

JACK DEMPSEY AND JESS WILLARD ALMOST TAKE COUNT AT HANDS OF THE PROPAGANDISTS

PROPAGANDISTS OPEN VICIOUS ATTACKS IN HEAVYWEIGHT CAMPS

Jack and Jess Both Victims of "Poisoned Pen" Messages, but Now Are Wise to the Game and Refuse to Be Annoyed

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL, Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.

Toledo, O., June 30.

JESS WILLARD was at ease with himself and the world as he draped himself around a generously proportioned leather chair in his residence out in West End. He had just finished a hearty dinner after a hard afternoon's workout and was resting with the sincerity of a tired laborer. Nothing disturbed him. The meal had been good, his training was a success and he felt so confident of winning from Jack Dempsey on July 4 that he ceased to think of it only as a date on the calendar. He even told himself a joke about the danger of shooting fireworks on Independence Day after the country had been dry and arid for four days. He was chuckling to himself when the telephone bell rang.

Lumbering across the room, he took the receiver from the hook. "Hello," said a strange voice. "Is this the Old Men's Home?" "You have the wrong number," replied Jess pleasantly and unsuspectingly as he hung up.

He returned to his comfortable chair and was about to indulge in more pleasant reflections when the phone bell rang again. "Isn't this the Old Men's Home?" inquired the same voice. "I told you it isn't," replied Jess shortly.

"Doesn't Jess Willard live here?" persisted the caller. "Yes," said the champion. "What of it?"

"Well, your poor old self," drawled the person at the other end. "You should be afraid to trust your aged bones in the ring with Dempsey. You're too old to fight; that kid will knock your block off. See that your life insurance is paid up."

Jess snorted, banged the receiver on the hook, threw himself into a chair, kicked the rug and declared war on the universe. His entire evening had been spoiled. Instead of enjoying himself in a peaceful, homelike fashion, he developed a healthy grudge, which stuck with him for several days.

The entire affair was a frame-up. Some one who wanted Dempsey to win or had bet money on his chances called up Willard to "get his goat."

It was nothing but propaganda of the 1919 variety, which is used extensively in the boxing game.

Willard, Aroused, Ready for All Comers

WHEN a man is training for an important athletic contest he becomes sulky and surly at times and hard to manage. This is only natural because he is anxious to be in condition to put forth his best efforts, and any little thing which interferes with his daily routine irritates him. The athlete, however, tries his best to maintain a free and easy disposition, because it makes his work more pleasant and better results are obtained.

The opposition also knows this, and efforts are made to annoy him with petty things until he is almost frantic. And thereby hangs this tale. About a week ago several followers of the boxing game held a meeting and discussed the big match. They were admirers of Dempsey and kept close track on the daily workouts of the rival boxers.

"This Willard person is having a picnic out at the Casino every day," said one, "and that is not according to Hoyle. It's about time to stir up the big boy and worry him a little. We must get his animal, and the sooner the better."

Various plans were discussed, and on the next day a story appeared in the newspapers about certain sportsmen who had bet money at certain odds that Dempsey would knock out Willard in the first, second, third and up to the twelfth round. It was an interesting article, but not one word was mentioned about Willard's winning. Jess saw it, and was not highly excited. He did not care to be beaten weeks before the fight. Thus the opening propaganda worked beautifully.

Then stories were circulated around the training camp that Willard was sparring with a bunch of old women, and Dempsey could knock them out one after the other inside of one round. It also was stated that Bill Tate or the Jamaica Kid could go over in Willard's camp any day and knock the champion stiff if he dared to box either of them. To make sure Jess heard this, men were employed to tell it to him so there would be no slip-up.

Jess heard about it, and grew furious. It will be remembered that the champion was on the rampage several days last week and seemed to have lost all of his good nature. These stories were the cause of it.

Finally a newspaper printed a story about it, and hinted that it would be a good thing for the boxers to change sparring partners for one day to see what would happen.

It was a great yarn, written in good faith, but Willard did not like it. He worked himself into a frenzy and finally dared Dempsey's sparring partners to come over.

Jamaica Kid's Walk Rivals Sheridan's Famous Ride

THE meantime everything was serene and happy in the Dempsey camp. Jack knew nothing of the propaganda. It is said, and the sparring partners were in the same boat. The Jamaica Kid, however, picked up a paper and saw the story about changing sparring partners for one day. Being a trusting soul, the kid decided to go over that afternoon, and without saying a word started for the Casino one-half mile away.

In some mysterious manner a crowd formed as he marched down the road, and before he had gone very far almost 100 excited fans were trailing behind anxious to see the scrap. Messengers rushed to Willard's camp and told the champion he had been challenged, and Dempsey's sparring partners were on the way. Sheridan's famous ride was not press-agented as much as the walk of the Jamaica Kid, for volunteer Paul Revere was rushing up with fresh news every minute.

Jess was ready to knock the intruders over the fence, planned to hammer them into submission and send the battered wrecks back to their employer. He nervously paced around the ring, glared at the audience and limbered his arms for immediate action. Nobody could get away with that stuff without running into trouble, he decided.

In the meantime, the Jamaica Kid continued on his way, knowing nothing of the trouble he was causing in the rival camp. He thought he was doing his duty and was turning into the road which led to the canvas-walled arena when Jack Kearns drove up in his automobile.

HE CHASED the kid back to his own camp, saying that Willard would be knocked out by Dempsey and none other. This, too, was told to Willard, and another afternoon was spoiled for the champion.

The Phoney "Spies" Annoyed Jess

ACCORDING to stories told around here, amateur spies were sent to Willard's camp to report every move he made during his training bouts. These spies were disguised and sat in the front row next to the ring. In order to convince Willard they were in disguise, it is said they wore their false mustaches under one eye and hung their false whiskers on their ears. With this phoney foliage on their faces they took notes as conspicuously as possible, and Jess finally had them chased. We cannot vouch for authenticity of this yarn, but it's a good one just the same.

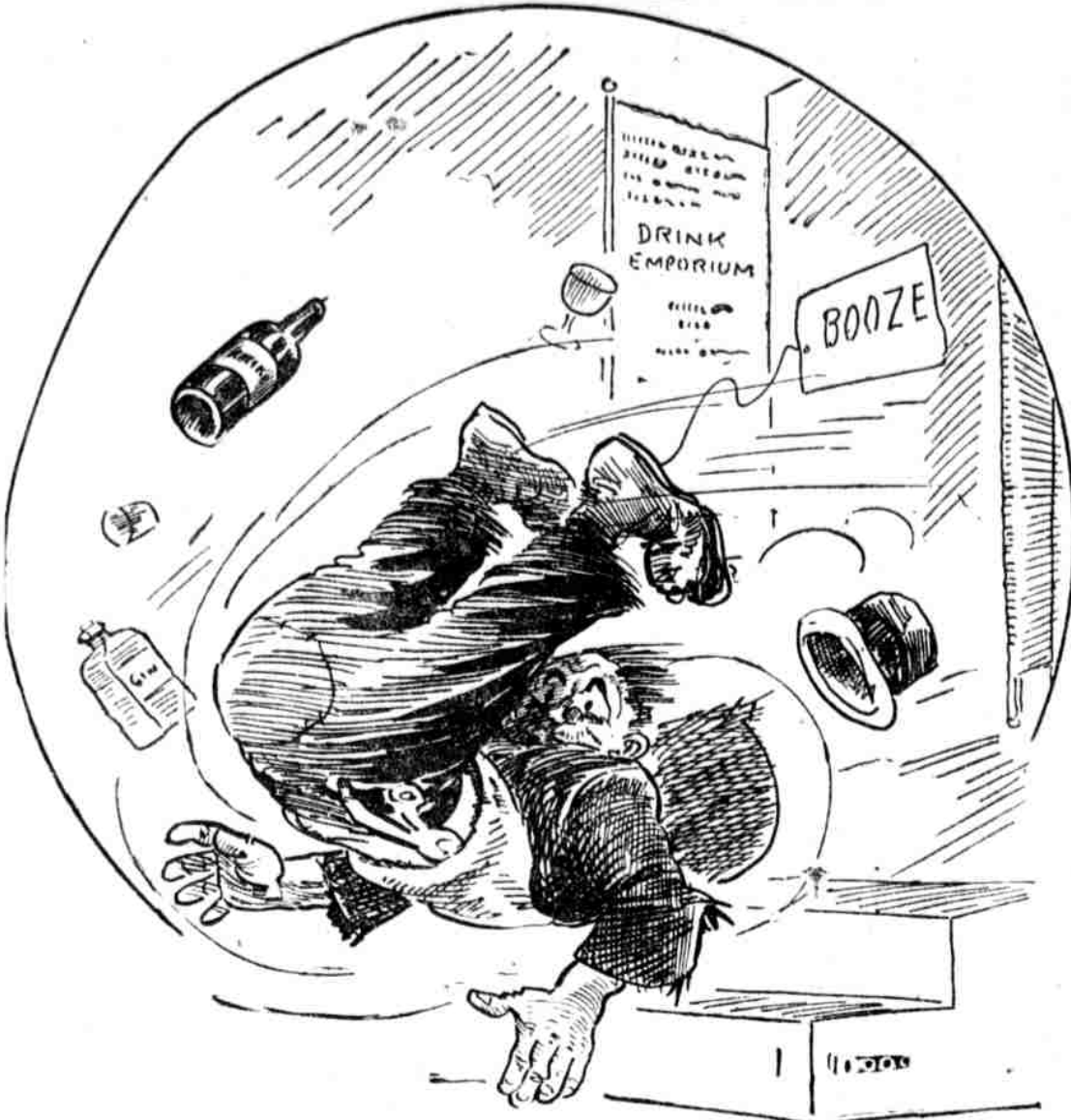
These stunts are not considered improper or underhanded, for they are part of the game. Willard boosters started stories that Bill Tate was giving Dempsey a beating every afternoon and could knock him out any time he wanted to. This caused Jack to knock out Tate so often that Bill decided to pack up and depart. He consented to stay when Dempsey promised to be gentle.

Another story now is going the rounds about the appointment of the referee. It is whispered by the wise guys that everything is fixed, and Dempsey will get the decision if he is on his feet at the end of the twelfth round. "That is Willard propaganda," said a Dempsey man last night. "The story is being spread to put Ollie Pecord on the defensive and force him to favor Willard to protect himself in case the bout goes the limit. It's old stuff, but they won't get away with it. Ollie is as square as they make them and he will have two able assistants in Major Biddle and Tex Rickard, who will act as judges."

But both sides are spreading propaganda every day, and the boxers know it. Willard just smiles when he hears weird stories, and Dempsey does the same.

The champion and challenger are wise to the game and refuse to be any more annoyed. However, it took them a long time to get it out.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND



BRIGGS

DEMPSEY EASES UP IN TRAINING

Contender Eliminates Hard Punches to Save Hands, at Request of Rickard

JESS TO CONTINUE BURST

Carpentier Gets \$45,000 Offer From Tex Rickard to Box Dempsey in U. S.

Paris, June 30.—Georges Carpentier has received by cable from Tex Rickard, the boxing promoter, an offer of \$45,000 for a match with Jess Willard in the United States in January next.

Manager Deschamps, for Carpentier, has inquired of Rickard regarding the conditions and the number of rounds in the proposed match before replying definitely to the offer.

Toledo, O., June 30.—For fear of an injury to his hands on the eve of his heavyweight championship contest with Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey today was instructed to eliminate all heavy hitting from his training bouts. The instructions were issued at the request of Tex Rickard, promoter of the "Fourth of July" match, who also intends to make the request of Willard.

Sunday saw the last hard workout for Dempsey and from now on the challenger will ease off rapidly in his training. This is a necessity rather than a choice so far as the Salt Lake heavyweight is concerned, for he is so fine physically that there is more than a remote danger of his going stale.

Willard, on the other hand, plans to continue his recent burst of training speed for at least 20 days more, unless a spell of hot weather causes him to change his mind.

Larchmont Regatta July 4

New York, June 30.—The thirty-eighth annual regatta of the Larchmont Yacht Club will be held on Friday, July 4. The regatta will be open for all classes of yachts enrolled in recognized yacht clubs.

SCRAPS ABOUT SCRAPPERS

Two boxing clubs will operate tonight. The Empire will stage its weekly indoor show at Fifteenth and Halsted streets while the Cambria will put on the postponed attraction in Kensington.

Patsy Wallace and Dummy Lennox will feature the Empire card. Wallace showed some real fire against Max Williamson last Thursday night.

Joe Walsh will do the entertaining in the main session at the Cambria, opposed to Johnny Wolcott, the slugging Lancaster boy.

The other Empire bouts follow: Mickey Baker vs. Jack Ward, Willie McCloskey vs. Charles Momey, Jack Howie vs. Johnny O'Neill and Ray O'Malley vs. Kid Mack. O'Malley is a brother of Johnny Mealy, the hard-hitting lightweight.

Three clubs will stage shows on the afternoon of July 4—the Cambria open air, the National A. A. and the Pennsylvania A. C. of Pennsylvania, N. J. The returns of the Willard-Dempsey fight will be announced from the ring at the three clubs.

The holiday matinee program at the National follows: Ben Rowlands vs. K. O. Tommy Sharkey vs. Young Marck, Tommy O'Malley vs. Bobby Robinson and Young Wolcott vs. Young O'Leary.

"JESS AND JACK WILL KILL EACH OTHER IN 30 SECONDS"

Sporting Editor From Mars Pays Visit to Toledo Camps and Gets a Couple of Ears Full of "Hop" From the "Experts"

Toledo, O., June 30. YOU couldn't pronounce his name if we told you what it was. Besides, we didn't catch his moniker when we were introduced. It is enough to say he is the sporting editor of the Martian Herald, sent down from Mars to pick the winner of Friday's eminent quarrel, noisy echoes from the same having already reached our neighboring planet, but a few wireless hops away.

The Martian critic was the same writer who more than three years ago made this prediction: "The Germans have a world of speed, but they will soon need it if they ever hope to get back across the Rhine with a few helmets left."

Was he right? Well, in chorus with Von Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Von Marwitz, the Kaiser and the crown prince, "I'll say he was," to use an old Sanskrit phrase.

The Martian visitor dropped off at the Sevier Hotel. There, up and down the long, smoke-filled lobby he saw the procession file by. Boxing writers from the days of Sullivan and Corbett on down the winding aisle of time to Willard and Dempsey, men who had made an Otto Floto, others who had come one or later years, Edgren, Tim, Martini, sent down from Mars to pick the winner of Friday's eminent quarrel, noisy echoes from the same having already reached our neighboring planet, but a few wireless hops away.

There was a big fight against an artificial one. He is almost as big as Johnson and was when he whipped Jeffries, and a bigger man than Sullivan, Fitzsimmons and Corbett in their prime. He is a rushing, rip-tearing son-of-a-gun, with a killing punch in either paw and the heart of a tiger to take him on.

Willard delegation, although convinced that any further quest was a waste of time. This is what I got from some of the smartest people here: "Willard will kill this fellow inside of five rounds. This superman chatter is no bunk. He is fifty pounds heavier than the average weight of all the champions who have gone before him, and he is six inches taller. He is in better condition than he was when he fought Moran, ten pounds lighter, faster and a better boxer."

Left and Right "He has a left that will kick Dempsey at long range, and if Jack Dempsey will ever have a wire at the right hook that will tear his head off. No man will ever beat him down by tearing into that steel-plated stomach, and no mere six-footer is ever going to reach that rolling, shifting jaw that is well out of range.

Willard is more in earnest today than he ever was before. He may not like fighting, but he likes the cash that goes with a championship. Johnson, a hard and clever fighter, couldn't even check him. Moran, a good, game, experienced slugger, couldn't even bother him. He knows how to block and he can outlast any living man.

Dempsey's rushing, open style was built for him to beat. When Dempsey tears in and lands one or two punishing blows, a big brown leather-covered fist is going to catch him on the neck or jaw, and the only work left for the judges will be to help lift Dempsey back into the ring. Dempsey's good. But he never saw the day he could sport this fellow fifty pounds in weight and six inches in height and reach. Nothing to it, not a thing."

What the Martian wireless back was this: "After visiting both camps and hearing from both sides, my prediction is that they will kill each other inside of thirty seconds. Either that or a lot of people here are crazy or full of coke."

When we saw him four hours later he was pale and wan, with a haunted, dejected look about the eyes and a nervous quiver running up and down his spine. His pulse was feeble, but there was an air of uncertainty in every move he made. Then he started in to spill his woe.

"First of all," he said, "I spent two hours with the writers, boxers and trainers who are supporting Dempsey. The opinions and the facts they gave me are as follows: "Dempsey will stop this big stiff inside of six rounds. Why? We'll tell you. He met Levinson, who is far cleverer than Willard, and murdered him. He tackled Carl Morris, who was as big and as tough as Willard is, and killed him in a round. He is Fulton? Well, Fulton stopped Frank Moran in three rounds after Moran had carried Willard for ten rounds without trouble.

"This doesn't make Fulton look much worse than Willard. What did Dempsey do to Fulton? He ripped the gray soul out of him in fourteen and three-quarter seconds just as he will rip the soul out of Willard before this fight is over. He is thirteen years younger than Willard, three times as fast, in far better condition, harder to hit, with every bit as hard a punch. He is a natural fighter against an artificial one. He is almost as big as Johnson and was when he whipped Jeffries, and a bigger man than Sullivan, Fitzsimmons and Corbett in their prime. He is a rushing, rip-tearing son-of-a-gun, with a killing punch in either paw and the heart of a tiger to take him on.

WALKER MENTALLY IDEAL FOR GOLF

New Intercollegiate Champion Never Gets Perturbed at Poor Form

HOFFNER KEEPS WINNING

By SPICK HALL. The ideal golfer in match play is the man who can concentrate his best efforts on every hole, regardless of how the contest stands. One of the greatest troubles with a golfer in match play is that he is figuring on how he can win enough holes to get square if he is down or, if up, how many to win the match. Also the mind of the golfer is apt to revert to holes that he lost which he thinks he should have won, but for hard luck or something. While these thoughts are through his brain, he is likely to lose another hole for the simple reason that his efforts and thoughts are not on the matter in hand.

One of the best examples of a player with an ideal golf temperament is A. J. Walker, Jr., Columbia University, who won the final round of the intercollegiate tournament Saturday on the east course at Merion.

Fine Recovery

The majority of players who went through what he did in the first eighteen holes of that match would never have made the wonderful recovery that he did. After the morning shot Walker was three down to J. S. Dean, Princeton, and the match looked to be a walk-away for the Tiger man.

Throughout the morning Walker had been playing miserable golf. The main reason for this was that he was badly overfought and could not get going. But the fact remains that he was constantly in trouble, driving poorly and putting worse. But when the afternoon round began Walker showed his ability to keep his mind on the game as it proceeded and not on what had happened or what might occur. Even in the morning, when he was going very badly, Walker did not lose his poise for a moment. But apparently his struggles were useless, for simply couldn't get going, no matter how carefully he played.

MEYERS QUILTS BASEBALL

Danny Murphy Succeeds the "Chief" as Manager of New Haven Club

New Haven, Conn., June 30.—John "Chief" Meyers, former New York and Boston National center, has resigned as manager of the New Haven club of the Eastern League, which post he has held since the opening of the present season.

It was announced that Danny Murphy, formerly of the Philadelphia Athletics, and more recently manager of the New Haven and Hartford teams, had been appointed manager of the local team.

Business interests prevented Meyers from devoting all his time to the team, it was stated.

Jim Barnes Leads Pro Golfers

Kansas City, Mo., June 30.—Steady, consistent play brought Jim Barnes, the St. Louis Sunbelt Hill professional, the first place at the close of the thirty tournament at the Meadow Lake Country Club yesterday. Barnes turned in a score of 297 for seventy-two holes. In the professional of the New Haven club, was formed by Barnes, professional, and Jack Hutchinson, professional, of the Chicago Glenview club, tied for third with 307 for the two days' play.

Eastern Golfers Beat Western Stars

St. Andrews, N. B., June 30.—Oswald Kirk, Montreal professional, and Charles Gardner White, of New York, representing the East, won a series of matches concluded here yesterday from the Western team composed of Charles H. Johnson, national amateur titleholder, and Ned Swain, held for the benefit of the Canadian Red Cross. The Easterners won three matches, lost two, and tied three.

Stockholm Holds Frankfurt

Wildwood, N. J., June 30.—Wildwood defeated Frankfurt July 4 of Philadelphia, 10 to 9 in the final round of the Stockholm Golf Club tournament. The Stockholm club is the former Central High athletes, who will play for Wildwood.

Macklin Twirls Steady Ball

In a well-played game at the Half-Way House grounds in Kensington, Tom Watson defeated P. C. C. Macklin yesterday. Macklin's pitching was steady.

Another for Kinley

Kinley A. A. defeated Jasper yesterday in an interesting game, 7 to 6, adding another to the fast-growing record of victories.

G. SHIBE PARK, 3:30 P. M.

A. Athletics vs. Washington \$1.10 Reserved, \$1.10 Gimble's and \$1.10

HERE TODAY

EMPIRE ATHLETIC CLUB Bala-Boro Street, Near Broad MONDAY NIGHT, 8:00 P. M. PATSY WALLACE vs. MICKY LENOX MICKY BRITTE vs. MICKY CONNER Three Other Good Bouts

IF JESS FALLS DOWN HE'LL LOSE A CROWN; HEY-DIDDLE-DIDDLE

Sing a Song of Sixty Bucks—Pocket Full of Pop—In Another Day or Two—Which of Them Will Drop, Says the Modern Mother Goose

IN THE SPOTLIGHT—BY GRANTLAND RICE

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Is there a drinker around here Who knows a drink with a kick That will drive all the cares from a pitcher's dome When Wooden Shoes picks up his stick?

Is there a drug fiend in all the world Who can slip as his dose That will make the pitcher tingle with joy And be overfacing with hops When the rear of the crowd and the toss of the hat Announce Old Gavey is up at bat?

Is there a doctor with tonic superb In any city or state To help a guy with the bases full And Cactus pounding the plate?

For the Day Again

WE HAVE harped at considerable length on this matter of form for the day before—but it might still carry a few more words. Any number of fans, for example, have seen Christy Mathewson pitch a three-hit game on Monday. And then on Thursday he met with a fusillade of swats from fifteen to sixteen in number.

THE same thing holds for a boxing match or a championship fight. THERE are now between 500,000 and 600,000 kids acting as caddies for American golfers.

Up With the Caddie

AND the opportunities to play the course early Monday or Tuesday mornings should be arranged.

Something More

THERE is still another side to the question. There are entirely too many golfers who are inclined to blame their caddies for every missed shot. Needing an alibi, they toss it back on the kid.

THE trend here is now upward and the caddie at last, through such enterprising associations as the Massachusetts and New Jersey golf branches, is coming closer to his own.

Mother Goose on the Fight

Hey-diddle-diddle, The ring's in the middle, While I'm up as high as the moon; Is that Jess or Jack Who is flat on his back? I feel like a human balloon.

Tom, Tom, the banker's son, Bought a ticket—the son-of-a-gun; And the only words that Tom can say Are "Sixty bucks is a lot to pay."

Sing a song of sixty-bucks—pocket full of pop—In another day or two—which of them will drop? When the fight is over—I'll be worse than broke—Isn't that a pretty ditty to sit before a bloke?

Jack and Jess met in a ring To spring a tale of slaughter; If Jess falls down he'll lose his crown; I wonder if he orter?

AMATEUR BASEBALL NOTES

Manager Phil Haggerty, of the Nativity, whose team has won nine games this season, is desirous of booking several games away from home on Sundays. Nativity has one of the best teams in the city, and Haggerty is devising a scheme whereby the leading semipro can play a series and decide the best independent club in the town.

For games address Phil Haggerty, 2012 Aramingo avenue. Nativity is open to play games at home on Saturday afternoon with the strongest clubs in or out of town.

Glory A. C. wants to hear from all first-class teams having grounds and offering guarantees. E. J. Davies, 642 North Fifty-fifth street.

The Lenox C. C. has July 6, 12 and 19 open for a first-class home team. Thomas F. Joyce, 2949 South Wernock street.

St. Lawrence C. C. has open dates in July and August for first-class home teams. St. Lawrence, 2387 East York street.

Rosefield Club, a first-class traveling team, would like to hear from Walter Park, Gifford or any other team. Frank Conlin, 500 East Martin street, Roxborough.

A fast outfielder would like to sign with a first-class semi-pro team playing Saturday and Sunday ball. Ball Player, 4819 Cedar avenue.

Fuhrill A. C., a first-class traveling team, is in need of a pitcher and infielder; also has July 4, 6, 12 and 19 open dates for either at home or away. C. Heller, 642 North Lambert street.

The All-Americans are open for first-class teams giving a favorable guarantee. Communicate with Art Summers, 5543 Willow avenue, The All-Americans have Saturday, June 28, July 4 and 8 open. The team this season has played and defeated such teams as the Hilldale, Bacharach Giants, Paterson Silk Sox, Tugan and Walls, of Hoboken, winning nine out of its eleven games played, losing one to Hilldale and one to Paterson.

Rosewood A. A., a first-class traveling team, has July 4 and dates in August and September open for all first-class home teams. Charles Adams, 948 North Orleans street.

PARIS GARTERS NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU The unsatisfactory imitation garters that look like Paris—but aren't—emphasize the importance of looking twice before you buy—once for our kneeling figure oval trademark and once again to be sure. A. STEIN & COMPANY Makers Children's HICKORY Garters Chicago 112 New York