

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO IN HIS OWN LITTLE WORLD ABOARD SHIP WAS A LAW UNTO HIMSELF



IN THIS TALE JACK LONDON'S SEA EXPERIENCE IS USED WITH ALL THE POWER OF HIS VIRILE PEN

SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, is thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat in a fog in San Francisco bay, and becomes unconscious before help reaches him.

CHAPTER XII.

Several days more passed before Johnson crawled on deck and went about his work in a half-hearted way. He was still a sick man, and I more than once observed him creeping painfully aloft to a topsail, or drooping wearily as he stood at the wheel.

"I'll do for you yet, you slab-footed Swede," I heard him say to Johansen one night on deck.

The mate cursed him in the darkness, and the next moment some missile struck the galley a sharp rap. There was more cursing, and a mocking laugh, and when all was quiet I stole outside and found a heavy knife imbedded over an inch in the solid wood.

"I don't know, sir. I saw him go forward a little while ago."

"So did I go forward. But I didn't come back the way I went. Can you explain it?"

"You must have been overboard, sir."

"Shall I look for him in the steerage, sir?" I asked.

"Who's the lookout?" he demanded.

"Me, sir," answered Holyoak, one of the deep-water sailors, a slight tremor in his voice.

"I followed with a quaking heart. What was to happen I knew no more than did I know what had happened.

"About seventy," he answered. And then, boastfully, "We work from the time we are born until we die, in my country. That's why we live so long. I will live to a hundred."

I shall never forget this conversation. The words were the last I ever heard him utter. Perhaps they were the last he did utter, too.

SNAPS THIEF AT HIS WORK

Automatic Device That Photographs Burglar While in the Act of Plying His Trade.

For the fellow who would rather steal than work, life is getting harder all the time, says the Birmingham Age-Herald.

Take the case of the thief who broke into a photographic studio in Belleville, Ill., the other day. From the viewpoint of the prowler, a photograph shop ought to be quite safe for the plying of his trade.

But the owner of the studio in Belleville had been fearful of robbery for some time. Therefore he installed an automatic device to photograph the interior of his studio at stated intervals, the device being operated by ordinary burglar alarm apparatus.

Now the photographer is out, consider a photographic cupplies, but he is able to furnish the police the very best kind of a description of the thief. In fact, he turned over several photographs of the burglar at work—one of which shows him in the act of putting a lens into his pocket.

Though it was a mild night on the sea, there was a continual chorus of the creaking timbers and bulkheads and of abysmal noises beneath the flooring.

The sleepers did not mind. There were eight of them—the two watches below—and the air was thick with the warmth and odor of their breathing, and the ear was filled with the noise of their snoring and of their sighs and half-groans, tokens plain of the rest of the animal-man.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Are you sick?"

He shook his head, and with a deep sigh, as of awakening, caught his breath.

"You'd better get on your course, then," I chided.

He put a few spokes over, and I watched the compass card swing slowly to NNW and steady itself with slight oscillations.

I took a fresh hold on my bedclothes and was preparing to start on, when some movement caught my eye and I looked astern to the rail. A sinewy hand, dripping with water, was clutching the rail. A second hand took form in the darkness beside it. I watched, fascinated. What visitant from the gloom of the deep was I to behold? Whatever it was, I knew that it was climbing aboard by the log-line.

I saw a head, the hair wet and straight, shape itself, and then the unmistakable eyes and face of Wolf Larsen. His right cheek was red with blood, which flowed from some wound in the head.

He drew himself inboard with a quick effort, and arose to his feet, glancing swiftly, as he did so, at the man at the wheel, as though to assure himself of his identity and that there was nothing to fear from him.

The sea water was streaming from him. It made little audible gurgles which distracted me. As he stepped toward me I shrank back instinctively, for I saw that in his eyes which spelled death.

"All right, Hump," he said in a low voice. "Where's the mate?"

I shook my head.

"Johansen!" he called softly. "Johansen!"

"Where is he?" he demanded of Harrison.

The young fellow seemed to have recovered his composure, for he answered steadily enough, "I don't know, sir. I saw him go forward a little while ago."

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Not a Mourning Suit. Browning—"I just met Whyte on his way downtown to recover his son's body." Greening—"What! Do you mean to tell me that his son was drowned?" Browning—"Oh, no. But his father said he seeded a new suit of clothes."

Against flesh. Then there was the crashing about of the entwined bodies, the labored breathing, the short, quick gasps of sudden pain.

There must have been more men in the conspiracy to murder the captain and mate, for by the sounds I knew that Leach and Johnson had been quickly re-enforced by some of their mates.

"Get a knife, somebody!" Leach was shouting.

"Pound him on the head! Mash his brains out!" was Johnson's cry.

But after his first blow, Wolf Larsen made no noise. He was fighting grimly and silently for his life. He was sore beset. Down at the very first, he had been unable to gain his feet, and for all of his tremendous strength I felt that there was no hope for him.

The force with which they struggled was vividly impressed on me; for I was knocked down by their surging bodies and badly bruised. But in the top of one lay Oofty-Oofty, a Kanaka and splendid seaman, so named by his mates. He was asleep on his back and breathing as placidly as a woman.

One arm was under his head, the other lay on top of the blankets. Wolf Larsen put thumb and forefinger to the wrist and counted the pulse.

He was under his head, the other arm was under his head, the other lay on top of the blankets. Wolf Larsen put thumb and forefinger to the wrist and counted the pulse.

Satisfied with the honesty of his and the Kanaka's sleep, Wolf Larsen passed on to the next two bunks on the starboard side, occupied top and bottom, as we saw in the light of the sea-lamp, by Leach and Johnson.

As Wolf Larsen bent down to the lower bunk to take Johnson's pulse, I saw Leach's head raise stealthily as he peered over the side of the bunk to see what was going on. He must have divined Wolf Larsen's trick and the

sureness of detection, for the light was at once dashed from my hand and the forecastle left in darkness. We must have leaped, also, at the same instant, straight down on Wolf Larsen.

The first sounds were those of a conflict between a bull and a wolf. I heard a great, infuriated bellow go up from Wolf Larsen, and from Leach a snarling that was desperate and blood-curdling. Johnson must have joined him immediately, so that his abject and groveling conduct on deck the past few days had been no more than planned deception.

I was so terror-stricken by this fight in the dark that I leaned against the ladder, trembling and unable to ascend. And upon me was that old sickness at the pit of the stomach, caused always by the spectacle of physical violence. In this instance I could not see but I could hear the impact of the blows—the soft, crushing sound made by flesh striking forcibly

and let Dalton & Co. fade away without any sensation."

"But, sir," expostulated Jerry, "things aren't so bad as you think. We're square. Well, then, how about the big broomcorn consignment?"

Dalton shook his head drearily.

"Jerry," he said, "the market's down on that and may stay down."

"But the ten thousand dollar option, sir?"

"I'll lose it rather than take the lot and involve others in loss. No, I'm through, I tell you, for good."

Then Roland Dalton stood away, reckless, desperate. Jerry stood looking about him like a lost soul. Miss Blount was crying softly.

"I never thought he'd flunk!" muttered Jerry. "Well, we're through, too. It's a new job for both of us, I'm thinking."

"I will stay and get everybody checked up," volunteered the pretty stenographer. "You're feeling blue, sir. Go home and forget it all."

Jerry was seated in the midst of his family that evening when Miss Blount unexpectedly intruded. She looked excited and exhilarated.

"Mr. Watson," she announced, "two strange things happened at the office after you left."

Draw Power From Air. The mission settlement at Mt. Hope, 100 miles north of the arctic circle, in Alaska, is contemplating the installation of an electric lighting plant to be driven by large windmills.

Cutting Out Waste Motion. Unnecessary Fatigue May Be Avoided and Much Greater Amount of Work Accomplished.

There is no waste of any kind in the world that equals the waste from needless, ill-directed and ineffective motions, and their resulting unnecessary fatigue.

This remark was made in a talk before the American Academy of Political and Social Science by Frank B. Gilbreth, the man who discovered lost motions in bricklaying and who has since devoted his time to scientific motion study.

Devising ways of preventing this waste is now occupying a great deal of attention, and bringing to economy of labor the application of scientific principles has caused a readjustment of working conditions in many industries. The application of so-called efficiency methods in business means simply showing an exact regard for the relation of labor to a given task so that there shall be no waste effort.

Misinformation. Singleton—"I am told you cursed the day we were married. Is it true?" Wedderly—"No, it wasn't quite that bad. I didn't curse until the day after."

Envy has torpedoed many a friendship.

The Straight Tip

By EVANS MACAULAY RANDALL

"I'm through!" Roland Dalton looked it. Young, handsome, well dressed, sober, energetic, ambitious—this had been his record "on the Board" for two years, but just now there was in his face an appalling discouragement.

"See here, Jerry," he said to his trader and manager, "there's no need to publish it, but I don't dare to go any further. If I did, it would be on baseless credit and I'll take no chance with other people's money."

"But, sir, we owe nothing, the decks are clear."

"And I'm going to quit, while they are. You follow orders. Pay off every bill and close up the office. I'll pay you and Miss Blount a month's salary ahead. I'll leave each of you a first-class recommendation to Bertelle & Co., who will be glad of your services. I'm going up into Wisconsin and get as far away from the hubbub and worry as I can for a month. Then I think I'll strike out for the coast and begin all over again."

Loyal Jerry Watson's lips puckered. Marcia Blount, at the typewriter, was white as a sheet. Dalton stole a glance at her and he gulped down a sigh. Shattered business, a shattered, though half-fledged, romance—it was pitiful!

"Close up the office and tell any inquirer that I'm off for a rest," proceeded Dalton, "but pay everybody



Why "Pin Money." For a long time after pins were invented in the fourteenth century they were used only by the wealthy. It cost so much to manufacture them that the poor and even the middle classes could not afford them.

Travelers passing through the Sierra Nevada during the winter are familiar with the peculiar sights that follow a heavy snowfall not accompanied by wind, for they have seen buildings completely buried from view, the only indication of their presence being a mound of snow shaped like the roof.

Unexpected Cigar Smoker. James Patsy tells us that Harriet Martineau smoked cigars! She was told it was good for deafness and tried it. He supplied her with a mild brand, and says he smoked with her often. Yet she would be the last guess, the most unlikely puffer of the weed in the whole category of famous women!

Horse Not Really Intelligent. Horses are generally given credit for a great deal more intelligence than they actually possess. Scientific tests show that in wisdom such as human beings display, horses are hopelessly outclassed by dogs, monkeys, and even by cats. The horse can be taught to do certain things just because he is too stupid to have ideas of his own. Like many human prize pupils, he can learn but cannot think.

Screw Propeller Old Device. That a patent for a screw-propelled steam vessel had been issued as far back as 1803 recently was discovered in the French patent office.

WOMAN HAD NERVOUS TROUBLE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.

West Danby, N. Y.—"I have had nervous trouble all my life until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nerves and for female troubles and it straightened me out in good shape. I work nearly all the time, as we live on a farm and I have four girls. I do all my sewing and other work with their help, so it shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I have also had my oldest girl take it and it did her lots of good. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."

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Sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, headache, dizziness, dragging sensations, all point to female derangements which may be overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In the Suburbs. "Why do you believe your neighbor is a confirmed bachelor?"

"By the language of flowers." "How does that tell you?" "Yesterday he dug up the matrimony vine on the wall, and this morning I caught him sowing bachelors' buttons."

Syrup of Figs for a Child's Bowels. It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child. Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them. With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them. If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Procrastination is the thief of time—and the plunder cannot be recovered.

For a really fine coffee at a moderate price, drink Denison's Seminole Brand, 50c the lb., in sealed cans. Only one merchant in each town sells Seminole. If your grocer isn't the one, write the Denison Coffee Co., Chicago, for a souvenir and the name of your Seminole dealer.

Most of the crazy people we know have managed to sidetrack the asylum so far.

Achy Joints Give Warning. A creaky joint often predicts rain. It may also mean that the kidneys are not filtering the poisonous uric acid from the blood. Bad backs, rheumatic pain, sore, aching joints, headaches, dizziness and urinary disorders are all effects of weak kidneys and if nothing is done, there's danger of more serious trouble. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best recommended kidney remedy.

An Iowa Case. John W. Wright, 1922 8th St., Knoxville, Iowa, says: "Four years ago I had an attack of rheumatism in one of my arms and the pain was awful. At times I couldn't lift my arm without sharp twinges darting through it. I finally got Doan's Kidney Pills and had taken them only a short time before I cured relief. Two boxes permanently cured me."

Your Liver Is Clogged Up. That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

W. N. U., OMAHA, MO., 10-1916.