

WHEN FITZ MEETS THE LUMBER JACK

FAMOUS PUGILIST MAKES EASY WORK OF PAUL

MOTLEY CROWD ATTENDS

Barter and Bob Present Interested Sparring Match—Hero of the North Woods Lumber Camps Surrenders His Belt in an Interesting Match.

Bob Fitzsimmons "took on" Jim Paul, the fighting lumber jack, at Benson Mines last night. Not only the miners, but the guides, lumber jacks and woodsmen generally for 20 miles around were there to welcome Bob, crowding the Hotel Ellsworth 500 strong from sun down until long after the regular time to stop the gas engine that furnishes power for the two electric lights at the railroad station. There were lumber jacks just in from a three day struggle with the forest fire, guides who had deserted the deer run, Frenchmen from Wanakena and the north, all glad to lay aside everything to see their favorite meet the man that once was first of all the champs, and who is some good yet.

A Motley Crowd.
It was a motley collection of humanity in attendance on the fight, but it was all typical of the north country. A common purpose moved them all from the blanket-coated Canadian to the miner from the iron shaft who knocked off early to come up to Spain's and talk over the coming fight with the boys. By the time Barter, who was to do the scientific sparring, had arrived, the hotel office and bar room was crowded until there seemed hardly a breathing space. Fitz came out to welcome Ralph, giving the crowd the first close sight of him. A jabbering of French and English tongues immediately began at the sight of him and each gave utterance to the same thought, "Well, I thought he was a big man." A little later Jim Paul arrived and his supporters, most of the crowd, gathered around him in front of the hotel.

The Fighting Lumber Jack.
Paul weighs as much as Fitz, being 155, but he is not as tall nor has he the old man's reach. "I comes har to fight. I don't know how hard he hit. Let him knocka me down. I fighting lumber jack," he said. That is the way he went into the ring, with instructions to go at Fitz for all he was worth, not knowing whether the lanky fighter was out to do him or not.

Smoke From Forest Fires.
The bouts were put on in the hotel hall, a large room that accommodated all the crowd. The smoke of the burning forests had come in through the open windows of the hall and this with the higher altitude affected both Fitz and Barter. Following an hour or two of moving pictures, Barter stepped forth and announced the first bout between Jim Paul and Fitzsimmons. The old man with his broad shoulders made the woodsman look small when he stepped out on Referee Bart Lyman's introduction. Mrs. Fitz held the watch and Barter's brother Gilbert of Johnstown, N. Y., pulled the bell at the call of time.

The Fight Begins.
Fitz stood away and Paul, after dodging, came at him. The crowd though warned to make no remark, could not suppress their feelings when their man landed on the blacksmith's ribs. It didn't seem to bother Fitz and he countered lightly. Then the jack began the tactics which have won him victory in the battles of the lumber camps. Leaping up and down like a grasshopper, he tried to close in with the pugilist. This was easy for Fitz and on the breakaway he would manage to rock Paul some with hooks to the head. Rough and tumble didn't do in prize fighting, the lumber jack found, so he tried to get in and away on Bob's apparently loose guard. He did better at this and the first round went to him.

Fitz Warms Up.
In the second Fitz had warmed up and went after the log driver. A knock down from which Paul quickly recovered, brought the crowd to its feet and Lyman had difficulty in getting the people seated. Fitz continued to force matters, keeping Paul on the run and giving the crowd good entertainment in the way of dodging. He worked the famous shift considerably and Paul seemed to be without much defense against it, except a quick backaway when he saw that long left coming.

No Tapping Match.
Fitz had promised to give more than a tapping watch and in the final round after waiting for Paul at the first, he reached over and put his left on the lumberman's stomach.

Paul's hands dropped and Fitz had to reach over and shake him to keep him going. "His stomach was right up against his heart," said Fitz afterwards, "and it was a shame to give so game a fighter a finisher right then."

Paul Finds His Corner.
When Paul had somewhat recovered, Fitz put a couple to the head and the bout ended. Paul wasn't just sure of the way out. First he started to sit down on Mrs. Fitzsimmons' lap and then some one turned him around and after shaking hands with Fitz and being assured that it was all over, he was able to find his corner.

Barter in the Ring.
The ex-champ, though not training, was not excited by the episode and immediately took on Barter. This go was way ahead of the bout scheduled as a fight. Barter has skill, weight and experience and was able to break even. They pounded each other good and proper on the head, but there seemed to be an understanding that Fitz might leave his solar plexus open without paying the penalty.

Barter Downs Fitz.
Once Ralph knocked Fitz down and again they rolled on the floor in a clinch. It was real sport for both of them. They hit away at nearly full speed, good and heavy, landing on non-vital points, but giving a good exhibition of heavy hitting. There was no holding off for a single moment but a succession of jabs, hooks and swings from the fall of time to the sound of the gong.

Paul's Record.
With the exception of the time Barter took off his coat one day at Carthage and put on the gloves for a minute's fun, Fitzsimmons is the first man that Paul ever faced whom he had to acknowledge a better one. Traveling around the lumber camps of the north woods, it has been Paul's custom to throw down his hat in front of the main shack and call for the best man in the camp to come out. Right then there would be a fight and Paul would add one more to his list of victories. He came to be known as the fighting lumber jack so constant and successful was his warfare, and in the woods he was acknowledged the man invincible with his fists. It was a little surprise to his friends to see him vanquished by even Fitz, for they had never had the opportunity before of seeing a man who was both a boxer and a fighter.

Fitz, Big Man.
For long hours they stood around discussing the match and woefully admitted that the north country had failed to develop a coming Jeffries as they had thought. Old Fitz had thoroughly established himself as the big man at the mines. A fighting French Canadian absolutely uncontrollable in the hands of the constable and a deputy sheriff immediately climbed into his rig and started for home as fast as his horse would carry him, when after the fight Fitz happened to walk near him.

Word From the Sheriff.
Previous to the fight Sylvester Spain, proprietor of the Ellsworth, had feared trouble with Sheriff Highland of Canton. The official had phoned Mr. Spain that the whole affair must be conducted within the law. Therefore Mr. Spain after the moving pictures and the Fitzsimmons vaudeville sketch was over admitted every one free to the hall to see the bout. No decision was given by the referee so there will not be any trouble with the authorities.

Songs by Mrs. Fitz.
Next to the boxing the thing that pleased the crowd most was the songs by Mrs. Fitz. The director of the orchestra was busy fixing his moving picture machine so she did not get in much rehearsing with him for the songs. Though lacking in properties and scenic effects for the sketch, Promoter Spain was not lacking in invention for the telephone was removed bodily from the office booth and the furniture of the best parlor room was used to enhance the stage. The sketch went off in great shape, the enthusiastic Frenchmen in the audience not confining their demonstrations of pleasure to clapping only. The sketch was given the same as in Watertown except that the bag punching was omitted.

Fitz Makes Curtain Speech.
When it came to the curtain speech, Fitz showed his originality. Some one has said the speech he gave at the Orpheum was written by a New York newspaper man and that Fitz practiced months before a mirror to learn to get it off. But it wasn't so last night. Fitz got off a new one that was his best yet. There was lots of the personal in it and when he came to, "If my hands had remained unbroken I would have written an even more enduring page in the history of pugilism than I have," the audience cheered.

The Pugilist's Plans.
Fitz is going to appear in Watertown with Barter, probably Saturday at Garland City park. He is also considering dates in some nearby towns for this week. Next week he will go to New York with Mrs. Fitzsimmons for a vaudeville engagement and then to England and Australia. There were only a few from Watertown at the fight. The crowd that was expected not going. However, there were enough from other places to fill the Ellsworth from cellar to attic.

Bob Tells Experiences.
Bob sat on the porch of the Hotel Ellsworth this morning telling the boys some of his experiences in the prize ring. "I fought three bare fist fights with men before I was 15," he said. "In all my 30 years of fighting in which I have engaged in 359 battles I never trained until I came to America about 20 years ago. Why, when I was matched to fight the champion of Queensland or New South Wales out home, I would never even look at the bills. I would leave the blacksmith shop, run home to supper and then make for the ring side. "One fellow, an Englishman," and then Bob would imitate the Englishman's accent as he talked, "came to my dressing room and told me how he was in no condition so he wanted me to set to at first and then at the end he would do what he could for himself. The first thing that fellow did was to wallop me in the stomach and I felt just like Jim Paul did last night when I reached on to his abdomen. I stayed the round and in the second fought about even. In the third he got it so hard that he would not come up for the next round which I figured would be the last. "When I fought Corbett" and then the Wanakena special tooted for the station and Bob hearing Mrs. Fitz calling through the fog, made off for the station.)