

JEFFERSON DOWN'S JEFFRIES

Crushing Defeat Is Fate of Big Fellow Who Tried to "Come Back."

15 ROUNDS ARE PATHETIC

Black Man Clearly Proves His Superiority and He Is Proclaimed World's Champion When He Knocks Out White Man.

(Continued From First Page.) expected, and dramatic to the degree. The native gameness in Jeffries was what made the big fellow stand up twice after he had been knocked down, only to fall the final time from a well-directed left upper-cut that Johnson sent in with plenty of force, but not viciously.

Jeff Out at First Fall. As a matter of fact, Jeffries, by rights, should have been counted out the first time he fell. Timekeeper George Harting tolled the count with uplifted finger, but Tex Rickard, unaccustomed to his position and excited at the fierceness in the air, lost track of affairs. He permitted Jeffries to stand on his feet and, through the seconds jumped into the ring to assist the fallen man, he waved them back. Then came the second knockdown, as Jeffries fell sprawling through the ropes, with one eye closed and blood trickling from mouth and nose. Even then, the old-time vitality in the fighter forced him to a standing position, but his strength was lacking and the big bulk of bone and muscle felt practically inert as Johnson rained in the punches for the third and last time.

There has already been discussion as to whether Jeffries was counted out before the gong sounded. The end of the fateful 15th round, but there is no question but that it was properly ended, and no question but of the complete triumph of the black.

Jeff Carried Off, Helpless. Helpless and unconscious, Jeffries was carried to his corner by his seconds and intimate friends, Johnson waiting the while to give the final handshake that ring custom demands. Then the crowd, ever rickie, ever inclined to turn to the winner, showered its attention upon the negro and shouted his name as he turned his grinning face toward them to acknowledge the reception.

Jeffries, the defeated, was not the man who had been watched by thousands, not the man whose presence in training quarters had impelled hundreds to lean against fence pickets in order to have a glimpse of him.

"The King is dead; long live the King." So it was with Jeffries. A new champion reigns. Not a new one, perhaps, but a new one with the clearest of all rights to his title and the homage was turned toward him.

No Race Feeling Shown. Race feeling? There was none manifested this afternoon. Jeff, as he half walked and half crawled from the ring, was accorded the applause that is due a fallen monarch. But aside from the pity that comes to the loser, there was no thought given to the fact that he had been defeated by a colored man.

There are many who argue that Johnson could have won in any of the early rounds and that he was sitting for his friends and the moving pictures. Be that as it may, it was after the sixth round, when he closed Jeffries' left eye and landed almost at will with vicious lefts and rights, that the white fighter displayed an array of stamina and fought after a fashion that stamped him as a loser, sooner or later.

Only Desire Left. Youth had fled from the big frame and there was nothing but the desire to keep him going, no strength to punch or ability to fight aggressively. Nothing more than a hollow shell, Jeffries put up a sorry fight, so sorry an affair that the crowd came away from the arena disappointed at the fight as a fight, and with the outcome. It was the old mistake that so many in the history of athletics have made.

The trainers rubbed Jeffries into shape, as one of the critics expressed the condition. They took the fat out of the outside of his person, but didn't tone him up inside. But with all the utter lack of fighting ability that was displayed by Jeffries, it is due Jack Johnson that he was able to win for his remarkable battle mapped out in rare form by a general of the pugilistic game, and never departed from.

Jack Fights in Own Style. From all he may have felt as he saw that he was master of Jeffries, from the moment they came together in a clinch, Johnson fought his own contest and in his own style. It must have been after that sixth round that Johnson considered himself a sure winner, for it was then that he commenced to use a straight right, a dangerous punch when an opponent has anything of a wallop left.

He laughed and winked at the crowd, winked his eye at Corbett, who had been boisterously noisy during the opening stages, and time and again told Jeffries to try to land a body punch. His defense was the marvel that it has always been claimed for him.

Jeffries brought first blood, more a scratch than anything else, in the first round with a left, but otherwise Johnson was untouched. He boxed in superb style, blocked the attempted lunges of Jeffries after a fashion that must have bewildered Jeffries, and contented himself for the most part with landing the effective uppercut that have won so many of his contests for him.

Johnson Is Aggressive. And there was more to the Johnson fight. He was aggressive this afternoon as I have never seen him before. The confidence that has been imbued in him in the long years that he has been seeking a match with the white man came to the front and he was absolutely certain of his man, came to the front in a style that will win for him many friends. He outboxed Jeffries, as it was natural to expect, and what is also to the point, he outthought him.



JEFFRIES AND BERGER.

have not seen Johnson in his recent fights, who did not understand half he had improved. The work of the black opened their eyes this afternoon and they accorded him the credit due for his fighting. Little of the personal element that was expected and that has been written about was in evidence.

Jack Not to Be Cheated. It is a small moment that Berger entered the ring to stop the fight. Johnson was not to be cheated out of his rightfully won knockout. It was his by the rules of the game and to the credit of Tex Rickard he said that he allowed no claims of disqualification of seconds stopping the fight, but rather gave to the victor the spoils.

"May the best man win," was the motto of the promoters, of the Governor, and of that veteran announcer, Billy Jordan. The best man did win, and no one of us can gainsay that, black man though he is.

As has been said, the fight was a disappointment. It did not have the elements of a contest and will go down in annals as the most one-sided big fight that ever took place. Jack Munro was heralded as a joke when he stayed less than a round with Jeffries some six years ago, and now it happens that Jeffries will be referred to in history as the man that was.

Some Features Surprising. Even with all that, there were some surprising features. We could not tell in that first round or even in the second, as we thought we would, what the end of the fight was to be. Jeffries was less aggressive, less vicious in his work, but Johnson, sizing his opponent up as he always does, held back and did not strike until his time had come.

There was little in the first round save an exhibition of the wonderful defense of the negro. Johnson landed the first punch, a left to the face, but Jeffries with a light left to the face brought the first blood, a slight cut on the under lip, which afterwards bled quite profusely. Honors were even in that round and but for the comedy between Corbett and Johnson, the spectators would have been restless.

Johnson opened the second round with two left hooks to the face and Corbett

gether a Johnson fight, although the tide did not turn until the sixth. Johnson tried his far-famed rushes many times, but discovered that he was not landing. The fourth and fifth rounds were much the same.

Jeffries was trying to land but could not place a glove where it would do harm. Johnson was contenting himself with punches to the body that were weakening even if they did not show to much spectacular effect.

The sixth was where the story was told. Jack opened the round by hooking Jeffries repeatedly with lefts. As they broke after a clinch, Jeffries tried to rush his man, but missed fire and was once more in an embrace. There was a laugh from the Jeffries corner.

The laugh told, for Johnson came back in full shape with two lefts, and sent in as hard an upper-cut as had been landed at any stage of the proceedings.

Two more lefts closed Jeffries' right eye, and even the most ardent supporters of the favorite were shaking their heads. The eye bothered Jeffries considerably in the seventh. The defense of the Californian was a minute quantity and his efforts to land a punch were not pleasant to watch for those of his friends who were spectators.

Jeff Beaten Man. "He's a beaten man," was the remark as he went to his corner, the remark was true. Jeff had no further chance.

The Jeffries supporters were trying to save their money before the eighth and were trying to get their bets down on even money, an offer that was scorned by the short-enders who had gambled on John Arthur. From that stage to the finish it was only a question of when the end would come. Johnson slowed up to a slight extent in the eighth but came again in the ninth and punched Jeffries about as he pleased with straight lefts to the body and left hooks to the face that made Jim's head roll from side to side.

There was but one round, the 15th, in which the Jeffries crowd had a chance to cheer. Johnson had started the round in good shape and Jeffries

had been subjected to some terrific left and left punches that were the hardest blows of the fight.

Jack Seems Staggered. Jeffries was apparently in bad shape in the early part of the round, but he recuperated and landed a right to the face that apparently staggered Jack. At least the crowd thought so, but those in the press seats could see that Johnson was merely "stalling." It was a fast round and had the crowd on its toes.

From the beginning of the 12th to the end of the 15th, there was only one story—what John did. He fought as he pleased and left wide openings, because he knew that Jeffries was a whipped man and had nothing left; he had lost his execution, his defense and his strength. After that it was a foregone conclusion what was to happen.

No Ill-Will Shown. Johnson's smile, that was glittering at all stages of the fight, showed no ill will toward Jeffries and the taps that he gave his huskier opponent as they came together frequently in the clinches were indicative of no desire to beat and punish the man he was facing. Nor was Jeffries ill-disposed toward the man he was later to face as the rightful champion.

Even Johnson, in his statement, says that in the exchange of words between the heavyweights, there was nothing suggestive of a quarrel or dispute. It was a cold business proposition and as such Jeffries took his medicine, painful though it was.

Unquestionably the body blows, the short jolts that Johnson sent to the body, did more to hurt Jeffries than anything else. It is quite true that the white man was bothered when the clever negro Johnson changed tactics and directed his blows to the body that the keen students of form and condition noted that Jeffries was breathing heavily as he came to his corner, and that his legs were shaky. He faced the other man, who was always circling him in the center of the ring.

Jeffries Backers Lose \$6000. ROSEBURG, Or., July 4.—(Special)—It is estimated that fully \$2000 changed hands in Douglas County today, when it was announced that Jeffries, the white favorite, had gone down to defeat at the hands of Johnson, Roseburg citizens were almost unanimous in their support of Jeffries, and the news of his defeat was received with regret.

Jeffries Training Camp, July 4. JEFFRIES, pugilist, left camp early this afternoon. Jim Jeffries, farmer, returned. He will never enter the ring again. That was settled once and for all today.

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Corbett Tells How It Happened. The story of the blows which sent him stumbling over the ropes, a beaten man, and brought the blood bubbling from his lips, as he sat stupefied, unable to locate his adversary in the glare of the sun, was told to him by Jim Corbett.

Hard Work of Training Is Over, and Men Will Do Light Exercise Until Friday. In the heat of shape and confident of winning, members of the Portland Rowing Club's crews, accompanied by several officers of the club, left last night for Indian River, B. C. where the annual races will be held under the auspices of the Vancouver Boat Club.

Oarsmen Start North. PORTLAND CLUB WILL COMPETE AT INDIAN RIVER. The Portland Rowing Club chartered a special car in which to carry the men and their shells. The Portland Rowing Club has the best collection of oarsmen this year than it has had for a number of years. All of the boys feel confident of victory over the Northern crews.

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Jeff Arises Slowly. Jeffries arose more slowly than he had dropped, and as he partially stood and staggered around the ring, Johnson hit him first with a left upper-cut and then with a right. Jeffries had not the human endurance to stand the strain. For the second time he fell, and so helpless was he that his huge body sprawled half out and half inside the ropes, with his face turned from the moving picture machine.

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THREE MEN WHO SECONDED JEFFRIES. James J. Corbett.

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EYE CAUSES DEFEAT

Roger Cornell Says Closed Optic Beat His Man.

JEFF BACK TO FARM TODAY

Ring Career of Pugilist Is Over for All Time—Defeated Man Dazed Beyond Understanding of How It All Happened.

FIGHTS THAT HAVE MADE HEAVYWEIGHTS CHAMPIONS. 1882—John L. Sullivan won heavy-weight championship, defeating Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City, Miss., in nine rounds, February 7. 1902—James J. Corbett won heavy-weight championship, defeating John L. Sullivan at New Orleans, La., in 21 rounds, September 7. 1907—Robert Fitzsimmons won heavy-weight championship, defeating James J. Corbett at Carson City, Nev., in 14 rounds, March 17. 1909—Tommy Burns won heavy-weight championship, defeating Robert Fitzsimmons at Coney Island, N. Y., in 11 rounds, June 9. 1905—James J. Jeffries retired and presented heavyweight championship to Marvin Hart, who defeated Jack Root at Reno, Nev., in 12 rounds, July 3. 1906—Tommy Burns won world's heavyweight championship, defeating Marvin Hart at Los Angeles, Cal., in 20 rounds, February 23. 1908—Jack Johnson won world's heavyweight championship, defeating Jim Jeffries at Reno, Nev., in 15 rounds, July 4.

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"Do as they told you, Jim," chuckled Johnson, who followed it up with a left to the stomach that plainly hurt Jeffries.

As the men fought their way across the ring with Johnson landing some hard punches, Corbett hollered out encouragingly. "Everybody's laughing at you, Johnson. You can't do any harm with those punches. I've been there myself and I know."

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Advertisement for '93' Hair Tonic. Text: 'For Your Hair Here Are Facts We Want You to Prove at Our Risk. Marvelous as it may seem, Rexall's "93" Hair Tonic has grown hair on heads that were once bald. Of course, it is understood that in none of these cases were the hair roots dead nor had the scalp taken on a glazed, shiny appearance. When the roots of the hair are entirely dead and the pores of the scalp are glazed over, we do not believe that anything can restore the hair's growth. When Rexall's "93" Hair Tonic will do as above stated, it is not strange that we have such great faith in it and that we claim it will prevent baldness when used in time. It acts scientifically, destroying the germs which are usually responsible for baldness. It penetrates to the roots of the hair, stimulating and nourishing them. It is a most pleasant toilet necessity, is delicately perfumed and will not gum nor permanently stain the hair. We want you to get a bottle of Rexall's "93" Hair Tonic and use it as directed. If it does not relieve scalp irritation, prevent the hair from falling out and promote an increased growth of hair and in every way give entire satisfaction, simply come back and tell us and without question or formality we will hand back to you every penny you paid us for it. We lend our endorsement to Rexall's "93" Hair Tonic and sell it on this guarantee, because we believe it is the best hair tonic ever discovered. It comes in two sizes, 50 cents and \$1. Remember, you can obtain it only at our store—The Rexall Store. The Owl Drug Co., Inc., Cor. Seventh and Washington streets.