

WILLARD NOW A REEL ACTOR, BUT HE WILL HAVE TO CONVINCE DEMPSEY HE'S REAL CHAMPION

WILLARD NOW DOING HIS TRAINING WITH COAST MOVIE OUTFIT

Heavyweight Champion, Better Known as the Mastadonic Mauler, Casts His Lot With Reel Performers, but the Picture Will Be Released After He Beats Dempsey

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL, Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger

JESS WILLARD, circus proprietor, model for haberdashery, owner of oil wells and heavyweight boss of the universe and then some, desires to become a reel champion.

The big boy has cast his lot with a movie outfit in Los Angeles and is starring in some kind of a picture. No one knows what it is, but after the big fight—remember, AFTER the big fight—it will be released on an anti-patting public, and ham actors like William S. Hart, Doug Fairbanks and Bill Farnum will have to learn a trade to keep from starving to death.

But departing from the reel to the real, this moving picture stunt is fraught with significance. Jess is wishing away several afternoons in far-off California which could be used to good advantage in training for the Dempsey thing in Lawrence, Kan.

Another thing to be considered is that Jess is not worrying about Dempsey or the outcome of the approaching fray. He is confident he will win, and his work in the movies proves it.

JUST suppose Willard is attacked on the whiskers by Dempsey, drops to the mat like a lance-bate and is counted out by the referee.

Jess Has Fortune, but Wants More

WILLARD is a shrewd business man. He also knows the value of money and the power which goes with it. Since winning the championship from Johnson he has amassed a fortune and wants more.

Entering the movie game as the hero of some sort of a play was nothing more than a cold business deal. He received so much for his efforts and a certain percentage of the picture after it had been exhibited.

Those who have seen the big champion in the West recently say he is in wonderful condition and has little excess weight to take off. They declare he is not at all annoyed or worried and will be in the best shape of his career when the gong rings.

THE only inference we can draw from the whole thing is that Jess is so sure of winning that he is making plans for the future.

Fulton's Masterpiece on Shelf in Closet

SOMETIMES a guy becomes too enthusiastic over his chances in the ring and the prologue picture never is exposed to public view.

The untamed hero of this forgotten scenario was none other than Fredward Fulton, the once pugnaquous plasterer, but now a chicken-hearted self-confessed faker.

But a little thing like that did not worry Fulton or his manager, Mike Collins. Mike was a hard-working guy, did more than any one else in pushing Fulton to the front, and it was he who conceived the idea of turning Fredward loose on a movie lot and have a picture all ready to throw on the screen after he had battered Jess into helplessness.

"Fred is a great fighter," said Mike, "and sooner or later Willard will be forced into a match. We are sure to beat him, and to avoid delays we are working in this picture now. Great idea, isn't it?"

Everything Fine Until Fred Took Count

WE SAW Fred in his movie, and perhaps it is best that it never has been shown. The ferocious one was working at his trade as a plasterer and got along fine until the whistle blew.

Before he had finished, however, he learned that his sweetheart had been lured away by the villain, who, in order to make the story good, was the heavyweight champion of the world.

According to the plot, Fredward learned where his sweetheart was imprisoned and boldly started forth to save her. He gritted his teeth and vowed to knock the champion loose from his vest as soon as he met him.

He finds the girl, threatens to expose the champion if he doesn't fight him for the title that very night, and gets away with it. They fight, Fred wins the championship, and the picture ended beautifully.

BUT the picture fell flat when Fred took the count. A fortune was lost, and Willard is too jazy a guy to suffer the same fate.

WILLARD has boxed only thirty minutes in competition in four years. This isn't going to be of any great assistance to him in meeting a fast young fighter who has been hard at it.

WHEN George Stallings had a pennant winner he used to wear out a pair of pants a week sliding up and down the bench.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

-AND ONE CENT FOR TAX YOUNG MAN-



RAIN PREVENTS GAME BETWEEN A'S AND SOX

Connie's Clan Again Idle and Leave for St. Louis Today

MEET BROWNS WEDNESDAY

By EDWIN J. POLLOCK, Special Staff Correspondent Traveling With Athletics

Boston, May 12.—The most pleasing feature of the trip of the A's to this city is that Connie Mack didn't lose a single game to the champions of the world.

When Larry Greaver, secretary of the Red Sox, ended negotiations over the telephone, Connie Mack called his athletes together and told them to pack up for a long, long journey to St. Louis.

Team Needs Work Mack is somewhat disappointed over the showing of his club during the stay in Philadelphia, although he is not discouraged.

"We lost five games out of six," said Mack, "and of course you can't expect me to be pleased. I am somewhat disappointed, for I expected some more hitting. In one game against Washington we had twelve hits, but we could not get enough runs. The hitting did not come when we needed it."

Hitting Ball Hard "The boys hit the ball, and hit it hard, too, but they could not get it by that Washington infield. However, later on the boys will get to placing their hits better and we'll win some games."

Despite the adverse weather conditions a table was unveiled yesterday in memory of Tim Murray, former baseball writer and at one time president of the New England League.

How the Dozen Starters Finished in Rich Derby

Commander J. K. I. Ross was the big hit of the rich Kentucky Derby run over the mile-and-one-quarter distance at Churchill Downs last Saturday, when his two entries, Sir Barton and Billy Kelly, finished first and second, respectively.

Table with columns: Fin., Horse, Weight, Jockey, Position. Lists Sir Barton, Billy Kelly, Under Fire, etc.

The guy in the brown derby who traveled overnight to the Polo grounds yesterday to see Washington and Yankees earlier in the American League season of Sunday games in the big town came back with the following report: "Connie Sumner just said he'll stand retirement at 6 o'clock he had 'imagine Bill Finney call a ball to that scoreless twelve-inning duel between Walker Johnson and old Doc Miller. Now we know who the guy who turns the lights out alone heads up at 1 a. m.'"

CORNELL'S STRENGTH ON TRACK UNCERTAIN

Ithacans Will Receive No Real Test Now Before Intercollegiate — Penn Fresh Needs Reserves

By TED MEREDITH, World's champion middle distance runner

THE failure to hold the Penn-Cornell dual meet Saturday at Ithaca on account of rain was a big disappointment. This prevented the fans from learning what the Ithacans have for the intercollegiate, as this would have been the only meet that they would have had to extend themselves prior to the big games.

Penn. on the other hand, has had a meet already with the Navy and will athletes together and told them to pack up for a long, long journey to St. Louis.

Princeton's strength lies in the hurdles, distance runs and 220. Although they did not win the half and mile, the Tigers have several men that will figure some place later which will upset the dope for Cornell in their best events.

Hill School's victory in the Princeton intercollegiate meet is a big surprise, since Jimmy Curran's Mercersburg team was picked to win. Curran probably would have taken this meet again, but for the appearance of new teams in Worcester Academy and Harpersburg Tech, who took points that froze the Mercersburg boys out.

However, Hill had a fine team and when they took all four places in the hammer and Adams took both the half and mile took all three places. They also placed two men in the shot and high jump.

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BINGLES AND BUNGLES

After being stopped twice by rain the weather was promised the Phils a chance to take a shot at the Braves' winning streak of six straight today.

Only clubs of the swift set not to engage in Sunday remnant yesterday were the two Philadelphia and two Boston teams.

First in the race over a mile of two weeks, first to beat the Cubs yesterday when, in a duel with Babe Adams, he bludgeoned the Pirates with four hits, two of which came from the bat of Max Carey. In addition to holding 7th Pirates, runner, Drouse drove in two runs.

Cardinal players shook bats in the face of "No-Hit" Eiler yesterday in Redland on his twenty-eighth occasion. This is only one more than the lowest possible number. Three cards reached first, the trio being Frankford there on four balls. Two of them, however, escaped stealing.

DELANEY HERE FOR BOUT WITH TENDLER

Hard-Hitting Cleveland Boy Arrives This Morning—At Olympia Tonight

BENEFIT SHOW AT NATIONAL

By JAMES S. CAROLAN

A rugged-looking individual drowsily stepped off a Pennsy sleeper this morning. He slowly boarded a waiting taxi and from the North Philadelphia station he taxied to a hotel in the central part of the city.

There was no brass band to meet him, there were no rosters present to give him the regal reception usually accorded invading aspirants. All this was missing.

Cal Delaney, that hard-hitting, willing light-weight from Cleveland, accompanied by Jimmy Dunn, the manager of Johnny Kilbane, arrived here this morning for an important six round engagement with Lew Tendler at the Olympia tonight.

Delaney showed here only once within the last five years and that was three weeks ago at the National, when he trounced Joe Phillips. Delaney displayed such form that he immediately was rated with those leading light-weights.

Wanted Tendler Long before the Phillips battle, Delaney said he wanted to appear here. "Would you meet Tendler?" he was asked.

"Surest thing you know, I want nothing but the best and if that guy is Tendler, turn him loose," was Delaney's reply.

No one took Delaney seriously, despite his wonderful showing in the inter-allied tourney in London. But that one showing here with Phillips was convincing enough that he is some rib crusher.

Leon Raines, the bustling acting business manager of the Olympia, who just now is doing more waving about the coming open-air shows at the Philadelphia Ball Park that Tendler is about Delaney, broke into the office before this article was complete to announce that he would have his wind-up for the opening show clinched before the end of the week.

Monster Benefit Show One of the biggest benefit shows of the season will be held at the National Wednesday night. An all-star card is being arranged, and the show will be held for the members of the Twenty-eighth Division. The National on that evening will be turned over to the heroes.

Harry T. Jordan, manager of Keith's, is head of the committee on entertainment and, assisted by William Herrmann, will attempt to give the boys something worth while.

Realizing that the theatres would not be able to take care of all the boys, and learning early that the fighters from "over there" wanted to see what they termed "regular fights," Mr. Jordan lost no time in arranging for this show.

Use Army System At least two dozen battles will be put on. The same system that holds in the army will be used here. The bouts will be two-minute sessions with two minutes rest between each round.

But there will be no rest for the spectators. Four boys will be in the ring at the same time. Just as soon as the first round is over, two boys in the left and two in the right corners, will lead forth and keep the fans well entertained.

The list of fistie entertainers has not been announced, but some well-known boys are certain to volunteer. This is their chance to show their appreciation of the boys of the fighting Twenty-eighth.

Scraps About Scrappers

JOE O'DONNELL finally has broken into the world's limelight. After many discouraging attempts the little Gloucester slugger came through with a victory at the National last Saturday night. Johnny Murray, the hard-hitting New Yorker, was the victim.

The battle was a rough one. O'Donnell took all chances, landed many blows, received numerous scalps in return but had a sufficient lead at the end to win.

Battling Murray and Bobby Doyle staged a great battle in the third session with Murray again the winner. In the other bouts Dick Griffin slugged Frankie Daley, Andy McMahon beat Joe Marks and Tony Friend trounced Frankie Rely.

Eddie Moran and Preston Brown clash in the semi-final of the Atlantic City Sporting Club Thursday night. Eddie Moynihan and Jack Moran meet in the main event. Other bouts follow: Kid Wolfe vs. Jimmy Mendis and Joe Stanley vs. Frankie Moore.

Dutch Brandy, the New York brawler, will be seen in the Cambria wind-up Friday night, against Preston Brown. Brandy has shown here before, and possesses enough hitting power to make it interesting for the clever colored featherweight.

Sam Givens and Scoble Hawkins are two of the latest to bring the authorities that plan to take the champion Taylor Special to the heavyweight championship battle.

HIBERNIAN GAMES MAY 30

Annual Track Contests to Be Held at Belmont Park

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, one of the oldest organizations of its kind in this country, will hold its fifty-third annual track and field meet on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 30, at the Belmont Driving Park.

The program is of a varied kind, consisting of events for all those affiliated with the Amateur Athletic Union, events closed to members of the various branches of the A. O. H.

STEARNS

Stearns Limousine, 7 passengers; fine condition. Excellent car for funeral or private use. \$1975.00. ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE. LEXINGTON MOTOR CO. OF PENNA. 801-NORTH BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA

LARRY DOYLE, TWICE COUNTED OUT, STILL STICKS WITH GIANTS

Veteran Second Baseman, Who First Saw Big League Service Twelve Years Ago, One of Few That Plays Game for Enjoyment as Well as Profit

IN THE SPOTLIGHT—BY GRANTLAND RICE

To an Argonne Cross

Here, where the poppies sway, Hiding your face away, Guarding you night and day, Know you no sorrow.

Here, where the dark is deep, Sleep, valiant dreamer, sleep; Sleep till the eyes reap, Life's last to-morrow.

For you the final rest, Still hands on silent breast, No more the fighter's quest Brings vain endeavor.

Safe in the night's embrace, Doughboy or fallen ace, God watch your resting place, Guard it forever.

Yet through the mists are some Who to your grave will come, Called by the muffled drum To your sweet dreaming;

Some who will come to weep, Waiting the night so deep, And by your endless sleep, Kneel with eyes streaming.

Is it they envy you, Safely the journey through, One with the dawn and dew, Knowing no sorrow?

Who is there left to weep, One who has gone to sleep, Till the far ages rear, Life's last to-morrow.

LONG driving is a vital factor in golf. But the four-foot putt is not to be despised.

Love of the Game

LARRY DOYLE came to the Giants twelve years ago, a husky young Irishman, who was raw around second base, but one who had the vital spark still aflame in his batting eye.

Since that date there have been at least two occasions where Larry was voted down and out as a major leaguer.

Yet here he is today as fast as ever, holding brilliantly, hitting the ball on the crest of the trademark and running the bases at top speed. There has been one thing above all others that has carried Doyle along and has kept him as young after twelve years' service as he was as a debutante. This is his love of the game.

We recall a conversation with Larry dating eight years back. "Suppose," we said, "you had a million dollars—would you quit baseball?"

"What for?" he said. "I couldn't buy as much fun with a million as I have playing the game."

And that's exactly how Doyle felt about baseball from the start. The game is something more than his profession. It is also his recreation and his fun.

AND that is why, counted a has-been twice, he is still a star in his thirteenth campaign, hustling today with all the pep he knew more than a decade back.

Then—and Now

ABOUT the time the Germans started through Belgium George Stallings was well on his way to a world championship and the title of "Miracle Man." About the time the Germans reached for the peace treaty Stallings was merely trying to win a ball game before he fell clean through the bottom of the league race.

YES; quite a number of things have happened between August, 1914, and May, 1919. Quote a number, off and on.

As C. Briggs Would Say—

When you've topped your drive to a horrible lie, When your second flex to a trap near by, When your third shot barely reaches the green, But your forty-foot putt moves true and clean, As into the cup you see it stealing, Ain't that the grand and glorious feeling?

THE Giants have the strongest offensive club in baseball. They have a faster, more robust attack than any other entry—no better attack than the Tigers had some years ago when they averaged five or six runs to the game and then couldn't buy a pennant. After all, the main answer swings around the workmen who are out there to keep the other fellows from hitting, using their right and left arms for this praiseworthy purpose.

NO ONE can say definitely just what shape Willard will be in when he meets Dempsey. As we recall it, Jeffries was supposed to be in fine shape when he met Johnson, and Johnson was reported fit when he met Willard. Yet the day after both battles each loser was referred to as a "mere shell." They all look good until they have their blocks knocked off.

THERE also should be an 80 per cent tax on these slow, deliberate golfers who seem to think there is no one else in the same county.

Advertisement for Tareyton London Cigarettes, featuring a portrait of Herbert and the slogan 'There's something about them you'll like.'