



The Son of the Wolf

He Would a Wooing Go to Win Him an Indian Bride

By JACK LONDON

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"All at!" vociferated his tribesmen. "There is Moyri, whose eyes are crossed by the evil spirit. Even the babes are affrighted when they gaze upon her, and it is said the bald-face gives her the trail. Was she chosen?"

Again the cruel applause rang out. "And there sits Pischet. She does not hearken to my words. Never has she heard the cry of the chit-chat, the voice of her husband, the babble of her child. She lives in the white silence. Cared the wolves aught for her? No! Theirs is the choice of the kill; ours the leavings.

"Brothers, it shall not be! No more shall the wolves slink among our campfires. The time is come."

A great streamer of fire, the aurora borealis, purple, green and yellow, shot across the zenith, bridging horizon to horizon. With head thrown back and arms extended, he swayed to his climax.

"Behold! The spirits of our fathers have arisen and great deeds are afoot this night!"

He stepped back, and another young man somewhat diffidently came forward, pushed on by his comrades. He towered a full head above them, his broad chest defiantly bared to the frost. He swung tentatively from one foot to the other. Words halted upon his tongue, and he was ill at ease. His face was horrible to look upon, for it had at one time been half torn away by some terrific blow. At last he struck his breast with his clenched fist, drawing sound as from a drum, and his voice rumbled forth as the surf from an ocean cavern.

"I am the Bear—the Silver-Tip and the Son of the Silver-Tip! When my voice was yet as a girl's, I slew the lynx, the moose, and the caribou; when I whistled like the wolverines from under a cache, I crossed the Mountains of the South and slew three of the White Rivers; when it became as the roar of the Chinook, I met the bald-faced grizzly, but gave no trail."

At this he paused, his hand significantly sweeping across his hideous scars.

"I am not as the Fox. My tongue is frozen like the river. I cannot make great talk. My words are few. The Fox says great deeds are afoot this night. Good! Talk flows from his tongue like the freshets of the spring, but he is chary of deeds. This night shall I do battle with the Wolf. I shall slay him, and Zarinska shall sit by my fire. The Bear has spoken."

Though pand-monium raged about him, Scruff Mackenzie held his ground.

"Brothers! The White Man, whom ye have chosen to call the Wolf, came among you with fair words. He was not like the Inuit; he spoke not lies. He came as a friend, as one who would be a brother. But your men have had their say, and the time for soft words is past. First, I will tell you that the Shaman has an evil tongue and is a false prophet, that the messages he speaks are not those of the Fire-Bringer. His ears are locked to the voice of the raven, and out of his own head he weaves cunning fancies, and he has made fools of you. He has no power. When the dogs were killed and eaten, and your stomachs were heavy with untanned hide and strips of moccasins; when the old men died, and the old women died, and the babes at the dry dugouts of the mothers died; when the land was dark, and ye perished as do the salmon in the fall; ay, when the famine was upon you, did the Shaman bring reward to your hunters? Did the Shaman put meat in your bellies? Again I say, the Shaman is without power. Thus! I spit upon his face!"

Though taken aback by the sacrilege, there was no uproar. Some of the women were even frightened, but among the men there was an uplifting, as though in preparation or anticipation of the miracle. All eyes were turned upon the two central figures. The priest realized the crucial moment, felt his power tottering, opened his mouth in denunciation, but fled backward before the truculent advance, upraised fist, and flashing eyes of Mackenzie. He sneared and resumed.

"Was I stricken dead? Did the lightning burn me? Did the stars fall from the sky and crush me? Pish! I have done with the dog. Now will I tell you of my people, who are the mightiest of all the peoples, who rule in all the lands. At first we hunt as I hunt, alone. After that we hunt in packs; and at last, like the caribou-run, we sweep across all the land. Those whom we take into our lodges live; those whom we will not come die. Zarinska is a comely maiden, full and strong, fit to become the mother of wolves. Though I die, such shall she become; for my brothers are many, and they will follow the scent of my dogs. Listen to the Law of the Wolf: Whoso taketh the life of one Wolf, the forfeit shall ten of his people pay. In many lands has the price been paid; in many lands shall it yet be paid.

"Now will I deal with the Fox and the Bear. It seems they have cast eyes upon the maiden. So? Behold, I have bought her! Thing-Tinneh leans upon the rifle; the goods of purchase are by his fire. Yet will I be fair to the young men. To the Fox, whose tongue is dry with my words, will I give of tobacco five long plugs. Thus will his mouth be wetted that he may make much noise in the council. But to the Bear, of whom I am well proud, will I give of blankets two; of four, twenty cups; of tobacco, double that of the Fox; and if he fare with me over the Mountains of the East, then will I give him a rifle, mate to Thing-Tinneh's, if not? Good! The Wolf is weary of speech. Yet once again will he say the law: 'Whoso taketh the life of one Wolf, the forfeit shall ten of his people pay.'

Mackenzie smiled as he stepped back to his old position, but at heart he was full of trouble. The night was yet dark. The girl came to his side, and he listened closely as she told of the Bear's battle-tricks with the knife.

The decision was for war. In a trice, scores of moccasins were widening the space of beaten snow by the fire. There was much chatter about the seeming defeat of the Shaman; some averred he had but withheld his power, while others-conned past events and agreed with the Wolf. The Bear came to the center of the battle ground, a long naked hunting-knife of Russian make in his hand. The Fox called attention to Mackenzie's revolver; so he stripped his belt, buckling it about Zarinska, into whose hands he also intrusted his rifle. She shook her head that she could not shoot—small chance had a woman to handle such precious things.

"Then, if danger come by my back, cry aloud, 'My husband!' No; thus, 'My husband!'"

He laughed as she repeated it, pinched her cheek and re-entered the circle. Not only in reach and stature had the Bear the advantage of him, but his blade was longer by a good two inches. Scruff Mackenzie had looked into the eyes of men before, and he knew it was a man who stood against him; yet he quickened to the glint of light on the steel, to the dominant pulse of his race.

Twice he pricked the Bear, getting away unscathed; but the third time caught, and to save himself, free hands closed on fighting hands, and they came together. Then did he realize the tremendous strength of his opponent. His muscles were knotted in painful lumps, and cords and tendons threatened to snap with the strain; yet nearer and nearer came the Russian steel. He tried to break away, but only weakened himself. The fur-clad circle closed in, certain of and anxious to see the final stroke. But with wrestler's trick, swinging partly to the side, he struck at his adversary with his head. Involuntarily the Bear leaned back, disturbing his center of gravity. Simultaneous with this, Mackenzie tripped properly and threw his whole weight forward, hurling him clear through the circle into the deep snow. The Bear sounded out and came back full tilt.

"Oh, my husband!" Zarinska's voice rang out vibrant with danger.

and at the same time to know them as men of finest sensibilities and humane impulses, is a sort of grim revelation of the terrible nature of this war and the appalling transformation that is overcoming at least a part of humanity. Of course everyone knows that Germany started the use of gas. She has specialized in the use of gases of most deadly character. She has perfected methods of spreading these ghastly fumes where soldiers cannot escape, but must stand or sit and face death in gas masks. But she has forced the rest of the world, as a means of self-protection, to enter upon this cold, calculating, merciless work of human destruction. Without revealing any information not already known to the Hun, it may be stated that Germany realizes that if she insists upon carrying on her war with gas she will be met with the spirit of a tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye, and it is not unlikely that it may be two for one.

Huge Gas Dud.

One of the big projectiles on the desk in the room referred to was a gas dud—a shell which did not explode. It was one of 500 which were hurled simultaneously into the American lines. The projectile is 9 inches in diameter, about 18 inches long, weighs about 75 pounds and has a rather blunt nose. It contains about two gallons of the deadly phosgene gas. "Isn't it a rather dangerous thing to keep around as an office pet?" I asked. "We took the fuse out. It's quite harmless," was the reply.

This dud is hurled by the siren-wipers. The Germans have a system of attaching a long string of these weapons so that they are fired with the touch of a button. This chorus firing is continued for perhaps 15 minutes and sends a veritable shower of the big projectiles into the selected spot and releases a great quantity of the deadly gas. If the range is right and the wind at all favorable the result is likely to be serious. The fumes are shot out with terrific speed over a small area by the explosion of the shell.

There were some smaller shells containing phosgene, a gas used very extensively, and others filled with a new gas used by the Germans. This is not poisonous but is calculated to pave the way for a genuine gas attack. The little shells contain a quantity of the chemical, which is in powdered form and a surrounding layer of TNT which causes an explosion which suggests shrapnel and high explosives instead of gas. The powder is widely spread and is intended to irritate the membranes of the throat and nose just enough to cause the person reached by it to sneeze. When he begins to do this the supposition is that he will remove his gas mask and on the theory that he will do so the apparently harmless powder shells are followed by a blast of mustard gas or phosgene.

Working on New Gases.

"Suppose," I asked one of the distinguished experts, "a gas shell should explode in a city street on a perfectly still day, how far would the fumes penetrate and how long would they take to cover a given area?"

The expert opened a jar containing about a quart of dark liquid. When the air touched it a white smoke arose slowly. The expert blew this softly into the room and it settled with about the speed of a ring of smoke from a fragrant cigar.

"That's about the way the gas would travel if the air were perfectly still. One shell probably would cover an area 50 feet in circumference and the gas would remain for a half hour or more."

Shells gathered by the Americans showing that the Germans are constantly working on new gases. This, coupled with the statements made by German prisoners, indicate that the German believes gas will be the biggest weapon to hasten the end of the war.

No gas bombs have yet been dropped by either side to the war. Not long ago some small rubber balloons were found after a German airplane had passed and they were thought to have contained a poisonous gas. This is found to have been untrue. The balloons were filled with ordinary gas and were used for meteorological purposes.

YANKEE KILLS SELF TO SAVE COMPANIONS

Picks Up Bomb in Dugout, Makes Barrier of Body and Awaits Explosion.

Somewhere in France there are four

THE ONE BRIGHT SPOT

(Continued from Page 2.)

The German lines was published in this country.

A Hun aviator, flying over the French lines dropped a package on the roof of an airdome, so the story ran. The package was found to contain the blood-stained uniform of the French air man, in which was found his pocket case, some bank notes and a note from the German aviation commander inviting a detail of French aviators to join in the obsequies at a designated village behind the German lines. A safe conduct was pledged if the French aviators would fly low so they could be identified. The invitation was accepted, and the French and German airman joined in the last sad rites at the church in the little village where Guynemer is buried. The German pledge of a safe conduct was kept.

It is, perhaps, for the psychologist to explain just why the spark of chivalry on the German side is kept solely alive by the men who fight in the air. About the best that one who is not a psychologist can do is to note the fact as one not to be ignored, and to give such common-sense accounting for it as would be likely to appeal to the unscientific mind.

Aviation is a war activity which more nearly approaches a high-class athletic game than any other. It is a game of personal initiation and self-reliance, demanding a type of manliness above the ordinary. In that respect, at least, let us say it has brought into the German aviation service men who cannot but admire bravery in their opponents. Where there is even the slight strain of sporting blood, we are sure to find some color of the give-and-take spirit made manifest upon occasion in the act we call chivalrous.

It is the fact that some of the best of German sportsmen spent years in the United States and Great Britain, and we may fairly assume that such of the better sporting quality as they possess has been developed more or less by contact with the Anglo-American spirit. Baron von Richtofen, possibly the most renowned of German airmen, accorded full British at his burial which was also attended by Americans, was at one time a notable in British athletic circles. Of this man and doubtless of many others, to be counted among the bravest of German airmen, it may be said they at one time or another were immersed in the Anglo-American sporting atmosphere and imbibed the Anglo-American sporting spirit.

Be all that it may, in these two episodes, as reported, we have practically the sole flash of decency and honor—the only touch of chivalry—that has come to the public knowledge in relief of the four years' record of Hun infamy.

American soldiers who owe their lives to the courage and sacrifice of a companion, who deliberately killed himself in order that they might live. The story of the soldier's bravery has been brought back to America by an ordnance officer who had been at the front.

The soldier had been on duty at an outpost straightening the pins in hand grenades. After being relieved he returned to his dugout, where three of his pals were sleeping. The fourth lay awake on a bunk. The returning soldier had scarcely entered the dugout when a bomb fell out of his coat pocket, and as it fell, the straightened safety pin slipped out. The soldier realized that within five seconds an explosion would probably kill every man in the dugout.

He had time to get through the door and leave his companions to their death. Just what passed through the soldier's mind in the next two or three seconds no man can ever tell. He reached a decision quickly. The brave soldier picked up the grenade, crept into a corner of the dugout, made a barrier out of his body and was instantly killed when the bomb exploded. His pals escaped injury.

Tell The Post.

WIGRICH ITEMS

Herald Tobey spent several days the past week in Dallas visiting relatives.

Miss Evelyn Tobey was a week end visitor in Independence with Miss Mildred Manning.

Mrs. Grant McLaughlin of Independence was calling on her sister, Mrs. Ralph Porterfield on Monday evening.

Edwin McComas spent Sunday with his uncle, Wm. Rooney.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Lichty, Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Robison spent Sunday at the Hale home.

Mr. and Mrs. Garner of Portland were calling on their son, Harry, Sunday.

Mr. Eighmey and Harry Garner visited Sunday with the latter's grandparents near Monmouth.

Max Goldman Deals in

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