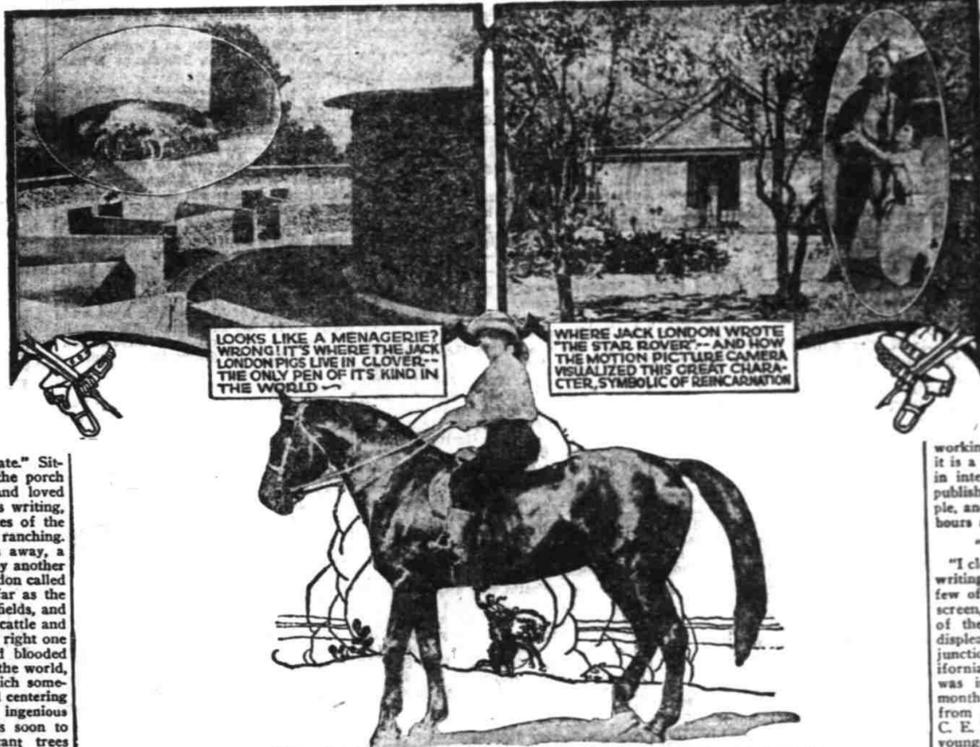


# Finishing Jack London's Job

AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. JACK LONDON.

How Jack London felt the "red wrath" toward movies—how California's Supreme Court felt it too, how Mrs. London is now producing her husband's books.



LOOKS LIKE A MENAGERIE? WRONG! IT'S WHERE THE JACK LONDON PIGS LIVE IN CLOVER.—THE ONLY PEN OF ITS KING IN THE WORLD.

WHERE JACK LONDON WROTE "THE STAR ROVER"—AND HOW THE MOTION PICTURE CAMERA REALIZED THIS GREAT CHARACTER, SYMBOLIC OF REINCARNATION.

"THE WOMAN ON HORSEBACK"—MRS. JACK LONDON IS IN THE SADDLE CARRYING ON THE WORK HER FAMOUS HUSBAND LEFT UNFINISHED, FROM SUPERVISING THE GREAT JACK LONDON RANCH TO PRODUCING HIS BOOKS IN MOTION PICTURES.

Wife of America's Famous Novelist tells for the first time of she knew—his what he hoped to carrying out the Jack London ideas, his dreams, do—how she is his ideas.

If Jack London had lived five years more he would have given to the world a practical demonstration of contentment for workers. The concrete form of his ideal to treat workers right, ally discontent, and give them of the ideals and truths of life you can see there, and Mrs. Jack London waved her hand vaguely toward the meadows and hills which is the Jack London estate in the Valley of the Moon, in Sonoma County, California. "It was Jack's intention," she went on, "to organize here a community of workers almost sufficient unto itself. He planned a great manor house with forty guest chambers and forty private baths, where men and women of literary promise could work unharrassed by the evil of rushing out stories for a quick pay-check and a turning of the wolf from the door. He planned a colony to work his fields and tend his herds—a colony of workers who loathed the city as did he; and it was Jack's plan to give each worker his own cottage right on the ranch. He was going to have a school where the workers' children could be educated without leaving the estate—and the studies were to be chosen by Jack himself. His ideal was to turn this estate into a little colony where all his ideas of farming, stock raising, fish hatchery and of the science of living could be worked out. He wanted to make the place so attractive, so efficient, the people here so happy that they would not have to go to the outside world for anything. Here they were to work and play. It was an ambitious project that called for an outlay of about \$400,000 cash, but Jack would have made a go of it, I know, had he lived. He could make anything go to which he turned his hand.

"The Call of the Wild" and "The Star Rover," wrote out of the full of his own experiences, harsh and bitter experiences along life's road, which made him understand life as it is, and which inspired him to want to better life for others. Jack London did other things than write. He made this estate. Sitting with Mrs. London on the porch of the lodge that her husband loved and where he did most of his writing, one saw on all sides evidences of the last cry in farming and ranching. There, a few hundred yards away, a great ranch house and close by another ample building that Mrs. London called the "guest house." And as far as the eye could see, the well tilled fields, and breeding herds of pedigreed cattle and sheep and horses. Off to the right one saw a piggery where rooted blooded pigs, a piggery unlike any in the world, a concrete circle of pens which somehow suggested a fine zoo; and centering it, a squat Norman tower—an ingenious place that Mrs. London was soon to explain. Through the distant trees one glimpsed the charred ruins of a great house.

BURNING UP \$75,000. "The ruins?" said Mrs. London. "You have read Jack's novel, 'The Little Lady of the Big House'? You recall that enormous, gorgeous, exquisite-appointed house he described? There it is—rather what is left of it. That house was to be the heart of Jack's colony here. For years he had dreamed of it, imagining every square foot of it, imagining every square foot of the building it when it took fire and burned to the ground. From those ruins you can get some idea of it. 'The Big House' was really a marvel of architecture. Into its conception Jack had embodied the ideas of style and design that he had gathered from all parts of the world. You can see from the ruins the enormous patio, the Spanish court with a fountain in the center. In the wings, were the forty guest chambers, each with its own bath and each bath done in the old Pompeian style, flush with the floor. There was a big swimming pool, too. We had a music room which on a moment's notice could be turned into a ball room large enough for a hundred couples. Jack had planned an immense den, filled with the curios he had gathered on his travels in every climate under the sun. That house was to be Jack's haven, his ideal. He dreamed of gazing from it, out over these farmlands, at the workers' cottage, at his own little schoolhouse and knowing that all was well with the humans here, that they were happy. What a pity that it could not have lived to carry it through.

"And now," Mrs. London was asked, "what will you do? What are your plans for the estate?" "It is my home," she said, "I shall live here always. Now and then when I go down to San Francisco, I remember what Jack used to say: 'The city chokes me.' It chokes me, also. Two days in a city are all I can stand. I begin to feel then as if I were stifling and that I must hurry out here to get a breath of real air. What a pity it is that people have to live in cities. Mrs. Shephard, Jack's sister, feels the same way I do. She is a very able woman, very business-like and self-reliant. When Jack was going on his trip to the South Seas, Kate Shephard had just passed her bar examinations in Oakland and was ready to hang out her shingle. Jack asked her to come down and run the ranch while we were away. She consented and handled things here in masterly fashion. When Jack came back he asked her to give up her law career and superintend the ranch for him, and she did it. She lives now over in the ranch house, keeping her hand right on things while I stay here where Jack used to live—with his curios. I'm trying to 'carry on'; to keep up the farm as he would have wanted it kept up. He never had any but a pedigreed animal on the place and there are nothing but pedigreed animals on it now. Later, I'll show you around. Jack's income was about \$80,000 a year and of course with his death, a large part of it terminated. While the royalties of his books go on,

there are, of course, no new books being published. That makes it out of the question for me to continue the stupendous venture that Jack had planned for a model farm colony, but I am trying, with his sister's help, to keep up the place to its old point of efficiency. At the same time, I am working on a biography of Jack and it is a big job, for his life was so rich in interest. What with dealings with publishers and with motion picture people, and the demands of the ranch, my hours are full.

"THE AUTHOR IS THE STAR" "I closed a contract to have all Jack's writings produced in motion pictures. A few of Jack's books had been done on the screen, but that was in the dark ages of the camera. The productions so displeased Jack that he got out an injunction in the Supreme Court of California to stop them. That incident was in my mind when only a few months ago a motion picture man came from New York to see me. He was C. E. Shurtleff and, oddly enough, his younger life had been something like Jack's—adventuring and hazarding in tropical climes, fighting his way on up, prospecting, then into lumbering, until sensing motion pictures as a young industry that would grow great, he swiftly took hold of that. I saw at once that Shurtleff had great energy and imagination—a gift I suppose from his Welsh ancestors. In my talks with him, I sensed that he had Jack's viewpoint on many things and that he possessed a surprising intimacy with Jack's writings. He told me: 'I want to produce Jack London's books in pictures in a manner worthy of them, and as he wrote them, not garbled by any infusions of conventional movie melodrama. I am not going to use any stars; my star will be the author—Jack London.' "I thought a long time over that. It seemed sound and surely it was novel, to produce a book so that people would recognize it as the author's. I knew that this would have appealed to Jack, so I signed a contract with Mr. Shurt-

leff and the latest I have heard from him is that he is now busy in New York with the first Jack London production. It is to be 'The Star Rover,' that tremendous story of Jack's, the theme of which is the immortality of the soul. Nothing like it has ever been done in pictures before—the theme is so big; the construction so daring. I am eager to see how 'The Star Rover' will look." Mrs. London was asked how Jack London came to settle in the Valley of the Moon, and how, despite the imperative calls of writing, he was able to build up a great ranch. "Jack and I," Mrs. London said, " toured the entire state of California in a covered wagon, seeking a site for our home. We saw many delightful spots but when we came to the Valley of the Moon, we knew that there was no need to go further. This was the place for us. Jack got things going at the farm in such good shape because he had only to explain his ideas, what he wanted and then they were put into execution. His sister, Mrs. Shephard, saw to that. Then Jack had all the activities here thoroughly systematized. He had a grain department, a department for truck gardening, departments for cattle, sheep, pigs, horses, fish, fowl, maintenance and repair. At the head of each department he placed an expert. The man in charge of his cattle was a Harvard graduate and an expert on cattle. Jack's idea was to develop his herds and to go into the dairy products business, marketing the best of everything. For that reason he did not have any pedigree stock." "Did Jack ever consult you about his work?" one asked. "Rather," she smiled, "I was the original, you know, of the heroine of his novel 'Adventure.' Much of that story we lived in the South Seas." One glanced at a watch. Soon the train would be leaving for San Francisco. How many of the women there or of any other American city have really braved the far places with a Jack London at their sides—Evelyn! No wonder in the city Mrs. Jack London feels "choked" and "cannot breathe."

**Mrs. Delilah Glover Dies at Home in Waldo Hills**  
Mrs. Delilah Glover, one of Oregon's oldest pioneers, died at the age of 82 years, yesterday morning at her home in the Waldo Hills. She was the widow of the late Phillip Glover, who died a number of years ago. Mrs. Glover came to Oregon in 1849 crossing the plains by ox team and settling near Sublimity where she had since lived on the old homestead. She leaves two daughters, Mrs. Amelia Cornick of California, and Mrs. Ellen Lambert of Stayton, and four sons, Henry of Silver Creek Falls, Arthur of Salem, Frank

of Waldo Hills, and John of Montana. Funeral arrangements have not been made as yet.  
Both Democrats and Republicans in the lower house of congress cheered a statement on the floor of that body that President Wilson should declare that he is not a candidate for a third term. From the Democratic side, that is easily explained. But why should the Republicans worry?  
And there are a lot of agreements with reservations outside of the peace treaty.

## This Is Feminine "Babe" Ruth, Product of Y. W. C. A. Training

Results of Organization's Physical Education Program Show Men Have no Monopoly on Athletics.

The men are not to have a corner on the athletic market. So says the Young Women's Christian Association, which has made physical culture and athletic



ics one of the most important features of its work. If it does not at once produce feminine "Babe Ruth's" and "Ty Cobb's," it will at least do its best to make the girls of America as strong and healthy as their brothers.  
When the girls gather at the summer conferences at Silver Bay and other places, athletics, formal and informal, are the order of the day. Tennis tournaments, swimming matches, baseball games and canoeing are fully as much a part of the schedule as the meetings and lectures.  
It is its town and city associa-

tions, too, the Y. W. C. A. has organized gymnasiums and "hiking" clubs and outdoor sports. Any Saturday in the summer may see a party of girls, armed with frying pans and blankets, starting out for a week-end "hike."  
To do the work that is being demanded of women today, sound bodies are a first essential. Physical education will be one of the most interesting topics discussed at the Sixth Convention of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States of America, which will meet in Cleveland from April 13 to 20.

## East Is West in Language of Smiles, Says Y. W. Secretary



Murphy, says the San Francisco Argonaut, was making his first trip across the Atlantic, and he felt un-speakably awful. He failed to connect the fact of his being on the briny ocean for the first time with his agony. The doctor came to him as he tossed about in his berth. "Cheer up, man," he said heartily. "I know you're feeling rotten, but you're not going to die."  
Murphy opened horrified eyes. "Not going to die?" he wailed. "Faith, doctor, I thought I was! That was the only thing that kept me alive."

THE Y. W. C. A. introduced a novelty in Peking when it announced its recent Better-Babies Contest open to all native sons and daughters between the ages of one month and five years. The interest and enthusiasm displayed by the hundreds of little Chinese mothers from all classes of society who brought their young ones hopeful to be weighed and tested at the Association headquarters promises much for the future of China—medically speaking.  
A delegate is now on her way from China to speak before the Sixth Convention of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States, to be held in Cleveland the week of April 13.

Heroine: I hope so. I want to get home to the baby.  
Hero: I've got a date I want to keep. I'm going to take Theda Vampire to the Cinema to see her latest picture.  
Heroine: Thank heaven, that's all for today!  
Hero: Hurray! Well, good by, Maggie, until the next kiss!—(Frank H. Williams in April Film Fun.)  
A young couple were occupying the porch swing later than usual one moonlight night. From a near-by window her mother inquired: "Mary, what are you doing up so late?"  
"Looking at the beautiful moon, mother."  
"Well, it's 12 o'clock. You had better send the moon home."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WHAT WAS REALLY SAID DURING THE MOVIE LOVE SCENE  
Hero: How's your husband, Maggie?  
Heroine: Oh, pretty fair, thanks. Come on! Show a little anxiety over this kiss, or you'll spoil the picture.  
Hero: I'm showing as little as possible!  
Heroine: Don't make me giggle. This is supposed to be serious—the last kiss before death do us part!

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I Will Offer for Sale to the Highest Bidder on  
**WEDNESDAY**  
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Commencing 10 o'Clock a. m.  
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**15 Milch Cows 2 Bulls 5 Heifers**  
All tuberculin tested. Some of the cows are fresh, others to freshen soon; nearly all young grade Jerseys, several grand-daughters of the great bull Golden Glow Chief.  
2 Mares, weight 1200 to 1300, 7 years old  
15 Pigs, 4 months old  
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1 Wagon  
1 Hack  
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1 Mower  
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**TERMS**—All sums of \$10 and under cash; over this amount time will be given for one year at 8 per cent on bankable paper  
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Bread, per loaf.. 10c and 15c  
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