FITZSIMMONS OUT

Takes the Lanky Cornishman Off His Guard

AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON

Californian Was So Badly Punished That Spectators Were Sure He Would Lose—The Fight by Rounds.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25.—After fighting a battle of eight rounds that was fraught with brilliant and courageous work, Robert Fitzsimmons tonight forfeited his last claim upon the heavyweight championship. He was knocked out after he had so badly punished the champion that it was a foregone conclusion, among the spectators, that the Cornishman must win. Bleeding from a number of gashes in the face, apparently weakening, and clearly unable to cope with Fitzsimmons' superior skill, Jeffries delivered two lucky punches as Fitzsimmons paused in his fighting to speak to him, and turned the tide.

The battle was brief but noteworthy, and will live in pugilistic history. Fitzsimmons tried once to arise from the mat, but sank down again in helplessness and heard himself counted out, where but a moment before he had apparently all the better of it.

"I will never fight again," said the battle-scarred veteran of the ring, when he had sufficiently recovered to talk. "The fight was won fairly, and to the best man belongs the laurels."

"You're the most dangerous man alive," said Jeffries in return, "and I consider myself lucky to have won when I did."

Fitzsimmons had been fighting at a furious gait, cool and deliberate, and chopping the champion to pieces with the terrific rights and lefts that have made him famous. It was the draught horse and the racer from the tap of the gong. When the men came together, Fitzsimmons appeared rather worried, but on the opening of the first round he assumed an air of absolute confidence and fought with the deliberation of the general that he is. As early as the second round Fitzsimmons had Jeffries bleeding profusely from the mouth and nose. Again and again he landed on his bulky opponent, getting away in such a clever manner that it brought down the great house with cheers. It seemed indeed that Jeffries could scarcely weather out the gale.

The Knockout Blow.

Then the eighth round came, and after a series of hot exchanges, Fitzsimmons paused with his guard down and spoke to the champion. The latter's reply consisted of two terrific blows that brought back to him the fleeting championship and forever removed the veteran Fitzsimmons from the arena. Fitzsimmons took his defeat with amazing good cheer. He walked to the center of the ring, and raising his hand, addressed the multitude, saying:

"The best man has won. Had I beaten Jeffries tonight I should have conceded him the championship and forever retired from the ring. I retire just the same now, but without having accomplished my ambition. I am satisfied."

After the fight, Champion Jeffries was seen in his dressing-room. He was jubilant over his success, despite the terrible scars of battle. He said to the Associated Press:

"Well, I have won, just as I expected to. It was a fierce fight, the fiercest I ever had, but I won. Yes, I got a good beating, as far as the marks of battle count, but I rather expected that. I knew Fitzsimmons had a cutting punch and would land it at some time of the fight. But a few marks and the loss of a little blood won't hurt a man. I took them and only waited for the opportunity to land my punch. I found out Fitzsimmons could not jar me, even with his famous right. He cut me up, of course, but that did not hurt. I never was tired at any stage, and was stronger than Fitzsimmons at all stages. You saw that he wore heavy bandages, and it was these that cut me up. I wore no bandages. Fitzsimmons certainly is a wonder. He is the greatest fighter of his weight that ever lived. As old as he is, he is the skilful and cleverest, the hardest hitting man I ever met. I want to give him credit, as I know all who saw it will, for the great fight he put up."

"I have no plans for the immediate future, as I have not thought of anything but this fight for some time, and won't do anything for a long period. I will take a rest after the long stage of hard training. I think Fitzsimmons can yet defeat any other man than myself."

Fitz's Last Fight.

Cheerful in the face of defeat and full of praise for his vanquisher and writhing in agony on his couch, surrounded by a score of friends offering their consolation, Fitzsimmons, between short sentences interspersed with groans, announced that he had fought his last battle. He said:

"I fought the best I could, and the best man won. He is a great fighter, and had I been awarded the decision tonight, I would have turned around and given him the championship, for he is the only man in the world capable of defeating it. The blows that put me out were a left short arm under the ribs and a right to the jaw. After receiving the terrific body blow I knew I was gone, and told Jeffries to keep away, but he was anxious to finish me and sent a right swing to my jaw."

"I fought in the way I did because both my hands were gone when I entered the ring. I injured them on Wednesday boxing with Hank Griffin. The right hand in particular was almost useless. I am confident now, even more so than ever, that in my first battle with Jeffries I was doped. His showing tonight proved to me conclusively that my defeat at his hands in our previous battle was unwarranted."

Asked why he did all the leading, Fitzsimmons indignantly denied the allegation, and said that Jeffries did a great deal of the work, especially in the clinches and at close range.

"He is as strong as an ox, and his blows hurt me considerably, especially his terrific lefts to the body," said Fitzsimmons. Asked in regard to his plans for the future, Bob facetiously remarked:

"I am going back to Bensonhurst and attend to the development of the youth of America and try to make them like me—a vigorous old man, past his 40th

WHEAT THE BASIS

Walla Walla's Main Productive Industry.

THE VOLCANIC ASH THEORY

How and Why Walla Walla Draws From the Resources of Her Neighboring Communities—Remarks on Her Future Industry.

(By a Staff Writer.)

WALLA WALLA, July 25.—The basic industry of Walla Walla—the thing the country gets its living by—is wheat-grow-

THE BAD MAN FROM THE WEST IS ON A RAMPAGE.



ing. There are, to be sure, many other ways by which individuals thrive, but all these ways rest upon a foundation of wheat. Literally, the farmer feeds them all; for, to destroy the wheat industry, putting nothing in its place, and every other trade in Walla Walla would speedily go out of business. This implies much, of course, since every form of production somehow creates a general social condition and an accompaniment of social manners and customs in harmony with itself. A community which lives by the wheat field is of necessity different at many points from a community which lives upon mines or a community which gains its living from manufacture. There is a certain standing about agricultural production, a certain domesticity, a conservative and live-respecting spirit born of land ownership, all of which is duly reflected in the organic life of the city. Just as one expects to find things a little noisier and rapid at Spokane, where the miner comes to unburden his purse and make himself merry, so at Walla Walla one expects to find quietude, public decorum and a regulated social system. And, in truth, this is the condition at Walla Walla. The city is not quiet in a business sense, for it is one of the most busy and thriving places to be found anywhere, but its very atmosphere is suggestive of an organized and steady-paced respectability.

JEFFRIES' RECORD.

Born 1873, Carroll, O.; height 6 feet 11 1/2 inches.

1897, April 19—Knockout—T. Van Buren, San Francisco, 2 rounds.

1900, July 17, draw—Gus Rubin, San Francisco, 20 rounds. Nov. 30, draw—Joe Choyznak, San Francisco, 20 rounds.

1900, Feb. 23—Won from Joe Goddard, Los Angeles, 4 rounds. March 22, won from Peter Jackson, San Francisco, 3 rounds. May 6, won from Tom Sharkey, San Francisco, 20 rounds. August 5, won from Bob Armstrong, New York, 10 rounds.

1900, June 9—Knockout—Bob Fitzsimmons, Coney Island, 11 rounds. Nov. 3, won from Tom Sharkey, Coney Island, 25 rounds.

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1902, July 25—Knockout—Bob Fitzsimmons, San Francisco, 8 rounds.

doctor was then called and pronounced the small bones of the nose broken. Jeffries believes the injury was received in the second or third round from one of Fitzsimmons' left jabs on the bridge of the nose. The champion declared he felt no pain from the injury, and would soon be in good shape again. He spent the night at the baths.

THE FIGHT BY ROUNDS.

Contest Was a Hot One Up to the Knockout Blow.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 25.—The following is the story of the fight by rounds:

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TRACY IN DRAMA

Play Full of Trash That Some Seattle Folk Go to See.

IT TEACHES A LESSON ALLRIGHT

Seattle Youth Will Show Their Appreciation of Outlawry as Soon as They Have Time to Lay in a Stock of Firearms.

SEATTLE, July 25.—(Staff correspondence.)—Could H. Tracy, Esq., outlaw, bandit, murderer and all around bad man, but see the characterization of him which is now entertaining such of the Seattle populace as seek recreation at the Third-Avenue Theater, all his glories, triumphs, spoils and other accomplishments would shrink to a very small measure, compared to the satisfaction he would derive from the performance. Tracy is more than a hero of the stage. He is a gentleman, a scholar, a tragedian, a flower of chivalry, a humorist and a philosopher. Let the average Seattle small boy witness that play and he will exchange his bright future for a 20-30, kill his father and mother to effect his escape, and journey forth on the road, shooting down officers like chipmunks, asking fair maidens to dance and capturing whole regiments of Swedes for body-servants.

Tracy in the wild woods or the penitentiary is an uncouth thing, speaking the burglar dialect, abusing people, threatening them, bragging of his murders and promising to butcher all who attempt to interfere with his unlawful liberty. He occasionally is civil to women. In order to see his civility "played up" in the papers, which he reads regularly, but he is not the kind of gentleman one would choose for a bosom friend if one were particular.

The Mr. Tracy of the Stage.

Tracy on the stage, as interpreted by Frank Readick, is a fine-haired, chivalrous, deep-voiced and large-hearted nobleman, with a little of the Lincoln J. Carter manner, but enough of the quality that is calculated to excite the admiration of the small boy to make him exceedingly dangerous as an example. So far no evil has resulted from the play, but it has only been running a little while, and the youth of Seattle, unlike their elders of the same city, requires a day or two to decide upon an important course of action.

Manager Russell has surrounded Tracy with an elaborate setting. He announces in the fearful and wonderful quarto-sheet which he has devised to advertise the play that there are 100 people on the stage, and he keeps his promise by one-half, which under the circumstances is doing pretty well. Richard E. French, the favorite comedian, tragedian, leading man, character man and juvenile, is the Sheriff of the cast, which includes some 90 people. M. J. Hoady, who has been seen in Portland with various dramatic organizations, supplies the comedy, playing Anderson, the Swede whom Tracy kidnaped, and Samuel Halpin, who was Ralph Suiari's stage manager, plays one of the convict's pals. For a number of the others Russell has gone direct to Nature and come back smiling with the real thing. For example, the part of Charles Gerrard, which is stage dialect for Gerrellis, is played by the self-same Charles Gerrellis who hooted in from Renton one day about two or three weeks ago with the news that Tracy was spending a quiet day with the Gerrellis family. One of the young ladies on the stage is also one of the original people with whom Tracy talked, and she looks it.

The authors of the play disavow at the beginning of the programme any claim to literary merit for the child of their several fancies. This seems unfortunate, for the assertion of such a claim would prove their gentlemen of nerve which would make Tracy's girl look like azzant cowardice. They have taken some of the scenes in which Tracy participated, and some which they imagined, and woven them into a story which is copiously punctuated with the reports of firearms, and through which the groans of the dying play a ragtime obligato.

First Act Opens at Salem.

The first act opens at Salem, with the guards at the penitentiary yard engaged in a premonition fest. They all know that something is going to happen, and they are inclined to believe that Tracy and Merrill are mixed up in it, but they take no precautions to watch these worthies, who presently come in, extract two rifles from their toolboxes and begin to shoot up everybody in sight. Amid the walls of the wounded and the vows of vengeance of the one survivor the curtain goes down.

Tracy next appears alone. He shows up in the second act at the cabin of Captain Clark, near Olympia, and holds up all hands. Again, he turns loose at Seattle, unlimbers his gun on everybody on the stage, kills them all with the exception of the assistant property-man, and retreats to the wings in triumph.

The scene is now transferred across Puget Sound, where the hero invades the Johnson cabin, annexes Anderson to his staff, and, assuring Mrs. Johnson that no harm shall come to her, bows himself out. It is at Renton that the next bursts upon the view of the now thoroughly sympathetic audience. He meets the ladies in front of the Gerrellis residence, assures them repeatedly that no harm shall come to them, takes a shot or two at such reckless spernumentaries as happen to cross the stage, and departs. The remaining scenes are destitute of bloodshed up to the last, when Tracy, after a grand, heroic battle, gives up his life for his freedom.

The managers of the play announce that it teaches a lesson. It does. Seattle will get the benefit of it as soon as the youngsters have had time to lay in a stock of firearms.

J. J. M.

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year and as hale and as hearty as a man well within his thirties."

At this juncture Dr. L. C. Cox, who had been summoned to attend the fighter, commenced an examination of the defeated pugilist. After a careful examination the doctor announced that Fitzsimmons' ribs were not broken, but that his left side was badly bruised, the muscles being so constricted as to cause the Cornishman great difficulty in breathing.

Clark Ball, Fitzsimmons' manager, expressed his opinion that Bob was too confident.

Jeffries' Nose Was Broken.

Upon an examination being made by a surgeon after the fight it was found that Jeffries' nose was broken. The champion was not aware of the injury until the excitement of the battle had worn off. A