

# JACK JOHNSON

## Defeated Man Today Gives Big Black Full Credit for Victory and Declares That He Did Not Want to Fight in First Place. Was Fooled by Friends.

By E. J. Conroy. Special.—Jim Jeffries finished his pugilistic career by playing the part of a Comanche Indian in that thrilling melodrama, "The White Man's Hope." For the past six years Jack Johnson has been the goat of the jockeys who worked on it. It was he, the flustered man, who put up that black fight with Jeffries in "Frisco" last year ago. Jack Johnson was laughing at him; what a joke he was in the eyes of the fight fans.

Monday James J. Jeffries was as good an imitation of Jack Johnson as I have ever seen in my life. He fought Jack Johnson, or at least attempted to fight Jack Johnson, and put up as miserable a bout as you'd ever care to read about. Jim Jeffries, the bear man, the white mountaineer, the biggest man on the newspaper page, the goat sounded and he was through.

His bearlike rush, his brooklike knock, his bulldog-like grip, his left in the dressing room. He met the big colored bear and he met a fighter. Johnson was as cool as an iceberg. He had the light he longed for six years to get and his confidence was unbounded. He wanted Jeffries to have a good fight. Jack Johnson was so good that there'd be no holier after the thing was over. When Sam Berger asked him to lose a coin for Jeffries, Johnson refused. He was dead to the world and through. Harting got up to seven when every man in Jeffries' corner came over to help him up. Johnson was in a fine state of mind. He was carried to his corner, where amiable and other restaurateurs were fed him until he came around.

Johnson broke loose from the wild mob that grabbed him and shook the dice with Tom Flanagan and see who was lucky for the automobile home. Jeffries, with a bunch of friends, licked up a few quarts of wine after he had a massage and rub-down after the go.

"They pulled me into it; that's all," he said. "I fought like a third-rater. I knew what I wanted to do, but wasn't there. Oh, I'll hand Johnson the credit. He's a better man than I am, but I wasn't there, so at all. I shook my head to myself in about the seventh round. I think it was, when I missed him and we fell into a clinch. I knew that I was going to lose. I was gone altogether. I have lost all idea of distance. Why, he blocked my best punches as easy as I'd block a fly with a broom. That's all for me. I didn't want to fight in the first place; I thought it was impossible, but I heard so many people say that I looked good and worked the credit. He's a better man than I am. No more for me. As Chuck Connors says: 'God save me from my friends.'"

Jeffries wasn't so over the loss. Of course he was bitterly disappointed. The big fellow jollied after the fight as though he had won. He intends going down to Los Angeles to see the fight between him and there will be no more bull.

Round 1—They feinted. Jack grinned as they sparred for an opening. Johnson rushed and landed two light lefts. They clinched; both extremely cautious. Jack led left and Jeff countered with left. A clinch followed. Jeff got in a good left while holding, and they clinched, both landing while in position.

Round 2—Jeff crouched and stood with his left foot forward. He tried for Johnson's face, missed and laughed. Johnson feinted and jumped away. Johnson led left and Jeff countered with right. Johnson went in with a left uppercut which was light. They clinched and kidded each other, both watching. It was a light round, honors even.

Round 3—Jeff was talking as he came up and ducked away. Johnson landed a right. They clinched, and as they did so Johnson got in two uppercuts as Jeff smiled. The blow so far had been light. Johnson led with a left to face, and they clinched. Jeff landed a hard left on the body, but the grin would not come off. After sparring a little, Johnson led "our lefts, landing twice. Jeff was boxing well. They clinched and Johnson got in another uppercut in the eighth round. Jeff forced the fighting in this round.

Round 4—Jeff crouched and mis-

ed. Jack got to the ear with his left and a right uppercut in a clinch that scored. On the break Johnson got in a right, and Jeff landed on the face. Johnson's mouth was bleeding. Jeff failed with a left to the body. Jack got a straight left. Jeff landed three light lefts on the stomach. They clinched. In the break Jack landed on the jaw. More exchanges in this round than in the others.

Round 5—Jeff crouched. Johnson was short with a left. Jeff rushed, but Jack smothered it and went into a clinch. Jack led left to the body and Jeff got away without harm. Jeff got in a good right. Then Johnson hooked Jim twice in the mouth with a left. Johnson swung a left as they broke. Both men bleeding from the mouth. Jeff looked more serious. Jack landed two lefts on the mouth. Jeff jabbed left to nose and pulled Jack around the ring in the clinch that followed. Jeff shot a straight left to face. It was a light punch. The men patted each other on the back as the bell rung. It was another easy round.

Round 6—Jeff crouched. Johnson was short with a left. Jeff rushed, but Jack smothered it and went into a clinch. Jack led left to the body and Jeff got away without harm. Jeff got in a good right. Then Johnson hooked Jim twice in the mouth with a left. Johnson swung a left as they broke. Both men bleeding from the mouth. Jeff looked more serious. Jack landed two lefts on the mouth. Jeff jabbed left to nose and pulled Jack around the ring in the clinch that followed. Jeff shot a straight left to face. It was a light punch. The men patted each other on the back as the bell rung. It was another easy round.

Round 7—Johnson missed and Jeff followed him around the ring. They feinted, the clinch as Johnson went over Jeff's back with a right swing. They clinched. After the break Jeff landed on face, a light hook. Jack reached the mouth and Jeff began to bleed. Jack crouched, that followed Jack landed on the swollen eye. Then he threw Jeff fiercely on the clinch. Jeff's right eye looked red and swollen. Jack landed a hard right on it. Johnson had this round by a wide margin.

Round 8—Jeff looked serious as he stepped out, and Johnson was cool. Johnson led left and Jeff countered with right. Jack landed two savage lefts on the face. Jeff rushed at the negro but took a left hand punch. Johnson went in on the face and left on the ribs, then a clinch. Jeff swung to the face at the moment Johnson was in a clinch. He rushed Jack across the ring and they kidded some more. Jeff landed left on Jack's face and another on the face. Jeff feinted, the clinch as Johnson went in with a left uppercut which was light. They clinched and kidded each other, both watching. It was a light round, honors even.

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Round 10—Jeff came up aroached. Jack stopped him with left to the mouth and on the sore nose. Jeff tried to clinch, but Johnson shot his left and got up at the count of nine. While he was down Johnson stood aloof, and when Jeff rose from his knees he dashed in again.

Round 11—Jeff reached the jaw with a left. They clinched and Jeff seemed to be stung. Clinched. Jeff bored in two hot lefts. Jack got back a left hand punch. He tried to uppercut in the clinch. Jeff shot to the body, and they clinched. Jeff landed twice on the body. Johnson swung a left as they broke. Both men bleeding from the mouth. Jeff looked more serious. Jack landed two lefts on the mouth. Jeff jabbed left to nose and pulled Jack around the ring in the clinch that followed. Jeff shot a straight left to face. It was a light punch. The men patted each other on the back as the bell rung. It was another easy round.

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# SWANSON MAY NOT GET SENATORSHIP

## But Congressman Is Not a Candidate for Office Made Vacant by Major Daniel's Death—Doubts as to the Exact Power of the Executive.

RICHMOND, Va.—Special.—It has suddenly dawned upon the politicians of this State that Governor Mann has maintained a decided reticence with the vacancy existing in the United States Senate, which was caused by the death of the late John W. Daniel.

At the time when Senator Daniel was first stricken and it was believed that his death would be the matter of a few days, a great deal was said about the probable success of the late Senator in the United States Senate, and the Legislature, then just about to adjourn, was thrown into a mighty flutter over the matter.

It was understood at that time that the Executive was quite willing to let it things came to the worst. In other words, the impression gained ground that Governor Mann rather dreaded the responsibility of having to pick someone for the vacant Executive within the gift of the Commonwealth. But things did not turn out as had been expected. Senator Daniel gained a brief respite, his illness abated and showed some signs of improvement. When the General Assembly finally adjourned, then came more whispering and prophesying, and newspaper correspondents in Washington confidently announced that the vacancy would certainly be filled by the appointment of a certain Senator.

This sounded good to many a body and looked like the natural sequence of things. As a matter of fact, it was quite a relief to many a body, for it was felt that the present Executive, made any such promise to him, or rather, nobody hereabouts knows of any such promise.

It is found of Hal Flood. Coupled with these reports as to the promotion of Mr. Swanson, came the statement that Governor Mann, at Daniel and prophetical, and newspaper correspondents in Washington confidently announced that the vacancy would certainly be filled by the appointment of a certain Senator.

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# GROUCHO THE MONK

IF YOU WANT TO WASTE THIS NICE DAY BY MOPING AROUND THE HOUSE, ALL RIGHT—BUT I'M GOING OUT FOR A WALK!

ISN'T THE GRASS GREEN!

GET OFF THAT STONE, DEAR, IT'S LOOSE!

WHEN I WANT ANY ADVICE FROM YOU I'LL ASK FOR IT!

REMARKS

# NATURE! DO YOU CALL CEMENT SIDEWALKS AND ASPHALT STREETS?

ISN'T NATURE BEAUTIFUL?

OH, THERE'S A BOBOLINK!

AH, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BIRDS!

THERE! THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR LETTING YOU DRAG ME OUT FOR A WALK!

REMARKS

# SEVENTY YEAR OLD HOSTLER WINS WAGER BY CLEANING UP ON TRIP DEALING IN NAGS.

NEW YORK.—Special.—With his face as red as the sun that was sinking behind the horizon, Jim Jones, seventy years old, wearing a hat and a mustache, entered Greenwich, Conn., in triumph at 6 o'clock last night, leading a spirited chestnut-colored horse, on whose back he was riding a large dog named Happy, the old man's pet spaniel.

Turner is the owner of a large stock farm near Albany, N. Y., and in days gone by was a horse trader on the road and a showman as well. He had won a wager of \$100 made to show that the art or science of horse trading was still a live one if the right man with the right showmanship and activity got into it. The conditions of his bet were that he should start from Stamford, Conn., with a capital of \$30, tramp about the country in the old-fashioned way and return to Stamford in two days with \$100 profit to show in horse trading.

Didn't Mind Hard Tramping. He tramped more than fifty miles in the course of his trip, and he did it under a blistering sun yesterday; but he was in fine physical form as well as in fine feather over his triumph when he got to Greenwich last night.

The discussion that started him on his gypsying arose at a Stamford hotel the other evening. He has been staying there for several months with his wife. A ginny asserted that the automobile and trolley interest in horseflesh was almost dead, and that the old-fashioned trader would find picking up a few dollars in horse trading in these days. Old man Turner denied that and the wager was laid.

Turner left Stamford at noon Tuesday with a happy and contented face and \$30 in a money belt round his body, under his clothing, in the fashion he had used to carry his money a generation ago. He walked eighteen miles to the house and returned there at 10 in the evening. He looked over horses and in the morning bought one for \$20. He moved on to Milwaukie with the horse and here met Harry Gedney. He traded the horse with Gedney for another animal and \$10 to boot.

Every Swap Meant Money. Going back to Mount Kisco he sold his new possession for \$35 to a Mr. Williams. Then he moved on to Tarrytown and there bought a horse for \$40. At Pleasantville he sold that to a Danbury man for another horse and \$50.

# HORSE TRADING A GOOD BUSINESS

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# PUT THEIR MONEY IN REAL PROPERTY

NEWPORT NEWS, Va.—Special.—Real estate sold well last week despite the hot weather. Suburban real estate dealers sold many more homes than they had in the past few months. The tendency to invest in lots on the installment plan continues. It is a noticeable fact that many young business men are buying lots in the suburbs home building. Judging from the indications it is likely that the young men who are buying will in the course of time begin the erection of homes on the property they purchased.

Among those who reported interesting sales the past week were Sullivan & Co. Some of the sales made by this concern were a lot of 125 feet of unimproved property on the east side of Thirty-fourth Street, between M and N Streets, the purchase price being \$12,225. The property was handled through Sullivan & Co. for S. P. Cowardin, the transfer being made to T. F. Boyle. Another purchase made by Sullivan & Co. was a lot of unimproved property on the west side of Thirty-fourth Street, between M and N Streets, at \$22 a foot, the consideration being \$3,000. The property was purchased from E. W. Evans. Both of the tracts mentioned will be subdivided and sold in lots. Sullivan & Co. handled the transfer of the residence of J. C. Fowles at 608 North Thirty-fourth Street, to L. H. and Ida Bug, the consideration being \$3,500. The purchase was made by the Buggs for use as a residence.

Westhampton Heights property continued to sell well last week. There were many who visited the new sections of the Heights, and a number of the Richmond College and is now the location of the Country Club. It is likely that a big building boom will be inaugurated in Westhampton Heights at an early date.

The Village of Bensley did a good business during the week. Several country estates were sold, in every instance the purchase being made for the purpose of building a home. The property is being put in splendid condition and will soon be a "village" in truth.

Boston & Co. report continued activity in the sale of Monument Annex property. Secretary Dabney of the Chamber of Commerce declared today that conditions in building in Richmond were usually good. A large number of local concerns have found it necessary to increase storage and manufacturing capacity in order to accommodate the business. The substantial reports of the new skyscrapers which are soon to add to the city's skyline, are attracting the attention of other cities to Richmond. It is safe to predict that by the next census Richmond will be the fourth largest city in the South, and especially the matter of increased building over the past ten years. No city in the South has been able to report such great strides in the past few years as Richmond through the Chamber of Commerce.

His Distinction. "Was he much of a President?" "His percentage as a corner-stone layer was above that of his predecessors."—St. Louis Star.

Melon-Growing. Growing of melons, both muskmelons and watermelon, has become an important commercial enterprise. The two kinds of melons require considerably different treatment. Muskmelons thrive best in a light soil. They are very susceptible to frost and are grown in small patches usually planted directly into the field, but in the North they are started in hotbeds. As they are hard to transplant, they are grown in small berry boxes or in pieces of inverted sod. The box can be removed like a flower pot and the plant set out without having its roots disturbed in the soil. A piece bearing a little plant put in each hole in the melon bed. Hills should be four to six feet apart and put in each hill. There is so much loss from insects that two or three times the number of plants actually needed must be used. The strips of sod are grown in a way which infest the vines can be repelled by spraying with Bordeaux mixture and dusting with tobacco dust. Insects are killed by Paris green, but because of the hair loss on the melons, it is better to cover the foliage thoroughly. There are two general types—furrowed, hard rind kind, known as cantaloupes, and smooth rind kind. Many localities have favorite varieties which grow especially well there.

FIND BODY OF YOUNG WILLIAM W. BRAUTIGAM RICHMOND, Va.—Special.—The body of young William Wythe Brautigam, who was drowned shortly before midday Sunday at Deep Water, about four miles from the city, was found Tuesday morning at 7:30 o'clock near the place of his death. The body had been washed up among the rocks almost exactly opposite the place where Brautigam fell from the boat in which he was with two companions, John Claus and Ray Guthright. The search for the body went on all day Sunday and Monday. This morning at about 6 o'clock W. J. Torbeck, Conway Wilkinson and Louis Brautigam, a brother of the drowned man, left to row the search for the body. After an hour and a half they came upon the object of their search, which had been washed among the rocks. The storm of yesterday had evidently caused the body to rise during the night. Owing to the condition of the body the young man will have to be buried this afternoon. The funeral will take place at 8 o'clock from the residence of Mrs. W. H. DuBoulay, a sister of the deceased. The interment will be in Hollywood Cemetery.

Young Brautigam, who was twenty-two years of age, went down the river Saturday afternoon to spend the holiday on the river. Sunday morning he was joined by Aubrey and Ray Guthright, aged fourteen and sixteen respectively, and John Claus, sixteen years old. Just before noon Brautigam, Ray Guthright and Claus went boat-riding. On the return trip Brautigam and Claus arose to change seats so that Claus could take the oars. Brautigam stumbled and fell against Claus, both boys going overboard. Claus, who is a better swimmer, but Claus managed to get a hold on the side of the boat before going down, while Brautigam was washed down the stream by the current. None of the party could swim and they had to sit in the boat and see their companion perish before their eyes.

COULDN'T MAKE LIVING, MAN KILLS HIMSELF NEWPORT NEWS, Va.—Special.—Deponent because he was out of work and unable to provide for his two-months' bride as he wished, Frank E. Sears, twenty-five years old, committed suicide Monday night by firing a revolver shot into his brain. Not an hour before the tragedy a man wrote letters to his parents and wife. Sears has resided here all his life, and was prominent in football circles and a member of the Elks. He married Miss Annie Fenimore last April.