



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

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 sealing 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 cockney cook, Murgidge, is caught by a heavy sea shipped over the quarter as he is carrying tea and his knees are seriously hurt, but no one pays any attention to his injury. Hump'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 Hump and hates him. Wolf hires a seaman and makes it the basis for another philosophic discussion with Hump. Wolf entertains Murgidge in his cabin, wins from him at cards the money he stole from Hump, and then tells Hump it is his Wolf's by right of might. Cooky and Hump whet knives at each other. Hump's intimacy with Wolf increases, and Wolf sketches the story of his life to Hump.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"You are worse off than Omar," I said. "At least, after the customary agonizing of youth, found content and made of his materialism a joyous thing."

"Who was Omar?" Wolf Larsen asked, and I did no more work that day, nor the next, nor the next.

In his random reading he had never chanced upon the Rubaiyat, and it was to him like a great find of treasure. Much I remembered, possibly two-thirds of the quatrains, and I managed to piece out the remainder with out difficulty. I was interested as to which quatrain he would like best, and was not surprised when he hit upon the one born of an instant's irritability, and quite at variance with the Persian's complacent philosophy and genial code of life:

What, without asking. Aither hurried And, without asking. Whither hurried Hence! Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine Must drown the memory of that insolence!

"Great!" Wolf Larsen cried. "Great! That's the keynote. Insolence! He could not have used a better word."

In vain I objected and denied. He deluged me, overwhelmed me with argument.

"It's not the nature of life to be otherwise. Life, when it knows that it must cease living, will always rebel. It cannot help itself. You have talked of the instinct of immortality. I talk of the instinct of life, which is to live. It mastered it in you (you cannot deny it), because a crazy cockney cook sharpened a knife.

"You are afraid of him now. You are afraid of me. You cannot deny it if I should catch you by the throat, thus—his hand was about my throat and my breath was shut off—and begin to press the life out of you, thus, and thus, your instinct of immortality will go glimmering, and your instinct of life, which is longing for life, will flutter up, and you will struggle to save yourself. Eh? I see the fear of death in your eyes. You beat the air with your arms. To live! To live! To live! You are crying; and you are crying to live here and now, not hereafter. You doubt your immortality, eh? Ha! Ha! Your body draws itself up in knots like a snake's. Your chest heaves and strains. To live! To live! To live!"

I heard no more. Consciousness was blotted out by the darkness he had so graphically described, and when I came to myself I was lying on the floor and he was smoking a cigar and regarding me thoughtfully with the old, familiar light of curiosity in his eyes.

"Well, have I convinced you?" he demanded. "Here, take a drink of this. I want to ask you some questions."

I rolled my head negatively on the floor. "Your arguments are too—er—forceful," I managed to articulate, at cost of great pain to my aching throat.

"You'll be all right in half an hour," he assured me. "And I promise I won't use any more physical demonstrations. Get up now. You can sit on a chair."

And, toy that I was of this monster, the discussion of Omar and the Preacher was resumed. And half the night we sat up over it.

CHAPTER XI.

The last twenty-four hours have witnessed a carnival of brutality. From cabin to forecastle it seems to have broken out like a contagion. Thomas Murgidge is a sneak, a spy, an informer. He has been attempting to curry favor and reinstate himself in the good graces of the captain by carrying tales of the men forward. He it was, I know, that carried some of Johnson's hasty talk to Wolf Larsen. Johnson, it seems, bought a suit of clothes from the sloop-chest and found them to be of greatly inferior quality. Nor was he slow in advertising the fact.

I had just finished sweeping the cabin, and had been inveigled by Wolf Larsen into a discussion of Hamlet, his favorite Shakespearean character, when Johnson descended the companion stairs, followed by Johnson

The latter's cap came off after the custom of the sea, and he stood respectfully in the center of the cabin, swaying heavily and uneasily to the roll of the schooner and facing the captain.

"Shut the doors and draw the slide," Wolf Larsen said to me.

As I obeyed I noticed an anxious light come into Johnson's eyes, but I did not dream of its cause. The mate, Johnson, stood away several feet to the side of him, and fully three yards in front of him sat Wolf Larsen on one of the pivotal cabin chairs. An appreciable pause fell, a pause that must have lasted fully a minute. It was broken by Wolf Larsen.

"Yonson," he began.

"My name is Johnson, sir," the sailor boldly corrected.

"Well, Johnson then, damn you! Can you guess why I have sent for you?"

"Yes, and no, sir," was the slow reply. "My work is done well. The mate knows that, and you know it, sir. So there cannot be any complaint."

"Johnson," Wolf Larsen said, "I understand you're not quite satisfied with those oilskins?"

"No, I am not. They are no good, sir."

"And you've been shooting off your mouth about them?"

"I say what I think, sir," the sailor answered courageously.

It was at this moment that I chanced to glance at Johnson. His big fists were clenching and unclenching, and his face was positively fendish so malignantly did he look at Johnson.

"Do you know what happens to men who say what you've said about my sloop-chest and me?" Wolf Larsen demanded, sharply and imperatively.

"What you and the mate there are going to do to me, sir."

"Look at him, Hump," Wolf Larsen said to me, "look at this bit of animated dust, that is impressed with certain human fictions such as righteousness and honesty, and that will live up to them in spite of all personal discomforts and menaces. What do you think of him, Hump? What do you think of him?"

"I think that he is a better man than you are," I answered, impelled, somehow, with a desire to draw upon myself a portion of the wrath I felt was about to break upon his head.

"His human fictions, as you choose to call them, make for nobility and manhood. You have no fictions, no dreams, no ideals. You are a pauper."

He nodded his head with savage pleasantness. "Quite true, Hump, quite true. I have no fictions that make for nobility and manhood. A living dog is better than a dead lion, say I with the Preacher. My only doctrine is the doctrine of expediency, and it makes for surviving. Do you know what I am going to do?"

I shook my head.

"Watch me."

Three yards away from Johnson he was sitting down. Nine feet! And yet he left the chair in full leap, without first gaining a standing position. It was an avalanche of fury



His Hand Was About My Throat and My Breath Was Shut Off.

that Johnson strove vainly to fend off. Wolf Larsen's fist drove to the chest, with a crushing, resounding impact. Johnson almost fell backward, and swayed from side to side in an effort to recover his balance.

I cannot give the further particulars of the horrible scene that followed. It was too revolting. It turns me sick even now when I think of it. Johnson fought bravely enough, but he was no match for Wolf Larsen; much less for Wolf Larsen and the mate. It was frightful. I felt that I should lose my mind, and I ran up the companion stairs to open the doors and escape on deck. But Wolf Larsen, leaving his victim for the moment, and with one of his tremendous springs, gained my side and flung me into the far corner of the cabin.

"The phenomena of life, Hump," he girded at me. "Stay and watch it. You may gather data on the immortal

ity of the soul. Besides, you know, we can't hurt Johnson's soul. It's only the fleeting form we may demolish."

It seemed centuries—possibly it was no more than ten minutes that the beating continued. Wolf Larsen and Johnson were all about the poor fellow. And when he could no longer rise they still continued to beat and kick him where he lay.

"Easy, Johansen; easy as she goes," Wolf Larsen finally said.

"Jerk open the doors, Hump," I was commanded.

I obeyed, and the two brutes picked up the senseless man like a sack of rubbish and hove him clear up the companion stairs through the narrow doorway, and out on deck. The blood from his nose gushed in a scarlet stream over the feet of the helmsman, who was none other than Louis, his boat mate. But Louis took and gave a spoke and gazed imperturbably into the binnacle.

Not so was the conduct of George Leach, the erasthite cabin-boy. Fore and aft there was nothing that could have surprised us more than his consequent behavior. He it was that came up on the poop without orders and dragged Johnson forward, where he set about dressing his wounds as well as he could and making him comfortable.

Wolf Larsen was smoking a cigar and examining the patent log which the Ghost usually towed astern, but which had been hauled in for some purpose. Suddenly Leach's voice came to my ears. It was tense and hoarse with an overmastering rage. I turned and saw him standing just beneath the break of the poop on the port side of the galley. His face was convulsed and white, his eyes were flashing, his clenched fists raised, over head.

"May God damn your soul to hell, Wolf Larsen, only hell's too good for you, you coward, you murderer, you pig!" was his opening salutation.

I was thunderstruck. I looked for his instant annihilation. But it was not Wolf Larsen's whim to annihilate him. He sauntered slowly forward to the break of the poop, and, leaning his elbow on the corner of the cabin, gazed down thoughtfully and curiously at the excited boy.

And the boy indicted Wolf Larsen as he had never been indicted before. Each moment I looked, and everybody looked, for him to leap upon the boy and destroy him. But it was not his whim. His cigar went out, and he continued to gaze silently and curiously.

Leach had worked himself into an ecstasy of impotent rage.

"Pig! Pig! Pig!" he was reiterating at the top of his lungs. "Why don't you come down and kill me, you murderer? Come on, you coward! Kill me! Kill me! Kill me!"

It was at this stage that Thomas Murgidge's erratic soul brought him into the scene. He turned to Leach saying:

"Such langwidge! Shockin'!"

Leach's rage was no longer impotent. Here at last was something ready to hand. And for the first time since the stabbing the cockney had appeared outside the galley without his knife. The words had barely left his mouth when he was knocked down by Leach. Three times he struggled to his feet, striving to gain the galley, and each time was knocked down.

"Oh, Lord!" he cried. "Eip! Eip! Tyke 'im aw'y, can't yer? Tyke 'im aw'y!"

The hunters laughed from sheer relief. Tragedy had dwindled, the farce had begun. The sailors now crowded boldly aft, grinning and shuffling, to watch the pummeling of the hated cockney. And even I felt a great joy surge up within me. I confess that I delighted in this beating Leach was giving to Thomas Murgidge, though it was as terrible, almost, as the one Murgidge had caused to be given to Johnson. But the expression of Wolf Larsen's face never changed. The cockney strove in vain to protect himself from the infuriated boy. And in vain he strove to gain the shelter of the cabin. Blow followed blow with bewildering rapidity. He was knocked about like a shuttlecock, until, finally, like Johnson, he was beaten and kicked as he lay helpless on the deck. And no one interfered.

But these two affairs were only the opening events of the day's program. In the afternoon Smoke and Henderson fell foul of each other, and a fusillade of shots came up from the steerage, followed by a stampede of the other four hunters for the deck. A column of thick, acrid smoke—the kind always made by black powder—was arising through the open companionway, and down through it leaped Wolf Larsen. The sound of blows and scuffling came to our ears. Both men were wounded, and he was thrashing them both for having disobeyed his orders and crippled themselves in advance of the hunting season. In fact, they were badly wounded, and, having thrashed them, he proceeded to operate upon them in a rough surgical fashion and to dress their wounds. I served as assistant while he probed and cleansed the passages made by the bullets, and I saw the two men

endure his crude surgery without anesthetics and with no more to uphold them than a stiff tumbler of whisky.

The second dog-watch and the day were wound up by a fight between Johansen and the lean, Yankee-looking hunter, Latimer. It was caused by remarks of Latimer's concerning the noises made by the mate in his sleep and though Johansen was whipped, he kept the steerage awake for the rest of the night while he blissfully slumbered and fought the fight over and over again.

As for myself, I was oppressed with nightmare. All my days had been passed in comparative ignorance of the animality of man. In fact, I had known life only in its intellectual phases. Brutality I had experienced but it was the brutality of the intellect—the cutting sarcasm of Charley Furuseth, the cruel epigrams and occasional harsh witticisms of the fellows at the Bibelot, and the nasty remarks of some of the professors during my undergraduate days.

That was all. Not for nothing had I been called "Stasy" Van Weyden. I thought, as I tossed restlessly on my bunk between one nightmare and another. And it seemed to me that my



"You Coward! You Murderer! You Pig!"

innocence of the realities of life had been complete indeed. I laughed bitterly to myself, and seemed to find in Wolf Larsen's forbidding philosophy a more adequate explanation of life than I had found in my own.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAT CAUSED MUCH TROUBLE

Family Pet Has Been Formally Cautioned that "The Cave" Is Not Public Property.

Out in Woodruff place a number of small boys have banded together and done what most boys have done if they were real-for-sure boys—built a cave, says the Indianapolis News. Approaching this cave is a long underground tunnel about two feet square. What there is in this tunnel in the way of side chambers and the like, the fathers and mothers never will know, but at the inside end of the tunnel is the den, about five feet square, built in a side hill and as dark as the most cavernous depths of a Wyandotte cave.

One of the youngsters belonging to the band of cave dwellers hurried home from school the other afternoon, donned his cave outfit, and made for the tunnel. Crawling in flat on the ground, he made his way toward the den. Arriving there, he heard a scrambling noise just ahead and two fiery spots loomed up in the darkness. His teeth chattered with fright, he couldn't back away, he was too frightened to go forward, and there was no chance of escape at either side. The fiery spots became active and the boy became panicky.

Just what happened in there the outside world will never know, but when the cat—it was he family cat—came out of the tunnel it was going some. No cat ever moved faster, and I didn't stop until it had reached a barn three lots away.

And the boy—when he emerged his face was as white as the arctic snow and he was moving rapidly for the open. The next afternoon the boy painted a sign on which were the words, "The Cave" in white paint, on a blazing yellow background, blazing proudly at the sign he explained.

"Now, if that fool cat can read, he'll keep out of there."

Hang Pictures at Once.

People who stand their family portraits against the walls while packing and unpacking their household goods, cause a great deal of broken glass, scratches and dents. The first thing to be done when moving into your new home, should be to hang the pictures any place, in order to get them out of the way, without waiting to choose a scheme of arrangement. This will prevent a great deal of breakage and other damage.

Help Wanted.

"Can I do anything for you?" asked the passing motorist of an exasperated man who was trying to change a tire while his wife, a woman of commanding appearance, stood by and gave numerous directions. "Yes, indeed," replied the exasperated man, as he mopped his brow. "My wife here is an ardent suffragette. I wish you would talk to her about the cause until I get this tire on."

Opportunity never troubles a man if there is nothing in him



WIDE ROADS ARE IMPORTANT

Time That Highway Builders Awakened to New Conditions—Involves Safety and Convenience.

The road builders of today are neglecting a very important point. The motor car is a new thing in the world and creates entirely new conditions. The travel of the future will be very great. The fashion should be set at once for a 100-foot right of way on all main roads.

One half should be developed first; the other could be used by the former owners under a free lease from the counties until it is needed. It will surely be needed some day. Allowing ten feet for a sidewalk the first hard-surfaced road should center



Making a Road in South.

on the remaining 40 feet. The model to be worked to is two 40-foot road ways, two ten-foot sidewalks and three rows of shade trees—a most proper plan for a hot climate.

All travel of course takes the right hand road. The grade should allow crossing from one road to the other. On a single road with a 50-foot right of way, two ten-foot sidewalks and 30 feet for vehicles, when autos are standing at each curb there is not room for safe passing of vehicles going in opposite directions and this difficulty and danger increases with the traffic.

A single-track road should be 60 feet wide. The middle line of new roads is generally on a section line or other line between two owners. If the fashion is set for a 100-foot right of way owners will give the 50 feet.

If county commissioners will insist on the 100 feet and make it a statewide rule supported by public opinion, owners will fall into line and give the land. The double-road plan allows speed with safety and the speed of motor cars will in the future be increased on long runs.

The point is that it is the duty of the pioneer road builders of today to provide for the travel of the future. Fifteen years ago in Chicago a street a mile long between Grant and Lincoln parks was widened from 60 to 200 feet. It cost \$10,000,000.

If the people who laid out that street could have looked ahead the expense would have been only the amount of the surveyor's bill. In less degree such things will happen some day in Florida wherever narrow roads are built.

California has awakened to the idea and has some main roads 100 feet wide. As soon as Florida gets hard roads the travel by tourists and citizens by motor car and motor truck will rapidly increase and will grow in time to enormous proportions.

The climate and the motor car will accomplish it and it is time that the road builders awakened to these entirely new conditions. Besides the question of safety and convenience there is the question of beauty, of civic pride and the satisfaction of building right for all time. Road builders must realize that the motor car has brought entirely new conditions. They must lay out the roads wide enough for all time, while the land can be got for nothing. It is a duty.

Kindness to Cow Pays.

Be kind to the dairy cow. You can't pound milk out of her with the milk stool or run milk out of her with the dog when bringing her from the pasture to the barn. Get on good terms with the dairy cow, and her friendship will be seen by increased profits in the milk pail.

Surfacing Footpaths.

For surfacing footpaths, gravel, mixtures of sand and clay, and cinders will, in general, give good satisfaction.

INDIGESTION, GAS OR SICK STOMACH

Time it! Pape's Diapepsin ends all Stomach misery in five minutes.

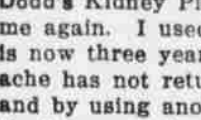
Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Dyspeptic, jot this down: Pape's Diapepsin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There never was anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is disordered you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

You feel different as soon as "Pape's Diapepsin" comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food. Go now, make the best investment you ever made, by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or bad stomach. Adv.

After a man has taken out an accident insurance policy his wife thinks it a waste of money if nothing happens to him.

THE PROFESSOR'S STATEMENT.

Prof. Aug. F. W. Schmitz, Thomas, Okla., writes: "I was troubled with Backache for about twenty-five years. When told I had Bright's Disease in its last stages, I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. After using two boxes I was somewhat relieved and I stopped the treatment. In the spring of the next year I had another attack. I went for Dodd's Kidney Pills and they relieved me again. I used three boxes. That is now three years ago and my Backache has not returned in its severity, and by using another two boxes a little later on, the pain left altogether and I have had no trouble since. You may use my statement. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills when and wherever I can." Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.



Love is not only blind, but seems to be unable to detect a gin breath of long standing.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/4 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 hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

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With the onward march of civilization more opportunities arise for men to make fools of themselves.

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