CORBETT SORRY JEFF WILL NOT DO MORE BOXING

Will Win, All Right, But Lack of Glove Training Will Show in Fight—Umbrella Unlucky, Says Mrs. Jeff.

By Max Balthasar.

Moana Springs Training Camp, Reno, Nev., July 1.—If any question has arisen in regard to Jim Jeffries' condition it has to do with his boxing, and while there has been an almost constant cry on the part of his admirers for more glove work, it has not been until the past week or so that things have come to a crisis within his own camp.

Jim Corbett, supposed Moses, who was chosen to lead big Jim out of the wilderness of uppercuts and left jabs, has shown signs of rebellion. Taking to heart the many criticisms offered because of Jeffries' failure to do more boxing, and feeling that some odium is attached to him, the ex-champion became quite free in talking of Jeffries' evident indifference.

Thinks Jeff's Mistake Serious.

Jeffries, Corbett insisted, needed more boxing. Whether he is heeding the public cry, or trying to spare his own vanity, or, best of all, honestly believing the man whose cause he has espoused for friendship really needed more of the game, only he can tell. But within the past few days he has declared unequivocally that in his opinion Jeffries is making a most serious mistake in neglecting to make his sparring partners do more work. Corbett, ever since he announced himself as being ready to box with his two times conquerer, has shown that he has been displeased with the manner in which the gloves were slighted. It remained, however, for a friend to point out that since he joined the big fellow's camp, Corbett has had the gloves on with Jeffries for just seven rounds.

Will Win, But Will Suffer.

"I have done the best I could," said Corbett. "I have pleaded with Jeffries to do more boxing. He needs it. Morning after morning I have begged him to put on the gloves with me and he has invariably promised, but when the time came he wasn't there. Of course, there is little time left now in which the big fellow can do glove work and it's hardly worth while to bother about it, but I am really sorry Jeffries has not done more boxing. At that, he's going to win, but failure on his part to do more boxing will be very evident when the battle is over."

Trainer Against Ex-Champion.

That there has been a difference of opinion on the boxing question in Jeffries' camp has just become known. Three weeks ago Jim was in shape and with a couple of days for drying out could have gone into the ring with as much safety, as to form, as he will possess when he shall begin work next Monday afternoon. The camp has not been exactly divided against itself, as the preponderance of judgment was against any more hard work, boxing or otherwise. Brother Jack, who has been with Jeffries in all his big fights, has insisted throughout that there was no necessity for boxing, and in this he was borne out by Farmer Burns, Roger Cornell and Bob Armstrong. Joe Choynski has been noncommittal, but willing to admit that his old rival was "ready."

To Cornell the ex-champion gave ear. Roger maitained that all Jeffries needed was a little road work to keep his muscles flexible. Jeffries hesitated a long while betwen the double clamor—Corbett's insistence on one side and Cornell's training wisdom on the other. In the end he heeded Cornell's advice, and the result was that Jeffries has almost entirely ignored the gloves. Whether a mistake has been made only Monday's contest can tell.

No Umbrella for Jeffries.

Although the afternoon of July 4 is expected to be a scorcher, there will be no umbrella between rounds to protect Jeffries from the blistering rays of the Nevada sun. This is not because he and his trainers do not think it wise to have shelter from the sun between rounds, but because Mrs. Jeffries objects to her husband's carrying an umbrella into the ring. "It's bad luck," she says, and in deference to her wish and her superstitious tribute to the god of luck, a special awning, collapsible and instantly adjustable, is being made. It will be so constructed that when the bell closes the round it can be instantly raised over Jeffries' chair, and by the same contrivance be closed when the clanging gong calls him to the center of the ring again.

Another innovation is to be introduced. It is a special medicine and instrument rack. This will be placed on the side of the ring beneath Jeffries' corner, safe from damage between rounds and ready to be opened and available for use the moment the seconds bound into the ring when the periods close.

Fighters' Wives to Be Absent.

While there will be many women present at the fight, including most of the prominent members of the divorce colony, Mrs. Jeffries and the other women in the Jeffries party will not see the fight. Instead, they will receive a special report of the battle over a direct ringside wire. Similar arrangements have been made for the Johnson camp, the negro not caring to take the chances of starting a demonstration by having his white wife appear within the arena.

Rickard and Gleason have announced that there will be no preliminary encounters and that the big show will start at 1:30 p. m. Pacific time.

A late photograph of Jeffries, taken at Reno several days ago, which shows the change in his condition. Aside from the few lines in his face, and the bald spots on his pate, this looks like the perfect fighting machine of eight years ago.

JOHNSON, THE MACHINE, IN ACTION, REPLICA OF AWFUL FRANKENSTEIN

(Continued from Page One.)

tion, when the machine was tugging and heaving in what they call a clinch, the features lapsed into a lack of all expression. The eyes gazed far away, into the blue sky, or at the distant sagebrush.

Eyes Work Always.

But the eyes worked also at close range. When movement was demanded they shifted, and even as they were shifting so slowly that it seemed to be before they moved, the message had flashed from those eyes through the long arm to the hand, and the gloved fist leaped home.

It was as though the nerves of sense flashed their message to the brain, and only that; I mean as though the brain were not a way station where thought had to come, but a part of the road along which the message passed, telling the hand to strike. Johnson, the man, may have even dreamed; but Johnson the machine, Johnson the mysterious mechanism of flesh and blood, was working perfectly.

A Real Frankenstein.

A Frankenstein—that is the best word I can call to mind. The story of the man who made that machine that did, and talked, and saw, and heard, and all that sort of thing, is an uncanny tale. You remember the end, where the machine got beyond control. It was terrible.

Twice it seemed to me that Johnson slipped a cog. Once was when he was boxing Kid Cotton in the afternoon. They came into a clinch. They had clinched much during that round, and Johnson was wonderful to watch as he handled that other big man as though the other were a baby, as though he (Johnson) were a negro mummy saying good naturedly, "There, be still."

Ferocity Runs Amuck.

Handling the big young negro that way, Johnson smiled. The indicator was showing full power on, and all running smoothly under that silky black skin. The lineless face smiled, the white teeth dazzled between the bits of gold. Then Cotton held on, while Johnson strove to heave him away. Of course, it was only make believe fighting, but Cotton held the very best way he was able. Johnson had to work for a second.

Just a second, perhaps less; there was nothing to bother him. But for the instant, he failed to heave Cotton forth. The resistance was terrible during that instant. The machine did not move smoothly, unhindered. The smile vanished. In its place came for that bare instant, ferocity. Too much ferocity for the occasion. It was not the ferocity of a grim fighting man, as I saw it. It was rather ferocity run amuck, unrestrained.

Face Tells Nothing.

Again in the morning the indicator showed trouble. I don't know whether Johnson can drive, but I fancy not. When they were doing the light work with the moving picture machines, getting the preliminary stuff, they had Johnson in a sulky driving a fine black horse. They were slow in beginning. He was anxious to start. He showed it by flicking the horse lightly with his whip, then holding him in. You know when you aren't accustomed to driving, or don't know your horse well, you are up against a proposition which demands a thought or two, a quick thought or two. Action then must be per brain. Johnson's face was sombre, and even with the sombreness it had no deep lines.

Lenses Only Utilized.

In that afternoon occasion, there was sudden ferocity. In a great big emergency, where the machine was certain of getting smooth going again, that ferocity might become cruelty. But in an emergency of greater size—what then? I only know that look of worry over the restive black horse. And I only know what I got from seeing Johnson as he worked. I don't believe that he would run amuck, this Frankenstein. For this is the brain, and there is the imagination. And there is a good brain and lively imagination, no doubt. And the brain did not seem to me to be running that machine. It was just the senses.

Brain Would Say, "Run."

And if the machine were to be stalled on a heavy grade, if it met an obstacle such as a 200 pound giant taking punishment without a tremor, if the mechanism could not go on unhampered, it seemed to me as though the brain would only act through the imagination, would make the machine follow the lines of least resistance, make it run away.

The ferocity was so quick to come. Boxing Kid Cotton there, it leaped into that lineless face, it gleamed from those dark eyes. It was the ferocity of muscles and nerves and bones for the instant beyond control. A flash—that was all—but so sudden. A different sort of ferocity from the dogged, stubborn rage which we northern races brag of as our characteristic; different from the thing which makes many men fight their way through odds. A flicker, replaced at once by a smile that was not good natured, but self-possessed. Self-satisfaction, things running smoothly, knowledge that the parts are acting well, and piled on ball-bearings.

That smile has shown in several rings, and in those rings this black fighting machine was handling a poorer man than he. That is the way Johnson impressed me while he was working.

Always a Machine.

I never saw a more beautiful array of muscles rippling underneath a skin; I never saw hands and arms and feet and torso flashing back and forth, twisting in and out, bending, straightening, shooting into blows, as Johnson's did in this bit of play for the moving picture machines. It was worth coming to Reno to see. And yet there was that uncanniness—that suggestion of a machine—that lack of personality.

There are some men who make you forget their bodies. I have seen one or two whose weight did not go beyond 120 pounds, whose very backs proclaimed determination. Men with little bodies, whose faces spelled indomitability. Such men get a vast respect. Their personalities fight for them.

At Play, a Child.

In the ring Johnson's personality did nothing. It was not there. He was too fine to suggest the animal; too strong and quick and perfect to make one think of a boy. He was a wonderful and a beautifully constructed black Frankenstein, all that, at his work. At play, he was like a boy. He chased chickens to amuse the people, and to fill the film for the picture machines, and he smiled happily and laughed.

Manly Bearing Outside the Ring.

Again, when he had occasion to ask a personal enemy to leave his camp, he showed another side. He did the thing with dignity. He carried it off with a degree of repression worthy of any man. And when, moving about the grounds, he talked with his training camp crew and showed seriousness, or, again, when introduced to strangers, he came through with eminently proper bearing; he bore his position well. He did not presume, did not act as though it were too much for him. That was Johnson the man, with the Johnson brain at work; it was Johnson at rest, the real individual, with all his faculties there.

When that same Johnson climbed into the boxing ring, clad in a black bath robe, he still retained that fine bearing. Tall, sombre, a champion; he looked it, every inch of him. You were glad to see this man, who had bested many. He shed the bathrobe, walked into the center of the ring and shook hands with Al Kaufman. His arms flew forth like a thick, black python springing at its prey. He smiled. The indicator was on. It showed the machine was working smoothly. An uncanny feeling crept up my spine.

OKLAHOMA AGENT DEMANDS INQUIRY

(United Press Leased Wire.)

Washington, July 1.—Letters demanding an investigation of the charges made by Senator Gore that attempts had been made to bribe him in connection with Indian land contracts in Oklahoma have been received by the senate and house investigating committees from J. F. McMurray of Oklahoma. McMurray is one of the agents involved, it is charged, in the contracts in question. In his letter he says he is prepared to clear himself of all charges concerning the contracts. The house committee has authority to proceed with the investigation at once but the senate committee has no money and cannot proceed until the next session of congress.

GEORGE GOULD TO EUROPE; DAUGHTER ILL

(United Press Leased Wire.)

New York, July 1.—George Gould's sudden departure for England was explained today by the report that his daughter, Mrs. Anthony Drexel, Jr., is suffering from an abscess of the ear which may necessitate an operation.

Mrs. Drexel, who was Miss Marjorie Gould, went to London late last May to attend the wedding of Miss Margaretta Drexel to the Viscount Maidstone. Other members of the Gould family are already in London.

Jack Johnson's Measurements.

Reno, Nev., July 1.—The following measurements of Jack Johnson are given out by Trainer Walter Burns: Age, 32; height, 6 feet ¼ inch; neck, 17¼ inches; chest, normal, 39; expanded, 42; reach, 72; waist, 30; thigh, 23; calf, 15; ankle, 9½; biceps, 16; forearm, 14; wrist, 8; weight, 209.

GODDESS OF LIBERTY IS LEITHA JACKSON

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)

Oregon City, July 1.—Miss Leitha Jackson was elected Goddess of Liberty by a majority of 1500 votes over Clara Fields, her nearest competitor in the contest. Miss Jackson received a total of 25,090.

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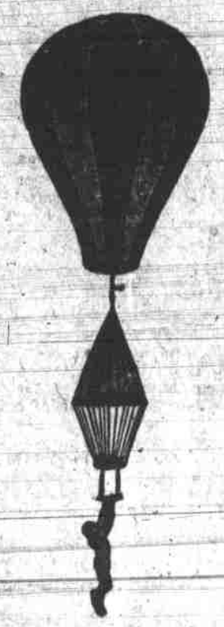

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