Six Thousand Watch Fighters Go Through Stunts

Monahan Bruises Willard Who Has a Rough Afternoon

Champion Sustains Slight Cut Over Left Eye and Bleeds a Bit From Mouth After Fast Round With Sparring Partner; Dempsey Escapes Mussing Up

By W. O. McGeehan

TOLEDO, June 29.—Only a few days remain in which the experts may peer intently at the gladiators who will collect $127,500 on July 4. Both Willard and Dempsey will go into seclusion after Wednesday afternoon to count the four-bit and two-bit pieces taken in during the training. Dempsey has an edge on Willard here, as he was on the ground first.

About six thousand paid admission at both camps to-day, seeing and getting the work from the boxers. Ohioans flivvered here from all places within a radius of a hundred miles and parked around the full regiment of experts which was drawn up in a hollow square.

That Willard has been spoofing the experts to some extent was revealed by one of the neighbors. It seems that the experts have been greatly exercised over the fact that the champion has been doing no road work. At any rate, he has not been seen along the Dixie highway, chased by a flock of photographers and half of the population.

But a man named Casey, a gent of good repute in the community, has been shadowing the Willard residence of nights. He is ready to make an affidavit that the champion steals out in the twilight and does five miles or so. I am giving you this bit of low down in the hope that it will not cause a panic on the Stock Exchange.

Champion Dislikes Road Work

Willard always has disliked road work. You can't charge any admission to it, for it usually is done in public parks or on public highways. To be followed by a crowd of persons who have parted with nothing to see him always has been against Willard's retiring tastes. He balked at road work in Central Park, if you will remember, when he was training for Moran. For the same reason both he and Dempsey avoided the late war. There was no admission charged.

Walter Monahan, who has been training with Willard ever since he started to work for the Johnson bout, is all smoked up over the champion's condition. Of course, Walter is more or less inclined to favor Willard, being on his payroll.

"He is in better shape than he ever was in his life," declared Monahan. "His straight left is faster and his right upper cut has more snap to it. I should know more about him than anybody else when you come to figure that I have worked with him longer. Take it from me, he is every bit as dangerous as he was when he fought Johnson.

"I believe that he is even better, for he knows more about boxing. His direction is better and he seems able to do more with that right upper cut. If he lands that on Dempsey he will lift the head off his shoulders."

You can have an equally confident story only more so from Jack Kearns, international African golf expert and manager of William Harrison Dempsey. Also Mr. Kearns will tell you that Willard is all right externally but all wrong internally.

Kearns Predicts Quick Finish

"All that the referee will have to do will be to count ten," declared Mr. Kearns. "The two judges won't have a thing to do. Dempsey will end the thing early and there you are."

Willard put in an active afternoon, especially with Monahan. In a fairly fast round with him Willard sustained a slight cut over the left eye. It did not amount to much, but the rumor circulated through the local fight exchange that the champion had been badly mussed up and Willard stock preferred began to take another drop.

If a doughboy being trained to rush a few lines of German trenches had received such a scratch it would not be noticed, but because it happened to be hung over the left eye of the heavyweight champion the news of it was flashed to all corners of the globe. In the same round Willard's lip was cut and he bled slightly from the mouth. It was one of the roughest afternoons he has put in since landing here.

But lest the news of these injuries hold up the peace plans I am willing to make affidavit that neither wound will be fatal. I have been more seriously injured in a catch-as-catch-can hour with a safety razor. Still, you never can tell about a champion. They are brittle persons.

Dempsey came through the afternoon without being mussed up to any extent. He took on the Jamaica Kid, Bill Tate and Jack Malone for two rounds apiece. Despite the fact that there was something like $3,000 in the house, William Harrison refrained from dropping either of the Senegambians.

The Jamaica Kid saw one right coming in his direction and dove out through the ropes, knocking down and mangling a couple of experts. He was passed back intact and there was nothing any closer to a casualty this afternoon.

Willard's Face Leaner

It has come to the point here where peering at the athletes brings no inspiration. It merely makes one peevish and on unfriendly terms with other experts. There has been some change in Willard. His face is leaner and the lines that come from training have deepened. Dempsey looks the same as he did a week after his arrival. He was ready for the bout when he stepped off the train.

If these two should ever be matched again by any chance I am willing to wager that they will start their training about a month in advance. I know of no easier way to take in about $1,000 a day; neither do they. And admission to see the Princess Pats and the 23d United States Infantry training for their bout with the Huns was absolutely free. Uncle Sam does not know how to make these things pay.

The town is rapidly ganging up. It is getting so that one can have most anything done at a reasonable rate. All walks of life are represented. You could have a safe opened or a porch climbed for almost nothing here. At the same time, higher class manipulators, such as bankers and financiers, are pouring in, with a liberal representation from the motion picture industry and the stage.

Tex Rickard coyly admitted to-day that he expected a million dollar gate.

"That many can get in without packing the arena, either," he said. "If the place is filled to capacity there will be $300,000 over the million mark."

Special Women's Section

While Rickard does not expect the same percentage of women that was at the Willard-Moran fight, he has already been forced to enlarge the section that is "For Ladies Only." Women will not be restricted to this section, but the promoter figured that some of the softer sex might wish to sit apart from the cauliflower ear groves.

"It will be a refined and representative gathering," the promoter declares, "and there will be a couple of thousand ex-soldier police in the arena to keep it refined. The festivities, as has been already announced, will start at 10 in the morning. There will be fifty-four rounds of preliminary boxing and 2,000 introductions or more before the main event, which is scheduled for 3 in the afternoon."

After to-day the gladiators will proceed with the process of tapering off, which means that they will box less, but there will be no reduction in the price of admission. Willard will retire to his town residence after Wednesday and the gates of the Dempsey camp will be barred to all but expert crap shooters.

International League

GAMES TO-DAY

Baltimore at Newark.
Jersey City at Reading.
Buffalo at Toronto.
Rochester at Binghamton.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS

Jersey City, 5; Reading, 4.
Newark, 9; Baltimore, 4.
Newark, 8; Baltimore, 2.
Buffalo, 7; Toronto, 6.
Rochester, 8; Binghamton, 7 (13 in).

STANDING OF TEAMS

	W.	L.	Pct.		W.	L.	Pct.
B'more.	42	20	.677	Buffalo.	28	32	.467
Toronto	38	24	.613	Roch't'r	26	33	.441
Bing't'n	29	28	.509	Reading	23	34	.404
Newark.	32	32	.500	J. City..	22	37	.373

800-Metre Relay Record Broken at Big Allied Meet

PERSHING STADIUM, France, Saturday, June 28.—Private Sol Butler, of the American army, who was the winner of the trials in the running broad jump at the Inter-Allied games to-day, was cheered loudly when he stepped up to the box of the King of Montenegro after his success to receive from the King the medal of the Fourth Class of the Order of Danilo.

The stadium was crowded at the opening of the inter-Allied games to-day. Before the contests began, Colonel Wait Johnson, of the games committee, received the decoration of officer of the Legion of Honor, and Lieutenant Colonels Goodrich, Lonergan and MacDermott, and Elwood F. Brown, of the Young Men's Christian Assaciation, were made Chevaliers.

Bob Simpson, United States, won the final in the 110-metre high hurdles event. Wilson, New Zealand, finished second.

The first Englishman to compete in the stadium ran third in his heat of the 400-metre run to-day and qualified for the finals. In the finals of the running broad jump Sol Butler, United States, made 7.557 metres; Worthington, United Staes, 7.267; Johnson, United States, 6.69, and Kebdell, New Zealand, 6.553.

The world's record for the 800-metre relay was broken twice to-day. In the first heat the American team covered the distance in 1 minute 33 1-5 seconds, followed by the teams representing Australia, Italy and Rumania. Immediately afterward the Canadian four equalled the Americans' time and were followed by France, Belgium, and Greece. The new record beats the old by 2 4-5 seconds.

Both finishes brought the 30,000 spectators cheering to their feet. The American team was composed of Paddock, Haddock, Torkelson and Teschner. The Canadian runners were Howard, Haliburton, Zoellin and Johnson.

Simpson's time for the 110-metre hurdles was 15 1-5 seconds, equalling the world's record. Butler's running broad jump was within .043 metres of the former Olympic record, beating the French record by over half a metre.

All the American entries in the 400 metres run—Edby, Spink and Grey—qualified for the semi-finals, winning their respective heats. They were slower, however, than Devaux, of France, who won the second heat in 52 2-5 seconds.

Eastern League

Waterbury, 2; Hartford, 0.
Springfield, 4; Bridgeport, 0.
Pittsfield, 8; New Haven, 5.

Sporting Editor From Mars Pays Visit to Toledo Camps

He Listens to All the Dope Oozing From the "Experts" for Two Hours and Then, With Feeble Pulse but Fast, Spills His Tale of Woe

By Grantland Rice

TOLEDO, Ohio, June 29.—You couldn't pronounce his name if we told you what it was. Besides, we didn't catch his monicker 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. This Martian critic was the same writer who over 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 Secor 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 on in later years, Edgren, Tad, Goldberg, Runyon, McGeehan and others whose judgment was worthy of respect.

An Imposing Array

Mingled with these he saw such veteran trainers as William Muldoon, Pooch Donovan, etc., who have spent their long careers in conditioning men for the various competitions of life. Then he saw boxers who should know something of their own game drift by. Bat Nelson, Frank Moran, Bennie Leonard, Jack McAuliffe, young and old, lightweights and heavyweights.

He saw Tom Flanagan, who helped to look after Johnson's destinies in his battles with Jeffries and Willard, and Tex O'Rourke, who had helped to train Willard for his Johnson fight.

So our Martian neighbor went forth to get an earful from this clan who should know if anybody in the world ever could.

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 frame. His pulse was feeble, but fast. 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 Levinsky, 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 then tackled Fred Fulton. Who is Fulton? Well, Fulton stopped Frank Moran in three rounds after Moran had carried Willard for ten rounds without trouble.

Dempsey-Fulton "Mill"

"'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 14¾ 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 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 never met a man who could hit as hard, and Willard is older than Sullivan or Jeffries were when their gory features struck the rain as old Doc Time stood by and whispered, "This way out." He has youth, strength, speed, stamina, courage, confidence, experience and the impetus of a victorious career. And he is meeting a man nearly forty years old, who has loafed through his training and who never beat a young, fast, hard hitting fighter in his life. Who'll win? Here's $100,000 left, you bet on Dempsey at even money. Know any takers?'" Here the Martian paused for breath.

"Then," he continued, "I visited the 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.

"'He has a left that will check Dempsey at long range, and if Jack gets by this left he will run into a 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 to-day 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 hitter, couudn't even check him. Moran, a good, game experienced slugger, couldn't even bother him. He knows how to block and he can outhit 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 spot this fellow fifty pounds in weight and six inches in height and reach. Nothing to it, not a thing.

If you had been in the Martian's place and had been called upon to pick a winner upon the evidence submitted above all handed out by experts who should know writers, trainers and fighters, with the lore of anywhere from five to thirty years behind them, almost evenly divided, which man would you have picked to win?

What the Martian wirelessed back was this:

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

Galloper Light Wins Grand Prix de Paris

PARIS, June 29 (Havas).—The Grand Prix de Paris was run at Longchamps to-day for the first time since the war and was won by Galloper Light. Mastergood was second, Insensible third and Rapidan fourth.

An immense crowd saw the race. Among those in the stand were Premier Clemenceau and President Poincaré.

Ocean Country Club Wins

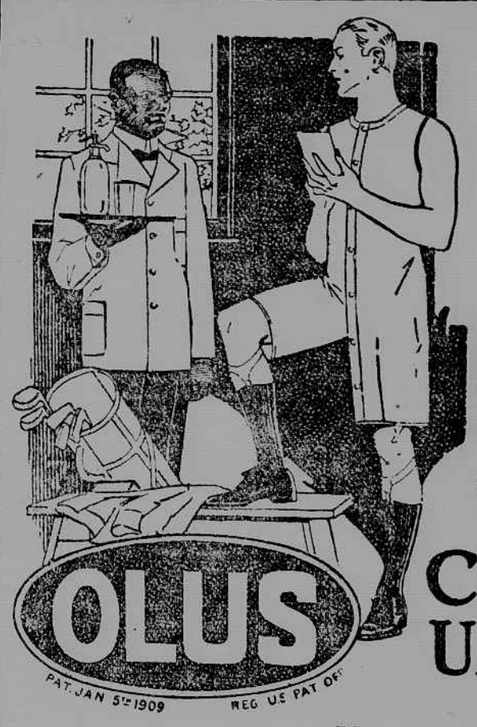
The Ocean Country Club golf team of Long Island won an all-day session of golfing with the Woodmere Country Club team yesterday by six points.

Southern Association

Atlanta, 24; Birmingham, 4.
Nashville, 3; Memphis, 0.
New Orleans, 1; Mobile, 0.
(First game).
New Orleans, 1; Mobile, 0.
(Second game).
Little Rock, 6; Chattanooga, 4.
Little Rock, 1; Chattanooga, 0.

American Association

Louisville, 5; Toledo, 3.
Louisville, 4; Toledo, 2.
Milwaukee, 4; St. Paul, 2.
Minneapolis, 8; Kansas City, 3.
Kansas City, 2; Minneapolis, 1.



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BETHLEHEM

Eaton Beats Kramer In Mile Title Race Before 14,000 Fans

Frank Kramer met defeat at the hands of Raymond Eaton, the new cycling sensation, in the one-mile national championship race, run before 14,000 fans at the Velodrome in Newark yesterday afternoon. Eaton rode around Kramer on the last lap, and though Kramer finished with a wonderful burst of speed he was a half a length behind Eaton at the finish.

By winning Eaton tied Kramer for first place in the national championship competition, each rider having scored 13 points. Verri and Madden had 6 each, Goulet 4 and Grenda and McNamara each 1 point. Goullet defeated McNamara for third place in the championship race yesterday.

The crowd gave Eaton a tremendous ovation for his victory, and it was due the new star, who seems to be riding better in every meet. Eaton easily defeated Madden in his semi-final, and had no trouble with McNamara in the grand semi-final; but he showed at his best in the heat to decide first and second places pitted against Kramer. Eaton rode around Kramer going into the last lap and opened a big lead. When Kramer finally started to chase he found it was too late.

Eaton came back by getting second place in the five-mile open, in which he was just beaten out by Alf Goulet, with Ed Madden third and Harry Kaiser fourth.

Maybelle V Is Victor In Long Motor Boat Race

Maybelle V., the property of H. C. Vaughan, won the tenth annual long distance race of the New York Motor Boat Club when she chugged across the finish line off the clubhouse at the foot of West 147th Street and the Hudson River at 7 o'clock yesterday morning. The course was from the clubhouse to the railroad bridge off the Albany Yacht Club and back to the anchorage of the New York Motor Club. The distance was 235 nautical miles.

Hawthorne's Tennis Notes

There were several encouraging features connected with the playing of the women's national championship tournament at Philadelphia that ended with the dethroning of Miss Molla Bjurstedt by Miss Marion Zinderstein in the semi-final round and the regaining of the title by Mrs. George W. Wightman, who defeated the Boston girl in the championship test.

The greatest of these, in my opinion, was not the winning back of the championship by Mrs. Wightman, great an accomplishment as that was, nor yet the defeat of Miss Bjurstedt by Miss Zinderstein.

Both these victories stood out in a season of play that has not been devoid of sensations, but more than this, I believe, was the convincing proof furnished that both Miss Zinderstein and Miss Eleanor Goss have "arrived" and from this time forth will have to be reckoned with in every important tournament, whether it be a national, sectional or state affair. In other words, the day of the younger player is at hand, and those who have so long held the heights must be prepared to yield them sooner or later to the rising generation.

Norwegian Lacked Stamina

There are none who will attempt to say that Miss Bjurstedt was within fifteen points of her usual game during the week at Philadelphia. The great Norwegian was slow of foot, short, very short of stamina and reserve power, and almost completely lacking in that marvellous "pace" in her ground strokes that served to hold her at the top through four long years of almost constant tournament play.

As a matter of fact, the now former champion should never have entered the national tourney, for it was utterly impossible for her to do herself justice. The wonder is that she was able to last until the semi-final round. Only the finest courage enabled her to hold off Miss Wagner in the round before the semi-final.

She was ripe for defeat in that match, yet Miss Wagner, playing better tennis most of the time, allowed the great victory to elude her simply because she could not prevail over the superb fighting spirit of the Norse girl. It was a case where that indefinable quality we know as "class," and which only champions possess, proved too great a mental barrier for the opponent to overcome.

The last few games of the final set found Miss Bjurstedt playing purely on her nerve. Very weary of body, but with unflinching courage, she threw herself into the breach with remarkable fortitude, just when it seemed that defeat must be her portion, and Miss Wagner, evidently with confidence shaken by this show of determination on the part of the champion, was cleanly outplayed in the last three games, although she had the shots and the strength to win at that time.

The next day, when she met defeat at the hands of Miss Zinderstein, Miss Bjurstedt's game was appreciably stronger, but it was evident from the beginning that she had no confidence in her ability to retain her championship laurels against the brilliant, aggressive game of the young Boston girl. Robbed of her speed and endurance, the Norse girl was never able to get the sting in her shots that was formerly there, and the end came quickly in the last two sets.

Miss Goss Showed Improvement

Miss Goss, although defeated in the third round by Mrs. Wightman in a notable three-set match, looked more promising to me than in any match she has ever played before since she took up tournament tennis. But more than this, she showed that fighting, aggressive spirit that has heretofore been largely lacking in her play. Heretofore it has been with her largely a case of not only fighting her opponent, but also her temperament, and generally being worsted by the latter.

At Philadelphia, however, the tall West Side Tennis Club girl never failed to keep pressing her attack, and she only lost out by the narrowest of margins, after facing some particularly discouraging "breaks" in the luck of the game. Had these "breaks" gone the other way and Mrs. Wightman been the sufferer it is highly probable that Miss Goss would have been the winner, and in that case her chances of winning the championship would have been very bright. I draw attention to this merely to show how very closely matched she and Mrs. Wightman were on that occasion.

While Miss Zinderstein was conquered in straight sets by Mrs. Wightman in the battle for the championship, the match was in no way a true criterion of their relative ranking, for the younger player was not half as strong as on the preceding day, when she humbled Miss Bjurstedt.

The point that I wish to make is this, that Miss Goss and Miss Zinderstein proved in their week at Philadelphia that both have the strokes, the speed and the splendidly aggressive volleying game that is bound to win titles for them consistently from now on. I predict that the national title will be largely held by one or the other for the next four or five years at least, unless some as yet unheard of and unknown star arises in the meantime.

One thing that struck me forcibly in the Philadelphia tournament was the fact that the Quaker City does not seem to appreciate its own players sufficiently. I have in mind the case of Mrs. Gilbert Harvey, of the Philadelphia Country Club, who went through the big field without a halt until she met Mrs. Wightman in the semi-final round to go down to defeat by a score of 6—2, 6—2.

The score does not by any means give a true indication of the sturdy fight put up by Mrs. Harvey against the wonderful playing of the champion. Let it be understood once for all that Mrs. Wightman always tries to defeat her opponents as decisively as possible, and the fact that Mrs. Harvey succeeded in winning four games against the brand of tennis that was destined, the next day, to win the national championship will be appreciated accordingly.

Yet in describing the match the Philadelphians spoke of their champion being "overwhelmingly defeated" by Mrs. Wightman. Mrs. Harvey has not lost a match in three years in the many score interclub matches she has played, and this is written by an "alien enemy" in appreciation of her accomplishment against the former Miss Hazel Hotchkiss.

Aqueduct Entries

FIRST RACE—Two-year-olds; conditions; five furlongs.
462 Blue Wrack ... 111 | 497 Light Wine ... 108
482 St. Allan ... 111 | — Hurry ... 106
— Dinty Moore ... 106 | 502 Dr. Hall ... 111
— Double Eye ... 106 | 500 Krewer ... 111
(474) Betty J. ... 115 | (494) E. Rickenbacher ... 111
(455) Ira Wilson ... 111 | 404 Devil Dog ... 106
491 American Boy ... 106 | 506 Anzac ... 106
515 Simpleton ... 106 | 491 Atlas ... 106

SECOND RACE—Four-year-olds and upward; steeplechase; selling; two miles.
241 Kingstown ... 147 | — Fair Mac ... 150
487 Cherrystone ... 130 | 499 Reddest ... 147
391 Garter ... 147 | 487 Northwood ... 137
481 Alelia ... 142

THIRD RACE—The Woodhaven Selling Stakes; two-year-olds; five furlongs.
515 Ace of Aces ... 112 | 501 St. Germain ... 97
— Nancy Ann ... 105 | — Pointex ... 107
(494) E. Rickenbac'er ... 111 | 521 Cormoran ... 97
404 Devil Dog ... 111 | (521) *Hackamore ... 97
509 His Choice ... 115 | 515 Simpleton ... 105
494 *Romany ... 109 | 491 Atlas ... 112
446 *Germa ... 97 | 434 Heyday ... 106

FOURTH RACE—The Hindoo Handicap; three-year-olds and upward; one mile.
404 Chasseur ... 93 | 502 Thunderstorm ... 102
483 Bally ... 100 | 489 L'Errant ... 95
512 Questionnaire ... 100 | (420) Lucullite ... 129
486 Hollister ... 120 | 471 Blairgowrie ... 95

FIFTH RACE—Claiming; three-year-olds and upward; one mile and a sixteenth.
473 Fatour ... 113 | 520 *Papageur ... 108
(378) Torchbearer ... 113 | 502 *Pious Bon ... 113
508 Miss Bysn ... 105 | 254 *Bridgmoney ... 102
(502) *Ballast ... 112 | 478 *Daddy's Choice ... 115
— Buckboard ... 110 | 502 Comme Ci ... 105
458 Anna B. ... 108 | 514 *Dottie Vandiver ... 95
490 Benevolent ... 118

SIXTH RACE—Maidens; three-year-olds and upward; six furlongs.
503 War Note ... 115 | 449 King Agrippa ... 115
416 Jeweler ... 115 | 445 Sammy Kelly ... 115
282 Different Eyes ... 118 | 485 Jet Joe ... 115
448 Sir Grafton ... 115 | 485 Pride of India ... 115
— Royalen ... 115 | 503 Princess Lio ... 110
— Sleek ... 115 | 485 Concelina ... 110
— Q. of the Spa ... 110 | 391 Blair Coga ... 110
— Cardom ... 115 | — Welsh Folly ... 115
503 Leading Star ... 115 | 502 Sweet Tooth ... 115
485 Nanette Flack ... 110 | 464 Alors ... 115
— Over the Top ... 115

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†Apprentice allowance of ten pounds.

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