

NEW STARS SHINE IN RENO'S SKIES

"Big Tim" Sullivan and Frank Gotch Among Notables to Reach Fight City.

CHAMPIONS MAKE MERRY

Moving Picture Camera Records Reception, in Which Every Figure Is Famous as Jeffries' Camp! Jack Root Has Theory.

BY HARRY B. SMITH. RENO, Nev., July 1.—(Special.)—It has come to be merry-making time with the fighters, both of the champions with no stain attached to their titles. Work is at practically a standstill so far as any actual training is concerned, and even had the heavyweights any desire of keeping their noses to the weary grind, they would be sadly hampered by those visitors of note who are commencing to flock into the Nevada metropolis and to a large extent monopolize attention at the various resorts. Today's list of arrivals included by far the greatest number of notables since Reno was first selected as the place for holding the fight.

With "Big Tim" Sullivan, of New York, the official stakeholder, and Frank Gotch, the champion wrestler of the world, as star liners, there is a long list of men whose names are all well known in the ranks of professional sports.

Australian Party Arrives. The Australian aggregation, including Hugh D. McIntosh, the promoter; Tommy Burns, a little fall in the face and heavy body; Bill Lang, the Australian heavy-weight, and W. H. Corbett, of the Sydney Referee, better known to the world-at-large by his pen name of Amateur, rolled in on a morning train from San Francisco.

Little Wonder There Is No Work. The illustrious newcomers scattering immediately to the camps in which the fighters and their trainers, it is little wonder that no work of consequence was done.

Johnson, if anything, took the day more seriously than the hope of the white race, for the black, after an afternoon that was spent in lounging around his quarters, announced that he would go out for a long run on the roads.

It is doubtful but for the moving-picture men, who wanted more pictures of Jeffries, whether the Californian would have been in action at all. And, in fact, his action for the most amount to nothing, although he consented to get into the limelight as far as showing himself before the camera was concerned, there was no boxing.

Jeff Goes Fishing. So far as the peace of mind of the contestants is concerned, it is probably just as well that there is no work and that the two men are inclined to relax.

Hardly stirred as the camera men planted the tripods of their machines in the back yard of the Jeffries private establishment and it took all the persuasive powers of Jim Corbett and Sam Berger to induce him to forsake the shade and pose while innumerable friends and acquaintances passed in front of him and shook their heads.

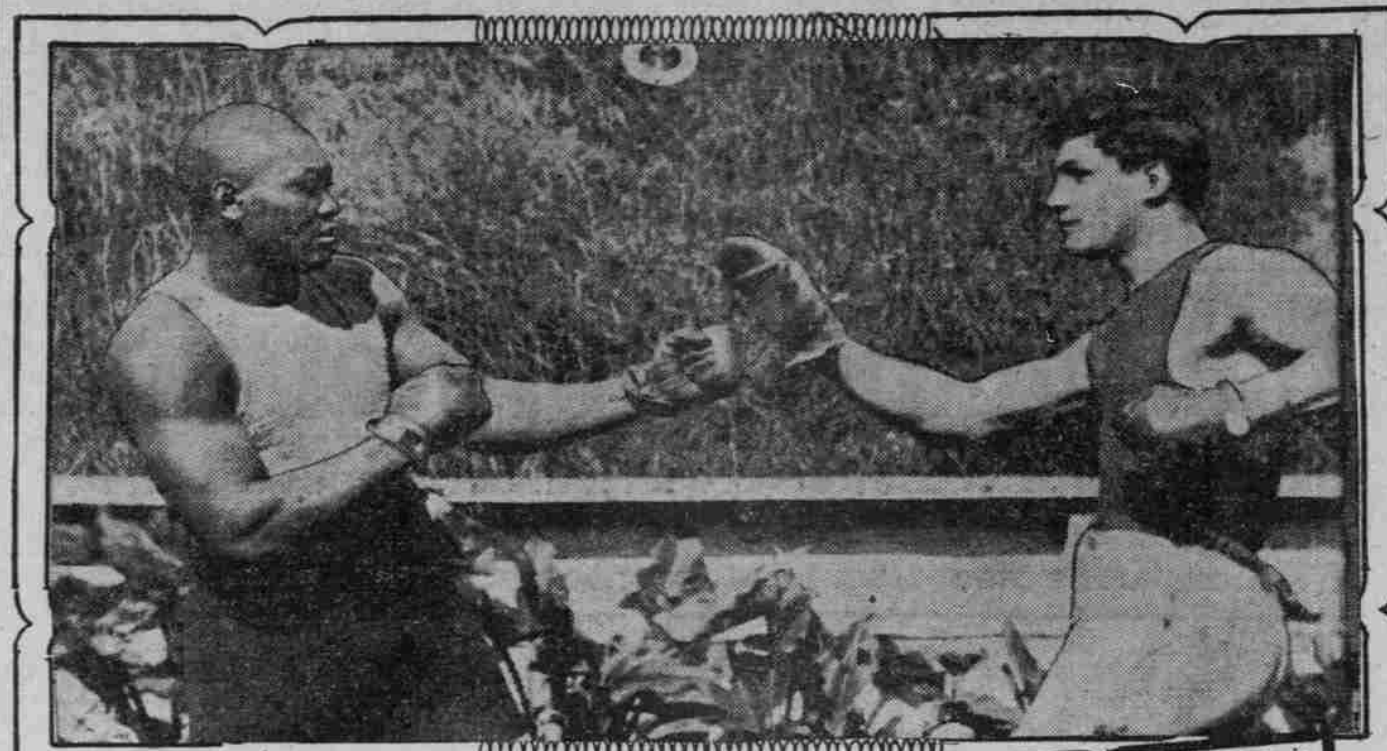
Jeff's Humor Good. Somebody remarked that the excitement may not have been the best thing in the world for Jeffries, but he apparently did not mind it in the least.

At the Johnson camp it was also a day of rest and recreation and amusement, if you except the road work in the afternoon. The black champion spent the forenoon on the veranda listening to his phonograph and occasionally dabbling in a game of dice which was always under way.

Camps Will Be Quiet. For the balance of the time it is going to be very quiet around the camps. Both men are naturally going to rest. They have trained good and hard for this fight and there is too much at stake for them to take any chances.

Whether the change will benefit Johnson or Jeffries, Root refused to say.

PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING COLORED CHAMPION AT RENO.



NEGRO IS CORDIAL

Jack Grant Makes Call Upon Colored Champion.

JOHNSON IS CONFIDENT

Fighter Declares He Will Win, but Does Not Urge His Friends to Bet Their Money on Him.

JEFF GETS ADVICE

Abe Attell Gives Big Fellow Some Pointers About Jack.

LEVEE IS HELD AT CAMP

Fighters Just Arrived at Reno Marvel at Splendid Condition of White Giant—Gladiator Does No Training During Day.

DELANEY TO START FOR RENO

Veteran Trainer Will Be in Johnson's Corner, if Health Permits.

PICKPOCKETS WORK AT RENO

"Dip" at Jeffries Camp Gets Tickets and \$500 From Showman.

JACK DOES 12 MILES ON ROAD

Big Black Shows No Traces of Battle Tension, but Trainers Do.

JEFFRIES' TRAINING CAMP

Moana Springs, Nev., July 1.—Jeffries held a levee today. He shook hands with some 200 men and nearly everyone of the lot bears a name known to the sporting world from one end of the country to the other.

JEFF TALKS WITH ABE

After the picture-taking was over, Jeffries strolled apart with Abe Attell. The two were in conference for an hour. Jeffries bent over the little fighter, listening intently to every word he uttered.

HARTING WILL BE TIMEKEEPER

Selection of Veteran Official Is Satisfactory to Fighters.

RENO, NEV., JULY 1.—When Jeffries and Johnson spring to their feet at the first tap of the gong Monday afternoon, the watch that will tick off the fateful seconds as the fight progresses will be that of George F. Harting, whose history as a timekeeper dates back to fights when Jeffries and Johnson had never been heard of.

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COME TO RENO IS A PRICE OF FLOUNDER

Novelist Would Rather Be in Fight City Than Any Other Spot in World.

NEVER BATTLE LIKE THIS

Although Johnson Is Dusky Wonder, Says Writer, His Grizzly White Opponent Is More Wonderful. Great Show Offered.

(Continued From First Page.) about him. There are hints of it, true, when sudden fierce moments come upon him and his face and force become tigerish. But it is not genuine. He simulates it.

Johnson is a play-actor, deliberately playing a part. He is not mastered by this tigerishness; he is manufacturing it. Back in that cool brain of his, he decides he needs this display of tigerishness in his business, and so he displays it.

JACK GENIUS FOR INSTINCT.

Another of his remarkable attributes is an instinct for a blow that is positive genius. Locked in a clinch, body relaxed, his mind elsewhere, his gaze fixed on some one off to the side and outside of the ring, himself talking to that outsider—say about the disposition of the contents of a certain suitcase—at such a moment, his opponent starts a blow for his jaw, and he, without seeing or gauging or thinking, by some automatic divination, knows all about that blow, its force, sweep and direction. He merely rolls his head, or pulls it back just far enough and not a fraction of an inch farther, and all the while, without a break, keeps up his conversation about the contents of that suitcase.

A wonderful fighter, indeed, is Johnson, utterly unlike any other fighter, a type by himself. And against this man will stand Jim Jeffries, an even more remarkable man, a grizzly giant, huge and rugged, of a type we are prone to believe was more common in other days when the world was young. And, despite his hugeness and ruggedness, he is so well proportioned from heel to head that the combination is startling. His is a perfection of symmetry that is the fruit of the highest organic development.

SYMMETRY IS MODERN.

And, if science tells aught, we are justified in believing that no such symmetry obtained among those giants of the younger world. The human in those days was in the process of becoming. It was muscular efficiency minus beauty of form and line. This big, modern Jim Jeffries has both.

So far as the boxing game is concerned, the contest Monday next is well named, "the fight of the century." These two men, in a class by themselves so far as other fighters go, yet so radically different, have the characteristics in common, will fight a battle in a setting like unto nothing the ring has ever displayed. For the first time, two undefeated heavyweights champions battle, and each goes up against the most dangerous and formidable man he has ever met.

Both Cool and Terrible. Johnson, the fighting boxer, will go up against Jeffries, the boxing fighter. Both are cool, both are experienced, both are terrible. It will not be a short fight. It will be a great fight.

And so may say again to all you men who love the game, have the eyes, and are within striking distance of Reno—come. It is the fight of the century, the fight of the whole ring, and perhaps the last great fight that will ever be held. Also, to you lovers of the manly art, who desire to see in flesh and blood the progress of the game, I say come. It would take years of traveling and fight following to see all the figures of sport that can be seen here in Reno in one day and no admission charged.

I, for one, hope for a toothless old age, when nothing is left but to mumber the reminiscences, and in that time one of my greatest joys will be to mumber over all the wonderful details of the great fight at Reno: "Yes, sir; in 1910, at Reno, July the Fourth, I was there and sat by the ringside."

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Hooligans Were There With Bells on

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Men's Fine Summer Wash Ties

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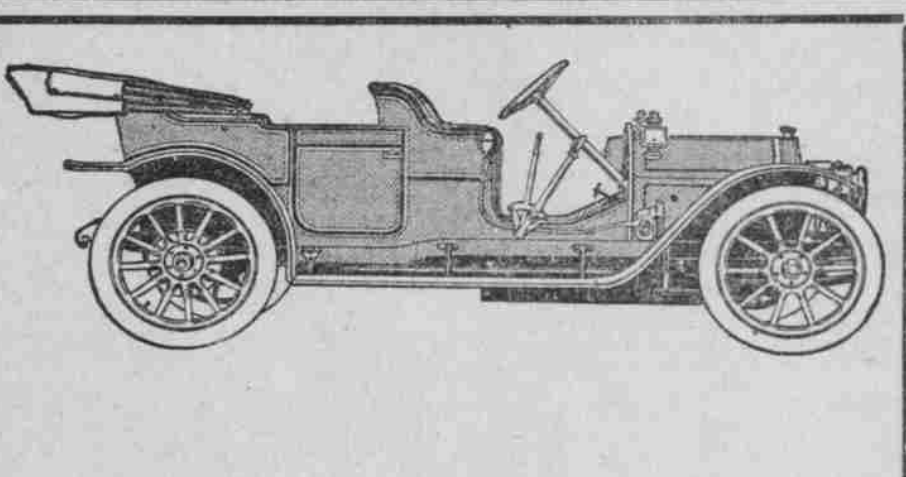
—50 dozen wash 4-in-hands in white, and all the new patterns.

New Silk Four-in-hands

75c Values for 25c

—Smart neckwear for men, in all the latest styles of the season. Sold at the low price of 25c. Regular 50c and 75c values.

Haberders To the Fans Lipman-Wolfe & Co. Haberders To the Fans



IN justice to the Franklin Agency, we wish to correct a clerical error in our advertisement of June 30, in which a 1909 Franklin Model "G" was offered for \$700. It should have read a 1908 Model "G" Franklin for \$700. With due apologies to those concerned, yours very truly,

H. L. Keats Auto Co. Burnside and Seventh Streets

ors among dusky fighters, came on the same steamer. That was nearly 25 years ago and Harting was even then a timekeeper. His experience began in New Zealand and since his watch measured the passing minutes at his first fight, he has not known a year in which he was not called upon to act in a similar capacity.

THE WHY WILLIAMS ADJUSTABLE RAZOR

Presents Even the Novice With the Skill of the Best Barber. The adjustable slant of the Williams blade holder adapts itself instantly to any position of the hand or face without twisting or squirming on your part. The "Williams" blade is protected at the corners, which makes it impossible to cut or gnaw yourself.



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