

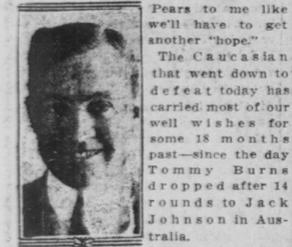
Jeff's Lack of Skill in Boxing Helped Johnson Win

JEFF'S BIG ARM FAILS TO LAND FORCEFUL BLOW

Shake of Head in Seventh Round Shows Caucasian Has Become Discouraged

Spectator Cries "He Knows He Can Not Win," While the Negro Pugilist Jeers

By JAMES W. COFFROTH
[Special Dispatch to The Call]



J. W. COFFROTH

It is the same old story, even similar to the wretched one that the bards have always sung. One is even fearful of mentioning it, fearful of being put in the "I told you" class. For these many months, at least seven since the match was made, we have heard the query, "Can Jeffries come back?" The man who thought so lost his money today, the one who answered the question in the negative "cashed." That means he presented a pastebard to the pool-rooms would honor.

For three solid months Jeff has been in training at Rowardennan and Moana springs. He has worked hard and conscientiously. Has gone on the road, punched the bag, skipped rope, broken the ropes of improvised rings in wrestling bouts. He has also done many other gym stunts. Occasionally he would hear of him boxing. That was to be the one thing that he would be called upon to do in Reno's brown painted prize ring today.

BOXING LOOKED LIKE THE BULL

Following that angle brings to mind another sad story which also happened under cloudless Nevada skies. It was the defeat of Jim Corbett by Robert Fitzsimmons 13 years back. Fitzsimmons boxed and many of the bouts with Stelzner and Roeder and Hickey resembled real fights.

At my friend Corbett's camp there was boxing which the onlookers were inclined to look upon as the "bull." I forget the strange expression in use those days, but if memory does not fail Jim's henchmen were inclined to jolly him along and the first "Queensberry" champion never knew what he lacked or where he was deficient until the real strain of the contest began.

Poor Jeffries found it out today. His judgment of distance was poor, so poor that it occasioned early remarks of derision from the black man. He felt this early himself. Witness his shake of the head as early as the seventh round. "Discouragement" whispered a man on my right. "He knows he can't win." Not so, I thought.

Jeff realized the futility of timing the black object that sprang clicking and gilded snake-like in front of him. The old eye that timed the bull rushes of Sharkey, the clever leads of Corbett and placed pile driving rights under the arm of Ruhlman was absent today.

But you asked me to tell about the fight, and here I've been expatiating on what might have been.

FIFTEEN ROUNDS OF JOHNSON

There were 14 rounds of it and a little more. For the sake of brevity you could write Johnson 15 times and it would tell the story of each round. But we are not asked to epitomize.

Sharply at 2:40 Johnson climbed through the ropes. As usual, Jack looked around to bow to many persons he has seen gathered around Colma and San Francisco. He was visibly impressed with the great concourse of people, in which few of his own race could be discerned. He was not nervous, neither was he worried, but looked the man who was to enter on his task seriously.

Two minutes later a big brown being shouldered into the inclosure, chewing gum as nonchalantly as had been his wont in training quarters.

Abe Attell fixed the bandages and the feather weight champion's hands trembled more than the hairy paws extended for the protection strips.

Johnson smiled and pretended to applaud as Jeffries was introduced by Billy Jordan. He became serious again as the gong sounded.

JACK LANDS FIRST BLOW

Johnson waited stock still and Jeff fiddled. From fiddling the "undefeated" went to fainting, and Johnson dropped a hard left plump on Jeff's nose.

Then came the first clinch, and the long, lithe black man outlanded his bigger white opponent. Then followed a succession of clinches brought about, to my mind, by Jeffries. It was the first time I had ever seen Jeffries clinch. Heretofore it was the other man. The first round closed evenly, with Johnson missing, apparently through the high tension under which he was laboring.

In the second round the smile of Johnson appeared and he looked himself. That long left began to work and right and left uppercuts to do execution. This continued in the third

JIM JEFFRIES FEEDING A PET LAMB AND CHAMPION JACK JOHNSON FONDLING A PET GOOSE



JEFF'S DEFEAT AS STAGGERING AS JACK'S FISTS

Glowing Reports From Training Camp Dashed to Pieces in Actual Battle

Hairy Giant Is Completely at Johnson's Mercy From Beginning to End

By TOMMY BURNZ
[Special Dispatch to The Call]

RENO, July 4.—The fight between Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson was certainly a staggard to me. I had heard so much of the big fellow and the annihilating wallop he possessed, and also his wonderful capacity for taking punishment and the remarkable powers of endurance he was supposed to be the owner of. It seemed to me that he only had to be in something like thorough condition to make a winning battle of the century in the end, even if he did get something the worst of matters throughout several rounds, even 20 or 30.

I fought Johnson in Australia less than two years ago and, unlike Jeffries, I forced the fighting from beginning to conclusion in the hope that I might get a convicer over despite Johnson's cleverness in defense, and then he did not really beat me, though I admit he had the better of things up to the moment the police interfered, prompted by a report which some of the crowd started to the effect that my jaw was broken.

It was not broken at all, though swollen a fair bit through the many right uppercuts he landed in the clinches, a method of attack that Jeffries could not defend, though his friends boasted that Johnson would never get one home on Jeffries. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw Jeffries so much at Johnson's mercy and Jeffries so disinclined to go in and take a wallop or two with the object of landing something that might bring the goods home for him.

Johnson's left never troubled me much in Australia. I despised that weapon completely. All the damage he did was by means of the right, but Johnson's left closed one of Jeffries' eyes quite early in the clash and it brought blood from his lips and nose further on, while Jeffries appeared absolutely incapable of doing anything effective.

It's true he does some good short arm rights to the ribs, but Johnson never felt the force of those as he checked some of them and stopped others. I heard hundreds of people applauding Jeffries for scoring body blows when from my seat I could plainly see that they had been cleverly blocked by the other fellow.

I can quite understand how difficult it might be for any man who had given up any particular game for the length of time that Jeffries had been away to get back again and stand as firmly as he did before on a high pedestal, even though he might be still anything but an old one.

REPORTS WERE TOO GLOWING
Reports from Jeffries' camp were that he had convinced his best friends; that he had answered difficult questions so well in trials as to justify the opinion that he would give as good an account of himself as ever, and I was induced through those statements to bet my money.

Jeffries showed good condition and he fought as one who had been well trained, but that was all. Johnson had it on him the whole time and I found myself experiencing sensations of regret at not being one of the chief actors in that tragedy the huge crowd witnessed today.

Surely the big fellow must have been a good man, else the dope book lies, and if he was such a fine fighter in his day, why didn't we see a flash of it against Johnson?

Let no man now say Johnson has a yellow streak. He demonstrated beyond any manner of doubt that he is game to the core, for all the influence, excepting that of a "fair field and no favors" were against him, and many kind friends and a great number of newspapers told the black every day

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JEFF WILL NEVER RE-ENTER RING DAZED, HEARS STORY OF DEFEAT

RENO, Nev., July 4.—Jeffries, the pugilist, left camp early this afternoon. Jim Jeffries, farmer, returned. He will never enter the ring again. That was settled once and for all today. The big man with the bruised face and downcast spirit was carried swiftly back from the ringside to the cottage where the last days of his training were carried through. He was still dazed and shaken when he climbed from the machine. He knew that he had been beaten, but of the way in which his defeat was accomplished he had no idea. The story of the blows which sent him stumbling over the ropes a beaten man and brought the blood bubbling from his lips as he sat stupefied, unable to locate his adversary in the glare of the sun, was told by Jim Corbett.

Jeff knows nothing beyond the fact that he was beaten, that the object for which he abandoned his quiet life, the defeat of Jack Johnson, had not been accomplished.

would win around the fifteenth. At the beginning of the round he walked close to Jeffries as though to invite an attack. It did not come. He then shoved and threw him away.

He knew the man before him had lost his stamina. He hooked a left and Jeff showed distress. The colored man stepped quickly in with a right hand uppercut that landed solidly on Jeffries' chin.

Jeff tottered, but before he fell a left punch that was murderous in its intent sent the hope of the white race through the ropes, so that he needed support from the newspapermen situated outside the ropes. He was gone and should not have been assisted to his feet. Strange, that of all his seconds it remained for the other fighting brother of the Jeffries family to assist the poor fellow, already licked, to his feet for further punching. Rickard kept Johnson back until Jeffries was on his feet, and Johnson placed killing punches on the white man, who again went heavily to the floor. No towel came into the ring, only a bushy elf of seconds.

SECONDS ACKNOWLEDGE DEFEAT
Jeff rose and again was knocked to the floor. He would have gone down for the fourth time had not Berger made himself understood to Rickard that defeat was acknowledged by the Jeffries corner.

Let us now call Jack Johnson the champion of the world and not tell about all his poor fights and the little men he has whipped. He was asked today to meet in the ring the greatest fighting animal we have known. He met him in an arena where but few of his race were about him. He could see more black looks on his white brethren than the black faces of his people.

He was fighting on a soil that has been referred to by the effete east as the "wild and woolly west," where gun plays are thought to be as common as the click of the ball on a roulette table. We who live here know this is not so. But it may be imagined that Johnson listened to these wild utterances. If he did he is more game than even his fight today gives evidence of. We will no longer hear of the "yellow streak." That's good.

An opponent for the champion will be difficult to find. No one appears on the pugilistic map at this writing. Still, one never knows what a year will develop.

Johnson received \$110,500 for his short hour's work today. Jeffries annexed \$127,166.65 for carrying the white man's burden.

How would you like to be a "white hope?"

Northwestern League

SEATTLE, July 4.—Afternoon game—Vancouver won its seventh straight game in two days and the second today from Seattle by outpunching Zackert when hits were needed. Lefty Miller was in grand form. Score: R. H. E. Seattle..... 0 4 2 Vancouver..... 3 7 1 Batteries—Zackert and Akis; Miller and Lewis.

Morning game—Seattle started a recruit, Guy Dow, and he was hammered all over the lot in the morning game. Jensen as usual had Seattle on his hip and was good in pinches. He got a home run and a single. Brinker and Pennington also collected home runs. Score: R. H. E. Seattle..... 2 8 2 Vancouver..... 6 10 1 Batteries—Joss, Dow and Custer; Jensen and Sigler.

SPokane, July 4.—Spokane and Tacoma divided honors today in two featureless games. First game—R. H. E. Tacoma..... 10 10 3 Spokane..... 2 5 3 Batteries—Hall and Blankenship; Bonner, Tompkins and Brooks, Ostleek. Second game—R. H. E. Tacoma..... 3 8 2 Spokane..... 18 15 1 Batteries—McCormick, Easton, Butler and Byrnes; Killip and Shea.

Crowd Cheers Governor for Permitting Fight

RENO, Nev., July 4.—William Muldoon, the famous trainer, broke the quietude of the surroundings by entering the ring before the principals had arrived and making a speech, which met with the approval of the crowd. He said:

Under the present circumstances, and where I have so many friends, I feel that I will not be committing an unpardonable offense if I have a few suggestions to make. I want to say something of the only broad-minded state in the union. I therefore suggest a token of our respect and esteem to one citizen, a man who has the courage to stand by the laws without being influenced and say that those people who enjoy this sport shall be protected. I ask all here as a token of esteem and respect to this gentleman, Governor Dickerson of Nevada, the man who has carried out the laws as they are in the statutes and allowed the people to enjoy their sport, to stand up and give three rousing cheers for Governor Dickerson of Nevada.

Almost to a man the crowd rose from their seats and shouted for Nevada's governor.

ALAMEDA OARSMEN CARRY OFF HONORS

Close Contests Mark Rowing Races at Aquatic Park After Long Delay

It was strictly an Alameda day at the rowing race at Aquatic park yesterday morning, and the husky lads of the Encinal City club, rowing in their handsome new barge, carried off the majority of the honors. Steve Vicini, a veteran of the rowing game, saved the day for the local clubs by winning the junior skiff event.

With the exception of the intermediate barge race, the events were decidedly the closest finishes of the present rowing season. There were the usual unnecessary delays. The morning's program did not begin for nearly an hour after the appointed time, and the large crowd of spectators that had gathered on the porches of the Dolphin, South End and Ariel club houses became restless. The fifth and final event was not concluded until 1:30 p. m. Referee Alec Bell and Starter Ed Lynch did their best to stir up the crews, but their efforts were in vain.

The first event, the junior barge race, was a heart breaking contest between the Alamedans and South Ends, and the boys from across the bay won by a scant length. The local crew was forced to row with a broken oarlock.

The senior barge race was another hot contest, the Alamedans winning by a yard, and both crews finishing with a 49 stroke.

Six entrants started in the junior skiff race. Wellman of the Dolphins on the inside course soon took the lead, but when nearing the outer mark swamped and was out of the going. Reidy rounded the outer stake first and shipped considerable water, but was soon overtaken by Vicini and Brampton, who fought out the contest, the former winning by a narrow margin.

The intermediate barge race ended in a disagreement. On the outer mark the Dolphins took the South Ends' stake in error, which caused the two boats to foul. The Alameda boat, being free from any entanglement, took the lead and won easily. A foul was claimed by the Dolphins, and after considerable discussion by the officials it was decided to row the race over again, but the Alameda and South End crews had started home, and their representatives refused to row. The Dolphins then put their barge in the water and rowed over the course, claiming the prizes by default. The matter probably will be taken up at the next meeting of the rowing association.

The results were as follows: Junior barge race—Won by Alamedas: W. D. Wright, stroke; H. Young, 3; T. Kaeke, 2; S. W. Brown, 1; H. Ekin, coxswain. Second, South Ends: Milton F. Rapp, 1; Alvan Cobleigh, 2; T. Davis, 3; C. Varney, 4; J. Scott, coxswain. Time, 6:12.2.

Senior barge race—Won by Alamedas: H. G. Nielsen, stroke; Henry Hesse, 3; H. O. Sumner, 2; A. W. Brampton, 1; H. Ekin, coxswain. Second, Dolphins: William Harris, stroke; Thomas Harris, 3; A. Hagenborn, 2; Oscar Mohr, 1; G. Kenuff, coxswain. Time, 5:30.

Junior skiff race—Won by Steve Vicini, Dolphin; second, A. W. Brampton, Alameda. Time, 7:05.

Senior skiff race—Won by Henry Hesse, Alameda; second, Oscar Mohr, Dolphins; third, Leo Weindard, Dolphins. Time, 6:55.

TEAR RING TO PIECES
RENO, Nev., July 4.—The people tore the ring to pieces as souvenirs. In five minutes ropes, canvas and material had vanished as if swept by a hurricane.

NEGRO'S MAMMY TOLD OF VICTORY

Johnson Orders Wire Sent to His Mother, Telling Her Result of Fight

RENO, July 4.—This was an hilarious night at the roadhouse where Jack Johnson trained for his fight with Jeffries.

Business at the bar started with a rush when Johnson, returning from the arena with his newly acquired fortune and laurels, ordered wine for everybody in the resort. Johnson himself drank beer.

Crowds came out from the city to see the champion and they, too, spent freely.

Given an impetus by the winning of about \$100,000 by various members of the camp, the games of chance did a good business.

Johnson was the main attraction when he was in evidence. As he planned to go to Chicago on a train that left at 9:45 p. m., however, much of his time was taken up in packing his goods.

Loud cheers greeted the negro when he returned from the fight. He went from the arena to his camp in an automobile with Billy Delaney, his chief adviser. The camp rushed out en masse to greet him. His wife was one of the first to reach him. She saw that fight, but had reached the resort before her husband arrived.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad you won," she said.

Friends shouted, clapped their hands and whistled. Johnson grinned broadly, but said nothing to the throng on the outside of the house.

Everybody wanted to hear about the fight. Johnson said he was not hurt and there was nothing for him to tell.

"Don't think I was scared at any time," he said. "I knew how it was coming out."

The negro's engagement in vaudeville opens in New York July 11. Already he

FEW SEE JEFF'S RETURN TO CAMP

Defeated Champion Is Not So Badly Hurt as in Fight With Fitzsimmons

RENO, July 4.—There were few to witness the return of the vanquished to Jeff's camp. Two or three automobiles stood in the road where 50 had been crowded in the morning. Jeffries' personal friends were there, eager to do something to aid him, but unable to find words.

Jeff stepped from the house a few moments after he entered and went to the rubbing room. He walked a little unsteadily and seemed a bit dazed. His trainers accompanied him and after a bath he was rubbed down and partook of a glass or two of wine.

It was then that he made his first statement after leaving the ring, saying that he was sorry for his friends.

Jeff's face was puffed from the blows he had received, but the flow of blood had been stopped. His right eye, to the blinding of which his trainers attributed his defeat in so few rounds, was swollen almost shut, but not injured seriously.

According to Doctor Porter, Jeffries' physician, his injuries are not worthy of note. He suffered far more serious damage in previous fights, the doctor said, notably that with Fitzsimmons, when his face was cut and bruised almost beyond recognition.

Roger Cornell, Jeff's trainer, declared that the blinded right eye was the main cause of his hero's defeat. The blow, which swelled the lids until it was all but gone, landed in the second round.

"It was not bad enough to cut," said the trainer, "but Jeff told me when I began rubbing it and working with it that he could see double as he looked around. He could not see a blow coming from that side. Johnson hammered him with the left almost at will and Jeff could not block the blows. He did not see them. There are four lumps along his right jawbone where Johnson's fists landed. Those were the blows that beat him."

Jeffries was invisible to all comers throughout the evening. He ordered that his friends be supplied with champagne, but did not leave the house himself.

There has been no change in Jeff's plans. He proposes to return to his home in Los Angeles at once. He will leave with his wife and a few friends tomorrow, but the time at which his train will start has not been fixed.

American Association

At Indianapolis—Toledo 1, Indianapolis 0.
At Louisville—Columbus-Louisville second game postponed.
At St. Paul—Minneapolis 2, St. Paul 5 (second game).
At Indianapolis—Toledo 0, Indianapolis 2.
At Minneapolis—St. Paul 3, Minneapolis 8.
At Louisville (morning game)—Columbus 7, Louisville 2.
At Kansas City: First game (16 innings)—Milwaukee 2, Kansas City 1. Second game—Milwaukee 3, Kansas City 2. Game called in fifth inning to allow Milwaukee to catch train.

Western League

At Omaha—Omaha 1, Lincoln 3 (first game).
Omaha 3, Lincoln 2 (second game).
At St. Joseph—St. Joseph 4, Denver 13 (first game).
At St. Joseph 1, Denver 6 (second game).
At Topeka—Topeka 8, Wichita 1 (first game).
At Topeka 4, Wichita 3 (second game).
At Sioux City—Sioux City 13, Des Moines 2 (first game).
Sioux City 15, Des Moines 4 (second game).

JAP NINE SPLITS EVEN
HONOLULU, July 4.—The visiting Japanese nine from Waseda university split even into day's contests, losing to the All Oahu and winning from the Chinese team. All Oahu beat the visitors by the score of 6 to 2, but they reversed themselves in the second contest by defeating the Chinese nine by the score of 8 to 6.

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