

Jack London

The most engaging figure in the younger ranks of American writers disappears with the premature death of Jack London. He had the gift, rare among American successful authors, of personality. His success has produced an enormous school of red-blood writers of whom Jack London must be taken as the founder. But whereas in his successors the gusto and the "punch" are machine-made and made to order, in Jack London they were the immediate expression of an abounding and winning vitality. He was more genuine than the primitive heroes of his own stories, because he was more many-sided and more human. His Socialism, for instance, was the expression at the same time of a love of combat and freedom and justice and of a generous sympathy for the weak and the unfortunate. This may not be in harmony with his preoccupation as a writer for the brute strength of man, and his preoccupation with the chronicles of tooth and claw, but it adds to the attractiveness of the big-muscled, clear-eyed, and warmhearted personality that the general public visualized and his friends knew. Not since the death of Mark Twain has there been a literary figure in the United States that was productive of so much newspaper copy, legitimately and not through the wiles of the press agent. The parallel to Mark Twain is found in the facts of Jack London's life with its self-made success out of humble and difficult origins. What the Mississippi and the West were to Mark Twain, the Pacific and the Yukon were to Jack London. The comparison need go no further. It would be idle to assert that London copied out of his experience the high literary values attained by the great Missourian.

Popular opinion is justified in regarding "The Call of the Wild," published thirteen years ago and quite early in his literary career, as the best of his tales. While the zest of life, the love of adventure in the

open, remained with him to the end, the original impulse became in later years too much overlaid with generalization and formula drawn out of books. His brief and sporadic studies at college and his reading in economics and popular sociology tended towards a self-conscious primitiveness. He became too fond of speaking of male-strength instead of men, and his strong lovers were too prone to address the object of their affections as "my mate" or "my woman," suggestive more of a training in the principles of sex education and the biological responsibilities of citizenship than of the unreflecting impulses of the truly primitive nature. The hero of his "Sea Wolf" is a methodical superman; not so much one of Nietzsche's unconscious blond beasts as a man who has read Nietzsche and acts up to formula. Better than these sophisticated primitives are the genuinely simple types of one of his very earliest books, "The God of His Fathers," in which the simple elements of struggle, of human endurance, and loyalty and sacrifice are projected with almost childlike directness against the white desolation of the Far North which London added to the geography of literature.

Jack London is perhaps the best known of American writers abroad. He has been for years a best-seller in Russia and other countries on the continent. This is due to the direct appeal of his story-telling art. Jack London has a place in world literature which is denied to much greater American writers. A creative artist he was not. In the long list of his books he has not added a living character to literature. His concern, for that matter, was not with character, but with action.

Baseball Talk.

I say that Southpaw has Portside skinned forty ways. You mean he is infinitely his superior, my son, corrected the Boston father. But who is Southpaw? Our pitcher, dad. Oh! to be sure. Certainly he has him skinned forty ways.

A Voyage in a Tank A Vivid Experience

The following vivid article by a French gunner was printed in the French magazine "Lecture Pour tous."

"Tanks have made their debut, and a startling debut it was. We are in the front line with our 'Tanks,' in little groups of 'crews,' each under the command of an officer, the resemblance to a battleship had seemed to us so striking that we had named our 'Tanks' of our own accord. There was the crew of the 'Crete de Menthe,' at the 'Diplo-docus,' and of one ironically styled 'The Boches' Victory.'

A manhole is opened in the side of the 'Tank' and one by one we enter the interior, like cats going through a hole in a door.

The whole crew climb on board this fortress on wheels. I install myself in the narrow space by the side of my machine gun, whose muzzle is pointing outside the steel-plate sides of the 'Tank,' and fix my eye on the loophole. "How hot it is!" said my neighbour. "It will be worse in an hour!" Through my loophole I can see just a strip of sky, which looks light to me, although the day has not yet fully dawned. In front of me I see undulating fields which have been ploughed up by guns of every calibre. Farther on, the Fourreaux Wood, where we are to operate.

There is a crater to the left of the wood which, according to the reports of our airmen, the Germans have converted into a fortress. This is the objective of the "Tanks" on our left. At the right of the wood there is a redoubt described to us as extraordinarily powerful: walls, interminable barbed-wire "chevaux de frise," a formidable entanglement of all sorts of vile contrivances. A real "nest" of vile beasts! This is to be our job. By Jove, how stifling it is! Suddenly the glare of a rocket lights up the sky, followed by ten, twenty, thirty others. A sharp whistle sounds strangely in

But, in faith, they are wasted shots. They have as much effect on our machine as pellets of bread against a wall.

Gigantic Iron Wedge.
At last we are near the "nest" we are to destroy. I can distinguish the sandbags heaped up and the walls pierced with holes. Little white flakes are coming from these holes, as though they were safety valves for the escape of steam. These are the guns of the enemy.

Our "Tank" advances steadily and inexorably. A ditch—we clear it; an incline—we scale it; a heap of rubbish from a demolished house—we pass over it. And then we come to the first barbed-wire entanglements. Our "Tank" does not even make an effort; everything breaks, everything is torn up. Splinters of wood jump up on all sides of us, the "chevaux de frise" are beaten down. I have the sensation of being in the interior of a gigantic iron wedge which is cutting through something like butter.

As for us, we fire without ceasing, hand on gun and eye glued to the loophole pierced in the steel, with the sweat pouring down our foreheads.

Thus, a powerful panting, a last and almost imperceptible stop! The nose of our "Tank" scatters sand and cement bags and throws them right and left, as if it were ploughing up a field. Another violent shock, a heavy blow and a crashing. We are going straight through a wall. We are pulverising machine guns. Grenades burst upon our armour. We are in the midst of the "nest." All at once, ugly German heads with terror on their faces appear on both sides of us! To work! Now it is my turn and that of my comrades! Our machine guns crackle; our bullets whistle in the German trenches, taken thus by enfilade, and in the underground passages leading from the "nest" to the rear.

The Germans are in the greatest disorder. They throw themselves flat on their stomachs, they raise their arms to heaven, some of them try to run away. A whistle sounds in the "Tank," and it stops. Then word cheers come faintly to my ears, and I soon see the dear old uniforms of our

boys who are taking possession of the "nest" and gathering up everything living which remains.

VESSLS ASHORE AND IN COLLISION.
The storm of Sunday brought more than ordinary excitement to the town of Carbonar, especially at 3 p.m., when it was at its zenith. A fleet of vessels lay in the harbor and so very violent was the wind and sea that they began to drag their anchors and no less than four went on the rocks. These were the 'Orion,' owned by Duff & Sons and an old time banker; Soper's 'Olonda' which ran on the rocks, broke in two and became a coal wreck; the third was a small craft owned by F. J. Jeffers and the 4th, Leander Pike's well known coaster, the 'Maria.' The last named took an erratic course on parting her chains, collided with and damaged several vessels, and her own windlass torn out and was badly damaged and then went ashore. About 12 other schooners were more or less damaged by collision and the crash of the hulls as they came violently together could be heard over the din of the elements. In several instances the schooners had their sterns as well as stems carried away, booms were broken, planking ripped away and general havoc wrought. An unfortunate feature is that all were insured in the Conception Bay scheme, but the policies expired on the 15th and the owners lose heavily. The losses amount to thousands of dollars.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE STILL LIVES.
It is scarcely open to question that in the period before the war the British policy and power have been bulwarks of the Monroe Doctrine. Bismarck never concealed the fact that if Great Britain had been willing to become a partner of Germany, and enter arrangements that Germany would have been glad to make, it is not unlikely we should have been called on to fight or to consent to the erection of a new Prussia in Brazil. Should Germany emerge from the war triumphant the Monroe Doctrine will not be what insurance men would call a good risk. That Germany was in mind any idea of conquering the United States is highly improbable but that she would like to exploit South America is hardly open to doubt. Should we object, the occupation of some part of the United States might well be the military expedient adopted to induce this country to consent to Germany enjoying South American sunlight.—New York Globe.

SHIPPING
The Prospero left Little Bay at 8 a.m. to-day.
The S.S. Nevada which discharged coal here to the Reid Mfd. Co. sailed for Louisburg last evening.
The S.S. Corunna, coal laden to the Reid Mfd. Coy., arrived here to-day from Sydney, after a good run.
The Portia left St. Mary's at 7.30 this a.m. and is due here at 10 to-night.
The schr. Emmanuel cleared yesterday for Gibraltar for orders, taking 3,324 qtls codfish, shipped by Baine Johnston & Co. and will leave here to-day.
DENONCED WIFE BEATER.
At 2.30 this morning Const. Vail arrested a resident of Mundy's Pond Rd. who was charged before Mr. F. J. Morris, K.C. with beating and ill-treating his wife. The woman appeared against him and showed that for four long years she had been subjected to cruel treatment at her cowardly husband's hands. His Honour denounced the fellow's brutal and cowardly conduct in scathing language and promised him that but for consideration of his innocent wife and family, who would also suffer, he would give him the full penalty of the law and a long term of imprisonment. He would ask him now to give bonds in \$100 to keep the peace, but promised that if ever he again came before Court on a similar charge, the heavy hand of outraged justice would fall mercilessly upon him.
SCHOONERS STORM BOUND.
The S.S. Earl of Devon reports that at several places North schooners have been delayed from getting South owing to stormy weather. All these are laden with fish and oil and have fully 10,000 qtls in their holds. Most of the vessels are held up at Shambler's Cove and Seldom.

CRUISER SINKS ITALIAN SHIP
PARIS, Dec. 21.—The sinking of an Italian steamer in collision with the French armoured cruiser Ernest B. Bonan is reported in a despatch from Marseilles. The steamer, which was taking Italian soldiers home on leave, was cut in two. Several persons, most of them passengers, were drowned. The number of survivors is given as 120.

CAN'T CONSTRUCT NEW CABINET
VIENNA, via London, Dec. 21.—Alexander Spitz Mueller has failed in his effort to construct a new cabinet and the task has been turned over to Count Clam Martiniz, former Minister of Agriculture, in whose cabinet Herr Spitzmueler will have the Finance portfolio.

MORE YOUTHFUL THIEVES.
Yesterday Sgt. Byrne was again busy rounding up a gang of youthful thieves and brought four boys into the official net, whose ages ran from 14 to 15. They were convicted to-day of stealing a bottle of wine from some unknown person, with 4 cigarette holders and 2 walking canes, the property of Mr. S. E. Garland.
Having regard for their tender years and for the joyous Christmas season, Mr. F. J. Morris, K.C., before whom they appeared, observed he would be lenient, and would be content to ask the parents of the lads to furnish bonds for their future good conduct.

"THETIS" GETS BOILER REPAIRS.
Capt. Faulke, of the steamer Thetis, tells us that on the run from Campbellton he had extremely strong weather and had to run into Twillingate for shelter. The ship was bound to New York from Campbellton with pulp and paper, and in the E. N. E. storm which raged her engines and boilers got out of order. She hauled up to the dock premises for repairs, and will likely resume her voyage to-morrow.

REID'S STEAMER REPORT
Argyle is due at Placentia to-day.
Clyde left Herring Neck at 4.20 p.m. yesterday, outward.
Dundee passed Salvage at 3 p.m. yesterday, going out.
Ethie left Port aux Basques at 9 a.m. yesterday, coming East.
Glencoe left Harbor Breton at 9.50 p.m. yesterday, outward.
Home left Pilley's Island at daylight yesterday, outward.
Sagona left Port aux Basques at 8.50 a.m.
Kyle arrived at Port aux Basques at 7.45 a.m.
Wren arrived at Clarenville at 12.13 p.m. yesterday, outward.
Meigle to leave North Sydney yesterday for St. John's.

THE KYLE'S PASSENGERS
The S.S. Kyle arrived at Port aux Basques this morning bringing W. W. Marshall, Mrs. E. Anthony, E. Grills, J. Barry, W. Lemond, A. Dwyer, Miss J. Yates, Mrs. J. Squires, J. A. Caines, W. Carran, C. Cowney, A. Gardiner, J. Cooper, J. Meade, Miss L. Darby, T. Marshall, R. Skinner, Mrs. Harvey, Miss M. Broff, Mrs. M. Kenny, E. C. Lewis, P. R. McLeod, F. McIsaac, R. J. Dunn, J. Hartley, Mrs. Hartley, Miss D. Sedley, F. Shannahan, T. A. Hall, J. W. A. Johnston, Capt. Parsons, T. Marshall, Dr. J. Bruce and W. Mercer.

TRAIN REPORT
Wednesday's No. 1 express arrived at Port aux Basques at 8.20 a.m.
Yesterday's No. 1 express left Badger Brook at 8.25 a.m.
Yesterday's No. 2 left Alexander Bay at 9 a.m.
To-day's No. 2 express left Port aux Basques at 9.35 a.m.

Not Served There
The applicant for cook was untidy and insolent in appearance. "Don't hire her," whispered Jones to his wife: "I don't like her looks." "But," remonstrated his wife, "just consider the reputation for cooking she bears." "That doesn't matter," said Jones testily; "we don't want any she-bears cooked; we don't like them."

It was a saying of Aristotle, that all noble-minded men are inclined to sadness. It is not merely the feeling that their lot is a hard one which oppresses them; it is something more—it is their inward sympathy and consciousness of participation in the sufferings of the human race to which they belong.—Guesses at Truth.

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<p>EXTRA SPECIAL VALUES —IN— LADIES' BLOUSES MADE FROM THE BEST MATERIALS. Ladies Black Cashmerette Blouse, low neck and neatly trimmed... 95c. Other grades in Cashmerette 65c. to \$1.80 from... Ladies' Black Poplin Blouses in three different style collars, all neatly trimmed... \$1.65 to \$1.80</p> <p>SILK BLOUSES. Fancy Wide Stripe Silk Blouse, low collar, good Pearl Buttons... \$2.60 White Silk Blouse with Revere collars... \$2.40 to \$2.75 Ladies' Black Silk Blouses, made from good Merve Silk with neatly trimmed fronts... \$2.90 to \$3.50</p>	<p>Ladies' Fur Collarettes In Black and Brown. From \$1.80 to \$4.00. Ladies' Marmot Muffs. Special Price, 10.50. Astrachan Muffs At \$1.25 each.</p> <p>WOOL SQUARE SPECIALS! Pink, Pale Blue and White Colors. 45c. Each... White and Black Colors. Each... 55c. Pink, Pale Blue, Cardinal & Black Colors. 75c. Each... Black Color only. \$1.35 Each...</p>	<p>CHILDREN'S Flannelette Sleeping Suits in very neat stripe effects, 35c. each. CHILDREN'S Striped Flannelette Night Shirts, 37c. to 55c. each. LADIES' Colored Striped Night Shirts, 75c. each.</p> <p>GET YOUR DRESS GOODS FROM US. You will be the better off in pocket. Dress Poptins in Colors Tan, Brown and Navy, 60c. Yard. Black only, 75c. Yard.</p>	<p>Misses' Middy Blouses Made from Heavy Jean material in Colors White and Blue, 50c. each. To suit age from 8 years up. Ladies' Middy Blouses With Belt. Special, 85c.</p> <p>FEATHER TRIMMINGS In colors of Navy, Browns, Old Rose, Royal Blue, Black and White 40c. yard. Children's WOOL MITTS, 47c. to 75c. pair.</p>	
<p>SEE OUR BOYS OVERCOATS from \$3.00 up. MEN'S OVERCOATS from \$7.00 up.</p>		<p>NAVY AND GREY NAP CLOTH, \$2.75 yd. BROWN CURL CLOTH \$2.70 yd.</p>		
<p>MEN'S SHIRTS. Grey Stripe Flannelette, with low or high collars. Each... Heavy Grey Flannel. Each... \$1.25 Heavy Grey Stripe, with-out collar. \$1.30 up. Each... Heavy Tweeds, 32 inches wide, from 80c. yard up.</p>	<p>BARGAIN in Boys' Negligee Shirts. 45c. each. Neck Frillings —IN— Plain and Fancy Colors, 12c. to 25c. White Pleated Ruchings, 17c. to 28c.</p>	<p>SPECIAL VALUE —IN— Heavy Black Herring Bone Serge, \$1.30 Yard Heavy Black Cheviot, \$1.60 Yard. Heavy Weight Comfortables In Floral and Scroll Designs, \$1.85 to \$3.85 up. Riverside Wool Blankets, \$5.40 per Pair up.</p>	<p>KHAKI CLOTH. A strong and durable material, suitable for Shirts, Overalls or other wearables. 28c. per yard. Corsets! Corsets! In various styles, from 75c. to \$1.40.</p>	<p>SPECIAL in Ladies' FELT HATS. Latest Styles. \$1.00 up. Infant's Wool Bootees In White & Fancy Colors. 15c. pair up.</p>

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