

other, but missed. The men wrestled

as they

want me to," said Johnson as t clinched just before the gong rang.

Delaney Issues Advice.

Round 11.

Round 12.

hummed with life and bustle.

Round 13.

Youth and Science Tell.

plonship of the world.

coherent.

was honeless

The youth and science of the black made Jeffries look like a green man. The great Jeffries was like a log. The reviled Johnson was like a black panreviled Johnson was like a black pan-ther, beautiful in his alertness and dasive tactics.

Jeffries fought by instinct, it seemed, showing his gameness and his great fighting heart in every round, but he was only the shell of his old self. The old power to take a terrible beating and bore in and in until he landed the knockout blow was gone. After the third round, Johnson treated his opponent almost as a joke. He smilled

his opponent almost as a joke. He smiled and blocked playfully, evading the bear-like rushes of Jeffries with a marvelous skill, now tucking a blow under his arm.

sain, now theating it out of the air as a man stops a baseball. Out of the sea of opinions and argu-ments that bolster up this fight and made it the talk of the world, these facts have been cast up: The fight was on the square. Of this

fight was on the square. Of this was no doubt after the first round. re was no evidence or hint of the fu-"yellow streak" on the part of

his feet. His jaw had dropped, his eyes were nearly shut and his face was covered with blood. With trem-bling legs and shielding arms he tried to put up a defense, but he could not stop a terrific right smash in the jaw followed by two left hooks. He went down again. Jeffries' physician and other friends jumped into the ging. "Stop it!" they cried. "Don't put the old fellow out."

At the opening of the second round,

Johnson Displays Confidence.

Jeffries came up with his old crouch and his left arm stuck out like a scantling. This was the blow and the

STORY OF FIGHT TOLD BY ROUNDS

the body.

stay long. His friends say now that if he had started in with his entire force he could have reached Johnson with the sleeping blow. On the other hand, men whose opinions are valued on these mat-ters, say tonight that Johnson could have beaten Jeffries at any time in his ca right uppercut. Jeffries took it with-out flinching. Johnson watched him carefully. It was on this blow that he depended. He tried another and an-

Her Record for Titled Suitors.

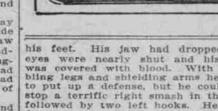
Paris Cor. New York World. Paris Cor. New York World. Always at the feet of the lovely Miss Marie Gebhard kneel princes and dukes, each imploring her to bestow on him her hand—and incidentally her great fortune. She is the daughter of the late William Gebhard, of New York, and first cousin of Mrs. Frederick Wilson and Frederic Gebhard of that div, Miss and Johnson showed that he was as strong as Jeffries. "All right, Jim, I'll love you if you

Between the whisking of towels and and Frederic Gebhard of that city. Miss the dashing of water and hasty gargling, Delaney poured into Johnson's ear his words of golden advice. He knew now Gebhard and her mother have lived in Parls seven years. Admiring rumor has he beating of his life, now ran for-ward with outstretched arms, crying: "Oh, don't, Jack, don't hit him." Jeff "All but In." Jeffries painfully raised himself to

"After the Finish of a Nerve-Racking Race." Nothing is more quieting and soothing than a cool bottle of

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old fellow out."

after Jeffries had failed to land on the body. Johnson then tore loose and before the spectators were prepared for the finish he had sent Jeffries down with lightning-like left and right blows to the jaw. ' Jeffries receled and fell half way through the ropes on the west side of the ring. Those under him saw that he had lost his sense of surround-ings and that the faces at the ring.

Jim Corbett, who twice had gone down before Jeffries' blows, and who

that he had lost his sense of suffound-ings and that the faces at the ring-side were a blur to him. His time had come. He was feeling what he had caused others to feel in the days of his youth and power.

had stood in Jeffries' corner all during the fight, telling Johnson a fool he was and how he was in for the beating of his life, now ran for-ward with outstretched arms, crying: "Oh, don't. Jack, don't hit him."

Johnson proved himself so absolutely Jeffries' master that experts such as W Corbett, the Australian writer and sporting expert, declared that Tommy Burns had put up a better fight with Johnson, and that the black man was only play-

ing with the other man. The end was swift and terrible. It looked as though Johnson had been holdlooked as though Jonnson had been hold-ing himself under cover all the rest of the time and now that he had measured Jeffries in all his weakness he had de-termined to stop it quickly. Jeffries had lost the power of defense. A series of right and left uppercuts de-livered at will sent him staggering to the power of the twine of the twine her

ropes. He turned and fought back by instinct and because he was dying hard. With the exception of a few fast rounds the fight was tame. Jeffries did

Johnson after he had received blow after blow on the jaw and his vital power was bebing. But even before this stage came Jeffries could not reach the black. The blows nearly always landed with nearly all the speed taken out of them. It was like hitting a punching bag.

The famous Jeffries' crouch was in evidence at times, but during most of the fight Jeffries fought standing straight and working with all of his old aggressiveness

Sam Berger, Jeffries' manager, ran along the ring calling to Bob Armstrong Bring that towel-you know what

I mean-don't let him get hit." From Johnson's corner his seconds

were calling to him to guit. Then the referee stopped the timekeeper, and it was all over.

Soothing Liquids Next.

The soothing liquids were applied to the fallen champion's bruised face, but his heart was something that could not be reached. As soon as he re-gained his sense of poise, and of the rapid-fire events that had pushed him is to ablation be track his back of the into oblivion, he took his head in his

hands and groaned. "I was too old to come back," he said, and Corbett and Joe Choynskiand brother Jack and the others were ready to cry, but they united in trying

to cheer the defeated man. "It's all off with you, Jim," said Corbett, "but you did the best you could.

"Cheer up, we'll go fishing tomor-row," said Frank Gotch, the wrestling champion

Ring 1s Stampeded.

an instant after the crowd realized that the fight was over, the ring was stampeded by a wild throng. The short-end betting men were hilarious, but in the great mass of the spectators there was a feeling of personal loss. Hope had lived in thousands of breasts until the last minute and now their idol had crumbled and this black man stood peerless. They could not help but admire him and there was little animosity shown toward him. For the most part the people were silent, just readjusting things in their minds. Hundreds shouldered the bitter defeat of heavy financial loss.

Little enthusiasm was shown from anything until Jack Johnson and his crew were seen stringing down the aisle. Then the crowd stood up and cheered as much from pent-up excite-ment as anything else. Men breathed deeply and lifted their eyes in thank-fulness to the amphilheater of brown hills that surrounded this pit in the desert and the blue bowl of the sky shutting out the rest of the world.

This was 2:28 P. M., an hour after the scheduled time for the fight. Four minntes later Jeffries loomed out of the

Round 1. The men refused to shake hands, Johnson smiled, and Jeffries calmly

chewed gum. After a long open-ing 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 roughed it at close quarters the big black shot his left again to the face. The men locked arms and in breaking Johnson clouted his man twice with two short-arm lefts to the face, and the crowd yelled, "Why don't you laugh?" shouted Corbett at Johnson, and the latter winked and smiled back at the former champion. The men continued in a locked embrace and as the gong 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 own battle. It was a tame round.

Round 2.

Johnson came up chattering like magple, but Jeffries only smiled. "He wants to fight a little bit, Jim," yelled Corbett. "You bet I do, Mistah Corbett," retorted the champion.

As Jeffries held on, Johnson clouted him with a wicked right 10 the jaw. As the men separated from a clinch, Jeffthe 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 or his shoulders. It was a case of strength against cleverness, with the Nublan having the better of it. John-son and Corbett "kidded" each other incessantly during the minute's respite between the second and third round.

Round 3.

Both came up slowly. "Come Jim," shouted Johnson, saying which the champion hooked his left to the stomach with much force. Johnson then stomach with much force. Johnson then jabbed his left twice to the face, and as they closed in breast to breast, Johnson whipped a left uppercut to the faw and neatly blocked the boller-maker's onslaughts. As the men cir-cled about the ring, Johnson kept up a constant crossfire of conversation. The men separated, and Johnson jabbed thrice with left to the face, and then thrice with left to the face, and then whipped a short-arm right to the face. A long clinch followed, during which the black missed a wicked right uppercut. Jeffries rushed in, but Johnson blocked him neatly on a vicious right swing and

sgain patted his antagonist on the shoulder as the round ended. Johnson, on points, had a good ad-

vantage, but there was not much power behind his stings. Round 4.

Jeffries missed a left swing, Johnson rushing away, leaving a stab to the face. Johnson taunted Jeffries con-stantly. "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 back 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 halfdozen short-arm body punches found their mark in rapid succession. In re-

jaw, and the round ended. It was Jeffries' round, and the best one so far.

Round 5.

Johnson as usual came up with a home a wicked left full tilt in the

volley of words. Jeffries paid no at-tention 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, cutting Jeffries' drove his right to the jaw, and then followed it with two jeft uppercuts to the same place. Lohnson farred the formed in the sector of the ring. Lohnson shot white with a straight left to the mouth, and they eased up in a clinch. Both men were bleeding from the mouth. Suddenly Jeffries sent 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 bollermaker the the customary round-end love-tap. No serious damage.

Round 6. "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

shoulder, catching Jerries on the face in each instance, and the blood scaped from Jeffries' left cheek bone. Both men fought cautiously. A ringside fan asked Johnson if he would like a drink. "Too much on hand now," quickly re-joined the champion, and he ripped in three left uppercuts to the white's jaw. Jeffries waded in, but was met by a nasty left uppercut that closed bis by a nasty left uppercut that closed his right eye tight. Johnson followed this 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 opties. Johnson's round.

Round 7. Jeffries came up with a ferocious frown, and they closed in. A long

sparring bee followed without a blow being struck, Johnson meanwhile care-fully priming himself for an opening. Although Jeffries' eye was badiy bruised, he never lost his poise. Johnson laughed sarcastically as Jeffries essayed a right swing at close quar-ters. With the men locked in an em-

brace, Johnson jolted his man three times over the damaged right eye, and followed this with a right uppercut to the jaw. Jeffries stopped Johnson's bickerings with a straight right to the jaw. Johnson countered with left right to Jeffries' sore face. The The bell clanged, with the honors on Johnson's side, and Jeffries looked badly cut as he took his corner.

Round S.

Jeffries rushed in and the black drove a left to the mouth, and shortly after shot in two straight lefts to the face that carried considerable force be hind 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. Then Jeffries, at close range, worked in two rights to the body that falled to feare the negro. Jeffries pushed his man about the ring and the bell rang,

closing a rather featureless session. Round 9.

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 huri tersely framed sentences at Jim Corbett. Johnson hooked another left to the jaw that carried with it a world of power. After sponse, Johnson shot a right to the Jeffries had butted with his head, Johnson flung his left to the stomach, and they went into a friendly clinch. Jeffries crouched low, and Johnson drove

in bad shape. Round 14.

A moment later he sent in, as he got up, and a moment later antwo left jabs to the mouth and eye, but Jeffries apparently paid little attention Johrson placed his stomach within Jef fries' reach and tauntingly cried;

"Ain't it 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 up-percut. Jeffries' face was almost to-tally closed at this stage. Johnson sent the center of the ring. Johnson shot two 'efts to the head and followed this with a short-arm right to the ear. A long clinch, mixed with wrestling, fol-In some rapid-fire of left jabs to the uth, and the big white shook his hend

lowed. Jeffries swung his right around the body. The men confined themselves "I'm as clever as you are, Jim." shouted Johnson to Corbett, and imme mostly to in-fighting and short streaks diately an exchange of repartee fol-lowed. The round ended tamely, but Johnson had all the honors and Jefof wrestling, Johnson always on the alert to land a punch. Johnson whipped two lefts to the jaw and a right fries' seconds looked blue. uppercut to the jaw made Jeffries yell

Round 15.

"oh" audibly. Johnson peppered away with his left and clearly outboxed his burly opponent. It was Johnson's round. Delaney asked Rickard to watch When the men faced each other, it was plain to all that Jeffries was in distress. His face was puffed and bleeding from the gloves when the men were holding to see that they were not broken. the punishing lefts and rights he had reecived and his movements were languid. He shambled after the elusive negro,

sometimes crouching low with his left A half-minute wrestling bee with-A man-minute wresting bee with out damage opened the round, and Johnson smashed Jeffries time and hand stuck out in front and sometimes standing creet. Stooping or creet, again with left and right to the jaw. was a mark for Johnson's accurately and the big bollermaker fought back wildly. Johnson swung a terrific right, driven blows.

Johnson simply waited for the big more of an uppercut to the jaw, and followed this with a clean right upper-cut to the jaw, and Jeffries almost weakened. Johnson employed left and white man to come in and chopped his face to pieces. They came into a clinch after a feeble attempt by Jeffries to right uppercuts again and again to the jaw, and varied this with left and right land a left hand blow on the body, and as they broke away, Johnson shot his swings to the jaw, and the blood spurt-ed from Jeffries' mouth in a stream. Jeffries was a bad-looking sight at this left and right to the jaw in a flash.

Jeffries, staggered back against the ropes. His defensive power seemed to desert him in an instant. John-son dashed at him like a tiger. A rain stage, but he suddenly electrified the crowd by making a round-end rally, landing his right to the jaw and a hard of lefts and rights delivered at close quarters sent Jeffries reeling blindly. Another series of short, anappy punches left to the body that brought the crowd to its feet. Johnson, however, had a and the big white glant went down for the first time in his ring career. He

The men clinched after the black had fell under the top rope, over the lower one and onto the overhanging platform. Resting on his haunches and right missed a hard left for the jaw, remain-ing in this position half a minute. As As Jeffries rushed in, Johnson met him elbow, Jeffries looked around in a dazed with a straight left and a right upperway and got up at the count of nine While he was down, Johnson stood almost cut on the jaw. With the men breast to breast, the black swung hard with left to the body and face, all the time when he was now a construction at the back. He stood ready to strike and when Jef-fries arose from his knees he dashed in keeping up a conversation with Cor-bett. Johnson cleverly blocked blows intended for the body and sent home a again

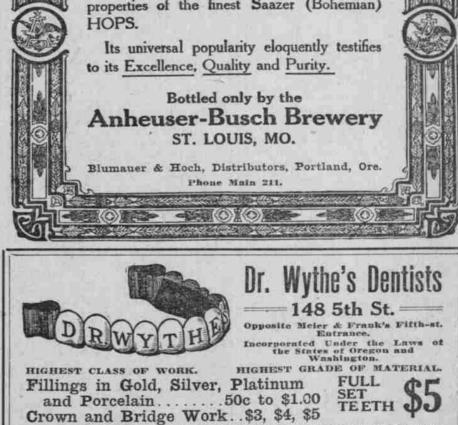
Jeffries reeled about and tried to clinch. straight right to the sore mouth, start straight right to the sore mouth, start-ing the blood afresh. The negro shot a straight left to the face, and then sent his man's head back a foot with simi-lar blows. Jeffries went to his cor-ner spitting blood and with the hon-ors against him. Jeffries' seconds were commously quiet at this store. Or the but Johnson eluded him and as the old champion swung around to the south side of the ring, the black jolted him twice on the jaw. Jeffries sank to his knees, weak and tired, but got up again at the ount of nine. that Jeffries' friends began to call to Rickard to stop ominously quiet at this stage. On the other hand, the Johnson corner fairty the fight. "Stop it! stop it!" they should from

all sides. "Don't let him/ be knocked

Rickard gave no heed to these appeals The men fought without damage to a clinch and wrestled about the center of the ring, Johnson breaking it up Jeffries was helpless now and staggered to a standing position negro was waiting for him. A with a volley of rights and lefts to the face and mouth. He cleverly evaded Jeffries' clumsy attempts to land on the right and another left, short, snappy powerful blows, found their marks or Jeffries' chin and he went down for the third time. Again he sprawled over the lower rope, hanging half outside the body, and cutting loose landed left and right in quick succession on the jaw and body. Jeffries weakened at this

ing. The timekeeper raised and lowered his arms, tolling off the seconds. He has reached the count of seven when some of Jeffries' seconds put foot inside the opes and Rickard walked between the fallen man and the negro champion. Placing his hand on Johnson's shoulder, he declared him the winner. middle of the ring, and appeared to be

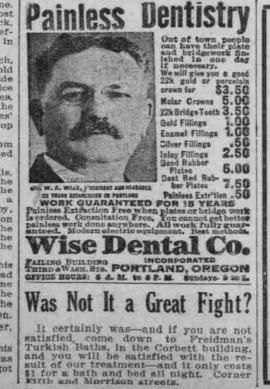
While Jeffries was not counted out, this was merely a technical evasion. It was evident that he could never have got Jeffries was met with a straight left up inside of ten seconds.



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stage, a right uppercut almost lifting him from the floor. He seemed all at in locating the black, who waded in like a merciless juggernaut, dealing 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

good advantage.