# HOW 'JEM' BELCHER WAS WHIPPED, NOT DEFEATED

John Jackson did not appear again in the ring after his defeat of Mendoza and his accession to the champienship, but held the title for five years through lack of a claimant to ft. He became the most famous of the contemporary "professors" of the science and his rooms in Old Bond street formed the rendezvous for the athletically inclined among men of rank and wealth. Byron was among his pupils, a list of whom have included one-third of the pearage of the time, and for more than twenty years he upheld the standing and reputation of the sport.

In 1800 the remarkable victories of "Jem". Belcher, "the Bristol Youth," made him the logical successor to the champienship. His several fights with "Joe" Berks left him without a competitor until "Hen" Pearce, "the Game Chicken," came to the front through his terrific battle with John Gully. In 1805 Belcher received an injury to one eye while playing at rackets and announced his retirement. Pearce, who had also defected Berka, was thus in line for the title, but Belcher reconsidered his decided to hold his laurels.

The ring was staked out on the turf, a traditional stage for pugilism. It was 20 feet square to prevent crowding and hindering. In support of a custom which had recently found favor the partisans of Pearce showed blue silk handkerchiefs with white spots. Friends of Belcher wore the little yellow striped flag which the champion had adopted some years before as his emblem.

The combatants were driven over from the Blue Bell Inn, Barnby Moor, and arrived about 11 oclock under a chill gray sky. At half-past twelve the arrangements had been completed and they climbed through the ropes. Pearce was seconded by "Will" Ward, with "Bill" Gibbons as his bettleholder. "Joe" Ward and "Dick" Whale per-

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Belcher, angrily. Fletcher Reid regarded the champion doubtfully, pen polsed above pa-per. Belcher was walking the floor the sole occupants of the public room of the Jolly Browers, Wardour street, Scho, where the pugilist had been mine host for two years,

"Think again, Jem," said Mr. Reid you would befriend him and ald him to another fight with Berks. He is your fellow townsman and the best in the fields. Here is your chance to retire gracefully." "Til fight him myself," said Belcher,

his friend. "No," said Mr. Reid. "I thought only of you. You have earned your laurels and the right man to rest on them. But if you are determined I'll back you for 500 guineas, for well I know ing a defiance on his lips.

Pearce could never stand to you, though you have but one eye."

In a defiance on his lips.

Falling on guard, the boxers sparred for an opening. Belcher led off with a

Pearce could never stand to you, though you have but one eye."

"Let be about my eye!" cried Beicher again, fushing. "Danged if I can pass the time of day without having it shoved at me. I'll show some of these chaps. I'm past done yet no not it. chaps. I'm not done yet; no, not if I was to be blind. Put down for your 500 guineas, then, and the time to be

within two months, pay or play."

Two days later Pearce himself came to the Jolly Brewers, accompanied by Captain Halliday, his backer. He walked up to Belcher and confronted him directly.

"Is this a way to treat an old friend?" asked Pearce. "Look now, Jem, I never thought to mill a bout with thee except by way of good feeling."

"Do you mean you won't fight then?" asked Belcher.
"No," said Pearce, stoutly. "But I

"No," said Pearce, stoutly. "But I mean its unkindly like."

"He means he would never have sought to dispute the title with you," interrupted Halliday, coming to the aid of the puglist. "And I must say the sentiment does him credit. You deliberately withdrew, Belcher, and encouraged Pearce here to come up to London and establish his claim to the championship. Now you jump out of retirement and challenge him. He has no wish to fight you, with your game eye."

eye."

Belcher went crimson. "There it is now. My eye again!" he cried. "Always it's 'Poor Belcher, he's lost his life." he more. He done eye. He'll fight no more.' Be done with all that. Do you fight or not?"

Pearce looked at his old comrade and patron sorrowfully, shaking his head. "It's a pity, Jem. But if needs must have it I'll fight, of course. Cap-tain Halliday is ready to cover the 500

"Then say no more of it." returned Belcher, roughly. "Now we want no interference. We'll find the place 150 miles from London. Will you toss?" They tossed a coin and Belcher won. "I'll send thee word of the time and place within two weeks," he said. And so the matter rested.

Ready to Fight.

The news of a meeting between the champion and "the Game Chicken" stirped sporting circles next day. It had been formally announced that Belcher had given up all idea of continuing the c cher had given up all idea of contin-ning in the ring after his unfortu-nate accident and the turn of events came as a surprise. Opinion was di-vided, for there were some who he-lieved that Jem had lost none of his prowess in losing part of his sight, But many thought that he had made a mistake and were not backward in saying so. saying so.

Belcher himself breathed defiance

when the affair was mentioned in his presence. Reference to his handicap made him furlous. He was distinctly one of the type of pugilist which is constitutionally unable to feel or rec-ognize the slightest inferiority. To him ognize the slightest inferiori the battle was already won expression of doubt as to the on, and the expression of doubt as to the outcome had no effect but one of irritation.

Born in 1781, Belcher had gained the title at the age of 21 years, after a rise of unprecedented rapidity and brilliance. He was now only 24 logically in the height of his powers. The loss of his eye had temporarily depressed him, but had no effect on the man's moral courage and stamina in the slightest. Acting on a passing impulse, he had consented to step aside from his position, but the suspicion that he could not hold it now that he wished to could find no lodgment in wished to could find no lodgment in his mind.

Beicher was a natural fighter, en-Beicher was a natural fighter, endowed with the physical and mental qualities that bring success in the ring, and had been able to master the best of men of the time with little or no training. On his mether's side he was a grandson of the redoubtable "Jack" Slack, second champion of the world and conqueror of the great Broughton. It was part of his heritage to de battle and to win. Defeat was Broughton. It was part of his heritage to de battle and to win. Defeat was something he had never learned. To his dying day defeat remained some-thing that he never learned. The word

matched him for the fights that brought him his reputation. He had carned his cognomen of "The Game Chicken" through the great resolution and agilty he displayed in the ring; possibly, also, as a play upon his nickname of

"Hen."

Pearce chose a small common about three miles from Barnby Moor and nine miles from Doncaster as the place of meeting. It was the required 150 miles from London, a precaution made necessary by recent difficulty with the authorities over the holding of public prize rights. Here several hundred enthusiasts gathered on Friday, December 1997.

and they climbed through the ropes. Pearce was seconded by "Will" Ward with "Bill" Gibbons as his bettleholder "Joe" Ward and "Dick" Whale performed like services for Belcher. The fighters immediately stripped and ad-"Dang it, put down as I say and let be with yapping about my eye," said Belcher, angrily.

#### In the Ring.

The gladiators presented a magnifiper. Belcher was walking the floor cent picture of manly strength and in some agitation. The two men were grace. The champion was five feet eleven and a half inches in height, weightg about 170 pounds. His figure was slender and of such fine propor-tions and mould that he had frequently been called the Apollo of the ring. He followed Mendoza's style closely in "You sent Pearce word that attitude and tactics, relying upon great awiffness of action, a clever guard and an effective right drive.

Pearce was about five feet nine inches in height, of a stocky and muscu-lar build. In appearance he resem-bled "Tom" Johnson, and, like that "Til fight him myself," said Belcher, hard-hitting champion, possessed great with decision. "Since beating Gully strength and endurance. He was cap-

with decision. "Since beating Gully be swaggers it and Berks could never pull him down."

"Jealousy, ch?" commented the other, smiling.

"Will you back me? Is it fear Till lose keeps you holding off?" asked Belcher, coming to a stop in front of this friend.

Belcher, coming to a stop in front of this friend. His fighting expression was a smile and his nighting expression was a sinie and his gayety was no affectation, for the man rejoiced in the sport and his pro-ficiency. The sight of his adversary stung him like a tonic, and he sprang to the handclasp with a word of greet-

> feint and sent in a tap with his left, but Pearce was not to be tempted. They circled slowly, giving an exhibi-tion of fast and skilful work that brought roars of applause from the spectators. Pearce seemed to be cautious and a trifle uncertain, standing rather on the defensive. The chamrather on the defensive. The champion maneuvered in conquering style, forcing the pace and warming to his work in a way that cheered his friends mightily. If he bore himself like a master it was because he felt himself to be one. He had feared no ill resuts from his eye and could not find that it inconvenienced him in the least. Noting "the Chicken's" caution, he decided upon a spurt of aggression that should bring him an immediate and decisive advantage. Sparring lightly, he feinted thrice with his right at the body. Pearce covered easily, but after the third feint the champion drove in with a swift right-hander that passed with a swift right-hander that passed over Pearce's guard and landed heavily above his right eye and drew the crimabove his right eye and drew the crimson. The blow staggered Pearce for an
> instant, but he came back with good
> will and swung savagely with his left.
> Belcher warded, but was able only to
> break the blow, not deflect it. Pearce
> followed up by rushing in and closing.
> This department of the game had
> been the champlon's pet study and he
> welcomed the grips. They struggled
> desperately, spinning against the ropes desperately, spinning against the ropes and back to the center. Here Pearce slipped his thigh over for a cross but-

supporters in the first ranks and planned a campaign of brisk and pre-cise hitting that should bring the other

down in short order.

At the clapse of the half minute he advanced as quickly as before and had no sooner fallen on guard than he launched himself into one of his triphammer attacks that had intimidated and crushed many a formidable enemy. He was all over "the Chicken" from the start, and Pearce gave ground doggedly and warlly. Beating down the other's guard with smashing blows, the champion found an opening and swung in to the face, cutting Pearce's check open. He followed the advantage flercely, landing again on the took Pearce fairly on the point of the chin and all but floored him. "The Chicken" was game and met the charge vigorously, but was no match for Belche it, and Pearce, to save himself the gruel-ling punishment, rushed forward to a clinch.

## Watching the Point.

claive blows. As they struggled he twisted suddenly and disengaged, dancing away for renewed fist work. Pearce was equally ready and met him knee to knee, slugging blow for blow manfully. Lunging in he swept Belcher's guard aside and whirled a crashing right hander to the law. Belcher saw it and caught up his arm. He was quick enough, but again erred in the direction and felt part of the force of the terrific blow. Pearce had put himself so heartily behind the defined price of the champion stepped in smartly. But Pearce was able to stop the jolt and in the rally got one, two to the ribs with full steam behind them. This checked Belcher and Pearce made dexterous use of the opportunity. He feinted for a drive, then closed, and catching the champion swiftly threw him to the surface. The cut over his eye received in the first round gave him a deal of trouble and his face had been further slashed, while his body showed raw wells where Belcher's tough fists had found him. The champion's wonderful guarding had protected him, but his wind was tried and he found the half minute respite most welcome. He was clated at the execution he had done and felt confident that he had the situation in his hands. Meanwhile bets had risen to six to four on "the Chicken."

At the opening of the bird round Belcher was rather surprised when Pearce was ploud the limitation. He took the initiative without hesitation. He



HAMPION Fought His Last Great Fight with

MODESTI STEIN

when an adversary was so ready to clinch. He counted that some of his earlier blows had left their effect upon "the Chicken" and that it could not be long now before he had the fight all his own way. He added that another blow to the forehead would make them oven as to sight for the last two rounds. Beliber rown determined the last two rounds. would make them even as to sight, for Pearce would be blind of an eye. Pearce led off the fourth round as he

Twice "the Chicken" seemed to have found his chance and launched a tremenat the tricks. The champion got home dous drive, but Belcher was out of dista thumping drive to the ribs, duplicated ance each time. The champion showed what stuff he was made of in this round and brought all his skill into play, jolted in with some stiff body pun and again out Pearce about the head taking receipts, however, in the form of several swings that he stopped with his face. He fought away from clinches, But Jem was not sure that the grip was welcome at this point. He was minded to leave his mark upon the other in this round and to sap him with dering the blows. As they struggled he Belcher put forth all his powers to shift be wearlt of the struggle, but his opthe result of the struggle, but his op-

sailpped his thigh over for a cross but took. Belcher failed to see the move his billed side and he to more the grained to the see that move his billed side and he to more the grained to the see that move his billed side and he to more the grained to the first ranks and the packed see the move his billed side and he to more the grained to the first ranks and the packed and the p strength.

Again on his second's knee Belcher was still smiling and cheerful. He explained to Ward in an undertone that he must try to anchor his feet more firmly in the wrestling, but that it was a good sign when an adversary was so ready to clinch. He counted that some of his earlier blows had left their effect more 'line Chicken'. Closed again. Bellad left their effect more 'line Chicken'.

> the last two rounds. Belcher now deter-mined to put forth every endeavor to win a decisive lead. He was satisfied had the preceding driving in with a jolt that Pearce was greatly weakened and to the body and a ripping hook that that a resolute attack must give him the grazed Belcher's chin. Jem covered himself with a notable display of science came to the center for the seventh round against the shower of blows with which the other forced the pace, bringing shout tance that he was far from feeling. after shout from the crowd by his agaility. Once his foe had touched the mark he and speed. Pearce seemed bent upon planting a solid smash, but could not get beyond the champion's guard.
>
> Two Miss.
>
> Two Miss.
>
> The speed is fee first of the fray with astonishing vigor, leaping forward with a drive that snapped Fearce's head back and drove him across the ring. "Hen" covered well, however, and got his bearings. when he slashed back with a wicked right-hander. Beicher parried the threatening blow neatly and returned its which was well directed and caught Pearce full upon the mouth.

Belcher Is Wary Now.

'Hen' tottered and almost fell under ils smash, attempting to close immediately to save himself. Beicher was wary of the clinches and followed up a rattle of blows to the body which gave Pearce much trouble, "The Chicken" backed away from the Beicher whirtwind and was very careful to avoid another of those drives to the face. Belcher felt himself in the full tide of victory. He had the enemy in retreat, was not in-jured and could land three blows to the other's one. Twice he countered on "Hen's" jaw and again, with slashing body blows, cut Pearce's side. Stepping in for a jolt, he gave Pearce an oppor-tunity to feint and run in to a hold. He was not quick enough in judging "the Chicken's" purpose and Pearce caught him around the neck with his left arm. Holding the champlon this way, he bat-They closed again and fell together, Pearce underneath.

This was one of the most desperate rounds of the fight and was plainly in

Belcher's favor, though at heavy expense. Both men were exhausted and Pearce was willing to take his cue from the cham-pion and allow his attendants to remove pion and allow his attendants to remove him to the corner. Belcher was per-fectly satisfied and informed Ward that he expected to win in the next round. When they came together sgain the champion led off with redoubled vigor. Pearce chose a small common about three miles from Baruby Moor and nime in the medical form Donester as the place of meeting. It was the required 150 miles from London, a precaution made necessary by recent difficulty with the abd risen to six prize fights. Here several hundred on "Here several difficulty in keeping Belcher was rather surprised when Pearce that he champion's caution several and populations of the sport were shelled to the champion's caution several and population of character, and his poverty and misfortune clastened and several most at will, though twice, on attempts from Linguish and protected him, but his wind the sex and the same of continual watchulness that Belcher was able to avoid telling blows, "The champion is continual watchulness that Belcher was able to avoid telling blows, "The champion several difficulty in keeping Belcher was rather surprised when Pearce hundred on "Here several difficulty in keeping Belcher was rather surprised when Pearce follows with his left and countering with his left as for led sex for the champion and the strength of continual watchulness that Belcher was able to avoid telling blows, "The champion as a being the forced the champion is twill, though the sex left on the sport were the holding of continual watchulness that Belcher was able to avoid telling blows, "The champion is twill, though the situation in the chicken."

The champion's caution of continual watchulness that Belcher was able to avoid telling blows, "The champion gave him that wonder that is national to sufficulty in keeping belows, the missing that the champion as the followed with his left and countering with his left a

Then He Went Over to Shake

Hands with the Prostrate Belcher

"The Chicken" was now decidedly improved in strength. He landed several effective blows at the beginning of the eleventh round, but overreached himself in a drive and they closed. Belcher twisted away and struck to the face. Pearce closed again and threw his man cleverly. This round, though Belcher had no such idea, was the turning point in the struggle. The champion's chance had the struggle. The champion's chance had come and gone with his inability to kind at a crucial moment. Pearce's power was coming back, while Belcher, under the terrific nervous strain of poor eyesight, had exerted himself to the limit and now began to weaken fast,

#### End of the Struggle.

In the twelfth round "the Chicken" resumed the offensive. He went after Belcher hard and the champion suffered two smashes to the face and a body blow that he was not quick enough in warding. To the watchers his weakness was apparent, though not to himself. There came now a singular turn in events. Fearce closed and threw Belcher back-ward. He struck the ropes and the support was enough to keep him from fallport was enough to keep him from falling, but not enough to send him back to his balance. He floundered there helpless, fair prey and an easy victim. Pearce stood before him. Twice "the Chicken" raised his hand and twice he dropped it, the beat of battle urging him, friendship and kindliness restraining him. "No. Jem." he said finally, "I won't take advantage of thee; no, lest I hurt thy other eye." With that he turned and walked to his corner; Beicher slipped. walked to his corner; Beicher slipped to the ground and the throng cheered the generous act until it could cheer no

This incident, though he could not resent it, hurt Beicher more than anything that had happened. There it was, his eye again. He determined once more, eye again. He determined once more, savagely, that he would yet win in spite of it. The resolution lent him new strength and after a brief rally in the next round he closed and threw Pearce a masterly cross buttock. This proved but a flash of his old form, however and in the fourteenth round Pearce battered him terribly before sending him down in prior. down in grips.

down in grips.

In the fifteenth round the situation was clear. Beleher dragged himself to the eenter with difficulty, while Pearce was getting stronger every minute. "The Chicken" landed the stiffest blow of the battle after a short rally. It was a terrific drive to the lower rib and sent the champion down like a sack. To decide many bets the umpires officially credited Pearce with the first knockdown blow. Pearce with the first knockdown blow. Belcher was almost paralyzed when he was helped to the center. Ward whis-pered to him that he had better quit. The champion turned on him in anger and amazement. What! Give in when he had the battle won? Here was strange advice, truly. He was calmly and serenely confident that the next moment would bring decisive victory. At the exchange he hit Pearce squarely in the mouth, but the blow was feeble. "Hen" smiled, shook his head and whipped into a raily in the course of which Beicher stumbled against one of the posts, injuring the same rib which Pearce had struck. It was thought to have been broken. In the clinch the incident of the twelfth round was repeated. Belcher hanging helpless on the ropes while Pearce refused to strike. In the sev-

Pearce refused to strike. In the seventeenth round Pearce landed heavily, then threw his opponent.

At the opening of the eighteenth round Belcher could scarcely stand without assistance. Face and body were slashed to ribbons. His left arm was crippled and he was doubled over by the pain in his side. His good eye was all but closed. But he was unbeaten. As firmly as when he had entered the ring he believed that he was the winner. Twice he tried to raise a hand, but the body would not obey the dauntless spirit. He was literally unable to make a move. He could not understand it. His muscles, his nervest were traitors to his will. The realization of this fact swept to him in a tion of this fact swept to him in a flash. First his eye, now his limbs, had

## The Childhood and Youth of Washington

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOUR

tenant-General Dinwiddie, Major and of life. There was nothing artificial or loving biography of George Washingage of 20, he was reappointed to these time of character building and of indiand English, which was so soon to ripen into active hostilities and uttimately lead to Braddock's unfortunate defeat. Washington was now a man in everything except legal age. He was not yet 21 when the northern borders of Virginia were being harassed and or virginia were being harassed and plundered by the savage allies of the French, and when Marquis Duquesne boldly took the decisive step for France, which made it imperative that Governor Dinwiddle should send some trusted messenger to meet the French and attempt by diplomacy to stay the advance of the invaders. The mun of the hour was George Washington, and he, was but little past his majority while performing this perflous missio with skill and courage. He had retake manhood's estate, and was a colonial figure, known to the colonies as an intrepid officer, a brave Virginian, schooled in the hardships of those early times, and about to enter upon a great

career.

At this point we pause to note the chief elements that have thus far made the character of this wonderful man. He is the product of environment and clean blood, but he was singularly fortunate in his childhood and youth. His ancestry were educated freemen of England, in the best era of her greatness. They came to America full of ness. They came to America full of the patriotism that has carried the flag of England into and over all lands and seas, and they at once attached themselves, like true Englishmen who love home and country, to landed estates in the colony. The family became attached and loyal to the soil of Vir-ginia, and so strong was this trait that it was sufficient to make of them defenders of home sgainst the mother country when oppressed. He had the misfortune to lose his father when he was only 11 years old, but his sorrow

District Adjutant, and in 1752, at the false in the community life, it was a offices for one of the four consolidated districts of the colony, thus foreshadowing the contest between the French schooled in patriotism, in hardships and in struggle. There were Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, James Madlson, Thomas Paine, Benjamin Franklin and others affame with the spirit that made the revolution and gave background and position to the great name and character of George Washington. His merits were quickly and at once recognized. While he was past 21, when he left Williamshurg on November 14 merits were quickly and at once recognized. While he was past 21, when he left williamsburg, on November 14, 1753, upon his dangerous mission, and did not return until late in December the service was indifferent, the third of that year, he had sounded the depths of that year, he had sounded the depths of French diplomacy, and England and "What's the matter of French diplomacy, and England and the colonies knew that French aggression was at hand. He was honored by the Legislature of Virginia, then in session, and a vote of thanks was tendered him, every member of the House rising enough, said the man opposite, "Watt-to his feet as Washington was greeted." sion, and a vote of thanks was tendered him, every member of the House rising to his feet as Washington was greeted with an enthusiastic burst of applause. This young man was the great leader of the English, and he was never more completely the idol of Virginia than at this time. It is said that the Duke of Weilington, when once looking on at Wellington, when once looking on at serve one mest dinner than two of the boys engaged in their sports in the playground at Eton, made the remark, "It was there that the Battle of Waterlet was there that the Battle of Waterloo was won." And so we may say
that in the childhood and youth of
Washington there was every element of
his greatness, his goodness and his immortality. His tenderness at Valley
Forge, when he could give the freezing guard his own cleab to shalten his ing guard his own cloak to shelter him from death, was learned in his own sufferings in the mountains of his beloved Virginia, and his thoughtful solicitude for the armies under his command, was born while he himself was suffering the privations and sorrows of war, long before he became known to fame.

Washington Irving was born at New York, April 3, 1783, when Washington was 51 years old, and his name was enrolled among the world's greatest men.
And so the mother of Irving gave him
his name, and when this baby so named grew to be a little boy, he was one day walking with his Scotch nurse girl, when she saw General Washington go

"A mighty hand from an exhaustless urn Pours forth the never ending Flood of Years Among the Nations,

But the name of George Washington remains the common heritage of all Eng+ lish-speaking people throughout the

## Bigger Tips From Vegetarians.

## At Sixteen Years.

She studies "Macbeth" and "'King Lear," And the classics of long ago; She thinks they are "perfectly glorious." The teacher she loves tells her so. What she likes are the antica of "Patty." And stories with "sparkle and go." Long hours over Kipling and Dickens— She is only a schoolgiri, you know.

She keeps up her 'physical culture And plays basket bull with her might; Studies Latin and algebra problems And goes to bed carly at hight. What she likes is to dance until morning In ruffles all frilly and pink, to "scool" up the drive in a motor. Or to gayly roll round at the rink.

She practices Grieg and Moszkowski, Though her brain wanders off in a dream; She goes to hear symphony concerts, With Damrosch expounding the theme. What she likes is the waitz of the "Wie Gay two-steps that tingle and stir. The resonant chorus of "Boola." he resonant chorus of "Bools," Or the lay of the "Little Chauffeur."

She goes to hear "Julius Cresar," With note book, not just as a lark; She visits Greek casts in museums. And sketches bare trees in the park. What she likes is Maude Adams as Peter, A comrade to laugh with and she is only a schoolgiri, you know