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After Worlds Collide

By EDWIN BALMER and PHILIP WYLIE

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Under the leadership of Cole Hendron, noted American astronomer, over 300 persons escape in two Space Ships just before a cosmic collision that wiped out the earth, and land on Bronson Beta. After a short period of rest, the party makes an investigation of their surroundings. A smooth, straight metal roadway is discovered, indicating that whoever once lived on Bronson Beta had swift moving vehicles. That night thousands of giant meteors hurtle through the sky, but none of Hendron's colonists are hurt. The meteors are fragments of the earth's moon, 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 assistant, and Professor Higgins, distinguished botanist, discover a river bottom, green with vegetation. Higgins leads an exploring party which finds great forests of vegetation, preserved for a million years by the absolute cold of space after Bronson Beta broke away from its sun and before it invaded our 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 made no attempt to communicate with them, appearing rather as if 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 aerial of the colonists, begin an exploratory airplane flight. They are astonished by a marvelous sight that greets them after clearing a high range of mountains.

CHAPTER IV.—They have come upon a wonderous city, enclosed under what seems like half an iridescent glass bubble six miles wide and half a mile high at its center. Among their finds, when they make an entry into the city, is a cable grain—millions of barrels. When they start back in the plane, after three days, they see the beam of a searchlight, and come down. They creep to the top of a ridge.

"Tony caught his lip between his teeth and tried to establish better control of his inward tumult. If Eve preferred Dave to himself, let her!

He busied himself grimly with his throttles, putting down the ship on the bare soil more than a mile from camp.

They had been seen in the air and recognized, and the camp was outpouring toward them.

Tony and Dave started to run toward them; then they halted. The people from the camp began to see that one figure was not that of Eliot James.

"Where—? Who's with you?" cried the crowd.

"Randell! Dave Randell!" Tony yelled; and Dave stopped and lifted both his arms.

"Randell! Randell!" echo back.

"Yes! They got over! The second ship got over!"

Then the welcome boom.

"Dave! Dave Randell! Alive—for an instant they had a few words. 'How Hendron's changed!'

"Yes," said Tony, "of course he has." But he realized that to Randell, who had not seen their leader since the last day on earth, the alteration in Hendron's appearance and manner was more tragic.

Never had Tony heard Hendron's voice shake as now it did; and his hand, which clung to the list which Randell had given him, quivered as if with palsy.

It was the list of the survivors and the dead from the second Ark. He had read it several times; but again and again, like a very old man, he went over it.

"It was the tubes, you say, David?" he kept reviving the disaster at landing, with Randell. "Three of the tubes fused! That was the fault of the design—my fault," he blamed himself morbidly.

"These people here, of whom Tony has told us. What metallurgists! They would have made a ship. Ah! Ah! Ah! Tony-David-Higgins! The rest of you! What do you think of this? The people of this planet are not here, because they made good their escape through Space! They made their own Space Ships and better ones and more of them; and escaped when they were causing some habitable sphere as they scraped some star!"

"No, Father!"

"How do you know? I tell you, they probably did it; and I know better than I with my bungling, that I—am an amateur—a murderer. How many did I kill, David? How many did you say?—. . . What town of names?"

"Father, you didn't kill them!"

"I tell you I did! The tubes fused—the tubes I figured and designed myself. The human factor did not fail. They piloted it properly. The tubes fused!"

No one could quiet him. His daughter had to lead him away, with Tony and Randell both helping her. The excitement of Randell's news and, on top of it, Tony's, had snapped his nerves, drawn too long to extreme tension. It was Dave Randell, who, when he had fed that his day, as a man of resource, was done.

Tony, thoroughly realizing this, trembled himself as he helped lead his friend to his cabin. Partly it was from pity and compassion; for no one knew better than Tony with what mercilessness Hendron had driven himself and how he had borne so long his enormous burden. But partly this trembling was from an emotion far less worthy. It was jealousy again of Dave Randell.

Jealousy more bitter and hard than that which had possessed him when they both were on earth—and rivals. For here they were rivals again in Eve's eyes.

Hot Eve had hurried Dave and held to him and kissed him!

To be sure, they had all embraced him—men and girls. Every girl in the camp hysterically had kissed him. But Eve had not been hysterical. Tony knew. Eve—Eve—Well, it had changed this world for him that Dave Randell had reached it.

Then there was the talk which Tony had heard: the talk already tonight of Randell as the new leader of both camps; the leader of the survivors of Earth to replace and follow Hendron.

Tony tingled alternately with hate of Dave and with shame in himself, as he thought of this talk. He had quieted the talk of himself as leader and he honestly had not wanted it a few days ago; he would not permit himself to be considered a candidate against Hendron; but now that Hendron was surely done, he wanted his people—his people, he thought them—to want him for their leader. Some still did; but more, he thought miserably, tonight turned to Dave Randell.

This was unworthy; this was childish, this jealousy and hate of his strong courageous comrade; So Tony told himself; but he could not conquer it.

Now they had come to Hendron's cabin; and Tony felt himself becoming officious in the endeavor to be of more use to Hendron and to Eve than Dave might be.

"Thank you, Tony," said Eve, in her gentle voice. "Now you go back to the people."

"All right," said Tony. "Come along, Dave."

"Let him stay here, Tony," said Eve.

"Him—and not me?" Tony stared.

"What more can he tell them?" Eve asked patiently. "He's given them his news, who're living and who'—she lowered her voice carefully so her father could not hear—"who are dead. He has no more to tell. You—you haven't begun to tell them what you must have to tell of the strange city!"

"Don't you want to hear it?" Tony persisted.

"I'm staying with Father now," said Eve.

Rebelliously—and yet ashamed of himself for his feeling—Tony turned away and left her with Randell.

"The best way to give you some idea of the city," Tony said, facing the entire company of the camp except Hendron and Eve, "is to read you extracts from the record made on the spot at the time, by Eliot James. Before I begin, however, I ask you to think of a city made of many colored metals built like the spokes of a wheel around a vast central building. Think of a dome of transparent metal overall. And then remember, particularly while I read that every street, every building, every object in the whole metropolis was in an amazing state of preservation.

"Remember that there was not a single sign of human habitation. I have already told you that the people were human—very much like ourselves—but there was not a sign of them or any remains of them except for statues and paintings and representations which we called photographic for lack of a better word and for record on their remarkable visual machines. Bear all that in mind. Here, for example is what Eliot wrote on the evening of our first day on Bronson Beta. I will skip the part that describes the city in general."

CHAPTER VI

TONY began to read from Eliot James' diary: "Tony and I are now seated in a bedroom of an apartment in one of the large buildings. The night of Bronson Beta has descended, but we have light. In fact, the adventure of light is the most bizarre which has befallen us since we penetrated this spectacular and silent city. As twilight descended we were about to return to our airplane. We were at the time on the street. We had visited one or two buildings and the effect of the silence combined with the oncoming darkness was more than we could bear. We could not rid ourselves of the feeling that the city was inhabited; we could not cease looking quickly over our shoulders in the hope, or the fear, of seeing somebody. As we stood uncertainly on the street the sun vanished altogether, its orange light reflected by low-lying cumulus clouds. The sky took on a deeper green and at a word from Tony I would have run from the place. Suddenly, to our utter confoundation, the city was bathed in light. The light came on without a sound. Its source, or rather its sources, was invisible. It shone down on the streets from behind cornices. It [illegible] the walls of [illegible] buildings.

"The interiors of many of them were also filled with radiance. All this, suddenly, silently, in the gathering gloom. I shall never forget the expression on Tony's face as he turned to me and whispered, 'It's too much!' My own mind, appalled at this new, marvelous manifestation of the genius of the Other People, was very close to lapsing into unconsciousness for a moment. Then I found myself with my hands clenched, saying over and over to myself, 'It's light, just light. It was getting dark, so they turned on the lights.' Then I amended [illegible] when it's dark.' Immediately Tony and I fell into an altercation. 'It's just the lights coming on,' I said.

"'But that's impossible!'

"'Nevertheless, they're on.'

"Both of us thought of the same thing simultaneously: the lights had come on because the city had been entered. It was true that it was [illegible] Bronson Beta had been illuminated at night the fact would have been observed before their departure. And a new and utterly irrational feeling struck us. The people were dead, dead a million years—a hundred million years. But in this startling gesture of turning on the lights there was more than mechanical magic. There was hospitality. That was crazy, but it was the way we felt.

"'Let's stay,' Tony said. 'Maybe we can find a place to sleep. We really ought to know more about it before we go back.'

"And so we stayed. We picked a building which we thought contained residences and after some experimenting succeeded in entering it. The ground floor was a

"The Ground Floor Was a Hall, or Lobby, Which Was Decorated by Statuary and Bas-Reliefs of Animals More Fantastic and Ferocious Looking Than Could Be Contrived in the Wildest Nightmare."

hall, or lobby, which was decorated by statuary and bas-reliefs, of animals more fantastic and ferocious-looking than could be contrived in the wildest nightmare. And yet, their presentation had a gay note, as if the sculptor had cast them as comedies, rather than savage embellishments in that lobby. At one side of the lobby was another large room which contained the apparatus for what we presently realized was a variety of games. They were like no games on our earth. One of them was played with large, metal-like balls which were extremely light and yet very hard, and with magnets. Another was played over a pool, evidently with jets of water, but we could not turn on the jets and the pool was empty. We did not take the time to puzzle out the technique of these sports, but proceeded by a large staircase to the floor above. There, as we had hoped, we found apartments. One of them, which faced the street from which we had entered the building was open—and this we have made our own."

As Tony turned a page, his listeners waited almost breathlessly. He continued, from the record:

"It is an apartment of indescribable beauty. The living room is more than twenty feet in height. Its walls are decorated with metal figures in various colors. There is no rug on the floor, but the floor is of a texture not unlike that of a very fine, deep rug. There are mirrors on many faces of the walls—the Other People must have enjoyed looking at themselves, or else they must have liked the added effect of distance lent by the mirrors, for large reflecting panels seem to be an important part of their interior decoration. We have also found beds.

"There are two bedrooms. The beds are very low. We had. I imagine, assumed that they would be of a luxurious softness, but they are rather hard, so that, in spite of their comforts the other People must have been Spartans in some respects. There is a bathroom, with a bathtub, but we cannot make anything of it. It is a beautiful chamber of all bright metals, the colors of which are gold and azure, but it is filled with fixtures and other gadgets of great intricacy as well as beauty.

"We are leaving the problem of deciphering the Bronson Betans' bathing and toilet-making—for experts.

"However, we are quite comfortable in that part of our quarters which we have had the courage to occupy. It is now moderately late in the Bronson Beta night and we have decided to try to sleep. We have planned to keep our pistols at our sides, although a glance at this world of the Other People makes us quite sure that if there were any survivors and they were bent on our destruction, a revolver would be an extremely useless weapon. However, nobody has survived; of that we are convinced."

Tony looked up and regarded his fascinated audience. But Eve was not there; nor Randell. He tried to dismiss thought of this, as he proceeded to read:

"We did sleep and we feel quite well. However, we woke before the actual return of daylight and feeling sufficiently refreshed, we decided to continue our explorations in the remarkable radiance of the artificial illumination which was so useful though so puzzling to us. You can scarcely understand how this affected us with the conviction that the place must be uninhabited, and that around the next corner, beyond the next door, we must find some of the people. But we found no living things."

Tony looked up again. "I find here a number of pages of notes of the most sober sort. They are Eliot James' attempt to describe and analyze some of the objects and implements we examined.

"The first thing we investigated was a store. It was a department store, in the sense that it contained a great many kinds of things; but it did not contain, for example, clothes or, as far as we could could discover, food. It had house furnishings and furniture and kitchen appliances—and by the way, cooking must have been a fetish for the Other People, because apparently they cooked things by induced heat and under high pressure, with steam, so that it took only a few minutes.

"In the store," he continued, "we also found a large department of games and sports, and one of children's toys. The children had very peculiar blocks. Wires extended from their sides and corners so that they look like cockleburs and can be stuck together to make variously shaped figures in which the differently colored blocks are held apart by wires. It was Tony who solved the enigma of those blocks. 'Molecules,' he said, as we stood staring at them. And then I realized that each block was designed to represent an atom and that the children were taught by playing with the blocks the atomic structure of various elements."

Again Tony ceased to read: "We appreciated, of course," he observed to his hearers, "that we ought to communicate with you, and after our breakfast, and a brief journey through some of the strange streets we went out of the city by the way we had entered and returned to our ship, where we tried to call you by radio. We failed utterly because of some puzzling interference.

"We argued then, whether we should return to you with what we had learned or whether we should first try to learn much more. The second argument was overwhelming in its appeal to us. We returned to the city; and on the second day we discovered that it was not quite so intact as we had supposed. In no less than six places where we observed, the huge transparent dome was pierced and showed great jagged tears or holes and below were areas of demolition exhibiting great violence. Meteors had broken through. But except for the wreckage caused by those, I tell you that we found almost nothing out of order in that remarkable city.

"Now I will give you a few more random details from Eliot's diary:

"One thing we noted on our return to the stores—if they were stores," Tony read. "was that in none of them did there seem to have been a system for collecting money, or a medium of exchange, or of keeping books. Seemingly the Other People just came in and took what they wanted—or individuals must have kept their own books—or some system which we couldn't imagine was used. For at the end of our three days' stay we were pretty certain that they had no medium of exchange to correspond to money."

Tony looked up at his fascinated audience, then turned again to Eliot James' diary.

(Continued next week)

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Lissie Happenings.

Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Anderson assisted by Misses Lucille Hough and Edith Clipson, entertained with an April Fools Day party Monday night. A delightful time was enjoyed playing games. A few tricks in keeping with the day added much amusement. At the close of the evening, delicious refreshments of jello and cake were served to 48 guests.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clipson spent Saturday night in Houston visiting Mr. and Mrs. Earle S. Adams.

The E. L. C. E. is sponsoring a rally next Sunday. Out of town speakers are Messrs. E. Dulin and Rev. F. J. Winter, both of San Antonio. Leaguers from El Campo and Gobbler Creek will be present. You are cordially invited to attend this meeting at 7:00 p. m. and again at 7:30 at the church Sunday. Especially all former members are invited and asked to sit in a body. Special music will be furnished.

Mrs. D. F. Isenhower is on the sick list this week. We are glad to state that she is better.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Gertson and family were in Boling Sunday.

Mr. M. E. Isenhower accompanied Mr. B. D. Fussell to Houston Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Causey went to Bay City Wednesday, where Mr. Causey went to see a doctor. They were accompanied by Miss Edith Clipson who went to visit her mother.

MR. THOMAS THANKS FIREMEN FOR HELP

Mr. H. C. Thomas of Ramsey, whose home was fire damaged recently, was a visitor at the Headlight office Monday. He asks that the paper offer his thanks to all who assisted in putting out the fire in his home. Especially, Mr. Thomas said, does he thank the "firemen" of Eagle Lake who were present and who proved of such assistance in fighting the flames and saving the home from destruction.

WASTE IN CCC

You who stand by helplessly these days, watching your children munch crusts of bread should have been with me, a short time ago, at a CCC camp near Williamsburg, Va. You would have seen a camp of newly-built, and well-equipped houses occupied by a gang of a hundred or more no-count Harlem nigger-toughs, each of them costing the Government $30 a month and board. If you had seen a decent day's work done by any of them, you would have been "seeing things." But could they eat! Their menu included the best and most expensive Smithfield hams, young spring chickens, new potatoes, ice cream, etc. The garbage cans were filled with great hunks of lard, stacks of partly eaten and untouched bread, whole loaves of it, buckets of good potatoes and greens. But what's the difference—once Uncle Sap is paying for it, isn't he? I'll say he is!—Selected.

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BEFORE SUCH A SMOOTH SHAVING BLADE at this low price!
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Country Smoked BACON, lb	27c		
Barbecue Sausage, 3 Links	10c		
Hot Barbecue, Every Day lb	25c		
Boiling Salt BACON Lb.	15c	Fresh Ground CHILI MEAT Lb.	10c
Pan Sausage lb	12½c	Round or Loin Beef STEAK Lb.	15c
Beef Brisket ROAST Lb	08c	Beef Rump ROAST Lb.	10c
Beef Chuck STEAK lb	10c	Beef Chuck Roast Lb.	10c
Pork Shoulder ROAST Lb.	15c	Nice Lean Pork CHOPS Lb.	20c

Ellinger Man Claims Championship

Snake Killer In Colorado Bottoms

(From La Grange Record)

Rudolph Kotrala of the Ellinger community is hereby nominated as champion snake hunter of the Colorado river bottom, on the strength of a story reported by D. A. Juren, The Record's Ellinger correspondent.

Two weeks ago, Mr. Kotrala and one of his sons went into the river bottom near their home, about four miles south of Ellinger. They turned over an old log, uncovering two copperhead snakes, which they promptly killed.

Continuing their way, they dislodged other logs finding under them more snakes of the same variety from one up in number. Under one log they were amazed to discover thirty-three snakes and under another thirty-eight.

When the play was over they checked their figures and found that the day's hunt had netted a total of 112.

The following Sunday the snake hunters felt the urge again and were joined by neighbors. When the day was over they were able to add 104 additional reptiles to their kill, bringing their total to 216.

These almost unbelievable facts were related to the correspondent by Mr. Kotrala himself. In face of them, who can gainsay the snake hunter's right to the all-Colorado river bottom championship?

Bernardo News.

(By Willeen Meyer)

Mr. and Mrs. August Pilsner and daughter spent the week-end in Moulton with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Miller and son visited Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Class and son at Mentz.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Strauss of Cat Spring and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Gladys and Howard visited Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Leirmann and grandfather.

Mrs. Joe Braden of Columbus spent the week-end here with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nelson.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Campbell and Henry Kretzschmar of Eagle Lake, Misses Estella and Leona Surmbrook and Harry Pless of Cat Spring and Miss Evelyn Hemaske visited Sunday afternoon with Misses Lucille and Charlene Duddleston.

Mrs. W. D. Meyer and family visited Wednesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duddleston and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Grabow and son visited Sunday afternoon in Columbus with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Grabow.

Mrs. Anton Nelson spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nelson.

Chesterville News.

Mrs. Chas. P. Salladay spent the week-end in Eagle Lake with friends and attended the dinner on Saturday given by the Methodist ladies.

She also attended church and Sunday school on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Salladay motored their mother to Eagle Lake and on their return trip were two hours getting home. If you good people remember, there was a regular downpour about six o'clock. These young people were outside the car in all of the heavy rain trying to get the car to go as the motor was drowned out.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Salladay and Home Sunday and called on Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Clark, Miss Eleanor and Norman, former residents of Chesterville.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Jordon were visiting and shopping in Houston on Monday.

Miss Yvonne Coughran, Miss Clara Graves, Clinton Tubbs and Junior McLain attended a party in the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Anderson for Miss Edith Clipson on Monday night.

Mr. T. B. Tubbs was in Houston Tuesday and Wednesday. Mrs. Russell Salladay clerked in the store and post office during his absence.

A hard wind with a little rain hit this section of the country Tuesday night about half past seven.

The best news sometimes is found among the advertisements.

Nut's
from all over the world!
Our Special This Week
Imperial Cashews
¼ lb. 15c—1 lb. 59c
Fresh Butter Toasted
For High Score Bridge Prize
A Beauty Gift Box of Extra Fancy Nuts—$1.00
BECKMAN'S Drug Store
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You Demand Quality
Stephens Always Has It

"Try Humming Bird HOSIERY
just once—and you'll always buy them. Pair $1.00

Everyone's taking about our new spring DRESSES
Priced $3.95
$5.95 and $7.95

Whatever You Look For in Men's TIES—We have it. 25c To $1.00

Start your sewing now and be sure you're ready for Easter.
Simplicity Patterns 15c Cottons from 10c to 98c
Customode " 25c Silks . . . 69c up

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Representative will be here
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With a line of fine fabrics for spring and summer. "Ask the man who wears Price's tailored suits." APRIL 11th

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OPEN MONDAY, APRIL 8th
DR. W. B. PRUITT
Palmer Graduate
CHIROPRACTOR
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COLUMBUS, TEXAS
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Lady Assistant Free Examination

Garwood Gatherings.

Prof. Paul Lewis spent the week-end at his home at Rockdale.

Misses Alma Dayle Pinchback and Sadie Abell spent Friday with Mrs. Willie Wilbeck at Pierce.

Rev. and Mrs. James Aiken, Mrs. H. F. Priesmeyer and Mrs. M. L. Heiman and Mrs. Holsworth and Mrs. Liggett of College Port were in Houston Monday and Tuesday where they attended the Presbyterial meeting at the Central Presbyterian Church.

Rev. J. W. Myrose of Houston is spending a few days here with Rev. Aiken. On Thursday night he showed moving pictures of mission work in foreign lands.

Misses Gayle and Gladys Schilling entertained the Neighborhood Bridge Club on Thursday night. The invited guests were Miss Arlean Richter, Tony Richter, Melton Ham, Sam Almquist and D. R. Chapman. The young ladies' high score prize was won by Miss Mary Frances Hopkins and the young men's prize went to Noah Coffell. Refreshments of sandwiches, olives, potato chips, cookies and tea were served.

Misses Gladys Engbrock, Elnore Phillips and Thelma Hughes spent the week-end at Miss Engbrock's home near El Campo.

Prof. Buchanan spent the week-end at his home in Bryan.

The Tuesday Afternoon Bridge Club met with Mrs. W. H. Huvar. The home was beautifully decorated with blue bonnets and pink roses. A delicious luncheon of peach cobbler and cottage cheese salad, strawberry caloche and coffee was served. Mrs. W. K. Lehrer was captor of high prize and received a pretty box of body powder. Mrs. Art Luuquist received a deck of cards as second high. Mrs. W. C. Reed of Eagle Lake held high prize for guests and was presented with a box of lovely handkerchiefs. Other guests were Mrs. J. H. McCreary of Eagle Lake, Mrs. Ed R. Frnka, and Mrs. Ed Shaw.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Yeary and Lyle Phillips, Jr., of Houston were visitors in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Phillips this week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Crim of Eagle Lake were Wednesday night visitors with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Chapman.

STRANGE EVENTS MAKE A STRANGE WORLD

Helping the winter along toward spring, folks in Sudbury, Ont., found an apple tree in blossom at the bottom of a 600-ft. mine. Meanwhile, city authorities in Cleveland, O., announce that they can't collect the taxpayers' ashes because they are too busy removing snow from the streets, and simultaneously a dust storm hits Kansas.

H. L. Meneken invites Commonwealth College to move from Mena, Ark., to Baltimore, Md., to preserve academic freedom, a freshman at Brown University wins an intercollegiate championship by eating 20 doughnuts in 18 minutes and 50 seconds, and an Indiana college instructor is arrested on charges of kidnaping and holding himself for ransom.

Senator Bilbo of Mississippi turns up in the Senate with a black eye and Huey Long appears with a bandaged finger in his left hand, thus bearing to virtual certainty that the two mishaps were in any way connected.

The bandmaster of the Kansas penitentiary, himself a convict, persuades the warden to send him to town to get some new music and forgets to come back, leaving the band musicless and leaderless.

An Indiana manufacturer of bows and arrows says that the American Indian was really an extraordinarily poor archer, and Andy Mellon's confidential secretary testifies that Mr. Mellon lost nearly $3,000,000 selling stocks to himself in 1931 and 1932.

Meanwhile, the citizens of Jasper, Alberta, call a meeting to discuss the town's need of an ambulance, and one of the moving spirits falls down on the way to the gathering, breaks an arm, and has to be lugged off to the hospital on a stretcher.

A Hungarian count has challenged 13 residents of Budapest to duels, on the ground that they insulted his wife by throwing her out of their club when they caught her cheating at cards.

And then, to cap the climax—a New York woman goes to a hospital with a stomachache, attributing it to something she ate. A doctor operates and removes from her stomach 224 pins, pieces of bed springs, links of auto tire chains, a set of rubber bands, and bits of broken glass.—Clarksville Times.

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1935 Standard Four Door Sedan.
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By HOLDING YOUR ORDER FOR ME
RARE BARGAINS LIKE THESE!
4 Pounds Cocoa for 69c
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Eagle Lake, Texas

THE RELIEF "RACKET"

Unpatriotic selfishness is defeating the high purpose of the President in the relief program and making a "racket" of the government's generosity. Reports from responsible business men all over East Texas indicate that men are refusing jobs for fear of being taken off relief rolls. There are repeated reports of some business and professional men promoting relief cases for their own private gain. In suggesting the serious danger of this tendency, we are not criticising the federal, state or local relief authorities. If criticism is due for unfair advantage taken of the relief program, it lies at the door of those who are guilty among the people and at the door of local leadership for not making an effort to check this growing disposition to get all you can out of the public funds. We feel sure that all relief officials will join with patriotic citizens in an effort to purge the rolls of the unworthy.

Where is the famed self-reliance and courage of our Texas pioneer ancestors? As we prepare to celebrate the Centennial of the birth of Texas, honoring men of fortitude and courage, we are developing a breed of men and women who seek unfairly to feed upon the public treasury which is supported by those who are still able to pay taxes.

In some rural sections we find relief families living in better houses than some of their neighbors who are still struggling to make a living by their own efforts and to preserve their self-respect. Congress, in defiance of the President's warning, proposes to make the wage scale on relief jobs equal to wages paid by private employers, therby perpetuating the relief program by competing with private business.

The worthy poor and the "unemployables" must be cared for—either by private donations or by taxes. The "chiselers," who unworthily take advantage of the government, are leaving less money to provide for those who really need it. The President has declared that the dole is like a drug sapping the morale of the people and that the federal government must get out of the direct relief business. The state and communities must resume local responsibility. This calls for local vigilance. The relief administration has declared it wants the rolls purged of those who are not justly entitled to relief.

Local county relief boards, generally composed of splendid citizens, have input of any humanity over relief administration policies. Let us have local authority and the relief bill will be cut in half. God save us from the "system" of welfare theorists and "experts" who threatened to fasten itself upon us and our children's children. Let patriotic citizens find out what is going on in the relief program right at home and rebuild a sentiment for old-fashioned American self-reliance.

Henry Grady, eloquent prophet of "The New South," said in describing the courage of the Confederate soldier, returning in defeat to rebuild his shattered fortunes, that "fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June." If we rear a generation of boys and girls who think the government owes them a living, when shall we regain the flower of Southern chivalry and courage and the manhood that was our birthright?—Hubert M. Harrison in East Texas Magazine.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

In Memory of
Brother G. B. Skelton, who died March 31, 1935.

Once again a Brother Mason, having completed the designs written for him on life's trestle board, has passed through the portals of Eternity and entered the Grand Lodge of the New Jerusalem and hath received as his reward, the white stone with the new name written thereon.

And, Whereas, the All-wise and Merciful Master of the Universe has called from labor to refreshment our beloved brother, and he having been a true and faithful member of our beloved Order, therefore be it

Resolved, That: Eagle Lake Lodge No. 366 A. F. & A. M. of Eagle Lake, Texas, in testimony of our loss, be draped in mourning for thirty days and that we tender to the family of our deceased brother our sincere condolence in their deep affliction and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family.

MAX CONNER,
GEO. H. SALLADAY,
W. C. REED, Committee.

Mrs. Rosa Hemphill, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Earl Morris, in Bistrop, for the past three months has returned to Eagle Lake and is now with her sister, Miss Maggie Putney.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Anderson spent several days visiting his mother in San Antonio during the week.

Exploration and mapping of an unknown region in the extreme southwest corner of Yukon Territory, Canada, will be the objective this spring of the National Geographic Society's Yukon Expedition, conducted by Bradford Washburn, conqueror of Alaska's Mt. Crillon, it was announced here today by Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, President of The Society.

Mr. Washburn, himself, is interested in the work of the expedition and has extended its wholehearted cooperation to the National Geographic Society and Mr. Washburn. Mr. Washburn plans to sail from Seattle, Washington, February 20, to meet other members of the party at Skagway, Alaska, two days later.

The region to be explored is surrounded by a group of several of the highest peaks on the North American continent including Mt. Hubbard, Mt. St. Elias, and Mt. Lucania. This area will be explored, photographed, and mapped by the party from the air and from the ground.

The expedition will consist of Mr. Washburn of Cambridge, Massachusetts; Robert H. Bates of Philadelphia; Adams Carter of Boston, a Harvard undergraduate; Hartness Beardsley, undergraduate of Dartmouth and member of the Dartmouth Outing Club; "Andy" Taylor, "sourdough" guide and snow expert, of Alaska, who has traversed many of the Territory's little-known areas and climbed a number of its high peaks; and One Dalber of Seattle, an experienced skier and climber.

From Skagway, equipment will be taken by rail over famous White Pass of Gold rush days to Carcross near White Horse. From Carcross a Canadian plane equipped with radio and ski landing gear will carry the party and its supplies 150 miles west to the untraversed region that extends westward from Lake Kluane. Seven or eight flights will be required.

After two weeks of photographic work by plane from its base camp on the ice cap between Mt. Hubbard and Mt. Vancouver, the expedition will do ground-mapping for several weeks until the days become long enough to permit high altitude work. Because snow will be off large areas around Lake Kluane by the time the party completes its explorations, it probably will be impossible for Mr. Washburn and his companions to be taken out by plane. Traveling light, they will make their way back the 150 miles to the railway on foot.

BRIEF—BUT TRUE.

Everybody can be somebody.
No sweet without some sweet.
Seeking happiness drives it away.
Youth needs no wrinkle extinguisher.
"One man's meat may be another man's—hash."
Wild oats are much worse when rye is mixed in.
Mother love welcomes the child she didn't want.
For the biggest, dirtiest jobs Satan dresses in white.
"I like a boy wish a car, provided he don't go too far."
A child's sorrow is as intense and painful as it is brief.
Grandpa, too, had only an 8-hour job, but it came twice a day.
Thought stirs the emotions and needs a bridle as much at the tongue.
Every parent that gets angry needs the whipping more than the child.
A lake of material fire and brimstone could be no punishment whatever to an immaterial soul.

WILL BE AT HOME IN THEIR "HOME ON WHEELS"

G. E. Carlile, with the Gulf exploration crew, was here for the week-end with Mrs. Carlile, who has been a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Reese. She was formerly Miss Hazel Reese, of this city.

For a number of weeks, Contractor Reese has been at work building a "home on wheels" for Mr. and Mrs. Carlile's use. They change locations so frequently in his work, that in the future they will motor to their new locations right in their home.

Built for every convenience, it is one of the most beautifully finished and conveniently arranged conveyances of its kind that we have seen. The designing was done by Mr. Reese who utilized every possible nook and corner for closets, drawers and other convenient spots.

The traveling home, in which Mr. and Mrs. Carlile attached to their car and left for his new location at Angleton Sunday morning, has electric lights being neatly fitted with both wall and ceiling light fixtures. Other than its doors and windows, which are copper screened, the glass being invisibly lowered into the body of the car, there is additional ventilation in the top. The bed, when not in use as a bed, furnishes a divan for the living apartment. A large container, easily filled from the top, furnishes the water supply. The gasoline range and oven are built in and all cooking utensils have special compartments. Built-in mirror and dressing table add much to the attractiveness of the interior.

Every convenience of a home is designed in the house by Mr. Reese, who surely turned out a wonderful job. Mr. and Mrs. Carlile are naturally proud of their new home.

The fellow who tells you how hard he works wouldn't have time to tell you so if it were true.

Mrs. C. E. Bolton of Aransas Pass spent last week-end here visiting her sister, Mrs. Mollie Goodson.

Friday-Saturday-Monday, April 5-6-8

SUNKIST LEMONS, doz.	10c
FLORIDA CELERY, each	09c
CALUMET BAKING POWDER, lb can	20c
COTTAGE MILK, 3 tall or 6 small cans	18c

O.P. STORES
WE SELL FOR LESS

Fine Granulated Sugar, 10 lbs 45c

Magnolia Spaghetti or Macaronia, 3 reg. pkgs.	10c
SOUR OR DILL PICKLES, 2 qt. jars	25c
JELLO, all flavors, 2 pkgs.	11c
CALIFORNIA PRUNES, 3 lbs.	17c

Crustene 4-lb Carton 53c
Lard, 8-lb Carton $1.04

EXTRA CHOICE APPLES, 2 lbs.	27c
PURE POTTED MEAT, 3 cans	23c
PACIFIC CHUM SALMON, 3 tall cans	29c
AMERICAN SARDINES, 4 cans	15c

No 1 Maine Potatoes, 10 lbs 12c

RUBBING ALCOHOL, pint bottle	10c
ROASTER FRESH RIO COFFEE, lb.	11c
OCTAGON SOAP OR POWDER, 5 for	11c
FANCY RING BOLOGNA, lb.	15c

Pillsbury's Best 24-lb sk 95c
Flour, 48-lb sk $1.85

Hormel's Bkfst, Keystone BACON, lb.	24c
SALT PORK, lb.	15c
SMALL NAVY BEANS, 4 lbs.	19c
CHOICE PINTOS, 3 lbs.	23c
3 lb. pkg. Super Blend Coffee, China Cup and Saucer, both for	29c

AFTERMATH OF SANDSTORM; LITTLE LIES THAT FOLLOW

Undaunted by a week of phenomenal dust storms, weatherbeaten citizens of the Southwest chuckled in the storm's aftermath, over these little stories that followed in its wake:

A citizen fainted when stru