Late Information Forced the Odds on Jeffries from Two to One to Nine to Five in the East

Sporting World Vividly Interested in Contest of Weight and Strength Against Agility and Skill, Sent Large Delegations to Ringside.

CHEERING WORDS FROM CORBETT'S FRIENDS

unfairness occurring during the contest. He said:—

"So far as I am concerned, Mr. Delaney is the agent and the only agent or second of Mr. Jeffries in the pavilion when the fight is commenced. In case Mr. Jeffries should feel like stopping in the event of an accident or otherwise, Mr. Delaney must come into the ring and throw up the towel and sponge himself. Such action on the part of any other of Mr. Jeffries' assistants will not be recognized by me as the official referee of this battle. The same rule applies to Mr. Corbett. I understand Mr. Tommy Ryan is to be his agent or chief second. Many fights have been lost by seconds butting into the ring and by so doing disqualifying their man. I do not propose to have anything of that kind happen."

Graney said he would insist on a strict compliance with the Queensberry rules and would see that each man had two sets of gloves, so that in case of necessity no time would be lost. He would, he said, depend on the timekeepers for the correct time after a knockdown.

Fighters Spend Easy Day.

Both fighters took life easy to-day. Jeffries rose at half-past nine this morning, after sleeping twelve hours and a half. He disposed of a hearty breakfast in company with a number of local friends and visitors from various cities. He drank only water, and at the close of the meal declared with emphasis that he proposed to put up the fight of his life. He would not admit the possibility of defeat, and his backers could not see that Corbett had the ghost of a chance.

Neither did Jeffries or Delaney take any stock in Tommy Ryan coaching Corbett:—

"Tommy," said Delaney, "is all right as a fighter, but what can he tell or teach Corbett that will make him win? He might post him on the fact that Jeffries is about thirty pounds heavier, that he is younger, stronger, has more vitality and can outfit Carbett two to one. The world knows that as well as does Ryan. In this coaching of Corbett on Jeff's weak points, however, some strong points, look good on paper and sound well in the trainer's quarters, but count for naught in the ring.

Called Jeffries Perfect.

"Look at him," pointing to Jeffries. "Did you ever see a man more fit in your life? Cheeks full, not gaunt, as when he fought Ruhlin and Fitzsimmons, but plump. You don't see a big stomach, do you? Everything that is not needed in the ring is gone, and what he requires to win in a walk is hid under his clothes. The big fellow was never in better shape in his ring career, and you will agree with me when you see him strip to-morrow."

Jeff, never talkative in front of a crowd, took the writer off to one side and said:—"There is nothing to the outcome of the fight. I will win sure. When I met him before I fought just to his liking; that is, I lay back and thought I could beat him at long range. All my agressiveness consisted in walking after him only to be touched up, outpointed, I should say. There will be no walking into blows or love taps this time; it will be a case of wallop away with both hands from the time the bell rings until he is counted out. As for Tommy Ryan, well"—the big fellow winked his eye and said, "He can't make Corbett win."

On the other hand the former champion was equally confident. He was pronounced by all who saw him this morning to be a stronger man than ever before, and his admirers insisted that during his strenuous course of training he had lost nothing of his phenomenal speed.

DETAILED ACCOUNT OF FIGHT BY ROUNDS

Corbett Showed Little Speed and Never Had a Chance with His Burly Opponent.

Round One.

They came to the centre, Jeffries feinting and Corbett stepping lively, Jeffries swung left over Corbett's head.

Corbett came in quickly to a clinch, and they were very slow about breaking. Jeffries put light left to Corbett's ribs and they refused to break. Corbett put right over the heart and clinched. Corbett stayed close in and put a hard short arm right on the body. They were exceedingly careful in the break. Jeffries caught his man across the ring and put left light on the body.

It was noticed that Corbett had very little foot work, but stayed close and put two rights solidly over the heart. Jeffries missed right for the body, but put it on the chest lightly. As they broke Corbett quickly stepped up and put right to the heart. Jeffries laughingly remarked, "Ah!" The first round indicated that Jeffries was very fast, and that Corbett did not do any fancy work.

Round Two.

Jeffries came up quickly, missed left for the head and they came to a clinch. They would not break, Corbett claiming Jeffries was holding on. In the break Jeffries swung left back of head lightly. Corbett had failed thus far to land a single left hand blow. He attempted it at this stage, but was too close in. Jeffries forced him to the ropes, coming dangerously near the jaw with a left hook. They immediately came into a clinch, in the break of which Corbett hooked a smashing left to the jaw.

Corbett sent in left and right to the body, but got left hook on the head. Jeffries came on quickly, but Corbett clinched. Corbett sent in a peculiar right hand half uppercut for the jaw, but was a trifle low. They fought carefully to the end. Corbett had shown very little speed so far, while Jeffries showed improvement in speed and cleverness.

Round Three.

Both came to the centre, Jeffries missing a left and Corbett clinching. Jeffries hooked a left to the neck and Corbett lifted him over the ribs with a short right. Corbett increased in speed somewhat and had to run to avoid a rush. He turned quickly and put a right hard over the heart. There was a lot of clinching, neither man taking a chance in the break. Jeffries barely missed right for Corbett's jaw and roughed him in the clinch.

There was much hooting from the galleries. Jeffries forced him, fighting fiercely. Corbett began using left hook on the jaw, landing three times, and a left to the stomach. The blow did not hurt Jeffries and he only smiled and forced his man about the ring. It was a rough round, in which honors were even as to the matter of blows landed, but Jeffries gave indications of forcing matters in the in-fighting.

Round Four.

Jeffries went after Corbett, but clever clinching and blocking prevented damage. Graney stopped the fighting to look at Jeffries' glove, which was burst, but told him to go on with the round. Jeffries fought hard in clinches, but Corbett got in too close to get any damage. Jeffries swung a hard left to the chest and got a left on the mouth and a right over the heart.

There were calls that Jeffries was fighting foul, but the proceedings did not warrant any such claim. Corbett got in close, jabbing Jeffries with his left several times, but the blows were so light that Jeffries laughed and came back. Corbett slipped to his knees from a left in the stomach. Jeffries came back with another one, but Corbett blocked it. Corbett was strong and ran to his corner at the close.

Round Five.

Police Captain Mooney entered the ring to look at Jeffries' glove. Fitzsimmons and Ryan went to Jeffries' corner and cut the glove off. Another was immediately substituted, but not until thirty seconds of the round had expired. Jeffries fought at the body. Corbett doing some fast stepping to keep away. Corbett did not seem to have a bit of force behind his left hand hooks, and alternated with a short right over the heart, which seemed to be the best he had.

Jeffries stood up straight and hooked Corbett twice in the stomach. Corbett put the best blow thus far on Jeffries' ribs, but got a left on the neck in return. Jeffries put a hard left hook on Corbett's jaw, following it up with left and right for the body. Corbett held on till the gong rang. Corbett seemed tired. He did not seem to have any force behind his blows. His old cutting left stabs were not in evidence.

Round Six.

Jeffries took his crouching position for an instant and put a left on the head. He then stood straight and put his left on the chin. Corbett went down for nine seconds. He got up and smiled for a moment, then clinched. He took a left on the body and another on the head, but fought back gamely. He crossed Jeffries with a right to the jaw, but without damage. Fighting at close quarters, Corbett uppercut Jeffries to the chin.

Round Seven.

Jeff went after Corbett fiercely, but Corbett used his feet to good advantage at this stage. He tried to use his once lightning left, but it was a lame excuse. He came in quickly and sent his right to the head, but Jeffries came back with left on the body. Corbett was holding on, saying, "He can't knock me out. He can't knock me out." "Go on, Jim; see if you can knock me out." They clinched repeatedly.

Corbett landed several short arm lefts and rights on the head. As quickly as they came into a break Jeffries was on top of him, forcing him to a clinch. Corbett took a left on the head and uppercut to the chin. Corbett was fighting faster on his feet at this stage, using his fancy boxing tactics, but it was of no use against his burly opponent.

Round Eight.

Corbett staggered Jeffries with a left to the nose, and ducked Jeffries' left. Jeffries hooked a right to the body. Corbett sent in half a dozen lefts and rights on Jeffries' face, which he accepted pleasantly. Jeffries was coming toward his man all the time, and in a breakaway almost landed right on the jaw. Jeffries put a hard left to the body, got two lefts on the face, and came back with a left on the head.

Corbett endeavored to stab Jeffries in the eyes, but thus far his blows had not raised a bump. Corbett fought cleverly at this stage, sending in half a dozen left and rights on the jaw. He seemed to improve a hundred per cent and the great crowd was in a state of wild excitement. They cheered him to the echo. This was Corbett's round. He has changed his style and was using some of his old time cleverness in ducking and blocking.

Round Nine.

Jeffries went at Corbett with a rush like that of a mad bull. Corbett put his left on the face and avoided a return. Jeffries leaned heavily on Corbett in the clinch. Corbett seemed as strong as ever, and there was a long series of clinches. Corbett put three rights on the body at close quarters. He hooked Jeffries on the jaw three times with left and crossed with right.

He blocked Jeffries' efforts, and at close quarters put three rights on the body and one on the jaw. He repeatedly stabbed Jeffries on the mouth with lefts. Corbett's left cheek showed a lump from Jeffries' close arm blows. Jeffries had a similar mark. Jeffries hooked left to the body, and the referee had trouble in separating them. At the close Corbett stabbed Jeffries' mouth with his left three times, but they were weak efforts.

Round Ten.

Jeffries stood straight up and came after his man without hesitation. Corbett seemed to be making a waiting fight. They exchanged lefts to the face, and Jeffries made a vicious effort. Jeffries sent a left hook to the stomach, and Corbett went down for nine seconds.

He got up and received a left in the stomach, and a right on the jaw. He went down, and after the count of seven "Tommy" Ryan threw up the sponge. Corbett was suffering pain, and a chair was brought for him. After a minute's rest he recovered and got up and shook hands with Jeffries.

CORBETT IS AN IDEAL ATHLETE

Unlike Jeffries, who is built like a draught horse, Corbett is tall and sinewy. draught horse, Corbett is tall and sinewy. An expert who has made a study of muscle building says of Corbett and his training methods:—

"Corbett I consider to be the nearest to an ideal athlete I have ever seen. He combines height, reach, strength and agility in proportions that I have never seen excelled by a large man. He is an exception to the rule that tall men are usually angular and awkward. He is built like a greyhound, and has smooth, well-laid muscular fibre that not only indicates power, but the capacity of exertion at the proper time and place.

"Corbett's nervous temperament has been alluded to somewhat disparagingly, but that same nervous temperament has enabled him to acquire a control over muscle that he could not otherwise have done. It is the same faculty of muscular control that makes some persons who are comparatively fragile in physique really strong.

"It is not bulk of muscle that counts, but it is the capacity of the nervous control that enables the owner of the muscle to put it into quick and energetic action. Given a man of Corbett's temperament, with well proportioned frame, sound heart and lungs, and you have a man who, under halfway favorable circumstances, will make a good all round athlete.

"To my mind, Corbett's method of training is ideal. I am glad that the trend of opinion is in favor of such systems of training as that of Corbett. I regret, however, the growing interest in professional athletics, for I believe that such contests are a prostitution of the true aim of physical training, which is to bring about a perfect state of health and muscular development.

"Severe competitive feats of all kinds are, I believe, pernicious, not only because they are unphysiological, but because they attract some of our best amateur athletes out of the amateur and into the less honorable professional ranks. There is, after all, nothing creditable in professional pugilism, and the more we admire physical perfection in man the less should we admire the particular use of physical training.

"Another point regarding physical training, I believe the example of such men as Sandow is pernicious in the opposite direction, as leading young amateurs to believe that the end and aim of athletics should be large and well developed muscles.

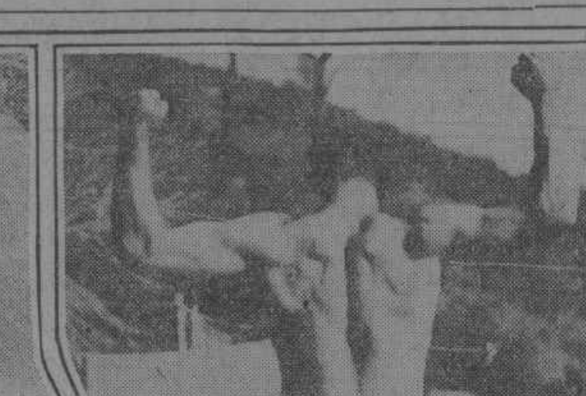
"Sandow is a wonderful man, but his example is dangerous. His system of muscle building is superb; its application may be fraught with harm. In looking at Sandow's enormous muscles I was reminded of a remark made by my old teacher many years ago. Pointing to a cast of an enormously muscular arm upon the wall, he said:—'Boys, remember that such a biceps is possible, but only at the expense of life; the man from whom that cast was taken died in its acquirement.'

"Truly, a man is not a horse, and may not do the work of a horse and live. Athletics for health should be the motto of the man who trains. Athletics for big muscles and competitive feats of strength and endurance are pernicious, illogical and dangerous. Let the man of spare muscle remember the personal equation and not try to make a Samson of himself."

Corbett Leaves Ring Forever.

"I'm through with fighting forever. Jeffries has satisfied me that he is the better man. He is too big for me and I realize that I have no chance against him. I trained hard for the battle and fought the best I knew, but Jeffries is too strong for me."—JAMES J. CORBETT.

JAMES J. JEFFRIES



THE MUSCLES OF JEFFRIES' BACK

JAMES J. CORBETT

Thousands Wagered on Big Fight

Money Appears from All Quarters and Odds on Jeffries Decline, While News from Both Camps Tells of the Fitness of the Contestants.

By George Siler.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

San Francisco, Cal., Friday.—James J. Jeffries is still champion of the world. He retained his title by defeating James J. Corbett in the tenth round of a twenty round contest at Mechanics' Pavilion to-night. The blow which settled Corbett's championship ambition was a terrific left hand drive to the pit of the stomac, which sent Corbett to the floor in agony.

With his hand pressed to the part of the body where he received the blow, he squirmed around on the canvas, but before the official timekeeper had tolled off the fatal ten seconds Corbett's brother "Tom" threw a palm leaf fan into the ring in token of defeat. The blow that started the trouble for Corbett was a left hand hook at close quarters which landed in the region of the solar plexus.

The former champion doubled up, sank slowly to the floor with an agonizing look on his countenance and awaited the toll of ten seconds. At the end of this count he rose to his feet, slowly and unsteadily, and his face betrayed all the ear marks of defeat. He, however, made a game effort, and when Jeffries came at him to put on the finishing touch he fought back like a tiger.

They came together in a sort of half clinch and as Corbett started to squirm out of it that wicked right hand of Jeffries travelled a few inches and another championship aspirant was done for. The men had not been facing each other for a minute before Jeffries astounded his staunchest admirers with his speed and cleverness.

Corbett actually seemed slow in comparison, probably because he was expected to show himself much the faster of the two. When Corbett sprinted away, as he did at times, Jeff, the huge giant, was with him. When he wanted to exchange lefts Jeff was every bit as accurate, if not more so, than his vaunted opponent.

Neither man did any work to-day but strolled around his respective town. The champion, to be early on the grounds, crossed the bay to San Francisco in the afternoon and put up at the Adams House. Corbett remained at Oakland until evening. Both are feeling fine and confident of winning. The betting toward evening went up to 1 to 2. Considerable money in amounts from $10 to $100 was placed at these odds.

"Are you going to work to-day, Jeff?"

"No, but I am going to fight."

This was the brief but pointed dialogue between the heavyweight champion pugilist of the world and his little brother Jack (he weighs an even 200 pounds) as the pair, accompanied by "Kid" Eagan, "Billy" Delaney and a crowd of the big fellow's admirers, walked down the marble steps at the Hotel Metropole, Oakland, this morning.

Jeffries Very Fit.

If Jeffries ever uttered a sentence full of meaning it was in answer to his brother's query, and the accent was all on the word "fight." Fighting is his business. He likes it. He has demonstrated it better than any other man in the world. If he ever seemed in trim to go a hard journey it is certainly on this the day that he will defend his title as champion heavyweight pugilist of the world against that clever exponent of fistiana James J. Corbett. It was just half-past nine when the big fellow tossed aside the bedclothing, jumped to the centre of the room and facing his brother and "Kid" Eagan, to whom had been assigned the task of awakening him, demanded:—

"Do I look fit?"

Both in their enthusiasm ventured the opinion that he was never finer. In unison they both advised him that they had been waiting to accompany him to breakfast for two long hours; that there was an army of others in the same boat below, and that all were on the verge of starvation. Jeff admitted that he was "some hungry" himself after his twelve and a half hours' sleep. He hustled into his clothes quicker than he had ever done before.

"Jack" then led the line of march to the gas kitchen, where the feast for fighter and fight fan was soon under way. It was certainly a feed to make glad the hearts of a regiment of hungry men. It was a free for all bill of fare arrangement, opening with "Kentucky omelette," sandwiched with canteloupe, spring chicken, steaks, eggs, up, over, scrambled and in the air, soft boiled, and with words of praise of the man who will carry the Oakland money.

Walked About Town.

After the morning meal it was a trip about town for "Jeff" and his friends, with "Billy" Delaney chaperoning the party. They did not venture near the Reliance Club gymnasium. Delaney has put a taboo on all exercise, and he was afraid "Jeff" could not be controlled if he got sight of the apparatus in the gymnasium.

It was then definitely settled who would be with "Jeff" in his corner. Delaney, of course, his manager and trainer, will act as chief adviser. Fitzsimmons will be there with a word of timely advice to the big fellow, and the others behind him will be "Kid" Eagan, "Jack" Jeffries and "Joe" Kennedy.

An easy confidence, not to say elation, pervades the Corbett camp, at Croll's Gardens, Alameda, to-day. The strain of last week's work is over. Every one, from big "Yank" Kenny to little "Tommy" Dare, is in the happiest frame of mind. The calm assurance of Corbett himself as to his physical condition and his eagerness for to-night's fray dispelled every thought of worry at the camp, and all the actors, fighters and trainers see victory in their grasp.

Corbett Slept Twelve Hours.

After a stroll with "Tommy" Ryan last night, during which the ring general gave his chief some last words of advice, Corbett went to bed at half-past ten o'clock. This morning he did not get up till ten o'clock, and then it was the eager newspaper men that caused his sister to hammer on his door and tell him to hurry along.

After a hearty breakfast the big Olympian, dressed in the nattiest attire, big collar, Panama hat and all, strolled through the west end and shouted words of greeting to any one on the street.

"I'm going get a shave now," said "Jim," as if he were just getting ready for church or theatre, and with never a motion or move that would cause one to guess that in a very few hours he would be straining every muscle to wrest from the giant Jeffries the world's championship of pugilistic honors.

"After I shave," he continued, "I am going to pay a few bills that I have contracted during my stay here with my family. When I leave here to-night for Mechanics' Pavillion I will have all my affairs over here settled, and there will not be a thing to occupy my mind but the task of whipping Jeffries."

The declaration that Corbett is in finer trim than he has ever been before is no idle boast. His work the last month has borne out the statement. One illustration will serve to show his condition. The big man had gone through his regular routine in the gymnasium and sparred three or four rounds with "Sam" Berger and as many more with "Yank" Kenny. He had been several ho[illegible] going in all.

When he wa[illegible]ugh he was perspiring freely, but h[illegible] was perfect. While he was in this condition Dr. E. M. Keyes, of Alameda, who has been a frequent vititor at the Corbett camp, examined him and found his heart beats to be only ten degrees above normal. Considering the exercise he had gone through the showing was marvellous.

Betting Slow.

Betting on the fight was slow from the outset, and even at the ring side veteran sports showed no inclination to put up anything on the short end. All day at "Harry" Corbett's poolroom some small bets were made by pikers at 9 to 5. No large bets were made, and the odds did not fluctuate all day.

There was a rumor late this evening that Corbett money was coming in in large wads, but Sandy Griswold, of Omaha, declared that the tip was without foundation. The most of the betting was on Corbett's lasting ten rounds. This was the favorite gamble among local sports, but none cared to wager much money even on that proposition.

Of course local feeling was strong for Corbett, as he has always been a favorite, but there are many who argued that no amount of careful training can rejuvenate a man who has gone a pretty swift pace for ten years, and they cited the case of Peter Jackson, who went up against Jeffries in this same pavilion, and though to outward appearances in fine form, lasted only one round and a half.

Jeff Not Popular.

Jeff has never been popular in San Francisco, largely because of his sullen temper and reticence, but even those who don't like him concede that he was never in better condition than to-day. His work at Harbin Springs cleared out his system and he looked and acted in his last exercise bouts like John L. Sullivan in his prime.

George Harting, the timekeeper, is an old hand at the business. In the early 70's he lived in New Zealand and there became interested in the manly art. He was called on to hold the watch on events and decided and officiated in such an able manner as to win the reputation of being the most expert man in the South.

He has since 1877 counted out over a thousand men, Forbos last night being the first one to enter four figures. He has officiated before all the local clubs for many years and has called time for Peter Jackson, Jeffries, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, "Jack" Dempsey, "Jimmy" Britt, "Eddie" Hanlon, "Young Corbett," "Joe" Gans, "Joe" Walcott, George Green, and, in fact, for all great fighters who have shown in the local arenas.

As one of the best fight towns in the country, San Francisco has seen some such fights as these:—"Fitz" and Sharkey, Jeffries and Ruhlin, Jeffries and "Fitz" and Young Corbett and Terry McGovern. But the audience that greeted "Jeff" and Corbett to-night in the battle for the heavyweight championship of the world surpassed in numbers and enthusiasm any that was ever gathered together for any sporting event in this country.

The great Mechanics' Pavilion as arranged for the fight to-night holds eight thousand persons, but at least three thousand more were wedged into the gallery and into additional seats that had been built at the rear of the hall to accommodate the pressing demand for more seats. The gate money was $50,000 for regular sales, with at least $10,000 additional for premiums paid by late comers.

All Records Beaten.

This beats all records for fight houses in San Francisco, the largest previous house being $32,000, when "Jeff" met "Fitz" last year. Box seats sold for $20, $15 and $10, and seats ranged from $7.50 to $5, with $3 for general admission to the gallery.

Many sports who were very late paid as high as $40 for box seats, and no seats were sold to-day without premiums. The Mechanics' Pavilion, where the fight was held, is a huge barnlike structure, which occupies half a city block, in Larkin street, facing the City Hall. The two ends have been closed in with boards to leave an enormous hall, with a lofty vaulted ceiling.

In the centre of this hall, raised about six feet from the floor, was the twenty-four foot ring. Above it were arranged in the form of a square twelve powerful electric lights that certainly discounted the poet's "Fierce light that beats upon a throne." By lowering the lights in other parts of the house this threw the ring into as great a prominence as a stage under the most powerful calcium.

Many Well Known Faces.

In the first row about the ring were the seats for the working press and telegraph operators, while immediately back of these were the box seats in which were the well known sports. Among the prominent Eastern sporting men seen at the ring side were Parson Davies and "Solly" Shoup, of New York; "Fred" Bullen, Bridgeport, Conn.; O. M. Talley, El Paso; John Hogan, Pocatello, Idaho; Otto Floto, Denver; Charles Houghton, St. Louis; "Art" Gables, Chicago.

Among the Coast sporting men were seen John Considine and L. A. Wolf, of Seattle; Charles Daly, Le Roy Sanders and Louis J. Twitchell, of Salt Lake; Harry Stuart and T. C. Lynch and Eddie Hockstralton, of Los Angeles; "Billy" Wilson, of Bakersfield; "Val" Greddick, of Seattle, and "Jack" Gardner, of Bisbee, Arizona.

Back of the box seats was tier upon tier of raised seats crowded with interested spectators, while two huge galleries were black with local fight goers, who had formed long lines as early as six o'clock in order to be in first rush for choice front seats.

GREAT RECORD OF JAMES J. JEFFRIES

Minister's Son's Slow and Steady Progress to Pinnacle of Pugilistic Fame in United States.

James J. Jeffries was born in 1875, at Carroll, Ohio. His birthplace is a little country town about ten miles from Toledo. When the present champion was six years of age his father, the Rev. Alexis C. Jeffries, left Ohio with his family and made his home in Los Angeles, Cal.

There, in a pretty cottage located on a beautiful rise of ground on the east side, near the Arroyo Seco bridge the three brothers, James, John and Charles, grew up to manhood. They were a sturdy lot, and inherited from their father and mother strict principles of honesty and industry.

The father is an evangelical preacher and travels over Southern California preaching on street corners. He is one of a sect that believes that a minister should accept nothing for his services, and he follows the tenets of his religion to the letter. His constant prayer is that his son may see the evil of his way and quit the prize ring.

When the boys were at school "Jim" showed none of the aggressiveness that is usually a trait of a coming champion, and all other qualities of a fighter were lacking except great size and strength. He was clumsy, slow and retiring. After a few years at school he went to work in a boiler factory, and it was there the idea occurred to him that it would be more profitable to have a glove on his hand than to have a hammer in it.

A few hundred miles away from the boiler factory "Jim" Corbett was training for a fight, and the young giant, hearing that the champion needed a big, husky sparring partner, presented himself at the training quarters. From the start he was a success, and the science of boxing learned in the little gymnasium at Carson City was followed up until he reached the highest point in his profession.

The good people in the little home near the Arroyo Seco bridge have followed with their prayers their fighting son in all his battles and travels. "He will return to us some day," they say. They rely upon his love for family and friends to bring him back to make his home among them.

His First Knockout.

Jeffries' career in the ring began July 2, 1896, when he left his work of riveting boilers long enough to go to San Francisco to knock out Dan Long, who had some reputation as a fighter in that city. Two rounds were sufficient for the overgrown boilermaker to do the trick, and at once he began to see in the distance visions of the championship. He had the necessary size and strength. All he needed was the skill. An opportunity to improve in that line came to him when Corbett fought Fitzsimmons at Carson City. Jeffries sparred each day with Corbett, and enough science was hammered into him to enable him to knock out T. Vanbuskirk, of San Francisco, on April 9, 1897, in two rounds.

Next came Dick Baker, of San Francisco, whom he put out in nine rounds, May 19, 1897. He was beginning to get reputation, and he was matched against "Gus" Ruhlin, the "Akron Giant." They fought July 17, 1897, and after twenty rounds of slugging the referee called the fight a draw. Four months later he fought "Joe" Choynski a twenty round draw in San Francisco.

Jeffries began the year 1898 by knocking out "Joe" Goddard in four rounds at Los Angeles, and on March 22 of the same year he knocked out Peter Jackson in three rounds at San Francisco. Just one month later he knocked out Pete Everett in three rounds, and the next day was matched to fight "Tom" Sharkey. They met May 6, 1898, and after twenty rounds of rough and tumble scrapping Jeffries won the fight.

That was the last of his battles in the West. He came to New York and undertook to best "Bob" Armstrong and "Steve" O'Donnell in the same ring, May 6, 1898. He beat Armstrong on points in ten rounds, but broke his hand on the negro's head and did not fight O'Donnell. He was matched then to fight Fitzsimmons for the championship, and for the first time in his life he trained for a fight. He took off thirty pounds of flesh and surprised the pugilistic world by knocking out the Australian in eleven rounds at Coney Island June 9, 1899.

"Tom" Sharkey claimed his attention next, and in an extraordinary slugging match of twenty-five rounds he outpointed Sharkey at Coney Island November 8, 1899. Between the fights with "Fitz" and Sharkey Jeffries went to Europe, but failed to get a match with any good man. He knocked out several fifth raters in music halls in London.

Defeats Fitzsimmons.

Jeffries defeated Fitzsimmons June 9, 1899, in eleven rounds. The fight was witnessed by ten thousand of all classes. The heavyweight championship of the world "wrested away" by clean knockout, after a fiercely fought battle in the new sporting club at Coney Island. Fitzsimmons wept bitterly on realizing the result. He struggled gamely, even when all hope was gone, but the new champion was far too big and strong for him to conquer. Jeffries, who had been outpointed early in the fight, showed great recuperative powers and landed his right, knocking Fitzsimmons down and out. He was practically a beaten man when he was knocked down twice in the tenth round.

Jeffries was simply tremendous. He was described as the ring giant. The ease with which he did his work surprised even his admirers. He not only could hit like a battering ram, but he took the heaviest blows with grace and ease.

Fitzsimmons went to the floor four times in all, and he was often bathed in his own blood. When the heart broken "seconds" carried Fitzsimmons from the ring and brought him back to sensibility the champion knew that the shout which shook the building was not for him. He leaned his head on his hand and wept like a child.

Jeffries' victory was prophesied by Corbett as the men entered the ring. Of the fight "Billy" Edwards said:—"I have seen many a good man lose, but never one more game than Fitzsimmons. His ring career is at an end, but a harder fighter at his weight never lived." Some of the biggest men in the country were at the show—bankers, statesmen, political champions, with Devery in charge of the police and the scene.

After the fight Jeffries said:—

"The fight was never for a moment in doubt so far as I was concerned. I knew what I could do when I entered the ring, and I grew more confident every moment from the time the gong first sounded.

"'Fitz' never hurt me but once, and that was a hard blow in the left eye. His body blows did not have near the force they may have seemed to. In my estimation, I had the best of every round.

"'Fitz' was a good clean fighter, and probably the best man of his weight in the country, if not in the world. I wish him all success for the future.

"I believe I am the best man in the world, and I am willing to defend the title which I won to-night."

Jeffries Defeats Sharkey.

Jeffries' next fight was at Coney Island, November 3, 1899. After twenty-five desperate rounds Jeffries was declared winner on "points" after the most remarkable fight in years. Sharkey was called the giant gladiator of the arena. When he didn't use his fist he was butting with his head. Each pugilist was badly bruised and Sharkey was on the verge of collapse when the end came. Sharkey was bitter over his defeat. His appearance was pitiful, two of his ribs were broken and the neighboring undertakers thought they had a paying job in sight.

In his statement Sharkey said:—"I was robbed of a justly earned victory. I outpointed Jeffries in a majority of the rounds and should have had the decision. I protested against Siler as referee, knowing that he had some feeling against me and would give me the worst of it. It was only after 'Tom' O'Rourke had told me Siler would give me a fair deal that I consented to have him act as referee. I think all fair minded persons who saw the fight will say that my fears about Siler were well founded. I fought five rounds with two broken ribs. I think I can beat Jeffries and I want to meet him again."

Jeffries' Statement.

On the other hand, Jeffries had this to say:—"Sharkey was lucky. My left hand went back on me in the seventh round or I would have knocked him out. No more picture machines for me. The intense heat from the electric lights bothered me considerably and made me very weak at times. Sharkey fought very foul, and it's a wonder to me that Siler did not disqualify him. He repeatedly butted me with his head, and used his elbows more frequently than his hands."

Wins Over Corbett.

The next victory was the event of Jeffries' life. He defeated Corbett, at Coney Island in the twenty-third round. Corbett, once the champion of the Union, was knocked out by a left hook to the jaw. The time of the last round was two minutes eleven seconds. The men fought for two-thirds of the gate receipts.

It was a great event, for Corbett had whipped the big guns of the country and had finished up Sullivan. Corbett and Jeffries understood each other's style of fighting.

After his defeat Corbett said:—"I thought I would win sure. I was landing my blows in good style, and surely felt I would last the twenty-five rounds and get the decision. How I got that knockout blow I don't know. I have no recollection of it landing. It must have been a corker, however, to have put me out. I have no excuse to offer for my defeat. I think I outpointed the champion, and had the bout gone the limit I would have gotten the decision. But it's all over now. I got beat, and I am done with fighting for a while."

What Jeffries Said.

"Corbett's work was a revelation to me. He never fought better in his life. He was very fast, and that may have made me appear at a disadvantage, but I got the money, and that's the main thing. They can all criticise my style of fighting, say that I am a cart horse and all that sort of thing, but none of them I have met have won, so I can't be such a bad fighter.

"I knew Corbett was a clever fighter, and recognized the fact that I would have to land a knockout. I looked for an opportunity to get home that blow. It came in the twenty-third round and gave me the fight. I'll admit that my left hand is not so good as it used to be. Had Corbett employed the same tactics he used in his fight against Fitzsimmons he would never have lost the championship to 'Lanky Bob.' He fought me with the idea of staying the limit. He sprinted a lot and that made it hard for me to reach him."

His Later Battles.

Since his Corbett fight Jeffries has appeared but four times in the ring, and in each of them a decisive victory was credited to the champion's record. On September 17 after the fight Jeffries met at Los Angeles "Hank" Griffin, but the local celebrity could only stand for four rounds before the boilermaker, and a week later at the same place "Joe" Kennedy was knocked out in two rounds.

It was in November following that Jeffries again appeared in the ring, and this time it was at San Francisco, and his opponent was "Gus" Ruhlin, whom he had once before defeated. The contest attracted much attention in the sporting world, although the prevailing opinion was against the "Akron Giant." Prevailing opinion was right in this instance, for in the fifth round "Billy" Madden was forced to acknowledge his man defeated.

Jeffries did not appear in the ring again until July 25, 1902, and at San Francisco on this occasion his opponent was once more Robert Fitzsimmons, from whom he had wrested the championship at Coney Island. After fighting a battle of eight rounds that was fraught with brilliant and courageous work Fitzsimmons was knocked to the floor by Jeffries and counted out after he had so badly punished the champion that it was a foregone conclusion among the spectators that the Cornishman must win.

Lucky Punch Wins.

Bleeding from a number of gashes in the face, apparently weakening and clearly unable to cope with Fitzsimmons' superior skill, Jeffries delivered two lucky punches as "Fitz" paused in his fighting to speak to him, and turned the tide. The battle was brief but noteworthy and will live in pugilistic history.

Fitzsimmons tried once to rise from the mat, but sank down again helpless and heard himself counted out where a moment before he had apparently all the better of it.

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

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

Fitzsimmons had been fighting at a furious gait, cool and deliberate and chopping the champion to pieces with the terrific rights and left that had made him famous. It was the case of the draught horse and the racer from the tap of the gong.

Battle Furious.

When the men came together Fitzsimmons appeared rather worried, but upon the opening of the first round he assumed an air of absolute confidence and fought with the deliberation of the general that he is. As early as the second round Fitzsimmons had Jeffries bleeding profusely from mouth and nose. Again and again he landed his bulky opponent, getting away in such a clever manner that he brought down the house with cheers.

It seemed indeed that Jeffries could scarcely weather the gale. In the eighth round the end came, and, under a series of hot exchanges, Fitzsimmons paused, with his guard down, and spoke to the champion. The latter's reply consisted of the two terrific blows that brought back to him the fleeting championship and forever removed the veteran Fitzsimmons from the fistic arena.

Speculators' Seizures of Big Blocks Cause Bitter Complaints and Raises Prices from $20 to $50.

"PIRATES" OF THE RING AID THE SCALPERS

LOCAL INTEREST IN FIGHT KEEN

Not since last election night has upper Broadway been so crowded as it was from sundown last night until long after midnight. Interest in the championship encounter between the two heavyweights on the Pacific slope grew locally all day. Crowds stood in front of the bulletin boards at Herald square for hours waiting for the first news. Owing to the difference in time between San Francisco and this city, the earliest reports could not be expected until considerably after midnight, but the crowd stood patiently, dodging the trolley cars and cheering at the fragmentary bits of news about the fighters' weights and the ticker reports of wagers made here and there throughout the country.

A noticeable feature of the crowds along Park row was the large number of women who seemed to evince the keenest interest in the affair. The same was true in the uptown theatre district. Women stopped with their escorts on their way from the roof gardens to scan the bulletin boards, and by eleven o'clock the crowd along Broadway, from Thirty-fourth to Forty-second street, was so dense as to impede the progress of the cars, and cabbies had to turn off that thoroughfare into Sixth avenue in order to make any headway.

Betting was brisk at all the uptown sporting centres. At the Metropole more cash was put up than anywhere else, and George Considine and his clerks were kept busy giving receipts and recording wagers from eight o'clock until after midnight.

Waldorf Pool on Jeffries.

At the Waldorf a pool was made up by a dozen Wall street men, and when $2,300 had been collected it was sent up Broadway and finally placed in the hands of a stakeholder, who received $5,000 from supporters of Corbett. Burr McIntosh and half a dozen other men stayed in the Waldorf café, hoping to get another pool together.

"Diamond Jim" Brady put up $3,500 to $2,000 on the champion, and "Pittsburg Phil" was reported to have wagered $2,000 to $4,000 on Corbett. At the Gilsey House "Al" Smith, who is a friend of both Corbett and Jeffries, refused to wager any cash himself, but accepted stakes to the amount of several thousand dollars from men who fancied one or the other of the contestants. At the Hoffman House early in the evening bets of $600 to $200, $400 to $175, $200 to $100 and $100 to $65 were recorded, but then the interest waned, and the café was deserted during the latter part of the evening.

George Considine wagered $1,500 to $3,000 on Corbett with C. M. Strang, and made several bets of $125 to $250. George Weedon wagered $400 to $800 on Corbett at the Metropole twice with F. J. Hine.

At "Jimmy" Wakely's considerable money in bunches of $100 and $200 was put up at the prevailing odds. Wakeley had $1,200 to $2,000 wagered with Judge Cronin, of St. Louis. "Tom" O'Rourke did not wager a cent. He hoped Corbett would prove the victor, but thought Jeffries was too strong for the former champion.

Fred H. Brooks made several wagers for friends down town earlier in the day, aggregating $4,000, it was said, chiefly on Jeffries at two to one. On the curb the younger brokers of the athletic set were making small bets all day. At "Fred" Eberkin's café "Charley" Minzeshimer, "Charley" Knobloch, George Mullarkey and "Billy" Gallagher made pools on the result, and a few independent wagers of a hundred or two hundred dollars were recorded, but the betting interest did not become lively until last evening.

Few Wagers on Rounds.

At the Rossmore there was no end of discussion, and "Jimmy" Keller, John Flynn and others were upholding Corbett's end of the argument. It was claimed that Corbett had taken on flesh despite his vigorous training and weighed more to-day than he ever had. Still, there was more Jeffries money to be had than Corbett cash, notwithstanding the odds. It was pointed out that Corbett had everything to win and virtually nothing to lose; while a defeat for Jeffries would be a severe blow, not only to his reputation, but as a money-getter on the road in vaudeville shows.

Few wagers were made as to the number of rounds the contest would last, as fights between the heavyweights have proved full of surprises in the past, and bettors were content to place their coin on the result as announced by the referee. As the go was scheduled for twenty rounds, and not a fight to a finish, Corbett's sympathizers felt that their favorite might stay the limit and get the decision on points.

Gossip and opinions like these were bandied about at all the hotels and on the street corners alike by gray haired men and youths who have never seen a big glove contest in their lives. Several times the controversies became so heated that imitation bouts seemed imminent on the sidewalk, but there was no disorder, despite the crowds.

Police Reinforcements.

When it was seen how great the interest in the encounter had become the police of the West Thirtieth and West Forty-seventh street stations who patrol Broadway at night were reinforced by additional squads. The throngs became restive toward midnight and wandered from one news centre to another, reading the bulletins and chaffing the newsboys, who were crying their wares prematurely before the men had even entered the ring.

One or two hansom cab drivers who left their rigs to study the information vouchsafed on the bulletin boards had narrow escapes from runaways, and the cry of "Pickpocket!" was raised once or twice but whether in jest or in earnest was hard to find out.

A good natured spirit pervaded the crowds, and the partisans of one fighter chaffed the supporters of the other with sallies of wit or sharp rejoinders while awaiting the information that would enrich some and impoverish others who had backed their man with something more substantial than words.

CORBETT TELLS OF WONDERFUL CAREER

San Francisco, Cal., Friday.—I believe it is customary to begin a biography with the date of birth. That is really a very important event in a man's life, and I don't mind saying that on September 1 next I will be just thirty-seven years old. I stand 6 feet 1¼ inches in my "stocking feet," and was born in the city where the setting sun glistens through golden gates, at as pretty a place as there is in the universe—San Francisco. My father was Patrick J. Corbett, a man about seventy when he died and fully as tall as I am. He was as straight as an arrow and a very strong and active man. It was in 1854 that he came to San Francisco from New Orleans, to which place he had come from his Irish home, at Tuam. My mother, who died several years ago, was married to my father in 1858, and the family consists of Frank, Harry, Thomas, Joseph, Esther, Theresa, Kate, Mary and myself. I am the third of the boys.

Might Have Been a Priest.

I was always called a "good boy." You know what I mean—a goody goody sort of boy. I did not fight much with other boys; in fact, I cannot remember any early fights worth speaking of. My parents were so taken with my goodness that they wanted to make a priest of me. I was sent to St. Ignatius' College, and my education for holy orders was begun. When I was a litthle over fourteen years old a friend of my father, Mr. Angus, got me employment in the Nevada Bank. I was glad of it, for I knew I was not good enough to be a priest. I was promoted in the bank and had grown to be a clerk in a responsible position when I became a member of the California Athletic Club. I was sixteen years old then.

Professor Watson was the club's instructor in boxing. One day, when he was not very busy, he asked me if I would not like to take a lesson. I was a strapping big boy for only sixteen years, almost as tall as I am now, but lean and lanky. I weighed 155 pounds. I put the gloves on and did all I could to knock Professor Watson's head off. Of course, that was very little. He simply played with me. But he was delighted with the earnest way I tried. He told me that if I kept on in that style I would soon be the best man in the club. You can imagine the effect of that speech on me. I boxed and boxed and boxed. I took a set of gloves down to the bank and boxed down in the cellar at lunch time and after hours.

John W. Mackay often looked in to see us boys slugging one another. He was a handy boxer and was a great admirer of the game.

"Well, I justified Professor Watson's speech. In two months I learned how to best any man in the club. Then I went into an amateur tournament and won both the middleweight and heavyweight events. In several other amateur tournaments I repeated this performance. My clubmates used to coax strange men to come around and box with me just to keep me in trim.

First Battle a Draw.

This sort of thing went on for a couple of years. At the club's entertainments during the boxing season I always used to appear in the windup with some professional. I never failed to best my man. Finally I was matched to fight Jack Burke six rounds in the California Athletic Club with gloves. The officers of the bank gave me a week off just before the fight so that I might finish training. I was eighteen years old, and Burke, 'the Irish lad,' had stood up before Sullivan, Mitchell, Slavin and Dempsey.

The experience I had had in the amateur ring served me well in this fight, but my failing to knock Burke out was due to my great carelessness. I recognize now that I lacked that confidence which comes with professional work. We fought eight rounds, and it was declared a draw.

I next fought "Joe" Choyinski and whipped him in four rounds. All told, I had four "goes" with Choyinski, two of which were during my amateur days, and two in the professional ring. I whipped him every time.

My next fight was with "Mike" Brennan, the Port Costa giant. He had fought forty rounds with "Joe" McAuliffe, and so we all thought him a strong man. I think he outweighed me twenty pounds and over, but three rounds sufficed to knock him out.

My next fight was with Captain James Daly, and two rounds finished him. Frank Smith, at Salt Lake City, succumbed to me in three rounds.

Measurements of the Rival Boxers

Jeffries.		Corbett.
6 ft. 1½ in.	Height	6 ft. 1¼ in.
216 lbs.	Weight, stripped	190 lbs.
46 in.	Normal chest	42 in.
34 in.	Waist	33 in.
16½ in.	Biceps	14 in.
17½ in.	Neck	16¾ in.
25 in.	Thigh	24 in.
16¼ in.	Calf	15½ in.
10½ in.	Ankle	9½ in.
43 in.	Hips	40 in.
9 in.	Wrist	8 in.
15 in.	Forearm	12½ in.
76¾ in.	Reach	76¾ in.