

JACK DEMPSEY FIGHTS AS GLENN WARNER COACHES FOOTBALL, PROVING GOOD OFFENSE IS BEST DEFENSE

JACK DEMPSEY ALL WASHED UP; A WAITS SATURDAY'S BIG GO

Nothing Doing This Week so Far as Hard Work and the Champion Are Concerned—Appears to Be in Perfect Physical Condition

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL
Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger
Atlantic City, N. J., June 27.
JACK DEMPSEY has finished his strenuous training for the championship extravaganza at Jersey City next Saturday, which has been eight-shotted throughout these United States for the past two months. The titleholder is all washed up so far as hard work is concerned, and from now on there will be nothing doing save his daily exercises. He will pound the roads every morning, limber up in the afternoon and between those times all he has to do is sleep and worry.

The champion is on edge and just rarin' to go. He has been like that for three weeks, but the last week always is the hardest. His cheeks are sunken, his eyes have an unnatural glare and a frown always is on his face. Training for six weeks is enough to ruin the disposition of any man, and Dempsey is no exception. He might be worrying about the coming battle or it might be the effects of the monotonous grind, but whatever it is Jack has reached that stage which Teddy Hayes calls "mean."

However, he is pleasant to the newspaper men and other visitors at his camp. True, he doesn't see them often, but when he does he is anxious to oblige. Yesterday a photographer stopped him on the porch for a picture. Without a word Jack dashed up the steps, sat in a chair and asked, "Will this do?" A couple of pictures were snapped and then the photographer asked him to smile. "Smile?" asked Dempsey. "Why should I do that? I can't smile even if I tried."

When it was all over he dashed into the arena and, without any preliminaries, hopped in and began to work with the pulley machine. For three minutes he did this and then, without any rest, shadow-boxed two rounds. He stepped around lightly and without effort, and stopped only when Teddy Hayes tied on his gloves for the first bout of the afternoon.

Dempsey acted like a rube at the post, impatient to get under way. He shifted from one foot to the other, glared at his sparring partner and when the time was called, rushed at him with every intention of annihilating him. "He's in good luck," Jack Root, the old middleweight, who sat near us. "I never have seen him box before, but he has the goods. He hits harder, straighter and more often than any boxer I have looked at, and I have seen many. The thing that impresses me is the way he hits. There is power behind every blow, but if he happens to miss it doesn't seem to worry him. He just tries again, and when he lands a punch it means something."

"Fitzsimmons was a great hitter, but he used to plan his effective punches. He didn't hit hard every time. He would jab lightly, jab lightly, jab lightly, and then when his men were in position, he would launch the hard wallop. If he missed he would go through the same preliminaries again. Dempsey makes every punch a tough one, and a man like that is dangerous."

Four Men Face Jack in Sunday Workout

JACK boxed first with Eddie O'Hare, and it was a very fast contest. For two rounds his lighter foe stepped all around him, jabbing and hooking with the champion on the defense.

"Dempsey looks terrible today," said one of the cash customers. "He isn't hitting a thing today." Jack pulled his punches and worked for speed. His opponent was as fast, if not faster, than Carpenter, and the workout was important. Several times, however, knock-out wallops swished past the chin of O'Hare, missing by a small fraction of an inch.

In this workout it was noticeable that Dempsey can be hit. Eddie jabbed him continually and also landed some rights to the head. Perhaps it was because the champion was not trying his usual methods, which consisted of a rushing attack which keeps his opponent so busy defending himself that he hasn't time to do anything on the offense. Dempsey fights like Glenn Warner coaches a football team. The Pittsburgh coach says a good offense is the best defense, and Jack is copying that stuff.

After O'Hare, the ring hero Barry Williams stepped in for two rounds. This time he lasted the limit, because Dempsey was kind and gentle. However, it was a slow workout, as Williams was afraid to do anything but clinch and cover up.

Jack Renault has an act of his own when he boxes with the titleholder. He has studied every move of Carpenter in the movies and gives a perfect impersonation of the challenger. Dempsey chased him around the ring, jabbing lightly, but making his speed felt over a serious attack. He evidently has been doing this for some time, for Renault had all kinds of confidence and seemed willing to mix it.

For two rounds he worked with Renault, and after that Bull Montana, the movie wrestler, put on his little stunt. Dempsey worked fast with him for three minutes and that ended the day's work.

"Dempsey is in perfect physical condition," remarked Jack Root. "He faced four fresh men, but his speed didn't diminish. The first time I ever have seen a boxer work as well. He has a system of scientific training."

"A boxer doesn't have to knock out sparring partners to show he is in shape. You can tell more about him when he goes on the defensive and lets the other fellows do the work."

Champion Is Kind to Mr. Herman Miller

THERE was a touch of comedy in yesterday's workout, which was held in the presence of a big crowd. An aspiring battler named Herman Miller, who came from a place called "The Hill," was given the first round around with the champion. For some reason or other, he tried his best to win the title, launching his punches from all directions, but failed miserably. Dempsey stood his feet good-naturally and allowed him to linger. Neither was hurt after the stanza.

Bull Montana got himself into some trouble when he insisted that Dempsey wrestle with him. Jack was ready to leave the ring after finishing with Renault and when he saw the challenger, he decided to mix it. "Got enough for today," said Jack shortly and started to leave the ring. "What's the matter," demanded Montana in a loud voice, "are you afraid?"

Dempsey took off his sweater and leaped at the wrestler. They mixed for a few seconds and Jack grabbed one of Bull's tin ears. Bull started to flow and as he broke loose Jack tapped him playfully on the chin and knocked him cool. That ended the last tough session, which was pleasing to Montana.

There will be little work this week. Dempsey is satisfied with his condition and will take things easy. He wants peace and quiet and will deny himself from all visitors, if that can be done.

Betting is almost at a standstill. The odds are 3 to 1, but are likely to go higher. Everybody believes that Dempsey is a clinch.

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MACK'S TWIRLERS MAKE FANS HAPPY

Addition of Rollie Naylor Gives A's Four Dependables in Their Spurt Upward

SEVEN WINS OUT OF NINE

Even if it doesn't last any longer, local fandom can look back on one week of unconfined joy. That was last week, when our lovely Athletics, tired of being trampled in the mire, rose up in their wrath and won seven out of nine games played, the best record made by a Mackian team in many moons. Not only that, but the longest winning streak—four—in a general sense came during the week. Starting with Cleveland on June 18 the Athletics found themselves. The Indians were trounced in the final game of the series. Then along came Washington and dropped three out of five scheduled games. Three straight from Boston makes the spurt look real.

The tricolor triumph against the men of Beantown Saturday was all the more remarkable when it is considered they were meeting a fourth-place team that had been a thorn in the side of the league leader. Two of the best pitchers on the Red Sox staff succumbed in Pennox and Bush. Nine safeties were registered against the first former Athletic and seven against the bulk perpetrator.

The return of Rollie Naylor to the pitching staff and his auspicious start gives the Mack-men four hurlers who can be relied on in regular order, namely, Harris, Hasty, Moore and Naylor. When handsome Eddie Rommel gets back to form, which is expected most any day, Connie will have a staff of twirlers second to none in Ban Johnson's circuit.

The pitching problem is the biggest one Mack has had this season. The Athletics has been hitting well and fielding brilliantly except in an odd game here and there. Dugan's return to the infield, which is an improvement, has done much to make him look weak with the stick for nearly a month, and Jay Walker's remarkable playing at first base just about makes the infield a team. The cellars in another week, and once they get out, if the fans are to be believed, they will star.

Bill Barrett, the Cambridge, Mass., lad who twirled the last inning of the fifteen-innings victory over Washington last week, was presented with a diamond ring by Mayor Quinn, of the youngster.

A glimpse at the standings in the American League this morning reveals the fact that the Athletics are just two games behind Chicago in seventh place and 2 1/2 behind St. Louis in sixth. A continuation of the spurt of last week would make the Athletics cellular in another week, and once they get out, if the fans are to be believed, they will star.

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The Mackian scouts are out in the bushes again looking for material. Joe Grossert, the outside twirler of the Evansville Club of the Three I League, who has a batting average of .372, has been snared for the House of Mack. He will report here in August.

Elmer Vetter, a shortstop from Norfolk, of the Virginia League, will join the Shibe Park aggregation in September. He is twenty-one years old and is but five feet seven inches tall. Vetter, who calls McKees Rocks, Pa., his hometown, has been dubbed a second Owenie Bush.

Charles High, the outfielder farmed out by Mack to Columbus, of the American Association, is leading the classy minor league in batting with an average of .407. High reports to the "A's" in September.

"Give Me Pitchers or—"

"Give me pitchers," said Bill Donovan last week, "and I will win ball games." Never did Wild Willyum say truer words. Sunday afternoon baseball's hurling staff gave another weird exhibition of how not to play the national pastime. The Mackian combination captured eight victories in a row and in so doing smacked Ring and Betts in the first tie for nine runs and eighteen hits. Five homers are counted in the letterhead. Snyder, the big barker, had two homers, cracked out two four-base piles in one game for the second time in the series.

In three contests the Giants have hammered out fifty-three hits for a total of thirty-seven runs. Eight homers, four by Snyder, is an example of the terrific slugging of the New Yorkers. George Columbia Smith and Red Case are the only members of Donovan's staff who have not been battered by the visitors.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND



U. S. ALL SQUARE NOW WITH BRITONS IN OPEN GOLF TILT

We've Got Their Crown and They've Got Ours—Yankees Performed Impressively at St. Andrew's, Leading All the Way

By SANDY McNIBLICK
ALL square. Jack Hutchison, of Chicago, is open champion of Great Britain and Ted Ray, of England, is open champion of America.

The gloom that prevailed when Ray and Warnon, between them, managed to come through one of the complete fields that were competed for the United States championship is now all forgotten in the tremendous thrills that ran through every good American golf fan when Hutchison took the British crown from the world's greatest golfer at St. Andrew's last week. In the play-off of Wethered, the British amateur, had a chance to pull a "Quintet" but Jack beat him 120 to 120.

It was the first time in the history of the British classic that a resident of the United States had captured the British open. Heretofore no American had ever finished better than fifth. Indeed it had always been rather a sad story and our failure looked to be a foregone conclusion since the golfer in the birthplace of golf were supposed to pass ours by an overwhelming margin.

But this year for the first time we sent over a real invasion for the open, feeling that where one or two might fail, ten or a dozen would surely make a showing. And they did.

The British open title was one confusion on which the Britons had a strangle hold, a monopoly. It was said in their hands for all time. They worried not. Our efforts to win it had brought an indulgent smile underneath because you can't hate any one for trying.

The Long Voyage
Now that that proud cup will shortly be making the long voyage over the ocean, we wonder what they are thinking today abroad. No title is safe any more on either side of the water, this is the way it happened. First, Hutchison led the qualifying round, and then he won the final, beating the best score of the day, Jack Hutchison of Philadelphia, in his first day. Jack broke the Edna course record the next with a 69, while Barnes was breaking the St. Andrew's record with a 70 on the same day.

There are two traditions lately in the British open, one is that an amateur can't win the title any more, and another is that it can't be won by an outsider. So that was another blow, such as it was, and right back to back of them, 298, was another homebred, George Duncan, an American homebred. George Duncan, a former champion, was shot to pieces here in August.

George Duncan, an American homebred, was shot to pieces here in August. Through our amateurs failed, Britain admits we have the class, and they've shown they'll want to go. Some of our very best didn't this year, Leo Diegel, Jack Burke and such.

One More for Sacred Heart
The Sacred Heart Cadets continued their winning streak by defeating Barclay's Sunday school team in a row for the county. The boys were led by the captain of the Sacred Heart team, who is a very good player.

Montfort Jones will ship his stable to Saratoga after the close of the Latonia meeting. The stable includes the stars, Miss Joy and Fair Phantom.

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CARPENTIER READY TO MEET DEMPSEY

Challenger Is Confident and Determined on Winning Heavyweight Title

IS KEPT INDOORS BY RAIN

Manhasset, N. Y., June 27.—Georges Carpentier will step into the ring at Jersey City next Saturday with only one thing in mind, an invincible determination to wrest the world's championship from Jack Dempsey. This was the assertion today of Gas Wilson, the challenger's chief trainer.

There will be no snafu for Jack Dempsey, Wilson said. He will have to be more than a great fighter to beat Georges. Never before in his fighting career has Carpentier displayed such determination as today. When he talks of the fight he grits his teeth and clenches his fists and remarks, "He shall not beat me. Something tells me that I can defeat any man for a spell. My hardest blows will not find me, and those that he lands I know I can stand."

The challenger attaches a great deal of sentiment to the hundreds of letters he receives daily from veterans and other Americans in all walks of life. They mean a great deal to him for a spell. They expect me to emerge from the ring champion, and I will not disappoint them if every bone in my body is broken."

Before Georges came to America this last time he had, according to Wilson, naturally a great desire to beat Dempsey. But this desire has increased to such an extent that now Carpentier can not describe just what he feels.

The Frenchman takes a great deal of interest in the daily mail because he likes to hear the many good things the American public has to say about him. Trainer Wilson said, "He requires me to read every one of them, and he is like a big boy when he gets a special letter. Really, they have helped him, strange as it may seem, to attain the physical perfection you see in him today."

Rain started falling early yesterday at the camp and the challenger was compelled to stay indoors until 9 o'clock. Then the clouds rolled by for a spell and he was sent to the woods with Paul Journee. They were out for about two hours, running, skipping, shadow-boxing and performing evolutions. The rain started again and they found shelter in the gymnasium, where Georges spent fifteen minutes at calisthenics before lunch.

In the afternoon Wilson and Captain Mallet took him for a long cross-country walk. They returned about 4 o'clock and after a shower Georges joined a crowd of friends on the lawn. The late afternoon social gatherings afford him a diversion which Trainer Wilson says is needed after the workouts, because they help to keep him in good humor.

What May Happen in Baseball Today

Club	W.	L.	P.	C.	Win	Loss
Pittsburgh	20	12	1	1	.615	.385
New York	19	14	3	1	.577	.423
St. Louis	17	14	3	1	.548	.452
Brooklyn	17	15	2	0	.526	.474
Philadelphia	14	16	3	1	.463	.537
Chicago	14	18	3	1	.438	.562
Athletics	12	18	3	1	.400	.600

Club	W.	L.	P.	C.	Win	Loss
Cleveland	17	11	1	1	.607	.393
Washington	15	13	2	0	.538	.462
Boston	13	15	2	1	.463	.537
Detroit	12	16	2	0	.423	.577
Chicago	11	17	2	0	.391	.609
Athletics	11	18	1	0	.379	.621

Club	W.	L.	P.	C.	Win	Loss
St. Louis	11	10	0	0	.524	.476
Cleveland	11	10	0	0	.524	.476
St. Paul	10	10	0	0	.500	.500
Philadelphia	10	10	0	0	.500	.500
Boston	9	11	0	0	.450	.550
Washington	9	11	0	0	.450	.550
Pittsburgh	9	11	0	0	.450	.550
Chicago	9	11	0	0	.450	.550
Detroit	9	11	0	0	.450	.550
Brooklyn	9	11	0	0	.450	.550
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Philadelphia	9	11	0	0	.450	.550

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GEORGES WILL WIN ON SKILL, BELIEF ABROAD

Carpentier Is Most Scientific Boxer in Many Years, According to European Ring Authorities, Majority of Whom Pick Frenchman to Whip Dempsey

By GRANTLAND RICE
The Squawk of the Veterans
Hannibal, Napoleon, Caesar, Alexander,
But their heads together in the mists where they abide,
Each one in his own way a slugging double-kander,
Each one in his day and time knew the highest tide.

"We thought we were pretty good—double-fisted fighters,"
Caesar said to Alexander as he asked him for a light.
"Now we know as sounders we were merely pop-eyed bighters,
Lined up with the endless space they've slipped the coming fight."

Hannibal, Napoleon, Caesar, Alexander,
Know at last how far they've slipped in the growing dia,
Who is there to blame them if the edge is off their dander
As the endless columns on The Fight come rolling in?

European Dope About the Melee
BY EUROPEAN in the above head-line we mean Great Britain and France. Just what Russia, Scandinavia, Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria and Poland think of the fight we do not know. In the main they are too busy with carnivals of their own to horn into any outside pastures.

But for England and France we can speak with a fair amount of definite assurance after a seven weeks' jaunt through those two domains. England and down the line, France, of course, can see only Carpentier. The average lotting Carpentier a stout chance. In England we mean the majority opinion secured through countless opinions up and down the line. France, of course, is a different matter. There, the Frenchman knows nothing about Dempsey's ability, but even with his wild Latin imagination he can't visualize any one good enough to flatten out the gallant Georges and leave him flustering in the resin.

Carpentier's Chances Liked Abroad
CARPENTIER'S chances, according to leading boxing authorities abroad, are extremely well liked. The reasons for this feeling are practically as follows:
First. They are great believers in skill and science, and they have the idea that Carpentier is the most skillful boxer the game has known for many years.

Second. They know very little about Dempsey, but have the idea that he is merely a rugged slugger who can be hit often by a fast man who will have trouble in fitting a scientific fighter.
Third. They think one man is very good if you know nothing of the other man, and you are a trifle inclined to favor No. 1. If Dempsey is beaten it will be a terrific surprise to most Americans who have heard many fathoms into the situation.

By Way of Illustration
HERE'S the European angle by way of illustration. We were talking with an old-time English fight fan who says Sullivan met Mitchell. "Sullivan," he said, "was not only a terrific hitter, but fast and clever for a big man in his prime, as he was then. Mitchell, however, got away with a draw by being faster and cleverer, although not nearly the fighter that Sullivan was. And Mitchell was not as fast nor as clever as Carpentier. No one could hit nearly as hard. Most Americans only remember Sullivan as he fought Corbett. But Sullivan then was far past his prime, slow and unskillful compared with his finest fighting days. The most dangerous combination in boxing is speed and punching power. The Frenchman has both."

From this atmosphere upon arriving back home, we stepped into a fairly widespread belief that