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JOHNSON IS VICTOR IN BIG FIGHT WITH JEFF.

Result Is Shock to Sporting World.

TOOK FIFTEEN ROUNDS

Champion Plays With Former King of the Ring.

WHITE MAN GOES OVER ROPES

Makes Heroic Effort to Regain Feet, But Is Met By Rain of Blows From Johnson's Fists. Blood Flows Into Audience. Former Champion Handicapped By Age and Long Absence From Arena.

Reno, Nev., July 5.—When Jack Johnson knocked out James J. Jeff, fies in the fifteenth round of their fight, he upset the sporting world. It was sudden, the defeat of a hitherto undefeated man. It came swiftly, like the dropping of some bolt that wrecks a 10,000-horsepower dynamo.

Hardly had the bell sounded when the lightning movement of the negro's right arm in an uppercut ended in a thud. The tremendous head of the white fighting man swung back as the glove landed on his jaw, just to the right of the mid-chin. His torso relaxed, his knees trembled, then crooked. Down he went.

Sixteen thousand people leaped to their feet, and the great dish of the arena was so still that those sitting next to the ring could hear the click of the black champion's teeth as he snapped his jaw shut and stood waiting over the fallen fighter.

The timekeeper had counted nine. Jeffries, his head swinging from side to side on his thick neck, struggled to his knees, to his feet. Hardly had he straightened when two terrific blows shot over his feebly rising guard. A right and left uppercut to the chin followed. Down the white man tumbled. This time his body was outside the ropes and his legs were crooked over the white strands. He sat hunched in this squat, eyes closed, hands drooping over knees. The steel was broken, and the arena roared.

Rickard Gets Rattled. Rickard, the referee, was rattled. He stood by the side of the beaten pugilist, counting in a dazed sort of way. Nobody watched him. Everybody had his eyes on Jeff. In the uproar Timekeeper Harting counted Jeff out. Nobody heard him. Abe Attell ran over from Jeff's corner and lifted up the ropes while the fighter clambered blindly through. The man stood, half crouching, knowing nothing. Jim Corbett yelled something at him. The words were unheard.

Then came the black man, not knowing that his antagonist was counted out. He came lightly, stepping swiftly, like a cat stalking. He jumped to the side of the self-conscious man and with his arms jerking back and forth with the thrust of an engine's piston, he pounded and pounded the drooping head of the former champion. Uppercuts each one of them. First with the right and then with the left, Johnson swung back the lolling head. Against the tremendous bulk of the white man tottered. Sam Berger, Jeff's manager, jumped into the ring and rushed to Jeff's side. Rickard understood, and he waved Johnson back to his corner. At the same time he held up his hand and motioned toward the black retreating. That was the end. The fight was won. A man unbeaten and thought to be unbearable was pounded into defeat.

Retains Championship. The championship remained with the negro and \$70,000, 80 per cent of the total purse of \$101,000, had been won. It was what the followers of pugilism call a clean knockout. The blow that the black man sent up from his waist to the point of Jeffries' chin in that first quarter minute of the fifteenth round was the blow that finished the battle.

Jeff was outclassed, outpointed. He did not lose because of a lucky

THE SMILE THAT WON'T COME OFF



Photo by American Press Association.

JOHNSON'S OWN VERSION.

"I fought a good fight and I fought a different fight than I ever did before. Wasn't it right for me to go in and take Jeffries' style of fighting away from him? Instead of making him come to me I went after him. There was no stage of the contest when I was in danger. Maybe I could have ended it quicker, but I preferred to take it slowly but surely. I think the pictures will show that I did most of the fighting."

JEFF EXPLAINS DEFEAT.

"The best man won. I didn't realize my limitations until after the first few rounds. I then discovered what we all discovered sooner or later. I thought I was right, but the contest and my own feelings showed me that I was mistaken. Now I will be allowed to rest and live quietly, as I have sought to do. I will never fight again."

blow. He lost because he was an older man than when he last fought, because he had not "come back" from his years of physical and nervous lassitude. A surprise, they call this sort of thing in the sporting world. A surprise because the results were not foreseen by the weightiest opinion of experts. Maybe this is because the judges of muscle in the mass of bulk, of the horsepower register in a man's blow, can not be judges of comparative psychology. Here is what one knows an expert in pugilism must have seen in the ring. A white man whose every nerve was tensed to fiddle-string tautness; who kept his power-on coordination between mind and muscle at such a working pitch that mental fatigue threatened each instant. Opposed to him a negro who wasn't afraid, who was vain of his skill of self-protection, but not to the point of recklessness, who approached the task of stunning an antagonist with an easy confidence.

When Jeff's face was furrowed from mind strain, the negro was laughing. When the white fighter strained his utmost to free himself from clinches the black man simply put his weight on his opponent's arms and shoulders and rested. One man worked terribly without rest; the other rested much of the time and was terrible in flashes in action.

What White Man Thought. Perhaps the white fighter misanderstood the periods of careless slouching he read in the other's actions. He fought as if he thought he was invincible, and that the grinning, shifty black before him was not capable of forcing him into a coma, however much he might slash and slice the flesh. A difference in psychology had something to do with the result. No such spectacle as that inside the graded tiers of humanity has ever been seen. Probably in this country no such spectacle will be seen again. It was the fight of the century. It was the surprise of the century also.

Governor Dickerson of Nevada, who had announced that he would not be at the fight, dropped into his seat in the second row from the ring at 1:30. He looked stern but pleased. Just about this time Rickard came to where the reporters of the press associations were huddled by their wires and said that it had been agreed between the fighters that the purse would be split 60 and 40 instead of 75 to winner and 25 to the loser, as the public had supposed the

agreement read. Rickard gave no reason why the rearrangement had been made. He called attention to the fact that the total purse was \$121,000, including the bonuses paid by the promoters.

When Jeffries appeared in lavender trunks a sound of admiration sounded through the tiers of packed seats. His flesh was a deep brown. He seemed to be in very good condition.

Over in his corner Johnson's black body seemed to glow with the verve of true health. Johnson has a tapering waist and his arms are moulded with bunches of muscle as those of the white man.

In comparison with the Gargantuan man, of the white skin that opposed him, the negro's entire seemed almost puny. He looked as if he ought to be overwhelmed by the sheer weight of his antagonist's bulk.

Refuse to Shake Hands. The fighters refused to shake hands informally preliminary to their battle. Referee Rickard learned their wishes in this regard and did not press them. As a final ceremony the brazen-voiced Jordan stepped to the center of the ring and made his last announcement: "This is to be a fight of 45 rounds, and may the best man win. Let her go."

First Round—When the gong rang the men came out of their corners slowly, slipping each other for a few seconds. They presented a rare picture to the crowd. Jeffries was the first to display activity. He feinted with his left, but Johnson, cool-headed, simply stepped to one side and planted a light left squarely on the holierman's eye. As he did so Jeff lunged forward with a left hook and Johnson, catching the blow in the air with his right, stopped into a long, hard clinch. As they were locked, Jeffries grinned confidently over the negro's shoulder just before the referee made them break away. Then Johnson, shutting boldly, tried two lefts that went churning straight for Jeff's nose. On each instance the white man threw up his huge shoulder and the blows were blocked. Then followed a clinch in which Jeff, with a hand free, pounded the negro in the kidneys. Again as they broke away, Jeff with sudden aggressiveness then cut loose a right for the heart, at the same time sending over a right hook for the jaw. Both blows landed but they did damage.

Quick as a flash the negro started a left for the holierman's face, but Jeff with agility slipped inside of the punch and they were clinched at the bell. This round was about even.

Second—Jeff assumed the crouch and led with a left. Johnson jumped back and laughed. Johnson scored with left to the chin. They clinched. Johnson says "Hurry up, hurry up," and both laughed. Jeff landed left to jaw. Clinch followed. Jeff scored three lefts to Jack's body and a blow to the mouth drew blood. Jack missed right uppercut. Jeff scored hard left to the chest and Jeff's face and a light uppercut to the chin. Clinch. Fighting slowly and carefully, Jack missed right swing and took a left to body. In the fighting that followed light blows landed. Jack landed a right uppercut, when missed, shook his head in perplexed fashion. Jim forced the pace and the men clinched when the ball rang. Jack patted Jim on the back as they went to their corners.

Third—Cautious prevailed on both sides. The last word from the rival seconds was a warning to take plenty of time. Jeff, with the crouch, kept trying to hook over the left, but the negro either stepped away or clinched, at the same time dropping these blows. Several clinches were productive of no great harm as the negro broke them off them at the referee's word of command, but finally as Johnson's quick eye discovered an opening, a heavy right swing was started for Jeff's head. The belligerent ducked and the blow passed over his air, but at the same moment Jeff lunged his right into the negro's body just under the heart. A hard clinch was the result. As they broke out of it, Johnson came with a left to the neck, and the next moment Johnson sparred beautifully, following with a hard right uppercut, his best blow. His judgment of distance, however, was poor, and when he missed the negro reared his head as if perplexed. Then Jeff rushed with both arms swinging, but Johnson blocked and clinched him just as the bell sounded.

Fourth—Jeff clinches and hooks Jack. Johnson returns with left jab to the head, men wrestling in clinch, jolking with each other. Jeff scored left to the body. Jack lands uppercut to the chin. Jeff brings blood out of Jack's mouth again; Johnson laughs at footwork. Negro lands right and left to the head. He then used kidney punch and Jeff asks him what he is doing. Johnson drives left to the face. Jim lands left to body and Jeff lands again. The negro is grinning. Jack gets pretty right to the jaw just as the bell rings.

Fifth—Men started light sparring. Jeff goes to clinch. Finally breaks. Jack rips in hard left to body, Jeff laughs. In clinch Jack lands two right uppercuts. Jeff's lip bleeding. Savage left hook to jaw brings blood in streams and Jeff goes to clinch, in which Jeff hooks Johnson with left and both land lefts. Jeff forces Jack to give ground. Jeff lands light left to Jack's mouth, bringing more blood. Clinch. Walking around as bell rang. At this point negro has secured decisive blow, although Jeff fighting easier. Crowd orderly.

Sixth—Jack opens with three lefts to Jeff's face and they clinch. Both miss swings and clinches. Jeff was inclined to force the fighting. Johnson caught him with a right that cut his cheek. Jack put left to body. They clinch. Jeff pushed Johnson and Jack landed right to stomach. Jeff lands two on face. Negro broke from a clinch and scored hard blow on the nose; repeated it a second later. Jim's nose bleeding. blow on eye caused it to swell. At the bell they clinched. Jack had the better of this round.

Seventh—Jeff looks for opening. Jim's right eye partly closed, both men rubbing with his glove. Jack missed left and they clinched. Jim tried left hook. Jack blocks R. Jack laughs. They clinch. Negro sends hook to nose, but blow brought blood from Jeff's nostrils. Negro landed three left hooks in clinch and pushed Jim away with an angry scowl. Jim crouches; Johnson blocks his left hand it was they tried front clinch Johnson scored left hook to Jim's bad eye, and the bell rang.

Eighth—Jeff rushed Johnson, saying "come right in." In clinch the negro slipped left hook to Jeff's head. He was out-boxing Jim and caught him with a right to the jaw. Jack missed left jab. Jim scored light right to body. Jim ducked into a left hook which caught him on the chin. In clinch Jack lands two rights to the stomach; Jack lands left to mouth and left to kidney. Jim tried left hook, which he missed by six inches. The men seem extremely friendly and are talking constantly. Jack blocks blow and looks to the crowd for applause. As usual the bell found the two big fellows locked in clinch and waiting slowly about the ring.

Ninth—They clinch. Jack says "come on" and Jim drove a stiff left to the body, and the crowd heard him grunt. Clinch. In the clinch Jim lands right on body and the referee stepped in and put in two lefts to Jeff's face and blood came from the white man. Bell found them sparring.

Johnson appeared puzzled that his blows had so little effect and is studying him from his corner. Up to this point Rickard had nothing to do except walk around the ring.

Tenth—After light sparring Jim hooks left to Jeff's nose. Jeff places right on jaw, and both laugh. They clinch and break repeatedly. No blows. Johnson slips over left to Jim's ear and received one in return that crimsoned his mouth. Clinch. Johnson blocks left. Jeff lands blow on face. Both blocked blows landed in clinches. Both bleeding. Jeff stood away and landed two swift lefts to the face and was winking over Jim's shoulder when the bell rang.

Eleventh—Johnson blocks left. Jeff moves forward, drove right to Jack's neck and took two cuts to the jaw, right to the jaw and vicious left to chin. Again Jack scored right and left uppercut on body and the negro broke. He drove two pounds the face with right and left and Jim seemed dazed. Again and again Jack drove right and left to the mouth. Jim holding him. Blood flew from his nose and eyes. Slowly the negro pounded the face with right and left and Jim seemed dazed. Again and again Jack drove right and left to the mouth. Jim holding him. Blood flew from his nose and eyes. Slowly the negro pounded the face with right and left and Jim seemed dazed. Again and again Jack drove right and left to the mouth. Jim holding him. Blood flew from his nose and eyes. Slowly the negro pounded the face with right and left and Jim seemed dazed.

Twelfth—Light sparring. Johnson blocked Jeff. Clinch. Jim held hard but did not avoid right and left which landed on face and jaw. Jack drove hard left to Jim's body as they broke, took drove two smashes to Jack's blocked. Negro laughing. Clinch. Jim's mouth and nose bleeding. Jack shot in right which shook him badly. Negro forces the fighting. Jim staying gamely. This was Johnson's round. His left jab and swings puzzled Jim and he could not seem to avoid them.

Thirteenth—Clinch. Johnson lands left to head in clinch. Jack speaks to friends at ringside and they broke. He drove two left hooks to Jim's damaged mouth. Again repeats the blow, driving Jim to the ropes. Jim spitting blood. Seems unable to use his arms in the usual way. Tried body punches in clinch. Johnson blocks and lands on body and right to face, which staggers Jim. Jim takes more rights and left, but he could not resist. Jack broke forward, drove two punches. Jim's left eye closed and Jack finds it easy to swing from that direction. Jack was simply making a mark of Jeff's face and the bell rang.

Fourteenth—Both came quickly to the center of the ring and clinched. Jeff appears lightly on feet Jack laughs as Jim tries to score a right in clinch. Johnson says "don't bleed all over me" and proceeded to land two more left hooks. Jeff replies with right and left to body and the negro gave ground. Again he shot right and left to jaw. Jack talks to Jeff in clinch that follows. As bell rang, Johnson was on top sending blow after blow and almost knocked Jeff out of the ring. This time the referee came in and was able to get the men apart. The white man got up on one knee and took a count of nine. As he struggled up Johnson was on top sending blow after blow and almost knocked Jeff out of the ring. This time the referee came in and was able to get the men apart. The white man got up on one knee and took a count of nine. As he struggled up Johnson was on top sending blow after blow and almost knocked Jeff out of the ring.

Fifteenth—They rushed straight into a clinch. Johnson wriggled out of it and hooked to his foot in a dazed and helpless condition. Getting clear of his man again, Johnson whipped the left to the jaw three times and the holierman reeled. The negro, realizing that the end was near, rushed, and as Rickard seemed near the ropes and with a right on the jaw, followed by a left uppercut, he knocked Jeff down flat upon his back. The white man got up on one knee and took a count of nine. As he struggled up Johnson was on top sending blow after blow and almost knocked Jeff out of the ring.

Sixteenth—Johnson's victory at Reno. Houston, Tex., July 5.—Charles Williams, a negro fight enthusiast, had his throat slashed from ear to ear on a stretcher by a white man, the negro having announced too vociferously his appreciation of Jack Johnson's victory at Reno.

Riot at Columbus. Blacks Celebrate Johnson's Victory and Arouse Whites. Columbus, O., July 5.—Rioting, in which noses were made bloody and heads were cracked and several narrowly escaped serious injuries, marked a parade through downtown streets organized by hilarious Johnson mill had been announced. The trouble was caused in large part by a number of drunken whites who sought to break up the parade of the blacks. Police interfered a number of times to save lives.

In a city suburb two negroes yelled "Hurrah for Johnson." A mob of 150 gave chase and one of the men was severely beaten.

EXIT DEFICIT; ENTER SURPLUS

Federal Government Is Well Fixed Financially.

CORPORATION TAX IS BOOSTED

Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law Given Credit by Treasury Officials For Its Share in Task of Changing Debit Account to Other Side of Ledger—Postmaster General Comes Nearer Making Both Ends Meet Than Any of His Predecessors.

Washington, July 1.—Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh started the fiscal year with a surplus of \$9,202,000 in the national treasury. For more than a year the treasury department has been wrestling with a deficit. It was the full fiscal year under the Taft administration and, coming on the eve of the congressional campaign, will probably be made much of by Republican orators. A year ago, at the beginning of the fiscal year just closed, the secretary was confronted with deficit of \$58,734,000. While the treasury condition has been steadily improving since last October, when the Payne-Aldrich tariff law got in working order under normal conditions, the immediate reason for changing a deficit of about \$2,000,000 which appeared in the treasury statement to a surplus of more than \$9,000,000 was the heavy receipts from the corporation tax.

Collectors of internal revenue throughout the country were instructed to notify the treasury by wire just what the collection owing to the corporations were up to the close of business the last day of the fiscal year. Nearly all of the collectors have responded, and the results showed a total of \$18,362,000.

Rush to Pay Tax. There was evidently a rush among the corporation tax payers to get in their returns before the close of the fiscal year. Wall street corporations came forward with about \$2,600,000 in taxes, and approximately another \$1,000,000 was turned in by Chicago corporations. It is estimated that during the 10 days of grace that will be allowed before the penalties for delinquency are imposed at least \$10,000,000 more will be paid in owing to the corporation tax. The surplus of the treasury from all sources during the fiscal year just closed were \$669,064,000, as compared with \$603,589,000 in the preceding fiscal year. Sources of revenue were as follows: Customs, \$332,755,000 as against \$307,711,933 of the preceding year; miscellaneous, \$51,092,000 against \$55,664,000 of the preceding year. The balance of the total receipts came from the corporation tax.

The expenditures for the year were less than for the preceding fiscal year, being \$659,662,000 as compared with \$662,234,000 of the preceding year.

TWENTY KILLED, NINE HURT IN WRECK.

DEAD CHIEF JUSTICE

Melville W. Fuller Was Appointed by Grover Cleveland.



DEATH OF FULLER QUITE UNEXPECTED

Friends Thought Chief Justice In Perfect Health.

Bar Harbor, Me., July 5.—Chief Justice Melville Weston Fuller died suddenly of heart failure at his summer home at Sorrento, near here, aged 77 years. The chief justice had been in his usual health and his sudden death has shocked his friends.

Melville Weston Fuller was born in 1833 in Augusta, Me., and graduated at Bowdoin college in 1853. He studied law at Harvard college and began legal practice in Augusta and was for a time the editor of the Democratic journal, "The Age." In 1856 he was president of the Augusta common council and was also city attorney. He, however, resigned and went to Chicago, where he continued the practice of law until 1888.

He was a delegate to the Democratic national conventions in 1864, 1872, 1876 and 1882, and placed Hendricks in nomination. In 1888 he was appointed chief justice of the United States supreme court by President Cleveland, to succeed M. R. Waite.

HUGHES PICKED FOR PLACE Taft Will Name Governor as Successor to Fuller.

Beverly, Mass., July 5.—Unless there is some revolutionary change in President Taft's way of thinking before next December, or unless there is some unlocked for "act of God," as the lawyers say, that would make it impossible, Charles S. Hughes, now governor of New York, will be the next chief justice of the United States, succeeding Melville W. Fuller, who died at Bar Harbor.

If President Taft was able to act today or next week in sending in the name of a man to fill the vacancy in the chief justice's place, there is not the slightest doubt in the world that he would select Governor Hughes. Although it is hard to speak of course, for the senate of the United States that must confirm such a nomination, there is no reason to think that it would fail to ratify such a choice by the chief executive. Five months may make a difference, but now it seems improbable.

Race Riots Numerous. Chicago, July 5.—Announcement of the victory of Jack Johnson over Jim Jeffries at Reno was followed by clashes between the white and black races in many cities. Washington, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, New York, Cincinnati and other cities in the north reported disturbances, while in southern cities much violence was done to colored persons and reports that several persons have been killed have been received.

Cineclub Kills Three. Winchester, Ky., July 5.—As the result of a cloudburst here the town was flooded and three negro children were drowned.

Three Negroes Are Killed. Augusta, Ga., July 5.—Resulting in the killing of three negroes, Uvaldis, a small town of south Georgia, was the scene of a race riot which may result in further fatalities.

Big Four Limited Hits Freight.

CAUSE IS NOT KNOWN

Victims of Middletown Accident Mostly Pleasure Seekers.

ENGINEERS SAVE THEMSELVES

Train Was Running on Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Tracks to Get Around Wreck South of Dayton—Several of the Dead Unidentified.

The Dead. H. P. Baker, Cincinnati. H. A. Smith, Dayton. J. Smith Kirk, Dayton. George Frohle, Dayton. Frank Golden, passenger brakeman. John W. Cooley, McCutcheonville, Ohio.

Miss Fay H. Daubenmire, Pleasantville, O. Ray B. Snyder, London, O. A. S. Garrigues, Columbus, O. Mrs. A. S. Garrigues, Columbus. Richard Van Horn, Dayton. Charles H. Moulton, Youngstown. Mrs. Jessie J. Bodey, Dayton. William Dunleavy, Dayton.

King Yen Lun, Chinaman, Columbus, O. C. G. Grant, Springfield, O. One unidentified woman, about 40 years old. Unidentified man, initials "W. A." on clothing. Two unidentified men, supposed to be from Dayton.

The Injured. Join Oswald, trainman, Dayton; serious cut in head. —Rauke, trainman, Springfield; serious internal injuries. John Davis, traveling salesman, address unknown; broken leg. Two unknown trainmen; serious. Four of the five may die.

Middletown, O., July 5.—Twenty persons were killed and nine injured, four perhaps fatally, when the Big Four Twentieth Century Limited, dented to the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton road by reason of a freight wreck near Dayton earlier in the day, crashed head-on into a freight train one mile west of this city. Both engines were demolished, the combination coach smashed into kindling wood, the second party demolished and the third badly damaged.

Most of the passengers on the ill-fated train were excursionists seeking pleasure on Fourth of July outings.

Among those killed was Rev. Smith Kirk, pastor of Riverdale Methodist Episcopal church, Dayton; his wife, by his side, had both arms broken, and a splinter penetrated her shoulder. She will live, and was sent home.

The cause of the collision has not yet been determined. Relief trains from Dayton, Hamilton and Cincinnati were rushed to the scene and all the doctors and undertakers of this city were soon on the ground. A number of the badly injured were taken to Mercy hospital, Hamilton; St. Elizabeth in Dayton and a few to Cincinnati and Columbus.

Two Have Miraculous Escape. Sister Annua and Sister Mary of St. Catherine's convent, Springfield, Ky., had a miraculous escape from death. They were practically the only two in the day coach who were not killed or seriously injured. After the accident they were cared for at the home of John Dillon of Middletown.

George H. Body, a prominent hardware dealer of Dayton, was in the dining car with his wife and ten-year-old boy when the crash came. The hanging lamp struck him in the head and rendered him unconscious. When he came to he was in a room at the United States hotel, Middletown. Several members of the local lodge of Odd Fellows noticed him and cared for him. He inquired for his wife and boy and was told they were uninjured. Later his wife was found dead. The boy was fatally injured and was taken to Hamilton.