

GIANTS OF PAMPAS FAILS TO WEATHER DEMPSEY'S BLOWS

Champion Emerges Victorious
From Most Savage Fight
in History.

BOTH MEN FEARLESS

By FAIR PLAY.
Special to The Advertiser.
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New York, Sept. 15.—Champion of champions—Jack Dempsey. In an 18-foot ring set in the midst of a gathering so stupendous, so weird in its night-time setting of electric lights that it seemed as though it were a scene upon another planet high in the swimming ether, the American champion of the world proved that he is a king indeed.

This was not demonstrated through a marvelous exhibition of boxing of hitting and stopping and getting away. Not a bit of it. This was a fight, a struggle, a desperate with science cast to the winds—two powerful giants battling as men fought before the Marquis of Queensbury was ever heard of or the game had been devised.

It was man to man, strength against strength, heart against heart. Dempsey in the end prevailed, after all who had his interests at heart had begun to fear for him, because in his beautifully geared and modeled body were the elements of destructive force. He needed had he not stand away and measure the irresistible dynamic energy was contained in fists that traveled but a few inches, their mark, and so swift were they that neither Firpo nor the spectators saw them launched. Time after time they went through and the gigantic Firpo with so much of the primitive man in his great hairy body, his sturdy limbs and his head with a head of a head carved out of a block of stone, had not the power to resist them.

For a time he did. Indeed, after he had been knocked down for the fourth time and had rested upon his face while the referee's hand waved over him five times, he scrambled to his feet like a maddened bull. No man could have withstood the fury which he tore into the champion flailing his great right arm as a man would swing a club. Half a more than 30,000 crowd of spectators stood upon their seats and shrieked inarticulately to witness the momentous spectacle, but Dempsey swayed his body to avert the additional blows that rained upon him, retreating to the ropes where Firpo, bleeding from the mouth and nose and the very embodiment of crazy fury followed him belaboring him with that battle-axe right.

Goos Through Ropes.
Suddenly the great fist, driving like a hammer, found lodgment upon Dempsey's jaw, a little high, but dazing in its power. And as it landed Firpo came in with his body. In a flash Dempsey shot through the ropes, legs and hands up, helpless to avoid injury. But unopposed hands caught him and raised him upward so that he could seize the ropes and climb through.

As he appeared in the ring Firpo rushed in and caught Jack another terrific blow. Then and there the champion of the world showed that he had a champion's heart. He did not wilt to the floor. Instead he bowed in keeping close while Firpo's right and left fists shot behind his neck or around his body.

Then the bell. For an instant Dempsey stood as though in an effort to make sure which direction his corner lay, then turning he walked with short, rapid steps to his corner. Jack Kearns, in his white sweater, leaned over him, applying a blue bottle to his nose, while the other seconds fanned him and spoke to him in low tones.

Thought Title Going.
As for Firpo he sat in his corner like a man of bronze. One may believe that the knock down he had sustained had taken enough out of him to render him unable to finish Jack when the chance seemed to exist. Probably that is the fact.

What he thought as he sat there in his corner may not be known, but it is clear what every American thought, and that was that the title was tottering. Dempsey had sent his opponent to the floor after time, and yet at the end the Wild Bull had lived up to his name and had as he had not known since he won the title. The talk was that Firpo could take all Jack could send, would leave him crushed, bleeding, unconscious.

It was strange, awesome, the silence that fell when the gong clanged and the two men walked out to the center of the ring. A low exultation in a hill country rolled up from the multitude, and Dempsey, mindful of the high obligation of champion, panted, who, however, boded not his coming, but rushed to meet the attack.

Knocks Firpo Out.
For a few seconds the two bodies writhed in embrace, and then as Firpo was backing away, Jack's left arm bent in a hook, flashed to Firpo's lightning bolt, went the contender, but up he came, while a sigh was wafted upward like a chilling fog. Another clinch. Again Jack's left hook went to the chin. Firpo's knees sagged. Halfway down, Dempsey hit him with his right.

Down to the floor, hard with all his weight, crashed the stricken Bull. Over he turned upon his back. Out rose some instinct, but he sought to his place just now was on his feet, stood over him, and down moved his arms, while the mighty crowd stood breathless. There came a wave of the referee's white arms, the championship was saved.

Rushing to Firpo, Dempsey lifted him up. Slowly the fallen man conquered, and moved, glaring up at his conqueror. His right hand rose to strike. But it fell helplessly. The Wild Bull of the Pampas had met his matador.

**ESTIMATE 5,000 REFUGEES
HAVE ARRIVED AT KOBE**

Associated Press Despatch.
Osaka, Sept. 15.—The Asahi estimates that up to September 10 approximately 5,013 foreign refugees had arrived at Kobe, many of whom taken passage to their home countries. It is estimated that 1,268 still remain including 445 British.

POSTAL EXHIBIT SHOWS THE VALUE OF TAKING CARE

Staff of Postoffice Clerks Kept
Busy at Fair Teaching How
to Avoid Missent Letters.

INTERESTING BOOTH

It will not be Postmaster T. C. Duncan's fault if the citizens of London do not know how to address and mail their correspondence and parcels correctly.

At the Western Fair, in the Government and Railway Building, is a miniature postoffice, complete to the smallest detail, with a staff of six men, working in two shifts, in charge. This booth, literally covered with instructions to persons who have entered the building, has been a center of attraction to everyone who has entered the building. The men in charge take pains to explain the workings of the service and to tell people just how they should transmit their mail.

Particular emphasis is laid on the necessity for correct addresses, of the person to whom and from whom the mail matter is going. As an illustration of the trouble caused by the neglect of this, a packet of letters, received by the postman, is shown. This show a number of letters which have been laid up at the office for some time, many of them for the reason that they were incorrectly and incorrectly packed and addressed are also used to educate the public.

Household Mail Boxes.
Another thing that is emphasized is the necessity for householders placing mail boxes in their houses, in order that the postman may not delay by ringing the bell and waiting for the door to be opened to him.

"We are trying to educate the public to co-operate with us to the mutual advantage of both the service and the individual," stated the postmaster. "We hope to be able to do away with the dead letter division after a while; that is if the people can be taught the necessity for correct addresses."

During the week the fair has been in progress, the postoffice has been a busy place, six despatches and six receipts being handled daily. A special postmark was made by the government for the sub-office which reads: "Western Fair, London, Canada," and this is used on all mail matter handled there. The average of letters mailed at the grounds is more than 300 per day, while those coming in for delivery runs to about 100 daily. At 6 o'clock mail matter there were but 20 pieces of mail matter waiting to be delivered, this being a mail which had just arrived. Money orders, postal notes, stamps, registration and everything necessary to a complete postoffice has been in use.

DOMINION STEEL ASKS SEVENTEEN MILLIONS

Germany Called To Pay Huge
Sum For Loss of
Vessels.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Montreal, Sept. 14.—Nearly \$17,000,000 is to be asked from Germany by the Dominion Steel Corporation and six of its subsidiary companies and the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company to cover losses sustained by the operation of the Great War, chartered vessels and charter, of substituting requisitioned vessels, losses of contracts and war risk premiums are the headings under which the claims are listed.

Hearing of these claims, the largest aggregate so far of all the Dominion applications of this character, began here today before the Hon. Dr. Wm. Pugsley, commissioner appointed by the government to investigate and report on all Canadian reparation claims.

DENBY ORDERS PROBE OF WRECKS BE PUBLIC

Secretary of U. S. Navy Is
Aroused by Rumors Tinged
With Scandal.

Special to The Advertiser.
Washington, Sept. 15.—Secretary of the Navy Denby today ordered that investigation of the wrecking of a British destroyer flotilla on Point Arguilla be public.

Aroused by rumors and gossip tinged with scandal concerning the cause of the disaster which cost \$7,500,000 and 23 lives, Denby declared the fullest publicity will be given to facts developed at an official inquiry.

He directed that the naval inquiry board hold its sessions publicly instead of privately, as planned.

KINGSTON COUPLE WILL MARK DIAMOND WEDDING

Special to The Advertiser.
Kingston, Sept. 15.—On Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Davis, residents of this city for many years, will celebrate their 60th wedding anniversary. Mr. Davis has lived a remarkable life for some time but many years was engaged here as a photographer, and was widely known and regarded as one of the best photographers in Canada. One daughter, Mrs. Walter Fleming, formerly resided in Ottawa.

All the Theatres

Allen—Today: "Rob Roy," adapted from Sir Walter Scott's novel.
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday: "Main Street," featuring Monte Blue, Florence Vidor, Noah Beery, Harry Myers.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday: A melodrama of the postal service, "Loyal Lives."

Grand—Today, matinee and evening: The Dumbells company present "Cheerio," the new revue featuring Ross Hamilton, Al Plunkett and Stan Bennett.
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday: A comedy, "The Millionaire Show," 21 scenes featuring "Snuffy" Martin, singing and dancing.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday: Bransby Williams and his all-English company in "David Copperfield."

Loew's—Today: Mae Murray in "The French Doll."
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday: "Salome," featuring Jacqueline Logan, George Fawcett, William B. Davidson.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday: King Vidor's production, "Three Wise Fools," with all-star cast. Vaudeville.

Patricia—The Town That Forgot God.
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday: William Farnum in "The Gun-fighter." Vaudeville.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday: Milton Sills supported by Claire Adams in "Legally Dead."

CLAIM ATLANTIC PIRATES SEIZED ALCOHOL CARGO

Canadian Press Despatch.
Digby, N.S., Sept. 15.—James M. Pruer, mate of the schooner Lucille B. which arrived at Metegham a week ago reporting a piratical attack off the Massachusetts coast in which 15,000 gallons of alcohol were said to have been taken off the Lucille B. by seathugs, was arrested here yesterday on information laid by the owners of the schooner, alleging theft.

At least 40 per cent of those who phoned The Advertiser last night were women. The wires were kept hot with anxious queries from the ranks of the fair as to how the battle was progressing. An accom-

modating editor told them it was not progressing—that the savage spark in Cave-Man Firpo's eyes had developed into a glassy stare; in short, that their hero had joined the

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In the eyes of local 19-year-olds, Mr. Firpo, you understand, epitomized all that was to be admired, all that was romantic and virile in the prehistoric Neolithic man. The prospect of an atavistic brute battling for world's pugilistic honors against a pale-faced product of modernity stirred the latent savagery of the females to action. They saw the powerful, unskilled dinosaur-hunter of their dreams achieving glorious victory through the sheer vigor and crushing force of his gleaming body.

They saw the butting bull of Argentine seizing young Mr. Dempsey in his hairy paws and breaking him in two like a match. Their faith in the cave-man must be vindicated.

This morning there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. A son of civilization, an habitué of afternoon teas and moving pictures had shattered their illusions. He had smashed the cave-man so many times and with such ferocity on that prehistoric jaw that cave-man returned to his cave with his tail twisted and his teeth no longer protruding.

Local Flappers Lament Sudden
Fall of Argentine's Caveman
Before Civilized Product.

MANY PHONE "TISER"

When Luis Angel Firpo, Argentine-South "cave-man," fell before the mighty onslaught of Jack Dempsey, the human tiger, last evening, the hearts of thousands of London's "cave-women" fluttered, and several beats were reported to have been missed.

For the outcome of the historical scrap at the Polo grounds last night was keenly disappointing to many local votaries of the bobbed lock and powder puff. The two minutes and fifty-seven odd seconds of furious pummelling, during which the idol of American mammoth tottered under the battering-ram fists of the great Dempsey, were moments of nervous suspense for hundreds of London girls. Advertised as a "cave-man" of old, possessing all the fierce fighting qualities of the flint age, Mr. Firpo had unknowingly become the idol of London femininity. And they wanted to see their "cave-man" emerge from the ordeal with Mr. Dempsey's scalp dangling from his virile shoulders.

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