

CONDENSED CLASSICS

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Condensation by James B. Connors

Rudyard Kipling was born Dec. 30, 1865, in Bombay, where his father, John Lockwood Kipling, artist and author, was professor in the British School of Art. He was educated at the United Services College, Westward Ho, North Devon, scenes of the lurid *Stalky* novel.



At 17 he was in India once more, a journalist. Before he was 24, he had completed "Plain Tales from the Hills" and six more of his best stories, which established his fame throughout the world. In the tales of native life and adventure "beyond the pale," India was revealed anew with a brilliance, color and passion unsurpassed; Mulvaney and his pals, the exuberant "Soldiers Three," captivated men from sea to sea.

Within the next 10 years, Kipling traveled round the world, married, lived in America, England and South Africa, and finally became so imbued with imperialism as almost to destroy his art.

His "Barrack Room Ballads" and "Seven Seas" revealed him as an inspiring poet who "splashed at a ten-league canvas with brushes of camel's hair."

Of his three novels, "The Light That Failed" is a tale of Suez; "Captains Courageous," of Gloucester fishermen, and "Kim," breathes again the subtle and mysterious fascination of India.

With the "Jungle Books" Kipling enthralled a new audience. These, and the incomparable "Just So Stories," written to his son who was killed in the war, enshrined him in the hearts of children the world over.

Harvey Cheyne's father was immersed in amassing more money; his mother was busy with her nerves; and so we have Harvey, at fifteen years, the insufferable type that most grown males want to heave a brick at on sight.

He was a passenger on this ocean liner, and she was crossing the Grand Banks in a fog. He came into the smoking room, saying: "You can hear the fish boats squawking all around us. Wouldn't it be great if we ran one down?"

He asked for a cigarette. Somebody with a diabolical sense of humor passed him a thick, oily cigar. Harvey lit it up and went on deck. He began to feel queer, but he had bragged of never being seasick; so now he went aft to the turtle deck, and he was still there, wrestling with the clear and not caring much what happened, when a long gray sea swung out of the fog and took him overboard.

Harvey was next aware of being on a pile of fish with a broad-backed man in a blue jersey, who said: "You in dory with me, Manuel my name."

Later he was hoisted aboard of a schooner and lowered into her heaving fore'st'le where men in oilskins gave him a hot drink and put him to sleep in a bunk. When he awoke, a boy whose name was Dan asked him smilingly if he was feeling better. The schooner was the "We're Here" of Gloucester, and the boy's father, Disko Troop, was her skipper.

Harvey went up on deck to see Disko; and demanded that he be taken back to New York, where, as he told Disko condescendingly, his father would pay them very well for their trouble; he added many other items to what his father could and would do. Disko, as it happened, was an old-fashioned type of bank fisherman, wise in the ways of fish but knowing little of the great world. He decided that this boy with his talk of his father's immense wealth must be crazy; with an idea of restoring the poor boy to sanity, he offered him the berth of second boy on the "We're Here" at \$10.50 per month.

Harvey had a fit of sullenness, but his sullenness worried nobody; he went to work. The dories were returning to the vessel with their catches of fish; so for the first work of his life Harvey was set to helping Dan hoist in the dories, to swabbing the gurry from their insides and then to nesting them on the deck. By the time he had finished doing that and eating his supper it was nighttime, and Manuel, Penn, Long Jack, Old Salters, Tom Platt—all hands were standing by to dress fish.

Manuel and Penn stood deep among the fish, flourishing sharp knives. "Hi!" shouted Manuel, with one finger under the gill of a cod, the other in an eye. The blade glimmered, there was a sound of tearing, the fish split from throat to tail—dropped at Long Jack's feet. "Hi!" cried Long Jack and, with a scoop of a mittened hand, dropped the cod's liver into a basket; another wrench and scoop sent head and offal flying. The cut fish slid across to Old Salters, who snorted fiercely, ripped out the backbone and splashed the headless, gutless fish into a tub of water.

Harvey pitched the washed fish down into the hold, from whence came trampings and rumbings as Tom Platt and Disko moved among the salt bins. The rasping sound of rough salt rubbed on rough flesh from below made a steady undertone to the clack of the knives in the pens, the wrench and shloop of torn heads, the flap of ripped-open fish falling into the tub on deck.

At the end of an hour Harvey wanted terribly to rest, but also for the first time in his life he was one of a working gang of men; and so, beginning to take pride in the thought, he held on grimly. Not till the last fish was towed below did a man rest. But when that moment came! Disko and Old Salters roiled toward their cabin bunks, Manuel and Long Jack went forward. Tom Platt waited only long enough to slide home the hatch.

All hands were below and asleep, except the two boys; they had to stand watch; so by and by the moon looked down on one slim boy in knickerbockers, which was Harvey, staggering around the cluttered deck, while behind him, waving a knotted rope, walked another boy, which was Dan, yawning and nodding between

tops he dealt the first boy to keep him awake.

The "We're Here" was on a salt-fishing trip which meant four months away from home; so there was time for Harvey to learn many strange new things if he cared to. After a time, as the pride in honest work well done began to grip him, he cared. He learned to fish from a dory; to make his way in safety around a heaving vessel's deck; to know what each rope and sail aboard a vessel was for. Disko allowed him, when the wind was light, to steer the vessel from one berth to another, and wonderful was Harvey's sense of power when he first felt the vessel answer to his touch of the wheel. Almost did he come to understand, as a fisherman understands, the never-absent dangers of the banks, the eternal fogs, the tides, the gales, the wicked seas; and learned, too, fishermen's opinion of the officers of the great steamers who, after cutting a vessel down, raise high hands to heaven and swear with unanimity that the careless fisherman had never—absolutely never—shown so much as a single light.

He saw one day a foul, dragged, unkept vessel heaving up past the "We're Here," for all the world like a blowzy, frouzy, bad old woman sneering at a decent girl, saw her sail off and into a batch of watery sunshine and—go under, taking all hands with her! He saw, while his hair stood on end, a whiteness moving in the whiteness of the fog with a breath like the breath of a grave; and then he heard a roaring, plunging and spouting; that was his first iceberg. He saw the surf break over Virgin Rocks; and the fish strike in so thick on a shoal that scores of dories stood riding gunnel to gunnel while their crews battled for the catch. He saw a gale break so sudden and fierce that everywhere on the sea were men in dories cutting riding lines and racing for their vessels, but some never making their vessels.

So he passed four busy, wonderful months, growing in body, mind and soul with every hour that passed; and then came the great day when they left the banks for home. Toil, hardship and danger were now mostly behind them; there was left little to do but stand watch and study the folding and packing away of the morning mists, the hurry of winds across the open spaces, the glare and blaze of the high sun; to harken to the grinding of the booms against the masts, the creaking of the sheets against the bits, the sail flapping to the roaring winds.

Now about the time the "We're Here," a hundred quintals of fish in her hold, was laying her course for Gloucester, Harvey's father was beginning to wonder in his impenetrable offices in Los Angeles if it wasn't a better game to drop the ceaseless struggle for more power and wealth. What was the use of it all—with no son to hand it to? He was still wondering when one day an excited secretary brought him a telegram.

It was from Harvey, safe in Gloucester. Mr. Cheyne laid his face down on his desk, breathed heavily for awhile; and then, heaving orders right and left, started that run of which railroad men talked for many a day. Three days and a half it was from coast to coast, with railroad specialists along the way dividing huge bonuses; for it was the great Harvey Cheyne who was racing East to see his rescued boy, and the boy's mother was with him.

Not without fear did he meet that boy. He had a memory of a pasty-faced, bad-mannered lad. What he met was a boy with toughened figure and a keen, clear eye.

Railroads, lumber, mines—such things did not interest young Harvey. What his heart yearned for was to some day manage his father's newly-purchased sailing ships on the Pacific Coast. The ships he got when he was ripe for them; and for Dan, son of Disko Troop—seeing that he could not offer money—he got a berth as mate of one of them, with the promise that some day he would go master of the best he could build.

"Great ships those of my father's? Oh, yes," says Harvey. "But back in Gloucester are the able little vessels. The 'We're Here,' she's one. I owe a heap to her—to her and her crew." Copyright, 1919, by Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post). Printed by permission of, and arrangement with, Century Co., authorized publishers.

The KITCHEN CABINET

The health and morals of a people depend mainly upon the food they eat and the homes they live in.—Eliza Richards.

IDEAS FOR HALLOWE'EN.

The chestnut is the nut which belongs to the time-honored holiday, and no party on that occasion is quite complete without a fire and roasted chestnuts.

Roasted chestnuts, doughnuts, apples and cider make the ideal refreshments. For a Halloween luncheon or a supper, by excluding the daylight and covering the lights with orange-colored tissue, or using candles with orange shades, the table will be most attractive. For the centerpiece, a large pumpkin may be cut in the form of a basket and used as the fruit holder for grapes and apples. Small gourds or tiny pumpkins may be decorated with a face and lighted with a candle inside; these may be favors for each plate, and around the pumpkin grape or autumn-tinted leaves may be placed. Small squashes may be used as candlesticks, or brass candlesticks are always appropriate. Use autumn leaves in place of doliens when serving and as table decoration.

White gourds for Jack-o'-lanterns and white cosmos as a centerpiece make a very attractive table.

Another pretty device for a candle-light supper: Fill a large punch bowl with water, place tiny paper boats fitted with tiny candles to float on the water.

Chestnut Croquettes.—Mash roasted chestnuts to a smooth paste; add a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of milk, the grated peel of a lemon, one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Form into balls the size of large chestnuts, dip in egg yolk, then in crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Garnish with slices of lemon and parsley sprays.

Marrons au Juc.—These are chestnuts preserved in a lemon sirup, and may be prepared in chestnut season, keeping for years. Shell and blanch the chestnuts, after cooking them in the shell until quite tender. Prepare a lemon sirup, and turn in the chestnuts, when scalding hot, and seal airtight. These may be used as a garnish for ice creams, sherbets, puddings, or may be served as a confection, dipped in fondant or chocolate, or drained and rolled in powdered sugar.

Nellie Maxwell

The promising young man may be all right, but a paying one is better.

Could Be Worse.

"Cook, I don't like to mention it, but the food disappears rather quickly in the kitchen!"

"Well, mum, I admits I eats 'ertry, but no one could call me gorgeous."

Rough on Them.

"He's always boasting of his ancestors."

"Yep. Too bad his grandchildren aren't going to have any ancestors worth boasting about."

Just in Time to Escape.

Elsie: "What do you mean by saying that Doris is 'more or less' pretty?"

Harry: "Well, she's more pretty than most girls, but less pretty than you are!"—Stray Stories.



BOTH CAN'T BE AHEAD.

"His wife dresses right up to the minute."

"Yes, but she keeps him three months behind on his bills."

Something Learned.

Appearances deceitful are. We've come to understand—One cannot judge of a cigar By the gold upon the band.

Its Shade.

"Did you see where some man in Georgia says he can raise green cotton?"

"Oh, I guess that is a mighty colored version."

Good Reason.

"Let's get away from this stupid affair. It is enough to bore one to death."

"I'm sorry, but I can't go. I'm the host."

Proof of It.

"Officer, how did you know this man was really drunk?"

"Because, your honor, I saw he was full of alcoholic content."

The Reason.

"I came within an ace of winning the game."

"Then why didn't you?"

"Because the other fellow had the ace."

MEXICAN KILLED WHEN GUN FAILS

Night Watchman Slays Miner After Latter Snaps Trigger in Gun Play.

Trinidad, Colo.—Lucas Ruiz, twenty-two, a coal miner, was shot dead by Night Watchman Joe Adler at Delagua at an early hour in the morning after Ruiz and one Ficuado Martinez had attempted to hold up the watchman and Deputy Sheriff T. J. Littlejohn. Ruiz, who had earlier been disarmed by the night watchman, is said to have secured another gun and with Martinez encountered the two officers making their rounds in camp.

According to Adler, Ruiz drew his gun and holding it at the body of Adler pulled the trigger. The gun snapped but failed to discharge, and



Adler Fired.

when the man Ruiz attempted to again fire the weapon Adler fired, the bullet going through the body of Ruiz. Martinez, who was with him, escaped and has not been apprehended.

According to the officers, Ruiz, Martinez and two other Mexicans had been drinking and had gone through the camp shouting and discharging revolvers. The watchmen had met the four men, disarmed Ruiz and told them to go home. Ruiz is reported to have said: "You've got my gun now, but I'll see you later, and we'll see who's boss." About one o'clock in the morning Ruiz and Martinez stopped the officers in front of the mine office, where Ruiz drew a revolver, which falling to be discharged, saved the life of the watchman and precipitated the killing of Ruiz.

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This town in 1945

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As we practice civic pride today, so will it be reflected in the GROWTH of our community a quarter of a century hence.

The practice of civic pride is more than the mere boasting of our community's present assets. It is mostly in the active support of the public and BUSINESS institutions now here—that they may develop and GROW.

Popular subscriptions to any worthy cause—whether for charity or some big municipal improvement—is all mighty fine—never to be frowned upon.

But there is a more stable method. That method is in the simple little everyday act of buying ALL our goods at home—patronizing our home merchants.

A community thrives and grows as its business institutions grow. No business man with vision enough to build up a successful business, is so selfish but that he will throw his prosperity right back into the life and development of his community.

It may be in the erection of a big business structure—it may be in helping finance some new business enterprise which will afford labor for many more workmen—it may be in the enlargement and development of his own business—offering bigger trading selection—abreast the rest of the world.

If we send or take the money we earn here to some other center for trading, pleasure, or investment—we cannot expect our community to grow—we cannot expect our own earning power HERE to increase.

Let's all start training our cash into HOME-SPENT DOLLARS.

TRY FEEDING HER



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EMPTY

PRODUCTION