

# The Abysmal Brute

By JACK LONDON



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### PROLOGUE.

Few authors living today have the force and directness, the rugged strength and vitality of style of Jack London. This new novel is one of his best. It is a story of the prize ring, a real man's story, big and vigorous and thrilling. Behind the tense life, the excitement of the fight itself, one can see in reading it the crookedness, the devious ways of the keen witted men who stage the big fight and reap the profits. More than this, one can see into the soul of the Abysmal Brute himself, one of the strangest, most human and fascinating characters London has ever drawn, a bruiser who is a scholar as well, who is honest and clean and innocent up to the moment of his disillusionment—a veritable cross section of a strange phase of American life.

### CHAPTER I.

SAM STUBENER ran through his mail carelessly and rapidly. As became a manager of prize fighters, he was accustomed to a various and bizarre correspondence. Every crank, sport, near sport and reformer seemed to have ideas to impart to him.

From dire threats against his life to milder threats, such as pushing in the front of his face, from rabbit foot fetishes to lucky horseshoes, from dinky jerkwater bids to the quarter of a million offers of irresponsible nobodies, he knew the whole run of the surprise portion of his mail. In his time having received a razor strop made from the skin of a lynched negro and a finger, withered and sun dried, cut from the body of a white man found in Death valley, he was of the opinion that never again would the postman bring him anything that could startle him.

But this morning he opened a letter that he read a second time, put away in his pocket and took out for a third reading. It was postmarked from some unheard of postoffice in Siskiyou county, and it ran:

Dear Sam—You don't know me, except my reputation. You come after my time, and I've been out of the game a long time. But, take it from me, I ain't been asleep. I've followed the whole game, and I've followed you from the time Kal Aufman knocked you out of your last handling of Nat Belson, and I take it you're the niftiest thing in the line of managers that ever came down the pike.

I got a proposition for you. I got the greatest unknown that ever happened. This ain't con. It's the straight goods. What do you think of a husky that tips the scales at 220 pounds fighting weight, is twenty-two years old and can hit a kick twice as hard as my best ever?

That's him, my boy, Young Pat Glendon, that's the name he'll fight under. I've planned it all out. Now, the best thing you can do is hit the first train and come up here.

I bred him, and I trained him. All that I ever had in my head I've hammered into his. And maybe you won't believe it, but he's added to it. He's a born fighter. He's a wonder at time and distance. He just knows to the second and the inch, and he don't have to think about it at all. His six inch jolt is more the real step medicine than the full arm swing of most sweaters.

Talk about the hope of the white race. This is him. Come and take a peep. When you was managing Jeffries you was crazy about hunting.

Come along and I'll give you some real hunting and fishing that will make your moving picture winnings look like 30 cents. I'll send Young Pat out with you. I ain't able to get around. That's why I'm sending for you.

I was going to manage him myself, but

it ain't no use. I'm all in and likely to pass out any time. So get a move on. I want you to manage him. There's a fortune in it for both of you, but I want to draw up the contract. Yours truly, PAT GLENDON.

Stubener was puzzled. It seemed

on the face of it, a joke—the men in the fighting game were notorious jokers—and he tried to discern the fine hand of Corbett or the big friendly paw of Fitzsimmons in the screech before him. But if it were genuine, he knew it was worth looking into.

Pat Glendon was before his time, though, as a cub, he had once seen Old Pat spar at the benefit for Jack Dempsey. Even then he was called "Old" Pat and had been out of the ring for years. He had antedated Sullivan in the old London prize ring rules, though his last fading battles had been put up under the incoming Marquis of Queensberry rules.

What ring follower did not know of Pat Glendon?—though few were alive who had seen him in his prime, and there were not many more who had seen him at all.

Yet his name had come down in the history of the ring, and no sporting writer's lexicon was complete without it. His fame was paradoxical.

No man was honored higher, and yet he had never attained championship honors. He had been unfortunate and had been known as the unlucky fighter.

Four times he all but won the heavy-weight championship, and each time he had deserved to win it. There was the time on the barge, in San Francisco bay, when, at the moment he had the championship going, he snapped his own forearm, and on the island in the Thames, sloshing about in six inches of rising tide, he broke a leg at a similar stage in a winning fight. In Texas, too, there was the never to be forgotten day when the police broke in just as he had his man going in all certainty.

And finally, there was the fight in the Mechanics' pavilion in San Francisco, when he was secretly jobbed from the first by a gun fighting mad man of a referee backed by a small syndicate of bettors. Pat Glendon had had no accidents in that fight, but when he had knocked his man cold with a right to the jaw and a left to the solar plexus, the referee calmly disqualified him for fouling. Every ringside witness, every sporting expert, and the whole sporting world knew there had been no foul.

Yet, like all fighters, Pat Glendon had agreed to abide by the decision of the referee. Pat abided and accepted it as in keeping with the rest of his bad luck.

This was Pat Glendon. What bothered Stubener was whether or not Pat had written the letter. He carried it downtown with him.

"What's become of Pat Glendon?" Such was his greeting to all sports that morning. Nobody seemed to know. Some thought he must be dead, but none knew positively. The fight editor of a morning daily looked up the records and was able to state that his death had not been noted. It was from Tim Donovan that he got a clew.

"Sure an' he ain't dead," said Donovan. "How could that be a man of his make that never boozed or blew himself? He made money and, what's more, he saved it and invested it. Didn't he have three saloons at one time? An' wasn't he makin' slathers of money when he sold out?"

"Now that I'm thinkin', that was the last time I laid eyes on him—when he sold them out. 'T was all of twenty years and more ago. His wife had just died. I met him headin' for the ferry. 'Where away, old sport?' says I. 'It's me for the woods,' says he. 'I've quit. Goodby, Tim, me boy.' And I've never seen him from that day to this. Of course he ain't dead."

"You say when his wife died—did he have any children?" Stubener queried.

"One, a little baby, that was luggin' it in his arms that very day."

"Was it a boy?"

"How should I be knowin'?"

It was then that Sam Stubener



The Fight Editor Was Able to State That His Death Had Not Been Noted.

reached a decision, and that night found him in a Pullman speeding toward the wilds of northern California. Stubener was dropped off the overland at Deer Lick in the early morning, and he kicked his heels for an hour before the saloon opened its doors.

No, the saloon keeper didn't know anything about Pat Glendon, had never heard of him, and if he was in that part of the country he must be out

beyond somewhere. Neither had the one hanger on ever heard of Pat Glendon.

At the hotel the same ignorance obtained, and it was not until the storekeeper and postmaster opened up that Stubener struck the trail. Oh, yes; Pat Glendon lived out beyond. You took the stage at Alpine, which was forty miles and which was a logging camp. From Alpine, on horseback, you rode up Antelope valley and crossed the divide to Bear creek. Pat Glendon lived somewhere beyond that. The people of Alpine would know.

Yes, there was a young Pat. The storekeeper had seen him. He had been into Deer Lick two years back. Old Pat had not put in an appearance for five years. He bought his supplies at the store and always paid by check, and he was a white haired strange old man. That was all the storekeeper knew, but the folks at Alpine could give him final directions.

It looked good to Stubener. Beyond doubt there was a young Pat Glendon, as well as an old one, living out beyond.

That night the manager spent at the logging camp of Alpine, and early the following morning he rode a mountain cayuse up Antelope valley. He



"Jeffries could 'a' worried the young un a bit."

rode over the divide and down Bear creek. He rode all day through the wildest, roughest country he had ever seen, and at sunset turned up Pinto valley on a trail so stiff and narrow that more than once he elected to get off and walk.

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Honors More Than Even. The Parson — "Lottie, don't you know it is wrong to worry your mother so?" Little Lottie—"Huh! You don't know mamma! She worries me more than I worry her."

Quite a Difference. "A wife gets a third of her husband's property, doesn't she?" "No." "Why, I thought the law gave that to a man's wife." "No; only to his widow."—Baltimore American.

The Lark. He—"I saw a fellow looking over the diamond ring case at our store this morning." She—"Oh, how I wish I were the woman in the case!"—St. Louis Times.

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TWELVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY TRACTS of five and ten acres each to be granted to prospective settlers in throwing open Twenty Thousand Acres of Rich, Southern Georgia Land, which is admirably adapted to the growing of celery, sweet and Irish potatoes, cantaloupes, water melons, corn, oats, cotton, hay—in fact, all staple crops grown in this fertile section, as well as a large variety of semi-tropical fruits, and the famous immensely profitable paper-shell pecans.

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You will not be required to leave your present surroundings now. All we ask of those to whom we grant tracts is that they plant, or arrange to have planted, a crop of one of the above-mentioned products within three years, after which we will have it operated (harvested and replanted) for grantees, in consideration of 25 per cent. of the net profits derived from the sale of the crops, thereby allowing the grantee to pursue his or her present occupation until such time as they determine just what the yield of their acres amounts to. Consider what this may mean as a source of income, when statistics show that the yield of one acre of celery amounted to \$1,268.45, and that one acre of well-cared for paper shell pecans, in full bearing, should net its owner as high as \$500.00 per year. We are of the opinion that after it is proven by actual results obtained in operating the land that they will need no further urging, and waste no time in locating in this land of plenty. We also require grantees to occupy the land within ten years, or sell it to some one who will occupy it; otherwise it reverts back to the grantor.

The land included in this opening is located directly on and adjoining the Atlanta, Burlington and Atlantic Railroad, about twenty-five miles west of Brunswick, a thriving city of fifteen thousand, having direct steamship service to New York and Boston, and excellent railroad transportation facilities to all points. The average temperature for six months of the year, from April to October, is 77 degrees; the climate is most healthful, delightful, and invigorating, and there is an ample rainfall of 51 inches per year.

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State..... Street or R. F. D. No.....

Age..... Married or Single..... Widow, Widower, or Orphan..... Occupation.....

Nationality..... Do you now own over ten acres of land in the United States?.....

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### SILKS, OREPES, ETC.

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The new Spring Styles in Middies are to be found here. In plain, Norfolk and Balkan, in fact our ready to wear department is just brimming with nifty Spring Styles.

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### Shoes.

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