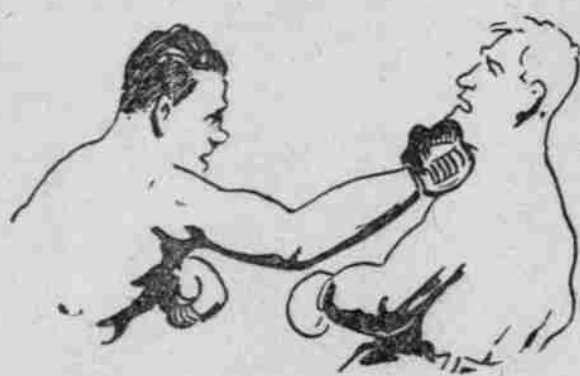
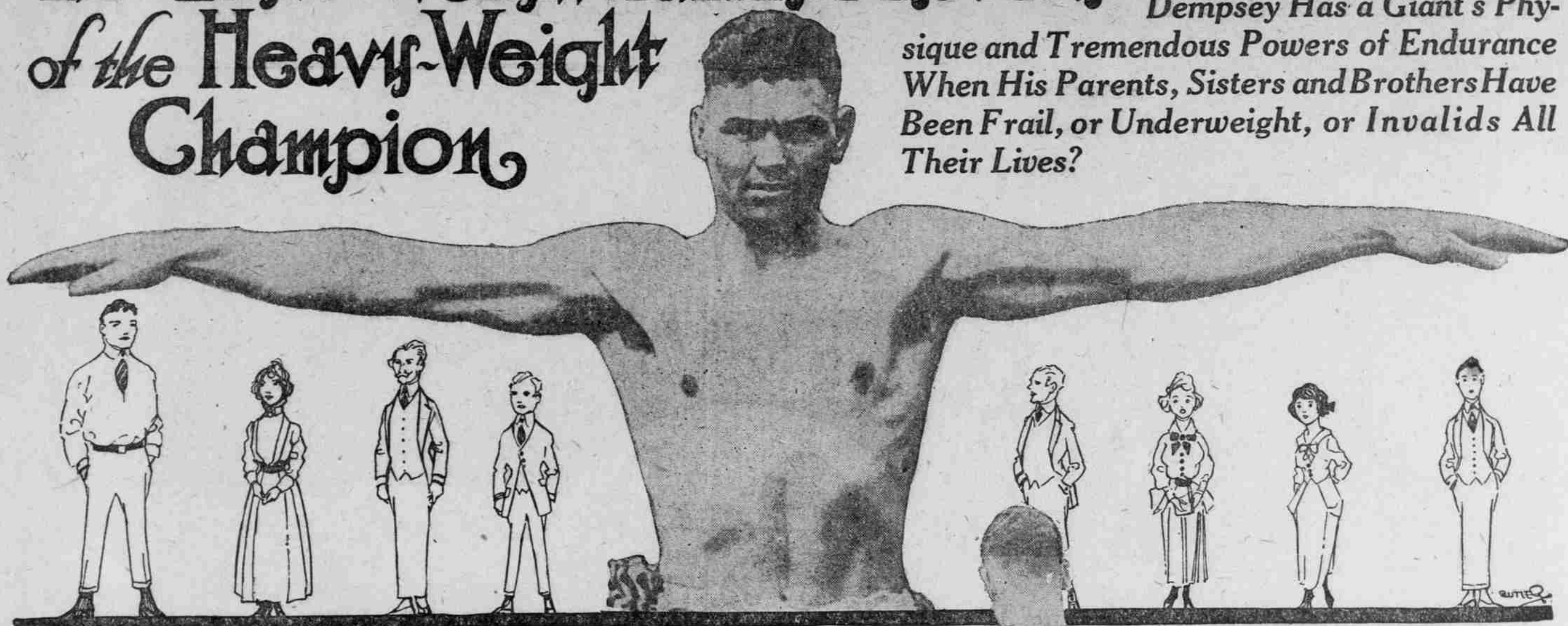


The Light-Weight Family Mystery of the Heavy-Weight Champion

Who Can Explain Why Jack Dempsey Has a Giant's Physique and Tremendous Powers of Endurance When His Parents, Sisters and Brothers Have Been Frail, or Underweight, or Invalids All Their Lives?



Dempsey's Mother
She Weighs 90 Pounds

Frank G. Menke, writer of the accompanying article, is one of the best-known sporting authorities of the present day. He saw the recent, widely-discussed fight between Champion Jack Dempsey and his brother, Bill Brennan of Chicago, in Madison Square Garden, New York city. The remarkable showing Brennan made against his more powerful and skillful opponent, while reflecting credit upon the Chicago fighter, has not served, in Mr. Menke's opinion, to rob the heavy-weight champion of any laurels, for he went into the ring overtrained. He calls Jack Dempsey the superman of the prize ring, and on this page today brings out the very curious fact that Jack is the one mighty member of the whole Dempsey family.

ways was so from their very earliest hours of life.

Johnny, the youngest of the Dempsey boys, has submitted to three or four major operations for stomach trouble. Twice physicians despaired of saving him. He was hardly out of one hospital before he had to go to another, rarely did one attack of sickness end until another came on. For many years he has been too sickly to do any work that calls for physical strain.

Then there's Joe Dempsey, older than Jack, who has suffered long from various ailments—with valvular trouble of the heart as the most conspicuous. Joe has known only a few years in his life when he has

not been laid up for weeks—sometimes months—by illness. And, like Johnny, he cannot endure much in the way of muscular exertion.

He Isn't Jack Dempsey at All!

Bernard, the older brother, was a sickly youngster, but outgrew it. In his late teens he went in for athletics and developed a fondness for boxing. He was a professional fighter for a brief length of time and fought under the name of Jack Dempsey. But eventually the sickness of youth recurred in Bernard's case and he quit the ring. When William Harrison, his kid brother, decided to become a fighter Bernard said:

"Take my ring name and call yourself Jack Dempsey."

And that is how William Harrison Dempsey, known to his own family as "Harry," became Jack Dempsey, super fighter.

The king of pugilism has two sisters, Effie, who is married, and Elsie,



Dempsey's Father
He Weighs 125 Pounds

who lives at home with the Dempseys. From earliest girlhood Effie has been sickly. She weighs less than 100 pounds today, and through the past eight or ten years has spent almost as much time in sick beds as has Johnny Dempsey. Elsie is a bit heavier—but not much less frail. She, too, has known much of illness.

And so we come to William Harrison—not merely the mightiest of the Dempseys, not merely the most remarkable of pugilists, but a man whose physical perfection is beyond that of any of the athletes of the today or yesterday of sportdom.

Whence comes this amazing physique? Perhaps the strength, the power, the health of all the Dempseys has been centered in him. Or perhaps he is a throwback to his mountaineer and Indian ancestors. For, coursing through the veins of the gladiator, is the one-fourth Cherokee Indian and three-fourths Scotch blood of his mother and the full Irish blood of his father, whose forefathers lived long in the hills of West Virginia.

It is almost miraculous that Jack should be most powerful and the healthiest of all the Dempseys. For

The Champion's Powerful Back and Shoulders



Jack Dempsey's Mighty Left Arm With Which He Floored Big Jess Willard

he suffered more privation and endured more than all the other Dempseys. If there was cause for any of them to be sickly, to know but little of physical power, Jack was the logical invalid.

He wasn't a husky in his boyhood. Always loved to fight—always keen about physical combat. But not always did he have the power to carry him through. And the frail-

ty endured through to his teens. Then he went away from home to work. Among the first tasks was that of apprentice boy in a coal mine. He shifted later to copper and silver mining—but always his work was carried on in dark tunnels in the bowels of the earth.

In those days Dempsey saw sunlight but rarely. He went to work with the dawn and quit at dark. And not always in that era was it possible for him to enjoy all the nourishment which his youthful body might have craved.

For in those days the Dempseys were not well supplied with funds—and illness was ever present. Often Jack's earnings constituted the family's all. And because Jack knew that his wages were needed for doctor bills, for medicine, for food and rent and the others, he turned every dollar of it over to his mother—and then bluffed it that he had kept out a little of it for himself.

That's Dempsey's way—always has been. The Dempsey family may have known hard times before Jack became a big money-maker in the prize ring. But it has known only luxury since then. Jack has been lavish in his bestowal of money and all that money can buy upon his family—his mother, father, his sisters, and his brothers. They may have suffered once; they suffer want no longer.

Jack has set one brother up in business, started another in a mining venture, amply provided for the invalid Johnny, bought two homes for his parents, an auto for one sister, a home for the married sister, and is sending her children through a private boarding school and already has provided for their college education.

And each is possessed now of an "emergency" bank account—provided by Jack, called by his mother "the finest one God ever gave to woman." In the years which whirled along



CHAMPION HORSEWOMAN SAYS MEN MUST BE HANDLED SAME WAY BRONCHOS ARE

Miss Lorena Trickey at Age of 20 Has Record for Riding and Unique Philosophy as to Best Manner for Getting Along With Male Sex.

If all women knew how to handle

horses they wouldn't have much difficulty in handling men. Such is the philosophy of Miss Lorena Trickey, the smallest champion of them all, who recently won the title of premiere all-around horsewoman of the world at the historic Frontier Days round-up at Cheyenne, Wyo. Despite the fact that her tiny stature makes her appear dwarfed in comparison with the cowpunchers with whom she associated on the Irwin brothers' Y ranch in Oregon, she accomplished a most notable feat in winning the championship, as she not only showed that she is a past master at broncho busting but is also in a class by herself when it comes to relay riding, trick riding and other strenuous events involved in horsemanship.

In addition to winning the right of being called champion of her class, Miss Trickey garnered a beautiful trophy emblematic of her championship which was donated by L. M. Boomer, the well-known hotel man. Several weeks before the great annual classic which has been held in Cheyenne for the last 20 years, Mr. Boomer, who is a lover of the west and its sports, was asked by the committee in charge of the round-up if he would donate a cup for one of the events. He immediately agreed, and chose the women's relay race, an event open to any young woman in the world and one which tests horsemanship to the utmost. In addition to the trophy there was the added attraction that the winner of the event was to spend a week in New York

city as a guest at one of the leading hotels.

And it was this visit to the metropolis several days ago that strengthened the philosophy of Miss Trickey as regards the best medium in handling the opposite sex. As she watched her sisters of the east dancing in some of the emporiums noted for their bright lights and soft music, the lithe and agile young western girl became convinced that they did not know how to handle men. The reason for this she declares is that they do not know horses.

"Men," she mused, "differ not much from horses. You've got to know how to handle them. Of course, it's not easy at first. If you doubt me just go out to our corral on the morning of a round-up and try to strike up an acquaintance with a piece of equine flesh to which you have never been properly introduced. You don't imagine that when I get the pick of the horses at one of those events I walk up to him, grab him by the mane and lead him to the saddle? It's impossible to get him that way. You stay at a distance and throw a rope over his head when he least expects it. And then, if you know your work, he is willing to come in. In other words, you have to use subtlety in handling them. In driving a horse over the range into the corral the trick is to drive him without letting him know that he is being driven."

"Treat a man in the same way and he will soon learn to like it. It annoys me to see some women work so fearfully hard for the little attention they get from the opposite sex. The other night at a New York cafe, for example, I saw a couple that will

serve in making my point clear. The man was evidently tired and apparently inclined to go home. But the woman prattled away, talked and talked, jerked up his faded nerves and just made him stay and dance. After a while he relented somewhat, petted her a trifle and tried to be agreeable. The boys on our ranch would have resented that woman's sham and methods and most of them wouldn't like that kind of a girl."

"Our men never have to be reminded to be kind and considerate to us. We do not have to go to any particular trouble to get them to be nice to us. A cowboy in the Upper Horse Heaven country in Oregon shows far more chivalry and politeness to a cowgirl than some of the men I studied in New York cafes show to their girl companions. And for this state of affairs I blame the women. They do and say so many unnecessary things. Silence is said to be golden, but it seems to be very difficult in New York. You are supposed to keep up a line of chatter whether you have anything to say or not. When we have nothing to say to each other we just keep still, and on the plains silence can be made very nice and comfortable."

This little champion who outclassed all her feminine rivals in the broncho busting, trick riding, roping, Roman riding and other events at Cheyenne's Frontier Days round-up, is just 20 years old and weighs less than 100 pounds dressed in her cow-punching regalia. She was practically raised in the saddle, having been riding since her earliest recollection. She was born on a big cattle ranch owned by her father near Pendleton, Or.

Being the only girl, she became the pet of her older brothers and the other cow-punchers, and as a mere tot rode the range with them, learning roping and branding of cattle as well as the breaking of wild horses, and the training of them which now occupies most of her time. Three years ago she entered her first contest, and although since that time her life has been a veritable pilgrimage from one round-up to another, she has never, even in a contest in which she did not win a prize.

Curious Nesting Places.

Every year some fresh discovery is made by naturalists respecting the curious habits of birds. The boldness shown by even city birds when domestic duties are concerned is surprising. Robins are especially noted for their boldness, and a pair have been known to build and rear their family on a beam in a school, entering by the window, which was left open. Swallows seldom build in odd places, but a pair have been known to build their nest against a pane of window-glass. A swallow's nest in a funnel is an exceptionally queer place for a bird of this species to choose.

Wrens are very ingenious, and their dome-shaped nests, which are so beautifully woven, are often found in old kettles and tins, and even in the pockets of old coats which have been left hanging about. A hedge-sparrow's nest in a kettle was found in a bunch of nettles close to a public footpath, where school children passed every day, but the faithful bird, with no thought of danger, reared a family quite unmolested.

Unique.

"Yes, sir; we are proud of this election district. Why?"

"Oh, sure, I know! You have the oldest voter in the country, who has never failed to cast his ballot at any election since 1824, and who—"

"Not at all. Our district is unique and notable as being the only one in the nation which does not contain that political veteran."

ty endured through to his teens. Then he went away from home to work. Among the first tasks was that of apprentice boy in a coal mine. He shifted later to copper and silver mining—but always his work was carried on in dark tunnels in the bowels of the earth.

In those days Dempsey saw sunlight but rarely. He went to work with the dawn and quit at dark. And not always in that era was it possible for him to enjoy all the nourishment which his youthful body might have craved.

For in those days the Dempseys were not well supplied with funds—and illness was ever present. Often Jack's earnings constituted the family's all. And because Jack knew that his wages were needed for doctor bills, for medicine, for food and rent and the others, he turned every dollar of it over to his mother—and then bluffed it that he had kept out a little of it for himself.

That's Dempsey's way—always has been. The Dempsey family may have known hard times before Jack became a big money-maker in the prize ring. But it has known only luxury since then. Jack has been lavish in his bestowal of money and all that money can buy upon his family—his mother, father, his sisters, and his brothers. They may have suffered once; they suffer want no longer. Jack has set one brother up in business, started another in a mining venture, amply provided for the invalid Johnny, bought two homes for his parents, an auto for one sister, a home for the married sister, and is sending her children through a private boarding school and already has provided for their college education. And each is possessed now of an "emergency" bank account—provided by Jack, called by his mother "the finest one God ever gave to woman." In the years which whirled along

between the time that Jack Dempsey became a professional fighter, and that hour in Toledo when he rose to the sublime heights of the fighting world, he knew another era of suffering and privation. Nothing broke exactly right for him. He fought as often as he could find opponents—but they were few and far between. The purses he had received were pitifully small. Sometimes they reached \$100—often they were around \$10, \$15 and \$25.

And most of that money Jack Dempsey sent back home—and went "broke" as a result. There were days when he felt gnawing hunger; there were almost countless nights when the sky was his only shelter. He lived away from home, doggedly sticking it out in his chosen profession of fighting, rather than return to the old town and admit failure. He felt that some day he would become great in the fistful world—if only given the chance. He suffered much to gain that opportunity. When it came he made good in whirlwind fashion.

A Superhuman of the Ring.

Jack Dempsey came from a family of physical weaklings. His boyhood was one of privation; his early manhood was one during which the health that was his was constantly menaced by privation, worry and a life of irregularity.

Yet, from out of it all emerges Jack Dempsey, who never knew a prize ring equal; a man so powerful that no human who was ever struck to the heart by one of his mighty fists could hold to his feet; Jack Dempsey, the man of irresistible force, boundless energy, chain-lightning speed, uncanny endurance powers—the superman of the prize ring—the most remarkable athlete since the world began.

Whence comes the appalling and the peerless physical greatness that is his?