Eagle Lake Headlight

ESTABLISHED MARCH, 1903.

BRUCE W. McCARTY
Editor and Publisher

Official Organ City of Eagle Lake

Eagle Lake Adviser (established in 1893) absorbed March 9th, 1908.

TELEPHONE NO. 88

Published at Eagle Lake, Colorado County, Texas, every Friday and entered at the postoffice at Eagle Lake, Texas, as second class mail matter.

All user advertising paid for at the time of order at the rate of 5c per line for each insertion. No advertising is accepted for less than 25c per issue.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ONE YEAR	$2.00
SIX MONTHS	$1.25
THREE MONTHS	$1.00

FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1933

After Worlds Collide

By EDWIN BALMER and PHILIP WYLIE

Copyright, 1934, by Edwin Balmer & Philip Wylie
WNU Service.

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Under the leadership of Cole Hendron, noted American scientist, over 300 persons escape in two Space Ships just before a cosmic meteor shall pass, 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 built it had on Bronson Beta had swift moving vehicles. That night thousands of giant meteors hurtle through the sky, but none of Hendron's colonists are hit. The meteors are fragments of the earth's moon, destroyed before the earth was shot out.

CHAPTER II.—Hendron says the Space ship is to be dismantled and all parts used. Tony Drake, Hendron's lieutenant, and Professor Higgins, distinguished botanist, discover a river beyond 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's sun had gone. Bronson Beta—as 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, and the last flight of a bird-like creature, making no attempt to communicate with the colonists, rather that they were spying on the camp, leaves a feeling of alarm. They realize that they are in a world not their own, and that their visitors may be enemies.

CHAPTER III.—Tony Drake and Jean Paul, French writer, are among the dwellers on the expedition, both are editorial writers for newspapers. They are astonished by a motorcycle, and greets them after clearing a high mountain range.

CHAPTER IV.—They have come upon a nondescript city, half an efficient modern city, half an efficient ancient city. Tony's men are astonished by a motorcycle and greets them after clearing a high mountain range.

CHAPTER V.—Kyto, Tony's former servant, tells Tony he, a Tokia professor turned spy, then was sent to Bronson Beta. He says another Tokian, Japanese and German scientist Commissioner have reached Bronson Beta and probably set the mysterious plane to spy on their camp. Tony flies a plane to the Tokian scientists' camp. Radio communication between Hendron and Rasadhi's camp is broken after a single cry for help from Hendron's people is heard. Tony, Norris, Jack Taylor, Peter Vanderbilt and Jack Taylor, and they see 60 people, Hendron's among them, are dead. Not knowing what danger awaits, Tony insists upon leaving the plane and flying warning to Rasadhi's camp. Norris, Vanderbilt and Taylor are with him. The camp has been wiped out, every trace of them, made uninhabitable, but all recover.

CHAPTER VII.—The Asiatics or Mohammedans, Hindoos, Jews, have vaboonated the 50 survivors of a British ship, which left India in 1936. Lady Cynthia Cruikshank escapes. When the Asiatics make an aerial raid, following the gassing of Hendron's people, Tony and his men sabotage their armada with terrific atomic blasts from the Space Ship's projection tubes. Hendron's health fails and before his death he orders Tony to remove every body to one of the United Cities. This Tony promises in doing. The Americans discover that they derive their mysterious power of light and heat from a mineral, radioactivity, and fear the Asiatics control it when they learn that Hendron's projection during the intensely cold winter. Von Heitz disappears and Tony's men are convinced he was seized by spies within the city.

CHAPTER VIII.—Drake and his companions learn how to operate the Asiatic vehicles. Von Heitz, prominent member of the community, is still missing, and a thorough search made is unavailing.

As Tony turned away Jack Taylor approached him.

"You don't want a ride", he tempted his friend, "in one of the new million-year-old machines through the city?"

"Not yet," Tony said.

"Why not yet?"

"You," said Tony, "you take it for me, Jack."

"All right," said Jack staring at him almost understandingly. "Sure. I'll take the ride for you."

Tony retired to this deserted Hall of the Central Authority. He slumped down before the beautiful desk which had served its original purpose countless years ago when this world whirled about some other star. He still was alone.

Two tiny images of men—men not of the world, but of this planet—decorated the desk, one standing at each of the far corners of the desk-top. They were not secured to the metal top, but could be plucked from their fastening without breaking. Tony toyed with them; they reminded him of little images brought from Egypt. There had been a name for them in the world. "Ush—ushab—" He could not quite recall it.

Some one entered. It was Eve; Tony heard her. The mood had returned to readiness for her; and she was calmer than before, and quite collected.

"What are these, Tony?" She gazed at the exquisite little images in his hand.

"You tell me, Eve."

"Why they look like ushabtin, Tony."

"That's it! The 'Answerers,' weren't they? The Respondents."

"Yes," she said. 'The Answerers, the Respondents for the Dead. For when a man died, the Egyptians could not believe that he would not be called upon to continue his tasks as always he had done them in his life. So they placed in his tomb the 'Answerer' to respond when he was called upon to perform a task after he was dead. 'O Answerer!' the soul appealed to the statuette: 'If I am called, if I am counted upon to do any work that is to be done by the dead . . . then shalt substitute thyself for me at all times, to cultivate the field, to water the shores, to transport sand to the east to the west, and say "Here am I; I am here to do it."

"I see," said Tony. "Thank you. I remember. I hope your father can feel I am his Answerer, Eve."

"He knew, then, why he had not left the Hall of Authority to ride the ramps of the city: Cole Hendron would not have done it.

* * *

"What weapons did the Midianites find in their city?"

"Practically none. None at all, that I know of," Lady Cynthia corrected.

She had returned from her tour with the technicians, having demonstrated all she had learned of the manner of manipulating electric locks, taps, pumping apparatus and other mechanisms which now were capable of being operated.

"Not a weapon in the city we entered," Eliot James reminded Tony. "We have come on nothing like a weapon—except some implements in what must have been a museum—here."

"The people of Bronson Beta," pronounced Duquesne, "seem to have had no idea of war in their development. Why? Because morality had passed beyond it? I do not believe it. Other causes and conditions intervened. No greater authority upon human development than Flinders Petrie lived on earth; and what did he say?

"There is no advance without strife. Man must strive with Nature or with man, if he is not to fall back and degenerate. Certainly these people did not degenerate; there is no sign in this city but of a struggle, magnifique—epic! But not of man against man. It was, of course, of man against Nature—even against the drift into the darkness of doom which they saw before them.

"In comparison with this struggle, strife between themselves became puny—imbecile. Long ago, long before the drift into the dark, they ceased to wage war; and so they left to our enemies none of their weapons."

"They left material, however, which could be used as weapons," the English girl corrected.

"Most certainly; the gas—the gas that was merciful anesthetic for the Vanished People, probably."

"How much progress," Tony asked the girl who had been a professor in the other city, "did your captors make in reading the records of the Vanished People?"

"Very considerable, I am sure. They brought over from earth an especially strong staff of linguists. They seemed to have realized even better than did our party—or perhaps than did you," the English girl said, "the importance of solving quickly the secrets of the original civilization. And they went right at it."

"How did they begin?"

"From regulating and putting into operation what seems to have been instruction machines for the children of this planet—machines which in form are very unlike but in effect are like talking motion pictures. The machines illustrate an object, and print and pronounce a word at the same time. I have shown M. Duquesne similar machines found here."

Tony arose. The implications of what he heard were so tremendous that he could not think of them without confusion. He put them aside for the moment.

He passed up and down. What was on that lake where your Space Ship fell?" he asked the English girl.

"Nothing. It seemed to have been burned over all around the border. The water was fresh."

"Half of you, you said, were drowned?"

"Nearly half."

"All the survivors of the crash were captured?"

"Yes; and when I escaped, I figured that three hundred and ten of us were living." She repeated the figure she had given in her first account.

"And how many were they—your captors—our Midianites?"

"More than our number, considerably. They never said how many they were, nor gave us a chance to count them. They were always on the move."

"Where to? You mean they visited several other cities?"

"Oh, yes."

"How many?"

"As many as they could find and reach, and I believe they could have found it within reach. For they had a globe of this planet. I heard about it; but they never let any of us slaves see it."

"What else could you pick up?"

"They said that one city was a good example of every other. They're all complete, and all similar in a general way."

Tony gazed out of the window. More and more of the vehicles of the Vanished People were appearing on the ramps and the streets. The sun, the small clear sun, shone down through the huge transparent dome. He swung back.

"Did they find how the air was kept fresh in the cities when they were fully—populated?"

"Yes; and they even operated some of the ventilators, though it was not necessary with so few people in the city, of course. The Original People had huge apparatus for what we would call air-conditioning, and for heating the air. The Asiatics, of course, were especially interested in that."

"The heating, eh? Did they think the planet was drifting again into the cold?"

"That," said Lady Cynthia, "surely worried them. They had their own computations, but they repeatedly asked what ours were. They were—and are, I am sure—especially careful with our scientists. They aren't sure, you see, that this planet will stay lively near the sun."

"Were your scientists—the English, I mean—sure?" asked Tony.

"They said they were. We'd go out into the cold nearly as far as Mars—and then come back."

"Yes," said Tony.

"That's what you think here, isn't it? the girl appealed.

Intentionally Tony waited until Duquesne replied. "It is upon that," said the Frenchman, "that we rely. You may I ask what something? Did these people—your captors, those Midianites—find any trace as to where the builders of these magnifique cities and the other inhabitants went?"

"No! Constantly they talked about it. Where were they? Where did they go? And did any—survive?"

"Precisely," said Duquesne.

"We shall name this city," said Tony suddenly, "Hendron. Hendron. I am sure no one objects . . . I thank you," he said to the English girl, "for all you have told us. Of course we will want to use the records; but not now."

He left them and went out. Now he had need, as he had not before, for an inspection of the city.

Jack Taylor, seeing him, stopped one of the cars and took Tony in with him. Dimly they spun up a twisting ramp and shot out upon a wide boulevard. They pulled up after a couple of miles, which had been curved in barely a minute, beside a building at one of the guarded gates. On the far side of the entrance lobby was a dining room where a score of women were setting out upon tables the square metal plates upon which the Other People had dined perhaps a million years before.

Tony got out and went in. He smelled the aroma from a caldron of stew, but he was not hungry.

Higgins was there eating—excited to be sure, but eating.

"Tony!" Higgins called. "Tony!" he beckoned, rising.

Tony sat beside him. "I've been two miles underground!" Higgins reported. "Two miles! Maltby got the lifts working. I took a chance on one. Two miles down. Wonderful. Temperature rises all the way."

Tony whipped his thoughts to this problem. "Temperature rises! How could it? Does this planet cool—ages ago?"

"Not to the core. Only the crust. Two miles down, it was a hundred and six degrees Fahrenheit. I brought back—well, you will see."

"What?"

"Samples of what they tried to preserve below, or store for their selves. Some of it preserved, some of it not; some sealed in naked rock close to the surface and allowed to get terribly cold; some stored in metal containers and placed at strata where some heat would have endured—and did. There is enough stuff under this city to feed a Chicago for years—generations, I can't estimate how long—that is, if the stuff remained edible. The meat must be decidedly questionable."

"Meat!"

"From what animals I can't say; the vegetables from what plants I am unable to guess. Some of it may not be digestible by us. Some may be poison, we'll discover. But some must be edible, for I've eaten some and I still feel fine."

CHAPTER X

TONY went down the staircase to the hall with Higgins. In the hall a half-dozen square glassine containers, each about two feet high and a foot in its other dimensions, had been set on tables. Covers sealed them hermetically. Their contents were visible; meat indeed—a reddish lean meat not unlike beef and a lighter meat in small fragments; and vegetables—one appeared as long yellow cylinders, another as pink balls not unlike radishes, a third streaked with yellow and green and of an indeterminate lumpy shape.

Tony regarded the exhibit thoughtfully. They covered their cities. They stored food supplies for a population long. They must have provided for journeys into space."

"Of course," said Higgins.

"But where are they?"

"I do not know."

"And the heat increased with depth?"

"Exactly."

"Probably the same system that lights the cities heated the storerooms, so the precious food there would not at first freeze, crack its containers and spoil."

"Possibly," said Higgins. "I am a plant biologist, not an engineer. But I would venture to disagree, even so."

"Why?"

"I saw no evidence of heating mechanisms. Ventilation, yes. Heat, no."

"But the air—it's warmed." Tony persisted.

"It wasn't. Observation showed the air on Bronson Beta was frozen solid—as it approached our sun."

"We couldn't make observation under the domes."

"True. But you will find ample evidence in fractures and weak marks to show that the air in the city was frozen. Yes—it is not heated air from the domed city which has kept these immense subterranean warehouses warm." Higgins shook his head. "Radium."

"Radium?" Tony repeated.

"Radium. Deep in this planet. Only radio-active minerals could maintain heat inside a planet during untold ages of drift through frigid space. So we may conclude that the interior of Bronson Beta is rich in such minerals."

"Then it must be dangerous—"

Higgins shrugged. "The presence of heat does not mean that rays are also present. They are doubtless absorbed by miles of rock. Hundreds of miles, may be. But the heat is there, the activity of radium; and the rocks carry the heat almost to the surface."

There was silence in the group. Tony addressed a bystander. "Jim get Duquesne. Tell him to turn the power station over to Klein, and investigate this. Take Higgins with you."

Higgins started away with Jim Turnsey, talking excitedly.

Before breakfast Tony began to collect for their next meal. No one brought any information about Von Beltz. He had vanished. But another clue to the possible existence of living people in Hendron had been discovered. Williamson, exploring with a searching party, had found there a trail that had been slept in. He had been led to the find by an open window in a building on the northern edge of the city. Whether the beds had afforded rest or to enable him. And on this afternoon we shall pay a last homage to him.

"I have prepared the earth to receive him. I have named this city for him. I shall ask you to remain inside the protecting dome of this city—standing on the ramp of the western skyscraper — while Cole Hendron is buried. I do not dare to expose you all. The following will accompany me to the grave." He read from a paper: "Eve Hendron, David Ransdell, Pierre Duquesne, Eliot James and Doctor Dodson. His pallbearers to the gate will be the men whose names I have just read, and also Taylor, Williamson, Smith, Higgins and Wycherley.

"We will march from here to the gate. You will follow; Eve will open the gate."

Once more, before Cole Hendron—Conqueror of Space—was borne, from the Hall of Science, the music of Bronson Beta burst forth. Mighty once more made rise the metallic tones from the throats of a million years silent, to sing Cole Hendron's requiem. Then the bearers of the body descended the staircase of the majestic building.

Over the body of the great leader was placed an immense black tapestry—a hanging taken from the great hall in which he had lain.

The procession reached the street, amid muffled sobs and the sound of feet.

(Continued next week)

FATHER OF SUPERINTENDENT MARSHALL PASSES AWAY

The Headlight extends its sympathy to Supt. E. O. Marshall of the Cuero school in the death of his father, W. L. Marshall, who died at his home in Runge Saturday.

William Isaac Marshall, son of Captain R. S. and Sallie Blanton Marshall, was born in Madisonville, Tennessee, June 23, 1863. He came to Texas with the family in 1881, at the age of 16 years, and settled at Weberville, Travis County, where, on June 20, 1886, he was married to—Miss Carrie Jent Tabb, later moving to Del Valle, then to Karnes County in 1893, settling in the old Couch community, and to Runge in 1905. Later, he moved to Comanche, but a number of years ago he returned to Runge and made his home a few miles north of that town, where he departed this life May 17th, 1933, at midnight—aged 69 years, 10 months and 24 days.

Surviving are, besides a devoted companion, the following children: Mrs. T. I. Ryan, Runge; Rev. R. S. Marshall, Beaumont; Mrs. W. R. Marshall, Rev. C. E. Marshall, Brady; Mrs. O. W. Rose, Lexington; Rev. W. H. Marshall, LaGrange; E. G. Marshall, superintendent of the schools at Garwood; L. H. Marshall, Kendy; Marvin Marshall, Hico; Curtis Marshall, Runge; J. Wesley Marshall, Runge; Warren Marshall, Manor and Mrs. W. T. Butterworth, Dallas. He is survived by twenty-eight grandchildren.

One son, Woodrow, died December 29th, 1913, at the age of 16 months. One sister and four brothers also survive: Mrs. Maggie Reed, Tulsa, Oklahoma; J. W. Marshall, Austin; J. K. Marshall, Corpus Christi; R. B. and T. R. Marshall, Pawnee.

THREE YEAR OLD CHILD CAPTURES RATTLESNAKE

Look, mamma! Rattlesnake!

The three year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Johnson, who live 13 miles southeast of Cotulla, came into the room where his mother was sewing Monday afternoon, with the greeting "Look mamma! Rattlesnake!"

The mother looked up and was horrified to see a writhing rattler on the end of a stick about 18 inches long. The stick had a sharp point and had been run clear through the snake's head.

Mrs. Johnson grabbed the child and made a search for a bite and found none. She was almost speechless; but it was funny to the child, who kept trying to tell her how he killed the snake. The stick was less than two feet long. Just how it was accomplished without the child being bitten is a mystery.

It is presumed that the child struck at the snake with the stick and accidentally struck it on the head and stunned it, then proceeded to push the sharp end through its head.—Cotulla Record.

MISS EMILY HOWARD HONORED BY SHOWER

Mesdames Harold Thomas and Richard Hutchings, Jr., of Houston, were joint hostesses at the Howard home of the former on Saturday afternoon when they gave a delightful miscellaneous shower and bridge party in honor of Miss Emily Howard, a June bride-to-be.

The home was decorated in keeping with the occasion and the gifts were brought to the bride in a wagon by Billy Reading.

Miss Howard won high score prize, lingerie, and Mrs. John Chapman was awarded low prize, hosiery.

Refreshments were served of lobster, cued chicken, potato salad, potato chips, stuffed eggs and sandwiches, were served.

COUPLE HONORED WITH MISCELLANEOUS SHOWER

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hughes were the recipients of a lovely miscellaneous shower Friday last, given by Mesdames J. M. Skinner, Lloyd Tate and G. M. Cason at the Skinner home.

Thirty guests enjoyed various games and delicious refreshments of angel food cake and jello were served at the conclusion of the evening.

$5.00 men's dress oxfords, $3.95 at Landa's.

Complete Fountain at JOE LUNA'S.

FABRIGUEZ OPERATING IN MATAGORDA COUNTY

Mr. Fabriguez, representing the R. S. Sterling Oil Company, of Houston, closed a deal here Thursday with A. G. Baer, representing the Baer interests for a lease on the Baer lands in the Southeastern part of the county for oil drilling purposes.

The lease calls for 9000 acres in the Sargent vicinity. The program calls for a drilling campaign which will start some time this summer. The first well will be located near the town of Sargent.

The company represented by Mr. Fabriguez is owned by ex-governor Sterling, who has made a spectacular "comeback" in the oil business since he quit politics. The governor now owns about 20 producing wells.—Bay City Tribune.

$1.50 Dress shirts 95c at Landa's

PRESBYTERIANS TO INSTALL MINISTER SUNDAY MORNING

Rev. W. M. Logan of Brownwood will be installed at the local Presbyterian church Sunday at the 11 o'clock services and the public is invited to attend. Rev. Mr. Logan was recently ordained and installed at the Sugarland church and he will divide his time between Eagle Lake and Sugarland, making his home in Eagle Lake.

Rev. F. S. Henderson of the Central Park Presbyterian church of Houston, Rev. A. W. Deguire of El Campo and Mr. J. D. Willett, superintendant of the Brazos Presbytery, will assist in the installation ceremonies.

Rev. Mr. Logan has made numerous friends in Eagle who join with us in welcoming him and his family to come to him.

Entire family admitted for 25c at the Avalon on Wednesday night.

London tailors are predicting a bigger roll in the collar. If it's all the same to them, we'd rather have it in the pocket.—Boston Herald.

Mrs. Elmore Schief and baby, Doris Ruth, are spending the week with relatives in Sealy.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR IN SCHOOL ADDRESS

Lieutenant Governor Walter F. Woodul will deliver the commencement address to the graduating class of the East Bernard high school tonight, Friday. Pearl Fino is the valedictorian and LaPayette Duckett, the salutatorian of the class.

WHY BOYS GO WRONG

Bud Russell, the man who is said to have hauled 100,000 convicted felons from Texas County seats to the penitentiary in his "Big Bertha" stage car as the chief transfer officer for the State pen system, was recently interviewed upon the question of why so many young men are becoming criminals, and made this frank statement:

"Boys who are brought up to hate authority, to see and hear tales where the outlaw is made the hero, are encouraged at home to ridicule and shun the sacred things, these are the boys who furnish our army of criminals."

"Uncle Bud," as he is familiarly known, has handled many hardened criminals, among them Clyde Barrow and Raymond Hamilton. He said he told Barrow several years ago that what he needed as a boy criminal was an old-fashioned razor strop applied a plenty by the strong arm of the right kind of a daddy. In his later troubles with the law Barrow is said to have often said, "Uncle Bud's advice about the razor strop was exactly right."—San Marcos Record.

Success

Once upon a time I planned to be
An artist of celebrity;
A song I thought to write one day
And all the world would Romage pay
I longed to write a noted book
But what I did—was learn to cook.
For life with simple tasks is filled
And I am convinced what I willed
Yet when I see boys hungry eyes,
I'm glad I make good apple pies
—Exchange.

Sandwiches of all kinds at JOE LUNA'S.

Mrs. Harvey Jamison of Marble Falls spent the week here at the home of her aunt, Mrs. H. W. Graves, while Mr. Jamison was in Galveston in attendance at the State Democratic convention. Mr. Jameson motored to Eagle Lake yesterday, she accompanying him home from here.

MISSIONARY WOMEN GIVE SUNDAY MORNING PROGRAM

The morning service Sunday at the Baptist church will be in charge of the women of the Woman's Missionary Society. There will be two or three special musical numbers and readings by several of the women, and a short play entitled, "The Aged Minister." Something like thirteen women will take part in the program, to which the public is invited.

Entire family admitted for 25c at the Avalon on Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon P. Gaucher and two children, Barbara and Donald, of Port Arthur, are guests of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Nat Neiman, having come to witness the high school commencement exercises, two sisters of Mrs. Gaucher, Cathryn and Nellie Holman, being members of the senior class.

Mrs. J. G. Cooper and nephew, J. O. Smith, of Beaumont, came in Wednesday for a visit with Mrs. J. C. Cooper. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Cooper and Miss Cora Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, having formerly made her home here and at Garwood, has many friends in this community who all others are delighted to see her again.

NEW TWO-PARTY SYSTEM

Back in the old prohibition dollar days when I met a friend I hadn't seen for some time he would invariably ask: "Well, you making any money?" It always embarrassed me because I wasn't either a bootlegger or a business man. But happily we've come around to where folks don't ask about making money. The question now concerns spending it.

The man who lays emphasis on making money is either a Republican reactionary or a Democratic die-hard. The country is sorter getting divided into two classes—the makers and the spenders. Of course, the spenders represent the majority and have the say as to how the money of the makers is to be used. It is likely that future political battles will be fought along this line. We may have a money-makers' party and a money-spenders' party. Sometimes it looks to me like we've already got the money-spenders' party.

A little fear has been expressed since the Republicans have been inflicted with elephantine palsy, that this will not continue to be a two-party country. Divided on the lines I have suggested, it must so continue. They money-making side will have to get in the saddle occasionally to fix it so that the money-spenders can function without embarrassment.—Austin Callan in Dallas News.

Mrs. P. O. Wilson returned home Wedpesday, from a several weeks visit to Austin and Taylor.

$1.49 Dress pants 98c at Landa's.

NO FREE PATIENTS AT WARM SPRINGS

(Homer M. Price in Marshall News)

Ak Chalmers of the Crippled Children's Committee of the Rotary club I have had quite a number of applications from parents who have children afflicted with infantile paralysis for us to send them to Warm Springs, Ga. for treatment. I would simply say the expense is prohibitive to anyone except those in affluent circumstances. The idea that it is prevalent that charity patients are received there is erroneous. It is true the President's balls raised more than a million dollars but I presume it is being every-where-else-but-in-Georgia not available to help the boy or girl whose parents have no money. A Marshall physician, Dr. C. L. Gibson, writes me of his experiences. He writes:

"In the Warm Springs Foundation in Georgia a delusion—a graft or what? Has the public a right to know the real truth about our Warm Springs Foundation? It is a charity patient suffering from infantile paralysis who died for some time to get in at Warm Springs. Did you know their charges are enormous and unbearable? They want it so impossible even to consider an application for free treatment under two years. Even then if the patient does manage to find a place, he must have enough money to pay for care as well as to pay all laundry and 25c a day for a chair. The modest sum of $160.00 and up payable every two weeks in advance for treatments—with laundry and chair extra and a further expense of $30.00 to $40.00 every two weeks for a cottage. Let's not forget the incidentals—they have a habit of creeping. Yet we are sending in excess of a million dollars every year to the cause.

I suppose it can be seen why the Rotary club cannot help little Barrow is said to have often said, "Uncle Bud's advice about the razor strop was exactly right."—San Marcos Record.

FREAK LEGISLATION

Suggestion was made some years ago by Jim Lowry of Henry Grove that the price of cotton be regulated by the length of shirt tails. It was considered a piece of humor at the time, and of course was so intended by the author—we cannot help wonder whether Jim would, if he were here with us today, consider his suggestion so foolish when compared with some others that have been made and even put into the shape of laws.

The Lowry argument was that when there was a big cotton crop the nether extent of shirts should be lengthened to use the extra staple, and if the crop was short the shirt bottoms could be shortened to conform.

Now comes the legislature of Wisconsin, and the lower house of that body has passed a bill that requires all restaurants in the state for the next two years to serve two-thirds of an ounce of butter and one-third of an ounce of cheese with every meal selling for 25 cents or more. There was no provision to require the customers of the restaurant to eat the cheese or butter and the dairymen of the state might thereby be deprived of the unexpected revenue if the restaurateur served the same pieces to another customer.

Horses may be led or driven to water but they cannot be made to drink unless thirsty. Neither can hastily conceived and ill-advised laws be made to do anything more that supply material for mirth or work for the courts. The lawmakers who allow themselves to be argued or otherwise influenced into enacting such laws should be engaged in other work, both for the sake of their own reputation and that of their state.—Paris Evening News.

It seems foolish for New York State to pass a law prohibiting nudism. A few more years of depression and there'll be no alternative.—Ohio State Journal.

Wednesday night is family night at the Avalon. Twenty-five cents admits the whole family.

$2.00 men's oxfords, $1.95 at Landa's.

Serve The Best!—It Costs Less!
Fri.-Sat.-Mon., May 24-25-27

OCTAGON SOAP, 5 reg. size 11c
MILLER'S CORN FLAKES, lge. size 09c
GOLDEN RIPE SMALL BANANAS, doz. 10c
GRAPE NUT FLAKES, pkg. 09c

C-D STORES
WE SELL FOR LESS

SUNKIST LEMONS, doz. 09c
HOME GROWN CABBAGE, lb. 03c
Old Fashion Salty Crackers, 2 lb. box 17c
SMALL NAVY BEANS, 5 lbs. 24c

Genuine Crustene, 4-lb Carton 54c
Libby's Golden Erney Corn, 2 No. 1 cans 15c
PREPARED MUSTARD, qt. jar 10c
FANCY PEACHES, 2 lbs. 25c
CONGRESS OLIVE OIL SARDINES, 3-cans 20c

Choice Rio Coffee, Lb . . 10c
OXYDOL, large size 22c
SUGAR CURED BACON SQUARES lb. 22c
PINE LONG BOLOGNA, lb. 15c
WEINERS, lb. 18c

Fresh Meal, 20-lb Bag 52c
SWEET MIX PICKLES, qt. jar 17c
LIBBY'S PINEAPPLE, No. 2½ can 18c
PACIFIC COAST SALMON, tall can 10c
NATIONAL OATS, large 42 oz. box 17c

Pork & Beans, in Tomato Sauce, 6 Large Cans 25c

DR. W. B. PRUITT
Palmer Graduate
CHIROPRACTOR
Electromassage
P. O. Box 853. Columbus, Texas
(One block east of Court House)
Lady Assistant — Free Examination

Garwood Gatherings.

Mrs. C. J. Lundquist passed away at her home in the Coulter community Monday morning at 11 o'clock after a number of weeks of illness. She was 74 years of age. The funeral was held at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon at the Swedish Methodist Church, in El Campo of which she was a member. Rev. Mr. Harbes, a close friend of the family, conducted the services and was assisted by Rev. A. F. Foerster of Garwood and the Lutheran minister of El Campo. Burial was made in the Lutheran cemetery. The pall bearers were her grandsons and included Herbert and Harry Engstrom, Leonard Engstrom, Kermit and Kenneth Lundquist and Raymond Lundquist of Austin. Mrs. Lundquist is survived by her husband and two sons, Arthur and Carl Lundquist and three step-children, Mrs. Ellen Engstrom and David and Oscar Lundquist; one brother, August Sereen and 30 grand-children and four great grand-children. The funeral was largely attended by many from Garwood and El Campo and the surrounding communities. Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lundquist and family, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Hucksmore, Mrs. Bob Miller, Mrs. Lon Fowler of Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Dankiel and Mrs. Layton Snow and son of Rosenberg, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hruzek of Ganado, Mr. Elmer Dankiels and daughter and two sons of Eagle and others whose names we failed to get were in attendance. The grave was covered with a large number of beautiful flowers.

Rev. and Mrs. James Aiken are moving to Smithville this week, where Rev. Mr. Aiken has accepted a lovely Methodist church at that place. Rev. Mr. Aiken and Mrs. Aiken have made many friends who regret to have them leave, but wish them the best of success in their new field of labor.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Heiman and Miss Alice Priesmeyer attended the Mail Carrier and Postmasters' Banquet in LaGrange Saturday night and remained over until Sunday.

G. B. Schlueter and sons, Robert and James, were Houston visitors Saturday.

Friends here extend sympathy to Supt. E. O. Marshall in the death of his father who passed away in Runge Friday, May 19th. Mr. Marshall returned to Garwood Sunday afternoon and were accompanied by her father, Rev. E. M. Darby, who had conducted the funeral of Mr. Marshall's father. Rev. Mr. Darby left Monday to return to his home in Rockport.

Mr. Laney Howland returned Tuesday from a week's visit with his niece, Mrs. Willie Wilbeck.

Misses Lowen Lewis of Rockdale and Jewell Smithermar of Cameron were week-end guests of Miss Lewis' brother, Prof. Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Chapman and Mrs. Fred Brader visited their father, Mr. W. D. Williams at the Scott & White Hospital in Temple Sunday. Mr. Williams had undergone an operation several days previously.

Mrs. W. K. Lehrer and mother, Mrs. W. H. Shaw, Miss Ernestine Shaw and Mrs. Ora Mattern were visitors to Wharton Tuesday.

Mrs. Ed Byrnes of Houston spent Sunday night and Monday in Garwood, guest of Rev. and Mrs. James Aiken.

Messrs. Charlie Harter and Guy Salmon and Miss Callie Dollings of Houston spent Sunday as guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Green.

The Tuesday Afternoon Bridge Club was entertained by Mrs. Lyle T. Phillips last week. The cut flowers and table appointments carried out a pink and green color scheme. A delicious luncheon of frozen salad with lettuce leaf, pickles, crackers, banana cake and iced tea were served. High prize was won by Mrs. Bruce Fling, who received a pretty pink sandwich tray. Mrs. W. H. Hurst held second high and was awarded a pretty container for shoes. Miss Marie Lancaster won the guest prize, a deck of cards. Other guests were Mrs. Buck Ryer, Mrs. W. E. Hurst, Mrs. J. R. Pinchback and club members.

DULL HEADACHES GONE SIMPLE REMEDY DOES IT

Headaches caused by constipation are gone after one dose of Adlerika. This clears all poisons out of BOTH upper and lower bowels. Gives better sleep, ends nervousness.—Beckman's Drug Store.

J. R. Pesce, the well known Barrel Stock man at East Bernard, was a business visitor in Eagle Lake Tuesday morning.

Complete Fountain at JOE LUNA'S.

9-4 Garza shirting 3 yards for $1.00 at Landa's.

Misses Fay Young and Annie Mattern of Columbus are spending the week in Eagle Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Tulane Gordon of Houston visited for days here this week visiting his parents, Dr. and Mrs. P. T. Gordon.

Nada News Notes.

Rev. John L. Gerbermann of Loire spent the first of the week in Nada with home folks.

The domino and card party sponsored by the Young Ladies' Sodality Sunday night was attended by a large group. There were six tables of forty-two and eight tables of tarok. High score in dominos was won by Clarence Leopold and the low by Miss Johanna Bittner. In cards, Gus Swaboda placed high and the "booby" prize was awarded Ludwig Schoglmann. Everyone seemed to be enjoying the evening.

The Sodality held its monthly meeting Sunday. Since they were unable to have a reception of new members on the first Sunday in May, the reception will take place next Sunday, preceding the high mass. During the mass, the members will receive Holy Communion in a body. It was also decided to have the June meeting in the afternoon, followed by a social. The attendance prize was drawn for Miss Mary Wobne.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Sauer of Houston spent Sunday here with Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Labay.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

Writing recently in The Inquirer, Mark Sullivan said: "It is a trait of Mr. Roosevelt known to all his friends and intimates, and by some of them regarded as a trait they should guard Mr. Roosevelt against, that he has an unusual susceptibility to new ideas—an idea, because it is novel, fires his imagination. The country for more than two years has undergone experiments with new ideas in economics and sociology. It has spent billions of dollars—the people, money, on try-outs on novelties, on long-shot panaceas for happiness. How is it all working out? New Idea NRA has virtually shaken to pieces with its own vibration. New Idea AAA has sprouted more troubles than crop adjustments. New Idea War on the Utilities threatens to wipe out millions of thrifty investors' savings. Under the President's dual philosophy the country has been torn between democracy and collectivism. How long can these two conflicting forces operate without damaging irreparably the integrity of Government? How long can TVA and similar Socialistic activities of Government sap the lifeblood of private industry to create employments and sustain heavy taxation? The United States can not face two ways. It can not be democratic and collectivist at the same time. It can not overdamage the brain of a battle between Left and Right. Its President should make up his mind which way he wants to go and let the people know it. The attainment of America's high destiny is impossible under two flags.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

GOOD OLD DAYS

Stories of the old days, telling of ancient tax receipts being resurrected and showing that a hundred years ago a family paid taxes on 55 acres of land, and similar item inevitably bring the remark that taxes are higher now than then—and it is true.

But when the man paid not quite two cents an acre tax on his land what did he get?

Nothing.

That is to say, he got nothing such as we get today for payment of taxes. He was perhaps twenty miles from his court house and if he had to go there to pay the $2 funds sent patients to Warm Springs.

HITCH-HIKING NOTE

Parked by the side of The News Building the other day was a car with a Louisiana license. In the lower right-hand corner of the windshield was a lithographic representation of a human hand with significant outstretched thumb. Every motorist knows the signal. And, in large letters across the palm, was the equally significant retort "No!"

Somebody's ingenious Louisiana example deserves to spread. Hitchhike charity is becoming too costly. Beneficent motorists are held up by the beneficiaries, deprived of valuables and car, sometimes killed. But the optimistic hitch-hiker insists on use to thumb and the silly motorist takes a chance.—Dallas News.

HOME-MAKERS GIVE PARTY FOR MRS. DOUGLAS MILES

Mrs. Douglas Miles, a bride of last week, was the honoree at a delightful party given by the Home Makers class of the Baptist church at the home of Mrs. A. H. Dipple Thursday night.

A beautiful 32 piece set of dishes was presented to the bride by the group. Party games were enjoyed and delicious refreshments of cocktail punch and vanilla wafers were served to fifteen members present.

Drugs and cosmetics at all times at JOE LUNA'S.

✦ THE LAPPS! SWAYING OF THE ARCTIC ✦

A 250-mile fence will soon spring up along the Norwegian-Russian border. Built of fir poles and wire, it will be six feet high and will prevent Lapp reindeer herds from straying uncontrolled from one country to the other.

Undefined by actual political boundaries, the land occupied by the Lapps spreads across the northern part of Norway, Sweden, Finland and Russia. The Lapps, following their reindeer herds, cross from one country to another in their continual search for fresh pastures.

"Prototypes for the dwarfs in Scandinavian sagas, most Lapps are between four and a half to five feet in height, usually stout, and of great muscular strength," says a bulletin from the Washington, D. C. headquarters of the National Geographic Society. Built "reindeer skin and fur clothing, and shoes and gloves stuffed with dried grass, emphasize their stockiness. Because they walk early, probably because of their nomad lives, most Lapps are low-legged and appear top-heavy.

"To watch Lapps in Boskop, their trading center in northern Norway, is to see a fairy tale come alive. They wear fantastic, colorful clothes; tunics and belts gayly embroidered; white fur shoes; and fur leggings bound in scarlet. Little boys with red-tasseled blue caps on their singularly round heads dart about like pixies