

**The Abysmal Brute**

[Continued from page 6, Col. 2.]

amazon. On the contrary, she was a gray eyed, slender young woman of three or four and twenty, of medium stature and possessing uncommonly small hands and feet for an outdoor woman or any other kind of a woman. Also, far in excess of most outdoor women, she knew how to be daintily feminine.

It was on her own suggestion that she received the editor's commission to interview Pat Glendon. With the exception of having caught a glimpse once of Bob Fitzsimmons in evening dress at the Palace grill, she had never seen a prizefighter in her life.

Nor was she curious to see one—at least, she had not been curious until



"What do they want to come butting into the game for?"

young Pat Glendon came to San Francisco to train for his fight with Nat Powers. Then his newspaper reputation had aroused her.

**CHAPTER VI.**

**T**HE abysmal brute! It certainly must be worth seeing. From what she read of him she gleaned that he was a man monster, profoundly stupid and with the sullenness and ferocity of a jungle beast.

True, his published photographs did not show all that, but they did show the hugeness of brawn that might be expected to go with it.

And so, accompanied by a staff photographer, she went out to the training quarters at the Cliff House at the hour appointed by Stubener.

That real estate owner was having trouble. Pat was rebellious. He sat, one big leg dangling over the side of the armchair and Shakespeare's "Sonnets" face downward on his knee, orating against the new woman.

"What do they want to come butting into the game for?" he demanded. "It's not their place. What do they know about it anyway? The men are bad enough as it is. I'm not a holy show. This woman's coming here to make me one. I never have stood for women around the training quarters, and I don't care if she is a reporter."

"But she's not an ordinary reporter," Stubener interposed. "You've heard of the Sangsters, the millionaires?" Pat nodded.

"Well, she's one of them. She's high society and all that stuff. She could be running with the Blingum crowd now if she wanted to instead of working for wages. Her old man's worth \$50,000,000 if he's worth a cent."

"Then what's she working on a paper for—keeping some poor devil out of a job?"

"She and the old man fell out, had a tiff or something, about the time he started to clean up San Francisco. She quit, that's all—left home and got a job. And let me tell you one thing, Pat. She can everlastingly sling English. There isn't a pen pusher on the coast can touch her when she gets going."

Pat began to show interest, and Stubener hurried on:

"She writes poetry, too, the regular ladedah stuff, just like you, only I guess hers is better, because she published a whole book of it once. And she writes up the shows. She interviews every big actor that hits this burg."

"I've seen her name in the papers," Pat commented.

"Sure you have. And you're honored, Pat, by her coming to interview you. It won't bother you any. I'll stick right by and give her most of the dope myself. You know I've always done that."

Pat looked his gratitude.

"And another thing, Pat, don't forget you've got to put up with this interviewing. It's part of your business. It's big advertising, and it comes free. We can't buy it. It interests people, draws the crowds, and it's crowds that pile up the gate receipts."

He stopped and listened, then looked at his watch. "I think that's her now. I'll go and get her and bring her in. I'll tip it off to her to cut it short, you know, and it won't take long." He turned in the doorway. "And be decent, Pat. Don't shut up like a clam.

Talk a bit to her when she asks you questions."

Pat put the sonnets on the table, took up a newspaper and was apparently deep in its contents when the two entered the room and he stood up. The meeting was a mutual shock.

When blue eyes met gray it was almost as if the man and the woman shouted triumphantly to each other, as if each had found something sought and unexpected. But this was for the instant only.

Each had anticipated in the other something so totally different that the next moment the clear cry of recognition gave way to confusion.

As is the way of women, she was the first to achieve control, and she did it without having given any outward sign that she had ever lost it. She advanced most of the distance across the floor to meet Glendon. As for him, he scarcely knew how he stumbled through the introduction.

Here was a woman—a woman. He had not known that such a creature could exist. The few women he had noticed had never prefigured this. He wondered what old Pat's judgment would have been of her; if she was the sort he had recommended to hang on to with both his hands.

He discovered that in some way he was holding her hand. He looked at it, curious and fascinated, marveling at its fragility.

She, on the other hand, had proceeded to obliterate the echoes of that first clear call. It had been a peculiar experience, that was all, this sudden outburst of her toward this strange man.

For was not he the abysmal brute of the prize ring, the great, fighting, stupid bulk of a male animal who hammered up his fellow males of the same stupid order? She smiled at the way he continued to hold her hand.

"I'll have it back, please, Mr. Glendon," she said. "I—I really need it, you know."

He looked at her blankly, followed her gaze to her imprisoned hand, and dropped it in a rush of awkwardness that sent the blood in a manifest blush to his face.

She noted the blush, and the thought came to her that he did not seem quite the uncouth brute she had pictured. She could not conceive of a brute blushing at anything.

And also, she found herself pleased with the fact that he lacked the easy glibness to murmur an apology. But

the way he devoured her with his eyes was disconcerting.

He stared at her as if in a trance, while his cheeks flushed even more redly.

Stubener by this time had fetched a chair for her, and Glendon automatically sank down into his.

"He's in fine shape, Miss Sangster, in fine shape," the manager was saying. "That's right, isn't it, Pat? Never felt better in your life?"

Glendon was bothered by this. His brows contracted in a troubled way, and he made no reply.

[Continued next week.]

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