

JEFFRIES MEETS MASTER

While his physician and other friends jumped into the ring "Stop it!" they cried. "Don't put the old fellow out!" Sam Berger, Jeffries's manager, ran along the ring calling to Bob Armstrong: "Bring that towel you know what I mean—don't let him get hit."

WINNER OF THE BIG FISTIC BATTLE.



JOHN ARTHUR JOHNSON. (Copyright, Pictorial News Company.)

Jeffries Tells Why He Lost Fight.

Reno, Nev., July 4.—I lost my fight this afternoon because I did not have the snap of youth. I believed in my own heart that all the old-time dash was there, but when I started to execute the speed and youthful stamina were lacking. The things I used to do were impossible. For instance, I used to shoot in a right hand body punch, a sort of short range blow that never used to fail me. But when I tried it to-day the snap was not there, and it was only a love tap.

Johnson opened up his heavy battery at the beginning of the fatal round. It seemed no great effort to him to finish it all. There was only one side to it. Less than an hour of fighting had served to bring to an end the career of the man hitherto believed invincible, and had solved the questions that had been agitating the sporting world since Johnson won the championship belt from Tommy Burns.

THE MAN WHO FAILED TO "COME BACK."



JAMES J. JEFFRIES. (Copyright, Pictorial News Company.)

"HOT TIME IN OLD TOWN"

Chicago, July 4.—Gracious me, if there isn't poor old Jeffries now. To look at him you would think he would refuse to shake hands with his boy. Mrs. Johnson, Jack's mother, was speaking. She was sitting in her home that Jack's prowess had made possible. She was surrounded by many admiring friends and she was the happiest woman in the world, although, she had been told, had refused to shake hands with her son when the fight began.

Some Figures of the Big Fight at Reno

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes rows for estimated gross receipts (\$360,000), estimated profits of promoters (\$200,000), estimated profit of winner (\$70,666), estimated profit of loser (\$50,440), estimated cost of putting fight on (\$100,000), estimated cost to each person who saw battle (\$50 to \$300), guaranteed purse (\$121,000), and rounds fought (15).

JEFF'S CONDITION GOOD

His Physician Says There is Nothing Wrong with Him. Reno, Nev., July 4.—Dr. W. S. Porter, Jeffries's physician, made the following statement to-night: "Aside from a badly bruised face, there is nothing seriously wrong with Jeffries's condition after his bout of to-day. The little cuts about his lip and forehead will heal in a few days, and as soon as his discolored right eye sheds the black and blue he will never know he had been in a fight. There is not a mark on his body, his heart action is not affected in the least, and except for the soreness in his face he will feel just as good as ever."

NEGRO WONDERFUL FIGHTER

"Tex" Rickard Places Him Ahead of All Other Pugilists. Reno, Nev., July 4.—"Tex" Rickard, the referee and chief promoter of the fight, said after the battle: "Jack Johnson is the most wonderful fighter that ever pulled on a glove. He won as he pleased from Jeffries, and was never in danger. I could not tell out feel for a white man as he felt beneath the champion's blows. It was the most pitiable sight I ever saw. As a matter of fact, I thought away down in my heart that Jeffries would be the winner of the fight."

BETS FORTUNE ON JOHNSON

Ricks Mortgages Home and Wins Thousands of Dollars. Reno, July 4.—Ricks, the owner of the resort where Johnson trained for the fight, laid a bet of \$10,000 on the colored pugilist at the prevailing odds at the ringside this afternoon. He mortgaged his home to raise the money. Ricks is a former gambler of San Francisco. He looked on backing Johnson as a great opportunity to clean up a small fortune.

Johnson Tells How He Won Fight.

Reno, Nev., July 4.—Jack Johnson said to-night: "I won from Mr. Jeffries because I outlasted him in one department of the fighting game. Before I entered the ring I was certain I would be the victor. I never changed my mind at any time. "Jeffries's blows had no steam behind them, so how could he hope to defeat me. With the exception of a little cut on my lower lip, which was really caused by an old wound being struck, I am unmarked. I heard people at the ringside remark about body blows being inflicted upon me. I do not recall a single punch in the body that caused me any discomfort. I am in shape to battle again to-morrow, if it were necessary. "One thing I must give Jeffries credit for is the game battle he made. He came back at me with the heart of a true fighter. No man can say he did not do his best. "I believe we both fought fairly. There was nothing between us which was not honest. He joked and I joked him. I told him I knew he was a bear, but I was a gorilla and would do for him. "I was a gorilla and would do for him. I was in vaudeville, then I went to my home in Chicago to rest. I do not think I shall fight for several months, because I do not know a man who could give me a good battle. Johnson's challenge by me. I do not consider he could give me a fight that would draw."

Story of Fight by Rounds

Johnson Bides His Time and Batters His Rival Down in Fifteenth Round.

Reno, Nev., July 4.—John Arthur Johnson, a Texas negro, the son of an American slave, is now the undisputed heavyweight pugilistic champion of the world. James J. Jeffries, of California, winner of twenty battles and a man who never was brought to his knees before by a blow, passed into history as a broken idol. He met utter defeat at the hands of the negro champion. George Harting, the official timekeeper, issued the following formal statement after the fight: "Time was called at 2:45. Johnson entered the ring at 2:38 and Jeffries entered four minutes later. The fight lasted fifteen rounds. The time for the last round was 2 minutes 27 seconds. The fight was stopped at 3:41. In the fifteenth round there were three knockdowns. The first two of these were each of nine seconds' duration. The last one was eight seconds. Then Jeffries's seconds rushed in, and the referee gave the decision to Johnson. There is no doubt that independent of this action Jeffries would have been counted out."

ADMIRERS CATCH REFRAIN

Negroes Gather Before Home and Make Welkin Ring with Old Tune. Chicago, July 4.—Gracious me, if there isn't poor old Jeffries now. To look at him you would think he would refuse to shake hands with his boy. Mrs. Johnson, Jack's mother, was speaking. She was sitting in her home that Jack's prowess had made possible. She was surrounded by many admiring friends and she was the happiest woman in the world, although, she had been told, had refused to shake hands with her son when the fight began.

body. He kept Jeffries bobbing his head in the next clinch, with three uppercuts to the body, and the second uppercut and Jeffries appeared tired. They shoved about, Jeffries with his head on Jack's shoulder, and when they finally broke Jack hooked his left hand to the nose, and the blood flowed freely. Jeffries appeared slow in comparison with Johnson. Just before the bell Jeffries rushed in and sent a left and right to the face. Johnson's head went away and the blows did no damage. The round was so much in favor of Johnson that those who had wagered on Jeffries began to look about nervously for a chance to hedge. ROUND 12—Jeffries stepped forward, waiting for a chance to get inside the negro's impregnable defense. At the opening of the round, Jeffries simply waited and then drew back and hooked a left to the face. "Thought you said you were going to have me wild," said Corbett. Jeffries said nothing in the clinches, but shoved and butted in until his head rested on the black man's shoulder, and then tried to rip in with his right hand. He missed almost before they were started, however, and the negro's clever boxing drew a cheer from the crowd for his reward. His nose bled freely, and as he turned to take his seat at the table he spat out a mass of blood. Jeffries was not worried, apparently, and looked fresh and bright. ROUND 13—Putting his right glove before his face, Jeffries walked into a clinch without a blow as the men stepped up. When they broke Johnson sent a left to the body, and Jack simply waited and then drew back and hooked a left to the face. "Thought you said you were going to have me wild," said Corbett. Jeffries said nothing in the clinches, but shoved and butted in until his head rested on the black man's shoulder, and then tried to rip in with his right hand. He missed almost before they were started, however, and the negro's clever boxing drew a cheer from the crowd for his reward. His nose bled freely, and as he turned to take his seat at the table he spat out a mass of blood. Jeffries was not worried, apparently, and looked fresh and bright. ROUND 14—Jeffries stepped forward, waiting for a chance to get inside the negro's impregnable defense. At the opening of the round, Jeffries simply waited and then drew back and hooked a left to the face. "Thought you said you were going to have me wild," said Corbett. Jeffries said nothing in the clinches, but shoved and butted in until his head rested on the black man's shoulder, and then tried to rip in with his right hand. He missed almost before they were started, however, and the negro's clever boxing drew a cheer from the crowd for his reward. His nose bled freely, and as he turned to take his seat at the table he spat out a mass of blood. Jeffries was not worried, apparently, and looked fresh and bright. ROUND 15—Putting his right glove before his face, Jeffries walked into a clinch without a blow as the men stepped up. When they broke Johnson sent a left to the body, and Jack simply waited and then drew back and hooked a left to the face. "Thought you said you were going to have me wild," said Corbett. Jeffries said nothing in the clinches, but shoved and butted in until his head rested on the black man's shoulder, and then tried to rip in with his right hand. He missed almost before they were started, however, and the negro's clever boxing drew a cheer from the crowd for his reward. His nose bled freely, and as he turned to take his seat at the table he spat out a mass of blood. Jeffries was not worried, apparently, and looked fresh and bright.