

Story of How Johnson Defeated Jeffries in Fight in 15 Rounds

ROUND ONE

The men refused to shake hands. Johnson smiled and Jeffries calmly chewed gum. After a long opening session of sparring Johnson shot his left to the face and they clinched. Johnson pushing Jeffries back. Johnson swung his left to the jaw and as Jeffries touched it at close quarters the big black shot his left again to the face. The men locked arms and on the break Jeffries clouted his man twice with two short arm lefts to the face and the crowd yelled. "Why in the name of Jim, y' tell me Corbett to Johnson and the latter winked and smiled back at the former champion. The men continued in a locked embrace as the referee terminated the round Johnson playfully tapped Jeffries on the shoulder and went to his corner smiling. Jeffries then told his seconds to let him alone, he would fight his battle. It was a tame round.

ROUND TWO

Johnson came up chattering like a magpie, but Jeffries only smiled. "He wants to fight a little, Jim," yelled Corbett. "You bet I do, Mistah Corbett!" retorted the champion. As Jeffries held on Johnson clouted him with a wicked right to the jaw. As the men separated from a clinch Jeffries swung his right to the stomach, to which Johnson retaliated with two ripping left uppercuts to the jaw. The men closed together, Jeffries leaning against the champion with sheer weight of his shoulders. It was a case of strength against cleverness, with the Nubian having the better of it. Johnson and Corbett "lidded each other incessantly during the minute's respite between the second and third rounds.

ROUND THREE

Both came up slowly. "Come in, Jim," shouted Johnson, saying which the champion swung his left to the stomach with much force. Johnson then jabbed his left twice to the face and as they closed in to breast Johnson whipped a left uppercut to the jaw and neatly blocked the bolter's onslaughts. As the men circled about the ring Johnson kept up a cross-fire of conversation. The men separated and Johnson jabbed twice with left to the face and whipped a short arm right to the face. A long clinch followed, during which the black missed a wicked right uppercut. Jeffries rushed it, but Johnson blocked him neatly on a vicious right swing and again patted his antagonist on the shoulder as the round ended. Johnson, on points, had a good advantage, but there was not much power behind his stings.

ROUND FOUR

Jeffries missed a left swing, Johnson rushing away, leaving a stab to the face. Johnson taunted Jeffries constantly. "Don't rush, Jim; don't you hear what I'm telling you!" shouted Johnson, backing it up with a right uppercut to the jaw. Jeffries got in a good right to the mouth and the blood started flowing from the colored man's lips. "First blood for Jeffries!" yelled the crowd. Johnson shot a hard left to the mouth and almost wrestled his man against the ropes. The "golden smile" had not faded from Johnson's face at this stage. Jeffries forced the champion against the ropes and a half dozen short arm body punches found their mark in rapid succession. In response Johnson shot a right to the jaw and the round ended.

ROUND FIVE

Johnson as usual came up with a volley of words. Jeffries paid no attention to this, but rushed in close and they wrestled for a spell. At close quarters Jeffries shot two rights to the body, to which Johnson responded with a left uppercut and a right. Jeffries hit a bit. Johnson a moment later drove his right to the jaw and then followed it with two left uppercuts to the same place. Johnson jarred the white man with a straight left to the mouth and

they eased up in a clinch. Both men were bleeding from the mouth. Suddenly the black's head back a foot with a straight left to the mouth and Johnson looked a bit serious as he took his seat, not, however, without giving the bolter the customary round-end love tap. No serious damage.

ROUND SIX

"I'm going to mix with him now," said Jeffries to his seconds. Three lefts radiated from the champion's shoulder, catching Jeffries on the face in each instance and the blood seeped from Jeffries' left cheek bone. A ring-side fan asked Johnson if he would like a drink. "Too much on hand now," quickly rejoined the champion, and he ripped in three left uppercuts to the white man's jaw. Jeffries waded in, but was met with a nasty left uppercut that closed his right eye tight. Johnson followed with two similar punches and the blood spouted from the retired champion's nose as he took his seat when the bell ended the round. Jeffries' seconds worked heroically on his damaged optics. Johnson's round.

ROUND SEVEN

Jeffries came up with a ferocious frown and they closed in. A long springing bee followed without a blow being struck. Johnson meanwhile carefully priming himself for an opening. Although Jeffries' eye was badly bruised he never lost his poise. Johnson laughed sarcastically as Jeffries essayed a right swing at close quarters. With the men locked in an embrace Johnson jolted his man three times over the damaged eye and followed this with a right uppercut to the jaw. Jeffries stopped blocking with a straight left to the right to the jaw. Johnson countered with left and right to Jeffries' sore face. The bell clanged with honors on Johnson's side and Jeffries looked badly cut up as he took his corner.

ROUND EIGHT

Jeffries rushed in and the black drove a left to the mouth and shortly after shot in two straight lefts to the face, the latter with great force behind them. "Hello, Jimmy!" shouted the black. "Did you see that one?" As they closed in without damage Jeffries shouted, "Break away, Johnson!" But Johnson did not break and laughed as Jeffries missed a vicious left swing. Earlier Jeffries at close range had worked in two rights to the body that failed to fear the negro and Johnson pushed his man about the ring and the bell rang, closing a rather featureless session.

ROUND NINE

Johnson kept up a constant conversation in his corner before coming up to the scratch in this round. He hooked his left to Jeffries' face with great force and continued to hurl tersely framed sentences at Jim Corbett. Johnson hooked another left to the jaw that carried with it a world of power. After Jeffries had butted with his head Johnson flung his left to the stomach and they went into a friendly clinch. Jeffries crunched low and Johnson drove home a wicked left full tilt in the stomach. A moment later he sent in two left jabs to the mouth and eye, but Jeffries apparently paid little attention to these blows. The round ended in Johnson's favor and with Jeffries' face bleeding from several places.

ROUND TEN

Not much life marked the coming to the center of the ring. Johnson shot two lefts to the head and followed this with a short arm right to the ear. A long clinch, mixed with wrestling, followed. Jeffries swung his right around the body. The men confined themselves mostly to infighting and short streaks of wrestling. Johnson always on the alert to land a punch. Johnson whipped two lefts to the jaw and a right uppercut to the jaw made Jeffries yell "Oh!" suddenly. Johnson pepped away with his left and clearly outboxed his

face was cut and bruised almost beyond recognition. Roger Cornell, Jeffries' trainer, declared that the blinded right eye was the main cause of his hero's defeat. The blow which swelled the lids until sight was all but gone landed in the second round.

"It was not bad enough to cut," said the trainer, "but Jeffries told me when I began rubbing it and working with it that he could see double as he looked round. 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 jaw where Johnson's fists landed. Those were the blows that beat him."

Jeffries was invisible to all comers throughout the evening. He ordered that friends be supplied with champagne, but did not leave the house himself. There has been no change in Jeffries' plans. He purposes 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.

CROWDS CALL ON JOHNSON'S MOTHER FOR INFORMATION

CHICAGO, July 4.—Mrs. Tiny Johnson, mother of Jack Johnson, was the center of attraction among the colored folk of Chicago Sunday and Monday.

Several hundred persons called at the Johnson residence at 334 Wabash avenue to ascertain the correct "dope" on his condition and his chances of successfully defending his title. These persons were assured by Jack's mother and sisters that an early victory was expected, as they had received two telegrams from Jack, in which he stated he was in perfect condition and expected to win. In a recent letter to his mother the negro stated he would leave Reno tonight, arriving in Chicago Thursday, and leaving for New York Friday to open a week's engagement at a roof garden.

Dozens of colored church members called Mrs. Johnson by the telephone and assured her they were praying for her son's victory.

Pastors of most of the colored churches condemned the prize fight. The Rev. A. C. Carey, pastor of the Institutional church, said: "I look upon the fight as a manifestation of the brutal part of both men. The fight is interesting merely from a sociological point of view, inasmuch as it is charged by many that the negro race is degenerating physically. I will watch the outcome of the fight from that point of view and will be glad for Johnson to win if it demonstrates the fact that our race is getting stronger. I condemn prize fights and all manifestations of brute force."

ALMOST OVER

"I've a few more points to touch upon," said the professor of horticulture as he awkwardly climbed over the barbed-wire fence at the foot of the orchard—University of Wisconsin Sphinx.

burly opponent. It was Johnson's round. Delaney, asked Rickard to watch the gloves when the men were holding, to see that they were not broken.

ROUND ELEVEN

A half-minute wrestling bee without damage opened the round and Johnson smashed Jeffries time and again with left and right to the jaw and the big bolter fought back wildly. Johnson swung a terrific right, more of an uppercut, to the jaw and followed this with a clear right uppercut to the jaw and Jeffries almost weakened. Johnson employed left and right uppercut again and again to the jaw and varied this with left and right swings to the jaw and the blood spouted from Jeffries' mouth in a stream. Jeffries was a bad looking sight at this stage, but he suddenly electrified the crowd by coming a round end rally, landing his right to the jaw and a hard left to the body that brought the crowd to its feet. Johnson, however, had a good advantage.

ROUND TWELVE

The men clinched after the black had missed a hard left for the jaw, remaining in this position for half a minute. As Jeffries timed in Johnson met him with a straight left and a right uppercut on the jaw. With the men breast to breast the black swung hard with left to the body and face, all the time keeping up a conversation with Corbett. Johnson cleverly blocked blows intended for the body and sent home a straight right to the sore mouth, starting the blood afresh. The negro shot a straight left to the face and then sent his man's head back a foot with a similar blow. Jeffries went to his corner spitting blood and the honors against him. Jeffries' seconds were ominously quiet at this stage. On the other hand, the Johnson corner fairly hummed with life and bustle.

ROUND THIRTEEN

The men fought without damage to a clinch and wrestled about the center of the ring, Johnson breaking it up with a volley of rights and lefts to the face and mouth. He cleverly evaded Jeffries' clumsy attempts to land on the body and cutting loose landed left and right in quick succession on the jaw and the body. Jeffries weakened at this stage, a right uppercut almost lifting him from the floor. He seemed all at sea in locating the black, who waded in like a merciless juggernaut, doing out severe punishment with every tap. The round ended with Corbett advising Jeffries to cover up and stay away. Jeffries stared rather blankly into the middle of the ring and appeared to be in bad shape.

ROUND FOURTEEN

Jeffries was met with a straight left as he got up and a moment later another spiteful jab went to the mouth. Johnson placed his stomach within Jeffries' reach and tauntingly cried, "Ain't that a nice belly, Jim? Why don't you hit it?" Jim did not. They closed in, Corbett importuning his man to beware of the dangerous uppercut. Jeffries' right eye was almost totally closed at this stage. Johnson sent in some rapid fire left jabs to the mouth and the big white shook his head. "I'm as clever as you are, Jim!" shouted Johnson to Corbett, and immediately an exchange of repairs followed.

ROUND FIFTEEN

As the men came up Johnson went at his man savagely. In quick succession he delivered three knockdowns, Jeffries each time falling against or into the ropes. As Jeffries staggered to a foot-long the third time he had been sent to the floor Johnson sprang at him like a tiger and with a quick succession of lefts to the jaw sent Jeffries down. Johnson was not contented out. As the timekeeper's hand moved up and down a towel was thrown into the ring from Jeffries' corner. Whether or not, it probably will be counted as a knockout.

JEFF LOST BEFORE LAST KNOCKDOWN

Referee Rickard Says He Had Given Fight to Negro Before Last Punch

BY TEX RICKARD, Referee and Promoter

RENO, July 4.—Jack Johnson is the most wonderful fighter that ever pulled on a glove. He won as he pleased from Jeffries and was never in danger. I could not help but feel sorry for the big white man as he fell beneath the champion's blows. It was the most pitiable sight I ever saw. As a matter of fact, I thought way down in my heart that Jeffries would be the winner of the fight.

The fight was won and lost when Jeffries went through the ropes the first time. This is official. The other knockdown doesn't count. It was this way: Jeffries was brought to his knees and as he arose, dazed, Johnson hit him a succession of lefts that sent him through the ropes. As he lay there several of his seconds caught hold of him and helped him to his feet. Under the rules of the game, though, I had read thoroughly while certain people were saying that I couldn't referee a fight, this disqualified Jeffries and Johnson was the winner. I thought the seconds were going to carry Jeff to his corner. Instead, they shoved him into the ring again to be beaten further, while I was doing all I could during the confusion. Upon the fight, Jeffries couldn't hit Johnson, but Johnson could hit Jeffries whenever he pleased. Jeffries was not as good as the last time he fought.

WOULD STOP EXHIBITION OF MOVING FIGHT PICTURES

WASHINGTON, July 4.—A movement against the exhibition of the Reno fight pictures in the District of Columbia has been started. Rev. John Compton Ball, pastor of the Metropolitan Baptist church, declared from his pulpit yesterday that every possible effort would be made to have the district commissioners prohibit the exhibition of the fight pictures and all other moving pictures of prize fights.

RATHER DISCONCERTING

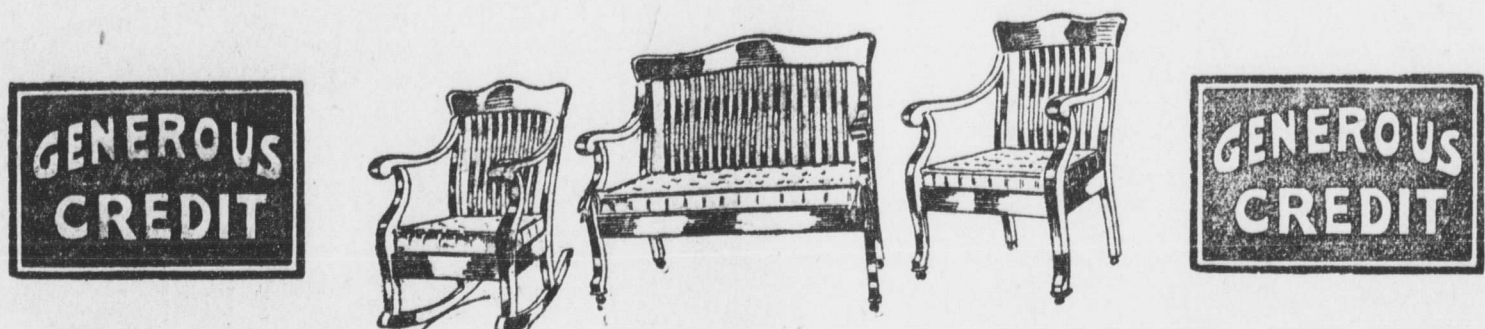
"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?" asked his hostess. "No, ma'am." "Well, you think she would like you to have two pieces here?" "Oh, she wouldn't care," said Willie, confidentially. "This isn't her pie."—Christian World

July Specials

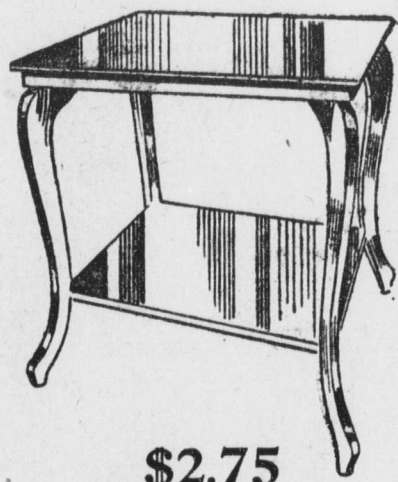
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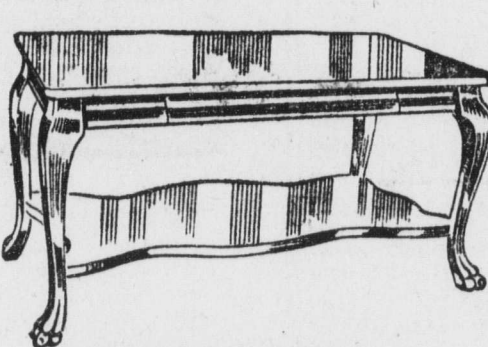
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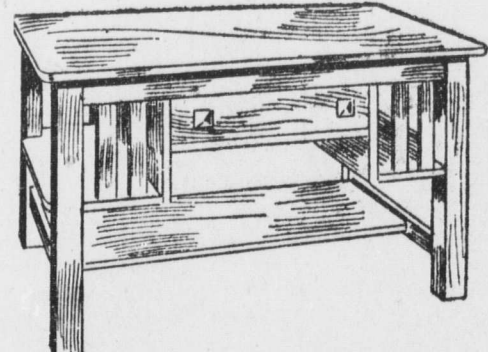


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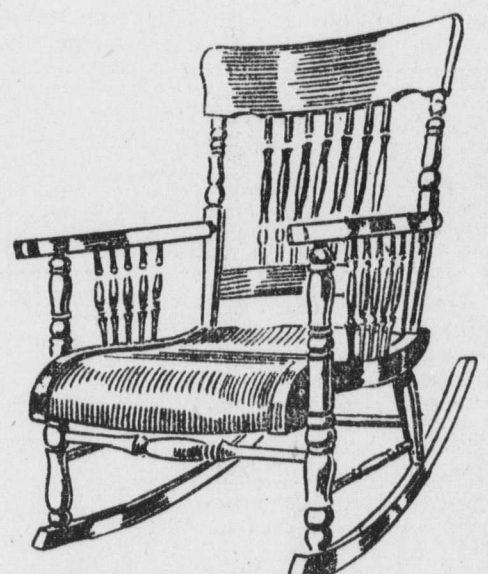
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LEAVES PUGLIST, RETURNS FARMER

Jeffries, with Bruised Face and Downcast Spirit, Seeks His Training Camp

[Associated Press]

JEFFRIES' TRAINING CAMP, RENO, July 4.—Jeffries, the puglist, left camp early this afternoon. Jim Jeffries, farmer, returned. He will never enter the ring again. That was settled once 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 from his lips as he sat stupefied, unable to locate his adversary in the glare of the sun, was told to him by Jim Corbett.

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

WIFE RESTRAINS SOBS
Mrs. Jeffries arrived at the camp half an hour before her husband. She was weeping, but endeavoring to restrain her sobs.

When Jeffries' car stopped in front of the cottage she rushed out to him and together they passed from sight through the door.

There were few to witness the return of the vanquished. Two or three automobiles stood in the road where fifty had been crowded in the morning. Jeffries' personal friends were there, eager to do something to aid him, but unable to find words. Jeffries 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 drunk a glass or two of wine.

It was then he made his first statement after leaving the ring, and said he was sorry for his friends. Jeffries' face was puffed from the blows that had hit him, but the flow of blood had been stopped. His right eye, to the blinding of which his trainers attribute his defeat in so few rounds, was swollen almost shut, but was not seriously injured. According to Dr. 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

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