

THE SEA WOLF

JACK LONDON

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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 sailing schooner *Ghost*, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters, witnesses the death of the first mate and hears the captain curse the dead man for presuming to die. The captain refuses to put Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy for the good of his soul. He begins to learn potato peeling and fish washing under the cockney cook, Murgidge, is caught by a heavy sea shipped over the quarter as he is carrying tea and his knife is seriously hurt, but no one pays attention to his injury. Humphrey's quarters are changed aft. Murgidge steals his money and chases him when accused of it. Later he listens to Wolf give his idea of life—like yeast, a ferment, the big and the little. Cooky is jealous of Hump and hates him. Wolf hates a sea-demon and makes it the basis for another philippic discussion with Hump. Wolf entertains Murgidge in his cabin, winks from him at cards the money he stole from Hump, and then, in a fit of rage, whips him by right of might. Cooky and Hump whet knives at each other. Hump's intimacy with Wolf increases, and Wolf sketches the story of his life to Hump.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"You are worse off than Omar," said, "He, at least, after the customary agonizing of youth, found content and made of his materialism a joyous thing."

"Who was Omar?" Wolf Larsen asked, and I did no more work that day, nor the next, nor the next.

In his random reading he had never chanced upon the Rubaiyat, and it was to him like a great find of treasure. Much I remembered, possibly two-thirds of the quatrains, and I managed to piece out the remainder without difficulty. I was interested as to which quatrain he would like best, and was not surprised when he hit upon the one born of an instant's irritability, and quite at variance with the Persian's complacent philosophy and genial code of life:

What, without asking, hither hurried
When? And, without asking, whither hurried
hence?
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

"Great!" Wolf Larsen cried. "Great! That's the keynote. Insolence! He could not have used a better word."

In vain I objected and denied. He deluged me, overwhelmed me with argument.

"It's not the nature of life to be otherwise. Life, when it knows that it must cease living, will always rebel. It cannot help itself. You have talked of the instinct of immortality. I talk of the instinct of life, which is to live. It mastered it in you (you cannot deny it), because a crazy cockney cook sharpened a knife.

"You are afraid of him now. You are afraid of me. You cannot deny it. If I should catch you by the throat, thus—his hand was about my throat and my breath was shut off—and begin to press the life out of you, thus, and thus, your instinct of immortality will go glimmering, and your instinct of life, which is longing for life, will flutter up, and you will struggle to save yourself. Eh? I see the fear of death in your eyes. You beat the air with your arms. 'To live! To live! To live!' you are crying; and you are crying to live here and now, not hereafter. You doubt your immortality, eh? Ha! Ha! Your body draws itself up in knots like a snake's. Your chest heaves and strains. To live! To live! To live!"

I heard no more. Consciousness was blotted out by the darkness he had so graphically described, and when I came to myself I was lying on the floor and he was smoking a cigar and regarding me thoughtfully with the old, familiar light of curiosity in his eyes.

"Well, have I convinced you?" he demanded. "Here, take a drink of this. I want to ask you some questions."

I nodded my head negatively on the floor. "Your arguments are too—er—forceful," I managed to articulate, at cost of great pain to my aching throat.

"You'll be all right in an hour," he assured me. "And I promise I won't use any more physical demonstrations. Get up now. You can sit on a chair."

And, toy that I was of this monster, the discussion of Omar and the Preacher was resumed. And half the night we sat up over it.

CHAPTER XI.

The last twenty-four hours have witnessed a carnival of brutality. From cabin to fore-cabin it seems to have broken out like a contagion. Thomas Murgidge is a sneak, a spy, an in-

former. He has been attempting to curry favor and reinstate himself in the good graces of the captain by carrying tales of the men forward. He it was, I know, that carried some of Johnson's hasty talk to Wolf Larsen. Johnson, it seems, bought a suit of oilskins from the slop-chest and found them to be of greatly inferior quality. Nor was he slow in advertising the fact.

I had just finished sweeping the cabin, and had been inveigled by Wolf Larsen into a discussion of Hamlet, his favorite Shakespearean character, when Johnson followed by Johnson. The latter's cap came off after the custom of the sea, and he stood respectfully in the center of the cabin, swaying heavily and uneasily to the roll of the schooner and facing the captain.

"Shut the doors and draw the slide," Wolf Larsen said to me.

As I obeyed I noticed an anxious gaze come into Johnson's eyes, but I did not dream of its cause. The mate, Johansen, stood away several feet to the side of him, and fully three yards in front of him sat Wolf Larsen on one of the pivotal cabin chairs. An appreciable pause fell, a pause that may have lasted fully a minute. It was broken by Wolf Larsen.

"Yonson," he began.

"My name is Johnson, sir," the sailor boldly corrected.

"Well, Johnson, then, damn you! Can you guess why I have sent for you?"

"Yes, and no, sir," was the slow reply. "My work is done well. The mate knows that, and you know it, sir. So there cannot be any complaint."

"Johnson," Wolf Larsen said, "I understand you're not quite satisfied with those oilskins?"

"No, I am not. They are no good, sir."

"And you've been shooting off your mouth about them."

"I say what I think, sir," the sailor answered courageously.

It was at this moment that I chanced to glance at Johansen. His big fists were clenched and unclenching, and his face was positively fiendish, so malignantly did he look at Johnson.

"Do you know what happens to men who say what you've said about my slop-chest and me?" Wolf Larsen demanded, sharply and imperatively.

"What you and the mate there are going to do to me, sir."

"Look at him, Hump," Wolf Larsen said to me, "look at this bit of animated dust, that is impressed with certain human fictions such as righteousness and honesty, and that will live up to



His Hand Was About My Throat and My Breath Was Shut Off.

them in spite of all personal discomforts and menaces. What do you think of him, Hump? What do you think of him?"

"I think that he is a better man than you are," I answered, impelled, somehow, with a desire to draw upon myself a portion of the wrath I felt was about to break upon his head. "His human fictions, as you choose to call them, make for nobility and manhood. You have no fictions, no dreams, no ideals. You are a pauper."

He nodded his head with savage pleasantness. "Quite true, Hump, quite true. I have no fictions, that make for nobility and manhood. A living dog is better than a dead lion, say I with the Preacher. My only dog-

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

trine is the doctrine of expediency, and it makes for surviving. Do you know what I am going to do?"

I shook my head.

"Watch me."

Three yards away from Johnson he was, and sitting down. Nine feet! And yet he left the chair in full leap, without first gaining a standing position. It was an avalanche of fury that Johnson strove vainly to fend off. Wolf Larsen's fist drove to the chest, with a crushing, resounding impact. Johnson almost fell backward, and swayed from side to side in an effort to recover his balance.

I cannot give the further particulars of the horrible scene that followed. It was too revolting. It turns me sick even now when I think of it. Johnson fought bravely enough, but he was no match for Wolf Larsen, much less for Wolf Larsen and the mate. It was frightful. I felt that I should lose my mind, and I ran up the companion stairs to open the doors and escape on deck. But Wolf Larsen, leaving his victim for the moment, and with one of his tremendous springs, gained my side and flung me into the far corner of the cabin.

"The phenomena of life, Hump," he girded at me. "Stay and watch it. You may gather data on the immortality of the soul. Besides, you know, we can't hurt Johnson's soul. It's only the fleeting form we may demolish."

It seemed centuries—possibly it was no more than ten minutes that the beating continued. Wolf Larsen and Johansen were all about the poor fellow. And when he could no longer rise they still continued to beat and kick him where he lay.

"Easy, Johansen; easy as she goes," Wolf Larsen finally said.

"Jerk open the doors, Hump," I was commanded.

I obeyed, and the two brutes picked up the senseless man like a sack of rubbish and hove him clear up the companion stairs, through the narrow doorway, and out on deck. The blood from his nose gushed in a scarlet stream over the feet of the helmsman, who was none other than Louis, his boat mate. But Louis took and gave a spoke and gazed imperturbably into the binnacle.

Not so was the conduct of George Leach, the erstwhile cabin-boy. Fore and aft there was nothing that could have surprised us more than his consequent behavior. He it was that came up on the poop without orders, and dragged Johnson forward, where he set about dressing his wounds as well as he could and making him comfortable.

Wolf Larsen was smoking a cigar and examining the patent log which the Ghost usually towed astern, but which had been hauled in for some purpose. Suddenly Leach's voice came to my ears. It was tense and hoarse with an overmastering rage. I turned and saw him standing just beneath the break of the poop, and his face convulsed and white, his eyes were flashing, his clenched fists raised overhead.

"May God damn your soul to hell, Wolf Larsen, only hell's too good for you, you coward, you murderer, you pig!" was his opening salutation.

I was thunderstruck. I looked for his instant annihilation. But it was not Wolf Larsen's whim to annihilate him. He sauntered slowly forward to the break of the poop, and, leaning his elbow on the corner of the cabin, gazed down thoughtfully and curiously at the excited boy.

And the boy indicted Wolf Larsen as he had never been indicted before. Each moment I looked, and everybody looked, for him to leap upon the boy and destroy him. But it was not his whim. His cigar went out, and he continued to gaze silently and curiously.

Leach had worked himself into an ecstasy of impotent rage.

"Pig! Pig! Pig!" he was reiterating at the top of his lungs. "Why don't you come down and kill me, you murderer? Come on, you coward! Kill me! Kill me! Kill me!"

It was at this stage that Thomas Murgidge's erratic soul brought him into the scene. He turned to Leach, saying:

"Such language! Shockin'!"

Leach's rage was no longer impotent. Here at last was something ready to hand. And for the first time since the stabbing the cockney had appeared outside the galley without his knife. The words had barely left his mouth when he was knocked down by Leach. Three times he struggled

to his feet, striving to gain the galley, and each time was knocked down.

"Oh, Lord!" he cried. "Elp! Elp! Tyke 'im awy, can't yer? Tyke 'im awy!"

The hunters laughed from sheer relief. Tragedy had dwindled, the farce had begun. The sailors now crowded boldly aft, grinning and shuffling, to watch the pummeling of the hated cockney. And even I felt a great joy surge up within me. I confess that I delighted in this beating Leach was giving to Thomas Murgidge, though it was as terrible, almost, as the one Murgidge had caused to be given to Johnson. But the expression of Wolf Larsen's face never changed. The cockney strove in vain to protect himself from the infuriated boy. And in vain he strove to gain the shelter of the cabin. Blow followed blow with bewildering rapidity. He was knocked about like a shuttlecock, until, finally, like Johnson, he was beaten and kicked as he lay helpless on the deck. And no one interfered.

But these two affairs were only the opening events of the day's program. In the afternoon Smoke and Henderson fell foul of each other, and a fusillade of shots came up from the steerage, followed by a stampede of the other four hunters for the deck. A column of thick, acrid smoke—the kind always made by black powder—was arising through the open compan-



"You Coward! You Murderer! You Pig!"

ionway, and down through it leaped Wolf Larsen. The sound of blows and scuffling came to our ears. Both men were wounded, and he was thrashing them both for having disobeyed his orders and crippled themselves in advance of the hunting season. In fact, they were badly wounded, and, having thrashed them, he proceeded to operate upon them in a rough surgical fashion and to dress their wounds. I served as assistant while he probed and cleansed the passages made by the bullets, and I saw the two men endure his crude surgery without anesthetics and with good nature to uphold them a stiff tumbler of whisky.

The second dog-watch and the day were wound up by a fight between Johansen and the lean, Yankee-looking hunter, Latimer. It was caused by remarks of Latimer's concerning the noises made by the mate in his sleep, and though Johansen was whipped, he kept the steerage awake for the rest of the night while he blissfully slumbered and fought the fight over and over again.

As for myself, I was oppressed with nightmare. All my days had been passed in comparative ignorance of the animality of man. In fact, I had known life only in its intellectual phases. Brutality I had experienced, but it was the brutality of the intellect—the cutting sarcasm of Charley Furusetth, the cruel epigrams and occasional harsh witticisms of the fellows at the Hibelot, and the nasty remarks of some of the professors during my undergraduate days.

That was all. Not for nothing had I been called "Sissy" Van Weyden, I thought, as I tossed restlessly on my bunk between one nightmare and another. And it seemed to me that my innocence of the realities of life had been complete indeed. I laughed bitterly at myself, and seemed to find in Wolf Larsen's forbidding philosophy a more adequate explanation of life than I had found in my own.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Help Wanted.
"Can I do anything for you?" asked the passing motorist of an exasperated man who was trying to change a tire while his wife, a woman of commanding appearance, stood by and gave numerous directions. "Yes, indeed," replied the exasperated man, as he mopped his brow. "My wife here is an ardent suffragette. I wish you would talk to her about the cause until I get this tire on."

Opportunity never troubles a man if there is nothing in him

OX WARBLES ATTACK BACKS OF CATTLE



Stocker Steers in Pasture.

(From Weekly News Letter United States Department of Agriculture.)
Specialists of the department are urging cattle owners, in the North as well as in the South, to take steps to rid their cattle of ox warbles or "volves," the importance of which to the cattle industry has been generally underestimated. Ox warbles are the whitish grubs or maggots which develop from the eggs deposited by certain flies known as warble flies or heel flies, and which injure the hides, reduce milk flow and retard the growth of the animals. The maggots are commonly found just below the skin on the backs of cattle in the spring. Their presence is revealed by local swellings about the size of pigeon's eggs, each with a small central hole or perforation through which the maggot breathes. From this hole the maggot, when mature, emerges to enter the ground and change to the adult or fly stage. When fully grown the grub is about three-fourths of an inch in length.

In the past trouble from the warbles has largely been confined to cattle in the South, but recently the bureau of entomology has discovered that a second species, heretofore not found in this country but known to be even a more serious pest in Europe than is our native warble, has become well established in certain districts in the northern part of the United States. While it is probable that this so-called European ox warble will not be of as great importance in the southern part of the United States as the species already established, there is every reason to believe that unless checked it will become generally distributed throughout the northern half of the country. This European species is now generally distributed throughout New York and the New England states and a few specimens have been obtained from western Pennsylvania, western Maryland, southern Michigan, eastern Iowa and Missouri, and western Washington. Attention is also directed to the fact that this species is now generally distributed throughout southern Canada. The department, therefore, is calling attention at this time to the danger of spreading this species promiscuously about the country, and is urging cattle owners to take the simple means necessary to prevent its spread.

Until recently warbles were not regarded as serious even in the South, because it was thought that the loss they occasioned came principally from the damage they did to hides. Even this loss in the aggregate, however, is important, as hides show warble holes three to six months in the year, and leathers pay from 50 cents to \$1.50 less for hides that show even moderate warble infestation. In many cases the scars left after the holes have healed cause buyers to cut prices considerably.

The loss from the warble, however, is by no means limited to the holes the maggots cut in the hides. Extensive investigations in Germany and Denmark indicate that the losses through reduction in milk supply in dairy cattle, the retardation of growth in young stock, and the loss of flesh in all classes of animals are twofold greater than the damage done to the hides. In some of these tests the early extraction of the grubs from the backs of infested cattle resulted in an increase of nearly 25 per cent in the milk production. Animals from which the grubs had been extracted showed a gain of more than five per cent in weight over similar animals in which the pests were allowed to develop normally.

Thus far the veterinarians and entomologists of the department have determined no better way of controlling these pests than through the systematic extraction and destruction of the grubs from the backs of infested animals.

When the larvae are nearly ready to leave their host they may be easily squeezed out by pressing the swelling with the fingers, but if not so far developed it is often very difficult to get them out by squeezing. In such cases a slender pair of forceps may be used for pulling them out. If the swelling and its opening are still very small, the best way of extracting the grub is to make an incision with a knife, after which the grub can be squeezed out by applying strong pressure. Kill the grub when removed.

It is important that warbles be removed as early in their development as possible. This relieves the infested animal from the irritation and prevents the enlargement of the exit holes. While this practice is not applicable to ranch conditions, it is

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Bloody milk is caused by a derangement of the glands of the udder. The trouble is not contagious and the milk from the teats that do not give bloody milk is fit for use.

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OVERCOMES

systemic catarrh, inflammation of mucous membrane lining the stomach, bowels, bronchia and head—takes up the whole system. Aids you to prevent Coughs and Colds.

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A miner lowered into a subterranean cavern opened by a mine's blast at Volcano, Nev., some time ago, was unable to discover the ends of the fissure. Stones dropped through the opening could be heard bounding from wall to wall, but there was no sound indicating that they reached the bottom.

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Long Journey to Safety.
Three thousand refugees from the devastated provinces of western Russia arrived in Irkutsk, the capital of Siberia, recently. Some of them had been 12 weeks journeying bitter and thither.

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Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the *Castor* Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use for Over 30 Years.

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KOW-KURE

REFUTES THE CANAL THEORY

Member of British Astronomical Association Takes Issue With Scientists Concerning Mars.

According to the report on the 1909 opposition of Mars, published by the "section for the observation of Mars" of the British Astronomical Association, under the direction of E. M. Antoniadi, "the alleged existence of a geometrical network of canals on Mars has received a lasting and unassailable confirmation." Mr. Antoniadi had the advantage of using on Mars the great Meudon refractor, the most powerful telescope in the Old World. In working with smaller instruments he himself had, like other observers, obtained frequent glimpses of narrow, straight lines, but in the Meudon instrument these lines were seen only when the definition was bad and the image of the planet "faring." With good seeing, a complex natural structure of the so-called "continental" regions of the planet was revealed, a variety of irregular bands and shadings, replacing the sharp, nar-

row lines drawn by Schiaparelli, Lowell and others. Mr. Antoniadi pronounced the geometrical lines, and also the doubling of the lines, mere optical illusions, and presents a large number of his own drawings side by side with those made of the same regions by Schiaparelli and Lowell, in support of this contention. He notes that the markings which Schiaparelli only glimpsed with his modest 8 1/2-inch refractor were held quite steadily in the 32 1/2-inch refractor at Meudon.—Scientific American.

Extensive Production of Camphor.
Experiments by the Japanese government of producing camphor by distilling the leaves and branches of camphor trees have reached a stage at which 217 gallons of distillate are produced from each 400 pounds of leaves.

The Chief One.
"When the war is over the scene will be some foul changes in the scene of war."
"Yes, and I guess each of the main powers is hoping to bring one about by turning into a Turkey gobble."

HOME TRAINING TO BLAME

Northwestern University Professor Points Out What He Considers One of Crime's Chief Causes.

Prof. Robert H. Gault of Northwestern University, in a report submitted to the crime commission of Chicago, declares that mental deficiencies and unit homes are the contributory causes of crime.

Another report submitted by Professor Gault constitutes an attack on the present law by showing that criminals whose history should exclude them from probation are given their liberty. The cause of the latter, the sociologist says, is inadequate investigation.

Compulsory education until the age of sixteen is one recommendation made by the professor to solve the delinquent boy problem, and another suggestion is that vocational training should begin at any time, optional with the pupil and his advisers—meaning his parents or guardians.

In the statistics compiled in the report, it is shown that many delin-

quent boys on probation in Cook county are not working at all, others work only half time, and of those that work many are errand boys, wagon boys, bellhops, and have other occupations that contain no future for them. Society would best be served, it is contended, if the delinquent boy had work where he realized he had a chance to make something of himself.—The Living Church.

In a Bit of a Hurry.
A very small boy was taken to a dental establishment to have some of his first teeth pulled. For a second or so, during which time four teeth disappeared, everything was fairly serene, and then came howls of objection.

"I didn't want them teeth to come out," cried the young patient, suddenly recollecting something. "I want them to stay in."

"That's all right," consolingly responded the dentist. "They will soon grow in again."

"Will they?" quickly rejoined the boy, with a brightening face. "Do you think they will grow in time for dinner?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

REFUTES THE CANAL THEORY