

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 tale 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 whims might direct him.

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 rained 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 glasses. 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 26 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-guns 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 roamed, 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 mollusc within 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 hulls 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 underseas came and helped himself whenever it pleased him. "Five hundred millions were there," said Cap-

tain 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 off 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 ratlines, 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.

Copyright, 1919, by Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post). All rights reserved.

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.

SEEKING TO LAND

A WESTERN UNION CABLE AT MIAMI

(Continued From Page One.)

line immediately. Secretary Daniels was advised of the orders upon his return from Alaska. In announcing today that the five destroyers had been assigned to the patrol duty, he said that the instructions from the President were to use any means necessary to prevent the landing of the cable.

Rear Admiral Decker, commandant at Key West, is in command of the destroyer force, but Secretary Daniels said he would be replaced by his senior, Rear Admiral Anderson, commandant at Charleston, S. C.

CABLE SHIP CAPTAIN TOLD

NOT TO TRY LANDING CABLE MIAMI, Fla., Aug. 5.—While the United States destroyers lay off this port today under orders to prevent the British cable layer Colonia from landing on American territory the Barbadoes-Miami cable, instructions from the British embassy at Washington were received by British vice-consul Hubbard to direct the captain of the Colonia upon her arrival to disregard his orders from the Western Union Telegraph company as to landing the cable.

The Colonia is expected to arrive here from Newport News tomorrow and orders issued to her captain are understood to direct the beginning of work at once on landing the cable, working at first beyond the three mile territorial limit.

Rear Admiral Decker, commanding the seventh naval district, with headquarters at Key West, is here aboard the scout patrol Zumbrota, his flagboat, and is directing the patrolling activities of the destroyers.

Local officials of the Western Union company, which has prepared extensive offices here in anticipation of operation of cable soon, denied any knowledge of the decision of the government to hold up landing of the cable.

The Colonia is said here to be carrying also equipment for a submarine telephone cable to be laid between Key West and Havana. This project, it is stated here, also has not received the approval of the United States government.

DANIELS THINKS WEST IS GOING DEMOCRATIC

He Is Back in Washington After Long Journey; Talks Interestingly Of Alaska.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5.—After attendance upon the Democratic convention, a tour of Pacific coast states, a jaunt through Yellowstone park and a trip of inspection of the oil field and mineral resources of Alaska, Secretary Daniels returned to his desk here today. The Tar Heel secretary met newspaper men this afternoon and talked enthusiastically of Alaska crops, Democratic prospects, the glories of Yellowstone and other random topics.

"Go to Alaska, young man," is the way Secretary Daniels is paraphrasing the advice of the late Horace Greeley. If a youngster is seeking adventure, health and fortune the secretary is a booster of Alaska as the land of opportunity.

Turning to politics, Mr. Daniels told his newspaper men auditors that most of the young men of the west are going to vote the Democratic ticket this fall.

"How about the older men?" breezily inquired a correspondent who has Republican leanings.

Secretary Daniels stared at the sharp inquisitor for a moment and then explained that while old men cannot be expected to change the voting habits of a lifetime, it is significant the way the young fellows are lining up for Cox and Roosevelt.

"Everywhere I went in the west young men told me they would vote for Cox and Roosevelt," said the secretary. "I was much impressed with the sentiment among the young men. It was spontaneous. Everybody likes a war governor and Governor Cox fills the bill because he made a great record during the trying war days. Mr. Roosevelt's work in the navy department is also greatly appreciated out in the west where I have been."

Secretary Daniels submitted that while older men are less likely to switch tickets in this or any other election, he did not expect the Democratic party to suffer out of proportion in votes of men who have been in a number of campaigns.

"From what I heard from young men," said the secretary, "I am convinced Roosevelt and Cox will make

a strong appeal throughout the west. I found this sentiment among women also and among veterans of the world war particularly."

Secretary Daniels said he was enthused over the future of Alaska and was particularly impressed with the crops he saw. That Alaskan crop soon will be shipped to the United States in great quantities was predicted by the secretary.

"The crop season is short," added Mr. Daniels, "and one must plant in June and harvest in September, but the sun shines for 18 hours daily and things grow amazingly."

The government experiment station is a wonder and in charge of the most remarkable fellows I ever met."

His Drawing Powers.

"Can you draw?" an applicant for a private tutorship was asked. "Certainly," replied the candidate; "at ten years of age I could draw cider; at twelve, a picture; at fifteen, a hand-cart loaded with cabbage; at sixteen, an inference; at twenty, a bill of exchange. If I were an actor I believe I could draw the largest house; but, being a teacher, I am content to draw a small salary."

Sparing Grandma.

A little miss was clawing around in a forbidden box one day in the absence of her mother when her grandmother, who saw what was going on, accosted her rather sharply: "Gussie, what are you rummaging around in that box for?" And little Miss Gussie answered: "Now, grandma, it will probably be just as well if you don't know what I am after."

FAIRFAX HARRISON TALKS ON THE RAILROAD AWARD

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5.—Fairfax Harrison, president of the Southern Railway system, said today:

"The tremendous increase of railroad rates, authorized by the Interstate Commerce commission seems to complete the cycle of government management of the railway industry. It was necessary to carry the scale of expenses, set up by the railroad administration, but it must cause grave concern, as to its economical consequence. It now remains for private management to resume the practice of competitive efficiency and self-reliant initiative, which distinguished the American railroads during so many years, and to justify the preference of the American people, for that form of administration, by making possible not only the success of the individual companies and the prosperity of their loyal employees, but a constant and progressive reduction in rates, by an enlargement of service to the public, such as may be traced through the old-fashioned railroad statistics. No one can expect this to be accomplished overnight, considering the practical conditions, but a start can be made at once. Relying on the co-operation and support of the employees, the management of the Southern Railway System will make the effort."

Unexplored Arabia.

In Arabia there is a tract of unexplored territory nearly five times the size of Great Britain.

Summer Tourist Tickets Via SOUTHERN RAILWAY To Mountain and Seashore resort points at greatly reduced fares. Tickets on sale daily at all stations until September 30th, with final return limit October 31st, 1920. Stop-over privileges allowed. For further information call on local ticket agent, or write to S. H. McLEAN, District Passenger Agent, Columbia, S. C.

Life Was a Misery TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic. Mrs. F. M. Jones, of Palmer, Okla., writes: "From the time I entered into womanhood... I looked with dread from one month to the next. I suffered with my back and bearing-down pain, until life to me was a misery. I would think I could not endure the pain any longer, and I gradually got worse. Nothing seemed to help me until, one day, I decided to TAKE CARDUI. 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 underseas came and helped himself whenever it pleased him. "Five hundred millions were there," said Cap-

Health via Chiropractic KI-RO-PRAK-TIK. The intelligent life in the body controls all body processes through the brain and nervous system. Interference of transmission of nerve force by slightly displaced joints of the spinal column is the cause of disease. Chiropractic eliminates this by adjusting to normal relation displaced joints of the spine, by hand, without drugs or knife, thereby restoring normal condition and health. The accompanying picture illustrates some of the many ailments caused by pressure on nerves and shows the reason for adjusting the spine, no matter in what part of the body your ailment may be. Headaches, eye diseases, deafness, epilepsy, insomnia, wry-neck, facial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, etc. Throat trouble, neuralgia, goitre, nervous prostration, lagrippe, dizziness, bleeding from the nose, disorder of gums, catarrh, colds, etc. Bronchitis, felons, pain between the shoulder blades, rheumatism of the arms and shoulders, hay fever, writer's cramp, tonsillitis, etc. Nervousness, heart disease, asthma, pneumonia, tuberculosis, difficult breathing, other lung troubles. Stomach and liver troubles, enlargement of the spleen, pleurisy, and a score of other troubles. Gall stones, dyspepsia of the upper bowels, fevers, shingles, hiccoughs, worms, etc. Bright's disease, diabetes, skin diseases, boils, eruptions, and all forms of kidney diseases. Appendicitis, peritonitis, lumbago, paralysis of the lower limbs and feet. Constipation, rectal troubles, sciatica, bladder trouble, disorders of the pelvis. A slight slippage of one or both innominate bones will likewise produce sciatica, together with many diseases of pelvis and lower extremities. BERTA SCHRANER, Chiropractor PALMER SCHOOL GRADUATE. Temporarily located at the McDow Farm on Chesterfield road, until suitable rooms can be secured in town. Phone 4400.