

CONDENSED CLASSICS

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

By **JULES VERNE**
Condensation by James B. Connolly



Jules Verne was born at Nantes February 8, 1828. Though he had gone to Paris to study for the bar he followed in the footsteps of the legion who have found the idle moments of the law a pleasant occasion for the wandering imagination. The opera and the stage attracted him, but it was not long before he discovered a field which he made his own—that of imaginary voyages to any impossible places to which his whimsy might direct him, for which, however, he had prepared a time table and made all sorts of scientific preparation in the most minute way. Such imaginary trips have been made by writers from Homer's days to those of H. G. Wells, and the guides have included such personages as Virgil, Dante, Cyrano de Bergerac, Dean Swift and Daniel Defoe. But none have been more matter of fact or more brilliant in carrying off the matter, and the marvels of science in the present war have brought Jules Verne and his delightful day dreams to the minds of all.

Perhaps the most famous trips were those to the "Center of the Earth," "From the Earth to the Moon," "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and "Around the World in Eighty Days." All the languages of the world know the tales, and most theaters know the last named, as well as "Michael Strogoff." He died at Amiens, where his home has long been pointed out, March 24, 1905.

I WAS leaning forward on the starboard bulwark, my servant Consell beside me, when the voice of Ned Land, the big harpooner, broke the silence. "Look! There is the thing we are looking for!" he cried. We all saw the sea monster, or whatever it was, which we had been hunting for months. It made off as we charged. We gave chase. Throughout all that night and next day we pursued. We stopped. It stopped. Once it allowed us to creep close to it; and as we crept it rammed us. The shock of collision threw me into the sea. I would have drowned but for my faithful Consell. He supported me to the hard metallic back of the monster. Here we were joined by Ned Land. As we were resting there, eight masked men came through a hatch and drew us down into the bowels of what we now saw was not a monster, but a strange kind of sea craft. Thus began the strange voyage with that remarkable character who called himself Captain Nemo, and in that strange wonderful ship which he called the Nautilus.

The Nautilus was a cigar-shaped steel ship of 232 feet in length, 26 feet beam and 1,500 tons dead weight. There were two hulls, one inside the other joined by T-shaped irons, which rendered them of almost uncrushable strength. She was driven by electric engines of tremendous power. Tanks which could be filled or emptied at will enabled her to cruise on the surface or under the water as she pleased. She was fitted with all kinds of working and lounging quarters. In a library were books on the sciences, morals, literature of almost every language. There was a drawing room with a luminous ceiling which served also as a museum, and into which an intelligent hand had gathered submarine treasures of the world: the rarest shells, pearls of all colors and beyond price, every variety of undersea vegetation; also paintings of the masters, admirable statues in marble and bronze, a great organ piano.

From the inside of her a staircase led to a platform or deck from which rose two cages, partly enclosed by thick glass. One cage was for the helmsman, the other contained an electric searchlight to light the course of the ship in dark waters. On this platform also was a place wherein was stored a long-boat.

Captain Nemo was tall and robustly-built, with pale skin, lofty brow, and the fine taper hands of a highly nervous temperament. He spoke French, English, German, Latin, all equally well. He may have been thirty-five, he may have been fifty years old.

It was on November 6, 1866, with the coast of Japan in view, that this strange captain told us we were prisoners for him to do with as he pleased. "And now," he added, "our course is E. N. E. and our cruising depth 20 fathoms. I leave you to the resources of these quarters and your own reflections."

We remained mute, not knowing what surprise awaited us. Suddenly a dazzling light broke in on us. We saw that only glass panels separated us from a sea which was illuminated far to either side by the powerful electric gleams from the ship. What a spectacle! An army of undersea creatures escorted us. They were various and beautiful in the clear water, many known, but hundreds unknown to us. We heard and saw nothing of the

captain for several days; then came a note inviting us to a hunt on the bottom of the sea. We donned diving suits, then fastened on a sort of knapsack which furnished us not only with air to breathe, but with the light to see our way. We carried air-gun which fired glass bullets heavily charged with electricity, which had only to touch the most powerful animal to kill him. A connecting compartment filled with water let us into the sea. And thus equipped, wading on the bottom of the clear ocean, we killed our game with ease and without danger.

That hunt was but the first of the wonders of the cruise. Onward we rushed, sometimes on the surface sometimes under the sea. There was our fight with the immense devil-fish which once in a huge school enmeshed the Nautilus. There was the visit to a wonderful pearl fishery, where Captain Nemo showed us a mollusk with in whose jaws was a pearl weighing perhaps 500 pounds. Some day he would return and pluck that treasure but not yet—every year was adding to its value. We visited the skeletons of long-sunken ships, the corpses of the drowned crew still clinging to the hull of some. We hunted in the Papuan islands where the Nautilus was attacked by the native savages. An electric current turned them back shocked and howling ere they could climb aboard.

When one of the crew died Captain Nemo had him buried in a coral glade in the South Pacific, where was a cross of red coral that looked like petrified blood. It was a wonderful, solemn sight to see the pall-bearers with the dead body on their shoulders, and all treading so reverentially the way from the ship to the coral cemetery, where at the foot of the cross the body was interred and covered up. All knelt in prayer. Captain Nemo was the last to leave.

"Your dead sleep quietly out of the reach of sharks," I said when we were back on the Nautilus.

"Of sharks and men," he replied.

We voyaged under colossal icebergs to the South Pole and all but perished there, escaping from an icy tomb only as our last breath of storage air was exhausted. Wonderful was our passage from the Red Sea into the Mediterranean by means of a subterranean tunnel under the isthmus. (This was before the digging of the Suez canal.) There we witnessed the transfer of a million dollars' worth of gold ingots from the Nautilus to the vessel of a Greek diver.

Whence came this store of gold? Later we learned.

In Vigo bay, on the Spanish coast, the Nautilus came to rest on bottom. Here in 1702 a fleet of Spanish galleons were sunk, and here from this sunken treasure more than a century and a half later this ruler of the undersea came and helped himself whenever it pleased him. "Five hundred millions were there," said Captain Nemo, "but not now. Do you see now how with these and the other treasures of my domain I could pay the national debt of France and not feel it?"

We had now been six months aboard the Nautilus. For me, the scientist, it was a voyage of ceaseless interest; but not so for Consell and Ned Land. At their request I pleaded with Captain Nemo for our liberty. "You came to my ship without invitation. You will now remain here," was his grim answer.

We had left the southern hemisphere and were in the waters of France and the British Islands when we were pursued by an armed warship. Flying no colors, she attacked at once. Her cannon shot rebounded from our iron hull.

Captain Nemo, pointing to her, said: "I am the oppressed, and there is my oppressor. Through him I have lost country, wife, children, father and mother. Why should I withhold my vengeance?"

He called out his orders. The Nautilus sank below the sea. We felt her rushing forward, felt the shock of her steel ram piercing the hull of the enemy. Through the glass panels we saw her doomed crew crowding the railings, clinging to the rails, struggling in the sea. The Nautilus passed on.

I saw captain Nemo go to his room and kneel before the portrait of a woman and two little children. "How long, O Lord, how long!" he cried out. We steamed north, to that part of the Norwegian coast where lies that dreaded maelstrom which draws into itself all floating things. The Nautilus—was it an accident?—was drawn into the whirlpool. Around and around she whirled. Even her steel hull felt the strain; we could hear bolts being pulled out from her girders. The long-boat was torn from its place on deck and hurled like a stone into the whirlpool. I lost consciousness.

When I came to myself, I was in a Loffoden fisherman's hut, and Consell and Ned Land were chafing my hands.

So ended our voyage of 20,000 leagues under the sea. What became of Captain Nemo and his strange craft I do not know. I hope his powerful ship conquered the maelstrom, even as I hope, if he lived, that his philosophy and powerful will finally conquered his desire for vengeance.

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Worth the Price of Admission.
"Although a frequent patron of the movies, I'm afraid Mr. Jibway is not what you would call a motion picture fan."
"No?"
"When I asked him what he got out of the movies that gave him the greatest enjoyment he said, 'A nap!'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Thanksgiving.
By Eugene C. Dolson.
Work of the harvest ended,
Now, as the year grows old,
Granaries overflowing,
Full as the bins can hold.
Peace and plenty surround us—
Each has a bounteous share;
Thanks to the fertile farmlands,
Opulence everywhere.
Thanks to the sturdy toiler,
Answering duty's call;
Thanks to the gracious Giver,
Infinite Lord of all.
Brothers, once more united,
Brothers from far away,
Each of us yet remembers
This—our Thanksgiving Day!
(© 1920. Western Newspaper Union.)

WITH THE DAY'S WORK DONE
Thanksgiving Day May Be Likened to the Beginning of a Long and Pleasant Evening.

As each Thanksgiving day approaches it becomes more and more apparent to those who are in the habit of meditating upon affairs in general that the spirit of the occasion is one to inspire individual sensation, and that expression of that sensation falls short of the mark. There is in the Thanksgiving season a sort of benign pause to the energies of the year, a subconsciousness of filled granaries and of hay packed in the barn loft, the cattle crunching in the stalls, and the drapery of the trees laid by for the approaching winter. It is the twilight of the year; the chores are done and the men folks come stamping at the doorstep. The dinner is steaming on the table and soon, the food eaten, we will settle down for the long evening.

It has been a big day. The men folks have finished a mighty harvest in Europe and come home. We give thanks for those that come home because they are the living symbols of the nation's courage; and for those that will not come again save in the spirit, for they have been transfigured in the flame of the great conflict. And there will be our thanks for the stout hearts of American mothers who bore in silence and fortitude the burdens of their agonies; for these are the symbols of the nation's devotion to pure ideals.

HIS THANKSGIVING WISH



Boy—Jenny, I'd like to be round dead wid dat whole turkey in me stummick an' dat bill o' fare for a tombstone!

Thanksgiving Time.

When brimming barns reward the work-filled year,
When fuel-piles and bins bring indoor cheer,
When life and health have clung to those we love,
The normal human heart will look above
And thank a blessed Source for what He sends
In basket, store and intercourse with friends.

When through another year our nation's soul
Has triumphed though the war-waves madly roll,
When in our lives still live the patriot fires
To fan the which each loyal heart aspires,
When we all unshamed can face the world
And Stars and Stripes unblemished are unfurled—
Then and then always shall we deem it meet
To send aloft a prayer as incense sweet
For grateful hearts to feel and tongues to say
Feelings and words that fit Thanksgiving Day.
Sing on! God's goodness never can be told—



the good die young," for good cannot grow old!
L'Envoi
the Scrooge-like soul with accents ruff
our theme and grimly sneers
stuff.
England Gillian in Farm Life.
kept count of our blessings,
a Thanksgiving

HAS BEEN CHANGE
Oldtimer Talks of Past Thanksgiving Days.

Thinks Religious Character of Celebration Not So Generally Dwelt On as It Was—Grandma's Plea.

"Thanksgiving weather may be the same as it always has been," said the gray-haired, young-looking man. "My own recollection is that I used to go skating almost every year on that day, but the weather bureau insists that the climate has not changed and I don't dispute the point.

"But one thing I'm sure of—Thanksgiving day is not generally celebrated now as it used to be when I was a boy. For one thing, I don't believe many people have family prayers on that day, or any other, for that matter, but 50 years ago it was a very irreligious family indeed who did not



Like Grandma Used to Make.

hold a special Thanksgiving service of that kind. "Thanksgiving meals were things to remember. Those were the 'good old days when doughnuts were made as big as bricks, and 'twas not thought necessary to eat as many as six,' but the doughnut came between meals, and on Thanksgiving day they were not greatly in demand.

"For breakfast we always had chicken with many 'fixins' and pancakes and sweet cider for dessert. It was a meal for all day, but not long after noon we all gathered for the feast, and it was a small family that did not muster at least twenty strong. We all went home to grandpa's, the last one of us. Commonly every living member of four generations would be together for that day, no matter how scattered their homes might be.

"After dinner there'd be enough outdoor sport to raise an appetite for six o'clock supper, and after supper indoor games among the young people till bedtime, but even the oldest were dragged into the games until they were tired out.

"There may be families that keep up the old customs even yet, but I wouldn't know where to look for them. Even if I did, I don't suppose I'd be able to get any of the mince and pumpkin pies. And if I should get any of them they wouldn't be such as grandma used to make."

THANKSGIVING AT ITS BEST

City Boys and Girls Don't Make as Much of the Day as Do Their Country Cousins.

The joys of Thanksgiving are not partaken in the fullness thereof by many city boys and girls. They simply know that it is a holiday, when the pleasures and trials of school life are temporarily laid aside, when churches are open for those who want to return devout thanks for the manifold blessings with which they may have been showered, and when the lauder fairly groans with uncommon delicacies.

It is in the country that the manifold blessings of Thanksgiving day reach their full fruition. It is not a mere episode there, as it is in the city, but an event that is anxiously looked forward to for weeks before it dawns. In its celebration it differs from the ways of the city as widely as does day from night. In the thickly populated towns the religious aspect of the holiday has been lost sight of to a great extent, and in its place there has grown up the habit of feasting and making merry. It is a time for family gatherings, for balls, for football, for theatricals and the thousand and one pleasures city life is beset with.



Count Your Blessings.
The last Thursday in November will not mean much to you, unless you have got in the way of counting up your blessings.

Will Rheumatism Again Bind Your Hand and Foot?

If you had Rheumatism last year and treated only the pains of the disease by rubbing with liniments and lotions, you can be sure that soon again you will be in the shackles of this relentless foe. You may get some slight temporary relief from the pains of the disease by the use of these local remedies, but Rheumatism is too real and relentless a disease to be rubbed away. So many cases of Rheumatism come from a tiny germ in the blood, that you should try a remedy that has proven so thoroughly satisfactory in these cases. S.S.S., the fine old blood remedy cleanses the blood of all impurities, and removes all disease germs that may creep into the blood. Begin taking S.S.S. today, and if you will write a complete history of your case, our medical director will give you expert advice, without charge. Address Chief Medical Adviser, Ad-dress Chief Medical Adviser, 157 Swift Laboratory, Atlanta, Ga.

The Fitting Way.
"How do the Irish meet the 'black-and-tans'?" "I guess it is with dogged determination."

DYE RIGHT
Buy only "Diamond Dyes"

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye worn, shabby skirts, waists, dresses, coats, gloves, stockings, sweaters, draperies everything, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods, new, rich fadeless colors. Have druggist show you "Diamond Dyes Color Card."—Adv.

The Boob.
"How did Archie happen to lose out with Miss Goldrox?"
"Why, she told him she really disliked flattery."
"And Archie persisted in paying her extravagant compliments?"
"No; he didn't."

A Summer Girl.
"I seem to have known you before."
"Possibly we were engaged last summer."

Better Than Pills For Liver Ills.
You can't feel so good but what NR will make you feel better.
Get a 25c. Box.
NATURE'S REMEDY
POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Barry's Peppermint Cure. The Standard of all Peppermint Cures. Free Book. Dr. C. H. Barry Co., 297 1/2 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

FRECKLES
EMPEROR FRIEND OF LOWLY

Napoleon III Declared to Have Had Genuine Regard for the Humblor of His Subjects.

The friendly feeling of Napoleon III for the toilers is dwelt upon by Agnes Carey in her "An Empire in Exile," in the Century magazine, and she gives as her authority Empress Eugenie, wife of the last of the emperors. "Whatever his fallings toward her had been," the author says, "she professed a warm admiration of his love of hard work, his pluck and his great kindness of heart and thoughtfulness for every one. The emperor genuinely loved the poor and humble among his subjects, with no thought of policy. He was too good and generous for his people's understanding. Had he been tyrannical and made use of them and trampled them down like some other sovereigns, they would have behaved better toward him, she (Eugenie) said.

"Napoleon was a dreamer and spent much of his time to the serious thinking out of schemes for the benefit of his people, and all mankind. His life's ambition was to better their lot. He had great magnetism, especially with the working classes. The empress charmed every stranger, but the emperor was really more personally and deeply loved by his entourage than was his consort."

Dyeing his hair will not lengthen a man's years.

Made From Our Native Grains
Grape-Nuts
Rich and Nourishing
A blend of wheat and malted barley that costs but little, yet provides a food of most attractive flavor, ready to serve direct from the package.
Grape-Nuts Needs No Sugar

HOW DOCTORS TREAT COLDS AND THE FLU

First Step in Treatment Is a Brief Purgative With Calotabs, the Purified and Refined Calomel Tablets that are Nausealess, Safe and Sure.

Doctors have found by experience that no medicine for colds and influenza can be depended upon for full effectiveness until the liver is made thoroughly active. That is why the first step in treatment is the new, nausealess calomel tablets called Calotabs, which are free from the sickening and weakening effects of the old style calomel. Doctors also point out the fact that an active liver may go a long way towards preventing influenza and is one of the most important factors in enabling the patient to successfully withstand an attack and ward off pneumonia.

One Calotab on the tongue at bed time with a swallow of water—that's all. No salts, no nausea nor the slightest interference with your eating, pleasure or work. Next morning your cold has vanished, your liver is active, your system is purified, and you are feeling fine, with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Druggists sell Calotabs only in original sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. Your money will be cheerfully refunded if you do not find them delightful.—(Adv.)

All Run Down Now Feels Fine
Eatonie Ended His Troubles

"Eatonie is the only thing I have found to stop my heartburn and I think it has been a great help in nervous spells," writes G. C. Johnson. An upset stomach may cause lots of suffering all over the body. Eatonie helps in such cases by removing the cause of the misery, because it takes up and carries out the excess acid and gases and keeps the digestive organs in natural working order. A tablet after meals is all you need. Big box costs only a trifle with druggist's guarantee.

GOT REPORT THAT COUNTED
Coffee Dealer a Little Too Enthusiastic in His Praise of Goods He Had Condemned.

"Have you any of Blank & Co.'s coffee?" the stranger asked.
"Plenty of it, sir! How much would you like?" the dealer responded briskly.

"Do your customers generally like this coffee—I would want only something really good," the customer observed cautiously.

"Never had a more popular brand—it is fine—use it regularly on my own table," the dealer assured him.

"Well, I am glad to hear you speak so well of it now. You wrote me a while back that the goods were so unsatisfactory that you would have to return them unless you were given further special discount. I'm Blank, you know. Good day!"

Heaps of People There.
A little boy who visited a large city for the first time, was amazed at the number of people on the streets.

When he returned home to the country his mother asked him what he thought of the great city.

"Oh," said he, "there were heaps of people there! I think there must have been a fair on!"

Some men get into office with little opposition and get out with none at all.