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Mabel Applegarth of San Jose: Jack London's
Golden Girl in Life and Fiction

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APPLEGARTH

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Table of Contents

Introduction	i
Mabel Applegarth of San Jose: Jack London's Golden Girl in Life and Fiction	1
Bibliography and Notes	14

Introduction

Jack London (1876-1916) has long been considered one of the most popular and colorful personalities in American literature. Perhaps more than any other author, he captured the public's imagination through his daring personal exploits as well as in his writing. Almost a legend in his own time, the man and the writer continue to fascinate readers around the world.

As such, his life has been examined in numerous articles and a number of biographies over the years. Yet, there was one woman, Mabel Applegarth, who figured prominently in his life during the early part of his career--- but about whom very little has been written.

This refined young woman, an immigrant from England, spent the last half of her life in San Jose. Mabel, in fact, was Jack London's first real "love of his life"--- and this was at a time when he was struggling for success as a writer.

Their friendship and romantic involvement began in Oakland, and continued after she moved with her family to San Jose in the late 1890s. Here, London came to visit her often, they exchanged letters frequently, and although they never married, remained friends for the rest of their lives.

Ultimately, Mabel served as the prototype for Ruth Morse, one of the central characters in London's semi-autobiographical novel, Martin Eden (1909). And though Miss Morse in the novel is an exaggeration to some degree of the real life Miss Applegarth, the similarities are plainly evident.

This paper is a chronicle of her life, and explores her relationship with Jack London over a period of twenty years.

"She was a pale, ethereal creature, with wide, spirited blue eyes and a wealth of golden hair.... likened... to a pale golden flower upon a slender stem.... she was a spirit, a divinity, a goddess...."¹ Was Jack London, in reality, describing his early sweetheart, Mabel Applegarth in Martin Eden, his thinly disguised autobiographical novel?

Certainly, any student of Jack London would concede that Miss Applegarth, the fragile "golden girl" and early "love of his life" was the prototype for Ruth Morse, the heroine in his powerful narrative. In fact, Mabel played an important part in the life of the struggling young author--- first in Oakland, and later when she moved with her family to San Jose just before the turn-of-the century.

But who was this prim and genteel wisp of a woman who captured the fancy of Jack London--- this delicate young lady who spent the last seventeen years of her short life in the Santa Clara Valley?

Surprisingly, not a great deal is really known about Mabel. Except for the usual facts found in a number of Jack London biographies, information about her is rather sketchy. Only a handful of letters that Jack wrote to her from 1897 or thereafter survive, and not a single letter that she wrote to him during this period has turned up (the latter may have been destroyed by London's wives, Bess and Charmian).

As late as 1964, London's eldest daughter, Joan, gave the best account of what Mabel was really like in the flesh. Though Joan London was only a young girl when she met Mabel in the early 1900s, she was still able to provide a composite picture of her father's first love based upon later conversations with relatives and friends--- among them, Joan's own mother, Bess Maddern London, and Mabel's mother and brother. Mabel, according to Joan, was "in every way... a gentlewoman, a lady. Perhaps she played croquet; if so, it surely was the limit of her participation in athletics. Father had never known anyone like her before; her very fragility, her Victorian ultrafemininity fascinated him. I know that she was sweet and good, exquisitely mannered, a little frivolous, but she knew enough about the 19th century poets to talk about them appreciatively and to quote passages from memory...."²

This was certainly not the kind of girl London might have encountered during his roustabout days among the unruly crowd that frequented the waterfront areas of Oakland and Alameda. Instead, Mabel came from a world both geographically and culturally unlike anything he had ever encountered before.

Born in England in the London borough of Islington, on September 24, 1873, Mabel Maude Applegarth was the daughter of Edward and Marie Applegarth. According to the family tree, the Applegarth lineage traces back to Scotland, where a number of predecessors were known to be stern Quakers.⁴

Mabel's father (who was born in Ontario, Canada), studied mining engineering as a young man and eventually settled in England, from which his father had emigrated years earlier. It was while living there, most likely, that he chanced to meet Marie Louise Hoppen. In any event, they courted and were married in 1872. Nearly a decade passed, and Edward and Marie must have felt that mining opportunities in the British Isles were too limited for a man with ambition.

With a strong sense of the north American continent already in his blood and hope for a better future, he decided that the destiny of his family (their son, Edward or "Ted" had been born in 1876) awaited them on the western shores of the United States. Here, mining activity, especially in gold and silver in California and Nevada, was still active and profitable, and knowledgeable men with technical skills were needed. In 1882 with trepidation, but hope in their hearts, the family sailed across the Atlantic, bound for America, and eventually settled in Oakland, California.⁵

Due to the nature of his work in the mining country, Mabel's father was away from home a good part of the time. Because of his absence, Mrs. Applegarth necessarily became the staunch head of household. According to Joan London, Mrs. Applegarth was "veddy" British, and always adhered to her Victorian middle-class upbringing. She was proud of her English heritage, and instilled a deep sense of the prevailing culture into her two children. She guided their reading, especially in the English romantic poets, and encouraged their appreciation of music and art throughout their formative years.

For several years, the family lived with relatives at 505 East Eleventh Street in the bay-side community of 40,000 inhabitants. Mabel, meanwhile, attended the Oakland Public schools and graduated from Oakland High. It wasn't until 1893, when she was twenty years old, that she entered the University of California at Berkeley. Her health was always precarious at best, strenuous demands were out of the question, and she enrolled on a part-time basis as a special student in social sciences. She did well in English and theme, the two courses completed during the first two semesters, and added a course in drawing the following year.⁶

During this time (probably in the early spring of 1894),⁷ her brother, Ted⁸ introduced her to a ruggedly good looking chap, untutored in manners and awkward of speech, but with a zest for life and learning. Jack London was only eighteen years old and Mabel was almost three years his senior when these two romantics first met in the Applegarth home at 1105 Alice Street.

Actually, Jack was dazzled by the entire family. The Applegarths were intelligent, well mannered people who spoke with precise diction, which made them all mentors in London's estimation. With little formal education and a few unskilled jobs to his credit, he stood in sharp contrast to them when he first entered their home. Books and paintings lined the walls, the furnishings were "elegant in a late-Victorian way," and they even boasted a piano, which the attractive and musically inclined daughter played well.

Thus began Jack's worship of Mabel— she was delicate and proper and seemed like a porcelain figure out of a Victorian novel to the unkempt and culture-starved London. He was completely enamoured of his new-found love, and must have been surprised that she accepted him as an equal. Only two or three years before, he was hobnobbing with a band of thieves and roughnecks on the Bay waters, raiding the oyster beds by night for unlawful profits. It was a wild and precarious existence at best. Mabel's world was the kind of living he yearned for— where, as he wrote later, he felt "life was clean, noble, and alive." To the young Jack London, his golden-haired maiden was made of the stuff of dreams.

The two smitten lovers began to see more of each other. They discussed the latest poetry and fiction they were reading, went cycling through the neighborhoods of Oakland and Berkeley, took walks on the grassy slopes of the Piedmont Hills, and went small-boat sailing on the waters of San Francisco Bay.

If London was harboring any thoughts about marriage to Mabel, the arrangement was not encouraged (at least not initially) by her mother. Though Mrs. Applegarth had grown fond of the young suitor, she was not sympathetic to his past history of carousing with an assortment of waterfront hoodlums.

In time, as in all infatuations, Jack's "heart pounding" subsided, and, much to his surprise, he discovered that Mabel was actually "human." He described the incident to a friend a few years later. "I remember," he said, "we were eating cherries one day. Lying on my back and looking up, I saw that the black juices had discolored her lips. I hailed it with delight. An omen that we were drawing closer together, that she was stripping off her immortality.... I thought it was the greatest thing in the world."⁹

Though they were poles apart in temperament and background, Mabel was nevertheless attracted to Jack because of his rough charm, innate enthusiasm for life, and his tremendous desire to improve himself.

Prior to meeting Mabel, Jack had given considerable thought to furthering his education. He was eager to break away from menial jobs and make something of himself. With Mabel in the picture, there was the added incentive of creating a favorable image in her eyes by enrolling at the University. Through a prodigious effort of self-study, he overcame his educational deficiencies, passed the entrance exams, and enrolled in the fall semester of 1896. Influenced perhaps by Mabel, Jack also matriculated as a special student in the social sciences.¹⁰

At this time, Jack had reached what would prove to be a pivotal point in his life. He was in the midst of his ambitious, self-directed reading program, concentrating on sociology and class differences. The result was a kind of intellectual self-

renewal. On the one hand, he was torn between his working-class ethic and its clash with middleclass values—the latter of which many people like the Applegarths had come to represent in his mind. And as quickly as it had begun, his worship—his romantic attitude toward Mabel—began to take on a different dimension. The heart-throbbing that had sent him spinning emotionally from the outset had suddenly diminished to a slow and sober beat. He even grew disillusioned with his courses at the University, and with plans of pursuing writing as a career, withdrew after completing a semester. Mabel, much to his dismay, failed to encourage his literary aspirations. Instead, she took a more pragmatic stand, preferring that he settle down to a respectable job with a weekly paycheck. But Jack's heart simply wasn't in it.

Still, they continued seeing each other. By now, Jack had become a regular visitor to the household—he played marathon chess games with Ted Applegarth into the early morning hours, while Mabel probably looked on wistfully until she tired and went to bed.

By July of 1897, Jack discovered that his life was drifting into a pattern of indirection once more. He had tried his hand at writing, but was unsuccessful. And then the clarion call of GOLD in the far reaches of the Klondike reached California. Jack wasted little time and made preparations to join the stampede to the Northland. Mabel, undoubtedly distressed at the thought of such a wild adventure, no doubt urged her mother to try to change his mind. "We have received your letter," Mrs. Applegarth wrote in an alarmed tone, "with the awful news that you are about to start for Alaska... do be persuaded to give up the idea for we feel certain that you are going to meet your death and we shall never see you again...."¹¹ But Jack had made up his mind, and opted to go.

During his eleven month odyssey in the Northland wilderness, Jack and Mabel continued their correspondence, although the absence didn't particularly make his heart grow fonder. Inadvertently, he had widened the gap between them, both geographically and emotionally.

In the interim, the Applegarths had moved to the corner of Elm and Asbury Streets in the College Park area of San Jose, forty miles south of Oakland.¹² Here, in the peaceful Santa Clara Valley, the weather was free of the afternoon breezes off the Bay waters which often pelted San Francisco's sister city, and more than likely it was hoped that the warmer climate would be beneficial to Mabel's health.

When Jack returned to Oakland in July, 1898, with barely five dollars in his pocket, he continued to see Mabel on weekends now and then by peddling his bicycle the full forty miles to San Jose. He must have spent hours telling the family about his exploits in the Yukon and Alaska, sharing the experiences that were fermenting in his mind. He also resumed the chess games with Mabel's brother, and they discussed techniques of writing fiction and poetry (Ted was writing verse at the time). Mabel, it seems, was becoming less and less the focus of Jack's attention, which must have troubled her considerably. Yet they remained on amiable terms for the moment. Near summer's end, Jack was invited by the Applegarths to accompany them for several weeks of camping in the Yosemite Valley with a group of friends and relatives.

When Jack returned to Oakland, he began to do some serious writing. With the Klondike experience under his belt, he discovered that he finally had something worthwhile to write about and began to capitalize upon his year as a "sourdough." He still wrote to Mabel, often seeking helpful criticism of his work in progress. But she offered little encouragement, mainly because of her inability to appreciate the harsh and primitive reality of some of his Northland tales. They were simply not the kind of stories to which she was accustomed. Also, she was still convinced that he should abandon his hope of becoming a writer.

Jack had been patient, and then gave in to exasperation. As a result, he became quite caustic in his letters to her—perhaps more so than he should have been. "I do appreciate your interest in my affairs," he wrote to her in November, 1898, "but—we have

no common ground. In a general, vaguely general, way, you know my aspirations; but of the real Jack, his thoughts, feelings, etc., you are positively ignorant. Yet, little as you do know, you know more about me than anybody else. I have fought and am fighting my battle alone."¹³

These remarks (and there were others, although not so brutal) were devastating to a woman as sensitive as Mabel. So much so that her brother, Ted, wrote and admonished him for the pain he was inflicting upon his sister. Jack apologized in short order. But it was obvious that his rapture by this time had worn thin. Mabel, meanwhile, remained in a quandary, still hoping to change his ways; marriage, most likely, was still on her mind.

Jack continued his occasional visits on weekends, probably out of a sense of obligation and the desire to spare Mabel's feelings; or perhaps deluding himself that the romance still existed. "Give my regards to all," he wrote to her in February, 1898, "...and believe me ready to come if you cannot get along without me."¹⁴ By now it was evident that when he did make the trek to San Jose, he enjoyed the intellectual stimulation of playing chess with her brother more than he enjoyed any interaction with Mabel. It was during an afternoon in the garden of the Applegarth home in College Park, when Jack and Ted were deeply absorbed in a chess match, that the inevitable occurred.

Mabel, distressed that Jack's attention was riveted upon a game with her brother and that he seemed oblivious of her presence, reached her breaking point. In an impulsive gesture, uncharacteristic of her, she approached the two players, and with a quick sweep of her hands, sent the chess pieces flying from the board. Jack was stunned.

Years later, in a pensive mood, he described what took place immediately afterwards. "I felt every bit of blood leave my face," he recalled, "and from her brother's expression, mine must have been something awful. The thing was unforgiveable... To me it was sheer, brutal, blind-mad outrage to every decency

of human fair play. It was a sin against the Holy Ghost! It was a vicious act, to wipe a half solved problem out of existence in that way— from small jealousy of a bloodless rival.... No, I did not say a word—then or ever. But when I looked up at her after what seemed a frozen century, and her frightened eyes met mine, she knew what had really happened."¹⁵

Jack's reaction was harsh. But the futility of their relationship had taken its toll upon his patience and dreams of what might have been. In reality, any possibility of marriage was probably destined for failure from the beginning because of a number of factors. For one thing, Mabel had always been under the strong influence of her mother, and was never able to break away from the matronly "apron strings." As late as the 1930s, Ted Applegarth admitted that "Mother was always a selfish woman; Mabel spent her whole life taking care of her."¹⁶

In addition, Mabel's very fragility, which at first fascinated the love-struck London, more than likely began to cast a clinical shadow on the romance. She invariably suffered from a succession of ailments; yet Jack remained sympathetic to her in his letters. "I can only hope your illness is not serious," he wrote in November, 1898.¹⁷ "It is better to be sick in winter than in summer," he consoled her at another time. "Am very sorry to hear you are worse,"¹⁸ he said at a later date. What no one really knew at the time was that Mabel was suffering from a mild form of undetected tuberculosis.¹⁹

And the robust London, although only twenty-two years old, was giving thought to fatherhood at the time. He had "opened the books," had read prodigiously (perhaps misguidedly at times), and had been thoroughly indoctrinated by Darwin's Origin of the Species and the theory of the "survival of the fittest." The principles of biological and social Darwinism had begun to pervade his writing as well as his way of life.

He became a young man "on the make" and wanted a woman who was strong in mind and body who would bear him sturdy children. "Forget about love," he began to tell himself. "Marriage is for

procreation." It was a decision he learned to regret, and culminated in his separation from his first wife, Bess, in 1903. Shortly after the breakup he confided to his good friend, Cloudesley Johns; "It's all right for a man to marry philosophically, but remember it's damned hard on the woman."²⁰

By this time, Mabel had long since been relegated to the realm of one of Jack's early loves. Like many affairs of the heart, the romance had drifted into a friendship, which continued on a distant basis. In a sense, Jack had come to feel sorry for Mabel, because she was unable to break away from the constraints of her middleclass values. And he knew she was unable to accept his aspirations and mode of life.

Just a few years after his rapture for her had diminished, Jack wrote to his friend, Anna Strunsky, a brilliant young student at Stanford University, about his early romance with Mabel. To Anna he wrote philosophically that the episode was "a great love at the time," and then qualified the experience as "puppy love," in which he had "mistaken the moment for the eternal."²¹

In Martin Eden, London's protagonist voices the same observation about his feelings for Ruth near the conclusion of the story. "He [Martin] knew, now, that he had not really loved her. It was an idealized Ruth he had loved, an ethereal creature of his own creating, the bright and luminous spirit of his love poems."²²

More than likely, Mabel must have been disturbed when she read the novel and saw herself as the fictionalized Ruth Morse. There were simply too many convincing parallels and subtle similarities throughout the story to dismiss the characterization as coincidental.

Among other things, when Martin first meets Ruth, she is a student at the university enrolled in courses in English and theme (Mabel's status when she met Jack). In the novel, Ruth was three years older than Martin, while Mabel was Jack's senior by two years and eight months. Ruth played the piano, sang, was fond of the English Romantic poets—all qualities that Jack admired in Mabel.

Both Ruth and Mabel helped their respective suitors with English pronunciation and grammar. Both Martin and Jack turned down postal service jobs after passing the civil service exams in first place. In turn, both women became upset when the jobs were declined in favor of pursuing writing as a career. Neither Ruth nor Mabel appreciated the motifs of the harsh, realistic prose the youthful authors felt compelled to write. Both women encouraged the men to settle down to jobs more secure than writing fiction.

Ruth suggests an alternative. "This writing of yours is not practical," she says firmly to Martin in the novel. "Something is the matter—maybe it is the market—that prevents you from earning a living by it....Why don't you try to get work on a newspaper, if you are bound up in writing? Why not become a reporter?—for awhile, at least?" But Martin pays no heed to her words. "It would spoil my style," he replies soberly, words that might have been echoes of sentiments that Jack himself had uttered to Mabel during his early struggles as a writer.

In addition to the similarities between Mabel and Ruth already discussed, there was a physical likeness of the two women as well. Ruth's "wealth of golden hair," her pale delicate countenance and frailty were emphasized by London. Coincidentally, a lock of Mabel's hair (which this writer has seen) has been preserved by relatives. And it was quite literally like spun gold — the most natural, golden-yellow hair imaginable.²³

The similarities simply abound. Yet, if Mabel became upset with Jack for portraying her as the fictional Miss Morse who was priggish, shallow, and the embodiment of vain, bourgeois ethics, she must have forgiven him in short order. In the presentation copy of Martin Eden he gave to her as a Christmas present in 1909, he wrote, "You will doubtless recognize some of my own early experiences and the five dollars, 'on publication,' they promised to pay me for 'To the Man on the Trail.'" But, all newspaper reports to the contrary, I defy you to identify any of the other characters...."²⁴

It seems incongruous that London could write such a statement in light of the facts as they are known. Perhaps he felt that he really had disguised the characters and events in the novel sufficiently. He must have been convinced of this (at times the novel seems to have been written at white heat), taking comfort in the fact that a decade had passed between his own early struggles in love and writing and the time when he wrote his autobiographical narrative. Again, assuming that Mabel recognized Ruth as her fictional self, she must have discerned that the character was an exaggeration, (there is no record that Jack ever found Mabel to be shallow and scheming as Ruth was in the novel).

There is a scene in the narrative, though, containing shades of the frustration that Mabel probably felt when she realized that Jack was drifting away, losing interest in their romance, compelling her to break up a chess game (as described earlier) for want of attention. Within the story, Jack has his heroine "throwing herself" at Martin for dramatic effect. In this pivotal and powerful scene, Ruth, in desperation, offers herself to Martin (a racy departure in a novel for 1909) to prove her love to him. "It is not too late...I will show you," she pleads. "I will prove to you that my love has grown....All that is dearest to the bourgeoisie I will flout. I am no longer afraid of life....I will come to you here and now, in free love if you will, and will be proud and glad to be with you."²⁵ But Martin, disillusioned with life and love, cannot respond because it is too late. The romance is gone.

It is doubtful that Mabel ever resorted to such tactics to win the affection of Jack, although she may have tried in more subtle ways. Though such daring thoughts as "free love" might have flashed through her Victorian mind, there is too much evidence available which depicts her as far too prudish a woman to act as Ruth did. It seems likely that when Mabel read this episode in the narrative, however, she might well have been piqued. In any event, if she harbored a grudge, it must have subsided with time, since her friendship with Jack, though distant after their romantic interlude, lasted for the rest of their lives.

And what became of Mabel? By 1900, she had no doubt swallowed her pride, and had fairly well resigned herself to spinsterhood. In the interim, they moved a few blocks away to 720 Chapman Street,²⁶ just on the fringes of sprawling valley orchards of French prunes, pears, apricots, and cherries. Downtown San Jose was still easily accessible by an electric railway system, and Mabel worked in the "Garden City" (as it was then known) from time to time as a cashier and secretary at the Women's Exchange, a kind of early day boutique where home-made jams, bakery goods, and needlework were sold on consignment. Later, according to an early census report, she was employed as a "Private Secretary to a Lady."²⁷

She was also active in the Women's Alliance, a Unitarian church group, and tried unsuccessfully to entice Jack into delivering a lecture before the members in 1906 (by then, London had achieved world-wide recognition as a writer). Annoyed by the brief note she had sent him (he always enjoyed long, newsy letters from friends), Jack responded in kind. "Your letter was filled with news," he wrote dryly, "to say the least—all about the invitation to lecture. How's Ted getting along? And yourself? And your mother? This letter is already longer now than the one you sent to me."²⁸

Nevertheless, they remained on good terms over the years, and Jack was as hospitable as ever. He invited the Applegarth family for a two week stay at his Beauty Ranch in September, 1910. Jack must have enjoyed their visit, but Charmian, threatened no doubt by her husband's continued regard for a former girlfriend, became impatient. At the end of their stay she wrote in her diary: "Applegarths get off in the early morn, and feel so relieved. They are quite impossible...."²⁹

Three years would pass and in October, 1913, the Londons met Mabel, her mother, and several friends for a screening of "The Sea Wolf" at the Imperial Theatre in San Francisco. This was probably the last time that Jack ever saw Mabel.

A year later, she was admitted to a sanatorium in Fairfax, Marin County, California, suffering from the illness which had

plagued her for so many years. Mary Perry, a mutual friend, wrote to Jack, "I suppose of course you know about Mabel Applegarth's residence at Arequipa.... She has been there seven weeks. I was shocked to learn that it is tuberculosis. She writes me: I 'Don't be uneasy, for the Doctor says the worst is over.' Brave Mabel! I am uneasy for all that."³⁰

Perry's concern and skepticism were well grounded, for Mabel had just a little more than a year to live. On the afternoon of February 15, 1915, she died at her home on Chapman Street at the age of forty-one.³¹ Jack, a very sick man himself at the time, had already made plans and sailed for Hawaii on the same day for rest and relaxation, hoping that the semi-tropical climate of the Islands might prove to be a good remedy for his own tired body.

Mabel was laid to rest, according to the San Jose Mercury, with "impressive but simple services" in the family plot of the Santa Clara cemetery on February 22. The newspaper reported that there were many friends in attendance who "paid loving, tender tribute to Miss Applegarth's beautiful character and her deep religious belief. She grieved that she could accomplish so little of what she desired... she was modest and retiring, but to all she brought a message of cheer and sunshine."³²

Bibliography and Notes

1. Martin Eden. (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1909), p. 4.
 2. From a five page letter from Joan London to Alfred Shivers, January 15, 1964. (From the Jack London Collection, The Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California)
 3. Certified copy of an Entry of Birth, The General Register Office, London, England.
 4. Mimeographed copy of the Applegarth family tree, provided through the courtesy of Dr. John Applegarth (a second cousin to Mabel), of San Luis Obispo, California.
 5. According to the Thirteenth Census of the United States (1910), both Mabel and her mother listed 1882 as the year they immigrated to the United States. Edward Applegarth Sr. (Mabel's father), died in 1908.
 6. Official copy, Transcript of Record, from the Offices of Admissions and Records, University of California, Berkeley.
 7. Walker, Franklin. (Unfinished and unpublished biography of Jack London, Chapter III, dated March 27, 1953), p. 9. In various studies on London, 1895 has been cited as the year in which Jack first met Mabel. However, Walker uncovered evidence which places their meeting a year earlier. "It is evident that Jack London met the Applegarths before he started on his tramping with Kelley's Army in 1894, for he referred in his diary to receiving a letter from "Applegarths" when he reached Ogden. And in one of his letters to Mabel, he reminds her that she knew him before he entered high school." (Huntington Library)
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8. Edward M. "Ted" Applegarth (1876-1964) and Jack London were intimate friends who saw each other frequently during the years 1894-1900. They shared their ideas freely about the style and method of writing fiction and poetry. Ted, himself tried his hand at verse. (five of his poems are in the Jack London Collection, Special Collections, Stanford University Library). At least one of them, "Living," was sold to Ainslee's, a national magazine. And another, "The White Silence of the North," a descriptive poem on the awesome powers of the frozen Northland, was probably inspired by the tales that Jack both spoke and wrote about when he returned from the gold fields. There is no evidence that Applegarth ever went to the Klondike.

Ted Applegarth also attended the University of California at Berkeley, completing two years (1895-1897) with a major in mining engineering. During the early 1900s, he married a widow with three children, managed a newspaper agency and was active in the mining industry in Sparks, Nevada, and eventually moved back to the Bay area. He then worked for many years in the real estate business— as a salesman and broker in Oakland and San Francisco. The latter part of his career was devoted to the management of office complexes in San Francisco, a city that he loved. His wife, Maude Francis, died in 1944. They had no natural children. Ted Applegarth died at the age of 88 at the Masonic Home in Union City, California.
 9. Letter to Anna Strunsky, circa, 1901, (Huntington Library).
 10. Official copy, Transcript of Record for John Griffith London, Offices of Admissions and Records, University of California, Berkeley.
 11. The Book of Jack London, I, pp. 224-25.
 12. The Applegarth family is listed for the first time in the San Jose City Directory for the years 1899-1900.
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13. Letters from Jack London, ed. King Hendricks and Irving Shepard (New York, 1965), p. 5.
 14. Letters from Jack London, p. 19.
 15. The Book of Jack London, I, pp. 261-62.
 16. Stone, Irving, Sailor on Horseback (Cambridge, Mass., 1938), p. 133.
 17. Letter dated November 16, 1898, (The Jack London Papers, Dept. of Special Collections, Stanford University Libraries).
 18. Letters from Jack London, pp. 8 and 12, respectively.
 19. From an interview during the autumn of 1980 with Dr. Arnold Applegarth (a second cousin to Mabel, brother of John as cited in note 4), of San Jose, California.
 20. Letters from Jack London, pp. 151-52.
 21. Letter dated simply "Saturday evening," circa, 1901, (Huntington Library).
 22. Martin Eden, p. 395.
 23. Part of the collection of family memorabilia preserved by Dr. John Applegarth. A visit and interview at his home, December, 1980.
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24. This inscription, dated Christmas, 1909, is in the copy (part of the Jack London Collection), Special Collections, Stanford University Library.
 25. Martin Eden, pp. 395-96.
 26. The earliest listing of the Applegarth family living on Chapman Street (in the San Jose City Directory) was for the years 1903-04.

27. From the Thirteenth Census of the United States (1910).
28. Letter dated March 29, 1906, (Stanford University Libraries).
29. Entry in Charmian's diary, September 20, 1910, (Huntington Library).
30. Letter dated January 11, 1914, (Huntington Library).
31. Duplicate copy, Certificate of Death, State of California, (filed March 4, 1915).
32. From the obituary in the San Jose Mercury Herald, Tuesday morning, February 23, 1915.