

# The Sports Page of Sports

Edited By  
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## Rickard Without an Arena in Which to Stage Fight of Fights

WITH JEFFRIES IN RENO. THE BIG FELLOW HAS ALREADY CONTRACTED THE NEVADA GRIN, AS WILL BE SEEN AT HIS MEETING WITH TEX RICKARD. BELOW ARE SHOWN JEFFRIES' HOUSE AND HIS OUTDOOR RING.

### SITE OF FIGHT IS OUT OF SIGHT

Wanted: Arena for the Greatest Fistic Attraction of the Age; Apply to Tex Rickard

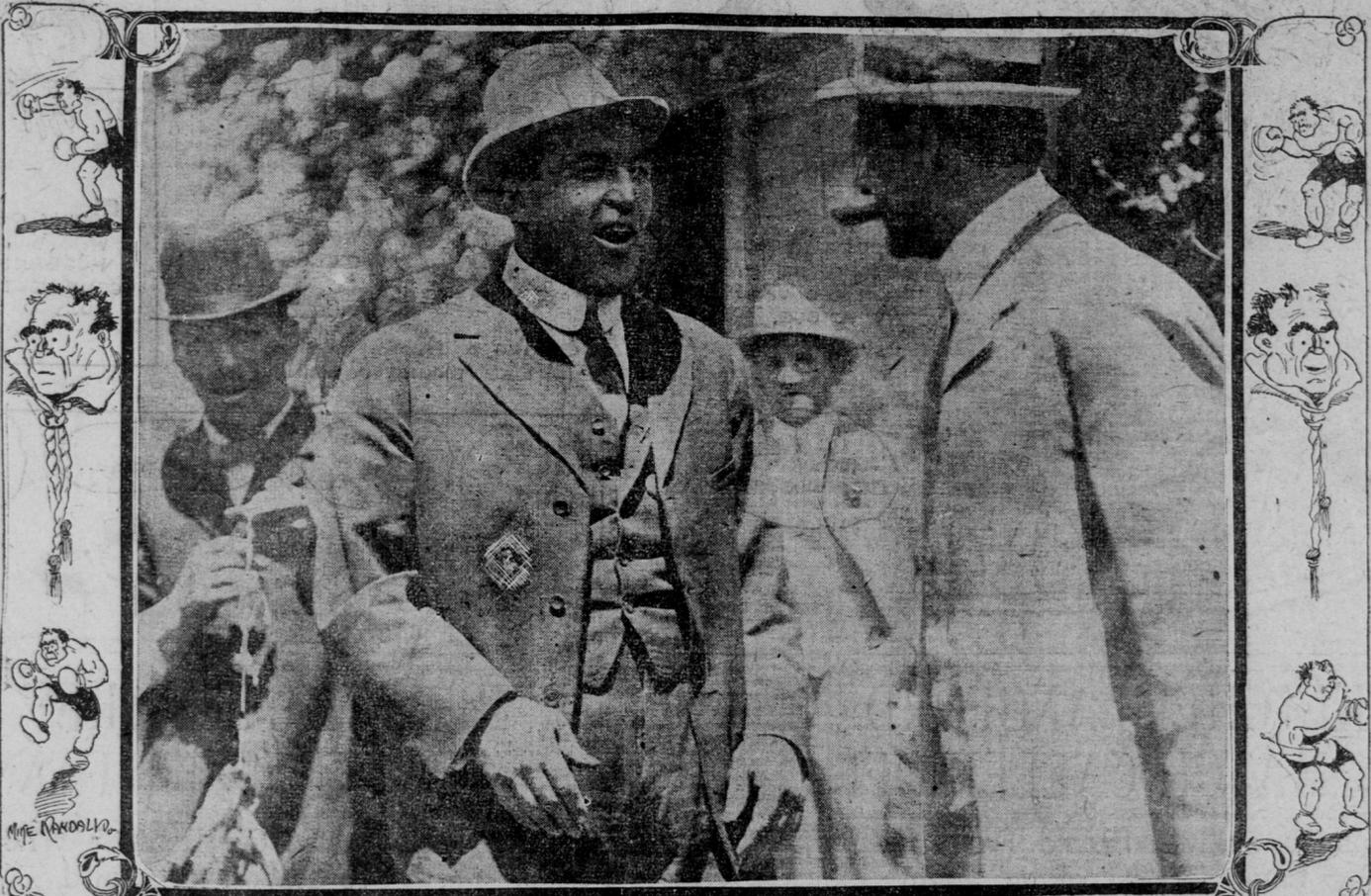
LAND OWNER BALKS AND BUILDER DEMANDS COIN

Outside of These and a Few Hundred Other Troubles Promoter Not Worrying

BOXING GLOVE SALAD IS THE RAGE IN RENO

By WILLIAM J. SLATTERY  
[Special Dispatch to The Call]

RENO, Nev., June 22.—All that's lacking in Reno tonight is Jack Johnson and an arena. They are willing to start booking right now that Johnson will be here some time tomorrow, but it is a hard job to find a man who will lay any kind of a bet that the arena will even be on its way by tomorrow or by the next day, or even the next day after that. If they don't begin to show a lot of speed right away, Jeff and Johnson may have to fight out on the desert, and Tex Rickard will have to get his



... JAMES J. JEFFRIES AND TEX RICKARD ...

### BIG CINDER ON WAY TO RENO

Jack Johnson Separates Himself From Fightless Precincts of San Francisco

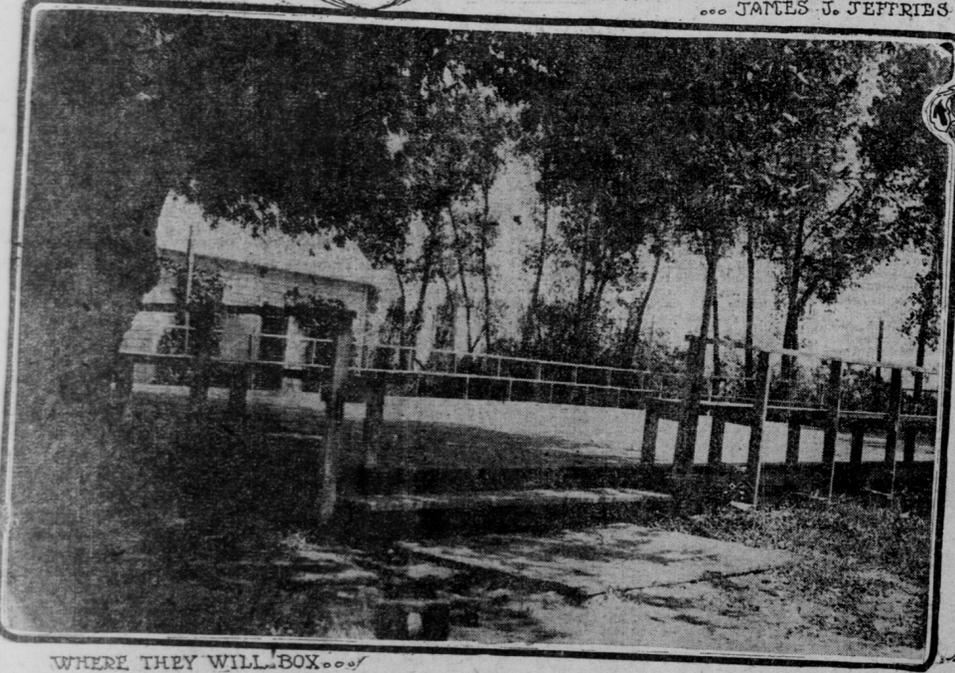
DENIES HE MADE UP WITH GEORGE LITTLE

Present Champion Says He Paid Former Manager Simply to Be Rid of Him

THINKS ALTITUDE WILL NOT AFFECT HIS WIND

By JOSEPH MURPHY

THE last link connecting the big fight directly with California was severed last night when Jack Johnson boarded the Overland Limited at 9 o'clock for Reno. The smoke was given a good sendoff by many of his colored and white friends. He had a big, broad grin on his face as the train pulled out of the Oakland mole. One of the railroad yard men remarked: "I wonder if Johnson will have that grin on his face when he leaves Reno?" The champion was in good spirits, and the way he acted would lead a stranger to believe that he was off on



WHERE THEY WILL BOX ...



JEFFS' HOME AT MOANA SPRINGS.

\$101,000 by passing the hat around among the boys and girls after the fun is over.

It was announced officially this morning that work would be under way on the arena by noon time. And at that they kept their word, for a prominent citizen packed two pine boards out to the site and somebody else took off his coat and vest and nailed one of the boards to the ground. Then he put on his coat and vest and walked away again. That was the start.

#### CONTRACTOR DEMANDS COIN

Contractor McLoughlin wants \$1,000 before he starts actual construction work. This demand in a measure filled the members of the committee which brought the fight to the city. But they knew that they would have to do something and do it quickly, so they got together, raised \$500 and gave it to McLoughlin, with the promise to hand him over the balance very shortly. But other complications were brewing in the meantime. Former State Senator P. J. Flanagan, the man who owns the site, is not quite willing to turn it over officially till such time as the committee agrees to buy its lumber from him. Flanagan believes that he is at least entitled to this concession after all that he did for the city.

#### WITHOUT A FIGHT SITE

Now Reno is practically without a site for the arena for the greatest fight of them all, and without lumber to build the arena, and practically without a boss to see that the work goes through without interruption. It is hoped by everybody that the business will be patched up by this morning.

Imagine, 80 new styles, soft and straw hats. Tom Dillon, opp. Call bldg.

but none of them feels absolutely certain that it will.

Poor old Rickard is tearing around like a Bakerfield jackrabbit just out of the silps at Ingleside. He has instructed McLoughlin to go right ahead and build that arena without losing any more time about it. It makes no difference to Rickard who gives his consent or who the lumber is bought from. He wants an arena, and he wants it quickly.

"I have troubles enough of my own without getting tangled up in this mess," said the much tossed about promoter. "I want them to get to work on that arena in the morning, and if they don't then there will be something stirring around here. It's too bad that this has happened, but I really believe that we can settle it without further loss of time."

Rickard feels certain about everything else. He feels better now, in fact, than he has at any other time since Governor Gillett forced him to leave San Francisco. If he only had that arena on its way, then he would take off his worrying cap and toss it into the Truckee river. If all goes well it looks as though Tex will make a nice clean up for himself.

Men, women and children are pouring into Reno from all parts of the country. The town never saw such a crowd as it holds tonight. The hotels are all filled, the restaurants are dealing from the elbow from one sunrise to another, and everybody is talking fight. It is nothing but fight. They serve fight cocktails in the saloons and they have boxing glove salad on the bills of fare in the restaurants and the hotels. It doesn't make any difference if you never saw a fight. You have to talk about it all the same, and also you must stand for being talked to about it by everybody you meet.

#### NEARLY ALL JEFFRIES

It's nearly all Jeffries here at the present time. Practically everybody likes him. There may be Johnson shoters some place, but they don't do their shouting from the hilltops or on the main street. The Jeffries rooters are on the job all the time. They never say Jeffries up here. It's Jim all the time. This goes for them all. They time. This goes for them all. They would fire Governor Dickerson tomorrow and give the job to Jim if he only put it up to them.

Maybe some of them will turn John-

son backers tomorrow when the big black champion rolls in on the morning train. There has been some talk of giving him a reception, but it's better than a 5 to 2 shot that he won't be received with open arms as Jeffries was. No man who ever invaded Nevada got what the big white man got.

C. F. Reynolds, the man who runs the Casino gambling house, one of the largest places in the state, is booking the fight. He started in this morning and he is laying 5 to 3 on Jeffries and take your pick. He is also handling bets on commissions and the wagering there is just the same. He looks for a lot of action within the next few days. It's not altogether souped up yet, but Reynolds believes that it will break all records not only for Nevada, but for any other state in the union.

#### SCRAPES UP JOHNSON BET

One of the very few wagers thus far registered was this morning, when Hector McKenzie went for a \$1,000 bill against a lot of small money that got into the \$600 Johnson pot. McKenzie is looking for action. He says that he still has \$10,000 more which he wants to gamble with just as soon as somebody will lay him \$7,000 against it.

A lot of them have been shouting that they will bet even money that Jeffries wins the battle in 10 rounds. However, this is more talk than anything else. Nobody has yet seen any of these wagers recorded. The chances are that most of the betting will be on the result and that the price will drop down to 10 to 4, unless the Johnson money starts to flow in.

Johnson wired Tom Flanagan this afternoon to have there to meet him with two autos. Autos are not as plentiful around Reno as they are at the St. Francis hotel, and the visitors are playing them strong, so Flanagan will have to do the best he can to accommodate his black fighter. But he will be there, even if he has to meet Jack with two coal wagons.

All is ready for Johnson at Lawton springs. They have moved in two more roulette wheels, another faro bank and

a whole flock of crap tables. Johnson can rattle the bones or he can play the wheel or buck the tiger between rounds if he feels so inclined. They are just killing it out at Jeffries' place. The whole camp is liable to go broke any minute.

Johnson's camp is nearly 10 miles away from Jeffries' and it is not likely that they will meet one another, even on the road, unless Johnson takes it into his head to pay a visit to the man he expects to beat up on the fourth of July. It is a cinch that Jeffries will not go wandering around trying to renew old acquaintances or make new ones. Just as long as they let him alone he is satisfied, but with black Jack things are different.

#### RACING BUG A DANGER

It is to be hoped that Johnson will pass up the automobile racing bug when he settles down in his new quarters. There are no speed laws in Nevada and he is liable to run through one of the big brick buildings if they can't find some way to put the crusher on his scorching mania.

Already everybody in Reno has either bought his ticket or spoken for it. The tickets are expected to arrive with Jack Gleason tomorrow and then there promises to be more scrambling and scouting around. As in the past, the demand for the high priced seats is heavier than it is for the lower pasteboards. It looks as though everything in the house will sell for \$50.

All Nevada drew a sigh of relief this morning when Sid Hester announced that he had called off the proposed Ketchel-Langford match for the morning of the fourth. Ketchel, it is understood, can not possibly get into condition on such short notice and this is given by Hester as his reason for canceling the match. He would be taking an awful chance if he attempted to go through with it.

#### RICKARD AND HESTER IN PERSONAL ALTERCATION

RENO, June 23.—Following an altercation between Tex Rickard and Sid Hester in the lobby of a local hotel tonight, Rickard shoved Hester aside with sufficient force to jar off the latter's glasses. Friends quickly interposed and separated the two.

The argument is said to have resulted from Rickard's announcement of the

sale of his and Jeffries' interests in the fight pictures.

#### JEFF LIMBERS UP AND WIND SEEMS ALL RIGHT

[Special Dispatch to The Call]

RENO, Nev., June 23.—Jim Jeffries batted in his usual form the first day at his training camp. He disappointed the big crowd which made the pilgrimage out to Moana springs with the expectation of seeing him box. The word was not officially passed out that he would, but at that everybody in Reno was quietly told that the former champion would go through eight or ten rounds with Armstrong and Choynski and Corbett, so it looked like a big day to them all.

But Jeffries was satisfied to go right ahead with a little bag punching, rope skipping and general lumbering up work. This was the best the crowd got so it was fairly satisfied. The big fellow did not relish his great reception a bit, all of which goes to show that he is the same old bird he used to be. The high altitude and alkali dust of Nevada have not altered his disposition or his feelings a single bit.

But he looked great, according to all the war correspondents and trainers and sparring partners and low down boys and affidavit men and the rest of them for which the camp is noted. They were all unanimous in their belief that the white man's only hope will bring back the championship on the fourth of July. They can't see where the change of training quarters has done him any harm.

Jeffries is fairly well situated. His new quarters are not as picturesque as Rowardennan, or so wild or so romantic as Harbin Springs, but they are positively the best he could hope for in the state of Nevada, where green grass does not grow on every sidewalk. He is very well satisfied with Moana springs.

If they would only leave him alone and cease trying to make a national curiosity out of him, Jeffries would be more satisfied. This is about all that is troubling him. Every time he sticks his head out of his window a bunch of

camera men take a shot at him, and every time he goes out for a walk at least a couple of hundred natives are at his heels.

#### SEVEN WORDS TO TWO

But for all this he is in a cheerful frame of mind—that is, cheerful for James J. Jeffries. He will say six or seven words now where he would say only two a month ago. He has also taken on a Nevada grin, which he uses very frequently when he manages to get rid of the crowd. But in public the same old look he reveals. There is no change.

Manager Sam Berger and Jim Corbett and the rest of them are delighted. At least they say they are. None of them has a kick coming, though the Corbett-Sullivan clash this afternoon threw a cloak of gloom over the camp for a while. Jeffries was sorry that Sullivan came out, but he is willing to stand for what Corbett said to him.

Jeffries did not forget his road work this morning. He was up just as early as he always got up at Rowdy Dove—five bells in the morning. The first thing he did was to call up Farmer Burns to map out a course for him. The farmer immediately suggested that they go through Reno, but there was no chance. Jeff positively declared he would not face the crowd again.

Finally they got started in the opposite direction and the big fellow just tore right at it. The farmer kept well up with him and explained all about the Nevada deserts and the alkali and the gold mines and everything else, though he never was in Nevada before in all his life. Jeff told him this, too, but it made no difference. The farmer kept on talking.

#### KEEPS ALL HIS WIND

The road work did Jeff a lot of good. He did not even think about the high altitude. Maybe he does not know how high it is, but at all events his thoughts ran in a different channel once he hit the old pike. He showed plenty of speed and he did not do any puffing, either. If there was anything wrong Jeff surely would have told Burns, but he held his peace.

The former champion spoiled the last 200 yards and he came down the

Continued on Page 12, Column 2

a vacation instead of going to engage in the fight of his life. It was a smile for everybody and "Goodby, Bill," "goodby, Jack," "See you later," with the black champion.

If the coming fight is worrying Johnson any he certainly concealed it by his actions. He appeared like a schoolboy and he seemed to be thinking more of having a good time and a spin in his buzz wagon than about the coming battle.

Johnson was accompanied by a small army of trainers and friends, and his special Pullman car was filled when it left the mole. Accompanying Johnson were his wife, Sig Hart and wife, Rawhide Kelly, Doc Purey, Joe Cotton, Frank Sutton, Dave Mills, Al Kaufman, Johnny Loftus, Walter Monahan, R. J. Cumiskey, Sergeant Magee of the local police department and Professor Burns.

"I am glad to get to Reno so I can get settled, but I am sorry to leave San Francisco," said Johnson. "Everything has been so pleasant here, except my little trouble with my former manager, George Little. However, I have settled everything with Little and there will be no more trouble on that score."

Little was out around Johnson's camp yesterday afternoon, and he talked in a tone which indicated that he and Johnson had made up again.

"No, I am not going to Reno tonight," replied Little in answer to the question whether he was going to accompany the champion. "I will leave in a few days, however. I have a little business to attend to, and as soon as I settle it I will go to Nevada. I may be in the Johnson camp during his training."

Johnson's tone in referring to Little indicated that his former manager was as welcome around his camp as a skunk is at a lawn party.

#### NO WELCOME FOR LITTLE

"There might have been a chance for Little and myself to come together again," said Johnson, "but he ended whatever chance he had by deliberately lying. Now I have no more use for a liar than I have for a thief, and Little