

FOUR WEEKS FROM CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT TOLEDO FANS CAN SEE NOTHING BUT JACK DEMPSEY

JESS WILLARD MUST DO SOME STIFF WORK TO GET IN CONDITION

Four Weeks From Championship Contest With Jack Dempsey, the Titleholder Is Not a Formidable Man in the Ring

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL, Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger

TOLEDO, O., June 7.—SINCE Jess Willard started training here five days ago sentiment has turned in favor of Dempsey, and the wise boys who now infest these parts are

This is only natural because the average fan lives only in the present with a few musty old past performances to keep him keyed up. At present, four weeks before the big battle, Jack has the edge. He is in better physical condition, knows more boxing, is a better judge of distance and can hit as hard as, if not harder than, the champion.

For the last week the experts have been raving over the superb condition of Willard. They say he looks better than ever before, and is the picture of health and strength. I have watched Jess closely in three workouts, saw him box with four different men, and must confess that all of these ravings are premature. Willard is not in wonderful condition. He is not a formidable man in the boxing ring, and will have to put in some very hard blows to get in fighting shape to defend his title against a man like Dempsey.

This is not a knock at Willard or any one else. It is just a statement of facts regarding the physical condition of the titleholder. True, Jess sprang a big surprise when he appeared minus a front porch and did not look like the north end of a hack going south. He had taken off lots of weight, but still carries superfluous avoirdupois which must come off before he climbs through the ropes on July 4.

THERE is a layer of fat over his kidneys, his veins seem flabby, his wind is none too good and he is slow, even for a big man.

Toledo Fans Expected Too Much of Willard

THAT is the Jess Willard of today. The \$100,000 matinee idol does not live up to the glowing reports sent out from the West, but that probably is because too much was expected of him. The people in this hot, dry town, with the accent on the dry, expected to see him push over a couple of houses, kill a couple of his sparring partners and throw such a scare into Dempsey that Jack would jump in the lake or something like that.

Nothing happened. Jess appeared like any other person who needed lots of exercise to get into fighting trim, and a blanket of gloom and disappointment was spread over his training camp. Few believe the big boy, who displaces six feet six inches of atmosphere, will be able to attain physical perfection by July 4. That's another example of living in the present—they can't see four weeks ahead.

Willard, according to his trainers, is in ideal preliminary training form. He has a lot of fat to work off, but while doing it he will get stronger every day and gradually round into fighting trim. He will not be weakened by the constant grind, but it will be slow, torturous work—harder work than he has done in the last four years. Jess himself is confident he will be trained to the minute, but I do not believe he realizes the terrible ordeal which confronts him.

Jess has been training secretly, off and on, for the last two years. He hasn't done much work, but exercised quite a little in his own gymnasium. While he was on the road with his circus he boxed twice a day with his sparring partners, and while that form of exercise might not have done him much good, it surely did no harm.

LAST February he placed himself on a diet, shed most of his superfluous weight and when the time came to put in the hard kicks he was ready.

Willard Has Laid His Plans Carefully

THE champion has not been kidding himself, and has laid his plans carefully. His daily workouts at the Casino are only an incident in his daily toil. Although nothing has been said about it, one would not go wrong on guessing that Willard is doing more work when the public is not looking on than at the two-bit performances on the shores of Maumee bay. He is a very able bloke.

Of course, every one is anxious to get some real dope on the big brawl, and who has the better chance to win. It is entirely too early to make any predictions, and there will be no chance to make a fair comparison until about two weeks from now. If Willard entered the ring as he is today he would be lucky if he didn't get killed.

Can Jess get into good shape in four weeks? He says he can. His trainers say he can, but the question is, can he? Every morning he is out on the road grinding off a few miles, and after a short rest puts on some gymnasium stunts. He is looked after by his sparring partners and trainers, Walter Monaghan and Jack Hemple, who have been with him since he trained for Johnson. They know how to handle him and know his every mood.

But there is one big disadvantage. Jess is his own boss. He has no real trainer to tell him what to do, no one to look after the details of his training, no one to look up to and respect. A professional athlete needs a boss—a man who will drive him when necessary and tell him to lay off, if the going becomes too rough. He must obey orders implicitly, especially in a case like this, for getting into shape to fight after having but one real battle in four years is no cinch. A man never likes to punish himself, and will not do it if he has the final say. When the day of the bout draws near he must be driven, and driven hard by a regular Simon Legree who shows no mercy.

UNLESS Jess gets a boss trainer he is likely to take too many things for granted in regard to his training.

Sparring Partners Are of Little Value

HIS sparring partners are of little value to him. True, they tear in and try to knock his block off, but Willard knows them; they know Willard's style, and all that happens is stage stuff. In all of his workouts Jess did not appear to be trying very hard. He pulled his punches because he did not care to injure his opponent, shoved his fists forward instead of trying to land hard, snappy blows, pawed with his left hand instead of developing a good jab, and did everything a champion shouldn't do. He kept his guard low when squaring, and when leading did not appear to have much of a defense against return punches.

But he is big. What a tall and lengthy guy he is! One look at him and you would imagine he could trim a dozen Dempseys without losing a stroke. That size will be a big asset as long as he stands up. Yesterday when boxing with Monaghan, Jess tripped and fell on his back. He did not look so formidable in that position. I had a long talk with Jess yesterday after his workout at the Casino. He looked good, but was a trifle tired after boxing six rounds—three with Hemple and three with Monaghan. He fired his other sparring partners, and has sent his representative, Ray Archer, to New York to snare a flock of tough-lunged heavyweights.

"You can say for me," said Jess looking down from that tremendous height, "that I am in good condition, am working hard, and I expect to win from Dempsey. I don't expect an easy battle, but I will win in the end."

HAVE confidence in my own ability, but why shouldn't I if a man hasn't confidence in a case like this, what good is it?

Willard Wants Only One Chance

DEMPSEY is a rushing, tearing slugger. He comes at you all the time, his arms swinging, and necessarily exposes himself when trying to land a punch. Therefore, he takes a lot of chances, and all I want to do is take advantage of one, that's all—just one chance. If I do, the fight will not last very long.

"Am I worrying about the fight? Never. When you start worrying you get wrinkles. See any wrinkles on me?" That's how Jess Willard feels about it, but it will be well to remember that he still has lots of work to do in order to get into shape. He must strengthen his wind and endurance. He needs tough sparring partners who can take a punch and land one, and must get more snap behind his blows.

THAT reason it would be well to withhold judgment on the ability of Jess Willard until he has worked a couple of more weeks. Then we will be able to get a line on him.

IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST-REGULATED COUNTRY CLUBS



CRAVATH AND FOUR OTHER PHILS IN SELECT; TY COBB STILL BLAZES WAY WITH .368 MARK

Gavy Tops National With His .450 Rating; Meusel, Williams, Adams and Sicking in .300 Division

WINGO, 2D; YOUNG, 3D

Club Batting Averages in National League

Table with columns for Club, AB, R, H, SR, PC. Lists teams like New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, etc.

GAVVY CRAVATH, the revived Phil

He outplayed, lost seventy-one points during the week, but his present .450 rating is good enough by at least sixty-seven points to keep him on top in National League batting circles.

Ross Young, of the Giants, dropped twenty-nine points, but retains third place with his .371 rating. Roush, of the Reds, is fourth with .331. Meusel is tied with McCarty and Kilduff at .323 for fifth place.

Cy Williams is the third Phillie in the select with a .325. Jack Adams is the fourth Phillie in the select with his .313. Sicking, the much disputed player, is the fifth Phillie in the .300 set with his even .300.

The averages, including the games played Wednesday, follow:

Table with columns for Player, Club, AB, R, H, SR, PC. Lists individual players like Cravath, Young, Roush, etc.

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Eddie Cicotte, White Sox Veteran, Leads Major Leagues in Games Won

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Table with columns for Pitcher, Club, W, L, P, C, Won, Lost. Lists pitchers like Cicotte, Johnson, etc.

Causey, With Seven Victories, Tops Pitchers in the National League

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Table with columns for Pitcher, Club, W, L, P, C, Won, Lost. Lists pitchers like Causey, Johnson, etc.

AMATEUR BASEBALL NOTES

The Walton B. C. eighteen-nineteen-year-old team, is without games for June 21 and 28. First-class teams offering guarantees write to William Kaubach, 414 North Cleveland avenue.

Georgian Drops Eleven Points, but Retains Lead; Roth Makes Eighty-four-Point Gain to .300 Class

BODIE AND VEACH TIE

Club Batting Averages in American League

Table with columns for Club, AB, R, H, SR, PC. Lists teams like Cleveland, Chicago, etc.

TY COBB suffered a loss of eleven points during the week, but still has an average attractive enough to keep him in the pace-setting job in American League batting.

Tyrus Raymond has registered forty-nine hits out of 133 trips to the plate for a rating of .368. Weaver, of the White Sox, is many notches below Ty, but he is second in the number of safeties with forty-eight.

Johnston, of Cleveland, is second to Cobb with .354, while old Ping Bodie is tied with Bobby Veach for third with .353.

Robby Roth had a great week, registering an eighty-four-point gain and boosting his average to .317. He is the lone Maek entry in the select. Witt is six points away.

The averages, including the games played Wednesday, follow:

Table with columns for Player, Club, AB, R, H, SR, PC. Lists individual players like Cobb, Johnston, etc.

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YOUTH-TO-FORE IDEA SHATTERED BY COBB AND EDDIE CICOTTE

Stellar Batsman and Star Pitcher, Both on Other Side of Thirty-five, Still Leading Baseball Parade. Gavy Also Fooling Doc Time

IN THE SPOTLIGHT—By GRANTLAND RICE

IN THE summer of 1904—just fifteen June ago—a blonde young ball player joined the Augusta, Ga., club, and in thirty-seven games finally secured the moderate average of .237.

Next summer a stocky young pitcher joined the same club, and while he won more games than he lost, he allowed an average of 5.8 runs to a contest, which could hardly be listed as a record-breaking event. No one in those days—even in Sally League company—looked upon these two athletes with anything approaching awe.

But after the English war song—"We beat you at the Marne; We stopped you at the Aisne; We gave you hell at Neuve Chapelle And here we are again."

So here they are again. One of them is Ty Cobb, still batting around .400, after leading his league in eleven out of the last twelve years; a record never even approached.

THE other is Eddie Cicotte, who at the age of thirty-five is the leading pitcher of the season, with more victories to his credit than any other contender.

The Career Incarnate

COBB broke in as a regular in 1906. So this makes his fourteenth season under the Main Awning of the game.

In the thirteen years that he has carried a Poling Leg to the plate he has been beaten out but twice—by George Stiehr, of St. Louis, in 1908, and by Tris Speaker, of Cleveland, in 1916. There was a ten-year gap between his two detronements.

To jump to the front his second year out and not to be headed until ten years later is quite an undertaking. It is not to be picked up any more remarkable than, being beaten as he was three years ago, to pick up again next year and resume his old place on top of the hill. Beaten by Speaker in 1916, Cobb came back at an even faster clip in 1917 and 1918, and today is romping along at a dizzy pace again, almost certain to finish in front for the twelfth time.

WHEN you recall that such astonishing batmen as Willie Keeler, Ed Delahanty, Hans Wagner and Napoleon Lajoie were not even able to approach this mark, you get some idea of the undertaking. Keeler, Delahanty, Wagner and Lajoie, all together, led their league fourteen times, only a trifling triumph what Cobb has done alone.

As for Edward V. C.

EDWARD V. CICOTTE'S late sport has been almost as spectacular. After 1915, when he was about to be tagged for the Soapy Chute, he suddenly turned with the White Sox and in his next two years bagged forty-four victories against nineteen defeats—allowing well under two earned runs a game over this long stretch.

In 1918 he began to fade through the mists. At the finish he was not even listed among the twenty leading pitchers of his league.

Yet, here he is today, at the age of thirty-five—Mathewson's age when he ceased being—with nine victories out of his first ten starts—the Old Hop still attached to his Fat's, and all the rest of it well nigh intact—the most successful winner in either major league circuit.

It may be that Youth has to be served—but how about this brace of birds? Said T. R. Cobb to E. V. C.: "When'll your quitting season be?" "The day that you can't hold your job." Said E. V. C. to T. R. Cobb.

And Then Old Cactus

AND right alongside with this pair in the way of walloping the whey out of old Doc Time is Cactus Cravath, the Siege Gun of the Phillies. Cactus Gavy, Wooden Shoes and all the rest of it admits to having known thirty-seven June's.

He was employing the old ash furniture against a baseball seventeen years ago—yet here he is today, hitting harder and often than ever. Just as "louder and funnier" is the slogan of the Son of Swat. The Old Boy has been on a merry rampage all spring. He has been indulging himself in his greatest year, warring between .450 and .500, a lofty eminence to which only a Steeplejack can climb and maintain his balance.

THE battle between Gavy Cravath, aged thirty-seven, and Ross Young, aged twenty-two, has been one of the big features of the season, and the kid has had an onion-shaped time of it dragging the veteran down.

The End of Romance?

"Romance," they say, "is dead." But ere the world has spread Some new soul leads the guarding gate To take one final shock of Fate; Some soul who leaps in his advance The final barricade of chance.

Famous Infielders Under .300

THE list of June found all four of the old Mackian infield—McInnis, Collins, Barry and Baker—under .300. But Collins was just reaching for the leg, with Baker also scrambling for another hold. It takes warm weather to thaw the kinks out when one crosses thirty—unless one happens to be a Cobb, Cravath or Cicotte.

The Avonian Blunder

Old Shakespeare made but one mistake through all his ancient fame, For a Ping by any other name would never seem the same.

WITH Dempsey coming on and Willard going back, it is merely a question of whether they have yet gone far enough to intersect. It is at this juncture that the knockout occurs and the new champion is crowned.

WITH double-headers piling up, there's Brooklyn with Pfeffer, Marquard, Grimes, Manago, Smith, Cade and Cheney. Look out for squalls.

DOWNPOUR FAILS TO PREVENT C. H. S. FROM WINNING "QUADS"

Dr. O'Brien's Athletes Tally 55 1-5 Points in Annual Scholastic Track and Field Meet—Rainey and Enck Double Winners

The classic of the public high school mile. Four runners stood out from the track season, known as the "Quads," was won by Central High School yesterday. The shorter distance found Enck at his best, he nosing out Schofield, Northeast, and Rilling, Central, at the tape, pulling up from fourth place in the stretch. The time was 5:44 seconds.

Few thought that the meet would be staged, for starting time found the morning's downpour unabated and Houston Field was one huge mud puddle. However, it was decided to get it over with, and the affair was run through before empty stands. Fast times were impossible, yet the ludicrous combined with several close finishes in keeping up interest for those who did brave the rain.

Rainey, of Central, and Enck, of West Philadelphia, tied for the individual honors, each tallying ten points. Rainey won the 100 and 200 yards, his times being 11.5 and 25 seconds. Enck shined in the longer events, leading the field in both the quarter and mile runs. The shorter distance found Enck at his best, he nosing out Schofield, Northeast, and Rilling, Central, at the tape, pulling up from fourth place in the stretch. The time was 5:44 seconds.

Willard-Dempsey SPECIAL FROM PHILA., JULY 25-27TH. Refreshments on Field Sleeping Accommodations. Bookings Close Monday, June 9.

Summer Boxing Course \$15. Enroll for Tournament June 24-26. Phila. Jack O'Brien's. S. E. Cor. 15th and Chestnut Sts.

Empire A. C. 1419 Bainbridge St. Monday Evening, June 10th. All-Star Show and Battle Royal. JOE BISHOP, JOE BISHOP, WILLIE HANNON vs. YG. ROMBERG vs. Speed.

ATHLETICS vs. CLEVELAND. First chance of busy workers to see baseball. Refreshments, June 10th, 8:30 and 11:10. Reserved at Gimble's and Spaulding's.

Speed, Pt. Breeze Velodrome. THURSDAY, June 13th. Speed.