



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. On coming to his senses he finds himself aboard the sailing schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters, witnesses the death of the first mate and hears the captain curse the dead man for presuming to die. The captain refuses to put Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." He begins to learn potato peeling and dish washing under the cook's eye. Murgidge, in a heavy sea, is shipped overboard in the quarter as he is carrying tea aft and his knee is seriously hurt, but no one pays any attention to his injury. Humphrey's quarters are changed aft. Murgidge steals his money and chases him when accused of it. Later he listens to Wolf give his idea of life—"like yeast, a ferment... the big eat the little..." Cooky is jealous of Humphrey and hates him. Wolf laces a sea-philosophic discussion with Humphrey. Wolf entertains Murgidge in his cabin.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

In the end, with loud protestations that he could lose like a gentleman, the cook's last money was staked on the game and lost. Whereupon he leaped his head on his hands and wept. Wolf Larsen looked curiously at him, as though about to probe and vivisect him, then changed his mind, as from the foregone conclusion that there was nothing there to probe.

"Hump," he said to me, elaborately polite, "kindly take Mr. Murgidge's arm and help him up on deck. He is not feeling very well."

"And tell Johnson to douse him with a few buckets of salt water," he added, in a lower tone for my ear alone.

I left Mr. Murgidge on deck. In the hands of a couple of grinning sailors who had been told off for the purpose, Mr. Murgidge was sleepily spluttering that he was a gentleman's son. But as I descended the companion stairs to clear the table I heard him shriek as the first bucket of water struck him.

Wolf Larsen was counting his winnings. "One hundred and eighty-five dollars even," he said aloud. "Just as I thought. The beggar came aboard without a cent."

"And what you have won is mine, sir," I said boldly.

He favored me with a quizzical smile. "Hump, I have studied some grammar in my time, and I think your tentacles are tangled. 'Was mine,' you should have said, not 'is mine.'"

"It is a question not of grammar but of ethics," I answered.

It was possibly a minute before he spoke.

"D'ye know, Hump," he said, with a slow seriousness which had in it an indefinable strain of sadness, "that this is the first time I have heard the word 'ethics' in the mouth of a man. You and I are the only men on this ship who know its meaning."

"At one time in my life," he continued, after another pause, "I dreamed that I might some day talk with men who used such language, that I might lift myself out of the place in life in which I had been born, and hold conversation and mingle with men who talked about just such things as ethics. And this is the first time I have ever heard the word pronounced. Which is all by the way, for you are wrong. It is a question, neither of grammar nor ethics, but of fact."

"I understand," I said. "The fact is that you have the money."

His face brightened. He seemed pleased at my perspicacity.

"But you wrong me by withholding it," I objected.

"Not at all. One man cannot wrong another man. He can only wrong himself. As I see it, I do wrong always when I consider the interests of others. Don't you see? How can two particles of the yeast wrong each other by striving to devour each other? It is their inborn heritage to strive to devour, and to strive not to be devoured. When they depart from this they sin."

"Then you don't believe in altruism?" I asked.

He received the word as if it had a familiar ring, though he pondered it thoughtfully. "Let me see, it means something about co-operation, doesn't it? Oh, yes, I remember it now. I ran across it in Spencer."

"Spencer!" I cried. "Have you read him?"

"Not very much," was his confession. His "Psychology" left me butting around in the doldrums for many a day. But I did get something out of his "Data of Ethics." There's where I ran across 'altruism,' and I remember now how it was used."

"What else did you run across?" I asked.

"In as few words as possible," he began. "Spencer puts it something like this: First, a man must act for his own benefit—to do this is to be moral and good. Next, he must act for the benefit of his children. And third, he must act for the benefit of his race."

"And the highest, finest, right conduct," I interjected, "is that act which benefits at the same time the man, his children, and his race."

"I wouldn't stand for that," he replied. "Couldn't see the necessity for

it, nor the common sense. I cut out the race and the children. Any sacrifice that makes me lose one crawl or squirm is foolish—and not only foolish, for it is a wrong against myself and a wicked thing. I must not lose one crawl or squirm if I am to get the most out of the ferment. Nor will the eternal movelessness that is coming to be made easier or harder by the sacrifices or selfishness of the time when I was yeasty and acrawly."

"Then you are a man one could not trust in the least thing where it was possible for a selfish interest to intervene?"

"Now you're beginning to understand," he said, brightening.

"You are a man utterly without what the world calls morals?"

"That's it."

"A man of whom to be always afraid?"

"That's the way to put it."

"As one is afraid of a snake, or a tiger, or a shark?"

"Now you know me," he said. "And you know me as I am generally known. Other men call me 'Wolf.'"

"You are a sort of monster," I added audaciously, "a Caliban who has pondered Setebos, and who acts as you act, in idle moments, by whim and fancy."

His brow clouded at the allusion. He did not understand, and I quickly learned that he did not know the poem.

"I'm just reading Browning," he confessed, "and it's pretty tough. I haven't got very far along, and as it is I've about lost my bearings."

Not to be tiresome, I shall say that I fetched the book from his stateroom and read "Caliban" aloud. He was delighted. It was a primitive mode of reasoning and of looking at things that he understood thoroughly. He interrupted again and again with comment and criticism. When I finished, he had me read it over a second time, and a third. We fell into discussion—philosophy, science, evolution, religion. Time passed. Supper was at hand and the table not laid. I became restless and anxious, and when Thomas Murgidge glared down the companionway, sick and angry of countenance, I prepared to go about my duties. But Wolf Larsen cried out to him:

"Cooky, you've got to hustle tonight. I'm busy with Hump, and you'll do the best you can without him."

And again the unprecedented was established. That night I sat at table with the captain and the hunters, while Thomas Murgidge waited on us



"He Leaned His Head on His Hands and Wept."

and washed the dishes afterward—a whim, a Caliban-mood of Wolf Larsen's, and one I foresaw would bring me trouble. In the meantime we talked and talked, much to the disgust of the hunters, who could not understand a word.

CHAPTER VIII.

Three days of rest, three blessed days of rest, are what I had with Wolf Larsen, eating at the cabin table and doing nothing but discuss life, literature and the universe, the while Thomas Murgidge fumed and raged and did my work as well as his own.

"Watch out for squalls, is all I can say to you," was Louis' warning, given during a spare half-hour on deck while Larsen was engaged in straightening out a row among the hunters.

I was not altogether surprised when the squall foretold by Louis smote me. We had been having a heated discussion—upon life, of course—and grown overbold. I was passing stiff strictures upon Wolf Larsen and the life of Wolf Larsen. The dark sun-bronze of his face went black with wrath, his eyes were ablaze. He sprang for me with a half roar, gripping my arm. I wilted and shrieked aloud. My bleeps were being crushed to a pulp.

He seemed to recover himself, for a wild gleam came into his eyes, and he relaxed his hold with a short laugh

that was more like a growl. I fell to the floor, feeling very faint, while he sat down, lighted a cigar, and watched me as a cat watches a mouse. As I writhed about I could see in his eyes that curiosity I had so often noted, that wonder and perplexity, that questioning, that everlasting query of his as to what it was all about.

I finally crawled to my feet and ascended the companion stairs. Fair weather was over, and there was nothing left but to return to the galley. My left arm was numb, as though paralyzed, and days passed before I could use it, while weeks went by before the last stiffness and pain went out of it. And he had done nothing but put his hand upon my arm and squeeze. What he might have done I did not fully realize till next day, when he put his head into the galley, and, as a sign of renewed friendliness, asked me how my arm was getting on. "It might have been worse," he smiled.

I was peeling potatoes. He picked one up from the pan. It was fair sized, firm and unpeeled. He closed his hand upon it, squeezed, and the potato squirted out between his fingers in mushy streams. The pulpy remnant he dropped back into the pan and turned away, and I had a sharp vision of how it might have fared with me had the monster put his real strength upon me.

But the three days' rest brought the trouble I had foreseen. It was plainly Thomas Murgidge's intention to make me pay for those three days. He treated me vilely, cursed me continually, and heaped his own work upon me. He even ventured to raise his fist to me, but I was becoming animal like myself, and I snarled in his face so terribly that it must have frightened him back.

A pair of beasts is what we were, penned together and showing our teeth. He was a coward, afraid to strike me because I had not quailed sufficiently in advance; so he chose a new way to intimidate me. There was only one galley knife that, as a knife, amounted to anything. He whetted it up and down all day long. Every odd moment he could find he had the knife and stone out and was whetting away till I could have laughed aloud, it was so very ludicrous.

It was also serious, for I learned that he was capable of using it, that under all his cowardice there was a courage of cowardice, like mine, that would impel him to do the very thing his whole nature protested against doing and was afraid of doing. "Cooky's sharpening his knife for Hump," was being whispered about among the sailors, and some of them twitted him about it. This he took in good part, and was really pleased, nodding his head with direful foreknowledge and mystery, until George Leach, the erstwhile cabin-boy, ventured some rough pleasantry on the subject.

Now it happened that Leach was one of the sailors told off to douse Murgidge after his game of cards with the captain. Leach had evidently done his task with a thoroughness that Murgidge had not forgiven, for words followed and evil names involving smirched ancestors. Murgidge menaced with the knife he was sharpening for me. Leach laughed and hurled more of his Telegraph hill billings-gate, and before either he or I knew what had happened, his right arm had been ripped open from elbow to wrist by a quick slash of the knife. The cook backed away, a fendish expression on his face, the knife held before him in a position of defense. But Leach took it quite calmly, though blood was spouting upon the deck as generously as water from a fountain.

"I'm goin' to get you, Cooky," he said, "and I'll get you hard. And I won't be in no hurry about it. You'll be without that knife when I come for you."

So saying, he turned and walked quietly forward. Murgidge's face was livid with fear at what he had done and at what he might expect sooner or later from the man he had stabbed. But his demeanor toward me was more ferocious than ever.

Several days went by, the Ghost still foaming down the trades, and I could swear I saw madness growing in Thomas Murgidge's eyes. And I confess that I became afraid, very much afraid. What, what, it went all day long. The look in his eyes as he felt the keen edge and glared at me was positively carnivorous. I was afraid to turn my shoulder to him, and when I left the galley I went out backward—to the amusement of the sailors and hunters, who made a point of gathering in groups to witness my exit.

Several times Wolf Larsen tried to inveigle me into discussion, but I gave him short answers and eluded him. Finally, he commanded me to resume my seat at the cabin table for a time, and let the cook do my work. Then I spoke frankly, telling him what I was enduring from Thomas Murgidge because of the three days of favoritism which had been shown me. Wolf Larsen regarded me with smiling eyes.

"So you're afraid, eh?" he sneered. "It was plain that I could look for no help or mercy from Wolf Larsen. Whatever was to be done I must do for myself; and out of the courage of fear I evolved the plan of fighting Thomas Murgidge with his own weapons. I borrowed a whetstone from Johansen. Louis, the boat steerer, had already begged me for condensed milk and sugar. The lazaretto, where such delicacies were stored, was situated beneath the cabin floor. Watching my chance, I stole five cans of the milk, and that night, when it was Louis' watch on deck, I traded them with him for a dirk as lean and cruel-looking as Thomas Murgidge's vegetable knife. It was rusty and dull, but I turned the grindstone while Louis

gave it an edge. I slept more soundly than usual that night.

Next morning, after breakfast, Thomas Murgidge began his whet, whet, whet. I glanced warily at him, for I was on my knees taking the ashes from the stove. I put the shovel away and calmly sat down on the coal box facing him. He favored me with a vicious stare. Still calmly, though my heart was going pitapat, I pulled out Louis' dirk and began to whet it on the stone. I had looked for almost any sort of explosion on the cook's part, but to my surprise he did not appear aware of what I was doing. He went on whetting his knife. So did I. And for two hours we sat there, face to face, whet, whet, whet, till the news of it spread abroad and half the ship's company was crowding the galley doors to see the sight.

Encouragement and advice were freely tendered, and Jock Horner, the quiet, self-spoken hunter who looked as though he would not harm a mouse, advised me to leave the ribs alone and to thrust upward for the abdomen, at the same time giving what he called the "Spanish twist" to the blade. Leach, his handaged arm prominently to the fore, begged me to leave a few remnants of the cook for him; and Wolf Larsen paused once or twice at the break of the poop to glance curiously at me.



"You Are a Man Utterly Without What the World Calls Morals."

ously at what must have been to him a stirring and crawling of the yeasty thing he knew as life.

But nothing happened. At the end of two hours Thomas Murgidge put away knife and stone and held out his hand.

"Wot's the good of mykin' a 'oly show of ourselves for them mugs?" he demanded. "They don't love us, an' bloody well glad they'd be a-seenin' us cuttin' our throats. Yer not 'arf bad, 'Ump! You've got spunk, as you Yanks s'y, an' I like yer in a w'y. So come on an' shyke."

Coward that I might be, I was less a coward than he. It was a distinct victory I had gained, and I refused to forego any of it by shaking his detestable hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FIND GOODNESS IN PLEASURE

People Are Beginning to Understand That It is a Mistake to Work Too Hard.

For a good many years we had a creed that the only way to keep men or women good was to work them to death. We didn't consider ourselves virtuous unless we ended each day so toll-wearied that we had no ambition for anything but bed. When we had a holiday we didn't know how to use it, and either slept it away or did something that landed us in jail.

The doctors are telling us now that there is a fatigue poison; that we owe it to ourselves not to overwork. The great labor unions are demanding shorter hours and graded work, so that men and women workers shall not be overtaxed, and so that the few may not be overworked and underpaid at the expense of the many.

We are learning very, very gradually, that man was not created to labor 18 hours out of the 24 in order that he may have the privilege of eating and sleeping. Very, very gradually we are being taught that we are partners in God's pasture, and that, rich or poor, we have the right to take our share of sunshine and fresh air and an idle time to enjoy them.

A fair measure of leisure in each day is necessary to cultivate sweetness and sameness of soul, and the man or woman, boy or girl, so overworked that there is no opportunity for recreation, never reaches the higher planes of being. Indeed, too much work has often been as much a breeder of crime as too much idleness.

Sometimes it is a desperate effort to escape from the grind. More often it is an intellectual craving for excitement—"something different."

I believe it is in one of Aesop's fables where we are told of the man who was so busy grubbing in the muck heap that he never had time to look up and see the crown above his head.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Cape Cod Canal.

An idea of the value of the Cape Cod canal to shipping is given in the fact that more than two thousand five hundred vessels have passed through this waterway since it was opened in the summer of 1914, each of these vessels saving something like seventy miles of travel and avoiding the dangerous route around Cape Cod.



ROAD BUILDING

EXPERIMENT IN GOOD ROADS

Road to Chevy Chase "Text Book in Concrete, Brick and Stone"—Experts Are Interested.

There is here a text book in concrete, brick and stone—the road to Chevy Chase, built by the plans and under the direction of the office of public roads of the United States and for the sole purpose of informing the public and the members of congress interested in the improvement of the public highways upon the methods and cost of construction, types of roads, adaptability of material and economy of maintenance.

Thousands of people travel over this road, which is built in many sections of different types, every day, and hundreds of practical road builders from all parts of the country have inspected it from time to time and have



Sand and Gravel Piled on Subgrade Ready for Use, Experimental Concrete Road, Chevy Chase, Md.

marveled at the excellence of the work.

Manufacturers who have supplied bituminous materials for the treatment of the road have detached their special experts for this service and the traffic over the road has demonstrated under carefully observed conditions the relative value of the several types of road making up this great highway.

The Chevy Chase road is experimental. It consists of different types of pavement—bituminous macadam laid by the penetration method, surface treatments of waterbound macadam, asphaltic surfaces on concrete foundations, bituminous surfaced concrete, plain and oil cement concrete and vitrified brick, all of which are under daily observation by expert road builders to ascertain which of the types is best suited to the traffic and which is condemned by practical test under the same conditions of climate, soil, rainfall, heat and cold and like traffic requirements. It would be just the same to the office of public roads which has written this open book in concrete, brick and stone whether any part of it or all parts of it should fail, failure in materials used, in construction, in durability, in cost, in maintenance—the test is the thing.

Road building is a science now, and efficiency is the only test of quality. In the stones used in the construction of the Chevy Chase road, their specific gravity, their weight per cubic foot, their water absorption, their percentage of wear, their hardness and toughness are all determined by the most careful scientific tests. Patrolmen are constantly employed on this road to keep account of whatever defects in materials and construction may develop and exact data as to the cost of maintenance.

The Chevy Chase road was fortunately placed for the reason that all of its sections of types have been subjected to precisely the same sort of traffic year in and year out and the section or type that has not stood the strain has been as important an object lesson to road builders as the section or type that has maintained itself under like strain. The road, as a whole is a great experiment conducted by the most competent engineers to demonstrate the most practical things.

Good Stretches Useless.

Local control in road building means a good patch where the officials are up to date, and a poor stretch where the local authorities are slack in their road work—and the poor stretches of road make the good stretches useless.

Up-to-Date Roads.

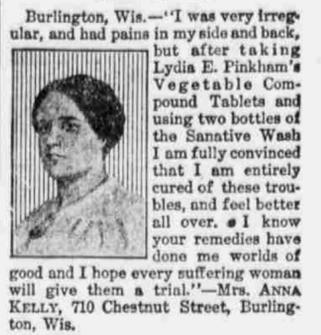
We have the spectacle in most states of pioneer roads for twentieth-century farmers whose equipment in farming consists of modern machinery and modes of travel. When, oh when, will he put the up-to-date mode of travel on an up-to-date road!

Drag Improves Surface.

Is your road to town rough and hard to travel over? A split-log or iron drag drawn over the road after each rain helps to give a good surface and does not cost much.

PAINS IN SIDE AND BACK

How Mrs. Kelly Suffered and How She was Cured.



Burlington, Wis.—"I was very irregular, and had pains in my side and back, but after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and using two bottles of the Sensitive Wash I am fully convinced that I am entirely cured of these troubles, and feel better all over. I know your remedies have done me worlds of good and I hope every suffering woman will give them a trial."—Mrs. ANNA KELLY, 710 Chestnut Street, Burlington, Wis.

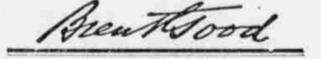
The many convincing testimonials constantly published in the newspapers ought to be proof enough to women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine they need.

This good old root and herb remedy has proved unequalled for these dreadful ills; it contains what is needed to restore woman's health and strength.

If there is any peculiarity in your case requiring special advice, write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for free advice.

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.



Radical Departure. "Just a word, young man," said the owner of the store.

"Yes, sir." "If a customer knows what he wants, sell it to him. I know that a star salesman can always sell him something else, but I have a theory that it will pay just as well to sell him what he wants."

FOR BABY RASHES

Cuticura Soap Is Best Because So Soothing and Cooling. Trial Free.

If baby is troubled with rashes, eczemas, itchings, chafings or hot, irritated skin follow Cuticura Soap bath with light application of Cuticura Ointment to the affected part. Nothing so soothing, cooling and refreshing when he is fretful and sleepless.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Of a Kind. "I wish Evelyn hadn't gone rowing with that young De Swift. He is a fool in a boat." "Rock-the-boat idiot?" "No. Not that kind. He is one of the sort that proposes."

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 4 oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and remove dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

Lots of men go where duty calls and stand around with their hands in their pockets after they get there.—Washington Star.

Theatrically speaking, the death scene of the heroine is apt to be far less realistic than her hair-dyeing.

Makes Hard Work Harder

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before the kidney disease takes a grip—before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

A Nebraska Case

Arthur Elmcke, W. Military Ave., Fremont, N. B., says: "My kidneys annoyed me by being too frequent in action and I was also subject to rheumatic pains in my limbs. To stop or lift raised sharp twinges and I had a constant lameness in the small of my back. Doan's Kidney Pills soon drove away all the pains and regulated the action of my kidneys."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.