

IN THIS TALE JACK LONDON'S SEA EXPERIENCE IS USED WITH ALL THE POWER OF HIS VIRILE PEN

The SEA WOLF JACK LONDON

SYNOPSIS. Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, is thrown into the water by a fog in San Francisco bay, and becomes unconscious before help reaches him. On coming to he senses he is floating aboard the sealing schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound for the icebergs. He witnesses the death of the first mate and hears the captain's orders to the crew to shoot to kill at the beginning of the voyage. The captain refuses to let Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy for the good of his soul.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

When I turned around, a moment later, I saw the cabin-boy staggering to his feet. His face was ghastly white, twitching with suppressed pain. He looked very sick.

"Well, Leach, are you going forward?" Wolf Larsen asked.

"Yes, sir," came the answer of a spirit cowed.

"And you?" I was asked.

"I'll give you a thousand—" I began, but was interrupted.

"Stop that! Are you going to take up your duties as cabin-boy? Or do I have to take you in hand?"

"What was I to do? To be brutally beaten, to be killed, perhaps, would not help my cause. I looked steadily into the cruel, gray eyes. One may see the soul stir in some men's eyes, but his were bleak and cold and gray as the sea itself.

"Well—"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Say 'Yes, sir.'"

"Yes, sir," I corrected.

"What is your name?"

"Humphrey," said Humphrey Van Weyden.

"That'll do. Go to the cook and learn your duties."

And thus it was that I passed into a state of involuntary servitude to Wolf Larsen. He was stronger than I, that was all. But it was very unreal at the time. It is no less unreal now that I look back upon it. It will always be to me a monstrous, inconceivable thing, a horrible nightmare.

"Hold on, don't go yet."

I stopped obediently in my walk toward the galley.

"Johnsen, call all hands. Now that we've everything cleaned up, we'll have the funnel and get the decks cleaned of useless lumber."

While Johnsen was summoning the watch below, a couple of sailors under the captain's direction laid the canvas-washed corpse upon a hatch-cover. On either side the deck, against the rail and bottoms up, were lashed a number of small boats. Several men



The Dead Man Slid Feet First Into the Sea.

picked up the hatch-cover with its ghastly freight, carried it to the leeward, and rested it on the boats, the feet pointing overboard. To the feet was attached the sack of coal which the cook had fetched.

Wolf Larsen stepped up to the hatch-cover, and all caps came off. I ran my eyes over them—twenty men all told, twenty-two including the man at the wheel and myself. The sailors, in the main, were English and Scandinavian, and their faces seemed of the heavy, stolid order. The hunters, on the other hand, had stronger and more diversified faces, with hard lines and the marks of the free play of passions. Strange to say, and I noticed it at once, Wolf Larsen's features showed no such evil stamp. There seemed nothing vicious in them. I could hardly believe that the next incident occurred—that it was the face of a man who could be have as he had behaved to the cabin-boy.

"I only remember one part of the service," he said, "and that is, 'And the body shall be cast into the sea.' So cast it in.'"

He ceased speaking. The man holding the hatch-cover seemed perplexed, puzzled no doubt by the brevity of the ceremony. He burst upon them in a fury.

"If it up there, and there, damn you! What the hell's the matter with you?"

They elevated the end of the batch cover with pitiful haste, and, like a dog lunging overboard, the dead man floated into the sea. The coal at his feet dragged him down. He was gone.

"Johnsen," Wolf Larsen said briskly to the new mate, "keep all hands on deck now they're here. Get in the topsails and jibs and make a good job of it. We're in for a sou'easter. Better rest the jib and mainsail, too, while you're about it."

That it was such the cruelty of the sea, its relentlessness and awfulness, rushed upon me. Life had become cheap and lawless; a beastly and inarticulate thing, a soulless stirring of the coat and alize. I held on to the weather rail, close by the shrouds, and gazed out across the desolate foaming waves to the low-lying fog-banks that hid San Francisco and the California coast. Then squalls were driving in between, and I could scarcely see the fog. And this strange vessel with its terrible men, pressed under by wind and sea and order leaping up out of me, was heading away into the southwest, into the great and lonely Pacific expanse.

CHAPTER IV.

What happened to me next on the sealing schooner Ghost, as I strove to fit it to my new environment, are matters of humiliation and pain. The cook, who was called "Tommy" by the hunters and "Cooky" by Wolf Larsen, was a changed person. The difference worked in my status brought about a corresponding difference in treatment from him. Scornful and fawning as he had been before, he was now so domineering and belittling. In truth, I was no longer the fine gentleman with an air of being a lord, but only an ordinary and very worthless cabin-boy.

He absurdly insisted upon my addressing him as Mr. Murgidige, and his behavior and carriage were insufferably different from my duties. He presided my work in the cabin, with four small staterooms. I was supposed to be his assistant in the galley, and my colossal ignorance concerning such things as peeling potatoes or washing greasy pots was now a laughing and sarcastic wonder to him.

This first day was made more difficult for me from the fact that the Ghost, under close reefs (forms such as these I did not know), was plunging through what Mr. Murgidige called an "owlin' sou'easter." At half-past five, under his directions, I laid the table in the cabin, with rough weather-worn plates, which he carried to the tea and cooked food down from the galley.

"Look sharp or you'll get doused," was Mr. Murgidige's parting injunction, as I left the table with a light in one hand, and in the hollow of the other arm several loaves of fresh bread. One of the hunters, a tall, loosely jointed chap named Henderson, was going to the time on the steerage (the name the hunters facetiously gave their midships sleeping quarters), to the cabin. Wolf Larsen was on the poop, smoking his everlasting cigar.

"Ere she comes. Sling yer 'ool!' the cook cried. I stopped, for I did not know what was coming, and saw the galley door slide shut with a bang. Then saw Henderson leaping like a madman for the main rigging, which he shot on the inside, till he was many feet higher than my head. Also I saw a great wave curling and foaming, pointed far above my head. I was directly under it. My mind did not work quickly, everything was so new and strange. I grasped that I was in danger, but when all I stood still, in trepidation. Then Wolf Larsen shouted from the poop:

"Grab, hold something, you—you Hump!"

But it was too late. I sprang toward the rigging, to which I might have clung, and was met by the descending wall of water. What happened after that was very confusing. I was beneath the water, suffocating and drowning. Several times I collided against hard objects, once striking my right knee a terrible blow. Then the flood seemed suddenly to subside, and I was breathing the good air again. I had been swept into the galley and around the steerage companionway from the weather side into the lee scupper. The pain from my hurt knee was agonizing. But the cook was after me, shouting through the lee galley door:

"Ere, you! Don't kyte all night about it! Where's the pot? Lost overboard? Serve you bloody well right. You've managed to struggle to my feet. The great teapot was still in my hand. I limped to the galley and handed it to him. But he was consuming with indignation, real or feigned.

"Good blime, an' un-recovered body, I could see the deadlines in the pers; the fellows at the University club and the Bibleot shakin their heads and saying, 'Poor chap!' And I could see Charley Furness, as I had said good-by to him that morning, looking

at a dressing gown at the bottom window, cough and dithering himself of oracular and pessimistic epigrams. And all the while, rolling, plunging, climbing the moving mountains and falling and wallowing in the foamier valleys, the schooner Ghost was drifting her way farther and farther into the heart of the Pacific—and I was on her.

CHAPTER V.

But my first night in the hunter's steerage was also my last. Next day Johnsen, the new mate, was routed from the cabin by Wolf Larsen, and sent into the steerage to sleep there after, while I took possession of the tiny cabin stateroom, which, on the first day of the voyage, had already had two occupants. The reason for the change was that Johnsen, as the hunter, and became the cause of a great deal of grumbling on his part. It seemed that Johnsen, in his sleep, lived over each night the events of the day, his incessant talking and shouting and howling, which had been too much for Wolf Larsen, who had accordingly foisted the nuisance upon his hunters.

After a sleepless night, I arose, weak and in agony, to hobble through my second day on the Ghost.

The day was filled with miserable variety. I had taken my dried clothes down from the galley the night before, and the first thing I did was to exchange the cook's garments for them. I looked for my purse, in addition to some small change (and I have a good memory for such things). It had contained \$185 in gold and paper. The purse I found in its contents, with the exception of the small silver, had been abstracted. I spoke to the cook about it, when I went on deck to take up my duties in the galley, and though I had looked forward to a surly answer, I had not expected the belligerent harangue I received.

"Look 'ere, 'Ump," he began, a malicious light in his eyes and a snarl in his throat, "dye want yer nose punched? Strike me blind if this ain't gratitude for yer! Ere you come, an' pore, mis'rab'le specimen of 'uman scum, an' I 'ykes yer into my galley an' treats yer 'nasty, an' this is wot I get for it. Nex' time you can go to 'ell, say I, an' I've a good mind to give you wot-for 'anyway.'"

So saying, he put up his fists and started for me. To my shame be it, I covered away from the door and into the galley door. The speed with which I ran caused excruciating pain in my knee, and I sank down helplessly at the break of the poop. But the cook had not pursued me.

"Look at 'im run! Look at 'im run!" I could hear him crying. "An' with a gyme leg, that! Come on back, you pore little mamma's darling. I want yer nose punched, an' I want yer eye!" I came back and went on with my work; and here the episode ended for the time.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WAR RELICS HELD OF VALUE

Grosmont Memorabilia That Have Brought High Prices When Disposed Of at Auction Sales.

There was sold by auction a few years ago the spear that was used by a rebel dervish to kill General Gordon. On another occasion the sword used by Lord Cardigan in the battle of Balaklava was disposed of at the same auction mart.

A very different war relic realized a very different price. This was the silver-gilt table service used by Napoleon in the service of his many campaigns, and it went for \$3,250.

The most extraordinary war relic was brought to light in an English court some years ago. A woman applied to the magistrate for a summons against a pawnbroker for damages, who had sold her a relic that during a campaign on the Indian frontier, her son had made a large headdress out of the garments of his slain comrade, and sent it home to her.

A few years ago a relic of the siege of Paris was discovered in a window blind in Besancon. This was the mummified body of a pigeon, to one of the wings of which a quill was attached. Inside this was a brief message, dated 1870, which read:

"Darling—All well, but starving.—P. P. G." The pigeon was one of the homers which had been released during the siege, and maybe shot by the Germans.

What He Didn't Understand. The soldier was telling the workman about a battle that he had once been in that had lasted from eight o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night. His description was most graphic and he became very enthusiastic as he lived through the stirring scenes again.

"There's one thing, I can't understand about the story," said the workman, slowly, when he had finished. "You say that the battle began at eight o'clock in the morning and lasted until seven o'clock at night?"

"Yes, that was the way it was," replied the workman with a puzzled air, "what I can't make out is how did you manage about your dinner hour?"

Where Plants Grow on Wires. In Porto Rico, where the atmosphere is moist and balmy, air plants often grow in the most unusual places and produce the most unusual effects in growing. Frequently they establish themselves on telephone and telegraph wires. The insulation rots in places and the plants take root, grow and thrive.

TRADE REVIVAL IN WESTERN CANADA

Not a Myth but an Actuality Shown in the Returns of Agricultural Statistics and Every Department of Trade and Commerce.

The trade revival in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta is an actuality and not a myth. There is today a spirit of optimism in the air, just two years ago there prevailed the opposite spirit of pessimism.

A general trade revival has been felt every department of business in the Prairie Provinces. The agriculturists are in better shape than they have ever been in their lives. No farmers of any equity are in better financial condition than at a more general state of prosperity than are the farmers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The farmers have harvested a record crop—a crop which enriches them to the extent of something over \$90,000,000.

In the cities the prosperity of the country has been reflected. Everywhere the business is on the hustle. The wholesalers and the retailers and the implement dealers do a business good. The banks and other collection houses find collections satisfactory, and financial men declare that westerners are paying up their debts. In Winnipeg the bank clearings have been the largest in history, exceeding some weeks the figures of Montreal and Toronto. The grain shipments have been the biggest in the history of Winnipeg and in the history of the twin ports, Port William and Port Arthur. The mail order houses have had a big year, the rush of fall orders exceeding all previous years and taxing the capacity of these establishments, whose most sanguine expectations have been exceeded by the actual business done.

The tide has turned in western Canada. The people of the West are forging ahead, forging ahead in actual production and in creation of wealth, giving generously to charitable and other funds, paying up their back debts, while going along carefully as regards any creation of new debts. They are economizing but not scrimping, acting cautiously but not miserly. The financial heads of eastern Canada, of the United States and of Europe are no longer criticizing western Canada; rather they are unstintingly offering their praise and their compliments. The financial press recognizes that the tide has turned in western Canada, and it has been published to the world. The condition of western Canada at the close of 1915 is one of optimistic prosperity, backed by the same determination of western people to go on increasing their productiveness and maintaining the records which they have already established.

The trade revival of western Canada is the happiest feature in the business survey of the whole Dominion for 1915 and in the outlook for 1916.—Advertisement.

GREATEST OF GERM KILLERS

Nothing Has Yet Been Devised That Can Do the Work That Is Done by the Sun.

The old sun is the best germ killer of them all. You remember how they used to—and do yet—expose the bright dairymilk cans under the sun's rays. But a few appreciate exactly the work done by the sun in this regard. Probably only those who are acquainted with tests which have actually been made, and which quickly sunshine hills disease germs exposed to it.

This is the tests scientists used to prove that the sun kills germs: A mass of tuberculous material, which was proved to contain uncountable numbers of virulent tubercle bacilli, was obtained from a tuberculous cow and spread in thin smooth translucent layers on sheets of glass, pieces of wood and strips of muslin. Some were placed outdoors where the sun could shine on them, and an equal number were placed in a dark room.

After 30 minutes' exposure in the sun no living bacilli could be found; every test that could be made proved that they were all dead. The specimen kept in a dark room proved to contain fully virulent, living tubercle bacilli after 26 days. The contrast is remarkable, tubercle bacilli of the same kind, on the same kind of material, dying in a smaller number of minutes in the sunshine than the number of days they remained alive in a dark room.

She Didn't Smile.

The young woman had spent a busy day. She had browbeaten 14 salespeople, bullied a doorkeeper, argued victoriously with a milliner, laid down the law to a modiste, nipped in the bud a taxi chauffeur's attempt to overcharge her, made a street car conductor stop the car in the middle of a block for her, discharged her maid and engaged another, and otherwise refused to allow herself to be imposed upon.

Yet she did not smile that night when a young man begged: "Let me be your protector through life!"

The man who goes out between the acts may come in with a smile—but you can't always see it.

Horticultural Advice

SPRAYING FOR CODLING MOTH

Insect That Causes Wormy Apples May Be Controlled by Application of Arsenate of Lead.

(By LEONARD HAREMAN, University of Missouri, College of Agriculture.) The codling moth is the insect that usually causes wormy apples. The adults appear in spring about the time the apple trees are in bloom, and they remain for several weeks. They deposit their eggs on the smooth

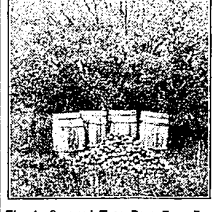


Fig. 1.—Sprayed Tree Bore Four Barrels of Apples, 87.5 Per Cent Marketable.

surfaces of the leaves near the fruit and at times on the stems of the young fruit. The eggs hatch in a few days and the larvae of this first brood usually crawl to the blossom end of the apple and eat their way in. When the larva (worm) is full grown it eats its way out of the apple and goes into the pupa stage under any kind of rubbish or rough bark. The adult emerges, giving us the second brood, beginning about six or seven weeks after the bloom falls.

The best spray for codling moth is arsenate of lead. Arsenate of lead paste should be used at a strength of about two and one-half pounds to 50 gallons of water. Since the insect eats its way into the blossom end, it is very important that the calyx (blossom end) be filled with the poison.

The parts of the calyx close over the calyx tube about seven days after the bloom falls, so it is very important that the calyx tube be filled with the spray before this time since it would not penetrate afterwards. The thoroughness of this spraying will largely determine the effectiveness of our season's work. In some states a single very thorough spraying is all that is used on the apple orchard in one season, though it has been found in this section that two or three sprayings



Fig. 2.—Unsprayed Tree Bore One Barrel of Fruit, 12.7 Per Cent Marketable—Note Scanty Foliage.

will better control the codling moth. The first one is given as mentioned above within seven days after the bloom falls; the second is about two or three weeks and the third usually early in July, or about six or seven weeks after the bloom falls.

TO DESTROY GRAPE INSECTS

Flea-Beetle and Leaf-Hopper as Adults Spend the Winter Under Old Trash and Fallen Leaves.

Several grape insects winter among the fallen grape leaves in trash in vineyards and much may be done to destroy them if the trash be raked together and burned.

Such work will be of value against the grape-berry moth and the grape leaf folder, which hibernates in the pupal condition in the fallen grape leaves. It is also true that the grapevine flea-beetle and the grape leaf-hopper spend the winter as adults under trash of all kinds in and about vineyards, and the destruction of trash as indicated will expose them to adverse climatic conditions.