

Thus was there set up the requisite social barrier.

And while two unhappy dragon-flies and Monsieur Descamps buzzed, Destiny BULKED.

Georges Carpentier was handled and mothered and released for the battle much as a favourite gamecock would be by a feeling breeder. One questioned what he would do when left to stand on his own feet.

He flew at the giant and it was very noble. Of course it was also very foolish. His one chance lay in keeping his distance. Afterward he is quoted to have said he wanted to prove to his American friends that their faith in his courage was not misplaced. He was a little like that other veteran of the world-war who, to prove his manhood, the other day jumped off Brooklyn Bridge. One had thought Carpentier required no such demonstration. Anyhow this was for some of his American friends rather an expense. After a fraction of a moment Carpentier clinched. Those who have seen Dempsey's infighting know what that spelt. So the end began at the beginning.

In the second round, for a moment and a half, Carpentier seemed to contradict Nature. He flew at Goliath with eyes that really did flash cold fire. And he hit too. Altogether he behaved in a fashion we have rightly been taught to consider honourable and French. And watching him step one had the impression there had come loose in the ring some links of chain-lightning. But such things do not feaze Jack Dempsey. For all the effect blows had on that boiler-like person, it might have been the Golem itself. Dempsey did, however, appear interested—much as a fond father might be at blows of a child. And one sensed that the parental mind was made up and that in a little while the boy would be quiet.

The rest of the fight was one long grizzly-like shuffling forward by Dempsey and one long series of futile attacks and pell-mell retreats by Carpentier. The Frenchman was forever backing up against one rope or another. It seemed almost as though the ropes came to him. It was like a very insistent nightmare. Usually in a prize-fight it is of course the weaker fighter who to save himself clinches. But here it was always Dempsey who, chin on chest, eyes intent on his man, pushed forward into a clinch. For each clinch



GEORGE CARPENTIER