

scious of the whole proceeding. For a few moments, the men gazed at him with astonishment and disgust.

Then Half Pint, so called because of his size, walked over to him. For some reason, something like friendship had grown up between the two. "Old man, you're not a quitter, are you?" the little fellow asked.

"What's the matter, Half Pint?" the Swede asked indifferently.

"Hell, Marty, don't tell me that you are not going to fight. You'll be branded in every navy yard along the waterfront if you don't take your licking like a man."

"But we have nothing to fight about," the Swede said.

"Nothing to fight about!" Half Pint said impatiently. "Why the devil did you take his woman, last night?"

"Oh! Is that it?" the Swede said. He pondered for a while; then pushed his dinner pail aside, saying, "All right, I'll do my best."

It was a fine picture to behold these two strong men stripped to the waist. The Swede's torso tapered to the hips. His weight must have been between 160 and 170 pounds, but he gave the appearance of being slim in contrast with Jack's huge frame—both were like greek gods.

The first blow struck the Swede squarely on the jaw. Quickly he retaliated with an uppercut which made a deep gash on the other's cheek. Then Jack plunged into the furious rush which had made him famous. Again and again the Swede went down in a heap. But again and again he jumped back to his feet.

"Yee gods, what's holding up that Squarehead?" someone yelled in the crowd. Jack was blind with rage. He could see the Swede staggering before him, and wondered why he did not fight more, or give way under his blows. The Swede's only intention was to sidestep, and dodge his formidable opponent.

"Yellow, fight or lay down, will you?" a husky fellow yelled from the crowd.

"Listen here," Half Pint said to a big Italian, "if you call