

FITZ, THE BEATEN CHAMPION, NOW DESERTED BY HIS WIFE

Julia May Gifford Quits Her Husband in His Bitterest Hour of Life.

MAJOR MILLER AGAIN WINS FICKLE HEART

For Him She Left Her First Husband as He Lay on His Deathbed—Fighter Threatened Suicide—Now Swears Eternal Vengeance.

(Special Dispatch by Leased Wire to The Journal) San Francisco, Dec. 23.—In the bitterest hour of his life, defeated, heartbroken in the realization that his day of glory, such as it was, had passed, Robert Fitzsimmons, once the heavy-weight champion pugilist of the world, has been deserted by the pretty young wife upon whom for two years he has lavished his money, his affection and his pride. The lanky, mottled, knock-kneed prizefighter, long a favorite butt of the caricaturist, long the wildly cheered favorite of the sporting fraternity, long a marvel for his strength and skill and courage, lies locked in a little room at the Hamman baths, the better to hide his bruised and battered face from the gaze of the idle and keep the sound of his sobs from curious ears.

And she who, before she was Mrs. Robert Fitzsimmons, was Julia May Gifford, prima donna of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," a girl whose charming face, twinkling ankles and birdlike voice had been her fortune, nobody knows where she is. But of the two, no doubt the woman is the happier. For she has run away for love of a handsomer man than her husband, a younger man, a richer man and a man whose name is not a synonym for failure.

Major Miller the rival. There are a good many people in the world who will not be surprised to hear that Julia Gifford has eloped at last with Major Charles Miller, bon vivant, capitalist and high roller, hailing from Franklin, Pennsylvania. Their names were linked together long before Fitzsimmons appeared in Chicago, still clad in his lately donned weeds of mourning for Rose Julia, to lay his awkward siege to the love of the little actress who was dancing and singing her way into popularity at McVicker's theatre.

She had been married, this young woman, who was then but 23, and she had abandoned that husband; abandoned him, moreover, on his deathbed—and then as now, it was Miller who lured her away. After she became a widow she had many other love affairs, but on the whole, was truer to Miller than to any one else, during the five years that followed.

One afternoon in Paris, while Julia was out singing and Robert was alone in their hotel apartment there came a telegram from Mrs. Fitzsimmons. The husband opened it. Somebody, whose identity was hidden in the signature of "Always" wanted to know why "Julie" did not answer his letters and cables, wanted to know if she did not realize that her silence was killing him, wanted to know anything was wrong. Robert set down to wait for his wife, pondering drearily over the telegram in his hands—those big, red, mottled hands—and when at last she came there was a dreadful scene.

He threatened to kill her if she did not tell him who "Always" was and then, though she was frightened and weeping, he ran to the dresser and took out of one of the drawers a revolver.

But instead of turning the weapon against her he pressed the muzzle to his own forehead. Then the woman yielded.

She fell on her knees and cried out that "Always" was Miller. She said that she had been writing to Miller ever since her marriage to the man who then stood over her. She promised to be true to Fitzsimmons, whose swollen eyes were full of tears, if he would forgive her again and once more start afresh. He forgave her. He wanted her to be so sure of his forgiveness that she went out and bought her some more diamonds. Then he told her very quietly that she must return to America with him and when she had looked at him a moment she said that she would.

The next act in the drama begins with the coming of Fitzsimmons to San Francisco last month, when it was time for him to begin getting into trim for his fight with Jack O'Brien. Mrs. Fitzsimmons was left behind in New York, though Leon Friedman, Bob's manager, warned the toupee-crowned pugilist that this was a bad thing to do. Bob thought his Julia would keep her promise, however, and so let her have her own way. She saw him off at the train. She gave him a letter to be opened after he had started. She said in the letter that she loved him, loved him, loved him; that he was not to worry in California; that she would be true. A few other letters came to him from her after he had gone into training at Croll's.

Then the letters stopped. Bob wired to ask what had happened. He got no answer. He wired again, with the same result. Two days before his battle with O'Brien was to take place he received a little package



into came to an abrupt and perplexing conclusion. Fitzsimmons, alleging that Shreck's forfeit had not been posted, suddenly called his match off and hurried to Paris as fast as train and steamer could carry him. Some thought that the pugilist had abandoned the fight because he was afraid he could not win. Others thought that he was worried about the young wife whom he had sent over the seas alone. The latter hypothesis seems to be nearest the truth. For, he himself has admitted that he was worried about Julia, that he was very lonely, that he was just crazy to see her and thought she would be happy to see him, too. Then came the first weakening moment.

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through the mails, addressed in Julia's handwriting. When he opened it he found all the photographs of his children, the photographs which he had given to his young wife in token that the children were hers, too, in a sense. The next day his manager, Friedman, brought a telegram into his training quarters and offered it to him without a word. And this is what he read: "I am leaving New York forever; took step week ago; long contemplated; am determined; my attorney's letter will reach you today, Julie." So he knew at last that everything was over. At first, plunged into a grief that is not hard to understand, he was bent upon throwing his agreement with O'Brien to the winds and hurrying back to New York. But as the calmer counsel of his manager prevailed, he decided finally to go into the ring as he was expected to do and to fight the best fight he could. He sent just one more telegram east and last Wednesday morning he got this ambiguous answer: "Just the same to me, win or lose. Win."

younger children, Robert, Jr. (the second Robert, Jr.), aged 10; Martin Carson, aged 8, and Rosalie Julia, aged 7, born to Rose Fitzsimmons, are at St. Elizabeth's convent, New Jersey.

FAMILY IN IGNORANCE.

Major Miller's Relatives Know Nothing of Reportedelopment. (Special Dispatch by Leased Wire to The Journal) Franklin, Pa., Dec. 23.—Major Charles J. Miller, who is reported to have eloped with pugilist Fitzsimmons' wife, is the son of Major-General Charles J. Miller of the Pennsylvania National guard. The family is one of the most prominent in western Pennsylvania. Major Miller's mother is a sister of Representative Joseph C. Ribley of Pennsylvania. He is married, his wife being a daughter of Mrs. Mary Prentiss. She is a very beautiful woman and has always been a leader in the younger society of Franklin. The major's family evidently know nothing of the elopement, for when The Journal reporter communicated with the residence by telephone this evening it was said that he was expected here in the morning. Marquis de Terra Hermosa of Madrid is expected to accompany him. The marquis was here for several weeks in the fall and he liked Franklin so well that he accepted Major Miller's invitation to return.

Major Miller is the president of the Franklin Manufacturing company which manufactures asbestos materials. It is one of the leading industries of Franklin. The income from this concern alone enables him to travel most of the time. He is quite an automobile enthusiast and has seven or eight machines. Last spring he purchased a Fiat racing car and raced it at several meets in and around New York City, winning a number of prizes. The major does not stay in Franklin much of the time, though he owns a palatial residence in Miller Park, which was laid out by his father.

It is recalled that a number of years ago, Mrs. Fitzsimmons, who was then Miss Gifford, came here as the leading lady of the Columbia Opera company. It was then that she became acquainted with Major Miller. Several weeks later she came back to Franklin and was a guest in Major Miller's home. Mrs. Miller introduced her to her friends and she accompanied the Millers to one of the large parties of the Nursery club, the city's leading social organization. The next that Franklin knew of the woman she was married to Bob Fitzsimmons.

Nothing is known here concerning the elopement and a sensation is expected when the fact is announced publicly. Charles Miller's father is a pillar in the Baptist church and controls the Galena Signal-Oil company, one of the most profitable subsidiary companies of the Standard. He is also a director in a score of other companies and has offices in New York City.

Major Miller is about 31 years of age. He was twice mayor of Franklin, and is the youngest person ever serving in that capacity here. He received his title of major from serving on his father's staff.

ZUBRICK WANTS BOUT WITH MANSFIELD

The Vancouver Athletic club is endeavoring to arrange a match between Warren Zubrick, who is at present in this city, and William Mansfield of San Francisco. Mansfield is a clever boxer and had no difficulty in defeating every man in his class in Alaska and throughout the Pacific coast. A match between Zubrick and Mansfield would undoubtedly draw many of the flat patrons to the ringside. Zubrick claims to be 15 pounds, but the friends of the latter deny this claim.

YOUNG WINS DIRECTORS' CUP FROM WRIGHT

In the match play for the directors' cup at the Waverly golf links yesterday, E. Young won from Allen Wright on the last hole. The play was rather close throughout, Wright holding the advantage until he drove into the river, when Young forged ahead and won out. William McMaster was referee. A good sized crowd followed the golfers and thoroughly enjoyed the play. Tomorrow there will be the usual Christmas open handicap matches for men and women.

SPORTING GOSSIP.

This morning at 10 o'clock there will be a general practice. Multnomah's football squad. As this is the last opportunity for a workout before Monday's game every man is requested to be present.

Lord Rosebery won the English Derby for the third time with Cicero, and his winnings for the season were \$55,260. Of this amount Cicero won \$40,250. Cicero's Derby victory was possibly a lucky one, as he only beat Jardy, the French candidate, by three quarters of a length, Jardy making a gallant fight when hardly at his best, the result of an attack of influenza. Had he been at his best he doubtless would have reversed the decision.

"Tom Ross, the big westerner, who played left guard on the football team this fall, will be one of the pitching staff of the Columbia baseball team in the spring," says the Sun. "Ross, who is more than six feet tall and weighs 230 pounds, has had considerable experience as a twirler and has great speed. He played the game at Hill Military academy in Portland, where he comes from, and has the reputation of being able to hit a little bit, too. Columbia has had few men who could pitch with great speed, most of her twirlers depending more upon curves than swiftness."

Eddie Root is regarded as the best bicycle rider of the year because of his

Next year's captains—Chicago, Walter Eckersall; Northwestern, John Glibb; Yale, Samuel P. B. Morse; Princeton, Herbert Dille; Pennsylvania, V. M. Stevenson; Wisconsin, Arthur Melmer;

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Purdue, E. P. King; Trinity, Philip Dougherty; Ames, R. E. Jensen; Iowa, Fred W. Schwinn; Annapolis, Herbert L. Spencer.

Golf had its leader this season in H. Chandler Egan, who won the American championship. Beals C. Wright led the tennis experts and in swimming C. M. Daniels by his many victories was placed as the star of the aquatic set.

White Christmas at La Grande. (Special Dispatch to The Journal) La Grande, Or., Dec. 23.—The thermometer registered 8 degrees above zero at this place this morning. At Hillgard, eight miles west, it reached the zero point. It is warmer tonight and snowing hard. The chances for a white Christmas in eastern Oregon are very favorable.



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