



## The Men of Forty Mile

Malemute Kid Leaves the Main Question Unanswered

By JACK LONDON

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Took a Flying Shot at Yellow Fang.

"Fifty" was the sanguinary reply, grunted out, yet sharply cut. But the new man, not prominently displayed, but casually collied about Malemute Kid's arm, caught the quick eye of the Irishman and thrilled him with a suspicious fear. "An' what are ye doin' with the rope?"

"Hurry up!" Malemute Kid glanced at his watch. "I've a batch of bread in the cabin, and I don't want it to fall. Besides, my feet are getting cold."

The rest of the men manifested their impatience in various suggestive ways. "But the rope, Kid? It's bran' new, an' sure yer bread's not that heavy it needs raisin' with the like of that?"

Bettles by this time had faced around. Father Roubeau, the humor of the situation just dawning on him, hid a smile behind his mittened hand.

"No, Lon; this rope was made for a man." Malemute Kid could be very impressive on occasion.

"What man?" Bettles was becoming aware of a personal interest.

"The other man."

"An' which is the one ye'd mane by that?"

"Listen, Lon, and you, too, Bettles. We've been talking this trouble of yours over, and we've come to one conclusion. We know we have no right to stop your fighting."

"True for ye, me lad!"

"—and we're not going to, but this much we can do and shall do—make this the only duel in the history of Forty Mile, set an example for every che-cha-qua that comes up or down the Yukon. The man who escapes killing shall be hanged to the nearest tree. Now, go ahead!"

Lon smiled dubiously; then his face lighted up. "Pace her off, David—fifty



"We'll Establish a Precedent."

his race, but Malemute Kid halted him. "Lon, it's a long while since you first knew me."

"Many's the day." "And you, Bettles?" "Five year next June high water." "And have you once in all that time known me to break my word or heard of me breaking it?"

Both men shook their heads, striving to fathom what lay beyond. "Well, then, what do you think of a promise made by me?" "As good as your bond," from Bettles.

"The thing to safely sling yer hopes of heaven by," promptly endorsed Lon McFane. "Listen, I, Malemute Kid, give you my word—and you know what that means—that the man who is not shot stretches rope within ten minutes after the shooting." He stepped back as Plate might have done after washing his hands.

A pause and a silence came over the men of Forty Mile. The sky drew still closer, sending down a crystal flight of frost—little geometric designs, perfect, evanescent as a breath, yet destined to exist till the returning sun had covered half its northern journey. Both men had led forlorn hopes in their time—led with a curse or a jest on their tongues and in their souls an unswerving faith in the God of chance. But that merciful deity had been shut out from the present deal. They studied the face of Malemute Kid, but they studied as one might the sphinx. As the quiet minutes passed a feeling that speech was incumbent on them began to grow. At last the howl of a wolf dog cracked the silence from the direction of Forty Mile. The weird sound swelled with all the pathos of a breaking heart, then died away in a long drawn sob.

"Well, I'll be danged!" Bettles turned up the collar of his mackinaw jacket and stared about him helplessly.

"It's a glorious game yer runnin', Kid," cried Lon McFane—"all the percentage to the house an' niver a bit to the man that's buckin'! The devil himself 'd niver tackle such a cinch, and I— I do!"

There were chuckles, throttled in gurgling throats, and winks brushed away the frost which rimmed the eyelashes as the men climbed the ice notched bank and started across the street to the post. But the long howl had drawn nearer, invested with a new note of menace. A woman screamed round the corner. There was a cry of "Here he comes!" Then an Indian boy, at the head of half a dozen frightened dogs, racing with death, dashed into the crowd, and behind came Yellow Fang, a bristle of hair and a flash of gray. Everybody but the Yankee

### TELLS OF THE CATASTROPHE

Reformed Druggist Explains How Customer's Head Was Blown Off When Gun Cotton Exploded.

The Reformed Druggist was talking to the Man With the Cracked Lip. "Now, collodion," he said, relates a writer, "collodion is just the thing to put on that lip of yours. It is a great thing to promote the growth of new skin. Just brush that lip with collodion, and it will be well in no time. But," he continued warningly, "you want to be very careful. One of the worst accidents I ever saw was the direct result of collodion."

The Man With the Cracked Lip shivered apprehensively. "How was that?" he asked.

"The Reformed Druggist lighted a fresh cigar and stuck his feet upon the radiator. "Yes," he continued, reflectively, "that was a bad accident, and the worst of the whole thing was that I was responsible for it in a way."

"But what was it?" insisted the Man With the Cracked Lip.

"It was just like this: One day before I reformed and while I was keeping a drug store, a man came into the store with the worst pair of lips I ever saw. Why, that fissure in that lip of yours wasn't a mark to the gully that was in his lower lip. I saw in a minute that he must be suffering a good deal. He was a great, big man, and his teeth were rather protuberant. I asked him if he wanted something for those lips, and he told me that I had guessed right. Then I told him just what I have been telling you. I explained to him the action of collodion, and he told me to put some on his lips. I got the bottle and picked out a camel's hair brush. Then I painted those lips in a way that no man's lips were ever painted before. I just dabbed the collodion on by the spoonful. Pretty soon I had them all fixed out, and then the accident occurred. Holy Moses! what an accident that was. Why, the

No more "dago."

### Ground His Finger Tips.

Carl Heinrich Low, an enemy alien arrested at Montpelier, Vt., some months ago, charged with making pro-German utterances to members of a local exemption board, was sent to Atlanta, Ga., for internment for the duration of the war. Low was paroled after his arrest, but was taken into custody again later when it was discovered that he had ground the tips of his fingers on an emery wheel in an effort to avoid having finger prints taken when he was called upon to register. Washington authorities immediately ordered his internment.

War is OUR BUSINESS; we can't win by carrying it as a side line.

The Indian boy had tripped and fallen. Bettles stopped long enough to grip him by the slack of his furs, then headed for a pile of cordwood already occupied by a number of his comrades. Yellow Fang, doubling after one of the dogs, came leaping back. The fleeing animal, free of the rabies, but crazed with fright, whipped Bettles off his feet and flashed on up the street. Malemute Kid took a flying shot at Yellow Fang. The mad dog whirled a half air spring, came down on his back, then, with a single leap, covered half the distance between himself and Bettles.

But the fatal spring was intercepted. Lon McFane leaped from the woodpile, countering him in midair. Over they rolled, Lon holding him by the throat at arm's length, blinking under the feid slaver which sprayed his face. Then Bettles, revolver in hand and coolly waiting a chance, settled the combat.

"Twas a square game, Kid," Lon remarked, rising to his feet and shaking the snow from out his steeves, "with a fair percentage to meself that bucked it."

That night while Lon McFane sought the forgiving arms of the church, in the direction of Father Roubeau's cabin, Malemute Kid and Scruff Mackenzie talked long to little purpose.

"But would you," persisted Mackenzie, "supposing they had fought?"

"Have I ever broken my word?"

"No, but that isn't the point. Answer the question. Would you?"

Malemute Kid straightened up. "Scruff, I've been asking myself that question ever since, and—"

"Well?"

"Well, as yet I haven't found the answer."

## SHARK, DOGFISH AND CARP USED FOR FOOD

Even Whale Is Eaten by Americans During War Time, Says Bulletin.

One of the most curious anomalies of the present war, which has been called the greatest destroyer in the world's history, has been the addition of many thousands of dollars to the national wealth of the United States, through the utilization of fish foods which were thrown away as worthless until necessity demanded their conservation.

The radical change which has been wrought by the war in the fishing industry is reflected in the fisheries service bulletin published by the bureau of fisheries of the department of commerce. Instead of being confined solely to items concerning salmon, shad, cod and other fishes which have had a ready sale, the bulletin devotes much space also to news concerning the catch of pole founders, sharks, rays, skates, carp, grayfish (which formerly rejoiced in the uninviting name of dogfish) and other types of water food. Regarding the pole founder, or gray sole, the bulletin records that it was virtually unknown as food prior to the fall of 1916. As a result of the bureau's food conservation campaign, which taught the value of the flounder and attractive ways to prepare it, demand for the fish increased until last season there were thirty-five boats taking flounders to the New England markets, and probably 2,000,000 pounds have been marketed. Carp abound in the interior lakes. An agent of the bureau was sent to St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Milwaukee, Chicago and Indianapolis to stimulate the use of fish. A bulletin containing recipes for cooking carp was prepared. State commissions of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Indiana co-operated in the work. The result was a greatly increased demand for carp, which continued to grow in favor as the public became acquainted with its value. More than 1,500,000 pounds of carp were sold from Minnesota lakes, and in Milwaukee the weekly consumption has reached 25,000 pounds.

On the Pacific coast there is a growing demand for sharks, rays and whales. Sharks sell for 10 to 12 cents a pound. It is said to be especially delicious when salted or smoked. Numerous canneries have undertaken to preserve the meat.

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### CHASED BY BEAR

Mother Animal Was Angry When Cub Was Kidnaped.

To be chased across a pasture by a mother bear that was trying to get close enough to his fleeing horse to avenge the kidnaping of her baby was the experience of Hardy Bingham, who came to Meridan, Idaho, recently from his home six miles northwest of the town to exhibit the cub as evidence of the thrilling episode which took place in Long valley, where he was herding cattle.

The cub, which was less than a month old, was playing about 800 feet from its mother when Bingham and a companion rode into sight. Immediately he began to run toward his mother, but Bingham got off his horse and gathered him up before he could get away. He protested his capture by bawling at the top of his voice and by trying to bite Bingham's hands with his toothless gums. With a roar the mother bear came to rescue her baby, and Bingham and his companion were compelled to ride at top speed to escape her.

### INDEPENDENCE GIRLS MAKE A SERVICE FLAG

(Continued from Page 1.) where they went to bid him goodbye, there was a beautiful service flag, made of heavy satin ribbon, in the window, which had been made by Leona Sloper, Babe Butler, Lulu Grigsby and Helen Jones of Independence. The girls were camped at Ferguson's picking cherries.

## SWOPE & SWOPE LAWYERS

I. O. O. F. Building Independence, Oregon

## WIGRICH RED CROSS GIVES SPLENDID ENTERTAINMENT

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edly recalled. She offered some aesthetic dancing which was indeed clever for so young a Miss. Harold Toby gave a taking number, "What Hoover Makes Us Eat." The Amateur Operatic Company of Buena Vista presented "Chinaland" and the entire personnel made such a good showing in make-up, singing, etc., the writer would suggest the adjective "amateur" is superfluous and should be erased. A minstrel troupe gave the closing number. The "blackfaces" were evidently at their best for the Red Cross ladies had been serving watermelon and just a slice of the delicious fruit puts a "nigger" in singing trim and one would never suspicion but what this company had lived in the Sunny Southland for some time. Mrs. Rose bade the audience a gracious adieu and invited all to come again and should they have another event of this nature we will go en masse. A number of Buena Vista ladies gowned in the official Red Cross costumes dispensed a variety of splendid refreshments and together with the gate receipts the net amount realized was \$150.

Major and Mrs. Rose have extended a cordial invitation for the Independence Branch of the Red Cross to come out to Wigrich and put on an entertainment, and the offer is greatly appreciated and will undoubtedly be accepted.

### KINGS VALLEY

Rev. Long of Falls City preached at the church Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Dodele, Mr. and Mrs. J. Z. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kibbey and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Banks of Albany were in the valley to spend the Fourth.

Fritz Kinderman accidentally shot himself in the leg the evening of the Fourth. He was taken to the hospital at Dallas.

Abe West is at the Dallas hospital with a broken leg.

A bear killed a sheep for Bill Smith.

Frank Miller went bear hunting Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller of Portland visited with his aunt, Mrs. Lizzie Allen Sunday evening.

Mrs. J. I. Miller and sister visited Sunday evening with Mrs. Lizzie Allen.

Lillie Townsend returned from Dallas the last of the week.

Will Bayless of Oakland, Ore., visited a few days with his father, brother and sister.

## Max Goldman Deals in

- HIDES
  - PELTS
  - WOOL
  - FURS
  - MOHAIR
  - CASCARA BARK
  - VEAL
  - PORK
  - BEEF
  - POULTRY
  - BUTTER
  - EGGS
  - FARM PRODUCE
  - WOOD
  - WOOD
  - GROCERIES
  - SHOES
  - FURNISHINGS
  - DRY GOODS
- CASH OR TRADE