Jess Willard Is World's Heavyweight Champion; Knocks Out Negro Johnson in Twenty-sixth Round

WILLARD PUTS JOHNSON AWAY IN 26TH ROUND

Continued from First Page.

ring and stands went on a strike in the morning and all was confusion at the race course. Finally the trouble was patched up and the men resumed work with a rush. But it was not until nearly the hour for calling the men into the ring that the last nail was driven. Then it was necessary to lay padding and canvas and stretch the ropes. The crowd began to grow impatient, especially in the cheaper sections, while hordes of ushers attempted to placate reserved seat holders whose chairs were not then in place. Finally some semblance of order resolved itself out of the chaos and 300 Cuban soldiers armed to the teeth with rifles, bayonets and revolvers, filed in and took stations about the arena.

Forty-five minutes late, Johnson and his party, including Tom Flanagan, George Monroe and a horde of bucket holders and towel wielders, made their way to the ring. Willard and his entourage followed a few minutes later. The only preliminaries after the men donned their gloves was a pretended conference in the centre of the ring with Referee Welch. This was for the benefit of the battery of moving picture machines, of which there were five. The principals had met earlier with Welch in their dressing rooms, where the question of rules was gone over carefully.

Heavy clouds were hanging low and many wore overcoats as protection against the chill wind when time finally was called at twenty-three minutes after 1 o'clock, or 1:53 New York time. Johnson's weight was announced as 227 pounds, although he looked heavier, and it was whispered that the real poundage was some fifteen pounds more. Willard's weight was 238 pounds, the announcer said.

White Man Awkward in Contrast.

The men shook hands, the bell clanged and the history making fight was under way. Johnson started a left jab, which fell short because he merely was attempting to draw Willard on, but the white man jerked his head back and feinted very deliberately, so much so in fact that it caused a laugh. But this merely was a forerunner of what was to follow many, many times. Johnson walked in close and Willard fairly fell into a clinch. Johnson tried to uppercut as the hugging match was repeated, but the blow lacked force. Then the negro began to dance about, jabbing with his left and shooting the right for Willard's head without doing any damage. Even this slight exertion started Johnson to puffing and he said to his seconds during the minute respite that he was going to box slow for a time.

For the next few rounds Willard continued cautious and worked largely on the defensive, making most of his play for the negro's corpulent stomach when they came close enough to take a chance without exposing his jaw. Johnson also was crafty, but let go a few vicious swings that rocked Willard's head. Not making any great amount of headway by this method Johnson cut loose in the fifth and started to rough it. He soon found that he had met his equal in strength and could not manhandle Willard as he did Jeffries and some of his earlier opponents.

One left that found the pit of Jess's stomach made him wince and hold his guard low as though the blow hurt. Johnson lowered his arms for a moment and made some gibe, but the white refused to be drawn in. Of a sudden Johnson made a sudden dash that carried Willard to the ropes. Willard's hands grew busy in the enforced exchange and Jack emerged with a bleeding mouth. Emboldened by the sight Willard caught Johnson with a right clout on the side of the head just as the bell rang.

Negro Metes Out Punishment.

Johnson was breathing hard when they resumed, but he lost no time in leaping out of his corner and swinging with both hands. Willard took considerable punishment in this session. His hurts included a cut cheekbone from one of Johnson's swings that landed high. This sting seemed to arouse him and he showed a sudden rally, but went back to his waiting tactics a moment later.

In the seventh round Willard's body began to show mottled red spots from the tattoo of blows which Johnson showered in seeming desperation. Instead of jabbing and awaiting an opening for his right, Johnson again began to flail away with both hands. Willard merely jabbed back and a trace of crimson appeared from the negro's mouth. Every time this color appeared it seemed to stir Willard from his lethargy. In the eighth round he let fly one of his occasional leads and as his right hand grazed Johnson's head it threw him off his balance and he went floundering.

Johnson's efforts began to tire him as early as the ninth round. He was blowing hard and began to look so worried that one enthusiast waved a roll of greenbacks and offered to bet $500 to $400 that Willard would win. This shout of defiance was lost in the cries of encouragement to the two fighters.

Johnson kept up an offensive in the tenth period that merely made Willard a little more cautious and ended without gaining the black much advantage. Once he got through Willard's guard with his famous right punch, brought from far back. Willard rocked but did not turn a hair and Johnson was so furious that he rushed and carried the white man to the ropes without landing a single clean blow. Both rested up in the eleventh, which had little real action. Johnson continually taunted his opponent in a low tone. Presumably this was a volley of abuse, but it failed of its purpose, for Willard made no reply nor did he alter his tactics in the slightest degree.

Victor's Gameness Tested.

The twelfth was one of the best rounds Johnson showed. His old skill was in evidence and he boxed with greater precision. Willard jabbed in reply to a dozen well placed blows and the white man's face was smeared with red when he went to his corner. Willard's gameness was tested again in the thirteenth, for Johnson landed hard and clean with both hands, drawing the white man's guard down with a left for the body and bringing the right over to the head with precision and all the force at his command. Had it been the old Johnson, Willard must have sunk under any one of five of these right hand smashes. But right here it became apparent that the old sting really was lacking, for Willard weathered the storm and went laughing to his corner. It was the first sign of anything like mirth that had lit up the sombre face of the cowboy.

Willard began to indulge in a little fancy footwork in the ensuing round and he also started some aggressiveness on his own hook that seemed to say, "I have tasted the best he has and they didn't hurt enough to spell danger." There was another signal that meant much to the veteran ringsiders. Johnson began to smirk and wink at the crowd as Willard pressed in upon him, a sure sign that a boxer is attempting to cover up any show of fatigue or distress by an appearance of light heartedness. Yes, the tide was turning.

"I'm the grand old man of the ring," Johnson bawled to the boxholders while hugging Willard tight in a clinch. Again as Willard missed a right swing by a couple of feet Johnson shouted, "I must be a great man if this fellow can lick me." The comedy deceived no one and Willard least of all, for the tide of battle was flowing slowly in his direction. As Willard advanced in the seventeenth Johnson drew him into a lead and countered hard with a right hander to the head. This seemed to anger Willard, who made his first real show of spirit with a frenzied rush such as Johnson had tried earlier but long since abandoned. Johnson brought him to his senses and he became a little more deliberate but continued to force the milling.

The crowd went wild with excitement in the eighteenth round, when Willard gained a big advantage. After a series of jabs he swung a long right hand punch for the head which put Johnson nearly over the ropes. It was the most forceful blow he had struck up to this time and had its effect. Johnson began to back away and Willard jabbed him at will. It was the beginning of the end. Willard appeared as strong as at the start and was reasonably fresh in the bargain, while Johnson looked troubled and very tired.

A scowl replaced the forced smile on Johnson's face in the nineteenth round, when he started a last ditch stand. Instead of leading he went entirely on the defensive for a time. Finally he lashed out with an uppercut, but Willard pressed him close, flaying the fat body and earning a grunt with each new punch. Willard was still careful, however. He seemed fairly sure that the negro was not playing possum, but he appeared to feel that he had all afternoon for the job and refused to jeopardize his own chances by dny lack of caution.

Negro Can't Make Him Lead.

The twentieth session was slow and the twenty-first duller still. Johnson waited a long time for an attack, but the patient Willard outwitted him. Now when Johnson made up his mind to rush Willard stepped aside instead of meeting the onslaught. Once Johnson's dash carried him clear against the ropes and he hung there for a moment, apparently without the vigor to turn and face his assailant and as though expecting an attack from the rear. Willard did not follow him, though. That was not in the cards as he had laid them out. When Johnson got ready to face about and raise his weary arms he found the big white fellow standing where he had stepped as the rush went past.

In the next round and the next Willard walked slowly but surely into his opponent. There was no avoiding him. Constantly he bored, seeking an opening, but was unable to penetrate the negro's guard. Johnson blocked like a fencing master and backed away as steadily as Jess advanced. When Willard got close enough Jack grabbed his arms and fell into a clinch. Here again the advantage was all with Willard, who, towering above the black, rested the full weight of his huge bulk upon the exhausted champion.

Willard opened the twenty-fourth round with a jab and Johnson replied in kind, but an exceedingly light variety. Several times this was repeated, while Tom Jones howled advice. He saw as many others did that Johnson was rested up a trifle and was staking his all on one crushing blow when Willard should lay himself open. There was considerable clinching now and Johnson turned each clinch into a wrestling match, again with the odds against him.

Johnson was a beaten man before the bell sounded to close the twenty-fifth round. He was hitting lightly and backing away, with the inexorable Willard in slow but sure pursuit, when Jess lashed away with a right hand blow for the body. His glove seemed to fairly sink out of sight in the paunch of the negro. Johnson was hurt and showed it. There were cries for Willard to finish him then and there, but he merely kept on his unflurried advance and Johnson was backing into his own corner as the bell rang.

Tom Flanagan leaped up to the ring level and held excited conversation with Johnson while his seconds worked frantically with sponge, water, towel and stimulants. As the gong clanged for what turned out to be the closing round, the twenty-sixth, Johnson did not arise at once. Referee Welch turned and called him from his chair. Willard walked across the ring and met him with a terrific smash to the stomach. Johnson doubled up and almost sat down. Then after all the rounds of patience Jess began a furious attack. He swung with all his force at Johnson's unprotected chin. A duplicate blow followed and Johnson went down and out. A new champion was made.

THRONG AT THE SUN'S BULLETIN BOARD AND MAN WHOSE WIN THEY CHEERED

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Jess Willard, New Heavyweight Champion.

Round After Round Willard Sticks To His Plans for a Waiting Fight

ROUND ONE—Johnson came out confidently, while the white man wore a serious look. Johnson rushed Willard at the start, forcing him back to his corner. They clinched, and in the breakaway the negro tapped lightly to Willard's kidneys. Johnson smiled. Willard made his man lead, and they mixed it viciously. Willard landed a left to the negro's jaw, swerving the champion's head slightly. Johnson countered with a right to the jaw. They exchanged lefts to the body at the bell. Round even.

ROUND TWO—Johnson laughed as Willard missed a left to the head, but a second later Willard repeated the same drive and landed a hard left. Willard then feinted with his left and shot a hard right to the body. Johnson lost his golden smile momentarily and began rushing. Willard stood his ground and fought the negro off. There was a spirited exchange of blows in the centre of the ring. Johnson landed a right and Willard countered with a right to the negro's jaw. Willard's round.

ROUND THREE—The negro tried again to rush Willard at the start of the third round. The Kansan blocked him with surprising cleverness, sending a stiff left to the body. Johnson grew cautious, but did not drop his smile. He worked into a clinch. In the breakaway they exchanged light taps. Willard blocked another attempted rush, but the champion had the better of the exchanges. Willard kept working his left at the negro's head, landing several times. None of the blows, however, was a stiff one. They mixed it in a real setto in the centre of the ring and Johnson landed a left jab to the body. He went at Willard like a whirlwind and drove him to the ropes. Willard blocked a left to the body and a right to the jaw. Round even.

Not Gullible Like Jeffries.

ROUND FOUR—Johnson came out laughing, holding out his stomach. Willard failed to be fooled by the trick that helped send Jim Jeffries out. He shot back a laugh. They went into a clinch. There was a sharp exchange in the breakaway, with no damage. Both blocked lefts. Willard became more confident. He laughed as he blocked another of Johnson's attempted rushes. Johnson then rushed Willard into the ropes, landing two hard punches. Willard bled slightly around the lips. Johnson's round.

ROUND FIVE—Johnson feinted with his right and then sent a right to the body. He sneered at Willard and said audibly: "Don't tell me what you ah going to do, Mr. Willard." Johnson sent a left to the face. In an exchange near the ropes Johnson emerged with his mouth bleeding slightly. He feinted and they went into a clinch. Johnson again rushed Willard to the ropes, landing two body blows. Willard landed a left to the face. Even round.

ROUND SIX—In an exchange of blows Johnson had the better of it, landing a stiff right to the jaw. Willard blocked another headed for the same place, as well as several left jabs directed at the body. Johnson rushed the fighting fiercely at this point, raining blows at the white man. Willard seemed cool and landed a hard left to the jaw. Johnson drove Willard into the corner at the bell. Round even.

ROUND SEVEN—Johnson was trying hard and with grim determination now written on his face. Apparently he was doing his level best to win, but Willard blocked all his rushes nicely. Johnson missed a vicious right to the body and then landed a left jab that was only a tap. Johnson evidently was playing for the white man's stomach. Willard covered his abdomen. The negro then landed a left to the face and followed this up with a hard right to the body. The negro ran into a clinch. There was another vicious exchange as they broke away. Willard's round.

Willard Takes Offensive.

ROUND EIGHT—The fighting in this round was fierce. Willard was on the aggressive from the bell and landed a right to the head that rocked the negro. Johnson clinched and held on. Following the breakaway Johnson tried rushing tactics again. He tried to rush the Kansan to the ropes, but Willard stood his ground and blocked cleverly. There was another fierce exchange. Willard had all the better of it, raining blows to the negro's head and body. Johnson was looking weary during the fast and furious milling and was puffing badly. Just before the bell he tried again to rush Willard, but was blocked as before. Willard's round.

ROUND NINE—Johnson for the first time in his career was hitting wild, rushing wildly upon the white man. Willard stood his ground, smiling, and landed four lefts in rapid succession with no return. Johnson was visibly tired. He clinched at every opportunity. Willard drove a long right to the body and followed with a hard right to the jaw. Willard blocked two lefts to the jaw. Johnson swung wildly and missed a blow to the head. Johnson then returned to rushing tactics, but was blocked by the Kansan. Johnson landed a left to the body as the bell tapped. Willard's round.

ROUND TEN—Willard landed a left to the jaw at the opening of the round and then began to work cautiously, evidently fearing that the negro's wild rushes were "staged" to lead him into a trap. He blocked Johnson's rush again. There was a mixup in the centre of the ring, with no damage. Johnson landed a left to the body. It was a tame round and even.

ROUND ELEVEN—Johnson came out slowly from his corner, displaying signs of increasing weariness. He smiled toward the crowd and began kidding Willard, but his remarks were not audible in the press bench. Willard blocked rights and lefts to the body and head. It was apparent that Willard did not intend to rush matters, but to wait for the champion to wear himself out. In another exchange in the centre of the ring Willard landed a left and two rights to the body, but none of the blows did much damage. It was another tame round and even.

Willard's Ear Bleeding.

ROUND TWELVE — Willard was bleeding from the right ear when he emerged from a mixup at the opening of the round. Johnson landed a left to the body and then a right high on the head, the blow glancing off without doing any damage. Willard fought back and the battle became vicious. The white man sent a right to the body. Johnson tried a left to the jaw, but the blow was blocked, and Willard stepped a right headed for the same place. Willard had the better of another mixup in which at least a dozen blows were exchanged. Johnson then rushed Willard to the ropes, scoring heavily. He landed lefts and rights to the Kansan's face. Willard landed a left to the face as the round ended. Johnson's round.

ROUND THIRTEEN—Johnson came out apparently fresh. He rushed at Willard and began raining lefts and rights, all of which the Kansan blocked successfully. Johnson came on again and Willard found himself in a whirlwind of blows. The negro landed a left to the body, but another was stopped. Johnson then hooked a stiff left to the jaw. This was the negro's best round thus far.

ROUND FOURTEEN—Willard began this round by rushing. He carried the fight into the champion's corner and landed lefts and rights to the body and face. Johnson scored with a left to the body. They clinched and again exchanged taps in the break. The round was very tame, both fighters hanging on much of the time. Willard showed great cleverness in blocking. Both men were swinging wildly when not in a clinch. Round even.

ROUND FIFTEEN—This was a tame round. Johnson rushed at the start, but two of his haymakers slid harmlessly off Willard's guard. They clinched frequently. Willard missed a vicious right that had the earmarks of a knockout blow had it landed. Johnson was himself again in this round, kidding and joshing Willard and his seconds. Willard blocked several leads before they were well started. Round even.

Both Stall and Clinch Often.

ROUND SIXTEEN—Willard came out with a rush. He hooked a stiff left to the jaw and sent another jab to the ribs. Johnson countered with another shower of blows. Willard blocked them all and they clinched. Willard went on the aggressive again, but the negro blocked a vicious left to the body. Johnson rushed Willard to the ropes with a number of smashes to the head and body. They clinched at the bell. The round was tame and even.

ROUND SEVENTEEN—Both men stalled and clinched at the start. The Kansan landed a right to the body and then rushed the champion nearly to the ropes, sending in two rights to the body that shook the negro. Johnson answered with a left jab to the jaw. In another rush the champion shot a left and right to the body. The white man blocked the negro in another rush. Willard had all the better of a lively exchange of blows just before the bell. Round even.

ROUND EIGHTEEN—Johnson looked good at the start of this round. He landed a left and right to the body, both fairly stiff drives. The negro missed a vicious right uppercut and then swung wildly four times in an effort to connect. All four times the white man just ducked his head out of the way. Johnson then landed a hard left to the jaw that rocked the Kansan's head. Willard countered with a smashing right to the body, following it up with a straight right to the head. The negro blocked another right to the same place. Round even.

ROUND NINETEEN—They stalled and clinched early in this round. Both blocked several swings. Willard then carried the fighting to the negro, landing a right to the stomach and a light tap to the face. Johnson hooked a short left to the body. There was a lively exchange, with both men showering blows and the big Kansan getting the better of the mixup. Willard's round.

ROUND TWENTY—This was another tame round. Willard took the aggressive and rushed the negro toward his corner. Johnson laughed back at the white man as he blocked several leads to the face. Johnson was trying to lead the cowboy into a trap. There was a fierce mixup in the middle of the ring. Willard blocked most of the negro's punches and landed his right repeatedly in the mixup. Willard's round.

ROUND TWENTY-ONE—Both men posed a minute in the centre of the ring without offering to lead, apparently feeling each other out. Then Willard shot in a right to the head. The blow evidently bothered the negro. He immediately clinched and held on. In the infighting Willard scored again, landing several jabs to the body and a light swing to the head as they broke away. This was another tame round, replete with hippodroming. Willard's round.

ROUND TWENTY-TWO—The Kansan blocked a vicious right and jabbed a stiff left to the jaw. They clinched and wrestled in the middle of the ring. Willard landed three hard rights to the body in the fighting that followed the breakaway. The negro rushed into a clinch to save himself and held on until the bell. Willard's round.

ROUND TWENTY-THREE—Johnson blocked two rights to the jaw, shaking off both blows with a laugh. The white man sent a shower of rights and lefts, but Johnson blocked them all. Willard was doing all the fighting in this round. The negro apparently was permitting his adversary to wear himself out if possible. Willard scored a light left to the face. It was only a tap and the champion grinned. Willard's round.

Negro Begins to Weaken.

ROUND TWENTY-FOUR—The champion was resting patiently at the beginning of this round, holding on to Willard and passing the wink to his seconds. The white man hooked a left to the body. They went into another clinch, and for the greater part of the round hugged like a couple of wrestlers. There was little fighting. The Kansan scored three lefts to the jaw, but none of them was hard enough to do much damage.

ROUND TWENTY-FIVE — Willard rushed in and sent a light left to the face. The negro clinched and hugged the cowboy close again. Willard blocked a left and a right headed for the face, countering hard with a right to the jaw. Willard scored a right to the body and another to the jaw. Willard was forcing the fighting all the way and Johnson seemed to be tiring rapidly. Willard's round.

ROUND TWENTY-SIX—Johnson was in no hurry to leave his corner at the bell and Jack Welch called to him to hurry up. He came slowly to the centre. In a moment Willard cut loose a powerful left directly to the stomach. Willard tried the right that had failed him so often before and landed flush on Johnson's jaw. A wild howl went up from the crowd and Johnson tried to clinch. Willard pushed him away and jabbed with the left to measure him. Johnson was dazed and the huge Kansan held his left stiff a second, then like a flash shot his right to the unprotected jaw of the negro. Johnson stiffened and half turning fell on his side. He rolled over on his face as Referee Jack Welch counted eight. Rob Armstrong and the other seconds threw water over the prostrate form of the champion, but there was not a quiver. He lay face downward until the count of ten, when the crowd, wild with enthusiasm, threw parasols, canes, hats and gloves into the ring. Willard was carried out of the ring upon the shoulders of his admirers. Johnson was carried to his corner still insensible and toppled off the chair to the floor.

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Johnson Just Ties Age Record of Fitz

THE oldest heavyweight champion the world ever knew—Jack Johnson would hold that distinction to-day if he had beaten Jess Willard in Havana yesterday. As things turned out, he exactly tied the record held by Bob Fitzsimmons, tied it to a day. Fitz was born at Helsten, Cornwall, England, on June 4, 1862. He was precisely 37 years and 5 days of age when Jim Jeffries knocked him out in the eleventh round at Coney Island on June 9, 1899. Johnson was born at Galveston, Tex., on March 31, 1878, and knocked out by Willard in the twenty-sixth round at Havana yesterday, which was April 5, 1915, making his age exactly 37 years and 5 days.

WILLARD SAILS SOON; COMING TO NEW YORK

Expected to Open Vaudeville Turn—Johnson to Leave for Martinique To-morrow.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

HAVANA, April 5.—Jess Willard, the new world's heavyweight champion, will sail away in a few days bound for Key West, whence he will go straight north to New York. He is expected to begin a vaudeville turn in the big city almost as soon as he arrives. Harry H. Frazee, theatrical promoter, who was associated with Jack Curley in the staging of the bout here, has Willard's signature on a contract to exhibit the champion anywhere he and Curley dictate.

The citizens of Havana, both Cubans and Americans, will give a big reception to Willard to-morrow night and present him with an expensive watch.

In blocking Johnson's body blows Willard's right forearm was badly bruised, and to-night it is swollen to much larger than its usual size. But otherwise he is undamaged and was automobiling around to-night, showing himself to the eager citizens, who followed, running in his wake at times, several hundred of them. He is the most popular man in Havana now.

Johnson after the fight went to a hospital to be painted with iodine on his sore spots.

Jack Johnson will not leave here until Wednesday, when he will take a steamer for Martinique, later going to France. He had intended visiting South America in case he won from Willard.

A cablegram offering Willard $20,000 for a ten round bout with Charley Weinert at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, was received late to-night, but nobody with any authority would express an opinion whether he would accept or not. It was regarded as probable, though, that Willard will adhere to his original plan of getting the big money from the stage before he will risk his title.

Those who had received a tip that Johnson would be arrested as the result of a message from Federal officials in the United States watched eagerly this evening for something to develop along that line, but nothing did. It is said, however, by those who hardly can be contradicted, that a number of United States secret service men were stationed at the ringside and have kept a close watch on his movements since he left the ring. Johnson, who is under conviction in the United States for having violated the Mann white slave law, will not be allowed to get out of their sight. It is intimated that if the steamer he takes from here should journey within the three mile limit of the American shore he will be taken in custody and hurried to the Federal court in Chicago.

There probably will be no effort on the part of the promoters in the way of lobbying or otherwise to have United States laws changed or reinterpreted in such a way that the moving pictures of to-day's bout can be exhibited there. As the American Federal law now reads, moving pictures of a boxing bout may be shown in the State where they were taken, but they cannot be moved from one State to another or shipped into or out of the country. The pictures, however, are expected to prove of value in South America, Canada, South Africa, Australia and Europe.

League May Admit Amherst.

WILLIAMSTOWN, Mass., April 5.—The Williams basketball team will be represented by Manager Powell, '16, at the meeting of the Northeastern League, which will be held on April 10. The petition of Amherst to join will be considered at that time.

Longest Battle in Which Title Shifts

JESS WILLARD had to fight longer to win the title from Jack Johnson yesterday than any other heavyweight champion in the history of the ring. It took Jim Corbett twenty-one rounds to beat John L. Sullivan. Corbett in turn lost to Bob Fitzsimmons in fourteen rounds. Jim Jeffries stopped Fitz in eleven rounds and lost to Johnson in fifteen rounds on July 4, 1910. The title left the white race before that day, however. In 1905, when Jeffries first retired, he presented his championship to Marvin Hart. Hart then lost to Tommy Burns on a decision in twenty rounds. Johnson took the title from Burns in fourteen rounds at Sydney, Australia, in 1908, and it did not come back to the white race again until Willard whipped the negro yesterday in twenty-six rounds.

STAY AT HOMES GET FILL OF EXCITEMENT

Plenty of Things Heard and Seen in Front of Bulletin Board of "The Sun."

Take it right accurately and tersely from the cub reporter who covered the Johnson-Willard fight from an advance position in front of THE SUN'S bulletin board crowd—he had his police card stuck in the band of his Easter kelly—the feature of that fight was not the knockout nor the ten million lung power "Ye-e-e-e-ah!" that rattled the buildings on Park Row, nor the animosity of the traffic cop who lost a bet to a letter carrier at the fifteenth round and eased his loss by swiping at the kids in the way of the street cars.

Take it from him, the fight, the end of it, the crowd, "tame and even," up to that time, the bellamikke din and everything else paled into sudden insignificance compared to the escape of a certain dark gentleman person whose large lips probably meant no offence whatsoever. In fact it shocked the reporter's sense of the aproponess of things to think the dark gentleman could have intended his lips and throat and lungs to do such a thing when he must have known the sentiments of those who occupied fought for places around him. But as the reporter said to his editor:

"I must tell the facts, boss. This unidentified person really did shout 'Fake!' I heard him, sir. And you know, boss, if I hadn't sincerely doubted that you would allow me taxicab expenses on this assignment I would have followed the chase to the bitter end and, yes, but—e—but which hospital will I call up? Oh, yes—all of them. I will."

Before that untoward incident which so completely upset the reporter's news judgment the expectant and highly sensitive lung strings of the huge fight crowd were quite untouched. Fans they were galore, from the dignified, corpulent, business men right on down—or up—through the willing and unwilling riders, the "rough necked" persons, office boys, clerks, messenger boys and just kids. They all had the right dope—after it turned out right, dope and white hope.

The bulletin board turnstiles at the bridge, at Nassau street, at Park Row and all other converging entrances lost count after seven million and a third and the others about town where bulletin board galleries gathered refused to work at all. During the first few rounds it was how the "dopesters" babbled. "It won't go ten, I betcha." "Just wait till that nigger hits him." He's stalling, dat big guy"—and then several bulletins in rapid succession read "Willard's round."

"Yee-e-e-ah!"

"How many is dat, Jimmie?"

It was plain to a blind man that the crowd was rooting hard for Willard. Especially the kids—and they always register the feelings of such gatherings—shouted every time there was any kind of indication that the white man might beat his rival. And when the rounds in the teens began to show Johnson swinging wildly, "Willard blocking all slows" and "Johnson shows weariness" the fringes of the big crowd stayed longer than just to see a round of two and waited for the expected finish.

Predictions, prophecies, "dope" and tips could be had for the listening every five feet within a large radius of the big tree in City Hall Park. Johnson fans were not a small minority and they easily found excuses for the last half of the fight in the big negro's age, condition and way of living just prior to his training season. There were women, too, sprinkled through the bulletin gallery. Some of them stayed a while until "Willard's ear bleeding" was posted, when they quit.

And when "Willard knocks out Johnson" went up in big letters and the extras arrived on heralded shouts—well, if you don't know what a fight crowd does your education has been sadly neglected. It acts and speaks and just goes wild, that's all.

LITTLE BETTING HERE.

Schumm Handles Only $6,000, to $50,000 on Jeffries Fight.

Fred Schumm reported yesterday that the betting on the Willard-Johnson fight was the smallest he had ever seen on any of the big heavyweight bouts. Schumm said that at the end of the fight he had only $6,000 to pay out, as compared with $50,000 at the time of the Jeffries-Johnson fight.

On Tuesday last Johnson was a 3 to 1 favorite and one Produce Exchange member took the Willard end of the bet, putting up $500 against $1,500. Schumm said that this was the largest bet he handled. Yesterday the odds shifted to even money, with more Willard funds in sight.

Schumm expressed the opinion that the small betting was due to a large extent to the reports which had been circulated to the effect that Johnson was not in condition and that the fight was not to be on the level.

Rayne to Meet Hills in Final.

Jack Rayne and Edward Hills won their semi-final round matches in the English billiard tournament at Doyle's last night, and will meet this evening in the match that will decide the tourney. Rayne won his final bracket by defeating Irving Stringer, the golf professional, 150 to 140, after Stringer had led for the greater part of the match. Rayne's high run was 28 and Stringer's 19. Hills advanced by beating W. Porter, 150 to 128. Porter ran 22, and the best run of the winner was 19.

YOUNG ROBESON TO PLAY H. J. TOPPING

Each Advances to United Golf Final, Beating Hunter and Sullivan, Respectively.

BOTH MARGINS 2 AND 1

PINEHURST, N. C., April 5.—Young Fillmore K. Robeson, the nineteen-year-old lad who followed up a qualification victory with a sensational match play win over Jesse Guilford, New Hampshire State champion, who beat Francis Ouimet in the first round, advanced for to-morrow's thirty-six hole final round for the fifteenth annual United North and South amateur golf championship with a 3 and 1 victory to-day over Robert Hunter of Wee Burn. Hunter put former International Champion Walter Travis out of the running in the first round of match play.

Robeson's opponent is to be Henry J. Topping of Greenwich, winner of the United title from Hamilton K. Kerr of Ekwanok in 1913 and who won to-day from J. H. Sullivan, Jr., of the Woodland Golf Club, also by 2 up and 1 to play.

In the consolation J. C. Parrish, Jr., of the National Club and Hamilton K. Kerr went forward on the default of Max Behr of Baltusrol and L. A. Hamilton of the National. Dr. Gardner, the Rhode Island champion, will meet Dr. Cole of Chesterfield in the second division final.

The summaries:

First Division, Semi-final—H. J. Topping, Greenwich, beat J. H. Sullivan, Jr., Woodland, 2 and 1; F. K. Robeson, Pawling, beat Robert Hunter, Wee Burn, 2 and 1.

Consolation, Semi-final—J. C. Parrish, Jr., National, won from Max Behr, Baltusrol, by default; H. K. Kerr, Ekwanok, won from L. A. Hamilton, National, by default.

Second Division, Semi-final—Dr. C. H. Gardner, Agawam, beat M. F. O'Connell, Alpine, 3 and 2; Dr. W. E. Cole, Chesterfield, won from I. S. Holden, Cincinnati, by default.

Third Division, Semi-final—J. D. Standish, Jr., Detroit, won from H. Faust, Buffalo, by default; C. H. Bates, Cedarbrook, beat N. S. Hird, Pittsburg, 4 and 1.

Fourth Division, Semi-final—E. M. Tate, Woodland, beat L. E. Wood, Buffalo, 1 and 1; R. A. Balfe, South Shore, beat Dethel, 4 and 3.

Fifth Division, Semi-final—G. B. Harvey, Hamilton, won from J. A. Fraser, Oakmont, by default; S. A. Hennessy, Hopestown, won from C. D. Lathrop, Talington, by default.

Sixth Division, Semi-final—E. B. Ryon, Durham, won from T. R. Richardson, Jamaica, by default; J. H. Herring, Sewickley, beat Bradford, won from H. C. Fownes, Oakmont, by default.

Seventh Division, Semi-final—F. C. Ingman, Piping Rock, won from E. H. Hord, Sharon, by default; J. V. Jenks, Belmont, won from H. C. Savie, Wilmington, by default.

Eighth Division, Semi-final—H. C. Ingman and W. M. Briggs, both defeated; F. T. Ellison won from H. L. Smith, by default.

JESS TO BUY A HOME.

At Least His Wife Says That Is What He Is Going to Do.

LOS ANGELES, April 5.—"I always have believed Jess could whip Jack Johnson," exclaimed Mrs. Jess Willard when she heard the result of the heavyweight bout to-day.

"He has the strength and courage and he believed for months, even years, that he would become the world's heavyweight champion. I am glad for many reasons. He is a good husband and loving father. We always have wanted a home and now he will be able to fulfil his life's ambition." Willard and his wife long have wanted the money with which to purchase a ranch for themselves and their four children.

Long before the fight started Mrs. Willard, carrying in her arms Jess Jr., eighteen months old, was at the office of a local newspaper with a number of friends to hear the returns. She is a quiet little woman, dresses plainly, and the friends with her were of the same variety of the middle West. During the second round the baby fell asleep in his mother's arms and she laid him down while she sat by the telegraph operator and read the words on his typewriter as he ticked them off.

She was rather discouraged at first but kept exclaiming: "Jess will wear him down yet!"

Those in the room, watching her as she leaned over the operator's typewriter, knew from the glad smile that illuminated her face when the end came.

CUTLER ALSO MAY WIN.

Willard's Former Manager is Said to Have an Uncollected Debt.

FORT SMITH, Ark., April 5.—The victory of Jess Willard recalled to boxing fans of the city that less than four years ago, before he had broken into the game, he walked 110 miles from Mangum, Okla., to Fort Smith in the hope of getting a fight in this city. He arrived here with the soles of his shoes worn completely through and looking like an immense hobo.

When he got here he discovered the local authorities had barred heavyweight contests and he stayed in the city for about a week, literally begging for dimes with which to get something to eat. During the whole time he was here he slept in a bed, but a kindly boarding house keeper allowed him to bunk on a bench.

Willard walked out of Fort Smith and a few weeks later turned up in Chicago. He visited several gymnasiums there and finally Charlie Cutler, wrestler, noticed him and thought he saw white hope possibilities in the Oklahoman. Cutler trained Willard and taught him the rudiments of boxing. The big cowboy worked hard and grew gently under the tutelage of the veteran artist and improved so rapidly that Cutler induced him to sign a contract to remain under his management for a term of years.

As soon as Jess showed signs of becoming prominent he was induced to break away from Cutler, who said he had secured a judgment for $1,200 against him, which he claimed was still unsatisfied. Cutler claims he still remains unsatisfied to the extent of this judgment.

OFFERS WILLARD BOUT.

Weinmantel Cables $20,000 Bid for Bout at Ebbets Field.

Just as soon as Jess Willard reached the Broadway station in Brooklyn last night he was met by Tex Rickard and Tom Jones.

Will give Willard a bout with Charley Weinert at Ebbets Field for $20,000, Weinert manager says.

After sending the cable to Weinmantel enthusiastically Jess said he was ready to bid for the new champion and that the depot when the cable and Jones arrived, the latter said last week.

Weinert, according to Jones, is one of the best drawing cards in Brooklyn, having beaten Harry McCarty and Porky Dall in the shop.