

JIM, EFF AND JOHN SUAREZ HIS FIGHTERS ARE HAPPY CHAMPIONS' LOVE FEAST; JEFF JETTES IS BOXING; FANS FILL FIGHT TOWN

By W. W. Naughton.

Reno, Nev., June 25.—There has been a good old fashioned handshaking here, with Jim Sullivan, Jim Corbett, and Jeff Jettes as the principals, and the three generations of world's champions have agreed to let the dead past bury its dead.

There have been neither explanations nor apologies; just a fine, manly determination to let all unpleasantness drop. To Sullivan has been extended the freedom of the Jeffries camp, and whenever he goes there, whether as a critic or as a guest, he is treated as a friend.

This morning Muldoon visited the Jeffries stronghold and had a heart to heart talk with Jim Corbett. In view of the results achieved there is no necessity to rehearse all that was said by Corbett and Muldoon.

"I guess you're right," said Corbett. "I'm willing to make up with him, but it must be with the understanding that we let everything slide. When I tackled the old fellow the other day I felt that Jeffries and myself had a right to be sore at him, and we have nothing to take back. Speaking for myself, I'll meet him and shake hands with him on a 'let bygones be bygones' basis. Just wait till I run over and speak to Jeff."

Jeffries was stopped for action, and standing beneath the punching bag, calling Corbett but a few minutes to explain matters, and Jeffries much less time to reach the conclusion that the suggestion was a good one.

When Corbett informed Muldoon how matters stood, Muldoon was genuinely pleased. In less than half an hour he brought Sullivan to the camp in an automobile. When Sullivan alighted he walked over to Corbett, who was standing on almost the same spot by the front gate of the cottage where he had rebuffed Sullivan a few days previous.

Sullivan then in turn shook hands with all of Jeffries' assistants, calling each of them by name, and then he returned to his automobile.

It was a good old-fashioned love feast, and everyone around was pleased at being in at the death of the hostilities.

After Jeffries had cooled off and donned his clothes he came out into the sunlight and the knights of the camera busied themselves again. Many group pictures were taken, in which Sullivan and Jeffries with clasped hands formed the centerpiece and Corbett, Muldoon and others the setting.

So closed the Sullivan-Jeffries-Corbett feud. The lesson of it is that human nature in fighters is the same as in beings who do not have to fight. The old order of things changeth and giveth way to the new, and the new order rebelleth at the capricious whims of the old.

There is evidently a pugilistic temperament, and it impels a fighter to the belief that once a champion he is always a champion. A world-beater in the fighting line becomes so saturated with the limelight that he never gets it entirely out of his system, and it is hard for him to curb his tongue and keep from saying unkind things of those who come after him.

In the prize ring, as in other directions, all is vanity and vanity is the mother of jealousy. But what's the difference? It is better to shake hands and forget, even if similar complications in the future are inevitable.

The carpet canvases floor covering of Jeffries' open air ring platform did not arrive in time to be used in connection with this morning's work, so boxing was eliminated from the big fellow's program. This did not prevent Bob Armstrong from being in readiness. For that matter, Bob is always standing by, ready for action, and appears to be perfectly indifferent as to whether Jim boxes or not.

With his flowing hair, his black tie, and his closely cropped hair, Bob looks like the Moor of Venice shorn of his locks.

Armstrong looked on without any symptoms of expectations as Jeffries punched the bag and shadow boxed, and when Jeffries finally left the platform dripping with perspiration, Armstrong stepped down from the exercising floor as dry as a bone.

There are many of these boutless days Bob, who prides himself on his present condition, will be taking on weight again. It doesn't follow, however, that because Jeffries doesn't box he doesn't work sufficiently hard. There are differences of opinion, for that matter, as to the advisability of the big fellow's training as hard as he is doing at present. Jim Corbett, who was apprehensive on account of Jeffries' appetite for road work while at Rowardman, is satisfied, however, that Jeffries will not overtax himself.

What Corbett and Berger say. Said Corbett: "There is no fear of this fellow leaving his fight on the road. He is fully alive to the importance of tempering his work and he will lay off occasionally between now and the Fourth. This afternoon, for instance, he is going fishing."

Manager Sam Berger thinks as Corbett thinks. Berger is not anxious on Jeffries' account, but he would like to see Jim go in for more boxing than he is doing at present. Sam is philosopher enough to know, however, that Jeffries will box when the whim takes him and at no other time.

Plain Talk About Jeff. The plain truth of the matter is that Jeffries does not like boxing, at least not the stilted kind that goes with a course of training.

Jeffries admitted today, while talking with me, that he was drowsy and had no heart for work.

"They kept me awake until midnight last night over the sale of the moving pictures. A fellow can't stay up late and lose sleep and then get up in the morning and feel like a bulldog," said Jim.

Muldoon remarked that nothing could hurt condition more than a lack of sleep and advised the big fellow to make sure of a full night's rest every night.

The Moving Picture Matter. Incidentally, other people beside Jeffries were kept out of bed 'over the sale of the moving pictures.' The truth of the story is that an agreement was reached several days ago by which the motion picture company, the Vitagraph, and the Western Film company, of San Francisco, who claims to have purchased Johnson's interest, made a determined effort to upset the arrangements and buy out Jeffries and Rickard.

The Western Film company failed, but it forced the Vitagraph people to boost the price originally agreed upon from \$75,000 to \$100,000.

There were many conferences last night and many conflicting reports as to how the cat was jumpy, but the Vitagraph company finally triumphed and the reporters were made acquainted with the amended details of the purchase shortly after midnight.

With the Vitagraph company owning one-half the picture stock and the Western company controlling one-third, there is promise of complications later on.

Jack Gleason, who is still not sold yet, and it looks as if he were in a position to command a fancy price for his share, is being courted by the Vitagraph company.

High Crowd Gathering. Gleason, by the way, was among today's visitors. He visited the Jeffries and Muldoon camps during the day and also had a talk with his partner, Tex Rickard. Jack is satisfied that there will be a tremendous gathering around the ring when Jeffries and Johnson box.

The weather here at present is delightful, the days being warm and the nights sufficiently cool to admit of refreshing sleep. The work at the arena goes on apace and the congested appearance of the Reno streets shows that the "fight crowd" is beginning to gather.

MINISTER TO FIGHT COMMISSION MEN. (Special Dispatch to The Journal.) Seattle, Wash., June 25.—The first man to take up the fight against the Seattle Produce association in a public address will be Rev. George H. Lee, pastor of the Ballard Presbyterian church, who speaks tomorrow night on "The Western Avenue Commission Men Oppressing the Poor." He will speak from facts gathered by personal efforts and investigation of methods of commissioning. He says that while these methods may not be in violation of the law, they are operations of grafters and men who prey upon the purses of the rich and poor alike.

JEFF TALKS. SAYS HE'LL DO JOB WITH ONE LONE PUNCH

(Continued From Page One.)

Before tonight, \$12,000 worth of the pastebards had been disposed of. As in San Francisco, most of them went after the higher priced seats, the \$50 ones being in favor.

Although he whispered Jeffries would do a little boxing some time today, the dreams of the shaggy one's punches and lunges at his sparring partners failed to materialize. He went through all of his other gymnasium stunts and had a splendid workout, lasting an hour, and then he went fishing. It was another roasting day, but the terrific heat apparently had no effect upon Jeff. All the other camp attaches were to be found wandering aimlessly around, mopping their brows and sports to think of anything but the cooling drink. But Jeff just acted as he always acts. By the burning rays of the desert sun had any terrors for him, he showed very plainly that he was not going to let any body else in on it.

He had his snooze and his lunch, his breakfast and his dinner in comfort.

Catches Fish, Too. Jeff landed a nice mess of fish in the Truckee river. He was surprised to note the difference in the size of the trout which he had taken there and the ones which he had been used to bagging down at Rowdy-down. These Truckee trout are bears for size and bears for gameness and any good fisherman like Jeff can always have a great time when he gets hold of his pole and line and starts whipping the stream for recreation.

The crowds continue to flock out to the Moana resort, but Jeff is used to them now. He doesn't seem to care any more. He goes right on with his work and he chews his hunk of gum just as though nobody were watching. The bag becomes acclimated and acquainted with the place and so far as the spectators figure—well, Jeffries is not concerned at them at all.

Jim Corbett is enthusiastic more and more every day over the condition of the charge. Corbett can sit down by the hour and tell anybody with whom he comes in contact the exact reasons why Jeffries will beat Johnson and why Johnson's clever style will have no effect upon the big fellow's punch. In fact, Corbett has it figured out closely.

Jeff Talks on Altitude. The former champion came through with a talk on altitude and climatic conditions and even fight this morning. He did not shout it out loud so that everybody in the state of Nevada could hear it, but he certainly did let his intimate friends and well-wishers. This came about just before the Jeffries-Corbett-Sullivan love-making contest.

"I know that this altitude is not going to affect me," said Jeff. "I know this country. I've been here for a long time. I know just how the altitude will change when I first arrived at the camp, but I am used to it now. Just as used to it as I was in the Santa Cruz mountains. All these old stories about high altitude do not mean a thing to me. I can shoot some like at the bystanders. He stopped the warming up with the announcement: "Now, we'll box."

Boxing Begins. Professor Burns called time proceedings and Johnson took on Al Kaufman for four rounds. The mix was from start to finish a demonstration of Johnson's marvelous blocking and guard. The first two rounds went rather slowly and easily, the boxers working gradually to the real article. In the third round the bout became exciting. Big Al's rushes were more frequent and occasionally his glove came close to the man's nose, who opened up a bit, however, until he brought blood from the white man's nose.

The champion amused the crowd up on the bag, grinned and said: "Now, I can easily turn aside Kaufman's furlous onslaughts. From the beginning Kaufman seemed in poor wind, and was puffing like a pump at the fourth round. Kaufman put considerable effort into the opening, but the pace slackened as his dusky opponent presented atmosphere by his clever dodging or an unbreakable guard in the practice of his defense.

In the clinches, toward the end Kaufman's head bobbed back continually. While waiting for the second bout

JOHNSON IN HIGHEST SPIRITS AND WORKING WITH KEENESEST RELISH

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

Reno, Nev., June 25.—Johnson's initial workout this afternoon at Rickard's resort brought into Nevada the first wave of excitement in sporting circles since the interstate shift, and the entire city of Reno was alive with the tingling sensation that promises to last until the big day. The air is electric with the feeling, and on the street corners it's Johnson this and Johnson that, with each rapping demonstration.

The christening of the camp was marked by the continuous cloud of dust extending to Reno which the overworked automobiles and teams made by a frantic procession fully an hour before the champion stepped on the untrodden planks. Sports from every realm, gathered at the arena and camped in groups about the porch, by the platform and around the barn. The arrival of the veteran John L. and the revered Muldoon on the scene caused a preliminary stir, and with electric pleasure the pair strode about shaking hands with the prize ring power that be, while the lesser factions nodded heads and exchanged remarks of praise and awe.

Johnson Funches the Bag. At 3 o'clock Johnson made his way from the hotel to the open air ring, accompanied by Al Kaufman, Dave Mills, Jack Geyer, Cotton and Monahan. All were attired for sparring. Under the glare of the sun the platform was a veritable furnace. With streaming faces the spectators pressed close to the ropes and around the punching bag stand, where the champion posed for pictures.

The great smoke began the warming up process with the new bag. He teased it for a few moments and then punched it with sharp, vicious jabs that seemed to possess little effort. After five minutes of steady drumming Johnson felt a hearty handclapping greeted the call of time, and, deeply impressed, the throng made its way back into town.

The Morning's Work. Although the gathering was not very large it was a good one, considering the difficulty in procuring conveyances to the camp, which is quite a distance from Reno.

The champion arose early this morning and after amusing his trainers in Rickard's barn by his overabundant humor, he called for road work. A good eight miles on the Lawson Springs road was pedaled off and the champion returned to the camp streaming with perspiration. He spent the remainder of the afternoon resting up for the strenuous work of the afternoon.

Change for the Better. So far the change from the ocean resort has seemed to work nothing but good for him. Although it was rumored that he would feel the difference in altitude, the big smoke stated, while munching a peach this morning: "This altitude business is a joke. Why, I feel fine, even better than I did at the beach. I think the effect of the ocean air has a way of making me feel thick, anyway. This point don't make me feel that way at all."

In His Hour of Ease. Whenever the champion is at leisure, he is usually found beside the piano with his big bass viol, accompanying "Professor" Burns or Percy Wilson. Doc Purcell usually lends enchantment to the entrancing popular ballads by imparting a French horn with a phonograph trumpet.

Everybody sings or plays, or tries to. If they don't, the congenial champion calls them by name. Once in a while the remark comes: "Ain't you enjoying yourself? Kick in while you've got the chance; we won't be here forever."

Of all the party Johnson seems the least worried concerning the coming struggle. He hears all during the days and it is the conviction of some of the outfit that he laughs in his sleep, so high are his spirits.

A Tyrant. "So your husband is cruel to you, is he?" asked the sympathizing friend. "Oh, yes," sobbed the miserable wife. "We can afford only a small electric runabout, and often he refuses to stay home because there isn't room enough with him for the dog."

As long as the automobile parties are beginning to arrive from San Francisco. A long procession of machines was in evidence all day long and far into the night. According to the latest word here, a good percentage of the San Francisco fight fans will pass the train up in favor of the motor cars.

Joe Marcure, Rickard's driver, arrived this afternoon at the wheel of the promoter's big six-cylinder touring car. He made the trip from San Francisco in 15 hours, and he did not try to break the world's record at that. Joe left several parties bound for Reno at Lake Tahoe.

"Sunny Jim" Compton, another well known San Francisco driver, is also here with a party of sports.

At one interval he brought a shout of laughter from the crowd by the remark, "Altitude, Mills."

While Mills rested a round, Manager Hart announced the afternoon's work would end with the next. The last round was ended with a gentle slap of the champion's glove on Mills' face. A hearty handclapping greeted the call of time, and, deeply impressed, the throng made its way back into town.

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SUIT AGAINST P. U. FAILS; MAY APPEAL

Forest Grove Man's Son Injured on Campus; Sues for \$10,000 Damages.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.) Hillsboro, Ore., June 25.—Judge Campbell in circuit court yesterday directed a verdict in favor of the Pacific University and W. N. Ferrin, its president, in the \$10,000 damage action filed by M. F. Hill of Forest Grove, on account of an injury to his 4-year-old son by a gopher gun. The case came up for trial Wednesday morning.

The gopher gun had been "planted" on the college campus, near the archery course used by the Maurice Thompson Archery club, and the child was playing on the grounds last November. He found the gun and played with it until one finger of the left hand was shot away. The father sued the college, its president, and also the janitor; but the court decided that he had failed to make out a case. Plaintiff voluntarily dismissed the action as to the janitor, and will probably appeal the case to the supreme court.

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TALKS on TEETH

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But if it is against our patients are entirely satisfied with our work and their investments. A man may have practiced dentistry for this or any other city 40 years and still be a back number. Alveolar Teeth Where Bridgework is Impossible. If only your front teeth are left, say three or four or more, we can replace all those that have been lost on both sides clear back with perfect Alveolar teeth, which bridgework would be impossible even if you had eight or ten front teeth to tie to. If you have only two back teeth on each side, say molars, we can supply all the front teeth that are missing with beautiful serviceable, lifelike Alveolar teeth. This could not possibly be done by the bridge route. And where bridgework is possible, there is no comparison between the two. A very large percentage of our work is taking out bridgework, put in by supposedly high-class dentists, and replacing it with the beautiful and artistic Alveolar teeth. And, unlike bridgework in another respect, it is practically painless. No boring or cutting into the gums, nothing to be dreaded. Now, then, prices being equal, which would you choose?

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"It's five years ago, but it doesn't seem more than five months," said Root, and he sighed again. He made another trip out to see Gleason, and they had quite a good time. Root paid a compliment on his condition, and Jeff accepted it gracefully. He is getting used to those compliments.

If the present pile of lumber just outside of the city would take on a shape like an arena, most everybody would be satisfied. But it doesn't look like an arena yet, and unless they show a whole lot of speed it will not loom up like an arena for several days to come.

Contractors, McLaughlin and Walsh of San Francisco, declared they can run the arena up in four days if it comes to a pinch, but Rickard does not care to play the game quite so closely. He has at last realized that they must work day and night. They have only nine days left in which to complete the job. Contractors have promised to put a big gang of men to work tomorrow morning.

After he had finished his interview with Rickard, Gleason was immediately cornered by a flock of moving picture representatives. They talked all kinds of propositions to him, but he failed to weaken. He still owns his share, and it is barely possible that he will hold it for some time yet. He stands a good chance to get more for his bit than Rickard was handed.

Johnson Is Shy. Johnson has not been seen within the city limits since that ovation he got on the train yesterday afternoon. They are looking for him all the time, and every time a large cloud of dust is seen up the road the crowds collect on the corners and begin betting that it's Johnson.



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