

Bellefonte, Pa., May 22, 1914.

The Abysmal Brute

By JACK LONDON

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SYNOPSIS

Sam Stubener, manager of boxers, hears about a wonderful unknown boxer called Young Pat Glendon. He finds the boy in the wilderness.

Glendon, innocent of the world's ways, goes to San Francisco and is matched with "Roughhouse Kelly."

He whips Kelly and other boxers so easily that he is called "One Punch Glendon." He meets the Flying Dutchman.

Glendon wins again. He hears the top pugilist. His manager, Stubener, engages in crooked ring practices, unknown to Glendon.

Through Maud Sangster, a reporter, Glendon first learns of these crooked practices and first suspects Stubener.

Glendon tells her he will stop Pat Powers in the eighteenth instead of the sixteenth round of a forthcoming fight, sixteen being the secret information of the betting syndicate.

[Continued from last week.]

"I've wanted to meet you for a long time, Mr. Glendon," Miss Sangster



"I'll have it back, please, Mr. Glendon," she said.

said. "I never interviewed a pugilist before, so if I don't go about it expertly you'll forgive me, I am sure."

"Maybe you'd better start in by seeing him in action," was the manager's suggestion. "While he's getting into his fighting togs I can tell you a lot about him—fresh stuff too. We'll call in Walsh, Pat, and go a couple of rounds."

"We'll do nothing of the sort," Glendon growled roughly, in just the way an abysmal brute should. "Go ahead with the interview."

The business went ahead unsatisfactorily. Stubener did most of the talking and suggesting, which was sufficient to irritate Maud Sangster, while Pat volunteered nothing.

She studied his fine countenance, the eyes clear blue and wide apart, the well modeled, almost aquiline, nose, the firm, chaste lips that were sweet in a masculine way in their curl at the corners and that gave no hint of any silliness.

It was a baffling personality, she concluded, if what the papers said of him was so. In vain she sought for earmarks of the brute. And in vain she attempted to establish contacts.

For one thing, she knew too little about prizefighters and the ring, and whenever she opened up a lead it was promptly snatched away by the information oozing from Stubener.

"It must be most interesting, this life of a pugilist," she said once, adding with a sigh: "I wish I knew more about it. Tell me, why do you fight? Oh, aside from money reasons." (This latter to forestall Stubener.) "Do you enjoy fighting? Are you stirred by it, by pitting yourself against other men? I hardly know how to express what I mean, so you must be patient with me."

Pat and Stubener began speaking together, but for once Pat bore his manager down.

"I didn't care for it at first"—

"You see, it was too dead easy for him," Stubener interrupted.

"But later," Pat went on, "when I encountered the better fighters, the real big, clever ones, where I was more."

"On your mettle," she suggested.

"Yes, that's it; more on my mettle, I found I did care for it—a great deal, in fact. But still it's not so absorbing to me as it might be. You see, while each battle is a sort of problem which I must work out with my wits and muscle, yet to me the issue is never in doubt."

"He's never had a fight go to a decision," Stubener proclaimed. "He's won every battle by the knockout route."

"And it's this certainty of the outcome that robs it of what I imagine

must be its finest thrills," Pat concluded.

"Maybe you'll get some of them thrills when you go up against Jim Hanford," said the manager.

Pat smiled, but did not speak. "Tell me some more," she urged—"more about the way you feel when you are fighting."

And then Pat amazed his manager, Miss Sangster and himself by blurting out:

"It seems to me I don't want to talk with you on such things. It's as if there are things more important for you and me to talk about. I"—

He stopped abruptly, aware of what he was saying, but unaware of why he was saying it.

"Yes," she cried eagerly. "That's it. That is what makes a good interview—the real personality, you know."

But Pat remained tongue tied, and Stubener wandered away on a statistical comparison of his champion's weights, measurements and expansions with those of Sandow, the Terrible Turk, Jeffries and the other modern strong men. This was of little interest to Maud Sangster, and she showed that she was bored. Her eyes

ennued to rest on the sonnets. She picked the book up and glanced in quizzingly at Stubener.

"That's Pat's," he said. "He goes in for that kind of stuff and color photography and art exhibits and such things. But for heaven's sake don't publish anything about it. It would ruin his reputation."

CHAPTER VII.

SHE looked accusingly at Glendon, who immediately became awkward. To her it was delicious—a shy young man with the body of a giant who was one of the kings of bruisers and who read poetry and went to art exhibits and experimented with color photography!

Of a surety there was no abysmal brute here. His very shyness, she divined now, was due to sensitiveness and not stupidity. Shakespeare's "Sonnets!"

This was a phase that would bear investigation. But Stubener stole the opportunity away and was back chanting his everlasting statistics.

A few minutes later and most unwittingly she opened up the biggest lead of all. That first sharp attraction toward him had begun to stir again after the discovery of the "Sonnets."

The magnificent frame of his, the

[Continued on page 7 Col. 1.]

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TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LANDS.

Table with multiple columns listing land parcels, owners, and amounts. Includes sections for Harris Township, Howard Township, Huston Township, Liberty Township, Marion Township, Paton Township, Spring Township, and others.

Treasurer's Sale of Seated Lands June 10, 1914.

Table listing seated lands with columns for name, township, taxes, and costs. Includes names like William Mayes, Emily A Littlefield, etc.