

# HOW CORBETT BEAT SULLIVAN!

## BEATING JOHN L. SULLIVAN, CORBETT CREATED NEW RING STYLE

Great Cleverness, Speed and Jabbing Ability Overcame Bull-like Rushes of Old-time Champion—High Spots of Corbett's Picturesque Career and How Nickname of Gentleman Jim Set New Era in American Boxing.

**By Robert Edgren.**  
JAMES J. CORBETT set a new fashion in American boxing when he beat Sullivan at New Orleans. For years Sullivan had been considered absolutely invincible, in or out of condition.

Corbett was a swift, clever boxer. He was extremely hard to hit—a floating shadow in the ring, yet with plenty of courage. An inch over six feet, weighing 133 pounds, sneaky, built for speed rather than for strength, he never was a very hard hitter.

He won fights by wearing his rivals down, by making them miss until they were arm weary and discouraged and by delivering a bewildering succession of jarring and annoying blows at long range.

Corbett was a student of boxing, a keen fellow who set out to make science overcome strength. When he began fighting he was a bank clerk in San Francisco and boxing instructor at the Olympic Club. At first he fought as if he were "giving a boxing lesson"—the origin, by the way, of that phrase.

Corbett boxed a dozen or so unimportant bouts before he found a real rival—Joe Choyinski—whom he finally beat decisively on a barge in San Francisco Bay, in twenty-eight rounds.

Going to New Orleans he outpointed Jake Kilrain in six rounds, and returning to California became famous by fighting a sixty-one round draw with the great Peter Jackson. Peter had a sprained ankle and Corbett could not move much. Corbett danced around and around him endlessly but would take no more than a long range chance, until half the weary spectators had fallen asleep and the rest slept in their chairs—the referee finally stopping the bout.

A month later Sullivan arrived in San Francisco and a sixteen round, Corbett boxed four rounds with him and finding himself able to avoid the great Sullivan's swinging blows with ease, laid plans for a match. Corbett was a heavy fighter, and for four small bouts, made an impression, and was matched to fight for the championship at New Orleans, Sept. 7, 1910.

**CORBETT PLANNED AHEAD.**  
Corbett's plan for that fight had been made a year before. When the fight started he danced around Sullivan, light and fast, and Sullivan, who had been expected to reach, floated away, barely out of reach, hardly striking a blow. Infuriated, Sullivan lunged and swung, and every miss weakened him, for Sullivan was continually heavier strain on a fighter than taking punishment. Frequently Sullivan stopped, dropped his hands and dared Corbett to "come and fight like a man."

The crowd began to jeer. Cold, smiling, perfectly sure of himself and at ease, Corbett called to the spectators that they'd see fighting with him in good times, and went on with his work in his own way.

He danced about, floated away barely out of reach when Sullivan tried desperately to catch him and knock him down and now and then he jabbed Sullivan sharply. Sullivan, old, in no condition, with a roll of fat hanging over his belt, wheezing, reeling on uneven legs, and with a good time, went on with his work in his own way.

So Corbett increased his efforts little by little, began shooting over hitting him. Sullivan's eyes puffed; his lungs were on fire and he could hardly keep his feet under him. The crowd, that had been jeering Corbett, was at first silent in amazement that this unbelievable thing was happening before its eyes, and then, with a crowd's inconsistency, began roaring applause for the cub who had won. In the twenty-first round any one with half an eye could see Sullivan was done. His arms hung slack at his sides and his legs refused to carry him forward. In all his life, they say, Sullivan had not stepped back.

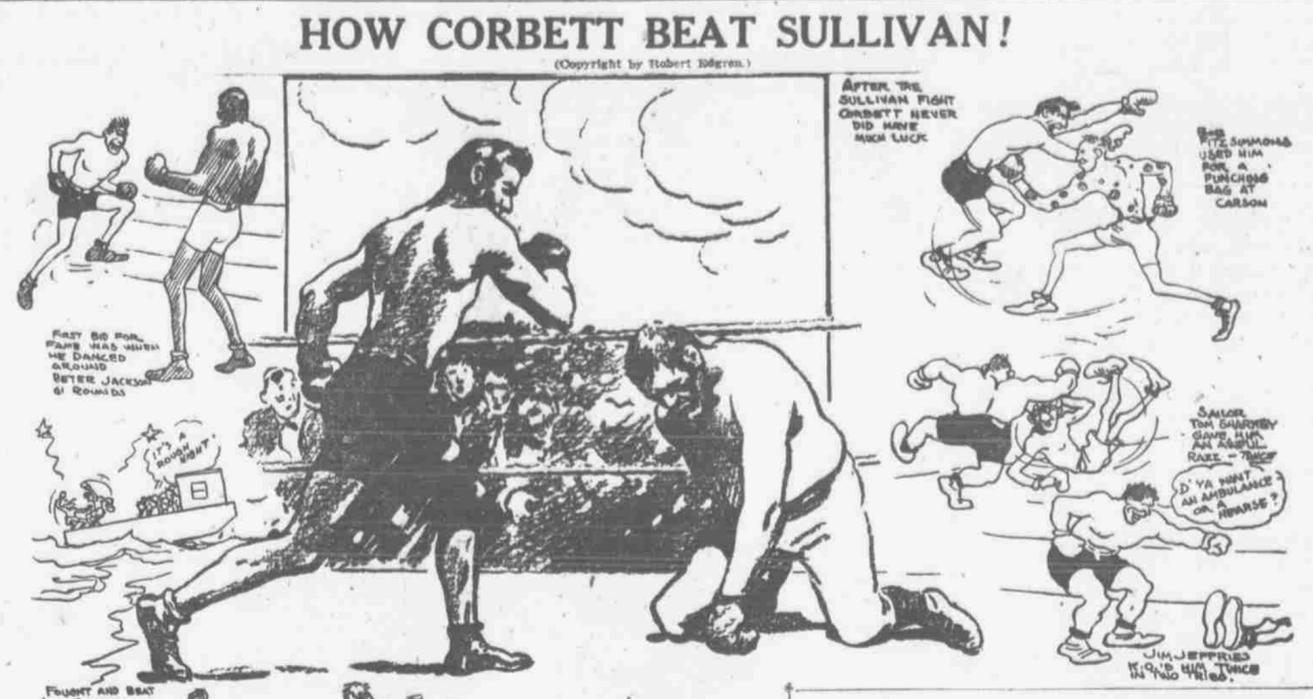
Corbett knew his time had come. Throwing aside the defense he no longer needed, he ran in and rained the battering old champion until Sullivan slowly sank to the floor. And once down there was no struggling to arise.

**CORBETT SET THE STYLE.**  
The fight was over. The great Sullivan had been whipped without landing a single solid blow.

Those were great days for Corbett. He toured the country in triumph, where crowds meeting him everywhere. Papers printed pages about his cleverness, his swiftness, his amazing skill. Every young boxer in the country idolized his "style" of boxing. Hard hitting was considered a joke before swift-footed, light tapping skill.

And then Eddie Cook, or perhaps it was the versatile William A. Brady, thought of calling Corbett "Gentleman Jim." That touch made him a favorite on the stage. In the backwoods, bareknuckle days and gained it recognition as a "science" that bank clerks and other genteel people could indulge in without losing caste.

Sixteen months later Corbett knocked out Charlie Mitchell in three rounds at



THE GREAT MOMENT IN JIM CORBETT'S LIFE WAS WHEN SULLIVAN WENT DOWN IN THE 21ST ROUND AT NEW ORLEANS, SEPT. 7, 1910.

**THE SULLIVAN FIGHT**  
JIM DANIEL AND SULLIVAN LAST HIS WIND CHANGING HIM.

**FIGHT AND BEAT**  
ON A BARGE.

**NEW ORLEANS SELECTIONS.**  
FIRST RACE—Johnny Dundee, Lord Allen, Star Time.  
SECOND RACE—Frederick the Great, Brink, Trotter.  
THIRD RACE—Columbia Tenn, Uirt, Gid, Gid.  
FOURTH RACE—Veto, Trader, General Hill.  
FIFTH RACE—Lads Love, Dr. Carmen, Tite.  
SIXTH RACE—Nominnee, Sandy Mac, Sals, Road.  
SEVENTH RACE—Dark Hill, Plucky B, The Wit.

Jacksonville, Fla., and one Peter Courtney, for the pictures, at Orange, N. J. Two and a half years elapsed, and the champion listened to public clamor and the weary spectators, and he was in San Francisco with Tom Sharkey, a raw sailor, who had been beating Joe Choyinski and a few others.

I watched Corbett's training at the Olympic Club. "I'm a sucker of this sailor dub," said Corbett, smiling.

But he didn't. The sailor dub disregarded Corbett's science, and rushed and rushed him and used him so hard that the bout was stopped half a minute before the end of the fourth round to save the champion from a possible knockout and make the decision a draw.

This was practically Corbett's end as a champion. A desire to get back public favor induced him to take on a match with Bob Fitzsimmons, world's middleweight champion, who had been trying for years to force him into a bout, and who was beginning to be taken seriously.

He met Fitzsimmons at Canton, City March 17, 1917, and in spite of the date and a great collection of four-leaved clovers and rabbits' feet sent him by admirers, he knocked out the champion in one of the most splendidly spectacular fights the world had seen, under surrounding circumstances in a romantic interest.

In another year and a half Corbett fought Tom Sharkey, and was so nearly knocked out in the ninth round that one of his seconds, Connie McVey, jumped into the ring to save him, forgetting the decision on a foul.

**GENTLEMAN JIM OUT AT LAST.**  
In another year and a half Corbett made a spectacular attempt to come back, fighting Jim Jefferies, who meanwhile had knocked out Fitzsimmons and had become champion. This fight was at Coney Island. Corbett trained cutely for nearly a year and was in fine condition.

He met Jefferies in the twenty-third round, and kept up out of danger. Corbett fought the fight with a determination, and in the twenty-third round, he threw Jim against the ropes with a stiff left hammer, and as he rebounded, he cracked him on the jaw with a crushing right and knocked him so cold that Gentleman Jim never moved until the ten second count was over.

To show what a thoughtful youngster this Jefferies was, I'll mention just one small incident that occurred while the count was going on. George Condon, a friend of Corbett's, who had bet thousands on his chances, picked up the water bucket in his corner and ran around the ring.

Corbett fought twice after that. Officially he "knocked out" Kid McCoy in five rounds. It is said McCoy went down not unwillingly. There was water over him, and he was so tired that he was unable to rise.

Later he fought Jefferies in San Francisco and was knocked out in ten rounds. Jefferies could have turned the trick in one, but wanted to give the "kick" a run for its money, and incidentally to tease Fitzsimmons, who had been knocked out in eight and was hoping Corbett would not last as long as he did.

At fifty-five Jim Corbett, remarkably well preserved physically, and carrying not a mark for his use and his career in the ring, is still telling all about it in a monologue and prospering financially.

**THE BLUE MOON**  
DAVID AND DOTTY

CHAPTER XII.  
The roar of the falls had dulled a little when suddenly a sound came out of the dark just ahead—a sound like a farthing rubbing against some rough surface. The Pearlhunter stopped to one side of the passage and fastened himself against the wall. Out of the dark silence the sound came again. A grin loosened his face. The very sound he had half expected a horse contentedly munching his hay.

The cave was not large—hardly twice the size of an ordinary room. The first swift glance showed him that except for the horse—it was empty.

The Pearlhunter smiled, retraced his steps and came out into the moonlight. Creeping to a crevice in the rock he lay down rearly and was soon asleep.

CHAPTER XIII.  
The sheriff walked through the field near his house that night a figure loomed before him in the dark, and he felt the butt of his pistol against his breast.

"The Red Mask—the Pearlhunter," he gasped.

The Pearlhunter did not stop to explain, but took the Sheriff's gun from his holster.

"Go ahead of me to Fallon Rock," he directed. "You're not going to get away, just want to show you something."

The sheriff was a brave man, but he did not care to argue with the dangerous young man in front of him. He turned around and, with a muffled oath, took the path to the Rock.

Soon they were in the cave, crouched low to one end, the pistol always pressed against the sheriff.

"You will see something soon," declared Pearlhunter. "You will see the real Red Mask. When you are convinced that I will give you back your gun."

For half an hour they waited. Footsteps came, a candle was lit, and the man with the fancy vest stroked his horse.

"Fool! 'em all didn't we, Rocket?" he chuckled. "And I guess the kid he skipped."

The sheriff gave Pearlhunter a nudge and the youth passed the pistol to him. Even the slight rustle must have alarmed the man with the fancy vest, the rings of shots and he was gone.

Pearlhunter gave a sigh as the sheriff rushed to the mouth of the cave, and his way towards the cabin of Wild Rose.

The candle had lingered long that night in the cabin of the three gables. The old man was more than usually restless. He lay on his back, his head on his chair constantly. Times without number she had led him up and down the floor. She had played to him, sang to him.

She succeeded at last in coaxing him down in his chair, where he sat groaning, murmuring in his beard and sweating the palm of his hand. He had been so near the door behind his head and stood stroking his face with his hand, when, without the least warning, the door flew open and, glancing at the light, he saw the stranger of the night, a man with a red mask over his face stalked across the threshold.

The girl screamed and, crouching about the old man in the chair, she screamed to advise him. He glanced up, rubbed his wide, pitiful eyes, and, with a wild cry—more than that of a man—sprang from the chair with a strength that sent the girl reeling. His sleeping senses seemed to wake, to recognize the object for which his gloomy eyes had searched the window for many years—a bit of red cloth with a certain face behind it. His giant frame seemed to swell with a strength that he had never known. He lunged toward the intruder.

A giant's strength, but with the disorderly unskillfulness of a stricken mind. The knife barely grazed where it was meant to go. Before the gray giant could recover his ponderous strength to strike again, the Red Mask had him by the wrist, and, snatching the revolver from the hand of a shot, was raining blows upon his head with the butt of his heavy revolver. It was a horrible thing to see. The girl stood watching the scene, helpless with terror. The first blow brought the blood streaming out over the white hair and disabled the old man so frightfully that he ceased to struggle and stood quivering. But the merciless arm struck again and again until the vast frame dropped, struck together, the knife fell from his fingers. The revolver dropped. He lay on his back, gasping to the floor;—wretched, straightened and lay still.

The spell was broken. She started up from a nightmare and sprang back of the chair. Like a man propped for time, he dashed after her. "With the chair between them, she was saved for the moment to look beyond his hands.

A step croaked the plank at the sound. Her assailant whirled at the door and she sank panting against the wall.

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"You couldn't be Dotty?" His voice was queer, hollow, qua-

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"Martin Redmond!" he cried—and almost instantly: "Where is she? The woman you detained? And the boy? Tell me! I've still the strength to tear it out of your cursed throat!" The dying man's eyes, his falling eyes on the couch. Only God knows—who giveth His grace to the just—and to the unjust—how he found strength for further words.

"Wardenton!" He muttered the name huskily, the blood throbbing upon his lips. "She was not detained. It was all a mistake. I let you think because I had a cry once because I loved her—because she loved you and not me. Twenty years she roved these rivers, pure as the dew at dawn. She should be in a grave four days old at Fallon Rock.

"And the boy?" cried the old man. "The boy?"

The Red Mask was going fast, but he raised his face and, muttered hoarsely: "He stands before you. Pearlhunter is your son."

The old man was staring at them both, from one to the other, as if unable to grasp a revelation that had been twenty years coming. He stretched up his hands at last to the young man, pulled his face down to him, gazed on it as at something of which he had long dreamed but never hoped to see; turned back to the man on the floor.

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The girl recoiled in horror. The unnatural father strained his glazing eyes toward the daughter, his thoughts and utterance a cry rose up out of his chest and brought with it a gust of froth and blood; he stiffened; his face tightened horribly; he fell heavily against the arms of the sheriff—dead.

"Uncle! Daddy! Oh, Daddy, Uncle!" cried the girl.

He softly stroked her hair with his fingers, gazed at her, and, without a word, he turned away.

"It's the truth, Dotty, and can't be unsaid. But you owe him no respect—a parent only, never a father. His hand has been raised against the Pearlhunter; his eye strained hard toward the face bending over him.

The eyes closed wearily. He lay reeling, and the pallor on his face was so ghastly that the Pearlhunter bent anxiously over him. But the heavy lids presently unclosed; the weak knees and hands, from long illness, and noticeably growing weaker, started on.

"Seven years! It seems only this morning the shooting was over. Heepster Down! Heepster Down! Heepster Down! No, no, for that name perishes with his face with his hand, when, without the least warning, the door flew open and, glancing at the light, he saw the stranger of the night, a man with a red mask over his face stalked across the threshold.

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"The old man's strength only served to bring him partly up on an elbow—and that only with the Pearlhunter's aid.

"Martin Redmond!" he cried—and almost instantly: "Where is she? The woman you detained? And the boy? Tell me! I've still the strength to tear it out of your cursed throat!" The dying man's eyes, his falling eyes on the couch. Only God knows—who giveth His grace to the just—and to the unjust—how he found strength for further words.

"Wardenton!" He muttered the name huskily, the blood throbbing upon his lips. "She was not detained. It was all a mistake. I let you think because I had a cry once because I loved her—because she loved you and not me. Twenty years she roved these rivers, pure as the dew at dawn. She should be in a grave four days old at Fallon Rock.

"And the boy?" cried the old man. "The boy?"

The Red Mask was going fast, but he raised his face and, muttered hoarsely: "He stands before you. Pearlhunter is your son."

The old man was staring at them both, from one to the other, as if unable to grasp a revelation that had been twenty years coming. He stretched up his hands at last to the young man, pulled his face down to him, gazed on it as at something of which he had long dreamed but never hoped to see; turned back to the man on the floor.