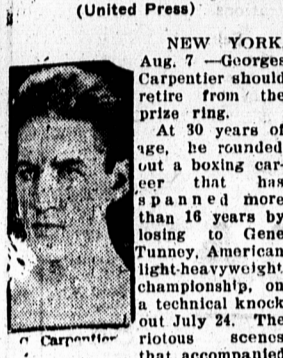




CARPENTIER SHOULD RETIRE FROM RING

The Once Famous French Boxer Now Only Punching Bag For American Light-Heavyweights - He Can Quit With Credit, For His Courage Is Not Disputed



NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—Georges Carpentier should retire from the prize ring. At 30 years of age, he rounded out a boxing career that has spanned more than 16 years by losing to Gene Tunney, American light-heavyweight champion, on a technical knock out July 24. The riotous scenes that accompanied his passing were not to the credit of the game.

But aside from the off-chance that one of his erstwhile powerful right-hand swings would connect on the button and put Tunney out cold, the Frenchman never had a chance to win. The slight of Carpentier serving as a punching-bag for our light-heavyweights is not a pleasant one. Yet that is about all he is good for.



Gene Tunney

The Frenchmen claimed he was fouled in the 14th round, and the United Press correspondent, at the ringside directly in front of where the fighters were struggling, thought that a vicious left hook of Tunney's, the hardest blow struck during the bout, landed a little low.

Georges exclaimed with pain as the champion's glove smacked home, and sank writhing to the canvas. Tunney, with a look of disgust on his face, made no further attempt to strike his opponent, but walked to his corner, muttering disapprovingly.

Sport Notes

The most remarkable thing about the uprisings of the Red Sox is that no bright young reporter has yet referred to Lee Fohl as a miracle man.

A parachute performer jumped 22,500 feet and lived. Now he'll have to do the darned thing all over again.

A German runner lost his trousers in the Olympic steeplechase. Do they decide those things on a strip poker basis, too?

One look at the averages convinces you Goslin of the Washingtons is no lame duck at bat.

Firpo has given Tex Rickard his word that he will fight in August. It is said to be the first thing the good senior ever gave anybody.

Perhaps it's just as well that Gibbons didn't knock out the Frenchman, then he'd have to fight Dempsey again.

It takes another guy's smartness to bring out your dumbness. Remember that the next time you're caught off second.

Benny Leonard says the plaudits of the theatre fans are sweet music to his ears, but the groaning and clanking of the fight turnstiles are, we suppose, even sweeter.

What good does it do to make both ends meet? The contention can and theatregoers won't even stay for his act.

Our idea of the millennium is a bit foggy but any proposition about having eight pennant winners in one league will answer the purpose.

Mr. Huggins admits the Yankees are shot but neglects to say with what.

Heilmann blames his batting slump on a small pox treatment. In other words, the doctors, not the pitchers, made him look sick.

How They Stand

AMERICAN LEAGUE			
	W.	L.	Pc.
HOW THEY STAND			
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
	W.	L.	Pc.
New York	60	46	56.6
Detroit	58	48	55.8
Washington	57	49	53.8
St. Louis	55	48	53.4
Chicago	50	53	48.5
Cleveland	50	55	47.6
Boston	44	59	42.7
Phila.	43	61	41.3
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
	W.	L.	Pc.
New York	68	36	64.7
Pittsburgh	56	43	56.6
Chicago	56	46	54.9
Brooklyn	54	49	52.4
Cincinnati	55	51	51.9
St. Louis	43	59	42.2
Phila.	40	60	40.0
Boston	38	64	37.2

Long knitted coats for summer come in white and in all the vivid sport shades. They are perfectly straight as to line but some have him from punishment, and was actually forcing the fighting in the

WHY ENGLAND HAS SUCH FEW CHAMPIONS

(By G. Ward Price.)
Though the Olympic Games, which I have been watching the past week in Paris, are not yet over, it is already clear that the United States will carry off the world's athletic honors with Great Britain, despite one or two brilliant victories, a long way behind.

If this proves to be the case, the inevitable grumbles that we are dropping into decadence will be quite unjustified. The plain fact is that the Britons have to face, in athletic as well as in social competition, is not that we have receded, but that our rivals have come on.

A generation ago we were certainly pre-eminent both in sport and manufacture. But those were days when there was but little foreign competition in former legitimate satisfaction in our methods—something, admittedly, by improving upon them—that the rest of the world has caught up with us.

As a sporting nation, we still have the credit of being all-round enough, and good enough, to go on playing the best that the world can bring against us at every sport without exception. Whether we win or lose is of little importance by comparison.

Instead of drawing gloomy conclusions from the complaint that "the Americans are always beating us up sportsways," it is reasonable to remember that with a population two and a half times as large as our own, they have that much greater chance of producing champions, and that, while the United States appear in the Olympic Games as a single contestant, the British Empire sends teams from each Dominion, as well as from the Mother Country. These compete against each other, but all their successes properly belong to the British flag.

With regard to track athletics, which form the most important part of the Olympic Games, the United States is in a specially favorable position. Her great wealth enables her to maintain a widespread system of State high schools and universities, generously endowed by local legislatures or private benefactors.

The proportion of young Americans who complete their education at these institutions is much higher than that of British youths who go on to a university. But the end of the 'teens and the outset of the twenties is just the time that the first-class athlete is made, and with characteristic lavishness the Americans have supplied their numerous universities with the best equipment obtainable in the way of running tracks and trainers.

Another reason for Britain's comparatively modest showing in the games explains why Finland, whose population is as tiny as that of the United States is vast (3,800,000), stands so high above us in Olympic honors.

It is that the taste of British youth has for a generation past been turning from track athletics to sports more interesting and sociable. Unlike the Americans, the Finn competitors are not specialists selected from a vast reserve, and intensely trained with every advantage of coaching and equipment that money can provide. Finland, that "country of a thousand lakes," with a Northern climate that hardens sinew and nerve, has a people of sturdy peasants, whose sole distraction is athletics.

The entire little State has no other recreation; village centres with village at village and track sports, as our own do at football, and practice from earliest boyhood combines with a hardy stock and the simplest of daily fare to produce a race of fair-haired champions selected from a vast reserve, and intensely trained with every advantage of coaching and equipment that money can provide.

59TH ANNUAL PRIZE MEETING OF P. E. I. RIFLE ASS. COMPLETED YESTERDAY

The 59th annual prize meeting of the P. E. I. Rifle Association was completed yesterday and it was in all respects a most successful one. The number of competitors was the largest since 1914 and the amount of prize money distributed was also the largest.

Excellent weather conditions prevailed and the convenience of an Armourer on the ranges to correct any faults in rifles was much appreciated. The officials—secretary, range officer, markers and register keepers and also the statistical branch gave the utmost satisfaction to all competitors. The result was a smooth perfect running meeting and one that will be looked back on with pleasure by those who took part in it.

The prize money was distributed yesterday was the largest of the three days and included the Moore and McLeod Ltd. Match 10 shots at 300 yards, the second stage of the MacDonald Brier Match, 7 shots each at 300 and 600 yards and the Ladies Challenge Trophy Match.

The Moore and McLeod Match was won by L. Bell with a score of 46 out of a possible of 50. Sgt. G. R. Beer and Sgt. M. Carver and G. Mac Donald each made 45 points. The lowest score to figure in the prize list in this match was 38 points.

The MacDonald Brier Match was completed at 3.30 p.m. The first range of the second stage, 7 rounds at 300 yards was fired in the morning and the 600 yards in the afternoon. There was tremendous interest and very keen competition in this match as it is the big money match.

As mentioned before the MacDonald Tobacco Company contributed \$500 towards it. They are the makers of MacDonald Brier Tobacco and British Consul Cigarettes and are keen on the encouragement of rifle shooting. Their generous gift has stimulated interest in a very marked degree in this province and their match is one that every ambitious rifleman strives to win.

The Ladies Challenge Trophy which is a handsome piece of silverware towards which 36 ladies of Charlottetown and vicinity have contributed is shot for by the 36

Major W. E. Smith fired the rounds ordered and is therefore according to local decision entitled to the medal.

The Ladies Challenge Trophy which is a handsome piece of silverware towards which 36 ladies of Charlottetown and vicinity have contributed is shot for by the 36

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Abbies and L. of C. Will Practice This Evening At 6.00

Abegweits and L. of C. baseball teams will have a joint practice this evening at 6 o'clock. All ball players are requested to be on hand—Come along and make the work out a big one.

Sad Ending of Woman Gambler

(By Dominion News Service)
LONDON, August, 8.—Wealth, a pleasant life in a Thames Valley village, travel, marriage, the gaming tables of Monte Carlo, poverty, and death sketch briefly the life story of a Mrs. Leveson-Browne, who was found dying from the effect of veronal poisoning on the cliffs at Budleigh Salterton, Devonshire, a month ago.

It was only a few days ago, after exhaustive inquiries by the police, that her history was disclosed. When the woman, elderly and shabbily dressed, was found on the cliffs there was nothing to indicate her identity. Then the police discovered a scrap of paper with the address "Blenheim, St. Margaret's."

She was the widow of Mr. J. G. Brown, of Bombay, but at St. Margaret's, near Twickenham, she was better known as Miss C. A. Lermite, the niece of a Mrs. Jennings lived at Blenheim, and Miss Lermite, then an orphan of about 20, went to live there in the early '70s.

She spent a merry girlhood there and developed into an attractive woman. Then Mrs. Jennings died. There was no shortage of money, but Miss Lermite seemed to grow tired of entertaining. About this time people associated with her noticed that she was strange at times. "Just," said one who knew her intimately, "as if she had been taking drugs or drinking heavily."

"She joined a woman's club in London," this friend told a reporter, "and spent a lot of her time there, sleeping at Blenheim only two or three nights a week. About five years ago she decided to travel and went out to India. She came back after about 18 months as Mrs. Leveson-Browne, and told me that she had married in Bombay. But that her husband had died after six months."

"She decided to sell Blenheim, and when she found a purchaser she brought three large trunks to me and asked me to take care of them while she went abroad. She went to Monte Carlo, and there, I know, lost heavily at the tables, because she showed me her accounts."

"About five months ago she came back to St. Margaret's and told me: 'I am ruined. I want to get one or two things out of my boxes so that I can raise money.' She took some things away, including old-fashioned jewellery which I understood were heirlooms she had received from her great-aunt, a peeress. She also borrowed money, promising to repay it."

"A little later she turned up again more distressed than ever, and decided to sell her last lot of shares. These realised about £60. She returned the money she had borrowed, and then said she was going down to Folkestone. The next I heard was that she had found dying in Devonshire," was the account.

PRESIDENT OF AMERICAN COMMITTEE STOUTLY DEFENDS GREAT OLYMPIAD

(United Press)
NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—Returning from the Olympic Games, the fine old sportsman, Colonel Robert M. Thompson, president of the American Olympic Committee, defies attacks upon the international contests.

"I look upon the Paris Olympiad as the greatest achievement in sport ever known," he said, "defying the fact that the question of the advisability of holding the games should ever be raised. It will be recalled that at the conclusion of the meeting in Paris, many critics, sports writers and athletes expressed the opinion that the Olympic Games were breeding discord. They cited unfortunate and unpleasant incidents at Colombes, Argenteuil and Les Tourelles in which let it be said without fear of contradiction, poor sportsmanship was shown by French spectators."

To these critics, Colonel Thompson replies that it was mob spirit, not popular feeling, which was evoked on those occasions. He reminded us that on occasions we have the same thing in this country. Our baseball games are often the scenes of disgraceful rioting—one recalls a deplorable example of this at Detroit during a game between the Yankees and the Tigers—while in other branches of sport the spectators have shown

good sportsmanship. Just as the city of Detroit would resent having its good name blackened by the actions of thoughtless fans, so are the French entitled to regret the incidents at Paris, while not accepting blame for them.

All the poor sportsmanship shown at Paris was not confined to the spectators by any means. There were fights and bits and threats of mobbing and all manner of things that crop up in the heat of athletic conflict.

These unpleasant things are inconspicuously viewed as retrospect, Colonel Thompson assures us. "Everything taken into consideration, he says, France did quite well. What is more important than finding excuses for our hosts, however, is the firm conviction in the colonel's mind that our men and women gained much from association with fellow athletes from all parts of the world.

One thing favored by Colonel Thompson in common with other critics of the Olympic Games is immediate reduction of the program to reasonable limit eliminating many of the events. Standardization of the rules governing the others is another necessity, he believes. Competitors frequently were handicapped by their absence of standardization.

Admittedly everyone who came back from Paris this summer favored revision and reduction.

TEMPERAMENT OF A RUNNER

By H. W. ABRAHAMS.
Winner of the Olympic 100 Metres Championships.)
Considerable doubt has been expressed in some quarters as to the value of the Olympic Games for the promotion of international good feeling. Among the athletes undoubtedly they do promote good feeling, and, further, it may be confidently asserted that there is one common experience or bond between all, or almost all, competitors at the Games—that curious psychological phenomenon known as "getting the wind up." I say "almost all," because I have watched one runner at these games—P. Nurmi of Finland—who appears to display none of the signs characteristic of athletic competitions. Possibly the knowledge of his terrible superiority inspires such confidence as totally eclipses any anxiety or uncertainty.

What is this "wind up"? There are two kinds. One form consists of a perfectly natural excitement—a suppressed tension to get at the best of the best in an animal. But sometimes, coupled with this, is a kind of morbid anxiety—a feeling of defeat, of disgrace, and of "doing one's best," often almost a moral certainty that one will not be able to move a muscle, and then, when the pistol goes, one will be glued to the ground unable to run.

This morbid anxiety becomes less with experience, but it is always there. It is probably more acute in a distance runner than in a sprinter or a field event performer. The former has to employ judgment and tactics, and he always feels he may lose a race through bad generalship. The latter has only to reproduce something which he has been practicing in detail for weeks and months. The sprinter should become an entire individualist in his race. He should not concern himself with his opponent at all. In the semi-final at Paris I did a very stupid thing which nearly lost me the race. I saw a runner on my right move slightly. The pistol went. I thought that might be a recall—took my mind right off the work at hand, and started badly as a result. It is impossible to properly do two things at once. Keep your mind on the job in hand, in a hundred yards race "Chest is premier pas qui compte."

It is curious how superstitious creeps into one's mind before a race, however much one may try to ridicule the possibility of good luck or bad luck. I was told some time ago by a palmarist that my lucky number was four. Well, this is the year 1924, which ends up in 4, and is divisible by 4, and adds up to 16, which is the square of 4. That seemed a pretty good start. My number in the Games was 419, which adds up to 14. Our dressing room was number 4. The race was run on the seventh day of the seventh month—14 again—and, strange as all I drew number 4 as my position in the race.

Before the final, my trainer said, "Only think of two things—the report of the pistol and the tape. When you hear the one, just run like hell till you break the other."

One cannot remember much about that brief eleven seconds. Only: "Get to your mark"—"Set"—a loud bang—the supreme feeling of running just a tiny bit faster than others, and, gradually, centimetre by centimetre, drawing away. The tape! It is over!

VOLLEY BALL

Dunstaffnage—Florence Stewart, (captain); Mrs. Ethel MacPhee, Marguerite Terrell, Georgina Thompson, Ruby Stewart, Mamie Vessey; Wallace Stewart, (linesman.)
During the second and third games substitutes replaced several members of the regular Dunstaffnage team. The games were ably refereed by Mr. Roland Philipson, of Dunstaffnage, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators.

After the play the Marshfield team and their friends were entertained at the home of the president of the opposing club, Miss Winifred Lane, where refreshments were served by the club, after which a short while was spent most enjoyably in dancing and games.

Side aprons, cut circular as well as pleated, are noticed on some of the newest imports.

Young Golfers Look Good This Year

(United Press)
NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—Watch out for the youngsters in the amateur golf championship, which will be played next month at Philadelphia.

The competition is going to be stiffer for some of the old timers than ever before. Francis Oulmet, too many of us who are still reasonably young regard increasing girth and shortening breath as the inevitable development of time, whereas they are nothing but direct fruits of sloth.

There was an athlete one day in the arena at Colombes, who, though he wore a grey flannel suit instead of running-kit, seemed to me to embody the right ideal of the true benefits to be derived from sport, even better than did the American and Finnish world record-breakers around him.

That athlete was our Prince of Wales. I had heard him at the British Olympic Association's dinner the night before speaking of himself as "passionately devoted to outdoor sports," and urging that everything should be done to spread the taste for them among the youth of the world, because sport would "teach them the rules of every game, and especially the great game of life."

The generalization of physical exercise, rather than the cultivation of a few champions, is what the Prince urges on his fellow-countrymen. If the multitude of sedentary Britons whose interest in sports is still limited to watching them could be induced to take up athletics themselves, it would be a better thing for the country than if we swept the board at the Olympic Games.

POINTS

Major W. E. Smith	352
Staff Sgt. F. G. Kennedy	348
S. Moore	346
P. Hooper	344
A. G. Coles	339
Sgt. G. McDonald	335
Capt. A. S. Robertson	335
Major J. C. McDonald	334
Sgt. A. J. McCabe	333
Col. D. A. MacKinnon	333
Sgt. G. R. Boer	331
Sgt. J. S. Moore	330

(Continued on Page 3)

Jesse Guilford, "Chick" Evans, and Bob Gardiner are going to find it no cinch to remain in until the closing rounds, as they always were wont to do.

Jess Sweetser and Max Marston were taken the cup successfully the past two years, with the veterans closely bunched in the final brackets.

This year there is a considerable crop of youngsters who warrant consideration.

J. B. Crookston, who captained Penn State's golf team, is one to be reckoned with. Crookston defeated Marston, and Fownes, in play for the Pennsylvania State championship.

James Manion is another. This youth is rated as one of the best match players in the middle west. Recently he beat "Chick" Evans for the western amateur title.

Bobby Jones, who must be classed as a veteran, although a little more than a youngster, will have his work cut out for him if he survives the early rounds.

Play this year will be over the excellent course of the Merion Cricket Club. In conformity to the current idea of what a modern golf course should be like, the holes will be long, long holes.

This factor, a comparatively new one in golf, works out in favor of the newcomers. The youngsters have the strength and stamina.

Oulmet and Evans tire more easily. They can play as good golf today as when in their golfing prime, but they can't sock 'em as far without extra effort. And in the amateur championship, with a course measuring around 7,000 yards, the conditions of play requiring a couple of rounds daily for the better part of a week, strength is a mighty important factor.

But the modern tendency towards longer courses is pointing to the serving of youth, unless, as many hope, we get a lighter golf ball, with a correspondingly longer carry.

"What did her father settle on her when she married."

"All the rest of the family."

The amount of money an undergraduate's father has is not of much importance. What counts is the amount of father's money the undergraduate has.

not true in every instance, because 'Nobby Jones still has his full strength, and Jesse Guilford was still the "siege gun" when the crowding in of a new crop of kids had made his a veteran.

But the modern tendency towards longer courses is pointing to the serving of youth, unless, as many hope, we get a lighter golf ball, with a correspondingly longer carry.

Marshfield vs. Dunstaffnage Girls.

The first of the series of friendly games between the girls of the above mentioned teams took place the evening of August 6th, on the beautiful outdoor court at Dunstaffnage. Three games were played, the result being 2-1 in favor of Marshfield.

The scores were 15-8, 15-0 and 3-15.

The following was the line-up—Marshfield—Charlotte Munn (captain); Mrs. Lea Mill, Ena Stewart, Jean Munn, Jessie Jenkins, Frances Munn; Hector Jenkins, (linesman.)

Side aprons, cut circular as well as pleated, are noticed on some of the newest imports.

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