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SYNOPSIS

Under the leadership of Cole Hendron, noted American scientist, some 200 persons escape in a Space Ship just before a cosmic collision that would sweep out the earth, and land on Bronson Beta. A river bottom green with vegetation is discovered and great forests of dead trees, preserved by the absolute cold of space. The appearance of what looks like an airplane, and which disappears without making an attempt to communicate with the rescuers, leaves a feeling of alarm. They realize they are not alone on the new planet, and that their visitors may be enemies. Tony Drake and Elliot James, on an exploration airplane flight, come upon a wondrous city, enclosed under what seems like half an incandescent glass bubble six miles wide and half a mile high at its center. Among their spurs, when they make an entry into the city, is an edible grain—millions of bushels. On their way back they stumble upon the camp of more than 200 persons who left the earth when they did, in a second Space Ship piloted by Dave Randall. Randall goes to Hendron's camp with Tony, and the latter tells the people of the wondrous city. Tony learns that certain Russian, Japanese and German Communists have reached Bronson Beta and probably sent the mysterious plane to spy on their camp. In Tony's absence Hendron's outfit is gassed by unseen enemies.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Do you see Dodson? Have you seen Dodson anywhere?" "No, you want Dodson, especially?" "He might be able to tell us what to do." Tony threw a switch, and a faint corona glowed along a heavy cable. The air crackled softly. "Our power-actuation's working," he said with satisfaction. "We can give this tube the 'gun' when we want to. You know how to give it the gun, don't you?" "I know," said Vanderbilt calmly. "Then you stand by, and give it the gun if anything appears overhead. Jack, see what you can do with that tube!" Tony pointed to the north corner of the camp. "I'll look over some more of the people, and see what happened to Hendron—and Eye—and Randall and Dodson. Dodson's the one to help us, if we can bring him to."

hospitals. Morbid, maybe." While he spoke his slow, casual words he had taken Dodson's kit and had been working over the physician. "I gave him a hypo of caffeine and strychnine and digitalis that would have roused a dead elephant. He's still out, though." "Afterward they pulled Eye and Randall out into the open air and laid them on the ground; they carried out Hendron, too. Nothing remained to do; so they sat watching the forms that breathed but likewise did not move, and watched the sky. Three hundred yards away, Jack Taylor stood at his tube watching them and the sky, and the scattered, senseless, sleeping people. "Our other camp!" said Vanderbilt. "What do you suppose is happening there?" "I've been thinking of that, of course," said Tony. "We ought to warn them by radio, but if we did, we'd warn the enemy, too. He's listening in, we may be sure; he'd know we were laying for him here; our chance to surprise him would be gone. No; I think our best plan is to lie low."

Tony moved back into the camp alone. At his feet lay men and women motionless, slight, dead, utterly insensible in their stupor. He could do nothing for them but recognize them. He did not find Eye Hendron. Where was she, and how? Had this sleep dropped into death for some? He wanted to find Eye, to assure himself that she at least breathed as did those others; but he realized that he should first of all locate Dodson. Dodson, if he could be aroused, would be worth a thousand laymen. Then he recollected that he had last seen Dodson in Hendron's dwelling. Tony rushed to it and flung open the door; but what lay beyond it halted him. He found Eye. She lay where she had fallen, face forward on the deck; and Randall lay slumping beside her. His left hand clasped her right hand; they had been overcome together. Both of them breathed slowly; but they were completely insensible. Dodson had crumpled over a table. There was a pen in his hand, a paper in front of him. Cloth—Tony saw that the cloth was from dresses—had been stuffed around the door. In a bedroom lay Hendron, the rise and fall of his chest almost imperceptible. Tony shook Dodson. Suddenly he realized that his head was spinning.



direction was unimpeded. Tony saw Taylor slumping into an attitude of unconsciousness. Then his eye caught the glint of the plane. A speck far away. He lay motionless like the others, and the speck rapidly enlarged. It was one of the Bronson Beta ships. It flew fast. It came low, slowed down, circled. Tony's heart banged as he saw that one of the faces peering over was broad, bearded, strongly Slavic. Another of its occupants had close-cropped hair and spectacles. People from earth! They completed their inspection and rushed out of sight toward the northwest. Tony and Vanderbilt jumped up and ran toward Jack Taylor. The three men met for a frantic moment. "They'll be back," Tony shook with rage. "The swivel! They'll be back to take over this camp. I wonder if they'll kill the men and carry off the women, as Kyoto suggests. We'll be ready. I'll take the west tube. Wait till the first ship lands—I can take it out of that field. Then get 'em all!" They went to their positions again. An hour later a large armada flew from the northwest. They did not fly in formation, like battle planes. Their maneuvers were not

was Dodson. They rushed to his side. Vanderbilt opened his medical kit again and poured something into a cup. Tony held the doctor's head. After several attempts, they managed to make him swallow the stuff. He began a long, painful struggle toward consciousness. Finally his fuddled voice enunciated Tony's name, "Drake!" he said. "Gas!" Then a meaningless jumble of syllables. Then "Caffeine! Stick it in me, Gimme pills. Caffealocloclocloc. Gas. Ram, rum, rum, rum, rum—headache. I'm sick." Then, quite abruptly, he came to. He looked at them. He looked at the sleeping forms around him. He squinted toward the field and saw what was there. He rubbed his head and winced. "Aches," he said. "Aches like sin. You—you came back in time, ah!" "We laid for them," Tony answered solemnly. "We got them." Dodson pointed at the sleeper. "Dead?" "All breathing. We wanted to get you around first—if anybody could be revived." Dodson's head slumped and then he sat up again. He looked at the sky. "It just rained down on us—of nothing."

"Anything stirring?" asked Shirley Cotton'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' distance 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 season, 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 fifty-one; but before we get that summer, we go into winter out by Mars where normal temperatures average about forty below zero—a hundred degrees less than we've used to. We're headed there now." Eye returned to the group. She halted a few steps away and Tony went to her. "Father asks for you, Tony," she said in a voice so constrained that he pricked 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.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BEAUTY REGIME MUST BE RIGID TO GET RESULTS

Failure to practice them regularly is one of the reasons a good many women seem never to get the most good out of their beauty routines. If you do your exercises once a week instead of every day you can't expect to see a rapid improvement in your figure. Drinking eight glasses of water only one day out of the month isn't going to keep your complexion clear and smooth, and dieting three days a week and then stuffing yourself with sweets and starches the other four won't make you lose weight. If you really are serious about keeping your skin, hair and figure lovely through the years you simply must stick by whatever rules you have made.

The same general idea applies to use of cosmetic preparations, too. One mask won't clear up a mucky complexion, but if you use a mask on a certain day each week for six months you will see an improvement. If you are trying to get rid of fine lines around your eyes apply eye cream, muscle oil, tissue builder or whatever, each and every night before you go to bed. One application of anything just won't correct defects that have accumulated over a period of years. You have to learn to pick the right aids, use them properly and, above all, consistently. You should allow at least fifteen minutes each morning for application of make-up; about half an hour at night before you go to bed for brushing, cleansing and creaming; two hours one day a week for a visit to a beauty shop or for thorough skin and hair reconditioning treatment.

Constipation Troubles Theford's Black-Draught is made of the dried, ground-up leaves and roots of plants that act on the bowels when they are sluggish or constipated. For refreshing relief when you need a laxative, take this dependable, purely vegetable medicine. "I was almost down; was bloated, and had gas pains until I was in a bad fix," writes Mr. J. W. Dillard, of Jonesboro, Ark. "I had heard so much about Black-Draught, I wanted to try it. I began taking small doses after meals. I found it was helping me. I have regulated my bowels. THEFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

ments at home. The total is only seven and one-quarter hours per week—certainly not too much time to devote to your personal appearance.—Alfred Hart, in the New York World-Telegram.

Soft Water Best New York state sanitation officials figure that it is profitable to undertake the softening of any water supply having a hardness of over 150 parts per million, since there is a saving in soap, plumbing repairs, fuel and clothing.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

Adapted Proverb A fool and his money attract nobody worth having.

Increase in Mental Cases The number of patients in hospitals for mental diseases has been increased three times as fast as the general population, with a 100 per cent increase in such cases during the last 25 years.

Much Forest Land Burned Over Over 40,000,000 acres of forest land are burned over every year. In many cases the large trees are not killed. In normal years there are from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 acres of forest land cut over.

Indians Banned Yellowstone Yellowstone park has never been an attractive camping ground to Indians, because they feared the evil spirits of the geysers and springs.

Silk Spinning by Hand The silk spinning industry, which employs a third of Japan's textile workers, is largely conducted on hand manufacturing lines.

Chinese Gouter Remedy The ancient Chinese used the iodine-containing seaweed as a remedy for gouter. This is now medicine's remedy.

Portugal Has Much Waste Land Nearly half of Portugal is waste land and a large part of the remainder is covered with oak forests.

Many in India Illiterate India's population, equal to all of Europe, exclusive of Russia, is still 90 per cent illiterate.



Coleman Lanterns burn from as low as night into day! Give plenty of light for every outdoor job at night in every kind of weather. Up to 200 candlepower brilliance. Proves almost globe makes it wind-proof, rain-proof and insect-proof. Can't spill fuel even if tipped over. Fine for night work around home, feed lots, groves and fields for lighting up lodges, clubs and cabins. It's the Light of a Thousand Uses! See your hardware or housewarming dealer. If he doesn't handle, write us. THE COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE CO. Chicago, Ill. Philadelphia, Pa. Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Panics Favor Autumn It seems that most panics occur in the autumn. Black Friday, one of the worst in September, 1906, and the panic of '73 started in September. The 1907 panic was in the autumn. An exception was the beginning of the 1920-21 depression, which broke in April. The panic of 1929 began in October.

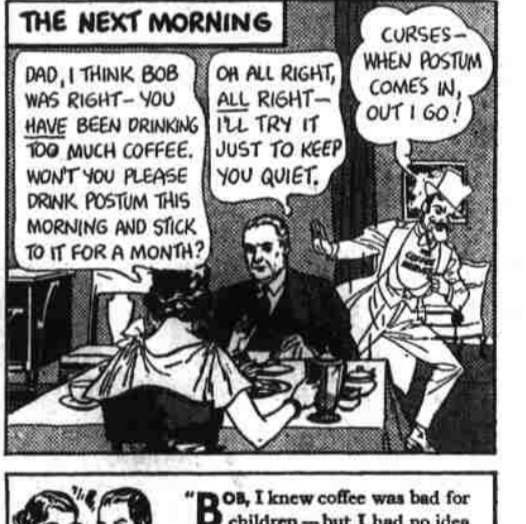
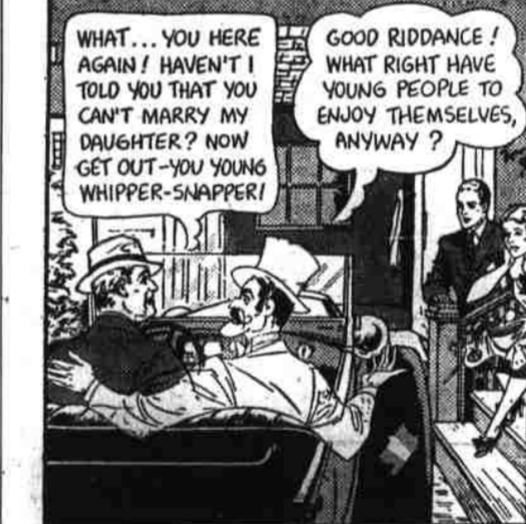
Fiance, Fiancee Both masculine and feminine forms, fiance, fiancee, are pronounced alike—fan-see—as in police, a as in art, o with a nasal sound, e as in prey, and the main stress on the final syllable.—Literary Digest.

Milk Bottles Used Four milk bottles are used for every person who takes in a pint of milk a day. While it is being delivered in one, another is awaiting the next delivery, a third is being washed, and a fourth is kept in reserve.

Trichinosis Trichinosis is caused by a tiny worm, too small to be seen without a microscope, which lives in the flesh of infected hogs, and if not killed by cooking, infects the person eating the meat from these animals.

Gray Duck is Attractive Although inconspicuous from a distance, the gadwall, or gray duck is attractive at close range. It is found in both the Old world and North America where it is most numerous in the Great Plains area.

BOB TALKS BACK



"Bob, I knew coffee was bad for children—but I had no idea it could have such an effect on Dad!" "Certainly—it bothers lots of grown-ups that way, Fran. The caffeine in coffee sets their nerves on edge, keeps them from sleeping, gives them headaches or indigestion." If you suspect that coffee disagrees with you... try Postum for 30 days. Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It's easy to make, and costs less than one-half cent a cup. It's a delicious drink... may prove a real help. A product of General Foods. FREE! Let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply mail the coupon.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of Postum. Name _____ Street _____ City _____ State _____ Fill in completely—print name and address This offer expires December 31, 1935