

HUGE CROWD WITNESSED THE GREAT FIGHT IN JERSEY CITY.

The cameramen first snapped the Frenchman until Descamps shook his head vigorously and would allow no more of it.

Dempsey walked right over to the opposite corner and when the horseshoe of flowers was placed behind him and he was asked to pose standing in front of it, he pushed the horseshoe aside and wouldn't have it. He preferred to have his picture taken as he sat on his stool.

Jack wore his customary ring attire, white trunks and maroon sweater. He was unshaven. While Carpentier smiled during all these preliminary proceedings, Jack's face took on a scowl.

He jumped to the center of the ring to shake hands with Carpentier for picture taking purposes, but got back to his corner as quickly as possible.

DEMPSEY LIMBERS UP FOR BATTLE.

This time before taking his seat he placed both hands on the upper ropes and pranced up and down in limbering-up fashion. As Dempsey began to tap his hands, seconds and managers crowded around him, while Carpentier sat alone on the opposite corner with no attendants but Trainer Wilson.

Jack Kearns went over to the Frenchman's corner and coolly chewed gum while Carp applied the bandages to his hands.

Meanwhile Descamps was voicing vigorous protest to Dempsey's methods of fixing up his knuckles. He objected strenuously about nothing in particular as Jack was using nothing but linen taping prescribed by law. If it was the French manager's intention to get Jack's goat, he didn't succeed. He was finally quieted and thereafter stood silently watching every move of Dempsey's fingers as he plied the tape.

Fred Fulton got in the ring and shook hands with both men. Joe Humphries then introduced Mayor Hague. He was cheered.

Then came Gov. Edwards. The crowd gave him the proper send off. The Governor waved his hand in recognition, then walked over and shook Carpentier's hand.

Then he turned and came to Dempsey's corner and taking Jack's right in both of his gave it a vigorous shake. "How are you Jack?" said the Governor. "Fine," replied the champion.

The gloves were then brought in, reddish-brown-red mitts, tied with blue strings. Jack put on the left first. Carpentier hadn't yet finished taping his hands.

MAJ THE BEST MAN WIN, SAYS TEX.

Tex Rickard was then introduced to the crowd. He walked over unceremoniously and grabbed Dempsey's right hand. "Jack, may the best man win."

"O. K." said Jack. Tex walked across the ring and said the same thing to the Frenchman.

Referee Ertle stood in the middle of the ring, waiting for Carpentier's gloves to be tied on.

Dempsey, apparently nervous and anxious to begin, got up and did another jig step. Formally introduced by Humphries he got a surprising reception.

Carpentier's reception this time was ten times as great as Dempsey's. Georges turned in a circle and looked at Jack's corner to see how Jack took it. There was a significant flash in the Frenchman's eyes. The light begins.

Dempsey weighs 188; Carpentier, 172.

Fight on: ROUND ONE.—Carpentier sent left to jaw in clinch. Carpentier landed light right to head. Clinch. Carpentier uppercut right to chin. Carpentier jabbed face with left. Clinch. Dempsey pounded back of head with right. Carpentier missed right to head. Dempsey pounded right to sides.

Carpentier missed terrific right to head, pounded Dempsey's body with left. Clinch. Clinch. Dempsey holds and hits with right to head. Staggering Carpentier, one punch cutting nose. Carpentier landed terrific right under eye. Dempsey hooked left to head. Clinch.

Dempsey uppercut to face and hooked left to nose. Carpentier missed right to head. Clinch. Dempsey smashed Carpentier with right. Carpentier missed with right and he fell through ropes. Carpentier right to face, staggering Dempsey, ten seconds before the bell. The round ended with the fighters together, but neither doing any damage.

Carpentier looked bad. His ribs and stomach were red from vicious short punches. His nose was cut.

ROUND TWO.—Dempsey started more business-like in this round and began crowding Georges around the ring. Georges backed away, then tried feebly with a left, which landed on Jack's chest. The Frenchman was on his heels all the time and he suddenly stopped and landed a flush right on Dempsey's jaw, Dempsey staggering. Carpentier whipped his left to Jack's chin as Dempsey grabbed on to save himself.

Carpentier ripped in three rights to the body. Jack looked groggy. Carpentier began forcing the fighting. In the meanwhile, Dempsey had landed a right hook on Carpentier's cheek bone which resulted in a deep gash under the right eye. When bell sounded Dempsey was coming back and Carpentier wore a painful expression. The Frenchman, bent on putting everything he had in one punch.

ROUND THREE.—Dempsey began crowding Carpentier again, the Frenchman backing away warily. He led Dempsey into missing with his left and got his right over to Dempsey's jaw.

He was plainly out-boxing Jack. He reached Dempsey's jaw with a long right and as he came in Dempsey tried the rabbit blow twice. Georges led with a long left and they went in close again, Dempsey out-roughing and out-punching his trailer toe with body punches.

Carpentier circled round, waiting for another chance with his right, but he looked weak from Jack's inside body punches and short chugs on the chin. Frenchman looked at the bell. Between the rounds Carpentier got a drink of brown fluid from Dempsey's hands. DEMPSEY'S ROUND.

LATONIA ENTRIES.

Latonia entries for Monday race are as follows: ...

TREMENDOUS CHEERS FOR BOTH MEN AS THEY ENTERED RING FOR BATTLE

Carpentier Got Magnificent Ovation From the Throng and Showed His Pleasure as He Climbed Through the Ropes—Dempsey Gets a Mighty Tribute and Smiled as He Went to His Corner—Betting at Ringside Was 2 to 1 on Champion—Every Seat in Structure Filled.

By Martin Green.

(By Direct Wire to The Evening World From the Arena.)

RICKARD'S ARENA, JERSEY CITY, July 2.—The great battle between Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier for the heavyweight championship of the world has begun.

The men entered the ring promptly on time. As each man approached the steps leading to the platform there was a tremendous roar of applause that sounded, in its magnificent volume, greater than any chorus of voices ever heard before.

Plainly Carpentier showed his pleasure at the mighty greeting accorded him by the sporting blood of America, from whose champion he was about to endeavor to wrest the crown.

Dempsey, naturally stoic and unemotional, relaxed a trifle and a suspicion of a smile made its appearance as the cheering of the immense audience was dinned into the air.

The examination of the bandages on the hardened mitts of the men and the gloves they were to don did not consume much time and soon they were called to the center of the eighteen-foot ring, where Harry Ertle gave them final instruction as to the rules to be observed in clinches and breaks.

Then the gong tapped for the first round.

The betting was light in and about the arena. Odds of two to one on Dempsey prevailed. Clearly the bulk of such betting as there was on the result had been made elsewhere.

The orderliness of the crowd was amazing. There was not a single hitch in the arrangements. There never was a sporting event managed with such business-like precision.

The enormous arena was jammed at 2 o'clock.

Considering the magnitude of the job of handling such an overpowering event as this, the preliminaries were admirably executed.

There was some delay in opening the gates, but sporting crowds are patient and nobody complained. The holders of \$5.00 tickets were the last to be admitted. When they got in they found many of the seats occupied by studiously indifferent youths who had succeeded in beating the gate despite all the precautions taken by the management.

HOW THE DEADHEADS GOT ON THE JOB.

Right back of my perch is an abandoned power house which is being used to-day as a temporary Police Headquarters. The roof adjoins the arena wall of the easterly side of the arena.

At 9:30 o'clock there may have been 5,000 persons in the arena, including the police, but the aspect of the great enclosure was distinctly lumbry. Spectators were like dots on the fluff yellow seats. Suddenly a voice rang through the arena—a loud, bass, ringing voice, inquiring if all could hear. It was an announcer testing a megaphone system. He asked all who heard him to hold up and wave their hands. Instantly everybody in the arena from the furthest outer edge to the ringside, waved a response.

I have seen most of the big crowds in this country in the last thirty years and experience has given me some what of a knack of estimating the number of people in an enclosure, but my estimate in this great bowl must be nothing but a guess. There is no way of making a comparison. Down around the ring several hundred correspondents and operators are seated, from the top of the bowl they look like a small group. A big brass band that played only once in the first hour after it entered would be lost but for the red caps of the musicians.

The western entrance to the \$5.00 seats was opened at 9:45. From that time on a stream of men filed along that side of the top of the arena. Some of them ran, but there was plenty of room for the early arrivals. There were not more than fifty persons by actual count in the \$10 seats at that hour. The \$20 and \$30 seats were opened almost exclusively by men at 10 o'clock and only one of them was a woman.

At 10:15 o'clock the top of the bowl was completely covered by a stream of black jackets. At the \$5.00 seats were taken and the long line outside had melted away. Customers are arriving singly or in small groups. The \$10 seats are about one-third filled. The ringside chairs are still ringside chairs.

A careful survey of the arena shows that only nine women have come in thus far. One of them seated herself in the picture gallery. The operators tower is conspicuous because of her startling scarlet hat.

BEAT HIS WAY HERE FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

A bird has just sat down in front of me who says he beat his way from California to see the fight. He left Sacramento on May 21 and hopped off a freight at Yonkers last night with a few dollars in his pockets for a five-day stay. He says he's not out for notoriety and won't give his name.

The bowl is filling from the top down. There is something about the way the crowd is filling that makes one watch continually one by one, as if he were afraid that the people creeping up into the outer seating space like a parade. Ushers who saw them paid no attention. It was not until a Fire Department official saw one of the youths crawling through that a guard was placed on the roof.

A section in front of me, on the other side of the arena, resembled a segment of yellow and black lines made by the seats and the spaces between them, but in half an hour it was all populated.

The standing room around the top of the arena is filling up at 11 o'clock and the rim of straw hats is seen against a background of light fans who are willing to take what repose they can get on their feet for the next few hours.

The lads up in the \$5.00 roost are beginning to get acquainted with each other and opinions and judgments are being expressed. One doesn't appear to be much argument in the crowd. The general sentiment is that Dempsey will knock the Frenchman out in a couple of minutes. But everybody has a good word for Carpentier and he is bound to be warmly greeted when he makes his appearance.

Scattered through the crowd I can see many khaki uniforms. They are in the \$10 and \$10 seats and denote the presence of officers, the spaces between them, but in half an hour it was all populated.

ing them at 1 o'clock. The three ticket vans were stationed at Baldwin Avenue and Montgomery Street, Robinson Avenue, Avenues and Colgate and Montgomery Streets, all just outside the police "dead line" around the arena.

The head of one line was Thomas Tuohy of No. 425 Grand Street. He arrived at 8 o'clock yesterday morning with a camp chair and a dozen sandwiches. He is a cook in a lunch wagon, but took to ways off to make certain he would see the fight. His sandwiches were all gone long before midnight, and a policeman projected his place while he went across the street to buy a "hot dog" from one of the scores of stands that have sprung up in the vicinity.

Behind Tuohy was Cornelius Noonan, fifty-eight, of No. 11 Magnolia Street, a retired police lieutenant.

At 11:15 the five-fifty seats were all taken. The ten dollar row was about half filled, the fifteen dollar row about one third filled, the twenty-five and thirty dollar seats about one quarter filled and the fifty dollar about one sixth filled. The circular surface of the arena, which had been practically empty, but all have been sold according to the management and the holders of these seats are undoubtedly taking their time about getting to the arena.

Sploches of color here and there mark millinery and women, but the female representation in the seats back of the \$10 section is very small. There are not more than 100 women in the arena at 11:30, but they are beginning to be conspicuous in the ringside section and in the boxes.

Although the gloomy sky threatens rain the females do not appear to be equipped with umbrellas. Perhaps they realize that raising an umbrella in an assemblage like this when the night is in an offense calculated to provoke a riot.

A peculiar and noticeable feature of the gradual filling of the bowl is an optical illusion. As the crowd collects the circular surface of the arena appears to flatten out. Empty, it was a vista of towering timber walls. Taking in its great bulk, the circular surface of the arena steadily relaxes. If every seat were filled the bowl viewed from its upper edge would appear to be less than half as steep from ring to apex as when the benches and chairs are unoccupied.

The band made a great hit at noon by running into a repertoire of old time popular airs such as "After the Ball," "My Wild Irish Rose," and the lads upon the rim of the bowl joined in lustily, but the same old tune produced was not large, takes a big noise to make itself conspicuous in this expanse of folks and timber. An airplane flew across the arena a few minutes ago. The explosion of a hundred feet up. Tens of thousands of faces were raised and for a couple of minutes the aspect of the arena changed. The expression "A section of faces" was never more justified than in this instance.

ALAS, JOE HUMPHRIES' VOICE WAS LOST.

The ringside seats were rapidly filling when the first preliminary bout was announced at 12:15 o'clock. Joe Humphries' voice, which had been the defeat of his interesting career. Joe couldn't make himself heard to more than a small percentage of his audience as he announced the names of the contestants.

The boys in the first bout were little fellows, but from the rim of the bowl—and from seats some distance down the side they looked like animated midges. Both wore green lights, and the simplicity of costume exasperated the five-fifty lads because they couldn't tell whether it was Johnny Brown or Mickey Delmont of Newark who was getting frequent socks in the mud, as one of the distant spectators was saying.

The sun began to get in its work after 12 o'clock and men proceeded to shed their coats in all parts of the arena, giving color to an assemblage which with coats on was almost black against the faint yellow background. The white ring, the referee with his white shirt and white trousers, the active, prancing, well-dressed boxer, the red-topped caps of the special ringside ushers, the gradually increasing show of vari-colored millinery, presented a spectacle well worth watching.

During the third round of the preliminary bout a scrap started in the \$10 section adjacent to our perch. I never saw more systematic politeness in a fight. The Frenchman, who came from California on the brake beams of a mathematical turn of mind. He estimates that the force exerted by his movement would be properly applied to the Woolworth tower over on the City Hall.

What He Thought of a Dempsey-Carpentier Fight, Expressed in The Evening World.

A Dempsey-Carpentier fight would be a cruel and senseless thing. There would be no sport in such a contest. It would be over in a round if Dempsey went after the Frenchman the way he went after Willard. Physically the men are not in the same class. Carpentier is little more than a middleweight. At the heaviest he would not scale more than 170 pounds (the old fight weight being about 160 pounds), and Dempsey is at his best at 196 pounds, which was his weight when he knocked out Fulton in 11:35 seconds. In all of Carpentier's record there is nothing to suggest that he could give Dempsey a fight.

I cannot see any right, decency or sport in putting little Georges Carpentier, once a great boxer, but now below his old form, veteran of four years of war, a hero decorated time and again for valorous exploits in the air over the enemy lines, up to be knocked into a mess by Jack Dempsey. With Dempsey and Willard it was different. Neither of them had a war record worth mentioning, and it made no sentimental difference which eliminated the other.—ROBERT EDGREN, writing for The Evening World Sept. 27, 1919.

EDGREN WAS RIGHT IN 1919

What He Thought of a Dempsey-Carpentier Fight, Expressed in The Evening World.

A Dempsey-Carpentier fight would be a cruel and senseless thing. There would be no sport in such a contest. It would be over in a round if Dempsey went after the Frenchman the way he went after Willard. Physically the men are not in the same class. Carpentier is little more than a middleweight. At the heaviest he would not scale more than 170 pounds (the old fight weight being about 160 pounds), and Dempsey is at his best at 196 pounds, which was his weight when he knocked out Fulton in 11:35 seconds. In all of Carpentier's record there is nothing to suggest that he could give Dempsey a fight.

I cannot see any right, decency or sport in putting little Georges Carpentier, once a great boxer, but now below his old form, veteran of four years of war, a hero decorated time and again for valorous exploits in the air over the enemy lines, up to be knocked into a mess by Jack Dempsey. With Dempsey and Willard it was different. Neither of them had a war record worth mentioning, and it made no sentimental difference which eliminated the other.—ROBERT EDGREN, writing for The Evening World Sept. 27, 1919.

SALE OF SEATS FROM VANS BEGINS.

It was estimated last night that 8000 seats had been sold. The queue of seats was long, but it was not until 10 o'clock that the seats were all sold.

At 12:15 o'clock the top of the bowl was completely covered by a stream of black jackets. At the \$5.00 seats were taken and the long line outside had melted away. Customers are arriving singly or in small groups. The \$10 seats are about one-third filled. The ringside chairs are still ringside chairs.

A careful survey of the arena shows that only nine women have come in thus far. One of them seated herself in the picture gallery. The operators tower is conspicuous because of her startling scarlet hat.

BEAT HIS WAY HERE FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

A bird has just sat down in front of me who says he beat his way from California to see the fight. He left Sacramento on May 21 and hopped off a freight at Yonkers last night with a few dollars in his pockets for a five-day stay. He says he's not out for notoriety and won't give his name.

HOW THE DEADHEADS GOT ON THE JOB.

Right back of my perch is an abandoned power house which is being used to-day as a temporary Police Headquarters. The roof adjoins the arena wall of the easterly side of the arena.

At 9:30 o'clock there may have been 5,000 persons in the arena, including the police, but the aspect of the great enclosure was distinctly lumbry. Spectators were like dots on the fluff yellow seats. Suddenly a voice rang through the arena—a loud, bass, ringing voice, inquiring if all could hear. It was an announcer testing a megaphone system. He asked all who heard him to hold up and wave their hands. Instantly everybody in the arena from the furthest outer edge to the ringside, waved a response.

I have seen most of the big crowds in this country in the last thirty years and experience has given me some what of a knack of estimating the number of people in an enclosure, but my estimate in this great bowl must be nothing but a guess. There is no way of making a comparison. Down around the ring several hundred correspondents and operators are seated, from the top of the bowl they look like a small group. A big brass band that played only once in the first hour after it entered would be lost but for the red caps of the musicians.

The western entrance to the \$5.00 seats was opened at 9:45. From that time on a stream of men filed along that side of the top of the arena. Some of them ran, but there was plenty of room for the early arrivals. There were not more than fifty persons by actual count in the \$10 seats at that hour. The \$20 and \$30 seats were opened almost exclusively by men at 10 o'clock and only one of them was a woman.

TILDEN WINNER OF WORLD TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP

DEMPSEY DECLARES HE WAS NEVER BETTER IN LIFE THAN TO-DAY

(Continued From First Page.)

street in which he is housed. There was a large percentage of women among the spectators while the American boy, who generally picks his gods in the flesh, was well represented.

After returning from his brief walk the champion amused himself by playing jazz records on a talking machine. He appeared to be the most light-hearted member of his entourage and did not show a single trace of the anxiety that he naturally would be expected to feel before engaging in what probably will be the supreme ring test of his life.

About mid-morning Dempsey took a nap. He had nearly the whole house to himself and quiet prevailed. A few small boys were gathered outside during the hour of a few minutes of the fans coming from New York passed the house, but didn't pause. They did not know Dempsey was there.

In coming to Jersey City for the night, Dempsey followed out a plan made weeks ago, when Mayor Hague volunteered to find him quiet quarters. The location was to have been kept secret, but it wasn't long before many across the river knew that Walloping Jack was in the big house at No. 291 Montgomery Street.

The champion arrived over the Jersey Central at 5:17, decked out in a Panama hat, Palm Beach suit and sunburned to the back. This was a full-blown Manager Jack Kearns, who came up earlier in the day, was at the station, as well as a local committee headed by Deputy Mayor Malone.

Asked how he felt, Dempsey said: "Never better. Wish the fight was to-night."

When the champion arrived at Gen. Heppenheim's home there were waiting for him J. H. Foley, secretary to Gov. Edwards, Corporation Counsel Milton, John Fagan, William Griffin, William Roskin, Tom Hughes, Dr. John Nevins, Jack Berthelmann, Gen. C. Heppenheim, who is president of the Jersey City banks, and W. C. Heppenheim jr.

While the party was at dinner Mayor Hague dropped in.

During the conversation was on about everything but the fight. Each guest was anxious to ask Jack what he thought of his chances against Carpentier. This was a question which was finally asked by a reporter.

This was a tough lead for Jack, who quickly turned to Manager Kearns for assistance.

CARPENTIER DANCES JIG IN ROAD BEFORE HE LEAVES FOR THE ARENA

(Continued From First Page.)

emerged for a little light exercise along the road.

Surprised to find newspaper men waiting for him at the gate the challenger, with a broad smile on his face, remarked:

"You're up early. Haven't you been to bed all night?"

Accompanied by his trainer, Gus Wilson, his friend, Pierre Mallette, and his Belgian police dog, Eugene, Carpentier started for a short hike along the roads near his camp. He seemed to possess the natural abandon of a schoolboy on a picnic. He had on a pair of trousers and a light-colored shirt, but a few steps when he pulled up his trousers and exhaled a big jet of the effluvia of his companions and the two newspaper men who trailed him.

"Doesn't seem worried, does he?" remarked Wilson.

Carpentier kept up a constant stream of banter and light conversation with his friends, making no reference, however, to the supreme test to which he will be put before the sun has set to-night.

After the hike Carpentier, Mallette and Wilson strode along the highway singing, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" in English. Going to the house the pugilist looked at the fight news in the morning papers and then dressed for his trip. He was accompanied by Francis Descamps, Manager; Gus Wilson, Trainer; Pierre Mallette, friend and adviser; Charles Lesaux, French bantamweight champion; Paul Journer, French heavyweight; and other members of his entourage.

SON ARE KILLED IN MINE.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—Coal mine fatalities during the first five months of this year totaled 868, a rate of 4.91 to each million tons of coal mined, according to reports received by the Bureau of Mines.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

The Cost of a Funeral is a matter of your own choice. We will furnish you with a complete list of services, either at your home or at our funeral home.

At the Hour of Death Call Circle 1-500 Fifth Avenue Memorial Funeral Home (Non-Sectarian) 40 West 57th St.

Call Columbus 8200 A Complete Funeral Service in an atmosphere of refinement. The funeral home of the future.

FRANK E. CAMPBELL THE FUNERAL CHURCH, Inc. (Non-Sectarian) Broadway at 66th St.

Call Columbus 8200 A Complete Funeral Service in an atmosphere of refinement. The funeral home of the future.

FRANK E. CAMPBELL THE FUNERAL CHURCH, Inc. (Non-Sectarian) Broadway at 66th St.

Call Columbus 8200 A Complete Funeral Service in an atmosphere of refinement. The funeral home of the future.