#### The Abysmal Brute

[Continued from page 6, Col. 2.] him. Yet he leaped the ropes as lightly as a man half his weight and grinned acknowledgement to the tumultuous greeting that arose from all the

He was not pretty. Two cauliflower ears attested his profession and its attendant brutality, while his broken nose had been so often spread over his face as to defy the surgeon's art to reconstruct it.

Another uproar heralded the arrival of Glendon, and she watched him eagerly as he went through the ropes to his corner.

But it was not until the tedious time of announcements, introductions and challenges was over that the two men threw off their wraps and faced each other in ring costume

Concentrated upon them from overhead was the white glare of many drop his man. electric lights-this for the benefit of the moving picture cameras-and she felt, as she looked at the two sharply had he ever exerted his full strength contrasted men, that it was in Glendon that she saw the thoroughbred and in Powers the abysmal brute.

Both looked their parts-Glendon clean cut in face and form, softly and and tongs. massively beautiful; Powers almost asymmetrically rugged and heavily matted with hair.

As they made their preliminary pose for the cameras, confronting each other in fighting attitudes, it chanced that Glendon's gaze dropped down through the ropes and rested on her face.

Though he gave no sign, she knew, with a swift leap of the heart, that he had recognized her.

The next moment the gong sounded. the announcer cried "Let her go!" and

It was a good fight. There was no blood, no marring, and both were clever. Half of the first round was spent in feeling each other out, but Maud Sangster found the play and feint and tap of the gloves sufficiently

During some of the fiercer rallies in later stages of the fight the editor was compelled to touch her arm to remind her who she was and where she was. Powers fought easily and cleanly, as

became the hero of half a hundred ring battles, and an admiring claque applauded his every cleverness.

Yet he did not unduly exert himself save in occasional strenuous rallies that brought the audience yelling to its feet in the mistaken notion that he was getting his man.

It was at such a moment, when her unpracticed eye could not inform her



gloves sufficiently exciting.

that Glendon was escaping serious damage, that the editor leaned to her

"Young Pat will win all right. He's a comer, and they can't stop him. But he'll win in the sixteenth and not be-

"Or after?" she asked. She almost laughed at the certitude of her companion's negative.

knew better. Powers was noted for hunting his man from moment to moment and

round to round, and Glendon was content to accede to this program. His defense was admirable, and he

threw in just enough of offense to whet the edge of the audience's interest. Though he knew he was scheduled to experience to hesitate from knocking fice that the thing happened. his man out if the opportunity offered. He had had the double cross worked too often on him to be chary in work-

ing it on others. If he got his chance he was prepared to knock his man out and let the syn-

dicate go hang. Thanks to clever press publicity, the idea was prevalent that at last young Glendon had met his master.

In his heart Powers, however, knew that it was himself who had encountered the better man. More than once, in the faster infighting, he received the weight of punches that he knew had been deliberately made no heavier. On Glendon's part there were times

and times when a slip or error of judgment could have exposed him to one of his antagonist's sledge hammer blows and lost him the fight.

Yet his was that almost miraculous power of accurate timing and distancing, and his confidence was not shaken by the several close shaves he

He had never lost a fight, never been knocked down, and he had always been so thoroughly the master of the man he faced, that such a possibility was unthinkable.

At the end of the fifteenth round both men were in good condition, though Powers was breathing a trifle heavily and there were men in the ringside seats offering odds that he would "blow up."

It was just before the gong for the sixteenth round struck that Stubener. leaning over Glendon from behind in his corner, whispered:

"Are you going to get him now?" Glendon, with a back toss of his head, shook it and laughed mockingly up into his manager's anxious face. With the stroke of the gong for the

sixteenth round Glendon was surprised

to see Powers cut loose. From the first second it was a tornado of fighting, and Glendon was hard put to escape serious damage. He blocked, clinched, ducked, sidestepped, was rushed backward against the ropes and was met by fresh rushes

when he surged out to center. Several times Powers left inviting openings, but Glendon refused to loose the lightning bolt of a blow that would

He was reserving that blow for two rounds later. Not in the whole fight nor struck with the force that was in

For two minutes, without the slight est letup. Powers went at him hammer

In another minute the round would be over and the betting syndicate hard hit.

But that minute was not to be. They had just come together in the center of the ring. It was as ordinary a clinch as any in the fight, save that Powers was struggling and roughing It every instant.

Glendon whipped his left over in a crisp but easy jolt to the side of the face. It was like any of a score of similar jolts he had already delivered in the course of the fight.

To his amazement he felt Powers go limp in his arms and begin sinking to the floor on sagging, spraddling legs that refused to bear his weight.

He struck 'the floor with a thump, rolled half over on his side and lay with closed eyes and motionless. The referee, bending above him, was shouting the count.

At the cry of "Nine!" Powers quivered as if making a vain effort to rise.

"Ten-and out!" cried the referee. He caught Glendon's hand and raised it aloft to the roaring audience in token that he was the winner.

For the first time in the ring Glendon was dazed. It had not been a knockout blow. He could stake his life on that.

It had not been to the jaw, but to the side of the face, and he knew it had gone there and nowhere else. Yet the man was out, had been counted out, and he had faked it beautifully. That final thump on the floor had been a convincing masterpiece.

To the audience it was indubitably a knockout, and the moving picture machines would perpetuate the lie. The editor had called the turn, after all, and a crooked turn it was.

Glendon shot a swift glance through the ropes to the face of Maud Sangster. She was looking straight at him, but her eyes were black and hard, and there was neither recognition nor expression in them.

Even as he looked she turned away unconcernedly and said something to the man beside her. Powers' seconds were carrying him

to his corner, a seeming limp wreck Glendon's seconds were advancing upon him to congratulate him and to

remove his gloves. But Stubener was ahead of them. His face was beaming as he caught Glendon's right glove in both his hands and cried:

"Good boy, Pat! I knew you'd do it." Glendon pulled his glove away. And for the first time in the years they

had been together his manager heard him swear. "You go to -!" he said and turned

to hold out his hands for his seconds to pull off the gloves. That night, after receiving the edi-

tor's final dictum that there was not a square fighter in the game, Maud Sangster cried quietly for a moment on the edge of her bed, grew angry and went to sleep hugely disgusted with herself, prizefighters and the world in general.

CHAPTER IX.

HE next afternoon she began work on an interview with Henry Addison that was destined never to be finished. It was in the private room that was aclose. Powers had had too long a ring corded her at the Courier-Journal of-

She had paused in her writing to glance at a headline in the afternoon paper announcing that Glendon was matched with Tom Cannam when one of the doorboys brought in a card. It

was Glendon's. "Tell him I can't be seen," she told

the boy. In a minute he was back. "He says he's coming in anyway,

but he'd rather have your permission," "Did you tell him I was busy?" she asked.

"Yes'm, but he said he was coming just the same." She made no answer, and the boy, his eyes shining with admiration for the importunate visitor, rattled on.

"I know 'm. He's a awful big guy. If he started roughhousing he could clean the whole office out. He's young Glendon, who won the fight last night." "Very well, then. Bring him in We don't want the office cleaned out. you know."

No greetings were exchanged when Glendon entered.

She was as cold and inhospitable as a gray day and neither invited him to a chair nor recognized him with her eyes, sitting half turned away from him at her desk and waiting for him to state his business

He gave no sign of how this cavalier treatment affected him, but plunged directly into his subject.

"I want to talk to you." he said shortly. "That fight. It did end in

She shrugged her shoulders "I knew it would."

that round."

"You didn't." he retorted. ' ? w didn't I didn't."

She turned and looked at him with quiet affectation of boredom. "What is the use?" she asked. "Prizefighting is prizefighting, and we

did end in the round I told you it

would.' "It did." he agreed. "But you didn't know it would. In all the world you and I were at least two that knew Powers wouldn't be knocked out in the sixteenth.'

[Continued next week.]

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