THE MORNING OREGONIAN, TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1910.

FIGHT BIG ONLY IN **ITS SIGNIFICANCE**

Johnson Does Not Extend Himself, Never for a Moment Being in Danger.

NO YELLOW STREAK SHOWN

Black Man Smiles and Is Alert to All Seen or Heard, While Jeffries Carries Pose of Stolid Indifference.

BY JACK LONDON.

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RENO, Nev., July 4,-(Special.)-Once again has Johnson sent down to defeat the chosen representative of the white trace, and this time the greatest of them.

And, as of old. It was play for Johnson. From the opening round to the closing one Johnson never ceased from his witty sallies, his exchanges of repartee with his opponent's second and with the audi-And, for that matter, Johnson had a funny thing or two to say to Jeffries in every round.

The golden smile was as much in evidence as ever, and neither did it freeze on his face nor did it vanish. It came and went throughout the fight, spontan-

Battle Great Only in Significance.

It was not a great battle after all, save in its setting and its significance. Little Tommy Burns, down in far off Australia, put up a faster, quicker, live-lier battle than did Jeffries. The fight today, and again I repeat, it was great only in its significance. In itself it was today, and again I repeat, it was great only in its significance, in itself it was not great. The issue, after the fiddling of the opening rounds, was never in doubt. In the fiddling of those first rounds the honors lay with Johnson, and for the rounds after the seventh or eighth, it was more Johnson, while for the closing rounds it was all Johnson. Johnson played as usual. With his op-ponent not strong in the attack, Johnson, blocking and defending in masterly fas-ion, could afford to play. And he played and fought a white man, in a white man's country, before a white man's aud-ience. When Jeffries sent in that aw-ful rip to Johnson's stomach and John-son, defty interposing his elbow, would

son, deftly interposing his elbow, would smile in irony at the audience, play-act-ing, making believe he thought the applause was for him, and never believing it at all.

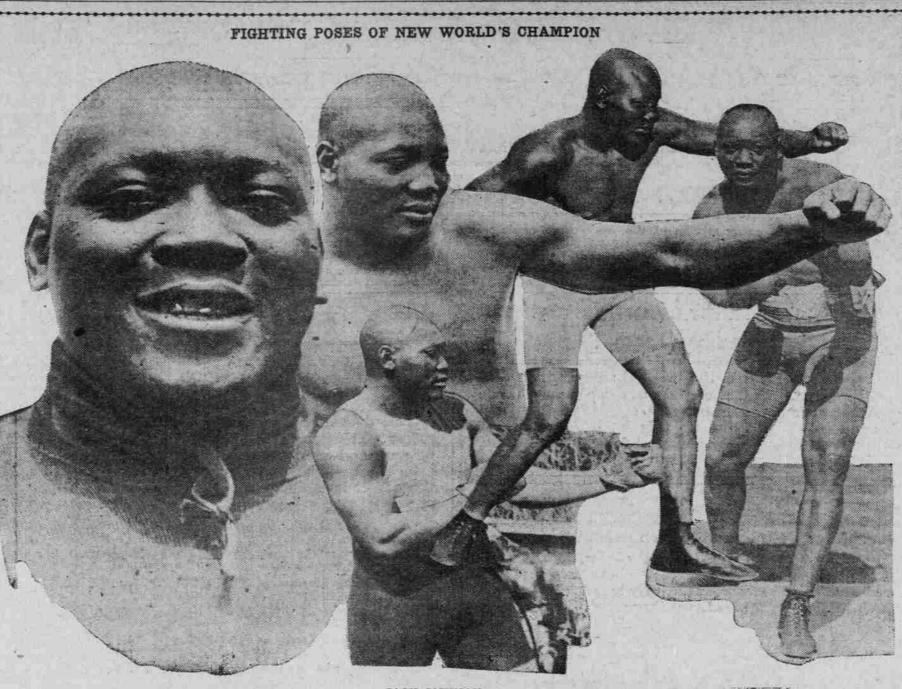
Johnson Never in Trouble.

The greatest battle of the century was a monologue delivery to 20,000 spectators by a smilling negro who was never in doubt, and who was never serious for more than a moment at a time. As a fighter Johnson did not show

himself a wonder. He did not have to. Never once was he extended. There was no need. Jeffries could not make him extend. Jeffries never had him in troubie once

No blow Jeffries ever landed hurt his dusky opponent. Johnson came out of the fight practically undamaged. The blood on his lip was from a recent cut received in the course of training, and dusky

which Jeffries managed to reopen. Jeffries fuiled to lead and land. The quickness he brought into the fight ss he brought into the fight evaporated, and while Jeffries quickly evaporated, and while Jeffries was dead game to the end, he was not so badly punished. What he failed to



JACK JOHNSON.

smiling, ever smiling, with eyes as well as lips, never missing a name nor a face, placid, plastic, nerveless, with never a signal flown of hesitancy or interview. The man of Summer temperament smiled and smiled. That is the story of the whole fight. It is the story of the fight by timidity.

Negro Keenly Alert to All.

Yet was he keyed up, keenly ob-servant of all that was going on, even hearing much of the confused babble of tongues about him, hearing many and understanding, too. There is nothing heavy nor primitive about this man Johnson. He is alive and quivering, every herve fiber in his body and brain, every herve fiber in his body and orain, withal that it is hidden, so artfully or naturally, under that poise of face-tious calm of his. He is a marvel of sensitiveness, sensibility and percepti-bility. He has a perfect mechanism of mind and body. His mind works like chain-lightning, and his body obeys with courst suffrass

rounds. At the opening of the first round they did not shake hands. Knowing

the two men for what they are, it can be safely postulated that this neglect was due to Jeffries or to the prompting of Jeffries' corner. But it is not good that two boxers should not shake hands before a bout. I would suggest to these protagonists of a perishing game if they wish to conserve the game, that

they make most of these little ameni-ties that by custom grace their sport and give it the vener of civilization. Both men went to work in that first round very easily, Johnson smiling, of course, and Jeffries grim and deter-minad Johnson landed the first bler mined. Johnson landed the first blow, a light one, and Jeffries, in the clinches gave a faint indication of his forthwith equal swiftness. But the great madness of applause went up when Jeffries entered the ring coming factics by roughing it, by crowding the negro around, and by went up when sentres entered the ring two minutes later. A quick superficial comparison between him and the negro-would have led to a feeling of pity for the latter. For Jeffries was all that has been said of him. When he stripped and his mighty body could be seen, covered with mats of hair, all the primerical effectives even applied to slightly bearing his weight upon him. I was a very easy round with nothing of moment. Each merely feeling the other out and both were exceedingly

careful. At the conclusion of the round seen, covered with mats of hair, all the primordial adjectives ever applied to him received their vindication. Nor did his face belle them. No facile emo-tion played on that face, no whims of the moment, no flutterings of a light-hearted temperament. Dark and som-ber and ominous was that face, solid end stolid and expressionless, with Johnson tapped Jeffries playfully on

Johnson. Each time Burns said some-thing harsh to Johnson in the hope of making him lose his temper, Johnson responded by giving the white man a lacing. And so today, of course, Jeffries did not talk to Johnson to amount to anything, but Corbett in the corner did it for Jeffries. And each time Corbett cried out something particularly harsh, Johnson promutiv administered a lacing Johnson promptly administered a lacing to Jeffries. It began in the second round. Corbett, in line with his plan of irritating the negro, called out loudly. "He wants to fight a little, Jim." "You bet I do," Johnson retorted, and with that he landed Jeffries a stinger

with his right uppercut. Both men were tensely careful. Jeffries trying to crowd and put his weight on in the clinches, Johnson striving more

than the other to break out of the clinches. And at the end of the round clinches. And at the end of the round in his corner, Johnson was laughing glee-fully. Certainly Jeffries showed no signs of boring in, as had been promised by his enthusiastic supporters. It was the same story in the third round, at the conclusion of which the irrepressible negro was guilty of waving

his hands to friends in the audience. "Don't Rush Me." Warned Jack.

In the fourth round, Jeffries showed up better, rushing and crowding and striking with more vim than hitherto shown. This seemed to have been caused by a sally of Johnson's, and Jeffries went

putably that he could drive the left hand in a way that was surprising. Be it remembered that it had been long denied that he had any sort of a punch in that left of his. Incidentally, in this round, it led all the others, seemingly that he landed a blow near to Jeffries' heart that must have been

as ever, and Jeffries going slower and slower. The conclusion of the first ten rounds may be summed up as follows:

The fight was all in the favor of Johnson, who had shown no yellow, who had shown condition and who had shown undiminished speed, who had shown undiminished speed, who had not used his right uppercut much, who had developed left, who held his own in the clinches, who had got the best of the infighting and the outfighting, who was unhurt and who was smiling all the way. Jeffries was in bad shape, he was tired, slower than ever, his few rushes had been futlle and the sports who had placed their money against him were jubliant. There were men who proclaimed they saw the end. I refused to see this end, for I had picked Jeffries to win and I was hoping hugely-for what, I did not know, but for something to happen, for anything that would turn the tide of battle. And yet I could not hide from myself the truth that Jeffries had slowed down.

FISTIC DRAMA IS POIGNANTTRAGED

Auditors Go Cheering, Leave in Cloud of Gloom-Jeff's Youth Gone Forever.

NATURE'S CUNNING FOOLS

Trainers Rub Off External Marks of Time on ex-Champion, but Fans

See Pathetic Demonstration That It Counts for Nothing.

(Continued From First Page.) fearlessly, intelligently. He outpointed, he outfought, he outlasted his oppenent There remains no living man to dispute his title as the world's champion. And there seems little likelihood that it will ever be taken from him. If such a thing should come to pass, it will be because time has robbed him of that fierce and blazing energy that lurks deep in his being, as Jeff was robbed, in the night.

Writers Wait at Ring.

The hour had struck. We were walting at the ringside. The long days of preparation had crawled past and we men who had been chosen as the eyes through which the world was to see this spectacle had grouped ourselves about a wooden platform, while behind was stretched a sea of naked seats. We were there, each in his own feeble way to record a fragmentary impression of that swiftly moving stereopticon. In order that the whole might form a composite picture. We had come early, for the prologue was about to be spoken, and we did

not wish to miss a link. To us who had been for days in Reno's matelstrom it seemed that all the world must have gathered. Even from the sky above the sun was glaring down in fierce suddenness, as if the heavent themselves had centered their gaze up-

Multitude Pours In.

The multitude came close upon our heels, pouring in through the four tunnel-like entrances to the huge, eightsided arena until the hollow floors began to thunder; a few at first, then more and more, until it reminded one of a pent-up mountain stream empty ing itself into a pool, there to boll and eddy and surge about until it finally settled. But the tumult was unceas-

He sat where I could have touched him with my hand and through it all, I watched him carefully, hoping that by some power of divination denied to my fellows, I might read a hint as to the one great question we had asked of him. But he showed no sign. His assurance was as rockbound as before, his smills as cheerful and confident as when first I saw him toying with his trainers.

No Courtesy Wasted.

There was no waste of courtesy. The ong sounded, seconds, and rubbers gong sounded, seconds, and rubbers flung themselves from their corners and the gladiators stepped toward each other across an empty ring and through an At last, we saw them face to face and

the contrast was amazing. For three minutes, they watched each other warily, feeling each other's muscles, testing each.

down in Australia when Burns fought Johnson. Each time Burns said some- In this round he demonstrated indison the scene.

discouraging. The tenth round showed Johnson with his deft, unexpected left as quick

ing. A great clamor filled the air. Men shouted greeting, bets were offered and taken, the rumbling murmur of volces grew into a tremendous stirring mono tone As my ears were drummed upon by the clamor I became impressed with the miracle of the human voice. On pair of vocal chords, when governed by a master mind may excite an army Ten thousand voices raised in a chorus will send human wits skittering, will

Place Is Fitting. of the fast filling funnel of human greatest of gladiatorial contests, for the arena itself occupied the center of a circular valley ringed about by mountains which looked down like the highhad shaped the spot for the Olympian

warp the coldest judgment and cause the heart to go fluttering madly. It was so here. From our post at the inverted apex other's mettle and the gong sent them to their seats again with no damage done. forms, we became conscious that this Sixty seconds, and they were up again, still moving as if the fate of a nation was a fitting place in which to hold the hung upon their faintest error. For the first three rounds, the spectacle was repeated and then we awoke gradually to the realization that the march of time cannot be disputed. With some men, he locks arms and trips swiftly down the path, with others he idles by the tiered slopes of a gargantuan amphi-theater 10,000 times greater than the Roman Collseum. It was as if nature wayside like some lover's shy maiden, but his feet are ever turned in the same games of a race of demigods. Our little pile of boards and timber was but a frail and pigmy thing in direction, his progress may be slow, but it is sure.

burly and thick-necked as a walrus, all of them fighters, managers, pro-moters, and then the endless efforts of the photographers. Cheers Great Fighters. Suddenly there burst forth a wild acclaim back of us and down the alsie from the east came one of the central figures in the real drama. It was Johnson, as we could see from his round, shaven head, and then, follow-

round, snaven head, and then, follow-ing swiftly, arose a five-fold greater roar, as from the opposite quarter came Jeffries. The first blood cry of the thousands echoed as the men climbed into the ring. It was the race note sounding, and I watched the black champion

protest from the region whence they could not see the ring. For a time it looked like trouble, but eventually one

section of the affair was ripped down and scattered and the clamor ceased. The heat was intense and but faintly

tempered by a breeze from the southern hills, so the crowd stripped off its coats and donned wide-brimmed flapping straw bonnets and green reading shades to halk the sun's torrid says

Brass Band Appears. A brass band climbed into the ring and

it was rumored that with a true Western

"All Coons Look Allke To Me." but racial feeling was too high, perhaps, and they favored us with a selection of National airs' at which the multitude rose and cheered. Hats waved, flags fluttered, feeling can birth matriciting was clai-

feeling ran high, patriotism was riot. An hour and a half later, these chastened men and women filed out in a funereal

It may be a fitting place here to mention that through all the excite-ment of this afternoon nowhere in the crowd was there the least disturbance. Unruly spirits were there, to be sure,

out an undertone of fairness and good fellowship ran through it all. There was little bad language, no disputes, and lemonade was the only beverage.

Murphy Brings Son.

Back of me sat Mike Murphy, the veteran University of Pennsylvania trainer. He had brought his 13-year-old son to the fight, for as he said, he

wished him to see men, real men, and to learn early the rules of sport.

Followed the usual hoarse-volced in-Followed the usual hoarse-volced in-troductions and a hippodrome of cham-plons, ex-champions, near-champions and never-to-be champions. John La

Sullivan, huge of girth and green of memory; Fitzsimmons, with the hat of an Alpine yodeler; Tom Sharkey, short,

balk the sun's torrid rays.

gloon

and I watched the black champion for a sign when the volume of those volces dinned upon his ear. But he grinned and clapped his hands like a boy. Jeffries' entrance savored of an Emperor's coming, and the likeness was heightened by the presence at his heels of a fan-bearer, who held aloft a great circular five-foot paper shade. Or was it crown? I could not tell.

Negro First to Strike.

The black man was the first to strip and when he stepped forth for the lenses to register his image, he was a thing of surpassing beauty from the anatomist's point of view. He had none of that giant play of brawn and muscle that Jeffries displayed a moment later, but instead a rounded symmetry more in line with the ideals of the ancient Greek artists. His head, though slightly larger than an ostrich egg, was of the same shape and shaved to an equal smoothness. From crown to sole, he was a living life-size, bronze, chiseled by the cunning hand of a master.

bring into the ring with him was stamina which he lost somewhere in the last seven years. Jeffries falled to come back. That is

the whole story. His old-time vim and endurance were not there. Something has happened to him. He lost, in re-tirement, outside of the ring, the stamina that the ring itself never robbed him of. As I have said, Jeffries was not badly damaged. Every day hoys take worse lacings in boxing bouts than Jeffries took today. Jeffries today disposed of one question. He could not come back.

Black Shows No Yellow Streak.

Johnson, in turn, answered another guestion, he has not the yellow streak. But he only answered that question for today. The forocity of the hair chested caveman and grizzly glan combined did not intimidate the cool glant headed negro. Many thousands in the audieuce expected this intimidation and were correspondingly disappointed Johnson was not scared, let it be said here, and beyond the shadow of any Not for an instant was Johnson doubt. beared. Not for a second did he show the flicker of a fear that the Gollath against him might eat him up. But the question of the yellow streak is answered for all time. Just as Johnson has never been extended, so has he never shown the yellow streak. Just as a man may rise up, heaven alone knows where, who will extend Johnson, just so may that man bring out the yellow streak, and then again may not. So far, the burden of oof all rests on the conclusion that Johnson has no yellow streak.

And now to the battle and how it began. All praise to Tex Rickard, the gamest of sports, who pulled off the fight after countless difficulties, and who, cool, calm and quick with nervous aliveness, handled the vast crowd splendidly at the arena, and wound up by refereeing the fight.

Many Women in Front Row.

Twenty thousand filled the great ena and waited patiently under the oud-flecked, wide Nevada sky. Of the many women present, some elected to sit in the screened boxes far back from the ring, for all the world like olden Spanish ladles at the theater. But more, many more women, sat close the ringside beside their husbands or brothers. They were the wiser far. Merely to enumerate the celebrities at the ringside would be to write a sport-ing directory of America, at least a directory of the 400 of sportdom and of many more hundreds of near-40

At four minutes to 2 o'clock. Billy Jordan cleared the ring amid cheers, and stood alone, the focal point of 20-000 pairs of eyes until the great Muldoon climbed in through the ropes to call forth tumultuous applause and ringing cheers from the 20,000 throats, for he State of Nevada, the people of Ne-ada, and the Governor of Nevada. Beginning with Tex Rickard, after ovation was given to all the great ones, not forgetting Bob Fitzsimmo whom Billy Jordan introduced as greatest warrior of them all." So "the So they came, great one after great one, cease-lessly, endlessly, until they were swept away before the greatest of them all, the two men who were about to do battle.

It was 2:30 when Jack Johnson entered the ring. He came first, airy, happy and smilling, greeting friends and acquaintances here and there and everywhere in the audience, cool as ice, waving his hand in salute, smilling,

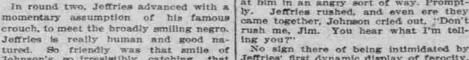
and stolid and expressionless, with eyes that smouldered and looked savage.

Smiles Mark Black's Every Move.

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The man of iron, grim with de-The man of iron, grim with de-termination, sat down in his corner. And the care-free negro smiled and smiled. And that is the story of the fight. The man of iron, the grizzly began a repetition of what took place

V.CA



tured. So friendly was that smile of Johnson's, so irresistibly catching, tha Jeffries, despite himself, smiled back

THREE MEN WHO SECONDED JOHNSON.

WER

at him in an angry sort of way. Prompt-ly. Jeffries rushed, and even ere they came together, Johnson cried out, "Don't

No sign there of being intimidated by Jeffries' first dynamic display of ferocity All Jeffries managed to do was to reopen the training cut in Johnson's lips, and to make him playful. It was most anybody's round, and it was certainly more Jeffries than any preceding one. Round five brought Jeffries advancing

with his crouch and showed that the blood from Johnson's llp had turned his smile to a gory one. But still he smiled and, to balance things off, he opened Jeffries' lips, which bled more profusely than his own. From then to the end of the flight Jeffries' face was never free from blood, a steady stream later flow-ing from his right nostril added to by an open cut on his left cheek. Corbett's running fire of irritation served but to make Johnson smile the merrier and to wink at him accoss Jeffries' shoulder in wink at him across Jeffries' shoulder in the clinches

So far no problems had been solved, no questions answered. The yellow streak had not appeared. Neither had Jeffries bored in, ripped awfully nor put it over Johnson in the clinches. Yet one thing had been shown, Jeffries was not as fast as he had been. There was a shade of diminution in his speed.

Corbett's Taunts React on Jeff.

Johnson signalized the opening of the sixth round by landing stinging blows to the face in one-two-three order. Johnson's quickness was startling. In re sponse to an irritating remark from Cor bett, Johnson replied suavely, "Too much on hand right now," and at the same in stant he tore into Jeffries. It was John son's first real, aggressive rush. It lasted but a second or two, but it was flerce and dandy, and at its conclusion it was manifest that Jeffries' right eye was closing fast. The round ended with John-son fighting and smiling strong, and with son fighting and smiling strong, and with Jeffries' nose, lip and check bleeding and his eye closed. Johnson's round by a smile all the way through.

The seventh round was a mild one, opening with Jeffries grim and slient and with Johnson leading and forcing. Both were careful and nothing happened save that once they exchanged blows right niftily. So far, Jeffries' rushing and crowding and bearing on of weight had amounted to naught. Also, he was doing less and less of it.

"It only takes one or two, Jim." Corbett encouraged his principal in the eighth round. Promptly Johnson eighth round. Fromptly Johnson landed two stingers. After a pause he landed another. "See that?" he chir-ruped, sweetly, to Corbett in the corner. Jeffries showed signs perceptibly of slowing down in this round, rushing and crowding less and less. Johnson was working harder and his speed was as the block as aver. Infries' clow as flashlight as ever. Jeffries' slow ing down was not due to the punish. ment he had received, but to poorness of condition. He was flying the first of condition. He was flying the first signals of fatigue. He was advertis-ing, faintly, it is true, that he had not ome back.

Jeffries Scen to Slow Down.

The ninth round was introduced by a suggestion from Corbett, heroically carrying out the policy that was bring-ing his principal to destruction. "Make the big stiff fight," was Cor-

bett's suggestion right, that's what they all say," was Johnson's answer, delivered with true Chesterfieldian grace across his adversary's shoulder.

In the previous rounds Johnson had ABOVE, STANLEY KETCHEL, BELOW, AL KAUFMAN AND CILLY DELANEY not wreaked much damage with the

Jeff Rallies in Eleventh.

The 11th round looked better for Jeffries. Stung by a remark of Coroett's, Johnson rushed and provoked one grand rally from Jeffries. It was faster fighting and more continuous than any of the preceding rounds, cul-minating in a flerce rally in which Jeffries landed hard. Round 12 found Johnson, if anything,

quicker and more aggressive than ever. "Thought you were going to have a wild?" Johnson queried sweetly, of

Corbett. As usual, every remark of Corbett's brought more punishment to Jeffries. And by the end of this round, the second of the two great questions was definitely answered. Jeffries had not come back.

The 13th round was the beginning of the end. Beginning slowly enough but stung by Corbett, Johnson put i over him in the mouth-fighting all and all over Jeffries in the outfighting and infighting. From defense to attack and back again, and back and forth. Johnson flashed like the amaz-

ing fighting mechanism he is. Jeffries

"JEFFRIES WAS GAME, BUT HIS BLOWS HAD NO STEAM."-Johnson.

BY JACK JOHNSON.

I won from Mr. Jeffries because I outclassed him in every de-partment of the fighting game. Before I entered the ring I was cer-

tain I would win. I never changed my mind at any time. Jeffries' blows had no steam behind them, so how could he hope to defeat me With the exception of a slight cut on my lower lip, which was really caused by an old wound being struck, I am un-marked. I heard people at the ringside remark about body blows being inflicted upon me. I do not recall a single punch in the body that caused me any discomfort. I am in shape to battle again tomorrow if it were necessary

One thing I must give Jeffries credit for is the game battle he made. He came back at me with the heart of a true fighter. No man can say he did not do his best.

I believe we both fought fairly. There was nothing said between us which was rough. He joked me and I joked him. I told him I knew he was a bear, but I was a gorilla and would defeat him.

For the next few weeks I shall play vaudeville. Then I shall go to my home in Chicago and rest. I do not think I shall fight for sev-eral months, because I do not know a man now who could give me a good battle. No attention will be paid to Sam Langford's challenge by-me. I don't consider he could give me a fight that would draw.

silent. A few entered the fond hope that Jeffries would recuperate. But it

through this round Johnson went in for one of his characteristic loafing spells. He took it easy and played with the big gladiator, cool as a cu-cumber, smiling broadly as ever and

"Right on the hip," he grinned out once, as Jeffries, in a desperate dying furry managed to land a wild punch in that vicinity. Corbett, likewise in that vicinity. Corbett, likewise desperate, even turned a last sally. "Why don't you do something?" he called to Johnson. "Too clever, too clever, like you." was the response.

pitiful. There happened to Jeffries the bitterness that he had often made (Concluded on Page 10.)

mparison, but upon it the eyes of the world were centered this fateful after-

When the stubborn Stoessel stalked the ramparts of Port Arthur, locked into his fortress by a solid ring of steel, the gaze of all humanity was fixed upon him. Two world-powers, white and yellow, had met and were fixed were lecked in a struggle for supremacy.

Battle of Races On.

Today, behind the pine walls of that roofless structure, guarded by desert

of all the thousands who have awakened to a sudden loss, no awakening could have been like that of Jeffries when he have been like that of Jeffries when he called upon his youth and found that it had slipped away. It lasted 15 rounds and then we trudged home through the dust. But it was sport, and the best man won. As to the brutality of the scene, I saw none of it. Of blood there was less then none of it. Of blood there was less that a teacupful spent. Just now, an auto-mobile paused below my window and Jack Johnson, heavyweight champion of the world, was in it. He had no mark

Crowd 15 Sad.

us sad to see a man cheated. Pockets had been picked in Reno, little fortunes lost upon the tables in her gilded pal-

aces that front the rallroad tracks, but

There is little more to tell. It made

Pocket#

upon his person as he bowed his thanks to the bellowed greeting offered him. The last picture is of a giant black man shaking the hand of a newsboy as he champion's runs beside the with a surging mass of humanity behlnd.

Wife to Cheer Jeffries.

To cheer Jim Jeffries in his hour of bitterness there is a sweet-faced, graclous woman why waited with clenched and cheeks whitened by a grow ing fear as the metal wires brought her tidings of her husband's defeat. To her victory could mean but little; to him a wife's sympathy will be sweet balm. To every full-blooded man, I believe, he sounded a note of gameness that is a fitting epiteph even for blasted hopes as great as his when he mid, as he was helped to his corner, "I couldn't come back bees I couldn't come back come back, boys, I couldn't come back.

EXULTANT NEGRO LAID LOW

Proclaims Black Superiority and

the Perkins Hotel, grew exultant upon receipt of the news of his countryman's victory yesterday, and proceeded to imbibe freely with "nigger" gin in the North End Saloon. During his revelry

the bootblack proclaimed himself su-perior to several white men. A half an hour later the police found Jones lying unconscious beside a curb near the west approach of the steel bridge. His countenance was battered out of shape and he was suffering from ar ugly wound over the right eye. He was taken to headquarters and treated by City Physician Ziegler.

Lincoln Calls Assembly.

NEWPORT, Or., July 4 -(Special.)-R. F. Baker, of Waldport, chairman of the Lincoln County Republican Committee, has called for an assembly of Lincoln County Republicans to take place in Tobeneath the floors or raising indignant | ledo on July 10

a battle of the races.

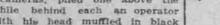
high above the outermost periphery of high above the outermost periphery of the crowd, stretched a row of boxes in which were perhaps a hundred, with plumes gally nodding and fans waving, while a handful of stocky guards protected them from possible annoyance

As if to lend the scene brilliancy, for there were many women presen dressed in the purple and gold of Roma

splendor, the matted banks of human-ity were shot through with specks of color where they sat. To the west,

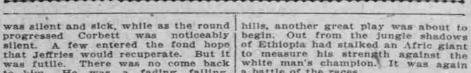
Battery of Cameras Faced.

Across the ring, we were faced by the muzzles of a masked battery of moving picture cameras, piled one above the



Ask Johnson to give me his gloves."

Gets His Face Battered. Levi Jones, a colored bootblack at



other, while behind each an operator stood with his head muffled in black

like a hangman's cap Behind and underneath the stands upon which they stood, were seats that had sold for from \$10 to \$50 each and the occupants of which were either crouched

End Is Pitiful. Round fifteenth and the end. It was

was futtie. Inere was no come back to him. He was a fadlog, failing, heartsick, heartbroken man. "Talk to him, Corbett," Jeffries'. friends appealed, in the 14th round. But Corbett could not talk. He had long since seen the end. And yet