

**WATER WORLDS COLLIE**

by **Edwin Balmer** and **Philip Wylie**

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

"Did you hear, Peter," he questioned, "what those girls—Marian and Shirley—were out to do?"

"Yes," said Vanderbilt; and the five got immediately at the problem of how to gain entrance and control of Gortulu.

"Seidel is in command, Von Belts is sure," Elliot said. "Cynthia agrees that is most probable. He was pushing aside Morley, who was nominally chief commissar—he called himself that—when Lady Cynthia escaped."

"Cynthia has told us, and Von Belts has confirmed it, that the mixture on top is constantly afraid of what they call 'a rising of the serfs'—that is, the English. They guard against it. The English are allowed to gather—even for work—only in very small groups, and always under supervision."

"It looks like a set-up," observed Whittington, optimistically, "if once we get in."

"There is a building which they call the Citadel," Jack Taylor said. "It held the offices of administration of the Old People. Seidel occupies it with his inner ring. If three of us could get in—two of us—and kill ten of them—the ten top men, including Seidel—we'd—"

"What?"

"We'd at least be able to start something," Jack ended somewhat weakly.

"But the two of you would have to kill the ten of them—and the top ten—before you could really begin," said Peter Vanderbilt quietly. "How simple you make it seem!"

Jack Taylor swore, and then laughed. "We don't know what we could do, or what we'd have to do. But we do know this: some of us, somehow, have got to get into that city, and that Citadel of that city. Then we can trust to God and what chance he may offer us. But first, and whatever's before us, we're going to get in! Agreed?"

"Agreed!" said all voices, and Vanderbilt's was distinct among them.

"Now how? We've no chance to advance against them by air or on the ground, or under the ground from the direction of this city. We know they've got guarded all the conduits and passages which we've discovered; and probably some we don't know about. But would they guard the conduits from the other cities?"

"That's something, Jack! Say—"

"See here. There's Danot—on the other side of them from us. They've a guard in there; we've nobody. They'd never look for us to come from that quarter. We get into Danot and go underground! We—"

"That night was long but not long enough for the five conspirators."

Ransdell, on the evening of the third day later, reported to Tony: "Five men have not returned—three of our best friends, Tony," he said, dropping formally. "Elliot, Jack Taylor and Peter Vanderbilt and Whittington and Crosby with them. They left, you know, in two 'arks' about two hours before dusk yesterday. They said they were only going to have a look around. I thought it was a good idea; I told them to go."

"Probably," said Tony, "she went tight on. But do you think the others were up to anything foolish?"

"I'm sure of it," Ransdell answered.

"Why? Did they tell you?"

"Not me—Higgins. And he's just told me. Tony, they're dead now; or they're trying to get into Gortulu from Danot. From what they told Higgins—who swore to keep it until tonight—we can't possibly help them now, except by being ready to respond to their signal that they're in Gortulu and will have a gate open for us."

Tony rose excitedly.

"From what they told Higgins, and he told you, is the signal overdue?"

"It is, Tony; that's the trouble. I don't know in detail what those—those glorious idiots tried to do; but the signal, Tony, is overdue!"

"Four of them, at that moment, were alive. Crosby was dead; they had his body with them. Of the four alive, not one was un wounded; and they were lying in the dark in the tube of the power-conduit between Danot and Gortulu, and with both ends of the tube closed against them."

They had taken Danot; at least, they had surprised one gate and got in. For they had grounded their larks in the valley beyond Danot, and accomplished this in the twilight, unseen. Then they had crept to the western gate, surprised the guard and got in.

Two of the other side fell in this fight; and Crosby and Taylor were shot. Jack still could walk, but the others had to drag Crosby with them.

Once inside, they met their bit of luck—or they thought it that. Four men had been at the gate they surprised; and the two that fled surprised. James and Whittington took after one of them, leaving Vanderbilt with the wounded man. The luck was that the man they pursued fled to the conduit tube which supplied Danot from Gortulu.

They caught that man in the tube, overpowered him; and Whittington went back to guide Taylor and Vanderbilt and help him with Crosby. Meanwhile, Elliot had found the work car which traveled in the tube beside the great cables to the transformers.

The five had hardly got into the tube, and Vanderbilt was helping Crosby to the car, when the man who had escaped led another group of the guard underground. Elliot and Whittington turned back to fight them; and Vanderbilt and Taylor turned, too.

It was revolvers and knives and iron bars—anything was a weapon at close quarters.

Everybody was wounded; but the five got away on the car, with Crosby dying. Power was on; and lights were on. The whole tunnel was illuminated; and the track of the car in the huge conduit was clear.

CHAPTER XIII

THERE was a chance—a chance. So Elliot opened the power wide, and they sped on—the four living men wounded, and one dead, on the car to catch by surprise the city that controlled the continent, and which the enemy from earth lived.

For two hours they traveled thus. Then the lights were extinguished; the car rushed on in a Stygian cave. But the car's speed was slowing; the power that propelled it was shut off.

It did no good for Elliot to thump the control; the power was gone; the car slid to a stop.

So there they lay underground in the tube, without light or food or water. One dead, four wounded. It seemed senseless; yet the only thing left was for the wounded to crawl the rest of the way to the chief city held by the enemy.

Marian Jackson's situation was not in the least like theirs. Marian had driven by broad daylight to the chief gate of Gortulu, and showed herself and begged admittance.

Marian was exceedingly good looking; and the guard who parleyed with her had the good sense to take her at once to his superior, who knew that his business was to show her to Seidel.

Seidel spoke English; Marian's "line," as well as her appearance, pleased him.

She pointed out that the American parties—both of them from both ships—were composed of fools. She congratulated herself that she had not been chosen by them to join them; she had made them take her.

This was true; and Seidel had learned that it was true, from his

spies in the city. Marian was tired, she said, of minutes from America who had shown themselves to people this planet. They couldn't even keep themselves warm!

Seidel had Marian assigned to quarters close to his in the Citadel. During the second day she got a good view of the local situation, learning, among other things, that Seidel had taken very clever measures to protect himself against the always feared uprising of the English "serfs": All the outer rooms surrounding his suite were equipped with sprays which, upon pressing a lever, spread stupefying and paralyzing gas—the same gas which the Midianites had used in the attack on Henderson's camp.

Also, Seidel had learned the use of kluul. Indeed, he was addicted to kluul, but he had let no one but the chemist who supplied him with the drug, know it.

Seidel thought it would be very amusing to induct Marian into the uses of kluul. It was most pleasant and effective, he had found, when breathed in a warm, almost steamy atmosphere. He liked to let it evaporate beside the bath, then to lie in the bath, breathing the kluul-drenched air. He had a marvelous bath in his suite in the Citadel. The Ancient People had built a pool which could be heated to any temperature—a beautiful, enamel-tiled pool with gay decorations.

Seidel insisted that Marian swim with him alone in the lovely pool and breathe the kluul. He dismissed his attendants and led her in.

The kluul, in its big basin, was rapidly evaporating in the warm, steamy air.

Marian kept herself covered with a single garment like a kimono. He ordered her to throw it off and bathe with him. She asked, first, to breathe more kluul; and she pretended that she was intoxicated. She danced and delighted Seidel, who ordered her to throw off her garment and dive into the water with him.

"Why do you keep it clutched about you?" he demanded.

In a moment she showed him; for he tried to tear off the kimono, and she let go with her hand, which had been holding, under the cloth, a knife.

She stabbed him as he reached for her. She left the dagger in him as he staggered back. He cursed her, and found his alarm signal before he pulled out the knife, threw it at her—and died.

Marian heard them at the door. For a moment she was dizzy; perhaps the kluul was affecting her. She picked up the knife, with which she had killed him, and armed herself with it again. Then she remembered the protection he had prepared for himself against the uprising of the serfs.

She pulled the lever that sprayed all the outer rooms with the stupefying gas—the rooms filled with his friends, the most dependable and trustworthy of those who had supported him.

The signal promised by the five—if they succeeded—did not come to Henderson-Khorlu. It became longer and longer overdue.

At dawn Ransdell set out to fly toward the capital city and toward Danot beyond it; but on the way he met another plane.

Ransdell swung about and curiously, yet keeping a cautious distance, pursued the plane, which was making straight for Henderson-Khorlu.

It landed on the field outside the city; and Dave followed it down. Two men stepped out; and it was evident that the passenger was watching the pilot; the passenger was armed; the pilot was not.

Ransdell and Waterman, who was with him, approached the pair; and the passenger, forgetting his watch of the pilot, hurried to them.

"You're the Americans?" he halted them in English; more, he spoke like an Englishman.

"Yes!" called Ransdell. "Who are you?"

"Griggby-Cook! Once Major Griggby-Cook, of the Royal Air Forces!"

"Where from?" challenged Ransdell, wondering.

"Where from?" repeated the Englishman. "Out of slavery, I'd say! I came to tell you. We've taken over the city, since that girl of yours stabbed Seidel and gassed the rest of the ring! We've taken over the city!"

"Who?" demanded Ransdell; and answered himself: "Oh, you mean the English! Then Taylor and James and Vanderbilt and the five of them got in!"

"The five?" repeated Griggby-Cook. "It was a girl that got in! She did for Seidel in his bath—like Charlotte Corday with Marat!"

"Then she gassed a lot more."

"There was nothing to it when we got wind of that, and rose against them. I say, we've quite taken over the city! I buzzed off to tell you chaps."

"But the five—the five men that went from here?" Ransdell persisted.

"Know nothing of them," said the Englishman. "Sorry."

Then no one spoke; but the four of them stared, as in the dim gray dawn, the great dome of Khorlu began glowing and illumination showed in the streets too.

"The lights are coming on!" Ransdell exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes," said the Englishman. "We were working at that; they hoped to get the power to you before I got here!"

It was only a little later that the

same English engineers restored the power supply to Danot, which had been cut off for reasons unguessed until they had searched the tunnel and found one dead and four wounded Americans.

Tony Drake, on entering the capital city, went first to the hospital rooms where Elliot and Jack Taylor and Whittington and Peter Vanderbilt lay. They would all "pull through," the English surgeon promised; but he could not say so much of others under his care; for the uprising had cost, on both sides, thirty lives; and ten more of the wounded would not recover.

But battle on Bronson Beta was over—at least for the present.

They were gathered all together in Gortulu; and they were going to have a great meeting to discuss and agree upon the form of government.

What was it to be?

Some suggested an alternate dictatorship, like the consuls of the Roman republic, with an American consul alternating in power with an English. Others declared as positively that all rivalries and jealousies of the shattered earth should be forever banished and denied.

And more debate than ever before on manners and morals—especially about marriage. Should there be laws for love? Cast off conventions and taboos! All right; try to get along without any. . . .

Tony retired to the lovely apartment provided in the capital city for Eve and himself; he was very tired. The day had been dark and long, and outside the shield of the city, very cold.

It was neither dark nor cold within; for the power plant more than supplied needed heat and light. The people were provided with every material thing.

"And today," said Tony to his wife, "we ascertained beyond possible question that this planet stays with the sun. Today we passed aphelion, and have definitely begun to approach the sun again. Life here will go on."

"Our life together, Tony!"

He kissed her more tenderly for his child within her.

"I've not dared to think too much of—our son, Eve. But now it seems certain he'll come into a world where he can live. But what strange, strange things, my dear, he is sure to see!"

[THE END.]

Penguin Only Bird to Stand Erect Like a Man

There is a bird so helpless and defenseless against human attack that it has stirred the pity of civilized nations and become the subject of an international protective treaty, says a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Penguins were in danger of being wholly exterminated by man before the treaty was made. Many years ago the birds were very common, but they were slaughtered by the hundreds of thousands because men coveted the valuable oil in their bodies.

The birds collect in droves on Antarctic islands during the mating season. They stand straight up and waddle awkwardly on their two short legs, like old frock-coated gentlemen. Their stiff wings, jointed only where they are attached to the body, are quite useless for flying. To kill them a man has only to swing a club, and until the international agreement was made, the birds were in danger of being wiped out.

Ordinarily penguins do not come ashore. It is only during the mating season, when they must build simple nests of grass under some protecting ledge of rock or in a hollow in the ground, that they risk trips away from the sea for brief island visits.

At sea they have no need of wings, for they are superb divers and swimmers and they live solely on a diet of fish, sea creatures and sea plants. Icy water has no terror for them because their scaly feathers are an armor-like protection against it.

The penguin has won a wider reputation for being comical in appearance than for any other quality. Its legs, located far back on its body, permitting it to stand erect in quite human fashion, its white breast resembling a shirt front, its black back feathers looking like a dark coat, its doddering walk and its upturned bird face, combine to give it a half-human look.

Diving Rods Useless for Gold

There are neither diving rods, mineral rods, nor other practical apparatus which will facilitate the quest for buried treasures and hidden gold, says a writer in the Washington Post. Special instruments such as the dip needle, the magnetometer and the dial compass are yoked for efficient service in prospecting for magnetic iron ores. Such appliances are useless in prospecting for the precious and non-magnetic ores. Uncle Sam says that a working knowledge of geology is one of the best assets which modern prospectors can utilize in their search for gold, silver and other valuable ores.

Much Timber Used in U. S.

The United States uses nearly half of all the timber used in the world. We consume timber in this country four times as fast as it is growing here.

Let Our Motto Be **GOOD HEALTH**

BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD  
Professor of Bacteriology and Preventive Medicine, University of Illinois, College of Medicine.

THE HEART, THE WEATHER AND HUMAN ENERGY

In previous articles the heart was considered as an automatic pump, contracting normally 72 times per minute. It delivers blood into one large artery, the aorta, which in turn breaks up into branches and then into twigs, and finally a million little thread-like capillaries represent the end or terminal part of the system. The small tubes contract and expand according to the pressure of the blood. The vascular system is a closed circulation system. The volume of blood remains constant. The kidney secretes fluids, as does the stomach, intestine, liver and the pancreas; the skin also secretes fluids. We drink water and involuntary and automatically keep the total volume of circulating blood the same. The blood pressure is maintained by the pumping action of the heart and the elasticity of the arteries. The blood always fills the vascular system.

Indeed the vascular system may be likened to a toy balloon filled with water. When you squeeze it, it changes in shape, but the volume is always the same.

There are a large number of people who experience difficulty in adapting themselves to existing conditions of life. We must all remember that man is a part and parcel of the world. He may think himself the most important part, but actually, he is most dependent upon the outside world and the manifold forces around him.

First, let us consider some of the forces of nature about us. The weight of the atmosphere in which we live is ever changing. A difference in the barometric pressure of half an inch is a tremendous force. If it becomes lighter, we have less pressure on our bodies, less pressure in our lungs, less oxygen held against us to breathe; we are, in fact, lighter. It is the same as if we suddenly went up into the air a few hundred feet. Sometimes there is a change in barometer reading from 29.5 to 30.5 within a short time. This is like going up high into the air above the earth, and then just as suddenly going down an equal distance below sea level.

These sudden changes in atmospheric pressure are associated with winds and changes in temperature. In the Great Lakes basin region, we may go to work in a tropical southern mild sunny morning and step out to lunch in a northern Canada atmosphere. The air we breathe is the one physical force of Mother Nature that man has not changed in any way. The atmosphere is pulled and pushed over the earth's surface by physical forces that defy man's power to regulate.

Industry has developed in the region of these storm paths. Civilization has advanced most rapidly where sudden changes in the weather take place. As you and I make ourselves over and clean out the changes during these sudden weather changes we emerge from the experience in much better condition. We are stimulated and "pepped up."

Our circulatory system responds to these weather changes. In many instances it is the first to show the strain. Attacks of spasms or uncontrollable contractions of the muscle coats of these small arteries lead to various types of disturbed functions. The skin is our personal and private weather gauge. If the skin can properly interpret and transform weather changes, then we remain normal. The rheumatic has pain and may even have to go to bed because his skin does not send the right message to the deeper organs. The lack of blood supply is held by many authorities to be the main cause of rheumatic pains. Inherited and acquired tendency toward unstableness or lack of the ability to fit into existing conditions can be manifested by abnormal changes during sudden alterations in weather and climate.

The adult suffering from rheumatism, from heart disease, or from mental deformities are all examples of these maladjustments to atmospheric conditions.

Scientists and engineers are now experimenting with indoor air conditioning. We hear of it being installed in trains, in hotels and theaters, in school rooms, in office buildings and factories, and in private homes. Science has still to do a great deal of research before we can determine how much benefit the patient with a circulatory abnormality can derive from living in a place in which the temperature and moisture can be regulated as nearly as possible to ideal conditions for him. Air conditioning is an infant industry. The medical profession waits its development with eager interest.

Defy the Gossips  
Live in such a manner that you wouldn't be ashamed to sell the family parrot to the town's worst gossip.—Stray Stories.

Color Dictionary Lists 220 Standardized Tints

A dictionary of colors has recently been published by the British Color Council. It consists of two volumes—one containing 220 silk ribbons each distinctly colored, named and tabulated; and the other presenting a history of each color, including the names which have described it in the past, and giving the authority for the present standardization.

While the primary purpose of the dictionary is to supply industry with a standard reference for colors, the work is expected to give valuable aid to artists and writers through an appropriate and accurate vocabulary for the description of shades and tints.

Colors have been "scientifically measured" and graded, making possible the inclusion of new shades, should they be developed in the future, into a definite and orderly system. Imagery, history and industry have combined to find names, some of the words having a fascination and delight of their own. Taken at random from the pages are Cyclamen pink, nettle gray, battleshield gray, bee-eater blue, Chartreuse green, buttercup and banana.

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Free publicity literature on the kindergarten may be obtained for use in any effort to secure a public school kindergarten. Write to the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West Fortieth street, New York city.

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