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TUNNEY IS STILL CHAMPION; HEAVYWEIGHT BOXER GETS DECISION OVER DEMPSEY

**150,000 Fans Saw Great Pugilistic Bout at Chicago—
Tunney Almost Knocked Out in the Sev-
enth Round But Made a Brilliant Rally—De-
cision of the Judges Was Unanimous.**

Soldiers' Field, Chicago, Sept. 12—Gene Tunney successfully defended the world's heavyweight championship tonight against a sensational challenge from Jack Dempsey, when he carried off the judges' decision in a 10-round match before a record-breaking crowd of 150,000 that paid \$2,800,000 to see the slashing battle.

Tunney came back to win a brilliant rally in the last two rounds after being knocked down for a count of nine in the seventh round by a smashing right to the jaw, followed by a left. Dempsey seemed to have the title in his grasp at this stage as the slashing attacks had Tunney in retreat, but the champion, backing to the defensive, weathered the storm until his head cleared.

There was much dispute at the ring-side over the length of the count on Tunney's knockdown. Some claimed it was slow starting and that the champion actually was on the floor as long as 12 seconds.

Outside of the seventh round and a few briefly sustained drives at other stages, Dempsey was outboxed and outfought by Tunney, who seemed much the faster and stronger. The challenger was a target for Tunney's sharp right crosses. He was staggered in the fourth round and in the tenth was on the verge of going down, under a heavy barrage. The old mauler kept plunging in, but he was too tired to last, both eyes were bleeding profusely from cuts and his resources were almost expended.

The decision of the two judges and referee, Dave Barry, was unanimous.

A few drops of rain came down shortly after eight, calling to mind immediately the Dempsey-Tunney battle at Philadelphia that was fought in a downpour. There were only a few scattering drops out of the inky blackness and they stopped shortly.

Dempsey Was First.

Dempsey was first in the ring, climbing through the ropes at 9.55 as the crowd cheered rather weakly, taken by surprise. A host of public officials, including Governor Smith, of Illinois, the members of the Illinois State Boxing Commission, George Getz, theatrical promoter of the battle, and Tex Rickard, the man actually behind the huge spectacle, were being greeted by the crowd at the title. Dempsey, apparently tuned to topnotch pitch, danced about the ring, nervously awaiting the champion. He shook hands with several of the writers in the rear seats and spoke a word or two over the radio. When Jack spotted Jean Normille, his former mentor, he reached over and grasped his hand. Dempsey was weighed in at 193½ pounds for the major effort of his colorful career. Tunney, 189½. Both were in perfect condition with Dempsey two pounds lighter than the night the former conquered Jack Sharkey in New York to inaugurate his comeback campaign. A rousing ovation greeted Tunney the champion, when he climbed through the ropes at exactly 10 p. m.

Fighters Shake Hands.

Dempsey immediately stopped pacing in his corner and reached across to shake Gene's hand. The champion smiled a "Hello Jack" and then turned to grin confidently at his friends at the ringside.

Fight By Rounds.

Round one—Dempsey missed a left lunge, falling into a clinch. Jack piled in again with two left hooks to the ribs. In the clinch that followed he clipped Tunney four times with a right on the back of the head. They sparred cautiously, Dempsey preferring to feint for openings, while Tunney lay back. Gene slapped a left to Dempsey's chin and followed with a solid right smash to the chin. Jack fell into a clinch, taking another right to the head as he came in. Jack dropped a left to Tunney's body. Jack backed away while the champion followed him across the ring with a volley of left and right hooks to the head close to the ropes. Gene missed an overhand right as the bell sounded.

Jack Is Cautious.

Round two—Dempsey was fighting cautiously, apparently seeking to evade the disastrous first round at Philadelphia last fall. He came out boxing and Gene shot a left and right to the chin. They were dancing boxing high. Gene dropped an overhand right on Dempsey's chin after chasing

him to a corner. Another right missed and Dempsey smashed a left to the body and three lefts to the chin. There was little action as they sparred carefully. In the center, Tunney's left was short but Dempsey merely fell into a clinch. Gene missed two more left hooks to the body as Dempsey lunged low. Tunney missed again but managed to catch himself and flick two soft lefts to Jack's face as the round ended.

Round three—Again they boxed carefully and slowly in the centre of the ring. As Dempsey was apparently trying to tantalize Tunney into leading and making an open fight of it, Tunney sneaked over a pretty left jab, but took a half dozen on the back of the neck. Gene took the offensive, driving Dempsey into the ropes where Jack tied him up tight. As they both led in the center of the ring, Tunney led and fell into Dempsey's right smash to the body. Gene held while Jack clouted to the mid section a right smash to the heart drove Tunney back. As they fiddled about, Dempsey wove in close again to cuff the back of Tunney's head with his right and dig his left twice to the champ's ribs.

Tunney Loses Chance.

Round four—Dempsey took the offensive but Tunney's right cracked on his chin and left at the same mark. While Dempsey rapped two lefts to the body Gene claimed that the blows were foul and fought back desperately as they fell against the ropes. Gene missed with a right and took another left to the body. Jack was leading again short lefts to the body, while Tunney countered just as lightly to the head. Tunney, now trying to nail Jack coming in, missed with both hands but saved himself by falling into a clinch. Two right smashes to the chin stung Dempsey. Tunney lifted two more left hooks to the head and nailed Jack to the ropes. A right sent Jack reeling to the corner. A left hook nearly floored him. As Dempsey lay stunned against the ropes Tunney missed with both hands and the bell killed his opportunity.

Jack Jabs and Waits.

Round five—Dempsey's handlers worked furiously on him during the intermission, while Tunney's handlers claimed that stimulants were unnecessary. Tunney missed a right and fell into a clinch. Jack came in close, pounding to the body, when Tunney, over-anxious, missed again. Jack backed away now, falling into the ropes as Tunney took to the attack. When Jack tied him up they sparred out to the centre of the ring. Dempsey bobbed out of three left jabs. He sent Tunney's head back with a stiff straight left. A right hand on the temple shook Dempsey badly. The champion backed away, however, content to jab and wait. In another clinch, Jack rapped again on the back of Tunney's neck. Gene dug two nice lefts into Dempsey's body at the bell.

Dempsey Hit Under Heart.

Round six—They boxed carefully several seconds before coming together for a flurry of body punches. The crowd bellowed as Dempsey's right hand, "old iron mike" smashed under Tunney's heart. The champion came back rapping both hands to the chin. Dempsey, tiring fell into a clinch, after the blows, bobbing in through a stiff attack, Jack turned the champion away around with a right hook to the head, Tunney coming back strong. Two more left hooks and a straight right stung the champion. Missing a long left, Jack took a right under the heart as they fell again into a clinch.

Almost Knocked Out.

Round seven—Dempsey's handlers pleaded with him to keep his chin down as he came out bobbing. Weaving under Tunney's right, Jack slapped a soft right to the chin, a volley of right and left hooks to the head floored Tunney, count of nine. Dempsey was on him like a wild cat as Gene sped backwards. Dempsey was in close with a smashing body attack. Wobbling and dazed Tunney only could jump and flounder backwards. Dempsey cornered him at the ropes and smashed a left and right to the body. Gene came back weakly, jabbing a left to the head. Dempsey laughed and urged Gene to come in and fight. Losing his temper, Jack smashed Tunney with a left and right swing to the head, Gene, dazed, grabbed Dempsey

with both hands and still was holding fiercely at the bell.

Tunney in Come-Back.

Round eight—Dempsey came out in a crouch. Apparently somewhat recovered Gene stabbed with his left and clinched. As Tunney backed away furiously Dempsey made no effort to catch, merely walking after him and taunting him to fight. Tunney did fight, whipping a left and right up-ercent to Jack's chin. As he missed rights, Dempsey lifted his left to the jaw. In a clinch Jack again cuffed Tunney's head. A smashing left to the body drove Tunney back and a right to the heart made him drag Jack. As Dempsey dodged a right he slipped to one knee. No count. Gaining courage, Tunney flew at Dempsey, pumping both hands to the head. Again Tunney nailed Jack with both hands to the chin as the former champion bounced on the ropes. They were boxing cautiously, both tired, waiting for openings as the round ended.

Jack Is Bit Wobbly.

Round nine—Tunney's retreating tactics drew boos from the crowd between rounds. Jack grabbed the champion and smashed him half a dozen times on the back of the neck. They both had slowed up from the fierce pace. Tunney, standing in the centre of the ring, held off for a few moments with three straight left jabs but Jack bore right to close quarters. Gene's right opened a cut over Dempsey's right eye. The champ went after the wound fiercely, snapping out both hands high to the head. Jack tried to box, but two solid rights bounced off his jaw. Dempsey was wobbly, but as he cocked his right Gene ran away. The champ came back and rocked Jack again with swinging smashes to the head. Dempsey came to his corner a bit wobbly as the gong sounded.

Knocked Down Again.

Round ten—They shook hands in the centre of the ring. Jack floored Tunney again with a left and right to the chin. Gene was up before the timer could start counting. Jack's right smashed into Gene's head again and the water from Jack's hair splashed over the ringside writers. Jack, the tiger, again whaled in with both hands, but Tunney tied him up in a clinch. They paused and as Dempsey dropped his hands, Tunney whipped left and right hooks into the Manassa mauler's face. Gene came in to the attack, ripping both hands to the head while Dempsey appeared to tire. Gene laid him on the ropes but the champion's two-handed attack was a bit wild. Dempsey gave several rights to the body. Gene countered with a left. Badly shaken, Dempsey wobbled about the ring as the bell sounded.

The former champion, still groggy, sparred dizzily after the gong.

* SPECIAL ATTRACTION *
* AT GAIETY THEATRE *

Ken Maynard, undoubtedly one of the most daring of Western stars is seen to splendid advantage in "The Devil's Saddle" is the feature at the Gaiety Friday and Saturday. There are six reels of rather exciting doings in which cowboys and Indians clash at frequent intervals in a story which is rather more complicated than the average of this sort of picture. The hero has a number of narrow escapes from hanging because he is accused of killing a young Indian thus precipitating a war between the red men and the ranchers.

Good Parking Ground

Wilmot Park is again doing duty this year as a parking ground for motorists attending the exhibition and races. At one time yesterday afternoon over a thousand autos were parked there. Close watch is kept on the cars by a policeman.

* PERSONAL MENTION. *

Mr. LeBaron Anderson, of Andover, is here attending the exhibition. John J. McManus of St. John is among the guests of the Barker House.

J. M. Queen of Louisiana is in the city. He is at the Barker House. Miss Blain Whitehead of St. John is at the Barker House today.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Nuter and daughter, Barbara of Sherbrooke, Ont., are at the Barker House.

W. A. Morrison of Norton, is at the Barker House today.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Fudger residents of St. John, are registered today at the Barker House.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. March of St. John are among the guests at the Barker House today.

P. J. Anderson of Lawrence, N. B., is registered at the Barker House. E. R. Leon of Lisbon, Ont., is registered at the Queen Hotel.

J. M. Spear resident of Sussex is among the guests at the Queen.

H. Allison Foster of Montreal is a guest of the Queen today.

G. E. Ainsworth of St. John is in the city today. He is registered at the Queen.

H. B. Manning of St. John is at the Queen today.

J. B. Haycock of St. John is registered at the Queen Hotel today.

W. E. Regan of St. John is registered at the Barker House.

W. T. Fenton is at the Barker House today. He is from St. John.

M. Boone of St. John is registered at the Barker House.

L. H. McMillan of St. John is among the guests of the Barker House today.

F. U. Libby of Moore's Mills is at the Queen today.

Mrs. Arthur White of Moore's Mills is registered at the Queen.

Mrs. Wm. Murray of Moore's Mills is a guest of the Queen.

J. K. Kierstead of Saint John is a guest of the Queen.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunphy of St. John are among the Queen Hotel guests.

W. W. Alward of St. John is in the city. He is registered at the Queen.

FREDERICTON A LOVELY SIGHT FROM THE AIR

(Continued From Page Eight.)

Mr. Folkins is an ex-ace with a good war record behind him. He is a steady and trustworthy flier and few of his passengers have felt sick while in the air. In fact the swings, whip and caterpillar so largely patronized at the exhibition are far more giddy affairs.

A Genuine Thrill.

The take-off of a plane is thrilling. There is a rush of wind that fairly takes one's breath away and a roar of the engine in one's ears that would be deafening, but for the tight helmet strapped under one's chin. The machine runs for a moment on the ground, clears it with a final bump, and goes whirling upwards into the sky. While one is in the air one scarcely realizes it. The movement is smooth and swooping; the rush of the wind from the propeller is terrific.

How it Lands.

Landing is another glorious sensation. The engines grow fainter, there is a feeling of things falling away; fields and trees and houses grow larger and larger until one almost thinks they will be struck by the descending plane. Then the wheels strike, the machine half runs, half flies at a rate of thirty-five or forty miles an hour. It stops. With the ending of the engine's roar the whole world seems silent as death.

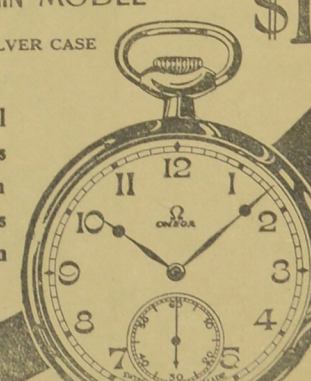
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