

THIS is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain:
"Send not your foolish and feeble; send me your strong and
your sane.

Strong for the red rage of battle; sane, for I harry them sore;
Send me men girt for the combat, men who are grit to the
core;

Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the bear in defeat,
Sired of a bulldog parent, steeled in the furnace heat.

Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen ones;
Them will I take to my bosom, them will I call my sons;
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with my
meat;

But the others—the misfits, the failures—I trample under
my feet."

—"Songs of a Sourdough."