

Challenger Fails in Fourth Round

CARPENTER WORN DOWN TO DEFEAT BY JACK DEMPSEY

Second Round Ended in His Favor, but Thereafter Sledge-Hammer Blows Wore Him Out.

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to shake hands with Dempsey and the two stood together for a full minute talking. Dempsey smiling for the first time during the fight, and into the eyes of the beaten boy.

PRAISE EACH OTHER

What they said is not correctly reported save this, that Dempsey told Carpenter the indulgent truth—Carpenter is a great little fighter. Carpenter smiled back at Dempsey with the same, ingenious, disarming smile that he wore from start to finish. Even when he was staggering to certain defeat, and said that Dempsey, too, is a great fighter.

"John L. Sullivan would have whipped him in short order," said Arthur Brisbane, the famous editor, sitting there at the ringside, reporting his first fight in years. Meanwhile the crowd swirled about the ring, planted their feet in the center of acres after acres of pine, and babbled in admiration of the little French gambler, who had gone four rounds with the champion.

GEORGES LANDS ONE

Once, in the second round, Carpenter sent his famed right hand swishing against Dempsey's jaw and every man Jack at ringside who thought Dempsey would win and who had wagered money that way, paled and felt a sinking of the diaphragm. This blow, which is the same blow that felled the sturdy Joe Beckett in England, must have dizzied Dempsey an instant. He shook his head, in a puzzled fashion and closed his eyes, chopping, chopping. Carpenter's body with short blows while those who had believed that Carpenter would win went into delirium of enthusiasm.

It was a good "kick" as the professional calls a blow delivered with Carpenter's body behind it. For an instant it looked as if the most forlorn hope that ever crawled through the ring ropes might carry through.

GOOD LITTLE MAN

The champion quickly shook off the effect of the smash, but from that time on he quite obviously had considerable respect for Carpenter's right. It was the punch he had been advised to avoid and it is all that has ever been said of it.

From the opening round it was hard to see how Carpenter, barring the landing of such a punch, could win. He was outwitted. He was meeting a more rugged and much stronger man. In the clinches, Dempsey would gather up the finely constructed white body of the Frenchman and fling it around as he pleased.

It is the law of the prize ring that a good big man can always beat a good little man. Carpenter is a good little man. He has the spirit of a giant, the reflection of the spirit that hovered over Verdun.

LIKE GAMECOCK

Many writers like this one, did not think he would go. One reporter admitted the mistake afterwards. In the second round, sport phoebus hung in the balance. After the first round was but a question of time when it would be fulfilled. Dempsey, chopping away at Carpenter's body inside and cracking the lip of that fine jaw with long-range blows, was wearing him down.

Carpenter came out of his corner at the clang of the bell which started the fight like a little gamecock, showing his right at the brown body of the champion the instant he got in range.

He felt as gamely. He felt like a soldier of France, brave to the end.

DESCAMPS QUIET

Over in his corner his manager, Descamps, who found him a stable boy and fathered him with mothered him in the balance. After the first round, the hearts of his countrymen, watched the finish of the lad he loves with a strange expression on his face.

It has been said Descamps is very excitable and apt to jump into a ring at any moment and try to win a fight on a fool when he sees Carpenter being beaten, but he did not seem excited while the fight was on today. He has an almost Mongolian cast of countenance and Mongolian stoicism was in his eyes as he watched. His lips moved.

What he said nobody knows. What was in his mind and heart nobody knows. When his Georges was down on the floor being counted out, Descamps's lips were still moving, but now in his eyes there were tears that glistened in the sun.

ALL THERE

A vagrant, sephyr drifted for an instant into the pine when a waiter, tending bankers, brokers, pickpockets, authors, gunmen, manufacturers, clubmen, bootleggers, actors, lockers, ball players, society lights, male and female pugilists, a governor of a state, a couple of senators, gamblers, "payoff men," city officials and artisans. They paid \$100,000 to be there, and still there is talk of hard times.

The breeze, coming out of the west, picked one of the many flags from around the pole to which it was hanging like a wet skirt and slowly unfolded it as it was counting.

It was the tricolor.

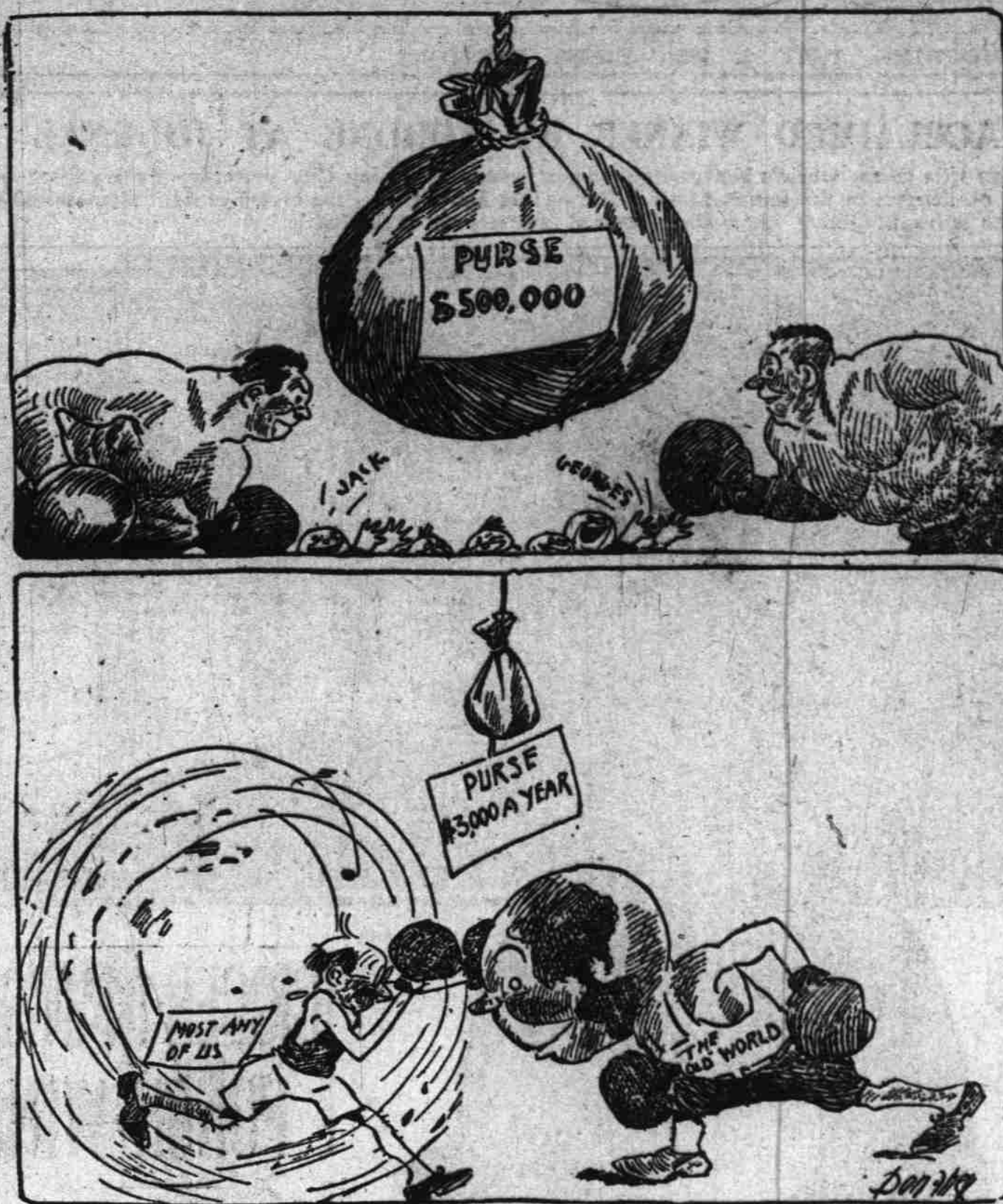
One felt like getting up right then and there and yelling "Vive la France!"

LIKE SCARED RABBIT
If only in honor of the poor little fleur de lis bleeding and torn. Dempsey himself is one of the few who correctly estimated Carpenter.

"He must be a good man, the strength of his record," said the Coloradoan. "I can't afford to take any chances with him."

So when Dempsey went out for the first round there was none of the sav-

THE BATTLE OF LIFE



agery of his attack against Willard. He moved cautiously, his jaw always pretty well tucked in behind his shoulders. It looked as if he might end it in the first round. He skinned the skin from Carpenter's nose with a smash in that round and many expected to see the Frenchman on the floor before the bell.

Carpenter wore a strangely appealing expression. His eyes were wide and blinking. He lurched backward around the ring, one moment reminding you of a scared rabbit, then suddenly lashing out with his right in a way that suggested an infuriated leopard.

SYMPATHY FOR FRENCHMAN
Dempsey never changed expression. His face, blue from a new shave, was set, his black hair bounced about his head, giving him a sinister expression. His thoughts must have been interesting as he watched the Frenchman. You felt alternately sorry for Carpenter and amazed at him. You felt sorry when they were in close and his blonde head was bowed while Dempsey chopped at him, trying to knock him down with the "rabbit punch" that helped to topple Bill Brennan. You felt amazed at the resistance in this frail looking body and the way Carpenter came on under the punishment.

Women in the crowd squealed hysterically as Carpenter fell the first time. Some of them were crying. The feminine sympathy was largely with the soldier of France. The men, especially the hardened followers of the prize-fighting game, shouted, but mainly because their judgment of the thing had been vindicated.

SHOWS SUPERB COURAGE
Many of them had been betting their money on Dempsey at \$3 to \$1. They knew it was not the "dope" for Carpenter to win. But they had to gasp when they saw how narrowly destiny had passed Carpenter by in that second.

After the fight, Captain Beisens of the Jersey City police department, who had been visiting in Carpenter's dressing room, came over to the press stand and said that Carpenter's right wrist had been broken in the second round.

If this is true it is a further indication of the superb courage of the Frenchman. The story could not be verified. It would have an important bearing on the result of the fight.

CAMERAS CLICK
A police lieutenant who said he assisted in removing the bandages from Carpenter's wrists told that the right hand was badly swollen and that he had even seen the bones sticking out through the flesh.

Reporters hurried to the dressing room, but the Frenchman had departed. So had Dempsey, both headed for New York, leaving behind them the writers and the operators sending out the story of the so-called battle of the century, as a rain storm came on to make their work more difficult.

At 2:45 a tremendous stir went through the crowd and Carpenter entered the ring. The ring was crowded with cameramen, who were in an upheaval of excitement. The crowd stood up trying to get a peek at the Frenchman.

Carpenter smiled and shook his hands together, bowing from left to right like an actor taking an encore.

Descamps, his manager, followed him. His face was red and Descamps was a very excited man. Carpenter sat on the stool in the northeast corner and

watched the crowd curiously. He seemed slight of build in his robe. He seemed slight of build in his robe.

POSE FOR PICTURE
Then Dempsey arrived and another cheer went up. The champion came up into the ring by way of Carpenter's corner. He did not look at the Frenchman.

As Dempsey went to his corner followed by Kearns, Teddy Hayes, his trainer, and Joe Benjamin, the California lightweight, Carpenter peered curiously around those in front of him trying to get a look at Dempsey.

Carpenter's lips were as red as if they were rouged. He squinted as he looked out over the crowd. Dempsey, sullen of brow, looked neither to the right nor left. They stood together in the ring for a picture. Their hands clasped, but Dempsey never looked at Carpenter. The latter smiled in a friendly way, as if he wished to make up to the big dark fellow beside him.

MEN INTRODUCED
The gloves were thrown into the ring. Gus Wilson, Carpenter's trainer, stood beside him while Descamps went to Dempsey's corner to watch the bandaging of the champion's hands. Usually the banding is done before the men enter the ring.

Kearns went to Carpenter's corner, but he did not pay much attention to the operation, finally walking away entirely. Carpenter did his job himself with a delicate touch. Meantime, Humphreys introduced the celebrities.

Harry Erie, the referee, entered the ring and the two fighters were introduced. Then Humphreys introduced as "the best and gamest governor of the people the state of Jersey ever had," Hon. Edward Edwards. Thus the great state of Jersey placed its official seal on the prize fight.

The weights were announced as Carpenter 135 lbs. and Dempsey 160 lbs. "They had a string on those scales," remarked one when Dempsey's weight was announced, and Johnny Dempsey, the champion's brother, was present, coming in turning his cane and smiling sheepishly. He shook hands with both.

FORM GROUP IN RING
Dempsey remained over near Dempsey's corner while Dempsey was being introduced. There was mild applause as Dempsey stood up and bowed his head. Carpenter bowed and then they preys presented Carpenter as the idol of his people and a big demonstration ensued, especially in the higher paid seats. Carpenter bowed and then they men and the seconds grouped together in the center of the ring for the final instructions and Dempsey seemed cool, with every nerve settled, although up to then he had been plying in his corner.

At 1:17 the bell rang. Carpenter was the first to lead, but he was right-hand which Dempsey blocked. The fight was on.

The men closed in almost immediately and Dempsey began ripping right and left hands to Carpenter's body. He varied this by overhead clouts to Carpenter's face. A few blows broke the skin on Carpenter's nose and the blood appeared.

BLOW SHAKES CHAMPION
Carpenter felt fly a right hand which hit Dempsey flush on the chin, but he shook it off and marched in. The champion was so much stronger than the Frenchman that he swung him around in the clinches. Toward the close of the round he hurled Carpenter from him and the Frenchman fell limp across the lower ropes on the west side of the ring.

In the second round Carpenter again landed his right on Dempsey's chin and shook the champion. The crowd roared. Dempsey's bronze body fell back, and from that moment no one could doubt the danger of Carpenter's punches.

The Frenchman showed himself a clever boxer, avoiding many of Dempsey's shots and always holding that deadly right hand ready.

It was much the same during the third round. Dempsey landed the most blows and Carpenter taking them with amazing fortitude. The Frenchman seemed very tired at the finish. Then came the fourth, and the final.

BROKEN THUMB CAUSE OF GREAT PAIN TO FRENCHMAN
Manhattan, N. Y., July 2.—(U. P.)—Dr. Joseph G. Connolly of Glen Cove, L.

I, tonight gave the following statement to the United Press:
"This is to certify that I, Joseph G. Connolly, M. D., of Glen Cove, examined Georges Carpenter after his fight with Jack Dempsey, and found him suffering from a fracture of the right metacarpal bone, that is the base of the thumb on his right hand. He was in great pain and unable to use his right hand."
JOSEPH G. CONNOLLY.

CARP COULD HAVE JUMPED OVER ROPES
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to do it to as good a man as me. The ring, which usually is infected by bug of an occasion like this, was kept clear of everybody but fighters, their sponges and the Jersey City cops. Carpenter probably didn't feel any too good, but I wish to state that he managed to do the thing in a very pleasant manner.

BREAK IS RUMORED
All and all Georges made a much better showing against this guy than Willard. Willard kissed the canvas seven times, but he beat both those records. I'd only kiss it once and it wouldn't be for no paltry \$200,000 neither.

There's a rumor in the press coop that Carpenter has broken with Manager Descamps. The last named is accused of getting bailed up in the excitement and using his hypnotic eyes on the wrong party.

Well, friends, I don't pretend to be like Bernard Shaw and always know what I am writing about, but now that the big fight is history I guess it's time to go ahead and make one prediction in regard to the outcome. Namely, that Dempsey won't get no credit for doing what he done and the fight writers will get even less for telling you in advance that he was going to do it.

JACK CAN FIGHT, ANYWAY
When Dempsey knocked the Fulton cuckoo, it was a frameup. When he beat Willard it was a luck punch and besides Jess was too old and wasn't in no shape. When Jack soaked Brennan, he ought to do it a whole lot quicker and now they will say "well, who was Carpenter anyway." They haven't never been a champion with a record like Dempsey's for quick and decisive wins, yet all come.

But the bugs don't like what he done in the war so they insist he can't fight. Well, I don't like what Lefty Williams done in the world series of 1915, but that don't mean I half to go around saying that Lefty can't pitch and never could.

The fight writers don't hold no brief for Dempsey as a patriot, but they have got a stealing idea that he is above the medium as a box fighter and they told the public so and made no bones about saying that Dempsey was an even, but the fans insisted that Georges had a chance. They wanted Dempsey licked and the wish was the daddy of thought, that Georges could do it.

RIGHT BE FARE
The bugs can't accuse the writers of steering them wrong on this business—that is, outside of Bernard Shaw, and a couple of experts of the opposing sex. The bugs are blind and the fight writers will say their right they got mad at you.

The result of the bout has learned me that Mrs. Wharton ought to write another "Age of Innocence" and make the "time the present," also that a Greek profile and long eye lashes is O. K. in their place, but their place ain't in no 15 ft. ring, with Dempsey for a room mate.

I suppose my admirer will say "well if this bird knowed that much why didn't he come out and prophesy. Well, friends, I have found out that a prophet gets neither abuse, whatever, he is right or wrong and abuse is one of a whole lot of things that I don't crave.

In conclusion allow me to state that the last 5 hundred words story was wrote Friday afternoon at Great Neck Long Island but if you want believe it, we will wait.

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BIGGER MAN WINS WITH STAGGERING KNOCKOUT PUNCH

Arthur Brisbane Concludes His Observations With a Column of "Aftermath."

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in a story attacking a bear—if you will excuse the sentimental comparison.

All but hopeless cousins of the anthropophagi, and they were many in that crowd of \$4,000, must have hoped that Carpenter would win. He stood shaking hands with Dempsey, smiling, while the big fighter, sewing, looked away.

A sad, puzzled look replaced that scorn in the second round, when one more hard blow from Carpenter could have sent Dempsey to the floor and out of the championship.

Corbett just now is telling Tammen and Armour that Carpenter made his great mistake in always leading for Dempsey's head, which is hard to hurt. Blows in the body, heart and solar plexus would have done better.

In all human events you may rely upon fair woman to surprise you. Kauffmann, who knows a good thing when he sees it, is praising young lady with him and brought her back on the tug. This lady, with a very pretty dress and a permanent wave that made her hair look like a Greek profile, was nearly fainted in the second round.

"Why" she was asked, "Did the horror of the whole thing overcome you?"

"No," said the fair one, "but I thought surely Dempsey was going to be knocked out in that second round, and I was hoping for him."

A young lady, Miss Sylvia Jocelyn, who writes scenarios and comes from Hollywood, Cal., says:

"I will interest the ladies that are interested in that kind of a thing. Alexander the Great, after several fine victories, got married to a Persian lady and made many of his generals get married with him. I was all celebratory for several days, lying on fine couches, eating and drinking things carefully chosen.

What an interesting parallel it would be if Dempsey made all this training to marry a scenario writer and all would celebrate for a week. But that won't happen. Romanas has gone on to the next among conquerors. However, Dempsey gained in 70 seconds \$200,000, just what we pay President Harding for four years work in the White House. And that is something.

"CARPENTIER GAVE ME TOUGH FIGHT"—DEMPSEY
Jersey City, July 2.—(U. P.)—Jack Dempsey was asked for a statement on his victory.

He shuffled his feet, twisted his head thought deeply, then said: "Carpentier is a fine boy. He gave me a tough fight."

"I think I'll go home as soon as I can."

"That's all I can think of just now."

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Women Thrilled in Jungle See Tiger Attack Panther

By Winifred Vanduser.

Universal Service Staff Correspondent
Jersey City, N. J., July 2.—The tiger stood in the bit of jungle clearing here they call the ring. Tawny, smiling, splendid beast, victorious.

At his feet the panther, head in resin dust.

Five thousand women's voices thrilled in the victory cry.

Jagged edges on a rolling surface: cradle against the roar of the primitive.

For the greatest "battle" waged and won in the shallow saucer of golden pine was no woman's affair. More feminine fans today saw Dempsey, America's own, vanquish Georges, the smiling Carpenter of France, than have seen the past three championship bouts, all put together. But they were watching—nearly submerged in the enormity and action of it all.

At 1 o'clock they stood at the gate with their men, seeking admission. At 2 o'clock a long line of them, released from office and business, marched in single file and climbed up under the rim of the saucer, where they made a little tracing of color against interminable black-headed sailors.

Down in the shadow of the ring they gathered, spattering broad bands of color. Swagger sports clothes—here orange, vivid green. Broadway came to a new show.

WOMEN GO AS FARLS
Back where the saucer rim began to roll were the boxes. Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, Mrs. Lathrop and their families—such as these.

Coney Island and Newport: the workaday, the weary; those who play at the game of life; others with ears deadened by centuries of culture to the call of the wild.

All of these rallying to the voice of the primitive.

First law to first law! Jungle dweller to jungle beast!

A famous psychologist told me that women would go to Jersey City not for enjoyment, but to be "good pals." They say. The name echoed. Tiger and panther faced each other.

would go because their men went, she said. Some of them did. In the seat ahead of me was a gentle little wife with frightened eyes.

"JUNGLE" SWAYS
Across the aisle a white haired woman gazed ringward with fearful fascination. One of the Broadway beauties squirmed out and left, her feet beating time to the tattoo of glove on flesh.

Even smiles in the boxes seemed somewhat ast.

Three o'clock preliminaries stirring interest faint as a baby's breath. Silence, nearly. Brooding jungle silence, promising terrific climaxes.

Movement in one of the trails: the head played "The Marseillaise"; a tall boy, tinted like old ivory, wrapped in an old silk robe, sprang lightly over the ropes. The jungle moved, swept by a noise like the clatter of iron in leaves.

The champion of France whirled with the grace of a cat and smiled.

A gallant challenger may defeat nothing too heavily.

Stirring in another trail, like the scratching of marsh grasses; then the rustle when the tiger prowls. The hush was almost solemn.

A shilling, brown body leaped to the canvas. Somebody whispered, "Dempsey WOMAN SOBS"

To me they are confused as the rushing light and shadow of that vast jungle. The panther kept throwing his beautiful body against the tiger, leaping half way across the ring, but that every strength was indeed the jungle king; there never was a question of winner.

Down toward the ring a woman sobbed. Near by a man kept muttering, "God, God." He had no interest in fight or fighters other than the spectators, but his lips were blue and they kept closing on that cry.

NOT FOR WOMEN
The jungle trail-path of the primitive—high call of the wild—is for neither the feet nor the ears of today's women, proud of progress.

No progression, but retrogression are those, and we women of America—and also of France—have gone too far to feel their lure!

TWAS A SPECTACLE THAT ROME MISSED, DECLARED HAPGOOD

A Superb Spectacle That Could Not Have Been Excelled in the Days of the Roman Empire.

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to miss anything that happens whether past, present or future.

Now that I have been present at this scene I am much less troubled over having missed the great exhibition of the Roman world.

FRENCH ARE CALM
I am glad that by chance a bunch of Frenchmen sat near me today. We generalize carelessly about the attributes of nations. We make the Frenchmen, some of whom had crossed the ocean to see the fight, took it at least as calmly as any Americans would take a disappointment. I hope their young countrywoman may bring them some consolation by carrying off the tennish championship in women's singles, as she seems likely to do.

Most of the \$4,000 people in the arena were not thinking of anything except who would win.

When disappointed we naturally seek refuge in lighter vein. Some of the best known men in New York were sitting not far from me. One was Charles Dana Gibson, who has been a fight fan ever since I have known him. He shook his head as he passed by.

"Well, Herman," he said, "we feel badly, but it had to be."

Then he reflected a moment. "We are going to match Oliver Herford against the winner," he declared.

In that mood we went home. We had hoped to see skill and charm perform a miracle. We had at least seen one of the greatest spectacles of our time.

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