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SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1935.

After Worlds Collide

By EDWIN BALMER and PHILIP WYLIE

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Under the leadership of Cole Hendron, astronomical orbit, over 300 persons escape in two Space Ships just before a cosmic collision with the planet Bronson Beta. After a short period of rest, the party goes on 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 lieutenant, and Professor Higgins, distinguished 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 before it invaded our solar system. The colonists are startled by the sudden appearance at—full 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 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 Elma James, English writer, and the artist of the expedition, begin an exploration in an airplane flight. They are astonished by a marvelous sight that greets them after climbing a high mountain range.

CHAPTER IV—They have come upon a wonderful city, enclosed under glass village six miles wide and twenty miles high. It is entirely man-built. Rods, when they make an entry into the city, is an office grain-millions of bushels. When they start back, in the plane, other planes fly over and the pilots offer them food and drink. They climb to the top of a ridge.

CHAPTER V—Astonished that they have not been killed, they discover that more than the persons who left Mother Earth in the Ark, in a number of other planets, have thrived. The scientific experiment of population lines had fared well in the new planet. Hendron killed and injured Randsell goes to Hendron's cabin—Tony, who calls the master his jealousy when Eve Hendron, whom he hopes to make his wife, insists that Hendron remain with her and her mother while Tony tells the camp of the discovery. In one of the other flying buildings there Drake and Eliot James have seen the likeness of a very active girl, and Eve tells the president that Dorothy Hetch scientists had for centrifuged the Earth's.

CHAPTER VI—Kyte, Tony's former servant, has escaped from the ark of Space turned up, then was sent to Hendron's cabin and the astrolin Ring Communicated have reached Bronson plane to stop the camp. Tony discovers the Ark, Radio communication between Hendron's and Randsell's cabins is broken. Tony and Eve hear the Ship's people is bound. Tony hurries back to the Ark. Randsell, Dodson and Jack Taylor, and they see 30 persons motionless on the ground as dead. Not knowing what to do, Tony awaits. Tony makes those leaving the Space Ship stand in a circle in front of the Ship. The camp has been passed and every member made unconscious, but all breathe.

The three men who were heroes of the raid went together to the landing field. They stood together staring toward the northwest. An expedition in that direction would be necessary at once. It would not be a safe voyage.

Night came on with its long, deliberate twilight, and with it this night came cold.

The sentinels outside stood in little groups together, listening, and watching the sky. No lights showed. The encampment could not risk an air attack by night.

Tony found himself continued in command; for Hendron held to his bed and made no attempt to give directions. Randsell was quite himself again, but like all the others but Tony and Taylor and Vanderbilt, he had lain insensible through the attack and the savage, successful defense the three had made.

Everybody came to Tony for advice and orders. Eve, like the rest, put herself under his direction.

"You'd better stay with your father," Tony said to her. "Keep him quiet as you can. Tell him I'll keep him informed of further developments; but I really expect no more tonight."

Eve disappeared into the darkness, which was all but complete. Another girl joined the group of men standing and shivering near the great cannon-like tube aimed southward.

"Anything stirring?" asked Shirley Dutton's voice.

"Not now," replied Tony.

"It's cold," said Shirley. "It's surely coming on cold, these nights."

"Nothing to what it will be," observed a man's voice gloomily.

"How cold will it be—soon?" asked Shirley.

"Do you want to know?" Williamson challenged. "Or are you just asking?"

"I've heard," said Shirley, taking no offense, "an awful lot of things I know we're going out toward Mars. But how cold is it out there?"

"That's been figured out a long time," Williamson returned. "They taught that back in school on earth. The surface temperature of a planet like the earth at sixty-seven million miles distant from the sun—the distance of Venus—would be one hundred and fifty-one degrees Fahrenheit. The mean temperature of the earth, at ninety-three million miles from the sun—where we used to be—was sixty degrees. The mean temperature of the earth, if it were a hundred and forty-one million miles from the sun—the distance of Mars—would be minus thirty-eight—thirty-eight degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

"The earth went round the sun almost in a circle—it never got nearer to the sun than ninety-one million miles, and never got farther away than about ninety-four million; so our temperature there never varied, by reason, beyond comfortable limits for most of the surface of the earth.

"But riding this planet, we aren't going around in the sun in any such circle; our orbit now is an ellipse, with the sun in a focus but not in the center. So we'll have a very hot summer when we go close to Venus, where the surface temperature averages a hundred and twenty-five on Venus; we'll get cold in winter out by Mars where normal temperatures average about forty below zero—a hundred degrees less than we're used to. We're headed there now."

Eve returned to the group. She halted a few steps away and Tony went to her.

"Further chicks for you, Tony," she said in a voice so constrained that he prickled with fear.

"He's weaker?" asked Tony.

"Come and see," she whispered; and he seized her hand, and she his at the same time, and together through the dark they went to the cabin where lay the stricken leader.

Hendron was seated upright in bed, his hair white as the cover of his pillow.

His eyes, large and restless, gazed at his daughter and at his lieutenant; and his thin white hand plucked at the blanket over him.

"Have they come again, Tony?" he challenged. "Have they come again?"

"No sir."

"Those that came, they are all dead?"

"Yes sir."

"Any one of them?"

"No sir."

"Arm yourselves unto the war, Tony! For the Lord spake unto Moses, saying:

"'Avenge the children of Israel of the Midianite; for thereafter shalt thou be gathered unto thy people.'

"And Moses spake unto the people, saying, 'Arm some of yourselves unto the war, and let them go against the Midianites.'

"How many of the Midianites have you slain, Tony?"

"More than fifty, sir," said Tony.

"There might be five hundred more. We don't know the size of their ship; we don't know how many came. It's clear they have taken possession of one of the cities of our Other People."

"Yes sir."

"Then we must move into another. You must lead my people into the city you found, Tony—the city I shall never see."

"You shall see it, sir!" Tony cried.

"Don't speak to me as if to a child," Hendron rebuked him. "I know better. I shall see the city, but I shall never enter it. I am like Moses, Tony; I can lead you to the wilderness of this world, but not to its promised places. Do you remember your Bible, Tony? Or did you never learn it?

"I learned whole chapters of it, Tony, when I was a boy, nearly sixty years ago, in a little white house beside a little white church in Iowa. My father was a minister. So I know the fate of the leader.

"'And the Lord said unto Moses, Behold thy days approach that thou must die: call Joshua—that is you, Tony—and present yourselves, that I may give him a charge.

"'Charge Joshua and encourage him; and strengthen him; for he shall go over before this people, and he shall cause them to inherit the land which thou shalt see.' Joshua—my Joshua, Tony, we must move, move, move tonight. Move into one of their cities. Thou art to pass over Jordan this day,' Tony, 'to cities great and fenced up to heaven!'"

Hendron stopped speaking and fell back on his pillow. His eyes closed.

"Yes sir," Tony said softly.

"The cities I shall never see!" Hendron murmured with infinite regret.

"But Father—" Eve whispered.

The old man leaned forward again. "Go, Tony!" I throw the torch to you. Your place is the place I occupied. Lead my people. Fight! Live! Become glorious!"

"You'd better leave," Eve said. "'Ti watch here."

Tony went out into the darkness. He whispered to a few people whom he encountered. Presently he stood inside the circular room that was all that remained of the Ark. With him were Randsell and Vanderbilt and Jack Taylor, Dodson and Williamson, Shirley Cotton and Von Beitz, and many others.

Tony stood in front of them; "We're going to embark for one of the Other People's cities—at once. The night is long, fortunately—"

Williamson, who had once openly suggested that Tony should not become their leader, and who had welcomed the reappearance of Hendron, now spoke dubiously.

"I'm not in favor of that policy. We have the blast tubes—"

"I cannot decide on any answer," overrode "Hendron decided."

"Then why isn't he here?"

There was silence in the room. Tony looked from face to face. His own countenance was stone-like. His eyes stopped on the eyes of Randsell. His voice was low.

"Hendron turned over the command to me."

"Great!" Randsell was the first to grasp Tony's hand. "I'm in no shape for the responsibility like that I had for a while." Tony looked at him with gratitude burning in his eyes.

"Orders, then?" Randsell asked, grinning.

That was better for Tony; action was his forte in life. He pulled a map from his pocket. "Copy of the globe James and I found in the Other People's city," he said.

They crowded around it; a rough sketch of Lake Superior, Canada and northland marked two circles.

"Here," said Tony, pointing with a [illegible] south, Randsell's camp. West, the city we explored. The Midianites"—He smiled. "That's Hendron's term for the Assiatics and Japs and Germans; it comes from the Bible—the Midianites are camped somewhere to the northwest. You pick a city at this point. They doubtless occupy that city. Now—"

His pencil moved south and west of the position where they were camped. "You see that there's another city here. It's west of a line between here and Randsell's camp, and about equidistant from both. I suggest that we go to that city—tonight, by the Other People's road—and occupy it. The distance can't be too great. We'll use the tractors."

He then addressed those who could not see the map: "Imagine that we are camped in New York. Randsell, in Washington, the Midianites in Pittsburgh. This other city is about 70 miles west of where Philadelphia would be, while the city James and I explored is say a hundred miles north of Pittsburgh. That's about correct."

"Well, more? Vanderbilt asked. "Everything?"

"No. People—necessities. Come back for the rest."

Williamson stepped forward. "Congratulations on Tony, glad." Others congratulated Tony. Then he began to issue orders.

The exiles from earth prepared to march at last from the wilderness. They prepared hastily and in the dark.

An hour after leaving his orders, Tony stopped into Hendron's house. Eve was there.

"How is he?"

She shook her head. "Delirious." Tony stared at the girls "I wonder—"

She seized his hand. "I'm glad you said that!"

"Why?"

"I don't know. Perhaps because I'm half-hysterical with fatigue and anxiety. Perhaps because I want to justify him. But possibly because I believe—"

"In God?"

"In some kind of God."

"I do, also, Eve. Have your father ready in half an hour."

"It'll be dangerous to move him."

"I know—"

Their voices had unconsciously risen—and now from the other room came the voice of Hendron: "Tony! I know you are there! Hurry them. For surely the Midianites are preparing against you."

"Yes, Cole. We'll go soon."

In the night and the cold again, Tony looked toward the surrounded stars, as if he expected almost to catch sight of God there.

Vanderbilt called to him, calling softly: "The first truck is ready."

"Dispatch it."

"Right. And the second will start in thirty minutes?"

"Exactly."

"Which will you take?"

"Second."

"And who commands the first?"

"Randsell."

Vanderbilt went away.

Tony watched the first truck with its two trailers—one piled full of goods, the other jammed with people. They were like soldiers going to war, or like refugees being evacuated from an endangered position. They lumbered through the dark and out of sight—silhouettes against the stars. . . . Motor sounds. . . . Silence.

When the second convoy was ready, Tony and Williamson carried Hendron aboard on a litter. The old man seemed to be sleeping. Eve walked beside him.

The motor shed emitted a muffled din. Wheels turned; the three sections rumbled into the blackness toward the Other People's road. When they had reached it, travel became smooth; a single ray of light, a feeble glow showed the way to the driver.

For more than an hour they traveled on. They crossed through the valley where they had cut lumber, and they went over the bridge of the Other People. They reached a fork in the road among the foothills of the western range. It was a fork hidden by a deep cut, so that Tony and Eliot James had not seen it on their flight of exploration. Then, suddenly, the light of the truck-tractor went out and word came back in the form of a soft human shushing that made all of them silent.

Tony ran forward. "What is it?"

The driver of the truck—Von Beltz—leaned out in the stygian dark.

"We saw a light ahead!" he whispered.

"Over the hills."

Tony strained his eyes; and sighted the summit and the stars he saw a series of summits. He could even see the metal road that wound over the hills, gleaming faintly. But there was no light.

Not a sound emerged from the fifty human beings packed in the caravan behind.

The wind blew—a raw wind. Then there was a soft, sighing inflation.

Tony gripped Von Beltz's arm. "What was that?"

"God knows."

They strained their eyes.

Tony saw it then; a shape—a lightless and incomprehensible shape, moving slowly on the gleaming surface of the road—toward them.

Tony pointed ahead. "Something. Dipped into a valley. There!"

Again the soft moaning, sound. Again the meaningless shape topped a rise and slithered along the road toward them. Its course was crooked, and suggested the motion of an animal that was sniffing its way along.

"Mein Gott!" Von Beltz had seen it.

Duquesne shivered and murmured to Tony: "It comes this way on the road. We must meet it. Perhaps it is an infernal machine. An enemy scout."

Tony reached into the front compartment of the truck and brought out two rifles. Then he stuffed three grenades into his pocket. He turned to the trailer.

"Vanderbilt," he whispered. "Something's coming toward us on the road. We're going up to meet it. You're in charge here. If I fire—one, two, one,—that means try to rush through on full power—without stopping for us."

"Right. Bing—bing-bing—bing—and we linger."

Tony, Duquesne and Von Beltz hurried to a point about three hundred yards from the trailers—so they waited. The thing came on, louder now.

Then it ruffled a coarse hill. It was a bulk in the dark. It neared along the road at the pace of a man running.

"Machinery!" Tony said softly. "Ready! I'll challenge it—then it gets near. If it goes on, we'll bomb it."

CHAPTER VIII

THEY waited. Slowly, along the road toward them, the thing came. They knew presently that it was a vehicle—a vehicle slow and crazily driven. It loomed out of the night, and Tony stood up at the roadside.

"Stop or we'll blow you up!" he yelled. At the sine time he threw the pin of a bomb between his teeth.

The bulk slowed, swerved, almost stopped.

"I'll give up!" It was a woman's voice.

Tony shot a flashlight-beam at the object. It was one of the large vans the Bronson Betans had used in their cities.

From it stepped a girl.

Duquesne switched on another light. There was no one else in the van.

"Sacre nom!" he said.

The girl was in breeches and a leather coat. She began to speak. "You can't blame me for trying—anyway."

"Trying what?" Tony asked, in an odd mystified tone.

"Are you Rodonoere?" she asked.

Tony's skin prickled. He stepped up to the girl. "Who are you and where did you come from?"

"You're not Rodonoere! You're—you're the Other People!" she said. Tony noticed now that her accent was British. Her use of the phrase Other People startled him.

"We come from earth," he said.

"We're Americans."

She swayed dazedly, and William son took her arm.

"Better duck the lights," Tony said.

They were in the dark again. The girl sniffed and shook herself in a little shuddering way, and suddenly poured out a babble of words to which they listened with astonishment.

"I've been a prisoner—or something like it—since—the destruction of earth. Today I escaped in this van. I'd been running it. That was my job. I knew you were somewhere out here, and I wanted to tell you about us."

"We'll walk back," Tony said, and took the girl's arm. "We're Americans. You seem to know about us. Please try to explain yourself."

"I will." She paused and then spoke rapidly.

They walked toward the silent, waiting train. "You know that other Space Ships left earth besides yours?"

Tony said grimly: "We do."

"You've been attacked. Of course. One ship left from eastern Asia. Its crew were mixed nationalities."

"We know that."

"They're living in a city—a city that belonged to the original inhabitants of this place, north of here."

"And we know that, too."

"Good. A ship also left the Alps. An English ship. I was on that ship. The eastern Asiatic expedition came through safely. We came down in fog. We fell into a lake. Half of us, nearly, were drowned. The Russians and Japs—and the others—found us the next day. They fought us. Since then—those people have been hunting us down. Whoever wouldn't, they killed."

"Ding mercy—"

"There were three hundred and [illegible] when we left the ship. Now—there are about three hundred and ten."

The truck loomed up ahead. Tony spoke rapidly. "We are moving from our camp at night. We intend to occupy a city before morning. You'll come with us. My name, by the way, is Tony Drake."

He felt her hand grasp his own.

"Mine is—or was—Lady Cynthia Cruikshank."

"Peter?"

Vanderbilt sprang from the trailer and ran up the road. "You safe, Tony?"

"Safe. This is Lady Cynthia Cruikshank. She'll tell you her story. I think we'd better move."

Von Beltz was already in his seat. Tony vaulted aboard. The train started.

Lady Cynthia began a detailed account of the landing of the English ship. Tony moved over beside Eve Hendron.

"Oh—Tony—I was terrified!"

He took her hand, and they listened to Lady Cynthia. When she had finished, long and dark miles had been put behind. The uncomfortable passengers had stood spellbound, chilly, swaying, listening to her narrative. Now they questioned her.

"Why did the Midianites solve you?" one asked.

"Midianites?"

"That's what we call the Asiatic Expedition."

The Englishwoman laughed softly. "Oh, Oh, I see. Joshua! Not Inapt. Why—because they want to run everything and rule everything on this planet. And because their men greatly outnumbered their women." She spoke bitterly. "We'd chosen the pride of England. And, pretty faces—"

"Why," some one else asked, "did you wabble so horribly in the van you drove?"

"Because I had to turn my lights out when I saw you coming, and I could only stay on the road by driving very slowly and letting the front wheels run off the edge. When they did, I practically the car back onto the pavement."

Several people laughed. The van rumbled on toward the promised land. Some one else asked: "What did you call this planet?"

Lady Cynthia replied: "We in our ship—thought—just Britannia. But the people who captured us called it Asiatica. You must realize that when I say captured, I don't mean that in the sense that we were jailed. We lived among them—were part of them. Only—we weren't allowed arms, and we were forced to live by their laws."

"What laws?"

"German was to be their universal language. We had to learn it. Every woman was to be married. We had been given three months to choose mates. We were to bear children. There was no property. No God. No amusement or sports. No art—except for education—propaganda, you might call it. No love, no sentiment. We were being told that we were to be the ancestors of a colony. The colony was all important, the individual ants nothing."

"How did you escape?"

"I'd elected to marry a leader. I was considering—seriously—jumping from a building in one of the cities. But I had a little more freedom than most. I was assigned to truck driving. I went every day to the gardens for vegetables. I befriended one of the guards there. I made rather deceitful promises to him; and he let me enjoy what I had told him was a craving of mine, going for a spin alone. I went, and I didn't come back."

Duquesne asked: "You knew where is find us?"

"Vaguely. In our city—the city was called Bergrad, by them—there had been discussions of you. Our captors called you American rabble. They are determined to subdue you."

"Sweet!" said Williamson.

"Of course—in the last days on earth—I'd read about you—I knew two or three of your party: I knew Eliot James. He'd stayed once at our castle. Is he—"

"Very much so," said Tony happily.

"That will be marvelous! And how many of you—"

Tony explained. "We have two camps."

"So I heard."

"a van has gone ahead of us. It will deposit its stores and passengers at the new city, and then start at once to the other camp. We did not dare radio."

"Now—listened for you all day," said Lady Cynthia. "And at night. But my other friends: Nesbit Darlington? Is he here?"

There was silence.

"I see," she said slowly. "And Hawley Tubbs?"

Again there was silence.

The Englishwoman sighed heavily. "So many people! Ah, God, so many! Why was I spared? Why do I stand here this night with you on this foreign world? . . . I'm sorry!"

Tony jumped. Von Beltz was rapping on the window of his driver's compartment. Tony peered through the window. Von Beltz was pointing ahead.

Tony's eyes followed the German's arm. Far away on the horizon the night sky was pinkly radiant. At first he thought that it was the aurora. Then he knew. He turned to the others.

"There are the lights of our new home."

A murmur rose, a prayer, a hushed thanksgiving.

Tony bent over Eve. "We'll be safe soon, dear."

"Yes, Tony."

They came out on a valley floor. In the valley's center was the bubble of the new city. It was not as large as the first one they had seen, but its transparent cover was identical; and, like the first, it was radiant with light. Did the lights go on all over Bronson Beta every night? Had Randsell turned them on? They did not know. They only saw out on the valley floor the resplendent glory of a Bronson Betan city at night, and because none there save Tony and Lady Cynthia had seen the sight before their emotions were ineffable. There were tears on almost every enraptured countenance.

Then a strange thing happened. Cole Hendron stirred.

Eve dropped a tear on his face as she bent over him. Hendron put her hand aside and slowly, majestically, sat up in his improvised cot. "Father," she said.

He was staring at the city.

"Cole!" Tony whispered.

Cole Hendron stood up. "Tony, my son!" His words rang like iron. "Yes—"

The greatest scientist Earth had ever produced stretched out his two hands toward the city. "The Promised Land!" Now his voice was thunder.

Eve sobbed. Tony felt a lump swelling in his throat.

Hendron looked up to the cold stars—to Arcturus and Sirius and Vega.

"Father!" he said in a mighty voice. "We thank thee!"

Then he pitched forward.

Tony caught him, or he would have fallen to the earth. He lifted him back on his pallet and opened his coat. Dodson pushed through the herded people. The head of the physician bent over the old man's chest. He looked up.

"His brain imagined this," said Dodson. "He brought us here in his two hands, and with his courage as our spiritual flame we shall remain."

(Continued next week)

"Father!" said Hendron in a Mighty Voice "We Thank Thee!" Then He Pitched Forward.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. Morning worship at 11:00 a. m. Evening worship at 7:45 p. m. Wednesday evening prayer service, 7:45

Our Sunday school is growing and our church services are growing in interest. Come, get in behind a worthwhile program—listen to sermons that carry a message.

R. W. THOMPSON, Minister

SOCIALISTIC TRENDS THAT WILL ROB UNTOLD THOUSAND

The federal government has started a number of hydro-electric developments in various parts of the country. It is safe to say that but a comparatively small part of the public knows that these projects, large and expensive as they are, constitute but one phase of a tremendous potential power program.

In the words of George J. Leahy, Chairman of the National Job Saving and Investment Protection Bureau for the Coal Industry, "Major federal hydro-electric projects contemplated or under construction will cost $2,000,000,000 and furnish electricity to every point in the United States. More than 152,000 persons will be thrown out of work and huge private investments ruined."

So far, some $450,000,000 has been allotted by Congress for the projects which have been authorized. Advocates say that the total cost of these projects—plus the cost of others which have not yet been authorized, but are being widely advocated—will run to about $1,950,000,000. That money must come out of private pockets—out of industries and individuals. It will be paid, in part, by people now working for private power companies, coal mines and transport systems, who will lose their jobs when the federal government steps in. It will be paid, in part, by people who have invested their savings in these same private enterprises which will be crippled or destroyed when the federal government, through its competition, puts existing private power systems out of business.

There is but one word which truly fits the government's program—"Socialism." If the American people want socialism, they are entitled to it—but most observers find it easier to believe that the projects are going ahead because the public as a whole is uninformed as to their true significance. That ignorance must be dispelled if private initiative, private investment, private employment, are to be maintained.—Beckley (W. Va.) Post-Herald.

NATURE'S COLOR SCHEME

(By Mrs. Wm. Andel)

"Springtime brings nature's example of adding color to the drab effects of winter, and the first thing that appears is a carpet of green grass.

"The charm of a room begins with its floor which strikes the color-note for holding things together in a room. A floor finished in the natural wood will gracefully accept any type of furnishings. Floor coverings should be conventional in design and of neutral tones.

"The most tired-looking room may be awakened with bits of color in drapes, slip covers and pictures that are selected in harmony with the floor. The black-eyed susan is a good example of color harmony with its brown, yellow and green, also the red poppy with its black and yellow center and dark green foliage," pointed out Mrs. Earl Carter at a discussion of color at a meeting of the Bonham-Nora Home Demonstration club at the home of Mrs. Wm. Andel last Friday.

Mrs. Andel demonstrated various uses of the foundation pattern.

At the next meeting with Mrs. L. H. Obenhaus, May 10, a demonstration on brining vegetables will be given by Miss Louise Bryant, Home Agent.

CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Holy Communion 7:30 a. m. Sunday School 10:00 a. m. Evening Prayer and Sermon 8:00 p. m.

The Ladies' Guild will meet Tuesday afternoon at 3:30 at the Home of Mrs. I. V. Duncan.

A cordial invitation is extended everybody to attend our services. You will find a welcome awaiting you.

C. G. MARMION, Rector.

TEXAS EGGS HAVE BAD REPUTATION IN MARKET

There is nothing quite so bad as a bad egg. And there is nothing that equals a bad egg in lowering the consumption of eggs. A few experiences with bad eggs and the city housewife is off the egg market until her memory of the unpleasant episode is dimmed.

Bad eggs should never be permitted to reach the market. There should be legal methods of protecting producers and distributors from ruining other business, and consumers from the effects of this folly. By all means, let's have an egg grading law here in Texas. Such a measure has been drawn and will be presented at this session of the Texas Legislature. It is sponsored by the Baby Chick Association and the Texas Department of Agriculture. It should have the support of all of us who are anxious to see our Texas poultry industry grow and prosper.

The Texas egg has the reputation of a Chicago gangster. It is bad. Some good eggs are produced in Texas. But like people, they are known by the company they keep, and they have many bad companions.

The only worth while cure for this situation is to grade eggs and pay the producer for quality. For years the Progressive Farmer combatted the effort to hang on the Texas cotton farmer the odium for poor quality cotton. All along we insisted that our hog-round cotton market, which penalized quality, was responsible. Much more cotton is now sold on a grade and staple basis. Texas should be next to fall in line. In time, all farm products must be sold on grade. Some day, a handler or distributor of farm products will not be permitted to do business unless he is in position to grade his purchases accurately and fairly, and pay for them accordingly.—The Progressive Farmer.

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THE GREAT CAVE IN SAINT HELENA CANYON

(By Roy L. Swift, in San Antonio Express)

There was a mountain, a long time ago, that stood in the way of a river. The mountain was of solid rock, and it was high, but the river gashed it in two, and moved on to the less insolvent low-lands.

So today the Rio Grande, in the course of that magnificent loop known as the Big Bend, flows for 12 miles between walls two thousand feet high, that threaten each other sometimes scarcely a hundred feet apart. Then, breaking out of a sheer cliff, it curves casually awhile down the foot of that grim escarpment, passing along to the succeeding, but lesser canyons of Boquillas and Maravillas.

Few people, in comparison with the hungry hordes that flock to the more easily accessible thrillers provided in this land, have seen the Grand Canyon of St. Helena, and fewer yet have crept up between its majestic walls. For there are no shores to the river in St. Helena. Throughout most of its course the swift brown waters slide and mutter against the canyon walls; never leave a crescent of soft and occasionally, fills a niche in the towering rock.

However, at least one man has swept successfully up curve after curve in a motor-boat; one party has tumbled lately through on rubber floats; a few paddle up to fish for the great cat of the Rio Grande; and my brother, a friend, and I once swam and waded laboriously through the mushy water "to see what lay around the next bend"—and the next, and the next. And there are such thrilling sights within that chasm that several unlucky souls, exploring, have been drawn to death in the treacherous waters.

But coming around one sharp bend about three miles above the mouth, any intruder stops to stare in awe at one especially magnificent phenomenon. A half mile ahead the great maw of a cave looms back against the cliff's face. Four hundred feet above the turbid waters it gapes; a black arch framed below a kind of grand proscenium. The image is frowning straight and square as though cut by a purposeful architect.

So imposing is this entrance that those who have seen and not investigated have invented the wildest tales to fit its proportions. A thousand years past, perhaps, some fearful Indian crept timorously up this same bend on an hollowed-out redwood and, twice terrified, as the forbidding cavern yawed at him from the heights. No doubt he personified it, envisioning the maw of the god who daily exposed the gale which comes roaring at twilight from the canyon.

Others' imaginations are fired by less superstitious but no less fanciful conjectures. Yarns current through the Big Bend country concerning the vaguely known cavern link it with bandit rendezvous, secret passages into Mexico; and of course the archaeologist dreams of remains of ancient civilization buried within.

Standing on the little strip of sandy shore where one gets the best view of the cave, we thought of all that might be within, and we tried to figure out a route up the ledges to that grand arch above. We could see a possibility, but we had come up the river in bare feet (we always do, for that matter) and so were hardly in shape to traverse those sharp rocks. Promising, then, to tackle the ascent when better equipped, we pushed on the river a mile or so further, swimming, or lifting along on narrow ledges above the water that was too swift. Finally we stood on what seemed to be the top of the lifeguard little beaches. The stream was a swirling torrent here and the sullen roar of a waterfall somewhere beyond flung disquietingly between the sky-reaching palisades.

Awhile we tarried, meditating those magnificent cliffs. Inscrutable aloof as the Sphinx, they seemed to ignore our momentary encroachment, secure in the knowledge that we would soon retire, insignificant mites as we were, leaving no trace in that profound gorge save marks upon the sand, to be scoured off by the first lapping wave.

Coasting again to the yellow flood, we swept below the cave, floating easily back to the outside world, to our clothes, our cameras and glasses and Ford and to the tinned peaches we ate for dinner in our camp on the glaring beach at the mouth of the canyon.

But the tantalizing problem of that cave's mouth kept bothering us. When summer came round again, the other boys of our little party, finding time for a second trip, recruited a couple of more men and came together ropes and other paraphernalia, and again the little car clambered down across the rocky wastes of the Big Bend.

Now came anti-climax, as it had once, the same year, unbeknown to us, to another and much more scientific explorer. He, too, had seen the cave, and—but that's his story.

Burdened this time with ropes and shoes and camera, we tied their heels the boys made their second laborious trip up into the canyon. Somehow they scrambled up the ledges, felt their way across a steep talus slope and passed finally into the shadow of that prodigious arch.

One hundred and fifty feet from floor to roof is the mouth of the cave. What a splendid opening it might be to a greater Carlsbad! But, since this is a factual story, it is our duty to report in disillusionment that the cave is only little deeper than it is high. Just a great bell-blasted into the cliff's face it is an airy cathedral that the elements gave us wherefrom to look on their handiwork.

And the view from within that arch is worth all the trouble it took to get there. All about, buttresses of yellow, red and gray swell and rise illimitably, it seems, but finally, to that sharp rim on the plateau above, where the 10 foot clumps of ocotilla that stand against the sky seem like little fringes of close-cropped turf. The walls, as they soar upwards, are shattered here and there into columns of basalt, which have fallen out until great naves and vaults make cool shadows against the brightness when sunlight floods down from above. But only for the briefest period in the middle of the day does the sun reach down to the water that the gorge cradles. Most of the time the Rio Grande swirls along in the shade, narrowed to insignificance by the vast reaches above, giving small hint that its own force sheared out that vast gash.

Against those distances the river seems only to crawl, and at first glance one would say that stone and water and sky were fixed in dream-like stillness to which some other force played a roaring harmony of noise. But actually these three—stone and river and air—are constantly at war, and the birds know well that torrents flood and ebb in the clear void above the water. Often one sees a lone bird beating up between the cliffs until it can find the proper conditions. Then, soaring on fixed pinions, the great bird plays the air currents so subtly that it shoots up in tight spirals a thousand feet, and is catapulted out over the rim, a tiny speck in the blue vault. This happens, not infrequently, or accidentally, but as a matter of course, as birds from all over the country side take advantages in this way of nature's free ride to the upper air.

Regretfully, as the boys searched every cranny of the cavern, they gave up their ideas of its possible size. There was no more to it than that one great vault.

But there are other caves in the canyon. One airplane picture, taken in war time, shows another black hole, farther up the canyon, and high on the face of an absolutely perpendicular cliff. Inaccessible? Well, one could rig a windlass above and let a man down on a rope. And we talked to a man who knew somebody who had lain on the opposite edge of the canyon and, with his telescope, peered into that cave, where he saw asclay pot and other shards lying in the aged dust.

Puney? Probably. But it makes a good story, and big stories go well with such bigness as St. Helena. And the Grand Canyon of St. Helena has not yet told all her secrets.

Frosticks 5c at JOE LUNA'S.

BACHELORETTE'S CLUB

Miss Catherine Powers entertained the Bachelorette Bridge Club Wednesday night. High score prize won by Miss Anna Margaret Martin, a powder jar. Miss Cecelia Coulter was a guest. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served following the games. Miss Mary Waddell will be hostess next Wednesday night.

STOP GAS PAINS! GERMAN REMEDY GIVES RELIEF

Acting on BOTH upper and lower bowels Adlerika washes out all poisons that cause gas, constipation and bad sleep. One dose gives relief at once.—Beckman's Drug Store.

72c table cloth, 2½ yards for $1.00 at Lange's.

BUSINESS LOCALS

OLD-TIME DANCE — Aurora Hall, Eagle Lake, Saturday night, May 4th. Music will be furnished by that good Nesvadba Orchestra of Rosenberg. Make your plans now, so you won't miss this one.

NOTICE

We will not be responsible for any indebtedness incurred by anyone on our account unless our order form properly executed is presented. No deductions can be made from any money due employees and we cannot honor any order made against any amount due anyone on our payroll. The above to apply to PWA Docket No. 5332. Street Paving, Eagle Lake, Texas.

BROWN & ROOT, INC.

R. C. A. Radio Tubes for ALL MAKES RADIOS at J. F. Ulery's, Authorized Radio Dealer. (tf)

STOP THAT ITCHING

If you are bothered by the itching of Athlete's Foot, Eczema, Itch or Ringworm, Calvert Drug Co. will sell you a jar of Black Hawk Ointment on a guarantee. Price 50c and $1.00. (23-mch-20t)

ORANGE CRUSH—The finest true fruit Orange drink. Accept no substitute. It is in the kringy bottle it is Orange Crush. Costs no more than the cheap orange—only 5c a bottle. 20-apr-2t

FOR RENT—Two very modern 4 room apartments, downstairs southeast front. Open in a few days. Something different. If interested in comfortable living quarters, it is worth while to investigate.—Dallas Hotel. (3-5-tf)

MODERN DANCE — Herman Waldman and his famous orchestra, Riverside, East Bernard, Wednesday night, May 8. Admission $2.00. (5-may-1t)

BABY CHICKS

Baby Chicks for sale every Tuesday and Friday. Book your order in advance if possible.

Custom Hatching

Eggs set every Monday and Thursday. Trays hold 100 hen eggs. We are also equipped to hatch your turkey eggs. Trays hold 110 to 120 eggs, but we will set any amount of eggs you may want to have hatched.

KUBALA HATCHERY
East Bernard, Texas

RADIO TUBES for all makes of Radios. See J. F. Ulery, R. C. A. Authorized Dealer. (28-july-tf)

HOME FOR SALE—My home in Eagle Lake. 5 rooms and bath and large sleeping porch. See A. J. Struss. Phone 263-J. (13-apr-3t)

FOR SALE.—A nice young milch cow, a heavy milker and easy to handle.—C. A. Brewer. Eldridge, Texas. 4-may-2t

NOTICE.—Any nice farmer wishing to make application for transfer of acreage and quota, please do so at once, as our time is limited.—Mrs. A. F. Harbert.

LOST.—100-lb. sack of sugar between Stephens' store and my home. Reward for return.—S. S. White. (4-may-1t)pd

WANTED.—Reliable dealer, for Eagle Lake to sell complete line of Radios. Address, Ira Dippel, Giddings, Texas.

SEED RICE FOR SALE.—Blue rose $3.25, Early Prolific $3.00. F. O. B. Eagle Lake, Texas. Texas. (5-may-2t)

PEPSI-COLA

Have you tried Pepsi-Cola? If not, you've missed something. A Bracing and Healthful drink. Ten-cent size, 12-oz bottle, for 5c. Two drinks for the price of one! Ask for it at all Cold Drink Dealers. 20-apr-2t

BIDS ON MACHINERY WANTED

Colorado County will receive bids on road machinery up to 10 a. m. May 14, 1935. Full information as to kind of machinery wanted, size, etc., can be obtained from H. L. Reading, County Commissioner Precinct No. 4, Eagle Lake, Texas.

By order of Commissioners Court, 3-20-4t H. P. HA