DEMPSEY'S FORM FOR BIG BOUT BOOSTS WILLARD AND WILLARD'S FORM BOOSTS DEMPSEY

JESS AND JACK LUCKY TO MEET IN BOUT FOR HIGHEST RING HONORS

Both Waded Through Heavyweights When Boxers of Class Among Big Men Were Very, Very Scarce. Neither Has Beaten One Rival of Real Worth

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL
Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger
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Toledo, O., July 3.

WITH the hefty, high-priced pugilistic marvels all set to enter the ring and wondering in which bank they will deposit their shares of the $127,500 purse, an amazing situation has developed here in Toledo. Never before on the eve of a championship battle has such a thing occurred.

For the last week the big brawl has been fought by the mouth every night in the hotel lobbies. Blows have been demonstrated, knockout punches explained and every one of the twelve rounds put on with gestures. An outsider, sitting on the sidelines and absorbing all of the dope, cannot help but reach the final conclusion that both Willard and Dempsey will come out of the ring champion of the world tomorrow. Neither can lose, so write your own ticket and wait until tomorrow night to see if you have won.

Sentiment is divided into two equal parts and each side is positive its favorite will win. The experts seem blinded by the true facts and cannot look upon the big affair with free and open minds. They came here firmly convinced that either Dempsey or Willard would win and have not changed their views.

The work of the fighters in the training camps does not impress them. In fact, few of the dyed-in-the-wool experts ever leave the center of the city. The hotel lobby is the battleground and sentiment changes according to the number of Dempsey or Willard men in the crowd. Many have not seen the boxers except in pictures, and it would not be at all surprising tomorrow if some of these heavy bettors turned to their neighbors when the men climb into the ring and ask:

"Which one is Willard?"

Everything is worked according to the dope. It's just the same as a Philadelphian figuring the chances of a horse in the sixth race at Latonia. He cannot go out and take a look at the steed, but studies the past performance charts, and if it looks good the bankroll is unloaded. The same goes here. Fight fans a thousand miles away have a better chance to pick a winner than those on the scene. They don't have to listen to the sure thing boy.

* * *

I HAVE been in Toledo off and on for the last month and watched both Willard and Dempsey carefully. They are in good shape and will give each other lots of trouble. That's as far as I will go on the "picking a winner" stuff. However, Willard should be the favorite.

Not Jess, the Champion, Tomorrow

THERE has been lots of talk of "psychological edges" and things like that because one man holds the championship and the other doesn't. All of that talk is hokum, because when Jess Willard climbs through the ropes tomorrow afternoon he will be just plain Jess Willard and not Jess Willard, the champion. He will not take his title into the ring with him. He can check it in the hotel safe, lock it in his dressing room or allow Tex Rickard to take care of it.

In other words, he will be on equal terms with Dempsey. Both he and the challenger will box twelve rounds to a decision, and at the end, if Jess is considered good enough to retain the crown, it will be returned to him. If not, the headpiece will be hung on the sun-burned brow of William Harrison Dempsey, and everybody will say what a nice-looking new champion we have. Willard will fight for the heavyweight championship of the world. Of course, he has the advantage of retaining it in case of a draw, but we understand no decision like that will be given. If both men are on their feet at the end of the twelfth round there will be a winner and a loser. That's the reason for the two judges.

Toledo is ready for the title tilt. The native merchants are operating upon the visitors and profiting greatly thereby. The huge arena has been completed and seats for almost 90,000 persons are ready for occupancy. Tex Rickard paid out the small sum of $172,000 for the structure, which will be sold on Saturday for $40,000. The boxers have coined money in their daily practice pranks and between them will have about $70,000. The dollar sign has predominated in everything connected with the fight, and the dear old public has come through without a murmur. It is the same as when the circus comes to town.

* * *

NO ONE can say today whether it will be a tragedy, comedy, burlesque or zero comic, but all admit the show will be interesting. The largest crowd that ever attended a boxing match will be present, the largest amount of money in the history of any kind of sport will be paid for the privilege of witnessing the affair and it is doubtful if we'll ever see anything like it again. It is the Army-Navy game of pugilism.

Dempsey Waded Through Poor Crop

NOW let's discuss the principals in an offhand way, dragging in the dope just for reference. Dempsey has a long string of quick knockouts to his credit which looks impressive. He has toppled over all of the big fellows he has met with two exceptions, proved himself to be a hard-hitting, two-handed fighter and won his way into the hearts of the fans. Ninety per cent of the followers of boxing want to see Dempsey win. Willard has been inactive, turned his back on the sport which took him from the free-lunch counters, capitalized his title, refused to fight until he got good and ready and now is one of the most unpopular champions we ever have had. This isn't a slam at Big Jess. Everybody knows it, including the champion.

Therefore Dempsey is the sentimental favorite. His followers are so anxious to have him win that their judgment has been affected. They seem to believe they can turn the tide of battle by placing big bets on his chances. This wild-eyed enthusiasm will count for nothing when the men face each other. If Dempsey wins, the country will forget there ever was a July thirst. If he is trimmed, there will be nothing but knocks and bumps and slams for the "big stiff" who took advantage of the little man. That's the way in the fight game.

But here is something to think about. Dempsey has walloped the tar out of many heavyweights, but what good man has he ever licked? Don't get excited, but look over the record. Fulton stands out as the best, but he was nothing but a chicken-hearted big tramp. He was beaten before he ever stepped into the ring, and it took only five wallops and eighteen seconds to put him on his back for keeps. Battling Levinsky was another, but the Battler did not appear to be in any kind of shape when he took it on the chin. Then there are Carl Morris, Gunboat Smith, Porky Flynn, Jim Flynn, Arthur Pelky and others, who are second-raters and too old to be of any use except as truck drivers. You cannot get away from the fact that Dempsey waded through the worst crop of heavyweights we ever have had.

* * *

JACK has boxed Willie Meehan three times and has yet to win a decision. Two resulted in draws and the other was a victory for the fat boy. That looks bad. Meehan is not a formidable foe, but is quick and shifty on his feet, has a good left hand and had no trouble in hitting Dempsey. Billy Miske lingered the limit in two no-decision battles, and he, too, proved Jack was easy to hit.

Aggressiveness Is Dempsey's Defense

THERE you have the up-and-up. Dempsey's defense is not so good as it might be, but he can sock with either mauler and if he lands a wallop it hurts. He is like one of Glenn Warner's football teams. Glenn says the only way to win games is to keep the ball all of the time and score more touchdowns than the other fellows. He does not pay much attention to the defense.

"Keep the ball," is his motto, and the same goes for Dempsey. He carries the fight to his foe, tries to place him on the defensive and through aggressive tactics score a victory.

Dempsey says he will win. His manager says he will win, and those close to him are positive Willard either will take the count or quit cold. Billy McCarney is telling the world that Jess is likely to jump through the ropes after Jack gets busy with body blows and wallops to the chin, because the big champion did the same thing in a fight with Joe Cox several years ago. Others bring up the argument favoring youth against old age, and every man who is betting on the challenger says it's a cinch.

Jack plans to surprise Willard tomorrow. He told me he had a new style of attack and instead of rushing in and letting go with both hands, as has been the case in all of the other battles, he would take it easy for a few rounds, make Jess step around and tire him out.

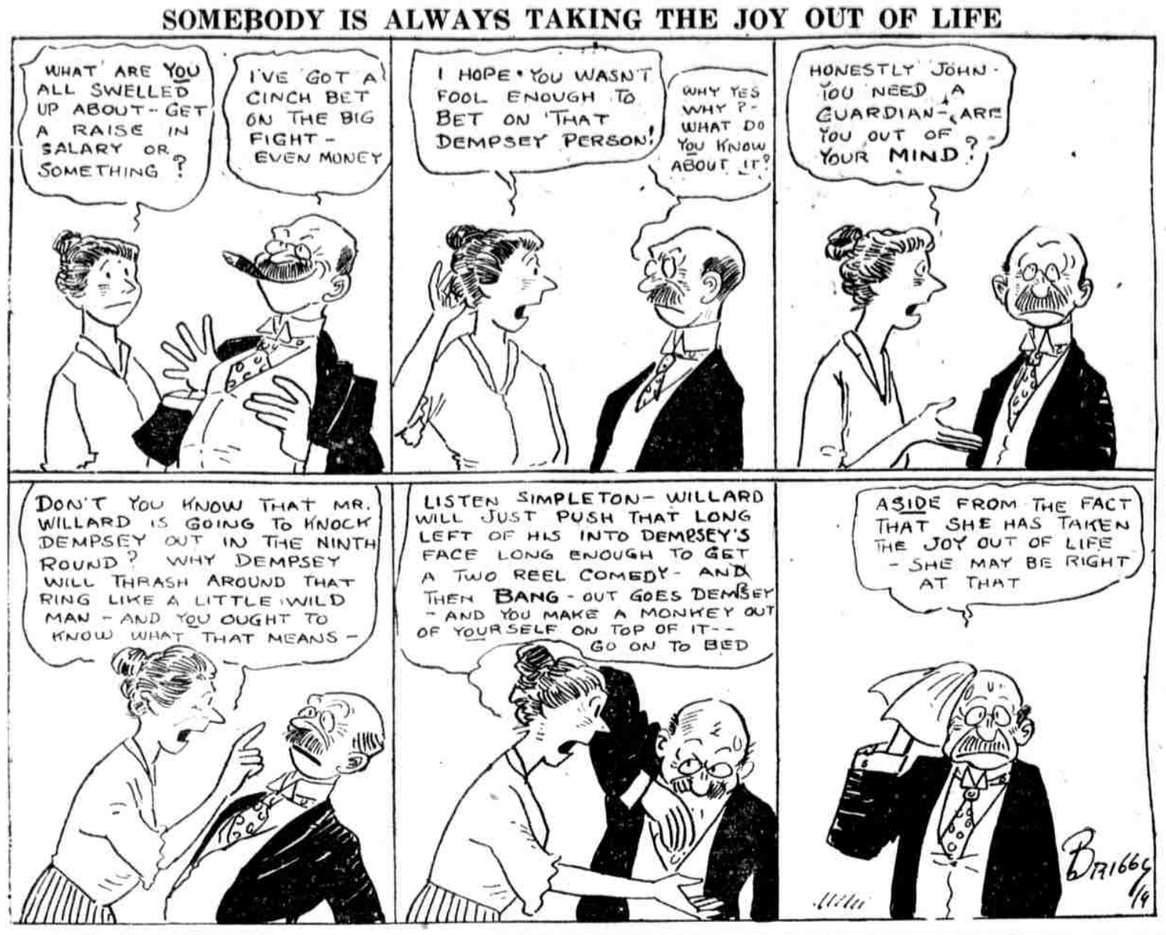
"I will take no chances," said Dempsey. "Willard expects me to tear into him and all he has to do is stand flat-footed and stick out his left hand so I can run into it. That would be a good thing for Willard, but not for me. I shall have him chasing me around the ring for a few rounds, and when he gets tired, then will be the time to step in and do some hitting. Jess will know he is in a fight and he is liable to fall from exhaustion. I am confident I will knock him and knock him stiff."

You can't beat that for confidence, and the funny thing about it is that every Dempsey follower feels the same way about it. One would imagine Jack was matched with Porky Flynn or some other bum, because no one will admit there is a possible chance to lose.

* * *

BUT don't forget the dope. Dempsey never has whipped a good heavyweight, his defense is not good and if he gets a soak on the chin he will go down the same as any one else. His first real test will come tomorrow.

SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE



PHILADELPHIANS REACH RINGSIDE

Dougherty Special Arrives in Toledo With Many Notables to See Fight

RECEIVE WARM WELCOME

By JAMES S. CAROLAN

Toledo, O., July 3.—The first big contingent of Philadelphians arrived here today on the "Dougherty Special." The party, headed by Crum Lynne's newly acquired citizen, James F. Dougherty, former baron of Leiperville, left Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, last night at 11 o'clock. There were 100 fans aboard who had purchased the best seats that could be obtained for the big mill between Jess Willard and Jack Dempsey, that is to be staged in the huge wooden bowl tomorrow afternoon.

While thousands of fight followers who have just arrived are searching, many vainly, for a place to sleep tonight, the Quaker City bunch is just marking time, looking 'em over, for they will be housed in their special train tonight, which is located on a siding in the railroad yard.

As soon as the train arrived today the entire party set forth to visit the camps of the fighters. They were given a warm welcome by Frank Poth, Leon Rains, Charlie Heeb, Doc Wittmaier, Bob Maxwell and the other Philadelphians who have been drifting in for the past week.

On the roster of the Dougherty party are the names Arthur E. Newbold, Samuel M. Vauclain, Lieut. Jack Sproul, Lieut. George Earle, Dr. Martin E. Rehfuss, Judge Joseph Rogers, the Rev. Thomas Ryan, Commander Payne, Judge Isaac Johnson, James F. Dougherty, John T. Sykes.

Shortly after the Dougherty special arrived another in charge of Harry Donaghy pulled in and discharged its eager cargo of fistic followers. A private car with many members of the Philadelphia Racquet Club will be in tomorrow morning. The car will be attached to the Chicago limited out of Philadelphia. This party will be headed by J. Price Wetherill and T. M. S. Rolls. Among those on this car will be Dr. John B. Deaver, Walter Clothier, L. C. Fuller, Andrew J. Carty, Tristram Colket and John Barnes, all of Philadelphia, and James Harriman, William Hitt, Henri de Sibour and William Rayburn, of Washington.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien also arrived this morning. He is the guest of Tex Rickard.

ADMISSION TAXES $100,000

Federal Treasury Will Be Enriched Greatly by Big Bout

Washington, July 3.—Basing their estimates on a sale of $1,000,000 worth of tickets, officials of the Bureau of Internal Revenue have said the Willard-Dempsey fight would net the federal treasury $100,000 in admission taxes.

In addition there will be a tax of 50 per cent on all money received by speculators in excess of the regular price of admission.

Gayety Boxing Results

Kid Joyce defeated Bobby Fritz in the final bout of the 133-pound class of the amateur boxing tournament at the Gayety Theatre last night, thereby winning a diamond ring. The other bouts resulted as follows:

110-pound class—Kid McGinnes stopped Kid Merino in two rounds and Johnny Curry stopped Kid Ferucie in two rounds. 105-pound class—Bobby Kelley beat Jack O'Keefe, Young McKee beat Young Schmidt, Kid Johnson beat Kid Dix and Tommy Hammell beat Johnny Kansas.

Sullivan Left $3,624.71 Estate

Abington, Mass., July 3.—After making more than a million dollars as heavyweight boxing champion, the late John L. Sullivan left an estate valued at $3,624.71, according to Probate Judge Chamberlain, who placed a valuation on the property.

Phila. Jack O'Brien's $15
SPECIAL SUMMER COURSE
S. E. Cor. 15th and Chestnut
Read yellow-page 231—Phone Book

DEMPSEY FAVORED BECAUSE HE IS SMALLER, SAYS RICE

Contender Is Being Backed Against Willard Through Sentiment — Jess's Bettors Want to Increase Bankroll

By GRANTLAND RICE

Toledo, July 3.

WITHIN another twenty-four hours Tex Rickard will uncover his masterpiece in the presence of 75,000 people who have paid in over a million dollars to see the greatest sporting spectacle America has ever known.

The human swirl is now surging in like the tides of Barnegat to see whether or not Doc Time has anything on Kid Nature when it comes to a competition in the ring.

Three-fourths of those who arrive and those who are already here are pulling for Dempsey to win—and picking him in advance. The atmosphere is fairly rife with Dempsey talk, but there is still enough Willard money to cover every Dempsey bet.

The reason for this is simple enough. Many are picking Dempsey to win because they want him to win for two reasons. First, the desire to see a newcomer step in and remove a champion who has never held the faintest grip upon public popularity; second, the old human yearn to see a smaller man step out and tear the soul out of the larger entry.

Like Fiction Story

Did you ever read a fiction story where the bigger man won? You never did. It is always the quiet, slight stranger who wades in and smears the bullying giant. And fiction is written to meet a popular demand.

This is why thousands are pulling for Dempsey and picking him to win who are not any too keen to wager their shirt upon the result. Many of these who are backing Dempsey are backing him through sentiment. Practically all of those backing Willard are influenced solely by the desire to increase a bank roll.

Here you have the main reason why three men to one are picking Dempsey, with the wagering still at even money.

Aside from the actual ring class of the two men, the spectacle itself will be the top peak in American sport. When a fight loving public paid out $270,000 to see Jeffries face Johnson, every one said the last top step had been made and that no occasion would arise again within this generation to call for any such jubilee of cash.

Top Peak in Sport

But here, exactly eight years later, nearly four times this amount will be turned in to see whether or not a physical freak in the way of bulk and power can stop a natural, rushing fighter who has everything else in his favor except this one thing. The populace at large believes Dempsey at least has an even chance, and so once more they are coming in the hope to see a living story, not of fiction, but of fact, where the small stranger overthrows the giant blimp.

Ever since Willard stopped Johnson he has been proclaimed as an unbeatable specimen of fistic manhood.

"Too big," they all said; "too big for any normal man."

But here is a youngster weighing under 200 pounds who has so many other factors in his favor that he has at least an even chance to win and to revive nursery memories of Giant killing Jack, the most beloved hero of them all.

For this reason they are all either here or coming.

Every Walk of Life

It is hard to imagine in the sticky, steamy whirl of things in this storm center of fistiana that the outside world still is thickly populated in spots. Cabinet members, billionaires, millionaires, silk-shirted scions of aristocracy, tramps, bums, bankers, lawyers, clerks, old sports, women, children—a vast and clammy mass all swarming into the largest arena ever built upon this continent, where more than a few have had to run up an expense account around $500 to see anywhere from three to thirty-six minutes of actual competition.

And what a squawk there would be if it should turn out to be a flivver, just another one of those things where both have decided to play it safe! But at this advance moment the dope doesn't incline that way. Dempsey has fought over fifty ring battles with almost exactly the same system—rushing his man from the kickoff until the moment arrived when the big punch cut through and broke up the show. It is hardly possible that he will change now.

Hitting Game

In baseball the average fanatic likes a hitting game best. A hitting game is what he will get here, for both men can hit and hit hard enough to leave a human frontispiece looking like a scrambled egg if the wallop reaches port.

Yes, they should get a hitting game unless the dope caves in. The pitching and the fielding don't look to be any too robust. But the soggy plunk of the thudding mitt should echo and echo through every minute of fighting until one or the other decides the moment has arrived to call it a fight and get some sleep, using the resin for a mattress.

No Breeze Nor Cloud, Temperature 90, Weather Forecast for Big Bout

Toledo, O., July 3.—The weatherman threw the sponge into the ring today.

"Not a breeze in sight, not a cloud in sight," he murmured, and as he turned and beat it, he promised a temperature of fully 90 all day tomorrow for the Willard-Dempsey battle.

CLAN-NA-GAEL GAMES
POINT BREEZE PARK, JULY 4TH
The Very Rev. P. E. Magennis, O. C. C., of New York, will bring the Carmelite School children to compete in the children's races, also in jigs, reels and hornpipes and four-hand reels. The games are under the direction and rules of the A. A. U. and will start at 1 p. m. and will continue to 8 p. m., with brass band, pipers' band, bagpipe, violinist and piccolo. Irish dancing all day and evening. Admission 50 cents. Children under 10 free.

Goodby, A's, Until July 29
Athletics vs. Boston
Shibe Park Today, 3:30 P. M.
Tickets, 30c, 55c, 85c, $1.10.
Reserved at Gimbels' and Spaldings'.

Bicycle Races
PT. BREEZE VELODROME
Special Tonight
Greatest Race of the Year
100 Kilometers, 62½ Miles
Starters—Madonn, Wiley, Carman, Lawrence and Chapman
Tickets, 30c, 55c and 85c

Willard-Dempsey Returns
NATIONAL A. A. 11th and Catherine Sts.
Fourth of July Afternoon
2:30 SHARP
5 STAR BOUTS—Wind-up
K. O. Loughlin vs. Lew Rowland

MAY BAR KIDNEY BLOW IN BIG BOUT

Rules for Willard-Dempsey Match Interpreted at Meeting of Principals and Officials

RABBIT PUNCH ALLOWED

Toledo, O., July 3.—Rules governing the heavyweight championship contest between Jess Willard and Jack Dempsey in Tex Rickard's $150,000 arena here tomorrow are to be officially interpreted at a meeting today attended by Ollie Pecord, the referee, Rickard and Major A. J. Drexel Biddle, judges of the contest, the boxers themselves and Jack Kearns, manager of the challenger.

Previous to the meeting, Willard expressed himself as being willing to box under any rules, but suggested that the contestants be permitted to box as long as an arm is free, to break at once at the command of the referee and to break clean. Rickard said he understood that straight Marquis of Queensberry rules were to apply, the boxers to take care of themselves at all times.

Kearns, who spoke for Dempsey, said he intended to press the point that the judges should not sit together, but on opposite sides of the ring. He also said that he did not care how the rules were interpreted so long as each boxer and the referee agreed on what was to be exacted.

The only blow that probably will be barred will be the kidney punch, which, under the rules of the Toledo Boxing Commission, is prohibited in all matches staged in this city. As Pecord is the official referee of the commission and tomorrow's contest will be staged under license granted by the commission, the punch undoubtedly will be barred.

No provision is made, however, for the rabbit punch, which Willard's admirers say is a favorite blow with the champion. The blow is delivered on the back of an opponent's neck and Willard, as well as Dempsey, used it with punishing effect in their training romps. The punch, it was indicated, would be allowed so long as the boxer using it did not hold his opponent with one arm.

Rickard said that it was likely that the boxers would agree to tape their hands in their dressing rooms at the arena and in the presence of a representative from the rival camps. Willard previously had said that he desired to have Dempsey and himself come into the ring with bare hands and to adjust the cotton bandages and a thin layer of surgical tape while in the ring.

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Owners of old government rifles can obtain blank cartridges here. Let us have a big, rousing, old-fashioned Fourth of July in commemoration of all the glories of the nation, past and present.
Open This Evening Until 10 o'Clock
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NUT, BUM, BANKER, YEGGMAN PASS THEIR CASH TO THE EGGMAN

In Toledo's Mad Whirl the Old Oaken Fight Talk, the Iron-Bound Fight Bunk, the Glittering Fight Junk Now Waits on the Bell

IN THE SPORTLIGHT—BY GRANTLAND RICE

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Toledo, O., July 3.

Songs of the Impending Conflict

I

Here they come—nut and bum,
Banker, yeggman—all the nation,
File by file of varied style
In one vast conglomeration;
Picking Jess or backing Jack,
Doping out the bloke who'll win it
Where the atmosphere is black
With a million words a minute.

Here they swing to the ring,
Or we'll make it the arena,
Where tomorrow some one's sorrow
Leaves the other's joy the keener;
Picking Jack or backing Jess,
Each one rising up to shout it;
Gee—but it's an awful mess
When you come to think about it.

Hard and seamy—hot and steamy,
Here they come in endless motion,
Cuckoos out upon a rout,
Surging onward like the ocean;
Illustrating each man's blow,
Showing how each cops the clover;
Here's the best bet that I know—
By tomorrow night it's over.

II

The tumult and the clouting start
(Abstracting from a great poet);
Referring here to Friday's chart,
As if, of course, you didn't know it;
Oh, friends back home—be with us yet—
Let us forget—let us forget.

If Tex promotes another bout—
(Here boy—I'll take another rickey)
I hope they call the army out
And treat him as a bolsheviki;
Though Willard fade and Dempsey fret—
Let us forget—let us forget.

Far called, we wait the wild affray,
An atom in the clammy brood;
Lo—all our coin of yesterday
Is gone for lodging and for food;
But when tomorrow's sun has set
Let us forget—let us forget.

III

How dear to my heart are the scenes of last summer
When I was at ease in a dugout in France;
For though there were times when the outlook was glummer,
I had a fair show from the missiles of chance;
For here I am gassed from the dew of the morning
Till far beyond dusk where the bag-punchers dwell;
Where swarming in bunches they land without warning
With moss-covered fight talk that waits on the bell.

The old oaken fight talk—
The iron-bound fight talk—
The moss-covered fight talk
That waits on the bell.

How dear to this heart are the scenes now behind me
With only the cooties and shells on a hike;
Where never a nut or a cuckoo could find me
To shoot the old query—"well, who do you like?"
Ah, that was the life (though I lic like a sinner)
I'll still take my chances on shrapnel and shell;
Where no one was guessing—we all knew the winner
Apart from the fight talk that waits on the bell.

The old oaken fight talk—
The iron-bound fight talk—
The moss-covered fight talk
That waits on the bell.

* * *

Finale chorus indited to Tex Rickard—
"You made me what I am today—
I hope you're satisfied."

AMATEUR BASEBALL NOTES

Vineland B. C. is anxious to hear from first-class teams, such as Hilldale, E. G. Budd, Lit Brothers, S. & C., for Wednesday and Saturday games. J. Steineder, phone Vineland 16 J.

Rookwood Profs. has July 12 and 19 open for such teams as Hilldale, S. & C., Stetson and Harrowgate, paying a guarantee. J. McBride, 3046 North Twenty-third street.

Divisional Club has July 20, 26 and later dates in July and August open for home teams, paying a guarantee. J. Cunningham, 4928 Westminster avenue.

Rookdale A. A. has July 4, 12 and 26 open for all semipro home clubs. Edwin Mintzer, 2418 North Colorado street.

S. T. C. K., a seventeen-eighteen-year-old traveling team, has open dates in July and August for teams paying a guarantee. R. C. Harding, 5521 Sullivan street.

Atlantic A. A. a eighteen-twenty-year-old team, has Saturdays in July and August and Mondays for twilight games open. B. Herbert, 1214 East Venango street.

Letterly A. C. wants to arrange games with any fourteen-sixteen-year-old home teams paying expenses for open dates in July and August. G. Koller, 2451 Coral st.

Palm Beach A. A., a first-class traveling team, has July 4 (a. m. and p. m.) and July 5 open. John Lisco, 1105 Brandywine street.

Anchor Giants are anxious to hear from first-class teams having Fourth of July open and offering a guarantee. Frank Robinson, 130 East Chelten avenue.

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$10 SILK SHIRTS
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$2.50 Madras SHIRTS
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$1.85
Regular $1.75 B-V-D Union Suits
Now $1.25
$5.00 Bathing Suits consisting of White Worsted Shirt and Blue Flannel Pants with White Belt.
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All Underwear Reduced to Half Price
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