

IN THIS TALE
JACK LON-
DON'S SEA EX-
PERIENCE IS
USED WITH ALL
THE POWER OF
HIS VIRILE PEN



The SEA
WOLF
JACK LONDON

THE STORY OF
A MAN WHO
IN HIS OWN
LITTLE WORLD
ABOARD SHIP
WAS A LAW
UNTO HIMSELF

OUT-OF-ORDINARY
PEOPLE

JOFFRE'S MAIN RELIANCE



In the phalanx of brilliant gen-
erals who surround and support Gen-
eral Joffre, the generalissimo of the
French army, General Foch occupies
a place in the front row. It is gen-
erally admitted that it is General Foch
who would be called upon to replace
General Joffre should circumstances
suddenly require it.

General Foch was born in Tarbes,
Hautes Pyrenees, in 1851. Made cap-
tain at the age of twenty-six, he soon
became professor at the military acad-
emy, where he had an opportunity to
develop such theories as he held dear.

When war broke out, he was in
command of the Twentieth army
corps at Nancy. After fighting in Lor-
raine General Foch took command of
the Ninth army at the battle of the
Marne, in the region of Sezanne, at
Vitry-le-Francois, where, as leader of
men, he revealed such qualities that
the generalissimo has since then in-
trusted him with command of the entire group of armies operating in the
region of the north.

One trait of his character is tenacity. It is to this trait that he owes
that decisive success which largely contributed to the victory of the Marne.
Compelled to fall back three days in succession, he retook the offensive each
morning and ended by beating his adversary.

General Foch is of medium height, still sprightly in spite of his sixty-
three years, and has bright, piercing eyes, which are strikingly intelligent
and mirthful. Under a rather heavy, unkempt mustache his lips mumble
mechanically over a cigar eternally extinct.

Adored by all his subordinates, General Foch has ever known how to
make his men appreciate the facility of his authority, which is devoid of all
the petty annoyances so irritating to the French soldier, who resents being
needlessly bothered about trifles.

ARIZONA'S WOMAN SENATOR

Mrs. Frances Willard Munds is a
state senator in Arizona. She was
elected from Prescott and is chairman
of the committee on education and
public institutions. She has greatly
enjoyed the work and has been treated
with great courtesy by the male
members. She has been called on
twice to preside in the senate.



Mrs. Munds was born in California
and was reared in Nevada. At the age
of thirteen she went to Pittsfield, Me.,
and entered the Maine Central insti-
tute in the spring term of 1882. She
took a scientific course and was gradu-
ated in 1885.

Soon after graduating she went to
Arizona, where her family was located.
She taught school two years and then
married John L. Munds, for many
years engaged in the stock business
and mining. Her husband was eight
years sheriff of Yavapai county. He
and Mrs. Munds are Democrats.

"I believe in suffrage for women because I think their influence in
politics will be of great benefit to themselves and to the human race in
general," says Mrs. Munds. "I am convinced that the women will form the
spiritual balance so much needed in legislatures. I hope to be a member
of the next Democratic national convention, and if I am I shall work to get
a suffrage plank in the national platform."

Mr. and Mrs. Munds have one son and two daughters.

GREAT MAKER OF POWDER



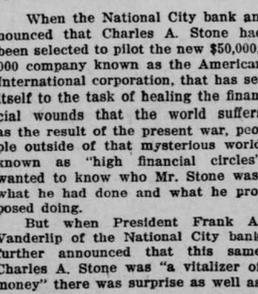
Someone down East has suggested
that T. Coleman du Pont would be
a good man for the Republicans to
nominate for the presidency, and to
the people of Delaware, at least, the
idea does not seem incongruous. Gen-
eral du Pont is now fifty-two years
old, active, wiry and aggressive, al-
most nervously aggressive it may be
said; the type of man who knows
what he wants to do and straightway
starts about it; the type of man, fur-
thermore, who possesses thorough
training for his work and wide ex-
perience in doing it. He was born
in Louisville, Ky., December 11, 1863,
son of Bidermann du Pont and Ellen
S. Coleman.

As a lad he attended Urbana uni-
versity in Ohio, then went to Boston,
where he studied at the Chauncey
school. He finally entered the Mas-
sachusetts Institute of Technology,
from which he was duly graduated
as an engineer. He at once began to
practice his profession in large enter-
prises in Pennsylvania.

Later he took up the mining of coal and iron ore, and still later the
construction and operation of street railways. Subsequently he entered the
steel business, and finally, in 1902, became president of the industry founded
more than a century ago by his paternal ancestors—the manufacture of
explosives. His interests continued to expand until they included banking,
railroad companies and coal mining, and also active participation in politics,
in which he has been personally engaged almost from the time he became
of age.

As to the man himself, his private life, his individual tastes, his habits
of thought, the world knows almost nothing. It may not be inaccurate to
say that a large part of the general public thinks of him as a masterful
personality, who is going to put through his own plan, regardless of any
opposition.

STONE, VITALIZER OF MONEY



When the National City bank an-
nounced that Charles A. Stone had
been selected to pilot the new \$50,000,
000 company known as the American
International corporation, that has set
itself to the task of healing the finan-
cial wounds that the world suffers
as the result of the present war, peo-
ple outside of that mysterious world
known as "high financial circles"
wanted to know who Mr. Stone was,
what he had done and what he pro-
posed doing.

But when President Frank A.
Vanderlip of the National City bank
further announced that this same
Charles A. Stone was "a vitalizer of
money" there was surprise as well as
curiosity.

For twenty-five of his fifty years
Mr. Stone has been known through-
out the United States and Canada as
an expert of the American foremost cor-
porations. Today there are fifty copier-
ies of the public utility kind under his management—one for each year
of his life. No matter how sick they were when Mr. Stone got them their
efficiency treatment made them whole and strong enough to go about their
usual work.

His past twenty-five years have been very active because he is a con-
struction engineer as well as an efficiency man—he has built factories, power
plants and the like.

CATARRH
STAGNATION
PERUNA
IS
INVIGORATION

Catarrh means inflammation.
Inflammation is the stagnation
of blood—the gorging of the
circulation with impure blood.
Of course you can't well under
this condition. It means, headaches,
indigestion, kidney trouble, coughs,
colds, etc.

Peruna By assisting
nutrition in-
creases the circulation, invigorates the
system, removes the waste matter and
brightens you up.

Over 44 Years
Of service to the public catarrh is to
place with you.

It Makes Good
The Ketchum Company Columbus, Ohio
You can get Peruna in tablet form
for convenience.

DAIRY H.
For "Backward" Cows
If you have such a cow, buy a package of Kow-
Kure from your feed dealer or druggist and use
according to directions. You'll be surprised at the
difference it makes in her general health and milk
yield. Kow-Kure is especially recommended as a
preventive and cure for Abortion, Barrenness, Milk
Fever, Scouring, Lost Appetite, Bunches and other
common ailments.
Write for free Treatise, "The Home Cow Doctor."
DAIRY ASSOCIATION CO.
Lyndonville, Vt.

KOW-KURE
Constipation
Vanishes Forever
Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE
LIVER PILLS never
fail. Purely vegeta-
ble—act surely
but gently on
the liver.
Stop after
dinner dis-
tress—cure
indigestion,
improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.
Genuine must bear Signature
A. S. Wood

MEAL OF COUNCIL BLUFFS
3-DAY TREATMENT
Always Successful. Write for Booklet.
Address NEAL INSTITUTE
21 Benton Street, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.
Or address J. A. MAY, Manager.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit.
Helps to condition the scalp.
For Restoring Color and
Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair.
50c. and 1.00 size in drug stores.

A Winter Campaign.
"Can't you get rid of the cough?"
"Well, we are preparing for a drive
against her."
ALWAYS LOOK YOUR BEST
As to Your Hair and Skin by Using
Cuticura. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the
Ointment to soothe and heal. These
fragrant, super-creamy emollients pre-
serve the natural purity and beauty
of the skin under conditions which, if
neglected, tend to produce a state of
irritation and disfigurement.
Free sample each by mail with Book.
Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L,
Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Stop That Ache!
Don't worry along with a bad
back. Get rid of it. It's a sign you
haven't taken care of yourself—
haven't had enough air, exercise
and sleep. Probably this has up-
set your kidneys. Get back to sensi-
ble habits, and give the kidneys
help. Then, if it's kidney backache,
the dizziness, lameness and tired-
ness will disappear. Use Doan's
Kidney Pills—the best recommended
kidney remedy.

An Iowa Case
"Every Picture
Tells a Story"
Mrs. A. J. Lam-
bert, 311 Cook St.,
Sioux City, Iowa,
says: "My bladder
was badly inflamed
and I was feeling
miserable when I
began using Doan's
Kidney Pills. They
gave me prompt re-
lief. Some time
later when I was
giving birth to a
girl I was suffering
from weak and dis-
ordered kidneys.
Doan's Kidney
Pills fixed me up all
right. Since then
I haven't suffered."
Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
E. J. DEWEY
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

BLACK
LEG
PATENTS
W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 3-1916.

SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, is thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat in a fog in San Francisco bay, and becomes unconscious before help reaches him. On coming to his senses he finds himself aboard the peeling schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

Facing back and forth the length of the hatchway, and savagely chewing the end of a cigar, was the man whose casual glance had rescued me from the sea. His height was probably five feet ten inches, or ten and a half; but my first impression, or feel of the man, was not of this, but of his strength. He was firmly planted on his legs; his feet struck the deck squarely and with surety; every movement of a muscle, from the heave of the shoulders to the tightening of the lips about the cigar, was decisive, and seemed to come out of a strength that was excessive and overwhelming. In fact, though this strength pervaded every action of his, it seemed but the advertisement of a greater strength that lurked within, that lay dormant and no more than stirred from time to time, but which might arouse, at any moment, terrible and compelling, like the rage of a lion or the wrath of a storm.

The cook stuck his head out of the galley door and grinned encouragingly at me, at the same time jerking his thumb in the direction of the man who paced up and down by the hatchway. Thus I was given to understand that he was the captain, the "Old Man," in the cook's vernacular, the individual whom I must interview and put to the trouble of somehow getting me ashore. I had half started forward, to get over what I was certain would be a stormy five minutes, when a suffocating paroxysm seized the unfortunate person who was lying on his back. He wrenched and writhed about convulsively.

The captain, or Wolf Larsen, as men called him, ceased pacing and gazed down at the dying man. So fierce had this final struggle become that the sailor paused in the act of flinging more water over him and started curiously, the canvas bucket partly tilted and dripping its contents to the deck. The dying man beat a tattoo on the hatch with his heels, straightened out his legs, and stiffened in one great, tense effort. Then the muscles relaxed, and a sigh, as of profound relief, floated upward from his lips.

Then a most surprising thing occurred. The captain broke loose upon the dead man like a thunderclap. Oaths rolled from his lips in a continuous stream. And they were not pambypamby oaths, or mere expressions of indecency. Each word was a blasphemy, and there were many words. They crisped and crackled like electric sparks. I had never heard anything like it in my life, nor could I have conceived it possible. The cause of it all, as near as I could make out, was that the man, who was mate, had gone on a debauch before leaving San Francisco, and then had the poor taste to die at the beginning of the voyage and leave Wolf Larsen short-handed.

While I appreciated the power of the terrific denunciation that swept out of Wolf Larsen's mouth, I was inexplicably shocked. But the dead man was unconcerned. He was master of the situation.

CHAPTER III.

Wolf Larsen ceased swearing as suddenly as he had begun. He relighted his cigar and glanced around. His eyes chanced upon the cook.

"Well, Cooky?" he began, with a suaveness that was cold and of the temper of steel.

"Yes, sir," the cook eagerly inter-
polated, with appeasing and apologetic servility.

"Don't you think you've stretched that neck of yours just about enough? It's unhealthy, you know. The mate's gone, so I can't afford to lose you too. You must be very, very careful of your health, Cooky. Understand?"

His last word, in striking contrast with the smoothness of his previous utterance, snapped like the flash of a whip. The cook quailed before it.

"Yes, sir," was the meek reply, as the offending head disappeared into the galley.

At this sweeping rebuke, which the cook had only pointed, the rest of the crew became uninterested and fell to work at one task or another. A

HAS EARNED ITS POPULARITY

Turkey Welcomed in Every Country
Where the People Appreciate
Good Things to Eat.

In every corner of the globe almost, at least where civilization has spread its epicurean tastes, may be found the domesticated turkey—not, however, of his own volition. Never would he, in his wild state, have sought to cross the stormy seas to find green fields and pastures new.

He is not so constructed. He is not bold or adventurous of disposition. On the contrary, he is timid and much afraid of things he does not understand, and when undisturbed is prone to let well enough alone and get along with his accustomed feeding grounds.

Again, as a flier the turkey is not a pronounced success. He flies ponderously, almost painfully, and with great effort and only when much frightened. His flight can be sustained for only a short distance, but what the wild turkey lacks as an aviator he fully makes up as a sprinter. He can outrun a race horse, espe-

number of men, however, who were lounging about a companionway between the galley and the hatch, and who did not seem to be sailors, continued talking in low tones with one another. These, I afterward learned, were the hunters, the men who shot the seals, and a very superior breed to common sailor folk.

"Johansen!" Wolf Larsen called out. A sailor stepped forward obediently. "Get your palm and needle and sew the beggar up. You'll find some old canvas in the sail locker. Make it do."

"Any of you fellows got a Bible or prayerbook?" was the captain's next demand, this time of the hunters lounging about the companionway.

They shook their heads, and someone made a jocular remark which I did not catch, but which raised a general laugh.

The captain shrugged his shoulders. "Then we'll drop him over without any palavering, unless our clerical-looking castaway has the burial service at sea by heart."

By this time he had swung around and was facing me.

"You're a preacher, aren't you?" he asked.

The hunters—there were six of them—to a man, turned and regarded me. I was painfully aware of my likeness to a scarecrow. A laugh went up at my appearance—a laugh that was not lessened or softened by the dead man stretched and grinning on the deck before us; a laugh that was as rough and harsh and frank as the sea itself; that arose out of coarse feelings and blunted sensibilities, from natures that knew neither courtesy nor gentleness.

Wolf Larsen did not laugh, though his gray eyes lighted with a light glint of amusement; and in that moment, having stepped forward quite close to him, I received my first impression of the man himself. The face, the jaw, the chin, the brow, rising to a goodly height and swelling heavily above the eyes—these, while strong in themselves, unusually strong, seemed to speak an immense vigor or virility of spirit that lay behind and beyond and out of sight.

The eyes, wide apart as the true artist's are wide, sheltering under a heavy brow and arched over by thick, black eyebrows, were of baffling, protean gray which was never twice the same; they were eyes that masked the soul with a thousand guises.

But to return. I told him that, unhappily for the burial service, I was not a preacher, when he sharply demanded:

"What do you do for a living?"

I confess I had never had such a question asked me before, nor had I ever canvassed it. I was quite taken aback, and before I could find myself had stammered, "I—I am a gentleman."

His lip curled in a swift sneer.

"I have worked, I do work," I cried impetuously, as though he were my judge and I required vindication, and at the same time very much aware of my arrant idiocy in discussing the subject at all.

"For your living?"

There was something so imperative and masterful about him that I was quite beside myself—"rattled," as Furuseth would have termed it, like a quaking child before a stern schoolmaster.

"Who feeds you?" was his next question.

"I have an income," I answered stoutly, and could have bitten my tongue the next instant. "All of which, you will pardon my observing, has nothing whatsoever to do with what I wish to see you about."

But he disregarded my protest.

"Who earned it? Eh? I thought so. Your father. You stand on deadmen's legs. You've never had any of your own. You couldn't walk alone between two sunrises and hustle the meat for your belly for three meals. Let me see your hand."

His tremendous, dormant strength must have stirred, swiftly and accurately, or I must have slept a moment, for before I knew it he had stepped two paces forward, gripped my right hand in his, and held it up for inspection. I tried to withdraw it, but his fingers tightened, without visible effort, till I thought mine would be crushed, when he dropped it with a flint of disdain.

"Dead men's hands have kept it soft. Good for little else than dish-washing and scullion work."

"I wish to be put ashore," I said firmly, for I now had myself in control.

cially in his own native forest, where undergrowth and bushes seem but to add to his speed. But he could not have flown over the ocean even if he had had that unnatural desire.

He was taken over by the hand of man, first to Spain, then to other Mediterranean countries, to northern Europe, to the far East, until now he is well-nigh omnipresent. And this spreading out of his kind even into the ends of the earth is all due to the entrancing qualities his meat takes on when properly baked or roasted.

ESTIMATING AGE OF EARTH

Geologists Have Differed Greatly as to the Time It Has Been in Existence.

As long ago as 1860 John Phillips, the geologist, estimated that the time required for the deposition of the stratified rocks lay between 28,000,000 and 96,000,000 years. This was probably the only estimate prior to Kelvin's epoch-making paper of 1862. Since that time many estimates have been made, varying all the way from 17,000,000 years to 400,000,000 years. Kelvin was the first to discuss the age of the earth considered as a cooling body.

In 1893 Clarence King introduced the important criterion of tidal stability and reached the conclusion that 24,000,000 represented the conditions. This result was adopted by Kelvin in 1897, and then he placed the limits as 20,000,000 and 40,000,000 years. Only Sir George Darwin has discussed the age of the earth from a purely astronomical point of view. From his theory of the earth-moon system he derived an estimate of more than 56,000,000

"I shall pay you whatever you judge your delay and trouble to be worth."

He looked at me curiously. Mockery shone in his eyes.

"I have a counter-proposition to make, and for the good of your soul. My mate's gone, and there'll be a lot of promotion. A sailor comes aft to take mate's place, cabin-boy goes forward to take sailor's place, and you take the cabin-boy's place, sign the articles for the cruise, twenty dollars per month and found. Now what do you say? And, mind you, it's for your own soul's sake. It will be the making of you. You might learn in time to stand on your own legs and perhaps to toddle along a bit."

But I took no notice. The sails of the vessel I had seen off to the southwest had grown larger and plainer. They were of the same schooner rig as the Ghost, though the hull itself, I could see, was smaller.

"That vessel will soon be passing us," I said, after a moment's pause. "As she is going in the opposite direction, she is very probably bound for San Francisco."

"Very probably," was Wolf Larsen's answer, as he turned partly away from me and cried out, "Cooky! Oh, Cooky!"

The Cockney popped out of the galley.

"Where's that boy? Tell him I want him."

"Yes, sir," and Thomas Muggidge fled swiftly aft and disappeared down another companionway near the wheel. A moment later he emerged, a heavy-

set young fellow of eighteen or nineteen, with a glowering, villainous countenance, trailing at his heels.

"What's your name, boy?"

"George Leach, sir," came the sullen answer, and the boy's bearing showed clearly that he had divined the reason for which he had been summoned.

"Not an Irish name," the captain snapped sharply. "O'Toole or McCarthy would suit your mug a damn sight better."

I saw the young fellow's hands clench and the blood crawl scarlet up his neck.

"But let that go," Wolf Larsen continued. "You may have very good reasons for forgetting your name, and I'll like you none the worst for it as long as you toe the mark. Telegraph Hill, of course, is your port of entry. It sticks out all over your mug. Tough as they make them and twice as nasty. I know the kind. Well, you can make up your mind to have it taken out of you on this craft. Understand? Who shipped you, anyway?"

"McCready and Swanson, sir."

"Who got the advance money?"

"They did, sir."

"I thought as much. And damned glad you were to let them have it. Couldn't make yourself scarce too quick, with several gentlemen you may have heard of looking for you."

The boy metamorphosed into a savage on the instant. His body bunched together as though for a spring, and his face became as an infuriated beast's as he snarled, "It's a—"

"A what?" Wolf Larsen asked a peculiar softness in his voice, as though he were overwhelmingly curious to hear the unspoken word.

The boy hesitated, then mastered

his temper. "Nothin', sir. I take it back."

"And you have shown me I was right." This with a gratified smile. "How old are you?"

"Just turned sixteen, sir."

"A lie. You'll never see eighteen again. Big for your age, at that, with muscles like a horse. Pack up your kit and go forward into the fo'c'sle. You're a boat-puller now. You're promoted; see?"

Without waiting for the boy's acceptance, the captain turned to the sailor who had just finished the gruesome task of sewing up the corpse. "Johansen, do you know anything about navigation?"

"No, sir."

"Well, never mind; you're mate just the same. Get your traps aft into the mate's berth."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the cheery response as Johansen started forward.

In the meantime the erstwhile cabin-boy had not moved.

"What are you waiting for?" Wolf Larsen demanded.

"I didn't sign for boat-puller, sir," was the reply. "I signed for cabin-boy. An' I don't want no boat pullin' in mine."

"Pack up and go forward."

This time Wolf Larsen's command was thrillingly imperative. The boy glowered sullenly, but refused to move.

Then came another stirring of Wolf Larsen's tremendous strength. It was utterly unexpected, and it was over and done with between the ticks of two seconds. He had sprung fully six feet across the deck and driven his fist into the other's stomach. At the same moment, as though I had been struck myself, I felt a sickening shock in the pit of my stomach. I instance this to show the sensitiveness of my nervous organization at the time, and how unused I was to spectacles of brutality. The cabin-boy—and he weighed 165 at the very least—crumpled up. He lifted into the air and struck the deck alongside the corpse on his head and shoulders, where he lay and writhed about in agony.

"Well?" Larsen asked of me, "have you made up your mind?"

I had glanced occasionally at the approaching schooner, and it was now almost abreast of us and not more than a couple of hundred yards away. It was a very trim and neat little craft. I could see a large, black number on one of its sails, and I had seen pictures of pilot boats.

"What vessel is that?" I asked.

"The pilot-boat Lady Mine," Wolf Larsen answered grimly. "Got rid of her pilots and running into San Francisco. She'll be there in five or six hours with this wind."

"Will you please signal it, then, so that I may be put ashore?"

"Sorry, but I've lost the signal book overboard," he remarked, and the group of hunters grinned.

I debated for a moment, looking him squarely in the eyes. I had seen the frightful treatment of the cabin-boy, and knew that I should very probably receive the same, if not worse. As I said, I debated with myself, and then I did what I consider the bravest act of my life. I ran to the side, waving my arms and shouting:

"Lady Mine ahoy! Take me ashore! A thousand dollars if you take me ashore!"

I waited, watching two men who stood by the wheel, one of them steering. The other was lifting a megaphone to his lips. I did not turn my head, though I expected every moment a killing blow from the human brute behind me. At last, after what seemed centuries, unable longer to stand the strain, I looked around. He had not moved. He was standing in the same position, swaying easily to the roll of the ship and lighting a fresh cigar.

"What is the matter? Anything wrong?"

This was the cry from the Lady Mine.

"Yes!" I shouted, at the top of my lungs. "Life or death! One thousand dollars if you take me ashore!"

"Too much 'Frisco tanglefoot for the health of my crew!" Wolf Larsen shouted after. "This one"—indicating me with his thumb—"fancies sea serpents and monkeys just now!"

The man on the Lady Mine laughed back through the megaphone. The pilot-boat plunged past.

"Give him hell for me!" came a final cry, and the two men waved their arms in farewell.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)