

Why Dempsey Can't Decide Which Girl He Loves

He Loves

Champion Defers to Wishes of Mother Who Fears Sweethearts Are Not Sufficiently Domestic

Above—The mother before whom have passed the many pretty girls with whom Dempsey has fallen in love. It is to her he has left the task of choosing from among them his bride-to-be. It is believed that the one she selects will be one of the four photographed on this page.



Miss May Devereaux, one of the most successful of New York's chorus girls. Her brother has been Dempsey's sparring partner.



Here is shown Dempsey at Longchamps, where the most beautiful girls of France surrounded him and registered joy like this when he deigned to notice them.

ORDINARILY the somewhat busy world would not be strenuously concerned in the sentimental affairs of a young gentleman whose career is confined to pugilistic endeavors, even though those endeavors have a market value of a million or so and no equal.

But there is undeniably considerable interest in the future bride of Mr. John Dempsey, most often known as "Jack"—especially since the bride, or, rather her future identity, remains a mystery despite repeated rumors having to do, in turn, with the most desirable of New York's highest salaried and most beautiful show girls.

Not until after Dempsey's return from Europe did he reveal the reason for the continuance of his bachelorhood, and at the same time he disclosed the reason that he could not, if he would, issue any news bulletins upon the subject—since he didn't know himself.

The rest of the disclosure was even more startling.

The champion may fall in love with as many of the highest-salaried chorus girls as he chooses. He may make all the vows he pleases, and as many young ladies with fame for beauty and charm that reaches from one end of New York's Broadway to another may fall in love with him as will—it is Mrs. Cecelia Dempsey who will select from among them the bride for her son Jack, and not the champion himself.

The aged mother of the champion lives now in a miniature palace just at the edge of Hollywood, in California. It is a house with large landscaped gardens, with pergolas and a view of the California hills that border the California desert.

Not so many years ago this same aged mother lived in a humble little cottage, barren of anything but the neediest necessities, with scarcely more than two rooms and a kitchen, and with a landlord who came many times each month before he departed satisfied.

In those days Mrs. Dempsey did the housework, washed the dishes, cooked the meals, scrubbed the floors and cleansed the windows. It is said she even was willing, now and then, to help the neighbors. What assistance her son could give her, he gave, but that was little, for in those days young Jack was touring the country via freight trains seeking opportunities to fit in as a preliminary at such matches as he could catch up with.

Now, in her California home, Mrs. Dempsey has a butler, several maids, a door man, chauffeurs and gardeners and kitchen boys. And there is no landlord, as the deed to the palatial home is in her own name. Her son was always a good son.

In the other days neighbor girls, mostly freckled and with ragged skirts, unceremoniously turned up their snub noses at the hulking boy who occasionally tried to make up to them. Nowadays the best that Broadway affords, young women with limousines of their own, with complexions that Cleopatra might well envy, with jewels on their necks and piled deep in safety deposit vaults—vie with one another for the favor of the champion's smile. One after another the mightiest of these mysterious young ladies of the equally mysterious domain known as "Broadway" have been announced as the fiancée of the champion. And one after the other they have passed into the discard.

There has been, indeed, a mystery. For the champion is known to be sentimental, and an easy devotee of feminine charm. But Mrs. Dempsey has her son's promise—he may fall in love and give his heart; but she must be satisfied before the ring and the vows follow the love and heart.

First, quite a long time ago, as time counts in the spectacular span of a champion's career, those who were close to the champion spread the news that at



Bebe Daniels, a beautiful and famous "Follies" girl, whose engagement to the champion has been repeatedly affirmed. Mrs. Dempsey, however, has not yet consented.



"Bee" Palmer, a most dashing "Follies" girl, who has been looked upon romantically by Dempsey and who, it is said, was scrutinized most carefully by Mrs. Dempsey. Miss "Bee" went to Los Angeles hopefully and sentimentally.

Mlle. Lucilla La Joie, one of the most beautiful manikins of Paris, at whose feet, it is said, Dempsey laid his heart during his recent visit to France—conditional, however, upon later approval by Mrs. Dempsey.

last everything was settled—anyone could see who it would be that was soon to take the champion in hand and with the authority of his wife teach him the gentler manners of sedate matrimony.

The young woman whose name was added to this announcement was Miss Bebe Daniels.

To mention Bebe Daniels is to think of lavishness, and luxury, and jewels, and beauty of the sort that dazzles. Outside New York there may be folk who know Maude Adams and Mrs. Fiske and, perhaps, Blanche Bates and Sarah Bernhardt. In New York, however, folk know Bebe Daniels. She graces the stage of the "Follies" or the "Winter Garden" and goes abroad when she chooses. She was one of the most scintillating ornaments of the famous "Fifty-Fifty" club, where the elect of the mighty fraternity foregathered, until that organization expired as the result of a boxing match which will be spoken of later on this page.

And there were many other places that radiated the bright lights of the gay street in which Miss Bebe was more beloved than ever Maud Adams was in her coterie.

When Miss Bebe and Dempsey met—after he had definitely settled his title to the championship—love was fast in brewing. That is, it seemed as if love brewed quickly, definitely, and with fervor not to be controlled by either side. Wherever Miss Daniels shone, shone there also the ruddy smiling face of the champion.

It was announced that Miss Daniels would, shortly, become Mrs. Dempsey, and there were several midnight suppers about it, semi-farewells as it were, at which the friends of both wished the couple good luck.

But soon Peggy Joyce seemed to have entered the race—the same Peggy Joyce who has been somewhat in the public prints of late because of other affairs of the heart. Miss Daniels returned alone to her various places of favor. Her nose, delightfully retroused, became more so at the very mention of the champion's name. She intimated all the things a practiced stage eye can intimate. She went her way, her luster undimmed, for mundane things may not dim the luster of a Miss Bebe.

Those same haunts now saw the Joyce and the Dempsey, arm in arm, heart in heart—it seemed. And then those haunts did not see them together any more.

Few knew that Miss Daniels' photograph had gone to Los Angeles, to be

studied long and earnestly by the little mother, alone with her butlers and maids and gardeners.

Somehow, it seems, Mrs. Dempsey wanted Jack to marry a girl who could do the washing, if the worst should come to the worst, and mend his hose and even press his Sunday trousers—just as she used to do. And, too, every wife, Mrs. Dempsey declares, should be able to make a chocolate layer cake. That is, the kind of a cake her son likes best. And it is so difficult to get them at the baker shops really made with eggs. Mrs. Dempsey declares the bakers use something besides eggs, she is sure. And Jack's wife, she has determined, must know how to make that kind of cake with eggs in it at least once a week, Saturday afternoons—for Sunday.

There is no record as to whether or not Miss Bebe Daniels could bake a chocolate layer cake—Saturday or any other afternoon. No one in New York, who is so fortunate as to claim acquaintance with the beautiful Miss Bebe, would admit having ever tasted any kind of a cake at all baked by Miss Daniels. She could, they said, fox trot divinely and perform any other terpsichorean evolutions demanded by the stage director of the Follies, with neatness and dispatch. But it just happened that none were familiar with her chocolate layer cakes.

And as to pressing Jack's trousers, washing the dishes and scrubbing the kitchen floor if the maid should quit—At any rate, Mrs. Dempsey, even after a little call from Miss Bebe herself, who chanced, about that time, to have to go to California on very important business, did not kiss the sweet tears from the eyes

of the blushing Miss Bebe and tell her all the little things about Jack that his future bride should know from his mother.

And as to the Peggy Joyce's adaptability to the requirements of Mrs. Dempsey—cake baking, floor cleaning, home laundering, etc., etc. It is doubtful if Mrs. Dempsey even thought to ask about such things.

So the Joyce went to Europe and there remained behind—May Devereaux. Now, May Devereaux is all that Miss Daniels is, in fame and dash and lavishness—doubled. Besides, she has certain skills that are close to the heart of the champion.

It was at the Fifty-Fifty club she first attracted the attention of the pugilistic monarch. Miss Devereaux belonged to the chorus of the Winter Garden. Another guest at the Fifty-Fifty club that evening, or rather, early morning, was Miss Jessie Reed of the Follies. There is a perennial feud between the young women of the Winter Garden and those of the Follies. They have much the same general characteristics, luxurious tastes and ability to charm, but to themselves there is a difference.

Miss Reed of the Follies glared at Miss Devereaux of the Winter Garden that evening—morning.

A Follies' girl is noted for the stoniness of her glare when she wishes it to be stony, just as she is famed for its warmth when she wishes it to be warm. And Winter Garden girls do not wish to be glared at by Follies' girls.

Miss Devereaux excused herself to her escort, bowed to Dempsey, whom she knew very slightly, and walked over to the table at which Miss Reed was enthroned amid her sycophants. Miss Devereaux is noted for the softness of her speech, and her modulated intonations are inspiring when she uses them to captivate her audience. But she wasted no intonations upon Miss Reed. She said something that seemed to be a hiss, and which caused Miss Reed to rise hastily.

"Come on out here where there's room," said Miss Devereaux when Miss Reed was on her feet. Miss Reed is tall, willfully, but not at all fragile. No Follies' girls are fragile. She draped her ermine wrap across her chair, smiled to her friends and went out where there was room. Whereupon Miss Devereaux hit her fair and square between the eyes with a compact and well-doubled fist—a straight overhand blow.

Miss Reed staggered but, recovering quickly, feinted with her right and then

swung home an uppercut with her left that sent Miss Devereaux reeling.

By this time Dempsey was on the spot. He swung the excited actresses back into a circle and took charge of the ceremonies, ready to act as referee. But his services were not needed, for when he called "time" the two young women were boxing each other so excitedly that neither would heed him. He was about to separate them, as a referee should, when Miss Devereaux landed full upon Miss Reed's chin, and the Follies' girl toppled down and took the count.

When Miss May went home that evening—morning—it was Dempsey who escorted her to her car.

And it was Dempsey in the stage box at the Winter Garden the next evening and the evenings after that until count was lost.

Again a photograph and press clippings and a long description were sent to Mrs. Dempsey in Los Angeles. Meanwhile it was again announced that the champion was engaged. There was much correspondence between mother and son. Perhaps Miss Devereaux was asked her favorite recipe for cake. At any rate, the engagement languished. But there is some indication that Miss Devereaux has really learned to make that sort of cake.

She has not seen much in the champion's company during the weeks just previous to his departure for Europe; and immediately following the correspondence with his mother. But since his return it

seems—well, Mrs. Dempsey just the other day sent her butler out to mail a long letter, which she had written the night before at her desk in her own room to Miss Devereaux, and inclosed in it was one to Jack.

That is all that is yet known.

There were several young ladies abroad who thought for a time they were about to be chosen. One of these was the pretty little Mlle. La Joie, the Paris mannequin whom Dempsey met at Longchamps. Mlle. La Joie is famed as one of the most beautiful of young Parisiennes. The members of the champion's party have brought back many interesting accounts of the difficulties encountered by Mlle. La Joie in attempting to learn Mr. Dempsey's version of the fox trot. She was so petite and he was so big. When they attempted the camel walk he frequently found himself holding her off her ties. But she was very charming about it and he was most solicitous. He remained at Longchamps two days longer than he intended, and it was said he cabled to Los Angeles about it.

But Mlle. La Joie was left behind and there are none who are close to the champion who will say that he has written to her since his return. Miss Devereaux, however, declares emphatically that she has not.

"I'm going to marry pretty soon now," Dempsey declares, "but when I do my mother will be satisfied—and that's that."

RELICS OF STONE AGE FOUND IN ALL PARTS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Scientists of Note Are Trying to Build Up Complete Story of Evolution of Prehistoric Civilization.

VICTORIA, B. C., June 17.—The stone age, which, scientists say, came to an end in western Europe about 1700 B. C., was carried on for more than 3000 years later and in its most characteristic form existed in British Columbia up until as late as a century ago in some districts, according to findings of archaeologists who have been exploring some of the old community sites, mounds and aboriginal graves along the coast and the interior of the province.

The stone age in British Columbia has for many years been the study of scientists of note, who have been working the field in an effort to build up the story of the evolution of the prehistoric civilization as exemplified in the tribes who worked out their existence between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific. Valuable collections have been obtained.

It was only recently, however, that British Columbia in an effective way turned its attention to the past. Under the direction of Premier John Oliver, the Provincial museum has been partially rebuilt and the collections put on exhibition.

The aboriginal occupants of the country belonged to the neolithic, or new stone age, scientists determined from the specimens obtained from old villages and burying places. Stone and bone tools

were in common use when the first white explorers visited the north Pacific, although iron and copper in small quantities were found almost everywhere.

In some instances the native races had developed a degree of art. One of the feature exhibits in the museum is a copy of a seated human figure holding a bowl. It was chipped from a solid block of stone and then polished. There are two of these specimens very much alike. One was discovered near Departure bay, Nanaimo, and the other in North Saanish, on Vancouver island.

Perhaps the most characteristic of the stone age are the stone axes and hammers discovered in many places. They are almost identical with the tools of the neolithic man found in Europe.

The stone weapons include daggers and war clubs. There are many examples of stone dishes hewn from small bowlders. With what appear to have been rolling pins of a somewhat angular design, the prehistoric woman of this coast seems to have been well supplied.

Familiar Signal Is Heard. Judge.

The Liner's Skipper—Stir yourself, you loafer! There's a heavy fog coming up and plenty of work to do.

The Green Deckhand—It's quittin' time. I just now heard the whistle blow.