

"HOW AH WHIPPED MISTAH' JEFF"

Jack Johnson Tells Kate Carew

--- Lil' Artha's Own Story of That Great Event

ONCE more, if you please, let help your man! There were a whole Johnson, whether you'll be wanting us contemplate Mr. Johnson, lot of meanings to that Jack. It any more chicken," she said deferentially.

(Prithes pass on, pensive meant that Jeff needed help, and it is bighrow, this page is not meant that you could have taken on for you.)

A more illustrious Mr. Johnson than I discoursed with him three game. In fact, you fought two men at months ago, or by grace of knightly Reno."

"Is the conversational part of it considered so important?" I inquired.

"It certainly is, ma'am," said Mr. Johnson, musically, "which was why Mr. Jeffries had Mr. Corbett to do his bidding for him."

A proud and important negress entered with Mr. Johnson's breakfast, which consisted of chickens.

Yes, dears, this conversation took place in Darkest Africa. Mr. Johnson was chezul, as they say in France.

How many chickens? Well, there were two to begin with.

We had hoped—the professor, the patron of many sports and I—to find Mr. Johnson alone; but a champion like a monarch, is never alone, and there really was a certain atmosphere of royalty in the clean and well appointed little restaurant where Mr. Johnson, watched respectfully and solicitously by many courtiers, chiefly white, sat down to eat.

"Not a trace of self-consciousness," whispered the professor, "and eating under observation is a very severe test. The man is either a child or a master of deportment—I'm inclined to think the latter. Observe the extraordinary economy of effort."

Fully half a chicken had vanished irreversibly, and Mr. Johnson, with a lazy air, had seemed merely to wave his hands now and then. A few swift strokes with a carving knife had dismembered the bird as if by magic, and the whole of the breast had been absorbed in two leisurely mouthfuls. The outlying parts were quickly following. Precision, speed, a graceful rhythm and a deceptive air of deliberation were the keynotes of this astonishing performance. An anaconda absorbing a rabbit couldn't make less fuss about it.

"Jack," said the patron of many sports, "some of the papers said that you looked nervous when you first entered the ring."

"Well," he said, "I do as you say that your considerate way of making the time pass more agreeably!" I inquired.

"Not exactly, ma'am," said Mr. Johnson; "it was more to talk the other man's mind off his work, so as to catch him easier."

"Dear me! Doesn't this seem rather unkind?"

"Unkind?" repeated Mr. Johnson with a slight puzzled look. "I do assure you that I was most careful, ma'am, not to say one word to Mr. Jeffries that wasn't strictly gentlemanly."

"In the second round," said I, "you said to Mr. Jeffries: 'Don't you rough me.' Was that because he had been hurting you?"

"No ma'am, I was only kidding him. And I did get a laugh out of him that time."

"An actual, spontaneous, merry laugh?"

"Well, no, it wasn't that kind," confessed Mr. Johnson. "It was more the kind of laugh that would curl the morning's milk."

And here a very small white gentleman spoke up. Hart is his name—Mr. Sig Hart—and he seems to be Mr. Johnson's right hand man.

"Jack Johnson," he said enthusiastically, "is the greatest kidder in the business."

He gave Mr. Johnson a look of such admiration as a toy spaniel might feel for an elephant which was not only large and ferocious, but also witty and entertaining.

"What was the neatest thing he said during the fight?" I inquired encouragingly.

"Oh, I don't know—he said so many," returned Mr. Hart, ruffling his back hair.

"What do you think, Mr. Johnson?" I inquired.

"As far as I can remember," replied Mr. Johnson, looking at the ceiling, "one of the best jolies I gave old Jeff was when he came into a clinch, and I said, 'Whatchoo wanta hug me to, Mr. Jeffries? You know puffed up well you don't love me!'"

"And that was a hot one you handed Corbett," exclaimed little Mr. Hart, "when you sang out to him. 'You'd better come right up here, Jim, and

"The cook would like to know, Mr. Johnson, in the first round you demonstrated your superior strength

"I read with great interest," said the professor, "that in the first round you somewhat hesitantly

"I sprang it on him," exclaimed Mr. Johnson, "in the first clinch, when he started in to roughing it some. Come on, doc."

"Is that clever?" I inquired.

"Clever? Why, it takes a speed of eye and brain and hand that is simply marvelous! And another trick he has developed to stop a blow while it's on the way by prodding the front muscle of his opponent's shoulder with the tips of his fingers—isn't that right, Jack?"

"'Yup' grinned Mr. Johnson, through a mouthful of chicken. "That'll take all the steam out of the biggest wahoo."

"You must have worked very hard at your profession," said I to Mr. Johnson.

"Yas'm," said Mr. Johnson, modestly, "I've worked hard at it ever since I was a child."

"You've been hungry and cold at it, too, haven't you, Jack?" said the professor of many sports.

"Lord, yes!" said Mr. Johnson. "I don't believe I ever got really enough to eat as a regular institution until after my fight with Burns. It certainly is wonderful the way my strength has been building up since then!"

"And he heaved a sigh of happy repetition as he surveyed the devastated skeleton of the third chicken.

I looked at Mr. Johnson, hero and idol of his race and wondered in what way civilization could have used his peculiar talents if there had been no such profession as prize fighting.

"Cool, crafty, patient, ambitious and immensely strong, courageous and quick he seems to have been especially molded for fighting in some individual form. His singularly flat head—it slopes almost without an angle from the eyebrows back to the cone shaped crown—might have been built by design for the glancing off of blocks. In action—I saw his sparring exhibition at Hammerstein's that afternoon—he has weirdly reptilian way of drawing down that flat head down between his prodigious shoulders, and an protruding it and playing it swiftly from side to side like a huge turtle."

"Do you mean," I inquired, "that you could beat Mr. Sullivan as he was at his very best?"

"Yas'm," said Mr. Johnson.

"As easily as you beat Mr. Jeffries?"

"I'm afraid it might be some easier," said Mr. Johnson with due deliberation.

"But the business of pummeling people," said I, "is so old and simple that—"

"Simple!" exclaimed the patron of many sports.

"Simple!" echoed Mr. Johnson and Mr. Sig Hart.

And the proceeded to explain to me

what a very complex art modern pummeling is, and how assiduously the pummeler has to use his brains, and



"MOST PEOPLE LIKE THOSE SMALL FIDDLERS," SAID MR. JOHNSON, APOLOGETICALLY, "BUT AH'VE TAKEN TO THIS KIND, DOC, BECAUSE THEY DON'T BREAK SO EASY."

son with a cheerful smile.

"Was that done with calculation?"

"Sure it was," said Mr. Johnson.

"You had determined on it before-hand?"

"Yassir—because I knew that it would take the heart out of him."

"And could you judge whether it had the desired effect?"

"Mr. Jeffries kinder wilted," said Mr. Johnson and his face went funny.

"Here—I'll show you how I done it, doc, and then you'll know how it feels."

He rose from the table and advanced toward the professor, who rose somewhat hesitantly.

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if they hadn't talked together the professor and I might have learned a Mr. Johnson with lazy good humor. But you'll never find another friend like that kind of talk, ma'am," said From China to Peru, like your Moo-other!"

We all congratulated him warmly on this performance, and the professor remembered that he had an engagement.

"Is your mother very proud of you?" I asked Mr. Johnson, as we prepared to go.

"Yas', indeed she is, he replied earnestly. "But she'd be just as proud of me if Ah wasn't the champion or nothing."

Turkish women do not wear veils because of their religion, as many suppose. It is merely the survival of an old custom. When the Turks still

lived in Tartary before the time of Mohammed, it was the habit of the man to steal such women for wives as attracted them. This lead to so much fighting that about the second century after Christ the Turks came together and decided that henceforth the women should go veiled and should not meet men, but should dwell in harems as soon as they arrived at womanhood.

Rice is "wet," that grown for the most part in flooded lands; or "dry" that raised on uplands. Its growth in those regions where civilization has penetrated least is pathetic. Parts of the east are still covered with virgin forests of tall trees; underneath all is dark in heavy shade. Creepers twine up hundreds of feet and are all topped off with indescribable orchids, all hunting for air and sunshine. In the thick wood a suitable spot is chosen for rice they must have or starve. Undergrowth is cut and staked and hedged around to make a fence for the little rice farm—New York Press.



MR. JOHNSON SHOWING HOW HE LIFTED MR. JEFFRIES OFF HIS FEET EARLY IN THE FIGHT.



"WHAT MAKES A MAN NERVOUS IS NOT BEING SATISFIED; AH'M NEVER NERVOUS BECAUSE AH'M ALWAYS SATISFIED."