



# The SEA WOLF

JACK LONDON

SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat, on coming to his senses, finds himself aboard the sealing schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters. The captain refuses to put Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." He begins under the cockney cook, Murgidge, who steals his money and chases him when accused of it. Cooky is jealous of Hump and hates him. Wolf hates a seaman and makes it the basis for a philosophic discussion with Hump. Wolf entertains Murgidge in his cabin, wine from him at cards the money he stole from Hump. Cooky and Hump whet knives at each other. Hump's intimacy with Wolf increases. Wolf sketches the story of his life, discusses the Bible, and Omar, and illustrates the instinctive love of life by choking Hump nearly to death. A carnival of brutality breaks loose in the ship and Wolf proves himself the master brute. Wolf is knocked overboard at night, comes back aboard by the logline and wins clear in a fight in the fore-cabin. Hump dresses Wolf's wounds and, despite his protest, is made mate on the bell-ship. Mr. Van Weyden tries to learn his duties as mate. Wolf hates the men who tried to kill him. Van Weyden proves by his conduct in a blow, with all hands out in the boats among the seal herd, that he has learned "to stand on his own legs."

## CHAPTER XV—Continued.

Two hours of terrible work followed, in which all hands of us—two hunters, three sailors, Wolf Larsen and I—reefed, first one and the other, the jib and mainsail. And when all was done, I gave up like a woman and rolled upon the deck in the agony of exhaustion.

In the meantime Thomas Murgidge, like a drowned rat, was being dragged out from under the fore-cabin head, where he had cravenly ensconced himself. I saw him pulled aft to the cabin and noted with a shock of surprise that the galley had disappeared. A clean space of deck showed where it had stood.

In the cabin I found all hands assembled, sailors as well, and while coffee was being cooked over the small stove we drank whiskey and crunched hardtack.

"To hell with a lookout," I heard Wolf Larsen say when we had eaten and drunk our fill. "There's nothing can be done on deck. If anything's going to run us down we couldn't get out of its way. Turn in, all hands, and get some sleep."

The sailors slipped forward, setting the side-lights as they went, while the two hunters remained to sleep in the cabin, it not being deemed advisable to open the slide to the steerage companionway. Wolf Larsen and I, between us, cut off Kerfoot's crushed finger and sewed up the stump. Murgidge, who, during all the time he had been compelled to cook and serve coffee and keep the fire going, had complained of internal pains, now swore that he had a broken rib or two. On examination we found that he had three. But his case was deferred to



Wolf Larsen and I, Between Us, Cut Off Kerfoot's Crushed Finger.

next day, principally for the reason that I did not know anything about broken ribs and would first have to read it up.

"I don't think it was worth it," I said to Wolf Larsen, "a broken boat for Kelly's life."

"But Kelly didn't amount to much," was the reply. "Good night."

After all that had passed, suffering intolerable anguish in my finger ends, and with three boats missing, to say nothing of the wild capers the Ghost was cutting, I should have thought it impossible to sleep. But my eyes must have closed the instant my head touched the pillow, and in utter exhaustion I slept throughout the night, while the Ghost, lonely and undisturbed, fought her way through the storm.

## CHAPTER XVI.

The next day, while the storm was blowing itself out, Wolf Larsen and I crammed anatomy and surgery and set Murgidge's ribs. Then, when the storm broke, Wolf Larsen cruised back and forth over that portion of the ocean where we had encountered it, and somewhat more to the westward, while the boats were being re-

paired and new sails made and bent. Sealing schooner after sealing schooner we sighted and boarded, most of which were in search of lost boats, and most of which were carrying boats and crews they had picked up and which did not belong to them. For the thick of the fleet had been to the westward of us, and the boats, scattered far and wide, had headed in mad flight for the nearest refuge.

Two of our boats, with men all safe, we took off the Cisco, and, to Wolf Larsen's huge delight and my own grief, he culled Smoke, Nilson and Leach, from the San Diego. So that, at the end of five days, we found ourselves short but four men—Henderson, Holyoak, Williams and Kelly—and were once more hunting on the flanks of the herd.

But Wolf Larsen, as was to be expected, being a boat short, took possession of the first stray one and compelled its men to hunt with the Ghost, not permitting them to return to their own schooner when we sighted it. I remember how he forced the hunter and his two men below, a rifle at their breasts, when their captain passed by at biscuit-toss and hailed us for information.

I was learning more and more seamanship; and one clear day—a thing we rarely encountered now—I had the satisfaction of running and handling the Ghost and picking up the boats myself. Wolf Larsen had been smitten with one of his headaches, and I stood at the wheel from morning until evening, sailing across the ocean after the last lee boat and heaving to and picking it and the other five up without command or suggestion from him.

Gales we encountered now and again, for it was a raw and stormy region, and, in the middle of June, a typhoon most memorable to me and most important because of the changes wrought through it upon my future. We must have been well in the path of the Transpacific steamships when the typhoon moderated, and here, to the surprise of the hunters, we found ourselves in the midst of the seals—a second herd, or sort of rear guard, they declared, and a most unusual thing. But it was "Boats over!" the boom-boom of guns, and the pitiful slaughter through the long day.

It was at this time that I was approached by Leach. I had just finished tallying the skins of the last boat aboard, when he came to my side, in the darkness, and said in a low tone:

"Can you tell me, Mr. Van Weyden, how far we are off the coast, and what the bearings of Yokohama are?"

My heart leaped with gladness, for I knew what he had in mind, and I gave him the bearings—west-northwest and five hundred miles away.

"Thank you, sir," was all he said as he slipped back into the darkness.

Next morning No. 3 boat and Johnson and Leach were missing. Wolf Larsen was furious. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack to raise that tiny boat out of the blue immensity. But he put the Ghost through her best paces so as to get between the deserters and the land. This accomplished, he cruised back and forth across what he knew must be their course.

On the morning of the third day, shortly after eight bells, a cry that the boat was sighted came down from Smoke at the masthead. All hands lined the rail, and there, to leeward, in the troubled silver of the rising sun, appeared and disappeared a black speck. We squared away and ran for it. I looked at the gleam of triumph in Wolf Larsen's eyes, his form swam before me and I felt almost irresistibly impelled to fling myself upon him. The boat was near enough now for us to make out that it was larger than any sealing boat and built on different lines. Smoke, who had descended to the deck and was now standing by my side, began to chuckle in a significant way. I looked at him inquiringly.

"Talk of a mess!" he giggled. "Don't you see there, in the stern-sheets, on the bottom. May I never shoot a seal again if that ain't a woman!"

I looked closely, but was not sure until exclamations broke out on all sides. The boat contained four men, and its fifth occupant was certainly a woman. We were agog with excitement, all except Wolf Larsen, who was evidently disappointed in that it was not his own boat with the two victims of his malice.

We ran down the flying jib, hauled the jib-sheets to windward and the main sheet flat, and came up into the wind. I now caught my first glimpse of the woman. She was wrapped in a long ulster, for the morning was raw; and I could see nothing but her face and a mass of light brown hair escaping from under the seaman's cap on her head. The eyes were large and brown and lustrous, the mouth sweet and sensitive, and the face itself a delicate oval, though sun and exposure to briny wind had burnt the face scarlet. When one of the sailors lifted her into Wolf Larsen's downstretched arms, she looked up into our curious faces and smiled amusedly and sweetly, as only a woman can

smile, and as I had seen no one smile for so long that I had forgotten such smiles existed.

"Mr. Van Weyden!"

Wolf Larsen's voice brought me sharply back to myself.

"Will you take the lady below and see to her comfort? Make up that spare port cabin. Put Cooky to work on it. And see what you can do for that face. It's burned badly."

He turned brusquely away from us and began to question the new men. The boat was cast adrift, though one of them called it a "bloody shame" with Yokohama so near.

"No need to go to any great trouble for me," she protested, when I had seated her in Wolf Larsen's armchair, which I had dragged hastily from his cabin. "The men were looking for land at any moment this morning, and the vessel should be in by night; don't you think so?"

Her simple faith in the immediate future took me aback. How could I explain to her the situation, the strange man who stalked the sea like Destiny, all that it had taken me months to learn? But I answered honestly:

"If it were any other captain except ours, I should say you would be ashore in Yokohama tomorrow. But our captain is a strange man, and I beg of you to be prepared for anything, understand?—for anything."

"—I confess I hardly do understand," she hesitated, a perturbed but not frightened expression in her eyes. "Or is it a misconception of mine that shipwrecked people are always shown every consideration? This is such a little thing, you know. We are so close to land."

"Candidly, I do not know," I strove to reassure her. "I wished merely to prepare you for the worst, if the worst is to come. This man, this captain, is a brute, a demon, and one can never tell what will be his next fantastic act."

I was growing excited, but she interrupted me with an "Oh, I see," and her voice sounded weary. To think was patently an effort. She was clearly on the verge of physical collapse. I had quite forgotten the existence of Leach and Johnson, when suddenly, like a thunderclap, "Boat ho!" came down the open companionway. It was Smoke's unmistakable voice, crying from the masthead.

There were swift commands on deck, a stamping of feet and a slapping of reef-points as the Ghost shot into the wind and about on the other tack. As she filled away and heeled, the armchair began to slide across the cabin floor, and I sprang for it just in time to prevent the rescued woman from being spilled out.

Her eyes were too heavy to suggest more than a hint of the sleepy surprise that perplexed her as she looked up at me, and she half stumbled, half tottered, as I led her to her cabin. Murgidge grinned insinuatingly in my face as I shoved him out and ordered him back to his galley work; and he won his revenge by spreading glowing reports among the hunters as to what an excellent "lady's myde" I was proving myself to be.

## CHAPTER XVII.

I came on deck to find the Ghost heading up close on the port tack and cutting in to windward of a familiar spritsail close hauled on the same tack ahead of us. All hands were on deck, for they knew that something was to happen when Leach and Johnson were dragged aboard.

Wolf Larsen strode aft from amidships, where he had been talking with the rescued men. The catlike springiness in his tread was a little more pronounced than usual, and his eyes were bright and snappy.

"Three oilers and a fourth engineer," was his greeting. "But we'll make sailors out of them, or boat pullers at any rate. Now, what of the lady?"

I know not why, but I was aware of a twinge or pang, like the cut of a knife, when he mentioned her. I thought it a certain silly fastidiousness on my part, but it persisted in spite of me, and I merely shrugged my shoulders in answer.

Wolf Larsen pursed his lips in a long, quizzical whistle.

"What's her name?" he demanded.

"I don't know," I replied. "She is asleep. She was very tired. In fact, I was waiting to hear the news from you. What vessel was it?"

"Mail steamer," he answered shortly. "The City of Tokyo, from Frisco, bound for Yokohama. Disabled in that typhoon. Old tub. Opened up top and bottom like a sieve. They were adrift four days. And you don't know who or what she is, eh?—maid, wife or widow? Well, well."

He shook his head in a bantering way, and regarded me with laughing eyes.

"Are you—" I began. It was on the verge of my tongue to ask if he were going to take the castaways in to Yokohama.

"Am I what?" he asked.

"What do you intend doing with Leach and Johnson?"

He shook his head. "Really, Hump, I don't know. You see, with these additions I've about all the crew I want."

"And they've about all the escaping they want," I said. "Why not give them a change of treatment? Take them aboard and deal gently with them. Whatever they have done they have been hounded into doing."

"By me?"

"By you," I answered steadily. "And I give you warning, Wolf Larsen, that I may forget love of my own life in the desire to kill you if you go too far in maltreating those poor wretches."

"Bravo!" he cried. "You do me proud, Hump! You've found your legs

with a vengeance. You're quite an individual. You were unfortunate in having your life cast in easy places, but you're developing, and I like you the better for it."

His voice and expression changed. His face was serious. "Do you believe in promises?" he asked. "Are they sacred things?"

"Of course," I answered.

"Then here is a compact," he went on, consummate actor that he was. "If I promise not to lay my hands upon Leach and Johnson, will you promise, in turn, not to attempt to kill me?"

I could hardly believe my ears. What was coming over the man?

"Is it a go?" he asked impatiently.

"A go," I answered.

His hand went out to mine, and as I shook it heartily I could have sworn I saw the mocking devil shine up for a moment in his eyes.

We strolled across the poop to the lee side. The boat was close at hand now, and in desperate plight. Johnson was steering, Leach balling.

The next instant they were opposite the poop, where stood Wolf Larsen and I. We were falling in the trough, they were rising on the surge. Johnson looked at me, and I could see that



One of the Sailors Lifted Her Into Wolf Larsen's Downstretched Arms.

his face was worn and haggard. I waved my hand to him, and he answered the greeting, but with a wave that was hopeless and despairing. It was as if he were saying farewell. It did not see into the eyes of Leach, for he was looking at Wolf Larsen, the old and implacable snarl of hatred strong as ever on his face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## BEWARE THE POPULAR MAN

"Good Fellow" Makes the Worst Kind of Husband, According to Sophisticated Widow.

A sophisticated widow, airing her views in a New York paper, declares that the good fellow, the clubbable man, makes the very worst kind of husband. The type of man who is loved by men, chiefly for his genial faults, is a terror to live with, says this lady, who is credited with considerable experience.

Such a man is quite incapable of self-study and of self-criticism; he knows the men like him and he can't think why his wife doesn't. The man who is popular with men, says this lady, never gets on, either in business or anything else. He takes pride in being a good spender and he cultivates the art of generously spending, to the detriment of the art of making. The wife of such a man is forever anxious about financial matters, usually neglected, invariably unhappy. And the men are always so sorry for him, being tied to such a fussy wife.

## Having Fun With the Bread Cards.

German humorists have found excellent material in cartooning the bread cards. "Give me your bread card or your life!" was popular. Ferocious bandits were pictured as relinquishing fortunes in gold and jewels in order to steal bread cards; cautious heads of families were depicted as mounting guard at night over the safe in which reposed the family tickets. Dinner invitations, instead of "R. S. V. P.," bore the legend, "Please bring your own bread."—From "Is Germany Hungry?" in the Saturday Evening Post.

## Long Life in Rural France.

A remarkable record of longevity is to be found in some of the rural parishes of France. In the village of St. Thomas de la Fliche there have been only fourteen parish priests in 300 years. The parish of St. Germain du Val, in Paris, has had only three pastors in 100 years, while that of Givry en Argonne has had but five in 130 years.

## Between Friends.

"Say, old chap, you're a good friend of mine, aren't you?"

"Sure. And you're a good friend of mine, aren't you?"

"Sure. And, say, I want to borrow ten dollars."

"Quiet, Major, quiet. Listen. So do I, and if you can find anybody with a few bucks to spare, let me know, will you?"—Judge.

## How Light Affects the Eye.

In a dim light the conditions obtained in full daylight do not apply so far as the eye is concerned. In a feeble illumination the eye becomes more or less color-blind and is highly insensitive to red, which appears dead black, whereas green and blue objects appear as uncanny gray.

### Personal Witnessing for Christ

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.  
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TEXT—Ye shall be witnesses unto me.—Acts 1:8.  
A true witness delivereth souls.—Prov. 14:25.

These Scriptures set before us the reason that true Christians, saved men and women, are left on the earth. If "to depart and be with Christ is far better," as Paul wrote the Philippians, the wonder is that Christ who loved his people well enough to die for them, did not take them to be with him in heaven as soon as he saved them, as soon as they were regenerated by his Holy Spirit.



In the same letter Paul said the reason his enemies were not allowed to put him to death was that his remaining in the flesh was more needful for the service Christ had for him to do, and doubtless this is true of all Christians.

Now, what is that service? The text tells us that it is to witness for Jesus Christ, and with the object of delivering, that is, saving souls.

There are many kinds of service Christians ought to do for their fellow men, and so far as our observation goes there is a fairly generous and intelligent disposition on their part to do them. The emphasis laid upon "social service" has wrought wonders in stirring professing Christians to perform their obligations to society in a spirit of unselfishness, and all classes are feeling the benefit. We are all grateful for this, and trust the pressure may not be released, and that the pulpit and the religious press may continue that instruction and exhortation we all need to perform our duty.

But two thoughts occur to us, and one is that we may engage in that kind of service without ever bearing witness specifically to Jesus Christ, and the other, that after we have rendered that service to our fellow men they may still remain ignorant of the Gospel and "dead in trespasses and sins."

These things are true because social service of certain kinds is, even at its highest level, only for the betterment of earthly conditions and takes no cognizance of a life beyond. Men and women of the world with kindly hearts may engage in it, who themselves are quite ignorant of the new life in Christ Jesus, and whose motives are merely humanitarian. Indeed the most selfish principles may make us diligent in some forms of social service, for as we are bettering the conditions of those around us we are bettering our own.

Can we not easily see that this necessitates no mention of Jesus Christ, and especially no mention of him in that capacity which most truly glorifies him, namely, his redemption of human kind by his death upon the cross? You meet a beggar, let us say, and you give him a nickel or a dime for a cupful of coffee and a night's lodging, and he thanks you for it. That is, he thanks you for it, and there the transaction ends.

But what is it that stirs you to respond to his appeal, simply the desire to be rid of him or a feeling of sympathy for his need. But it may be something else. It may be the love of your Savior in you, and for you, that prompts the gift, and if so, should not the beggar be told of it that he, the real giver, may receive the thanks?

Carry out this thought in other form of social service and discover where it leads. You will never be satisfied to do kind things for men without letting them know in some way that it is Christ in you that is doing it.

But suppose we go further. You may be engaged in service more strictly Christian, and yet be negligent of your supreme obligation to win souls to Christ. Sunday school teachers are often lacking in desire and ability to engage in personal evangelism, and hence boys and girls, and young men and young women remain in their classes year in and year out, without being moved to cross the line from darkness to light, from death to life. There are ministers greatly lacking in the same regard and worse than all, Christian parents who never think of dealing personally with their children on the subject of their conversion to and salvation by Christ. Is not this awful to contemplate?

Let this message close with a practical suggestion. Is there an evangelistic meeting now in progress not very far away? What a splendid opportunity for you to do personal evangelism, to witness for Jesus Christ! When the evangelist calls for personal workers volunteer your service and begin in earnest to work for souls.

And if you are too timid or too ignorant for the Gospel to do that, here is something else you can do. You can invite some unsaved friend or acquaintance to go with you to the meeting, that someone else may labor with him there.

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Hercules and the Countryman.

A countryman was driving his cart along a road filled with ruts when one of the wheels stuck in the mud and the horses were unable to draw the cart out of it. The countryman at once began to call upon Hercules to help him out of his difficulty.

"Put your shoulder to the wheel," said Hercules. "Whip your horses and help them, for that is the only way to obtain the aid that you want."

They are helped who help themselves.—From the Fables of Aesop, the Slave.

Economies of the Rich.

Knicker—Gasoline is going up. Bocker—Maybe we can run the car on champagne and drink oil.

Its Kind.

"Is your husband's desire to be an aviator a trial to you?"

"Oh, it is a soar affliction!"

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