JOHNSON BOXES 4; JEFF WON'T WORK

Governor Dickerson Watches Black Go 12 Fast Rounds, Wearying Trainers.

WHITE REFUSES TO BUDGE

Nevada's Executive Assures Rickard Fight Will Not Be Interfered With. Battling Nelson Is Given Glad Welcome.

RENO, Nev., June 28.—While Jack Johnson went 12 of the fastest rounds he has boxed since he came to Reno, giving four of his husky trainers a severe pummeling and affording a superb fistic spectacle to a large audience which included Governor Dickerson, of Nevada, Jim Jeffries, out at Moana Springs, went on a strike for the day. The white man absolutely refused to do any work beyond a several-mile jaunt in the morning. Even the visit of the Governor failed to stir him to action.

Jim Corbett labored with him like a camp-meeting revivalist with a backslider. Corbett talked almost with tears in his voice.

"He's just got to box," wailed Corbett afterward. "He ought to go after it hard right along. I talked to him till I was black in the face."

Jeff Ignores Protests.

But it did no good. Jeff totally ignored every protest and had his own way. If anything, he appeared pleased that his refusal to box had disappointed 300 visitors, who rose early and rushed out to the camp expecting to catch him at an early-morning workout.

To Battling Nelson, formerly lightweight champion, Jeffries was most cordial when the latter visited the Springs in the afternoon. Jeffries looks upon Nelson as a "great little fighter," to use his own words, and the pair strolled around the grounds for a long time chatting about many things.

Nelson declared that he was amazed by Jeffries' fine condition.

He is the picture of health," said the battler. "They do not do him justice. Why, he looks fine."

Asked if he proposed to place any bets on the fight he said he thought not.

"I'm going to keep off that end of the game," he declared.

The matter of the second referee was still up in the air tonight. Rickard is anxious, by his own statement, that Jack Gleason should serve, but the fighters' camps had not been heard from on this question and no further announcement was forthcoming. Tex is determined that there shall be a second man as an insurance to the crowd that the fight will not be marred in the improbable event of accident to himself.

Long Fight Looked For.

That the men who are closest to the fighters are anticipating a hard battle was indicated today in a message from Jim Corbett to Roger Bresnahan.

"Look for hard fight. Jeff should win," was the way Corbett expressed h'mself. Bresnahan is the owner of the St. Louis Nationals and a close follower of sports.

Local betting on the fight livened up greatly today. In one of the prominent gambling halls, the following wagers were posted: $1500 even that Johnson stays ten rounds; $300 to $500, Johnson to win; $1000 to $700 Jeff to win.

All of the offers were promptly covered, according to the proprietor.

Bob Vernon, of New York, an old friend of Jeffries, is credited with the largest local wager yet placed on the fight. It was asserted at Jeffries' camp that Vernon put up $3000 to $1800 during the day. Jeffries to win. A record of such a wager is reported by a local poolroom.

Governor Dickerson, who arrived in Reno early today, has appeared deeply interested in the fight preparations ever since his arrival in town. After his conference with Rickard, which was a very friendly chat, he determined to look in on the fighters and if possible see each of them at work.

At Johnson's camp, where he arrived late in the afternoon, he was fortunate enough to catch the negro champion just starting on the best workout he has indulged in since coming to Reno. It is quite probable that the Governor's coming had something to do with the character of the spectacle furnished; but be that as it may, Johnson did 12 rounds of fast boxing while the state officials looked on.

Kaufman First Man Up.

Four rounds with Al Kaufman opened the programme, and Johnson cleverly eluded the rushes of his husky opponent, snapping back telling head and body blows for Al's leads. They fooled around the ring in fast style and Johnson appeared hugely to enjoy the sport of letting himself go a little.

"Kid" Cotton, the dusky sparring partner, came up next. Johnson went after him with a playful viciousness. He drove the big black around the ring, hammering away with great will at any point Cotton failed to protect.

In the fourth round, the champion put on steam and went after Cotton as though determined to take his scalp and put him down for the count. Cotton clinched to save himself from punishment. Jack tore himself loose with one of his surprising displays of strength. Twice he drove his left at Cotton's head with terrific speed and it ended the bout for Cotton. He staggered and would have toppled to the floor had the seconds not caught him and dragged him to a seat.

Johnson was not ready to quit and called Monahan, whom he kept dancing around for two rounds. Dave Mills was subjected to the champion's fire for two more rounds, then Johnson started back to the hotel. Governor Dickerson and Captain Cox joined him, and the three went up to Johnson's room, where they chatted for some time.

Tex Rickard breathed a sigh of relief when his conference with Governor Dickerson was over. He had the Governor's personal assurance that there would be no interference, and was content.

Tex Tells Troubles.

"No one will ever know," said Tex, "what troubles I have undergone in preparing for this fight. It has seemed to me that from the very start there has been some kind of an organized opposition other than that of the church federation. Rumors and reports of all kinds and of a character calculated to injure my interests have been sent out. I feel like unburdening myself of an opinion as to those knockers. If I could make my denunciation of them as strong as my feelings would warrant, I would do so."

Tex shook his head sadly while contemplating the sins of those unnamed persons, then smiled happily.

"But it did them no good," he said. "The Governor says the fight is to come off July 4, and I guess that goes."

An injunction against the Alameda

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM RENO OF THE RIVAL PUGILISTS AND THEIR CAMP FOLLOWERS.

1—JOHNSON'S FIRST ROAD WORK AT RENO. 2—JEFFRIES PLAYING BALL AT RENO. 3—KAUFMANN AND JOHNSON.

MAN LOVES BATTLE

Jack London Tells Why World Awaits Championship Bout.

EVOLUTION CLEARLY SEEN

Those Who Deny Realities Live in Whirl of Misunderstanding, Declares Writer—Love of Battle May Die, but Not Yet.

(Continued From First Page.)

will be in the arena to watch the two men; that millions of dollars will be spent on this contest; that men will journey from the uttermost ends of the earth to witness it; that the ablest journalists and cartoonists of the country will be present and that it has been and will be for a week to come, the one overshadowing issue of the whole United States—all to see which of the two men can put the other down 10 seconds, why, it would seem to become a colossal silliness. But is it such a silliness? Is it a silliness at all, when the pages of all the newspapers are daily filled with it, the only concession that a very large portion of the people of the country are interested in it?

London Gives Explanation.

There is a reason for their interest, just as there is a reason for my interest, and why am I interested? In the next paragraph let me show you. But here, let me stand up and announce that I am so keenly interested, so overwhelmingly desirous of witnessing this contest that there are moments when sudden fears assail me, such as that the fight will not come off, that it may be prevented by some great earthquake or terrible catalysm of nature. Why, I want to see that fight so bad that it hurts.

This contest of men with padded gloves on their hands is a sport that belongs uniquely to the English-speaking race and that has taken centuries for the race to develop. It is no superficial thing, a fad of a moment or a generation.

No Genius Devised Sport.

No genius or philosopher devised it and persuaded the race to adopt it as their racial sport of sports. It is as deep as our consciousness and is woven into the fibers of our being. It grew as our very language grew. It is an instructive passion of race. And as men today thrill to short Saxon words, just so do they thrill to the thud of blows of a prizefight, to the onslaught and the repulse, and not the exhibition of gameness and courage. This is the ape and tiger in us. Granted. But like the man in jail, it is in us, isn't it? We can't get away from it. It is the fact, the irrefragable fact. We like fighting. It is our nature. We are realities in a real world. And we must accept the reality of our nature and all its thrillableness if we are to live in accord with the real world.

Some Out of Accord.

And those who try to get away from these realities, who by a ukase of the will, deny their existence, succeed only in living in a world of illusion and misunderstanding. These are people who compose theater panics, fire panics and wreck panics. They are so far out of accord with the real world that they can make no adjustment with it when the supreme moment comes.

It goes without discussion, so patent is it, that an audience composed wholly of prizefighters would never engage in a theater panic. They would be too close to real, too wide-seeing and clear-seeing and cool, to stampede like a herd of brute cattle. The chance is that they would stay and put out the fire.

Fighting Fair Sport.

Another thing that merits pointing out is that our sport of prizefighting is a fair sport. It gives play to our ethical natures. No one can disbelieve this who has ever heard a fighter, guilty of a foul blow, hooted by an indignant and outraged audience.

Our sport of prizefighting is hedged with ethical restrictions. It is synonomous with fair play. It is different from the fighting of the jungle of which it is a development. There is absolutely no fair play in the jungle fighting. So has man improved. By that much is he less red of fang and claw. By that much has he climbed up the ladder of life. Don't rush his development too hard. He will climb higher.

Soldier Dislikes Slaughter.

In token of this, one has but to call attention to the fact that our modern soldiers dislike slaughter as no soldiers have ever disliked it in the world before. And in line with this is the passing of the bare-knuckle London prizering fighting into the fighting with padded gloves. Some day, long and long from now, the ape and the tiger in us will completely die out and our sports will come to consist of forensic, artistic and ethical battles between our chosen championship. But in the meantime we are what we are and there is no need to be ashamed of ourselves.

Only by long and arduous evolution will the ape and tiger go their way. It is not a matter of legislation nor supernatural censure.

When we ourselves don't want any more prizefighting, the newspapers will cease filling their columns with it and the very fighters themselves will dwindle and weed out and cease.

Eagle Creek Defeats Brooklyn.

EAGLE CREEK, Or., June 28.—(Special.)—The ball fans at this place were treated to a splendid exhibition here Saturday, between the Brooklyns and local talent. The final score was 7 to 2 in favor of the home team. Batteries—Eagle Creek, Roy Douglass and E. Douglass; Brooklyns, Sieberts and Rigner.

YALE BEATS HARVARD

OLD ELI TAKES ANNUAL BASEBALL GAME, 10 TO 9.

Fully 10,000 Cheering Collegians and Friends Witness Final Contest in New oYrk.

NEW YORK, June 28.—College men from almost every corner of the United States were in New York today to take in this afternoon's game between Yale and Harvard, which the former won, 10 to 9. The rival teams, after winning a game each on their home grounds, came to New York for the third and decisive battle.

Ten thousand cheering collegians and their friends saw the game.

Yale secured what seemed a safe lead in the eighth by pounding Hicks to all corners of the American League park, but Harvard tied the score in the first half of the ninth. The lineup:

Harvard.	Position.	Yale.
Badger	cf	Carr
Logan	2b	Lanigan
Murphy	1b	McLaughlin
Philbin	c	Young
McIntyre	3b	Potter
Corey	lf	Gardner
Stevens	lf	Minot
Merritt	s	Marshall
Tommers	p	Hicks

	R.	H.	E.		R.	H.	E.
Harvard	9	14	5	Yale	10	12	1

Batteries—Hicks and Young; Tommers and Philbin.

Elgin Loses First Game of Season.

ELGIN, Or., June 28.—(Special.)—Elgin lost her first game of the season to La Grande on her home grounds last week, by a score of 3 to 4. Up to the fourth inning Elgin had La Grande shut out with two scores. The batteries were: Elgin, Auburn and Halgarth; La Grande, McInnis and Pigcock. The score was 3 to 4, with 4 hits registered against each pitcher. A large crowd of fans accompanied the visitors' team.

Fight returns 1 o'clock, July 4, Edelweiss Cafe, 149 7th st., near Morrison.

Yesterday it was 94 degrees in Reno, Nevada

—It will get warmer every day now until the Fourth. Going in the Fight Special? You'll want some light Tropical Undearwear—we have

Athletic Underwear in Immense Assortments

Price 50c and Up Per Garment

—The nobbiest Negligee and Soft Collar Shirts in Portland. Patterns you don't see everywhere.

Outfitters To The Fans **Lipman-Wolfe & Co.** Outfitters To The Fans

Shoo! 3 to 1 Vernon—Don't Say a Word

JEFF NORMAL IN NEVADA ALTITUDE

Air Pressure in Reno Has No Effect on Condition of Coast Fighter.

NATIVES ARE SURPRISED

White Champion Himself Declares He Never Felt Better for Championship Battle Than at Present — Corbett Jubilant.

BY JAMES J. CORBETT.

(Copyright, 1910, by The Tribune Company.)

RENO, Nev., June 28.—(Special.)—After closely watching Jim Jeffries during his first days in Reno I am convinced that the high altitude will not affect him in the least. I had feared that it would take him a long time to become acclimated, but after doing several light but fast training stunts, including a short run on the road, Jeffries told me that he felt even better than he did at Rowardennan.

"The clear, bracing atmosphere is just what I want," he remarked, "and I feel as if I had lived here all my life."

This is not so surprising when one remembers that since he won the championship Jeffries has been a lover of mountain climbing and has always done his training at high altitudes. His bear-hunting escapades often have taken him far up the mountainsides, and he now is so constituted that all altitudes feel alike to him. As a general rule the rarefied air of this city makes the newcomer "short-winded," and it takes days and sometimes weeks for him to "get his wind." I know, for, as I intimated before, I have good reason to remember Nevada climate and its effect on myself.

Training Camp Is Ideal.

Jeffries has an ideal place in which to put the finishing touches to his training. In fact, the place will almost train him without any effort on his part. Just living two weeks at Moana Springs should suffice to put a man in grand condition, providing he leads the simple life. And this now is one of Jeff's strong traits.

Jim is sleeping out of doors and is doing nearly all of his work in the open air. I could not help noting the surprised look on the faces of the Reno natives when they got their first glimpse of the retired champion. But his condition now is not the only thing that will surprise them. They will get another surprise when they see him step into the ring on July 4, or I am greatly mistaken.

It has been 13 years since a certain more or less historic little encounter in which I was somewhat interested took place in this state. But we of Jeffries' camp regard this as a lucky omen. Bob Armstrong, custodian of the dice and chief philosopher of the training quarters, declares that the number "13" is invariably lucky for the white man, and I suppose a man who has the gambling technique at his fingers' ends, as Bob has, ought to know whereof he speaks.

Change Does Not Affect Jeff.

An example of the great condition of Jeffries can be gleaned from the fact that nearly all of the members of his camp, including myself, have felt, though only to a slight degree, the change in air pressure. It was not noticeable until we got too frisky and pumped the air out of our lungs by sudden strenuous exercise. But with Jeffries it was different. His pulse and respiration remained perfectly normal all the time. Of course, there was a noticeable increase in his heart and lung action immediately following fast exercise, but this always is the case in any man either in or out of condition.

TALKS on TEETH

By the REX DENTAL CO., DENTISTS

WHY NOT GOOD TEETH

If you are going through life with poor teeth or with a makeshift for good teeth in the shape of a partial plate or tortuesome bridgework, it's high time for you to reform.

Why do you spoil your looks and health with poor teeth or no teeth? What's the sense of wasting any more time on the "artificial" when we can give you a full set of sound, strong, beautiful, useful teeth, that will be as satisfactory as nature's teeth, and without asking you to fill up your mouth with a big piece of rubber or metal in the shape of a plate? Why will you put up with unsatisfactory dental work, when in everything else you demand the best?

This is straight-from-the-shoulder talk, and we want answers to the questions if you will favor us. We have a right to ask the questions we do, for we have helped thousands of people who were suffering from old-fashioned dentistry and are proud of our success, and want to help tens of thousands more.

One can't be healthy who can't chew his food the way nature intended he should.

The Alveolar method of supplying missing teeth without the use of plates or bridgework is not a new method, for we have been doing this work for six years and are the largest concern in the world engaged in the dental business. All that we require is two or more teeth in either jaw, either tight or loose, and with these to start from we can build up a full set of teeth that will defy any one to tell from your own natural teeth.

Old-fashioned partial plates and "Cantilever bridges" between teeth are obsolete. They belong with the tallow candles and the stage coaches of the last century. What you want is REAL teeth and we are ready to supply them—without pain or surgery or any other discomfort.

In many cases where it is impossible to replace missing teeth with bridgework, it can be done perfectly with beautiful lifelike, serviceable Alveolar teeth.

The question narrows itself down to whether or not you are satisfied to get along with partial plates or "bridges," or want to begin to enjoy eating.

If the latter—then you will come and let us tell you what we can do for you?

You don't need to follow our suggestions; neither will you be under any obligations to us of any kind.

We simply can't advise you without SEEING your mouth.

If you can't COME, then send for our free book, "Alveolar Dentistry" and read it. We will hear from you after you read that book, because it is worth its weight in gold to any one who has lost or is about to lose teeth.

Why not send now while it's on your mind?

In addition to our specialty of Alveolar Dentistry (Restoring Lost Teeth) and curing Pyorrhea (loose teeth) we are experts in every branch of dental work, viz.: inlays, porcelain, gold and silver fillings, Crown, Plate Work, correcting irregularities, etc., etc. Specialists in each branch of dentistry at your service. There is no disputing the fact that the best in Dentistry is the cheapest. You are caressing danger when you buy cheap dental work. Don't do it.

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In order to accommodate all those wishing to spend the 4th at North Beach, Wash., the

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Leave Megler at 9 P.M.

instead of 3:00 P. M. her regular schedule, and will arrive in Portland early next morning thus giving

TWO FULL DAYS AT THE BEACH

Business men can spend Sunday and Monday at the Coast without loss of time.

Round Trip Rate $3

Tickets good going Saturday, July 2d at 1 P. M. on the Potter, or at 10 P. M. on the Hassalo and for return Monday.

A Daylight Ride on the Scenic Columbia

The steamer Potter will leave Portland, July 4th, at 8:30 A. M. For reservations, tickets, etc., call at our City Ticket Office, 3rd and Washington Streets.

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