

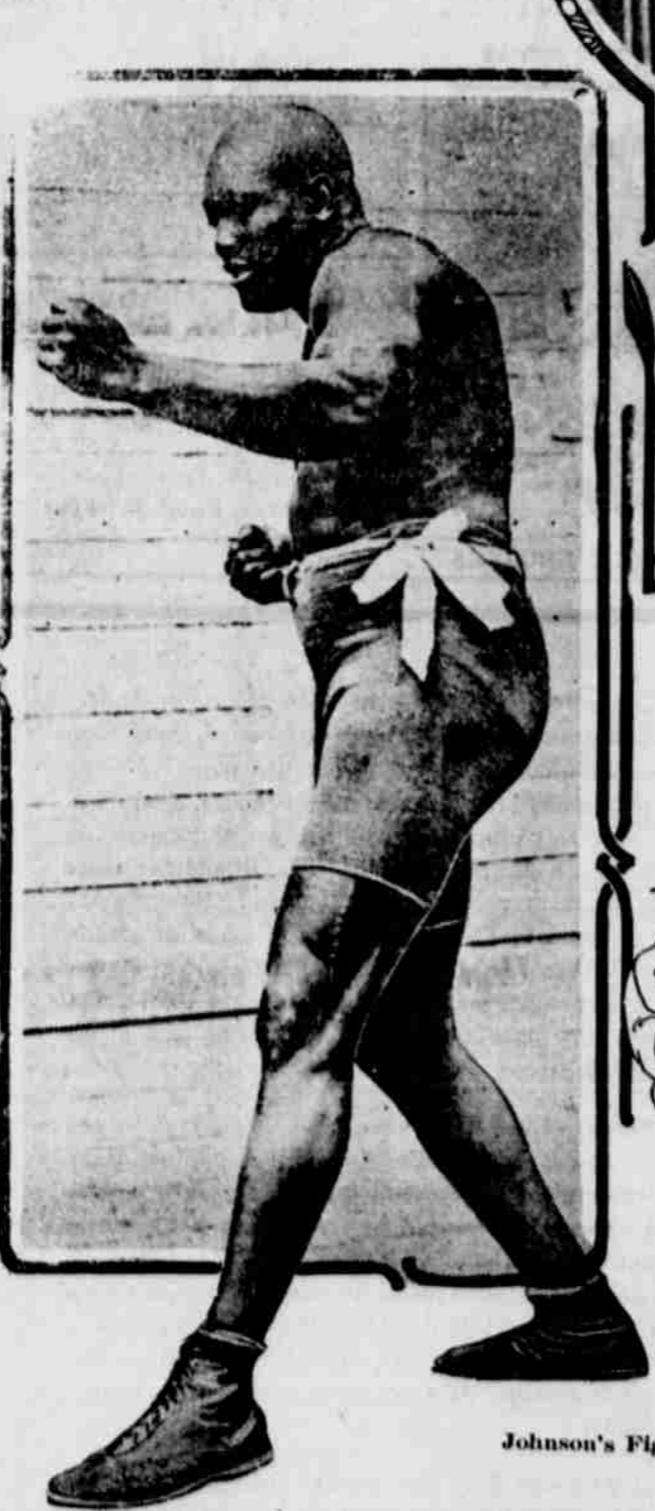
JOHNSON VICTOR IN 15th

JEFFRIES FEARFULLY PUNISHED IN GREATEST FIGHT OF CENTURY

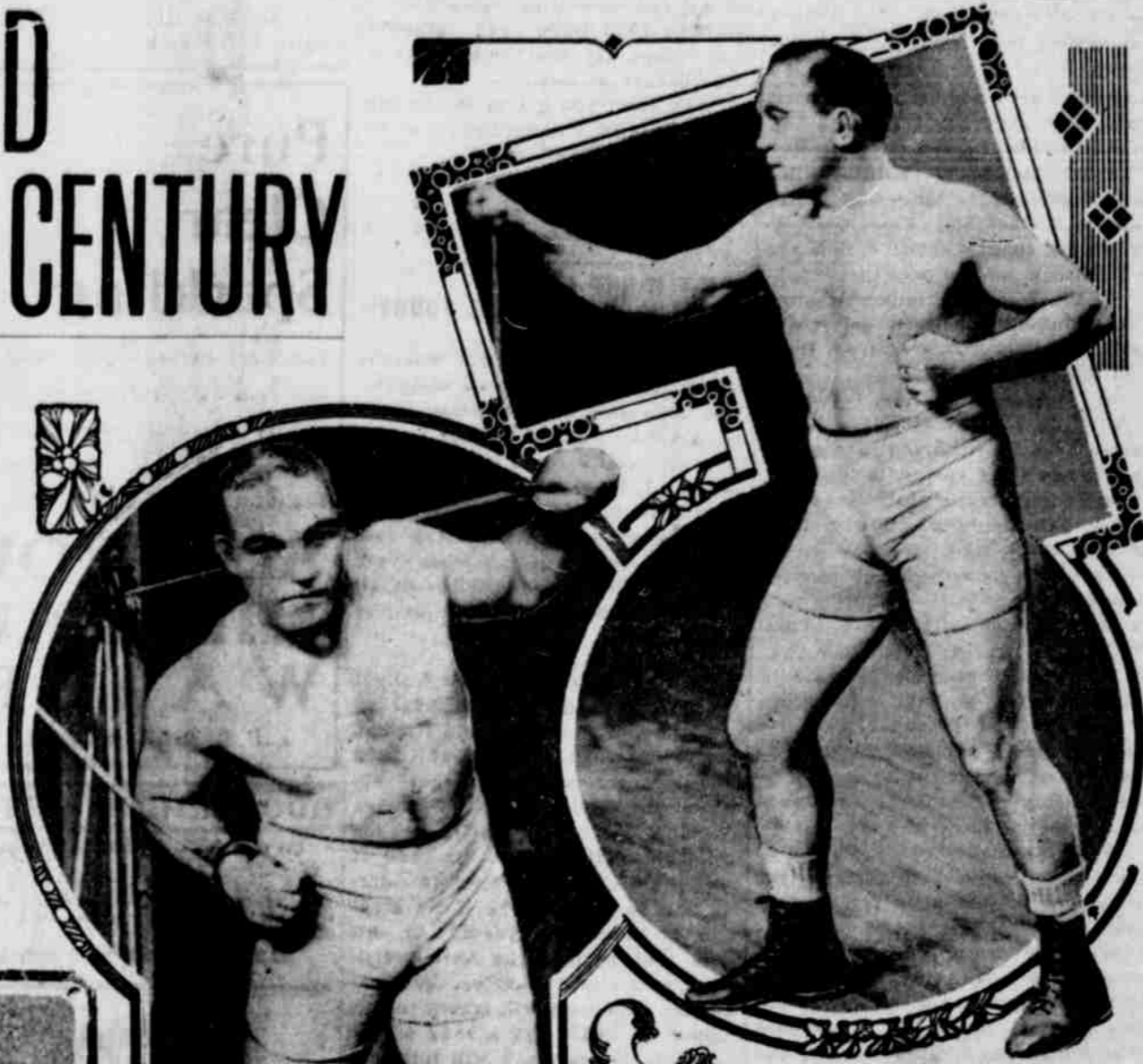
IMMENSE CROWD CHEERS VICTOR AND VANQUISHED

RENO, Nevada, July 4.—After 15 rounds of the most cruel and punishing fighting ever inflicted on a white heavy-weight boxer, Jack Johnson today conclusively proved his right to the title of heavy-weight champion by battering down the hope of the white race in a fight that was one-sided almost from the start—out-boxing, out-slugging and out-fighting the once great white man. Johnson showed his superiority throughout. He was in danger only once during the battle and that was when Jeffries landed two solid smashes to the stomach. Johnson jabbed Jeffries on the face and body almost at will and soon had the big fellow badly beaten, the left eye being closed, the left cheek being cut and the lips split and swollen. The beginning of the end came in the fourteenth round. Jeffries could barely see and his first punch caused him to wobble. Seeing his antagonist almost helpless Johnson dashed in with right and left and when they were clinched sent Jeffries' head back with that murderous uppercut. Jeffries was all at sea. When he retired to his corner at the end of the fourteenth. He was apparently all in. He wobbled against the ropes when he went to his corner and shook his head in a sorrowful manner. He came up very weak in the fifteenth. Johnson, seeing his advantage, dashed in like a tiger and with a series of lefts and rights to the head, he sent Jeffries down for the count of 8. Jeffries came up blind and semi-conscious. Johnson timed himself carefully and then let go terrific rights and lefts to the head. Jeff toppled through the ropes, his legs hanging over the lower strand. The time-keeper tolled off the fatal ten but in the excitement the seconds evidently did not hear him and when Jeffries arose they ran after Johnson. The negro, also believing that his antagonist had arisen before the count of ten, again sallied in and for the third time toppled poor Jeffries over. Rickard at this juncture caught

JOHNSON'S CANVAS REJECTED AT RING RINGSIDE, RENO, July 4.—Weather conditions could not have been more nearly ideal for the battle. An almost cloudless sky of deep azure let through a blazing sun, the rays of which were tempered with a breeze from the surrounding hills. Training representatives of the two fighters had agreed to submit their canvases, but Johnson's, which was pure white, cast such a sharp glare that it was rejected.



Johnson's Fighting Pose.



JAMES J. JEFFRIES DOING GYMNASIUM WORK.

JEFFRIES COOL UNCONCERNED OVER FIGHT

JOHNSON IS HAPPY OVER BIG BATTLE

Says He Knows He is Short Ended But When Fight Starts, All Will Be Color Blind—Up With the Birds

(By Tip Wright.) RICK'S TRAINING CAMP, RENO, Nevada, July 4.—"I know that I am the short-ender in the betting and I know why. It's a dark secret, but when the fight starts we'll all be color-blind. I'm going to win, and I am going to get a square deal. I respect Mr. Jeffries as a great fighter, but I believe the public will respect me more by sundown. I haven't a worry in the world, and am absolutely happy. I didn't believe that Jeffries would ever get in a ring with me, but I respect his gameness in being willing to take chances with a younger man. If he wins (which he won't) but if he should, I'll be the first to congratulate him, and I'll be sincere in it." I got to Jack Johnson for a moment today before he started for the arena. The black man was sorting over and fingering with childish pride the gaudy colored trunks and bathrobe which will be his costume this afternoon. I believe he meant every word he said. Whether he knows himself as well as he thinks is more than I care to venture a guess. Up With the Birds. Johnson was up with the birds this morning and was quite as chipper. His indelible smile was right on the job.

MEDFORD CONTINGENT AT THE RINGSIDE ALL UPHOLD THE "HONOR" OF WHITE RACE

By HIX. MEDFORD HEADQUARTERS, AT THE FRONT, RENO, Nevada, July 4. (Special)—Once while Evangelist Oliver was holding forth in Medford I remember that he drew a word picture of the place some of us fellows are going when we die. I just don't remember the name of that place, but I've found it—It's Reno. If there is any place in this world or in any other where I have got to go when I'm dead that is as hot as this place—I'm going to be good. And the rest of the bunch are as emphatic as I am on that subject. Jeff Heard says that he would give anything that he has with the exception of a right-of-way through his house in Medford or his fight ticket to fool for five minutes one of the gentle zephyrs of the valley of the Rogue upon his cheek. And the rest of us are with him to a man. In this camp—which, by the way, is in a four-by-six drawing room on the tall end of a Frisco fight special—It is a case of Jeffries and Medford against the world. With the mill but two hours away the sentiment not only in the Medford headquarters but over the entire city (spell it s-i-t-y.) there is only one outcome to the battle, the coon hasn't a show. But we shall see what we shall see—and by the time you read this the world will know the outcome. If Jeffries falls down on his task of "upholding the honor of the white race" then this crowd will continue to back Medford against the world and we know—and we tell the people so—that there is no danger of Medford falling down. Jeff Heard is my estimation is the most consistent booster the Rogue River Valley has. He has a Rogue River boost story for every man and adapts them to the business in which the man is. For instance when he got Jack Gleason cornered, no easy feat today you bet, he told of the glories of fishing in the Rogue, then he wandered around and killed a few hundred deer and succeeded in getting a half promise out of Gleason to come. Then he tackled the writers. To Rex Beach he told the glories of Crater Lake and dwelt upon the fact that it had never properly been written up.

BETTING 10 TO 6 UPON JEFFRIES

RENO, Nevada, July 4.—"Let 'er go!" At 1:30 p. m. Billy Jordan will skeddadle through the white muslin-bound ropes at Tex Rickard's new arena, roaring his celebrated starting signal, the huge gong will be clanged at a signal from George Harting, the veteran time-keeper and the argument will start in the case of James J. Jeffries versus John Arthur Johnson, the most important battle involving a colored man that has occurred in this country since the Dred-Scott decision set the nation buzzing. From every state in the Union, from Canada, Mexico, Alaska, and the British Isles and Europe, even from far-off Australia, lovers of the

FIGHTERS LATE IN APPEARANCE

RINGSIDE, RENO, July 4.—At 1:25 Manager Tom Flanagan and Billy Delaney entered the ring. The crowd began to show signs of impatience over the dilatory tactics of the moving picture men who seemed to be attempting to monopolize everything. Governor Dickerson of Nevada has just taken a seat directly behind the United Press box. At 1:32, two minutes past the time set for the beginning of the battle, there was no sign of either fighter. Flanagan promised to have Johnson here in a few minutes. Tex Rickard has just announced that the purse amounts to \$121,000.

DIVORCEE COLONY IN EVIDENCE

Many Women Watch Fight—Spectators Object to Moving Picture Stand and it is Removed—Jeff invites Friends to Banquet, Expecting Victory—Crowd Begins to Come Early.

(By Max Baltasar.) RINGSIDE, Reno, July 4.—Now for the answer: For several months several million persons, men, women and children scattered at odd spots over the face of the earth, have been speculating on the outcome of a little meeting to be held this afternoon in this arena. For several weeks past several dozen wise men of sportdom have been giving inside information to the public on what the result would be. The information has been the best in the world and probably the most scholastic and expert that has ever been served to fight fans but owing to the disagreement of the doctors of pugilology the public has had to wait for this day and hour. As a result of the interest in the controversy, about twenty thousand people turned out this afternoon, paying \$10 to \$50 each for the privilege of occupying 18 inches of sun-kissed pine boards. Crowds Come Early. Before 10 o'clock the crowds began storming the entrance to the arena and by 11:55, the hour at which the gates were thrown open to the crowd, the crowd composed of leaders of the \$10 seats, the cheapest, numbered several thousand. The first ticket taken at the gate was held by T. C. Murphy, a Philadelphia hotel keeper. As the crowd came pouring through the narrow chute leading to the octagonal arena, carpenters were busy at a score of places erecting protecting railings and reinforcing vital places in the structure. High about the tier of seats composing the arena proper were the eight boxes reserved for women. Women Pack Arena. Three minutes after the opening of the gates there was a rush, a chorus of feminine shrieks and laughter and the entire section was packed the gorgeous millinery and dainty gowns of the women standing out in marked contrast to the black and white of the tier upon tier of costless men. Dr. Morrison and Dr. Ascher earlier in the day visited the camps of Jeffries and Johnson at Moana Springs and Rick's training quarters, respectively, and made the physical examinations required by the state law of Nevada. Both physicians pronounced both fighters perfect specimens of physical manhood, trained to the hour and fit for a battle to meet the expectations aroused by their most widely press-agented advertising in sporting history. Although the majority of the women spectators took advantage of the boxes, many were scattered throughout the arena. Jeff Prepares Banquet. By noon lines of ticket-holders two blocks long were stretched out beyond the entrance. It was a good natured crowd, made doubly so by the presence of scores of deputy sheriffs, determined Nevadans, whose very appearance without display of arms, was sufficient to insure peace. As an evidence of Jeffries' confidence, it was announced shortly before he entered the arena that he had prepared a banquet for twenty of his intimate friends. The difficulty over the canvas is

(Continued on Page Four.)