

HIS COURAGE AS WHITE AS HIS SKIN IS BLACK

There Is Nothing of the "Yellow" About Johnson.

JEFF'S MASTER AT ALL TIMES

Comes Out of Battle Without a Mark, and So Easy Was His Victory That It Seemed Like a Joke to Him—But There's No Cheering in Reno.

BY MIKE MURPHY, Official Trainer of the University of Pennsylvania.

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Reno, July 4.—I have no pleasure in saying, "I told you so." I picked the winner, and my judgment that Jeffries was not in shape to cope with this wonderful negro has been indicated, but, like all Americans who admire Jeffries, I cannot but feel the deepest regret over his downfall. It is a pity that he allowed them to bring him back in the ring to meet a man who was his master in every particular. And yet it is not fair to permit this sentiment to take from Johnson one iota of the credit that is his. It must be remembered that he has beaten fairly the man who has been acclaimed the greatest fighting man the world ever knew, and he did it fairly and squarely, absolutely on his merits.

Regret over the defeat of the white gladiator should not lead anyone to the unparliamentary fault of denying to Johnson the glory that is his. He is a real champion phenomenon, and for the first time he showed the world just how good he is.

Has Not a Mark. I have just seen Johnson. He has not a single mark. He came out of the contest as though he had never had a glove on. And I have to give him the credit that he is not cheating. He has never had a greater display of superiority. Johnson really overmatched him. He had Jeffries' spitting blood early in the going, and that way he went around the conqueror of Fitzsimons, Corbett, Ruhlman and Sharkey, one might say, but he was a Jeffries was a novice pitted against a top notcher.

It was a square, standup fight all the time, and to the credit of both men he said that there was no shadow of a doubt in his mind that he was fighting a fair fight. Neither man took any improper advantage, and Jeffries, even after he must have known that defeat was certain, did not flinch his head, and made no attempt at anything dirty.

Always His Master. Both in the ring and in the range Johnson had the mastery all the time, and took it all so easy that it seemed like a joke to him.

I wonder now what some of those people think who contended that Johnson lacked the courage to stand up and take the fight. I thought I was a prophet. There is nothing yellow about this champion. His courage is as white as his skin. He took this right along, too, for, as I have said before, Johnson did not act to me like the kind of a man who is a quitter. Johnson actually made fun of Jeffries' attempts to hit him, and it was with a purpose, for as time went on, and Jeff tried to reach his opponent that he was like a man trying to land on a trained boxer, the bolliemaker became desperate fought wild and really decreased his chances.

Jeffries could not withstand the awful lick of the negro. He had been said by many that while Johnson had a good right, his left was no good. This was not borne out today. Every time that Jeffries came to the ring there with that awful jolting left, and poor Jeff was gradually battered into submission.

With a left upper cut that Johnson nearly put him out in the eleventh. Again, in the thirteenth, he nearly had Johnson. Johnson had his hope on getting at Johnson's stomach. Futile efforts. Every time he worked a left for the Johnson punched the Johnson's stomach, that black guard was impregnable, a marvel.

Johnson demonstrated that he is a fighter as well as boxer. In fact, I should say that he was twice as good a fighter as boxer. He displayed in marked degree the qualities of the fighting man. He kept his head, and his courage was right at all times. He did what he set out to do and did it well, and it will be many a day before they can get a man to beat him.

The crowd was as far as it could be, just as I knew they would be, both from what I had seen of the sports here, and from my knowledge that Reno has a man for a sheriff, who had determined on the fairest kind of fair play.

Fitting Spectacle. I had a good chance to look at Jeffries after he left the ring. He has a plain, open, honest face. His eye is closed, and he is badly marked up in the face. Otherwise, he is not seriously injured, and he talked of fight for many years comes to a finish without serious damage being done to either of the contenders.

During the closing rounds, Jeffries was constantly spitting blood, and this bothered him quite a little. It is a very sickening thing to have blood to have the blood flow from the mouth, but it is probable that, try as he would, Jeff could not help swallowing some of it.

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Part of Great Capitol Square Crowd Reading Fight Bulletins



SNAP OF YOUTH WAS NOT THERE

Jeffries Tells Why He Lost His Fight to Jack Johnson.

HIS STAMINA LACKING

Believes Now That the Public Will Let Him Alone.

BY JAMES JEFFRIES.

Reno, July 4.—I lost my fight this afternoon because I did not have the snap of youth I used to have. 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.

I suppose most of my trainers and helpers will say that I did not box often enough. It would not have made any difference if I had sparred a dozen times often than I did. I simply was not there, and that's all there is to it.

I guess it's all my own fault. I was getting along nicely and living peacefully on my affairs farm, but when I started calling for me and mentioning me as "the white man's hope," I guess my pride got the better of my good judgment. At that time I worked long and hard to condition myself, and I was fit, so far as strength goes, but the old necessary snap and dash, the will to win, was gone.

Six years ago the result would have been different. I would have been the public will let me alone after this.

AMERICAN JOCKS GONE ABROAD

Better Conditions and Less Rigorous Requirements Have Caused an Exodus.

The heyday of the jockey of America is gone. For several years there has been an exodus of the best riders to Europe. At the present time there is a sprinkling of American jockeys in every country abroad. They are scattered over England, Austria, Hungary, France, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Argentina—everywhere, in fact, where racing exists. The actor who takes the part of a jockey in one of the successful plays of the season and tells of the hardships he endures in keeping down to weight reaches the climax by narrating how he once had a glass of water and a caraway seed lodged in a hollow tooth he was ever weight and couldn't ride in an important race. This actor strained a point, but even so didn't go far beyond a point within the bounds of possibility. There is no calling in the world which demands more self-denial, and while in the golden days of the turf several of the knights of the pigskin earned splendid salaries, most of them sacrificed health in the effort to outdo nature.

The fortune that McLaughlin, Fitzpatrick, Garrison, Murphy, Tamer, Griffin and other of the old timers went through would make them martyrs in any other cause, and there are others who knew the pangs of hunger for months at a time and could not assuage them because they were under iron-clad contracts to be fit and ready to ride at a certain weight whenever called upon.

The scales of weights in the United States calls for men for lighter build than those employed in England and France, and for several years boys who tipped the beam at more than 110 pounds have found little encouragement to continue their calling here and have gone abroad, where they could not only earn higher wages, but have a few creature comforts, occasionally.

Story, by Rounds, of Jeffries's Defeat

Round 1. Jeffries walked in and feinted. Both smiled, and Johnson gave ground. Johnson led a straight left, and landed lightly on Jeffries' face. They were cautioned and clinched. Johnson shoved Jeffries away. Jeffries hooked a left to the neck, and in the clinch sent a right to the body. Johnson responded with a light left, and they stood breast to breast trying for blows. As they broke, Jeffries sent a left to Johnson's neck. Johnson responded with a left, and continued to stand breast to breast trying for the short inside blows. As they broke Jeffries sent a left to Johnson's neck, and the negro stepped in, but missed. The gong rang when they clinched. The fighting was tame, and as they turned to their corners, Jeffries tapped Jack on the shoulder and smiled.

Round 2. Jeffries assumed his crouch, but missed his first attempt. Johnson feinted, but Jeffries stepped slightly away. Jack sent a left to Jeff's face, and as they clinched ripped in a hard upper cut to Jeff's chin. Jeffries sent a right to the ribs, and took a left on the face at close quarters. Jeffries crouched, and waited for Johnson, but he was not willing. They came together without a blow, and Johnson tried his upper cut, but missed. Jeff put his right on Jack's shoulders and pushed him. When they broke Jack shot his left hand to Jeff's face and tried his upper cut, but missed again. There was a lot of wrestling, and not much fighting. The gong rang without a good blow being struck.

Round 3. "Take it easy, Jeff," said Corbett, as they walked to the center. Jeff smiled and led for the head with a left, but missed. Johnson hooked a stiff left to the body and right to the head, but neither blow was hard. They shoved and pushed each other about the ring. Jeffries hooked a left to the body, and got under Johnson's right. Jeffries stood breast to breast, and they held and shoved about the ring. Johnson sent two left jabs to the face, and tried his right to the chin, but missed the latter. Jeff smiled at the left, and continued to bore in. It was simply a wrestling bout thus far. Jeffries kept waiting in calmly, but missed a left body blow, Jack blocking them perfectly. Jeff did not seem to breathe hard, but Johnson appeared nervous as he was rubbed down.

Round 4. Jeff took his crouching position again and walked in. He missed, and they came together in a lock. Johnson tried his right for the chin, but missed, and they began an exchange of talk. "Don't rush, Jim. Don't you hear what I'm telling you?" said Johnson as Jeffries forced him back, and they came to a clinch.

Round 5. Jeffries walked straight out to Jack and tried to land his left. They both started carefully, and Jeffries led his left for the body, and was blocked. In the clinch that followed Jeffries shoved Jack back easily when they broke Jack swung his left for the body, but missed. Johnson shot an upper cut and cut Jeff's lip slightly. As they broke, Jack landed a left to the face, and Jeffries came right back with a left on the body. Johnson held Jeffries' arms, and as they broke Jack again tried to upper cut. He missed, but stung Jeffries on the face with a left. "Go on, Jeff," shouted Corbett. "That left is a joke." Jeff stepped in and shot a straight left to the black's head, and the crowd cheered. The gong found them in a clinch. The negro was slow up to this time, with no damage to either man.

Round 6. Again Jeffries crouched. They stepped around each other, Johnson trying to send a stiff left to the jaw. One cut Jeff's cheek a bit. Again they lolled in each other's embrace, but neither was willing to take a chance. Jeffries rushed, but missed a left for the body, and took a left on the chest in return. Johnson kept up a running flow of talk to Jeff when they came to a clinch, but Jeff calmly chewed gum and waded in. He missed Jack with a left and took a left and a right on the head. Jack got a left on the face. Jack closed Jeff's right eye. Jack missed two rights. Jeff's nose was bleeding when the gong sounded. When Jeff took his seat his seconds got busy with his eye, but he assured them that it was all right, and they only sponged his face. It was Johnson's round.

Round 7. Jeff walked right in, but before he had a chance Jack led with right and left and missed. Jeff's eye was badly swollen, and he rubbed it with his glove. He feinted, and tried to draw Johnson on, but the negro declined to come in. Jeff stepped in with a left for the body, but missed it, and took a left on the head. Jeff looked a left to the head, and Johnson laughed loudly. Jeff got a left on the face twice at close range. Jeff butted his way into another clinch, but failed to land. He drew Jack's head, and shot a left to the face. Jack's lip bled. In a close quarter mix Jack sent his left to the face twice, and Jim's lip bled. This round was somewhat faster.

Round 8. "Come on, Jeff," said Jack, as they faced each other. Jeff came on, and got a left in the face. He missed Jack's body with a left, and took two lefts on the face. "Well, Jimmy," said Jack to Corbett, as he leaned on Jeff. "Did you see that one?" Jeff walked in a left to the face, and again they manled each other without damage at close range. "Come on, break," said Jeff, as Jack held his gloves. Rickard did not touch the men, but allowed them to take their time. Jeff missed twice with his left, and took a left on the face. Jeff shoved Jack a blow seemingly with ease. The gong found them locked. Johnson's blows up to now had been snappier and cleaner, but outside of a bruised eye Jeff was not hurt.

Round 9. Jeff walked in a left to the chest. "Make him fight, Jim," yelled Corbett. "Never mind, just wait," responded Johnson. Johnson tried a left for the body. Jeff got inside of it, and putting his head against Jack's chest, shoved the negro to the ropes. Jeff took it all calmly, seemed to be waiting. Jack failed for the head, but Jeff stepped quickly and shot a left hard for the body, but Jeff's glove was there first. Jeff received two jabs on the face; no damage. He swung his left arm around Jack's neck as they came together. His wrist landed hard on the ribs, and Johnson did not appear to like it.

JOHNSON TELLS WHY HE IS VICTOR

Outclassed Jeffries in Every Department of Fighting Game.

PRaises HIS OPPONENT

Says White Man Showed the Heart of a True Fighter.

BY JACK JOHNSON.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
Reno, Nev., July 4.—I won from Mr. Jeffries because I outclassed him in every 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' blows had no steam behind them. So how could he hope to defeat me? With the exception of a slight cut on my lower lip, which was really caused by an old wound being struck, I am unmarked. I am in shape to do 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 said between us which was rough. I joked and I joked him. I told him I knew he could hear but I was a gorilla, and would defeat him.

SHORTAGE OF TWO-YEAR-OLDS

Racing Laws in United States Causing Owners to Ship Youngsters Abroad.

New York, July 4.—Next season there will be a shortage of two-year-olds in this country unless some of the smaller breeding farms turn out a good stock. The racing situation is so gloomy here that the larger breeders are looking elsewhere for a market. It is doubtful if J. B. Haggin sends a yearling to the sales ring this year, and it is said that James A. Keene will ship fifty or sixty to South America. Should this be the case, there is every reason to believe that it will be upward of 300 American-bred horses will be sold in South America this summer. What is more depressing is the fact that quite a number of brood mares will also be shipped away, some from the Castleton farm among others.

The damage done to the turf industry in the past year or two will take years to remedy unless there is a change for the better. All eyes are turned to Canada for relief, and what this country loses will be gained by the other side. The local tracks when Canada offers so much better opportunity for racing.

NO CHANCE FOR JEFFRIES FROM TAP OF THE GONG

All His Prodigious Preparations Avail Him Nothing.

A SORRY SIGHT WHEN IT IS OVER

John L. Sullivan Describes This Fight of the Century—Declares That as Fights Go It Was a Very One-Sided Championship Affair—Picked Negro to Win.

BY JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

Reno, July 4.—The fight of the century is over, and a black man is the undisputed champion of the world. It was a poor fight as fights go, this less than fifteen rounds affair between James J. Jeffries and Jack Johnson. Scarcely ever has there been a championship contest that was so one-sided. All Jeffries' much vaunted condition and the prodigious preparations that he went through availed him nothing. He wanted in it from the first bell tap to the last, and as he fell bleeding, bruised and weakened in the twenty-seventh second of the third minute of the fifteenth round, no sorer sight has ever gone to make a pugilist's story. Jeff was practically knocked out twice before the second minute. He was nearly dead, and his head and neck went down for the count just before the second minute had gone in the fifteenth round. As Johnson felled him the first time he was conscious but weakened. He factually was never in the ring after that call before he rose. When he did, Johnson caught him flush on the jaw again, and he fell almost in the same spot, but further out, and as he fell against the lower rope his great bulk crashed through outside the ring.

His seconds and several newspaper men helped him into the ring again, and he staggered weakly over to the other side of the ring. Johnson slowly followed him, measured his distance carefully, and as Jeff's head hung forward, struck him hard in the face, and again a terrible left hand caught him, sending him reeling around to a stooping posture.

Seconds Give Up. Johnson pushed his right hand hard as Jeffries wheeled around and took as a flash, whipped his left over again, and Jeff went down for the last time. His seconds had given up. They didn't wait for the seconds to be counted, but jumped into the ring after their man. Billy Delaney, Johnson's valet, former first referee, full for the technicalities, yelled his claim for the fight for his man in the breach of the rules by Jeff's handling.

Tex Rickard, in the meantime, was trying to make himself heard, and he was a good deal of a success. Johnson's. By this time the crowd was realizing that Johnson had won out, and there was very little cheering. Jeff had been measured, his eyes could hardly believe that he was beaten, and that there wouldn't still be a chance for him to reclaim his lost laurels.

The crowd was not even willing to leave the arena, and as poor old Jeff sat in the corner, his head in his hands, and other restating liquids he was pilled from all sides.

I have never witnessed a fight where I was in such a peculiar position. I'm all along refused to announce my choice as to the winner. I refused Jeff's account, because he was sensitive, and I wanted to be with him some time during his training.

Never mind, I'm a sportsman, and I don't want to be with my mammy," said Jack. A message was sent his mother immediately after the fight telling her the news.

It's all over now, and it does not matter who I picked to win to either Jeff or Johnson, but the main theory I based my decision on was the old one that put me out of the game. Jeff could not come back. Jeffries was a mere shell of his former self. All the months of weight-reducing, involving great feats of exercise, had come to nothing. The experts who figured that a man must receive his reward for such long, conscientious, muscle-wearing and nerve-racking work, figured that he must get even provisionally. It seemed only just to human nature that Jeff should be allowed to have a face of all the features resting on the other side of the argument. For it is true, and probably would only be denied by Johnson himself, that the big colored champion didn't train conscientiously. As subsequent events prove, he didn't have to train more than he did, but nevertheless he took a chance, and by his manner and deportment seemed perfectly willing to stand the consequences, whatever they were.

The result was success for him in its fullest meaning. Johnson got severely a hard knock during the whole encounter and was never bothered by Jeffries' antics one little bit. He came out of the fray without a mark if one except the cut lip he got in the third round, which proved to be only the opening of the old cut that George Cotton gave him the other day when Governor Dickerson was out at his training quarters. Never before has there been a fight for the championship of the world with so many peculiar ends to it because never before has a black man won a title.

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