

NEWS of SPORT

SEES DEMPSEY PARALLEL FEAT OF FITZSIMMONS

New York, July 26.—The swish of Jack Dempsey's iron left had scarce toppled the Boston tar, Jack Sharkey, to defeat in a cloud of resin dust when the old timer—a fight fan of two score years—leaped spryly from his ringside seat and howled in his companion's ear above the din.

"Dempsey's making the same comeback that Ruby Robert Fitzsimmons made over a quarter a century ago when he knocked out Gus Rublin and Tom Sharkey all within 14 days. Now for Tunney."

Contrast Old Days With Present. The old timer was lost among the 82,000 persons that yelled and cheered themselves to exhaustion point last night as the erstwhile champion, fighting his way to the heights, knocked out Sharkey in the vast steel and concrete Yankee stadium. A city's population with all its walks of life—bankers, merchants, professional men, politicians, vendors, and the floating element of the Metropolis—was there to see Dempsey struggle for new ring honors just as on that August night in 1900 far lesser thousands swarmed to Coney Island to see old Fitz clash with his ancient foe Tom Sharkey, whose last name the Boston "Jack", adopted for a ring career.

Different Setting.

That battle had no such background as the "battle of the Jacks" last night when tastily gowned women by hundreds with their husbands and friends sat about the ringside and cheered the battlers.

Those were the days, it seemed to the old timer, when one took a sea-going back in the old tenderloin and after passing the populated sections of Brooklyn soon found himself rattling along dusty roads to Coney Island.

"There was no stadium with good chairs to sit in down there by the sea," he mused he edged his way home through the crowd last night. "Nothing but a long wooden ramshackle building called a clubhouse but it was little more than a glorified barn."

Reserved seats there were but late comers always found them occupied by that class of gentry who never recognized a ticket stub and could only be ousted by strong arms.

"The night that Fitz fought Sharkey, a flock of pay-nothings shinned up a drain pipe and saw the bout through the dusty windows of the sky-light."

Maine and N. B. Circuit Races Here Yesterday [Were Hotly Contested]

Caruso Captured the 2.11 Pace in Straight Heats —His Fastest Time Was 2.07—Jackson Grattan Put up a Game Fight for Supremacy— Billy Dun Won the 2.14 Trot and Pace and Lu Bingen the 2.20 Trot.

Fine weather, exciting races and a good attendance marked the opening day of the New Brunswick and Maine circuit races at the Fredericton Trotting Park yesterday afternoon. There were in all three events with a big field of starters and each was hotly contested with excitement at fever heat right up to the last moment. The 2.11 pace the chief event of the day was won by Caruso in the remarkably fast time of 2.07 1/4, 2.07 and 2.08 3/4, one of the best exhibitions of speed ever seen on the local track. Betty Direct won the 2.14 trot and pace, her best time being 2.10 1/2, while first honors in the 2.20 trot went to Lu Bingen, her best time being 2.14 1/2. One would have to cross the American border to witness a better day's sport than was offered to racing fans here yesterday.

Caruso, a black pacing gelding by William, owned by Cone & Groves of Calais, Me., made a splendid showing by capturing the 2.11 pace. To win this event he paced the first heat in 2.07 1/4, came back in 2.07 in the second round and then won the third heat in one of the most sensational races ever witnessed on the local track in 2.08 3/4, the fastest three heats raced on the Circuit this season.

Grattan's Good Work.

Jackson Grattan, 2.01 3/4, former Grand Circuit performer which several years ago was the free-for-all of the Houlton Driving Club, was the horse Caruso had to beat in the second and third heats. Coming from behind, but ably driven by Fred Cameron and acting better than he had for some time, Jackson Grattan was just beaten and that was all in 2.07 in the second heat, Caruso's margin at the finish being less than half a head.

Many Thrills.

The third heat was full of thrills.

The old timer mused over the night when Fitz blazed the way that Jack Dempsey is now following in his comeback.

"Fitz glued his eyes on the ship that Sharkey had tattooed on his mighty chest and sung out, 'here goes the ship' and then sunk a left into the sailor's midriff that sent Sharkey and his ship down for the count with all sails flying."

There were celebrations in the beach hotels after the battles were over and a long haul back to town that took nearly to dawn, the ancient fight fan recalled.

Three horses raced abreast almost all the way. At the three quarters Johnny Brown faded and it was from there that Caruso came on with Jackson Grattan making one of his old time finishes, but being not quite up to heading off Caruso. Saccharose, the Presque Isle mare, was third in this heat with Ruby P., the new roan pacing mare in Billy Keys' stable bettering her condition each heat and finishing fourth in the scramble for positions in the third and final round.

Second Victory.

It was Caruso's second consecutive victory and he was again skillfully driven by Pierce Chappelle, of Bangor. In the first heat in 2.07 1/4 the horse which finished second was Early Todd, the free legged pacer for which the Progressive Club of Houlton, Me., paid \$6,500 last season. Hedgewood K., owned by Gallagher & Hammond, of Woodstock, showed that he has not yet recovered from the cold he contracted shipping back to New Brunswick from the Bay State Circuit. Peterkin was still acting badly in the scoring and did not get away within striking distance in any heat, being left a considerable distance behind in the final heat.

A Big Field.

The 2.14 Trot and Pace had fourteen starters, which made the first elimination heats in the East this season necessary. Betty Direct, the eventual winner of the race, won the first elimination in 2.10 1/4, and Bonnie Watts surprised everybody by winning the second elimination, the first heat he has won since he was purchased by Walter R. Christie, the Aroostook potato king of Presque Isle, after being brought to Maine from the West by Buster Richardson, of Waterville. Bonnie Watts went away behind, but coasted past the field and won virtually as he pleased. Betty Direct had something on the others, but she had to pace three more fast heats, the slowest being the final in 2.11. Betty Direct is owned by E. P. Piper, of Belfast, Me., and had been racing on the Bay State Circuit until two weeks ago; she was driven today by Red Hanafin and that helped her considerably. Peter Taggart, owned by the Jackson Motor Company, of Oxford, Mass., which won at Houlton and Woodstock and tailed off a bit at St. Stephen last week, was not the equal of Betty Direct today, although Driver Eddie Rowe did everything he could to make the big Peter the Great pacer win. With the first four in each of the elimination heats starting in the main event the 2.14 class provided plenty of action. The only trotter starting in the event, Peter Will Tell, was set back one position by the judges in the first elimination heat for a run through the home stretch and that sent him to the barn.

The 2.20 Trotters.

Just to make it unanimous so that each class would race faster than at any previous meeting on the circuit, the 2.20 class trotters turned in a heat in 2.14 1/2 and each of the heats was faster than they had raced before. Red Hanafin finally won after the event had gone four heats with Lu Bingen, a bay gelding by Lu Princeton, which is owned by Gurnsey & Sanford, of Keene, N. H. Driver Armstrong piloted him in ahead in the first heat, but finished fourth in the second round, Ralph Burrill springing another surprise by winning with Agradia Harvester, another of the Aroostook potato king's horses. Then Driver Hanafin (Continued on Page 7.)

THOUGHT HE KNEW IT ALL IN DEMPSEY FIGHT

(By Gus Rooney in Boston Traveller.)

The bright lights of Broadway will not lure Boston boxing fans again for a long time. There will be no attraction for them to shrink their bankrolls in there are no more heavyweights in this neck of the woods whom Tex Rickard would give a feature bout because they would not draw a big gate. And Tex must have big gates which show receipts much larger than the biggest number in the telephone book.

Tonic and Sodas Just Before Fight. Jack Sharkey's knockout by Jack Dempsey ended Rickard's business with Boston heavyweights for the balance of this year anyway. Next year he may look to Boston again for talent and perhaps will give Sharkey and Maloney another chance because they are young and should be able to improve in the interim.

The Sharkey man will have to show much more than he did last Thursday night, despite the fact that we are of the opinion that he was fouled. First he must learn how to train properly and take orders.

Although he is only 25 years old and has the youth to come back, he cannot expect to carry on in the heavyweight division relying solely on his own judgment. He will have to learn to listen to directions and try to fulfill them. He cannot drink a half dozen bottles of tonic after his last day of training before a big fight, nor can he down a few ice cream sodas while training. But he did, and Trainer Harry Kelley was unable to stop him. So how could he tip the scales at anything less than 196 when he weighed in? He was surprised, but not Kelley. Kelley's been around.

Was Too Confident.

In not obeying Kelley's orders Sharkey made the biggest mistake of his career. Along with bad judgment he was too cocksure of himself against Dempsey—a grievous error—because Dempsey's left always is dangerous no matter how poor his condition may be.

If the Sharkey man hadn't been hit low Dempsey would have won if the bout went the distance. The Dempsey man was outfighting Sharkey because Sharkey thought his judgment was better than his handlers'. The Sharkey man tried to swap short punches with Dempsey and clinch with him but the Dempsey man is too good in this style of fighting and did not have to waste his strength moving around. It was the kind of battle the Dempsey man wanted and the Sharkey man most graciously satisfied him. That is why so many think the battle was perfumed.

In the first round victory was wide open for Sharkey. His right hand punch which is only fair, caught Dempsey squarely on the chin and had him in a bad way. The Sharkey man clinched after this punch and the Dempsey man shook his head and cleared it and fought safely through the balance of the round.

With Dempsey in a bad way in the first, Kelley and Buckley, in Sharkey's corner, shouted "Back away, box him, and then sock him." This did not sound sensible to the Sharkey man. He fought his own fight and tried to be a killer, giving his handlers 57 varieties of fits.

Between the first and second rounds the Sharkey man was given instructions. He nodded his assent and then deliberately did everything he was told not to do. Not once did the Sharkey man look to his corner when the Dempsey man commenced to out-punch him. He had an idea he was a killer and wanted to prove it to the 80,000.

For a few seconds in the third round the Sharkey man did what he was told. He again had Dempsey in a bad way from fast shooting jabs to the head, but allowed his opportunity to slip away. He clinched and tried to swap with Dempsey, but the Dempsey man's left was too good. Hereafter the Dempsey man grew stronger and was able to fight because Sharkey fought exactly as he, Dempsey, wanted him to.

In that alleged good boxing head of the Sharkey man there is room for much more wisdom and he should begin right now storing it away if he expects to fight his way back into the contender's field.

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