VARIED CAUSES OF CRIME

Superintendent Byrnes Talks About Crime and Criminals.

Education and Law-breaking. The Criminal Tendencies of Different Nationalities.—Women more Inclined to Vice than to Crime.—The Physiognomy of Habitual Criminals a Clue to Their Character.

There seems to be a pretty general impression, even among those who know Superintendent Byrnes—head of the New York police force—fairly well, that he is a large man. Those who know of him, and who does not, but who have never seen him, imagine him to be a stern implacable man, capable of exercising a hypnotic influence over the criminals with whom he is brought into contact, and with a power, well nigh supernatural of reading the thoughts of men.

Although not a large man, Superintendent Byrnes would attract more than a second glance from a stranger passing him in the street. He is about five feet eight inches in height, and weighs not less than 180 pounds, and this without indicating any superfluous flesh. He should wear a seven and an eighth hat and measure thirty nine inches round the breast and the same above the hips. His head slightly bald and well covered on the sides with short grey hair, is Celtic in outline, but there is a military set to it, which taken in connection with the heavy, iron-grey moustache, the firm chin and combative nose, reminds the traveller of a French

SUPERINTENDENT BYRNES.

colonel of cavalry, and has in it a certain suggestiveness of the late Marshal MacMahon. If it is added that the Superintendent's eyes are so light a brown as to seem nearly grey, and that the expression is shrewd and kindly rather than searching and aggressive, a fair idea of the personnel of the greatest living detective may be had.

Very suave and approachable, when he wants to be, is Superintendent Byrnes. He places a comfortable chair for one near the desk in his private office at Police Headquarters, and sitting down on the arm of another chair facing me, he talks with an easy fluency, and with so much shrewd sense that the greatest stickler for grammatical purity of speech finds that his colloquialisms give a decided force and piquancy to what he says.

"Busy!" repeats the Superintendent, in response to my inquiry. "I always find plenty to do, but I have time to give you."

"Do you find from your experience," I ask "that the tendency of education—such as is to be had in the common schools of this city for instance—is to reduce crime?"

"Yes, and no. Mark you, I am a strong advocate of our public schools, but the ability to read and write is now so general, particularly among young criminals, that it is difficult I reason, when they are nearly as bad as they can be, that but for the schooling they might be worse. The tendency of education is to sharpen all the faculties, including the criminal tendencies. But there is education and education, and that is what most people do not understand. I do not pretend to learning myself, but I still realize what most of our teachers and professors entirely overlook, and that is the great difference between learning and education. Mere learning, that is a knowledge of things, may tend to make more dangerous a character that is naturally vicious. But there are many well-educated men who are not learned. Such an education as I understand it means the proper development of the head, the hand and the heart; and of course, its tendency is to draw out all that is best and to suppress all that is worst. But as we do not find this sort of training, even among the children of the respectable and well-to-do, we should hardly expect it among those less fortunately born.

"I have known cases, and I have one in mind now, where schooling to use the general term, proved the curse of what might have been a decent, hard-working family. This man was a thrifty laborer, and his wife a shrewd, saving woman—kept a boarding house for men of the same class. This couple had two children, a boy and a girl. These children became the idols of their parents, the one object for which they lived. They educated them well, according to their notions, under the impression that that was all that was necessary to keep them from hard work and enable them to fight the battle of life to advantage. As they grew up with a contempt for labor, they soon became ashamed of the old people who had done so much for them, and whenever visitors came, the old man and his wife sneaked off to the kitchen. It is unnecessary to fill in the story; the girl went to the bad, and the boy is now in the penitentiary, victims of miseducation."

"Have you noticed, Superintendent Byrnes, that the tendency to vice or crime runs in families?"

"I have, and it is no new discovery. To be sure, the children of the lower class of criminals, are brought up in such an atmosphere of vice, such a constant contempt for, and such a ceaseless struggle against the law, that they may be said to know nothing else. Under proper circumstances, such children might be trained into good citizens; I say under proper circumstances, but this is only a guess. As a matter of fact, the children of criminals inherit a disposition to crime. Certain qualities in the horse, dog, and other animals are increased by breeding, and it would seem that man is no exception to the rule. I know of criminals whose fathers and mothers were criminals, and if we could trace them back to their grandfather's and great-grandfathers, the chances are we should find the same tendency, but growing stronger with each succeeding generation. Families with several members in the penitentiary at the same time have become so common as to excite no comment. I have known a father and his two sons to be in the same penitentiary for different offences; and mothers and their daughters are often to be found in the same jail."

"As the intermarriage of the criminal classes tends to propagate crime, do you not think that the law, in self-defence should prevent such unions?"

"At the first glance, it does look as if such a course would be prudent, yet, if such a law were passed to-morrow, I am satisfied that it would not only be inoperative, but that it would defeat its own purpose by making things worse. So long as the law sanctions such unions, there is a certain sort of loyalty between the men and women, and the law may be able to compel them to care for their offspring. But to bar the marriage of the criminal classes would not prevent their assuming the relations of husband and wife, nor stop the birth of children. So that bad as things are now, and shocking as it is to think of a race of criminals propagating their own kind this would continue under circumstances far more revolting and criminal, if we took legal measures to suppress it." The Superintendent spoke with an earnestness of manner that showed this was not the first time he had had this important subject under consideration.

"As compared with the foreign born, how do the Americans rank as criminals?"

"Do you mean in proportion to their numbers, or in shrewdness?"

"Both," I replied.

"In proportion to numbers there is no comparison. I find not a little comfort and pride in the knowledge that our American born citizens are not nearly so vicious nor so criminal as those of foreign birth. In the face of this thoughtless rant about dishonesty in business and immorality in private life, I know of no people, if statistics are to be trusted, who at all compare with the Americans. But when an American gets 'crooked,' to use the slang of the outlaw, he is so much shrewder and crookeder than the ordinary criminal, that there is no comparison. With all their tricks and cunning, the criminal classes are at all times puerile in their methods and frequently idiotic. It is well for us that this is so, for the danger of the criminal is proportioned to his shrewdness and intelligence. Now, these are the qualities that pre-eminently distinguish the American, whether he starts in to build a flying machine or to rob a bank. He does the head work, the generalship, and so becomes a leader, using other men as his tools.

"It is a curious fact that certain nationalities show a peculiar leaning towards and aptitude for certain kinds of crime. The Germans are excellent mechanics and draughtsmen, with great patience in working out details. And, as might be expected we find men of their race the most skilful forgers and counterfeiters. The mechanical skill of the German makes him an expert in opening a safe, but he seems to lack the shrewdness or audacity to plan the plunder of a bank, or the adroitness to make his plunder profitable when he has secured it. Wherever these men are concerned in safe opening, you may be very sure there is an Irishman or an American behind the job, usually the former. From his own country the Irish law-breaker has also brought with him a natural fondness for illicit whiskey, and an unswerving belief that it is sweeter to taste and more profitable to sell, if disposed of in defiance of the law governing licenses.

"Some of our most expert pickpockets and sneak thieves are Englishmen, and since long before the days of Fagin, they had reduced to a fine art, the skill to relieve a man of his purse or watch without arousing his suspicions. The English gambler is also an expert with cards, but when it comes to this kind of cheating the American takes the cake, or would if one were offered for such questionable dexterity. It is, however, in the line of swindles that the American criminal excels. His green-goods dodge varies a little in its methods, but it is still worked—principally in New Jersey now—and will continue to be worked so long as the guileless farmer yearns to swap off the good greenbacks he has stowed away in the old woman's stocking for the supposed counterfeits with which he hopes to take in his neighbors. Bogus banks, swindling insurance and stock companies, grand enterprises that promise fortunes for little money and no effort, all are methods of plunder that appeal powerfully to the ingenuity of the high class American criminal.

"Burglars! Well, you find them of all nationalities and degrees of intelligence—curiously enough, some of the most daring have been negroes. It is very hard to tell where vice ends and crime begins, for the borderland between them is far from being sharply defined. They seem to be related, like the sexes. Of course, all criminals are more or less vicious, though I have known a few whose habits as to temperance were excellent. Women incline to vice rather than to crime. This may be due to their love of pleasure, or the natural timidity that would make them hesitate before running into danger. Some of them develop into skilful pickpockets, and their dress enables them to be successful as shoplifters. I need not remind you that as blackmailers women are more audacious and successful than men.

"Murder is the highest crime known to the law, and there is a belief, among those who have not studied the question practically, that it is the culmination of a criminal life, that it is the last step taken by the desperate wretch who began his career by some act of petty larceny. As a matter of fact, the murderer, unless where the crime is

"I ALWAYS FIND PLENTY TO DO."

committed to save himself from detection, is rarely a man of criminal antecedents. The burglar, bank robber, or highwayman may go out armed, but it is that he may defend himself from injury or arrest. He is after plunder not blood, and it is only when cornered that he stabs or shoots. You must not infer from this that the fellow has any respect for human life; he may be ready to sand-bag a man for a dollar, but he has always an eye to the consequences to himself, if he is detected.

"In proportion to the number of homicides or murders, very few are premeditated, and it is premeditation that constitutes the essence of the crime in the sight of the law. Two men get into a drunken brawl and one is killed, and the next instant the slayer would give his own life if he could recall the act. Love and jealousy are responsible for many of these sudden deaths, and this is almost invariably the case where a woman is the assailant. That the law takes this view of the case you can readily see, if you compare the number of murders or homicides, in this State, for instance, with the number of cases in which the death penalty is enforced. Owing to this habit of carrying murderous knives and their readiness to use them when their inflammable tempers are aroused, there are more homicides among the ignorant Italians than in any other class. The once common habit of carrying concealed weapons has ceased to a great extent, except among our southern and western visitors, as has also the habit of drunken orgies, to which the pistol carriers were almost invariably addicted, and these improvements have reduced the death rate from homicide. After all, if we hunt vice and crime back to their lairs we will be pretty sure to find them in the gin mill. Drunkenness is the prolific mother of most of the evil doing."

"But don't you think, Superintendent Byrnes, that poverty and the vile surroundings of wretched tenements often send men to the gin mill?" I asked.

"That is undoubtedly true. To the man or women living in the fetid air of the average East side tenement, the average bar, with its mirrors and gildings, and its warm fire on a cold day, is a comparative paradise. Then, too, it would seem that the poorly nurtured bodies crave for a stimulant of some kind, and then the shivering wretch can't hang about the bar very long without ordering something. But this fact does not destroy my first proposition, and that is that drunkenness is the prime cause of all the trouble."

"Does crime keep pace with the increase of population, or is it on the wane?"

"I think it would be safe to say that it is decreasing. The study of the statistics of

"THE STUDY OF CRIME IS INTERESTING."

crime is most interesting. Indeed, there is so little variation in the number of certain crimes from year to year, that one can come near telling what it will be for the coming year." Superintendent Byrnes reached under his desk, touched an electric button, and a police clerk in uniform came in. He was told to fetch a certain paper. When it was brought, the Superintendent read off long lists of figures in proof of his statement, as to the number of offenses from year to year in New York city. Here are a few:

	Larceny.	Robbery.	Shooting.	Suspicion
1890.	5,284.	237.	123.	3,676.
1891.	5,384.	287.	103.	4,226.
1892.	5,241.	249.	109.	4,038.
1893.	5,347.	233.	119.	4,657.

The number of arrests for all the other crimes and offenses during the four years named, maintained the same uniformity.

"Superintendent, you have seen as many criminals as any man living; from your experience would you say that there is such a thing as a distinct criminal physiognomy?"

"People can always see the crime in the face—after they know the man is a criminal; and I will concede that there are villainous faces which even a child could not mistake. But the face alone does not mean so much. Show the average man or woman a lot of photographs, and tell them that some of them are criminals and you want them picked out, they will invariably pick out the ugly ones; yet I have seen criminals and bad ones, too, of both sexes, whom the average observer might think handsome. But if you take the whole person of the habitual criminal, that is the face, voice, walk, manners and so on and you understand your business, you will be able to mark them every time. I will undertake that if twenty men, all strangers to each other and to me, and all equally well dressed, are brought into this room and one of them is an habitual criminal, to pick him out within ten minutes. A man may act for a time a part different from his true character and assume to be what he is not, but sooner or later he will make a slip and reveal himself.

"Criminology is quite as interesting as the study of physical disease, and even more important to society. When the time comes that moral disease is made the subject of true scientific investigation, there will be less of it. To believe that crime must increase with population is to lose faith in human advancement and the upward progress of the ages."

ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

HE CAN TELL A GOOD STORY.

One of the Cleverest of New York's Clever After Dinner Speakers.

NEW YORK, Mar. 3.—The recent marriage of Ex-Judge Henry E. Howland of this city to a prominent widow of Boston, calls attention to a man who is assuming prominence as an after dinner speaker. Judge Howland has long been recognized as an able lawyer and learned jurist. Some of his arguments at the bar have attracted the attention of the legal profession of the metropolis.

Only within a year or two, however, has he blossomed forth as a clever talker on postprandial occasions. He is a graduate of Yale College and is President of the Yale Alumni Association. He succeeded Chauncey M. Depew, who has been a sort of perennial president of the organization. In that capacity, the ex-Judge is called upon to attend the dinners of other college alumni and represent Yale.

His speech at the Princeton dinner, held at the Hotel Brunswick a few weeks ago, was a gem. It evoked the loudest applause from the collegians and caused great merriment. While it possibly lacked the easy, graceful eloquence of Depew, it abounded in clever hits and in the best type of witticism. It is safe to say there never were more funny stories crowded into a speech of fifteen minutes duration. They were especially bright and new stories. If the Judge keeps a collection of current humorous tales, as Depew and Porter are reputed to do, it must be remarkably well collated.

Judge Howland is about 55 years of age. His hair and moustache are iron gray. His voice is smooth and his enunciation very distinct. He tells his stories as though they were spontaneous and had just occurred to him. At the Princeton dinner, the funny narratives were so frequent that they followed one another in rapid succession. Every point that was made was illustrated by a story. One of the oldest and most regular of the diners out in the city, who happened to be present, remarked that in all his experience he had never heard so many clever stories and so well told, and not one of them old nor stale.

THE TRUE JOHN Y. McKANE

The Inner Life of the Great Gravesend Boss Portrayed

A Temperance Man, Who Sustained Gin Mills—A Virtuous Man, Who Licensed Brothels—A Peaceful Man, Who Encouraged Prize Fights—A Church Member, Who Facilitated Sabbath Breaking, and an Honest Man in Private Who Openly Plundered the Public.

Since the firing on Fort Sumter in 1861, no event has so stirred the indignation of the people of New York State, and to some extent of the whole country, as John Y. McKane's open defiance of the writ of the Supreme Court last November, and his unblushing registration of over 6,000 names in a district of barely 8,000 inhabitants. The history of this man's indictment, trial and conviction has become well known to the reading public from one end of the land to the other, and, outside his immediate following and the bosses of the same stamp in different parts of the country, the verdict of the jury that found him guilty has been heartily approved.

A wealthy Brooklyn gentleman, who owns a great deal of property at Sheepshead Bay, and who lives there in the summer time, communicates the following interesting particulars of the notorious boss's inner life, with the understanding that his name shall not be used:

"I have known John Y. McKane since I was eleven years of age, that is forty years. He is just six weeks my senior. Even as a boy he manifested the boss spirit, and was considered a fighter, though I will say, I never knew him to jump on a boy younger or smaller than himself, but I have often known him to defend them.

"John was born in Ireland and was only about a year old, when his father came over and settled at Sheepshead Bay. Here five more children were born, all but one of whom are living. The elder McKane was a hard-working market gardener, and the fact that he was a staunch Methodist distinguished him in a noticeable way from the many Catholic Irishmen about him. He was a sober, hard-headed, hard-working man who died only a few years ago, leaving his wife, who still lives with her son John, though all the other children are in comfortable circumstances.

"As a whole the population of Sheepshead Bay at this time and particularly in the summer season, is not what might be called select, but it is cultured and high-toned compared with what it was when John and I were boys. Then my father moved into the city every winter, as I do now, and I recall that John Y. McKane—it was spelled "McKain" then—was the only boy in the neighborhood he cared for me to play with, for John did not swear, nor use tobacco, nor drink, and after all these years, amid associations at times the vilest, he never contracted any of these habits.

"When about fifteen, John gave up school and never went back, and from that day to this, I doubt if he has ever read a book through. He was apprenticed to a carpenter and builder about this time, and as might be expected, he became a skillful workman. By the time he was twenty-two—that was along in '64, he was not only out of his time, but he had been a journeyman long enough to lay by some money, and with this he started on his own account, the first planing mill ever seen on the island south of Brooklyn. He made more money and then began to branch out as a contractor and builder. He put up many of the finest houses in and about Sheepshead Bay, and he had a hand in many of the large structures in the west end of Coney Island. Although his religion forbade his betting—he was ever an ardent Methodist—he made a great deal of money out of gambling ventures. He built the stables and grand stand of the Coney Island Jockey Club, the Brooklyn Jockey Club, and also those of the Brighton Beach Racing Association. About ten years ago he discovered that more money was to be made in easier work, and so he surrendered the building business to his brothers, and branched out as a political boss and land speculator.

"About the time he started in as a builder, he married Miss Fannie Nostrand, an excellent woman whose family was descended from the New Amsterdam Dutch, and after whom one of the most important streets in Brooklyn is named. Three children, two boys and a girl, were born of this union, and one of the former, a most excellent young man, has been blind all his life, an affliction that endeared him the more to his doting parents.

"John, although not more than five feet four, is heavily built, and thanks to his ancestry and his temperate habits, he is a model of health, and but few men of half his age could handle him. While incapable of comprehending what the word 'stateaman' means, to my mind John Y. McKane is a perfect type of the district politician and boss, a position that fortunately has no counterpart in any other country under the sun. Keen as a briar and cunning as a fox, he has that self control which is the first essential quality of leadership, and that fidelity to his friends which—whether real or assumed—is one secret of his autocratic sway at Gravesend. He is down now, and I am glad of it; yet it is only a few years since the rival candidates for the presidency thought this man a power to be courted, and it is a matter of history that his desertion of his own party, owing to a pique in 1888, gave New York State, and with it the Presidency, to General Harrison.

"About the time McKane married, and that was soon after his coming of age, he made his first entrance into politics by running for constable of the town of Gravesend. He was elected, and from that time on, he seems to have led a double life. In the little church, which his father helped to found, he continued to be a worshipper and an officer; and no member of the congregation was so liberal as he when the plate was passed, or a subscription had to be headed. Why, at the very time when I knew his political associates to be of the lowest kind, and that he was planning with them to make the ballot box a sham and a delusion, I have seen him leading in prayer meeting, and exhorting sinners to righteousness with an energy of manner that there was no need to assume, and which if assumed, simply made him the most perfect actor I ever saw on or off the stage. But, as I said, this was one phase of the man's dual life. From early childhood the fervor of Methodist worship, if not the tenets of the church, attracted his strong demonstrative nature. And then there is, I think something in the fact that at the prayer meeting, as in the political caucus, he liked to lead, he wanted to be boss, and he was boss. The Sunday school of which he was superintendent, was to him a sort of religious primary, and while he was no doubt eager to save the souls of every boy present, the possibility of that boy's shortly becoming a voter did not lessen his interest.

"Early in his political career, McKane became the friend of an older and abler boss than himself; this was a man of the same race, and who, though a Catholic, had much the same habits—the notorious Hugh McLaughlin of Brooklyn. Up to his meeting with this man, McKane seems to have been moderate in his aspirations, and certain it is that his connection with the politics of the town was an expense rather than a gain. In 1888 he quarrelled with McLaughlin, and as a consequence was fired out of the Board of Supervisors for Kings County. How well he avenged himself all know who understand how New York State went for Harrison.

"After this McKane ceased to be a local politician. His voice became potent in Washington and men, who at heart despised him, like General Tracy then Secretary of the Navy, and who was chief counsel against him, were glad to see him in private, and to respect his wishes as to the distribution of the Federal patronage in New York.

"Maddened at what they regarded as the perfidy and treason of John Y. McKane in the Presidential election, the Democratic Legislature at Albany, in the winter of 1890, determined to clip his wings by curtailing his power. A bill was passed amending the election law as applied to country towns, by providing that there should be no election district with more than 400 votes. The purpose of this law was to weaken the power of McKane who, up to this time had voted all his followers at the town hall.

"Any man but John Y. McKane would have been puzzled to defeat the purposes of this bill, but he had the two great requisites for success—audacity and cunning. He discovered, or his lawyers did for him, that the bill was not mandatory, but contained the word 'may' instead of 'shall,' and so he paid no heed to it, but continued in his own sweet way.

"The next year the ballot reform law, for which McKane's opponents worked so hard, came into operation, and it required a separate polling place for every 300 voters. Every good citizen hailed this ballot law as a move in the right direction, but the superintendent of the Sheepshead Bay Sunday school laughed in derision and at once proceeded to defeat it.

"There are six election districts in the town of Gravesend, and McKane at once divided the town into six sections of a cone, each one of which had its apex or narrowest point in the very center of the town hall. About the place where these points converged, he caused six polling booths to be erected, all under one roof, and as we know, directed by one hand.

"In 1892 peace was again made between Boss McLaughlin and Boss McKane, and in the election of 1892, the latter determined to show his zeal for the alliance by casting nearly as many votes for the Democratic ticket as there were residents in the town; but the indignation caused by such infamous registration induced him to cast only about one half, though that was more by several hundred than the town was entitled to. His refusal to let the lists be copied on an order of the court, and the cruel treatment and arbitrary arrest of many respectable citizens, by his creatures, capped the climax of public wrath, and his present unenviable position is the consequence.

"In the comic opera of the Mikado there is a character, Poo Bah, who centers in himself all the iterative and bristable positions in the Empire; but the imaginary character is modesty itself compared with John Y. McKane, and it should be said that where he did not hold an office, he controlled it through one of his many cringing and despicable henchmen.

"Until his conviction a few days ago, McKane represented Gravesend in the Board of Supervisors, and even after his indictment he had the temerity to control the Board and make himself president through the vote of a man whom he knew to be fraudulently elected, and who has since been ousted by the Court. McKane is the head of the fire department at Gravesend, and he is the Chief of Police, with thirty men under him in the winter, and three or four times that number when Coney Island is in full blast. He is the town tax assessor, collector and treasurer. He has charge of the town lands, though these have been growing less as his own possessions have increased. While running the church, he has fostered the Coney Island Athletic Club, an organization of toughs and sharpers, who have made much money by exhibiting in the prize ring, other toughs who are not so sharp.

"While he does not drink himself and his private life is believed to be entirely moral, he has licensed hundreds of liquor places, gambling 'fakes,' low concert halls, vulgar dance houses, and sanctioned their being kept open on Sunday, when the working man and his family go down to the democratic west end of Coney Island for a breath of salt air. He has added to the facilities for demoralization by supporting the race courses, which he claims would go some place else, taking the money with them if he did not keep them near Coney Island.

"When John Y. McKane surrendered the building business to his brothers, ten years ago he was not worth $75,000; to-day he is worth over $500,000, and his large holdings of real estate are yearly increasing in value. From the one item of rentals he receives $32,000 a year. This shows the shady side of the man's character, and it certainly is black enough, though he stoutly maintains that he got honestly every cent he owns. Of course, the word 'honest' is very elastic with such men, and it must be confessed John's ethical standard is far below his religious pretentions. Even in jail, I am told he asks a blessing before meals, and I believe it.

"There is, however, something to be said on the other side. The beer and whiskey sellers, and the fakirs and the keepers of dance houses are all made to pay license that would be simply prohibitory in a less profitable field than Coney Island. These licenses are assessed in the most artistic way, depending on the licensee's capacity to pay, and the aggregate goes, to swell the town treasury, kept by McKane himself; but he points with pride to the great improvements he has made and the fact that the taxes have been steadily reduced. Some years ago, a chartered company, without consulting with McKane put down a water plant in the town, but he refused to recognize it. In defiance of law, but certainly in the interests of the people, he built water works on his own account with town money, and the people own them. Gas and electric light companies have been trying to enter this promising territory, but the boss has frightened them away, and he was planning to build gas works and an electric plant, as he had the waterworks, when he ran against the law with too much force and so lost his head.

"While his success has made him overbearing and dictatorial, he has never yet got out of touch with the people among whom he grew up. He is the custodian of their petty secrets and the adviser in all their undertakings. No man of his acquaintance ever appealed to his generosity in vain. While opposed to liquor, liquor sellers and drinkers are his strongest friends, and the tough yearns to fight his battles and is ever ready to vote his ticket.

"With a better education and a higher moral standard, John Y. McKane might be famous instead of infamous. Not the least remarkable thing about this remarkable man's character is the fact that he still stoutly believes himself to be a pure, innocent man, the victim of cruel laws and a vindictive press."

LEON EDWARDS.

WILL THE BLACK WIN?

The Coming Fight Between Corbett and Jackson, the Big Australian.

It is a Very Even Match, say the Experts—The Fighting Styles of the Men Contrasted—Corbett's Peppery Temper and Jackson's Uniform Self-control—$10,000 and the Championship to the Victor.

It has been repeatedly asserted by a certain class of wiseacres that prize-fighting must soon become a thing of the past, in America at least. If one may judge from appearances however, this is very far from being the case. The prizes of the staked arena are to day greater than ever. Another great international contest for the championship will soon be decided, the principals being James J. Corbett, the present champion, and Peter Jackson, the Australian. The contest will be for $10,000 a side and the championship of the world. Already the impending meeting between those famous exponents of the fistic art is being discussed by the sporting men of two continents. Several cities are making offers of big purses for the fight. It is as yet uncertain whether the battle will be fought on American or English soil, as Lord Lons-

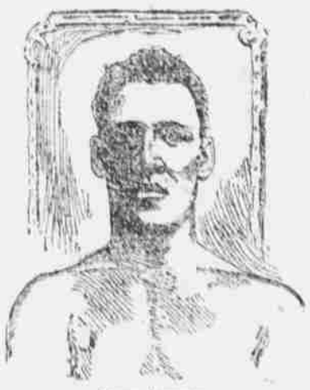
JAMES J. CORBETT.

dale is using his influence with admirers of pugilism in London to induce them to subscribe liberally toward a big purse, for a fight next June. He says he is confident that neither Jackson nor Corbett would object to meeting in the ring under the auspices of one of the leading clubs, providing a purse satisfactory to both is offered, because they are aware they will meet with a first-class reception and fair play. They can also bring off the contest without any risk of legal interference or trouble after the battle is ended. It was through the energy and influence of Lord Lonsdale that the fight between Joe McAuliffe and Frank P. Slavin was held at the Ormonde Club, and after both men were arrested he took up the cudgels on behalf of the boxers, employed Sir Charles Russell and won the case, which has made glove contests in England legal ever since.

A comparison of the proportions of Jackson and Corbett will show that, in most points, they are exceedingly well matched. They are of exactly the same height, each man standing six feet and one-half inch in stocking feet. The Australian, however, has much the better developed shoulders of the two. A tape encircling shoulders and chest would prove Jackson to have the more expansive driving machinery. Here are the exact dimensions:

	Corbett.	Jackson.
Height	6 ft. 1-2 in.	6 ft. 1-2 in.
Measurement of chest	42 1-2 in	42 1-2 in.
Measurement of waist	30 in.	33 1-2 in.
Reach	34 in.	35 in.
Measurement of thigh	25 in.	25 1-2 in.
Width of shoulders	21 in.	26 in.
Circumference of neck	18 in	17 1-2 in.
Measurement of calf	17 in.	17 1-2 in.
Measurement of biceps	15 1-4 in.	16 in.
Measurement of forearm	14 1-2 in.	14 3-4 in.
Weight	184 lbs.	195 lbs.
Age	28 years	34 years

It is clear from these figures that Corbett has the advantage in age and Jackson in weight and slightly in length of reach Corbett is younger and presumably stronger than Jackson, and he is probably quite as clever, although from the difference in their styles of fighting it would be difficult to declare which is the more effective. On his side Jackson has weight and experience and he has demonstrated beyond dispute that he is not easily "rattled" in the ring. As regards ability in the ring, which includes in this connection clever foot-work, Jackson has few equals. He is a boxer of the Mace school and uses both hands and arms in an easy, natural and most effective manner. He is a capital judge of distance and can time his blow to a nicety; he has a rapid delivery and moreover a wonderful faculty for avoiding returns.



PETER JACKSON.

He ducks with precision and when hard pressed can skip like a chamois. Jackson's left hand deliveries at head and body are free and telling, while his right hand "heart punches" have often turned the tide of battle in his favor.

Corbett is equally clever on this score as he demonstrated when he fought Jackson, Sullivan, and Mitchell. Besides he is a quick short-arm fighter, and a terrific two-handed fighter. He lands on an opponent like a flash and by leaning to the right, keeps his own head out of danger. His incessant feinting with head, hand and feet is sufficient to keep a not over-confident opponent in a state of nervous trepidation and to wear him out by the exertion of avoiding imaginary blows. Corbett's style would convey the impression that he is a natural boxer rather than a tutored one. Quick on his feet he is as elastic as rubber and apparently as tireless as a wooden rocking-horse. He knows how to block a man from punishing him when closed. In the past, he has not used his right hand with remarkable frequency but he has used it quite enough to show that he knows how to launch at the critical moment, with disastrous results.

One great advantage which Jackson possesses over Corbett is coolness, for even when facing the music and stung by the hardest blows, he does not lose his temper but coolly fights on, biding his chance for retaliation. It may be, that in future contests Corbett will fight with more judgment and not lose control of his temper, as was the case in his fight with Mitchell. One would sooner put his faith upon a cautious boxer than on a hot-headed slugger, whose combativeness is too largely developed for good generalship.

Neither Corbett nor Jackson have anything in common with the beetle-browed, heavy-jawed style of pugilist. Corbett, however, has the more excitable temperament and unless he schools himself to a less effervescent bearing, when acting as a principal hereafter, he may be at fault in this particular connection when he faces the "ebony sphinx" as Jackson has been called.

With regard to the outcome of the contest, it is unquestionable that Corbett, with youth and agility on his side, should win.

Jackson, in his fight with Frank P. Slavin at the National Sporting Club in London, was so badly punished that he took six weeks to recover from the effects of the encounter. Still, as far as physique is concerned, the men may be said to be about equally matched, Jackson's extra weight being to some extent offset by Corbett's elasticity of frame. Ring experience and temperament must enter largely into the question and these would be in Jackson's favor. He has fought many battles and has met with but one defeat which was at the outset of his pugilistic career.

On the other hand Corbett has had but one trying encounter—that with Joe Choynski, and no matter how clever he may be in the use of nature's weapons, he must necessarily be considered to be handicapped in the matter of experience, when compared with Jackson. In their battle in San Francisco on May 21, 1891, no line could be drawn as to their relative abilities, for both proved that they possessed wonderful science, stamina and pluck. They fought over four hours without either scoring a victory. Jackson was not in the best condition for a battle, having been recently injured by being thrown from a wagon. But Corbett's consecutive victories over Sullivan and Mitchell, the great improvement he has made since he fought Jackson, and the fact that the latter is probably not as formidable an opponent as he was in 1891, must all be considered.

Jackson is a native of the West Indies and was born in 1861. Untrained, he weighs about 210 pounds, trained about 195 pounds. By trade he is a machinist and began to box at Sydney, N. S. W., during the early part of 1882. Jackson's first battle was with Jack Hayes, which after a stubborn fight, ended in a draw. A new match was arranged and Jackson proved that he was a tremendous hitter, for after seventeen desperate rounds he knocked Hayes senseless. He was then matched to fight Sam Britton for $500; Jackson won this battle by knocking his early opponent out in twenty minutes. Peter was subsequently matched to fight Farman, of Melbourne, for the championship of New South Wales and $500, but he offered a very feeble resistance to Farman, who won in seven rounds.

Jackson and Farman again met for the championship, and when Farman was winning the ring was broken into and a drawn battle... Jackson next defeated Jack Dooley for $1,000 in three rounds, putting his opponent to sleep in 14 minutes. His next match was with Lees for $2,000 and the championship of Australia. Thirty rounds were fought in one

PARSON DAVIES, JACKSON'S BACKER.

hour and 39 minutes, when Jackson was declared the winner. In 1889, he came to San Francisco prepared to box any one brought against him. He also defeated George Godfrey, Con McAuliffe, Patsy Cardiff and others. Some time after his arrival Jackson secured an engagement at the Royal Aquarium and for a fortnight offered a purse to any man or Mitchell and Smith) who could stand up before him four rounds, and he successfully defeated all comers. The Pelican Club, London, offered a purse of $5,000, for Jackson to fight Jem Smith the champion of England, according to Queensberry rules, and the contest was decided in Jackson's favor in the club room in London, on November 10, 1890. Only two rounds were fought.

Jackson next fought a draw with Ed Smith of Denver, which lasted five rounds and ended in an unsatisfactory manner. This contest was decided on May 19, 1890, in Chicago. Jackson then went to San Francisco and later returned to Australia where he fought Joe Goddard for the championship of Australia. Goddard had the best of the fighting, but Jackson it was claimed, was not in condition. Jackson again came to San Francisco and the Californian Athletic Club offered a purse of $10,000, for a meeting between Jackson and Corbett. The battle was fought on May 21, 1891. Jackson had never before met a man who could avoid his dangerous straight left-hand blows. Besides no antagonist had been able to plant a glove on his wind with sufficient force to cause any annoyance, but Corbett. When the fight had reached the thirtieth round the men had concluded and rightly so that the one who led was sure to get the worst of the clash. It had been so for the first fifteen preceding rounds and neither had a particle of force to spare and neither was looking for return blows, so both refused to lead, and then the "walk around" began. Once in the fifty-eighth round Jackson said to Corbett who was continually walking away from him: "Why don't you stand up and lead ones in a while?" When the referee called the men to the ropes at the opening of the first round, he said to them—"Gentlemen you've got to come together and finish this thing; you've walked around each other long enough." Jackson replied that he was too tired to make every lead and didn't propose to lay himself open for Corbett to hit at. After they had continued to walk around three minutes longer without a blow being struck the referee declared the contest "no fight."

After his battle with Corbett, Jackson again went to England and in the Spring of 1892, he was matched to fight Frank P. Slavin, for $10,000, in the National Sporting Club, London. The fight took place on May 20, 1892. It was a desperate battle and after fighting ten rounds, Jackson knocked Slavin out.

Corbett's record is too well known to need recital. He was born Sept. 1, 1866. When a boy in his teens he was employed in a bank, and later held a clerkship in the same institution. He entered the ring in 1884, and has since defeated Duncan McDonald, Joe Choynski, Mike Brennan, Joe McAuliffe, Jake Kilrain, Dominick McCaffrey, and J. L. Sullivan. His latest battle was with Charles Mitchell, the English boxing champion, whom he defeated at Jacksonville, Fla., in January last, winning $25,000 and the championship of the world. The man he is now preparing to meet is probably the strongest opponent he has ever faced in the prize ring.

WILLIAM E. HARDING.