

### CONDENSED CLASSICS

#### GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

By DEAN SWIFT

Condensed by James Connolly



The great Dean of St. Patrick's who ranks among the notable scholars of all ages and all lands, was born in Moy's Court, Dublin, November 20, 1667. He died October 19, 1745.

This great brilliant wit, genius, humorist, master of irony and invective, and true Irish patriot, was born to poverty and dependence; he started life embittered and he ended "dying of rage like a poisoned rat in a hole."

To use his own expression, his life was a failure, though he played a mighty part. "Good God, what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" he said when he later reread the "Tale of a Tub," and the world has agreed with him. Yet failure ever tracked him. He never received the preferment in the church which his ability would have brought another; by his political pamphlets he largely formed the public opinion of his time, yet that was the end of it for him; he had the strongest attachments for two women, "Stella," to whom the famous "Journal" was written, and "Vanessa," but little happiness came to him. "To think of Stella," said Thackeray, "is like thinking of the ruins of a great empire."

"Gulliver's Travels" (1726), though a satire on courts and statesmen, has survived its temporary and local popularity, and, especially in the first two parts, is considered to be one of the great possessions of literature.

I WAS of a Nottinghamshire family and educated at Cambridge. Likewise was I educated in medicine, and preferring a ship's surgeon to any preferment ashore, it came about that after several deep-sea voyages I found myself surgeon of that ship, the Antelope, which was wrecked in a violent storm on a coast north-west of Van Diemen's Land.

Of all the ship's company I alone escaped to the land, where, in utter exhaustion, I lay down and fell asleep. I awakened to find myself bound hand and foot, and surrounded by swarms of the tiniest human creatures. They brought me food and drink and conveyed me to their capital, where the king, of a majesty a full half-inch taller than any of his subjects, came with his court to view me.

In time I learned that I was in the kingdom of the Lilliputians. By them I was kept a long time in captivity. Being ultimately satisfied of the harmlessness of my intent, I also adding my word of honor to do them no injury, they released me, and set aside six professors of education to teach me their language. For my bodily sustenance they allowed me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for 1724 of their own people; for so, being exact in their mathematics, they estimated the proportions of my bulk to theirs. Three hundred cooks and one hundred and twenty waiters were named to dress my meals, two hundred seamstresses were appointed to make my linen, and three hundred tailors for my outer clothing.

With my wants thus attended to, I was desirous to be of service to them. My first service was not to damage their people or their property as I walked abroad, a most likely danger when the men were of such size that I could scudde two or three of them in one of my coat pockets. In walking the streets, were I to step heavily, there was danger of my shaking down large buildings; or, by not having an eye below me, I could easily tread to death half a dozen of their cattle.

One day the king, who was most friendly to me, came to me in great trouble. The emperor of the neighboring kingdom of Blefuscu had threatened to lay waste the kingdom of Lilliputia. The Blefuscu navy, consisting of fifty great ships of war, was even then about to set sail; but I, by wading and swimming, reached their chief harbor where they were yet at anchor. With my pocket knife I cut the cables of their fifty ships of war, and then, tying each ship to a piece of twine, I drew them after me to dry land, and so compelled the capitulation of Blefuscu.

While this deed redounded to my glory, it also raised me up powerful enemies, one being the high admiral of the Lilliputian navy. And I wished, I could have crushed them and their entire kingdom under my boots, but there was my pledged word not to harm them. So when by secret intrigue they had me tried and condemned to the loss of my eyes, there was nothing left me but escape. I went to Blefuscu, where I was given a great reception and where they would have me stay; but I was weary of kings and princes, and told them that I desired nothing except that they would provision for me a boat, which I had found drifting on the shore, and allow me to go my way.

They stored the boat with the carcasses of one hundred oxen, three hundred sheep, 150 cows, bullocks, and as much ready-dressed meat as four hundred cooks could provide. Being

thus protected against famine, I set sail on the third day and was picked up by an English merchant captain who deemed me crazy when I told him my story. Not until I had taken several head of cattle from my pockets would he believe me. To my great grief, one of the ship's rats carried off one of my sheep on the way home.

On reaching shore I learned that my uncle John had died and left me his estate near Frying, and the same being sufficient to keep my family from want and the lust to wander being still quick within me, I set off to sea once more, this time in the Adventure bound for Surat.

On this voyage, after a great tempest, we put into a strange bay for water. Rambling on the shore, I became separated from my companions and fell into the hands of some natives of Brobdignag, colossal men, of whom hardly one was under sixty English feet in height.

I was here put on exhibition, and my fame reaching the ears of the king and queen, they commanded my presence at court; and thither I was brought, in the charge of the daughter of one of my captors, a little girl named Glumdalclitch, nine years of age and small for her years, being not above thirty feet in height.

In the train of their majesties I traveled all over the kingdom, which was six thousand miles in length by three to five thousand in breadth. The capital city was fifty-four miles in length by forty-five in breadth, a wonderful city where the king's palace was seven miles around and the chief room therein two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. The king's stable was also a goodly building, housing five hundred horses, noble creatures of a height of from fifty-four to sixty feet.

Of the Lilliputians, I used to say that they were people without a blemish in their persons, and the Brobdignagians coarse beyond description; but later reflection induces me to think that the Lilliputians had blemishes proportionate to their size, the same being too tiny for me to estimate; and that possibly the Brobdignagians appeared more vulgar than they truly were, their colossal proportions magnifying every defect. In some matters these large people were at least larger-minded. Thus, in the matter of whether it was proper to break an egg on the little or big end—which had almost split the Lilliputian kingdom in twain—as to that matter the Brobdignagians would have lost little sleep. I judge this from a comment by the Brobdignagian king on a political matter which I spoke of in connection with my own country—England. "It is tyranny," he said, "for a government to require those who hold differing opinions to change or not to change them."

His majesty was much interested to hear of England; whereat I related at length her history, which astonished him. He protested that it seemed no more than a sequence of conspiracies, murders, revolutions, banishments, the worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, hatred, lust, malice and ambition could produce. "What a pernicious race of odious vermin to be allowed to crawl upon the earth!" he said; which injurious judgment of my noble and beloved country pained me exceedingly.

Now while I had become a favorite of a great nation, it was upon such a footing as ill became the dignity of human kind. I wished to be once more with people of my own kind; also I longed for a whiff of that sea which looked toward my own land. In response to my entreaties, I was taken to the sea coast. My little nurse Glumdalclitch being ill, I was put in charge of a page; who left me alone on the shore while he sought for birds' eggs. While thus alone, a traveling cabinet in which I lay was seized by a great bird who took it far out to sea and then let it drop, almost at the exact moment that an English ship happened by to pick me up. Thus was I singularly rescued and brought once more safe to England.

I made other voyages and had divers adventures, a most singular one being that of my rescue from a desert continent by the people of an island which flew in the air, the same being made to rise and fall by means of an immense loadstone. The people of the flying island held themselves as a superior race, for no greater reason that I could see than that they had one eye turned inward and one turned upward.

A later voyage took me to the country of the Yahoos and the Houyhnhnms. The Yahoos, being servile attendants to the Houyhnhnms, were of disgusting habits, and so much resembled human beings that the wise and virtuous Houyhnhnms took me also for a Yahoo even to the end of my stay with them, a judgment which grieved me much.

The Houyhnhnms, who had the forms of horses, had the most sensible laws of any creature that I ever lived with. Their abhorrence of many of our human habits was so deep that I came in time to have a contempt for my own species and wished that I, too, were a Houyhnhnm and be allowed to remain with them; but they banished me from their kingdom as one who might set up for a leader of the Yahoos and so sometime give them trouble. They allowed me to build and provision a boat; and so I paddled off and in time reached England, where my wife and children were very glad to see me.

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#### IVANHOE

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

Condensed by Prof. William Fenwick Harris



But as a boy he was so far overgrown this handicap that he was always in the thick of schoolboy fights, and none of his comrades could climb better than he the steep slopes of the Castle-rock.

As soon as he was old enough to read, he literally devoured books. He would not read love stories or tales of family life. He wanted always yarns of adventure or books of history. As a boy, he was so steeped in chronicles of feudal times, in histories of bygone days, or in accounts of Scottish life, that he was already equipped with his background for "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman." "Kilnwick" and "Quentinward," "The Heart of Midlothian" and "Waverley."

He loved Scotland with a passionate devotion that has seldom been equaled. He told Washington Irving that he thought he should die if he could not see the heather at least once a year. He wrote straight out of his heart the lines:

Breathes there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said:  
This is my own, my native land!

"AND I must lie here like a bedridden monk!" exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hands of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage Rebecca again took post at the lattice.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not. He blenches not," said Rebecca. "I see him now; he lends a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the burgiers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! It is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again; there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed: "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear lady's sake, tell me which has fallen."

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca faintly; then instantly again shouted with eagerness: "But no—but no! The name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! He is on foot again, and fights as if there were 20 men's strength in his single arm! His sword is broken; he snatches an ax from a yeoman; he pushes Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman. He falls—he falls!"

The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge ax—the thundering blows which he deals—you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hurled down on the bold champion; he regards them no more

than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By Saint Joan of Arc," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England who might do such a deed!"

Ivanhoe was right; the Black Knight of the Fetterlock was Richard Plantagenet of the Lion Heart, king of England, only just returned to his kingdom from the Holy Land, though but few knew of his arrival as yet. In his absence England had been under the selfish rule of the king's younger brother John, who was planning to usurp the kingdom.

The great story teller gathers his characters together at the tournament of Ashby. There come for the sports of chivalry Rowena, heiress of the Saxon rulers, now dispossessed by the Normans, accompanied by her sturdy uncle, Cedric; Rebecca, beautiful Jewish maiden, whose fate is constantly foreshadowed with that of Ivanhoe, disinherited son of Cedric, a father who will have naught to do with a Saxon son who is willing to accept the Normans and their ways, and even to be a devout follower of Richard the king; Isaac of York, Rebecca's father, wandering Jew of vast wealth, who is constantly the prey of the ruthless Norman nobles, who would wring his riches from him by torture and imprisonment; Robin Hood and his merry men of the forest glades, not forgetting the redoubtable Friar Tuck, equally adept in the ways of the clerk, the yeoman or the roisterer. To them are added of Norman stock the redoubtable Front-de-Bœuf, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, the prior of Jorvaulx, and Prince John; Athelstane, Saxon lord, destined by Cedric for the hand of Rowena; Gurth the swine-herd, and Wamba, the jester; and the mysterious Black Prince, who, like Ivanhoe, makes his appearance incognito till he shall discover how things have gone in his absence.

Sir Walter prided himself on his mastery of what he called "the big bow-wow" style; no other of the Waverley novels illustrates his power better than "Ivanhoe." One stately and stirring event follows another, all holding the reader rapt in thrills, but none quite as much as the siege of the castle of Front-de-Bœuf by Richard and his Saxon friends. Rebecca from the lattice recounting to the wounded Ivanhoe the fortunes of the battle stands out in the memory of many a reader as Sir Walter's greatest success in the grand style. And despite the heroic mold in which the characters are cast, they yet surpass in the hold they gain upon the reader. Few have closed the book without a sigh of regret that the hero had to make a choice between Rebecca and Rowena; and in our day and country few can fail to see the likeness in many respects between Richard of the Lion Heart and the president so lately gone.

The knights are dust,  
And their good swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

In the passage at arms at Ashby appears the Mysterious Knight, whom the reader knows to be Ivanhoe, fresh from the Crusade in the Holy Land; in the contests of chivalry he valiantly defeats the Norman champions, and bestows the prize of Queen of Beauty upon his youthful love, Rowena; the reader gets but a glimpse of a still more mysterious knight, whom we can only suspect to be the king. From the jousts all journey on their several ways, but in the forest the Normans plan a lawless ambush and carry off to the castle of Front-de-Bœuf for motives of revenge, or passion, or greed, Ivanhoe, who had been wounded at Ashby; Rebecca, Rowena and Isaac of York. The mysterious Knight of the Fetterlock appears as the timely leader of the merry men of the greenwood, who besiege the castle, to the great disaster of the lordly brigands. After

the rescue of the prisoners, all are reunited, there follows the joyous celebration of the forest outlaws, a happy interlude between the scenes of derring-do.

The strenuous king departed for still more strenuous struggles in winning his kingdom; Rowena and Cedric sought their home; Ivanhoe followed his chief; Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Templar though he was and pledged to holy practices, bore off his unhappy prisoner, Rebecca. But he was discovered in his wicked designs by the austere head of his order. In an assembly of the Templars, however, Rebecca was condemned to death as a sorceress who had seduced from the paths of virtue an unwilling knight! Her only chance for life lies in the ordeal by battle. Her one champion is Ivanhoe, far away though he is, whom she had cured of the wound received at Ashby. Brian de Bois-Guilbert, by the irony of chivalry, is the champion of his order and of virtue in distress. At the last possible moment Ivanhoe comes spurring to the lists, to a victory which all the laws of fiction forestall. Not after him comes clattering Richard and his train, to enforce the royal standard as undisputed king of England. And all live happy ever after? Save only Rebecca! If Ivanhoe must wed Rowena, every musician reader feels that he would gladly offer himself to her rival. For as Prince John cried when first he saw her: "By the bald sculp of Abraham, yonder Jewess must be the very model of perfection whose charms drove frantic the wisest king that ever lived!"

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