

UP-TO-DATE AND NEWSY

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

EDITED BY ROBERT EDGREN

"I'D RATHER BE YOU THAN PRESIDENT," OLD LADY TELLS JESS WILLARD

Trip of New Champion Toward New York, Where He'll Arrive To-Morrow Night, Teeming With Crowds, Excitement and Quaint Incidents.

By Robert Edgren.

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WHEN old J. Caesar had his little triumphs a couple of thousand years ago he was satisfied with a line of march along the Appian Way and through the City of Rome to the Forum. Jess Willard started his procession at Havana, Cuba, and the other end of it will be in Los Angeles, Cal. Incidentally, after he has been on the route for three days he'll touch at New York. In all he'll cover seven or eight thousand miles. More people will turn out to see him than ever jammed the way stations to glimpse a Presidential candidate.

I'm travelling with the Willard party on the Willard special. Wednesday night we came into Key West. The crowd there began to gather, they told me, long before the Governor Cobb drove in sight. Hour after hour it piled deeper against the restraining fences. And when Willard himself marched down from the steamer, towering over the rest of his party like a big redwood of the Sierras over a group of scrub pines, nothing could hold that shrieking hysterical mob back. It tore down the fences to get to him. It swept across the railroad yards like a tidal wave. It laughed, shouted, sobbed, sang.

And to-day, all up along the Florida coast, it has been the same way at every station and town and crossroad. At every stop crowds have been waiting patiently in the hot sunshine, waiting to see Willard, the great Jess, who subjugated the invincible black and threw the fear of the big white fist into the hearts of all his followers. Northerners will never be able to understand what this all means down in the far South, where blacks outnumber the whites, and where the name "Johnson" has been a symbol of menace ever since that July 4 at Reno five years ago. As our train came to Key West a man came up to me as I stood near Jess and said: "You fellows ought to have been Monday if you wanted to see a sight. Half a minute after the flash that Willard had won every nigger in town was streaking it for the woods. They all expected trouble, but we only laughed at them."

Willard sticks head out of window to greet crowd. One of the first stations along the route of Willard's triumph Thursday morning was Rock Lodge. Here hundreds of men and women and children of all ages were waiting to see Willard. Big Jess put his head out through a window very obligingly, and laughed and joked until the train started. Later came Titusville, and then New Smyrna. When we were slowing down at a stopping place we first heard that curious sound made by a mixed crowd, a cover bass rumble with a shrill feminine overture. As our train came to a stop we heard it grow until it was a chant of "Willard-Willard-Willard," and then Big Jess invariably hove himself out of his seat and went out on the platform to show himself, so that those who came far to see him would not be disappointed.

Willard is the most amiable giant in the world. At least he was amiable all day long. He stood the test of popularity very well. He signed post-cards and posed for amateur cameras and made short speeches and joked with everybody, and shook thousands of hands. He had an answer for everybody. "Say, Big Fellow," called a tall cracker at Smyrna, "you don't look as if you had been in a fight. Where is your mark?" "I wasn't in any fight," said Willard. "It was a cakewalk." And as he guffawed the crowd laughed with him.

I noticed at every stop a thing that looked odd to Northern eyes. Packed in a solid mass close to the train were the whites; behind them, and with a respectful interval of twenty feet or so between, the blacks stood in ragged line to gaze in word silence at the conqueror of the great Jack. Only once did I hear a word of comment from a black man. At Daytona a great big darkey, as tall as Willard himself, turned to a dusky friend and chuckled: "My golly, Jack, ah don't want no fight with that boy. Jest look at dem hands."

And he smiled until every tooth in his head gleamed in the sun. We stopped at Ormond and Palatka and St. Augustine, and at each place Jess appeared an instant in the doorway at the end of his car, filling it completely, and arrived at the hand-clapping and shouting, and responded to the appeals of the crowd to "come down and stand on the ground, so we can see how big you are," and ran races with small boys when there was room enough, and enjoyed himself generally.

While he was standing in the doorway at St. Augustine a nice-looking, white-haired old lady crowded close to the car steps and called "Mr. Willard! Mr. Willard!" until Jess looked down. "Mr. Willard," she said, "this is the first time I ever wanted to be a prize-fighter. I'd rather be you than President of the United States. We all want to thank you, Mr. Willard," and she fairly beamed up at him as he took his hat off and bowed.

Band for Jess on Platform at St. Augustine. They had a band on the platform at St. Augustine, and it certainly played as if it enjoyed the occasion. It was after leaving St. Augustine that Jess began to get weary of the hand-shaking. Before pulling into Jacksonville he came out of his state-room with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. He had made a sling out of a scarf and was carrying his right hand in it. "I'm going to save this hand, boys," he said, "I may need it again some time."

But when we rolled into the station a couple of acres of people set up a roar of applause. "Gee!" said Jess, "if I see my arm in a sling they'll think I was hurt in the fight." So he threw the sling away and went out to show himself to the whole town of Jacksonville, whole and unharmed and smiling, and he spoke a few words and joked with the pretty girls and other people who wanted to snapshot him, and made a great hit generally. Jacksonville is a bustling, energetic city. I know it, for the population nearly pushed our train off the track. We couldn't start until long after the usual ten-minute interval was up. And at last the conductor and the trainmen and a number of policemen had to wedge their way along the sides of the cars and beg the people to stand back and let the train start without running over a few hundred who might be pushed under the wheels.

We were two hours and thirty minutes behind time now, and when we got out of Jacksonville at last the engineer opened her up to sixty miles an hour, which is travelling some in Florida. O'Neil was the engineer of the Willard special, and O'Neil is the man who ran the fire train down to Jacksonville at 120 miles an hour fourteen years ago when the city burned. It was another engineer who took the train out of Key West. Just before starting he came into Willard's car and shook hands with him.

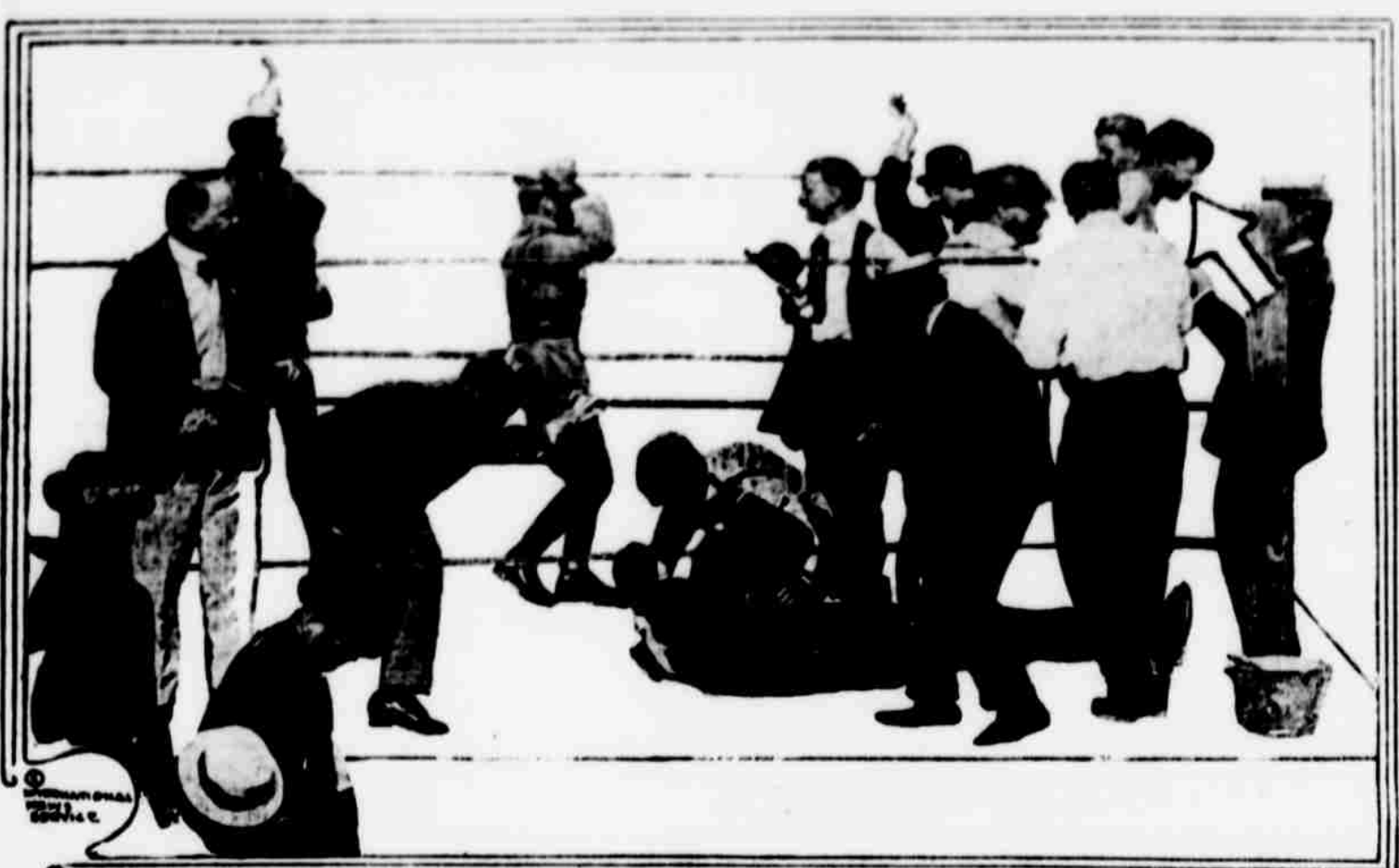
"Mr. Willard," he said, "I've been detailed to haul many Presidents and other big people over the road, but I never came to shake hands with them. I'm proud to shake your hand, sir, and I want to tell you that I thank you and we all thank you for what you've done."

Jess Would Get Many a Vote if He Ran for President. That's the feeling all through the South. The people are thankful to Jess Willard. They have an intense curiosity to see the great white man who dethroned the great black. They admire his strength and skill, and all the rest of it. But mostly they're thankful to him because he has removed the five-year-old idea that the black race is a superior fighting stock. That notion, in the past five years, has caused a great deal of trouble. They're glad the trouble is over. If Jess Willard were to run for President he'd have many a Southern vote.

We arrived at Savannah at night. There was no more hot sunshine. But Savannah, too, was on hand to welcome Jess Willard, to roar his name and struggle for a chance to shake his hand. To-night Willard shows at the Lyric in Baltimore. Then on to New York for the biggest reception of all. "This is the life," said Big Jess. "I suspect that he's beginning to like it."

JOHNSON OUT, BEING LIFTED TO HIS CORNER

AFTER REFEREE JACK WELSH HAD COUNTED THE NEGRO OUT, HIS SECONDS JUMPED INTO THE RING TO FULL JOHNSON TO HIS CORNER. FROM THE RINGSIDE SPECTATORS CLAMBERED THROUGH THE ROPES, TOO, TO CONGRATULATE WILLARD, THE WINNER. A CUBAN SOLDIER IS SEEN IN THE CENTRE, SIGNALLING FOR ASSISTANCE TO CLEAR THE RING.



Evening World's Headpin Tourney. Last Night's Scores. Pan-American No. 1-Kaiser, 80; Kilmartin, 64; Kimble, 51; Meyer, 64; Beckman, 80; To-let, 34.

Brooklyn Union Gas Company Metropolitan Branch No. 1-Jeffrey, 84; Reynolds, 81; Brown, 69; Shannon, 80; O'Wolfe, 82; Total, 434.

Brooklyn Union Gas Company Metropolitan Branch No. 2-Hamilton, 87; McKee, 81; Henderson, 82; Irvine, 80; W. Miller, 88; Total, 508.

Brooklyn Union Gas Company Metropolitan Branch No. 3-Cannon, 84; Kinkaid, 87; Rogers, 87; Barry, 81; Gleason, 80; Total, 511.

Brooklyn Union Gas Company Metropolitan Branch No. 4-Chandler, 82; Coleman, 87; Boyd, 82; Gleason, 72; Kelly, 80; Total, 503.

Brooklyn Union Gas Company Metropolitan Branch No. 5-Johnson, 84; Gardo, 82; McCroder, 71; Total, 537.

Atlantic City, N. J., April 8.—Francis Outmet, National amateur golf champion, created a new record for the course at the Seaview Golf Club by making the eighteen holes in seventy-three strokes.

Lawrence, Mass., April 8.—Al Shubert, of New Bedford, Mass., was awarded an unpopular decision by Referee Sullivan over young Marino, the New York bantam, in a fast twelve-round bout at the Unity Cycle Club here last night.

Jimmy Dime Heavy. Promoter Jimmie Dime has arranged a box of matches for this month. Among them are Babe Pinato vs. Eddie Wimer at Erie, Pa., on April 13, and Joe Chis vs. Rock Yards Tommy Monday at Dayton on the same date.

White Had Duffy On Verge of K. O. Buffalo, N. Y., April 8.—Charlie White had Jimmy Duffy of Buffalo on the verge of a knockout in the first round of the hottest ten-round bout ever seen here.

Upham Pitching Find of Season, Declares Magee. According to Bill McGurney, manager of Carl Morris, a fact that Coffey failed to accomplish, and thereby increase his chance of getting on a bout with the Irishman.

Mercury Footers Break Record In Mile Swim. A five-footer was engaged by the English Mercury Footers to swim the mile in the ocean on Monday last, which was laid in the path of the New York of the New York Club.

EVENING WORLD'S HEADPIN TOURNEY

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CHAMPION OUMET CREATES NEW CLUB COURSE RECORD.

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FANS THOUGHT MARINO AT LEAST EARNED DRAW.

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IRVING 120 HATS

Here's to the New Holiday—Fashion Sunday, April 11th

Owing to the snow storm last Saturday and Sunday, this Sunday has been declared "FASHION SUNDAY" by the general public and the press.

Get your new Spring Irving Hat today and join the happy paraders.

IRVING 120 HATS STORES EVERYWHERE

FISTIC NEWS AND GOSSIP

According to Bill McGurney, manager of Carl Morris, a fact that Coffey failed to accomplish, and thereby increase his chance of getting on a bout with the Irishman.

McGurney also declares that Charles De Haven, an actor, has been instructed to sign up Mike Gibbons for a match with George Carpenter, Europe's famous boxing champion, now serving in the French army.

Jim Coffey isn't going to fight again for some time. His manager, Billy Gibson, has been fixed, at will, with Coffey from all over the world, but he is going to send him up to the country to rest for a couple of weeks.

Harry Pollock and Dan McKeelick announce they have booked the Brighton Beach race track for the season and that they will stage some championship bouts there this summer. The place seats 10,000 people.

Carl Morris, who put up such a wonderful game exhibition against Jim Coffey Wednesday night, has been matched to meet Al Reich, the powerful local heavyweight, at the St. Nicholas.

Advertisement for Burke's Guinness featuring a bottle and the text "Order by the full name BURKE'S GUINNESS".

Advertisement for Irving 120 Hats featuring a hat and the text "IRVING 120 HATS".

Advertisement for Kaufman featuring a man in a suit and the text "Kaufman Manhattan's Man Hater".

Advertisement for Arnheim featuring a man in a suit and the text "Arnheim".

Advertisement for Irving 120 Hats featuring a hat and the text "IRVING 120 HATS STORES EVERYWHERE".

THE BIG OFFER

Zira package fronts, without the newspaper advertisement, are now each worth 7c cash, and you also get in each package a Zira 7c coupon.

Advertisement for Zira featuring a coupon and the text "ZIRA".

THUMS Bowling and Billiard Academy, 22 Allen, 30 tables, 51st st. & 9th Ave.

Large advertisement for Truly Warner Exposition Styles featuring illustrations of hats and the text "Truly Warner EXPOSITION STYLES".

Large advertisement for "Play Ball" featuring the text "Play Ball OPENING CHAMPIONSHIP GAME SEE THE GINGERED TIP-TOPS Federal League Washington Park, Brooklyn".

Large advertisement for Irving 120 Hats featuring the text "IRVING 120 HATS Here's to the New Holiday—Fashion Sunday, April 11th".

Large advertisement for Arnheim featuring the text "Arnheim 25 New Patterns Added to Our \$20 Line".