

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



**IN THIS TALE
JACK LON-
DON'S SEA EX-
PERIENCE IS
USED WITH ALL
THE POWER OF
HIS VIRILE PEN**

BORERS ARE A MOST DESTRUCTIVE PEST



Castings of Roundheaded Apple Tree Borers at Base of Young Apple Tree.

CHAPTER I.

I scarcely know where to begin, though I sometimes facetiously place the cause of it all to Charley Furu-eth's credit. He kept a summer cotage in Mill Valley, under the shadow of Mount Tamalpais, and never occupied it except when he loafed through the winter months and read Nietzsche and Schopenhauer to rest his brain. Had it not been my custom to run up to see him every Saturday afternoon and to stop over till Monday morning, this particular January Monday morn-ing would not have found me aloft on San Francisco bay.

Not but that I was aloft in a safe craft, for the Martinez was a new ferry steamer, making her fourth or fifth trip on the run between Sausalito and San Francisco. The danger lay in the heavy fog which blanketed the bay, and of which, as a landsman, I had little apprehension. I took up my position on the forward upper deck, direct-ly beneath the pilot house, and al-lowed the mystery of the fog to lay hold of my imagination. A fresh breeze was blowing, and for a time I was alone in the moist obscurity—yet not alone, for I was dimly conscious of the presence of the pilot, and of what I took to be the captain, in the glass house above my head.

It was good that men should be spe-cialists, I mused. The peculiar knowl-edge of the pilot and captain sufficed for many thousands of people who knew no more of the sea and naviga-tion than I knew. On the other hand, instead of having to devote my en-ergy to the learning of a multitude of things, I concentrated it upon a few particular things, such as, for instance, the analysis of Poe's place in Ameri-can literature—an essay of mine, by the way, in the current Atlantic.

From out the fog came the mourn-ful tolling of a bell, and I could see the pilot turning the wheel with great rapidity. The bell, which had seemed straight ahead, was now sounding from the side. Our own whistle was blowing hoarsely, and from time to time the sound of other whistles came to us from out of the fog. An unseen ferryboat was blowing blast after blast, and a mouth-blown horn was tooting in terror-stricken fashion.

A shrill whistle, piping as if gone mad, came from directly ahead and from very near at hand. Gongs sound-ed on the Martinez. Our paddlewheels stopped, their pulsing beat died away, and then they started again. The shrill whistle, like the chirping of a cricket amid the cries of great beasts, shot through the fog from more to the side and swiftly grew faint and fainter.

I glanced up. The captain had thrust his head and shoulders out of the pilot house, and was staring in-tently into the fog as though by sheer force of will he could penetrate it. His face was anxious.

Then everything happened, and with inconceivable rapidity. The fog seemed to break away as though split by a wedge, and the bow of a steam boat emerged, trailing fog-wreaths on either side like seaweed on the snout of Leviathan. I could see the pilot house and a white-bearded man lean-ing partly out of it, on his elbows. He was clad in a blue uniform, and I re-member noting how trim and quiet he was. His quietness, under the circum-stances, was terrible. He accepted de-stiny, marched hand in hand with it, and coolly measured the stroke. As he leaned there, he ran a calm and speculative eye over us, as though to determine the precise point of the colli-sion, and took no notice whatever when our pilot, white with rage, shout-ed, "Now you've done it!"

We must have been struck squarely amidships, for I saw nothing, the strange steambot having passed be-yond my line of vision. The Martinez heeled over, sharply, and there was a crashing and rending of timber. I was thrown flat on the wet deck, and be-fore I could scramble to my feet I heard the screams of women. This it was, I am certain—the most in-describable of blood-curdling sounds—that threw me into a panic. I remem-bered the life preservers stored in the cabin, but was met at the door and swept back by a wild rush of men and women. What happened in the next few minutes I do not recollect, though I have a clear remembrance of pull-ing down life preservers from the over-head racks, while a red-faced man fastened them about the bodies of a hysterical group of women.

It was the screaming of the women that most tried my nerves. It must have tried, too, the nerves of the red-faced man, for I have a picture which will never fade from my mind. A stout gentleman is stuffing a magazine into his overcoat pocket and looking on cu-riously. A tangled mass of women, with drawn, white faces and open mouths, is shrieking like a chorus of lost souls; and the red-faced man, his face now purplish with wrath, and with his arms extended overhead as in the act of hurling thunderbolts, is shouting, "Shut up! Oh, shut up!" These women, capable of the most sublime emotions, of the tenderest sympathies, were open-mouthed and

screaming. They wanted to live, they were helpless, like rats in a trap, and they screamed.

The horror of it drove me out on deck. I was feeling sick and squeam-ish, and sat down on a bench. In a hazy way I saw and heard men rush-ing and shouting as they strove to lower the boats. It was just as I had read descriptions of such scenes in books. The tackles jammed. Nothing worked. One boat lowered away with the plugs out filled with women and children and then with water, and cap-sized. Another boat had been lowered by one end, and still hung in the tackle by the other end, where it had been abandoned. Nothing was to be seen of the strange steambot which had caused the disaster, though I heard men saying that she would undoubt-edly send boats to our assistance.

I descended to the lower deck. The Martinez was sinking fast, for the wa-ter was very near. Numbers of the passengers were leaping overboard. Others, in the water, were clamoring to be taken aboard again. No one heeded them. A cry arose that we were sinking. I was seized by the con-sequent panic, and went over the side in a surge of bodies. How I went over I do not know, though I did know, and instantly, why those in the water were so desirous of getting back on the steamer. The water was cold—so cold that it was painful. The pang, as I plunged into it, was as quick and sharp as that of fire. It bit to the mar-row. It was like the grip of death. I gasped with the anguish and shock of it, filling my lungs before the life preserver popped me to the surface. The taste of the salt water was strong in my mouth, and I was strangling with the acrid stuff in my throat and lungs.

How long this lasted I have no con-ception, for a blankness intervened, of which I remember no more than one remembers of troubled and painful sleep. When I awoke, it was as after centuries of time; and I saw, almost above me and emerging from the fog, the bow of a vessel, and three triang-ular sails, each shrewdly lapping the other and filled with wind. Where the bow cut the water there was a great foaming and gurgling, and I seemed directly in its path. I tried to cry out, but was too exhausted. The bow plunged down, just missing me, and sending a swash of water clear over my head. Then the long, black side of the vessel began slipping past, so near that I could have touched it with my hands. I tried to reach it, by my arms were heavy and lifeless. Again I strove to call out, but made no sound.

The stern of the vessel shot by, dropping, as it did so, into a hollow between the waves; and I caught a glimpse of a man standing at the wheel, and of another man who seemed to be doing little else than smoke a cigar. He slowly turned his head and glanced out over the water in my direction.

Life and death were in that glance. His face wore an absent expression, as of deep thought, and I became afraid that if his eyes did light upon me he would not see me. But he did see me, for he sprang to the wheel, thrusting the other man aside, and whirled it round and round, hand over hand, at the same time shouting or- ders of some sort. The vessel seemed to go off at a tangent to its former course and leapt almost instantly from view into the fog.

I felt myself slipping into uncon-sciousness, and tried with all the power of my will to fight above the suffocating blankness and darkness that was rising around me. A little later I heard the stroke of oars, grow-ing nearer and nearer, and the calls of a man. When he was very near I heard him crying, in vexed fashion, "Why in hell don't you sing out?" This meant me, I thought, and then the blankness and darkness rose over me.

CHAPTER II.

I seemed swinging in a mighty rhythm through orbit vastness. But a change came over the face of the dream, for a dream I told myself it must be. My rhythm grew shorter and shorter. I was jerked from swing to counter-swing with irritating haste. I could scarcely catch my breath, so fiercely was I impelled through the heavens. I gasped, caught by breath painfully, and opened my eyes. Two men were kneeling beside me, working over me. My mighty rhythm was the lift and forward plunge of a ship on the sea. A man's hard hands were chafing my naked chest. I squirmed under the pain of it, and half lifted my head. My chest was raw and red, and I could see tiny blood globules starting through the torn and in-flamed cuticle.

"That'll do, Yonson," one of the men said. "Can't yer see you've bloomin' well rubbed all the gent's skin off?" The man addressed as Yonson, a man of the heavy Scandinavian type, ceased chafing me, and arose awk-wardly to his feet. The man who had spoken to him was clearly a Cockney, with the clean lines and weakly pretty, almost effeminate face of the man

who has absorbed the sound of bow bells with his mother's milk. A drag-ged muslin cap on his head and dirty gunnysack about his slim hips proclaimed him cook of the decidedly dirty ship's galley in which I found myself.

"An' 'ow yer feelin' now, sir?" he asked, with the subservient smirk which comes only of generations of tip-seeking ancestors.

For reply I twisted weakly into a sitting posture, and was helped by Yonson to my feet. The cook grinned and thrust into my hand a steaming mug with an "Ere, this'll do yer good." It was a nauseous mess—ship's coffee—but the heat of it was reviv-ifying. Between gulps of the molten stuff I glanced down at my raw and bleeding chest and turned to the Scan-dinavian.

"Thank you, Mr. Yonson," I said; "but don't you think your measures were rather heroic?"

"My name is Johnson, not Yonson," he said, in very good, though slow English, with no more than a shade of accent to it.

There was mild protest in his pale blue eyes, and with a frankness and manliness that quite won me to him.

"Thank you, Mr. Johnson," I cor-rected, and reached out my hand for his.

He hesitated, awkward and bashful, shifted his weight from one leg to the other, then blunderingly gripped my hand in a hearty shake.

"Have you any dry clothes I may put on?" I asked the cook.

"Yes, sir," he answered, with cheer-ful alacrity. "I'll run down an' tyke a look over my kit, if you've no objec-tions, sir, to wearin' my togs."

"And where am I?" I asked Johnson, whom I took to be one of the sailors.

"What vessel is this, and where is she bound?"

"Of the Farallones, heading about sou'west," he answered, slowly and methodically, as though groping for his best English, and rigidly observing the order of my queries. "The schoon-



"An' 'Ow Yer Feeling Now, Sir?"

er Ghost, bound seal hunting to Ja-pan."

"And who is the captain? I must see him as soon as I am dressed."

Johnson looked puzzled and embar-rassed. He hesitated while he groped in his vocabulary and framed a com-plete answer. "The cap'n is Wolf Lar-son, or so men call him. I never heard his other name. But you better speak soft with him. He is mad this morn-ing. The mate—"

But he did not finish. The cook had glided in.

"Better sling yer 'ook out of 'ere, Yonson," he said. "The old man'll be waitin' yer on deck, an' this ain't no d'y to fall foul of 'im."

Johnson turned obediently to the door, at the same time, over the cook's shoulder, favoring me with an amaz-ingly solemn and portentous wink, as though to emphasize his interrupted remark and the need for me to be soft-spoken with the captain.

Hanging over the cook's arm was a loose and crumpled array of evil-look-ing and sour-smelling garments.

"They was put aw'y wet, sir," he vouchsafed explanation. "But you'll 'ave to make them do till I dry yours out by the fire."

Clinging to the woodwork, stagger-ing with the roll of the ship, and aid-ed by the cook, I managed to slip into a rough woolen undershirt. On the instant my flesh was creeping and crawling from the harsh contact. He noticed my involuntary twitching and grimacing, and smirked:

"I only hope yer don't ever 'ave to get used to such as that in this life, 'cos you've got a bloomin' soft skin, that you 'ave, more like a lydy's than any I know of. I was bloomin' well sure you was a gentleman as soon as I set eyes on yer."

I had taken a dislike to him at first, and as he helped to dress me this dis-like increased. There was something repulsive about his touch. I shrank

from his hand; my flesh revolted. And between this and the smells arising from various pots boiling and on the galley fire, I was in haste to get out into the fresh air. Further, there was the need of seeing the captain about what arrangements could be made for getting me ashore.

"And whom have I to thank for this kindness?" I asked, when I stood com-pletely arrayed, a tiny boy's cap on my head, and for coat a dirty, striped cotton jacket which ended at the small of my back and the sleeves of which reached just below my elbows.

The cook drew himself up in a smug-ly humble fashion, a deprecating smirk on his face.

"Mugridge, sir," he fawned, his ef-feminate features running into a greasy smile. "Thomas Mugridge, sir, an' at yer service."

"All right, Thomas," I said. "I shall not forget you—when my clothes are dry."

"Thank you, sir," he said, very gratefully and very humbly indeed.

Precisely in the way that the door slid back, he slid aside, and I stepped out and staggered across the moving deck to a corner of the cabin, to which I clung for support. The schooner, heeled over far out from the perpendicular, was bowing and plung-ing into the long Pacific roll. The fog was gone, and in its place the sun sparkled crisply on the surface of the water. I turned to the east, where I knew California must lie, but could see nothing save low-lying fog banks. In the southwest, and almost in our course, I saw the pyramidal loom of some vessel's sails. Beyond a sailor at the wheel, who stared curiously across the top of a cabin, I attracted no notice whatever.

Everybody seemed interested in what was going on amidships. There, on a hatch, a large man was lying on his back. His eyes were closed, and he was apparently unconscious. A sailor, from time to time, and quite methodically, as a matter of routine, dropped a canvas bucket into the ocean at the end of a rope, hauled it in hand under hand, and sluiced its contents over the prostrate man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Detects Approach of Storms.

A revival of the long-abandoned fil-ings coherer used so extensively in the pioneer days of radio communica-tion is presented in the novel form of an electric storm detector used at the Waterside station of the New York Edison company. Briefly, the equip-ment comprises a filings coherer, a sensitive relay, a decoherer for restor-ing the filings to their normal, loose state, and an alarm bell. Long before a thunderstorm is within hearing dis-tance the sensitive coherer operates the alarm bell and gives warning to the power station attendants of the in-crease in load that is to follow. It is said that during some storms when it becomes quite dark the load is in-creased over 60,000 kilowatts in the course of five minutes' time. It is ob-viously necessary for the attendants to have ample warning so as to be pre-pared to take care of the sudden load that is thrown on the generators.—Scientific American.

Describes Habits of Penguins.

The penguins of South Georgia are described in a very interesting and informative memoir by R. C. Murphy, issued by the museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. The writer's field work in this subantarctic island extended from November, 1912, to March, 1913, thus including the greater part of the breeding season. During this time he acquired a rich store of information concerning the life histories of the local species—especially the king and johnny pen-guins—and would have gathered more but for the stupid vandalism of the crew of the sealing brig on which he made the voyage. A curious discov-ery of the author was a penguin grave-yard, a pool of snow water on a moun-tain top, to which these strange birds retire to die.

Wax Model Costs \$1,000.

A wax model, more than a foot long, of the insect that transmits typhus fever is one of the curious features in the study of this disease by the health authorities of the United States gov-ernment. The model is about one mil-lion times the size of the insect in life. More than a year was spent in making it, at a cost of about \$1,000. Typhus fever is now ravaging the armies of Europe.

Saving Her Voice.

The Impresario—Certainly, madam. I can supply you with a second prima donna to sing your children to sleep. But you sing so perfectly yourself.

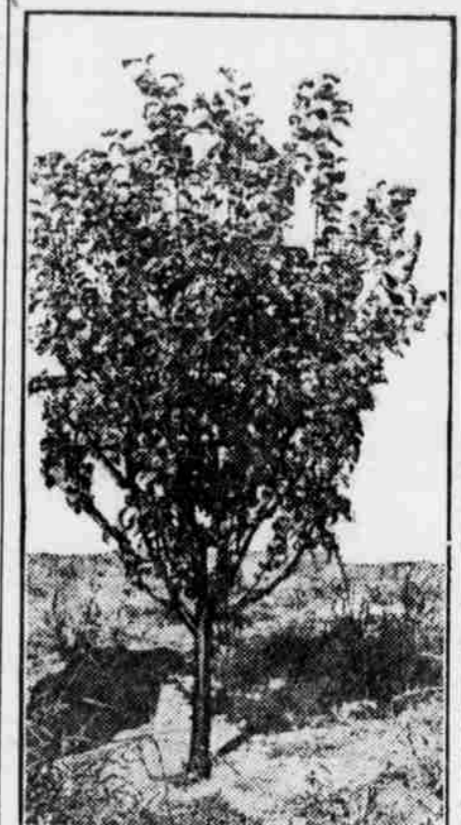
The Prima Donna Acoluta—But my singing is worth \$5,000 a night, and I couldn't think of squandering that amount on the children.—Houston Chronicle.

She Gave It Up.

Heiny—"I've got a conundrum for you, Miss Hazel. What's the dif-ference between me and a donkey?" Miss Hazel—"I'm sure I don't know."

Borers attack most kinds of fruit trees, also the different varieties of locust and hickory trees. They are most destructive to the apple and peach. There are several kinds of these worms; all of them live on the soft bark of the tree near the surface of the ground. The flat back and the round black head borers feed on the apple and the soft yellow worm with a brown head feeds on the peach, apricot and nectarine.

The eggs are laid early in summer at the base of the trunk, near the collar, where the bark is soft. There they are hatched in June and July



Three-Year-Old Apple Tree.

and bore their way under the bark of the tree, either in the stem or root, or both, producing in the apple a reddish sawdust and in the peach a gummy substance.

The proper course is to dig away the earth from around the collar of the tree, clear away the gum and red sawdust, kill any cocoons that may be found, trace the worm through its holes in the tree and kill it, and fill up the holes with resin soap—whale oil soap is said to be the best

soap to use. After this is done sprin-klie about one quart of fresh air-slaked lime or wood ashes around the base of the tree and fill in with fresh earth. Sifted coal and wood ashes may be used instead of lime; both are good. The worming should be done in the fall and again in the spring. The ashes or slaked lime should be applied in the fall, in the spring and at the end of summer may be spread around the tree. Ashes and lime form an excellent dressing for fruit trees. It is a good plan to spread half a bushel of sifted coal ashes around each fruit tree during the win-ter. The ashes will prevent the moth from laying its eggs in the soft bark of the tree. As there is considerable wood burned with the coal, the ashes have considerable potash and act as a direct fertilizer and also as a mulch. Professor Smith of the New Jersey experiment station recommends a thick mixture of cement and milk applied with a brush to the collar after the tree has been wormed in April. It should be put on when the bark is dry, two inches below the ground and 16 inches above the surface of ground. We have used this mixture and found it satisfactory.

Mr. Harrison in his book, "How to Grow and Market Fruit," says: "To prevent borers from entering any kind of trees, apply to the trunks, about the middle of June, the whale oil soap solution No. 18 or lime-sulphur solution No. 15. Painting the lower 18 inches of trunks with pure white lead and raw linseed oil will help, too. Apple borers, however, sometimes enter three or four feet from the ground, but these worms never get very big. Salt and ashes or tobacco dust, in a layer a couple of inches deep about the base of the tree, will kill the worms that drop off and try to reach the trunk."

The old rough bark should be scraped off the trunk and larger limbs and then washed with a mixture of soft soap and wood ashes. Use a stiff brush. Another method recommended, after the old bark is removed, is to give a thick coat of lime wash to the larger limbs. The ground should be cleared of grass and weeds and either plowed or forked up. Plow shallow near the trees. The singletrees and plow traces should be wrapped with sacking to prevent injuring the trees. Fall is the best time for this work, when the ground is mellow and the weather mild.

ORDER FRUIT TREES FOR COMING SPRING

Buyer Should Give Due Consideration to Reputation of Nurseyman—Order Early.

MOUNDING TREES TO KEEP AWAY RODENTS

Important to Scrape Away Vegetation That May Be Close to Trunk of Tree.

(By R. A. M'GINTY, Colorado Agricultural College.)

In ordering fruit trees to be planted the coming spring, the buyer should give due consideration to the following points:

Order trees from a reputable nurseyman, paying a good price for them, instead of securing them from some agent who has no reputation to maintain. The latter individual may sell his trees at reduced prices, but the chances are the buyer will not get what he orders.

Send in the order early, so that the nurseyman will have time to pack and ship the trees before the spring rush. This is necessary in order that the buyer may receive his trees in time to set them out early.

In selecting varieties it should be remembered that three or four well-tried sorts of each fruit are better than a large number of varieties, especially if the fruit is to be marketed. If wanted for home use, a large number may be chosen. New and untried varieties are usually to be avoided.

As a rule it is best to buy one-year-old trees. Older trees are very often stunted and misshapen on account of close planting in the nursery row, while yearling trees usually consist of a straight switch with live buds down to the ground. Such trees may be headed as high or as low as desired, which is not always possible with the older trees.

Mounding trees with soil piled about a foot high around the trunk, keeps away mice which, during some years, are very destructive. If one does not mound his trees, he should either put wire netting collars around them, or be prepared to tramp down the snow around each tree if there is much vegetation in the orchard.

It is not necessary to do the mound-ing or banking before the weather becomes fairly cold, but there is no reason why this should not be done at any time during the fall.

One important point is to scrape away the vegetation that may be close to the trunk, so that the earth that is thrown in by the shovel will rest upon earth, instead of upon a mat of grass or leaves through which the mice may burrow and thus reach the trunk and girdle it beneath the mound which you have added.

There have been cases where the short-tailed meadow mice burrowed through the base of the mounds because there was so much organic matter or vegetation under them to make them loose and vulnerable.

Winterkilled Peach Tree.

A peach tree, after it has been winterkilled, may be cut back to stubs a foot or two long, and if the ends are painted and if the roots are in a good condition, a new top will grow to take the place of the one that was killed.