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HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONS

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To JEFFRIES and JOHNSON

Together with
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JEFFRIES and JOHNSON
and
STORY OF THE MAKING
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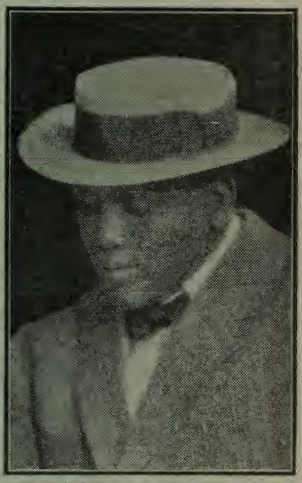

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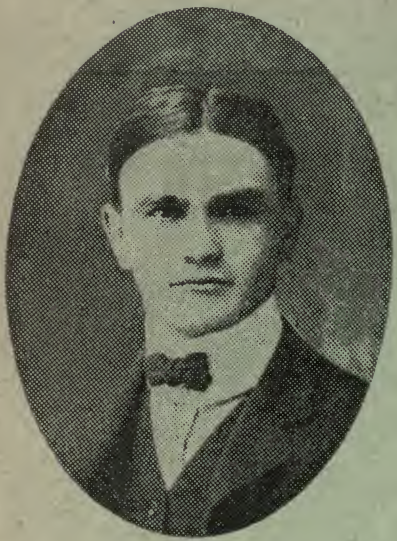

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TOMMY BURNS' RECORD.

(Noah Brusso)

Born in Hanover, Ontario, June 17, 1881. Height, 5 feet, 7 inches. Weight, 175 pounds.

1900 In this year Burns knocked out Fred Thornton, the limit of each bout being five rounds.

1901 Knocked out Billy Walsh in five rounds, Archie Steele in 2, Ed Sholtreau 1, Billy Walsh 6, Reddy Phillips 9, J. O'Donnell 8, Dick Smith 9. Won from Dick Smith 10, Tom McCune 10. Lost to Mike Shreck in 10 rounds.

1903 Knocked out H. Peppers 2 rounds, Richard Smith 2, Tom McCune 7, Jack Hammond 3, Jimmy Duggin 9, Jack O'Donnell 11, Jack Butler 2, Ben O'Grady 3, George Shrosbree 5. Won from Billy Moore 10 rounds, Jim O'Brien 10. Drew with Red Philips 3 rounds.

1904 Knocked out Joe Wardinski 1 round, Cyclone Kelly 4 rounds, Indian Joe 6 rounds. Won from Tony Caponi in 6 rounds. Fought draws with Mike Shreck 6 rounds, Billy Woods 15 rounds, Tony Caponi 6 rounds. Defeated by Jack O'Brien in 6 rounds.

1905.				Rounds.
Mar. 7.	Jack Twin Sullivan...	D	Tacoma	20
May 3.	Dave Barry	W	Tacoma	20
June 7.	Hugo Kelly	D	Detroit	20
July 28.	Hugo Kelly	D	Los Angeles	20
Aug. 31.	Dave Barry	K	San Francisco	20
Oct. 17.	Jack Twin Sullivan...	L	Los Angeles	20
1906.				
Feb. 23.	Marvin Hart	W	Los Angeles	20
Mar. 28.	Jim O'Brien	K	San Diego	1
Mar. 28.	Jim Walker	K	San Diego	1
Oct. 2.	Jim Flynn	K	Los Angeles	15
Nov. 28.	Phil J. O'Brien	D	Los Angeles	20
1907.				
Jan. 10.	Joe Grim	W	Philadelphia	3
May 8.	Phil J. O'Brien	W	Los Angeles	20
July 4.	Bill Squires	K	Colma, Cal.	1
Dec. 2.	Gunner Moir	K	London	10
1908.				
Feb. 10.	J. Palmer	K	London	4
Mar. 17.	Jem Roche	K	Dublin	1
Apr. 18.	Jewey Smith	K	Neuilly, France	5
June 13.	Bill Squires	K	Neuilly, France	8
Aug. 24.	Bill Squires	K	Sydney	13
Sep. 3.	Bill Lang	K	Melbourne	6
Dec. 26.	Jack Johnson	L	Sydney	14
1910.				
Apr. 11.	Bill Lang	W	Sydney	20

JAS. W. COFFROTH

"Sunny Jim" Coffroth, dean of fight promoters, whose smile and Mission Street Arena are familiar to all fight fans. By his uniformly courteous and fair treatment of the public, Coffroth has established himself as a model fight promoter after whom other promoters pattern themselves. As the moving spirit of Coffroth's enterprises, with offices in the Westbank Building, Jim Coffroth is a power in the fight world.

JAMES J. CORBETT'S RECORD.

Born in San Francisco, Cal., September 1, 1866. Height, 6 feet, 1 inch.

Date.	RING RECORD.	Rounds.
1886	Knocked out Billy Welch	1
	Lost to Billy Welch	4
1887	Draw with Jack Burke	8
1888	Draw with Frank Glover	3
1889	Won from Joe Choynski	4
	Knocked out Joe Choynski	27
	Draw with Dave Campbell. Police interference	10
1890	Won from Jake Kilrain	6
	Won from Dominick McCaffrey	4
	Exhibition with Mike Donovan	3
1891	Won from Ed Kinney	4
	Draw with Peter Jackson	61
	Exhibition with John L. Sullivan	4
	Exhibition with Jim Hall	4
1892	Feb. 16. Won from Bill Spillings, at New York	1
	Feb. 16. Won from Bob Caffrey, at New York	1
	Sept. 7. Won from John L. Sullivan, at New Orleans, World's championship	21
1894	Jan. 25. Knocked out Charlie Mitchell, at Jacksonville, Fla., World's championship	3
	Sept. 7. Knocked out Peter Courtney, at Orange, N. J.	6
1896	June. Draw with Tom Sharkey, at San Francisco, Cal.	4
	Exhibition with Jim McVey	3
1897	Mar. 17. Lost to Bob Fitzsimmons, at Carson City, Nev. World's championship	14
1898	Nov. 22. Lost to Tom Sharkey, on a foul, at Lennox Club, New York	9
1900	May 11. Knocked out by Jim Jeffries, at Coney Island, New York	23
	Aug. 30. Knocked out Kid McCoy, at New York	5
1903	Aug. 14. Knocked out by Jeffries, San Francisco	10

LOUIS BLOT

Louis Blot, manager of the Metropolitan Club, is one of the most prominent fight promoters of the West. Genial, shrewd and honest, Blot is regarded as a man who, when he is promoting a fight, guarantees the public a square deal. The same qualities of geniality, shrewdness and honesty have enabled Blot to build up a large following in his capacity as president of the commission firm of Blot, Levinson & Company, 108-10 Washington Street, San Francisco. The Blot Arena is at Eighth and Howard Streets, San Francisco. Blot will hold his future fights there.

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS' RECORD.

Born in Elston, Cornwall, England, June 4, 1862. Height, 5 feet, 11¾ inches.

Date.	RING RECORD.	Rounds.
1880	First appearance in Jem Mace's competition, at Timaru, N. Z. Defeated four men, winning amateur championship of New Zealand.	
1881	Defeated five men in the same competition, among them being the Maori, Herbert Slade.	
	Other Australian engagements were as follows: Jem Crawford, 3 rounds; Bill Slavin, 7 rounds; "Starlight," 9 rounds; Arthur Cooper, 3 rounds; Jack Murphy, 8 rounds; Brinsmead, 2 rounds; Jack Greentree, 3 rounds; Dick Sandall, amateur championship of New Zealand, 4 rounds; Conway, 2 rounds; Professor West, 1 round; Pablo Frank, 2 rounds; Jack Riddle, 4 rounds; Eager, 2 rounds.	
1889	Dec. 17. Won from Dick Ellis, of New Zealand, at Sydney, Australia	3
1890	Feb. 10. Lost to Jim Hall, at Sydney, Australia	4
	May 29. Won from Billy McCarty, at San Francisco, Cal.	9
	June 28. Knocked out Arthur O. Upham, at New Orleans, La.	5
1891	Jan. 14. Knocked out Jack Dempsey, at New Orleans, La. Middleweight championship	13
	Apr. 28. Knocked out Abe Cougle, at Chicago, Ill.	2
	May 1. Won from "Black Pearl," at Minneapolis, Minn.	4
1892	Mar. 2. Knocked out Peter Maher, at New Orleans, La.	12
	Apr. 30. Knocked out James Farrell, at Newark, N. J.	2
	May 7. Knocked out Joe Godfrey, at Philadelphia, Pa.	1
	May 11. Knocked out Jerry Slattery, at New York	2
	Sept. 3. Knocked out Millard Zeuder, at Anniston, Ala.	1
1893	Mar. 8. Knocked out Jim Hall, at New Orleans, La.	4
	Mar. 25. Knocked out Phil Mayo, at Chicago, Ill.	2
	May 30. Knocked out Warner, at Baltimore, Md.	1
	Sept. 5. Won from Jack Hickey, of Ireland, at Newark, N. J.	3
1894	June 17. Defeated Joe Choynski, at Boston, Mass. (Police interference)	5
	July 28. Knocked out Frank Kellar, at Buffalo, N. Y.	2
	Sept. 26. Knocked out Dan Creedon, at New Orleans, La.	2
	Nov. 19. Boxed Con Riordon, who died, at Syracuse, N. Y.	

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS' RECORD (Continued).

1895	Apr. 16. Knocked out Al Allich	3
1896	Feb. 21. Knocked out Peter Maher, opposite Langtry, Tex. World's championship	1
	Dec. 2. Lost to Tom Sharkey, foul, San Francisco	8
1897	Mar. 17. Won from Jim Corbett, at Carson City, Nev. World's championship	14
1899	June 9. Knocked out by Jim Jeffries, at Coney Island, N. Y. World's championship	11
	Oct. 28. Knocked out Jeff Thorne, Chicago	1
1900	Mar. 27. Won from Jim Daly, at Philadelphia, Pa.	1
	Apr. 30. Knocked out Ed Dunkhorst, at Brooklyn, N. Y.	2
	Aug. 10. Knocked out Gus Ruhlin, at New York	6
	Aug. 24. Knocked out Tom Sharkey, at Coney Island, N. Y.	2
1902	July 25. Knocked out by Jim Jeffries, San Francisco, Cal. World's championship	8
1903	Sept. 30. Knocked out Con Coughlan, Philadelphia, Pa.	1
	Oct. 14. No decision. Joe Grim. Philadelphia, Pa.	6
	Nov. 25. Won from Geo. Gardner, San Francisco	20
1904	July 23. No decision. Jack O'Brien. Philadelphia	6
1905	Dec. 20. Lost to Jack O'Brien, San Francisco	13
1907	July 17. Knocked out by Jack Johnson, Philadelphia	2
1909	Dec. 26. Knocked out by Bill Lang, Sydney	12

JAMES J. JEFFRIES' RECORD.

Born in Carroll, Ohio, 1875. Height, 6 feet, 1½ inches.

Date.	RING RECORD.	Rounds.
1896	July 2. Knocked out Dan Long, San Francisco	2
1897	Apr. 9. Knocked out T. Van Buskirk, San Francisco	2
	May 18. Knocked out Henry Baker, San Francisco	9
	July 16. Draw with Gus Ruhlin, San Francisco	20
	Nov. 30. Draw with Joe Choynski, San Francisco	20
1898	Feb. 28. Won from Joe Goddard, Los Angeles	4
	Mar. 22. Won from Peter Jackson, San Francisco	3
	Apr. 22. Won from Pete Everett, San Francisco	3
	May 6. Won from Tom Sharkey, San Francisco	20
	Aug. 5. Won from Bob Armstrong, New York	10
1899	June 9. Knocked out Bob Fitzsimmons, Coney Island. World's championship	11
	Nov. 3. Won from Tom Sharkey, Coney Island. World's championship	25
1900	Apr. 6. Knocked out Jack Finnegan, Detroit	1
	May 1. Knocked out Jim Corbett, Coney Island. World's championship	23
1901	Sept. 17. Won from Hank Griffin, Los Angeles	4
	Sept. 24. Knocked out Joe Kennedy, Oakland	2
	Nov. 15. Won from Gus Ruhlin, San Francisco. World's championship	5
1902	July 25. Knocked out Bob Fitzsimmons, San Francisco, Cal. World's championship	8
1903	Aug. 14. Knocked out Jim Corbett, San Francisco	10
1904	Aug. 26. Knocked out Jack Munroe, San Francisco	2

Sam Berger

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JACK JOHNSON'S RECORD.

Born at Galveston, Texas, March 31, 1878. Height, 6 feet 0¼ inches, weight, 206 pounds.

In 1901 knocked out Horace Miles three rounds, won from John Lees in fifteen rounds, from Charlie Brooks two rounds, from Jack McCormick in seven rounds. He defeated McCormick a second time in seven rounds, and in the same year, was knocked out by Choynski in three rounds. He knocked out George Lawlor in ten rounds and drew with Klondike in twenty rounds.

In 1902 Johnson drew with Frank Childs in six rounds, knocked out Dan Murphy in ten rounds, Ed Johnson in four rounds. He knocked out Joe Kennedy in Oakland in four rounds, and again in San Francisco in the same number. Won from Bob White in fifteen rounds, and from Jim Scanlon in seven rounds. Knocked out Jack Jeffries in five rounds, and Klondike in thirteen rounds. Fought draws with Bill Stift, ten rounds; Hank Griffin, twenty rounds; Hank Griffin, fifteen rounds. He won from Pete Everett in twenty rounds, Frank Childs in twenty rounds, George Gardner in twenty rounds, and won on a foul from Fred Russell in eight rounds.

Date.		RING RECORD.	Rounds.
1903	Feb. 5.	Won from Denver Ed Martin, Los Angeles	20
	Feb. 27.	Won from Sam McVey, Los Angeles	20
	Apr. 16.	Won from Sandy Ferguson, Boston	10
	May 11.	Knocked out Joe Butler, Philadelphia	3
	July 31.	No decision. Sandy Ferguson, Philadelphia	6
	Oct. 27.	Won from Sam McVey, Los Angeles	20
	Dec. 11.	Won from Sandy Ferguson, Colma	20
1904	Feb. 16.	No decision. Black Bill, Philadelphia	6
	Apr. 22.	Knocked out Sam McVey, San Francisco	20
	June 2.	Won from Frank Childs, Chicago	6
	Oct. 18.	Knocked out Ed Martin, Los Angeles	2

JACK JOHNSON'S RECORD (Continued).

1905	Mar. 28.	Lost to Marvin Hart, San Francisco	20
	Apr. 25.	Knocked out Jim Jeffords, Philadelphia	4
	May 3.	Won from Black Bill, Philadelphia	4
	May 9.	Knocked out Walter Johnson, Philadelphia	3
	May 9.	No decision. Joe Jeannette, Philadelphia	6
	July 13.	Knocked out Morris Harris, Philadelphia	3
	July 13.	No decision. Black Bill, Philadelphia	6
	July 18.	Won on foul, Sandy Ferguson, Chelsea	7
	July 24.	No decision. Joe Grimm, Philadelphia	6
	Nov. 25.	Lost on foul, Joe Jeannette, Philadelphia	2
	Dec. 1.	Won from Young Peter Jackson, Baltimore	12
	Dec. 2.	No decision. Joe Jeannette, Philadelphia	6
1906	Jan. 16.	No decision. Joe Jeannette, New York	3
	Mar. 15.	Won from Joe Jeannette, Baltimore	15
	Apr. 9.	Knocked out Black Bill, Wilkes Barre	7
	Apr. 26.	Won from Sam Langford, Chelsea	15
	Jun. 18.	Won from Charlie Haghey, Gloucester	1
	Sep. 20.	No decision. Jeannette, Philadelphia	6
	Nov. 8.	Won from Jim Jeffords, Lancaster	6
	Nov. 26.	Draw with Jeannette, Portland, Maine	10
1907	Feb. 19.	Knocked out Peter Felix, Sydney, Aus	1
	Mar. 4.	Knocked out Bill Lang, Melbourne, Aus	9
	July 17.	Knocked out Bob Fitzsimmons, Philadelphia	2
	Aug. 28.	Knocked out Kid Cutler, Reading, Pa.	1
	Sep. 12.	Won from Sailor Burke, Bridgeport, Conn	6
	Nov. 2.	Knocked out Jim Flynn, San Francisco	11
1908	July 31.	Knocked out Ben Taylor, England	8
	Dec. 26.	Won from Tommy Burns, Sydney, Aus	14
1909	May 19.	No decision. Jack O'Brien, Philadelphia	6
	June 30.	No decision. Tony Ross, Pittsburg	6
	Sep. —.	No decision. Al Kaufman, San Francisco	10
	Oct. 16.	Knocked out Stanley Ketchell, Colma	12

PETER MAHER'S RECORD.

Born in Galway, Ireland, March 16, 1869. Height, 5 feet, 11¾ inches.

Date.	RING RECORD.	Rounds.
1888	Won from Tim O'Dougherty	3
	Knocked out Martin O'Hara	2
	Knocked out John Seenan	5
	Draw with Robert Hair	4
1889	Exhibition with Peter Jackson	
1890	Knocked out Alf Bowman	6
1891	Won from Bubbles Davis	4
	Won from Jim Daly	1
	Won from Jack Fallon	2
	Won from Jack Smith	1
	Won from Sailor Brown	1
	Knocked out Gus Lambert	1
1892	Knocked out Joe Godfrey	1
	Knocked out Mike Monahan	1
	Lost to Bob Fitzsimmons	12
	Lost to Joe Goddard	3
1893	Knocked out Val Flood	4
	Knocked out Ike Hayes	1
	Knocked out Tom Johnson	1
	Knocked out Nick Burley	1
	Draw with Joe McAuliffe	4
1894	Won from Peter Courtney	3
	Knocked out George Godfrey	6
	Knocked out Frank Craig	2
1895	Won from Jerry Slattery	1
	Knocked out Bob Marshall	1
	Knocked out Steve O'Donnell	1
	Draw with Jim Hall	6
	Met Dominick McCaffrey. No decision	3
	Exhibition with Billy Smith	3
1896	Won from Frank Slavin	4
	Knocked out Joe Choynski	6
	Knocked out Steve O'Donnell	1
	Met Bob Fitzsimmons. No decision	3
	Feb. 21. Knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons, opposite Langtry, Texas. World's championship	1
1897	Won from C. C. Smith	6
	Draw with Tom Sharkey	7
	Met Steve O'Donnell. No decision	6

1898	Knocked out Yank Kenny	1
	Won from C. C. Smith	3
	Won from Steve O'Donnell	2
	Knocked out by Joe Goddard	1
	Won from Joe Goddard	8
1899	Won from Tom Conroy	7
	Won from Charles Stevenson	2
	Draw with Gus Ruhlin	20
	Won from Mike Morrissey	1
	Knocked out Joe Kennedy	2
	Won, on a foul, from Ed Dunkhorst	7
1900	Knocked out by Kid McCoy	5
	Lost to Joe Choynski	6
	Won, on a foul, from Tom Conroy	5
	Knocked out Steve O'Donnell	1
	Won, on a foul, from George Haines	5
	Won from Jim Jeffords	2
	Met Gus Ruhlin. No decision	6
1901	Met Jim Jeffords. No decision	6
	Knocked out Jim Jeffords	2
1902	Knocked out by Gus Ruhlin	3

CHARLIE MITCHELL'S RECORD.
(Charles Watson Mitchell.)

Born in Birmingham, England, November 24, 1861. Height, 5 feet, 9 inches.

Date.	RING RECORD.	Rounds.
1878	Jan. 11. Won from Bob Cunningham, bare knuckles....	50 minutes
1879	Won from C. Smithers, at Wolverhampton.....	17 minutes
	Draw with Bill Kennedy, London	30 minutes
	Won from Bailey Gray, Manchester, Eng.....	11 minutes
1881	Won from Caradoff (Belgian Giant), Antwerp.....	4
	Won from Tom Tully	6
	Draw with Jack Burke	1 hour, 17 minutes
1882	Won middleweight competition, Chelsea, England.....	
	Won Madden's heavyweight competition, London.....	
	Toured England, meeting Tug Wilson three times, Alf Greenfield once	
1883	Won from Mike Cleary, at New York.....	3
	Lost to John L. Sullivan, at New York. (Police interference)	3
	Met Denny Hayes, at Leadville, Colo.	4
	Met Billy Lynn, Leadville	2
	Draw with William Sheriff, at Flushing, L. I.....	6
1884	Won from Joe Denning, at New York.....	4
	Draw with Jake Kilrain, at Boston.....	4
	Won from Billy Edwards, at New York.....	3
	Lost to Dominick McCaffrey, at New York.....	4
	Draw with Jack Burke, at New York.....	4
1885	Won from John Scholes, at Toronto.....	4
	Draw with Mike Cleary, at San Francisco. (Police interference)	4
	Draw with Jack Burke, at Chicago.....	6
1886	Draw with Jack Burke, at Chicago.....	10
	Draw with Patsy Cardiff, at Minneapolis.....	5
	Went back to England.	
1887	Returned to America and toured with Kilrain.	
	Won from Reddy Gallagher, at Cleveland.....	6
1888	Mar. 10. Draw with John L. Sullivan, at Chantilly, France, London prize ring rules.....	39
1890	Feb. 7. Won from Jem Mace, at London. Boxing championship of England.....	3
1894	Jan. 25. Knocked out by Jim Corbett, at Jacksonville, Fla. World's championship.....	3

JIM GRIFFIN

Jim Griffin, manager of the Broadway Athletic Club, and proprietor of the Andromeda Saloon and Cafe, 155 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco, stands to the forefront of pugilism. Griffin is a "hail fellow well met," popular wherever fight fans congregate. His saloon and cafe is a favorite place for sports to gather. Griffin has promoted some famous contests, always to the delight and satisfaction of fight followers. Union cars at the Ferry and Kearny cars from Market Street lead to the Andromeda.

JACK MUNROE'S RECORD.

1904 Aug. 26. Knocked out by Jim Jeffries in 2 rounds at San Francisco.

SID HESTER

Sid Hester, as manager of the Mission Athletic Club, with headquarters in the Phelan Building, is a promoter to be figured on whenever there is a big match to be made. Hester is a square, fearless, honest promoter who is always to the head of the procession. His motto is to give the public an honest deal, treat the fight follower a bit more generously than he expects, and always make the crowd glad they came. That's why H-e-s-t-e-r spells S-u-c-c-e-s-s.

Tom O'Day and Sid Hester are a team that's hard to beat.

GUS RUHLIN'S RECORD.

Born in Canton, Ohio, January 8, 1872. Height, 6 feet, 2 inches.

Date.	RING RECORD.	Rounds.
1896	Won from Jim Wood	4
	Won from Con Tobin	5
	Won from Dominick Kane	4
	Won from Steve O'Donnell	20
	Lost to Yank Kenny	16
1897	Won from Tut Ryan	10
	Won from Bill Smith (Texas)	2
	Draw with Jim Jeffries	20
1898	Knocked out Woolf Bendoff	2
	Lost to Kid McCoy	20
	Knocked out by Tom Sharkey	1
	Knocked out Tom McCormick	8
	Won from Ed Dunkhorst	22
	Met Joe Goddard. No decision	6
	Met Joe Choynski. No decision	6
1899	Won from Joe Goddard	5
	Draw with Peter Maher	20
	Lost to Joe Kennedy	20
	Knocked out George Lawler	9
	Won from Jack Stelzner	7
	Won from Jim Jeffords	5
	Won from Jack McCormick	6
	Won from Tom Conroy	7
1900	Knocked out Fred Kapps	1
	Knocked out Jack Finnegan	4
	Won from Yank Kenny	6
	Knocked out Tom Sharkey	15
	Knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons	6
	Met Peter Maher. No decision	6
1901	Nov. 15. Lost to Jim Jeffries, San Francisco, Cal. World's championship	5
1902	Knocked out Peter Maher, at Philadelphia, Pa.	3
	Knocked out Tom Sharkey, London, Eng.	11

Pacific Athletic Club
Los Angeles

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T. J. McCAREY, Promoter

THOMAS SHARKEY'S RECORD.

Born in Dundalk, Ireland, November 26, 1873. Height, 5 feet, 8½ inches.

Date.	RING RECORD.	Rounds.
1894	Knocked out Jack Langley	8
	Knocked out Rough Thompson	3
	Knocked out Rough Thompson	1
	Knocked out Nick Burley	8
	Knocked out George Washington	2
	Knocked out Billy Tate	4
	Knocked out Sailor Brown	2
1896	Won from Joe Choynski	8
	Won from Jim Williams	7
	Draw with Jim Corbett	4
	Met John L. Sullivan. No decision	3
	Won, on a foul, from Bob Fitzsimmons	8
1897	Won from Joe Goddard	6
	Draw with Peter Maher	7
1898	Mar. 11. Draw with Joe Choynski, at San Francisco, Cal.	8
	May 6. Lost to Jim Jeffries, at San Francisco, Cal.	20
	June 29. Knocked out Gus Ruhlin, at Coney Island, N. Y.	1
	Nov. 22. Won, on a foul, from Jim Corbett, at New York	9
1899	Knocked out Kid McCoy, at New York	10
	Jan. 30. Knocked out Jack McCormick, at Philadelphia, Pa.	2
1900	Feb. 13. Won from Joe Goddard, at Philadelphia, Pa.	4
	Nov. 3. Lost to Jim Jeffries, at Coney Island. World's championship	25
	Feb. 13. Won from Joe Goddard, at Philadelphia. Pa.	4
	Feb. 19. Knocked out Jim Jeffords, at Detroit, Mich.	2
	Mar. 15. Knocked out Jim McCormick, at Hartford, Conn.	1
	Mar. 29. Knocked out Tom Conroy, at Baltimore, Md.	3
	Mar. 8. Knocked out Joe Choynski, at Chicago, Ill.	2
	June 8. Knocked out Yank Kenny, at New York	1
	June 26. Knocked out by Gus Ruhlin, at Coney Island, N. Y.	15
	Aug. 24. Knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons, at Coney Island, N. Y.	2
1901	May 3. Knocked out Fred Russell, at Denver, Colo.	4
	May 7. Lost, on a foul, to Pete Everett, at Cripple Creek, Colo.	1
1902	June 25. Knocked out by Gus Ruhlin, London, England.	11
1904	Feb. 27. No decision. Jack Munroe. Philadelphia	6

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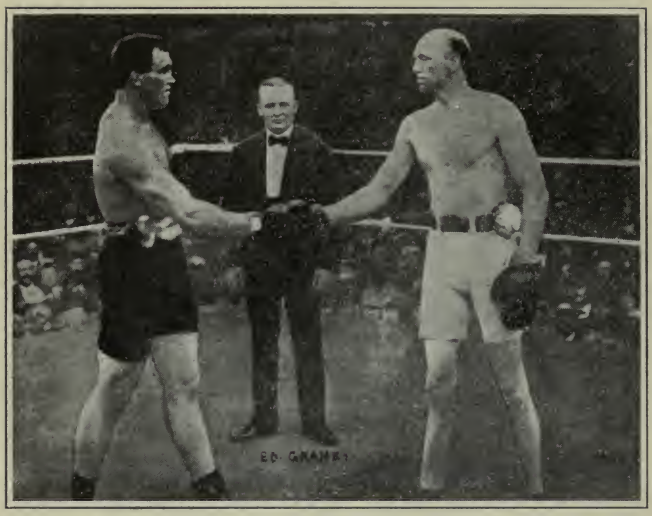

Eddie Graney, the celebrated referee, in the ring with Jeffries and Fitzsimmons.
Championship Contest, July 25, 1902

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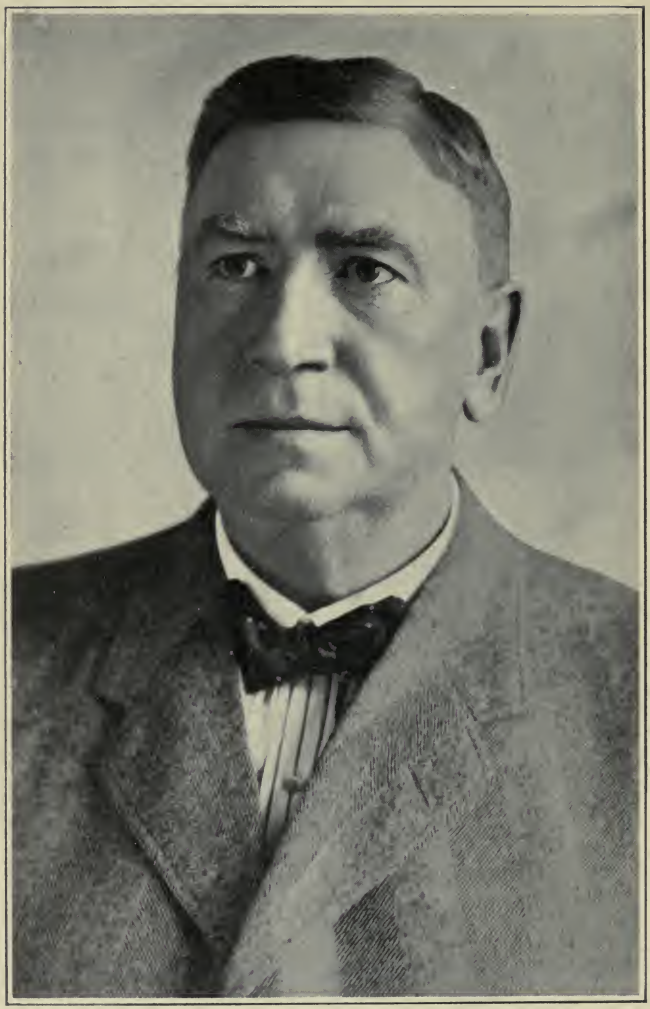

W. W. NAUGHTON

HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONS

By W. W. NAUGHTON

Being an account of every Heavy-Weight Championship Contest from Sullivan and Corbett to Jeffries and Johnson, together with a Complete Record of Every Contestant, Extended Sketches of Jeffries and Johnson, and Story of the Making of the Big Match

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE.

From the brave old Roman days when gladiators chopped one another to pieces for the edification of the populace of Rome, through the Middle Ages when stalwart knights were cheered for spearing each other to death in the "merrie joust," to the present day when stoutness of heart and soundness of limb are tested in the comparatively harmless sport of pugilism, with padded gloves in a padded ring, there has always been a "bravo!" for the victor, and—except for the historian—oblivion for the vanquished. As Shakespeare contended:

> "The painful warrior famoused for fight,
> After a thousand victories, once foil'd,
> Is from the books of honour razed quite,
> And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd."
>
> —*Sonnet XXV.*

One of these worthy and saving historians, who have made possible the upsetting of the foregoing contention of the Bard of Avon, is the author of this book, W. W. Naughton, who, having witnessed every one of the Queensberry championship contests since the days of the Sullivan-Corbett argument at New Orleans, and having chronicled them all contemporaneously, has now gathered together his twenty years of ringside observations into "Heavy-weight Champions." Dean of sporting writers, his name on the sporting pages of over a million papers a day in the English-speaking world, holder of more championship forfeits than all other sporting writers combined, "Uncle Bill" Naughton (as we call him who know

him well) is appealed to as the court of last resort in all matters pugilistic.

The following pages contain first-hand accounts of every heavy-weight championship contest under Queensberry rules, complete records of all contestants, together with extended sketches of the fighting life of both Jeffries and Johnson and the story of the making of the big match, profusely illustrated. The book will be found to be a veritable "mine of fistic information," presented in tone and style that cannot offend even the worthy folk whose fists Samuel Butler referred to some three centuries ago in "Hudibras,"

"And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick."

G. G. W.

San Francisco, June 1, 1910.

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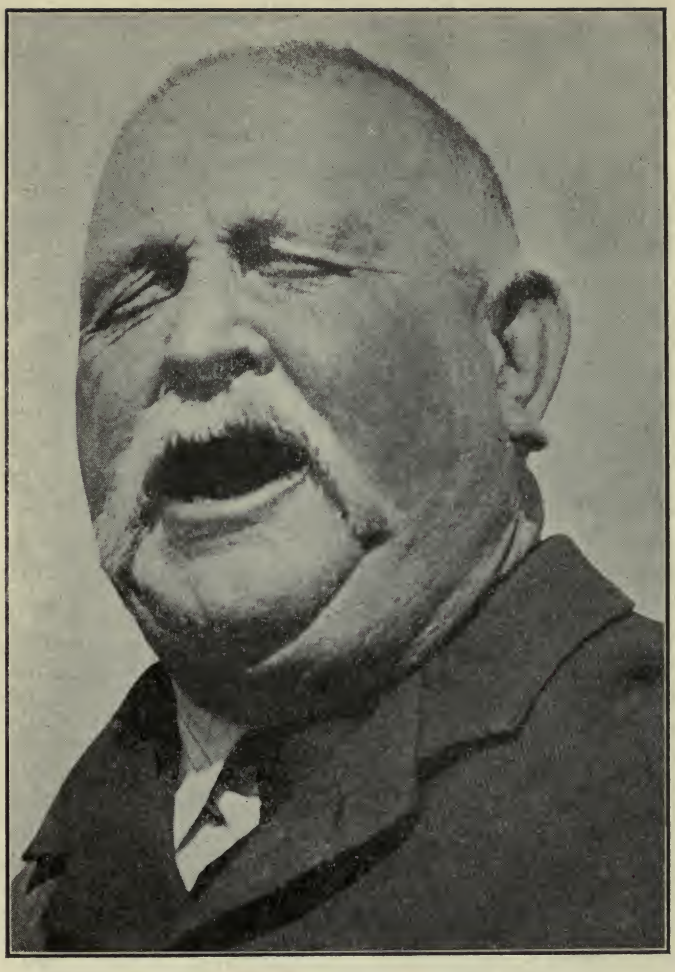

VETERAN BILLY JORDAN
IN FULL SWING

LET 'ER GO!

CHAPTER I.

THE CORBETT-SULLIVAN FIGHT.

The meeting between Corbett and Sullivan at New Orleans on September 7, 1892, signaled the dawn of the new era so far as the settlement of world's championships among heavyweights is concerned. There had been Queensberry contests for championships of various sections before, and also Queensberry contests which determined world's championships in classes lower than heavyweights.

This, assuredly, was the first time in which two men had boxed under Queensberry conditions for the distinction of being voted the peer of all pugilists the earth around.

Not so very long before, Sullivan, who was considered equally at home under old rules and new, had vanquished Kilrain in a bare knuckle fight at Richburg, Mississippi. Kilrain was also an adept at either style of milling and the fact that he was selected as an op-

ponent for Sullivan is the best evidence that he was regarded as John L.'s most formidable rival.

With Kilrain removed from his path, Sullivan seemed to have but two opponents in sight, so far as old style battles went. One of these was Frank Slavin and the other Charlie Mitchell. Peter Jackson was ineligible for two reasons. In the first place Sullivan drew the color line, and in the next, Jackson could not by any manner of reasoning be induced to become a party to a prize ring encounter.

There was no talk of a return match with Mitchell and for some reason the turf fight with Slavin was not arranged. Sullivan remained alone in his glory and it looked as if he would retire undefeated.

But the Queensberry mills were working and a new order of pugilists was being developed. In far away California Jim Corbett, who was regarded as little short of a precocious amateur by the seasoned sluggers of the three big fighting centers of the world, to wit, England, Australia and the United States, was coming to the front in a manner that boded ill to the champions.

The first hint of Corbett's promise as a candidate for the highest honors of the ring was when he won from Jake Kilrain in six rounds at New Orleans in 1890. Kilrain's chagrin was more pronounced, possibly, than when Sullivan downed him at Richburg.

To be defeated by Sullivan, the greatest living fighter, was bad enough, but it was the fortune of war. To be bested by a sapling from the wild and woolly west, of whom no one had ever heard, was gall and wormwood.

After that came Corbett's wonderful fight with Peter Jackson, and in the following year he conquered the mighty John L. in the first Queensberry battle in which

Sullivan risked his title. Then the Queensberry crackajacks ruled the roost and they have ruled it ever since. Long may they continue to do so.

It might be in order at this time to trace the gradual coming into favor of the Queensberry system in the United States. Beyond question, the California Athletic Club of San Francisco was the first organization to conduct contests of this kind between professionals. Prior to the formation of the club in question Queensberry matches were held in private or, by special dispensation, at some sporting resort or public hall. As a rule the public exhibitions consisted of four and six round bouts.

When the California Athletic Club first began to handle contests very little publicity was given to what happened in the club arena. Very often one would see in the sporting pages of the San Francisco papers that so and so had boxed so and so the previous evening, and that one man was awarded the decision on points in such and such a round.

Those who happened to be present at the affair knew that it was a bitter fight; one bristling with interesting detail—a contest, in fact, to which columns would be devoted nowadays.

When President L. R. Fulda and his associates took hold of the California Athletic Club and installed it in more commodious quarters on new Montgomery and Mission streets, public interest in the sport was aroused.

The club added to its members San Francisco's merchant princes and leading professional men and the country was scoured for pugilistic talent. Boxers were brought from Australia and England, and San Francisco became the Mecca of the fighters. This was back in 1888.

One has only to recall some of the contests decided before the club in order to be convinced that the city named led the world in the promotion of Queensberry pastimes. Jackson and Corbett boxed there and it was at the C. A. C. that Jackson defeated George Godfrey, Joe McAuliffe and Patsy Cardiff.

The lightweights, Jimmy Carroll and Champion Jack McAuliffe fought there; so did Carroll and English Sammy Blaklock. It was there that the two Murphys, Frank and Billy, boxed, and also there that Spider Weir, the inimitable, lost to Billy Murphy shortly after the latter's arrival from Australia.

Jack Dempsey and LaBlanche, the marine, fought at the California Athletic Club and it was in the ring of the organization named that Fitzsimmons made his first appearance in America, defeating Billy McCarty. Patsy Duffy, of Boston, gained a decision over Tom Meadows at the club in question, and George Dixon defended his bantam championship against Abe Willis, who journeyed all the way from the antipodes to box him.

Tommy Warren won from Jack Havlin at this club, and Joe McAuliffe, the Mission tanner, outboxed Mike Conley, the Ithaca giant, and Frank Glover of Chicago.

Among other sterling performers of those years who boxed for California Athletic Club purses were George Dawson, of Australia; Young Mitchell, Buffalo Costello, Johnny Griffin, Doc O'Connell, Danny Needham, Mike Lucie, Frank Childs, Patsy Kerrigan, Australian Billy Smith, Paddy Gorman, Sam Fitzpatrick, Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll, and Joe Choynski.

Other clubs sprang up in San Francisco and in time the sport languished temporarily. The scene shifted to New Orleans, where many important contests were

held, among them that between Jack Dempsey and Bob Fitzsimmons for the middleweight championship of the world.

New Orleans being so situated that it could draw from the sport patrons of New York and many other large cities, the Louisiana promoters became ambitious. They determined to arrange a carnival of boxing, which would comprise contests for the championships of the world in the various classes. It was during this carnival held in September, 1892, that Sullivan and Corbett boxed. In events which preceded the heavyweight fight, Jack McAuliffe defended his title of lightweight champion against Billy Myers, and George Dixon won without a struggle from Jack Skelly.

In order to relate the events leading up to the Corbett-Sullivan fight in their proper sequence, it will be necessary to refer to the Jackson-Corbett match. The fight in question took place in San Francisco in May, 1891. The effect of it was to push Corbett to the front as a world's championship possibility.

Corbett, even before he met Jackson, was firm in the belief that he could defeat Sullivan if the opportunity occurred. He declared himself to this effect while training at Sausalito for his affair with Peter.

"But I will never challenge John L.," added Jim. "It will be for him to make a proposition, and if ever he does, I'll accommodate him."

National pride had something to do with Corbett's sentiments. He felt that he was in line for the world's championship and considered himself as Sullivan's natural successor. He was quite content that John L. should enjoy his laurels, and as he remarked, "I can keep my hands full fighting foreigners for a while."

After his draw with Peter Jackson—for a draw it was to all intents and purposes—Jim placed himself under the management of William A. Brady.

Sullivan and Corbett, who were apparently on the best of terms, arranged to spar a four-round exhibition at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, in June, 1891, a month after the Jackson-Corbett contest, and it was during this mimic bout that Corbett fathomed Sullivan's methods thoroughly and filed away what he had discovered for future reference.

The exhibition was particularly interesting to those who divined Corbett's purpose. It was not one of those "slap and duck" affairs that Jack Ashton and Sullivan were in the habit of delighting the gallery gods with nightly. It was a virtual tryout of the great and only John L. for the benefit of James J. Corbett, and Sullivan did not suspect it. At that, never a hard blow was struck.

Corbett was a student of the art Queensberry, if ever there was one. He was always adding to his knowledge of things scrapatorial, and he did not permit the slightest chance for improvement to escape him.

He would don the gloves with a visiting boxer—be he amateur or professional—at any hour of the day and if the stranger had any little trick worth copying Jim made a mental note of it and it became a part of his own stock in trade. He had only to see a fighter in action to determine quickly which were his strongest and weakest points, but in this particular respect Corbett was no more discriminating than other clear headed fellows of his calling. To box with a man, even though the bout

were of a friendly nature, was to know him thoroughly, and when Corbett retired to his dressing room the night of his set-to with Sullivan he felt that he was well posted in regard to Sullivan's methods.

It was amusing to watch Jim feinting and fiddling. Sullivan pushed his pillow-covered fists before him with that reckless abandon peculiar to all stage combats, but Corbett just tapped and parried and studied.

It is claimed that a boxer, and particularly a natural boxer, can no more depart from his usual style of milling when required to spar at a lively clip, than an ordinary person can disguise his handwriting when asked to scribble something in a hurry.

Corbett, maybe, had this in mind when the third round began. He hustled the big fellow by making quick passes that were not intended to land, and soon Sullivan's massive shoulders were working vigorously as he launched out with half speed blows.

Corbett blocked and countered lightly and grinned and grinned. Once he raised his right arm quickly and held his glove as if about to send it against Sullivan's face. He dropped it again to his side, content to note that the opening was there. It was in that friendly bout on the Grand Opera House stage, probably, that Corbett mapped out the plan of attack which won for him at New Orleans.

It was not long after the Opera House affair when Sullivan began to discern that he had a formidable rival in Corbett. For that matter there was an inclination among sport critics and sporting men generally, to sidetrack Sullivan, as one who had virtually retired, and whenever there was talk of a match in which a

representative American was to figure, Corbett's claims were advanced.

That Sullivan still considered himself a factor in championship disputes was shown by an open letter he issued from St. Paul, Minnesota, early in March, 1892. It read as follows:

"Our season ends about June 4 and we do not resume again until September 12. This gives me over three months' time to prepare.

"I hereby challenge any and all of the bluffers who have been trying to make capital at my expense, to fight me, either the last week in August or the first week in September, this year, at the Olympic Club in the City of New Orleans, for a purse of $25,000 and an outside bet of $10,000. The winner of the fight to take the entire purse.

"I insist upon a bet of $10,000 to show that they mean business—$2,500 to be put up inside of thirty days, another $2,500 to be put up May 1, and the entire $10,000, and as much more as they will bet, to be placed by June 15. I am ready to put up the entire $10,000 now. First come first served. I give preference in this challenge to Frank P. Slavin, of Australia, as he and his backers have done the greatest amount of blowing. My second preference is that bombastic sprinter, Charles Mitchell, of England, whom I would rather whip than any man in the world. My third preference is James J. Corbett, of America, who has uttered his share of bombast. But in this challenge I include all fighters.

"The Marquis of Queensberry must govern this contest, as I want fighting, not foot racing, and I intend keeping the championship of the world.

"John L. Sullivan,
"Champion of the World."

Sullivan's defi threw the world of sport into a flutter. To begin with, it was an unusual thing for a world's champion to issue challenges and the fact that Sullivan

had thought it incumbent upon him to do such a thing was taken as evidence that the big fellow was genuinely agitated and in a fighting mood.

For a while it looked as if Charlie Mitchell, of England, would accept Sullivan's challenge. The amount of the side wager named by Sullivan proved a stumbling block to Mitchell, however. Then William A. Brady, acting for Corbett, declared that the Californian stood ready to box John L. on the terms named by the champion and that all the conditions imposed by Sullivan in the matter of putting up a side bet would be observed.

To begin with, Brady posted $1,000 to bind the match. The news was forwarded to Sullivan by wire and he immediately telegraphed his backers to cover Corbett's forfeit. James Wakely, the well known sporting man, saw to it that Sullivan's forfeit money was forthcoming and the full details of the match were arranged in New York on March 15, 1892.

It was agreed that the contest should take place in New Orleans early in September and that the Olympic Club in that city should have the preference, provided it offered a purse of the value of $25,000. In case the Olympic Club did not see fit to hang up such a large amount, then the club making the best bid was to be accorded the privilege of handling the mill. Incidentally the Olympic Club, through its secretary, Charles Noel, subsequently announced that it was prepared to offer the fighters the amount named and the question of a battle ground was settled.

The articles of agreement drawn up for the first Queensberry encounter for the world's championship were worded as follows:

First. The match is to decide the heavyweight championship of the world, a stake of twenty thousand dollars ($20,000) and a purse of twenty-five thousand dollars ($25,000).

Second. The contest shall take place before the Olympic Club, of New Orleans, Louisiana, on Wednesday, September 7, 1892. In case the said Olympic Club refuses to give a purse of twenty-five thousand dollars ($25,000), the contest shall take place before a club to be mutually agreed upon by the signers of these articles.

Third. The contest shall be under Marquis of Queensberry rules. The gloves shall be the smallest the club will allow, and other details of the contest itself shall be left to the decision of the Olympic Club or the club before which the contest shall take place. The club selected shall name the referee.

Fourth. The sum of twenty-five hundred dollars ($2,500) has been deposited by each party. It is agreed that the remainder of the stake of ten thousand dollars ($10,000) shall be deposited on the days named here: June 1, twenty-five hundred dollars ($2,500); July 10, twenty-five hundred dollars ($2,500); August 25, twenty-five hundred dollars ($2,500).

Fifth. The final stakeholder shall be agreed upon on the date of the second deposit, June 1.

Sixth. Should either party fail to comply with these articles, the money then in the hands of the temporary stakeholder shall be forfeited to the party which shall have fulfilled its obligations according to this paper.

J. C. KENNEDY, Witness for Corbett.

JAMES WAKELY, For JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

JOHN MCDONOUGH, Witness for Sullivan.

JAMES J. CORBETT.

Sullivan trained for the match at Canoe Place Inn, Good Ground, L. I., the champion's work being supervised by Phil Casey, the handball expert. Jack Ashton assisted in preparing the big fellow for the contest. It is said that Sullivan weighed close to the 230 pound

mark when he began his arduous routine and by strict attention to business he reduced his avoirdupois to 210 pounds.

Corbett ensconced himself in training quarters near Asbury Park, with Billy Delaney at the head of affairs. Jim gave himself a careful preparation, putting in much of his time in the open air.

September came around and New Orleans saw many strange faces. First on the ground, of course, were the press correspondents, and on their heels followed a number of dyed-in-the-wool fight followers who believed in being on hand early so as to secure good locations at the ringside and comfortable quarters at the hotels.

When Corbett reached New Orleans a day or two before the date of the contest I saw him exercise at one of the clubs in the Crescent City. His appearance denoted that he had been out in the sun and wind a good deal. Rowing had entered largely into his training. His shoulders were as brown as a berry and his arms were of the same hue. His face was also tanned.

He was heavier muscled than when he boxed Jackson. He was as clean as an antelope about the legs and his neck and shoulders looked as if they had been subjected to some special process of development.

They were betting 4 to 1 against Corbett at that time, but the fact did not seem to worry him. He was as confident as it was possible for a man to be. The thought of the surprise that was in store for the sporting world amused him. When it is remembered that the weight of expert opinion was against him, the nerve he maintained was truly remarkable.

Nor was his trainer, Billy Delaney, one jot less sanguine in regard to the result of the big fight.

To give an instance of Delaney's confidence in Jim's ability to trim Sullivan, I will relate an incident. Among the earliest of the fight excursionists to reach New Orleans was a rich young Californian who had backed Choynski when the latter boxed Corbett. This gentleman did not think Jim had a ghost of a show with Sullivan and was making his bets accordingly. Delaney heard of this and he said to a friend: "I wish you could pull ———— to one side and have a little talk with him. He is against Jim in this affair and I hate to see him lose his money. Will you go and tell him from me that Corbett will win as surely as the sun shines? He is a nice fellow and it worries me to think of him having the thing wrong."

The friend delivered the message and received very little thanks.

"Delaney means well, but I think I know what I'm doing," said the Californian. "I have had others come to me and tell me how well Corbett looks and all the rest of it. Of course he looks well. How else could anyone expect to find a man on the eve of a championship fight and after months of training? I still stick to Sullivan."

Sullivan also became the guest of one of the New Orleans clubs, on his arrival at the Crescent City a couple of days in advance of the fight. He was the great attraction for the populace of course and the streets in the neighborhood of his abiding place were packed.

When, on the afternoon of his arrival, he punched the bag for a while, entrance to or exit from the club was impossible. The place was literally jammed and the privileged guests crushed each other to the wall in their efforts to catch a glimpse of the famous John L. Sullivan.

Came the fateful September 7, and New Orleans' streets were filled with strangers. Fight talk was in the air and the hotel lobbies and bars were given over to the visiting sports. Even the ice cream caravansaries and soda water fountains did a rushing trade.

In the early evening all travel seemed to set towards the Olympic Club. The crowd began the pilgrimage before dark. Hacks were at a premium and some of those who managed to secure vehicles to take them to the club were obliged to alight several blocks from their destination and fight their way through a dense throng.

Hundreds of police were detailed to keep the mob away from the approaches to the club house, but regiments of soldiers could not have performed the task.

Several enterprising parties, who had erected temporary booths for the sale of solid and liquid refreshments, did a roaring trade. Some one remarked there was the atmosphere of Mardi Gras time about the whole proceedings.

Within the Olympic Club the scene was a notable one. It breathed of suppressed excitement. Ticket holders, who came in flushed from their exertions in gaining an entrance, sought their seats as quickly as possible and seemed intensely relieved the moment they were comfortably located.

Policemen and club members acted as ushers, and considering the size of the gathering there was very little confusion. There was a steady stream of spectators into the arena from the moment the gates were opened. It was estimated that between 7,000 and 8,000 persons witnessed the championship fight.

The fighters arrived at the club shortly after 8 o'clock. Representatives of the men tossed for corners in one

of the club parlors and Corbett won. He decided to occupy the angle of the ring in which McAuliffe and Dixon, winners of the previous matches in the tournament, had sat.

In due time the men entered the ring. Sullivan was accompanied by Jack McAuliffe, Joe Lannon, Phil Casey and Charlie Johnson. Corbett's principal esquires were Billy Delaney, Jim Daly and Professor John Donaldson. Mike Donovan, boxing instructor of the New York Athletic Club, was in Corbett's corner by invitation.

Corbett's demeanor while the preliminaries were being arranged seemed to puzzle Sullivan. Jim stepped around and tested the floor with his feet as coolly as some athlete might smooth the loose soil before attempting a record jump. He appeared to be entirely oblivious to the fact that the biggest and best fighter in all christendom was glowering at him from across the ring.

Then Corbett walked over to the ropes and yanked at them as if to make certain the posts were firmly braced and that the ring fixings would bear the strain of a hurricane fight.

It was a new experience for John L. He had been used to intimidating opponents with a glare, but here was a youth who did not even deign to glance towards the big gladiator's corner and who went about his business as if there was no such a person as Sullivan on earth, or at any rate as if John L., at the most, was something simply incident to a great happening.

Of course it was all a studied method of procedure on Corbett's part, but it had its effect on the giant in the other corner.

When they came together to receive instructions from

Referee John Duffy, Corbett was equally nonchalant.

If he had any misgivings in regard to the outcome he buried them deep and displayed no outward sign of uneasiness. He looked at Sullivan casually and then allowed his eyes to wander over the sea of faces, nodding repeatedly as if he thoroughly understood everything Duffy said and was fully prepared to act in accordance with the directions given.

The rumble of John L.'s deep voice could be heard as he interposed remarks in regard to his own particular manner of interpreting the rules.

Then the little knot in midring dispersed. The seconds stepped away and the fighters turned and went to their corners. Corbett walked jauntily and John L. paused on the way to his angle of the ring and looked over his shoulder at his opponent. Corbett's back was to him and Jim was not aware of Sullivan's act until some one in his corner told him about it. The young Californian smiled.

It was now a few minutes after 9 and presently the gong rang out; the chairs were whipped from the ring and the champion of the world stepped briskly forth for his famous fight with the San Franciscan.

As the men maneuvered for the first punch they presented a striking contrast. Sullivan, although he had trained arduously, looked rotund both in body and limb, when compared with the trimly built westerner. There was a depth of chest and a width of back and shoulders about Sullivan which suggested crushing force. He wore green fighting breeks and the look on his face was half savage and half serious.

Corbett's fighting costume consisted of an elastic breechclout and laced fighting shoes with socks rolled

down to the ankles. The tan of his arms, shoulder knobs and neck contrasted plainly with the pallor of his skin generally. His face, while sunburned, was somewhat pallid and the shadows cast by the overhead lights gave his eyes the appearance of being deeply set in their sockets. He looked serious but not in the least worried.

Sullivan was the first to make a motion. He swung his left and Jim ducked under it. Corbett threw another left aside with his guard arm and hopped away nimbly when the big fellow tried a vigorous right swing for the jaw. The force of the blow was such that it nearly threw John L. off his balance.

Warned by the way those big arms were whizzing through the air Corbett began to step around at a lively gait. He was well out of range and the crowd began to hiss and cry "fight! fight!" Jim's brow was corrugated. He rubbed his nose softly with his right glove but he still kept out of range and was "as flee as a bird" at the least sign of familiarities on the big fellow's part.

Sullivan looked at his lissome adversary disdainfully. John dropped his arms and waited seemingly in hopes that the jeers of the crowd would cause Corbett to stand in and trade punches.

Not a bit of it. Corbett, who had mapped out his plans carefully, bided his time, and the man who had defeated Paddy Ryan and Jake Kilrain fumed. Sullivan gathered himself together and made one of his famous rushes. It was like an elephant crashing through underbrush as he bumped into the ropes. Corbett was around the end, as it were, and into the open with a grin on his face and Sullivan's lip curled in contempt of Jim's runaway tactics.

There was another clattering rush from Sullivan with

JOHN L. SULLIVAN

similar results, and the crowd began cheering. It was difficult to determine whether the tumult among the spectators was over Corbett's nimbleness or John L.'s determination to bring matters to an issue.

Sullivan rushed no more during that round. He made one left sweep for the westerner's midsection and his big fist simply plowed through space. Now it looked as if the crowd was jeering Sullivan's futile efforts.

The round ended without a blow being struck. Corbett, as a matter of fact, made no effort to inflict bodily damage on the Goliath in front of him. He seemed thoroughly satisfied with the progress so far and he smiled in a contented way as he skipped blithely to his corner.

In the ordinary course of things a glove fight gathering is suggestively silent at the close of a round which is devoid of exchanges. In this particular instance there was loud cheering and it seemed to be for Corbett.

The second round found Sullivan feinting and working his massive shoulders while trying to entice Jim into a mixup in the center of the ring. Corbett still acted carefully and when Sullivan let fly his left for the face the blow did not go within two feet of its target. John followed it up with another lefthand assault and again he found nothing but air. Then suddenly Sullivan bore down on his man. This time Jim was not so active in getting away and he was carried towards the ropes, a glancing righthander catching him on the jaw.

They clinched and here came the first real surprise of the contest. Comparing the bulk of the men it seemed as though Sullivan, did he care to exert his force, might have crushed Corbett like an eggshell when they met in an embrace. Instead of that Corbett pinioned the big

fellow so as to render him perfectly powerless. The San Franciscan's forearm went across Sullivan's throat and there was a look of something like reproach in Sullivan's eyes as he glanced at his opponent. Sullivan was holding on to Corbett. John's head was pressed back and it was plain to be seen that the knowledge of grips and locks Corbett had gained in his wrestling with Miehling and Jimmy Faulkner at the Olympic Club was standing him in good need.

It came to the Corbett men then that there was little fear of Pompadour Jim being roughed or smashed like a butterfly in the clinches and the thought made them radiantly happy.

Sullivan seemed to be slightly discouraged as they broke away and it almost looked as if Corbett had been waiting for that clinch before deciding as to the degree of energy he should put into his work. When they reached the center Jim sent in his first forceful blow, a stinging smash on the mouth with the left. John L. responded with two or three ineffective lunges at the body and a right swing which would have worked damage had it reached Corbett anywhere above the shoulder. Corbett dodged these blows. He laughed and skipped around, and just before corners rang he drove his left fairly into the pit of Sullivan's stomach.

Sullivan came to the scratch in the third round with a remarkably sober look on his countenance. He feinted and frowned but Corbett grinned and sidled. Twice the Sullivan right went careering in the direction of Jim's head, but in neither case did the blow go within many inches of the mark. After dodging around for a while Corbett stepped in suddenly and swung his left into the champion's stomach. It sounded like a drum

beat and Corbett was five feet away by the time John L. made a vicious sweep with his right arm in response.

Corbett was gauging his man to a nicety now and was becoming endowed with more and more confidence as the minutes ticked away. He crept close to Sullivan and feinted in a bewildering manner. Then crack, crack —twice in succession—that lightning left banged into Sullivan's face and the onlookers yelled like Comanches.

Sullivan was ill at ease. He was sweating like a bull and, try to hide it as he might, he was palpably discouraged, but with the dogged pluck and perseverance that had carried him through many a stubborn fight out in the open, he continued to rush and swing.

He let go one righthander which threatened danger to the grinning Californian. The Sullivanites, sitting around the champion's corner, half arose from their seats as the champion's glove shot out. Corbett got beneath it by barely a hair's breadth. It brushed his pompadour, but he bobbed up to one side grinning. It was a close shave. The Corbett crowd chortled and the champion's friends looked glum. Jim was doing famously.

A rush from Sullivan marked the opening of round four, and Corbett flitted rapidly. Again and again the big fellow hurled his great bulk in Corbett's direction, but Jim kept changing his spots and laughing in a tantalizing manner. Once or twice Corbett dropped his arms and gazed sarcastically at the champion. Incensed at Corbett's levity John L. rushed and rushed, but failed to connect. Once in a clinch Sullivan allowed his right to fall on Corbett's back. Jim said subsequently that it was as if a heavy piece of timber had dropped upon him.

Corbett took to feinting again and Sullivan's eyes widened.

His previous experiences had caused him to be dubious as to what would happen when Jim began nodding his head and whirling his gloves in that mysterious way. Jim was satisfied to notice that Sullivan was confused. He stepped back and surveyed his big opponent, but before the round ended he dodged in close and dealt the big fellow a jarring rap on the ear with the right.

There was a smile of derision on Sullivan's face as he stalked to the scratch when the bell sent them together for the fifth round. It may be that Corbett's fighting spirit was stirred by his opponent's evidences of disgust. Certainly he made a shuttlecock of his bulky *vis-a-vis* in the round in question.

Hostilities began with a lefthand exchange, both fighters reaching the head. Sullivan's blow was just hard enough to irritate Corbett and Jim came in with an additional lefthander which took the big fellow on the mouth. They were standing toe to toe now and the spectators were in an effervescent state.

Sullivan got home again with the left and they bumped together and clinched. Jim's forearm as usual was on the champion's windpipe and Sullivan was forced out of balance to such an extent that he had to be content with clinging to Corbett's shoulders without trying to settle himself for a punch as they broke.

When they parted, Corbett worried his man by feinting and after a second's indecision Sullivan charged like a wild steer. Corbett sidestepped and chuckled. Sullivan faced him and made another rush. This time Corbett stood his ground and the most desperate work of the contest was seen.

Sullivan swung his right and Corbett threw his head back far enough to allow the blow to pass. Quicker than a flash of light Corbett's shoulder went up and his right glove came whizzing around. It reminded me of one of the motions I had seen him make during that friendly bout at the Grand Opera House, but of course on that occasion he withheld the punch.

This time his fist caught John L. between nose and cheek bone and the champion faltered. There was blood on Sullivan's face.

Sullivan fought back savagely, but his gloves in the main glanced from the lithe fellow's shoulder or were thrown up so that they went high. Corbett's smashes were going in with unerring certainty and Sullivan's face showed the effects of the visitations.

Discovering that it was dangerous work to continue trading rights with the big fellow, Corbett changed his tactics. He dipped his head when Sullivan's dexter fist came around and he peppered the champion's face rapidly with left upswings. Sullivan looked grewsome. He clinched to save himself and he tried to land on Corbett while hugging. Corbett baffled him easily, broke away and then returned to the attack.

Jim's left was working like a pump-gun and Sullivan was powerless to avoid his stinging blows. It looked, indeed, as if the championship would change hands in that round, but the big fellow's marvelous strength and vitality stood him in need.

There were blank faces in Sullivan's corner as John L. walked unsteadily towards his chair at the gong sound, while from the verge of the ring to the furthest confines of the gallery excited men were bobbing up

and down and shrieking hysterically over the impending Corbett victory.

It must be said that the champion's seconds sent him to the front in comparatively good shape for the sixth round. Corbett was not inclined to dodge the issue so much now and there were several exchanges. Corbett's blows were the more telling and Sullivan's face showed signs of wear and tear again. Judging from the clumsy manner Sullivan let go his right, he had lost much of his steam.

After a while Corbett took his time, and maneuvered whenever Sullivan tried to work close. Jim sent in a light left on the stomach and another on the face. A little later there was a rally in which both landed, but Corbett lessened the force of his opponent's blows by moving his head quickly when struck. A good deal of the work was done in midring and Sullivan began to tire. The champion was the recipient of a damaging left on the face before the bell rang.

Round seven was another disastrous experience for Sullivan. It was on the lines of round five, Corbett standing closer in and fighting more viciously. Sullivan swung his left for the face and Corbett drew back his head, allowing the champion's glove to touch his chest. Then it was left, right, left from the San Franciscan, Sullivan's nose being the object of attack. Corbett then took a strong lead, scoring repeatedly with both hands and swinging his left into the stomach once in a while.

Sullivan's arms dropped and the big fellow seemed to sway on his feet.

"He's licked!" "He's licked!" was the cry that went up and it seemed to act as an admonition to Sullivan. He braced himself and made valiant efforts to counter

Corbett when Jim smashed at him. He was unable to reach the Californian with a telling blow.

Corbett went after his man in savage fashion now. He showered blows on the big fellow and pressed him steadily toward the rope. The final blow of the series was a crushing righthander. It took Sullivan on the damaged nose and, as Corbett clashed with the big fellow, Sullivan's head and shoulders bent back over the ropes. He was a sorry looking world's champion now. The Californian was playing battledore with him.

John L. tried determinedly to offset the San Franciscan's advantage in the eighth round. He lunged for the body and reached the mark, but the straight left facer he took in return was the more effective punch of the two. The blood trickled from Sullivan's face again and once more he braced himself and rushed. This time Corbett met him with a right cross which landed on the side of the face.

Then there was a spell of scuffling work, Sullivan being particularly anxious to get to close quarters. Corbett pinned him more than once and there was a complaint from Sullivan's corner that Jim was forcing John L.'s head back with his forearm in the clinches.

Having satisfied himself that nothing was to be gained by grappling with the sinewy westerner, Sullivan tried fighting at long range. He was thoroughly outpointed at this kind of milling and his face became puffed from the stinging blows Corbett inflicted on him. Corbett had got down to his work and was like a race horse in full stride. He had his man sized up to perfection and was cutting him down in a systematic manner. No vestige of a scratch or a bruise was to be seen about Jim except where the skin of his shoulders appeared to be

rasped slightly from the grip of John L.'s gloves when they clung together in the clinches.

So the fight went on round by round. Sullivan showed the same wonderful powers of endurance which had upheld him in his long siege on the grass with Charlie Mitchell in France and his grueling fight with Kilrain under the broiling sun at Richburg. While he was punished "good and plenty" and was to a certain extent arm weary, he plodded along in the hopes that he might land squarely with his trusty right, the fist that had wrecked the dreams of so many aspiring heavyweights.

He brightened up repeatedly and was always ready with a rush and a savage swing when the moment seemed propitious. While a study of the blow by blow accounts of the fight given by the experts of the sporting press will show that John L. reached Corbett many times with his favorite fist, the explanation is required that in most cases the punch was either a glancing one, or else Corbett allowed his head to go with the blow and thus lessened its force.

In like manner the numerous left scores which are credited to Sullivan were in a large measure harmless. Many of them barely tapped Corbett's chest as he threw his head back out of range. Many a Sullivan punch that had a snapping sound tapped Corbett's face but lightly. Not once throughout the mill did John time the youngster in such a way as to make him feel the full force of a smash.

After Corbett had made such a determined attack on Sullivan in the fifth round and had demonstrated to the satisfaction of his friends that he could outwit the big fellow in any phase of the Queensberry version of self defense, it was thought that Jim would keep right after

his man and take Sullivan's measure in from eight to twelve rounds.

Corbett fought intermittently, if such an expression may be used. He was always clever and always careful but he seldom acted the same way in two successive rounds. He would go close to Sullivan, begin a tattoo on the face and body and press the big man to the verge of the ring. In the following round he would keep away, avoid Sullivan's rushes and indulge in but one or two brief rallies.

When the tenth round was reached it was considered that level betting was a fair thing. While the contest had been all in the Californian's favor, the fact that John L. was always in pretty fair shape for a rush and a swing warned the Corbett crowd from becoming too sanguine. In this very round Sullivan shook his man up slightly with a right on the ribs and took a straight left on his gore-covered nose in return. The monotonous jab of Corbett's left seemed to annoy Sullivan as the darts of the picadores annoy the bull in a Mexican ring. Sullivan would charge with the force of a locomotive, flinging his right glove in the direction of Corbett's head as he bore in. Corbett was too spry, however, and by the time the Bostonian brought up against the ropes Corbett would be yards away, grinning derisively.

In the eleventh round Corbett's left was exceedingly busy. It kept shooting into Sullivan's mouth and nose and then Jim varied the performance by swinging onto the ribs and stomach. Sullivan failed to land one good punch.

It was the same in rounds twelve and thirteen. In this latter round Corbett simply played fast and loose with the big fighter in front of him. At that it looked

as if the San Franciscan neglected many good openings. He wished to rest his arms, probably, but whatever the cause, he allowed Sullivan to do the most of the leading in the last part of the round, while he himself indulged in a clever display of ducking.

In the fourteenth round Corbett traded lefts with the champion and had the better of the exchanges. As usual in such cases, Corbett generally contrived to send in an extra smash for good measure.

When the fifteenth round opened there was a buzz of voices all through the building, for a favorite betting feature of the mill had been in connection with Corbett's chances "of staying fifteen rounds." At this stage it looked as if Corbett would not only stay, but would win the championship.

Sullivan probably had been reminded in his corner that on the outcome of this round hinged the ownership of a whole lot of money. He made one of his tremendous rushes, letting go his right as he went in. He reached Corbett's neck, but it was only a glancing blow. Corbett was alert now. He timed Sullivan's next rush, and bang, bang, went left and right against Sullivan's face. The Bostonian's head went back with a jerk and his desire for rushing was cooled temporarily.

John L. wanted to spar at long range now, but Corbett gave him no rest. Jim wanted to show his admirers that he could pull through the fifteenth round without going entirely on the defensive, and he just rapped and rapped at the big fellow's body and head. Jim stepped in and out like lightning, gauging his rocking horse movement so as to avoid Sullivan's counters, and there was cheer after cheer from the spectators.

When the round ended there was a wild scene. Those

who had backed Corbett to stay longer than fifteen rounds just howled with delight. Over among Sullivan's seconds there were bowed heads and furtive looks. In sending their man in to try and finish Corbett and save the fifteen round money poor Sullivan had been sent up to be hammered to a pulp.

The fighting spirit was still strong in Sullivan, however, as he strode to the scratch for the sixteenth round.

This time Corbett was in a stayaway mood again. Occasionally he poked his face towards his opponent and appeared to be taunting him. Once Jim drew back none too soon and Sullivan's left fell on his chest.

Corbett mixed it in the last half of the round, Sullivan's nose being the especial target for his rapid fire left. Sullivan got in on the face lightly with the left a couple of times himself. John's success in this direction precipitated a rally during which Sullivan threw out his arms and clinched to avoid the rain of blows.

Odds of 10 to 7 were offered now that Corbett would win.

In round seventeen Corbett divided his time between resting up and jabbing the big fellow. Sullivan, in one of the mixing matches, clipped Jim on the chin twice in succession with the left and also dealt him a glancing lefthander while the San Franciscan was ducking. Corbett came back with his left and reached the face solidly. Sullivan snorted and rushed.

Corbett danced away and as he went to his corner he seemed the most self-possessed mortal in the world.

Jim stood straight in the eighteenth round and ducked under left swings. While crouching he smashed his left into the ribs twice. Sullivan gasped and seemed surprised. Then Corbett's left brought up against Sully's

swollen nose. Sullivan made a quick attempt to counter but was short and received two more lefts full in the face. He lowered his guard and appeared to grow listless in his movements.

Corbett stepped in again and straightened his left twice in succession. John L.'s head tilted. He gathered himself together and rushed. He brought up against another straight left, followed by a right which crashed against his cheek.

When Sullivan sat in his corner awaiting the signal for the next round his seconds busied themselves scraping the caked sand from the soles of his shoes.

The nineteenth round did not improve Sullivan's chances of success. Corbett was extra careful and anticipated every move. At the least sign of a swing from the big fellow Jim danced away and grinned, and when two minutes of the three had sped Corbett went close to his man and swung his left on the body a few times. He snapped his head back out of range of Sullivan's swings and then forced the champion to the ropes with a succession of left facers.

The twentieth round was also a betting proposition, much money having been wagered that Corbett would not remain on deck for that length of time. As in the fifteenth round Corbett seemed ambitious to show that there was no occasion for him to loaf in order to protect the bets made by his supporters.

He waded in and smashed Sullivan with right and left in fierce style. The force of the punches sent Sullivan back, and the big fellow made no attempt at a counter. Corbett kept right on top of him, lashing out savagely, and the champion was in a bad way. His knees drooped and he seemed powerless to strike a blow in return.

Corbett was merciless. Both arms were working like the eccentric rods of a piece of machinery and Sullivan staggered towards the ropes. The Californian stepped towards him, intent upon finishing the fight then and there, when the gong clanged.

The end came in the next round. Sullivan's legs dragged as he walked to the center and Corbett sprang at him like a panther. Left, right, left, right fell on Sullivan's face, and the champion's gloves dropped to his sides. He reeled to the ropes and spread his legs to brace himself.

There was no respite for him, however. Corbett, with the scent of victory in his nostrils, fought like a fiend, the thudding of his fists against Sullivan's devoted head sounded like the rattle of a horse's hoofs in a fast gallop. Sullivan backed wearily into his own corner. His head was rocking from its contact with Corbett's gloves, his knees had sagged and he began to lurch forward.

A brace of crushing righthanders on the jaw caused the big fellow's eyelids to droop and his collapse was at hand. Corbett stood away as Sullivan sank to the ring floor. The big fellow was not completely knocked out, but he was in such a dazed condition that his chances of recuperating within the allotted ten seconds were infinitesimally small. He struck the floor on his side and rolled over on his face. The damp black sand of the ring showed in patches on his green tights. McAuliffe showered him with water from a sponge, but Sullivan was past help.

John L. placed his hands on the floor and attempted to rise. He lurched forward on his face. Corbett stood a pace or two away, eyeing him like a hawk, and ready to resume the contest should Sullivan reach his feet. The

power to fight had gone from the champion, and with it his title. He was counted out.

> By many a ringside I have been,
> And many a champion's finish seen,

but looking back to that particular night, and beyond it again into other years of service as a fight chronicler, I can say with all truth that I never saw or heard anything to equal the tumult and turmoil that marked Sullivan's downfall.

The uproar was in progress while Referee Duffy was tolling off the fateful seconds close to the face of the prostrate Sullivan. As could be seen by the movement of Duffy's lips, he was shouting off each number, as well as denoting the passage of time by arm motions. There was no such thing as hearing his voice, however, owing to the racket which extended from ringside to eaves. When he had waved off ten seconds Sullivan was still on his face.

Delaney and Mike Donovan jumped into the ring to bring Corbett to his corner, but Jim held them at bay and waited to make entirely sure that victory was his. Official announcements or announcements of any kind would have been futile just then on account of the ear-splitting noise, so Corbett marched over to Duffy and with his head aside looked at the referee inquiringly. Duffy understood the question that was being put to him in dumb show and he replied in kind. He patted Corbett on the shoulder, and the motion said louder than words "James J. Corbett, I pronounce you champion of the world."

As I said in my official report of the proceedings at the time, "It was the only signal Duffy could give, for the booming of a thousand cannon and the roaring of a whole

herd of Kansas cyclones would have been but as popguns exploding to the sound which filled the big pavilion."

A New York sport remarked afterwards in the crowded corridors of the St. Charles hotel: "I've often heard of the rebel yell, but that's the first time I was caught in it."

A peculiar thing about these ringside ovations is that they are almost equally vociferous no matter which man wins. There probably would not have been such volume to the outburst if Sullivan had won, for the crowd is always with the under dog in these matters, but there surely would have been a hysterical demonstration if the big fellow in the green tights had drubbed the tall youth from San Francisco.

This is a curious phase of human nature. It is the fact of somebody being knocked out that is cheered. The personality of the man who is down or the fellow who downs him has not a great deal to do with it.

I never saw this so plainly exemplified as when Sullivan beat Paddy Ryan to the floor in Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, in November, 1887. Near me, just as the fight was starting, were two dapper looking sports. They were making audible comments as the men began the contest.

"I hope Ryan will knock his head off," said one.

"I'm with you," chipped in the other. "That big loafer deserves a licking and is right in line for it."

When poor Paudheen fell like a pithed ox a mighty roar of approval ran up and down the crowded benches like wildfire, and no one yelled louder than my two anti-Sullivan men. They waved their hats around and they cracked their throats and became ruddy-faced while cheering for the big fellow.

Such is life in the Queensberry belt, and after many years of observation I have come to the conclusion that it is neither the Sullivanites nor the Corbettites that cheer. It is the savagery, which has lain dormant in man since the "thumbs down" days of the Coliseum, asserting itself.

They picked up Sullivan and sponged the signs of ill-usage from his face. Then he went slowly to the ring-side and raised his hand. The crowd became tolerably silent, and with a half sob in his throat the big fellow said: "I tried once too often. I am glad that the championship remains in America."

Corbett, of course, was the hero of the hour. His friends and acquaintances took him by storm. The souvenir hunters swarmed into the ring. They captured buckets and sponges; they even dipped the lemon rinds out of the water he had used. Later when he reached his room they purloined his fighting shoes and the gloves he had worn during the contest. It was a case of "the king is dead, long live the king."

CHARLES W MITCHELL
Boxing Champion of England

CHAPTER II.

CORBETT AND MITCHELL.

Corbett became a full-fledged stage celebrity after that. At various times he had little snarls with English Charlie Mitchell, and after much vexatious wrangling and bitterness of spirit, articles were signed for another world's championship fight.

It was arranged that the contest should take place under the auspices of the Duval Athletic Club, of Florida, and Manager W. A. Brady, as an inducement to Mitchell to make the match, declared he would give the British fighter $1,000 in currency the moment he took his seat in the corner of the ring.

There was considerable uncertainty regarding the mill. Governor Mitchell, of Florida, set his face against the affair and declared there would be no boxing in the everglade section as long as he was at the helm. On this account the fate of the fight was in doubt right up to the day it took place.

The troubles which beset the promoters, however, did not deter Corbett and Mitchell from setting up training quarters in Florida. Jim pitched camp at Mayport Beach near Jacksonville, and Mitchell installed himself at Anastasia Island, near St. Augustine.

Mitchell had to resort to the hardest of work in order to strip his frame of the superfluous flesh which had accumulated through years of indolence and high living.

He walked and sprinted along the margin of the tide at the island day after day, and he put in tremendous licks with the punching bag and the other equipments of his gymnasium on the beach.

Many, who noted the way in which Charlie was forced to reduce his bulk in order to give free play to his muscles and his breathing apparatus, decided that his chances of success in a go with Corbett, a natural athlete, were remarkably small. It was remembered, however, that Mitchell had performed wonders before, when the weight of opinion was against him. Sportsmen who believed in the ethics of fair play and who consistently desired to give credit where it was due, did not forget easily how Mitchell, when little more than a lightweight, faced the mighty John L. Sullivan at Madison Square Garden, and subsequently fought a draw with "the big fellow" on the field of Chantilly. Mitchell had proved that he was possessed of that rare fighting quality, "bull dog courage," and there never had been any doubt in regard to his talent as a boxer. The fact that he had won the boxing championship of England suggested that he was an expert in the ring methods in vogue across the Atlantic. His pluck and his ability were considered sufficient to give him more than a fighting chance with Corbett, but whenever that factor known as condition came up for discussion, the fellows who wanted to see the better man win shook their heads and expressed the opinion that nothing but defeat stared Charlie in the face.

Mitchell, himself, was as chipper as a cricket all through his days of preparation. He was the life of the camp and was always in a jolly mood. He was quite at home when it came to an argument and he liked to dis-

cuss the chances of the fight with visitors who believed that Corbett was the better man.

A favorite saying of Mitchell's was, "This fellow Corbett has no private graveyard that I have ever heard of. His jaw is just as vulnerable as other men's jaws, and a good punch will tumble him the same as it will tumble anyone else. Champions have to come and go, and I don't see why this Pompadour Jim should keep on forever."

About Corbett's condition there was never any question, but his moods were far more variable than when he was getting ready to box the great John L. Sullivan. Jim disliked Mitchell on account of a squabble they had in some public place, and in the fight to come the thought of giving Charlie a thorough drubbing was uppermost in his mind.

He seemed to have absolutely no fear for his laurels, and he became irritable when he heard of the troubles that beset the path of the Jacksonville promoters.

In his condition of mind it was very easy to distort things, and he was inclined to attribute wrong motives to Mitchell. He somehow seemed to connect Charlie with many of the schemes devised for preventing the contest, and he became curt and ungracious through brooding over the possibility of Mitchell's escaping him. It is highly probable that Jim would have been satisfied to battle in private with nothing in sight but the satisfaction of settling the old grudge.

It was the afternoon of January 25, 1894. The skies were dull and the weather cold and cheerless when the crowd began to wend its way from Jacksonville to the big structure on the outskirts of the city, where Corbett

and Mitchell were to box for the world's championship, a purse of $20,000 and stakes of $5,000.

In the throng which poured through the highways and byways in the direction of the trysting place was a large sprinkling of militiamen in uniform. They had been called to Jacksonville by the governor's order to aid in preventing the fight. At the eleventh hour, however, the club sued out an injunction restraining the governor from interfering. This was just the thing the soldiers had hoped for. They purchased tickets for the mill, and as someone remarked, they came to hinder and remained to see.

The place filled slowly. The uncertainty which attached to the affair up to the last moment had affected the sale of tickets. There were comparatively few visitors on hand from points outside of Florida and Louisiana.

Not more than one-half of the seating space was occupied when the fighters entered the ring. Mitchell was the comedian of the occasion from the outset. He wore a flowing bathrobe and on his head, perched rakishly, was a small conical shaped hat, such as clowns wear in English Christmas pantomimes. With Mitchell were Jim Hall, Pony Moore, Tom Allen and Steve O'Donnell.

Corbett was stern visaged as he stepped in through the ropes and took his corner. He gazed over in Mitchell's direction once or twice. With Jim were Billy Delaney, John Donaldson and Jack Dempsey.

W. A. Brady walked across the ring and placed ten one hundred dollar bills in Mitchell's hand. This was in accordance with the promise made prior to the signing of articles. Mitchell handed the money to a friend at the ringside.

Mitchell kept his eyes trained on Corbett almost continuously. Charlie chuckled, shrugged his shoulders and whistled while having his gloves put on. Corbett might have been undergoing preparation for the electric chair, so solemn of mien was he.

"Honest John" Kelly, who was to referee the fight, entered the ring and the preliminary ceremonies were galloped through. Mitchell wished to exchange the customary handgrip, but Corbett refused to shake.

There was a lull and someone drew Kelly's attention to the fact that the usual formalities in the direction mentioned had been omitted. Corbett became impatient, and said, "hurry up there," to the timekeepers, in a snarling way. Mitchell thereupon returned to his corner.

The gong gave forth its ominous clang and the men crept towards each other. There was shuffling of feet on the powdered rosin and the swift play of glove-covered hands as each of the contestants tried to create an opening for a blow.

Corbett, in the early stages of his bout with Sullivan at New Orleans, showed a hair-trigger alertness in the matter of avoiding danger. There was nothing of that about him this time.

He was all confidence and he was simply possessed with the one idea—to wipe out an insult either fancied or real. The wonder is he fought so well, considering the revengeful feelings that were in his heart.

This bitterness of spirit on Corbett's part was one of the things on which Mitchell based his hopes of success. Some of those who heard him speak of the matter believed that he saw in Corbett's avowed animosity the prospect of a victory on a foul. Charlie, to his inti-

mates, declared he would fling taunts at Corbett in the ring in the belief that he would cause the champion to become incensed and rattled and thereby afford the chance for a knockout punch.

Alas! poor Charlie. He did not have much time for taunt flinging. If he did attempt to utter uncomplimentary things his speech must have had a muffled sound, for Corbett's tensely gripped gloves were seldom away from Charlie's mouth and nose.

After a short spell of feinting and sparring, Corbett stepped towards the round bodied Englishman and drove him across the ring. Mitchell was wide-eyed and his legs were in danger of becoming entangled as he backed away.

He wrenched his body this way and that, as if bent on darting past his implacable enemy, but each of Corbett's hands came to the ready in turn, and Charlie made up his mind that to try and reach the open at that particular stage of the proceedings would bring him in contact with a swing or an uppercut.

As Mitchell's back touched the ropes Corbett brought his left up from the hip. Mitchell smothered the blow with his forearms and bumped heavily into a clinch.

They broke quickly and a fierce left upswing landed on the Englishman's eye. Corbett followed with the right and Mitchell stood his ground bravely and gave blow for blow.

It was Corbett's rally, but when Mitchell scuttled away from that swirl of gloves there was a thin, dark trickle from Jim's nostril and a smear of blood on his upper lip.

It was the result of a jab from the Britisher's left glove and it was at least something for Charlie to be

proud of. It had always been Corbett's boast that his nose had never been bled during a fight.

Corbett went in pursuit of Mitchell again and one mix-up followed quickly on another's heels. Most of the work was done near the ropes, Mitchell, as a rule, backing to the confines of the ring before making up his mind to trade punches with his clever and merciless adversary.

There was considerable clinching, and out among the onlookers there was the usual commotion, for it was a speedy, spiteful contest and Corbett's fists were beating a merry rataplan on the Britisher's head and hide.

When the round ended and Mitchell went with just a suspicion of unsteadiness to his corner, there was jubilation, either feigned or real, among the Englishman's seconds. They appeared to be telling Charlie he had done famously.

Corbett was viperish in the next round. He went at his man as a bull terrier goes at a friendless cat, and the rapid thumps of his gloves were like the heartbeats of a terror-stricken child.

Mitchell's face was a study. His head was batted from side to side and his countenance was marked with little dabs of red. He still kept throwing out his fists with all the energy he could command in the hope that a vagrant wallop would enable him to spike Corbett's guns.

Once Charlie stopped while being forced backward by the steady pelting of Corbett's gloves, and flung himself at his opponent. The sudden change of tactics took the Californian by surprise and Mitchell sent in some hot shot before Jim set himself and began to strike back.

Then it was the same old thing. Mitchell's head

rocked and his brave attempts at counter-hitting whistled past Corbett's face as the San Franciscan, with rhythmic movement, drew his head back out of Charlie's sphere of usefulness.

Back into an angle of the ring went Mitchell, breathing heavily, and his eyes becoming more and more distended. He seemed to bear with the smashes that were bruising his face, but he cringed when Corbett curved his left arm and drove his fist in at the stomach. Charlie lowered his head suddenly and escaped beneath Corbett's arm to the center of the ring. He turned towards his corner and grinned through a mask of blood in a ghastly way.

Corbett went at him again. A long, straight left found a resting place on the Britisher's swollen lips, and Mitchell lunged out in the hopes of countering. A second later, a left upswing caught Mitchell while ducking and when he raised his head it looked as if the shadows of defeat were closing around him.

He backed wearily into a corner with Corbett following, dealing out swings and jabs. Along the ropes they went, the steady flog of Corbett's gloves hastening the end.

Suddenly, with a snapping sound, as of a twig breaking, Corbett's glove reached his opponent's jaw. The Englishman's arms dropped heavily. He balanced an instant on his heels and then fell between the ropes.

The crowd was in a tumult then. The pent up passion in Corbett asserted itself to such an extent that he was in danger of losing his head entirely. He struck at Mitchell as the latter made an effort to gain his feet. Mitchell dropped to his hands and knees, and finally,

with great effort, stood erect. Before Corbett could get at him again the round ended.

Mitchell appeared to be greatly distressed as he sat in his corner. When they sent him to the center for the third round it seemed very evident that he was on the verge of defeat.

Corbett dashed at him and hammered him around the ring. Then Jim put extra force into a heart punch. Mitchell cringed and toppled. He caught the lower rope as he was falling, and again Corbett became furious and smashed at him.

One blow grazed Mitchell's forehead and Kelly pushed Corbett away. Corbett's seconds rushed into the ring, but the referee was too excited, seemingly, to notice this infraction of the Queensberry rules. Between trying to count while Mitchell was down and at the same time prevent Corbett from committing a foul, Honest John had his hands full.

Most of the spectators were on their feet yelling themselves hoarse and wildly waving their arms.

Mitchell made a gritty effort to reach his feet within the time limit. He managed to do so, but had no sooner straightened up than a smash on the jaw from Corbett's right laid him low again. This time he stretched his full length on the floor and the championship fight was at an end.

Corbett and Mitchell were haled before a judge at Jacksonville after the contest to show cause why they should not be punished for offending against the laws. They evidently explained their actions satisfactorily as there is no record of their having been punished.

When they met outside the court house, Corbett for-

got the old soreness and greeted Mitchell in a friendly spirit.

"I must say that you are a good, game fellow," is one of the compliments the San Franciscan paid to the Britisher.

Mitchell took his defeat philosophically, but his father-in-law, "Pony" Moore, seemed depressed over the result of the fight.

"I think I can do better than that," said Mitchell. "Of course, a fellow always tries to explain away his defeat, but I'm not wishing to take any of the credit from Corbett. All I have to say is, that in trying to get into the best condition possible I brought myself too low in weight. I won't say what I scaled a day before the fight, for nobody would believe me. I was pretty close to the middleweight mark though."

After the contest Corbett made an extended tour of European countries. By his quick defeat of Mitchell he increased his fame as a fighter, and many who had doubts as to whether he was entitled to call himself champion of the world after his affair with Sullivan admitted that his victory over Mitchell fully established his pre-eminence among heavyweight boxers.

It should be explained that in those years there were still many admirers of the old style of fighting with bare knuckles. These hardshell ring patrons even poohpoohed the idea that Sullivan was ever champion of the world, holding that his victory over Ryan at Mississippi City simply made John L. champion of America.

Among those who maintained that Sullivan was really a world's champion was Billy Madden, John L.'s former manager. Said he: "Sullivan was certainly the champion of the world. Here is the proof. The title went

to Tom Allen on the retirement of Jem Mace. Goss won it from Allen on a foul, and Paddy Ryan won it from Goss. Sullivan succeeded to it when he defeated Ryan, and Corbett became the champion of the world through winning from Sullivan under the Queensberry rules, by which all championships in future will be decided."

Then there arose another thorny question, to wit: "Was not Sullivan's title clouded when Charlie Mitchell boxed a draw with him on the turf at Chantilly?"

This was a poser and those to whom the query was put avoided answering it directly by saying: "Well, anyhow, Corbett has defeated both Sullivan and Mitchell so that no one can dispute Corbett's right to sign himself world's champion."

There was one who disputed it, however. This was Peter Jackson, who had defeated the best men in England and Australia as well as some of the topnotchers among American heavyweights, and who had boxed sixty-one rounds with Corbett at San Francisco.

Jackson made overtures to Corbett to fight after the latter returned from abroad, but the match never came to a head. Each man claimed that the other had thrown obstacles in the way of a meeting and a disinterested person could choose between two diametrically opposite statements of the circumstances.

Anyhow, Jackson and Corbett did not fight again and Corbett was left to enjoy his laurels until Fitzsimmons began to pester him for a match.

Fitz, in addition to being the kingpin among middleweights, had demonstrated that he was able to hold his own among heavyweights. When he suggested that he would like to fight Corbett there began a long drawn out

wrangle, which was notable for the bitterness displayed on both sides.

Corbett at first declared Fitzsimmons would have to defeat some prominent heavyweight before being considered eligible to box for the championship. The sporting press sustained Fitzsimmons in his demand for a go with Pompadour Jim, and the latter eventually decided to give the Cornishman battle.

A match was arranged to take place in Florida, but the legislature of the state named passed a law which forbade the holding of glove contests.

Dan Stuart, Joe Vendig and others believed they could bring the men together in Dallas, Texas, but here again Governor Culbertson interposed an objection, and, with the lawmakers to back him, wrecked the plans of the promoters.

Prominent citizens of Hot Springs, Arkansas, then offered to furnish a battleground for Fitzsimmons and Corbett, and Stuart moved his headquarters to the point named.

It was decided that the fight should take place at Hot Springs on October 31, 1895, Fitzsimmons meanwhile training at Corpus Christi, Texas, and Corbett at a spot a few miles out of Hot Springs. Governor J. P. Clark, of Arkansas, set his face against the championship fight, but the Hot Springs promoters insisted that all would be well.

Fitzsimmons left Corpus Christi on October 28 for the scene of the contest and was met at Marshall, Texas, by a special train sent out by the Hot Springs sports to bring the Cornishman to the ringside in safety. Fitzsimmons and Julian refused to leave the train they were on, and before proceeding much further on their jour-

ney, were arrested by deputies sent out by Governor Clark.

Fitzsimmons and his party were taken to Little Rock, Corbett being arrested at Hot Springs and brought to the city named. Thither the sports and the correspondents flocked, and it was generally admitted that there was no chance of the fight taking place in Arkansas.

While waiting for the affair to come up in court, Fitzsimmons and Corbett were guarded by deputy sheriffs. Each of the fighters called on the governor in turn and the state's chief executive also invited the leading sportsmen as well as the visiting correspondents to visit him at his office.

He was quite amiable and he laughed heartily when referring to the efforts made to bring off the fight in Arkansas. Manager W. A. Brady had a conversational tilt with Governor Clark and failed to impress his views on the governor.

Said Brady: "The great trouble is, Governor, some people don't appear to know the difference between a prize fight and a scientific glove contest."

"I guess I'm one of the class you refer to," said the Governor, with a grin. "That's why I am stopping this thing."

Corbett and Fitzsimmons were brought before the court at Little Rock and bound over to keep the peace toward each other as well as to all and sundry in the state referred to, and the prospect of a meeting between the world's heavy and middleweight champions faded.

Corbett returned to New York, and early in November, 1895, intimated that he would soon retire from the ring.

CHAPTER III.

FITZSIMMONS AND MAHER.

On November 11 Peter Maher and Steve O'Donnell boxed at Maspeth, L. I. The latter was Corbett's sparring partner, and Corbett believed him a wonderful fighter. Maher defeated O'Donnell in the twinkling of an eye, and no one was more surprised than James J. Corbett. He congratulated Maher, saying: "Apart from myself I consider you the best boxer in the world. I am determined to retire and I resign the championship in your favor, being quite satisfied that you will be able to defend it successfully."

Fitzsimmons, who had already defeated Maher at New Orleans, did not believe in seeing Peter wear the heavyweight crown. He immediately challenged Maher, and Dan Stuart, who was determined to bring off a heavyweight championship at all hazards, offered a purse of $10,000.

It was agreed that the fight should take place at a point to be designated by Stuart, in February, 1896. Fitzsimmons went into training at Juarez across the Rio Grande from El Paso, and Peter Maher took up his abode at Las Cruces, N. M.

Immediately El Paso filled up with Texas Rangers. Governor Culbertson being fearful that Stuart might outwit him and handle the fight in the Lone Star state after all.

Stuart was very silent in regard to his plans. He said the contest might take place in Texas, then again New Mexico might be the scene of the affair, while it was just possible that the men would battle at some point in Old Mexico. As a matter of fact Stuart had any number of irons warming in the fire, and until late in the day was doubtful himself as to where he would find a ringsite.

Eventually Mexico was decided upon, and on the night of February 20, a special train bearing the pugilists and the excursionists left El Paso for Langtry, Texas. In the different cars were numbers of Texas Rangers, who dozed with their rifles in their arms.

The crowd disembarked at Langtry, Texas, the following morning. Stuart was met there by his partner in the kinetoscope venture, and the gentleman referred to reported that something had gone wrong with his rapid-fire cameras and begged Stuart to have the contest postponed for twenty-four hours.

Neither Maher nor Fitzsimmons would agree, and for that matter, the feeling generally was that the fighters would be lucky if they finished their little affair before the Mexican authorities got wind of what was happening and pounced upon them.

In order to reach the battleground it was necessary to cross a temporary footbridge, which spanned the Rio Grande, and then walk about a quarter of a mile. The ring platform had been erected on a level stretch of sand on the Mexican side, and a low shelter composed of light timbers and canvas had been built around it.

The spectators were rather nervous while the men were preparing for the fray, but at that they admired the picturesque surroundings. On the high bluffs on

the American side of the river, numbers of rangers leaned on their rifles and watched the scene. In groups here and there were Mexican residents of Langtry in bright costumes. On the Mexican side were grassy slopes, dotted with thousands of sheep and goats.

When the fighters came into the ring, Martin Julian asked Referee Siler if he had in his possession the ten thousand dollars that the men were to fight for. It had been arranged before leaving El Paso that Tom O'Rourke, the stakeholder, was to hand the amount to Siler in currency.

Siler immediately produced Dan Stuart's check for $10,000.

"We won't fight for that," said Julian.

Then he turned to O'Rourke and asked him why he had not cashed the check before leaving El Paso. O'Rourke replied that he did not care to carry $10,000 on his person when traveling in a strange land. A hitch seemed imminent, when suddenly Fitzsimmons raised his hand and cried out:

"All right, all right. Let her go. I've taken the worst of it many a time before and I'll take a chance again."

The fight needs but little description. Fitzsimmons opened proceedings with one of the clumsiest swings a man of his ring attainments ever was guilty of. He was not within several feet of Maher when he let go that wild, weird righthander, and he tumbled in towards Peter, floundering and with lowered head.

Peter, whose eyes had troubled him while training in the alkali dust around Las Cruces, blinked considerably in the reflected light from the glaring white ring mat, but he was strictly on guard. He caught Fitzsimmons a blow in the face as the Cornishman stumbled into

a clinch, and also rapped him in the ribs with the right.

When they parted there were other clumsy right swings from Fitzsimmons, interspersed with telling left facers from Peter, and the pair clinched more than once. Fitzsimmons complained that Maher was transgressing the rules, and Siler warned Maher to desist from hitting in the clinches.

As they pulled apart from a hugging match, an El Paso sport shouted, "One hundred dollars even on Maher!" The wager went unheeded, although some of those who were acquainted with Fitzsimmons' methods remarked that the Cornishman, in swinging in that wild, wideopen manner, was working out some scheme of his own, and would be heard from before the fight had gone much further.

Fitz covered up awkwardly as Maher let fly at him, and they went into another clinch. On being ordered to break, Fitz acted as if intent on backing away. Maher, eager to follow up his seeming advantage, stepped towards the lanky one and poised his right for a smash at the jaw.

It never reached. Fitzsimmons stopped suddenly and with a quick upward movement of his right caught Peter on the chin. The contact between glove and jawbone sounded exactly like the clicking of a door lock. Maher fell to the canvas covered floor. He rebounded in such a manner that his head and shoulders were clear of the boards. He rested on his heels and haunches and he trembled all over, like a man with palsy.

Fitzsimmons gave one look at him and then slouched towards his corner. Julian touched him on the arm and said excitedly, "Look, look!" Julian evidently thought that Maher was recovering and would attempt to rise.

"It's all over," said Fitz, after taking a backward glance at his fallen foe. Then he leaned on the ring post in his corner and listened to the count.

John Quinn ran around the ring to a point close to Maher and attempted to revive the Irishman by showering him with water from a sponge. It was of no avail. Peter was counted out and carried to his corner.

"Well, I'm the champion of the world, now," said Fitzsimmons, as he attired himself, in the little calico enclosure that served as a dressing room.

"And how about Corbett?" asked one of the correspondents. "Will you give him a fight?"

"Oh! I guess we'll come together after a while," said Bob. "In the meantime Corbett had better defeat a few of these husky heavyweights and improve his reputation."

Fitzsimmons took to the road with a vaudeville company, and later went to England, Corbett having arrived in the country named before him. Corbett was the first to return to America. Jim arranged his four-round bout with Tom Sharkey, and when the Cornishman came back from the other side he also had an experience with the muscular sailor. This was the affair presided over by Wyatt Earp.

CHAPTER IV.

FITZSIMMONS AND CORBETT.

At the time of the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons bout, it was the understanding that Corbett and Fitzsimmons were to fight for the world's championship before many months had elapsed, and that Dan Stuart, of Texas, was to handle the mill. Sharkey and Fitzsimmons boxed December 2, 1896, and fifteen days later Corbett and Fitzsimmons attached their signatures to the following articles of agreement:

Articles of Agreement.

We, the undersigned, James J. Corbett, of New York, and Robert Fitzsimmons, of New York, do hereby agree to a fight to a finish under Marquis of Queensberry rules, for the heavyweight championship of the world, for a purse of fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000), offered by Dan A. Stuart, of Dallas, Texas.

It is further agreed that the said purse of fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000) shall go to the winner.

Each principal also agrees to post two thousand five hundred dollars ($2,500) in the hands of Richard K. Fox, or Al Smith, to guarantee his appearance in the ring, the one failing to live up to this agreement to forfeit to the other and said Dan A. Stuart.

The said Dan A. Stuart, as a guarantee of good faith, hereby agrees to post five thousand dollars ($5,000) with Richard K. Fox or Al Smith, the said five thousand dollars to be divided equally between the said James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons, if Stuart fails to

carry out the provisions incorporated in this agreement.

The said Dan A. Stuart agrees to post the remainder of the purse money, ten thousand dollars ($10,000), in the hands of Richard K. Fox or Al Smith thirty days prior to the date of the contest. The said ten thousand dollars to be forfeited by Dan A. Stuart to said James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons if Stuart fails to bring off the contest on the date named by him.

George Siler, of Chicago, is hereby agreed upon as referee.

The date of holding the contest, it is agreed, shall be March 17, 1897, between the hours of 7 a. m. and 11:45 p. m., and the place for holding the same must be named by said Dan A. Stuart on or before February 17, 1897.

The said James J. Corbett and Robert Fitzsimmons agree that Dan A. Stuart has the right to reserve all privileges.

And in witness the parties hereto have affixed their signatures this 17th day of December, 1896.

JAMES J. CORBETT,
ROBERT FITZSIMMONS,
DAN A. STUART.

In presence of witness.
CHARLES E. DAVIES,
MARTIN JULIAN.

Stuart pitched upon Carson City, Nevada, as the scene of the fight, legislation favorable to the holding of glove contests having been enacted at that place shortly after the signing of articles. Corbett and Fitzsimmons went to Carson to complete their training several weeks before the date of the affair, Corbett locating at Shaw's Springs, and Fitzsimmons at Cook's Grove.

Corbett had quite a staff of trainers and exercising partners. In the beginning, Billy Delaney, of San Francisco, was at the head of affairs, but when W. A. Brady arrived from New York he brought with him Charlie

White, and thereafter Delaney and White were equal in authority at Camp Corbett. The others on Jim's staff were Jack McVey, Joe Corbett, Billy Woods and Kid Eagan. Later, Jim Jeffries assisted in the work of preparing Corbett for his fight with the Cornishman.

As snow storms were frequent in Carson about that time the roads were in poor condition for outdoor work. Corbett, however, had a spacious ball alley erected, and between playing his favorite game and indulging his bent for wrestling and sparring, he managed to condition himself thoroughly. Later he put in a good deal of time on the roads around his quarters.

It was quite an event at Camp Corbett when Jim Jeffries arrived. The boilermaker, who was then a novice, was brought from San Francisco at Delaney's suggestion, the trainer believing that the husky young heavyweight would be far more suitable as a sparring partner for Corbett than either McVey or Billy Woods. The last named, by the by, was in the habit of wearing a pneumatic face and body protector so that Corbett might put in his hardest smashes without stint.

On the afternoon of Jeffries' arrival it was given out that the champion and the boilermaker were to have their first bout in private. As a reason for this it was stated that Corbett wanted to drill Jeffries a little and give him certain instructions that were to be observed daily thereafter, and that the presence of newspaper men and other visitors might cause Jeffries to feel embarrassed.

It was a very plausible story, but we all made up our minds that Corbett, having heard so much about Jeffries, wanted to ascertain just what kind of a bruiser the big fellow was and preferred to make his investigations when there was nobody around.

As it happened, however, there were as many pairs of eyes trained on Corbett and Jeffries when they had their preliminary bout as there would have been if the ball alley had been filled with spectators. The structure was built of Nevada white pine, and as each board contained many knotholes, the walls of the alley had a Swiss cheese aspect. Corbett noticed this before they had been boxing many minutes, but he wisely resolved to take no offense.

The bout was a lively one.. Just as soon as Jim gained an inkling of the young fellow's style he boxed in a frisky manner, and as Jeffries was quite willing to strike out the affair involved plenty of footwork and exercise generally. Corbett was quite delighted with Jeffries and the little spell of glove work they put in every afternoon together became one of the attractions of Shaw's Springs.

When the weather took up in such a manner as to permit of Corbett going out on the highway each day in addition to his indoor work, Trainer Delaney became anxious. He felt that Jim had reached a critical notch in the matter of condition and that sustained work of a heavy character would injure rather than benefit the champion.

Some of the others around Shaw's Springs thought similarly and it was whispered at one time that there was a scheme on foot to burn down the newly built ball alley. The conspirators must have thought better of it, however, as the structure was still a landmark when Jim and the Cornishman were fighting for the championship on the race track at Carson.

Corbett and Delaney were at variance in a quiet way in regard to Jim's training. At one time Delaney pre-

vailed upon Corbett to let up for a day or so, but when Corbett resumed work he acted as if he thought himself duty bound to make up for the time he had lost. This caused Delaney to mutter things about fool fighters who used up all their strength and substance in training and had nothing to fall back upon when the test came.

A good idea of the manner in which Jim and his old mentor disagreed in regard to Jim's schedule was had one day when they were rubbing Corbett down after a long jaunt on the road. Delaney took particular notice of the signs of fatigue Corbett displayed and remarked, "You did not go as far as you did yesterday, did you?"

"Yes," said Corbett sullenly, "I went further."

Thereupon Delaney turned his eyes towards the ceiling and bit his lip.

These little tilts and differences were forgotten, however, when the date of the contest drew near. Delaney then declared that Corbett was in the best possible condition to defend his title and seemed to believe what he said.

Fitzsimmons worked like a Trojan to fit himself for the fray out at his quarters at Cook's Grove. He had for sparring partners Dan Hickey, Jack Stelzner and Ernest Roeber, and he engaged in wrestling and grappling exercise with the athlete last named. Very few of those who saw Fitz at work believed he had a chance with Corbett. The Cornishman seemed much finer drawn than when he boxed Maher down on the Rio Grande.

Fitzsimmons, himself, appeared to be confident enough, however, and one thing which suggested that he was genuinely sanguine was his constant good humor. He was in merry mood during the whole of his days of

preparation, and liked nothing better than putting up jokes on Roeber and others of his staff in the spare hours of the day.

In this respect Fitzsimmons presented a contrast to Corbett. Jim was irritable at times and his moods varied. Those who were close to him noticed this, and strangers among the visitors were mean enough to say that the prospect of meeting the Cornishman had no charms for the San Franciscan.

It would be ridiculous, of course, to urge that Corbett had anything of the coward in his nature after his experiences as a stripling, almost, with Joe Choynski, Peter Jackson and John L. Sullivan, but there is no denying the fact that the Corbett who trained for Fitzsimmons at Carson was not as steady nerved as the Corbett who prepared himself for Jackson, Sullivan and Mitchell.

It may have been that the prospect of being defeated by Fitz, however faint it may have appeared to him, contributed to Corbett's irritability, for even though Jim had resigned his title of world's champion to Maher, he still, without a doubt, considered himself the king of the world's heavyweights and believed himself entitled to all the prestige, popularity and privileges that attached to the laurels.

It can easily be understood how a man who has held the championship for years and has been the idol of sportdom wherever he traveled, could be more easily upset by thoughts such as these than a young championship candidate who had everything to gain by victory and very little to lose by defeat. For that matter Corbett himself made a better fight after he was relieved of the championship than he did at Carson.

I refer to his subsequent go with Jeffries near New York. Jim was the under dog in the public estimation on that occasion, and he went at the big boilermaker with all the abandon of a fellow who had no championship to protect and who felt that he would not suffer to any extent in reputation if the battle went against him.

Corbett's ill humor was manifest on the day Fitzsimmons overtook him on the road near the Carson prison. Jim had been out to the jail to see the footprints, which are supposed to have been left by some giant sloth in prehistoric times.

Cartoonist Homer Davenport and myself arrived at the prison while Corbett and his party were there, and followed them towards Carson in a buggy soon after they left. It was Fitzsimmons' custom to run daily along the road in question, and on this particular occasion he overtook Corbett and his crowd opposite the place where the championship arena was being erected on Carson race track.

Fitzsimmons, who was accompanied by Dan Hickey, proffered his hand to Corbett, but the latter refused to shake and worked himself into a fit of anger.

"I'll shake hands with you over there if you defeat me on St. Patrick's day," said Corbett, jerking his thumb towards the unfinished structure.

Fitzsimmons, who seemed nonplused, walked away rapidly and the two fighters raised their voices and made uncomplimentary remarks to each other as the distance between them became greater.

The incident was not forgotten, and it led to Fitzsimmons refusing to shake hands with Corbett when they met in the ring on the eventful day.

While the attendance at the contest was comparatively small, it is doubtful if any pugilistic event that ever took place attracted as much attention as the affair up in the sage brush country.

There were several reasons for this. To begin with, it was a tussle between a pair of world's champions, each representing a different weight class, a thing never heard of before. It was felt, too, that the contestants were the two most talented, and at the same time the two most widely known, fighters on the face of the earth at that time.

While the most knowing ones in the inner circles of sportdom had made Corbett a top-heavy favorite, the feeling out among the people generally was that Fitzsimmons had almost an equal chance. This added to the interest as did the further belief that both men were at their very best and would, on account of the bitter feeling of rivalry they entertained toward each other, put up a fight that would be notable for stubbornness and heroic effort.

Even the women folk and the children kept close track of what was happening at Carson during the days of training. This was shown by the character of the mail received daily at the opposition camps.

Youngsters who could barely scrawl wrote to Fitzsimmons and Corbett, giving their impressions as to the best methods to be employed to secure a victory. Other letters contained rabbits' feet, four leaved clovers, scraps of ribbon and other things of a miscellaneous description, each particular offering being lauded as a never-failing talisman or good luck charm.

There were letters, too, from fond mothers conveying the information that a newly born son had been chris-

tened Robert Fitzsimmons Gilhooley, or it may be James J. Corbett Obernsdorfer. The mail receipts became so large before the championship contest took place that special hours of the day had to be set apart for reading, classifying and replying to such letters as called for replies.

Strangers began to drop into Carson a few days before the 17th and the hotel accommodations being limited, the fight visitors were farmed out to private houses. On the day preceding St. Patrick's day several special trains arrived, the members of these particular excursions having made arrangements to occupy the Pullman cars they brought with them during their stay.

Blue skies ushered in St. Patrick's morning and Carson City was all agog. Dan Stuart and his associates were particularly jubilant, for even though the wise men of the East and middle West had not rolled up in large numbers to see the sport, there was every prospect of obtaining excellent moving pictures of the fight.

Several special trains arrived from San Francisco and other points and there were carloads of miners from the Comstock region. Altogether, what with Indians, cattlemen, delvers in the bowels of the earth, and others who gained a living far from the madding crowd, it was a motley throng which gathered in the Nevada capital.

Poolrooms conducting wagering on the contest sprung into existence and Corbett was made a strong favorite at odds of 10 to 6.

The notables of fistiana were there in force, with John L. Sullivan the center of attraction among the nonmilitant crowd. Sailor Sharkey was also on hand and came in for his share of admiration.

It was announced that the big fight would take place in the newly built arena on Carson race track somewhere around the hour of 11, but the crowd began to make its way to the ringside long before that time.

Naturally there was a good deal of curiosity to learn how each of the boxers felt, and there was general satisfaction when it became known that both Jim and Bob were in tiptop fettle.

Dr. Guinan, who examined Fitzsimmons and Corbett for the W. R. Hearst papers, reported that both men were in splendid condition. Of Corbett he said:

"His whole physical machinery is in splendid condition and unless some unforeseen misfortune happens he will enter the arena as fit as his most ardent friends could wish."

The doctor said that Fitzsimmons' organs were also in fine shape and that he found the Cornishman "a very well man."

Speaking for himself, Corbett said: "If I had been made to order for this fight I could not be in better shape. I have never been as free from nervous anxiety as I am at the present moment and this I largely attribute to my present state of health. I am told that Fitzsimmons is well trained and ready to fight every foot of the way. I hope this is so, for I want to settle the question of supremacy between us in a way that will leave no doubt of where the superiority lies."

Fitzsimmons had the following to say: "As to my general condition I can only say that my friends who will be at the ringside could not expect more of me. I am fit from head to foot and will enter the ring without regrets at anything I have done through the whole course of my training. Sleep has come to me when I required it

and I have had all the rest I desired. My body has answered to every demand made upon it by exercise and system and my appetite has been excellent. My head is perfectly clear and combining, as I will, all the experience of former years with the ability I possess today, I consider myself in proper trim to handle this job, as I have all others."

The bulk of the crowd was seated by 10 o'clock, and it was clearly to be seen that there would be room and to spare in the big circular edifice. The sun was beating down in such a manner as to make overcoats an encumbrance, and the only way to obtain a suggestion of coolness was to gaze at the snow-capped peaks of the Sierras in the distance.

The kinestoscope platform, with its trappings, loomed up on the south side of the ring, the arrangements being such that there was no possibility of spectators bobbing up between the camera and the fighters.

At 10:30, Billy Jordan, of San Francisco, the dean of all announcers of pugilistic events, clambered into the ring and held his hand aloft to enjoin silence. Jordan stated that he had been requested to challenge the winner in behalf of John L. Sullivan to fight for $5,000.

As Sullivan, obese and gray haired, squeezed in between the ropes in response to calls for a speech, the crowd hardly knew whether to take the challenge seriously or not. The big fellow said he believed he had one fight left in him and he was quite earnest in his desire to tackle the winner.

When Sullivan vacated the platform Billy Madden put in an appearance and told the crowd that Joe Goddard, the Australian heavyweight, was also eager to try conclusions with the winner.

Then it was Sailor Sharkey's turn. Tom spoke for himself and said, among other things, "I've met both of these men and I don't think either them has got anything on me." Sharkey then handed the writer a check for $2,500, saying that it was to stand as his forfeit in case the winner decided to accept his challenge.

There was a long wait before anyone immediately connected with the fighters put in an appearance, but the crowd was remarkably patient. There was considerable cheering when Mrs. Fitzsimmons came into view and took her seat in a box reserved for her by the San Francisco *Examiner*. She had for company Senator Ingalls, who wrote an account of the proceedings for the Hearst papers.

Shortly before 12 o'clock William Muldoon, who was to act as official timekeeper, inspected the gong and the arrangements of his department generally and had a conference with L. M. Houseman, who kept time for Fitzsimmons, and James Caldwell, who acted in a similar capacity for Corbett.

Fitzsimmons was the first to enter the ring. He sported a clean shave and his damp hair looked as if it had been carefully brushed. He wore a dressing gown of many colors and was attended by Martin Julian, Ernest Roeber, Dan Hickey and Jack Stelzner. Before mounting the ring steps Fitzsimmons stopped at the *Examiner* box and kissed his wife.

Corbett presently came along from an opposite direction. Jim's dressing gown was of a nondescript color. Those who accompanied him to the ring were W. A. Brady, Charlie White, Joe Corbett, Billy Delaney, John Donaldson, Jim Jeffries, Kid Eagan and Billy Woods.

The bright glare of the noonday sun showed up Cor-

bett's complexion to disadvantage. The hue of his face was something akin to that of his drab bathrobe and he did not look anything near as confident as he did in his initial championship venture with John L. Sullivan. There was nothing in his actions, however, to denote that he lacked zest for the work in front of him. He nodded at least a score of times to different friends around the ring and he laughed and joked with those in his corner. He glanced steadily over towards Fitzsimmons a few times, but Fitz appeared to be purposely averting his gaze.

Some one in the Corbett angle of the ring remarked that Fitzsimmons was nervous, but a close scrutiny of the Cornishman failed to reveal how the conclusion had been arrived at. Each of Fitz's cheeks was of a pinky hue, and barring the fact that he blinked and bared his teeth when the sun shone in his face, he did not appear to be any more perturbed than he would be prior to the start of a boxing bout in his gymnasium.

Both men tested the ring padding with their feet, and Fitzsimmons, in the course of his stepping around, meandered towards Corbett's corner. When the Cornishman noticed where he was he turned abruptly and stalked across the ring, and many who had observed his motions laughed.

Then there was the fitting on of gloves, the tossing aside of bathrobes and the time honored conference in the center of the ring. The latter did not occupy very many minutes and at a hint from Referee Siler the seconds disappeared.

Corbett held out his hand towards Fitzsimmons, and Bob, from force of habit, half advanced his gloved fist

to grip that of the San Franciscan. Like a flash Martin Julian stepped in between them.

"There will be no handshake," said Julian, and Fitzsimmons, remembering his experience the day they met on the road, also shook his head and echoed "No."

Corbett was clearly taken back for an instant, but he grinned and shrugged his shoulders. Then he turned quickly and strode to his corner.

At exactly five minutes past the noon hour the official gong rang out and the rival champions stepped forth to fight for the blue ribbon of the world of fists.

It was a fight in which no mercy was asked or extended, a fight in which the participants tore at each other with the ferocity of tigers. Every punch meant so much towards a season of popularity, a coveted name among pugilists and sportsmen generally, and a hoard of footlight gold. Beyond that again, every punch meant some word or slight avenged during years and years of mutual bitterness.

Fitzsimmons was the first to make a motion. He waved his rigid left arm and Corbett hopped away as lightly as a sparrow. Jim seemed more natural now that he was in action than when back in his corner waiting for the word.

He smiled and stepped around, contriving to keep the Cornishman so that the sun shone in his eyes. Corbett backed towards the ropes and Fitz made a violent left lunge at him. Jim ducked neatly and airily and again Fitz made play with his left.

Now Corbett took a hand, his own left being but an inch or two shy of the Cornishman's chin. Fitzsimmons was doing the forcing and Corbett was making mental notes of Bob's tactics. Back to the ropes went

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS

Jim again, and as Fitzsimmons slouched towards him there was an exchange of lefts. Neither landed cleanly and they clinched.

After the break Fitz feinted with the left, then lowered his head and caught Corbett with a left on the body. They clinched again and broke at a word from Referee Siler.

Fitz followed Corbett and tried all manner of means to land with the left, but Corbett ducked and sidestepped, avoiding the Cornishman's efforts and keeping as cool as a cucumber. Half way through the round Corbett took to countering, and Fitzsimmons was rapped both on head and ribs. The Cornishman drove his opponent into a corner and let go two lefts in succession. One blow was short and the other glanced off Corbett's shoulder. Jim stepped in quickly and sent his right into the ribs.

Corbett was fighting with rare caution. Again and again he ducked out of danger after being backed to the ropes. The most hurtful punch landed by Fitzsimmons was with the right when he reached Corbett's temple during a clinch.

Corbett was more willing to exchange blows in the second round. He feinted rapidly, drew Fitz's fire, smothered the lead and clinched, nailing the Cornishman with a right on the ear before closing in. They hung together and swayed over to Corbett's corner, Bob trying hard to push Corbett away. When they finally broke Fitz was in Corbett's angle of the ring and Jim kept him there and also kept him guessing by feinting rapidly. Fitz finally took to swinging with the left and cleared a passage to midring.

They made the circuit of the roped enclosure, Fitz-

simmons lashing out viciously and Corbett footing it whenever Bob became too pressing. They exchanged blows at intervals and Corbett did the cleaner work. Jim had not begun to lend much force to his punches. He seemed content for the time being to know that he could reach the Cornishman and he was remarkably shifty in avoiding returns.

When the round was nearly over Corbett threw his head low and sent in a solid left dig on the stomach. Fitzsimmons grunted and their bodies bumped. Before there was time to clinch Corbett pushed Fitzsimmons away, lowered his head again and drove in another hard lefthander on the Cornishman's body. At a third attempt Fitzsimmons drew back out of danger. They were in each other's arms when corners rang.

Remembering the effect of his body blows Corbett opened the third round with a stiff punch in the stomach, throwing his head down so as to avoid Fitz's left swing. They came to a clinch and Corbett pushed Fitzsimmons away. Fitzsimmons now began forcing again and rushed Corbett to the ropes. Corbett put in a lefthander on the face while backing and a right swing from Fitzsimmons grazed Corbett's shoulder.

After that Corbett scored a left on the body and sent his right across on the jaw in a break. They clinched and smothered for a while, and once as they hung together, Fitz jolted Corbett's head with the right, Jim retaliating with a right over the kidneys.

Corbett went in largely for body punching and Fitz began to act as if Jim's solid lefts were distressing him. Fitzsimmons swung his right on the ribs and was repaid in kind. Then Jim got in two hard punches under the heart and avoided Bob's counters. Fitzsimmons

forced his opponent to the ropes again and at the second attempt with the left landed solidly on Corbett's jaw. Fitzsimmons was making the pace as the gong sounded.

Fitz took the initiative again in the fourth round and Jim caught him on the cheek while backing. After a clinch Fitz reached the ribs with the left and Corbett was there with the right on the jaw. It was not a very effective blow and Fitzsimmons grinned.

Back to a corner went Fitzsimmons with Corbett dancing after him. A snapping left took Fitz on the chin and a clinch followed. Both men were eager to score now. Fitz made a wild swing with his right. The effort threw him out of position and before he could gather himself together Corbett swung fiercely on the ear with the right. The inevitable clinch followed and Fitz, in breaking quickly to avoid a parting shot, bumped into one of the ring posts.

Just as soon as Fitz could steady himself he returned to the attack. He smashed Corbett on the face with the left and clinched. While parting, Corbett put in a jolty right on the cheek. Fitzsimmons came back, lowered his head and made a stiff arm sweep with the left for the body. Corbett easily avoided the punch, but was not so lucky in escaping a right aimed at his jaw. It was a light one, however.

Fitzsimmons made determined efforts to work a free right in the clinches now, but Corbett's knowledge of standup wrestling was too extensive and he held the Cornishman in such a way that no opening occurred. To show that he was the master at break hitting Jim rapped his opponent smartly on the side of the head with the right while coming out of a clinch. Soon after

that Corbett drove his right in at the ribs. It was a punishing blow.

Fitz was looking tired now and his condition was not improved when two swift left swings in succession landed on his chin.

Corbett had considerable of a lead when they toed the scratch for the fifth round. He started off with a left-hander fair on the jaw and sidestepped in lively fashion as Fitzsimmons crowded him. Fitzsimmons set himself for another rush and ran into a left which took effect on the chin. They were holding and swinging towards the ropes when Corbett scored heavily with the right in the region of the heart. Then they worked their way to the center, where they dropped their arms and stood back.

After a couple of feints each landed a heart punch simultaneously. It would be hard to say which was the more severe. Another heart punch from Fitzsimmons was repaid with a left on the jaw. They were exchanging blows merrily now and Corbett was rolling up the bigger score. Fitz took his medicine gamely and grinned. Clinches were frequent and Corbett forced Bob's head back by placing the forearm against the throat. As soon as he had free play for his fists Corbett sent in one, two with left and right and the blood showed on Fitzsimmons' face. Delaney and White shouted "first blood for Corbett" while the men were clinched.

When they drifted apart Corbett sent in another telling left on the nose. Fitzsimmons leaned in and clinched, but Corbett freed himself quickly and sent in another cruel stab with the left.

"Take your time, Jim. You've got him!" was now the cry from Corbett's corner.

The admonition simply served to quicken Corbett. He sent in three blows in succession, two lefts and a right, on Fitz's face. The right took effect on the chin and jarred Fitzsimmons. There was a clinch and the Cornishman hissed through his bared teeth and drove in a heart punch.

Bob's eyes were rolling and he appeared to be in distress. He was bent on getting in a damaging body blow on the break and between clinches Corbett was smashing him savagely on the face.

The round was decidedly in Corbett's favor. He scored two blows to the Cornishman's one and seemed to be the fresher of the pair as they went to their chairs. The referee walked to the ropes and allowed the claim of "first blood" for Corbett.

Mrs. Fitzsimmons was very much discouraged. She was pale and she arose from her seat. She shouted to Bob's seconds and seemed to be signaling them to warn Bob to change his style of fighting.

A feint from Fitzsimmons brought them into a clinch before the sixth round had been in progress ten seconds. While they were thus clinging together Bob got his forearm across Corbett's throat and forced Jim's head back with such pressure that it looked as if he would crack Corbett's neck. Corbett cried "Oh!" and looked around at the referee. They swung to the ropes, parted again, and in the anxiety on the part of both men to accomplish something desperate clinches were frequent. Finally Corbett caught his man heavily on the chin with the right in the breakaway. They clinched again instantly and once more in the break Jim sent the Cornishman's head back with a punishing uppercut.

Fitzsimmons was shaken clear to the heels and his

guard was faulty. A second later Corbett's right glove pounded Fitzsimmons between nose and mouth and there was a scatter of blood drops on Fitzsimmons' chest. Bob was in trouble. He clung to Corbett tenaciously and Corbett had hard work to break his opponent's hold.

"Take your time, Jim," was the warning sent in through the ropes from Corbett's corner, but Corbett was all a-flutter and it is doubtful if he heard it.

Just as soon as he could pull loose, Jim drove in left and right on the face. Fitzsimmons seemed too far gone to put up a respectable defense, let alone strike back. His face was a fair target for Jim's lightning-like clips and the poor Cornishman's lean head rolled dizzily. He clinched at every available occasion, but gained very little respite by so doing. Corbett seemed to have the strength of a lion in that round and he swung the Cornishman around in the half clinches as a grown up man might handle an urchin.

Fitzsimmons was battered back to the ropes, Corbett steadying him with the left and pumping fierce right-handers into the face. Near a corner of the ring Bob stood with his legs apart and swung for Corbett's head with all the strength he could command. He missed, and again Corbett's right reached his chin.

Fitzsimmons fell to the floor. He rested on his knees and Corbett walked a little distance away, the referee standing between them tolling off the seconds. Fitzsimmons appeared to be but slightly dazed. Julian ran along on the outside of the ropes and Fitzsimmons straightened up at a word from his manager.

Corbett went to him immediately and bang, bang went left and right against the Cornishman's face. Fitzsimmons tried to keep him away by feinting, but Corbett was

not to be denied. As Corbett pressed in Fitzsimmons clinched and held on. Corbett wrenched himself free and tilted Bob's head with a right uppercut. For a while Fitzsimmons thought of little else but encircling Jim's shoulders with his arms and hanging there for dear life. He was unable to cling for any length of time, and whenever Corbett felt himself fist loose he threw in jolts which jarred the lank fellow tremendously.

Finding that Fitz would not down from the blows that were being rained against his face, Corbett tried a righthander in the stomach. The only effect of this was to make Fitzsimmons clinch with more fervor.

Corbett's face was a study. His eyes were glittering and he was thoroughly worked up. He seemed to be exasperated at his failure to send the wiry framed fighter in front of him to the floor and he redoubled his efforts.

When the round was nearly over Fitzsimmons began to swing his arms again, but there were neither force nor direction to his blows. Corbett drew back at times to avoid contact and then darted in and placed left and right on the face. In the last few seconds of the round a scattering punch from Fitzsimmons took Corbett on the mouth and nose and he returned to his corner with a little blood in his nostrils and on his lip.

Fitzsimmons seemed to be heavyheaded and weak as they sponged him off in his angle of the ring. There was excitement all around. It was any odds you might name on Corbett's chances when they raised their hands for the beginning of the seventh round.

This three minute spell was not so disastrous to Fitzsimmons. It looked, indeed, as if Corbett had drawn heavily on his fund of reserve force in that terrible sixth

round and that he felt the necessity of steadying himself for a while.

Fitzsimmons started the ball with a left swing which Corbett avoided. They bumped together and held an instant and while drifting apart Corbett brought the blood afresh with an ugly little right jolt. The punch seemed to anger Fitzsimmons and he came in whirling his fists in an overhand manner. Corbett stopped his opponent's advance with a straight left and then Jim hopped away and eyed the Cornishman critically.

Fitzsimmons went to him and they clinched. Bob tried for a jolt in the break, but Corbett baffled him. Fitzsimmons seemed to have freshened up temporarily. He kept after the San Franciscan and made persistent attempts to nail him with the left. He was short many times and he seldom managed to place his arms in position again before feeling the effects of a left or a right.

Corbett began feinting again and he cleared the way for a fusilade of facers which rattled Fitzsimmons and forced him to go on the defensive and resort to clinching. In the last minute of the round Corbett fought carefully and at the same time effectively. He coaxed Fitz into leading, dodged the Cornishman's blows and sent in lightning smashes while Bob was out of position. Some of Fitzsimmons' swings were well meant, but they fell far short of the mark. Just before chair time Corbett swung heavily on the cheek and followed it up with another on the ear.

Fitzsimmons seemed to be more confident as they stepped forth for the eighth round. He fiddled for an opening and Corbett sidestepped in a bewildering manner. When the Cornishman finally lunged out, Jim

ducked and they clinched. After that Fitz reached the face with the left, but when he tried to repeat, Corbett dipped his head and threw a stiff left into the pit of the stomach. Fitzsimmons let fly a spiteful left and swung himself half around. Corbett skipped away laughing.

Fitzsimmons pressed in with his right poised for a smash, but Jim was wary. He scented trouble and employed his knowledge of distances to a nicety. He was always just out of range when the Cornishman swung at him.

Corbett permitted Fitzsimmons to act as pacemaker for a while. He straightened his left occasionally with good results and found the ribs with the right. Once he met his opponent with a crushing righthander on the nose. After that he took a turn at forcing matters, and as a result of the onslaught placed a right under the heart and two lefts on the face to his credit.

Jim then began to vary his methods. He led short with the left more than once and it looked as if he did not intend them to reach, but was figuring on something else. Finally, as Fitz came towards him, Jim "balked" with the left and then brought the right around on the face. Fitzsimmons let go his right in response and was several inches short of the mark. Then they went into a clinch and as they stepped back, Corbett struck his opponent many times on the face, bringing the round to an end with a flush left on the nose which sent Bob's head back.

Fitzsimmons was commendably persistent in the ninth round. He blocked Corbett's blows more cleverly than he had yet done and he sent in a hard left on the stomach. He was warned by the referee to beware of hitting low and he promised that he would be careful.

Corbett came back with a left dig in the midsection and Bob doubled up like the traditional jackknife. There was a clinch and then Fitzsimmons forced Corbett to the edge of the ring, taking a left rap on the nose and failing to score with right and left swings.

They worked to midring again and Corbett got home with a long straight left on the chin. Fitzsimmons shook his head as they clinched. When they broke Corbett was there with another stinging jab with the left, and yet another and followed with a forceful right just under the heart.

Fitzsimmons seemed to draw in his breath while holding, as if the body punching distressed him. He did not lose time, however, when they separated, but shuffled in towards Corbett and let fly the left at the head. Jim threw up his shoulder and stopped the blow and a second later dealt Fitz a telling left on the jaw.

They came to a clinch again and Fitz tried a right-hander almost as soon as they parted. He missed and his head went back from a left which took him between nose and mouth. Corbett then ducked a left swing, placed a lefthander on his opponent's face and clinched.

Fitz made a mighty effort to nail Jim with a right in the breakaway, but Jim hunched his shoulder and warded the blow. Corbett then glanced towards his corner as if to reassure his seconds that everything was well with him. Fitzsimmons was bleeding freely and his legs seemed to drag as he moved around. One of Corbett's seconds sung out, "Look out for him, Jim. He's faking. He's not as bad off as he looks."

As Bob sat in his chair during the minute of rest allowed him after the ninth round, Julian and Roeber busied themselves chafing his legs. The Cornishman's

under lip protruded and his nose presented a battered appearance.

As he toed the scratch for the tenth round the look of grim determination in Fitz's snappy blue eyes contrasted strangely with the bruised appearance of his face. He went to work quickly, boring in on Corbett and swinging heavily at him with the left. Corbett was out of range and Fitz stumbled to the ropes.

As he faced about Corbett crowded him and bang went Jim's right against the ear. Fitz clinched to think it over and was more than ever convinced that action and plenty of it should be the watchword from that time forward. They swayed to the middle of the platform where they broke away.

Fitz swung for the face with the left. He was short and Jim countered him on the nose. There was another clinch, and just after breaking, Fitzsimmons tried a left for the ribs, Corbett stopping the blow with his elbow.

Fitzsimmons was becoming stronger every second and was warming to his work, while Corbett appeared to be slowing off to some extent. Fitz got to the face with the left and then put in a good right over the heart. Corbett came back with a left which reached Fitz's neck, and the Cornishman immediately clinched and forced Jim's head back with his forearm.

As they swung apart Corbett let fly at the ribs with the left. Fitzsimmons drew away far enough to avoid the blow and grinned. Then Fitz shot in a straight left on the stomach and took a left on the cheek in return.

They feinted a bit and Fitz backed into Corbett's corner, where he received a heart blow. Twice in succession Jim drove the left into the pit of the stomach, but

his punches were losing their sting. He placed a left on the mouth and was countered stiffly.

Fitzsimmons began to hustle things again and did good work with his left. He scored one particularly heavy blow as they broke apart from a clinch. It was a lefthander and it caught Corbett on the mouth. There were cries of "good boy, Fitz," and Fitz gritted his teeth and waded in. In another break he rapped Jim solidly on the neck with the right and Jim dived in and hugged him. More cries of "good boy, Fitz," greeted the game Cornishman.

Corbett's face as it loomed over Fitz's shoulder was the face of a tired man. His color was ghastly. He looked straight towards Delaney and White, but it must be said that there was no gleam of triumph in the glance. It rather suggested that Corbett felt that he had none the better of the fight at that particular point; that his energies were flagging, but that he was possessed of a desperate resolve to battle it out to the bitter end.

To the writer, Corbett looked as he looked that other time when he leaned over Sharkey's shoulder in the fourth round of that hurricane whirl in San Francisco. It was a look that suggested impaired stamina.

As they stood away from the clinch, again Corbett sent his left for Fitz's face. It was a light blow and the counter which fell upon Jim's chin was a jarring punch.

"Take your time, Jim; take your time," was the warning from Corbett's corner, but it must be said that at that stage Jim's thoughts were of clinching, mainly. Between clinches Fitz made great use of his left, rocking Corbett's head more than once. In ducking Corbett managed to place his head under Fitz's arm and Bob

dragged him, wrestler fashion, towards the ropes. There were audible objections to Fitz's tactics from Corbett's angle of the ring and Fitz released Corbett, who struggled to the center.

Jim, who was palpably tired, was willing to spar for time, but Fitz would have none of it. He was firm on his legs now and he evidently felt that things had taken on a different aspect. He followed Corbett around steadily and persistently, and shook him up with a left-hander in the face. They were in a clinch when the gong sounded.

Fitzsimmons seemed impatient for the eleventh round to begin. He appeared to realize that the uphill part of the journey was over and that he was now fighting tooth and nail with his heavier adversary on level ground. How he did work that left when the bell sent them together! For a while Corbett avoided contact and for that matter scored left facers and right body blows in between Fitz's futile swings.

Fitz's time came as they separated from a clinch. He hooked Corbett twice in succession on the chin with the left and there was a yelp of delight from the Fitzsimmons angle.

The little howl of joy that went up from the opposition corner acted as a spur to Corbett. He jumped towards his man, braced himself and smashed out with left and right. He reached Fitz's face and caused it to bleed afresh. Then they clinched and as they parted Corbett drove in his right on the ribs. Fitz took it all without trying a return. Both men appeared to be tired as they held to each other and swayed across the carpet.

They hit short and clinched at every opportunity, hanging together without punching. Delaney shouted

to Jim to look out for "that right," and the words were hardly out of his mouth when Fitz swung viciously with the hand in question. He missed twice with it and the third attempt caught Corbett on the upper arm. It was a lead and a clinch now, both men ducking in turn and both apparently being of the same mind in regard to grappling and holding on after avoiding a well-meant swing.

The secret of Fitz's partiality to clinches at this stage was, evidently, his desire to score in the breakaway. He grazed Jim's face once with a right uppercut, and at the end of another clinch left-hooked the San Franciscan in the face. After that again Bob jolted him on the ear in the break and as they stood away Fitz swung his left twice in succession and reached Corbett's chin both times.

It seemed to be the toss of a penny now which way the thing would go. They were both tired from their efforts, but Fitz gave evidence that he had the bulge on Jim in the matter of recuperating quickly. Another thing, no matter how Fitzsimmons' legs dragged or his body swayed, there was always a suggestion of solidity about his leads and counters.

Corbett, when he brightened up, appeared to be able to reach Bob's face and body at will, but steam seemed to be lacking in his deliveries.

In the last few seconds Corbett straightened his left as Fitz came towards him and landed on the face. Fitz swung his left at the same instant and landed heavily on the neck. Fitz followed in and swung again. He was short, but he kept right on and jammed Corbett into a corner. There the Cornishman let go with both hands,

the right nailing Corbett on the ear. Jim dipped in and held on.

They swung around and Fitz pulled himself away. Then he went after Corbett again and it was well for Jim that he ducked in time, for the righthander that went in his direction was a particularly well-meant one. They were in a clinch at the bell and as they went to their corners remarks to the effect that it was "anybody's fight" were numerous.

Both men appeared to have been considerably freshened as they stepped forward for the twelfth round. Corbett began feinting, but Fitz pressed in swinging, and forced Corbett into his own corner, where they clinched. Jim put plenty of vim into a left swing after the breakaway and missed the Cornishman's face by a couple of inches. Fitz followed his man around, making jolting hits with the left, which Corbett cleverly avoided. Once Fitz tried a swift righthander, which passed over Corbett's head.

Coming out of a clinch Fitz got to Corbett's stomach with the right, and in another clinch which followed, Bob repeated the trick.

Corbett now began reaching for the nose with the left and got there twice in succession. Then Jim threw in a left body blow. He was doing quite nicely, thank you, until Fitzsimmons smashed him on the chin with a left and jolted his head. Jim clinched and clung for a few seconds and managed to put in two telling righthanders on the ear while breaking. It was Fitzsimmons' head that rocked that time.

They sparred across the ring and Jim swung with the right. He was short, but he scored with the left a second later. Then for a brief while Corbett took a de-

cided lead, landing both left and right. Fitzsimmons brought matters to a clinch and was there with a couple of snapping rights on the face in the break. Neither of these blows seemed to affect Corbett.

Fitz took a light left on the face for the privilege of putting in a left stomach punch. It was a hard blow. Corbett fiddled for a moment and came back at Fitzsimmons with a lefthander on the body. Then they clinched and as they pulled away Corbett put all the force he had behind a right uppercut. The blow missed Fitzsimmons' face and the champion's glove went high in the air, the spectators crying out, "Ah!" as they noted Fitzsimmons' close call. A second later the bell called the men to their corners.

There was a pleased expression on Mrs. Fitzsimmons' face now. The color was back in her cheeks and her eyes danced merrily. She bent over towards her husband and chatted to him while his seconds freshened him up with damp sponges. A whisper came around the ring that she had told Bob to go right after his man, as the thirteenth round was always a lucky one for him.

Fitzsimmons certainly lost no time in getting down to work when he left his corner. He led short with the left and swung his right on the ribs. Then his left banged against Corbett's chin and Jim bustled in and clinched. They stood away again and Corbett was short several times with lefts meant for the face, Fitzsimmons meanwhile getting in a hard left on the body. Just after a clinch Corbett was there with a light right over the heart.

Fitz's blood was up now and Corbett was inclined to go on the defensive. Fitz followed him around, swinging with both hands, and forcing Jim to clinch. Jim

JAMES J. CORBETT
The First Queensberry Champion of the World

scored one break hit, a right on the chin. The blow was not a damaging one.

For a little while they sparred cautiously and then Fitz rushed Corbett to the ropes. Jim got out of a tight place a couple of times without feeling the weight of his opponent's gloves. Fitz followed him along the ropes and around the ring. Occasionally Jim stood and struck at Bob. Whenever he landed his blows were light. There were many clinches and in between Fitzsimmons kept his man ducking and sidestepping to escape being smashed. Once after drawing away from a left Corbett came back with a heavy right on the short ribs and a left hook under the chin. The blows did not stop Bob for an instant. He still kept moving towards Corbett and finally scored on the side of the face with the left. Jim then made a stand and put in a right uppercut and two lefthanders, the blood which showed on Fitzsimmons' face making it appear that the blows were stinging ones.

From the treatment the men received in their corners it was evident that neither of them had any too much steam. Their legs came in for a deal of attention and there was much slapping and rubbing between knee and ankle.

Then came the fourteenth round, the round that told the story. As already stated, Fitzsimmons was generally first to recuperate after a spell of tiring work and he gave further proof of the fact in this round. He bore down upon Corbett and Jim met him with a hard left rap on the mouth. Fitz shook his head and rushed again and a similar reception awaited him. With determination stamped on every lineament of his countenance Fitz went into close quarters, letting go left for

the body and the right for the head. The last mentioned punch was an overhander and it caught Corbett on the ear and shook him through and through.

Billy Delaney evidently felt that Corbett was hurt, for he shouted "Look out, Jim." Corbett clung to Fitz's shoulders and nodded towards his corner, as if to assure the fellows there that he was all right. When they broke away Fitzsimmons worked Corbett across the ring and sent him two heavy leftfacers and a choppy righthander.

Some of those who before the fight thought that it was merely a matter of Fitzsimmons' ability to reach Corbett's jaw were surprised at Jim's manner of assimilating those heavy facers. Frequently an extra hard punch from Fitzsimmons appeared to anger Corbett and make his gloves fly. He was bent on starting one of his periodical rallies now. He stepped in towards the crouching fellow before him as if intent on delivering one of his damaging lefthooks. As he led Fitzsimmons straightened up slightly and drove in his left for the body, catching Corbett at a point directly under the heart.

Corbett fell to his knees. As he went down Fitzsimmons, who had not stepped back, swung his left again, this time for the jaw. He landed on the right side of Corbett's face and there were loud cries of "foul" from Corbett's seconds. Assuredly no foul was meant. Fitzsimmons had simply employed a double punch and Corbett happened to be dropping floorward when the second instalment was on its way.

The blow on the jaw did not affect Corbett, apparently, but the other punch was a terrible one. Jim's right knee touched the ground and his left leg was twisted and nearly extended. He bent over until the tips of the fingers of his right hand rested on the floor. With his left hand he

grasped the flesh around his heart, and it was plain to be seen that the seat of the injury was there.

There was a look of intense agony on his face, his eyebrows were drawn together, his forehead was corrugated and he seemed to be fighting for just one breath.

Fitzsimmons stood close to him until ordered away by the referee, the official timekeepers meanwhile counting off the seconds loud enough to be heard. Corbett seemed to relax slightly from his rigid position and he shuffled along on his knees until he could grasp the upper ring rope with his right hand. He made a feeble attempt to pull himself to his feet, but his legs were as the legs of a man who was paralyzed.

Just as timekeeper Muldoon yelled "nine" Jim raised his left hand in mute protest against being counted out. His head was perfectly clear, but the breath had been knocked entirely out of him. Jim's seconds meanwhile continued their cries of foul and jumped into the ring. Stelzner and Roeber, from Fitzsimmons' corner, were also about to push in through the ropes, but Fitz ordered them back.

Then Muldoon pronounced the fatal word "out" and the spectators, who up to that time were evidently in doubt as to the legitimacy of the Fitzsimmons punch, realized that the championship had been lost and won. The cue for jubilation was given when Martin Julian waved a towel around his head and danced up and down in the exuberance of his feelings. Then the friends of Fitzsimmons voiced their glee.

Two seconds later Corbett was on his feet. His features were drawn and he looked desperate. He realized that he had lost the contest and he threw his hands high above his head. For a moment he bent over again as if

still affected by the pain of the blow. Then he rushed over to where Fitzsimmons was standing near the ropes, waving two miniatures of the American flag.

Spectators swarmed into the ring and Corbett's progress was impeded. His brother, Joe Corbett, caught him by the arm, but Jim wrenched himself free. He dodged past one another and literally fell upon the unsuspecting Fitzsimmons, striking him to the floor beneath the ropes.

Corbett was pulled away and Fitz was dragged to his corner and placed in his chair, Jim making frantic efforts to get to him a second time. Delaney clung around Corbett's neck and others intervened and managed to hold the infuriated fighter at bay. Jim was forced bodily back to his corner and then came the official announcement, "Fitzsimmons wins."

Corbett sat in his chair in a high state of excitement. Tears coursed down his cheeks.

"I am not licked," he said. "I am strong and full of fight. I am ready to go right along now if he is willing. If he doesn't care for that I'll fight him this afternoon. Oh! This is a tough deal, boys. To be counted out over a sneaking little punch like that when I was winning every inch of the way."

When the deputy sheriff had cleared the ring of a portion of the crowd, Corbett and Fitzsimmons were brought together to shake hands. Jim acknowledged that the victory was a clean cut one, but said he felt he was the better man.

"Will you fight me again, Bob?" asked Corbett, pleadingly.

"I will never fight again," said Fitzsimmons.

"You will have to," said Jim, determinedly. "If you don't I will go at you in the street."

To this Fitzsimmons replied, "If you ever do that I will kill you."

Such was the ending of a championship fight that will live in memory when other championships have faded. Even those who had lost heavily on Corbett admitted that Fitzsimmons had made one of the gamest struggles ever seen in a ring. His face was pecked, puffed and bruised by Corbett's spiteful stabs and jabs, but he stood it all and waited for the turn of the tide. Comparing Corbett's wonderful fistplay with Bob's bruising blows someone remarked that it was a case of glittering generalities against stubborn facts and that the stubborn facts won out.

Before the Corbett party left the platform W. A. Brady walked to the ringside and issued a challenge to Fitzsimmons to fight again for $10,000 a side. It simply showed Brady's great faith in the ex-champion, but it had little effect on the crowd, for everybody knew that there were theatrical tours for Fitzsimmons and other money-making schemes to be considered before match-making became the order of the day again. For that matter Fitzsimmons was already on record to the effect that the fight that day would be his last.

Corbett was inconsolable as he made his way to his dressing room, and once there he became a victim of grief and chagrin to such an extent that his brother Joe urged him to act like a man.

An hour after the fight Corbett left for San Francisco in company with the author and others on the *Examiner-Journal* lightning special, which broke all previous records of railroad trips in its journey from the Nevada capital to the bay.

In talking of his defeat on the train Corbett said:

"I believe I fought as well as ever I fought in my life but luck was against me. The blow which won for Fitzsimmons was in a large measure an accidental one. It was a left hook and it caught me directly under the heart. I went to my knees but my brain was clear and I could see everything that was going on around me. I could not move a muscle and I felt as if I could not take a breath. I could not even move my lips. I remember after I caught hold of the ropes I raised my hand to protest against being counted out. I knew that the seconds were slipping away. At last I stood erect, but it was too late. It was a legitimate punch and the man who delivered it is entitled to every credit of his victory.

"I am satisfied that I am a harder puncher than Fitzsimmons. He must have reached me on the head at least a score of times and none of those blows hurt me. His most damaging punch was a lefthander in the stomach, such a one as he won the fight with. I did not look for that kind of blow. I was led to believe that his most dangerous blow was a right jolt somewhere around the jaw at close quarters, and that was the blow I was watching for all the time.

"Taking it from start to finish, it was the fastest fight I ever fought. I was never conscious of being tired. I suppose I was just like a man who had run one hundred yards at a fast pace or had done any other rapid piece of work and had to slow off. I am absolutely certain that I was not tired in the last round when he hit me the punch that won. That is what makes it all the harder to bear. If I had been put out in the ordinary way with a smash in the chin I would not care a button and would not be looking for a fight.

"I believe it was overconfidence which lost me the bat-

tle. Each time I went to my corner I was warned to keep away from him as much as possible and whip him with my left. I was carried away. I had felt his blows on my face and I did not fear them. I gauged the thing wrong and overlooked the punch that really was to be feared. I want to say for Fitzsimmons that he is infernally clever. He is decidedly the best man I ever fought. The way matters stand it can be readily understood that all of my arrangements for the future are shrouded in doubt. Fitzsimmons is the champion and I am the ex-champion. I will do no further boxing until I have convinced myself that all efforts to get Fitz in the ring again will be in vain."

Fitzsimmons, who was interviewed in Carson after the fight, said:

"When I went to my corner at the end of the twelfth round my wife, who sat within five feet of me, called out, 'Remember, Bob, the thirteenth is your lucky round. Don't let him whip you.'

"When the gong sounded I had freshened a little and was positive that he had gone his limit—had done the best he could and was at my mercy the first bad break he made. When the thirteenth closed I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had knocked out one of his gold teeth and perhaps two. I went to my corner more thoroughly convinced than ever that it was all up with him and that the next round would close the issue.

"In the beginning of the fourteenth round Corbett was fighting a little wild and made a swing which I sidestepped. In a flash I saw an opening and came in with a lefthander on the wind. Then, without changing the position of my feet, I shot the same hand against his jaw, thus giving him the identical blows which I had admin-

istered to Sharkey in San Francisco. There was no way for him to get up within ten seconds. I was sure I had done the trick, and although he made a hard struggle to get back on his feet he was counted out and the championship honors which I had won once before were again mine, in one of the fairest fights ever fought in the ring.

"I have promised never to fight again. I met the enemy and he is mine. I am now prepared to enter into some occupation other than the profession which has been mine for fifteen years."

CHAPTER V.

FITZSIMMONS AND JEFFRIES.

For two years and a little over, Fitzsimmons remained firm in his resolve to keep away from the ring. He turned a deaf ear to Jim Corbett, and in fact to everyone else who sought to draw him into a fight.

All this time Big Jim Jeffries had been coming to the front in a plodding way, and making it apparent that he was at least the equal of any of the heavyweights who remained in the business.

Jeffries' field of action had been confined to San Francisco, but in course of time he went East with "Billy" Delaney and placed himself under the management of W. A. Brady.

There was considerable curiosity to see the Los Angelan in a bout in New York, and when he did set to in front of a Gotham crowd there was general disappointment over his performance. Jeffries undertook to stop colored Bob Armstrong in ten rounds and he failed, the best excuse he could offer being that his hands had gone back on him again early in the contest.

Brady was satisfied, however, that Jeffries was the coming champion and he began to advance his man's claims to a match with Fitzsimmons. He succeeded in his efforts eventually and it was announced that Fitzsimmons and Jeffries were to box on June 9, 1899, for the championship of the world.

At the outset the affair did not appeal to the sports who take interest in ring matters. It was thought the match was a very uneven one, and that Jeffries on his New York showing would prove a veritable punching bag for the hard-fisted Cornishman.

Jeffries went into training at Allenhurst, N. J., occupying the cottage that Jim Corbett lived in while preparing for his battle with John L. Sullivan.

Fitzsimmons took up his quarters at Bath Beach and it was easy enough, once training began, for anyone in search of him to locate the Fitzsimmons stronghold. There was always a crowd in the neighborhood, although about the only glimpse the general public had of Corbett's conqueror was when he was in the field adjoining his house, indulging in horseplay with his piebald pony.

Even the promise of that little spectacle seemed to warrant a knot of people loitering there all through the daylight hours, and if Fitz failed to give a matinee performance with the pony, they contented themselves with listening to the thumping of the punching bag in the barn which served as a gymnasium.

Jeffries was very modest in everything he had to say about the approaching contest, but at the same time he was steadfastly sanguine. He seemed to be less bothered over the prospect of meeting Fitzsimmons, than over his failure to make a favorable impression on the sports of New York.

He explained that everything had gone against him while he was getting ready for the bout with Armstrong. The weather was so extremely hot that he felt disinclined to follow the routine work necessary to attain good condition and in addition his hands were never right. He

considered he had learned how to box without injuring his hands in the meantime, and as the Spring weather was delightful for training he felt that he would land in the ring in shape to tackle Fitzsimmons or anyone else.

When asked when he first conceived the notion that he had a chance with the Cornishman, Jeffries said: "It was when I saw him box Corbett at Carson. I was in Corbett's corner and I made up my mind right there that I could whip Fitzsimmons. I have held that opinion ever since. No matter what some people think, I don't regard Fitz as a murdering puncher. He didn't knock out Corbett according to my way of thinking. Corbett was fagged out, just as he was in his fight with Sharkey, and it needed but a light punch to settle him. I felt that Corbett was all out after he fought that sixth round at such a breakneck clip.

"Anyhow I'm going to do the best I can," continued Jeffries. "Everything is pleasant in connection with this match. There has been no mudslinging or roasting as there would have been if I had been matched with Sharkey. If I am to be licked by Fitzsimmons I suppose that will end me as a possible champion for a while, but even if it puts me out of the business altogether I think people will say that I always fought on the square and did my level best."

"Billy" Delaney, who was present when Jeffries delivered himself in the foregoing manner, expressed great confidence in regard to the boilermaker's chances.

"I've heard some of the smart fellows saying that Jeff won't be able to hit him," said Delaney. "Well, if Fitz goes at Jeffries as he went at Corbett, Jeff will not only be able to hit him, but he will wind him up in short order."

"As to not being able to hit him," put in Jeffries, "I'd like to know what's to prevent me. I can hit other fellows who are just as clever as he is. Tommy Ryan, for instance, and as far as that goes, Ryan can't take many liberties with me, though I say it myself."

To a great many it appeared that the stamp of overconfidence was on everything Fitzsimmons did at his Bath Beach quarters. He trained in a haphazard way, and visitors were uncertain as to whether they would find him exercising in his gymnasium, or pulling and hauling with his pony in the water down at the beach.

In order to amuse his guests, when boxing was the order of the day, he permitted Yank Kenny and others of his sparring partners to hit him at will, although as a rule he got even with them in the windup by slugging them against the walls of the barn.

Martin Julian, Fitzsimmons' manager, when asked why Bob allowed Kenny and the other fellows to smash him on the jaw in that manner, replied: "Oh, it doesn't hurt Bob. I don't believe it's possible to knock him out. Why, down at Juarez, when he was training for Maher, he had sore teeth from the way Stelzner used to smash him, but he was never dizzy for an instant."

Any number of smart fellows who watched Fitzsimmons at work foresaw trouble for the Cornishman on account of this method of his of courting smashes from his sparring mates. It was instanced that the scheme was in direct contrast to Jeffries' ideas, for the boilermaker would not allow any of those who boxed with him to place a finger on him if he could help it. The only conclusion that could be arrived at, after seeing Fitzsimmons exercise, was that he purposed making a toe-to-toe fight of it and that he believed he was going the

right way to work to season himself for a mill of that character.

Julian was often drawn into discussions hinging on this phase of Fitzsimmons' training. His stock argument was that Fitzsimmons knew what he was about and the fight would last but a short time. On one occasion Julian said: "We hear a lot about Jeffries' cleverness and how Tommy Ryan can't get any the better of him with the gloves. Dan Hickey is just as clever as Ryan, though, and Hickey can't touch Fitzsimmons unless Bob lets him. Fitz will be all there if it comes to a test of cleverness, and for the rest, Bob is as good as ever and if he doesn't win quickly, I'll be a very much surprised man."

Towards the end of the training season rumors were set afloat that Fitzsimmons had not attended strictly to business in the closing days of his work. Over at Camp Jeffries they believed these canards were the work of fellows who intended betting on Fitzsimmons and wanted to influence the odds. An investigation of the reports failed to show that Bob had been irregular in his habits. He appeared to be in excellent condition and he admitted himself that he was fit to fight for his life the night he entered the ring.

The contest took place at Coney Island and a tremendous crowd rolled up to see the battle for the world's championship. Fitzsimmons was the first to enter the ring. He wore a blue and white sweater and he was accompanied by Martin Julian, Yank Kenny and Jack Everhardt.

Jeffries soon followed. With him were Billy Delaney, Jim Daly and Jack Jeffries.

Fitzsimmons won the toss and selected the southwest

corner, which had come to be known as the "lucky corner."

When the men had fitted on their gloves and thrown aside their wraps they presented a startling contrast. Fitzsimmons, by comparison with his sturdy, massive opponent, seemed remarkably frail and lanky. His blonde skin and Jeffries' swarthy complexion accentuated the other differences that existed between them.

Fitzsimmons' shoulders, which on other occasions looked so formidable, dwindled to nothing when compared with the boilermaker's wonderful upper body. Fitzsimmons' legs seemed spidery, while the underpinning of the giant across the ring was simply elephantine.

Jeffries looked remarkably confident as he sat in his corner. Fitzsimmons seemed to be thoroughly unconcerned. By his manner he suggested that he considered the whole thing as an occasion on which he was to give further proof of his superiority over all leading heavyweights. That somebody else entertained similar impressions was made patent when a big floral horseshoe was passed over the ropes and dumped in Fitz's corner. The words "Good Luck to the Champion" appeared in small dark flowers on a background of white. After the spectators had feasted their eyes on it, it was withdrawn from the ring.

As soon as the men had donned their gloves Referee Siler ordered the ring cleared. Meanwhile, a few bets of 10 to 6 were offered on Fitzsimmons, but Jeffries money was remarkably scarce and it might be said that there was no betting.

When they went to the center for the first round Jeffries assumed a crouching position. He leaned away

over to the right and kept his left arm advanced. He had schooled himself carefully in this attitude, as he believed it would aid him in avoiding Fitzsimmons' favorite solar plexus punch.

Fitzsimmons paused just an instant and Jeffries stalked, ostrich fashion, towards the Cornishman. The latter gazed wonderingly at the stooping figure. Only for a second, though. Fitzsimmons feinted and then lunged out with the left, stepping towards his man at the same time. Jeffries was under the lead and they clinched, separating immediately by mutual consent.

Jeffries tried a feeler or two with his left and found he had not gauged the range. Fitzsimmons also was short with the left. Then Jeffries' powerful left arm straightened. He aimed at Fitz's skinny midsection and in trying to avoid contact the Cornishman backed into the ropes.

Jeffries followed in and Bob whipped his right across for the head. Jeffries squatted a little lower and the glove just touched his hair.

Fitzsimmons now went straight for the giant before him, swinging the left for the stomach and the right for the jaw. Jeffries was so bent over that the body punch did not reach. He dipped under the right at the head and clinched. The crowd cheered Jeffries for his odd and easy manner of baffling the all-conquering Cornishman.

After the break Jeffries caught his opponent a snapping left facer. Fitzsimmons avoided a second punch of the same kind and they were holding together when corners sounded. The round was in Jeffries' favor.

Fitzsimmons seemed piqued at his poor success and he carried himself straight as he strode towards Jeffries at

the opening of the second round. He had his right fist doubled in readiness to shoot out at the jaw, but he experienced a setback in the shape of a stunning straight left on the nose and mouth. His head went back, but the moment it came forward again he let go his right at Jeffries' ribs. It reached the spot and landed solidily.

Jeffries still crouched and tried to repeat with the left, but Fitzsimmons protected himself and clinched. The Cornishman was thinking of the suddenness of that other left, apparently. He was wary for a while and escaped several of Jeff's straight punches. He also pulled out in time to avoid a right swing at the body, which looked fierce enough to crack his ribs.

Fitzsimmons then took a lead temporarily. He scored with the left a couple of times and got out of the way of Jeff's counters. Had Bob kept along in this careful style it would have been well for him. He went in close, however, to maneuver for a knockout punch and he bumped into a hard straight left, which picked him clean off his feet and dropped him on his haunches on the floor.

From the manner in which Fitzsimmons fell, he must have been jarred considerably. When he arose he shambled in towards Jeffries, swinging savagely with the left. Jeffries danced away, smiling, and the bell tinkled.

There was blood in Fitzsimmons' nostrils as he toed the mark for the third round. He made for Jeffries with his right poised for a smash, and again Jeffries beat him back with a damaging left on the nose. Jeffries was crouching low and to the surprise of all doing wonderful work, it being thought at first that the cramped position would hamper him. His left, which was poked out in front like the jibboom of a yacht, dashed against Fitz-

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simmons' face in a monotonous way and in most instances he was out of range of Fitzsimmons' spiteful hooks and swings.

Fitzsimmons tried a right for the heart and Jeffries got back at him with a stiff right on the ear. Then Fitzsimmons touched the face lightly with the left and was countered fiercely. They clinched and after they stood away Fitzsimmons feinted rapidly. He hooked Jeffries on the chin with the left and took a right under the heart in return.

There was quite a rally after that, Jeffries unbending for the moment and mixing it with the Cornishman. They worked across the ring and each scored a number of times, Jeffries' blows being the harder. Jeffries brought the spell of fast fighting to a close with a left-hander on the jaw. Then he clinched.

When they broke Jeffries did not go back to his crouch. His blood was up and he smashed in a straight left at Fitz's face. Fitz jerked his head aside and made a glancing blow of it. At the same instant the Cornishman let go a right cross and landed squarely on Jeffries' neck. At that instant the gong clanged.

On his way to his corner Fitzsimmons turned and looked at Jeffries. He wished, no doubt, to note the effect of that right-hand punch, about the hardest he had dealt his big adversary up to that time. There was nothing about Jeffries to denote that he had been shaken up to any extent.

Jeffries appeared to be very confident as he came to the center for the fourth round. He smiled and crouched and advanced his jibboom left. Fitzsimmons walked right up to the cannon's mouth and swung his right. Jeff ducked and clinched. Fitzsimmons gritted his teeth

and swung again, but a hard left on the nose disarranged his aim. Not to be denied, Fitzsimmons bored in again, but even while he was bringing his right up to the ready, Jeff's unerring left crashed against his mouth.

Fitzsimmons steadied down for a second or two and while he was making up his mind what to do next, Jeffries caught him in the short ribs with the left and a moment later dashed in another straight left on the cheek. Fitzsimmons rubbed his face and shuffled away grinning.

Fitzsimmons took to feinting again. Then he stepped in quickly and made a rapid pass with the left, hooking Jeffries on the chin. Jeffries dived in and straightened up in front of Fitzsimmons without clinching. Fitz rapped him twice with the left and Jeffries, who seemed as if temporarily bewildered, threw his arms around Fitz's shoulders and held on.

They stood apart again and Fitzsimmons unlimbered his right. He was over-anxious and he made wild attempts at landing. Jeffries took to crouching again and began stabbing at the body with the left.

Fitzsimmons was possessed with the one idea now, namely, to get home with a knockout right. He cut loose with one blow which went within an ace of landing on Jeffries' chin.

Jeffries entered into the spirit of the thing and began to give and take with his sinewy opponent. There was a season of breast to breast fighting, in which Fitz placed his right on the ear and Jeffries scored a hard left in the solar plexus region and a right which took Bob on the temple.

Jeffries, by careful ducking and timely countering, had a good deal the better of the round. Fitzsimmons was fighting like a fiend, however, and the persistent way in

which he kept his right going made slightly anxious faces in the big man's corner.

When they left their chairs for the fifth round Jeffries acted as if bent on keeping away. Fitzsimmons was full of fight now. He worked his opponent towards the ropes and let go a straight left which cut Jeffries' eyebrow and brought blood. It was a hard punch and Fitzsimmons was eager to follow it up with others. He threw off Jeffries' right with his shoulder and sent in two left hooks in succession on the big fellow's face.

Jeffries crouched lower than ever and appeared to lack confidence. He got home on the stomach with the left as Fitz went at him, but the Cornishman pulled himself together quickly. He forced Jeffries into a corner, swinging at the head with both hands. Jeffries covered up and then clinched.

They pulled and hauled to midring and directly they let go Jeff tried a left swing for the head. It was a gingery smash, but it missed Fitz's chin by an inch. Fitzsimmons grinned as he stepped back. Jeffries now made play for the body and scored a solid right-hander, the crowd encouraging him by cheering. They exchanged lefts on the face, Jeffries' blow being the more damaging one.

Fitzsimmons pressed matters again and Jeffries went back to the ropes. Fitzsimmons rushed towards him and tried hard to land on the side of the head with the left. He overbalanced himself and went to his knees. When he arose Jeffries drove him across the ring, placing three straight lefts on the face in succession. Fitzsimmons made a stand and put in a pile-driving right just under the heart.

It was a fierce round, with the honors about evenly

divided. The straight left with which Fitzsimmons reached Jeffries in the beginning was possibly the fiercest punch the Cornishman landed. His heart blow at the finish of the round was also a heavy smash. It was remarked that there was little danger of Jeffries being knocked out when he stood up against assaults like these.

Fitzsimmons was brimful of confidence as he went forward for the sixth round. He worked Jeffries into a corner without delay, feinting with the left and letting fly the right for the face. It was a glancing blow and Jeffries clinched. After the break they worked diagonally across the ring, Fitz doing the forcing. He feinted considerably and was short with left and right. He finally reached the body with the left and lowered his auburn head just in time to escape a wicked right swing.

Fitzsimmons fumbled with the left a couple of times now, and it was evident that he was figuring on a right cross. While trying to clear the way for it he felt the force of Jeff's big fist on his ribs twice in succession. Fitz crowded his opponent to the ropes and scored with left and right. Jeffries' head jolted and there was a clinch which lasted until the referee parted them.

Jeffries was much inclined to duck in and hold on at this stage of the proceedings. Fitzsimmons was still looking for an opening for his right. He found it once after a break and the sound of the smash he placed on Jeff's throat could be heard at both ends of the pavilion. Jeffries had a subdued look, but otherwise he showed no effects of the punch. For that matter he made the pace for a while and sent in telling lefts at the body. Fitzsimmons' shoulder acted as a shield for most of the blows aimed at his face. The sixth round was decidedly in Fitzsimmons' favor.

Fitzsimmons went after his man again in the seventh round. Jeffries bent almost double and backed around the ring. After one or two attempts Fitzsimmons reached the mouth solidly with the left. Stung by the blow, Jeffries straightened up and lashed out, and in the course of a rally he put in a hard left on the stomach and a right on the jaw which made the Cornishman's head rock. There followed a good many feints, short leads and clinches, Fitz being the aggressor and his style suggesting that he was looking for a rightaway for his trusty right.

Near the end of the round each landed with the left and blood trickled from the corners of Jeffries' mouth.

Jeffries backed away again in the eighth round, Fitzsimmons pressing him. Fitzsimmons infused great energy into his righthand swings, but Jeffries managed either to duck or draw away from every lunge. Between swings Jeffries scored with the left on nose and mouth and cheers went up for the boilermaker. Fitzsimmons pursed his lips and laughed. He followed Jeffries to the ropes, swinging savagely, but ineffectually.

Jeffries held him off for an instant with a straight left on the body and then the Cornishman swung a rasping left on the big fellow's sore eye. Jeffries, who was bleeding again, scored on the ribs with the right and then sent in a straight left which sent Fitzsimmons tottering to the ropes. The crowd cheered, but Fitzsimmons, when he recovered from his surprise, began to grin. He shuffled towards Jeffries and cut loose with the right. He failed to land, but followed with a left which reached the chin. Just as the round closed Jeffries ducked a left and gave Fitz the shoulder. Fitz seemed to be thoroughly satisfied with himself as he walked to his corner.

When the ninth round opened, Fitzsimmons went to the scratch with his left arm dangling by his side. Evidently he was thinking of nothing but a knockout punch with the right. He was warned to attend to business by a hard left rap on the nose, which made the blood trickle. Still he waded in as if satisfied that all that remained was for him to swat Jeffries with the right.

Jeffries fought carefully and well, his straight left proving an effective stop whenever the Cornishman tried to get within striking distance. The heavy punches jarred Fitzsimmons, but he was as persistent as ever. There were smothered exchanges, followed by a clinch. After that Fitzsimmons got under one of Jeff's long lefts and the Fitzsimmons crowd were beginning to hope their man had at last resolved to be more cautious.

They were doomed to disappointment, though. Again Fitzsimmons danced in with his left by his side and let go a jolty right for the jaw. He missed and half turned in delivering the punch. Jeffries smashed him heavily under the heart with the right. Then Jeffries set himself again, and the next time Fitzsimmons bore down upon him a crushing left took the Cornishman on the nose.

Either Fitzsimmons was growing weak now or he was pretending to be in that condition in order to catch Jeffries unawares. Jeffries took no chances. He refrained from mixing it and relied solely on the left. He dashed it into Fitz's face twice. Then to the surprise of all Fitzsimmons ducked under a left and rammed his own left in on Jeffries' midsection. It was such a blow as the one the Cornishman administered to Corbett at Carson. From the way Jeffries cringed it was evident the

smash distressed him. On the whole, however, the ninth round was in Jeffries' favor.

Jeffries came out of his corner crouching for the tenth round. He was under advice, apparently, to proceed with caution and he followed his instructions to the letter. He ducked and shouldered when there was no cause for it. When Fitzsimmons finally made for him Jeffries met the Cornishman with a left on the jaw and backed away. Fitzsimmons feinted with the left and swung his right on the ribs. A second later Jeffries got under a well-meant left swing and clinched.

Something in the clinch must have conveyed to Jeffries the intelligence that Fitzsimmons was growing weak, for after the break the boilermaker rushed and let go a forceful right for the ribs. Fitzsimmons' elbow prevented the blow from landing and Fitzsimmons got back at Jeffries with a left swing on the damaged eye. There was another clinch and Jeffries stood back half crouching. Fitzsimmons made at him and bang went Jeffries' left against the Cornishman's nose.

Fitzsimmons made another rush and this time Jeffries caught him a swinging left on the chin. Fitz's arms fell to his side and he swayed for a moment. Then he fell, the back of his head striking against the ring-mat.

Fitzsimmons arose before the count expired and Jeffries sent in another left. The Cornishman reeled in a half circle and then leaned towards Jeffries and tried to clinch. Jeffries used force to clear himself and again Fitzsimmons went to the floor.

Fitzsimmons reached his feet a second time and staggered towards Jeffries. Jim struck out, but failed to land effectively. One hard right smash fell on Fitzsim-

mons' shoulder. Jeffries had the Cornishman against the ropes, dealing out rights and lefts when the gong rang. Fitzsimmons was very unsteady on his legs as he went to his corner.

The Cornishman appeared to have freshened up considerably as he left his chair for the eleventh round. He hunched his back and rushed at Jeffries determinedly, cutting loose with the left. Jeffries dodged the blow and there were some smothered exchanges in midring ending in a clinch.

They stood off again and Jeffries planted a left on the mouth when the Cornishman tried to get to close quarters. Fitz's head went back, but he braced himself and let go a choppy right which reached Jeff's ear. Clinches were frequent now and in between the Cornishman went after Jeffries in a wide open way, swinging lefts and rights for the head.

Jeffries steadied his opponent with a jarring right under the heart. Then Jeff ducked under a couple of left swings and after straightening up hooked Fitzsimmons on the nose with the left and brought a spatter of blood.

The Cornishman took punishing smashes without wincing and made brave attempts to counter Jeffries with sufficient force to bring him down. He waited once for Jeff's left facer and swung his own left at the same time. It took Jeffries on the chin and it was the last blow that Bob landed.

Fitzsimmons set himself and made at Jeffries. Jeffries timed him and a full-sweep left caught Fitzsimmons on the jaw. His arms fell heavily and his shoulders drooped. Jeffries watched him intently and did not relax his vigilance, for the Cornishman's reputation for

feigning distress had been an every-day theme at Allenhurst.

Presently Jeffries swung his left again and the force of the blow was seen in the way Fitzsimmons' head jolted to one side. The Cornishman swayed now as if about to fall. Jeffries made at him and let go a full-swing right. The smash took effect on the chin and Fitzsimmons fell on his back and stretched his length on the floor.

It needed but a glance to tell that that terrific right had done the trick. There was a smear of blood across Fitzsimmons' face and his eyelids and lip twitched slightly. Those formidable looking freckled arms which had wrought havoc to so many aspiring pugilists rested inert upon the glaring white mat. His seconds sprinkled him with water, but he failed to show any signs of reviving and meanwhile the count went on.

Jeffries, with his eyes bent on his opponent and his gloves resting lightly against his thighs, stood a few feet away awaiting the result. The timekeeper signaled the referee and the fatal word "out" was pronounced.

Fitzsimmons' seconds pushed in through the ropes and carried the limp and helpless Cornishman to his corner. The championship of the world had passed to Jim Jeffries in a fight that was marked by cleanness, manliness and a spirit of fair play.

CHAPTER VI.

JEFFRIES AND SHARKEY.

Soon after relieving Fitzsimmons of his championship laurels Jeffries went to England in pursuance of the plan followed by world's champions ever since Queensberry milling became the vogue. He stayed abroad some months and when he returned to this country Tom Sharkey immediately began to pester him for a match.

A meeting between these two muscular marvels had been regarded as something inevitable ever since the occasion of their first contest in San Francisco. Sharkey was persistent in asserting that the decision rendered at that time was decidedly unjust and that he had at least earned the right to share the honors of a draw with Jeffries.

In his anger the sailor became rather personal in his references to Jeffries, and these things coming to Jeffries' ears, the champion was seized with a desire to meet the sailor in the ring with as little delay as possible. Jeffries wanted to obtain satisfaction for Sharkey's insulting remarks and he wished at the same time to show conclusively that he was Sharkey's master at the pugilistic game.

When it was finally announced that Jeffries and Sharkey had signed articles to box for the championship, intense interest was aroused and discussions regarding

the possibilities of the contest began before the men had installed themselves in training quarters.

It was argued that Jeffries, with his superior height, reach and weight, and his acknowledged talent as a boxer, had great advantages over the sailor. To offset this it was instanced that Sharkey possessed rugged strength and marvelous grit, and when his manner of carrying a fight right into an opponent's territory was also considered it was generally admitted that the chances of the men were more equal than at first appeared.

One thing which lent interest to the prospect was that each of the fighters was what might be called a natural strong man. For some years fellows of neater build, such as Corbett and McCoy, had been cutting a swath in the world of fists and it began to look as if the champion of the future would be anything but a thick-set individual. The advent of Jeffries and Sharkey at almost the same time dispelled this idea.

With such brawny fellows looming up as championship candidates, it seemed as if the day of the Queensberry lightning striker had passed. There certainly were no other men of the Corbett type coming to the fore, and the fact that Jeffries and Sharkey blossomed out simultaneously was regarded as quite sufficient to make them feel remarkably bitter towards each other, the belief being that either of them would have found no difficulty in making his way to the front if the other had not happened to be in evidence.

Sharkey went into training at New Dorp, Staten Island, and Jeffries took up his abode in the cottage at Allenhurst where he trained for his match with Fitzsimmons. As the days of preparation went on it developed that Jeffries was not in as good health as when

preparing for the Fitzsimmons affair. A little later he sustained an injury to his left elbow while tossing the medicine ball with Ernest Roeber, the wrestler, and it looked, at one time, as if there was a possibility of the match with Sharkey being declared off.

Billy Delaney, who had trained Jeffries for several fights, was at loggerheads with the champion on account of the latter's rigid notions in regard to severe work and low diet. Delaney thought that Jeffries, in order to be at his best, should not bring himself below the 215-pound notch. Jeffries seemed to think that the more weight he took off the better he would be, and he laid out his work accordingly. He also refused to eat the food that Delaney advised and when the date of the contest arrived, the trainer and the champion were on the verge of a separation.

Delaney, who, beyond a doubt, had Jeffries' welfare at heart, unhesitatingly proclaimed that Jeffries was in poor condition and in danger of being defeated by the sailor on that account. Subsequent events proved that while Jeffries might not have been in as splendid fettle as when he boxed Fitzsimmons, his stamina and force were equal to a long drawn out, wearying battle.

As the date of the event drew near Jeffries was made a decided favorite by the betting men, odds of 10 to 7 being freely offered on his ability to retain the championship.

In the ante-contest discussions which waged, the question frequently asked was, "Will Jeffries crouch before Sharkey as he did in his fight with Fitzsimmons?" Many of the sports took the stand that it would ill-become Jeffries to adopt such tactics in his affair with the sailor, the argument being that, as he was the under dog,

so to speak, in the match with Fitzsimmons, he was justified in resorting to every device that would help him to win the championship.

"He is the champion now and he should conduct himself like a champion," said one of Sharkey's handlers. "If Jeffries bends down like a gun carriage when he faces Tom, I believe the crowd will stand up and jeer him out of the ring."

"Faith, he won't bend down like that with me," said Sharkey. "If he does I'll go over and lean against the ropes and wait for him to straighten up. If the referee should say to me, 'Why don't you fight?' I'll say to him, 'Go and make the champion there stand up and fight like a man.'"

It was worthy of note, however, that when the grand test came Sharkey forgot all about his plans for making Jeffries carry himself erect. The sailor, in his anxiety to get to close quarters and give blow for blow, did not stop to see whether Jeffries was crouching or not. As it happened, Jeffries crouched but little. The fight was of such a character that the pose which stood him in such need in Fitzsimmons' affair would have been of small service.

While the members of the smart sporting set around New York could see nothing but defeat staring the sailor in the face and were placing their wagers accordingly, there was one who advised his friends not to bet too heavily against the sailor. This was John L. Sullivan.

"Where these two big fellows differ principally is in height," said John L. "If Sharkey were two inches taller he would become the champion of the world. He is a wonderful worker and he is strong, quick and plucky. Those are the best qualities for a big man and all this

thing of sparring with Ryan and other clever fellows as Jeffries is doing, doesn't count with me. To have force and to be quick and to fight naturally is the best hold for a big fellow. I hear that some enthusiastic Jeffries men are wanting to lay 10 to 6. It's a false price. I look for a very hard fight and, as I said before, the principal disadvantage Sharkey is under is his disadvantage in height. Jeffries will win, I suppose, but I don't believe he will knock Sharkey out."

It rained torrents the night Sharkey and Jeffries fought, but that did not affect the size of the gathering. The pavilion at Coney Island was filled to overflowing.

Sharkey was the first to put in an appearance in the ring. His seconds were Tom O'Rourke, Tim McGrath and George Dixon. The sailor wore a mouse colored bathrobe on the way from his dressing room and when he threw it aside in his corner murmurs of admiration ran through the crowd. He was clear skinned and sturdy looking and his flesh seemed as firm as marble. He wore a little breechclout of shamrock green and had an American flag handkerchief twisted around his waist for a belt.

Jeffries came along shortly afterwards with Ernest Roeber, Jack Jeffries and Tommy Ryan following. The champion received a vociferous greeting and he smiled and nodded to every quarter of the building. When he discarded his robe his condition did not create the most favorable impression. His face was drawn and his color was not of the best. His weight was given at 212 pounds and Sharkey, it was said, scaled 187 pounds. While matters were being adjusted in the ring two small flags were unfolded and stuck in the ropes in Sharkey's corner. They were the emblems of Ireland and America.

Arrangements had been made to take photographs of the fight, and when the full force of the overhead lights was felt by those sitting nearest the ring there were several cases of partial collapse. The glare was blinding, the heat withering and many were of the opinion that one, and possibly both, of the fighters would be incapacitated before the contest had gone far. That Jeffries and Sharkey were able to ply each other for twenty-five rounds under such conditions, simply served to show the wonderful endurance each of these splendid specimens of humanity possessed.

An electric fan had been placed in the corner of each man. Between the devices mentioned and the towels in the hands of their seconds, the pugilists may have succeeded in obtaining a whiff of cool air between rounds.

For three minutes out of every four, however, and for the better portion of two hours they were buffeting each other in midring and their sufferings while battling under that blistering grill must have been intense.

As soon as Sharkey had had his gloves fitted to his hands he stood up in his corner and held his arms above his head. While in this position O'Rourke sponged him over. Across in Jeffries' angle of the ring the efforts of the handlers seemed to be confined to dampening the champion's head and face with icewater. Jeffries wore a small breechclout of dark material and, like Sharkey, had his loins girded with an American flag handkerchief.

All being in readiness Referee Siler called them to midring for instructions. The men shook hands and presently the seconds melted away and the clang of the gong was heard. The contest between the muscular marvels was on.

It was a grinding, jarring fight with never a listless moment in it. As it went on the shoulders and chests of each of the thick bodied participants were flecked with blood. Perspiration dampened their hair and streamed from their faces. They seemed to be stewing under the big flare of white fire above their heads, but they fought on doggedly and with defiant scowls.

Sharkey was the aggressor in the beginning. He rushed and rushed, and rushed again, and Jeffries jolted him with fierce face blows and steadied him with heavy righthanders on the body. The sailor's well-meant swings were far short of the mark, but he still kept tearing in with commendable persistency.

The first round was nearly over before the sailor landed a blow. It was a left, which took Jeffries in the hollow of the neck. The sailor settled himself for another rush, but he brought up suddenly against that swivel gun left of Jeffries, like a fellow who had run against a beam in the dark.

Jeffries crouched slightly in the second round as Sharkey made his rush. They collided without any clean blows being struck. Sharkey gathered himself together and rushed again. This time Jeffries stopped him with a straight left in the face and carried him to the corner in a half clinch, where Sharkey fell to his haunches.

It was the same thing over and over again. A rush from Sharkey, a blow in the face from Jeffries; an occasional clinch in which the sailor tried to score with his right while holding. The pace told on Sharkey. He was open mouthed and breathing heavily. As before, Sharkey had better luck near the close of the round, catching Jeffries under the ear with the right while breaking away.

THOMAS SHARKEY

In the third round the sailor's rush was still in evidence and so was Jeffries' unerring left. Nearly all of Sharkey's blows were short. As the round wore on Jeffries used his right on the body and the sailor winced visibly.

Sharkey was not so anxious to rush in the fourth round. He was looking serious, and no wonder, for Jeffries was avoiding his swings and cuffing him on the ears and body. There was one blow in particular which distressed the sailor. It was a right in the pit of the stomach and Sharkey jumped to close quarters and held on like grim death as he received it. After that Jeffries uppercut Sharkey no less than three times, each of the punches landing on the face.

In the fifth round Sharkey did better. He clinched several times after being struck in the ribs and he attempted to wrestle. The champion ran him across the floor until his back touched the ropes. A second later they were in the center of the ring swinging their lefts viciously. It was a fierce rally, with Sharkey apparently getting the upper hand.

The sixth round found them clinching, swaying to and fro across the floor and trying to rap each other while holding on. It was incessant work and they both seemed tired. Jeffries' mouth was bleeding and there was a big patch of reddened skin on the sailor's ribs.

They went a little slower for a while in the seventh round and then they clashed together repeatedly. There were smothered blows and clinches, with Jeffries sending his right in against the ribs occasionally as Sharkey charged.

A mere percentage of Sharkey's leads landed, but when he did make connections there was considerable force be-

hind the sailor's blows. He caught Jeffries one heavy left on the side of the head and it looked as if the bigger man was hurt. Jeffries wanted to clinch, but Sharkey pushed him away and smashed him again with the left. They stood close together and exchanged blows and it really seemed as if Jeffries was becoming dazed.

The eighth round had a Sharkey flavor. The sailor followed his man around and Jeffries seemed to be weakening. Then, in less time than it takes to tell it, the aspect of things changed again. Sharkey had been sending in left facers without stint, when suddenly the big fellow began to pump punishing righthanders into the ribs. Sharkey's legs acted in an uncertain way and his head rolled. He still kept trying with the left for the head and Jeffries, open mouthed and wide-eyed, sent punch after punch against the sailor's ribs.

The exertion told on them and they both became erratic in their attempts to land an effective blow. They shouldered each other and their gloves went wide of the mark. Jeffries' head went under Sharkey's arm and Sharkey held his big opponent around the neck. Jeffries pushed him leisurely across the ring to the ropes and neither man seemed to care to disentangle himself from the embrace.

One round was now a repetition of the other. It was a clinching, scuffling fight, with Jeffries hitting the cleaner blows and the sailor at all times evincing a disposition to get to close quarters and mix things.

In the tenth round a cut was opened at the side of Sharkey's left eye. By the time the fifteenth round ended, Jeffries' face was bleeding. In the sixteenth round the two men were so tired that they frequently leaned against each other and it looked as if some butting was in

progress, but whether this was the result of bungling work due to weariness, or was intentional, could not be determined at the moment. Subsequently Sharkey charged that Jeffries butted him in the face deliberately and Jeffries made a similar complaint in regard to Sharkey.

From the eighteenth round onward Jeffries did the more telling work. He steadied himself and used his right with energy on the ribs each time the sailor rushed. Sharkey did not materially change his style and it was an easy matter for Jeffries to land his damaging body punches and, at the same time, either block or duck beneath Sharkey's high left swings for the head.

Jeffries was somewhat in the lead when the twenty-fourth round was reached and the sailor made desperate efforts to turn the tables. Tom relied upon his right and his desire to do serious injury to the boilermaker got him into trouble. Jeffries crossed him again and again on the point of the jaw with the right and Sharkey staggered.

Sharkey's efforts to brace himself up were pathetic and at the same time ludicrous. He kept his head erect and swelled his chest, but his legs acted in an erratic manner. Finally, when it looked as if he would be bowled over in that maelstrom of blows, he ducked and clinched and clung to Jeffries like a limpet to a rock.

Jeffries could not free himself from the sailor's embrace until the referee came to his assistance. Then Sharkey set himself and whirled his right in a futile way. He all but fell to the floor while swinging at Jeffries, and things looked gloomy for the stout-hearted sailor as he staggered to his chair.

The beginning of the twenty-fifth round found Shar-

key in tolerably good shape considering his woeful experiences in the previous round. He began rushing again. He lashed out with left and right, but Jeffries warded off the flying gloves. Jeffries was alert and evidently in better condition than his opponent at this point. He timed Sharkey with punishing right uppercuts, and almost any other man but the broadbeamed sailor would have gone down and out.

Jeffries made Sharkey's ribs the objective point for his right hand assaults and raised himself on his toes every time he landed, in order to add effect to the blows. It was really wonderful how Sharkey assimilated those terrific smashes. He wabbled, but he was still full of fight. He bored in towards Jeffries, brandishing his gloves and a righthander dropped the sailor to the floor in a sitting position. He was up again with the elasticity of a rubber ball and went at the champion as if nothing had happened.

In the melee the glove was dragged from Jeffries' left hand. The referee stepped forward to adjust it and Sharkey, under the urging from his corner, skipped around to the champion's side and struck at his opponent.

Jeffries pulled his hand away and recommenced fighting, while the glove, which had not been properly fastened, fell to the floor again.

All this time Sharkey was recuperating. His strength and fighting instincts were coming back to him and he was all anxiety to make a whirling finish of the closing round. He made at Jeffries again and Jeffries held up his hand in a warning manner. The referee was still engaged in fastening the glove when the gong clanged loudly. It was the signal that the championship fight was over.

It was a weird ending, the glove incident confusing the ideas of the spectators and causing all kinds of opinions as to what the decision would be. The referee awarded Jeffries the fight and Billy Delaney jumped into the ring and tied a small American flag around the champion's neck.

The decision was criticised by many, who held that Sharkey's work clearly entitled him to a draw. It appeared to the author that the verdict was a just one, Jeffries' clean and forceful hitting in the latter part of the contest more than offsetting the advantages Sharkey gained during the first half of the fight.

Both men were in bad shape after the contest. Their faces were bruised and their arms and hands crippled to some extent. In addition to his other injuries Sharkey had a couple of broken ribs to display.

Despite his battered condition the sailor discussed the affair in an animated way and took violent exceptions to the referee's ruling. Sharkey expressed himself willing to sign articles to fight again within ninety days, but he was advised to allow further challenges to stand over until his ribs knitted and his condition generally warranted a season of preparation such as would be required to fit him for another championship test.

CHAPTER VII.

JEFFRIES AND CORBETT.

When the talk of another contest with Sharkey died away, it was thought Jeffries would be permitted to enjoy a long season of rest. Not so, however, for before many months elapsed no less a personage than ex-Champion James J. Corbett began badgering him for a match.

Now Jeffries was by no means averse to breaking a lance with the man he helped to train at Carson. On the contrary he rather cottoned to the idea. He was smarting under certain slighting remarks attributed to Corbett. The latter, it was said, had made little of the champion and had told how he had jabbed Jeffries at will while sparring with him in the old training days in Nevada.

The trouble about the proposed match was that the sporting fraternity did not take kindly to it. Corbett, on account of a peculiar affair with Sharkey at the Lenox Club, New York, was not in the best of odor at that time and his motives were doubted.

He was persistent, however, and when he was eventually matched to meet Jeffries in a twenty-five round contest for the championship, he retired to training quarters at Lakewood, N. J., and went to work in the style of a man who was very much in earnest.

Corbett had for a sparring partner on that occasion Gus Ruhlin, the Akron giant, and it was part of their programme to engage in a daily boxing bout behind

closed doors. According to the best information obtainable Gus and Jim went at each other like infuriated billy goats, the purpose being to accustom Corbett to strenuous work at close quarters with a man heavier than himself.

It was also reported that Ruhlin was required at times to box in a crouching position, similar to the pose favored by Jeffries in his affair with Fitzsimmons. Corbett was always noted as an inventor of new wrinkles in fighting, and the idea of having Ruhlin emulate Jeffries was to afford Corbett opportunity of studying out a scheme of attack which would render the champion's famous crouch useless.

When it became evident that Corbett was sincere in his desire to wrest the championship from his old sparring partner, interest in the match increased to some extent, but the doubting Thomases with which sportdom is filled still maintained that a hippodrome was contemplated.

Corbett's immediate friends knew better and they were extremely sanguine in regard to results when they noticed how well the ex-champion was coming along in his training. A crowd of good judges who sized up Corbett while he was exercising a few days before the fight were convinced that he looked as well trained as on the eve of his great battle with John L. Sullivan at New Orleans.

Corbett assured them that such was really the case, and to prove that he was not falling away in substance he caused several measurements of himself to be taken. It was shown among other things that his neck measurement was seventeen inches, whereas when he boxed John L. a sixteen-inch collar was roomy enough for him.

Corbett did not overlook any point, however small, which might contribute to his success in the contest with Jeffries. He insisted that there be no rough work in the clinches and in justification of his demand said: "Both Fitzsimmons and the sailor were defeated by going to Jeffries and being mauled and pushed around in the clinches. There will be none of that with me. He will have to fight my way."

Jeffries, as usual, trained at Allenhurst and gave himself a thorough preparation for the event. He was very confident of his power to retain his title and was particularly pleased at the prospect of administering a rebuke to Corbett for the unkind things the ex-champion was supposed to have said about him.

The men met in the arena of the Seaside Sporting Club, at Coney Island, on the evening of May 11, 1900. On account of the lack of confidence on the part of the public the attendance did not come up to expectations.

Charley White, of New York, was the referee and Corbett was attended by the brothers Considine, Gus Ruhlin and Leon Cardello. Jeffries' seconds were Ed Dunkhorst and Jack Jeffries. W. A. Brady also hovered around the champion's angle of the ring.

In the betting Jeffries was the favorite at odds of 2 to 1, but there was "even money" on Corbett's ability to last fifteen rounds.

The contrast between the men was marked as they stood forth to listen to the instructions given by the referee. Jeffries seemed bigger and thicker limbed than ever. The hue of his massive frame was a dingy red. Corbett looked like a lightweight beside the champion and was pallid in comparison.

There were hummocks of muscle on Jeffries' arms and

shoulders, while the thews and sinews appeared to flatten themselves beneath Corbett's smooth skin. When Jeffries strode to the mark and bent towards his opponent he looked like Atlas relieved of the world.

While the fight resulted as the majority expected it would, Corbett's showing electrified the crowd. Never in his best days did the conqueror of John L. Sullivan and Mitchell furnish a more superb exhibition of boxing.

He made the champion look like the veriest novice, and he had the spectators so worked up that there was uproar in the big barn down by the sea from the beginning of the contest until Corbett was laid low by a lefthand swing.

The knockout itself came as a surprise to the crowd. Corbett had baffled the big fellow so completely and had protected himself from injury in such a way that it looked as if Pompadour Jim would go the full route. At the beginning of the twenty-third round there were numbers who thought that Corbett would not only be on hand at the end of the twenty-five rounds called for in the articles, but would secure the decision on points. It was not to be, however. Jeffries' padded paw fondled the ex-champion's jaw in the twenty-third round and the subsequent proceedings interested Corbett no more.

For full fifteen rounds Corbett was both lively and elusive. He bounded in towards his heavy framed opponent and dealt out lightning jabs which stung and jarred. He contrived to skip out of danger with the surefooted fleetness of a chamois.

Jeffries tried all manners of tricks to waylay the dancing Dervish in front of him, but in most instances his plans failed dismally. His thick arms and brawny fists found nothing but empty air.

The niceties of judgment displayed by Corbett brought cheers from the crowd and angered Jeffries. There was no way of trapping that palefaced will o' the wisp. One moment he would deliver a stab and spring clear out of range; the next he would duck rapidly beneath a whizzing counter and bob up again to send in another blow. The next time he would neither skip away nor duck, but would press in so that the crushing blow aimed at him would vent itself behind his shoulders.

It was Jeffries' purpose to end it all with one fell swat. Did he figure on "a duck" and have his spare hand ready with an uppercut, Corbett was out of range like a flash. Did he brace himself and rush towards Corbett when the latter sent in one of his exasperating facers, the lighter man leaned quickly towards his adversary, clinched, and laid his head in safety against the giant's breast. It was always the unsuspected that Corbett resorted to and Jeffries was completely at sea. Many a time the champion's ponderous left glove scraped the crown of Corbett's head as the smaller man ducked with marvelous quickness.

If Corbett had not been so intensely eager to avoid contact with the champion's gloves, he might have been able to put more force into his blows. As it was, Corbett struck in a snapping way and while he brought tiny streams of blood from Jeffries' nose and mouth he failed to affect the big man's stamina with his punches. It was thought by some that Corbett had Jeffries swaying in the ninth round, but it is probable the boilermaker was floundering more through his failure to land on Corbett than through the force of Corbett's attack.

When, later, Corbett began to box more openly Jeffries countered him frequently, but none of these blows

dazed Corbett. There were cheers for Corbett in the tenth and eleventh rounds. He seemed to have the big fellow bewildered. In the twelfth round the betting on the fight shifted to "even money."

The pace appeared to tell on Corbett in the thirteenth round. Jeffries rushed incessantly with the vehemence of a runaway locomotive, and it required wondrous dexterity on Corbett's part to escape from tight places. He was pinned against the ropes once and matters looked particularly blue for him, but by masterly dodging he wriggled out of danger after feeling the weight of the champion's gloves.

In the following round Corbett recuperated and changed his tactics to some extent. He timed the champion's rushes and met him with straight lefts. He struck out with precision and kept the big man at bay.

Corbett held his own in the fifteenth round and those who had backed him to last that long, greeted him with thunderous applause and yells of delight as he returned to his chair.

The sixteenth round was also a fairly even one, but the seventeenth was in the champion's favor. Jeffries rushed continuously and Corbett appeared to be arm weary. He was cuffed a number of times and he also avoided some dangerous blows, but his dash was diminishing.

Jeffries floored his opponent in the nineteenth round with a righthander on the ear, but Corbett regained his feet quickly. He employed his time footing it out of harm's way.

There was another demonstration from the crowd when the twenty round mark was passed. From Corbett's methods then, it looked as if he had made up his

mind to keep away from the champion in hopes of remaining on deck until the end of the twenty-fifth round.

The end came in the twenty-third round. Jeffries, who infused double energy into his work, kept right after Corbett, swinging with might and main as he rushed. He backed Corbett to the ropes and caught him with a full range left swing on the chin. Corbett dropped to the floor and was unable to respond to the call of time. There were cheers for the loser as he left the ring, as well as for the champion.

In explaining his defeat Corbett said: "I was not as tired as they seemed to think. I felt that I had done the better work up to the twentieth round and I resolved to go easy for a few rounds and then set a fast pace for the finish. Had I been able to carry out my plans I would have gained the decision beyond a doubt.

"Now, anyone who saw the fight knows that I varied my methods of avoiding Jeffries' blows. Sometimes I stepped out of range and at other times I went inside his punches and clinched. When he forced me across the ring in the twenty-third round I overlooked the fact that I was close to the ropes. I saw him start that left swing and I tried to step out of range. My back touched the ropes and I saw at once I was in a tight place. I then tried to dip in towards him so as to be inside the punch, but it was too late. I guess he landed, for I didn't remember anything after that."

Corbett was the idol of New York's sporting community after his clever contest with Jeffries, and if the pair had been matched right away the event would have aroused a great deal of interest. There was talk of another meeting, but it gradually subsided.

CHAPTER VIII.

JEFFRIES AND RUHLIN.

During the time that Jeffries was working his way to the top of the pugilistic ladder and, for that matter, after he had reached the goal of his ambition, there was one heavyweight who considered he had not received proper recognition from the big champion. This was Gus Ruhlin.

The Akron giant, as he was called, made constant reference to his "draw" with Jeffries back in '97 at San Francisco, and he held that on the strength of the performance in question he was fully entitled to regard himself as the equal of big Jim.

Ruhlin's claims attracted more attention from the public when he defeated Tom Sharkey in fifteen rounds in June, 1900. Gus naturally became more ambitious than ever after his victory over the sailor, and in order to qualify for a match with Jeffries at the earliest possible opportunity he arranged a fight with Bob Fitzsimmons.

This took place in Madison Square Garden, New York, on the night of August 10, 1900, and Ruhlin was knocked out after a stubborn contest which lasted six rounds.

Fitzsimmons tried to draw Jeffries into a match before the Horton law, which regulated glove contests in New York state, went out of existence. Jeffries maintained that his health at that time would not permit him

to train, and when boxing closed down in New York on August 31, Fitzsimmons once more announced his retirement from the ring.

Several months later an attempt was made to bring Ruhlin and Jeffries together in a championship fight at Cincinnati. The directors of the Saengerfest society in the city named, were at the head of the movement and it was understood that they had the support of the mayor. Just when things were progressing swimmingly, however, Governor Nash interfered and the scheme was abandoned.

The big heavyweights were finally matched to box in San Francisco, November 11, 1901, being selected as the date of the contest. They both went into training near the scene of the fight, Ruhlin locating at the Six Mile House, close to San Francisco, and Jeffries betaking himself to Harbin Springs, in Lake County.

There Jeffries inaugurated a system of training such as a world's champion never engaged in before, probably. He built a handball court, which also served as a gymnasium, and strangely out of place the structure looked up there among the pines. He boxed and punched the bag, but these exercises were simply side issues. In the main he led the life of a hunter.

He was away in the ranges with his dogs, his blankets and his guns for days at a time, camping under the stars at night and tracking the elusive deer at the first glimmer of dawn. Always swarthy, he became more gypsylike in complexion than ever.

That this kind of life was no new experience to him was shown by the way he took to it. He gave indications that he was an adept in all the practices in which hunters excel. He never failed to bring down a deer once

he drew a bead on it and he knew the most likely spots in that wild country in which to find game.

A San Francisco physician, who spent a season at the mountain retreat where Jeffries was encamped, made an especial study of the champion and reported that the strength and endurance possessed by the fellow were abnormal, even after due consideration was given to his wonderful proportions.

"It is marvelous," said the doctor. "He will travel miles and miles over the ranges loaded down with rifle and hunter's paraphernalia and frequently come back to camp with a dead deer strapped on his shoulders. Instead of complaining of fatigue, as an ordinary individual would do, he will jump into a game of baseball with all the zest of a boy just out of school, or he will go into the gymnasium and put in an hour or two bag punching and boxing, as if his exertions for the day were merely beginning.

"Judging from the small effect produced upon him by his sparring partner Bob Armstrong's blows, and in view of the easy manner he brushes big Bob to the wall, it seems to me that the fellow who can safely cope with Jeffries in any direction where physical force figures has yet to be found."

Ruhlin went in for the usual routine at the Six Mile House. He boxed with colored Ed Martin, punched the light and heavy balls, trudged and sprinted on the road, and in fact followed the orthodox course of sprouts affected by a pugilist in training.

In discussing his chances with the champion it was his habit to say: "I know that Jeffries is a hard fellow to hurt, but men are not as proof against punishment sometimes as they are at others. Fitzsimmons has been

frank enough to admit that I hit him harder in our fight in New York than he was ever hit before and I believe that I will be able to bring Jeffries down before we have been at it very long."

Ruhlin also pointed to the fact that he had knocked out Sharkey, whereas Jeffries had failed to finish the sailor in either of his fights with that worthy. He considered himself equally as clever as Jeffries with the boxing gloves, and said he expected to win very quickly if Jeffries attempted to make a rushing fight of it.

The fight took place in Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, the big building wherein Sullivan boxed Robinson and Paddy Ryan, where Jack Burke and Jack Dempsey fought a ten-round draw, and where Ruhlin and Jeffries went twenty rounds in '97 without either having gained an advantage. There were visitors on hand to witness the fight from points as far distant as Minneapolis. Some of those present came from Galveston, Texas, others from Denver. All points on the Pacific coast were represented and it was described as the biggest gathering from out of town districts ever seen at a glove contest in San Francisco.

When the men entered the ring Jeffries appeared the more confident of the pair. He was the picture of rugged strength and, as someone remarked, he looked like a grizzly bear clad in a bathrobe. Ruhlin was fair-skinned and did not carry an ounce of superfluous flesh. Somehow his big blonde bulk seemed to dwindle when comparisons were instituted between him and the swarthy giant in the other angle.

In charge of Ruhlin's corner was Billy Madden, the man who in his time had managed both John L. Sullivan and Charlie Mitchell, and who had been associated

GUS RUHLIN AND HIS MANAGER, BILLY MADDEN

with Queensberry fights ever since bare knuckles gave way to gloves. Madden was assisted by Denver Ed Martin and one or two others. Jeffries had for henchmen Billy Delaney, Jack Jeffries and Bob Armstrong. One of the Van Court boys also lent his advice and assistance in the champion's corner.

The contest did not come up to expectations. It was a poor fight from the spectators' standpoint. It was too one-sided and a great many complained when it was over that Ruhlin did not make the determined stand they expected of him.

For two rounds it looked as if Ruhlin would gain a lead. Madden had always claimed that Gus was a faster man than Jeffries and so he seemed to be. Jeffries led clumsily with the left and Ruhlin stepped close more than once and drove solid righthanders into the bigger boxer's ribs. One of these punches sounded so that it might have been heard out on the street. Jeffries gasped and then grinned.

About half way through the second round Ruhlin sent in another heart blow and then caught the giant fairly and squarely with straight lefts on mouth and chin. The blood showed and Jeffries crouched. He spread his legs slightly and there was something about him which conveyed the impression that he was hurt. Ruhlin was in a flutter of excitement, but for all that he escaped several jolty lefthanders aimed at his jaw. Delaney shouted to Jeffries to steady himself. He heeded his second's advice and, biding his time, landed heavily with his right on the short ribs of his opponent.

The impression that Jeffries was dazed by the face blows landed on him was dispelled the instant the gong signaled the end of the round. He straightened up like

a soldier and strode briskly to his corner. Maybe Ruhlin became somewhat discouraged right then when he noted what little effect his best efforts had produced.

Beginning the third round, Jeffries took the lead and kept it until the finish. He made an aggressive fight and Ruhlin retreated steadily around the ring. Poor Gus was battered from corner to corner, with lefts and rights in the midsection and swinging lefts on cheek and chin. Bruising blows they were, and some of the fight was knocked out of the Akron giant at every thud of the champion's ponderous gloves.

They were all agog in Jeffries' corner now and the words "Go at him, Jim," were shouted in through the ropes. Jeffries went at him, all right, and at that he did not seem to be hurrying. Big bodies appear to move slowly, but it only needed a glance at Ruhlin to tell that the pace was fast enough in all conscience. Poor Gus was worn down systematically and flogged into submission in a workmanlike manner.

When the fifth round was in progress that thick left arm of Jeffries' was never at his side. Punishing blows were landing on Ruhlin's body and one fiercer than the rest sent Gus reeling into his own corner. Jeffries crowded in towards him, making play for the body again. Down dropped Ruhlin's arms to form a shield for his battered stomach and then Jeffries changed his tactics, cuffing his opponent about the ears with both hands.

Ruhlin's face was bruised and it took on a worse appearance when, in trying to find safety, Gus ducked into some spiteful left hooks. He began to clinch and acted as if tired.

Jeffries forced him to the ropes and caught him a hard lefthander on the chin. Ruhlin's eyes closed partly,

and he dropped to his knees. He arose at the count of four and fell into a clinch.

Jeffries used his strength to free himself from his opponent's embraces and as soon as he could work his gloves he rained blows on Ruhlin's face and ribs. Just before the round closed Ruhlin was forced to the ropes again and Jeffries struck him a severe lefthander across the stomach.

When the bell sounded, Jeffries turned and walked across the ring to his chair. Ruhlin bent down and maintained a stooping position as he walked towards his corner. Madden appeared to think that all prospect of winning had faded, so far as his man was concerned, and he tossed a sopping sponge to the center of the floor. It was the token of defeat.

Asked subsequently why he did not send Ruhlin up for another round Madden said: "He was virtually knocked out. He hadn't a chance in the world to win."

Jeffries did not see the sponge until his attention was drawn to it and directly he divined that his opponent had acknowledged defeat he walked across the ring and tendered the customary grip of the hand.

"He is too strong for me," said Ruhlin in explanation of his collapse. "He hurt me with every blow he landed, but the worst were those digs in the stomach with the left. I was dazed and in pain during the last two rounds."

The contest did not leave a very good impression in the minds of the sporting public in the far west, the argument generally being that Ruhlin capitulated too easily.

The real truth of the matter is, however, that the sports of the coast had no idea of the formidable fighting machine Jeffries had developed into. When he boxed

Ruhlin before they were novices. Jeffries did not know enough to keep his knuckles intact. Subsequently he defeated the best men in the world. He increased his knowledge of boxing threefold and his increase in strength there is no means of measuring. He was at his very best when he met Ruhlin the last time, and he was a wonder both at giving and taking punishment. He weighed 220 pounds and every ounce and fiber of that enormous bulk was fighting weight.

Months after the fight and when it had ceased to be discussed to any extent, Billy Madden made remarks which seemed to have bearing on Ruhlin's disappointing fight with the champion.

"Bob Fitzsimmons has punched the championship aspirations out of many a fighter," said Madden. "I don't think Sharkey will ever be the same again and there are others."

Madden did not particularize in regard to "the others," but those who read his remarks permitted their minds to wander back to that grueling fight between Fitzsimmons and Gus Ruhlin, at Madison Square Garden, in the dying days of the Horton law. Ruhlin received a terrible drubbing on that occasion and it is possible that both his stamina and grit were affected to an extent which made him an easier mark for brawny Jim Jeffries.

CHAPTER IX.

JEFFRIES AND FITZSIMMONS.

Despite the fact that Jeffries had proved himself the peer of all pugilists in his class, there was a drop of bitter in the champion's cup. He felt chagrined at Fitzsimmons' claim that the victory gained by Jeffries over the Cornishman at Coney Island was not a clean-cut one and that some unknown party had drugged Fitzsimmons on that occasion in order to encompass his defeat.

Jeffries frequently said he would never rest content until he had met Fitzsimmons a second time. Fitzsimmons, who had announced his retirement shortly after the repeal of the Horton law, steadfastly refused to be drawn into signing articles.

It was stated on good authority, however, that Fitzsimmons, prior to the Jeffries-Ruhlin contest at San Francisco, had expressed a desire to try conclusions with the winner. Jeffries evidently believed that Fitzsimmons was in earnest in the matter and after disposing of Ruhlin the champion began to agitate for another fight with the Cornishman.

When Jeffries reached New York early in 1902 a conference with Fitzsimmons was arranged, but negotiations for a contest fell through, temporarily, owing, it was said, to the Cornishman demanding an even division of the gate-money.

Finally on February 15th all matters in dispute were adjusted and the men met and signed articles at the *Journal* office, New York. The contract called for a contest of twenty rounds' duration for the championship of the world, the purse to be divided in the proportions of 60 per cent. to the winner and 40 per cent. to the loser. It was agreed that the affair should take place on or about May 15, 1902, at the club offering the best inducements, and that bids should be opened in San Francisco and New York on March 15th.

When the date for considering the offers arrived complications arose. Jeffries favored an offer made by a Los Angeles club and Fitzsimmons appeared to think well of a bid which came from Charleston, S. C. It transpired shortly afterwards that the South Carolina promoters were not in a position to handle the contest, the governor of that state having declared that the laws forbidding pugilism should be respected.

Meanwhile some rather personal telegrams passed between Jeffries and Fitzsimmons, each man accusing the other of throwing obstacles in the way of a meeting. Fitzsimmons said that Jeffries was in league with the Los Angeles club, and, as the San Francisco promoters were quarreling among themselves, Fitzsimmons declared that Jeffries would have to fight him in England during the coronation ceremonies or consider the match canceled.

It looked then as if the fight had fallen through, and Fitzsimmons was subjected to harsh criticism for the peculiar stand he had taken in regard to the battle-ground. This was more than Bob could stand and he determined to set himself right with the sporting public. He telegraphed Jeffries to make the best arrangements

possible for a contest in the west and announced his intention of journeying to San Francisco at an early date. Fitzsimmons was as good as his word, and on May 23d the two rival heavyweights met at the Central theater, San Francisco, where the following articles of agreement were drawn up and signed:

SAN FRANCISCO, May 23, 1902.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into between James J. Jeffries and Robert Fitzsimmons and the San Francisco Athletic Club, of San Francisco, California, Witnesseth:

1. Jeffries and Fitzsimmons agree to engage in a twenty-round boxing contest under the auspices of the San Francisco Athletic Club on the evening of July 25, 1902, Jeffries and Fitzsimmons to receive seventy per cent. of the gross receipts of said contest.

2. The contest to be conducted under straight Marquis of Queensberry rules.

3. The purse to be divided as follows: To the winner 60 per cent. and to the loser 40 per cent. of said 70 per cent. of gross receipts.

4. Edward M. Graney is designated and selected as the referee of said contest.

5. The contestants to be permitted the use of soft bandages.

6. That neither party to this contest (Messrs. Jeffries and Fitzsimmons) shall engage in a ring contest with the exception of sparring exhibitions in connection with theatrical engagements prior to this contest.

7. That each contestant may furnish his own gloves, which are to be of regulation size of five ounces each.

8. Jeffries and Fitzsimmons hereby agree to post twenty-five hundred dollars each, to be forfeited in the event of either man failing to appear or to carry out any of the provisions of these articles of agreement. Such sum of twenty-five hundred dollars will be forfeited and divided equally between the contestant appearing and the club. In the event of the club failing to bring off the con-

test a sum of five thousand dollars shall be divided between the contestants.

9. The number of complimentaries issued to be limited to 300.

10. Jeffries and Fitzsimmons to submit at all reasonable times to a physical examination by a physician representing the San Francisco Athletic Club.

11. Ring to be of regulation size, viz., 24 feet inside.

12. The contestants reserve the right to have the doors opened at any hour they may see fit.

13. It is hereby mutually agreed that no speculating with tickets by any of the parties to this agreement shall be indulged in.

14. The contestants or representatives have full privilege and access to the box office and reserve the right to place such representatives at doors and entrances where they deem it necessary.

15. The San Francisco Athletic Club to furnish a box office statement prior to the counting of boxes and to permit the representatives the privilege of counting the "deadwood" tickets and also agrees to make a settlement in full on the night of the contest.

16. Such contract as may be made between the contestants and the club and any parties or party which may take the moving pictures shall be divided as follows: Eighty per cent. to the winning contestant, and 20 per cent. to the said club.

17. The club agrees to pay the referee's services.

Signed in triplicate on the date first mentioned.

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.
BILLY DELANEY,
For James J. Jeffries.
E. C. HARRINGTON,
For S. F. A. Club.

Witnesses:
J. F. EGAN.
CLARK BALL.
LOUIS LEVY.
PHILIP J. FAY.

Jeffries trained at Harbin Springs, Lake County, Cal., the place where he prepared for his match with Ruhlin. As usual, his work was supervised by Billy Delaney. He moved camp to San Francisco on July 13th, and completed his training at the Reliance Club, Oakland.

Fitzsimmons went into quarters at Skaggs Springs, Sonoma County, Cal., where he was joined by his old friend and adviser, George Dawson, boxing instructor of the Chicago Athletic Association. Fitzsimmons betook himself to San Francisco on the Sunday preceding the fight and put in the few remaining days taking walking exercises in Golden Gate Park and along the ocean beach road. He also did light work indoors in the afternoons.

The contest took place in a temporary arena at the corner of Fourteenth and Valencia streets, San Francisco, on the evening of Friday, July 25th. It was a sensational encounter from the first tap of the bell until Fitzsimmons went down to defeat in the eighth round.

Fitzsimmons, contrary to the expectations of the knowing ones, took a strong lead at the start and danced around the champion "like a cooper around a cask." He had Jeffries bleeding from the nose before the fight was a minute old, and in the rounds which followed he played upon the champion's face with his cushioned fists until Jeff's countenance became anything but a thing of beauty.

Fitzsimmons was as springy as a featherweight and his deliveries were clean and stinging. He relied more upon the accumulative efforts of repeated stabs and jolts than on an attempt to land a knockout punch, and he made the big champion look like an amateur.

The crowd, which is generally with the under dog, was with Fitzsimmons, and there was continuous yelling and

cheering as he prodded the big man's face to a pulp. Jeffries became exasperated and took to rushing. For a while Fitzsimmons, by dint of close ducking and side stepping, avoided the giant's onslaught, but in the rounds between the fourth and the eighth, Jeffries reached the body solidly and punished the Cornishman with some severity while pushing him to the ropes. Fitzsimmons did not hang out signals of distress, however, and the big crowd was in a delirium of excitement over the way the "Old Man of the Ring" was trouncing the Goliah of a champion in front of him. Both Jeffries' eyes were swollen, and it looked as if the Cornishman would regain the championship beyond a doubt.

When the end came in the eighth round the pair were close to the ropes. Jeffries struck Fitzsimmons a terrific body blow with his left which caused Fitzsimmons to drop his hands. Instantly, while in this helpless condition, Jeffries swung his left, landing on the head, and Fitzsimmons sank to the floor on his hands and knees, where he remained until the referee counted the fateful ten. The decision went to Jeffries and everyone agreed that the fight was one of the most sensational ever witnessed.

The crowd which gathered to see the fight was the biggest ever seen on such an occasion in San Francisco. The amount realized from the contest was $31,880, of which the fighters received 70 per cent, which was divided in the proportion of 60 per cent to the winner and 40 per cent to the loser. At least that is the apportionment mentioned in the articles of agreement. Ed. Graney was the referee of the affair. Fitzsimmons' seconds were George Dawson, Billy Haberly and Hank Griffin. Jeff-

ries was waited upon by Billy Delaney, Jack Jeffries and Joe Kennedy. Jeffries' weight was given at 215 pounds. Fitzsimmons said he scaled 160 pounds.

It was nearly 10:25 P. M. before the men began fighting. When the bell sent them together for the first round Jeffries crouched slightly and went rapidly to the center of the ring. Fitzsimmons advanced to meet him and then backed away again. There was a spell of feinting on both sides, each of the men being quick to raise a guard when he scented danger. Fitzsimmons was the first to land a blow. It was a left-hander and it caught Jeffries on the side of the face, Jeffries countering his opponent with a left on the body. Fitzsimmons then sent in a straight left which took effect on Jeffries' nose. It was a clean, forceful punch, and the big crowd yelled its delight. Jeffries bore Fitzsimmons to the ropes and sent in his left on the body. They clinched, but broke apart immediately, and Fitzsimmons put in another straight left on the nose. Blood showed on Jeffries' face. The champion was angered and he swung at Fitzsimmons in a vicious way. Fitzsimmons parried some of the blows and drew out of range of others. He ducked one left swing, and on straightening up caught Jeffries on the temple with the left. Jeffries was there with the left on the body and took a hard left on the forehead in return. They clinched, and after they separated Jeffries tried again for the body with the left. Fitzsimmons avoided the blow and jolted Jeffries on the ear with the right. The round was decidedly in Fitzsimmons' favor, and as he went to his corner the spectators cheered wildly.

The Cornishman hit keenly and put up a superb defense. It was remarked on all sides that he never boxed

better in his life. When the gong sounded for the second round, Jeffries hurried to the firing line. He was bent on offsetting the advantage gained by Fitzsimmons, and he lost no time in letting his big fists fly. Fitzsimmons was wary and clinched at the first opportunity. When they separated Fitzsimmons used left swings, which fell short, and Jeffries backed to the ropes. Jeffries then made the pace and landed solid blows on the body with the left at intervals. At times when Jeffries swung for the face Fitzsimmons drew back his head and allowed the blows to pass within a few inches of his nose. The Cornishman countered very effectively, and in the clinches the blood from Jeffries' face left its stain on Fitzsimmons' chest and shoulders. Jeffries was very persistent in his efforts to get in a punishing smash. He crowded Fitz to the ropes repeatedly, and while Fitz dodged many of the punches, Jeffries' left crashed against Bob's ribs a number of times. The round was slightly in favor of the champion.

Jeffries opened the third round by landing lightly on the ear. In the clinch which followed, Fitzsimmons smiled. Jeffries then began to work his left in a business-like manner. Fitzsimmons blocked one punch, but was treated to a smash on the mouth and another on the ear. As the last-mentioned blow landed Fitzsimmons' left went out as straight as an arrow and took Jeffries on the bridge of the nose. It was a hard punch, and the lower portion of the champion's face glistened with blood. Jeffries swung for the head with the left and Fitzsimmons stopped the lead with his shoulder, at the same time sending in a straight left counter on the champion's face. Another Fitzsimmons left caught Jeffries on the nose and

Bob cleverly blocked a smash aimed at his body. The next punch delivered by Fitzsimmons was a damaging one; it was a left hook, and opened a gash under the champion's right eye. Jeffries rushed savagely, swinging for the body, and Fitzsimmons had to be spry to escape being hurt. Bob avoided the big fellow's onslaught and kept sending in straight lefts on the face, the crowd howling every time he scored. Jeffries kept on rushing. He carried Fitzsimmons to the ropes and put in a telling body blow with the left. Fitzsimmons grinned and then sent in his own left on Jeffries' face. Near the end of the round the champion swung his left on the Cornishman's neck. The round was in Fitzsimmons' favor. Jeffries' face was badly bruised, but he was strong on his feet and eager at all times to get at close quarters.

Fitzsimmons danced away as Jeffries made for him in the opening of the fourth round. Out went Jeffries' left to the head, and the Cornishman ducked, allowing the champion's arm to shoot over his shoulder. Fitzsimmons pulled his head away from a swinging left, but was not so quick the next time, Jeffries catching him on the cheek. The smash made Fitzsimmons cautious and he blocked cleverly for a few seconds. Bob then became aggressive again, and he reopened the gash under Jeffries' eye with a left swing. Fitz caught Jeffries a right-hander on the head as the champion ducked. Jeffries ducked again a second later, and Fitzsimmons uppercut him on the face. The balance of the round was Fitzsimmons'. He scored again and again on nose and mouth with the left and hopped out of the way of Jeff's returns. When he had pressed near the ropes, Bob ducked and sidestepped cleverly. He sent in a stomach punch with

the left which made Jeffries crouch more than usual. The best blow scored by Jeffries was with the left on the stomach. It caused the Cornishman to double up slightly. This round was also in Fitzsimmons' favor. He boxed faultlessly and showed the finest judgment in getting out of range. Jeffries' face was blood-bedabbled as he walked to his corner.

The champion made a play for the body with the left at the beginning of the fifth round, but Fitzsimmons drew back far enough to avoid contact. A left from Jeffries took the Cornishman on the face and they clinched. Jeffries then went in, slashing out with both hands, but Fitzsimmons' guard was perfect. The champion's blood was up and he bore down on the lanky one repeatedly. The only times in which Jeffries made connections were when he had Fitzsimmons backed against the ropes. On such occasions he got home with left-handers on the body, but the Cornishman did not appear to be distressed. One after another Fitzsimmons sent in two right-handers in succession on the side of the face. The men stood close together and exchanged hard blows. As they separated from the clinches it was noticed that more of the blood from the champion's face had been transferred to the Cornishman's shoulder. The round, which was a fierce one, saw Fitzsimmons still in the lead. His advantage in this particular three minutes of fighting was slight, however, and, of the two men, Bob seemed the more tired as the round closed.

The sixth round was largely a repetition of the preceding one, and the seventh was waged along similar lines. Jeffries, with his face badly bruised and swollen, but his magnificent strength intact, rushed incessantly, and the champion tried several times to pin his man against the

ropes; he landed both on face and body, doing the better work with his left. All this time Fitzsimmons' straight left was busy and Jeffries' face became more puffed-looking than ever. In the seventh round Fitzsimmons made numerous attempts with his right, but landed only a few times with the hand in question, and then in an ineffective way.

In the eighth and final round Jeffries went in pursuit of his man and Fitzsimmons seemed bent on backing away. The champion reached the ribs a couple of times with the left, but felt the force of the Cornishman's left full in his face while working into close quarters. Suddenly Fitzsimmons went on the aggressive and forced Jeffries across the mat, getting home with both gloves on the face and also sending in a hard left on the body. Jeffries was not to be denied. He felt the force of Fitzsimmons' right and then he crouched and went at the Cornishman. He landed twice on the face with the left, and Fitzsimmons backed to the ropes. Jeffries followed and swung his left. The blow seemed to catch Fitzsimmons above the right hip. Fitzsimmons dropped his hands, the faces of these men being close together at the time. Jeffries let go a left-hander for the face. Fitzsimmons swung half way around on his feet and sank to the floor on his hands and knees. Jeffries walked to his corner and Fitzsimmons was counted out while resting in the position described. Fitzsimmons arose and staggered. Jeffries left the ring so suddenly that he had to be called back to shake hands with the man he had defeated. Fitzsimmons made a speech from the ringside. He said he had fought his last fight and that the "best man" had won. "If I had won the championship I was going to give it back to Mr. Jeffries and retire," added the Cornishman.

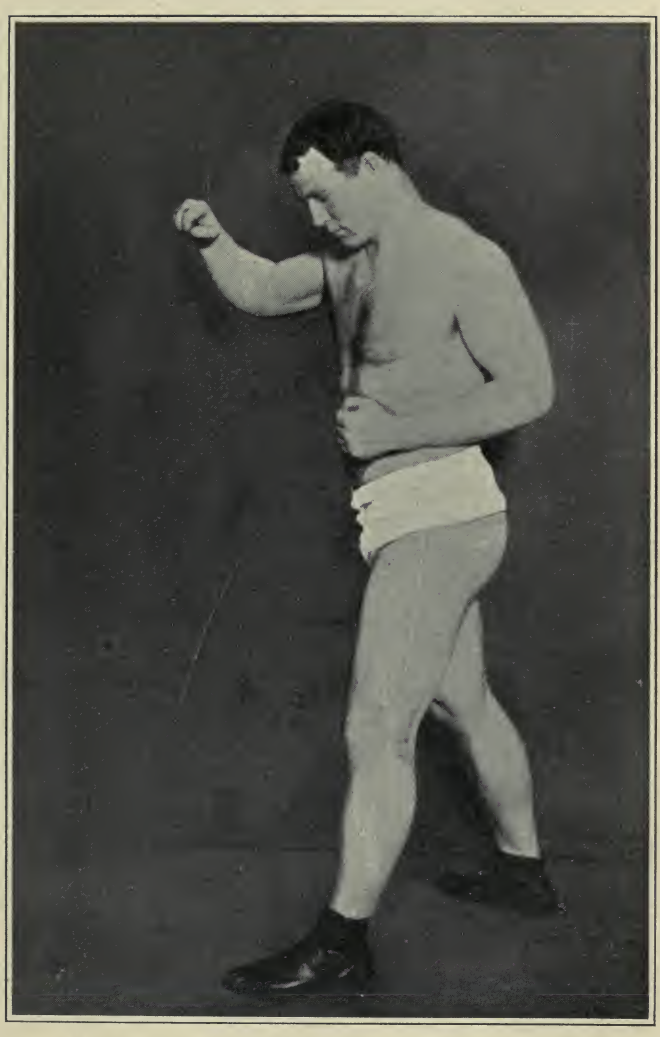
CHAPTER X.

JEFFRIES AND CORBETT.

After the lapse of several months Jim Corbett began to talk in a manner which made it apparent that he was determined to seek a match for the championship. It was Corbett's claim that Jeffries had promised him a meeting but Jeffries apparently did not consider the promise binding. He went on the road with Fitzsimmons, and the sporting press of the country, after listening to Corbett's side of the case, criticised the champion for not giving heed to Corbett's challenge.

In the long run this pressure had its effect. When Jeffries reached New York he announced that he was ready to talk business with Corbett and it did not take long to draw up and sign articles of agreement, calling for a glove contest for the championship of the world. The location of the battle ground was not determined upon until the various athletic organizations of the country had submitted bids for the privilege of handling the big match. Then the offer of the Yosemite Club of San Francisco was accepted and August 14, 1903, was selected as the date of the all-important ring event.

In due time Corbett and Jeffries put in an appearance in California to begin training for their fight. For that matter Corbett had pursued a course of preparation for more than a year, paying particular attention to exercises



JACK MUNROE

calculated to increase his muscular development and add force to his blows.

It might be said that at the outset very few regarded Corbett's ambition to regain the championship seriously. As his training progressed and his firmness of purpose became evident the sporting world began to take a great interest in his work. When the final test of all came he gained the widest popularity through the gritty showing he made against great odds.

Corbett trained at Croll's Garden, Alameda, having for his principal sparring partner, Yank Kenny. Jim's gymnasium was filled with what became known as "strong man paraphernalia." He had giant dumb bells and heavily weighted pulley machines, besides a monster punching bag which required great strength to budge. He felt that he was going against the biggest and strongest champion the ring had known and that it was to his advantage to toughen his thews and sinews and to accustom himself to the jarring effects of hard work with unyielding apparatus.

Jeffries, as usual, ensconced himself at Harbin Springs, in Lake county. Instead of following a routine schedule of indoor and outdoor work he just did as fancy directed. He spent much of his time hunting deer in the mountains and he went in largely for baseball playing, sprinting and fast boxing. He was guided in his work by Billy Delaney, and he had for training partners Fizsimmons, Jack Jeffries and Joe Kennedy.

The men came together in Mechanics' Pavilion on the evening of the 14th and decided their championeship dispute before the largest gathering of its kind that San Francisco had ever known. The attendance was greater

than that at the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries affair, and John L. Sullivan-Paddy Ryan go, or, in fact, any of the ring events which the gossips of sportdom used to hark back to when talking of "big crowds."

Jeffries and Corbett entered the ring at 9:15. Corbett's seconds were Tommy Ryan, Sam Berger, Tom Corbett, Yank Kenney and Professor Dare. Jeffries' principal handlers were Billy Delaney, Jack Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons and Joe Kennedy. Eddie Graney was the referee of the contest.

A great disparity in the men's sizes was noticed when they stepped to the center of the ring. The hue of Corbett's flesh was pallid in comparison with the swarthy tint of that of the champion. The lighter man suffered in every way when sized up physically with Jeffries.

The contest lasted ten rounds, and when it was over Jeffries was still the champion of the world. Jim Corbett's year of muscle building had gone for naught. The blows which laid Corbett low were smashes in the wind. First came a left and Corbett dropped to the floor in evident pain. His eyes popped and his lips formed a circle. He reached his feet before the count was up and made a game attempt to shoulder in so that he might grip the massive shoulders of his opponent and hold on.

Jeffries, his broad face glistening with perspiration and wearing a grin of triumph, was waiting for him. As Corbett covered up and shuffled in Jeffries measured him with the right. The champion raised himself on his toes to add leverage to the blow. All he possessed of weight and strength and knack of inflicting punishment entered into the delivery.

It was a cruel smash in the stomach and when Corbett

felt the impact he sank limply to the mat. He rested on his haunches, his face showing plainly the agony he felt. He was thoroughly distressed, but there was something in his appearance which suggested that he was hopeful that the pain and discomfort would clear quickly and leave him able to continue the fight.

Every man in attendance who knew anything of the effects of hard punches felt that Corbett was done for and that he would not be able to straighten up until long after the Queensberry time-limit had expired. Tommy Ryan, the hero of scores of fights, was quick to recognize that the crushing blows Jeffries had inflicted had rendered Corbett helpless, so he scrambled in from Corbett's angle of the ring and tossed a palm-leaf fan in the air as an acknowledgement that his principal was beaten. Then Graney waved his hands towards Jeffries as an intimation that the champion had retained his laurels.

When Corbett had partly recovered from the effects of the battering the champion stalked over to the defeated man and gripped his hand.

"You are too strong for me, Jim," said the smaller man. "You licked me fairly and squarely, for I was never in better condition in my life."

All this time the crowd cheered. There were cheers for the champion, of course, and there was much hand shaking and shoulder slapping for him from those who had admired him personally as well as from those who had won money by backing him. But the defeated man was not overlooked by that great throng. A fight crowd has always a warm spot for a game loser, and Corbett's gallant struggle against the brawny champ brought him

cheer upon cheer as he left the ring and made his way to his dressing room.

It became apparent very early in the contest that Corbett did not have force enough to inflict a really punishing blow upon the man before him. There is no doubt that the special exercises which Corbett indulged in while training really improved his strength, but the facts of the case are that Jeffries is just as much a marvel of endurance as he is of force and that the man is yet to be found who can hit him hard enough to daze him.

Jeffries showed much greater sped on his feet than he did in former contests. He rushed Corbett to the ropes several times and the lighter man clinched to save himself. Corbett, whenever the opportunity offered, planted a right on the ribs. The punches seemed to have plenty of steam behind them, but they did not make Jeffries flinch. Altogether the first round was a very even one, but Corbett seemed to have several narrow escapes from Jeffries' left swings.

Corbett gave a wonderful exhibition of side stepping and ducking in the second round. There were any number of clinches and many times in between Corbett rammed in a right hander on the ribs. Jeffries made one fierce swing with the left and missed Corbett's chin by an inch. After that Jeffries caught Corbett a right hander in the pit of the stomach which went very near to ending the fight.

The punch in question may rightly be called the deciding blow of the contest. It shook Corbett through and through and it weakened him. He said afterwards that he knew his chances of winning were a forlorn hope,

but he battled on grimly and bravely and did the best he could.

The first knock-down occurred in the fourth round, when Corbett was sent to his knees with a hard left in the stomach. As luck happened, it was close to gong time, so that when Corbett arose wearily and pressed in and clinched, the end of the round signal rang out.

In the minute's rest which followed attention was given to one of Jeffries' gloves, which had become torn during the hard fighting in round four. It required something more than the orthodox one minute interval to replace Jeffries' glove, and the additional rest was no doubt a welcome boon to Corbett.

In the fifth and sixth rounds Jeffries rushed repeatedly and tried to beat Corbett to the floor. In the seventh Corbett jeered Jeffries, yelling, "Why don't you knock me out?" as he danced around the big champion. Towards the end of this particular round Jeffries seemed to grow tired and then Corbett had an inning. The champion's big arms dangled and Corbett pumped rights and lefts on the face. The crowd cheered turbulently under the impression that Corbett, after taking a terrible battering uncomplainingly, was about to gain the upper hand.

In the matter of clean scores the eighth round was in Corbett's favor, but it was patent to all that the punches Jeffries received were doing him no harm. This did not prevent the gallery from sending up joyous shouts every time Corbett's gloves reached the big man's face. Jeffries stood with his arms down and his head bent. He was tired in all probability, but he grinned derisively at the lack of punishing force in Corbett's blows.

Jeffries returned to the attack in the ninth round. He

used a fierce left on Corbett's stomach and smiled whenever Corbett struck him under the heart with the right. Corbett was anxious to clinch and from the look on his face it could plainly be seen that the pace and the punishment were telling on him. The concluding punch of the round was a hard right on the stomach delivered by Jeffries, and Corbett reeled as he went to his corner.

Then came the tenth round and the finish, as already described.

Corbett's eyes glittered and his face was pale as he hurled himself against the big champion, but the lighter man's strength had waned under the terrible hammering and he became an easy mark for Jeffries' crushing blows. First came the left hander in the stomach and then the settling right; after that the turmoil which always marks the conclusion of a championship fight.

It was a great battle and one in which, so far as popularity is concerned, the defeated man gained at least as much as his conqueror.

CHAPTER XI.

JEFFRIES AND MUNROE.

Now we come to Jeffries' last fight—that is, the last before his retirement as undefeated champion of the world.

Jeffries' opponent was one Jack Munroe whose business was mining and who was known to fame in an athletic way as a footballer.

It appears that when Jeffries went on the road with Bob Fitzsimmons after his last fight with the Cornishman, a part of his foot-light scheme was to have on the gloves with the local champion at every town, city, or hamlet visited.

The show was in Butte, Montana, on the evening of December 19, 1903, and Jack Munroe was the man put forward to box four rounds with Jeffries. What is more, Munroe lasted the full four rounds, whether through Jeffries' desire to give his patrons a run for their money or not was not made clear. But in any case, Munroe made capital out of the fact that he had stayed four rounds with Jeffries. He accepted theatrical engagements and made a tour of the East. And those who managed him were smart enough to bill Munroe as Jeffries' biggest and most serious rival.

Jeffries did not like this kind of thing, but he had to bide his time and wait for revenge. In due course,

Jeffries and Munroe were matched to box twenty rounds in San Francisco under Jim Coffroth's auspices; and the two big fellows went into training—Jeffries at Harbin Springs under Billy Delaney and Munroe at Sheehan's tavern, Ocean Beach, Tim McGrath being in charge of the camp.

Owing to an accident to Jeffries' knee, there was a postponement of the date of the contest, but the men finally got together in Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, on the night of August 26, 1904, Eddie Graney being the referee.

It was evident at the start that Jeffries intended to show no mercy. The moment the gong rang, he stepped quickly toward Munroe, feinting with his left to draw Munroe's fire. Poor Munroe had a bad attack of stage fright, and he missed repeatedly while trying to keep Jeffries at bay. Jeffries took his time, and measured the miner with punishing face and body blows, dropping him to the floor no less than three times in the opening round.

As Munroe sat in his corner, he was in a bad way. His right eye was completely closed, and his face streamed blood. His seconds busied themselves sponging off the effects of the Jeffries punches, while Jeffries sat grinning in his chair in the other end of the ring.

The second round saw the end. Jeffries stepped forth briskly with his left arm sticking out. He drew it back to his side, and Munroe, who was a picture of indecision and confusion, ducked clumsily in and clinched. Jeffries pushed him away, and then banged him on the nose with a left. Munroe tried to clinch again, and Jeffries inflicted a cruel right uppercut on the unfortunate miner's

face. A rapid-fire left on the chin sent Munroe to the floor, and he looked every inch a loser.

The wonder is that Jeffries was not able to quiet Munroe completely, for Jack was at his mercy. The miner was game in a stolid way, and jumped to his feet as nimbly as he could after being smashed to the floor twice in succession. After Munroe stood erect the second time, his knees were bending under him, and he made feeble attempts to put up his guard. Jeffries backed him to the ropes with body punches, and Jack bent nearly double from the severity of the champion's attack.

Some one shouted, "Stop it; the man will be killed," and just as Jeffries was drawing back his ponderous right fist to administer the coup Referee Graney stepped between Munroe and further harm and gently pushed Jeffries away.

So ended the Jeffries-Munroe fight.

CHAPTER XII.

JEFFRIES IN RETIREMENT.

It is very evident that apart from satisfying his revenge, the victory over Jack Munroe brought very little gratification to Jeffries. It probably impressed on him the fact that the class of heavyweights had deteriorated, and that there was small prospect of worthy opponents looming up in the near future.

After due deliberation, Jeffries decided to retire from pugilism, and early in 1905 he announced his intention.

"What is the use of continuing?" he said when being interviewed by the writer. "I have met all the men the public considered entitled to try for the championship, and have had little trouble with any of them. There is no good man in sight, and I do not feel like going over the ground again and again. You know as well as I know that I have met and defeated the best men on my record twice over, so what's the use? And to be truthful about it, I have no liking for fighting. I want to get out of it. I would rather be known as the champion fisherman of the world than the champion fighter."

Jeffries settled down on a ranch at Burbank within a few miles of Los Angeles, and seemed determined not to become a principal in another glove contest. They lured him forth once or twice, however, to act as a referee, and his acceptance of the position caused mis-

takes to arise as to the way he regarded the laurels he had voluntarily laid down.

For instance, when Jack Root and Marvin Hart fought at Reno, Nevada, on July 3, 1905, Jeffries was the referee, and the promoters of the bout were smart enough to advertise that it was a championship affair, and that Jeffries would hand over the title to the winner. Hart won in twelve rounds, but there was no ceremony involving the crowning of Hart as the king of the ring so far as the crowd and the newspaper correspondents could see.

Jeffries long after in Los Angeles said to the author of this book, "What rot to say that I gave the title of heavyweight champion to the winner of the Root-Hart battle. To begin with, it was not mine to give. I laid it down and that ended my interest in it. If it had been mine to confer on anybody, and I considered that the mere possession of it brought any reward in the way of money, I would have given it to some poor widow woman with a family of youngsters and not to Root or Hart."

It did not require this disavowal of the transfer from Jeffries to convince the public that the Root-Hart fight had no bearing on the championship. As a blue ribbon event the affair was a joke, and no one supposed for a moment that Hart had the slightest claim to consider himself the big chief of the heavyweight tribe.

What has become of the championship? continued to be the all-absorbing question, when it became apparent that Jeffries had relinquished all right to the heavyweight title. Many persons argued that as Fitzsimmons was the man relieved of the championship by Jeffries, the title reverted to Fitzsimmons again, and the Cor-

nishman, even though his fighting qualities were fast deteriorating, was shrewd enough to encourage this notion.

Late in the year of Jeffries' retirement; to-wit, on December 20, 1905, Bob Fitzsimmons and Jack O'Brien met in the ring at Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, and Fitzsimmons who showed few traces of his old time fighting ability, collapsed in his chair in the resting spell which followed the finish of the thirteenth round.

Now, it wasn't claimed that this was a world's championship affair, but with Jeffries out of the running, Jack O'Brien insisted that the man who could beat Fitzsimmons had a right to be known as champion.

"If I am not the champion, who is?" said Jack, and he strutted around and declared himself willing to dispute the title with any man who thought he had a better right to it.

All this time Tommy Burns, the sturdy Canadian, was coming rapidly to the front. Tommy considered himself every inch as good a fighter as Jack O'Brien, whom he dubbed a championship pretender. On February 23, 1906, Tommy gained a decision over Marvin Hart at Los Angeles, and on the plea that Hart had won from Root in an alleged championship battle at Reno, insisted that he (Burns) was as much entitled to call himself champion as was O'Brien.

The rivalry between Burns and O'Brien reached an acute stage, and truth to tell, dapper Jack seemed to have the better of the argument. He was a better "advertiser" than Burns, and kept himself very much in the public eye. He made trips to England. Burns remained in Southern California taking on all comers, and meeting

no men of consequence until he hooked up with Jim Flynn at Los Angeles on October 13, 1906, and knocked out the fireman in fifteen rounds.

Across the seas in Australia, one Bill Squires was being boomed as the greatest heavyweight the colonies had produced since the days of Peter Jackson and Frank Slavin. Squires certainly did wonders with the heavyweights of the Antipodes. His work in the ring commended itself to Jack Wren, Melbourne's leading bookmaker, and Wren announced his willingness to back Squires against any man in the world, Jeffries preferred.

Wren cabled his defiance to this country, and said that Squires was perfectly willing to come here and meet Jeffries on his native heath. One or two attempts were made to arrange a Jeffries-Squires match, the mining camp Rhyolite in Nevada, making the best offer for the go. Billy Delaney, who at that time was Jeffries' manager, met the Rhyolite promoters in The Examiner office at San Francisco, and matters progressed to such an extent that a cablegram was sent to Wren informing him that an agreement was reached, and that Squires might start for this country at his earliest convenience.

Then came a telegram from Jeffries in Los Angeles, denying that Delaney had authority to enter into such a contract. The whole scheme was thereupon knocked upon the head, and a Jeffries-Squires match was never heard of again.

About this time, the close of 1906, Jack Johnson sailed for Australia, his main purpose being to head off the Squires-Jeffries match. On his arrival in Australia, Jack made various attempts to draw Squires into a contest, but Squires' backers refused to allow their man to meet the negro.

Jack O'Brien, who had always an eye to the main chance, arranged to depart for Australia soon after Johnson sailed for that country, the only difference being that O'Brien had a match with Squires to look forward to. The arrangements were made by cable, and if Jack had shut his ears to all side issues the history of prize-ring champions within the past few years might have been of an entirely different character.

When O'Brien arrived in San Francisco to take ship for the Antipodes, he told us all that a date had been fixed for his fight with Squires in Australia. Jack's passage was paid for, but on the eve of sailing day a telegram came from Los Angeles setting forth that a promoter down that way had offered a fabulous sum for a Tommy Burns-Jack O'Brien fight to take place at "Lucky" Baldwin's Santa Anita ranch, and that the money would be deposited in a Los Angeles bank the moment O'Brien signified his acceptance of the offer.

"That looks good to me," said O'Brien. "I can surely beat Burns, and this Squires matter can hold over. I will send Wren a cablegram, and he can name another date."

While Jack was waiting for verification of the southern offer, the steamer sailed, and then it turned out that the big purse for a fight with Burns at Santa Anita was a myth.

It was that wild-cat offer, no doubt, that changed the current of pugilistic history. If O'Brien had gone to Australia, it is reasonably certain that he would have defeated Squires, and if I know Mr. O'Brien, he would have nursed the prestige he gained. Probably there would not have been any Burns-O'Brien fight to follow;

no Burns-Johnson fight after that, and consequently, no Jeffries-Johnson battle.

"Well, the Santa Anita offer was bogus, but I have an invitation to run down to Los Angeles and talk with Promoter Tom McCarey," said O'Brien. And he went. As a result of his visit, the first of the two Burns-O'Brien fights that took place in Los Angeles was arranged. The date was November 28, 1906, and here again, the retired world's champion Jim Jeffries was the referee. The men boxed the full twenty rounds, and Jeffries called it a draw. He admitted later that there was an understanding that a draw decision was to be rendered if the two men were on their feet at the close of the twentieth round.

At this time, neither O'Brien nor Burns was regarded seriously by the public as a championship possibility. But the men themselves felt that the issue lay between them and Squires of Australia. They were matched to box a second time, the date set being May 8, 1907.

In the meantime, Bill Squires arrived in this country under the chaperonage of Barney Reynolds, who came here as the representative of Jack Wren of Melbourne, who financed the Squires tour. Strange to say, Jack Johnson, who had won a few fights in Australia, bobbed up about the same time.

Burns and O'Brien fought at Naud Junction, Los Angeles, on the night of May 8th, 1907, and again they traveled the full twenty rounds. There were ugly whispers around on the day of the contest, and Referee Eyton declared all bets off before the men began to box. O'Brien, by his work, showed that he was in poor condition, and Burns gained the decision.

Prior to this meeting, Jim Coffroth had entered into a provisional agreement with Tommy Burns, whereby Burns was to become the opponent of Bill Squires, in the event of Burns winning from O'Brien. A meeting of all the parties interested was held in Los Angeles following the Burns-O'Brien contest, and it was practically settled that Burns and Squires were to fight in the Mission Street arena, San Mateo County, on July 4, 1907, with Jim Jeffries as referee.

At a later meeting in San Francisco, articles were signed, and provision was made for a side bet of $10,000.

It very often happens that the bets prize fighters are supposed to indulge in are viewed with suspicion, but the writer can bear testimony that the money really changed hands on this occasion. Jack Wren supplied the $5,000 that was wagered on Squires' chances, and Burns backed himself to the same extent.

Jack Johnson was on hand the night Burns and Squires signed articles at Coffroth's headquarters, and would have been only too willing to take either man's place had a hitch occurred. Johnson's forwardness on the occasion nearly led to an impromptu fight between Burns and Johnson. Jack, finding himself out in the cold, asked Tommy to promise him a fight in case Burns defeated Squires, and Tommy returned a sneering answer. Johnson then wanted—or said he wanted—to bet a considerable amount that he could stop Burns in a given number of rounds, and the men abused each other until led apart by friends.

The Burns-Squires fight was the most lamentable championship fizzle the world has known. It was worse than the Jeffries-Munroe affair. Squires, who had been

TOMMY BURNS

so extolled and lauded by the fight experts of Australia, was toppled with a couple of punches on the jaw.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and the Squires incident helped Tommy Burns' ambition tremendously. He was regarded now as a *bona fide* world's champion—at least by liberal minded sports—while Jack O'Brien, his old rival, was almost entirely forgotten.

Burns went to England, and Jack Johnson followed him. In December, 1907, Burns defeated Gunner Moir at the National Club, London, in ten rounds, and a month later had a second meeting with Squires in Paris, Boshter Bill being knocked out in eight rounds this time.

Then Burns sailed for Australia, it being Johnson's proud boast that he had hounded little Tommy out of England.

Burns had a third meeting with Squires soon after his arrival in Australia, and defeated Boshter again in thirteen rounds. Burns also defeated Bill Lang in Melbourne in six rounds in September, 1908.

Shortly after Burns reached Australia, Hugh MacIntosh, an Australian promoter, began negotiations for a fight between Burns and Johnson to take place in or near Sydney at Christmas time, 1908. Burns, it was said, demanded $30,000 for his "bit," and Johnson had to content himself with a much smaller amount.

MacIntosh proved successful in dickering for the event, and in due time Johnson sailed for Australia. Both men put in an extended season of training, and they met in the ring at the Rush Cutters Bay Stadium, Sydney, on the afternoon of December 26, 1908. It was a one-sided fight, according to the chroniclers of ring happenings in Australia, and the police interfered in the

fourteenth round at a time when Burns seemed to be hopelessly beaten.

Jack Johnson was now the champion of the world, and the inevitable happened. The public demanded that Jim Jeffries come forth from his retirement and retrieve the fortunes of the white race so far as pugilistic supremacy was concerned.

Jeffries was reminded that he had promised if a foreigner won the championship to try and bring it back to the United States. It was pointed out to him that Johnson was foreign in color if in no other way. Tremendous pressure was brought to bear on the alfalfa baron, as some one had christened Jeffries, and it seemed reasonable to suppose that the big fellow would in time submit to the popular clamor.

A few days after Johnson gained the championship in Australia, the writer was in Los Angeles, and while there received a cablegram from Jack Wren of Melbourne, Australia. It was Wren who started Squires on the "world-conquering career" that began and ended so disastrously in San Francisco. Wren, it appears, also promoted pugilism out yonder, and he conceived the notion that a fight between Johnson and Jim Jeffries would be a tremendous card. In his cablegram, he asked me to inform Jeffries that an offer of $50,000—10,000 pounds English money—awaited Jeffries in connection with a Johnson-Jeffries fight in Australia, but Jeffries promptly turned down the offer. At that time, in fact, Jeffries insisted that nothing could induce him to break his retirement vow. He said he did not believe he could place himself in fighting condition again, and that in any case he had no desire to take up a game that he had always disliked.

The mills of public desire kept grinding, however, and Jeffries was never permitted for a moment to forget that he was expected to stand forth as the champion of the white race. There was a glimmer of hope when Jeffries accepted a theatrical engagement at the Wigwam Theatre in San Francisco. He came here in February, 1909, to fill the engagement referred to, and those who watched the man of elephantine bulk hopping around laboriously in sparring costume, were dubious about his chances of ever reducing to the proper athletic lines.

After "playing" San Francisco, Jeffries went East, to fill an extended engagement, and it leaked out that he had begun a system of light training. This was taken to mean that Jeffries was not as adamantine as he had been in his resolve to remain out of the ring, and that is just the way it turned out. A little later, he promised that if after undergoing the trial preparation, he felt that he could do himself justice in a championship fight, he would announce his readiness to meet Johnson.

There was a mild thrill of enthusiasm when Jeffries finally gave out that he had decided to tackle the big colored heavyweight for the world's championship encounter. The thrill would have been greater, no doubt, only that for some reason it was believed that Jeffries was not sincere. Some of the Doubting Thomases caused an impression to form that Jeffries merely wished to enhance his value as a theatrical attraction, and that in the long run the information would be forthcoming that Jeffries, by advice of his doctors, had decided not to face Johnson in the ring.

At the close of his theatrical engagement Jeffries crossed the Atlantic and put in several weeks at the

famed Carlsbad springs. While he was abroad, a meeting was held in Chicago, and the first real steps taken towards matching the negro and the white man for the blue ribbon of the prize ring.

CHAPTER XIII.

TOMMY BURNS AND AUSTRALIAN SQUIRES.

After Jeffries quit the fighting game, there were just two heavyweight ring events in which it was considered that the championship of the world was involved. The first of these was the battle between Tommy Burns and Champion Bill Squires of Australia. The other was a championship struggle beyond doubt. Reference is made to the bout in far away Australia when Burns lost his newly acquired title to Jack Johnson, and a black man for the first time in pugilistic history was hailed premier heavyweight fighter of the world.

In the Burns-Squires affair there were arguments as to whether the meeting was really entitled to be considered a fight for the championship. On the plea that Burns had beaten the best of the white heavyweights, and that Tommy was entitled to bar black men the way Jeffries had done before retiring and the further plea that Squires had proved himself the king-pin of the Australian heavies, the majority of sporting men graciously admitted that the Squires-Burns fight should be considered a world's championship engagement.

Squires trained for the fight at Billy Shannon's in San Rafael, and Barney Reynolds supervised the Australian champion's preparation. Tommy Burns trained at Harbin Springs under the guidance of Professor Lewis.

The men met in Coffroth's Mission-Street arena on July 4, 1907. When the opening gong clanged, and Referee Jeffries motioned the men together, Burns backed around the ring and Squires followed. The Australian made a couple of lunges at the cobby little fellow who was dancing away from him, and then tried to wedge Burns into a corner. Burns clinched, and laughed as he leaned his chin on Squires' shoulder.

"Break," yelled Jeffries, and as they dropped their arms Burns bounded lightly to mid-ring. Squires began to crowd his man again. Burns waited until the Australian champion came within striking distance, and then sent in a right hander which sounded like the crack of a pistol. Squires went to the floor and rolled over. He was blinking as he arose, and there was a big lump on the side of his left eye.

Although unsteady and dazed, Squires lumbered after Burns, and as Tommy went into a clinch the Australian dealt the Canadian a stiff right hand body punch, and followed it with a left hander on the side of the face. It looked for a moment as though the body punch had hurt Burns, but Tommy pulled out of the clinch, and felled Squires with another snappy right hander.

Squires fell a second time, and the finish was in sight. He arose clumsily, and lurched toward Burns. Burns measured him now with a third right hander, and before Squires tumbled, gave him still another. This time Squires went down for keeps. He was too far gone to make the slightest effort at getting to his feet, and was counted out.

Burns was lifted shoulder high and carried from the ring by his friends.

CHAPTER XIV.

JACK JOHNSON AND TOMMY BURNS.

Tommy Burns and Jack Johnson met in the ring at Rush Cutters Bay near Sydney on December 26, 1908, with Hugh MacIntosh of Australia as referee.

According to the ring-side accounts, it was a one-sided fight from the beginning. Johnson towered over the Canadian and fairly cut him to pieces with the right upper-cut which has helped the negro to victory on many occasions.

They had been fighting but a few seconds when Johnson ripped in one of his lifting punches and sent Burns to the floor for eight seconds. The crowd scented a quick finish, but Burns arose gamely, and went to close quarters, where he smashed at Johnson's body with both hands until the men became clinched and Referee MacIntosh jumped in and parted them.

In nearly all the rounds that followed, Burns was a mark for the Johnson upper-cut. The negro taunted Burns the way he taunted Flynn and others in previous bouts, and his sneering remark, "Come on, Tommy; come on," became so monotonous that the spectators were tired of hearing it.

Burns' face was in a bad way by the time the tenth round was started, and in this particular spell of fighting, W. F. Corbett, who reported the fight for the Sydney

Referee, said that Burns bustled Johnson to some purpose, hooking him with a left and right and crossing him on the jaw. It was Burns' turn to taunt, and he remarked to Johnson, "Say, you can't fight a lick."

Johnson rushed and floundered, and the crowd egged Burns on, but the black man soon got into his stride again, and before the round closed, pummeled Tommy's head again and again with the right.

Burns came forth confidently for the eleventh round, and was met by Johnson, who threw a left into the body. The colored fighter then tried upper-cuts, but Burns avoided contact. Burns failed in an attempt to place the right on the ribs, and Johnson made a more dismal failure even when he essayed a right upper-cut.

Burns reached the mid-section with both hands, and Johnson punished Burns with short arm jolts in a couple of spells of close work. Jack also drummed on Tommy's back with the right while holding.

There were one or two rallies near the ropes, and Burns went to his corner with such a firm stride that his friends felt that he had not been worsted to any extent in that particular spell of fighting.

The twelfth round was a bad one for Burns. Johnson played for the face; and his upper-cuts left their mark. At that, Tommy kept his head and avoided many a vicious punch by clever dodging.

Burns was full of fight; and countered the negro gamely on face and ribs; but although Johnson looked serious at this particular time, it was plain to all that he was gradually beating down the plucky white man.

Burns slowed up perceptibly after the thirteenth round was called, and Johnson did almost all the scoring from that time forth. He placed upper-cut after upper-cut on

Burns' face, and the wonder was that Burns was able to stand up against such a battery.

When the fourteenth round began, Johnson cut loose like a man who felt that his hour of triumph was near. Rights and lefts smashed into Burns' face and Burns was too far gone to strike back. Burns was sent down with a right hander which caught him on the chin, but he arose again. Johnson went at him, using both hands freely, and it was at this juncture that a police superintendent stood up at the ringside and called a halt. Referee MacIntosh promptly stopped the fight, and gave his decision in favor of Johnson.

The fact that Burns was not knocked out completely has been often offered since by Tommy as one of the reasons why he is entitled to another match with Johnson.

CHAPTER XV.

JAMES J. JEFFRIES.

It is a common lament with those who are close to heavyweight James J. Jeffries that the world's champion has never received due credit for his achievements in the ring.

While it must be admitted that captious critics occasionally compare Jeffries with past holders of the championship to big Jim's detriment, there is really no just ground for supposing that Jeffries' talents as a fighter are being overlooked by the sporting world generally.

If it had been urged that Jeffries, between fights, did not fill the public eye or the public mind to the extent that others before him in his line had done, the assertion would have been harder to combat. There is a reason for this lack of popularity so far as the present champion is concerned. To begin with, the glamor which surrounded prize ring celebrities a few years ago has faded to a certain extent and there is no longer a desire to idealize the fellows who slug each other for a living.

The people have been brought closer to the game, as it were, and have seen so much of boxing between professionals that there is a disposition to divest the work of the fighters of the atmosphere of heroics which formerly attached to it.

Even if the conditions were as they used to be, however, Jeffries would be handicapped in the matter of attaining

any great measure of popularity. He has not the swagger and the personal following of "boosters" that some ex-champions had, nor yet the suave manner and magnetism of others. He is simply a big, brusque, good-natured, liberal-notioned individual, who knows more about fighting than he does about self-advertising or ingratiating himself with the public.

He plods along life's highway weighted down with the laurels earned in hard-fought battles, conscious, no doubt, by this time, that the only time he may expect to create anything of a furor is when he has knocked out some aspirant for the championship.

But, oh my! How he can fight! Yes, and what a record he has rolled up in a comparatively short space of time!

Just after Corbett downed Sullivan at New Orleans a sport who was inclined to moralize remarked: "If anyone had predicted a year ago that a man would spring up who would defeat Sullivan without turning a hair he would have been pronounced crazy."

"That's so," murmured several who had heard the remark and coincided with it.

But how, if someone had prophesied a little later that a heavyweight would arise who would knock out Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett in turn? Would not that have been voted a prophecy of a mind diseased?

Jeffries defeated the trio named and did more. He fought as often as matches could be obtained and he bowled over his men with astounding regularity. After winning the championship he defended it successfully three times, a thing no other champion ever accomplished. He was never knocked squarely off his legs by a blow and he was never a mark for the timekeepers.

He may lack style, dash and finish, as his critics claim, but, judged by the records, he is the greatest champion the world has known.

It has often been said that Jeffries was a lucky fellow to blossom out just when he did, the argument being that the top notchers of the heavyweight division were beginning to decline about that time.

I have used the same argument myself and I must say that I have often wondered how Jeffries would have acquitted himself had he boxed either Peter Jackson or Jim Corbett when these latter were in their heyday. I am inclined to think that had he stacked up against either of them in his cub days his championship dream would have been dispelled, temporarily, at least.

At the same time I think that the Jeffries who defeated Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Sharkey and Ruhlin in succession was a better fighter than any one of the former world's champions or championship candidates when at his very best. Jeffries had reached his full development without meeting a setback or mishap and he was, to my way of thinking, the most formidable piece of fighting machinery ever seen in a ring.

Despite the disparity of their ages I consider the defeat of Fitzsimmons at New York the star performance of Jeffries' career. The argument that Fitzsimmons was past his time as a pugilist on that occasion will not hold water, for Fitzsimmons, nearly two years later, returned to the ring and defeated Ruhlin and Sharkey, in six and three rounds respectively, within the space of a week.

The fight with Fitzsimmons made it patent that Jeffries possessed far more than the ordinary capacity for punishment. Fitzsimmons accepted many and many a blow in order to pave the way for a return and those

who saw the contest will remember how Fitzsimmons wheeled once when on his way to his corner in order to see what effect his famous swings and hooks had had on Jeffries.

According to Billy Delaney, who trained and handled Jeffries, it was the latter's trick of assimilating heavy blows which discouraged the Cornishman in the contest in question.

Said Delaney: "He reached Jeffries' face with a tearing left hook and all the strength Fitzsimmons possessed was behind the blow. Fitzsimmons was astounded when he saw how little effect his best punch produced. He expected to see Jeffries stagger and drop his arms. Instead he saw Jim standing there on guard as steady as a rock. It was then that Fitzsimmons' heart sank. He had found a man who could take his fiercest punches without collapsing and he was very much worried about it."

It is this faculty for withstanding punishment that helps to keep Jeffries in the forefront of the champions. He is endowed naturally with a physique of iron, and blows which bend the ribs and jar the brains of others hurt him comparatively little. He declares himself that he never yet felt a blow that dazed him.

This abnormal power of resistance is the foundation of Jeffries' championship form. It is his strongest department, and leagued with it in almost equal proportions he possesses the ability to go a long, long ring journey without evincing signs of fatigue.

He proved his strength as a beast of burden at Harbin Springs, Cal., when he made wearying sorties, afoot, into the deer country and returned time and again with the carcass of a buck strapped across his shoulders. He proved his endurance in the affair with Sharkey at Coney

Island, when, with his frame stripped by arduous and incessant training, he fought twenty-five rounds under a blistering grill of electric fire and finished strong and full of fight.

His punching ability is not on a par with either his endurance or his powers of absorption. He can strike heavily for all that. He is a fairly clever boxer, and a good defensive fighter. He is not to be rattled or deterred from following a scheme of battle once he has mapped it out. He is cool headed and, to his credit be it said, he is not cruel.

So far as foot-work is concerned Jeffries' movements do not suggest the poetry of motion, altogether. By some he is regarded as both awkward and slow. In his affair with Ruhlin at San Francisco, however, he covered ground nimbly enough and once he began to be aggressive it was impossible for Ruhlin to keep out of his way. He is fast enough on his feet in all conscience.

To sum up his qualities of ringmanship it may be said that he is fairly talented in every branch of self-defense. He boxes cleverly, defends himself well and strikes a hard blow. But back of all these are the qualities which have made him a champion, to wit, magnificent strength and wonderful endurance.

Jeffries must be given credit for a new departure, so far as champions are concerned, in the matter of bringing about matches. As a rule champions are the most challenged individuals in the business. A champion is hardly permitted to reach his dressing room after a victory before he is deluged with invitations to fight from Tom, Dick and Harry.

There are other things besides fights in a champion's

life, however, notably stage appearances and trips abroad. As a rule, therefore, challengers are told to fight it out among themselves or "go and get a reputation." Whatever the means employed to evade them the champion enjoys himself after his own style until he feels like turning his attention to the fellows who are after his laurels.

Jeffries before he retired never waited for a challenge. He became the challenger and it is an interesting fact that he was always making overtures to somebody for a fight. What is more, he had poor luck in securing matches. This shows that while some of the critics contended he was "as slow as an ice wagon" and a mere apology for a champion, those who ought to know, to wit, the fighters themselves, had a great deal of respect for him.

James J. Jeffries blossomed out as a professional pugilist in the summer of the year 1896 in San Francisco.

It was while the aftermath of the four round bout between Corbett and Sharkey was still lively, and with two such thick bodied fellows as the boilermaker and the sailor looming up on the pugilistic horizon that the sporting world began to ask itself if the day of the Queensberry lightning strikers was passing and the burly bruisers of the ancient type were to rule the roost again. It certainly looked like a return to first principles in this respect.

While Jeffries' record does not mention the fact, his first appearance as a professional fighter was with Dan Long, a Denver heavyweight. Prior to that time Jeffries acted occasionally as trainer or sparring partner for other pugilists around San Francisco, and his splendid physique attracted attention.

"If that young man could only fight, he would become

a second John L. Sullivan," was a common remark among visitors to the training camp.

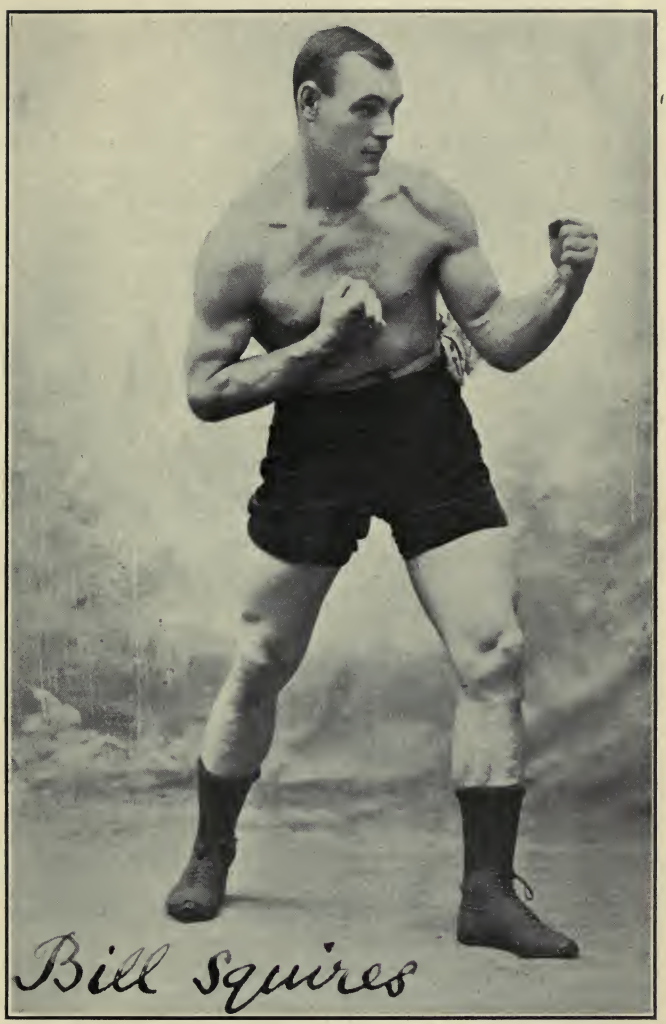
Jeffries proved that he could fight by disposing of Long, of Denver, with a few well-directed punches. The old guard of San Francisco's fight following immediately became enthusiastic over the stalwart novice. In view of his great muscular development they expected he would lack freedom of delivery and prove ungainly in his motions, but the very reverse was the case.

As a Frisco expert remarked, "He looked too strong to fight, but he loosened up like a featherweight."

Jeffries continued to figure in bouts of minor importance and he never failed "to bring home the money," as the turfites say. He had an experience, though, which bade fair for a brief while to terminate not only his ring career, but his tenure of life.

He was in training at the Ocean Beach in San Francisco for a contest with one of the local heavyweights when he contracted pneumonia through exposing himself to the chill fogs which rolled in from the sea. He was highly delirious at one stage of his illness and it required the persistent efforts of a small corps of physicians to bring him out of danger.

Jeffries knocked out Theodore Van Buskirk in two rounds at San Francisco on April 9, 1897, and a month later Henry Baker met similar treatment, succumbing to the big iron worker in nine rounds. Jeffries was then matched to box Gus Ruhlin twenty rounds before the National Club at Mechanics' Pavilion. This contest took place on July 17, 1897, and resulted in a draw, the decision being perfectly in keeping with the work performed.



BILL SQUIRES

Jeffries in those days had not learned to strike in the most approved manner.

He contrived to injure his hands to some extent in every contest he engaged in and the Ruhlin affair was no exception.

Ruhlin, who had few friends in a sporting sense when the fight began, surprised the crowd. He held his own with Jeffries for a dozen rounds or more and at one stage of the proceedings startled the embryo champion with a right cross on the chin. Jeffries went clattering around the ring and displayed all the symptoms of a pugilist who was thoroughly shaken up.

Towards the close of the contest Jeffries infused more energy into his work and in the final rounds he rained blows on Madden's new candidate for ring honors. He simply evened up the score, at that, and in the discussions which arose out of the match it was the opinion of not a few that Ruhlin had equal prospects with Jeffries of becoming the leading heavyweight of the world.

Jeffries' next contest was with Choynski. They went the twenty-round route at Woodwards, San Francisco, on Nov. 30, 1897, and Choynski, by clever defensive work, contrived to share the honors of a draw with the big fellow.

Joe Goddard, the Australian, and Jeffries boxed at Los Angeles on February 28, 1898. Goddard made a sorry showing. He went to the floor repeatedly when it looked as if he might have stood erect. A decision was rendered against him in the fourth round.

A month later Jeffries and Peter Jackson met at Woodwards. Jackson had just returned to San Francisco after a long period of inactivity in England. He was persistent in his quest of a match with either Jeffries or

Sharkey and insisted that he was able to give as good an account of himself as ever.

Jackson had been warned in regard to Jeffries' strong points and particularly urged to beware of a high left swing upon which Jeffries placed reliance. On account of his height the boilermaker was enabled to deliver this punch over an opponent's guard and it landed usually on the temple.

Jackson studied out his plan of attack with care. He informed his trainers that he purposed cooling Jeffries' ardor with straight lefts and that he would delay mixing it until he had familiarized himself thoroughly with big Jim's tactics.

It may have been that the uproarious greeting Peter received from the crowd aroused his ambition. He certainly threw caution to the winds and went at Jeffries as if bent on finishing him up in a round.

Jackson forgot all about his straight left and began to batter at Jeffries with his favorite heart blow. The first round was one long rally and when it ended the gallery shrieked with delight.

The tumult affected Jackson, probably, as the blare of a bugle is said to affect a retired cavalry horse. He went at the big fellow again the moment the advance sounded, and poor Peter was soon in trouble. Jeffries, who had steadied himself, gave Jackson a taste of his own medicine, to wit, a right hand body punch which sounded like the play of a mule's heels against a bale of wool.

Jackson faltered and then Jeffries touched him on the side of the head a few times with that swinging beam left.

The third round settled it. Jackson had scarcely

reached the center when Jeffries cut loose with his high swing. A brace of blows caused Peter to reel; another sent him to the confines of the ring, where he sank in a sitting posture on the lower rope.

He was dazed and to all intents and purposes defeated. He half arose, but Jeffries stood clear away from him and looked towards the referee. To Jeffries' credit be it said he acted as magnanimously towards the once famous colored fighter as Jackson himself had acted towards others in similar straits. The referee assisted Jackson to his corner and decided in favor of Jeffries.

After that Jeffries found engagements following quickly on one another's heels. His next victim was Pete Everett, of Colorado, better known, probably, as Mexican Pete.

Jeffries and Everett fought at the Olympic Club. The affair was a dismal fiasco and Jeffries was as embarrassed as a girl posing for her first photograph. Incidentally Jeffries was nowise responsible for the farce which disappointed the Olympic gathering.

Everett was seized with ring fright or something of that character and refused to be seen in the center of the roped enclosure with Jeffries. He backed into whichever corner happened to be handy at the first sign of hostilities. He cowered and covered his head with his arms while Jeffries stood a couple of paces away and looked foolish. There were three rounds of this kind of thing and then Mexican Pete was ordered out of the ring.

Tom Sharkey and Jeffries had their first contest at Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco, on the night of May 6, 1898. The fight itself will be long remembered on account of the picture the two wonderful specimens of muscular humanity presented while struggling for the

mastery, but there were other occurrences that will cause the Sharkey-Jeffries engagement to linger in the recollections of San Francisco sports.

The promoters had studied economy in connection with the erection of supports and platforms on which the seats were placed, and the consequence was a general collapse of timbers, benches and chairs and a temporary panic. Tier after tier of seats fell with their occupants and the wonder is that no lives were lost.

The mishap occurred before the entire fight crowd had gathered, and the sale of tickets was affected, hundreds turning away from the box office when they learned of the commotion within the building.

The contest between the two big fellows took place and Referee Alex Greggains awarded the palm to Jeffries. Sharkey was not as willing to fight at some stages as he might have been, but whenever he went in and swapped punches with the boilermaker he held his own.

There was considerable curiosity to learn which of the two heavily muscled fighters was really the stronger. A test occurred while the fight was still young. Sharkey, who, beyond a doubt, is a powerful fellow, tried to indulge in some rough work while they were coming out of a clinch near the ropes. Jeffries thereupon took the sailor by the two shoulders and shook him as a schoolmaster might shake an offending urchin. There was a now-will-you-be-good expression on Jeffries' countenance and the crowd cheered. Sharkey had run foul of a man stronger than himself and had lost his prestige as "the new bully" of the Queensberry ring.

The two last rounds of the contest were the most spirited of them all and Sharkey gave blow for blow with the bigger man. The sailor was intensely agitated

when the decision was given against him and he subsequently charged that he was the victim of a conspiracy. He failed completely to locate a single circumstance that might give color to his claim; and while there were differences of opinion, of course, as to the justness of the verdict rendered by Greggains, it was the belief of everybody that he was entirely without prejudice when he passed upon the merits of the bout.

Soon after the affair with Sharkey, Jeffries went to New York and placed himself under the management of W. A. Brady. The boilermaker made his bow to a Gotham fight crowd on the night of August 5, 1898, when he sparred ten rounds with Bob Armstrong, the negro heavyweight. Although Jeffries won the contest in question he made anything but a favorable impression. He was, however, in the hands of men who felt that he had the making of a champion in him and they were persistent in advancing his claims to a contest with Fitzsimmons.

This match was finally arranged. It took place on June 9, 1899.

It is worthy of remark that Jeffries' hands did not go back on him in the fight in question. For that matter he has been able to keep his hands in good shape ever since, whereas in all his prior fights he suffered from sprained knuckles.

"I discovered what was wrong by accident," said Jeffries. "Formerly I used to copy other fighters in the matter of bandaging my hands and I overdid it. I began to notice that the more I bandaged the worse I fared during a fight. I then resolved to leave off bandages en-

tirely and I haven't had any trouble with my hands since."

Jeffries was not seen in the ring again until he boxed Sharkey for the championship at Coney Island on Nov. 3, 1899. As a matter of fact he seemed to confine his attention to those who were anxious to try conclusions for the highest honors of the ring. In three years, apart from his championship fights, he had only engaged in three contests. One of these was when he knocked out Jack Finnegan in a round at Detroit on April 6, 1900. A month later he had his championship affair with Jim Corbett at Coney Island, and after that he devoted himself to theatricals for an extended period.

On Sept. 17, 1901, he bested Hank Griffin in a four-round bout at Los Angeles and a week later he knocked out Joe Kennedy in two rounds at the Reliance Club, Oakland, Cal.

This was just prior to going into training for his championship contest with Gus Ruhlin at San Francisco. Ruhlin was among the spectators while the Jeffries-Kennedy bout was in progress. It is said that Ruhlin's face was a study when he saw the neat manner in which Jeffries put Kennedy to sleep.

In describing the knockout Jeffries said: "The blow which finished Kennedy was a left jolt and it did not travel more than eight inches. He thought I was going to swing for the stomach but I changed the direction on him. His guard went up, but not quickly enough. I allowed my left glove to rest on his arm, just for a fraction of a second, and then I drove it in against his chin. You know the rest."

"They keep talking of Fitzsimmons' knack of knocking out men with short arm jolts, but I think I am as good

as any of them at that kind of thing now," continued Jeffries. "I have made a study of it and I don't believe Fitzsimmons has any advantage over me when it comes to hurting a man at short range."

The championship fight between Jeffries and Ruhlin occurred on Nov. 15, 1901, in Mechanics' Pavilion, San Francisco. It is described fully elsewhere. In it Jeffries proved to be the master of the man with whom he fought a draw in the same ring five years earlier.

There followed the fights in San Francisco with Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett and Jack Munroe; and in due time, Jeffries convinced himself there were no other worthy opponents in sight and announced his retirement from the ring.

CHAPTER XVI.

JACK JOHNSON.

Jack Johnson, the present champion of the world, is a colored man, and was born at Galveston, Texas, in 1878. He stands a quarter inch over six feet in height, and in condition weighs 200 pounds.

Johnson has been fighting since 1899, and has had very few defeats recorded against him. He admits that he was knocked out by Joe Choynski in 1901, but says that was the only time that he was ever made a mark for the timekeeper.

Johnson has proved a bugaboo to all aspiring colored fighters. He has destroyed the day dreams of Hank Griffin, Denver Ed Martin and Sam McVey. For that matter, the first time the writer saw Johnson in action, his opponent was one of the toughest heavyweights the negro race had put forward in years. This was broad-backed Frank Childs. The men fought at Los Angeles in June, 1904, and both in strength and punching ability Johnson smothered Childs and forced him to acknowledge defeat in the sixth round.

Johnson often fought in a streaky way and caused arguments to arise in respect to his gameness. In his fights with Marvin Hart and George Gardner in this city, it looked at the start as if the negro would finish his man well inside the limit. In each case Johnson

slowed up, and the full number of rounds called for by the articles were boxed.

When Johnson felt the championship bee beginning to buzz in his bonnet, he did better, at least in the majority of his fights. After his return from his first trip to Australia, he boxed Jim Flynn at the Mission-Street arena, and a more one-sided contest would be difficult to imagine. Flynn was merely a target for Johnson's dreaded upper-cut, and it was quite a relief to the spectators when one smash, harder than the rest dropped Flynn to the floor, face downward in the eleventh round, and kept him there.

Johnson's record printed elsewhere in this book shows all the contests he has engaged in from the beginning of his career to the present time. His most important fight, of course, was that with Burns near Sydney. In his fights with Al Kaufman and Stanley Ketchel in this city, there is a suspicion that Johnson might have done more damage and wound things up more quickly had he so desired.

His answer to a suspicion of this kind has always been "I win my fights, and that is all my friends should expect of me. If I made a mistake and was knocked out through carelessness, those who criticize me for acting cautiously now would be among the first to call me a fool. A championship is in sight for me, and I am not going to throw my chance away, no matter what people may say about the way I fight."

Johnson has stated over and over again in recent years that the ambition of his life is to get Jim Jeffries back into the ring. He says he considers himself a better boxer and a more effective puncher than Jeffries, and

that he has no fear of Big Jim's strength. Johnson says in fact that when it comes to a test of strength between Jeffries and himself, the public may be surprised to learn that Jeffries is not the grizzly bear he is represented to be.

"I have seen Jeffries fight, and I have noticed the way he acts in the clinches," said Jack on one occasion. "I flatter myself that I know how to take care of myself at close quarters. Jeffries will not be able to take any liberties with me when it comes to rough fighting. Feeling this way about it, and knowing as I think I do, that I am Jeffries' master at out fighting, I believe that the dream of my life will be fulfilled on July 4th, and that I will come out of that ring the champion of the world."

As a boxer, Johnson is decidedly clever, and in many ways he is as great a conundrum as the roped square has known. With other pugilists, there is always some particular fight or fights that can be harked back to to show that this man or that was hard pressed. It has often been said for instance that Tom Sharkey, called forth all that Jeffries knew of the fighting game. In Johnson's record, there is not a single engagement in which it can be claimed that he had a hard time.

The old argument that Johnson "stalled" or "pulled" or frittered away his chances by careless or timid boxing is often heard, but there isn't one specific instance in which it can be said that Johnson, once fairly started on his career, had to extend himself to the limit to conquer his man.

He comes out of his battles unmarked and unruffled, and it is the opinion of the best judges that the extent of the colored heavyweight's resources as a fighter can

only guessed at. No one, so far, has been able to make him "hump his back and hustle."

Reference has already been made to Johnson's claims in the matter of strength. The writer remembers when the question of Jeffries' physical power in clinch fighting intruded itself upon the notice of San Francisco ring followers. It was when Big Jim met Sailor Sharkey in Mechanics' Pavilion. Sharkey tried to assert his strength in a bit of close work, and Jeffries held his opponent at bay and shook him, as a terrier might shake a rat.

Johnson also displayed his strength in a similar manner while clinching with Sam McVey at the same old Mechanics' Pavilion, although it is possible that in a way the Johnson incident did not impress itself to any extent on the beholders. The writer remembers it though, and often since, while listening to Johnson's boast that he takes off his hat to no man, when it comes to pulling and hauling, I think of the way he bent and twisted powerful Sam McVey. I am free to admit that I think Johnson has good ground for claiming that he has physical force that is marvelous even for a man of his size.

CHAPTER XVII.

MATCHING OF JEFFRIES AND JOHNSON.

On October 29, 1909, Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson, together with Managers Sam Berger and George Little and numerous friends and advisers met at the Hotel Albany in New York, and reached an agreement to fight 45 rounds or more for the championship of the world.

When it came to a question of dividing the purse, Jeffries wanted to fight on a winner-take-all basis and bet $20,000 on the side. The Johnson side objected to such sweeping terms, and after Manager Little of the Johnson camp had had his little say it was agreed that the purse should be divided "seventy-five and twenty-five" and the side bet reduced to $5,000 a side.

Here are the articles of agreement signed by Jeffries and Johnson on the occasion referred to:

"An agreement, entered into this day between Jack Johnson and James J. Jeffries, provides for the following:

"1. We agree to box for the heavyweight championship of the world.

"2. We agree to box before the club or organization presenting the best financial inducement.

"3. Bids for the contest must be submitted on December 1, 1909, at 3 P. M., at the Hotel Albany, New York City.

"4. Each club, organization, or person making a bid for this contest must have a representative on the ground

who will post $5,000 in coin or certified check to make good any and all stipulations of his bid.

"5. The referee is to be selected when the club is accepted.

"6. It is hereby agreed that the contest shall be of forty-five rounds or more.

"7. The purse shall be divided 75 per cent to the winner and 25 per cent to the loser.

"8. Each contestant herewith posts with Robert P. Murphy, of New York, as temporary stakeholder, the sum of $10,000. Of this sum, each posts $5,000 as a wager or side bet on the result of the contest and $5,000 as a forfeit to guarantee compliance with these articles.

"9. The contest shall take place not later than July 5, 1910.

"10. It is hereby understood and agreed that the contest shall be fought under straight Marquis of Queensberry rules and with five-ounce gloves.

"11. The final stake and forfeit-holder is to be decided upon when the club is selected.

"Witness our hands and seals this 29th day of October, 1909.

(Signed) "James J. Jeffries.
"John Arthur Johnson."

On December 1st, the parties interested met at Hoboken, N. J., where bids for the fight were opened. Tex Rickard, of Ely, Nevada, and Jack Gleason, of San Francisco, were the successful bidders, their offer consisting of a purse of $101,000 and two-thirds of the moving picture receipts.

Jim Coffroth and Jack Gleason made a series of bids as follows: $125,000 and no picture receipts; $75,000 and two-thirds of the picture receipts; 80 per cent of the gross receipts, and two-thirds of the moving picture receipts.

Tom McCarey of Los Angeles gave the fighters the option of accepting the entire gate receipts and half the moving picture receipts, or $110,000 and half the picture receipts.

Eddie Graney bid 80 per cent of the gross receipts, with a guarantee of $75,000, and no picture receipts; or, 80 per cent of the gross, with a guarantee of $70,000 and an offer of $20,000 for one-third the picture receipts, or 90 per cent of the gross receipts and no guarantee.

Hugh MacIntosh, the Australian promoter, offered $37,500 to each fighter, if the fight was held in the United States, or $40,000 to each if held in England or France; or $50,000 each if held in Australia.

Although it was felt that Rickard and Gleason would secure the fight, final decision in the premises was deferred until the next day. Then Manager Sam Berger for Jeffries, and Manager George Little for Johnson, announced that after due consideration it had been decided that the Rickard-Gleason offer was the best, and it was consequently accepted.

On the day following that event, the principals and their advisers met in an hotel at Hoboken, N. J., and the final agreement in regard to the conditions governing the match was reached. Neither of the contestants, according to the agreement, was to engage in any boxing matches before the big fight. It was stipulated that the men were to begin training at least ninety days before July 4th, the date of the battle, and that the referee was to be selected sixty days before the contest.

Robert W. Murphy of New York was agreed upon as temporary stake-holder. With him each fighter deposited $10,000 as a forfeit, "for appearance," and Rickard and

Gleason put up $20,000 as earnest of their ability to put the men in the ring on the date mentioned. Sixty days before the fight, Rickard and Gleason were to furnish an additional $30,000 of the price, and the remaining $51,000 is to be put up forty-eight hours before the men enter the ring.

When all the details were settled, Jeffries went on tour with an athletic combination in which Champion Frank Gotch and Jeffries were the star attractions, and Sam Berger and H. H. Frazee, co-directors. The tour, it is said, was the biggest success in that line that the world has knowledge of, the gross receipts approaching the quarter million mark. Johnson also devoted himself to theatrical dates.

Jeffries selected as his training quarters Rowardennan, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, and went into camp shortly after April 1st. Johnson arrived in San Francisco some weeks later, and began training at the Seal Rock Hotel, near the Ocean Beach.

For quite a while there was doubt as to where the big fight would take place. Tex Rickard, who has business associations in Salt Lake City, was at first in favor of pitching the championship ring in the heart of the Mormon territory. The Salt Lake people were very eager to have the fight take place in their section, but the Governor of the territory more than once expressed himself to the effect that he would use his influence to prevent Jeffries and Johnson fighting in that region.

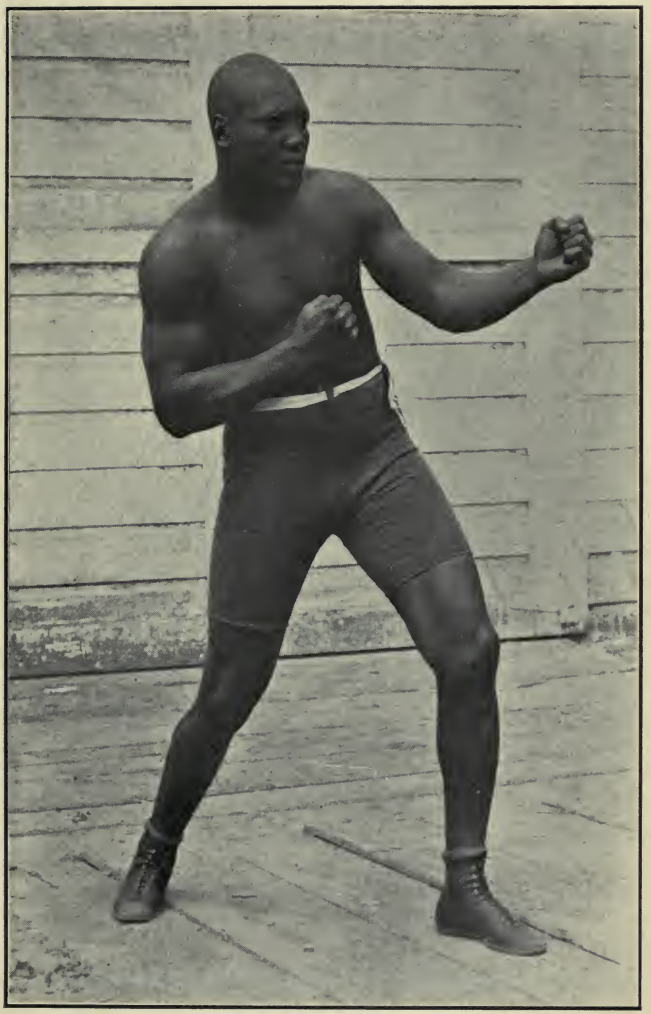
Jack Gleason, Rickard's partner in the big venture, favored a San Francisco ringside from the outset, and consistently and persistently advised Rickard to agree to bring the men together in or near this city. Gleason's counsel prevailed, and Rickard came to San Francisco.

After looking over the ground and giving due weight to all the proposals made in the connection, Rickard and Gleason decided to build their arena at Emeryville racetrack, which was placed at their disposal by Thomas H. Williams, president of the California Jockey Club.

But the end was not yet. Certain influences antagonistic to the championship event were at work and Williams advised Rickard to abandon his plans for building an arena at Emeryville. Rickard and Gleason thereupon reopened the question of holding the famous ring event in San Francisco, and their endeavors to secure a permit were crowned with success. With the consent of the Supervisors the sanction granted Jim Griffin of the Broadway Club for a July fight was transferred to Gleason and Rickard. A lease of the property at Eighth and Market streets was negotiated and it is in a spacious structure to be erected at that place that Jeffries and Johnson will decide their championship dispute.

The selection of a referee was attended with considerable bickering. Jeffries named five men but his choice was palpably Eddie Smith, of Oakland. Johnson wanted either Jack Welch or Eddie Graney, and after a couple of ineffectual attempts to reach a mutual agreement, Tex Rickard was chosen.

Following are the articles of agreement signed by the men at Hoboken on December 3rd of last year. It has been charged that there was considerable secrecy about that meeting and a suspicion arose that a private set of articles was drawn up and subscribed to. Tex Rickard, the nervy promoter, who is responsible for the bringing together of the gladiators, says that the agreement which follows is absolutely the only one in existence. If any one thinks



JACK JOHNSON

otherwise, Rickard stands ready to wager $10,000 that the contract published herewith is the only one Jeffries and Johnson have signed in connection with their championship fight.

Here is something, however, that Rickard is not saying anything about, yet the writer is sure of his facts. *Jeffries and Johnson are each to receive a bonus of* $10,000, *so that the purse is* $121,000 *instead of* $101,000.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT

JEFFRIES-JOHNSON FIGHT.

This Agreement, made and entered into this third day of December, 1909, at the City of Hoboken, State of New Jersey, by and between Jack Johnson, of the City of Galveston, State of Texas, and James J. Jeffries, of the City of Los Angeles, State of California, both parties of the first part, and G. L. Rickard, of the City of Ely, State of Nevada, and John J. Gleason, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, parties of the second part.

First.—The said parties of the first part hereby agree to box 45 rounds for the undisputed heavyweight championship of the world at such place as shall be designated by the parties of the second part on the fourth day of July, 1910, either in the States of Nevada, Utah, or California, the contest to be governed between the parties of the first part under and by virtue of the straight Marquis of Queensberry rules, and at which contest, five ounce gloves are to be used by said parties. It is mutually agreed between said parties of the first part and the parties of the second part that the said parties of the first part must commence active training for said contest in not less than ninety days before the date thereof.

Second.—It is further agreed that the parties of the first part will not engage in any boxing contest in any

part of the civilized world between the date hereof and July 4, 1910.

Third.—Each of the parties of the first part hereby agrees to deposit the sum of $10,000 with responsible individuals, firm, bank or trust company, to be agreed upon by all the parties hereto, and upon default in any of the terms of this contract by the parties of the first part, the said sum so deposited shall belong to the parties of the second part as liquidated damages hereunder. Said sum of $10,000 shall be deposited by each of the parties of the first part on or before the third day of December, 1909.

Fourth.—The parties of the first part hereto shall mutually agree upon and select a suitable, reliable, responsible and satisfactory person competent to act as referee at said contest, which selection shall be made at least sixty days before July 4th, 1910; and in the event of the failure of the said parties of the first part to agree upon and select a referee, then each of the parties of the first part shall name two reliable and responsible men whose names they shall submit to the parties of the second part, and the parties of the second part shall thereupon, out of the four names so submitted by the parties of the first part, select one of them, who shall act as referee of said contest.

Fifth.—The said referee so agreed upon and selected shall receive as compensation for his services as such referee of such contest a sum not to exceed $1,000, which shall be paid as follows, to wit: One-third thereof by each of the parties of the first part hereto, and one-third by the parties of the second part.

Sixth.—The parties of the second part hereby agree to pay to the parties of the first part, as and for their compensation for giving the contest hereinbefore mentioned and described, the sum of $101,000, which shall be divided as follows, to wit: Seventy-five per centum thereof shall be paid to the winner of the said contest, and twenty-five per centum to the loser thereof.

Seventh.—It is further agreed that all moving pictures of said contest which may be taken and made during the progress thereof, and all the profits, income and revenue arising and derived from the said moving pictures, shall be divided and apportioned as follows, to wit: 66⅔ per centum thereof to the said parties of the first part, and the balance, namely, 33⅓ per centum thereof, to the parties of the second part.

Eighth.—The parties of the second part hereto shall deposit with a suitable, reliable and responsible individual, firm, bank or trust company, upon the execution and delivery of this agreement, the sum of $20,000 in cash as a binder and earnest money for the faithful performance of the conditions and covenants hereof. The said parties of the second part shall deposit the further sum of $30,000 in cash with the same individual, firm, bank or trust company on or before sixty days prior to the date set for the contest; and the further sum of $51,000 cash, which shall be deposited with the same individual, firm, bank or trust company within 48 hours of the date set for the contest. All sums so deposited by the said parties of the second part shall, upon any breach of said contract by them, the said parties of the second part, belong to the parties of the first part, and be paid to them as and for the liquidated damage suffered by them by reason of such breach, it being hereby agreed that the amount so deposited before any such breach shall be the sums in which the said parties of the first part shall be damaged.

In witness whereof each of the parties hereto has hereunto set his hand and seal the day and year first above written.

In the presence of:

Witness:
ROBT. P. MURPHY,
BOB VERNON,
H. H. FRAZEE,
LOU M. HOUSEMAN,
SIG HART,
JOE GANS.

JAS. J. JEFFRIES,
SAM BERGER,
JACK JOHNSON,
GEO. LITTLE,
G. L. RICKARD,
JOHN J. GLEASON.

Clause seven, which refers to the moving picture privileges, was not satisfactory to the contestants. Each of them seemed to think that if the stock of the picture corporation was divided into one-thirds it would be possible for two of the stockholders to form a combination against the third if questions of moment came up to be passed upon. As a substitute clause an agreement was drawn up making Jeffries and Johnson equal partners in the stock and requiring them to pay one-third of the picture profits to promoters Rickard and Gleason.

Here is the sub-agreement referred to:

This agreement, made this third day of December, 1909, as an addendum to the main contract between the undersigned parties hereto, is to the effect that Article 7 be and the same is hereby null and void and of no binding effect on any of the parties hereto.

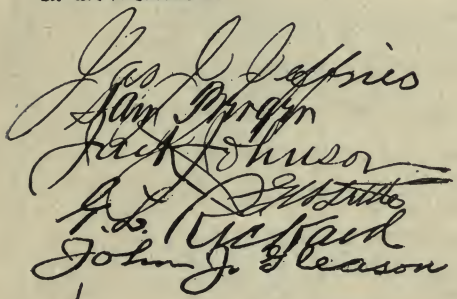
That a corporation be formed and that Jeffries and Johnson are to divide all the stock issued in equal parts, and it is understood that Rickard and Gleason are to receive one-third of any and all profits derived from any business regarding said moving pictures.

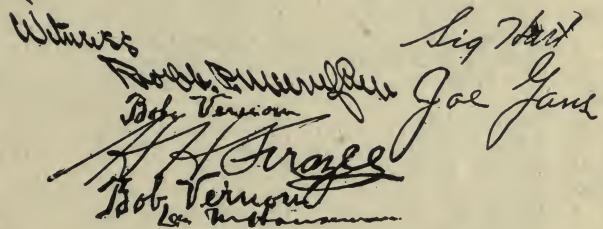
(Signed) JACK JOHNSON,
G. L. RICKARD,
JAS. J. JEFFRIES,
JOHN J. GLEASON.

With the added information that Timothy J. Sullivan, of New York, was appointed final stakeholder, it seems to the writer that the story of the matching of Jeffries and Johnson is told.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF each of the parties hereto has hereunto set his hand and seal the day and year first above written.

In the Presence of:





BILL SQUIRES' RECORD.

Born at Narrabri, Australia, June 25, 1879. Height, 5 feet, 10 inches. Weight, 185 pounds.

				Rounds
1902.				
Aug. 23.	Jack Tucker	K	Wallsend	1
Sep. 6.	Mike Ryan	W	Wallsend	4
Oct. 18.	Mike Ryan	W	Wallsend	4
1903.				
Dec. 14.	Bill Heckenberg	W	Newcastle, Aus.	3
1904.				
May 2.	"Starlight"	W	Melbourne	4
Aug. 19.	Peter Felix	W	Newcastle, Aus.	11
Oct. 18.	Arthur Cripps	L	Sydney	8
Nov. 22.	Peter Felix	K	Sydney	2
Dec. 10.	Pat Farley	K	Newcastle	1
1905.				
May 29.	Bill Smith	K	Wyalong	8
July 10.	T. Fennessey	K	Melbourne	5
Sep. 7.	Dick Kernick	K	Melbourne	3
Dec. 12.	Peter Felix	K	Sydney	7
1906.				
Mar. 5.	Ed. Williams	K	Melbourne	1
Apr. 28.	Tim Murphy	K	Melbourne	3
Oct. 6.	Peter Kling	K	Melbourne	3
Dec. 3.	Bill Smith	K	Melbourne	2
Dec. 22.	Mike Williams	K	Melbourne	1
1907.				
July 4.	Tommy Burns	L	Colma, Cal.	1
Sep. 28.	Jack Twin Sullivan	L	San Francisco	19
Dec. 20.	Jim Flynn	L	Bakersfield, Cal.	6
1908.				
Apr. 30.	Jem Roche	W	Dublin, Ireland	4
June 13.	Tommy Burns	L	Neuilly, France	8
Aug. 24.	Tommy Burns	L	Sydney	13
1909.				
Feb. 3.	Bill Lang	L	Sydney	17

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JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S RECORD.

Born in Boston, Mass., October 15, 1858. Height, 5 feet, 10½ inches.

Date.	RING RECORD.	Rounds.
1880	Knocked out George Rooke	2
	Knocked out John Donaldson	10
	Stopped Joe Goss	3
1881	Won from Steve Taylor	2
	Won from John Flood	8
	Knocked out Fred Crossley	1
	Knocked out James Dalton	4
	Knocked out Jack Burns	2
1882	Won from Paddy Ryan	9
	Won from John McDermott	3
	Knocked out Jimmy Elliott	3
	Failed to knock out Tug Collins	4
1883	Won from Charlie Mitchell	3
	Won from Herbert A. Slade	3
1884	Won from Fred Robinson	2
	Won from George M. Robinson	4
	Won from Enos Phillips	4
	Won from John M. Laflin	3
	Won from Alf Greenfield	2
	Knocked out Alf Marx	1
	Knocked out Dan Henry	1
	Knocked out William Fleming	1
1885	Won from Alf Greenfield	4
	Won from Jack Burke	5
	Won from Dominick McCaffrey. (Police interference)	6
	Won from Paddy Ryan	1
1886	Won from Frank Herald	2
	Knocked out by Paddy Ryan	3
	Draw with Duncan McDonald	4
1887	Jan. 18. Draw with Patsy Cardiff, Minneapolis, Minn.	6
1888	Mar. 10. Draw with Charlie Mitchell, Chantilly, France, World's championship, London prize ring rules	39
1889	Jul. 8. Won from Jake Kilrain, Richburg, Miss., World's championship, London prize ring rules	75
1892	Sept. 7. Knocked out by Jim Corbett, at New Orleans, La., World's championship, Queensberry rules	21
1896	Aug. 21. Met Tom Sharkey, New York. No decision	3

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Information furnished on the Jeffries-Johnson Fight, July 4th, 1910

Information Furnished
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San Francisco: California