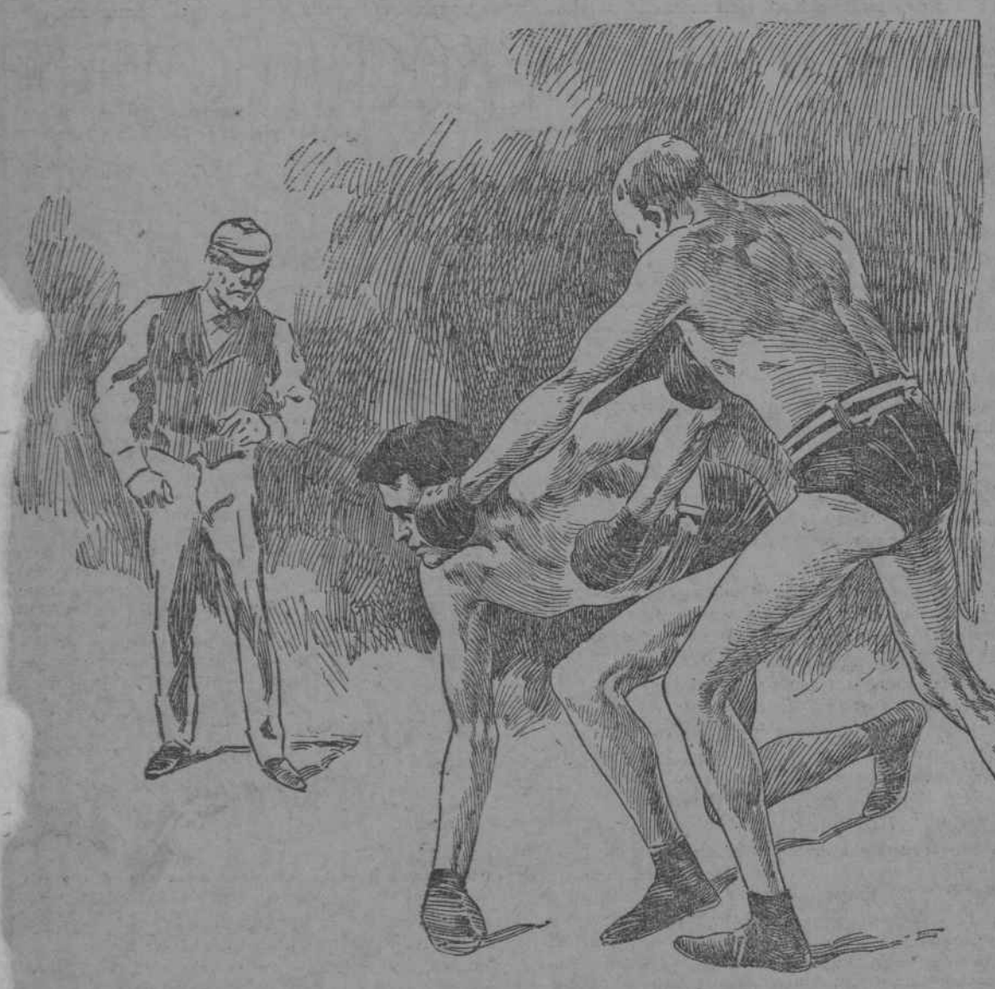
# THE JOURNAL ONCE MORE IMITATED BY ITS ADMIRING CONTEMPORARIES.

From Contemporaries of the Journal Yesterday Morning.

NEW YORK JOURNAL, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1897.



## CAMERA REVEALS A FOUL BLOW.

Veriscope Pictures of the Carson Battle Show It Plainly

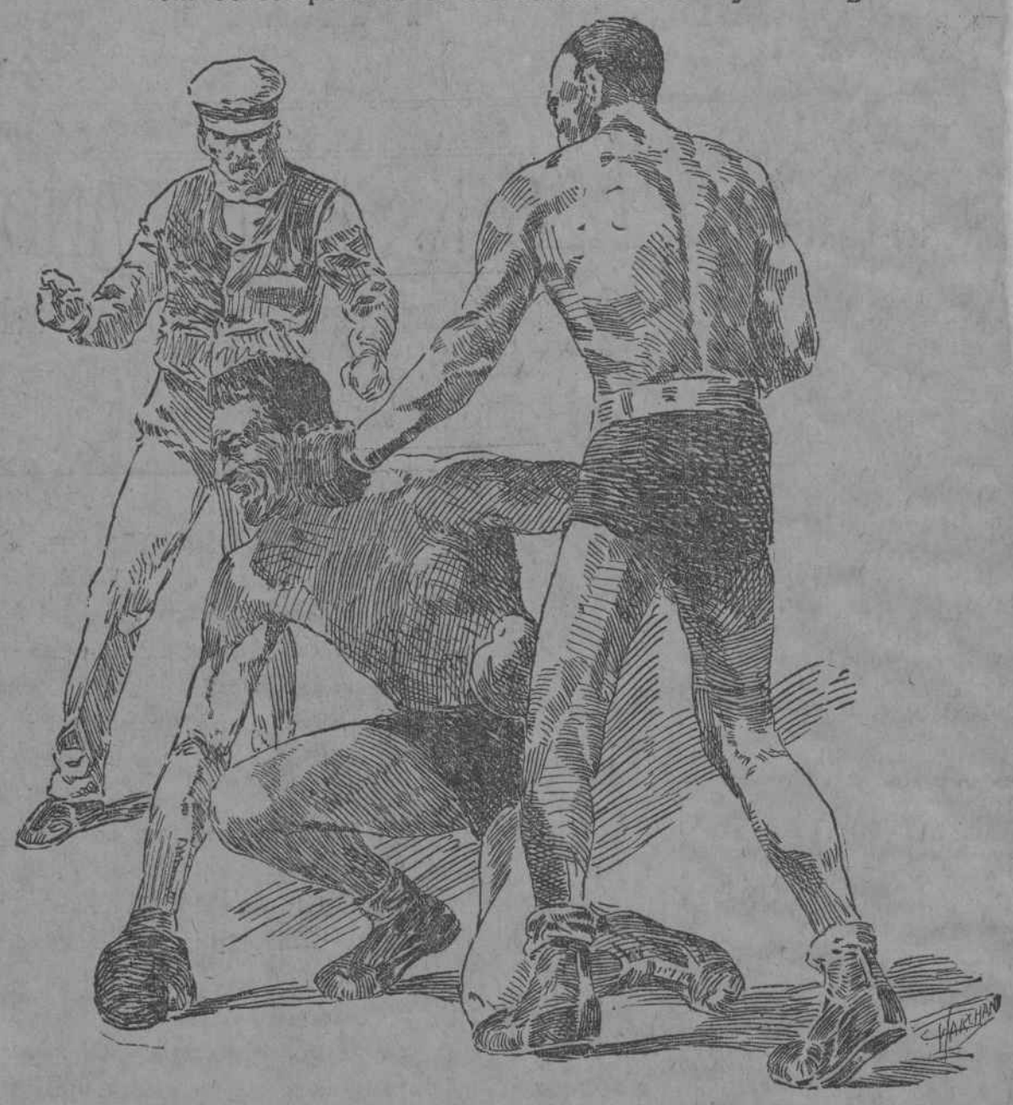
MADE BY FITZSIMMONS.

He Unquestionably Struck the Californian When the Latter Was Down.

JUST AFTER SOLAR PLEXUS BLOW

The Big Fight Will Be Faithfully Reproduced by Photography at the Academy of Music on Saturday Night.

Within the next few days there will ar[illegible] clamor in pugilistic circles that will [illegible] the entire fistic world by the [illegible] When the big crowd gathers [illegible] emy of Music on Saturday night [illegible] the Corbett-Fitzsimmons [illegible] they will see many thi[illegible] [illegible]ding, and many th[illegible]



## HE FIGHT IS ON AT LAST.

rson City's Famous Battle Is Reproduced in Shadowy Lines Before a Curiously Mixed Assemblage.

h Glimmer and Glitter in Strange Silence the Whole Scene Is Reproduced—How the "Foul" Appears.

he Veriscope dream is out.

wo thousand persons saw the Corbett-zsimmons fight reproduced on canvas t night at the Academy of Music.

fteen hundred of them were pugilistic orts, short haired, hard headed and are jawed—men of uppercuts and rich ocabularies. One hundred were women, im faced, silent and observing. Four ndred were haberdasher clergs, ribbon easurers, soda squirters and tennis play-s.

And they all witnessed the show with ferent impressions. The sports squirmed th every twist of the flickering figures. ey swayed as the shadows on the canvas ayed, and punched and countered each er merrily. To all intents and purposes were at Carson City, framed by the Sierras and sitting in the splendid ight of a perfect day.

e women could not seem to understand They "Oh, my'd" and "Sakes alive'd" rustled and speculated in a dim way to the pugilistic whys and wherefores. is not a god play for women. There are enough tears and heartaches and adjec-es. It is too unreal—too vague and dowy.

**Flicker and Glimmer.**

tennis players were in the same The uppercut, at which the hard-sports grunted and swayed in appre-n, had no meaning for them. It easy enough to play the airy fairy dow and dance around an unreal ring. every one of those blows sounded like thump of a trip hammer at Carson g.

here was one thing, however, that every-ly came away with. It was a sense of cker and glimmer and dazzle. It was dream of fleeting ptomaines, in a minuet. e were flying flocks of bacilli. There ere small sinuosities that gave several d-nosed men visions of snakes. There ere pterodactyles and iguanodons and ugs.

t the Veriscope does not lie, and good-knows there were many men about ringside at Carson who saw things were not there.

s to the foul—eh, it ain't much of a ngression. It came and went so quickly t you could not really say it was there. re you will square by one Veriscope ure the next four hundred and ninety-ne will convict you of falsification.

It may have been there, but nobody in crowd can swear to it truthfully. It a flash and a flop, forty winks of the iscope's other eye, and the fight was er.

**The Famous Sixth.**

And the sixth round? It has been the rse of bickerings and heartburnings black eyes. Manager Brady has said r. William Muldoon does not know om thirteen. Mr. Muldoon has re-ed by saying that the entire Brady are deuces and fours.

fact remains, however, that in the round when Fitzsimmons is down, Mr. uldoon swings his arm pump handle fash-nine times. This saves Fitzsimmons much obloquy. It is true that Mul-n might have begun to swing his arm action earlier, and Mr. Siler might have landed more promptly, and this fact doubtless raise much discussion in the are.

he crowd began to gather around the Academy at an early hour. It was a freckled crowd, and a curious one, too. They stormed the ticket windows as only sporting persons can. They scattered and lost themselves in the cavernous depths of the place, and, unlike the spectators at a real fight, they made no noise.

It was like a scance. The big, white square of canvas flickered in the gloom of the stage where the drop curtain ought to be. The persons in the gallery were like ghosts. The women in the crowd grew nervous, until the two-fiddled and one-cymballed orchestra began to bang and whine.

Then the spectators commenced to kick for the performance to begin. They were justified.

A flickering tracery of shadows in the big white curtain. "Oh, there it is; look!" exclaimed a nervous young woman with a pink and purple dream of a hat.

**As It Appeared.**

Another flicker. The outline of a ring, and posts, and moving heads. The skeleton framework of a great arena. A tall figure in a bathrobe swings himself through the ropes.

Whispers of "That's Corbett!" "Look at Jim!" You can see the men about the ring side sway and swing together harshly and abruptly, but the motions, embalmed from the eternal past, are soundless.

Corbett walks around te ring. Murmurs of admiration. He looks around and smiles at a young man with a golf cap in his corner. It is his brother Joe. The spectators smile.

In the opposite corner a tall, bald-headed man has upreared himself. It is Fitzsimmons, and he looks for all the world like a stoop-shouldered anaconda—that is, supposing that anacondas have shoulders.

Other men gather and throng through the ropes. The spectators in the theatre wax intense. The sports rub their hands in anticipation; the men of small bicep and thin cranium look nervous. Somebody tells them that the men in the ring are making pugilistic history, but they do not understand.

**The Funny Promenades.**

The promenades of both men in the ring are very funny. They look at the weather, the sun, the clouds, the spectators, but seldom at each other. They are like two game cocks who pick around the pit and make believe that they are oblivious of each other's presence.

Fitz rubs his hands nervously. Corbett dances about the ring. "Pshaw! That ain't fighting!" says somebody.

The machine whirrs. The canvas is filled with little constellations of sparks that hurt the eye. Both men strain and tug at the gloves as they put them on. Then Fitzsimmons throws off his bath robe. The spectators watching the canvas cheered vociferously at this, and the excitement grew.

Corbett also throws his togs aside, the spectators lapse into silence and the fight begins. There are queer little lapses in the films that hurt the eyes and weary the brain. This is why the machine is stopped for three or four minutes with every third round.

The pictures do not show much in the way of cause and effect. All the tremendous pla of force and muscle is lost. It tells the story faithfully, so far as movement goes, but it does not do either man justice.

But the crowd was satisfied. Both fighters were applauded liberally at suitable periods throughout the battle, though at the end of it Fitzsimmons had naturally the greater ovation.

The pictures should improve with time.

## *ROWING MATTERS AT YALE.*

New Haven, May 22.—Yale boating affairs were enlivened this week by three interesting events, the Spring regatta on Saturday, the visit of Mr. Lehmann and the arrival of the Wisconsin crew.

Mr. Lehmann, after witnessing a short contest between the university and freshman crews, was asked by Mr. Cook to give his opinion of them, saying that the boys would like to hear it.

"Well," said Mr. Lehmann, "at this time of year I would much rather see a crew rowing roughly, with great dash and energy, and wait until later to put on the finishing touches, than to have them pulling smoothly and expecting to acquire the dash later on."

Just what the English crack meant by this is hard to see. On the one hand the crew can hardly be said to be in polished form, and on the other the men of late have become somewhat lifeless. But perhaps the presence of the noted oarsman stimulated the Yale men to unusual effort, which overcame their lassitude for the time.

There is no doubt that several of the crew are over-trained and others on the verge. The lighter and more nervous men, Rogers, Campbell and Greenway, all show marked effects of their work and are in great need of rest. Greenway has been laid off for a few days on this account, his place being filled by Mills. Captain Bailey himself is beginning to look thin and worn. The amount of physical work that he has undergone could hardly bring him to this condition. Incessant care and worrying have produced it.

During the last week only one attempt was made to go over the four mile course, and that was checking after two miles had been passed, on account of the rough water outside.

The stroke had reached thirty-four and thirty-six, which is probably as high as will be used in the race, excepting in case of a spurt. It has come to be much less like the English stroke than was expected. The style of the freshmen is much nearer to it than that of the 'Varsity.

The Wisconsin crew, with coach and trainer, and two substitutes, have taken quarters at a farm house near Lake Saltonstall, where they will do their training. Owing to the tardiness of their new boat in coming from Boston they were unable to do any work upon the water for the first few days, but took runs over several miles of country road.

With all their clothes on the Westerners look like a very undersized lot of men for oarsmen, but when dressed for rowing they all seem to be a very cleanly built, sturdy set. They are reported to have made fast time in practice and races out West, and the Yale men are none too confident of winning from them. Following are their positions and weights:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Bow, A. F. Alexander | '98 | 154 pounds |
| No. 2 L. W. Olson | '99 | 164 pounds |
| No. 3 H. R. Chamberlain | '99 | 166 pounds |
| No. 4 W. S. Sutherland | 1900 | 158 pounds |
| No. 5 A. Anderson | 1900 | 180 pounds |
| No. 6 G. F. Sasten, captain | '98 | 165 pounds |
| No. 7 F. Crosby | 1900 | 154 pounds |
| Stroke, M. Seymour | '98 | 152 pounds |
| Coxswain, H. Crandall | '98 | 118 pounds |
| Substitute, Pratzlaff | '99 | 174 pounds |
| Substitute, Lake | 1900 | 184 pounds |

## EVADED THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Senators Are Told How It Was Done in the Agricultural Department.

Washington, May 22.—The Civil ervice Committee of the enate continued its session to-day. Commissioner of Patents Butterworth advocated a change permitting heads of departments to select their executive staffs regardless of the recommendations of the Civil ervice Commission.

Almont Barnes, of the Agricultural Department, testified that there were employes in the Agricultural Department who came in as temporary per diem employes and have remained there as clerks without passing the civil service examinations. He had in one case informed the Commission of the facts, but was told that the Commission did not care to interfere, "as Secretary Morton was a pretty difficult man to handle."

**Special Excursion to Washington.**
Saturday, June 5, Pennsylvania Railroad, $5.00 round trip. Apply Pennsylvania Railroad ticket offices.—Advt.

## CONCERNING THAT VERISCOPE "FOUL."

Corbett Claims It and Reiterates His Demand for a Fight---Fitzsimmons Makes Answer---Muldoon Disgusted at the Charge.

Editor New York Journal:

I can only say what I said to the Journal almost two weeks ago, when the first picture of the foul blow was printed.

I do not remember that blow when Fitzsimmons struck it, but that he actually struck me when my glove was on the floor cannot be doubted fora moment.

Let the people judge for themselves. Let them look at the pictures and see if I am not entitled to another fight. Why, he cannot get out of it. The public wants it.

I think that even my bitterest enemies who saw the Veriscope pictures last night, will admit that I fought a fair fight, and that I had much the better of it up to the time of that stomach punch in the fourteenth round.

You will find that it is not the foul blow that the people who see these pictures will be chiefly interested in. The sixth round, when Fitzsimmons held me by the knees, will be the thing that will cause the arguments.

Let those who see the pictures count off the seconds as Muldoon does. Let them note when he begins to count. Watch the time Fitzsimmons is on the floor before the referee begins to count. In short, let the spectators see for themselves just how the fight went, and who did most of the punishing.

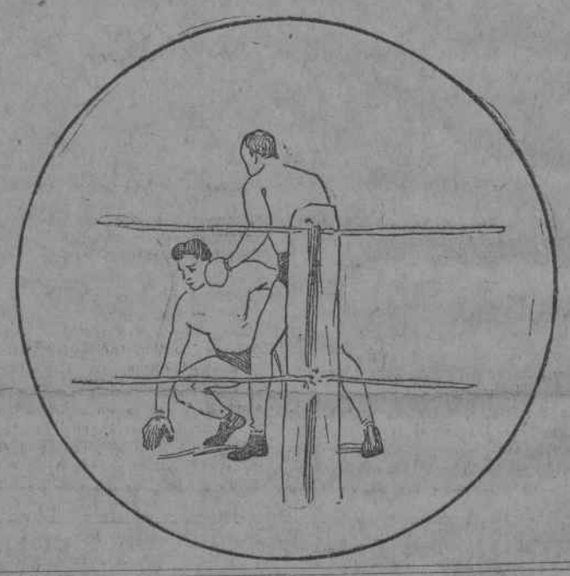
**By William Muldoon**—As I saw the fight this blow on the jaw was delivered as Corbett was sinking after receiving the blow in the stomach. I was busy keeping time, of course, but I am certain if any foul blow had been struck I would have seen it. The blow was delivered as Corbett was going, not after his knee had reached the floor. The veriscope picture may make it appear that Corbett was on his knee when he was struck from the position of IFtzsimmons's fist, but he wasn't. This is only one of a hundred excuses that have been faked up to palliate Corbett's defeat. I regard it as an insult to the intelligence of his friends for him to claim that he was fouled, and that they saw it done and made no protest. Eighty per cent of the crowd was in favor of Corbett. He had all that money and influence could do to make him win. He lost, and I regard it as unsportsmanlike for him to be led by Brady for commercial purposes into taking advantage of a false impression conveyed by this picture.

Another thing, if Corbett, Brady or any one else claims that Fitzsimmons was down over ten seconds or even nine in the sixth round, they lie. I'm sick of this kind of talk, and I will never have anything to do with another fight. The trouble is that men like Brady, who is a schemer instead of a sport, get into the business and keep up this chatter for advertising purposes and disgust the public. Corbett whipped Sullivan when he was worn out and in condition when a woman could have licked him. e licked Mitchell, a broken-down welterweight, and now he has been licked by a middleweight. That's his record of fighting since '92, and he'd better give us a rest.

**By "Honest John" Kelly**—I don't want to be put in the light of in any way questioning the referee's decision. It cannot cut much figure as to whether the variscope shows that Corbett was struck when he was on one knee or not. The blow was not seen by the referee or any one else, and no claim of foul was put in. The fight was decided on its merits by a referee and not by a picture-taking machine. That's about all there is to it. I'll admit, however, that a blow on the jaw just as a man is almost out, or has been wilded, would be likely to have great effect. I should think it might be considered a good reason for Corbett to ask another fight. Fitzsimmons ought to give him the chance, anyhow. I've thought that right along.

**Edward Thurnaer**—I was not at the fight, but I had a good look at the veriscope pictures at the Academy of Music Wednesday. It is certain that Corbett was struck on the jaw when he had a hand and knee on the floor. I believe it is fair to presume that this blow on the jaw may have had a critical effect delivered at just the moment after Corbett had been struck in the stomach, and was on the verge of unconsciousness. It stands to reason that a punch on the jaw from such a hitter as Fitzsimmons must have had an effect. The veriscope shows this blow was struck and landed under circumstances that constitute a foul. While it is too late, of course, to affect the outcome of the fight, at the same time it shows that Corbett was defeated under circumstances of a doubtful character, and certainly furnishes another argument as to why Fitzsimmons should give Corbett another battle. The veriscope pictures reveal another point in the fight when Corbett was given the worst of it. This is in the sixth round, when Fitz goes down. He clings to Corbett's legs, and seems several seconds in sliding to the ground. Siler, the referee, steps forward and motions Corbett away. I say that Siler should have begun to count the time from the moment Fitzsimmons's knee touched the floor and think several seconds elapsed before the count began. The pictures show, too, that in the tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth rounds, Corbett was in good shape instead of being greatly distressed in these rounds, as the newspapers have told us. It has been said that no one saw that blow on the jaw, but I remember that Brady, a day or so after the fight, said the veriscope would make some revelations, and I believe that is what he meant, and that he saw the blow.

**By James Wakely**—I bet and lost more money on Corbett than any other man. I would certainly have made a protest if I thought a foul blow had been struck, but I did not, and do not now. I saw the blow on the jaw delivered. Corbett went down slowly after he was hit in the stomach, sort of doubled up, and as he was going Fitzsimmons hit him on the jaw. I don't care what the picture shows. I've got my eyesight, and know Corbett was not hit while on his knees. Another thing, I asked Corbett about it afterward, and he did not know he had been hit at all. The blow that defeated Corbett was the blow in the stomach. It was the fairest fight I ever saw, and the cleverest I ever saw for big men. I bet my money at odds of 100 to 70, but if they were to fight again I would think a good deal before I would decide which one to back at even money. I say Fitzsimmons makes a mistake if he does not give Corbett another fight, because he stands a good fair show to win it.



## FITZSIMMONS'S OPINION OF IT.

It needed no Veriscope in the Corbett-Mitchell fight to show that Mitchell was fouled, yet Charley Mitchell did not go around for months after that fight wearying everybody he could reach by telling how he had been fouled. These are things Mr. Corbett should remember. Notwithstanding all Corbett's advantages, I whipped him fairly. Now, these pictures are brought up to cloud that victory. Let me tell the public this through the Journal. Before the fight at Carson City Harry Corbett bought up four hundred seats near the ring side. These he filled with his toughs from the hardest section of San Francisco. Just before the fight came off, Corbett went to Siler, the referee, and said to him:

"I have four hundred of my friends out here, George, from the Old Mission, and, in case anything should happen to me, they are likely to make trouble. They are very fond of me, and I don't think the authorities can control them, if anything goes contrary to their expectations."

"Why do you tell me this?" asked Siler.

"If there were four thousand of your friends out there, all with muskets strapped to their backs, it would make no difference to me. The man that won the fight would get the decision."

These men were all ring side experts, and there were few men there who were not fully up on everything pertaining to a fight. Had there been a foul, all hell couldn't have controlled that mob. There was no foul, or those people would have seen it.

Now, after this presentation of the facts connected with my fight with Corbett, and the things leading up to it, I want to know whether or not the people of this country believe Corbett is entitled to another fight with me.

Robert Fitzsimmons.

**Columbia Professor Weds in Hoboken.**

Miss Antonio Ostendorff, of No. 1200 Bloomfield street, Hoboken, was married yesterday morning to Professor William R. Sheppard, of Columbia University. The ceremony was witnessed by a fashionable assemblage, and at its conclusion Professor and Mrs. Sheppard boarded the steamer Werra and sailed for Italy.

**Cyclist Stops a Runaway.**

George Eisele, of No. 205 Bergen street, Newark, was riding a wheel on South Orange avenue, Friday evening, when a runaway horse, belonging to Peter Schmitt, a bottler, dashed past. The cyclist put on speed, overhauled and passed the runaway, and then, dismounting, seized the reins and brought the animal to a stop.

## A BABY THEIR VICTIM?

Bernard Schaefer and His Wife Charged with Cruelty to Three-year-old Otto Sprinden.

James W. Allen, agent for the Society of Cruelty to Children, in Staten Island, has unveiled a case of inhuman brutality and outrage upon Otto Sprinder, three-year-old son of Otto Sprinder, who is employed in Beadleston & Woerz's brewery, in Brooklyn.

The child's mother died in the county almshouse last Fall. After her death the father put the child to board with Bernard Schaefer and his wife, who live on Cedar street, Stapleton. He promised to pay $[illegible] a month board. It is because the father has neglected to pay the board bill for several months, it is alleged, that Schaefer and his wife have been taking revenge by ill-treating the child.

Mrs. Schaefer earns a living for her family by doing washing. Her husband is out of employment and remains at home. It is alleged that he frequently beats the child with an iron buckle attached to a strap until the blood flowed from the wounds inflicted. At other times, it is said, he stripped the child out in the rain until he was drenched wet. When the child was taken into custody by Agent Allen yesterday its little body was filled with ridges and marks as a result of violence.

Agent Allen, in Justice Ludlum's court, Clifton, swore out a warrant charging Schaeffers with cruelty. [illegible] was arrested during the day and held her own recognizance for hearing Wednesday. Schaeffer, who is confined to his bed by illness, will be arraigned as soon as he recovers. Both deny the charges, say they have been made by neighbors.