

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS—By Rudyard Kipling

Our Condensed Classics Series

Condensation by James B. Connolly

Harvey Cheyne's father was immersed in amassing more money, his mother was busy with her nerves; and so we have Harvey, at 15 years, the insufferable type that most grown folks 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 in to 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 cigaret. Some body with a diabolical sense of humor passed him a thick, oily cigaret. 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, Manuel my name."

Later he was hoisted aboard of a schooner and lowered into her heaving fore-cabin 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. Harvey 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-slit 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 otter flying. The gutted 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 rumblings 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 click-lick of the knives in the pens, the wrench and schlop 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 like pride in the thought, he held on grimly. Not till the last fish was stowed 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, Penn to empty a basket of fish liver into a big cask.

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 taps 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 fog, the tides, the gales, the wicked seas, and learned too, fishermen's opinions 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

Rudyard Kipling was born Dec. 20, 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.



RUDYARD KIPLING BORN 1865.

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 in a new way with a brilliance, color and passion unsurpassed; Mulvaney and his pals, the exuberant "Soldiers Three," the captured 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 canvass with brushes of comet'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. He was awarded the Nobel prize for literature in 1907.

never—absolutely never—shown so much as a single light. He saw one day a foul, dragged, unkempt vessel heaving up past the "We're Here," for all the world like a blowsy, frowsy, bad old woman sneering at a decent girl—saw her sail off and into a patch of watery sunshine and—so 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 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 roding lines and racing for their vessels, to 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 heavy dry winds across the open space, the glare and blaze of the high sun; to harken to the grinding of the booms against the masts, the creak of the sheets against the bits, the sail 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 to it? 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, hearing 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, a boy who was inordinately proud that a Gloucester skipper said he had well-earned his \$10.50 and his keep a month. On the end of an ancient wharf Harvey Cheyne and his boy had such a talk as they never could have had four months before. When they parted they knew each other better.

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

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that he could not offer money—he got a berth as mate of one of them with the promise that some day he would get master of the best he could find.

"Great ships these of my father's? O 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."

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"Quo Vadis," the extraordinary novel by Sienkiewicz, one of the "best sellers" of the world a few years back, condensed by Prof. William Fenwick Harris of Cambridge, will be printed next.

HOW IT WORKS.

A boy from old Niles Who accepted with smiles A place as an invalid's chauffeur Slowed up at all signs. Thus avoiding all fines, And was promptly dismissed as a loafer.

MRS. MORGAN HAS GAINED 22 POUNDS

Was Told That Operation Was Only Hope—Tanlac Restored Health.

"Anyone who had noticed the dreadful condition I was in can readily see the wonderful change Tanlac has made in me," said Mrs. E. M. Morgan, residing at 1817 Norton Street, Kansas City, Missouri, in telling of the remarkable benefits she has derived from the medicine, recently.

"I have actually gained twenty-two pounds in weight on five bottles of Tanlac," she continued, "and have improved so much that my neighbors often speak of it. My health had been all broken up for more than a year and I was so nervous that the least noise would upset me. My appetite left me and what little I did eat would sour on my stomach causing gas and intense pain. I would bloat terribly and during these times my heart would palpitate frightfully, almost cutting off my breath, and I was so weak and dizzy that I could not walk a block without stopping to rest. I was badly constipated, had raging headaches, and was losing weight and strength all the time. I would roll and toss most all night, unable to sleep, and would get up in the mornings even more tired than on going to bed. I was constantly under treatment and all the time taking some kind of medicine, but nothing helped me and I finally got right down in bed.

"At the time I got Tanlac I had been confined to my bed for a month. I had been told that an operation would be necessary and was almost in despair, as I always had a horror of the operating table and the knife. Up to this time I had not thought seriously about Tanlac being good for me, although I had often read the wonderful results others claimed to get from it. But, being so anxious to avoid an operation, I decided first to try Tanlac and sent for two bottles. Well, before I had finished my second bottle my appetite was better, the gas stopped forming on my stomach and I did not suffer from shortness of breath and palpitation any more. Now, to put it all in a few words, my nerves are normal and I have no more headaches, dizzy spells or trouble of any kind. Tanlac has not only relieved me of my physical sufferings, but it has eased my mind, too, as I fully believe it has saved me from an operation. I can truthfully say Tanlac has made me feel like a new person and I can't praise it enough."

Tanlac is sold in South Bend by The Central Drug Store, and in Mishawaka by the Red Cross Pharmacy. Adv.

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Our entire stock ofingham Dresses to be sold at \$3.98. These are wonderful bargains. Values up to \$12.50. While they last at **\$3.98**

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Your choice of any Suit in our store that formerly sold for \$35, \$40, \$50. These are made of the best material in the market and are the very latest styles. All sizes. Special Saturday **\$22.50**

Your unrestricted choice of any Trimmed Summer Hat in our store Saturday at **\$4.95** Values to \$10 and \$15

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100 Georgette Waists, worth to \$6.98. Saturday **\$3.98**

Men's and Boys' Bathing Suits, values up to \$3.00. Saturday **98c**

75 dozen of Ladies' Silk Hose, special for Saturday **33c**

Ladies' Silk Hose in all colors, worth up to \$2. Saturday **98c**

Boys' Overalls, Saturday only **59c**

Men's B. V. D.s, special Saturday **53c**

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