

The Abysmal Brute

By JACK LONDON

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CHAPTER XII.

THE audience broke loose. It had already seen more than it had paid to see, for the great Jim Hanford, the world champion, had been knocked out. It was unofficial, but it had been with a single punch.

Never had there been such a night in fistiana. Glendon looked ruefully at his damaged knuckles, cast a glance through the ropes to where Hanford was groggily coming to and held up his hands.

He had clinched his right to be heard, and the audience grew still. "When I began to fight," he said, "they called me 'One Punch Glendon.' You saw that punch a moment ago. I always had that punch. I went after my men and got them on the jump, though I was careful not to hit with all my might.

"Then I was educated. My manager told me it wasn't fair to the crowd. He advised me to make long fights so that the crowd could get a run for its money. I was a fool, a mutt. I was a green lad from the mountains. So help me God, I swallowed it as the truth.

"My manager used to talk over with me what round I would put my man out in. Then he tipped it off to the betting syndicate, and the betting syndicate went to it. Of course you paid.

"But I am glad for one thing. I never touched a cent of the money. They didn't dare offer it to me because they knew it would give the game away.

"You remember my fight with Nat Powers. I never knocked him out. I had got suspicious. So the gang framed it up with him. I didn't know. I intended to let him go a couple of rounds over the sixteenth. That last punch in the sixteenth didn't shake him. But he faked the knock out, just the same, and fooled all of you."

"How about tonight?" a voice called out. "Is it a frameup?" "It is," was Glendon's answer. "How's the syndicate betting? That Cannam will last to the fourteenth."

"Howls and hoots went up. For the last time Glendon held up his hand for silence.

"I'm almost done now. But I want to tell you one thing. The syndicate gets landed tonight. This is to be a square fight. Tom Cannam won't last till the fourteenth round. He won't last the first round."

Cannam sprang to his feet in his corner and cried out in a fury: "You can't do it! The man don't live who can get me in one round!"

Glendon ignored him and went on. "Once now in my life I have struck with all my strength. You saw that a moment ago when I caught Hanford."

"Tonight, for the second time, I am going to hit with all my strength—that is, if Cannam doesn't jump through the ropes right now and get away. And now I'm ready."

He went to his corner and held out his hands for his gloves. In the opposite corner Cannam raged while his seconds tried vainly to calm him.

At last Billy Morgan managed to make the final announcement. "This will be a forty-five round contest!" he shouted. "Marquis of Queensbury rules! And may the best man win! Let her go!"

The gong struck. The two men advanced. Glendon's right hand was extended for the customary shake, but Cannam, with an angry toss of the head, refused to take it.

To the general surprise he did not rush. Angry though he was, he fought carefully, his touched pride impelling him to bend every effort to last out the round. Several times he struck, but he struck cautiously, never relaxing his defense.

Glendon hunted him about the ring, ever advancing with the remorseless tap-tap of his left foot. Yet he struck no blows nor attempted to strike. He even dropped his hands to his sides and hunted the other defenselessly in an effort to draw him out.

Cannam grinned defiantly, but declined to take advantage of the proffered opening.

Two minutes passed, and then a change came over Glendon. By every muscle, by every line of his face, he advertised that the moment had come for him to get his man.

Acting it was, and it was well acted. He seemed to have become a thing of steel, as hard and pitiless as steel. The effect was apparent on Cannam, who redoubled his caution.

Glendon quickly worked him into a corner and herded and held him there. Still he struck no blow nor attempted to strike, and the suspense on Cannam's part grew painful.

In vain he tried to work out of the corner, while he could not summon

resolution to rush upon his opponent in an attempt to gain the respite of a clinch.

Then it came—a swift series of simple feints that were muscle flashes. Cannam was dazzled. So was the audience. No two of the onlookers could agree afterward as to what took place. Cannam ducked one feint and at the same time threw up his face guard to meet another feint for his jaw. He also attempted to change position with his legs.

Ringside witnesses swore that they saw Glendon start the blow from his right hip and leap forward like a tiger to add the weight of his body to it. Be that as it may, the blow caught Cannam on the point of the chin at the moment of his shift of position.

And, like Hanford, he was unconscious in the air before he struck the ropes and fell through on the heads of the reporters.

Of what happened afterward that night in the Golden Gate arena columns in the newspapers were unable adequately to describe. The police kept the ring clear, but they could not save the arena.

It was not a riot; it was an orgy. Not a seat was left standing.

All over the great hall, by main strength, crowding and jostling to lay hands on the beams and boards, the crowd uprooted and overturned.

Prizefighters sought protection of the police. But there were not enough police to escort them out, and fighters, managers and promoters were beaten and battered.

Jim Hanford alone was spared. His jaw, prodigiously swollen, earned him this mercy.

Outside, when finally driven from the building, the crowd fell upon a new \$7,000 motorcar belonging to a well known fight promoter and reduced it to scrap iron and kindling wood.

Glendon, unable to dress amid the wreckage of dressing rooms, gained his automobile, still in his ring costume and wrapped in a bath robe, but failed to escape.

By weight of numbers the crowd rought and held his machine. The police were too busy to rescue him, and in the end a compromise was effected whereby the car was permitted to proceed at a walk, escorted by 5,000 cheering madmen.

It was midnight when this storm swept past Union square and down upon the St. Francis. Cries for a speech went up, and, though at the hotel entrance, Glendon was good naturedly restrained from escaping.

He even tried leaping out upon the heads of the enthusiasts, but his feet never touched the pavement. On



The Car Was Permitted to Proceed.

heads and shoulders, clutched at and uplifted by every hand that could touch his body, he went back through the air to the machine.

Then he gave his speech, and Maud Glendon, looking down from an upper window at her young Hercules towering on the seat of the automobile, knew, as she always knew, that he meant it when he repeated that he had fought his last fight and retired from the ring forever.

THE END.

Regular Health Exercises. Men and women of sedentary habit as a rule do not take sufficient exercise, especially in the open, nor do they practice deep breathing, both of which have a direct effect upon the blood and its course through the body.

Morning exercises should be taken regularly, including deep breathing. They should also be repeated at noon hour and on going home and again on retiring.

The Idealist. The idealist sees the things of earth as they are, but also as they ought to be. He dreams, and longs to see his dreams realized. In our early years we are all idealists. Youth is not daunted by even the most impossible task. It is ready to pay the price. We smile at the enthusiasm of youth, but the tragedy of age is possible only when that enthusiasm is gone.—Youth's Companion

True Scotch "Canniness." There is in circulation yet another genial story about the canny Scot. A Caledonian chieftain won a million plus in a penny raffle at a bazaar. Three days later he called, very wan and weary of aspect. "See here," he said to the bazaar secretary, "I've counted them. They're three short!"

EARLY DAYS OF JOURNALISM

First English Editor Had Very Decided Opinions as to the Freedom of the Press.

The first Englishman of letters of any distinction to take up journalism as a profession was Sir Roger L'Estrange, who died 209 years ago. He was an indefatigable pamphleteer on the royalist and court side during the epoch of the restoration. In 1662 L'Estrange was made "surveyor of the press," the censor of all books and pamphlets, and the editor of a monopolistic newspaper, "The Intelligencer." L'Estrange printed only such news as suited the government, and labored vainly to suppress his illegal and unlicensed competitors, who surreptitiously printed and circulated "news letters" containing real news. In the first number of the Intelligencer L'Estrange objected to the publication of anything but the most carefully edited news on the ground that "it makes the multitude too familiar with the actions and counsels of their superiors, too pragmatical and censorious, and gives them not only a wish but a kind of colorable right and license to the meddling with the government." But L'Estrange failed miserably in his attempts to stamp out the ideal of a free press, and later, when he was deprived of his monopoly, he himself turned to the publication of an unofficial "catch-penny" sheet called the Observer.

Really Excellent Suggestion Made by Woman Who Learned Its Value Through Experience.

They had been relating their most thrilling experience.

"My last experience taught me a lesson I find few people have learned. I call it my mental fire drill," said the motherly one. "You know how we all unconsciously put something down while we are thinking of something else. Well, when our home was on fire it took me so long trying to think what I would want to save first and where the articles were that my escape was cut off. Though I feel everlastingly grateful to the firemen for rescuing me, it is not a very comfortable experience. So I determined for ever after to make a practice every time I put anything of value aside to impress myself where I put it, and I also had a place upstairs and down where I kept the articles I cherished that were too large for our safe and the tin boxes. Once in a while I spend a few moments thinking hard about what I would want to save first. The articles are so impressed on my mind that I shall never forget them I am sure in any stress or excitement."

"I really feel quite proud of my mental fire drill, for it gives me a feeling of self-reliance that I never experienced before."

A Runaway.

When a team runs away it is usually the result of carelessness; the reins are loosely held, the horses break away and in a short time are beyond control. There is a runaway disease called "galloping consumption," and that runaway, like the other, is usually the result of carelessness. The neglected cold, the cough unchecked, bronchial affection developed, depleted vitality, blood too little in quantity and too poor in quality to nourish the body and renew the wasting tissue; then the runaway gallop of disease which cannot be checked. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is confidently commended as a remedy for diseases of the respiratory organs; obstinate coughs, bronchitis, "weak lungs," spitting of blood and like forms of disease which if neglected or unskillfully treated lead to consumption.

Thrifty Welsh Farmers.

In Wales, when the farmers want woodpigeons to make a dainty dish they are said to climb the trees while the birds are young and tie the legs of the nestlings to a neighboring bough. The parents then feed them till they are quite grown, when the farmer's boy climbs the tree again, and plump birds are secured for supper with a minimum of trouble.

He Knew the Reason.

"What makes an Englishman wear a monocle?" "Well," replied Pluto Pete, "I have been told that diplomacy is something like a poker game. I once taught an Englishman to play poker, and believe me, son, there's nothing like a monocle to prevent a man's facial expression from slipping."—Washington Star.

She Knew Her Rights.

"Yes, grandma," murmured the little girl drowsily, "I'll be a good girl and let you rock me to sleep, but you got to wake me up when mamma comes home so she can rock me to sleep regular."

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