

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



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

GOOD ROADS LOWER EXPENSE TO FARMERS Good Roads Reduce Greatly Trouble of Transporting Crops to Market—Cause of Distress.

What Does Catarrh Mean? It means inflammation of a mucous membrane somewhere in the head, throat, bronchial tubes, stomach, biliary ducts or bowels.

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, witness 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 cockney cook, Mugridge. In a heavy sea shipped over the quarter as he is carrying tea aft and his knee is seriously hurt, but no one pays any attention to his injury. Hump's quarters are changed aft. Mugridge steals his money and chains him when accused of it. Later he listens to Wolf give his idea of life—"like yeast, a ferment... the big of life."

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"All right," he said pridelessly, "tyke it or leave it, I'll like yer none the less for it." And to save his face he turned fiercely upon the onlookers. "Get outa my galley doors, you bloom in swabs!" This command was reinforced by a steaming kettle of water, and at sight of it the sailors scrambled out of the way. This was a sort of victory for Thomas Mugridge, and enabled him to accept more gracefully the defeat I had given him, though, of course, he was too discreet to attempt to drive the hunters away. "I see Cooky's finish," I heard Smoke say to Horner. "You bet," was the reply. "Hump runs the galley from now on, and Cooky pulls in his horns."



As I Softly Withdrew I Could Hear Him Groaning.

Fashion I saw fit. Also, I carried the dirk in a sheath at my hip, sailor-fashion, and maintained toward Thomas Mugridge a constant attitude which was composed of equal parts of domineering, insult and contempt.

CHAPTER IX.

My intimacy with Wolf Larsen increases—if by intimacy may be denoted those relations which exist between master and man, or better yet, between king and jester. My function is to amuse, and so long as I amuse all goes well; but let him become bored, or let him have one of his black moods come upon him, and at once I am relegated from cabin table to galley, while, at the same time, I am fortunate to escape with my life and a whole body.

The loneliness of the man is slowly being borne in upon me. There is not a man aboard but hates or fears him, nor is there a man whom he does not despise. He seems consuming with the tremendous power that is in him and that seems never to have found adequate expression in works. This loneliness is had enough in itself, but to make it worse, he is oppressed by the primal melancholy of the race. The frivolity of the laughter-loving Latins is no part of him. When he laughs it is from a humor that is nothing less than ferocious. But he laughs rarely; he is too often sad. Were he not so terrible a man, I could sometimes feel sorry for him, as instance three mornings ago, when I went into his stateroom to fill his water bottle and came unexpectedly upon him. He did not see me. His head was buried in his hands, and his shoulders were heaving convulsively as with sobs. He seemed torn by some mighty grief. As I softly withdrew I could hear him groaning. "God! God! God!" Not that he was calling upon God; it was a mere expletive, but it came from his soul.

At dinner he asked the hunters for a remedy for headache, and by evening, strong man that he was, he was half blind and reeling about the cabin. "I've never been sick in my life, Hump," he said, as I guided him to his room. "Nor did I ever have a headache except the time my head was healing after having been laid open for six inches by a capstan-bar."

For three days this blinding headache lasted, and he suffered as wild animals suffer, as it seemed the way on ship to suffer, without plaint, without sympathy, utterly alone.

This morning, however, on entering his stateroom to make the bed and put things in order, I found him well and hard at work. Table and bunk were littered with designs and calculations. On a large, transparent sheet, compass and square in hand, he was copying what appeared to be a scale of some sort or other.

"Hello, Hump," he greeted me generally. "I'm just finishing the finishing touches. Want to see it work?" "But what is it?" I asked. "A labor-saving device for mariners, navigation reduced to kindergarten simplicity," he answered gayly.

There was a ring of triumph in his voice, and his eyes, clear blue this morning as the sea, were sparkling with light. "You must be well up in mathematics," I said. "Where did you go to school?" "Never saw the inside of one, worse luck," was the answer. "I had to dig it out for myself."

"And why do you think I have made this thing?" he demanded abruptly. "Dreaming to leave footprints on the sands of time?" He laughed one of his horrible, mocking laughs. "Not at all. To get it patented, to make money from it, to revel in pigstickerish with all night in while other men do the work. That's my purpose. Also, I have enjoyed working it out."

"The creative joy," I murmured. "I guess that's what it ought to be called. Which is another way of expressing the joy of life in that it is alive, the triumph of movement over matter, of the quick over the dead, the pride of the yeast because it is yeast and crawls."

I threw up my hands with helpless disapproval of his inveterate materialism and went about making the bed. He continued copying lines and figures upon the transparent scale. It was a task requiring the utmost nicety and precision, and I could not but admire the way he tempered his strength to the fineness and delicacy of the need. When I had finished the bed, I caught myself looking at him in a fascinated sort of way. He was certainly a handsome man—beautiful in the masculine sense. And again, with never-failing wonder, I remarked the total lack of viciousness or wickedness or sinfulness in his face. Who was he? What was he? How had he happened to be? All powers seemed his, all potentialities—why, then, was he no more than the obscure master of a seal-hunting schooner with a reputation for frightful brutality among the men who hunted seals?

and resumed the copying. I finished my work and had opened the door to leave, when he spoke to me. "Hump, if you will look on the west coast of the map of Norway you will see an indentation called Romsdal fjord. I was born within a hundred miles of that stretch of water. But I was not born Norwegian. I am a Dane. My father and mother were Danes, and how they ever came to that bleak bight of land on the west coast I do not know. I never heard. Outside of that there is nothing mysterious. They were poor people and unlettered. They came of generations of poor, unlettered people—peasants of the sea, who sowed their sons on the waves as has been their custom since time began. There is no more to tell."

"But there is," I objected. "It is still obscure to me." "What can I tell you?" he demanded, with a recrudescence of fierceness. "Of the meagerness of a child's life? of fish diet and coarse living? of going out with the boats from the time I could crawl? of my brothers, who went away one by one to the deep-sea fishing and never came back? of my self, unable to read or write, cabin-boy at the mature age of ten on the coastwise, old-country ships? of the rough fare and rougher usage, where kicks and blows were bed and breakfast and took the place of speech, and fear and hatred and pain were my only soul experiences? I do not care to remember. A madness comes up in my brain even now as I think of it. But there were coastwise skippers I would have returned and killed when a man's strength came to me, only the lines of my life were cast at the time in other places. I did return, not long ago, but unfortunately the skippers were dead, all but one, a mate in the old days, a skipper when I met him, and when I left him a cripple who would never walk again."

"But you who read Spencer and Darwin and have never seen the inside of a school, how did you learn to read and write?" I queried. "In the English merchant service. Cabin-boy at twelve, ship's boy at fourteen, ordinary seaman at sixteen, able seaman at seventeen, and cock of the fo'c'sle, infinite ambition and infinite loneliness, receiving neither help nor sympathy, I did it all for myself—navigation, mathematics, science, literature, and what not. And of what use has it been? Master and owner of a ship at the top of my life, as you say, when I am beginning to diminish and die. Paltry, isn't it? And when the sun was up I was scorched, and because I had no root I withered away."

"But history tells of slaves who rose to the purple," I chided. "And history tells of opportunities that came to the slaves who rose to the purple," he answered grimly. "No man makes opportunity. All the great men ever did was to know it when it came to them. The Corsican knew. I have dreamed as greatly as the Corsican. I should have known the opportunity, but it never came. The thorns sprung up and choked me. And, Hump, I can tell you that you know more about me than any living man, except my own brother."

"And what is he? And where is he?" "Master of the steamship Macedonia, seal hunter," was the answer. "We will meet him most probably on the Japan coast. Men call him 'Death' Larsen."

"Death Larsen!" I involuntarily cried. "Is he like you?" "Hardly. He is a lump of an animal without any head. He has all my—my—" "Brutishness," I suggested. "Yes—thank you for the word—all my brutishness, but he can scarcely read or write."

"And he has never philosophized on life," I added. "No," Wolf Larsen answered, with an indescribable air of sadness. "And he is all the happier for leaving life alone. He is too busy living it to think about it. My mistake was in ever opening the books."

CHAPTER X.

The Ghost has attained the southernmost point of the arc she is describing across the Pacific, and is already beginning to edge away to the west and north toward some lone island, it is rumored, where she will fill her water casks before proceeding to the season's hunt along the coast of Japan. The hunters have experimented and practiced with their rifles and shotguns till they are satisfied, and put their boats in apple-pie order—to use Leach's homely phrase. His arm, by the way, has healed nicely, though the scar will remain all his life. Thomas Mugridge lives in mortal fear of him, and is afraid to venture on deck after dark. Louis shakes his head dubiously over the outlook for the man Johnson, who has collided two or three times with Wolf Larsen over the pronunciation of his name. Johansen he thrashed on the amidships deck the other night, since which time the mate has called him by his proper name. But of course it

is out of the question that Johnson should thrash Wolf Larsen. Louis has also given me additional information about Death Larsen, which tallies with the captain's brief description. We may expect to meet Death Larsen on the Japan coast. "And look out for squalls," is Louis's prophecy, "for they hate one another like the wolf whelps they are." Death Larsen is in command of the only sealing steamer in the fleet, the Macedonia, which carries fourteen boats, whereas the rest of the schooners carry only six.

As it is forward and in the galley, so it is in the steerage and aft, on this veritable hell-ship. Men fight and struggle ferociously for one another's lives. The hunters are looking for a shooting scrape at any moment between Smoké and Henderson, whose old quarrel has not healed, while Wolf Larsen says positively that he will kill the survivor of the affair, if such affair comes off. I think even the hunters are appalled at his cold-bloodedness. Wicked men though they be, they are certainly very much afraid of him.

Thomas Mugridge is curling in his secret dread of him. It is the courage of fear—a strange thing I know well of myself—and at any moment it may master the fear and impel him to the taking of my life. My knee is much better, though it often aches for long periods, and the stiffness is gradually leaving the arm which Wolf Larsen squeezed.

I was amused, a couple of evenings back, by seeing Wolf Larsen reading the Bible, a copy of which had been found in the dead mate's sea-chest. I wondered what Wolf Larsen could get from it, and he read aloud to me from Ecclesiastes. I can hear him now, as I shall always hear him, the primal melancholy vibrant in his voice as he read. "There you have it, Hump," he said, closing the book upon his finger and looking up at me. "The Preacher who was king over Israel in Jerusalem thought as I think. 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.' There is no profit under the sun.' There is one event unto all; to the fool and the wise, the clean and the unclean, the sinner and the saint, and that event is death, and an evil thing, he says. For the Preacher loved life, and did not want to die, saying, 'For a living dog is better than a dead lion.' He preferred the vanity and vexation to the silence and unmovableness of the grave. And so I. To crawl is pigstickerish; but to not crawl, to be as the clod and rock, is loathsome to contemplate. Life itself is unsatisfaction, but to look ahead to death is greater unsatisfaction."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW ONE NOVELIST WROTE

Frank Norris Worked Only Three Hours at a Stretch, but Claimed He Worked Every Day.

Frank Norris, the well-known author of "The Pit," "The Octopus" and "Vandover and the Brute," once sent a letter to Ward Macaulay, the Detroit book seller, in answer to certain general questions about Norris' writing. "Don't believe fiction writer should shut himself up in his profession," the letter says in part. "Novels can't be written from the closet or study. You've got to live your stuff. Believe novelists of all people should take interest in contemporary movements, politics, international affairs, the big things in the world."

"I write with great difficulty, but have managed somehow to accomplish forty short stories (all published in fugitive fashion) and five novels within the last three years, and a lot of special unsigned articles. Believe my forte is the novel. Don't like to write, but like having written."

"Hate the effort of driving pen from line to line, work only three hours a day, but work every day. Believe in blunt, crude Anglo-Saxon words. Sometimes spend half an hour trying to get the right combination of one-half dozen words. Never rewrite stuff; do all hard work at first writing, only revise—very lightly—in typewritten copy."

Defense Against Zeppelins.

An English military expert writes: "The question of how far aircraft can be utilized for defense against Zeppelins appears to be still under consideration. If they are to be used effectively for the attack of the enemy airship it is generally assumed that they must operate outside the London area, or between the capital and the coast. It would hardly do to have them passing through localities covered by gunfire. There is also the difficulty of descending at night to be met. Important subsidiary questions which are yet to be settled by consultation between the bodies concerned are the control of lights and traffic, as well as the alien problem. Perhaps of more personal interest to Londoners is the question whether the greater danger is incurred by being in the streets or in the houses. Upon this point the authorities might do well to publish figures showing the number of casualties in either circumstance."

"Before the war in Europe affected the rates at sea it cost the American farmer more to haul a bushel of wheat nine and a half miles to the railroad station for shipment than it cost the buyer to ship the same bushel of wheat from New York to Liverpool, a distance of 3,000 miles," according to a bulletin issued by the American Highway association. "The average cost of hauling a ton of farm produce, or a ton of anything else, over the average country road is about twenty-three cents a mile; 70 years ago the cost of the same service was 17 cents. The cost of hauling over the railroads is less than one-ninth as much as it was 60 years ago. The cost of hauling by railroad has almost reached the vanishing point; the cost of hauling on the country roads has gone up as the roads have gone down."

"By careful calculation, Logan Walker Page, director of the United States office of public roads, has reached the conclusion that with wise and equitable road laws and good business management it would be entirely practicable for the people to save themselves on the two items of hauling and administration the enormous sum of \$290,000,000 yearly. The railroads in the United States carry about 900,000,000 tons of freight annually, and of this vast tonnage at least 200,000,000 tons are hauled over the country roads to the railroad station or to the canals for shipment. The immense volume of mining products aggregating millions of tons is not included in this estimate, but only the agricultural, forest and miscellaneous products hauled by wagon over the public roads, nor is the cost of hauling back and forth between the farms and the mills."

"The main cause of agricultural distress," says the bulletin, "a subject of perennial alarm to 'popular favorites,' is not so much the wages of the workers or the infertility of the soil or the prices of the products, but the enormous drain of getting the stuff to market, the waste of the roads in the wear and tear of machinery, the sacrifice of teams, the inefficiency of service compelled by impassable highways. Tributary to every market town or railroad station there are what Mr. Page calls 'zones of production.' From the first of these zones all products can be delivered to market at a



Shaded Road in the West.

profit, and from the rest one class of products after another must be eliminated because of the prohibitive cost of hauling, and beyond lie vast territories that cannot be cultivated without the building and constant maintenance of roads suited to whatever traffic there may be developed.

"It has been demonstrated that as the roads from the market towns have been improved there has been a great increase of their business and a corresponding improvement in the condition and opportunities of the rural population, greater prosperity of the individual farmer, greater traffic for the railroads, better supplies and lower prices for the consumer. It does not pay to raise crops that cannot be marketed readily and cheaply. Millions of dollars' worth of field and orchard crops have been utterly wasted because of expensive and inadequate facilities for marketing. This is one of the hard problems with which the United States department of agriculture is trying to deal through the greatest experts in the land, and they have found that the building of good roads is essential to the success of their plans."

\$1,000,000,000 Worth of Roads. While talking about preparedness it may be noted that the \$1,000,000,000 proposed to be expended would build 250,000 miles of hard-surfaced highways at the rate of \$4,000 per mile. If the government contributed 50 per cent, its billion would cover 500,000 miles.

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When Housework Drags

Keeping house is hard enough when well. The woman who has a bad back, bad, nervous spells, and dizzy headaches, has a hard lot, for the family tasks never let up. Probably it's the result of kidney trouble and not the much-feared "woman's weakness." Strengthen the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. They are as harmless as they are effective and may be used for children with weak kidneys, too.

A Nebraska Case

Mrs. E. Rieken, Second St., Albia, Neb., says: "For four years I had sharp pains through the small of my back and when I stooped I got dizzy. I didn't sleep well and mornings felt all worn out. My health was all run down. I lost weight, and had a poor appetite. On a friend's advice I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Two or three boxes corrected the trouble and threw up my whole system."

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