



SYNOPSIS. — Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, finds himself aboard the seining schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters. The captain makes him cabin boy for the good of his soul. The cockney cook, Muxridge, is jealous of Hump and hampers him. Wolf hampers Muxridge and makes it the basis for a philosophic discussion with Hump. Cooky and Hump whet knives at each other. Hump's intimacy with Wolf increases. Wolf sketches the story of his life, discusses the Bible and Omar, and illustrates the instinctive love of life by choking Hump nearly to death. A carnival of brutality breaks loose in the ship. Wolf proves himself the master brute, is knocked overboard and wins clear in a fight in the fore-castle. Hump dresses Wolf's wounds and, despite his protest, is made mate on the bell-ship. Mr. Van Weyden tries to learn his duties as mate. Van Weyden proves by his conduct in a blow that he has learned "to stand on his own legs." Two men desert the vessel in one of the small boats. A young woman and four men, survivors of a steamer wreck, are rescued from a small boat. The deserters are sighted, but Wolf stands away and leaves them to drown. Maud Brewster, the rescued woman, and Van Weyden find they know each other's work. They talk together of a world alien to Wolf. Maud sees Muxridge toward the cabin, and tells him to give him a bath and his foot bitters. Wolf, a shark as he is hailed aboard. She believes Wolf to realize her danger at the hands of Wolf. Van Weyden realizes that he loves Maud.

CHAPTER XX—Continued. We left the table to go on deck, for a steamer was a welcome break in the monotony of the sea on which we floated, while the conviction that it was Death Larsen and the Macedonia added to the excitement. The stiff breeze and heavy sea which had sprung up the previous afternoon had been moderating all morning, so that it was now possible to lower the boats for an afternoon's hunt. The hunting promised to be profitable. We had sailed since daylight across a sea barren of seals, and were now running into the herd. The smoke was still miles astern, but overhauling us rapidly, when we lowered our boats. They spread out and struck a northerly course across the ocean. Now and again we saw a sail lower, heard the reports of the shotguns, and saw the sail go up again. The seals were thick, the wind was dying away; everything favored a big catch. As we ran off to get our leeward position of the last leeward boat, we found the ocean fairly carpeted with sleeping seals. They were all about us, thicker than I had ever seen them before, in twos and threes and bunches, stretched full length on the surface and sleeping for all the world like so many lazy young dogs. Under the approaching smoke the hull and upperworks of a steamer were growing larger. It was the Macedonia. I read her name through the glasses as she passed by scarcely a mile to starboard. Wolf Larsen looked savagely at the vessel, while Maud Brewster was curious. "Where is the trouble you were so sure was breezing up, Captain Larsen?" she asked gayly. He glanced at her, a moment's amusement softening his features. "What did you expect? That they'd come aboard and cut our throats?" "Something like that," she confessed. "You understand, seal-hunters are so new and strange to me that I am quite ready to expect anything." He nodded his head. "Quite right, quite right. Your error is that you failed to expect the worst." "Why, what can be worse than cutting our throats?" she asked, with pretty naive surprise. "Cutting our purses," he answered. "Man is so made these days that his capacity for living is determined by the money he possesses." "Who steals my purse steals trash," she quoted. "Who steals my purse steals my right to live," was the reply, "old saws to the contrary. For he steals my bread and meat and bread, and in so doing imperils my life. There are not enough soup-kitchens and bread-lines to go around, you know, and when men have nothing in their purses they usually die, and die miserably—unless they are able to fill their purses pretty speedily." "But I fail to see that this steamer has any designs on your purse." "Wait and you will see," he answered grimly. We did not have long to wait. Having passed several miles beyond our line of boats, the Macedonia proceeded to lower her own. We knew she carried fourteen boats to our five (we were one short through the desertion of Wainwright), and she began dropping them far to leeward of our last boat, continued dropping them athwart our course, and finished dropping them far to windward of our first weather

boat. The hunting, for us, was spoiled. There were no seals behind us, and ahead of us the line of fourteen boats, like a huge broom, swept the herd before it. Our boats hunted across the two or three miles of water between them and the point where the Macedonia had been dropped, and then headed for home. The wind had fallen to a whisper, the ocean was growing calmer and calmer, and this, coupled with the presence of the great herd, made a perfect hunting day—one of the two or three days to be encountered in the whole of a lucky season. An angry lot of men, boat-pullers and steersmen as well as hunters, swarmed over our side. Each man felt that he had been robbed; and the boats were hoisted in amid curses, which, if cursed had power, would have settled Death Larsen for all eternity—"Dead and damned for a dozen iv eternities," commented Louis, his eyes twinkling up at me as he rested from hauling taut the lashings of his boat. "Listen to them, and find if it is hard to discover the most vital thing in their souls," said Wolf Larsen. "Faith! and love? and high ideals? The good! the beautiful! the true?" "Their innate sense of right has been violated," Maud Brewster said, joining the conversation. She was standing a dozen feet away, one hand resting on the main shrouds and her body swaying gently to the slight roll of the ship. She had not raised her voice, and yet I was struck by its clear and bell-like tone. Ah, it was sweet in my ears! "A sentimentalist," he sneered, "like Mr. Van Weyden. Those men are cursing because their desires have been outraged. That is all. To lay hands on their purses is to lay hands on their souls." "You speak so calmly—" she began. "But I do not feel calm; I could kill the man who robbed me," he interrupted. "Yes, yes, I know, and that man my brother—more sentiment! Bah!" His face underwent a sudden change. His voice was less harsh and wholly sincere as he said: "You must be happy, you sentimentalists, really and truly happy at dreaming and finding things good, and because you find some of them good, feeling good yourself. Now, tell me, you two, do you find me good?" "You are good to look upon—in a way," I qualified. "There are in you all powers for good," was Maud Brewster's answer. "There you are!" he cried at her, half angrily. "Your words are empty to me. He who delights the most lives the most, and your dreams and unrealities are less disturbing to you and more gratifying than are my facts to me. Dreams must be substantial and satisfying. Emotional delight is more filling and lasting than intellectual delight; and, besides, you pay for your moments of intellectual delight by having the blues. Emotional delight is followed by no more than jaded senses which speedily recuperate. I envy you, I envy you." He stopped abruptly, and then on his lips formed one of his strange quizzical smiles, as he added: "It's from my brain I envy you, take notice, and not from my heart. You have no facts in your pocketbook." He ceased speaking, and his gaze wandered absently past her and became lost in the placid sea. The old primal melancholy was strong upon him. He was quivering to it. He had reasoned himself into a spell of the blues, and within few hours one could look for the devil within him to be up and stirring. I remembered Charley Furseth, and knew this man's sadness as the penalty which the materialist ever pays for his materialism.

CHAPTER XXI. "You've been on deck, Mr. Van Weyden," Wolf Larsen said, the following morning at the breakfast table. "How do things look?" "Clear enough," I answered, glancing at the sunshine which streamed down the open companionway. "Fair westerly breeze, with a promise of stiffening if Louis predicts correctly." He nodded his head in a pleased way. "Any signs of fog?" "Thick banks in the north and north-west." He nodded his head again, evincing even greater satisfaction than before. "What of the Macedonia?" "Not sighted," I answered. "I could have sworn his face fell at our line of boats and bore down upon the first weather boat of the other line. "Down that flying jib, Mr. Van Weyden," Wolf Larsen commanded. "And stand by to back over the jibs." I ran forward and had the downhaul of the flying jib all in and fast as we slipped by the boat a hundred feet to leeward. The three men in it gazed at us suspiciously. They had been hogging the sea, and they knew Wolf Larsen, by reputation at any rate. I noted that the hunter, a huge Scandinavian sitting in the bow, held his rifle, ready to hand, across his knees. It should have been in its proper place in the rack. When they came opposite our stern Wolf Larsen greeted them with a wave of the hand, and cried: "Come on board and have a gam!" "To gam," among the sealing schooners, is a substitute for the words "to visit," "to gossip." It expresses the garrulity of the sea and is a pleasant break in the monotony of the life.

POTASH MADE OF FELDSPAR Discovery, It is Said, Will Enable America to Produce All the Amount Needed. The European war has brought the United States face to face with the problem of supplying its own potash. Several new methods of producing a substitute for German fertilizers have been brought to the attention of the government. The most promising of these is that patented by a Canadian, which provides for the extracting of potash from ordinary feldspar. The feldspar is heated with limestone and iron oxide at a temperature of about 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit, which process partly fused mass that is easily decomposed by a weak acid. From this product the potash salts can be readily extracted for further purification. Another method of obtaining potash will be tried out at a New Orleans distillery where molasses is used in large quantities. In the distilleries where molasses is fermented it is said that more than one hundred and six tons of

potash is wasted daily, and is it this waste the New Orleans company is endeavoring to forestall. It is possible to make fertilizer from this otherwise worthless material at a price that will meet competition even after the war is over. Some Improvement. "Mrs. Dubwaite doesn't seem to mind how much Mr. Dubwaite operates the phonograph." "In the language of a well-known advertiser, 'There's a reason.'" "Yes?" "As a choice between two evils, Mrs. Dubwaite much prefers the phonograph. Mr. Dubwaite's favorite diversion in the evening used to be picking out a tune on the piano with one finger." Consistent Fellow. "I'm only a poor, ragged tramp mum, but I still cling to my ideals." "Indeed," said the housewife. "And what are your ideals?" "The principal one is this, mum: I believe the world owes every man a living."

the intelligence, but why he should be disappointed I could not conceive. I was soon to learn. "Smoke ho!" came the hail from on deck, and his face brightened. "Good!" he exclaimed, and left the table at once to go on deck and into the steeage, where the hunters were taking the first breakfast of their exile. The bulkhead was too thick for us to hear what he said; but whatever it was it was followed by loud exclamations and shouts of joy. Maud Brewster accompanied me on deck, but I left her at the break of the poop, where she might watch the scene and not be in it. The sailors must have learned whatever project was on hand, and the win and snap they put into their work attested their enthusiasm. The hunters came trooping on deck with shotguns and ammunition boxes, and, most unusual, their rifles and a large supply of cartridges. I noticed they grinned with satisfaction whenever they looked at the Macedonia's smoke, which was rising higher and higher as she approached from the west. The five boats went over the side with a rush, spread out like the ribs of a fan, and set a northerly course, as on the preceding afternoon for us to follow. I watched for some time, curiously, but there seemed nothing extraordinary about their behavior. They lowered sails, shot seals and hoisted sails again, and continued on their way as I had always seen them do. The Macedonia repeated her performance of yesterday, "hogging" the sea by dropping her line of boats in advance of ours and across our course. Fourteen boats require a considerable spread of ocean for comfortable hunting, and when she had completely lapped our line she continued steaming into the northeast, dropping more boats as she went. "What's up?" I asked Wolf Larsen, unable longer to keep my curiosity in check. "Never mind what's up," he answered grimly. "You won't be a thousand years in finding out, and in the meantime just pray for plenty of wind."

"Oh, well, I don't mind telling you," he said the next moment. "I'm going to give that brother of mine a taste of his own medicine. In short, I'm going to play the hog myself, and not for one day, but for the rest of the season—if we're in luck." "And if we're not?" I queried. "Not to be considered," he laughed. "We simply must be in luck, or it's all up with us." The smoke of the Macedonia had dwindled to a dim blot on the northeastern horizon. Of the steamer herself nothing was to be seen. We had been loafing along, till now, our sails shaking half the time and spilling the wind; and twice, for short periods, we had been hove to. But there was no more loafing. Sheets were trimmed, and Wolf Larsen proceeded to put the Ghost through her paces. We ran past

the Ghost swung around into the wind, and I finished my work forward in time to run aft and lend a hand with the main sheet. "You will please stay on deck, Miss Brewster," Wolf Larsen said, as he started forward to meet his guest. "And you, too, Mr. Van Weyden." The boat had lowered its sail and run alongside. The hunter, golden-bearded like a sea-king, came over the rail and dropped on deck. He glanced from Wolf Larsen to me, noted that there was only the pair of us, and then glanced over his own two men who had joined him. Surely he had little reason to be afraid. He towered like a Goliath above Wolf Larsen. At the top of the companionway he reassured himself with a glance down at his boat and the pair descended into the cabin. In the meantime, his two men, as was the wont of visiting sailors, had gone forward into the fore-castle to do some visiting themselves. Suddenly, from the cabin came a great, choking bellow, followed by all the sounds of a furious struggle. It was the leopard and the lion, and the lion made all the noise. Wolf Larsen was the leopard. "You see the sacredness of our hospitality," I said bitterly, to Maud Brewster. She nodded her head that she heard, and I noted in her face the signs of the same sickness at sight or sound of violent struggle from which I had suffered so severely during my first weeks on the Ghost. The sounds from below soon died away. Then Wolf Larsen came alone on deck. There was a slight flush under his bronze, but otherwise he bore no signs of the battle. "Send those two men aft, Mr. Van Weyden," he said. I obeyed, and a minute or two later they stood before him. "Hoist in your boat," he said to them. "Your hunter's decided to stay aboard awhile and doesn't want it pouncing alongside." "Hoist in your boat, I said," he repeated, this time in sharper tones as they hesitated to do his bidding. "Who knows? You may have to sail with me for a time," he said, quite softly with a silken throat that belied the softness as they moved slowly to the old home where the trees were, the river ran and the swallows nested. The country-bred boy knows the swallows better than he knows other birds. Since barns were built the swallows have colonized them and have given something of cheer and companionship to every hour of the farmer's day. The sight of a forked-tail swallow "hawking," as Bradford Torrey puts it, through the city streets in spring makes the city man homesick as does the sight of a no other bird. The swallow is a countryman. No student of sociology will ever be called upon to suggest means to turn back a cityward flight of the swallow. It might not be a waste of energy, however, to



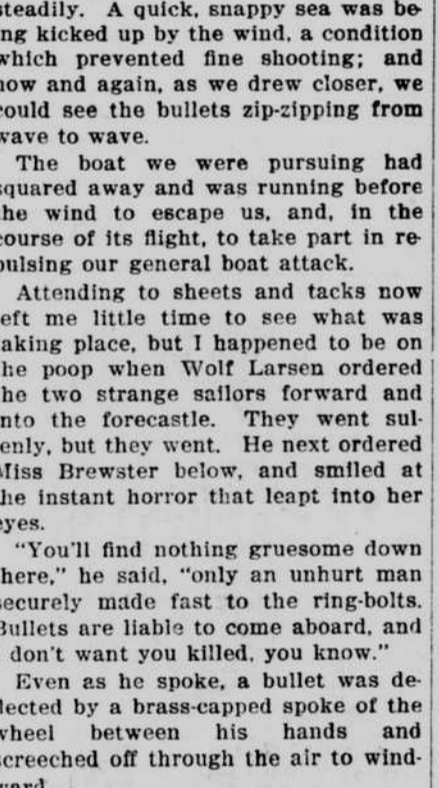
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Brooklyn Man a Baronet American-Born Citizen Can Claim British Honor if He Should Be So Minded. In the news recently there appeared the statement that P. H. Graham & Co. of 17 Battery place, New York, the charterers of the steamship Winneconne, taking noncontraband goods to Swedish or Danish ports, declared everyone concerned in the ownership or charter of the vessel to be a native-born American. While Mr. Graham was born in this country, his father, Sir Robert James Stuart Graham, is the tenth baronet of Esk, the creation of the title dating from 1629. He succeeded to the title in 1867 and in 1874 married Miss Eliza J. Burn of Brooklyn, where he has lived ever since. His eldest son and heir to the title, Mr. Montrose Stuart Graham, also lives in Brooklyn. Mr. Percival Harris Graham, head of the shipping firm, is the second son, and lives at Bay Ridge. The first baronet of Esk distinguished himself at the battle of Edgehill, and the third baronet was a British ambassador to France and a one-time secretary to James II. Woman Conductors in Kilts. Kilts instead of skirts for women street car conductors, it seems, are to be the new style. It is reported from Oldham that skirts being found inconvenient and in wet weather, a source of discomfort—especially when the car steps had to be climbed—have been discarded in the woman conductor's uniform and replaced by kilts and leggings, buttoning up the sides. If conductors may wear kilts, why not tram conductors? The new fashion may, for a time, cause amusement, and even ridicule, as was the case with umbrellas when first introduced, but additional comfort may overcome prejudice and lead to the innovation being adopted generally.—London Chronicle. Its Advantage. "Did you see where some surgeons patched a fellow's spine with his leg bone?" "Well, that ought to enable the subject of the operation to take a stiff stand."

Birds Become Charming Little Friends If we treat them kindly they'll sing us songs and eat the bugs that pester

Birds are among man's most practical friends, for they destroy harmful insects and the seed of ugly and poisonous weeds. Let us acknowledge this friendship by arranging to have the school children observe Bird day this year in connection with their Arbor day exercises. We need trees and birds, and everyone ought to understand their value and encourage their propagation.

By Edward B. Clark. SPRING brings our bird friends back from the South. Not all of them however, deserted us when the winds began to blow cold and the clouds to shake out their first burden of snow. A few of our feathered friends stay in the North country the whole winter through. They are the harder ones of their tribe. Stay-at-home and traveler alike are becoming more and more beloved our people as time goes on. There are certain ones among our feathered neighbors which, because of the sweetness of their song, the beauty of their plumage, or the friendliness of their natures, appeal to us more than their brethren. Of some of these better known and better-loved birds it is the purpose to write. The Swallow. St. Thomas Aquinas said: "Where the birds are, there are the angels." St. Thomas, it is true, said it in Latin, and the rendering given is a bit free, but it expresses what the good man meant. The saint is credited with being a home lover, and there isn't much doubt that he had the swallows in mind when he spoke of birds and angels in the same breath. Most of us who have reached middle life lived boyhood's days in the country. A surplus of sentiment isn't necessary to make one connect angels with the old home where the trees were, the river ran and the swallows nested. The country-bred boy knows the swallows better than he knows other birds. Since barns were built the swallows have colonized them and have given something of cheer and companionship to every hour of the farmer's day. The sight of a forked-tail swallow "hawking," as Bradford Torrey puts it, through the city streets in spring makes the city man homesick as does the sight of a no other bird. The swallow is a countryman. No student of sociology will ever be called upon to suggest means to turn back a cityward flight of the swallow. It might not be a waste of energy, however, to



ecstatic, merry, sparkling and bubbling. It is all of these and something more. It is the very abandon of music. The bobolink while singing seems to be in a perfect frenzy. He is tipsy with glee; he actually staggers in his flight; for he cannot rise above the meadow on a summer morning without attempting to beat time with his wings to his own music, and the wings cannot keep the pace. It was a bacchanalian element in the singing of the bobolink which appealed more than anything else to one of the humbler poets, Christopher P. Cranch. Mr. Cranch has made the most of that which struck him as the dominant tone in the reveler's music. Their tribe, still drunk with air and light And perfume of the meadow, Go reeling up and down the sky In sunshine and in shadow. The Kentucky Cardinal. Until a writer who loved the cardinal gave it the name of his state those who knew the bird were content to call it by its scientific name, the cardinal grosbeak. Science and poetry are far apart. James Lane Allen did not claim proprietary rights in this bird of glowing plumage, and his book modestly enough was called "The" but "A Kentucky Cardinal." The cardinal has small place in poetry. James Lane Allen has given it an enduring place in prose. Of the cardinal's habits of standing stanchly by the home fields when the snow flies and the other songsters desert, the Kentucky writer has this to say: "Lo! some morning the leaves are on the ground, and the birds have vanished. The species that remain or that come to us then, wear the hues of the season and melt into the tone of nature's background—blues, grays, browns, with touches of white on tail and breast and wing for coming flecks of snow. "Save only him—proud solitary stranger in our unfriendly land—the fiery grosbeak. Nature in Kentucky has no winter harmonies for him. He could find these only among the tufts of the October sumach, or in the gum tree when it stands a pillar of red twilight fire in the dark November woods, or in the far depths of the crimson sunset skies . . . and he is left alone on the edge of that northern world which he has dared invade and inhabit. It is then, amid black clouds and drifting snows, that the gorgeous cardinal stands forth in the ideal picture of his destiny."

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devised a method to turn a few of the swallows to the city, for a glimpse or two of them, with the engenderer yearning for the old home and things bucolic, might solve the deserted farm problem. The swallow found its way into the hearts and the homes of the people as long ago as Aristotle's time. This much we know, for the philosopher speaks of it, and there is no reason to doubt that the swallow held his place in man's affection during the years of the life of some philosopher who was as much earlier than Aristotle as Aristotle is earlier than the philosopher of today, if there be any philosopher of today who may be mentioned properly in the same sentence with Alexander's tutor. Shakespeare intimates in a line or two that the swallow fears the cold. It is easy enough to forgive the master, however, for casting a suspicion on the swallow's courage because of the beauty of the way in which he does it: Daffodils That come before the swallow dares and take The winds of March with beauty. The Hermit Thrush. It is possible that an adequate tribute to the song of the hermit thrush is beyond the range of human poetic endeavor. The poets have not dared. The song is hymnlike and it has a certain purity and sanctity of tone that mark the singer as the fit soloist of the temple in the wilderness. It is the wild places far removed from man and his works that the bird loves. He seeks no audience for his singing. We must go to the northern woods and there wait until the shadows lengthen and the hush of the evening has come down to hear the hermit thrush break the silence with his vesper hymn. The voice is pure music. No other bird singer in America and probably no bird singer in the world can approach the hermit thrush in the melodious quality of its notes. The song would be declared sad were it not so uplifting. It is a prayer and song in one and it seems to hallow the wilderness. The hermit thrush loves equally the low-lying woods and the forested mountain tops. It chooses one or the other for its summer home. The country folk of the North who have heard the song at dusk coming from where the woods meet the marsh call the bird the "swamp angel." The country

GIRL COULD NOT WORK How She Was Relieved from Pain by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Taunton, Mass.—"I had pains in both sides and when my periods came I had to stay at home from work and suffer a long time. One day a woman came to our house and asked my mother why I was suffering. Mother told her that I suffered every month and she said, 'Why don't you buy a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' My mother bought it and the next month I was so well that I worked all the month without staying at home a day. I am in good health now and have told lots of girls about it."—Miss CLAUDE MORSE, 22 Russell Street, Taunton, Mass.

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