

RENO WAITING FOR GONG

Fighters, in High Spirits, Loll About Their Camps.

BOTH MEN EXPECT TO WIN

Desert City Full to Overflowing for the Big Battle To-morrow.

HOW THE TWO FIGHTERS COMPARE IN MEASUREMENTS.

Table comparing measurements of Jeffries and Johnson: Age, Height, Weight, Neck, Chest, Biceps, Forearm, Wrist, Reach, Waist, Thigh, Calf, Ankle, Heels.

Reno, Nev., July 2.—Reno is just waiting for the moment when Billy Jordan, the announcer, will climb out of the ring with all the speed that his fat legs can carry him, crying, "Let 'er go!"

In the meantime, the desert city is taking on the appearance of a national convention. The delegates from the world's sporting centers are arriving on every train.

The camps of the fighters are quiet, with the quiet of suspense. The arena, fully completed, is waiting out in the white dust, an ugly skeleton that in a few hours will be palpitating with life and thrills that run down men's spines in moments of mystic strife.

The purse money is up—all of it—the sum of \$101,000 which the fight lovers will pay Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson to measure their sinews, their brains and their fighting hearts.

On the morning of the early afternoon, a real scene was presented. On the lawn at the side of the white cottage sat Jeffries and his cronies around a small table.

Over the group a great willow tree spread in restful branches. From a branch hung a cage with two pigeons. On the green lawn a tiny white dog played, running occasionally to lick the hand of Jeffries.

Of the thoughts that passed through Jeffries' mind—between hands—as he glanced past the group into the brilliant sunshine and the blue sky no one of his intimate friends pretended to say.

To those who braved the sunshine and the dust and the bumps in the road and made their way to Rickard's roadhouse, on the other side of town, another scene of rest was shown, but it was rest of a different kind.

In the Jeffries camp the hangers-on and trainers were willing to bet a dollar that the man whom no man will make Johnson look like the outside of a storm cellar after a hurricane.

From the vantage of the hotel doorway, however, it looks as though few had stayed at home. Among the crowds that throng the barrooms and gambling houses are the faces of men known around the world.

High noon and four deep around the roulette and faro tables—that is the situation in Reno to-day. It is impossible for the visitor from cities where gambling is kept under a discreet cover to venture half a block from the tables without stumbling across a green table and a pretty checkerboard and a man in shirt-sleeves raking in all the money in the crowd.

Prisoners to hear returns. Chicago, July 2.—Flight news round by round will be telegraphed into the county jail here on Monday. A telegraph operator who is prisoner will be at the receiving end of the wire.

JEFFRIES AND JOHNSON WINDING UP THEIR DAYS OF TRAINING.



JEFFRIES WRESTLING WITH BOB ARMSTRONG.

JIM JEFFRIES THE FIGHTER

Now Seeking a Title He So Ruthlessly Gave Away.

HOW HE JUMPED TO FAME

Fitzsimmons and Corbett Among Those to Go Down Before the Young Giant.

James J. Jeffries, who will strive at Reno to-morrow to regain the heavy-weight pugilistic championship, which he ruthlessly gave away to Marvin Hart some years ago, is thirty-five years old.

As a boy he was strong and virile, and he grew up into a physical giant, being big and powerful with everything that goes to make up a fighter—wonderful strength, quick perception, tigerish courage and, better yet, perhaps, remarkable ability to stand punishment.

When the ambition to be a fighter did come it required only two years for him to vanquish every fighter worthy of consideration and to claim the title as his own.

Having found that he was a born fighter and having earned a fortune and the right to be called the undefeated champion of the world, Jeffries decided to retire, and the only way he could find to rid himself of the burdens that the title imposed was to throw them off.

One of the striking things about Jeffries is the fact that it took a great deal of argument to convince him that he was a fighting man at all.

He developed a decided fondness for country life, and when he resigned as champion, having earned money through purses, moving pictures and stage appearances, he went to what he pleased, he purchased a farm in Southern California with the intention of spending his days in country squires.

Jeffries was born in Carroll, Ohio, in 1875, but his parents went to California soon after his arrival that he is looked upon almost as a native of that state.

It was shortly after this that Jim Corbett began to prepare for his fight with Bob Fitzsimmons, which gave the latter the championship, Harry Corbett, Jim's brother, who was on the lookout for sparring partners, sent Jeff up to Carson City, Nev., to join Jim's training staff.

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blow he ever received. It was a right-hander, and had so much good will behind it that Jeffries never forgot it. That punch was one of the things that made Jeffries call Choyanski to his aid when he decided to return to the ring to fight Johnson.

During the next year Jeffries began to find out how strong he really was. He knocked out Joe Goddard, of Australia, a hardy fighter, with many victories to his credit, followed that up by knocking out old Peter Jackson in three rounds, and making "Mexican Pete" Everett quit in less than three.

The first of these was Bob Armstrong, a negro, and Jeff damaged his hand against the big black to such an extent that he could not meet Steve O'Donnell, the other man, much to the delight of O'Donnell's friends.

During this time Bob Fitzsimmons was retaining the championship against all comers. A match was made between Jeff and Bob at Coney Island, in 1893. It was looked upon as a joke, as the man who had gathered Jim Corbett's scalp in decisive style was thought to be able to play with the big green hand, Jeffries. It was anything but play, and while Fitzsimmons hit his rival almost at will in the opening rounds he did not do any great amount of damage, whereas the crashing blows from the bolle-maker soon began to have their effect.

Five months later Jeffries met Tom Sharkey again in a twenty-five round fight at Coney Island. Jeff got a decision over the sailor, but he declares that Sharkey is the gamest man who ever entered the ring.

Corbett, by this time, was eager to get a match with his former sparring partner. The fight was arranged, and for twenty rounds Jeffries took a terrific amount of punishment. He utterly failed to reach Corbett with his gloves, although Corbett battered him around so freely that the big fellow looked foolish. Jeff's seconds told him that he was an ex-champion beyond doubt unless he did something, and Jeff went out to do it the next round.

He tore after Corbett, minding the storm or blows that met him no more than he would mind so many raindrops. His left reached Corbett's mid-section in the twenty-third round, and a moment later his right ended the fight with a short-arm jolt to the jaw.

Jeff's next fight of any importance was with his old opponent, Rubin. After five rounds of argument, Rubin quit. Jeff had learned too much for Rubin between his meetings.

Probably the greatest amount of punishment Jeff ever took—and he took a lot of it first and last—was in his second fight with Fitzsimmons. The fight took place in 1902, and Fitz threw all his cleverness and strength into the first three rounds.

Jeff's face was badly cut by his blows, and while Fitz was fresh, the champion looked like a novice beside him. But he could not keep it up, and he could not seem to worry Jeff to any extent. In the eighth Jeff's right caught the old champion in the stomach, his left went to the jaw, and Fitzsimmons was clasped among the has-beens for good.

The second fight with Jim Corbett was Jeff's last important fight. In that fight Jeff showed that he had at last learned the boxing game. He outgott Corbett, he admitted master of glove work and foot work, at every point of the game, and in the eleventh Corbett went down for the count. This was Corbett's last appearance in the ring.

Just prior to his retirement Jeff fought a four-round draw with Jack Munroe at Butte. It was a stay-four-rounds, and Munroe stayed by clinging to Jeff all the time. Munroe, after the fight, claimed he had knocked Jeff down. As a matter of fact, the big man slipped and fell; but Munroe boasted of his alleged triumph until Jeff's anger was roused, and another fight arranged. They met in San Francisco, and Munroe went down and out in the second round.

While this victory did not seem to arouse Jeff to any ambition as a fighter, it attracted the attention of fighters to him as a valuable training partner. He secured a middleweight named Billy Gallagher in San Francisco two years later, and Gallagher got him a match in 1896 with Dan Long, of Denver. There was a \$1,000 purse up, and Long went to sleep in the second round when Jeff's left encountered his nose.

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CHARLEY WHITE, THE ASSOCIATE REFEREE.

Some Figures of the Big Fight at Reno

Table with financial figures: Estimated gross receipts on a basis of 16,000 seats, ranging in price from \$10 to \$50; Estimated profits of "Tex" Rickard and Jack Gleason; Estimated profit of winner, including lion's share of purse; Estimated profit of loser, including small end of purse; Estimated cost of putting fight on and training expenses of the two men; Estimated cost to each person who sees battle, including average price of seat; Guaranteed purse, of which 75 per cent to the winner; Limit number of rounds.

Officials—Referee, "Tex" Rickard, of Nevada; alternate referee, Charles White, of New York; timekeeper, George F. Harting, of San Francisco; announcer, Billy Jordan, of San Francisco; stakeholder, "Big Tim" Sullivan, of New York; betting commissioner, Tom Corbett, of San Francisco.

JEFFRIES IN HAPPY VEIN A FLURRY OF WAGERING

Indulges in Frenzied Finance and Catches Some Trout.

Moana Springs, Nev., July 2.—Fishing and card playing occupied Jim Jeffries to-day. From early in the morning until mid-afternoon he sat under the trees beside his cottage playing hearts and rejoicing in the misfortunes of his opponents.

Jeffries was in high good humor. Frank Gotch, his former theatrical associate and firm friend, spent the entire day with him. The pair, after several hours playing hearts, were ahead about \$2 each. They pooled their interests and invested the sum at the roulette wheel across the road.

Gotch, Phil Campbell, the Reno trout fisherman, and Jack Wooley accompanied Jeffries on the fishing trip. The party went to Calavada, on the state line about twenty miles up in the hills. When they returned thirty trout were stowed in the bottom of the car. Jeffries proudly exhibited them to everybody who stepped up to the machine.

The strain of the training days has told to some extent on little Mrs. Jeffries. She spends her time hovering about her husband, watching him and thinking of him all the time, whether he is at work or at play.

Local Bets on Fight Beginning to Heap Up.

With the Jeffries-Johnson fight only hours off, bettors yesterday were active in placing wagers on the outcome. Heretofore there has been little speculation in this city on the championship fight, backers of both men preferring to wait until the last moment and thoroughly sift the news emanating from the two camps before putting up their money.

A broker yesterday estimated that approximately \$100,000 had been placed on the fight here. But this estimate is probably less than a quarter of the amount actually wagered, for there is no means of arriving at the amount put in friendly bets of \$5, \$10, \$25 and so on, and there have been hundreds of these. In fact, every one interested in the fight at all seems to think that he cannot let the occasion pass without putting up some sort of stake just to add interest and show his conviction.

Wall Street has made few bets of size on the fight. A member of the Stock Exchange placed \$2,500 to \$3,000 on Jeffries for a client, and so far as known this was the largest wager made. Another bet of \$1,000 to \$300 was recorded, and nine more, of \$50 to \$70. There have also been numerous bets of \$100 to \$200.

One enthusiastic Johnson advocate put up \$20 cash against a like amount that Johnson would knock the white man out in seven rounds. The bet has not been taken. At a Broadway hotel \$30,000 was laid yesterday to bet in \$500 amounts at 10 to 4 on Jeffries. At the Hotel Albany it is said that \$10,000 had been placed on Jeffries at odds of 10 to 4.

Practically little or no betting has been done in Sharkey's café. At other well-known Tenderloin cafés considerable betting in comparatively small sums has been done. From Pittsburg last night came the news of a bet of \$10,000 to \$3,000. This was the largest bet recorded, but there were many made of smaller amounts. The odds ruled around 10 to 8 and 10 to 7.

RICKARD SURMOUNTS ALL

Opposition of Every Kind Overcome by Promoter.

DIFFICULTIES AT THE START

Big Fight To-morrow the Result of His Determination and Persistency.

The wonderful persistency and tenacity of Jack Gleason, and more particularly "Tex" Rickard, the promoters of the Jeffries-Johnson fight, will be rewarded with a fortune as a result of the big battle which will be fought to-morrow.

Johnson's declaration sustains the judgment of numerous sporting writers who have maintained for years that the big negro seldom, if ever, extended himself, and was capable of striking harder blows than has ever delivered in the ring. It appears to have been a general belief that Johnson was "holding back." This was particularly noticeable in his recent fight with Stanley Ketchel. In that bout Johnson toyed with his man almost to the end, and seemed to think a punch brought him to a slip and a timely punch brought him to his knees, and aroused his anger. Just what happened next has never been clearly known. It was too fast to watch, and in an instant's time Ketchel was on his back and being counted out. He did not seem to realize what had struck him, and Johnson himself seemed astonished at the result of his sudden exhibition of strength and speed.

Johnson was born in Galveston in 1878, his birthday being March 31, and if ring experience counts for anything he has it. In 1891 he fought six fights, winning all except one, which was a draw. The next year he went into the ring sixteen times, and from then on he was almost constantly engaged, until to date he has to his credit more than sixty battles.

While many of his opponents have not been of the style to test his mettle, his frequent bouts have served at least to keep him always in training, and this is one of the strong arguments of his partisans.

Temporarily Johnson is an interesting study. His chief characteristic is his undying good nature, a curiously constant sort of even temper that nothing seems to ruffle. His "golden smile" is seldom out of evidence, and not even the coarse and insulting flbes that frequently greet him from fight spectators seem to have the power to disturb him. Even when ducked a storm of blows and a wonderful composure in the onslaughts of his opponent Johnson never loses his poise nor his power of observation.

His eyes take in and appraise everything that transpires at the ringside. He seems to hear every comment made by the onlookers, and even in the midst of the clinch, when every muscle in his body is working, he will turn to the audience with a flash of his ready smile, and like as not, with an equally witty rejoinder thrown at the audience over the railing shoulder against which he is pressing.

"Why don't you fight, you black man?" yelled an enthusiast at the Johnson-Kaufman fight. The men were in a clinch at the time, but without an instant's hesitation Johnson shouted back: "Why should I fight? I've got your \$10 already!"

And this cool-headedness under fire is another of the negro's qualities upon which his backers count, believing it impossible to rattle him by any known tactics. That his good nature does not indicate a low order of intelligence, however, has been clearly shown by his clever business methods and his rather well-drawn ringside speeches. Men who have watched him say he simply has no nerves, using the word in the accepted sense.

Johnson agrees to settle Little to get thirty thousand dollars from pugilist.

Reno, Nev., July 2.—According to a statement made to-day by Frank A. McEvoy, of Chicago, representing George Little, former manager of Jack Johnson, Little will receive \$30,000 in all from the financial differences existing between them. It had been announced that Little had agreed to take \$25,000 in liquidation of all his claims against Johnson.

Little stated to-day that he would be at the ringside ready to offer \$100,000 as a side bet in the interests of Sam Langford against a fight with Little's former champion, who Johnson gins, loses or gets a draw with Jeffries.

Delaney to be on hand.

Oakland, Cal., July 2.—Billy Delaney will be in Johnson's corner at the fourth of July if his physicians will permit him to act as the champion's second. This was the substance of a statement made last night by Delaney. The trainer will leave for Reno to-night.

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JOHNSON REACHES GOAL

Has Been Working for Years to Face Jeffries.

FOUGHT HIS WAY TO FRONT

Remarkable Record in Over Sixty Battles Stamps Him a Fighter.

For six years or more John Arthur Johnson has been working with one end in view, and that end will be reached when he steps in the ring with Jim Jeffries at Reno to-morrow.

Johnson began to loom up on the pugilistic horizon in 1891. "Jeffries can't touch me" was his boast even in those days, and he fratted continually over the fact that until he acquired a reputation he prospects for a championship battle were but as gauzy as the tail of Halley's comet. He says he believed then as confidently in his ability to achieve the title as he did six years later, when at last his opportunity to battle with Tommy Burns for the supreme prize was realized.

"It was not my fights themselves, but my fight to get those fights that proved the hardest part of the struggle," Johnson has said in talking of his uphill struggle.

"It was my color. They told me to get a 'rep', but how was I to get a 'rep' without meeting fighters of class? But I made them fight me. I just kept plugging along, snapping up what chances I could get, until by and by the topnotchers saw that sooner or later they'd have to take me on. As soon as I had shown what I could do the fight public—most of the 'fans,' anyway—took sides with me, and that helped a whole lot."

Johnson asserts that he has never been apprehensive of possible defeat in any of his fights. "I was not a nervous man," he declares, "but I was a fighter for them."

His most important four battles have been fought within the last year and a half, dating from his defeat of Tommy Burns in Australia on December 26, 1908. Having wrested the championship from Burns, he determined to meet and defend his title against all comers. His fight with "Philadelphia" Jack Johnson, at Kaufman and Stanley Ketchel followed in rapid succession.

On his fights two or three years before that had brought him prominence and helped him along greatly in his career his contests with Sam Langford, the Boston negro; Joe Jeannette, Sam McVey, "Denver" Ed Martin, Jim Flynn and others. Johnson lays no particular stress except to regard them as so many runs of his ladder of success.

"I'm looking for a fight," Johnson once said, "in which I really can let myself out and show the public just what I can do. That's one reason why I'm so anxious to go up against Jeffries."

Johnson's declaration sustains the judgment of numerous sporting writers who have maintained for years that the big negro seldom, if ever, extended himself, and was capable of striking harder blows than has ever delivered in the ring. It appears to have been a general belief that Johnson was "holding back." This was particularly noticeable in his recent fight with Stanley Ketchel. In that bout Johnson toyed with his man almost to the end, and seemed to think a punch brought him to a slip and a timely punch brought him to his knees, and aroused his anger. Just what happened next has never been clearly known. It was too fast to watch, and in an instant's time Ketchel was on his back and being counted out. He did not seem to realize what had struck him, and Johnson himself seemed astonished at the result of his sudden exhibition of strength and speed.

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