

THE UNKNOWN WRESTLER

CHAPTER I

STREET MUSIC

THERE was no room for him on the sidewalk, so he took up his position beyond the curbstone. The light from the large arc-lamp overhead exposed the old man's thin white hair, withered face and threadbare clothes. His sightless eyes were turned toward the passing throng, and his head was slightly bent in an expectant attitude. But the hand that drew the wheezy bow across the strings of the violin often faltered, and the broken music, instead of attracting, repelled the crowds. The player was tired and longed for rest. But the fire of an overmastering purpose burned in his soul and kept him steadfast to his post.

The girl standing by his side was both weary and embarrassed. Her hand trembled as she held out her father's soft felt hat to receive the coins which were so very few. It was quite evident that she was new to this business, for her cheeks were flushed crimson owing to the remarks she occasionally heard.

"Listen to that old man sawing wood," one gaily-dressed young fop laughingly jested to his companion.