

"I WAS TOO OLD" SOBS TEARIES

Soothing Liquids Unable to Reach Broken Heart of Broken Idol.

TOWEL SAVES FALLEN MAN

Son of American Slave, First of Race to Hold Title of Undisputed Champion, Thrice Knocks Down White Opponent.

RENO, Nev., July 4.—John Arthur Johnson, a Texas negro, the son of an American slave, tonight is the first of his race to hold the undisputed heavyweight championship of the world.

James J. Jeffries, of California, winner of 22 championship fights, the man who never was brought to his knees before by a blow, tonight passed into history as a broken idol, meeting his defeat at the hands of the black champion.

While Jeffries was not actually counted out, he was saved only from this crowning shame by his friends pleading with Johnson not to hit the fallen man again, and the towel was brought into the ring from his corner.

At the end of the 15th round, Referee Tex Rickard raised the black arm and the great crowd filed out, glum and silent.

Jeffries was dragged to his corner bleeding from nose and mouth and a dozen cuts on the face. He had a black, closed eye and swollen features and he held his head in his hands dazed and incoherent.

Johnson walked out of the ring without a mark on his body except a slight cut on his lip which was the opening of a wound received in training.

Ring experts agree that it was not even a championship fight. Jeffries had a chance in the second round, perhaps, but after this it was plain that the undefeated one was weakening and outclassed in every point, and after the 11th round it was hopeless.

It was the greatest demonstration the ring has ever seen of the failure of a fighter to "come back," after years of retirement.

Youth and Science Tell. 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 panther, beautiful in his alertness and defensive 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 smiled and blocked playfully, evading the bear-like rushes of Jeffries with a marvellous skill, now tucking a blow under his arm, again plucking it out of the air as a man stops a baseball.

Some of the men's opinions and arguments 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 there was no doubt after the first round. There was no evidence or hint of the infamous "yellow streak" on the part of Johnson.

Black Man Absolute Master. Johnson proved himself so absolutely Jeffries' master that experts such as W. C. Cribben, 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 playing with the other man.

The end was swift and terrible. It looked as though Johnson had been holding himself under cover all the time, but the time and now that he had measured Jeffries in all his weakness he had determined to stop it quickly.

Jeffries had lost the power of defense. A series of right and left uppercuts delivered at will sent him staggering to the ropes. He turned and fought with a dazed instinct and because he was dying hard.

With the exception of a few fast rounds the fight was tame. Jeffries did not have the power to hurt Johnson after he had received blow after blow on the jaw and his vital power was ebbing. 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 quit. 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 so much in pain that it could not be reached. As soon as he regained his sense of pain, and of the rapid-fire events that had pushed him into oblivion he took his head in his hands and groaned.

"I was too old to come back," he said, and Corbett and Joe Choynecki and 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 tomorrow," said Frank Gotch, the wrestling champion.

Ring Is Stampeded. In an instant after the crowd realized that the fight was over, the ring was stamped 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 hearts until the last minute and now their idol had crumbled and this black man stood peerless. They could not help but admire Jack and there was little animosity shown toward him. For the most part the people were silent, just reading things in their minds. Hundreds shouldered the bitter defeat or heavy financial loss.

Little enthusiasm was shown from anything until Jack Johnson and his crew were seen striding down the aisle. Then the crowd stood up and cheered, as much from pent-up excitement as anything else. Men breathed deeply and lifted their eyes in thankfulness to the amphitheater 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 2:35 P. M., an hour after the scheduled time for the fight. Four minutes later Jeffries loomed out of the

crowd on the other side of the arena and then the cheering broke loose. The ring was quickly crowded with trainers and rubbers and seconds. Jeffries laughed as he pressed through the ropes and jumped up and down on the platform for a moment, satisfying himself that it was strong enough. He wore his old soft cap and an old suit of clothes and chewed gum.

Johnson wore a bathrobe with violet lining. Berger walked up to Johnson and asked him to toss for corners.

"Take your corner, want," said Johnson. "It's all the same to me."

Berger took the southwest corner and gave Johnson the northeast. This placed the sun in Johnson's eyes.

Behind the fighters as the bandages were being fastened stood pupil and master, Corbett and Billy Delaney. The former was trainer and manager, and later acted for years in the same capacity for Jeffries. A quarrel made this situation possible.

With no preliminaries of handshaking or picture posing, the men faced each other at 2:45 o'clock. Johnson wore blue tights and an American flag in his belt. There was a sign of military straightness as his naked body stood in the sunlight. Jeffries in his purple trunks stood out as a hairy giant, some hero of folklore.

There was no open attempt on the part of Jeffries and his men to frighten the negro. They figured he would be trembling with fear at the sight of the white monster, and there were many cries of "cold feet, Johnson," when his entrance in the ring was delayed.

And when the men stood up at last to fight it out, each on their own resources, it was plain the negro was very nervous.

Johnson Called "Black Coward." "Now, you'll get it, you black coward," yelled Jeffries' admirers.

"Don't talk to them. Give them a square deal," said the majority of the men at the ringside.

The men smiled at each other. Jeffries feinted, Johnson glided away and smiled again. Johnson tried out a straight left and tapped Jeffries' face. They clinched and worked cautiously for body blows, but there was little snap in either, and they were still waiting when the round ended.

"Cut out the motion pictures," yelled the crowd. Johnson turned and tapped Jeffries lightly on the shoulder as he went to his corner, and smiled.

Johnson Bored in Fiercely. The 15th round started with a clinch after Jeffries had failed to land on the body. Johnson then tore loose and before the spectators were prepared for the final he had sent Jeffries down with lightning-like left and right blows to the jaw.

Jeffries reeled 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 surroundings and that the focus at the ringside 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.

Johnson came over to the spot and stood poised over his adversary, his body ready for a left hook if Jeffries regained his feet.

Jim Corbett, who twice had gone down before Jeffries' blows, and who had stood in Jeffries' corner all during the fight, called to the men to come. He was feeling what he had caused others to feel in the days of his youth and power.

Johnson came over to the spot and stood poised over his adversary, his body ready for a left hook if Jeffries regained his feet.

Jeffries painfully raised himself to

FAMOUS RING MEN, PRESENT AND PAST, WHO SAW NEGRO CLINCH WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.



ABOVE, JOHN L. SULLIVAN, FRANK GOTCH (WRESTLER), BATTILING NELSON, ABE ATTELL, TOMMY BURNS AND ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.

simple boxer and in his heart of hearts Jack Johnson believed he was master. Six years ago, when Johnson whipped Jack Jeffries, he walked up to Jim, who was in his brother's corner and said: "I can whip you, too."

And this conviction was uppermost in him when the second round began. The slight indecent and trembling of Johnson's mouth and the glint of trouble in his eye was gone. He forced the fighting and in clinch made his first attempt at his carefully developed right uppercut. Jeffries took it without flinching. Johnson watched him carefully. It was on this blow that he depended. He tried another and another, but missed. The men wrestled and Johnson showed that he was as strong as Jeffries.

"All right, Jim, I'll love you if you want me to," said Johnson as they clinched just before the gong rang.

Delaney Issues Advice. Between the whisking of towels and the dashing of water and hasty gargling, Delaney issued the following words of golden advice. He knew now—probably knew long before the battle—just how it would end. Did he teach the early days of his fighting career and the limitations of his brain? Each blow taught him what had happened in

five years of easy life and where the cigarette had sucked power from the once-mighty man.

In the second, third and fourth rounds Jeffries had his chance, if he ever had one. The fight showed that he could not 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 matters say tonight that Johnson could have beaten Jeffries at any time in his career.

Her Record for Titled Suitors. 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 city. Miss Gebhard and her mother have lived in Paris seven years. Admiring rumors have it that she has rejected more titled suitors than any woman of her native country or, indeed, of Europe. Actually she has been compelled to take long journeys to escape the noblemen attracted by her beauty, wealth and wit.

his feet. His jaw had dropped, his eyes were nearly shut and his face was covered with blood. With trembling 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 ring.

"Stop it!" they cried. "Don't put the old fellow out."

Johnson Displays Confidence. At the opening of the second round, Jeffries came up with his old crouch and his left arm stuck out like a scimitar. This was the blow and the attitude that carried him to glory in the early days of his fighting career. But there was a change in the negro. He had found himself. Here was a

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 10. 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 in-fighting 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!" audibly. Johnson peppered away with his left and clearly outboxed his 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 11. A half-minute wrestling began without damage opened the round, and Johnson smashed Jeffries time and again with left and right to the jaw, and the big bolderman fought back wildly. Johnson swung a terrific right, more of an uppercut to the jaw, and followed this with a clean right uppercut to the jaw, and Jeffries almost weakened. Johnson employed left and right uppercuts again and again to the jaw, and marked this with left and right jabs to the jaw, and the blood spurted from Jeffries' mouth in a stream. Jeffries was a bad-looking sight at this stage, but he suddenly electrified the crowd by making a round-end rally, landing his right to the jaw and a hard left to the body that brought the crowd on its feet. Johnson, however, had a good advantage.

Round 12. The men clinched after the black had missed a hard left to the jaw, remaining in this position half a minute. As they broke, Johnson landed a right 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 nose, starting the blood afresh. The negro shot a straight left to the face, and then sent his man's head back a foot with similar blows. Jeffries went to his corner spitting blood and with the honours against him, Jeffries' seconds were ominously quiet at this stage. On the other hand, the Johnson corner fairly hummed with life and bustle.

Round 13. 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 loomed left and right in quick succession on the jaw and body. Jeffries weakened at this stage, a right uppercut almost lifting him from the floor. He seemed all up 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 middle of the ring, and appeared to be in bad shape.

Round 14. Jeffries was met with a straight left

STORY OF FIGHT TOLD BY ROUNDS

Round 1. 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 wrestled until Johnson landed a right back. Johnson swung his left to the jaw, and as Jeffries roughed it at close quarters the big black shot his left arm over the top of the white's 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 round terminated the round Johnson playfully tapped Jeffries on the shoulder and went to his corner smiling. Jeffries then hid his seconds to let him alone, he would fight his own battle. It was a tame round.

Round 2. Johnson came up chattering like a magpie, but Jeffries only smiled. "He wants to fight a fight," Johnson yelled. "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 right left uppercuts to the uppercut. The men closed together, Jeffries leaning against the champion with sheer weight of his shoulders. There was a case of straight right against cleverness, with the Nubian having the better of it. Johnson and Corbett "kidded" each other incessantly during the round, with the exception of the second and third round.

Round 3. Both came up slowly. "Come in, Jim," shouted Johnson, saying which the champion hooked his left to the jaw and neatly blocked the better maker's onslaughts. As the men circled about the ring, Johnson kept up a constant crossfire of conversation. The men separated, and Johnson jabbed twice 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 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 4. 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, you son of a b—, 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 lip. 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 snitch" did not fade 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. It was Jeffries' round, and the best one so far.

Round 5. Johnson as usual came up with a

volley of words. Jeffries paid no attention to this, but rushed in close and Johnson landed a right to the cheek bone. Both men fought cautiously. The crowd asked Johnson if he would like a drink. "Too much on hand now, quickly retorted the champion, and he ripped the three left uppercuts to the white's jaw. Jeffries waded in, but was met by 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 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 in each instance, and the blood seaped from Jeffries' left cheek bone. Both men fought cautiously. The crowd asked Johnson if he would like a drink. "Too much on hand now, quickly retorted the champion, and he ripped the three left uppercuts to the white's jaw. Jeffries waded in, but was met by 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 7. Jeffries came up with a ferocious frown, and they closed in. A long sparring was 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 the embrace, 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 right eye was badly bruised, 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 8. 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 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. Then Jeffries, at close range, worked in two rights to the body that failed to faze 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 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 crouched low, and Johnson drove home a wicked left full tilt in the



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