

The Abysmal Brute

[Continued from page 6, Col. 2.]
 guarded his mid section, and all the time moving about, clumsily shouldering or half falling forward against his opponent and clogging his efforts, himself never striking nor threatening to strike, the while rocking with the impacts of the storming blows that beat upon his various guards the devil's own tattoo.

Those close at the ringside saw and appreciated, but the rest of the audience, fooled, arose to its feet and roared its applause in the mistaken notion that Pat, helpless, was receiving a terrible beating.

With the end of the round the audience, dumfounded, sank back into its seats as Pat walked steadily to his corner. It was not understandable. He should have been beaten to a pulp, and yet nothing had happened to him.

"Now, are you going to get him?" Stubener queried anxiously.

"Inside ten seconds," was Pat's confident assertion. "Watch me."

There was no trick about it. When the gong struck and Pat bounded to his feet he advertised it unmistakably that for the first time in the fight he was starting after his man. Not one onlooker misunderstood.

The Flying Dutchman read the advertisement, too, and for the first time in his career as they met in the center of the ring visibly hesitated. For the fraction of a second they faced each other in position.

Then the Flying Dutchman leaped forward upon his man, and Pat, with a timed right cross, dropped him cold as he leaped.

It was after this battle that Pat Glendon started on his upward rush to fame. The sports and the sporting writers took him up. For the first time the Flying Dutchman had been knocked out.

His conqueror had proved a wizard of defense. His previous victories had not been flukes. He had a kick in both his hands. Giant that he was, he would go far.

The time was already past, the writers asserted, for him to waste himself on the third raters and chopping blocks. Where were Ben Menzies, Rege Rede, Bill Tarwater and Ernest Lawson?

It was time for them to meet this young cub that had suddenly shown himself a fighter of quality. Where was his manager anyway, that he was not issuing the challenges?

And then fame came in a day, for Stubener divulged the secret that his man was none other than the son of Pat Glendon, old Pat, the old time ring hero. Young Pat Glendon, he was promptly christened, and sports and writers flocked about him to admire him and back him and write him up.

Beginning with Ben Menzies and finishing with Bill Tarwater, he challenged, fought and knocked out the four second raters. To do this he was compelled to travel, the battles taking place in Goldfield, Denver, Texas and New York. To accomplish it required months, for the bigger fights were not easily arranged, and the men themselves demanded more time for training.

The second year saw him running to cover and disposing of the half dozen big fighters that clustered just beneath the top of the heavyweight ladder.

On this top, firmly planted, stood "Big" Jim Hanford, the undefeated world champion. Here on the top rungs progress was slower, though Stubener was indefatigable in issuing challenges and in promoting sporting opinion to force the man to fight.

Will King was disposed of in England, and Glendon pursued Tom Harrison halfway around the world to defeat him on boxing day in Australia.

CHAPTER V.

BUT the purses grew larger and larger. In place of \$100, such as his first battles had earned him, he was now receiving from \$20,000 to \$30,000 a fight, as well as equally large sums from the moving picture men.

Stubener took his manager's percentage of all this, according to the terms of the contract old Pat had drawn up, and both he and Glendon, despite their heavy expenses, were waxing rich.

This was due more than anything else to the clean lives they lived. They were not wasters.

Stubener was attracted to real estate, and his holdings in San Francisco, consisting of building flats and apartment houses, were bigger than Glendon ever dreamed.

There was a secret syndicate of betters, however, which could have made an accurate guess at the size of Stubener's holdings, while heavy bonus after heavy bonus, of which Glendon never heard, was paid over to his manager by the moving picture men.

Stubener's most serious task was in maintaining the innocence of his young gladiator. Nor did he find it difficult.

Glendon, who had nothing to do with the business end, was little interested. Besides, wherever his travels took him, he spent his spare time in hunting and fishing. He rarely mingled with those of the sporting world, was notoriously shy and secluded and preferred art galleries and books of verse to sporting gossip.

Also, his trainers and sparring partners were rigorously instructed by the manager to keep their tongues away from the slightest hints of ring rottenness.

In every way Stubener intervened between Glendon and the world. He

was never even interviewed save in Stubener's presence.

Only once was Glendon approached. It was just prior to his battle with Henderson, and an offer of \$100,000 was made to him to throw the fight.

It was made hurriedly, in swift whispers, in a hotel corridor, and it was fortunate for the man that Pat controlled his temper and shouldered past him without reply. He brought the tale of it to Stubener, who said:

"It's only con, Pat. They were trying to josh you." He noted the blue eyes blaze. "And maybe worse than that. If they could have got you to fall for it there might have been a big sensation in the papers that would have finished you. But I doubt it."

"Such things don't happen any more. It's a myth, that's what it is, that has come down from the middle history of the ring. There has been rottenness in the past, but no fighter or manager of reputation would dare anything of the sort today."

"Why, Pat, the men in the game are as clean and straight as those in professional baseball, than which there is nothing cleaner or straighter."

And all the while he talked Stubener knew in his heart that the forthcoming fight with Henderson was not to be shorter than twelve rounds—this for the moving pictures—and not longer than the fourteenth round.

And he knew, furthermore, so big were the stakes involved, that Henderson himself was pledged not to last beyond the fourteenth.

And Glendon, never approached again, dismissed the matter from his mind and went out to spend the afternoon in taking color photographs. The camera had become his latest hobby. Loving pictures, yet unable to paint, he had compromised by taking up photography. In his hand baggage was one grip packed with books on the subject, and he spent long hours in the dark room, realizing for himself the various processes.

Never had there been a great fighter who was as aloof from the fighting world as he. Because he had little to say with those he encountered he was called sullen and unsocial, and out of this a newspaper reputation took form that was not an exaggeration so much as it was an entire misconception.

Bolled down, his character in print was that of an ox muscled and dumbly stupid brute, and one callow sporting writer dubbed him the "abysmal brute."

The name stuck. The rest of the fraternity hailed it with delight, and thereafter Glendon's name never appeared in print unconnected with it. Often, in a headline or under a photograph, "The Abysmal Brute," capitalized and without quotation marks, appeared alone.

All the world knew who was this brute. This made him draw into himself closer than ever, while it developed a bitter prejudice against newspaper folk.

[Continued next week.]

Fancy a man dying of thirst, by the side of a spring of sparkling water. Thousands of thirsty people pass him, quench their thirst at the spring and go on their way rejoicing. But he doesn't know whether the water will quench his thirst or not. He never will know until he tries. But the fact that the other thousands have slaked their thirst at the spring is evidence enough. There are people bearing the burdens of disease, who are offered healing in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has healed hundreds of thousands whose lungs were diseased, whose blood being impure bred disease in other organs nourished by the blood. And yet these people have never yet made the trial of this great remedy. They are not sure it will cure them. It has relieved ninety-eight per cent. of all who have used it. It always helps. It almost cures.

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