## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

By H. G. WELLS

Condensation by Alfred S. Clark

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Wells, the discussed living novelist, was born at Bromley, Kent. on Sept. 21, 1866 the son of a fa mous professions cricket player. His daughter who had been a lady's maid before her mar-riage. The boy had an irregula: education, but he was quick to age of 16, after working as an attendant in a store he secured a posi-tion as assistant in a grammar school. He ob-tained a scholar

ship at London university, was graduated with high honors and taught science in a private school.

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In 1893 he began to write, doing articles for, and later becoming dramatic critic of, the Pall Mail Gasette. He was already interested in social conditions and an untiring student of science. These two interests he combined in the series of romances that opened with "The Time Machine." In movels and short stories he created startling fantasies of the future, displaying his most abundant invention in "The War of the Worlds." He oftentimes discussed future wars in these stories and his forecasts were amazingly like what was seen on the battle-fields of Europe.

elds of Europe. In the meantime he had been writing In the meantime he had been writing stories about contemporary life and books about social conditions. These he turned to more and more with the years. Of his later novels, bristling with wit and ideas, those that have been most widely read and discussed include "Kipps," "Tono-Bungay," "Ann Veronica," "The New Machiavelli," "Marriage" and "Joan and Peter," his latest novel. Most popular of all was "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," generally regarded as the best war novel written in English. written in English.

HAT I marvel at now, when recall the days when the Martians were speeding earthward, is our unconcern. The skies were peopled with incredible evil, with unimaginably repulsive monsters armed with superhuman weapons. The catastrophic Things ered through English lanes, with no thought of the swift and scorching death above their heads.

Through a telescope, I had watched one of the colossal squirts of flame on the rim of the tiny, red planet. It did not occur to me that these gaseous jets accompanied the firing of a mighty gun that had launched ten huge cylinders into space. Learning to ride a bicycle interested me more than eruptions on Mars. The planet seemed so remote. Forty million miles away!

Ogilvy, the astronomer, found the first messenger. He had seen it falling and supposed it a wandering meteorite, but its shape surprised him. It was cylindrical, fully 30 yards across the exposed face. It was so hot that he could not get near it. Then, to his utter amazement, the top began to unscrew. There was something in it. something alive! Not until then did he link it with the flashes on Mars.

Late that afternoon I saw the Martian. I was one of a curious crowd in front of the cylinder when the lid fell off. A peered into the black interior and fancled I saw shadows stirring. Then something like a snake wriggled into sight. I stood stricken with terror, A round body, about four feet across, pulled itself painfully to the opening.

I had expected to see something like a man, fantastic perhaps, but two-legged. This thing was just an olly, leathery body, legless and armless, with a chinless and noseless face. Two great eyes, dark and luminous, were mirrors for an extraordinary brain. The creature panted and heaved, weighed down by the greater pull of gravity on earth. An intense loathing came over me. Suddenly, the monster toppled over, into the pit. Then I ran, madly.

From a distance I watched the Deputation that went out under a white flag. I saw three tlashes of greenish light and darts of fire leaped from one to another of the little figures. Even as I saw them touched with death. I did not realize what was happening.

Suddenly I knew and again I ran. People nearby slept unconcernedly that pight, although the Heat Rays had set half a dozen villas aflame and pine trees were red torches. We were sure that these dangerous invaders were fatally sluggish. A well-aimed shell would finish them. And while we slept, the Martians were methodically rearing those mighty machines that were so soon to shatter our neat theories about their helplessness. That night another cylinder fell and eight more were driving on.

It was the next night that I saw the striding Martians. "Boilers on stilts" I heard them called later. I saw them by flashes of lightning and the glow of countless fires, clanking machines 100 feet high, moving upon three gi-

untile legs like an exaggerated tripod driving on with an express-train's Dan Reed Makes speed, smashing everything in their path. At the tops, crouched in metal hoods, buy the Martians.

Looking out from my windows at dawn, I beheld an abominable desolation, a blackened world that had been green and fair. I struck out for London and for miles saw not a living beng. I had reached the Thames when saw the Things coming, five of them. I ran for the water. Straight toward me sped one, but I might have been in ant in a man's path. It strode through the river and towered above Shepperton. Then six hidden guns belched together. One shell struck the hood and there was a horrible confusion of flesh and blood and metal. Something drove the uncontrolled machine on, crashing through the village, toppling over the church-tower, collapsing in the river. The others rushed to the spot and the air was crackling of fires. Shepperton leaped were bearing away the smushed ma-

I stumbled on, panic-stricken, dazed. The world was doomed. These monhad been added the Black Smoke, a cloud of poison that blighted all living things. So London strenmed in flight, 6,000,000 people roaring out along the highways until they were rivers in flood.

I fell into a doze under a hedge and there the curate joined me. He was half-mad with fright and clung to me. We plodded on to a suburb where we sought refuge in a deserted house. At midnight came a blinding flash. When day broke, we peered through a peep-hole and in the garden was a Martian. Embedded in the earth was another glowing cylinder.

For fifteen days I was penned there. any other man now living. I watched their intricate machines—the automatic digger, the sensitive handlingmachine like a metallic spider,-so flexible and so swiftly sure that they seemed centuries in advance of our rigid machinery. I could study too cold, remorseless intelligences unswayed by emotion. They neither slept nor ate; they were sexless and their young were budded off, like the young of corals. Most horrible to me was the fact that they injected men's blood into their veins for nourishment.

It was this that drove me to act as I did when the curate went raving were hurtling on, covetous of our warn the Martians of our presence greener and warmer planet, and lovers and I tried to silence bim. He broke away and I caught him in the kitches where I felled him with a meut-chopper. He dropped stunned and then I saw two dark eyes at the window. I fled to the coal-cellar and above me ged across the floor.

I piled wood and coal over me when I heard that tapping at the cellardoor. Through crevices I could see the terrible arm of a handling-muchine, waving, feeling, examining. Once it ran across the heel of my boot and I nearly screamed. Then it went away.

A week passed before I dared look out. About the peep-hole was massed quantities of the red weed that the gether. Martians had brought-evidently vegetation on Mars is red. I pushed it aside and gazed out. The garden was deserted.

I crept into a descinte world, About me was a smashed village. I struggled in through the outskirts of London and not until I reached Wimbledon Common did I meet a man. He had food and drink and plans for the future, visions of a people living in the great drains until they had science enough to conquer their conquerors. I stayed with him until I had regained my strength and then walked into dead London.

The metropolis was stilled of all its humming life. Here and there were heaps of dead, withered by Binck Smoke; here and there were signs of destruction but it was little changed except for the horrible quiet. I was near South Kensington when I heard the mournful howling, "utta, offa!" Not until the next day did I see the hood of the giant that was making this sobbing wall. He did not move nor did three others that I saw, standing strangely still. Driven by fear, 1 resolved to end it all. I walked toward the Thing nearest me and saw birds circling about the hood, tearing at

something within. I scrambled hastly up a great rampart and below me was the Martian camp. They were all dead, nearly 50 of them, some in their machines and others prone upon the ground. They could conquer man but they had fallen before man's most relentless foe, the

disease bacteria of earth. "Whatever destruction was done, the hand of the destroyer was stayed. All the gaunt wrecks, the blackened skeletons of houses that stared so dismally at the sunlit grass of the hill, would presently be echoing with the hammers of the restorers and ringing with the tapping of the trowels. At the thought I extended my bands toward the sky and began thanking God. In a year, thought I-in a year

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Bend Oregon, Man In ad Shape Takes Tanlac and Feels Like New Man, Now.

"I have actually gained twentyseven pounds in weight and feel just like a new man since I began taking ! Tanlac," said Dan Reed, a woodman, who lives at Bend, Ore., while in the Owl drug store recently. Continuing, he said:

"Some time ago I began to have trouble with my stomach. My appefilled with hissing of Heat Ruys and life became very poor and I finally got to where I would have to force into flame. I staggered to the shore down every mouthful I ate, and when and when I looked up, the Things I did this I would suffer with intense cramping pains in my stomach afterward. I would also bloat something awful and my heart would palpitate sters could slay with Heat Rays be terribly and it would be all I could yond the range of our biggest guns, do to get my breath. I lost so much Not again could we kill one of them | weight that I finally became so weak by surprise. Terror stalked through I could hardly drag myself around. London. To the horror of Heat Rays When I got up in the morping I always felt worse than when I went to bed, and I had no energy and just felt tired and wornout all the time.

"I had been reading so much about Tanlac in the newspapers and the good it was doing others I decided to give it a trial, and it commenced to help me almost at once. My appetite improved and I began to pick up in weight and strength. I have taken seven bottles in all now, and am glad to say I have been completely relieved of all my troubles. I can eat anything I want without suffering any bad effects and all that tired so I saw more of the monsters than wornout feeling has gone. I can sleep all night long without waking and always get up in the morning feeling ready for my days work, and while the job of woodsman naturally requires a great deal of physical strength I can do as much as I ever the Martian habits. I learned that did. Tanlac did me a great service evolution had made them all brain, in restoring my health, and I am always glad to tell others about it, and never miss an opportunity to do so."

Tanise is sold in Burns by Reed . Brothers, and in Crane by Vaic Trading Co.

Prediction is made that within the next ten years a majority of the mad. I knew that his shouts would American people will forsake their comfortable homes and take up their residence in hotels. But we don't believe it. The American home is an institution sacred to every citizen of normal intelligence. It affords privacy and an opportunity to live in I heard a tapping, tapping, and then quiet and contentment. It is the the noise of a heavy body being drag- ideal environment for the rearing of children, for the perpetuation of the race. It is as far superior to the crowded hotel as sunshine is to the blizzard. "Home, Sweet Home," will endure as long as the republic stands, for without its ennodling influence we would be but little removed from the animals that herd to-

A smile is better than a scowl, and If you keep this fact in mind you will be doing your own child an inestimable service, one which will do much 27 Pounn Gain toward shaping his career in after

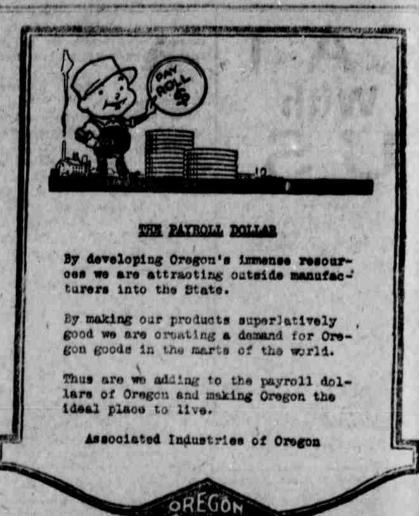
> This of course can not last indefinitely with safety to the republic. but it is difficult to conceive how we are to lead the American people back to earth again without bringing a disastrous crash about our heads.



Eye strain causes headaches, nervousness and other troubies. I fit glasses accurately and scientifically.

All Work Guaranteed. MAURICE SCHWARTZ Optometrist

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March 3, 1920 the Ford Motor Co. advanced the prices of Ford cars because of the incresed cost of Production. No specific announcement was deemed necessary at the time, but it has developed that misrepresentations and misquotations of these advanced prices have been and are being given out. So to safeguard the public against the evels of Misrepresentation, we

herewith give the present prices: Runabout with dual electric starting and lighting with dual electric starting and lighting Touring Car . \$575 \$750 with dual electric starting and lighting Coupe with dual electric starting and lighting Sedan

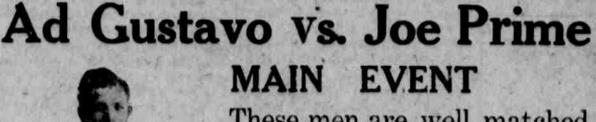
with solid tires and clincher rims Truck Chassis (with posumatic tiers and dem. rims \$640) These prices are all f. o. b. Detroit

Fordson Tractor \$850.00 f. o. b. Dearborn Mich.

**Burns Garage** 

# Wrestling Match

Tonawama, Monday, May 24, 5 o'clock



These men are well matched and the bout promises to be a hard contested match.

# 2 PRELIMINARIES

Precede the main event

Clean Sport---Ladies Invited

### ADMISSION:

Ringside Seats - \$2.00

General, Ladies, .50

Children

