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THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

Under the leadership of Cole Hendron, American scientist, some 300 persons escape in a Space Ship just before a cosmic collision that wipes out the earth, and land on Bronson Beta. The appearance of what looks like an airplane, and which disappears without making an attempt to communicate with the refugees, leaves a feeling of alarm. The newcomers realize they are not alone on the new planet, and that their visitors may be enemies. Tony Drake and Elliot James, on an airplane flight, come upon a city, enclosed under what seems like half an iridescent glass bubble. Among their finds, in the city, is an edible grain—millions of bushels. On their way back they stumble upon the camp of more than 300 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 Russian, Japanese and German Communists have reached Bronson Beta and probably sent the mysterious plane to spy on their camp. Hendron's outfit is gassed by unseen enemies, but all recover. The Asiatics make an aerial raid. Tony and his men annihilate their armada with terrific atomic blasts from the Space Ship's propulsion tubes. Hendron's health failing, he orders Tony to remove everybody to one of the Sealed Cities, which is done. Hendron dies on the way. The Americans find they derive their power of light and heat from a plant in another city, and fear the Asiatics control it and plan to freeze them into submission during the intensely cold winter. Von Baltz, a leader, disappears by spies within the city. Drake and his companions learn how to operate the Bronson Beta's swift motor-driven vehicles.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

Some one entered. It was Eve; and he arose, awaiting her. His 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, Eva." "Why they look like usabutin, 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, I am counted upon to do any work that is to be done by the Dead. . . . thou shalt substitute thyself for me at all times, to cultivate the field, to water the shores, to transport land 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, Eva." 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. "We found no weapons in the city we entered," Elliot 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 need of war in their later development. Why? Because morally they 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, magnificence—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 mercifully anaesthetic for the Vanished People, probably." "How much progress," Tony asked the girl who had been a prisoner 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 kind of linguist. They seemed to have realized, even better than did our party, or per-

haps 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 learn?" "From repairing 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 all 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."

"Not 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 have much more to ask; 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. Distantly they spun up a twisting ramp and shot out upon a wide boulevard. They pulled up after a couple of miles, which had been covered in barely a minute, beside a building at one of the guarded gates. On the far side of its 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! Malby got the lift 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! Didn't 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."

"Samples of what they tried to preserve below, or store for themselves. 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 in 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

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After that Tony rose and spoke. "My friends," he said, "we are safe. Our security is due to the courage and intelligence of our dead leader. No praise is adequate for him. I shall not attempt to reduce what is in your hearts to words. Prodigious labors, great dangers, even the dangers of battle and peril of annihilation at the perihelion of our orbit, lie ahead of us. Unknown conditions, diseases, poisons, threats of us. Enemies may lurk among us. An evil and powerful aggregation of fellowmen is striving and planning now to conquer us. Mysteries of the most appalling sort surround us. Still—Cole Hendron faced calmly both hazards and enigmas as awesome. We must endeavor to emulate him. And in 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 Randall, Pierre Duquesne, Elliot 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 Wycheley."

"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. Malby, by once more made rise the tremendous tones from the throats 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. At the gate, Eve pulled the control lever. Hendron's closest friends and his daughter marched into the open. It was cold. The mourners filed up a great spiral ramp and stood watching. Tony beside Randall, at the head of the bier, walked with his head down. Eve came last, a lone regal figure. They surmounted the knoll. The body was lowered. They stood around the grave, shivering a little in the cold. "The greatest American," Tony said at last. "The greatest man," said Duquesne, weeping openly. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

"True. But you will find ample evidence in fissures and washmarks 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 Turney, talking excitedly. Before noon, people began to collect for their next meal. No one brought any information about Von Baltz. 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 three beds 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 resting places for the Other People after the city was built, or for scouts from the Midianite camp, he could not be sure.

Three beds, with synthetic bed covers rumpled upon them. No more. The vast dining room was filled as the sun came directly overhead. Twenty of the women waited on table. Plates of stew were served, then coffee in stemmed receptacles which had handles for five fingers—five fingers a little different from human fingers, evidently, for they were awkward to use.

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Bullfrogs Good Jumpers The size of the bullfrog's legs in comparison to the rest of its body make possible the long, powerful leaps they take when pursued. But possession of enormous legs has its disadvantages, too, from a frog's point of view for because of them their owner has more enemies to contend with. As frogs' legs go, none are considered more delicious by connoisseurs of this choice food than those of the bullfrog, which is much sought after on this continent.

Transportation



Blowing Up Skins Which Buoy a Yellow River Raft.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service. STREAMLINE trains and giant airliners recently have been in the spotlight in America; Italy is still applauding an air-minded son who sped through the air more than 400 miles an hour a short time ago; and Great Britain is just quieting down after celebrating the victory of her flyers who won the London-Melbourne air race. In Germany streamline trains are linking additional cities as quickly as the new type transportation equipment can be manufactured.

Modern transportation, this. But one can still find types of transportation facilities, even in the world's largest cities and their rural neighborhoods, that were in use decades and even centuries ago. There is not a sizable town in the United States in which one cannot hail a taxi, and in many of them charter a plane; yet the top-hatted cabbie, whose pompous figure held sway over traffic on boulevards in the gay nineties, has not been entirely shelved. These "taximen" of another era have jealously watched as new traffic lights have been installed, traffic lanes have been painted to keep modern motorists from crushing bumpers and fenders, and streets have been widened and trees sacrificed to make room for more of their rivals; yet they still constitute something of a traffic problem.

Ox-Drawn Vehicles. Within sight of concrete, 40-mile-an-hour highways, and less than a hundred miles from Washington, D. C., and Annapolis, Md., ox-drawn vehicles still lumber along; while in the isolated mountain regions of the West, sure-footed burros and pack mules continue to be the only companions of many rugged prospectors. Millions of visitors arrive at Atlantic City by automobile, airplane and train, yet to see the "sights" along the Boardwalk, they hire three-wheeled rolling chairs. Others arrive at Bermuda aboard palatial steamships but take to bicycles and horse-drawn carriages to tour the island.

What traveler leaves Durban, Natal, without employing a Zulu rikshaman? The dark-headed tribesman in gay-feathered headdress and scant clothing, is one of the colorful features of the South African city. In remote Szechwan province, China, wheelbarrows, which are the local transports, have worn ruts in flagstone pavements; in Sumatra, if one goes north, he must travel in a buffalo-drawn cart whose thatched top is shaped like a sway-backed horse, and is pointed at each end. In Palermo, Sicily, the purely Sicilian way to get about is by native cart, a two-wheeled vehicle on whose side panels are gayly depicted Bible scenes and Sicilian panoramas; and in Ireland, the Irish jaunting car on which passengers sit back to back and face outward lends atmosphere to a tour of the Emerald Isle.

Llamas still carry loads in the Andes, and elephants still are favored among the tiger hunters of India. In spite of progress in Belgium, the morning milk is still delivered by dogcart at many a doorstep, and dog sleds are yet the most dependable transportation in the icy wastes of the Arctic and Antarctic. The tired explorer enjoys comfortable travel in a hammock-like chair borne by native porters in central Africa; the mountaineers of northern India and western China employ the yak as their beast of burden; the camel still plods the caravan routes of north Africa, Arabia and central Asia; and the carabao (water buffalo) is the dependable draft-animal of the East Indian Islands.

"Floating Population." Land transportation is of no interest whatever to millions of Chinese. Children are born, grow up, marry, carry on their lives, and work aboard the sampans of China's floating cities. Most of the great river cities of southern and central China have such a "floating population," but the boat dwellers of Shanghai and Canton form large communities in themselves. A traveler of sufficient energy could laboriously progress for miles by jumping from the deck of one sampan to another.

Like the Dutch canal boat dwellers, these river folk are a race unto themselves, apart from the common run of their fellow men. In many cases their mode of life has been handed down from father to son for generations. When China's teeming acres became overcrowded and

expensive, and a growing commerce demanded river transportation in even larger volume, many ingenious Chinese combined business with economy and took to living aboard their tiny craft. Although business might call far and wide along the numerous rivers and canals it was the large commercial centers at the mouths of mighty streams that offered the most lively carrying trade. Hence these cities early became headquarters for the water dwellers.

The riverman often made long voyages up country, but he always came home to roost. Hence the dirty, evil-smelling stretches of river and backwash surrounding such centers as Canton and Shanghai, and even around Hongkong and Singapore, became the native heath of an army of sampan dwelling Chinese, who from childhood have known no other life.

The visible means of support of these communities is the carrying trade from wharf to wharf, and from bund to steamer or junk, across river and up canals. Barnyard Afloat. Some sampans house petty merchants and peddlers who carry on a small trade in the necessities of life from boat to boat within the water colony itself. Occasionally a craft is filled to overflowing with huge white ducks which fatten in the daytime on the tidal mud flats or harvested fields, and at night walk a ganplank back to their floating barnyard. They proceed, one by one, in a quacking and pushing single file, each hurrying not to be the last duck aboard. The return home in the evenings is sometimes hastened, it is said, by giving the last duck a sharp crack with a switch. The awkward procession soon learns the trick and a comic tumult arises not to be the unfortunate tail of the procession.

Chinese sampans are marvelously easy to handle, being the product of generations of adaptation to environment. They dart like water spiders here and there amidst the harbor traffic, clustering like barnacles around the great steamers anchored offshore. With lightning swiftness, they flee in droves before an approaching storm, each knowing as if by instinct his own place in the quiet reaches. In spite of the shifting needs of commerce, family life aboard proceeds about its daily routine as usual, albeit in rather more cramped quarters. Clothes, vegetables, and babies are washed side by side in the stream and the cooking is done above a diminutive brazierlike stove. Growing children help with the handling of the boat and cargo, and grandmothers in blue cotton ragged garments smoke long-stemmed pipes. At night all draw together and neighborly chatter from boat to boat sounds like that of a newly arrived flock of blackbirds. The river folk are poor but extremely cheerful, especially over the evening meal.

Lights from great modern liners shine across the harbor and music from an occasional gaily decked pleasure barge floats from the mid-stream channel. In few other places lurks so strongly the spell of the East. Raft Transports. On the shallow, shifting Hwang Ho, or Yellow river of China rafts are the principal means of transport, especially for freight cargoes. There are two types of raft: one using as buoys inflated sheepskins, and the other, large ox-hides which are stuffed with wool and then tied up to keep them water-tight. The sheepskin rafts vary in size, according to the use for which they are intended, ranging from as few as 12 to 15 skins on the small one-man rafts. For the large rafts some 120 ox-hides are used. The ox-hides are carefully treated on the inside with salt and oil. This treatment not only preserves and waterproofs them but also keeps them flexible. There is no extraordinary technique required in the construction of a raft. Poles are lashed together, forming a framework to which the hides or sheepskins are fastened. Moslem Chinese who form a considerable percentage of the population of Kansu province, are the raft men on the Yellow river. A sturdy people, they stand well the hardships of river life. It is far from an easy life with all the contrasts of heat and cold and the strenuous labor involved in handling the clumsy transports through the rapids; or freeing them, once they have stranded on a sand bar. The men, however, are happy and friendly.

No Better Investment Than Well-Kept Garden

The ideal garden is planned and managed, as was the first of all gardens, by man and wife together. Man is useful for the tending and spading, and for some of the heavier work, but it is the housewife who knows the comparative value of vegetables, and the need of variety in the garden produce. She knows what herbs must be grown for flavoring, what quantities of early roots, peas, beans and sweet corn ought to be planted. Such weighty problems as the thick or thin sowing of lettuce seed, of radishes, of early onions; of the best way of guarding cauliflower and cabbages from defiling butterflies, are to be settled only by patient consultations together.

And the satisfaction of growing one's own "garden stuff" and enjoying it at meal time is simply immeasurable by purely practical standards. As a measure of economy, as a means of real relaxation, as adding to the pleasures of the dining table, as increasing the beauty and actual value of the farm and of the whole neighborhood, one of the best investments about the place is a neat, pretty, well-tended garden!—Montreal Herald.

Quick Relief For Irritated Eyes. MURINE FOR YOUR EYES. Naming No Names. To become a great orator Demosthenes put a pebble in his mouth. Sometimes we wish our would-be orators would try a cobblestone.—Boston Herald.



Regular Elimination. The proper use of Theodor's Black-Draught, (for constipation) tends to leave the bowels acting regularly. It is a fine, reliable long-established family laxative. "I have used Theodor's Black-Draught fully thirty years," writes Mrs. J. E. McDuff, of Elgin, Texas. "I had trouble from constipation is why I first began the use of it, and as it gave perfect satisfaction I do not see any reason to change." Another good thing about Black-Draught that helps to make it so popular—it is NOT expensive. THEODOR'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS. Lynchburg, Va.—"Before my first baby came I was so weak and exhausted and had pains in my back and side. Frequent headaches bothered me, too, but all this misery passed away after I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. All during the remainder of this period I was in good health, doing my household and my baby splendid health and has always been well."—Mrs. S. M. Pa. 1708—2nd St., c/o J. E. Noel. All druggists.



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WATCH YOUR KIDNEYS!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood. YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering impurities from the blood stream. But kidneys get functionally disturbed—lag in their work—fail to remove the poisonous body wastes. Then you may suffer nagging backache, attacks of dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankles, rheumatic pains; feel "all worn out." Don't delay! For the quicker you get rid of these poisons, the better your chances of good health. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They tend to promote normal functioning of the kidneys; should help them pass off the irritating poisons. Doan's are recommended by users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS

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