



JACK DEMPSEY KNOCKS OUT CARPENTIER IN FOURTH ROUND

Frail French Challenger Forces Champion to Limit; Has Jack Groggy in Second Dempsey's Terrific Body Punches Pave Way For Frenchman's Downfall; Right to Jaw Proves Fatal in Fourth.

By ROBERT EDGREN.
ARENA, JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 2.—Jack Dempsey knocked out Georges Carpentier, of France, in the fourth round of the most thrilling championship battle of modern times.

Dempsey won, as predicted, but that doesn't tell the story. The American was forced to the limit of his skill, only his superior strength and stamina decided the outcome of the fight, and there were moments when he needed every ounce of strength he had, when he was hard put to keep his bending knees straight and his feet under him.

There were times when Carpentier's terrific punches wiped every bit of expression from Dempsey's grim face—every expression but a fleeting shadow of bewilderment that any man could hit him so hard.

The Frenchman has made good every claim made for him. He is a master fighter with a master mind in a body that obeys every impulse instantly and with amazing speed and force.

Writing here at the ringside while Billy Miske and Jack Renault are fighting the delayed semi-final and the tension of the great championship bout is slowly simmering down, I can say that I never saw a greater fighter pound for pound, than the Frenchman. As for his courage no gamer man ever lived. I believe he could beat any other man than Dempsey in America, and there were moments this afternoon when even grim Jack was nearer to being knocked out than ever before in his varied life.

As for Dempsey, he won because there is no limit to his grit, courage and determination and because physically there is no other man like him in the world.

The championship battle was fought before 30,000 people that filled the huge bowl-like arena from the ring to the highest ridge of the far seat sections.

America was well represented in that great crowd—the greatest that ever assembled from all over the world for a sporting event. Just before the bell Gov. Edwards and Mayor Hague were introduced from the ring; in ring-side boxes sat hundreds of men famous in America's political life, with other hundreds noted in foreign countries.

When Dempsey was introduced there was a good round cheer, but when Carpentier smilingly stood up—that most romantic figure of the ring—the applause was deafening. Joe Humphries had introduced him as "the idol of his people and a soldier of France."

Referee Ertle, who had watched every detail of the preliminary arrangements and the seconds from the ring and then walked to a neutral corner and calmly motioned to the timekeeper.

The bell clanged, Dempsey and Carpentier ready, moved out swiftly to meet at once and with preliminary feeling out, no hesitation even for a second, the Frenchman leaped at the American like a tiger.

But Dempsey, not to be driven back, leaped forward, and coming grimly in his blows were driven home at short range, and at times he shot his clenched fists through small openings into the Frenchman's body.

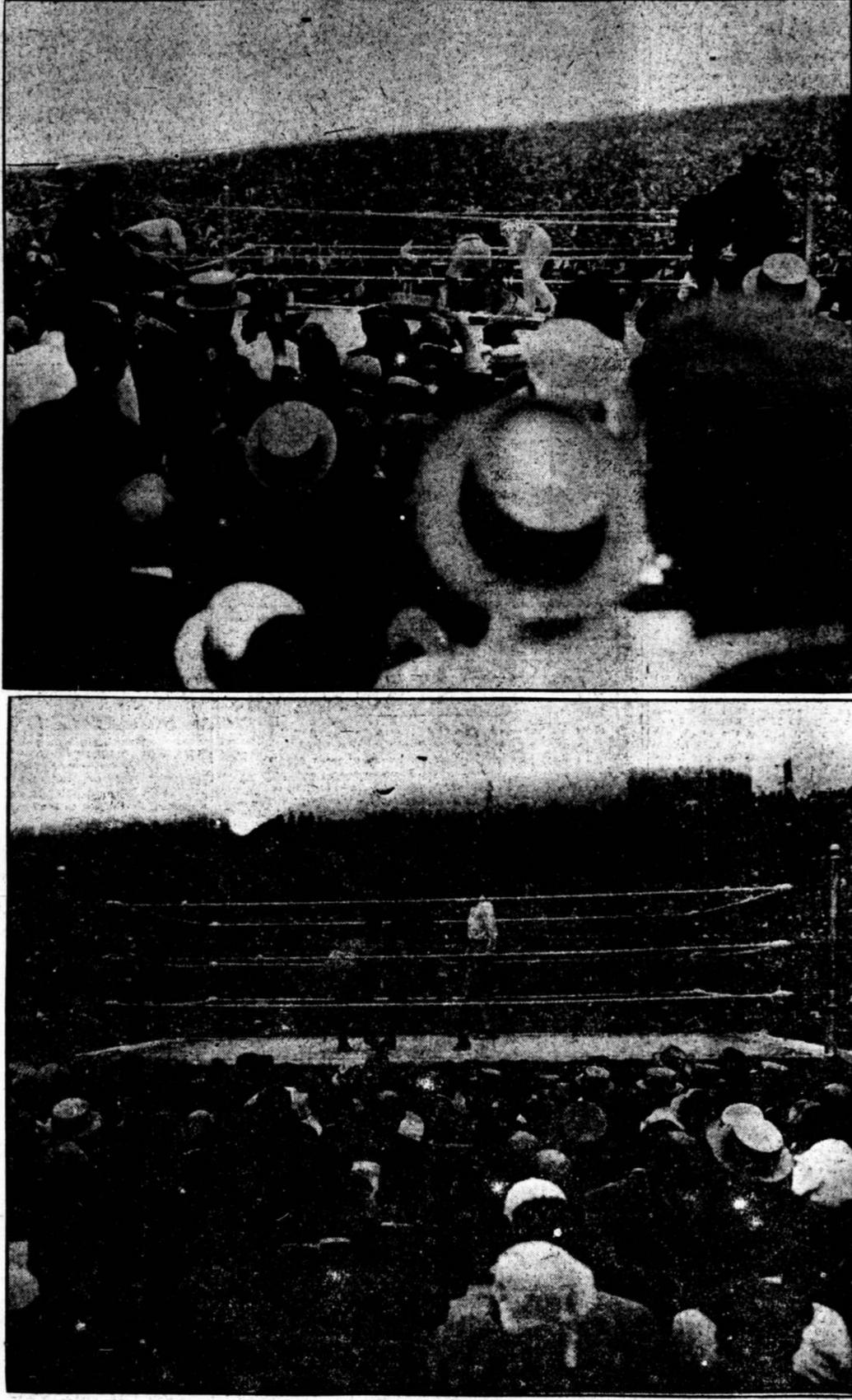
This was his plan of battle—to wear Carpentier down. In the middle of the round Carpentier drove a right squarely against Dempsey's chin, the blow would have knocked out any but a man of iron. Dempsey's knees shook, and his face turned gray; for a moment even the grim determination was wiped from his face; another such blow and he would go down. But even as Carpentier drew back his hand, Dempsey recovered and lunged forward, driving at Carpentier's body so hard that Georges was forced to give ground before the attack.

Now came a blow so fast the eye could hardly follow. Carpentier's lefts and rights shot home, and Dempsey clouted grimly in return. Once Georges, who seemed to get every ounce of his strength into one crashing blow, when he saw a sure opening, swung so furiously at Dempsey's chin that merely grazing, he whirled and fell headlong through the ropes. Ertle turned forward, but Dempsey, a sportsman, had already started back. Carpentier slipped off the ropes and started after Dempsey again.

His blue eyes were full of battle, his smooth brow corrugated. You could see him think. Circling he attacked again, and this time his flashing right fist reached Dempsey's chin and shook him. Dempsey pushed in, still grim and forced Georges to retreat. The bell rang. A great fighting round, but Carpentier showed some effect of body punishment.

The attention during the minute of rest. There was no doubt about it. Carpentier was as advertised. This was to be no cinch for the champion. As Carpentier came his face was a mask of concentration, through which glistened now and then a slight, cynical smile. He studied Dempsey; blows were exchanged with little advantage. It went along to the middle of the round, and then as if he had been saying himself for a supreme effort, he leaped in and drove a crashing right-hand blow against Carpentier's head. Carpentier could recover Carpentier had struck again, and again, and still with all right-hand blows, with furious speed, and strength behind them. Dempsey reeled back, his knees bent and his legs shook. He was staggering. He wavered to one side a little before he could turn to meet his man, and again Carpentier clouted him on the chin. Dempsey made a few quick little steps, and like a stiff bowed and heating off-shore against a heavy sea, went lurching ahead. He was

The Knock-out in "The Battle of the Century"



Upper picture shows Dempsey—still champion—helping the beaten Frenchman to his corner after the fatal right smash to the jaw shortly after the opening of the fourth round. Harry Ertle, the referee, is helping Dempsey. The cops are jumping the ropes to keep the ring clear of the thousands of fight fans who wish to help Dempsey raise the defeated challenger to his feet. Lower cut shows the champion weakening Carpentier with the famous "rabbit punch" just a second before the fatal smash to the jaw which ended the Frenchman's hopes and dreams of conquest. In the background are "a few" of the thousands who watched the "battle of the century."

Tilden Keeps Tennis Title Rallies After Losing Two Sets to B. I. Norton, Of South Africa.

WIMBLEDON, England, July 2.—In a spectacular rally after all seemed lost, William T. Tilden II of Philadelphia, successfully defended his championship title in the challenge round of the British turf court tournament today, defeating B. I. Norton of South Africa. The score was 4-6, 2-6, 6-1, 6-0 and 7-5.

Auto trip to Leonardtown Delight of D. C. Motorists Plea of Five-year-old Speed Demon for More Action Fails to Mar Journey Into Busy Little Town.

By BURT P. GARNETT.
Leslie Elwood Wight is a speed demon. To the discomfort of two timid persons in the back, he addressed his parent, F. L. Wight, in this fashion. "More speed, daddy! Speed!"

It. We stirred along at a pretty rate (as a concession to Elwood) and made our own breeze—such as it was. Any breeze manufactured out of the humid air that hangs over the road to Leonardtown on a still, hot day, could hardly be called refreshing. Yet when the car stopped, we were eager to be off again.

Minor League Results.

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.
Baltimore, 2; Reading, 3.
Baltimore, 2; Toronto, 4 (second game).
First game postponed, wet ground.
Newark-Jersey City, both games postponed.

Carpentier's Famous Right Staggers Dempsey in Second But Champ Weathers Storm

One Minute and Sixteen Seconds After Start of Fourth Round Finds French "Out"; Jack Always the Aggressor.

By DAMON RUNYON.
RINGSIDE, JERSEY CITY, July 2.—Our Mary once had a delicate little French doll, all lacy and frilly, and very pretty to look at. One day the bull terrier pup got hold of the doll. The sight of that little French doll after the terrier got through with it kept recurring to my mind this afternoon, as Georges Carpentier, of France, lay on the canvas floor in the fourth round, mauled by "Iron Mike," the right hand of Jack Dempsey.

Carpentier was a mighty limp and momentarily lifeless little fellow as Harry Ertle, the referee, swung his arm mechanically up, and down finally to give it a final round-and-round swing to indicate the end of the fight. One minute and sixteen seconds of the fourth had gone by, with Carpentier staggering backward before the steady march of the American heavyweight champion.

Dempsey, dark and scowling, shot out his left hand, pawing fashion, as the terrier must have pawed at the doll. Up went Carpentier's delicately-carved features, his chin sharply outlined in the afternoon light. Over went Dempsey's right hand with a vicious chopping motion.

Carpentier's legs crumpled under him as suddenly as if someone had taken a hammer and struck against a thin marble shaft. He fell on the floor, in a small white heap, the tri-color of France about his middle standing out like a blotch of blood.

Ertle, white-clad, agile, leaped forward over the fallen boy and began counting "One, two, three, four, five, six." Dempsey, still scowling, turned his back upon the limp figure and walked away toward his own corner. "Seven," said Ertle, his voice sounding above the babble of 30,000 voices, and to the amazement of everyone, Carpentier staggered to his feet, a murmurous admiration swept the great throng grouped there on "Boyle's Thirty Acres" in Jersey City.

Dempsey, turning again, walked toward Carpentier, his left hand extended, half crooked, his right, "iron Mike," pulled back. Carpentier's delicate, patrician-looking face, contrasting strangely with the dark features of the champion, was streaked with blood. Dempsey's blows earlier in the fight had done this.

Again Dempsey's left shot out once more Carpentier raised his chin, and the right came down with vicious force. Carpentier fell almost in the dead center of the eighteen-foot ring, his body curved around as gracefully as if he had posed, his eyes half closed. This time he did not get up again until Ertle had completed the count.

Once, in the second round, Carpentier sent his famed right hand swishing against Dempsey's jaw, and every man Jack at the 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 Carpentier and Joe Beckett in England, must have dazed Dempsey, for an instant, he shook his head in a puzzled fashion, and closed in, chopping at Carpentier's body with short blows, while those who had betted that Carpentier would win went into a delirium of enthusiasm. It was a good "sock," as the profession calls a blow delivered with Carpentier's body behind it. For an instant it looked as though the most forlorn hope that ever crashed through the ring ropes might carry through.

The champion quickly shook off the effect of the smash, but from that time on he quite obviously had considerable respect for Carpentier'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 Carpentier, barring the larding 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 sling it around as he pleased.

It is a good, big man can prize ring that a good, big man can prize ring that a good, little man. Carpentier is a good, little man. He has the spirit of a giant, the spirit that makes a man fiercer for France, the reflection of the spirit that hovered over Verdun.

Many writers, including this one, did not think he would go over one round. They were badly mistaken and freely admitted their mistake afterwards. In the second round, sport prophecy hung in the balance. After the second it was but a question of time when it would be fulfilled. Dempsey, chopping away at Carpentier inside, and cracking the tip of that fine jaw with long-range blows, was wearing him down.

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Then Dempsey arrived and another cheer went up. The champion wore a red sweater and as he came up into the ring by way of the ropes, his hands clasped, he did not look at the Frenchman. A big squad of police walked ahead of the champion.

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

Carpentier's lips were as red as if they were rouged. He wiped his nose with his hand and squinted as he looked out again over the crowd. Dempsey, sullen of brow, looked neither to the right or left. They stood together in the ring for a picture, their hands clasped. The gloves were thrown into the ring in well-bound boxes which had to be torn open. Gus Wilson, Carpentier's trainer, stood beside him with his hand on his shoulder licking his lips. Carpentier, still smiling while Descamps went to Dempsey's corner to watch the bandaging of the champion's hands. Usually, the taping is done before the men enter the ring.

Kearns went to Carpentier's corner, shirt sleeve, serious, but he did not pay much attention to the operation, finally walking away entirely. Carpentier did the job himself with a delicate touch. Means, time Humphreys introduced Bob Doherty, chairman of the New Jersey boxing commission; Mayor Frank Hague, of Jersey City, and other celebrities.

Harry Ertle, the referee, entered the ring in white trousers, white shoes and a white shirt, and shook Hon. Edward Edwards. Thus the preys introduced as "the best, and