

## MRR. CORBETT'S LETTER.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16.—My husband's name has been so often in the papers and so much has been talked about him that all this fame he is now getting does not dazzle me as much as it might have done otherwise. I am sure it does not turn Jim's head in the least. Of course, he is elated, and so am I. I was sure he would win, and did not have much anxiety about it until the night of the fight, and then I was a good deal excited until the first despatches began to come in. When I saw how cool Jim was and was laughing every now and then, just as I knew he laughed when he was full of confidence, I had not a bit of uneasiness as to how the fight was coming out.

There has been a great deal in the newspapers about what kind of a man Jim is—what his private character is, and so on—and some of the things I have read did not do him half justice, although I must say all that I have read was very kind. Only his father and mother and his brothers and sisters and I, who have lived with him and seen him every day in all his moods, can know what a gentle and loyal man to the very core he is.

He and I have been married six years now—since the 28th of June, 1886—and during that time he has never been away from me longer than six weeks at a time. Six years is a good while, and from what I have noticed among other married people I do not believe many of them can say they have lived together that long and not had a cross word. Yet that is what I can say. I don't pretend to be a saint, but I don't believe any woman worthy of the name could ever be even pettish with such an even-tempered, gentle, considerate husband as mine has been to me. I spoke above about his moods. That does him an injustice. He does not have any moods. He is always just the same jolly, laughing, kind-hearted Jim. Everybody that knows him, even the little children out in San Francisco, love him. They could not do otherwise. It used to make me laugh sometimes to see him carry on with the children out there at home. When we were first married and he was a clerk in the bank they used to wait

for him around the house. They knew when he was due to come home just as well as I did, and they seemed to come from all quarters to be there, and they were of all sizes, from little tow-heads to great gawky boys. Jim used to play ball with them and have all sorts of games with them, and they looked on him as just one of them. Indeed, there is an awful lot of boy in Jim, and I guess there always will be, and so I have told him time and time again.

When he was at school he did have a good many fights, and he got expelled for it more than once, but it was always with bigger boys who were abusing the little ones. He never was quarrelsome, either as a boy or a man, but he never would stand it to see little chap knocked about just because they were not big enough to resent it. He never had a single fight at school except for that one cause. He was always very devoted to his father and mother, and the saying that a good son makes a good husband holds good in his case anyway. Jim was brought up in the Catholic faith, and he is just as consistent in that as he is in everything else. It is his nature to be loyal and true-hearted, and I believe his faith in religion and the teachings he got in the Church had a good deal to do in making him so gentle and so fair always. Of course, he was born that way and it is his nature to have those qualities, but sometimes even persons who are by nature kind and generous have those good qualities changed by associations, and they need religious belief to keep them true, although Jim's associations were always good. At any rate he is just as religious and just as attentive to his duties now that he is a man as he was when he was a boy, and no matter what comes he will always remain that way.

I never went with Jim on but one of his trips, and then I only went part way. At the time of the Dempsey-Fitzsimmons fight in New Orleans a year ago last spring Jim interrupted his trip to go down there and see it. Then I went to Mount Clemens, Mich., and waited for him, and when he joined me there I went on with him and finished the trip.

Of course, I am glad he has made so much money, and I know he will never squander it, for that is not his nature. When he was a boy and began to work he always

brought his earnings home and gave them to his mother, and he has always kept up thrifty habits ever since. Yet James Corbett's bitterest enemy could not say that he had a mean hair in his head. He is liberal and generous, and a man can be all that without throwing away his money foolishly, and that is where Jim has always drawn the line. Surely no woman could wish for a husband more liberal to her than mine has been to me.

I think Jim would rather live here in the East than in the West, and so for that matter would I. The place the papers tell about his buying down at Ashbury Park is beautiful, quite out in the woods, with the lake right at the door, yet near to the railway station and to Ashbury Park village. It is a lovely place to live in in the summer, but I do not think Jim would like it quite so well in the winter. I have seen it many times and always admired it, but I don't believe I either would like it so well in the winter.

I am proud of my husband—I am willing to admit that; and any woman might well be proud of so good a one as he has been to me. I did not like his going prize-fighting at first, and neither did his father and mother, but now that he is in it, I am proud of his success, and glad to know that the success will never turn his head or make him a whit different from what he always was, and that is a manly, gentle, light-hearted man, considerate for others and true to himself and to those who love him.

MRS. JAS. CORBETT.

## GOOD READING WANTED.

Managing Editor—What have you got in the make-up?

Assistant—Fourteen columns about prize-fighters, eighteen about actors, nine about politicians, one page of "Twice-told Scandals," four columns of "Celebrated Murders Recalled," and half a column of "Religious Reading."

M. E.—Leave out the "Religious Reading" and put in that special article on skirt dancing. We can't have "Religious Reading" crowding good stuff out of the paper.

Said the lecturer: "The roads up these mountains are too steep and rocky for even a donkey to climb; therefore I did not attempt the ascent."