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SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1935.

After Worlds Collide

By EDWIN BALMER and PHILIP WYLIE

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WNU Service.

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Under the leadership of Cole Hendron, noted American scientist, over 50 persons escape in two Space Ships just before a comic collision between their planet, Earth, and an Bronson Beta. After a short period of rest, the party makes an inventoryation of their surroundings. A smooth, straight metal roadway is discovered, indicating that whoever once lived on Bronson Beta had built marvelous vehicles. That night thousands of giant meteors hurtle through the sky, but none of Hendron's colonists are hurt. The meteors are fragments of a celestial mass, destroyed before the earth was wiped out.

CHAPTER II.—Hendron says the Space Ship is to be dismantled and all its metal used. Tony Drake, Hendron's lieutenant, and Professor Higgins, disappointed botanist, discover a river bottom green with vegetation. Higgins leads an exploring party which finds great forests of dead trees preserved for a million years by the absolute cold of space after Bronson Beta broke away from its sun and became a dead, one solar system. The colonists are startled by the sudden appearance at night of what looks like an airplane. It disappears almost immediately, but the fact that the occupants would have attempted to communicate with them, appearing rather that they were spying on the camp, leaves a feeling of alarm. They realize that they are not alone on the new planet, and that their visitors may be enemies.

CHAPTER III.—Tony Drake and Eliot James, English writer, and the digest of the expedition, begin an exploration airplane flight. They are astounded by a marvelous sight that effects them after clearing a high mountain range.

She was a young woman, strange and fascinating. She was not fair; nor was she dark of skin. Her hair and brows were black—hair arranged with an air that might be individual but which these discoverers of her felt, was racial.

And of what race?

Not the Caucasian, not the Mongolian, not the Ethiopian, surely; they felt the impression was of a race upon earth; but she was human.

"So," said Eliot James, who first succeeded in speaking, "so they were 'human'! By G—d you feel you'd like to know her."

Tony relaxed his hands, which had clenched. "Where did she live, do you suppose, Eliot? Did she live up behind one of these windows? Let's go on."

"Why go on?" demanded Eliot James. "We've got to get into one of these windows somewhere. We might as well begin here."

So together they attacked the door, which, like those they had pushed and pulled at before, showed no seam and was secure.

The door evidently was designed to lift; it should rise and slip into the metal wall overhanging it; but no pushing or straining at it, no hammering and pounding could cause it to budge. And the glass in it—the panel of transparent metal—was not to be broken.

Weary and sweating from their straining at it, Tony and Eliot stepped back.

There, as the two men from Earth stood side by side staring about them, the slightest of sounds reached them; and a door—not the door at which they had pushed and pounded, but a door some twenty steps beyond—began to swing. Up, up steadily, slowly, the metal door was lifted.

"Counterbalanced!" exclaimed Tony to his companion; but his voice was husky. "It was counterbalanced, of course! Our pounding affected some mechanism inside! See anything?"

"There's nobody there," agreed Eliot, with himself, as much as with his comrade. "They all died—they all died a million years ago."

"Yes," agreed Tony. The door was ceasing to rise; it had reached its limit and stopped, leaving the way into the great metal building open.

They approached the open doorway together; and together, neither in advance or in the rear of the other; they entered it, pistols in hands. That was wholly irrational; and both knew it; but neither could help himself.

So, side by side, revolvers ready, they entered the door of the Million Years Dead.

The walls of the hall in which they found themselves were verdigrised. There was no furniture; no covering over the floor. Perhaps there never had been one; the floor was smooth and even and of agreeable texture. It was not wood nor metal, but of some composition. An open doorway invited to an apartment beyond; and side by side, but with their pistols less at alert, Eliot and Tony stepped into this.

But this room also was empty. Tony and Eliot James went on.

"What is you feel?" demanded Tony, after they had entered the fifth great room in gay colors, with marvelous decoration, but empty.

"Feel?" repeated Eliot. "It feels to me that we're in a building that never was used, into which they never moved."

"Perhaps," said Tony, "that goes for the whole city."

"Too soon to say, much too soon to say. How do you go up, d'you suppose?"

"Elevators behind one of these doors, probably. No sign of stairs."

"How do you open the doors? How about the one we opened?" said Eliot. "Is it still up, d'you suppose?"

"What'd lower it?"

"What lifted it?" returned Eliot. "I'll go back and look. Want to go with me?"

"No: I'll stay here and try some of these."

But he had accomplished nothing with any of them when Eliot came back.

"That closed, Tony," he reported soberly.

Tony started. "You didn't close it?"

"No."

"All right!" Tony almost yelled. "Go ahead. Say it!"

"Say what?"

"What you're thinking. Remote control of some sort! Somebody saw us, opened the door, let us walk in, closed it again."

"Somebody!" said Eliot. "Let's be sensible, Tony."

"All right," said Tony, fittering. "You be! . . . D—n it, look at that door. Look at it! That's opening now!"

For a door at the farther edge of this room now slowly was rising.

"Were you working at it?" Eliot whispered.

"No."

"Then, that's it. You started another counterbalance working."

"Sure," said Tony. "Sure."

They stepped to the opening. Utter darkness dropped below them. There was a shaft, there—a shaft which, under other circumstances, might have showed machinery. Now it was empty.

Tony and Eliot James knelt side by side at its edge. They shouted, and no voice came back to them.

Tony took a cartridge and dropped it. For so long did it fall silently that they were sure, as they listened, that it must have struck something which gave no sound; then they heard it strike. Tony dropped another, and they timed it. One more they timed.

"Half a mile below!" said Eliot.

They stepped back from the shaft's threshold carefully.

"There's some control to these d—n doors," said Tony, "that probably made it easy to operate them when everything was working. You maybe thought you broke through them, and some electric gadget would work that's jammed now because the power isn't on. These doors can't all be shafts."

About fifteen minutes later, they had opened another that exposed a circular passage leading both upward and downward.

"Ah!" said Eliot. "This is the stuff. No machinery. Tips probably had it for emergencies."

. . . . . .

Tony, awakening, stretched, rubbed his eyes and gazed up at the ceiling. He still did not fully recollect where he was, but he realized that he was lying on a couch of soft, agreeable material. Then he saw Eliot James, in trousers and shirt but without his coat, seated at a table, writing. And Tony remembered.

Eliot and he were in the Sealed City—the amazing, stupendous metropolis of the Other People, the People a Million Years Dead.

The amazement of their two days of exploration passed through Tony's mind like reviewing a dream; but they remained reality; for instead of becoming dimmer and dimmer as he sought to recall them, they became only sharper and clearer. Moreover, here before him in a heap upon one of the tables of the Other People were the objects—some of them understandable, more of them utterly incomprehensible as to their purpose or utility—which they had collected to carry with them back to Cole Hendron and the camp.

Eliot was writing so intently and absorbedly, that he did not know that Tony was awake, and Tony lay quiet, watching his companion attempting to deal through words with the wonders they had encountered.

Eliot halted his writing and arose; and glancing at Tony, saw he was awake.

"Hello."

"Hello. How long you been up?"

"Quite a while."

"You would be," complained Tony admiringly. It had been late in the long night, and both had been utterly exhausted when they lay down to sleep. "It's the third day, isn't it? We ought to go back now."

"Yes," agreed Eliot. "I suppose so. But how can we?"

Tony repeating him, "How can we leave?" he agreed. "But also, how can we stay—without letting Cole Hendron and the rest of them know?"

"We can come back, of course," Eliot James reincontinently asserted.

"Or we may find another city or something else."

"By 'something else' do you mean the place where they all went, Tony? G—d, Tony, doesn't it get you? Where did they go? Not one of them—nor the bones of one of them! And all this left in order."

He stood at the table and sifted it his fingers the kernels of a strange grain. Not wheat, nor corn, nor rice nor barley nor rye; but a starchy kernel. They both had tasted it.

"There's millions of bushels of this, Tony. Should we say 'bushels' or, like the Bible, 'measures?' Well, we know there's millions of measures of this that we've already found. If it's food—and what else could it be—we've solved our problem of provender indefinitely. And it's foolish to have our people improvising shelter and equipment when all we have to do is to move into—this. 'Here's equipment we never dreamed of!'"

"Yes," said Tony. "Yes." But he remembered that contest that already had divided the camp. Did the emigrants from the earth dare to move into the city when found? Also, could the people from the earth sustain themselves on this grain or other supplies left by the vanished people? Though the kernels might have been preserved through the epoch of utter cold, had the vitamins—essential to life—remained?

But that was a matter for the experts of the camp to test and to decide. Tony could not doubt his duty to report the tremendous discovery.

It was later than they had planned when at last they had loaded their ship with the objects—comprehensible and incomprehensible—which they had chosen to carry back to Hendron and his comrades.

"Let's not fly back to the camp by the path we came," said Eliot James.

"No," agreed Tony. "Let's loop to the south before we cut back to the seacoast."

Toward morning they were planning to alight and rest before continuing their adventures, when suddenly they were transfixed. Not in the east, where the first gray pars of the rising sun might be expected to appear, but ahead of them, to the south, a single finger of light pointed upward to the sky—the only light except their own, and except the weird inhuman illumination of the great domed city, which they had seen on the surface of the planet.

Tony turned to James: "What do you think it is?"

"It looks like a searchlight pointed straight up in the air."

"There seems to be a ridge between us and where it comes from."

Tony made a gesture which outlined the process of landing the plane, and James nodded.

There was no choice of spots on which to land. The thunder of the tubes had been cut off as Tony turned a switch, and his voice sounded very loud when he said: "How about it?"

"Let 'er go!" James answered, and an instant later they were racing over the ground, stirring up a cloud of dust that had been undisturbed for millennia.

They stopped. They stepped out. The night around them was warm and clear. Its distant darkness were weaving with the perpetual aurora of Bronson Beta. Far ahead of the waste in which the plane lay, the single finger of light pointed unwaveringly toward the stars.

"Shall we wait for day?" Tony asked.

Eliot James looked at the illuminated dial of his wrist-watch. "It'll be several hours in coming yet," he said after a pause.

Tony was staring at the light. "I should say from the way it spread, it m't come together in some sort of lens or reflector a couple of hundred feet below the other side of the ridge. If there's anybody around the base of it, I don't think they saw or heard us coming. If they saw anything, it could easily be mistaken for a meteor. I wonder—have we got time to get there and back before it's light?"

"Meaning the top of the ridge?"

"Exactly."

James squinted at the barren black edge of land traced upon the brief width of the light beam. "Plenty."

Tony made no further comment, but started walking through the night. They walked for half an hour before the flat plain, the arid waste, began to rise. Presently the upward pitch became steep, and they realized that they were traversing a series of bare undulant ledges. They went more cautiously then, in their imaginings and their fears, not daring to use flashlights, but feeling for each step—sometimes even moving upward with the aid of their hands.

A breeze fanned their faces. They stepped up over the last rocky surface, and unconsciously moving on tiptoe, crossed it so they could look into the valley beyond.

Because neither of them was conventionally religious, because both of them were thunderstruck by what they saw, they cursed fluently and sibilantly, in the night on the ridge.

(Continued next week)

Announcing

THE OPENING OF OFFICES OF

Zenith Life Insurance Co.

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ELDRED McKINNON, President; J. E. ROBERTS, Vice Pres. and Sec'y

This company is incorporated under the laws of the State of Texas and is operating under the State Department of Insurance.

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NO APPLICATION FEE — NO ANNUAL DUES

All deposits required by law of this company are maintained, intact, at all times for the protection of its Policy Holders.

UNWARRANTED INVASION OF PRIVACY

The group in Congress which is making a valiant effort to repeal the hateful publicity provision in the income tax law deserves the support of every good citizen. Taxpayers should let their Senators and Representatives know how they feel; otherwise, the details of their income will be made public property on March 15, or as soon thereafter as they file their returns, through the medium of the "pink slip" which they must fill out for all the world to see. Public opinion seems practically unanimous in favor of repeal.

Of the scores of exchanges coming to The Courier-Journal, not one has been noted to contain an editorial in support of the publicity provision of the Federal income tax law, whereas a dozen that can be recalled have inveighed against the "pink slip" provision which so flagrantly violates all the principles of personal liberty and serves no good purpose at all.

The Providence Journal, in discussing the matter, asks how much additional revenue the Government can hope to collect by giving publicity to all incomes. Certainly the income tax cheaters who might thus be turned up—through the instrumentality of gossipers and snoopers—would be few, indeed, and the amount of money recovered infinitesimal. The Journal asks: "How will it pay? It will pay through the sacrifice of one of the greatest principles of Aemrican life, namely, that a citizen of the United States is entitled, to privacy in his own intimate affairs so long as such privacy does not seriously conflict with the public welfare. This is a peculiarly American doctrine. It is part and parcel of our tradition or intelligent freedom of the individual."

The "pink slip" scheme was conceived by a certain group in the last Congress which aimed to cause certain industries embarrassment, if not trouble and loss, by exposing of their income figures to the scrutiny of competitors. The plan of publishing only the gross and net, income, deductions, credits and taxes payable was a compromise; eventually this group hopes to publish the entire income tax return. In fact, its members have made continued efforts to do so. If one Congress can institute the "pink slip," another can make the entire return public property.

Taxpayers should make their wishes known in no uncertain way at this time, in order that members of Congress shall understand that the American public opposes this unpardonable requirement of tax publicity.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WHEN GRANPA GETS HIS PENSION

(J. D. Phillips in S. A. Light)

Grandpappy's getting quite a bit of attention
Since all of this talk about the old age pension;
The old man used to be nothing but a bother,
Now everybody's happy and they all call him father.

Father, dear father, stay home with us now,
We will bring in the wood and take care of the cow;
You won't have to dig with the pick and the spade,
And when you get up all the fires will be made.

The straight back chair in the little old room
Is a thing of the past since the pension boom;
In a big arm chair by the old fire place,
On one side sits George, on the other sits Grace.

They bring him his slippers and his old clay pipe,
And stay mighty quiet while he's reading The Light;
There'll be things happen it won't do to mention
When Grandpappy gets his old age pension.

The fellow who is in such a terrific hurry to get nowhere usually finds his destination.

Good times are those in which people run up the debts that worry them in bad times.

Ask your doctor about our prescription service.—Joe Luna's.

"Wings in The Dark" with Myrna Loy, Cary Grant, at the Alamo Theatre Sunday and Monday with a preview Saturday night at 11 o'clock.

SPECIAL!

Let me give you a Peggy-Jean Facial Special Sani-Mani Cuticle Oil Manicure, Scalp Treatment, Shampoo and Set, all for $2.00.

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Beef Rump ROAST Lb.	10c
Tender Veal STEAK Lb.	10c
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PINE CHINA CUP & SAUCER with 1 lb. pkg.
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At Your Nearest Q-P FOOD STORE

Garwood Gatherings.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shaw Taylor, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Wilkerson and Seth Taylor of Bay City visited Sunday at the W. H. Shaw home.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McKnight of El Paso visited Sunday and Monday with her sister, Mrs. J. J. Hopkins and family. They were en route to Houston to attend the settlement's convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Hollien and daughter of Houston were here Sunday to visit her father, W. H. Shaw. Friends regret to hear that W. H. Shaw has been quite ill, but is improving. Miss Kelsey of Rock Island is nursing him.

Mrs. Hattie Clapp returned to her home at Katy Wednesday after spending a few days here with her sister, Mrs. W. H. Shaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Thrasher are the proud parents of a son born to them Sunday. Friends will regret to learn that Mrs. Thrasher has been very ill this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Perkins and family spent Sunday with relatives at Yoakum. They were accompanied home by Grandma Perkins for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Werlla and daughters of Rosenberg visited relatives here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shaw and daughter, Miss Mary Shaw of Beaumont spent a few days here during the week-end, having been called here to the bedside of his father, W. H. Shaw, who has been quite ill since Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. R. Frnka were visitors to Halettsville" Monday.

Miss Cardy Shaw of San Antonio is spending the week here with her brother, W. H. Shaw and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Frnka and daughter, Miss Charlene Frnka and Bill Huvar are in Houston this week in attendance at the Cattlemen's Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Walker and son, Ervin Ryan, spent Saturday in Houston. Mrs. Walker spent the day with her sister, Mrs. D. M. Stiles, while Mr. Walker and Ervin Ryan attended the Fat Stock Show.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Howard of Houston spent the week-end here with his father L. H. Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Braden and family and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pinckback visited relatives and friends in Houston Sunday.

Mrs. Bruce Fling was hostess to the Tuesday afternoon club last week. High score was won by Mrs. John Hopkins, she receiving three green velvet covered coat hangers. Mrs. Wilton Chapman won second high and received two lavender velvet covered coat hangers. Mrs. J. R. Pinckback won a pair of shoe trees as high for guests. Lovely refreshments of meat salad, hot biscuits, fruit cake and coffee were served. Guests were: Mrs. Fred Moche, Mrs. S. R. Fling, Miss Maggie Blain, Mrs. J. R. Pinchback, Miss Jessie Mae Harry and club members.

The Tuesday afternoon bridge club was entertained by Mrs. W. R. Frnka this week. After five games, Mrs. J. R. Pinchback captured high score prize, a beautifully decorated flower pot. Miss Alma Dayle Pinchback won second high and received two lace doilies. Delicious refreshments of moulded pear salad on lettuce, magic pudding topped with whipped cream and pecans, butter wafers and coffee were served. Guests were Mrs. S. E. Harris, Mrs. M. Ward, Mrs. George Olsovsky, Mrs. J. R. Pinchback, Miss Alma Dayle Pinchback and club members.

CARD OF THANKS.

We sincerely thank our friends and neighbors for the kindness shown us during the illness and funeral hour of our husband and father. We thank Rev. Mr. Flachmeier for his comforting words, and we thank the Columbus Choir, and we are grateful for the beautiful funeral flowers.

Mrs. W. E. Pophanings and daughter.

When you buy a NORGE from J. F. Ulery, it will be serviced in every way. tf

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Don't miss "Wings in The Dark," at the Avalon Theatre Sunday and Monday.

Bilious Attacks.

For bilious attacks due to constipation, thousands of men and women take Thedford's Black-Draught because it is purely vegetable and brings prompt, refreshing relief. "I have used Black-Draught," writes Mr. T. L. Austin, of McAdenville, N. C. "There is a package of it on my mantel now. I take it for biliousness. If I did not take it, the dullness and headache would put me out of business. It is the quickest medicine to relieve me that I know."

Thedford's BLACK-DRAUGHT
Purely Vegetable Laxative
"CHILDREN LIKE THE STRAP"

Bernardo News.

(Miss Willeen Meyer)

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wicke were visitors to Schulenburg Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Braden and daughters of Columbus, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Braden and daughter and Mrs. Joe Braden were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Braden and sons.

Mrs. Eddie Berger of Columbus visited Friday afternoon with Mrs. Lizzie Meyer and daughters.

Mr. and Mrs. August Pilsner and family visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Gunderlach and family near Columbus.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Brod visited with Mr. and Mrs. G. Brod and family at Bachelor Hill.

Mrs. Anton Nelson visited Sunday with Mrs. Lizzie Meyer and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Burger of Columbus visited Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. August Pilsner and family.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Henneke were Sunday guests of Mrs. W. J. Braden and daughters at Mentz.

Mrs. J. F. Neuendorff entertained a number of little friends Thursday afternoon in honor of her daughter Lois' ninth birthday. Delicous refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mosmeyer and family and Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Meyer and family visited Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. William Frazier and sons.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Dietrich and Charles Duddlesten, Jr., visited Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Berger and son at Bachelor Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Braden entertained a number of friends Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. Braden's birthday. Refreshments were served during the evening.

Mrs. Lizzie Meyer and family visited with Mrs. J. F. Neuendorff and Mrs. Anton Nelson Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Neuendorff and family, Mr. and Mrs. Aug. Neuendorff and family and Mr. and Mrs. Alex Jones, Sr. and family and Miss Gladys Meyer visited with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Braden and family Sunday afternoon.

JULIAN ROSENWALD SCHOOL DAY PROGRAM

(E. H. Henry)

It seems especially fitting today; it seems very beautiful and touching, and inspiring, too, that colored people all over the country, with white co-operating, should give special thanks to God for the life and work and service and sacrifice—and I say sacrifice advisedly—of Julius Rosenwald who proved that there was none more interested at any time than he; none more devoted to all phases and interests of the institutions of learning established for Southern Negro boys and girls. I said "sacrifice" because I remember when he visited the Children's House at Tuskegee, Ala., he presented the children there with Christmas gifts to the amount of $1,500. We think of Mr. Rosenwald in the terms of his beneficence, his financial support and that is well. He gave a great deal of money to a great many causes and to a great many people, races and creeds. Indeed he saw no race, and saw no creed, and saw no land when there arose a real human need where he thought he could help, and he helped—helped permanently. A Rosenwald school is a model school with reference to light, ventilation and sanitation. Today three-quarters of a million Negro children in the South are in Rosenwald schools, built under the direction and supervision of the Julius Rosenwald Fund. His contributions to YMC's, WYC's, hospitals and educational institutions, and insurance companies as well stand foremost in the mind of the people today.

These, friends are some of the reasons why the colored people, the white people, too, all over the world are thinking and praising and thanking God for the life and the work and the service of Julius Rosenwald. We are asking as many as will to contribute their presence or means to the school program which will be held Friday (today) at 1:00 p. m. at the E. H. Henry high School.

THE CARE OF STRAWBERRIES

(Mrs. Wm. Andel, Reporter)

"Strawberries should be mulched in the fall with hay, straw or cotton seed hulls and should not be disturbed until after the bearing season is over. The mulch protects the plants from frost during winter and keeps the fruit off the ground. If left on during the hot months it affords protection against drought.

"Never cultivate strawberries after they begin blooming. In doing so, the fine roots are disturbed and the crop shortened. Pull out the weeds and grass," stated Mrs. J. M. Tate at a meeting of the Bonus-Nedra Demonstration Club at the home of Mrs. R. C. Welderstein Friday, March 8.

Miss Louise Bryant, home agent, gave a demonstration on styles.

Eight members reported 85 fruit trees set out, 34 berry plants, 1700 strawberry plants, 87 rose bushes, 466 shrubs, 2729 pounds of meat cured, 586 pounds lard, 477 cans meat and eight foundation patterns were brought basted.

The next meeting, March 22, with Mrs. Earl Carter, will include a demonstration on making bound button holes and set in pockets and clothing storage.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES.

"Substance" is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon which will be read in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, March 17.

The Golden Text is: "Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever."

Among the citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon is the following from the Bible: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." (Hebrews 11:1).

The Lesson-Sermon includes also the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy: "Substance is that which is eternal and incapable of discord and decay. Truth, Life, and Love are substance, as the Scriptures use this word in Hebrews. 'The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' " (page 468)

"Wings in The Dark" with Myrna Loy, Cary Grant, at the Alamo Theatre Sunday and Monday with a preview Saturday night at 11 o'clock.

Bring us your prescriptions; we never substitute. Joe Luna's.

Man's Viewpoint.

So little makes him happy when he's young;
A dog, a gun,
A game to play or e'en a race to run.
But youth has vanished at a tale that's told;
He thrills not now, save in the quest of gold;
So little makes him happy when he's old. —Sam Dorsey.

◆ COON CREEK PHILOSOPHY ◆

Joe W. Gandy
In Mt. Vernon Optic-Herald

The committee that went out investigating crime in Texas, returned making a favorable report. They said they found it. Who would not find it? When we are wading about chin deep in it all the time. I wish they would pay me to investigate some. I could work a good while and be home every night. But nothing is being done about the crime we know to be in existence. Why hunt up any more?

One editor said he had received many, many letters from people who wanted letters of recommendation for jobs. Tell 'em, brother, if they will move out on the farm they won't need a letter of recommendation to get a job. All they have to do is get up at five o'clock and when the sun peeps over the eastern horizon, "just commence."

These editorial writers who have been predicting a mild winter, with the peach crop safe and spring just around the corner when the joy birds will soon be making love to the katydids, will now have to revise this doctrine. When I got up this morning the thermometer was at just a hundred below zero, and my shirt tail played "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," in G minor, before I could get a fire made. We never appreciate a good thing till it is too late. I have been hovering over the fire all day thinking of that long hot drouth last year, and if we ever have another one I will enjoy it.

I knew money was scarce but I did not know it was as scarce with everybody as it is with me. A man tendered a ten-dollar bill at Phillips store Saturday afternoon, and it attracted so much attention he had to pass it around and all took a look at it. Emory Chitsey went home and got his glasses so he could see it good. Emory is very positive about everything and he never passes judgment till he is certain he is right, but he did get his wires crossed up on a hog he killed last week. He said it was twenty years old and weighed seventy-six pounds or was it seventy-six years old, and weighed twenty pounds, he had just forgot which.

A friend of mine has asked me to write an article on the old age pension question. Now I could write a thesis on old age pensions just as well as I could write a thesis on insect control in Jupiter or vice-versa. My friend asked me to be serious and have no foolishness in it. Well I'm always serious. I am serious about everything I do. My wife is always fussing at me about going around looking so glumny and melancholy all the time looking like I was going to be deported to a leper colony next day.

That may be all true but just such questions as old age is the cause of it. I am not old and am eligible for an old age pension if such a thing was in existence, but I have turned down the hill and as far as I can see, the provisions for old, worn-out work stock are not very encouraging. The barns are unshingled and the pastures are barren.

I have an old cow that has spent the greater part of her life supplying us with rich milk and butter. Some said let the government kill her, but I said I will see to it. I have an old mule twenty-five years old, he has been as mean as old scratch, but has served me faithfully all these years, and now that their days of usefulness are passed am I going to tie a can to their tails and set the dogs on them? Not me.

There are many hundreds of old, worn-out people who have spent their lives making this country what it is and who have come down to old age penniless. Is the government that they have supported all their lives going to succor them in their last days or is going to tie a can to their tails and set the dogs on them? Yes, I am for the old age pension.

I went to a cow killing today. I did say I would never see it, but I decided it would not make it any worse for me to see it. My wife said if it had been a hanging or a negro burned, I would have broke my neck to have gotten there and I would have too, because I figure if a man is hung or a negro is burned they need it, but I think some other way could have been provided to care for these old poor cows.

Fellow told me the other day he put in his application with the government last fall to borrow money and he did not have it yet. Yes, but when that note comes due he will hear from them a right quicker than that. If it takes them as long to get the old age pension through in proportion as it does to make a loan, many of them who are now hopeful will be so far off it will take all their pension to get a night letter to them.

One old man said he believed they would get the two hundred all right, but I fear the poor old fellow is like the man who set out to get rich selling frog skins. A man ran an ad saying he would give fifty cents apiece for frog skins. The next day he received a telegram from a man in West Texas, stating he would ship him fifty thousand hides that week. In a few days he received a sealed envelope containing one hide and this brief message, "I was just going by the note."

Checking Gold Diggers.

In several States measures are being considered to put an end to the abuses of the law that spring from suits of alienation of affections and breach of promise to marry. In Indiana a woman member of the Legislature is taking the lead in the matter. In New York, the Bar Association of the City of New York has approved a bill that would strike at the root of the evil.

Referring to suits of damages for breach of promise, the report to the association said: "Actions of this character verge on blackmail, and few self-respecting women will lend their names to proceedings of this nature." As to alienation-of-affections cases, it was said that, as a rule, they were "resorted to by unscrupulous men and women to extort money from defendants unwilling to go through a trial of the issues for fear of publicity. . . The existence of the action is the basis of the old 'badger game.'"

In the latter cases, the law would be amended so that suit could be brought only against a "parent, brother, sister or person acting in the parentis of the plaintiff's spouse." In suits for breach of promise, the recommendation was that damages be limited to expenses incurred in preparation for marriage and that action be based only on written agreement.

One needs but to note the reports of suits, which involve alienation of affections or breach of promise, to be satisfied that, generally speaking, there are no "broken hearts." Most cases are prompted by desire for revenge or to get money. There are instances in which the victim of the action deserves no sympathy. But there is little to be said for either man or woman whose blighted affections can be healed by pecuniary compensation. Present laws, undoubtedly lend themselves to scandalous abuses, although as far as this State is concerned advantage is taken of the situation in a few instances.—Baltimore Sun.

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BELLE BEAUTY SHOP.

H. C. Frizzell, district manager of the Southern Union Gas Company of Bellville, was a business visitor in the city, Monday.

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TASTY FLAKE CRACKERS, 2 lb. box	17c
FLORIDA ORANGES, 2 dz.	10c
JUMBO CELERY, stalk	12c
GREEN BEANS, lb.	10c
FAMOUS PEABERRY COFFEE, 3 lb. bag	47c

Fresh Meal, 20-lb sk 55c

SWEET CORN, No. 2 can	09c
VAN CAMP'S HOMINY, med. can	05c
One Package Super Suds Free when you buy 2 pkgs. 30c value for	17c

Fancy Rice, 5 lbs 18c

OXYDOL, large size (1 bar Lava Soap Free)	21c
Health Club Baking Powder, 2 lb. can	19c
Bread Knife Free	
TOMATO CATSUP, 14 oz. bottle	11c

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