

CONDENSED CLASSICS

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Continued from page 1

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, scene 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 tale 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 Subotz "Captains Courageous," of Gloucester fishermen, and "Kim," breathes again the subtle and mysterious atmosphere of India.

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

Harvey Chesney'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 leave 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 cigar 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. Mandel 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 to 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 midnight, 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-silt 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 gutted fish slid across to Old Salters, who snorted ferrely, 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 rumblings as Tom Platt and Disko moved among the salt bins. The rasping sound of rough soft rubbed on rough flesh from below made a steady undertone to the clink of the knives in the pens, the wrench and scloop 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 (ll) the last fish was towed below did a man rest. But when that moment came! Disko and Old Salters rolled 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 fishermen had never—absolutely never—shown so much as a single light.

He saw one day a foul, dragged, un-kempt vessel heaving up past the "We're Here," for all the world like a slow, frousy, 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 gurgling 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 salt filling 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 mahogany 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 party-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 these 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.

SCHOOL GARDEN ARMY STARTS 1920 DRIVE



The school garden as a means to increase food production, as advocated by the Department of the Interior, is best proved by its 1919 record. Forty-eight million dollars' worth of produce was grown, two and one-half million children enlisted in the work. Every child learns to cultivate one or more food crops, under supervision of a garden teacher. The 1920 production promises to be much larger. The pictures show a garden at Louisville, Ky. The insert is of Johnny Williams of Seattle, Wash., in one of his 1919 prize-winning crops.

FARM ALCOHOL FOR YOUR CALL

The supply and demand of gasoline has reached a point where the experts must look about for other fuels for automobiles. Gasoline is rapidly becoming a luxury, with luxury price. And kerosene, the common coal oil of our youth, offers no easy road out of the dilemma. Kerosene has doubled in price since the war, and if any considerable number of auto engines were made to burn this product, it would soon soar to prices higher even than gasoline.

Some of the experts are talking about fuel oil, the refined residue after the gasoline has been removed. But here again we are up against it; all products of petroleum are going higher and higher. We see that in the steadily increasing price of crude oil today.

The far-sighted, however, are strongly considering alcohol. That is a fuel, the supply of which can be made inexhaustible forever—anyhow as long as the sun shines and the rain falls and the soil continues fertile. The main thing is to invent extraction processes that will produce it cheaply. Then all the scrap of the farm, as well as cultivated vegetation, can be thrown into the vat and made to give up its alcohol.

The automobile, the tractor and the truck are as important to the rural districts as is the motor to the city. In some of our farming states, they are of much higher importance. It will be a great day when the farmer can "raise" his own alcohol for 10 to 15 cents per gallon and have motor vehicles, the engines of which—carburetors and cylinders—are built especially for the use of alcohol as a fuel.

SCRAMBLED JUSTICE

We are a nation which stands for right and justice.

But we fear both are in rather a scrambled condition today.

The average American who is not a corporation magnate or a member of a trades union is often sorely puzzled. It is difficult for him to know where to let his sympathies drift, and because of this sympathy he often bottles it up and forgets about it.

Every day he reads about some strike or other. The employer tells his story, and it sounds plausible. The employe tells his side, and it sounds equally plausible.

Judging clearly from the published statements they are both right, but it is difficult to see how both can be right and still one be wrong.

Were Solomon alive today he could probably solve the riddle. But Solomon is no more, and none of us have qualified to take his place as the wisest of men.

And in the meantime the strikes go merrily on, with both sides right and both sides wrong, and the public gradually working itself up to the point where it doesn't give a d—n who is right and who is wrong.

Life is too short to scramble one's brain over something one can't understand, for it would take the wisdom of the Creator himself to determine the exact line of demarcation in the incessant strife between capital and labor.

Wise and Otherwise

Have you ever contrasted our American methods with those of our cousins across the water? Do it. You will find food for thought.

For instance, we see in the midst of a great national economic campaign. Our presidents term it inspiring and we are choosing the man who will rule more than a hundred million people for the next four years. We will also elect senators and many other lesser lights.

It is an event of great importance to the future of the nation, yet the casual observer sees nothing out of the ordinary. He could hardly detect that we have a vital campaign in full swing.

We decline to become excited. We are making no noise. We take things as a matter of fact, or of course, knowing that each man will vote his own conscience, and that no matter who wins, the country will move along in the future as it has in the past—always better and greater than it ever has been before. That is America, and our president has more automatic power in his fist than that possessed by all of the crowned heads left in Europe.

But on the other side of the water it is different.

A change of rulers there usually means violence, and bloodshed, and revolution, if it is a forcible change; or unrest and suspicion if it is a succession caused by death.

EVELYN NESBIT THAW WILL FIGHT



Evelyn Nesbit Thaw Clifford is again in the limelight. Her husband, the actor Jack Clifford, has filed suit for divorce, charging misconduct. She says she will file a counter-charge—and fight. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw Clifford is the former wife of Harry Thaw, Pittsburg millionaire, adjudged insane in the shooting of Stanford White, New York clubman. She was the cause of the shooting, as the famed trial brought out.

PERFECT TEACHER



Emma Ferguson has registered 100 per cent in her life work. She is a teacher in the State Normal School at Oak Harbor, O. She won the title of "The Perfect Teacher" in competition conducted by the Buffalo (N. Y.) School Board. She was perfect in every study. Her home is at C. 121-122 N. Y.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY HAS GREAT OPPORTUNITY

Campaign of Oregon Laymen to Raise \$100,000 May Lead to a Very Large Endowment.

According to A. F. Fiegel, chairman of the campaign executive committee of the Laymen's Association of Oregon, working in the interests of Willamette University, there is excellent reason to believe that, if friends of the old school in the Northwest subscribe \$100,000 for its immediate needs, others who are watching the progress of the institution and are not waiting to see what is done now, will come forward and make large contributions that will go to make the university a very much larger one before two or three years have gone by.

The \$100,000 which the laymen of the Oregon conference are now seeking is for the immediate restoration of Waller hall, for men; completion of Lausanne hall, the women's dormitory, and a heating plant.

With these improvements, which are absolutely essential to the largest usefulness of the university in caring for pupils already enrolled and the usual annual increase, Willamette will be very well provided for on the present basis. Should there follow large gifts, as predicted by Mr. Fiegel, of course a number of other buildings would be constructed and the entire activity of the school would be greatly enlarged.

The active canvassing for funds probably will be undertaken about next week. From all over the state have come to the members of the committee assurances of support. Many have said they know of no other means of investing money that will bring larger returns.

Headquarters are at 505 Platt building, Portland.

Willamette University Endowment Campaign

The campaign to raise \$100,000 for Willamette University at Salem is well under way. All of the preliminary organization work has been completed and about next week the actual canvass for funds will be undertaken.

This undertaking is backed by the Laymen's Association of the Oregon Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church and funds will, naturally, come chiefly from members of that denomination. However, as others have in the past given generously to the fine old institution which for 75 years has been steadily turning out men and women whose lives have gone far toward making the great Northwest what it is, so no doubt will be the case in this effort adequately to finance Willamette.

While having the heartiest, enthusiastic indorsement of the late Bishop Hughes, who set aside precedent and asked the pastors of the conference to have a special Sunday for Willamette, and the full support of the ministers, the campaign is really a laymen's project. At their conference, held in Salem last October, the delegates unanimously decided to take hold of the situation this year and put over a big job for the school. Therefore, they are directing the work through a special executive committee, backed by a larger advisory board of prominent lay members of the

First building, forward. Funds subscribed will go to enable the trustees to rebuild Waller hall for men and Lausanne hall for a women's dormitory, with installation of a central heating plant, thus clearing up the present crowded condition at the university.

Why Willamette University Needs Help

Willamette University, located at Salem, is one of the oldest denominational schools in the country, has a magnificent record of achievement and has given to the world many men and women of strong character who have contributed and are contributing to the best progress of the nation's life—especially of the Northwest.

Willamette exists for but one purpose—to educate men and women fully, in a Christian way, and to send them out into the world to help make it better. That is what it has been doing for 75 years and what it will continue to do on a larger scale.

Willamette now needs the rehabilitation of Waller hall, partially destroyed by fire last December, and completion of Lausanne hall, the former for men and the latter as a dormitory for women. A central heating plant is also required.

Laymen of the Oregon conference have set out to raise \$100,000 for this purpose. Confident that the old school is entitled to even more than this amount, they will canvass the state about next week. To what better investment could money be put?

Campaign headquarters are in room 505, Platt building, Portland.

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