

THREE ROUNDS END GEORGES' CHANCES

Like Enraged Bull, American Turns Loose Batteries.

POILU WILTS UNDER FIRE

Terrific Blow in Stomach in Fourth After Gruelling Punishment Ends "Battle of Century."

BY HARRY M. GRAYSON. FIGHT ARENA, Jersey City, N. J., July 2.—(Special).—An king of the ring, William Harrison Dempsey still has the homage of the world. He retained the title by knocking out Georges Carpentier one minute and 16 seconds after the bell rang starting the fourth round of the "battle of the century" at Tex Rickard's Jersey City arena.

GALLANT BUT UNSUCCESSFUL CHALLENGER, HIS WIFE AND HIS MANAGER.



GEORGES AND MME. CARPENTIER AND DESCAMPS.—Photo from Underwood.

was in evidence just as quickly as he could regain his feet.

Frenchman Full of Courage. Carpentier proved all that was said about him. He is a courageous boy and a great light heavyweight.

In the first round Carpentier looked less like a fighter than ever. His wonderfully developed forearms appeared out of place on those long arms. His plain legs surely would tire in a marathon contest. Georges has the chest, shoulders and stomach of a middleweight. He's a heavyweight from the hips down only—a bit of a physical freak.

George Lewis Rickard awoke to the realization of his \$1,000,000 gate. It was estimated that the total receipts reached \$1,250,000, or three times the amount of any former championship. The little god of luck smiled kindly on the greatest gambler of them all. For the past three days it had rained incessantly, but tonight found only a few scattered clouds, which added a little to the excitement. It was cool, an ideal fight day.

Crowds Four into Arena. As early as 9 o'clock the vanguard of the biggest and most representative fight crowd ever assembled started winding its way into the 35 and 40 seats. At 11 o'clock the arena was packed with thousands of people. It was an orderly crowd.

The preliminary boys were playing to a packed house. There was a last-minute rush to see the seven and eight o'clock bouts on which stands Rickard's huge arena had been scraped level and rain left the ground soggy and wet. But the crowd tramped merrily through the mire with few complaints.

Everybody was there. Theodore Roosevelt and party occupied a box. His was only one of hundreds filled by persons known to every schoolboy. Mrs. Morgan Belmont and Miss Anne M. Belmont headed the more than 6000 society women. Governors, mayors of big cities, like William Hale Thayer of Chicago and Charles Dwyer, working men, college boys and the slickest crooks in the world thronged out for the "battle of the century."

Seven hundred newspaper men and feature writers detaching to an army of telegraph operators sent descriptions of every move broadcast. Special cables gave cities of France, England and practically every other nation on earth a detailed account. No battle of the world war attracted as much attention. Writers were sent to Jersey City from the leading London and Copenhagen journals.

POILU'S HAND BADLY HURT

Thumb Is Broken in Two Places in Second Round.

MANHASSETT, N. Y., July 2.—Georges Carpentier broke his right thumb in two places and suffered a slight wrist sprain in the second round of his fight with Jack Dempsey. This was reported by Dr. Joseph Connolly of Glen Cove, N. Y., who examined him at his training camp tonight.

Georges said he hurt the wrist in the second round when he hit Dempsey. He said Carpentier's hand was swollen to three times its normal size.

I Killed, 4 Wounded in Ireland. DUBLIN, July 2.—An official message stated that a sergeant and constable were killed and four constables wounded, two of them seriously when they were ambushed at Oola, County Limerick, today.

Few bald-headed men die of consumption, one authority says.

GORGEOUS GEORGES LOSES TO WALRUS. SAYS REPORTER

After Three and Half Rounds, Dempsey, Like Man Kissing His Sister, Hands Carpentier Love Tap on Chin.

BY JOSEPH VAN RAALTE. NEW YORK, July 2.—(Special).—The Walrus and the Carpentier met this afternoon in a place called Jersey City, with Jack Dempsey, an athlete successful in both a literary and financial way in the character of the Walrus.

The Walrus and the Carpentier had a little difference with respect to relative merit to adjust and when, until the crack of doom, shall we have so delightful a difference again. For three and a half rounds the Walrus and the Carpentier demonstrated that Dempsey is a better fighter than a petty arc of the squared circle of jab, swing and hook.

Georges sat sprawled in ease in his corner, looking toward Dempsey's corner with the air of amused interest which he has always believed Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts must wear when he reads the "Lives of the Saints"—like a champ going over the sprinting records of the old boys.

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Georges Seems Surprised. Georges evidently never expected to see his opponent enter the ring looking like father, when he gets up early Sunday morning to mow the lawn with a crop of face fringes like the marshes around Coney Island in November.

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CARPENTIER ALWAYS FAVORITE OF CROWD

Approbation Roared Loudly When Dempsey Slips.

ALL LINES BLAZE FORTH

Bootleggers Rub Elbows With Lawyers and Society Matrons to See Polu Fight Bravely.

(Continued From First Page.)

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But midway of the second round Carpentier shows a flash of the wonderful speed for which he is known. With the speed of a lightning bolt he stands toe to toe with Dempsey and trades 'em. He shakes Dempsey with a volley of terrific right-handed blows which fall with such accuracy that Dempsey is not even aware of them.

Third Round Dempsey's. The third round is Dempsey's, from bell to bell. He makes pulp of one of Carpentier's smooch cheeks. He pounds him on the side of the head with a smooch.

In the fourth round after one minute and sixteen seconds of hard fighting—fighting, which on Carpentier's part is defensive—comes the fore-offensive of the Walrus. Carpentier is writing in and out, joining and separating. I hear the flop, flop of leather bruising hums. Fresh Carpentier is almost spent—that much is plain to everyone.

Dempsey sitting there makes me think of a smoke-stained Japanese warrior, retreating before Dempsey suggests an Olympian runner cooled of fine-grained white ivory. Partisans howl their approval at the champion. He refuses to acknowledge these.

Overhead airplanes are buzzing and their droning notes come down to be smitten and flung up again on the crest of the vast upheaval or sound rising from the earth. A tiresome detail of utterly useless announcements is made at intervals.

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edge these. One figure that he's suddenly grown sulky because his reputation was no greater than it was. A H. H. crowd, a gallant fighter, surrounding Dempsey. There is some dispute seemingly over the tapes in which he holds the ring officials wrapped. Carpentier, except for one solicitous fellow countryman, is left quite alone in his corner.

Dempsey keeps his hands fixed on his fists. Carpentier studies him closely across the 18 feet which separate them, but he keeps his hands nervous air. He is living proof to give the He to the old fable that all Frenchmen are excitable.

Populace Likes Georges. Overhead airplanes are buzzing and their droning notes come down to be smitten and flung up again on the crest of the vast upheaval or sound rising from the earth. A tiresome detail of utterly useless announcements is made at intervals.

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harkening to the referee's counting. At the toll of eight Carpentier is struggling to his knees, beaten, but with the instinct of a gallant fighter, man, refusing to acknowledge it. At nine he is up on the legs which he holds to support himself. His face is toward me and I am aware that his twisted face is the look of a steep-walker.

It is the rule of the ring that not even a somnambulist may be spared the finishing stroke. Thumbs down means the killing below and the thumbs are all down now for the stranger.

For the hundredth part of a second—the time that it takes to see the Frenchman staggering, slipping, sliding forward to his fate. His face is toward me and I am aware that on his face is no vestige of conscious intent. Then the image of him is blotted out by the intervening bulk of the winner. Dempsey's right arm swings upward with the unfeeling emphasis of an oak cogwheel and the Frenchman is all down now for the stranger.

Frenchman Holds Up. The third round is Dempsey's, from bell to bell. He makes pulp of one of Carpentier's smooch cheeks. He pounds him on the side of the head with a smooch.

In the fourth round after one minute and sixteen seconds of hard fighting—fighting, which on Carpentier's part is defensive—comes the fore-offensive of the Walrus. Carpentier is writing in and out, joining and separating. I hear the flop, flop of leather bruising hums. Fresh Carpentier is almost spent—that much is plain to everyone.

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bout between Billy Miske and Jack Renault.

Challenger Never Has Chance. As I settle back now to watch with languid interest this anti-climax three things stand out in my memory as the high points of the fight, so far as I personally am concerned. The first is that Carpentier never had a chance. In the one round which properly belonged to him he fought himself out. He trusted to his strength when his refuge should have been in the arms of his manager.

The second thing is that vision of him, doubled up on his side, like a frightened, hurt boy and yet striving to brave himself up and take added punishment from a foe against whom he had no shadow of hope. The third—and the most outstanding—will be my recollection of that look in Dempsey's lowering front when realization came to him that a majority of the tremendous audience were partisans of the foreigner.

Sidelights of the Big Fight.

"It's just as I expected," declared Hyrum Dempsey, father of the champion, as he heard the result of the fight a moment after the bell rang in the Big Lake Telegram by the Associated Press. "Some day," continued the smiling father, "someone is going to beat Jack, but that day has not arrived. I expected Carpentier to have a better fight. I do not like to see a handsome boy like Carpentier lose his money and a fight like Jack would win, and, of course, I am glad that he did."

Announcement was made after the contest that 90,000 persons had witnessed the battle. The receipts totaled \$1,600,000.

Governor Sprout of Pennsylvania, who was invited by Governor Edwards of New Jersey to be the guest of honor at the fight, would not attend because he did not believe the people of Pennsylvania would like it.

The folks who were starved to the ring in today's big fight than anyone else couldn't see a thing. They were the wire men and the men who were in the front. They could hear a knockout, but couldn't tell who won.

Dempsey slept without interruption from 11 o'clock Friday night until 7 in the morning and awoke in a happy frame of mind. His breakfast consisted of two boiled eggs, toast and a pot of tea.

Before leaving his Atlantic City training camp, Dempsey presented Mike Tranter, the Chicago detective sergeant who has been following Dempsey, with a diamond Kik pin as a memento of his days in the champion's camp.

The champion did not let the boot affect his appetite. When the call came for dinner, Jack was first "among the present." Before "luncheon," the champion engaged in a pool game with Mayor Egan of Atlantic City. Later Mayor Hague of Jersey City and other officials called. Just before 1 o'clock Jack stole upstairs for an hour's nap before getting ready to go to the ring.

Mrs. Mae Brown of Chicago, a friend of Dempsey, said she was in the days of "slim pickings," that she had arrived Friday night with two pairs of handkerchiefs and a pair of shoes. She was the champion selected to wear in the ring today. Mrs. Brown's ideas of the stylish and the beautiful, however, did not coincide with Dempsey's, and he had her remodel the red, white and blue belt she had made.

The challenger lost his way on reaching the ring. He was led to the ring by two guides who went out and plucked them in France. Dempsey's manager, Fred Desmet, entered the arena chattering to him. The bell, however, did not sound. Dempsey is as marched to the dressing room a few feet ahead of the challenger.

GIANT TANKER LAUNCHED

Largest Vessel Built on West Coast Enters Water.

OAKLAND, Cal., July 2.—The Southern Pacific oil tanker Tamahou, said by company officials to be the largest vessel ever built on the Pacific coast, was launched at the Moore Shipbuilding company's plant tonight. Mrs. William Sproule, wife of the president of the Southern Pacific company, sponsored the craft.

The Tamahou is 820 feet long over all, has a total load displacement of 23,000 tons, and is designed to make 23,000 miles in 30 days. She will carry 100,000 barrels of oil and cost \$3,500,000.

Early today the Shell Oil company tanker Ampullaria, 8400 tons, was launched at the Union Construction company's shipyard here.

Madame Curie Home.

CHERBOURG, France, July 2.—Madame Marie Curie, co-discoverer of radium, arrived here today on board the steamer Olympic.

MERRILL'S PLAIN TALK NO. 1 advertisement featuring a bicycle and promotional text for the 1925 Exposition.

"HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF" advertisement for Ramblers Bicycles, featuring a bicycle and promotional text.