

V A N I T Y F A I R

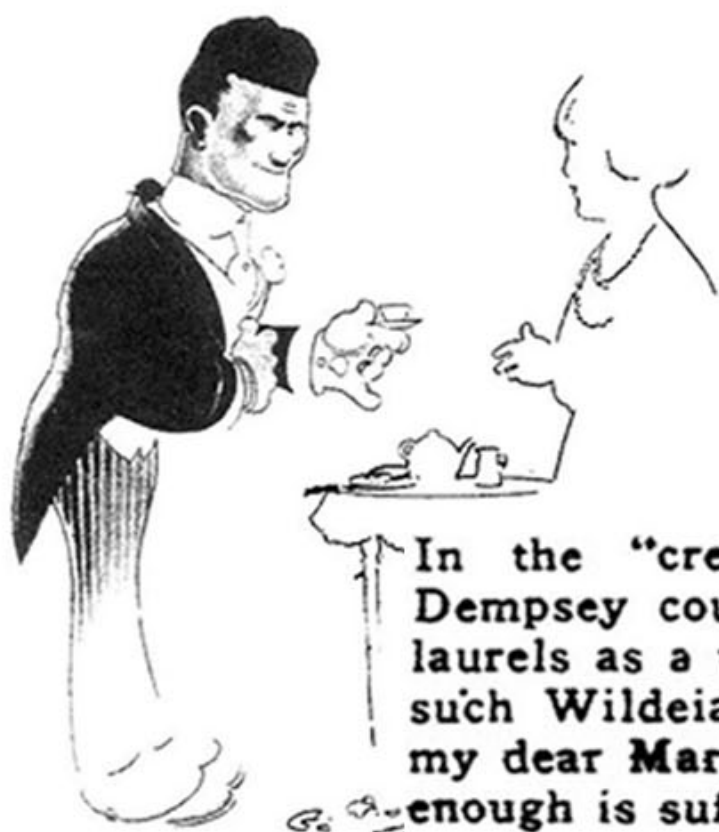
1919

Jack Dempsey Among the Thespians

THE referee of a championship prize-fight has scarcely time to complete the count of ten over the prostrate hulk of the late champion, before the new incumbent steps from the roped arena and tells the world that, as his fighting days are over, he is going on the stage. It is the old and more or less time honoured story—commercialism before art.

Jack Dempsey, being a staunch upholder of pugilistic tradition, has concluded to affix his signature to a theatrical contract—and so we make bold to suggest a few rôles of sufficient variety to give full scope to his histrionic versatility; and any member of the Actor's Equity Association who calls him a scab will know how Willard felt.

Dempsey would be at his best in heavy, tragic dramas of the "John Ferguson" type, for he could lend a distinct air of authority to the stock speech: "The slate must be wiped clean; this fiend in human form must do the right thing by our Hannah; or, by the heavens, I'll knock him cold"



In the "cream-or-lemon" school of drama, Dempsey could make John Drew look to his laurels as a tea-cup acrobat and interpreter of such Wildeian epigrams as: "Thank you no, my dear Marchioness; no more tea at present; enough is sufficiency, and all that sort of thing"

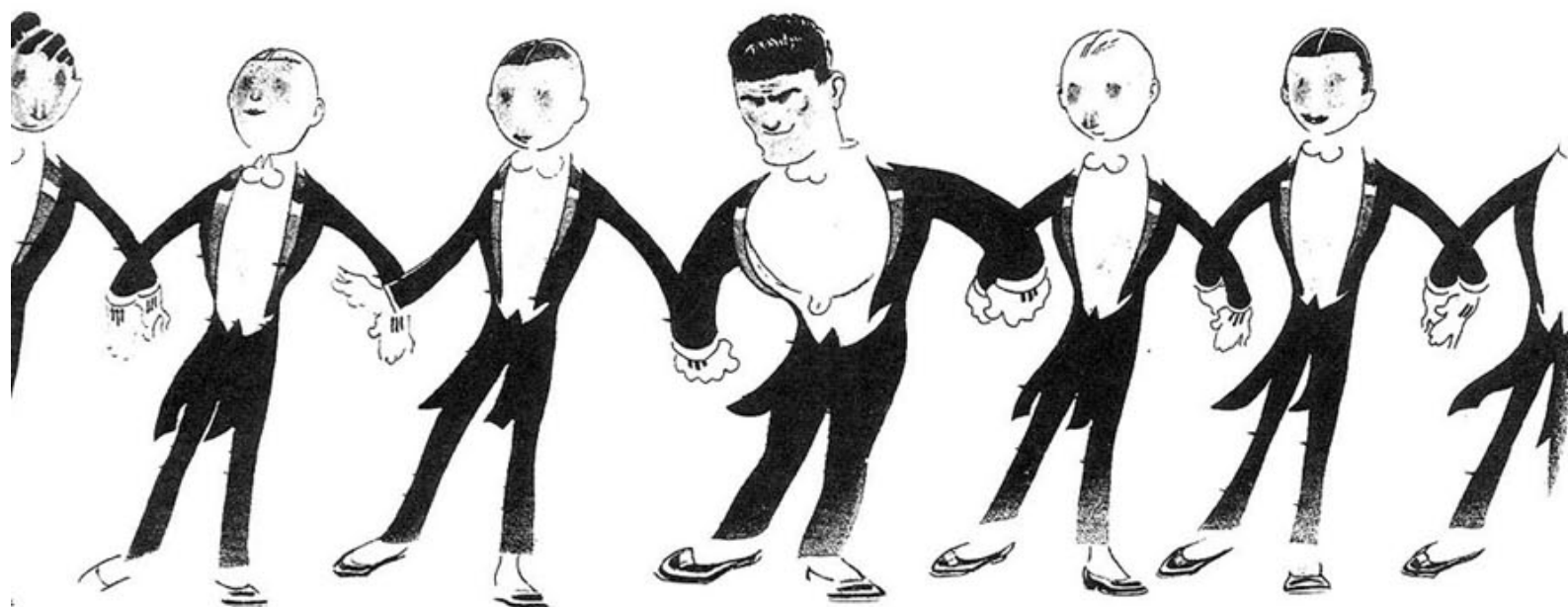
The world's champ seems peculiarly fitted by environment and training to appear in romantic dramas, like "The Jest," of the Italian Renaissance period—with speeches in this vein: "When the dawn with rosy fingers parts the velvet curtain of the night, I will adorn my delicate limbs with soft silken fabrics, and steal lightly to her chamber"



D e m ² p s e y



Mr. Dempsey could name his own salary were he to essay one of those Julian Eltinge rôles—in which the young hero, inspired by his success as a female impersonator in college dramatics, dons a Paquin gown and vamps the alien enemy villain to his doom



Should Dempsey ever become a chorus man, it is an easy bet that his co-workers in the ensemble would have to take a course in the Swoboda system or else appear to a distinct disadvantage. For instance, suppose that Dempsey happened to stray from the key while the boys were singing "She's more than a Swee-tee to me" and Harold La Tour—the lad at the extreme left with the permanent waves—should harshly take him to task—no! It is unthinkable. When positions are offered in the male chorus, bantamweights only need apply; the 13¾ collar and the 32 chest must continue to reign supreme

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MOTION PICTURE

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Jack Dempsey to Appear in Film

Toppler of Jess Willard to Pose For
Camera on Coast According to

Frank P. Spellman

TAKING cognizance of the saying that to the victor belongs the spoils, Jack Dempsey who some months ago pained firm believers in the unconquerable might of size by disposing of big Jess Willard in a few hectic rounds, thereby acquiring the world's heavyweight fistic crown, is shortly to disport himself in the glare of the Cooper-Hewitts.

Of late Dempsey has been the attraction with the Sells Floto Circus, thereby following in the footsteps of his defeated opponent. A few weeks before the footlights convinced the young title holder he was not cut out to follow vaudeville.

Now Frank P. Spellman, well-known circus and carnival showman, declares he represents Dempsey and his manager, Jack Kearns, and states he is arranging for the appearance of the champion in pictures. Mr. Spellman visited the NEWS office prior to departing for the Coast. Beyond the bare statement that Jack would edify screen followers in the future he refused to divulge further details.

Late newspaper dispatches relate that Dempsey has suffered an accident while with the circus in the Middle West, and is at present hobbling around on crutches.

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