

Jeff Outboxed at Every Turn in Onesided Fight

JEFFRIES AND JOHNSON SHOWN IN THE RING AND READY FOR THE BATTLE

WHITE MAN BATTERED BADLY

Negro Lands Terrific Blows, Which Tell on Strength of His Opponent

FORMER CHAMPION'S PUNCH LACKS STEAM

Boiler Maker's Years Rob Him of Old Time Skill and Power to Punish

END IN SIGHT LONG BEFORE FINAL BLOW

By FRED R. BECHDOLT

sureness. That uncanniness kept up to the last.

They started late. For two hours the strong blackened the yellow pine seats. The air was hot, a little breeze came occasionally to fan us as we waited. The moving picture machines clicked spasmodically, taking us in our entirety. The band played patriotic airs and we cheered.

MEN OF YESTERDAY

Then old Billy Jordan clambered through the ropes, and with him a score of celebrities. Like a black omen—for I wanted to see Jeff win—it struck me that most of the best known among these were men of yesterday—pitchers that had gone often to the well.

Finally—it was long after 2 o'clock and the sun was glaring evilly—there rose a shout. There had been many shouts before, but this was unmistakable—the cry of exultation, the roar of a mob which sees what it wants to see. It swelled, and above the tossing hats I saw Johnson walking—big, black, splendid. A moment later there came another cry, and this, too, deepened. It had a bulk which the first cheer did not have. It was a ponderous yell, and Jeffries, climbing through the ropes, acknowledged the cheering of a prejudiced audience.

I had a throb of sympathy for Johnson. I might have saved it for the other man.

PRIDE IN JEFFRIES' WALK

The introductions were soon over, the cheering subsided, the two fighters went back to their corners. A gong clanged, they stepped forth again. They began. There was in Jeffries then that regal pride. He showed it in his eye and in his walk. There was in Johnson something that was more impersonal, something beyond what Jeffries showed. The latter was a great, proud man, sure of his mighty past, confident of what the future had in store for him, a master walking forth to subdue one who lay between him and further mastery. And there was in Johnson a smile—a smile that worked as perfectly as the rest of the machine; a smile and an entire lack of personality, as if he had been wound up to go and he had to go and he would go, and he did not care who or what was in front of him.

That was the way they faced each other, moving slowly, carrying their huge bulks with circumspection, advancing, retreating. Their great corded arms worked in and out and in and out. Their gloved fists came back and forth and back and forth. The bulky white giant with his immobile face and the smooth black giant with a skin like silk. And then Johnson struck; they clinched.

JEFFRIES SMILES

Their arms locked, their bodies pressed close, and Jeffries smiled and said something in a low voice. I could not hear what it was he said, but his smile was that of a master talking to one who dares come in his way. It was as if he had a certainty in himself that made this other a thing of contempt.

That and two more rounds they fought with a semblance of evenness, and Jeffries seemed to box far better than the crowd expected. During that period of the fight they swapped blows sometimes, but more often each man led futilely at the other. And Jeff kept coming forward, showing Johnson back, and when they locked their arms in a clinch he twisted Johnson about a bit, and Johnson, smiling, looked far away. And then they would break and Johnson would strike that vicious uppercut of his. Once or twice, when they were close together in a clinch, Jeffries would bring his fist home in a short blow. It looked good to me, for, as I say, my hopes were with Jeffries.

JOHNSON'S SMILE ENDS

And then there was a change. Johnson ceased smiling. His face altered suddenly. It was something which I had not seen in him before. It was not ferocious, not a flash, as when he used to box. It was grimness, absolute grimness, the sort of northern grimness, proud of the thing we claim as our heritage. It went away and the smile came back. The 6 foot black machine began moving smoothly, swiftly, perfectly.

It is hard to write the rest of the story. But it was harder to see it transpire. I hoped, and I know that thousands around me hoped, that there was method behind Jeff's taking punishment in these next rounds. We thought of other fights, comforting our man with his history, bolstering up our hopes. But even the most rabid of us had to give way to the certainty



of what was going on in that roped off platform above the level of our heads.

BEST MAN WON

And this is what we saw—that we saw while we tried to hope that this would be a licking turned into victory, what we saw while the best man won through strength and speed and skill. We saw Jeffries bending into his famous crouch, walking forward on the balls of his feet, holding his fists as he waited opportunity to strike. We saw him wait thus, while he walked forward, until he thought he saw that opportunity, and then we saw him leaping with swinging fists.

And as he leaped—whenever he leaped—we saw that marvelous machine bend a bit, or swing his black arms before the fist and block the blow. And Jeffries, his face immobile, would clinch. The two would sway together, each trying to work his way out. Suddenly a swift uncoupling of that black right arm, the negro's fist slipping beneath the white man's guard. The sharp thud of leather against human flesh. Jeffries' head went back a bit. His face changed.

Changing, Jeff's face took on a peculiar look. It was something like the look on a charging bull; the eyes showed almost red. The deep lines about his mouth deepened, as he struggled to strike, and failed to reach his mark. The two men struggled on and then suddenly leaped apart. Jeffries came on again.

JEFFRIES SHOWS BLOOD

Coming forward he retained that red eyed look. There was no regality in him now. He was stubborn, grimly stubborn, taking punishment, and coming on to take more. Always the same, the advance, the attack by the white man, the negro eluding marvelously and striking back, until, at length, the blood showed on Jeff's cheek, a thin, warm stream, trickling slowly down his face. And Johnson, unmarked, looked around to hail an acquaintance in the crowd, and looked back again as he uppeared Jeffries fair upon the jaw.

And then—it was about the sixth or seventh round—I caught myself telling myself the old story of the Jeff-Fitzsimmons fight. Said I, doggedly, to myself: "This fight is just such a fight as that." But I know that I was lying. And now, when Jeffries began coming on, bending into that crouch, beaded with sweat on his face and dripping sweat from his hairy chest, his face wore a look of great patience, of weary and pathetic science. And Johnson—facing him, deliberate, serious as he was studying this white giant's vulnerability, calculating exactly where he would hit—Johnson waited until Jeff strove to bore on in. Then when that moment came Johnson struck. Usually he struck swiftly upward and in and the noise of his fist as it met Jeff's face sounded sharp and clean. Then

Jeff would fall into a clinch.

The two would wrestle until the muscles writhed and slipped and stood out rigidly. And while they were settled Johnson would look far away into the blue sky or perhaps would smile.

JOHNSON LAUGHS

Once, when they broke from a clinch to obey the gong that sounded the round's end, Johnson slapped Jeff on the back and laughed. And as he laughed there was in his face now the proudness of a conqueror who knows that victory is sure. And Jeff, walking slowly to his corner, swaying with weariness as he went, never looked around.

About that time—it was between the ninth and tenth—the betting switched in the crowd and Johnson money begged takers on an even basis. And James J. Corbett, who had tasted the thing which his man tasted now, stood in the ring studying Johnson with a face all lined with seriousness.

And from then on we saw a shell of what had been, a man's huge bulk without the strength of youth, crumbling to pieces before a battery of blows. They told it right and left and they proclaimed it in ink on printed sheets before this fight that Johnson was not a hard hitter. He had been fooling them, had been holding back and playing with the men before him. I doubt if he did his best during these last few rounds. I doubt whether he really worked.

NO YELLOW STREAK

It was not easy to put Jeff out, to finish him. In this day of his failure he was still strong. The blows that rained upon him were terrible, and they were wonderful, terrific in their perfection, in the absolute sureness that lay between the eye and fist. The black arm flew out with the certainty of a striking snake. I think we all have hinted at the possibility of Johnson's yellow streak. And I read with interest what Johnson said of that other day: "I may have it, but as yet no man has made me show it." And, from what I saw in that roped off platform, I believe it will be many a long day before any man does make him show it—if it be there—many a day before a man can reach him.

But that is aside from the story. It was Johnson conquering now. He showed a certainty and he showed a repression. It was two things in that ring—a brave white giant with a heart of steel, his hot and beaten flesh crying aloud for mercy which his soul would not give, and a brave black giant, who never in this time of coming triumph lost his poise, but did his work like a machine. The white giant came on, he kept coming on. And here was the brutality—he continued to come on and he must have known that he was licked. It was so patent that he was too old, that he was not the Jeffries of yesterday, that all the weary, weary months of training had been for naught, and that he knew they

had been for naught. He kept on coming because he was game and he continued to take blows because he meant to go down fighting to the last.

ARMS WERE USELESS

For the last three rounds he strove to strike, but those thick arms of his were of no use. The fists which used to hurtle through others' guards, which used to smash bones, could not hurt any more. They could not break the skin. And when he lifted them Jeff showed how hard it was, how heavy they had become. He swung them slowly in mockeries of blows. And then kept on coming, trying to fight.

The time came when the thing must be finished, the moment when it was all to end. And this man Johnson—this black man who has been short-ender, who has been called names because of his color, whose few of us wanted to win, who knew we didn't like him as well as we liked Jeffries—stopped his joshing and stopped his smiling at times, in order that he might concentrate his attention on doing it right. He may have had some feelings of resentment toward the bulk of us stored up in his heart, but he never showed them. He was there to fight, and he fought it through as quickly as he could.

JEFFRIES FALLS UNDER BLOW

It was in the fifteenth round. Jeffries, worn out, bleeding and weary, was coming toward Johnson making futile dabs at him. As if he hardly had the bad will to do it, Johnson struck him down with a blow on the jaw. The mighty Jeff fell—mighty in the memory of other years—and as he fell Johnson stepped back. Tex Rickard began counting off the seconds, and Jeff rose to one knee. And even then, when Jeff stepped to his feet, the crowd cheered.

The hairy giant lurched forward. He tried to strike, his arm hung idly in the air. There was something terrible in the blow that Johnson swung now to Jeff's jaw; it was so vicious that it seemed as though he were trying to make sure this time—to get it done as quickly as he could. Jeffries went down again, through the ropes—again—at last—he arose. He was a helpless thing, a bulk unmoved by bodily force, kept going only by indomitable will. Johnson struck him as kindly as if he had been a baby. And that was all.

PATHOS OF DEFEAT

And afterward when they had brought Jeff to his seconds led the great white man of other years away. They took him through the crowd, and as they took him they tried to comfort him. And Jeff, bruised and cut and beaten to bleeding, looked like a man who has lost all this world has to give. He looked that most pathetic of things—the conquered master. It seemed as though we ought to weep. And yet one could not weep. Over and above

the sorrow for Jeff were two bigger things—the admiration for a man, lion hearted in the face of defeat, and the admiration for a thing well done. The best man won and he showed himself a marvel.

There was a huge pathos in this fight—in this repetition of the stories of Sullivan and Corbett and Fitzsimmons—but there was a splendor. A good man lost. A good man won.

CROWD SAVES ITS CHEERS FOR JEFFRIES

RENO, Nev., July 4.—All day Sunday the crowds kept pouring into Reno. On every train they came, and the trains drove into the yards in a swift succeeding procession. The people filled the sidewalks, they overflowed into the streets, they jammed the restaurants and gambling houses and saloons, they slept in every hotel, rooming house, in private residences, on billiard tables and on the grass. And during the night more came.

This morning the place was black with them. At daylight they began the pilgrimage to the arena. They walked and boarded streetcars, rode in busses and in autos. Long before noon the dust where they trod rose in a thick cloud, and with it mingled the odor of trampled sagebrush. Long snake-like lines waited before the ticket booths, lines whose members ever went away to be replaced by others.

LINES AT ARENA GATES

During the first hour of the afternoon the jam at the plank arena became one of those things which a man can see but few times during his life. Before the gates the long lines of ingoers stretched for distances of a quarter of a mile. The lines moved slowly in, and as they went the sun became hotter overhead, until the air was, dry as a heated oven. Through the dryness ever rose that odor of the trampled sage.

Inside the structure of yellow pine the people poured from the two entrances like grain from two titanic hoppers. The seats filled swiftly; first those high on the upper tiers, then the long rows closer to the ring. Far back and well above all others a row of wretched boxes held many women. And in the throng below other women sat. There were many of them. The prize ring never saw so many women's faces heretofore, and among them, in the vast majority, women of respectability.

It was a quiet crowd, a crowd eager to cheer, but otherwise as well behaved as any theater audience. Save for occasional outbreaks of excitement it was as still. The lemonade and souvenir hawkers made the bulk of the noise until the band ceased playing in the roped arena and Billy Jordan came. Then the black sea of mankind stirred uneasily and the white faces above the black sea rose and fell turbulently. Shouts united and ascended in a roar—shouts for old time favorites of the

CLEAN BUT ONE SIDED FIGHT

Experts Declare the Game and Clever Negro Champion Had Easy Victory

WIFE MOURNS OVER HUSBAND'S DEFEAT

Mrs. Jeffries Hopes Spouse Will Retire to Peace and Quiet of Farm

MISERABLE EXHIBITION, SAYS GEORGE HARTING

[Special Dispatch to The Call]

RENO, July 4.—That Jeffries can not fight as he did six years ago is the general opinion of those closest associated with the game. He was outfought, all admit. The better man won.

None, save perhaps Jeffries himself, mourned over his defeat more than his wife. But she found consolation in defeat—the public no longer has a hold on him.

Mrs. Jeffries and others gave their views on the fight as follows:

MRS. JAMES J. JEFFRIES—While I am sorry that my husband lost, at the same time I am heartily glad that he is through with fighting, and that he now belongs to me. The public took him away from me and he answered the call. Now he has served them and they can not call upon him any more. I was against him returning to the ring, but the universal call for my husband to meet Johnson forced him to meet the issue. I hope he gives up the stage and we can go to our ranch and live a quiet, peaceful life.

BY JAMES J. CORBETT—The old time saying that a man can not come back was again demonstrated today. Jeffries looked in good condition and worked well in his training, but when it came down to the real test he was not there. I am ready to concede that Johnson is a great fighter and put up a marvelous exhibition of defensive work and fought a great fight. He never backed up and took many chances. However, I am convinced that Jeffries was far from the man he was when he retired from the ring. Jeff simply got exhausted and tired, while Johnson retained his strength. I wanted him to box a little more during his training, and I believe it would have helped him. If I had had my say I would have had him have one or two real tests before he entered the ring. However, it is too late now and there is no use of depriving the winner of any of his honors.

BY TOM FLANAGAN—Naturally it was the crowd that pleased me most, but the fight was certainly a great one. We have been given a square deal right straight through and in my opinion every man that entered the arena was a true hearted sport. Jack Johnson certainly won his title fairly and squarely and showed every one just what sort of a fighter he is. I am satisfied and happy. It was the greatest show of the century. I don't think any one will dispute that.

BY SAM BERGER—After the third round I was convinced that Jeff was not himself. The glazer which he displayed in his other fights was missing. Jeff was far from being the same man he was half a dozen years ago. He did not seem to have anything today. His judge of distance was missing, and while he knew what to do he was not able to act as his mind dictated to him. If he was himself he would have torn Johnson to pieces. Jeff did not even have the strength which I thought he had. I did not think he could fight so badly. Johnson fought a good fight, but I know Jeff did not pit up the battle which made him the wonder of the ring six years ago.

BY GEORGE HARTING, Time Keeper—Jeffries never had a chance from the moment he entered the ring. Johnson put it all over him in every department of the game. He merely toyed and fooled with the white man. It is hard to imagine any fighter going back as far as Jeff has gone back, but this goes to prove beyond the question of slightest doubt that they can't come back. Johnson proved to the world that he is not yellow. On the contrary, he is game and aggressive. I may be mistaken, but I think that the Johnson of today could beat Jeff the best day he ever saw. I feel sorry for Jeff, but I always did believe that he made the mistake of his life when he consented to this fight. It was a miserable exhibition, so far as a real Queensberry exhibition is concerned. It was too one sided. Jeffries could not do anything, even rough work in the clinches, for which he used to be so famous.

BY JOE CROYSKI—After the third round I could see that Jeff wasn't himself. When Johnson pushed Jeff's left arm back I could see that he did not possess the strength which he possessed during his palmy days. I thought that he would be able to tear into Johnson and batter him at close quarters, but on the other hand Jeff did not show that great strength which made him a terror when he was champion. Johnson was the cleverest of the two, but I expected Jeff would be able to take a punch and to give one. Jeff was not himself today.

MOTHER'S ILLNESS CALLS O'DAY FROM RINGSIDE

Tom O'Day, who represented the independents in the motion pictures taken yesterday at the fight at Reno, was called home suddenly Saturday by the news that his mother had been stricken with paralysis. O'Day remained in this city all day yesterday. Once the fight was started, he was relieved of all anxiety as to the success of his venture.

AL NEIL KNOCKED OUT

ASTORIA, Ore., July 4.—Otto Berg, a private in the regular army, knocked out Al Neil of San Francisco here today in the seventh round. Berg made Neil look like a novice.