CORBETT CONQUERS

His Claim to His Proud Title is Now No Longer in Dispute.

BLOOMING BRITISHER BADLY BEATEN

Pompadory Jim Paralyzis the Pugilistic

Pride of the English People.

He Couldn't Escape the Sledge-Hammer Blows of the Big Champion.

RING NOT BIG ENOUGH TO RUN AROUND

Charlie Bit the Dust After There Had Been Three Rounds Fought.

THIRST FOR VENGEANCE FINALLY SLAKED

Animated by His Passion for Revenge the American Gave His Ancient Enemy No Ouerter-Details of the Fight by Bounds.

Jacksonville, Jan. 25 .- If ever a pugilist was beaten utterly, that puzilist was Charles Mitcheil. He was a beaten man when he stood up before Corbett in the first round, before a feint had been made or a blow delivered. He was beaten at that time, not by the prowess of his opponent, but by his own dread of defeat. In his inmost soul Mitchell never could have thought he had a chance to win. All through his training he was calm, modest and apparently confident. Down in his heart, deep, however, he must have had a lurking feat it would not be well with him on the day of battle. If he had never had this feeling, his face today did not betray the workings

of his mind aright. It may be he had underestimated Corbett and became alarmed when he saw him in the ring, but be that as it may, before the first round of the fight was fairly on his features were white and drawn and a wild, hunted look of apprehension was in his eyes. He had lost confidence in himself, and from then on he was fighting only to be

Corbett, on the other hand, was confident and sure of himself at all times, and if one can tell from a man's face what thoughts are in his mind, he was confident and sure of Mitchell, too. It was a time when his personal vengeance over what he deemed unpardonable insult was to be glutted, and he reaped the full measure of his satis-

Glutting a Greed for Gore.

He said early in his training days that when the time came he would take his time about finishing his man and enjoying to the utmost the gratification of his revenge. His fighting blood was flowing warm and fast today, however, and in his anxiety to victory by striking a fallen man. It was only with the greatest difficulty he was restrained by his seconds.

The scenes at the ringside during the brief progress of the fight afforded a succession of startling pictures. The men outside the ropes were far more excited than the men within. When in the first round Mitchell slapped around with his little cockney airs and motions, and now and then made a feint at Corpett, and once or twice touched him gently, the crowd, which was about evenly divided in sympathy, began to go toward him. In the second he rather favored matters, and the crowd was more his than ever. But a crowd is more fickle than Dame Fortune herself and when Corbett's fist shot out and Mitchell went to the floor it turned to the American and yelled to him to "Kiil

him," 'Knock him out." Corbett Auxious to Kill Him.

Mitchell was resting upon his right knee with his right hand supporting him and a curious dazed expression on his face. Now that he was down and that he was being counted out, he tried to smile in a pitiful kind of way, but could hardly make it. All this time Corbett was frantically anxious to get at him. He made several attempts to strike, but was warned off by Delaney, who, fearful that Corbett would strike a foul blow and lose the fight, stood just outside the ropes, and shouting and waving his arms at him, said, '-Keep away Jim, keep away,' but it was of no avail. Corbett was all affame and made motion after motion to strike and was only held off by Referee Kelly, who had crowded between him and

Delaney, seeing that Corbett was lost to everything but an overmastering desire to fight, sprang into the ring, and catching him around the waist, by main strength held him from his prey. There was a rush of Mitchell's seconds to the center of the ring as they thought possibly Delaney intended taking a hand in the struggle. He had no such intention, however, being bent only on keeping his own man from throwing away the chance of success. As the gong sounded and Corbett walked to his corner Mitchell was on his feet again, and rushing up to Corbett, he attacked him. The American turned like a flash, and with a flendish look in his eyes the struck victously at his foe, but fell short, and again was forced into his seat by Delaney and Dempsey.

Wanted to Sec Some One Hart. The crowd around the ring had by this time become frantic. The tiger blood in it was up and other blood must flow to satisfy Its passion. Calls, shouts, cries filled the air with deafening effect. In thirty seconds the crowd had gone from Mitchell to Corbett.

The drop of a pin could be heard as the men stepped to the center of the ring for the third time. Corbett manusuvered until he had Metemed in the left hand corner, then suddenly his arm shot out with lightning speed and the boxing champion of England the ropes.

More wild yells from the crowd, now a white heat by the sight of the clood flowing down Mitchell's face, and more loud calls for Corbett to "Kill him!" "Knock him down again?" "Put him out?" were heard. Corbett lost himself again, and made a pass at Mitchell before he was on his feet, striking him only a slight glancing blow. However, light as it was, it was too much for the faithful Delancy, who, with a wild leap aprung between the now almost beaten and the victor, who was advancing on him with

clinched hands and flashing eyes. "Keep off for Heaven's sake; keep away,

Jim, let the man get up," pleaded Delaney

This time Corbett was tractable, and he walked to his corner and sat down aithough the bell had not yet sounded the termination of the round. Slowly, weakly and helpessly, Mitchell rose to his feet. He had not been counted out and the round was not yet

ended. Delivered the Coup de Grace. "Go it, Corbett" "Go to him, Jim," velled a hundred, and Kelly, the referee, motlored Corbett on. Springing to his feet, Corbett started on a run to the man who, dazed, helpless, with quivering knees and bloody face, awaited him. With all the impetuosity of his powerful frame, Corbett struck again and it was all over. His dark brown glove caught Mitchell squarely on the law; there MITCHELL NOT SPRY ENOUGH ON HIS PINS was a dull sound, and then the Englishman fell forward, his face striking the boards with a sound like the dropping of a neavy wet sponge. He lay without sign or motion, to all appearances dead to all his surround-

"-Nine, ten. out," went Kelly's deliberate voice and Charley Mitchell had met his first defeat, in what he declared would be his last fight in the arena. Like Sullivan, he had fought once too often. As Kelly called the word "out" Corbett laughest. It was not a laugh of triumph, hardly one of satisfaction; it was more a laugh of amuse-ment which seemed to say: "I really never thought he could possibly be so easy."

Strong Contrasts in Corners. Mitchell's prostrate form was quickly raised by O'Donnell and he was carried senseless to his corner. While they swabbed his pale and phoodstained face the enthusiasm of the growd for Corbett knew no bounds. They climbed over the ropes, clasped his hands, reached under the ropes and touched his legs, and from first to last they yelled. They yelled when Corbett stood up and squealed with delight when he

Meanwhile in the opposite corner of the ring a far different scene was going on. Jim Hall, with a bitter recollection of the day in New Orleans when he opened his eyes to ask Mitenell "What round was it, Charley, when I was knocked out!" was gently wiping away the blood from the face of the man who ministered to him after his defeat by Fitzsimmons, who had now under gone a more crusning defeat than had ever come nome to Hall.

Bat Masterson, the picture of disappointment, stood beside him, and "Pony" Moore, whose face throughout had almost been a mirror of the fight, busied himself in fanning and rubbing his badly beaten son-in-law. It was fully two minutes before Mitchell came to himself again and then he said to nobody in particular: "it's all over." "All over, Charley," was the response, and with a long-drawn sigh Mitchell sub sided into silence. He left the ring not long after Corbett, and after dressing himself in his room he entered his carriage and was driven to the city, where the crowd, for the most part, left before either puzilist departed from the arena.

How They Appeared.

The general feeling was one of keen disappointment at the poor fight put up by Mitchell and of disgust at having paid so much money for so small a fight.

Corbett's demeanor throughout the preliminaries was a study. He sat in his corper, presenting a picture not unlike that of an Indian warrior when Mitchell came into the ring. His long pompadour, his striped be and tightly compressed line made ook very much like an Indian chief. When Mitchell stepped into the ring the look on Corbett's face was frightful. He kept moving his head gently forward and backward, his eyes flashed with anger and a cold, cruel smile played about his thin lips. It was a smile that was ugly, it meant no mercy would be granted the man before him. It was a smile that carried a feeling of musder with it, and if Mitchell had never feit uneasy before it was enough to bring him discomfort if he saw it. It said plainly as could be uttered with the voice, "He is here at last, just where I wanted him, and I will whip him if I have to kill him."

The smile was a true index of the result so soon to follow.

LATE FOR HIL LICKING.

Mitchell Comes Out Almost an Hour After Cornett Arrives.

At 1:52 Mitchell drove through the gates, seven minutes less than one hour after the arrival of Corbett. He was driven at once to his little dressing room and prepared for the battle. The spectators, who were rapidly growing disgusted with the delay, lost no time in attributing the trouble to the ciub, which they declared was merely holding off everything until the arrival of the afternoon trains.

At 2:10 Bat Masterson of the Mitchell party appeared in the arena and in reply to a question said Mitchell was in the very pest of shape. He said Mitchell would be seconded by Jim Hall, Steve O'Donnell and Pony Moore, the father-in-law of Mitchell Masterson said he would himself act as timekeeper for the Earlish nan.

As the time sped away and no sign of the fighters appeared, the crowd relapsed from restlessness into something like in liference with the idea no fight would be seen for an

At 2:00 Billy Madden broke this by climbing into the ring. Before his business there could be announced, a hearty yell, "Corbett," "Corbett," at the door, announced the arrical of the champion. Hats and umbrellas went wildly into the air as Corbett, clad in a ong bath robe with brown stripes, walked through the aisie. He was for a time unable to proceed for the throng of people who pressed around him. No sooner was he seated in the ring than another yell at the door announced Mitchell's arrival. As Mitchell climbed into the ring, at 2:125; Corbett's face was a study. He eyed Mitchell with interest, and a sardonic grin phayed over his face, which said as plainly

Mitchell was impassive, neither smiling or saying anything. Delaney then evoked mre enthusiasm by twiffing the Irish and American flags and hanging them over the nest in the southeast corner of the ring Denver Ed Smith declared he wanted to fight the winner for \$10,000 a side. The two principals must in the contor of the ring for a moment's talk, after walch they returned

When Corbett threw aside his robe he apeared clad in nothing but a red, white and blue trunk. He wore black affect and dark brown gloves. Mitchell were waite gloves, black shoes and trunk, and his right wrist was bandaged.

Corbett refused to shake hands and time Faced Each Other in the Ring.

It was exactly 2:22 when the men faced each other.

Mitchell's seconds, Jim Hall, Harry Darrin But Masterson and Steve O'Donnel bottle holder, Buly Thompson; time keeper, Ike

Thompson: Corbett's seconds, John Donald- inaugurated in the previous round was crowd, although the sentiment of the vast office and a messenger ient to hunt up son, Billy Delaney, Jack Dempsey and . ick McVey; bottle bolder, Billy Brady; time keeper for Corbest, Ted Foley; time keeper for the club, Snapper Garrison, and Referee Kelly examined the gloves.

Up and Eager for It.

Round 1-Corbett, at the call of time, sprang to the center of the ring, with his man just emerging from his corner. Corbett fought with the same style guard he employed so successfully with Sullivan. Mitenell's guard was low, with his left hand tending downward and his right went in over his heart. The Euglishman was forced to the south ropes by feints, and for a full minute the men stood or pranced, feinting and fiddling about. Mitchell finally shot out his loft for the body, falling short in the effort. Corbett endeavored to counter unsuccess fully. They came together in a clinch, Corbett at once auticipating his opponent's move by putting the heel of his opened glove up against Mitchell's nose. Mitchell then, after a couple of efforts, got in with his left on the stomach of the American, Corbett countering with his right to the cur and bringing the color to the Briton's face. Mitchell twice lead for Corbett's ribs, landing both times, but short in each instance. Corbett continued nursing his man around the sides of the ring, as Schaeffer would the ivories in a long rail run.

Some Scientific Work. Corbett landed lightly with his left, Mitchell making good with two body blows, one to the short ribs and the other the chest. both light and landing without leaving any superficial traces. Mitchell again sent out his left, falling short and doing no harm. On another lead from Mitchell, who was being penned against the ropes and thus forced to lead, Corbett planted a light left over the heart of the Englishman. Mitchell again led with his left, the American countering with his right for the head. Mitchell avoided it by his clever and famous duck. Just before the time was called he led for Corbett's face, landing lightly as his man was going away from him, and then, following it up, he repeated the blow. When Corbett went to his corner a smile of selfconfidence lit up his face, as if to say: "He's weighed and found wanting."

Kept Charley Cornered.

Round 2-Corbett, as in the first round, got the stage corner and kept Mitchell up against the ropes throughout the round, Mitchell once reaching the center by taking to his feet and getting out of a tight corner in which Corbett had hemmed him. Corbett led with his lett, reaching the face of his antagonist with a jelt which shook the man from her majesty's domain. Mitchell led with his right, Corbett getting out of reach, and then retainating in like manner. Corbott forced Mitchell to the southeast corner with his right, and, on Mitchell's ducking, uppercut the latter with a short-arm left. Mitchell ran in on Corbett after this, the American driving him off with a left-hand blow in the region of the kidneys. Corbett shot out a left "hook" to Mitchell's face, and, drawing back quick for a repeater, found the Birmingham man with his left arm about his own neck in a clinch. Corbett brushed Mitchell off, and, getting him in close quarters a second later, sent in a right-hand uppercut to the heart of the

Corbett Jarred His Heart. Mitchell eleverly got away from a lefthand swing. Corbett, who evidently saw that he had the battle won, followed in and at close quarters brought his right in over Mitchell's heart. The blow was a powerful one and had much to do with the speedy success that came to the champion. It was at this juncture that Mitchell first got to the center of the ring. The crowd saw him wheel about after the heart blow and hissed at him as he ran away from Cornett, some of the spectators crying out aloud above the din of the others, "Chantilly." Corbett kept up the pace. He was bent on finishing the battle as soon as he possibly could. He sent in his left and right by turns, some of them reaching Mitchell and shaking him up to the point where the most men will lose a fight. Corbett led again with the left, coming up full against Mitchell's wind and doubling to the neck back of the ear. An other instant, in trying to evade a left feint, Mitchell ran up against an admirably aimed right, which crashed into the heart just above where the former one had found lodgment. Corbett once more upper-cut his man

with the right and was handling him now as he might a novice.

Mitchell swung his left short, and then the native began to mow down his antagonist. He led with his left, and again timing himself for the recoil, caught Mitchell on a cross-counter to the side of the jaw. It did not reach the vital part aimed at, but the force of the blow was sufficient to send Mitchell to the ground and under the lower rope. Corbatt crouched over his prostrate though conscious foeman. who was looking at him through a naif-open left eye. Seconds from both sides bounced uside the roped enclosure, and the confusion was of the most exciting kind. Referee Kelly tried to force Corbett away from his man, but he was bent on maintain ing his position. From Mitchell's corner shouting "Foul" as he ran, came his father in-law, Pony Moore, Jim Hall and Tom Alten. The house was in an uproar. Dempsey, Delaney and Donaldson rushed to the side of their principal and begged him not to hazard the chances of a sure victory by losing on a foul.

Kept the Champion Back.

Kelly stooped over Mitchell, his time oc cupied about equal parts in counting the econds and pawing off Corbett. Full eight econds had elapsed from the time when Mitchell went to the ground until he regained his feet in a stooping position, and while Corbett was still struggling with his seconds to get at him, fell over on his side and sat on the boards. It looked like a deliberate invitation for Corbett to commit the foul and it proved irresistible for the champion. He jumped at his foeman, and swinging his right, struck Mitchell while the latter was still in a sitting posture. He had evidently regretted sending the blow, for as it landed he had so veered its course that instead of being planted firmly Tt grased Mitchelt's head on top. Again the Mitchell corner sent up a ery of foul. but the referee disallowed it claiming it had done up harm. Mitchell fell in on Corbett as he got to his feet to escape another swing and then "Snapper" Garet son pounded the big gong for time. Coroett heard it and turned and went to his corner. Instead of going to his, the Englishmun nounded for Corbett, catching the latter just as ae was getting into his chair. It was a right-hand swing, and the warnings of Cornett's seconds did not stay it. landed on Corbett's well rounted head and glanced off harmlessly to the shoulders. "Foul" cried Brady, but Corbett shook his head and Mitchell was carried to his corner groupy and worn out with the work

of the round. Came Up Whipped. Round 3-The beginning of the end here brought to a successful finish. Never was man so completely, so signally, and, for a fighter, so disgracefully beaten hs was Mitchell in this, probably the inst time that the Britisher will ever respond to the call of "Center, gentlemen." He came up with his nostrils dilating and his regular teeth a mass of coagulated blood, which must have found its way upward from the fearful crashes that had been sent into the heart. Corbett was unscarred. There was not a scratch visible on his face. His hands were holding out in admirable fashion and he made up his mind to decline lasues where they involved punches on the hard surface of Mitchell's body. There were two fights which Cornett wanted to win. One in which a personal resentment was the stake, and the other which carried with it a good-sized purse and side wagers. The former had already been wiped off the calendar, and Corbett startel in to pass on the other. Mitchell was slow in coming up, Corbett going straight for him. Mitchell led his left in an attempt to keep Corbett at

Last Lead of the Vanquished.

It was the last lead Mitchell made. Getting inside of the lead the men cifuched, Cornett brushing the alleged strong man off as if he were a boy. As he pushed him away, swift as a flash crossed the deadly right of the American, crear to the jaw. Mitchell went down under the force of the blow. In the fall he swung across the lower rope, possed there a instant and then slipped off to the resined floor. Cornett turned about after delivering the blow, and nonchalantly walked to his corner. He sat down and watched the writhing form of his adversary as the referee called off the seconds. Mitchell had not fallen, nor did he remain down to escape punishment this time. The powerful right of the American, had Belanded right, might have felled an ox as if with a mallet. The idea that Corbett had no punishing power, if not already dissipated, vanished. Six seconds afterwards Mitchell writhed about under the ropes, and finally labored to an upright posture. Corbett thought the fight had already been won. The referee stood between the recumbent form of Mitchell and Corbett, and when the former struggled up he stepped aside so as not to obstruct the champion's view, calling his attention to the fact that the Englishman was in a fighting attitude.

No Questioning the Knock Out.

Corbett leaped from his seat with a bound. and flew at Mitchell. The latter was fifteen feet away, duzzily leaning up against the ropes. Corpett came at him as if out of a catapult. It was a right-hand swing which next was brought into play, and it was delivered while at the full speed. The added weight of Corbett's own running weight was lent to the blow, and when it landed it fell squarely upon the point of the jaw. Mitchell's head fell forward upon his breast, his lower jaw-dropped, his left hand fell limply to his side, the right falling under his body in the descent. His body reached the floor face down and he lay there as lifeless as one dead. There could be no further doubts. There was my one chance in a thousand that he would recover inside the prescribed ten seconds. His face turned slightly to the right, and from his mouth and nestrils cozed the blood in they streams. Kelly then counted the ten seconds slowly enough, and in his deliberation about the matter there was much of mercy. When the time had finally run its limit Kelly with a wave of the hand toward Corbett's corner, shouted, "Corbett wins," at the same time beckoning Mitchell's accords to their man.

Allee Samee Dead Man. Pony Moore, Jim Hail and Steve O'Donnell stooped down over Mitcheil, O'Donnell applying a bottle of am nonia to the nostrils of the Englishman. He lay there despite this, and the three picked up the body and slowly carried it to his corner. Here the bottle was again put to Mitchell's nose, and nineteen seconds after the last blow had been sent in the eyes of the man from England opened dreamily.

"You are out," said Pony Moore. Mitchell made no response verbally, but shrugged his shoulders as if he was thinking of the spitied milk story. His long English bathing gown was forced over his arms and he was slowly led from the ring to the

dressing room. Corbett in the meantime was being besieged by a crowd of his friends. They fairly wrung off the arms of the victor. His first act after the fight had been won and lost was to throw his still gloved hands about the waist of his little manager and backer and the two indulged in what sounded very much like a kiss. Kelly shook Corbett by the hand, flourished the \$20,000 rol! of bills and told him it belonged to him on demand, and the international battle which has kept the political world as well as the fistic world agog for nearly a year was over.

Too Short to Be Savage.

It was a short, sharp and decisive fight, too brief to have any of the elements of savagery in it. It was a foregone conclu sion from the moment when the men stepped to the center of the ring and Corbett's hatred of the Englishman, coming to the surface, inhibited bim from shaking hands with the man who had so uniformly abused and insuited him. There was all but murder in Corbett's eyes. They face a cach other, and the intense feeling of hatred almost gave Corbett the fight us he cornered the Englishman, and, as his long arms shot out with the force of a catapault, there was vengeance in the wind. Mitchell showed wonderful cleverness in the beginning, crawling out of the close quarters into which the superior size, reach and weight of his opponent bare him, but there was no fartering in Corbett's plan of campaign and be slowly surrounded the Briton, raining in upon his head and sides a shower of savage

There was despair in Mitchell's face as he valuly tried to clude his agile pursuer, and finally, when Corbett closed with his opponent in an off corner, Mitchell remixed that it was no longer possible for him to escape the battery of the American. He pluckily tried to spar, and falling, sought to clinch but Corbett finally neathim of and with a sharp blow on the side of the law brought the Englishman on all fours. it was then the crowd broke loose in a wild shout of applause. With the choors of his friends ringing in his cars and with the memories of the past crowding fast upon uim. Corbett lost his head, and with the agifity of a tiger and the terrible anger of a lion aprang toward the pitiable Englishman on the rough, rosined platform, and, describing a semi-sagete with his right, tried to land a knock-out blow. Tories he tried this, but Mitchell's weak and wobbling body saved the American from footisally sacrificing the honor and the glory that would have come to him from his now decisive battle with the

Saved rom Funding by the Crawd. There were cries of "foul" from the throng was plainly with the American. Corbett's seconds, with presence of mind, shot through the ropes. John Kelly ran to the side of the down-fallen pugilist and Corbett was dragged away.

Mitchell was conscious and he knew Corbett was standing over him ready to deal without mercy the blow that would end the fight. When the Englishman struggled to his feet, Corbett, without a tithe of pity, pounded his big gloves into the face of his foe until the latter staggered and fell against the ropes and lay almost sprawling on the floor, the blood smeared all over his face. When Mitchell was again on his feet the men closed in Corbett's corner and there was a savage exchange, and when the gong sounded, seconds and referee and the half dozen in the corner had to pry the enemies

Charley Had Pienty,

It was hard work to bring Mitchell up again, but Corbett sprang out when the gong sounded. There was hardly a moment of sparring. Mitenell tried but once, a last tesperate play, to tackle, but Corbett was remarkably foxy and niert, and he soon crowded the poor beaten Briton to the ropes again, and with another of his merciless Jabs sent his rival flat on the flaor. Mitchell was evidently suffering severely, and his face nose were electing, and with his big gloves he had smeared the blood all over his face until his appearance was almost ghastly.

Again Corbett, losing his presence of mind, started toward Mitchell, and again his lands swung out, and again his seconds ran orward to save him from nominal defeat. Big John Kelly ran over to the ropes where Mitchell was lying, and Cornett was borne back to his sent. Mitcheil hardly cared to rise, and Kelly's finger went up and down like the penjulum of a clock to count the seconds that must elapse before the battle was over.

Last Appearance of the Briton.

It seemed an hour before Mitchell finally rose to his feet again, and it was dangerously near the limit of time, but just before the gong rang out, Mitchell did stand up, leaning against the ropes, his face the counterfeit of his feelings. Kelly waved his finger to Corbett, who was seated in his corner, and the American champion sprang forward for the last time. Striding over to where Mitchell stood, a dangerous gleam in his eye, and with supreme satisfaction of ravenge, he shot his hand out with the speed of a lightning boit. A big glove landed fairly and squarely on Mitchell's face, and the Briton fell prone upon the stage, the blood onzing from his mouth and staining the rough pine boards of the ring. He made one attempt to move himself and then turned over and lay with his face to the floor, utterly and absolutely beaten, until his seconds ran over and bore him to his corner, and with the cheers of the people pitched to the highest key known in the minutes of public assemblages dimly ringing in his ears, he sat in his corner trying to realize the suddenness and completeness with which all his hopes had been blasted.

Cheers for the Victor. The crowd remained long enough to see Mitchell borne, to his corner. While the fallen gladiator was receiving the consolation of his admirers and the encering sympathy of Pony Moore, his father-in-hits: Corbett was being surrounded and crushed by his frantic friends, all trying to shake his hand at once. As soon as the fight was over Corpett slipped on his trousers again. lightly as when he entered the ring he made his way slowly back to the old kitchen in the yard, where he had spent an hour before the fight waiting for Mitchell to come.

Mitchell drew his old gray bathing gown over his shoulders and was led back to his

cabin. Preparations were then made to get the fighters out of the city. There was a great crowd around the dressing room until the pugilists were ready to leave, but the majority of the sports rushed back to town as soon as the gong sounded the death knell of Mitchell's pugilistic hopes, burdened the wires with telegrams to their friends and broke bottles of wine, or cursed their luck or pad judgment, according as they had pinned their faith to the American or British champion.

Crowds Are Crazy. The streets of the city are thronged with

people, strangers and residents alike, all cheering the triumph of America over England. Patriotism has broken loose in this old Florida town. As the gigs and phætons and tallyhos and nacks raced back after the

fight to the city, ladies and children put their heads out of the windows and came out on the porches of the pretty residences in which Jacksonville people live and waved their handkerchiefs in happiness over the result.

The hotels are jammed with people. Brass bands are on the streets blowing for the victory of Billy Brady's boy. The sports are all arranging to follow the fighters out of the state, and the trains tomorrow will carry the greater portion of the men who have come from all parts of the country, risking money and spending time to see the fight. Cornett's Only Regret.

Cornett rested for a quarter of an hour in his dressing room, charting with his friends and expressing his satisfaction with the resulz. He would have liked to have punished Mitchell more, and that was apparently his only regret. After he had dressed again he came to the door of his cabin and touched his head with his hand in compliment to cheers of the crowd. He then re-entered and remained in the cabin for a coucle of minutes. Then he appeared again with his coat buttoned up, walked lightly to his carriage and was driven off, with the wild shouts of his admirers making sweet music for his ears. The American champion showed not trace of punishment.
Mitchell remained in his dressing room

resting after Corbett had gone. His was washed of the blood with which it been smeared and he was made ready to go After Corbett's carriage had rattled down

the road Mitchell came out of his cabin walking unsupported, and evidently not much hurt and showing no sign of the battle save a cut in his hip from which the blood had flowed somewhat freely during the fight. A crowd watched the Englishman get late ympathy as his vehicle drove away down

Arcested Both Principals.

Just as Corbett's carriage was ready to river and the startling announcement was made that the American champion was under arrest. Mitchell did not escape, Speriff Broward walked over to the English man's carriage just before it was ready to start and Mitchell was notified he must again face the law. The two men were only technically under arrest. They submitted without resistance, and friends immediately

Mitchell, after being taken to the verett house by Sheriff Broward where he was given a bath and slight rub down, was taken to the court house. With him was Hilly Thompson and Colonel Cockreit. Judge Call, before whom - as corpus pro-ceedings will be brough - schalf of both

Mitchell looked none worse for his hard punching. The English is at down in the sherid's office to as a rearrival of Judge Call. The arrest was caused by prney Gen-ral Lamar on the charge ghting by eral Lamar on the charge právious appointment.

IN THE ARENA

The troubles of the poor Duval club were

augmented yesterday morning by Jack Demp

Platform Had to Be Refixed Before the Fight Began.

sey, who was in the ring benind Corbett. He went out to the arena to see that everything was in shape for the contest. The Duval club said that the ring was all right. Dempsey said it was not. He further declared that unless certain matters were arranged at once, Corbett would not step into the ring. The club had agreed to pad the posts around the ring and had not done it. Dempsey pranced around the ring and declaring that the ring was shalty even under a middleweight like himself and consequently it would not be steady when two heavyweights. like Mitchell and Corbett were prancing upon it. He demanded that it be made more solid was the picture of woe. His mouth and at once, and also asked that the ropes around the ring be drawn taut. The club insisted that the posts and platform were all right, and then Dempsey forgot his dignity and in a profane simile declared that the defects he had pointed out must be remedied at once or there would be no fight. "Fix these things or Corbett will never step into the ring." he said.

Jim Hall Concurred.

Jim Hall went over to inspect the ring in behalf of Mitchell and heartily approved of the alteration suggested by Dempsey and intimated, as Dempsey had done, that it would be a wise action on the part of the club if it cared to see his principal in a fight. This put the club almost into a fit and it started to do things with what passes for a hurry.

The nearer the contest came, the worse seemed to be the management of the club. Its members seemed more than ever to justify Mitchell's caustle comment, nin't a man with brains enough to have a

Buncoed by the Club.

As the time set for the fight approached the Duval club added another to the list of disreputable actions which have characterized its management of the fight. It began to let in '.t \$5 and \$10 per head as immeese crowd o men who had refused to pay more and wou frot come in at a higher price.

Manager Bowden, when it was announced last night that even the working newspaper men should be charged \$30 each for admission, was asked by an Associated press correspondent:

"Are you going to sell these tickets tomor-

"Never," he replied. "I give you my per-sonal word that \$20 will be the cheapest, and that rate is made only for the working newspaper men."

Today Bowden stool at the door and

watched man after man pay \$10, and if the men said they had not that amount, took \$5 and passed them through the door to sit beside the men who paid \$25, \$35 and many of them \$50 for admission.

them \$50 for admission.

The stream of sports toward the arona began at 1 o'clock, at which hour a constant succession of vehicles was laboring through the heavy sand to the place of combat. Those who came early, however, had their trouble for their pains, as the club had workmen inside the arona busily working upon the suggestions of Dempsey and Hall, and until the preparations were made noand until the preparations were made nobody was admitted to the arena and but few

closure surrounding the club house. Mad at the Management,

This treatment only intensified the dis gust, if greater intensity were possible which the visitors had already acquired for the management of the Duval Athletic club. A long row of rail birds perched upon the and eased their impatient mends by ing invectives upon the club officials inside the arena. A force of carpenters was desperately at work, strengthening the latform and repairing the seats, many which had become the worse for wear during the last year. Billy Taylor, the old time base ball catcher, stood at the gate and res olutely but politely told the early spectators that they would be admitted as soon as the repairs could be finished Workmen were also busy making arrange ments for lighting the enclosure with gaso

line should the contest be prolonged. Carried the Ticketman Off His Feet. Promptly at 1 o'clock the doors were opened and the crowd, which had by this

time swelled to fully 500, made a wild surge through the Goors. They carried the one one ticket taker entirely off his feet and before he regained a standing position at least twenty men had passed into the arena to view the fight without the necessity of going to their pockets for some-thing which they probably did not contain. The workmen had not finished radding the posts and fully a dozen them were placing pillows around them. The pillows, however, were much too short and a space of fully thirty inches was between the bottom of the pillow and the floor of the platform. It made an ugly pla for a man to strike his head upon if should happen to be knocked against it. Then a huge chunk of rosin was thrown on the platform. This was quickly broken into small pieces and trampled into powder by the workmen. This proceeding was not viewed with a great amount of approval by the ctators as it is impossible to reduce the stuff to a powder and a man falling upon it is certain to have it adhere to his flesh, outting it or causing it to smart intensely. It would be uad enough had the ring been padded, but with a solid pine floor without suggestion of padding it is infinitely Worse.

Reporters Were Frightened.

While tying pillows upon the ring posts one of the club members, Mr. Owingwarm, stripped off his coat and hung it over a rope at one side. Then he proceeded with his work. Shortly there was a third upon the floor of the ring and a big loaded revolver rolled over on its side and came to rest. stantly a shout went up from the news paper men, into whose eyes the bar-el of the weapon was pointing. They could see the fog-colored leaden bullets of the cartridges peering forth from the revolver shell. "Here! For God's sake, turn that thing around!" shouted some of the corre-

One gang of men was working on the osin, another laboring to pitch a canvas rom the roof to the edges of the arena. This was a feeble effort to keep out the rain which came down in fearful sports, but was death to the hopes of these that had dis-covered the mode of entrance to the ring. It effectually prevented them, slipping over the edge of the walls.

After 1 o'clock a tackle was strung from a rafter directly over the center of the ring and a naptha tank with an attachment for three burners was hooked on. The clumsy affair was hoisted about eight feet above where the heads of the combutants would be when in the center of the ring This contrivance was designed for lighting he ring should the fight be prolonged until

darkness.
The Western Union operator assigned do the fight was perched over the heads the fighters on a stout pine platform. table was a somp box stuck on ien legs. He was in a posi-to look down men the crowd wooden legs. He was tion to look down apon while the sports gathered and settled down in their rough seats. On this side of him upon a box was another operator familiar dictate the bulletins of the rounds as the

CONTINCED ON SECOND PAGE |

ON MITCHELL'S SIDE

How the Fight Looked from the Standpoint of the Loser.

GRISWOLD SAYS IT WAS A DIRTY MESS

Accuses Corbett of Using Cowardly and Despicable Ring Tactics.

GIVES REFEREE JOHN KELLY A ROAST

His Decisions Described as Being the Most Incompetent and Unfair.

CHARLEY HAD NO SHOW AT ANY TIME

Big Jim Went at Him Like a Hyena and Fought Him Down at Every Point During the Three Rounds.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Jan. 25,- Special Telegram to THE BEE |-The big internatronal punch is over and my friend Jimmy Corbett is still champion of America, if not the world. There is no gainsaying the facthe is a physical hurricane, quick as lightning's flash and as powerful as a grigaly bear, clever as a magician and ferocious as a hyena. There were just seven and a half minutes of fighting when Charley Mitenell received a thunderbott in the jaw and fell forward to the yellow pine floor, upon his handsome face, as good as a man who has been in his grave an hundred years.

But without extravagance or prejudice it was one of the foulest and dirtiest price fights in the annals of the ring, and instead of being the undefeated champion today Jim Corbett should be cringing under the sting and disgrace of ignominious defeas, and Charley Mitchell should be trotting about with a crown of laurel leaves resting upon his brow. The fight was a go-as-you-please, free-for-all after the first round, and in the second, after having knocked the Briton to the floor with the smash of his wrist across the bridge of the nose, Corbett not only once but repeatedly fouled his adversary.

Lays it on John Kelly.

John Keily, humorously yelept "Honest John" should go and search out a good deep hole in the St. Johns river, tie a gunny sack full of scrap iron around his neck and jump fn. His refereeing was judicrously incom-

petent and incontinentally unfair. Corbett ran up to Mitchell, as he crouched half dazed and heipless on the floor and struck him desperately in the neck. It was a glancing blow, but a blow nevertheless, and again and again he attempted to his him, and Mitchell only saved himself by dexterous dodging. Refered Kelly stood by like a big cigar sign, and while Corbett's seconds were frantically attempting to keep him from lifting Mitchell while he was down, he did little else but flourish his arms and betlow "bresk away." Seeing that Mitchell had about its areat change as the proverbial snowflake, Jim Hall, Steve O'Donnell and Jack Fogarty broke into the ring and took a hand in the melee. While O'Donnell and Hall endeavored to keep Cor-bett off Fogarty picked Mitchell up in his arms and carried him bodily to his corner. So alarmed were Corbett's seconds at his nsane actions that Dempsey fairly leaped apon his back and clutching him around the neck with one arm slapped him several times in the face with his bare hand, and then with the assistance of big Donaldson

and Delaney pushed him into the corner. Should Have Been Given to Mitchell.

very beginning all of Corbett's seconds were In the ring, and at one time, when the two fighters were in a clinch, Delaney threw his arms about Mitchell and pulled him away. If ever a fight should have been awarded on a foul that fight took place this afternoon, and Charley Mitchell should have received the decision. It was a cowardly, despicable piece of work on Cornett's part, and all fair-minded spectators must bear me out in this.

Mitchell was a high school kid compared with the herculean American champion and had no more chance of whipping the colossus from the slope than I have of being elected president of the United States. But despite this calcable fact, Corbett employed against. him the most despicable agency ever witnessed before a reputable club.

Billy Madden hopped on the platform at 2 o'clock sharp for the purpose of announcing the seconds of the principals and introducing the referee, but the din which was launched upon the air at this moment as a greeting to Corbett, who came down the narrow apple with his seconds at this juncture, plunged poor Billy into the consomine. The champion were a loose-fitting, yellowstriped bath robe and was bareheaded. As the crowd yelled he shuffled his gaitered feet over the resided floor, butted backward against the ropes and strutted about generally after the fashion of a huge human peacock. Delaney, Donaldson, Dempsey, McVey and Brady were with him. The champion flually took his chair as coel as an iceberg and as cold-blooded as a gila-

Mitcheil's Appearance. Five minutes later Mitchell came in. The

evation tendered him was thunderous. As he crawled through the ropes he eyed Corbett contemptuously. He then tossed off his mottled robe and began to examine his ring pharaphernalia. His faishful benchmen, Jack Fogarty, Jim Hall, Steve O'Donnell and Harry Darris, kent close upon his heels. The principals, satisfied as to the other arrangements. Madden turned over to Mitchell the \$2,000 he had bet with Brady that he would be in the ring on schedule time, and then introduced Referee Kelly. A moment later the men were summoned to the center of the ring. Mitcheil awaggered forward with his little black eighrette has socked over his left ear, with a mineing stop like the prejudatory steps to a French cotillion. He looked as boyish as a 16-yearold, and in response to the choors he received turned and bowed graciously to the crowd.

"Get ready," ordered Kelly, arrayed in sobby white vest and evented trousers, Shake handa."

There was too much hatred existing between the two men to permit of this graceful formula, and in lieu they sprang eagerly forward and assumed defensive positions. There was a full minute of sparring. d.m on the Aggressive.

Cornett was the aggressor and repententy iddled Charley over against the ropes and backed him rapidly around the ring. Finally he mustered up sufficient courage to take the mitiative, and he led savagely with his