American champion deposited the shattered but still beautiful idol of France in his own corner.

In the first round it seemed that Carpentier would be dropped at any moment. Dempsey tore at him savagely in a series of clinches, ripping blows to the body. Carpentier's nose was rasped by a glancing punch, and bled. A glancing right opened a cut under his left eye. The fine profile became a red smear. Close watchers did not believe that it would go for another full round. A sudden shot from the Dempsey right or left would end it any second. Then came the lightning flash by Carpentier. He flew at Dempsey and landed a right and a left on the champion's jaw. Dempsey tottered and there was just a bit of a sag about his knees.

Carpentier made another rush, but Dempsey recovered in an instant and met Carpentier with some right and left jolts to the body. The slender form of the Frenchman bent before them He could not withstand the sheer power and the strength of Dempsey. Few human beings will be able to withstand those punches of Dempsey to the body for some time to come. That ended the rush of the poilu. The third round was absolutely futile. Carpentier now and then jabbed with a long right, but it rolled off Dempsey's head.

Moral of Bout—The Punch Wins

There was no disorder such as there was when Dempsey dropped Willard at Toledo. It seemed that the radiant calm of Carpentier held that crowd. When that bell rang the Frenchman might have been merely stepping into his little ring at Manhasset instead of into that whirlpool of suppressed emotion. When he recovered consciousness his manner was as unruffled as it was when he finished one of those perfunctory training exhibitions at his Long Island camp.

The exhibition demonstrates that as a financial proposition a prizefight beats Wall Street for quick work. As to what else it demonstrates, that is problematical. It demonstrates, at any rate, that perfect poise, consummate gallantry and radiant confidence can be reduced to an inert mass by the punch. Perhaps that is the moral of it all—the punch wins.

Carpentier's future will be the memory of a gallant effort in the humid mists. Dempsey's immediate future is anything that he wants to make it, so far as the prizering is concerned. No heavyweight can stand up against him for some time to come. He looked very much to-day like the Dempsey of Toledo two years ago.

Gallic Confidence Brings Sleep

They say that Carpentier slept like a child on the night before the bout. One newspaper man, who greeted him early in the morning, said that he was joking and laughing and full of confidence. Dempsey plainly was worried and irritable through it all. Psychology was against the champion, but he had the weight and the punch. Inside those ropes only these two count.

Carpentier will fight no more in the United States. He will carry back to France as much of $200,000 as the income tax collector leaves him. Dempsey will have $300,000 to settle his various lawsuits. Tex Rickard says that the gate was in the neighborhood of $1,600,000. He will have a few dollars left after the various expenses are paid.

Close to ninety thousand humid humans stewing in the huge wooden saucer six hundred feet in diameter saw the battle. Long before 2 o'clock it seemed certain that the arena would be filled with the biggest crowd that ever saw a boxing bout and that the gate receipts would run over $1,500,000.

The miasma that steamed up through the tangle of timbers that covered an expansive section of Boyle's Thirty Acres seemed to oppress the crowd before the main bout. They sweated and panted, watching the preliminary bouts apathetically and without enthusiasm.

After the carefully staged entrance of Governor Edwards of New Jersey he proceeded to take personal charge of the policing arrangements.

Rickard's Handy Man Ejected

Before he was aware of it John (Ike) Dorgan, Rickard's handy man, was personally thrown away from the ring by the Chief Executive of New Jersey. The Commissioner of Public Safety made the eviction official by hurling Izzy Kaplan, a gentleman well known in the camera trade, after Mr. Dorgan. In the meantime the sun beat down with a heat that went several degrees beyond Mr. Dorgan's indignation.

Around the patch of white canvas where the "ring drama of the century" was to be staged there were more correspondents than were sent to the World War. Beyond were layers and layers of kings of finance, kings and queens of moviedom, sporting gents and ladies from all over the world, and beyond layers of the bold peasantry, male and female, of all the industries and trades. Statistically speaking, the gathering was about 15 per cent gentler sex.

The Yale Bowl, filled, holds seventy-five thousand. The huge frame shackle structure held fifteen thousand more and they were jammed and huddled in the inclosure like rabbits at the end of the drive. A yegg on a holiday sweated peacefully beside a millionaire. "One Eye" Connolly brushed by the Astor party to locate himself on a stool by the ringside. It was harder to keep "One Eye" Connolly, wit' out a ticket, out of the place than it was to stay the progress of the Astor party.

Planes Circle Over Ring

At ten minutes to 3 master of ceremonies Joe Humphreys announced through a sound-carrying device that the main event would be staged at 3 o'clock as scheduled. The photographers' wagon began to clutter up the ring, two airplanes began to circle through the mists around the huge wooden saucer and a sober dark cloud loomed in the east. It looked like an approaching thunder shower.

It was a reticent and brooding crowd that gasped through the preparations. Taken all in all it was up to this time at least one of the most orderly crowds that was ever assembled. There were no last-minute rumors, there was no last-minute betting. Somebody trotted a large floral horseshoe into the ring. It was a gift for Jack Dempsey. The superstitious began to murmur. A horseshoe in the baseball diamond or the prizering spells a jinx.

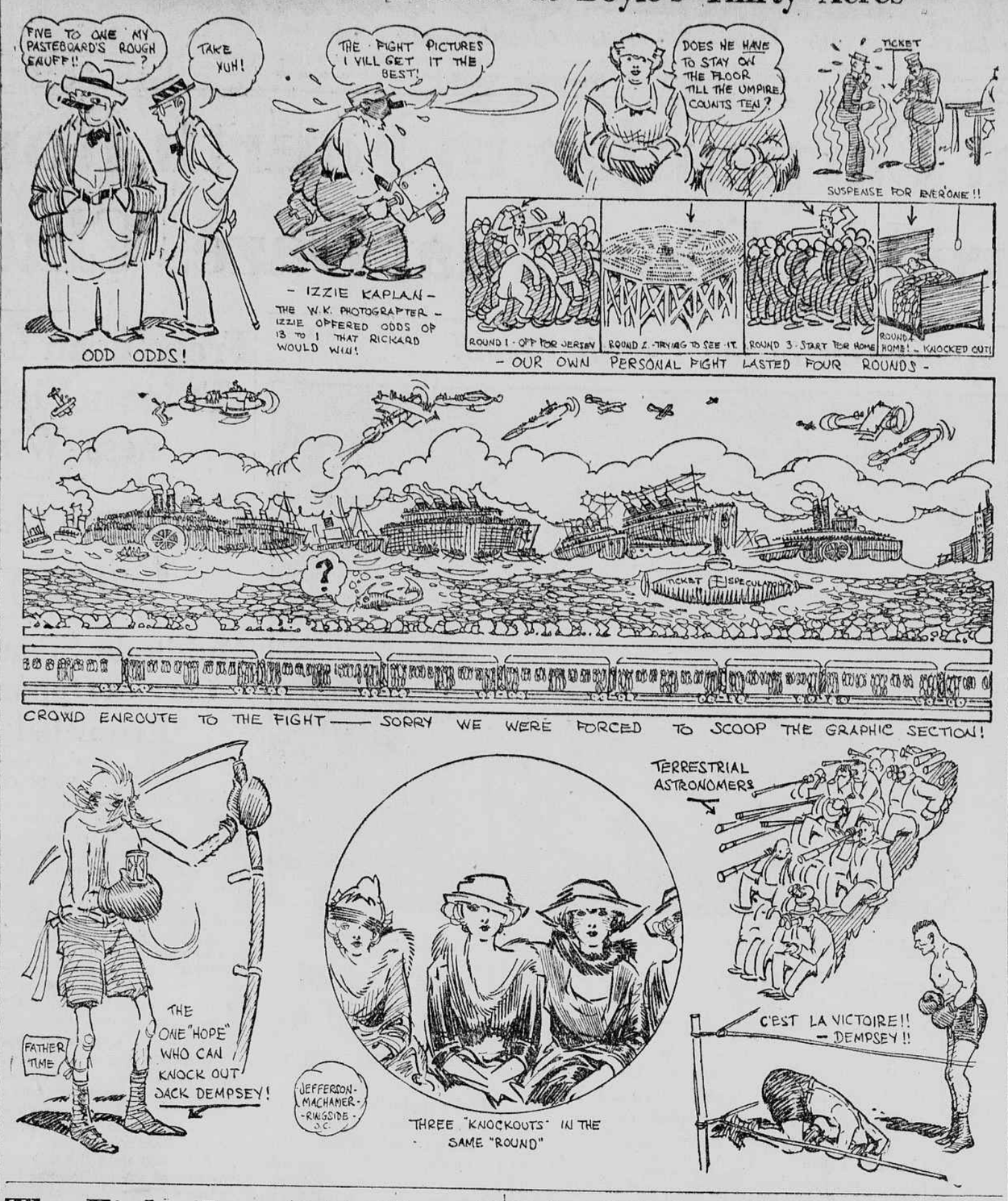
Carpentier came into the ring at five minutes to 3. He was swathed in a dark-gray bathrobe. The Frenchman wore a smile that appeared beautifully calm. He rose from his chair about two minutes later to greet Dempsey with a handshake. Then he sat down in his chair again and picked tunes on the ring rope with the fingers of one hand. Deschamps rushed away from his charge to inspect the bandages that were being placed on Dempsey's hands.

Dempsey wore a three-day growth of bristling beard. His brows were furrowed in the characteristic Dempsey scowl. Somehow he seemed to be depressed while these preliminary irritations were being inflicted. Introductions followed rapidly while the business of bandaging the hands was going on. Joe Humphreys turned loose showers of adjectives over Governor Edwards and the Mayor of Jersey City.

Carpentier bandaged his own hands, meantime eying his opponent with a smile that seemed half quizzical. Dempsey growled as Deschamps continued to chatter at him. In the Carpentier corner were the huge Journee and Marcot, the battling chef who assisted the hope of France. There was much trying on of gloves. There were plenty of them.

Carpentier continued to smile beautifully as he picked a pair with the air of a well groomed man selecting the tie for the day. Never did a contender with such odds against him wear such an air of confidence. It was superb, and Dempsey, aware of it and annoyed, scowled all the more fiercely.

Odds and Ends Gleaned at Boyle's Thirty Acres



The Fight Round by Round

Broken Right Hand in Second Three Minutes Makes Challenger's Defeat a Certainty

By W. J. Macbeth

Georges Carpentier, heavyweight champion of Europe, light heavyweight champion of the world and idol of France, took the long gamble and lost. He staked all on the chance of winning the title of the heavyweight division from Jack Dempsey in the Rickard stadium at Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, yesterday afternoon. He gave all he had for his cause, as knights did in the days of chivalry, but though his heart was big and his spirit undaunted, his body proved too frail for the purpose of the spirit.

Carpentier was not disgraced. He fought a losing battle, but looked great in defeat. He was a marvel of speed and a sharpshooter with a sting to the punches he delivered with either hand. When he elected to fight at long range he had Dempsey completely mystified and missing swings by several feet. Carpentier seemed able to walk around the champion at will and to make him miss as far as he pleased.

The Frenchman fell a victim of ambition and overestimation of his own ability to assimilate the crushing blows of his adversary. It is possible that he—or whoever else may have mapped out the policy of battle—underrated Dempsey's hitting power. Carpentier was beaten down by brute force. It was a case of the light rapier meeting the broadsword head on and time after time.

Victim of Body Blows

There is little doubt that Georges Carpentier might have stayed the twelve rounds had he elected to fight strictly on the defensive. Many wise critics are of the opinion that he made the mistake of his life in trying to fight Dempsey toe to toe. For it was the rushing body blows of the champion that sapped the strength of the challenger and sapped it so quickly that the Frenchman was beaten before he had time to formulate a new and more baffling line of procedure.

But staying twelve rounds would have gotten the gallant Georges nothing but additional glory. His only hope to lift the championship was to knock out one of the best champions the prizering has known. It may have been presumptuous, but the spirit was admirable.

Old time ring experts who had bet on Georges to stay the limit gave up hope almost as soon as the engagement began when they saw the challenger meant to make it a stand up, knockdown affair. For the Frenchman tore into his opponent and never gave an inch when they came to close grips, even though he always got much the worst of the body against body exchanges. The hero of France could be seen to wilt under Dempsey's crushing, short arm bolts to the body of the doughty challenger. As early as the end of the third round it was seen that Georges was done.

The crowd was fair. Perhaps Dempsey did not get as great an ovation as a fighter of his merit deserved.

Magnificent Confidence

Perhaps never before did two more confident battlers decide the question of supremacy. The Frenchman was the personification of easy grace, nonchalance and confidence. He was the first to enter the ring, and while he awaited the arrival of Dempsey he smiled graciously at his friends in the immediate vicinity or indolently watched the flight of a half dozen airplanes.

From the start, because of the style he elected to pursue, Carpentier's cause appeared a hopeless one. But his last chance ebbed away in the second round, when he broke his good right hand, fracturing the bone of the lower thumb behind the second joint. This accident robbed the challenger of the use of his most formidable weapon, and at a time when he apparently had Dempsey in dire distress. From then on, when he used the right, Carpentier was unable to shoot it straight, but had to turn his punches and land with the butt of his fist after a semi-circular swing. His hitting forte, as shown in the first two rounds, lay in the old-fashioned art—a lost one, apparently—of shooting a blow straight from the shoulder.

However that may be, if there were any occasion for Carpentier to fight at long range while he still had two good hands, there was a doubly potent reason why he should not have stayed at close grips after his best weapon was put out of commission. With the right gone, his only safety lay in making it a stern chase for the title holder. But to the end he manfully, though foolishly, stood by his guns.

Here is the round-by-round account of the battle:

ROUND ONE

As Joe Bannon, the official timekeeper, clanged the big gong that started the fight of the century, the two gladiators sprang from their chairs and met in the center of the ring.

Dempsey came out on his toes, arms poised so that he could hit with either hand. Carpentier glided out, panther-like. Just a fraction of an instant they stood facing each other in deep concentration. Then like a flash, as the rattler strikes, Carpentier's left shot out for the champion's jaw. Quick as was the lead was Dempsey's antidote. The champion fell away slightly and rolled his head with the impact. The lead snapped Jack's head back a bit, but did not seem to jar the burly body.

And then Carpentier did something that electrified the thousands of onlookers by its sheer audacity while at the same time it made them gasp in horror at the probable consequences. Instead of stepping back to guard against a possible counter, the Frenchman deliberately worked into close quarters with his doughty adversary. Each hammered away with both hands, but neither connected with a telling blow.

As they broke from a clinch Dempsey was short with a left lead for the jaw and before he could recover Georges stepped in with a straight right to the face. This wicked blow was a trifle high; it got Jack on the cheek as he rolled his head. A moment later Carpentier hooked a pretty left to the face and the big crowd howled encouragement.

Then Dempsey, stung, rushed in like an infuriated bull. Again the Frenchman astounded the multitude by calmly holding his ground. They came to close grips. Carpentier was a baby in the hands of his foe. The champion kept his two hands going with the rhythm and precision of pistons. He shot short and crushing jolts to the wind and short ribs and Carpentier could be seen fairly to wilt under the terrific drubbing. While still in close Dempsey shot a right hook for the head that landed flush on Carpentier's nose. This blow was a staggering one. It brought a flood of blood and as the Frenchman finally broke and danced away it was evident that his nose had been severely damaged.

Carpentier feinted Dempsey into an opening. He whipped a wicked left straight to the jaw and followed instantaneously with a straight right to the same spot. But though he threw every ounce of his energy into the punches it was apparent that he had been weakened under the previous body punishment, for the blows rattled off Dempsey's chin with no more effect than a tack hammer against a statue of bronze. The Frenchman seemed a bit groggy as he danced back out of range once more.

Dempsey was after him, gorilla-like ferocity painted on his lowering brows. He pinned Georges in a neutral corner, but as Dempsey swung a vicious right the Frenchman nimbly ducked under the arm and danced away to untrammeled space again. Carpentier jabbed Dempsey with a straight left as they fell into a clinch. They were in a neutral corner again and, trying to avoid a right swing, the Frenchman slipped through the ropes. Piqued at this accident, Carpentier flew at the champion like a real fury and landed several body blows before Jack could unload his heavy artillery. Dempsey fell into a clinch again and at short range showered a rain of crushing short left and right jolts on the challenger's wind and short ribs. Georges broke ground at last; broke ground somewhat unsteadily, for his knees were sagging under him, and his dreamy eyes had a glassy stare. But he was game. Ah, yes, he was game. He stepped in with a wicked right that snapped flush on Dempsey's jaw as the round ended—a blow that shot the champion's head back with a jerk.

The crowd was now mad with excitement. The wooden saucer was a seething mass of shouting, hoarse-mad enthusiasm. Men and women were on their chairs cheering like mad, as Referee Ertle split out the fight-mad warriors, who were too intent on the business at hand to hear the clang of the gong.

ROUND TWO

Deschamps and his assistants had stanched the flow of blood from Georges' nose during the minute's interval and the challenger came back smiling and as debonair as ever.

Dempsey tried to crowd in close, but Carpentier danced back and away. His supporters roared approval. They thought he had profited by the experience of the first round and that he would make it a long range engagement. This Georges did for some time, and while he pursued such tactics he made a veritable monkey of the champion. He was making Jack miss by feet instead of inches.

Carpentier suddenly turned, glided in and unloosed a straight left for the jaw. It brushed the right side of Dempsey's chin as he quickly ducked. Quickly the Frenchman followed with his good, straight right. It was a telling blow and Jack's knees bent under him. The champion shook his head and tore into Carpentier. Georges shot a straight left to the face and a straight right to the jaw as the champion bore down on him, but the blows, while well delivered and sharp, failed to stop the rush.

At close quarters Dempsey again belabored Carpentier's body with short arm jolts, then shifted the attack suddenly to the head and cuffed the Frenchman's skull from side to side.

Carpentier was short with his left, but a wicked right followed almost instantaneously and was delivered with such right good will that Dempsey trembled. The champion reeled back on his heels and covered. Quick as the lightning's flash blow on blow rained on his face and jaw. It seemed the champion of the world was about to topple. Carpentier would straighten his man with the left, but somehow the reputed deadly right never crashed home on the button. It developed later that the second time he shot with the right the game Frenchman broke his right hand. He hit Dempsey on the cheekbone and suffered a compound fracture below the second joint of the thumb.

What might have happened but for this injury will never be known.

Six lefts and rights rattled off Dempsey's jaw of adamant as he reeled back on his heels toward the ropes. Then Jack chopped a right to the face that gashed Georges deeply under the left eye. The Frenchman pulled away from two vicious right swings, but each scored simultaneously with rights to the body at the bell. It was all Carpentier's round.

ROUND THREE

The Frenchman ducked a left swing as they met in mid-ring. The champion crowded the challenger against the ropes in a neutral corner and caught him with a wicked, short right to the body as Georges tried to duck out to safety. Carpentier slapped a roundhouse right to Dempsey's jaw and then stabbed a straight left to the face. Carpentier whipped a wicked right uppercut for Jack's jaw but misjudged his distance by inches and the blow glanced off without great damage. Again Carpentier uppercut, this time to the body. They came to close quarters then, again, and Dempsey literally beat down his antagonist into a state of near helplessness with crushing body blows. The Frenchman was trying to hang on grimly but he had not the strength to pinion Dempsey's arms that flailed constantly into the invader's numbing body.

The champion then landed left and right in rapid succession to the head. Carpentier found Dempsey's jaw once more with a right swing, but the blow lacked snap. Dempsey returned the compliment with usury. This was a short arm right to the pit of the stomach that made the foreigner wince.

The Frenchman missed with his right, but stabbed Jack with a light left to the face. Simultaneously each put a hard left straight and flush to the other's chin. Carpentier worked out of a corner, whither he had been battered by lefts and rights. Much of Carpentier's reserve force was drummed away by Dempsey's short arm blows that he was unable to escape. Dempsey was right on top of his man as he broke cover. The Frenchman bumped full tilt into a hard right swing that spun him round on his heels. He clinched to save himself, but was groggy from an unmerciful beating to the frail body as the bell clanged its welcome relief.

There is little doubt Dempsey would have finished off his man right here if he had had a few seconds more in which to work. Carpentier, saved by the bell, reeled drunkenly to his corner.

ROUND FOUR

As his seconds worked frantically over Carpentier, Manager François Deschamps evidently gave his protégé the fatherly advice to seek safety in flight while he conserved his waning strength, for as the champion came up determined to finish off his man the Frenchman broke ground to utilize any possible advantage he had in speed. But it was too late.

The fine pair of legs that might have been utilized to such good advantage had this policy been adopted in the first round were unreliable now because of the terrific body beating which Carpentier had suffered.

There was no denying Dempsey now. The lust of battle sparkled under his beetling brow; the scent of blood was in his nostrils. The champion bounded after his stricken prey and crushed another pile-driving short right to the Frenchman's sore short ribs. Carpentier attempted to stave off the inevitable by clinching. But his hold was feeble. Dempsey stood in close and literally drubbed his man into a state of semi-consciousness with a tattoo of short right and left hooks to the body.

The Frenchman broke away and reeled back, glassy-eyed. It was with great difficulty he held up his hands. His eyes were glazed; his lower jaw dropping piteously like that of a corpse. Dempsey measured his man—then shot out his right. Carpentier fell in just far enough to take the wicked blow on the back of the head, but there was so much behind the punch one could imagine it rattled the Frenchman's teeth.

Again the Frenchman automatically fell into a feeble clinch and again Dempsey beat him to a pulp with wicked short arm jolts to the body. The champion could feel his man soften under the blows. He stepped back suddenly and as he did he whipped the right to the heart and brought the left sharply—half hook, half uppercut—to Georges' jaw.

Down went the Frenchman. He rested, a helpless mass, on his right side, near the ropes of a neutral corner. Referee Ertle began his fatal toll.

Silence as of the sepulchre fell with the beginning of the count. One, two, three, four, five—the seconds pealed off in pendulum swing. Save for the referee's loud toll not a sound could be heard but the sharp intaking of breath to chests of countless thousands. It seemed the supreme moment—that moment for which the sport world had been steeling itself, lo, these past seven months. Six—seven—eight—droned the referee. At the count of six Carpentier pulled himself together; he rolled on one knee and, with a half foolish grin on his face, listened to the count. At eight he seemed steady, but resigned.

"Nine," shouted Ertle. And with the word the inert clay seemed electrified and reanimated. With a catlike spring the Frenchman bounded half way across the ring at Dempsey. It was a strategy that might have taken one less cool fighter unaware, but Dempsey was prepared.

Carpentier sprang, determined to crush down Dempsey under his leaping right. He put the last ounce of his waning energy into this desperate effort. But the master was ready for him.

Dempsey stepped in to meet the flying target. Straight to the jaw the punch traveled, the force of Georges' catapulting body doubling its effect. The blow which landed on the "bottom" seemed to travel only several inches, but this time it dropped Carpentier as if he had been shot through the head. There he lay in the center of the ring, while Ertle this time tolled off the ten. At "eight" Carpentier tried to pull himself together. At least his legs moved. But the will was stronger than the body. "Carp" was counted out.

Dempsey, still champion of the world, though champion through that second round by the margin of only one more effective punch, looked pityingly at his fallen adversary as Ertle slapped him on the back in token of victory.

Then the champion stooped and helped Gus Wilson pick up the fallen gladiator and carry him to his corner. The battle of the century was one more chapter of ring history.

How Cost of Fighting Has Risen in 30 Years

The following table shows the purses and gate receipts for some of the important heavyweight ring battles and the gradual growth in their size in the last thirty years:

Year	Fight	Purse	Total Receipts
1889	Sullivan beat Kilrain	$20,000	——
1892	Corbett beat Sullivan	46,000	——
1897	Fitzsimmons beat Corbett	25,000	——
1902	Jeffries beat Fitzsimmons	22,260	$31,860
1910	Johnson beat Jeffries	101,000	270,775
1915	Willard beat Johnson	40,000	68,000
1919	Dempsey beat Willard	127,500	452,522
1921	Dempsey beat Carpentier	500,000	1,500,000

Wily Tex Nearly Ruins High Price Speculators

Speculators will be cautious in future when they trifle with sporting events promoted by Tex Rickard. By announcing that the arena would hold 20,000 fewer persons than it was planned to accommodate the wily Tex almost ruined the gentry who charge scandalous prices for tickets.

An hour before the main bout went on $50 seats were selling at $35, $40 seats could be had for $25 and a $10 bill bought $25 and $35 seats.

Not only that, but a great many of the speculators were left with nothing but their unused pasteboards to remind them of the disaster.

Carpentier Too Eager With Victory Near

(Continued from page one)

upon him and walked almost across the ring. With his shoulder blades the champion seemed to express the opinion that there was nothing to do till to-morrow. At seven Carpentier had turned over upon his stomach and at nine he was up and trying to punch. Then Dempsey swung the powerful blow which finished it. Carpentier could not get up until he was lifted from the floor. Dempsey was the first man to help, but Deschamps and Journée were in the ring quickly. They waited, though, for the final ten. It was not Carpentier's brain which said enough. His body overruled his force determination to go on.

Four or five minutes elapsed before Carpentier was revived. He came then to the center of the ring and Dempsey met him there and they talked for a minute or two. Both were cheered as they left, but again Carpentier had the majority of the crowd.

Carpentier was the first man to enter the ring. Somebody who had seen him in his dressing room said that he looked pale, drawn and horribly nervous. None of that was visible when he came into the big soupbowl. At any rate, it can be said of Carpentier that no man in the world can enter a ring more magnificently. Indeed, it seemed to us that he lost nothing of appeal in the manner in which he went out. Probably he was nervous, but he is a gorgeous actor. He whirled all about the ring, his hands high above his head, acknowledging the applause. It was stirring cheering and more hearty than that which Dempsey received.

Warmed by the cheering, Carpentier grew visibly in grace and poise.

As Dempsey came down the aisle a few minutes later Carpentier got up and reached through the ropes to help him in. Again when the fighters posed together for the camera men (there must have been fifty thousand of them) Carpentier turned squarely toward Dempsey smiling pleasantly. They might have been starting out on an eighteen-hole golf match, instead of a heavyweight prize fight. Dempsey couldn't match Carpentier here. He kept his face turned away. It wasn't boorishness, but just plain embarrassment on the part of the champion. He has been pictured so often as the continual scowler that he feels ill at ease in any other expression.

Carpentier First to Land

With the sound of the gong Carpentier was the first to lead. He used his left and landed lightly. In the first clinch he was punished severely and came out with a bloody nose. But throughout that round and the next one he had much the best of it at long range, though not at infighting. He landed often and he found no trouble in making Dempsey miss on his returns.

But constantly Dempsey kept edging in and Carpentier, instead of giving ground, edged with him. Worse than that, as often as not, he rushed in and once he was within range of Dempsey's short hooks he was rocked back and forth. Carpentier fought an ill-considered fight.

It was the fairest big crowd we have ever seen. There were cheers for everybody, including the preliminary fighters, and boos for no one. Sandwiches sold for twenty-five cents and mineral water for fifty, but otherwise all the arrangements were perfect.

Don Marquis poured $3.50 worth of charged water and a dollar's worth of beer upon his head during the preliminaries. Then it began to rain free water, but none of the vendors would make a refund. Mr. Marquis pretended to believe that the same two men remained in the ring throughout the whole length of the preliminaries. He admitted that some were knocked down and dragged out, but he maintained that they merely went under the ring and came back again.

There were a great many knockouts all afternoon. The first two bouts were harmless, but just as the third was beginning the Rev. John Roach Straton came in and took a ringside seat. Immediately the two preliminary boys began to knock each other down and things became brutal. Perhaps the boxers had heard that Mr. Straton had come to get material for his sermon next Sunday on the evils of prizefighting.

It was a comfort to us to find Mr. Straton so close at hand. Often we have been terrified at his expressed belief in divine vengeance falling upon the activities of assembled crowds of whose activities Mr. Straton disapproved. We felt cheered at the thought that there was hardly room for a thunderbolt to come between us and Mr. Straton.

We were worried for a moment by a mysterious voice which kept shouting "Sit down," but it turned out to be nothing more than some sort of phonographic amplifier close to the ring. Then we felt indignant. We were not disposed to take any back talk from a machine. The stadium is just as big as everybody said it was and it looked like a soup bowl full of croutons. Somebody suggested cretins, but it was a volatile crowd, though well behaved.

Coming away we had only one consolation. Bernard Shaw has been wrong for once. A day or two before the fight he stated that Carpentier could not lose and ought to be a 50 to 1 favorite. We wish he had won and yet there was some little satisfaction in the knowledge that Mr. Shaw had lost his half dollar.

Annihilation of Will

There was, however, one consolation greater than that. It was impossible to get away from the fact that we had all seen a tragedy, the most poignant sort of tragedy, the frustration and annihilation of a flaming will.

Carpentier put everything of his wish to win in the right-hand punch which he landed in the second round. It was the punch which had knocked out Beckett and Bombardier Wells, but Dempsey did not fall. Carpentier had given all and it was not enough. This was the punch which broke his hand and it broke his heart. Thereafter we watched his will crumble before something as strong and impersonal as a great rock.

It was bad enough to see Carpentier go down, but it was worse when suddenly his head sagged and dropped as he lay on the floor. It was the sort of moment in which there was the sharpest kind of reminder that there is such a thing as death, and that human will and aspiration, however fine and beautiful, can be smashed. Of course, Dempsey, too, will go down sometime, but he will be beaten by just another prizefighter. That is not our consolation. It came after the vacant eyes of Carpentier had lighted up again. He got up and came across the ring to Dempsey. And then he smiled and it was again the smile we had seen at the beginning when he stood with his hands above his head.

Fight Was a Bayonet Charge Against Heavy Artillery

Carpentier, Pale and Smiling With Effort, Went to Arena Like Prisoner Going to Chief's Office to Face the Music

By Sophie Treadwell

We happened to see both the champion and the challenger come into the arena just before they went into their quarters.

Carpentier came down the alleyway between two policemen, and followed by a small, curious crowd. His clothes spelled unconscious distinction. He was close shaven, unusually pale, and had a strange, strained and crooked smile. This perfection of grooming, this pronounced pallor, this strange smile, and the two policemen, made him look like the hero of a different sort of a story. In fact, he looked exactly like a clever, elusive, but guilty young gentleman who knew at last that the jig was up and was going along to headquarters to face the music.

A few minutes later Dempsey came. If any policemen were along they were too small and insignificant to be noticed. And the crowd that followed was admiring and loudly buoyant. The champion led and towered. He wore a red sweater. A cap was on the back of his head. A heavy stubble of beard gave a tramplike and frightening look to his threatening and heavy face. But he was smiling. And his step was swinging and carefree.

The wife of the sporting writer clutched my arm and turned away. "Why go in to see it," she said. "It's all over."

* * * * *

It was a tragic thing to see.

Once again gallantry and beauty and courage and skill going down under just too strong blows.

Carpentier fought brilliantly and bravely.

Dempsey, surely and powerfully.

In the second round Carpentier's skill was thrilling; the swift blows, the sudden shifts of the body—symmetry, poise, coördination. He fought this round with genius.

"But genius in this world," once said Edgar Allan Poe, "must inevitably succumb."

In vain the beautifully placed, the perfectly timed blows. In vain the swift shifts. In vain all the symmetry and control and coördination.

Dempsey, like Fate, was too strong.

He was hit—and terrifically. But he simply didn't go down.

"It's all over," said the sporting writer beside me.

* * * * *

Carpentier's smile.

Looking through glasses, the fighters' faces were clear and close.

In the third round—Carpentier, his head thrown back, his pale face smeared with blood, a cut on the side of his nose, a cut on his cheek, his eyes looking wide at Dempsey and at defeat, and then—his smile.

That strange, crooked smile—weary, but still playing the game. Cynical, daring, indifferent. The smile of one long disillusioned with everything in life, but still making all the gestures with an air. And a very, very French smile.

And Dempsey's glower.

When fighting, his is a black face; physically and spiritually black.

When fighting, his expression is the whole embodiment of sheer overwhelming unbeatable brutality.

That smile! That glower!

"Its all over," I said to myself then.

* * * * *

In the fourth the inevitable ending came.

And, probably because it was so inevitable, that whole vast concourse of 90,000 people seemed suddenly stilled as people suddenly overcome and oppressed by the awful spirit of tragedy.

They had yelled and leaped to stand on their chairs when it was evident that Carpentier was going down. They screamed when he first fell and called and cheered as he got to his feet again.

But when he went down the second time and rolled over with one foot drawn up and pawing the air, in a sort of pitiful and futile sub-conscious effort to get up again, that fight-mad crowd was almost stilled.

And they remained standing quietly while the defeated one was being lifted to his corner.

They had seen, that fight-mad throng, their champion undefeated.

They had seen "the best man win."

But they had also seen a single-handed charge a la baionette against a machine gun; no, against heavy artillery.

And it was a tragic thing to see.

Title Holders From Hyer on to Dempsey

Here is a list of the heavyweight champions of America and the years each held the title:

Jacob Hyer	1816-1820
Tom Hyer	1841-1847
John Morrissey	1853-1858
John C. Heenan	1858-1861
Joe Coburn	1862-1864
Bill Davis	1864-1865
James Dunn	1865-1866
Mike McCoole	1866-1869
Charles Gallagher	1869-1869
Tom Allen	1869-1876
Joe Goss	1876-1880
Paddy Ryan	1880-1882
John L. Sullivan	1882-1892
James J. Corbett	1892-1897
Robert Fitzsimmons	1897-1899
James J. Jeffries	1899-1905
Tommy Burns	1906-1908
Jack Johnson	1908-1915
Jess Willard	1915-1919
Jack Dempsey	1919-1921

Harding Merely Asks "Was It a Good Fight?"

RARITAN, N. J., July 2.—President Harding showed little interest when informed late to-day that Boxer Jack Dempsey had defeated Georges Carpentier, French challenger, with a knock-out in the fourth round.

"Was it a good fight?" he asked newspapermen when told the result.

He made no further comment and changed the conversation into other channels.

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