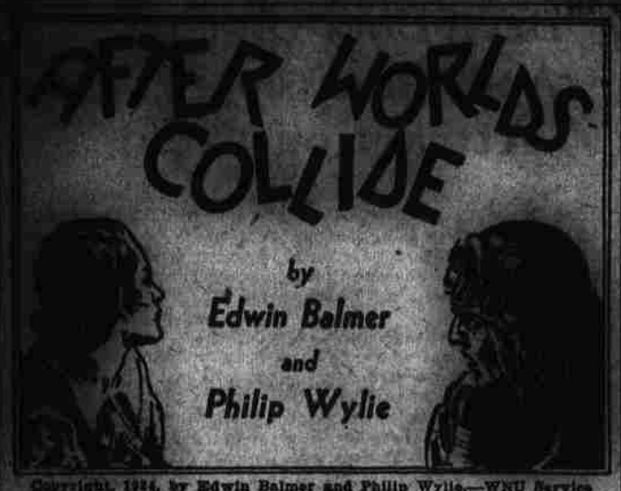


CHAPTER X—Continued

—16—

Eliot James spoke last. "He did not make mere history. He made a mark across cosmos and infinity. Only in memory can adequate honor be paid to him. . . . Good-by, Cole Hendron!"

Then, from the city, came suddenly the sound of earth's voices raised in Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional":

God of our fathers, known of old. . . .
The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart. . . .

Earth's voices singing to the skies, where never earth people had been before.

Tony sprinkled earth upon Hendron—earth not of the earth, but of the planet that had come from the edges of infinity to replace it. The grave was filled.

At the last Eve and Tony stood side by side, while the others rolled a great boulder over the spot as a temporary marker.

Tony heard Eve whispering to herself, "What is it?" he said. "Tell me!"

"Only the Tenth Psalm, Tony," she whispered: "Why standest thou afar off, O Lord? Why hidest thou thyself in times of trouble?"

And in the far sky a speck passed and vanished beyond the hill, an abrupt and vivid reminder of the exigencies of the present.

* * * * * * *

Eliot James sat in the apartment which he had chosen for his residence, and looked from its unornamented gray walls out over the city of Hendron. Presently he began to write. In a cabinet at his side were drawers filled with notebooks upon which was scribbled the history of the migration from earth.

"In summary," he began, "since there has been no time for detail, I will set down an outline of our conditions since our perilous removal to this city of the Ancient People.

"We have shelter, the gorgeous shelter of these buildings rising in a hundred hues under their transparent dome. We have warmth, for although we are moving into the cold at a prodigious speed, the air sucked into the city is heated. Around the rim of the dome are situated eight tremendous ventilating and air-conditioning plants. We have light in abundance—our city in the long dark of night is like day. Underground is food enough for us, for unmeasured generations. Some of that food disagrees with us. Some is indigestible. In some there is no nourishment which our gastric juices can extract. But the vast bulk of the stored produce is edible, delicious and healthful.

"We have a plethora of tools and machines. In the development of electricity the Other People have far outstripped us. Also in the extension of what we called 'robot-control.' They manufactured almost no machinery which needed human attention. A technique of photo-electric cell inspection and auxiliary engines make every continuous mechanical process self-operating. The vast generators which run underground to supply light, the powerful motors of the ventilators, and the pumps which supply processed water from the river for our consumption, not only run by themselves, but repair themselves.

"The northwest ventilator cracked a bearing last week—and in the presence of Tony and Ransdell it stopped itself, took itself apart, removed the cracked metal, put on a new bearing, reassembled itself and went into operation again. They said that the thing reminded them of the operation of one of those earthly phonographs which stops automatically and has a moving arm to take off played records and put on new ones. Only—the ventilator motor was thirty feet in height and proportionately broad and long.

"We have clothing," Eliot James continued in his diary. "In our first camp there is still much more clothing from earth, but we have not reclaimed it. The Bronson Betans wore very light and very thin clothing. With domed cities, always warm, they needed clothes only for ornament—as do we—in reality. But they left behind not only vast stores of garments and goods, but the mills in which the materials were fabricated. We are using the materials now. No one has yet appeared, except for amusement, in a Bronson Betan costume. Their shoes, of soft materials, are all too wide for us. Their garments were like sweaters and shorts—both for men and women—although the women also wore flowing robes not unlike negligees. However, we do wear portions of their garments, and we use their materials—all intermingled with the remains of the clothes we brought from earth, so that we are a motley mob.

"All Bronson Betan clothes were of the most brilliant colors—they must have loved color to live in a paradise of it. I saw Tony yesterday, for example, in a pair of old brogans, old corduroy trousers and a shirt (made by Shirley Cotton, who is now in charge of Textiles) crimson in color, ornamented with green birds about a foot high—by all odds a more strident and stunning garment than I've ever seen on one of New York's Four Hundred.

"We have baths of every temperature—private and public. The Bronson Betans were great swimmers. Jack Taylor made a study of their athletic records—and found them superior in almost every kind of event to ourselves.

"We—and when I say we, I mean a score of our number—have mastered the language and much of the science of the Other People. Of course, we have not delved into their history deeply as yet; or into their fiction, or their philosophy or their arts—into their biography or their music. And their poetry is still quite incomprehensible to us.

"We fly their planes now. We run their machines."

Here Eliot James paused before continuing:

"Our personal relations are interesting at this point. I have given them little time in my diary hitherto, because of the pressure of my activities.

"Our most notable romance—the love of Tony and Dave Ransdell for Eve Hendron—has reached a culmination.

"Tony is going to marry Eve.

"There was a period shortly before our desertion of our original camp when it appeared for a little while that Eve would marry Ransdell. That was immediately after his dramatic return to our midst. Eve indubitably still holds Ransdell in high esteem, and even has a place of sorts for him in her heart. But Tony is her kind of man. Tony is nearer her age. Tony is our leader—and she was the daughter of the greatest leader of all times. Tony worships her. They announced that they would celebrate the first wedding on Bronson Beta in the near future. And it will be the first. The Asiatics have, according to Lady Cynthia, made a complete mockery of marriage—and marriage was apparently unknown to the Other People.

"Ransdell, I think, knew always that Eve was not for him. He is a silent person, usually; but I believe that occasionally his love for Eve must have been very nearly indomitable—that he was more than once on the verge of asserting it wildly and insisting on it. He has that kind of passion—but I believe it will never be seen uncontrolled. Now he is resigned—or at least calm. And he has been not only one of Tony's ablest men, but one of his closest friends—if not his closest.

"Shirley Cotton, the siren of the city, is still in love with Tony. She talks about it in public, and tells Eve that when the biologists eventually decide that because of the larger number of women than men, two women will have to marry one man, she is going to be Tony's second wife. An odd situation—because some day that may be a necessity—or a common practice. There are now nearly ninety more women than men in our city. Eve is so brave and so broad-minded and so fond of Shirley, that if the situation ever became actual, I almost think that she would not mind. We have passed through too much to stoop now to jealousy. And all of us feel, I think, that we belong not to ourselves but to the future of man.

"Dan and Dorothy, under Westerly, are going to Bronson Beta school—learning the language by the talking-picture machines, just as the Other People's children did. And they are the only ones who are beginning to be able to speak it naturally. In two or three years they would be able to pass as Bronson Betans—except for their minor physiological differences.

"Dodson is having trouble with the language. He goes about the city talking to friends, eating in the central dining room and mumbling that 'you can't teach an old dog new tricks.' He never was a good linguist—as Duquesne has proved by talking in French with him for the amused benefit of all who spoke the language. But Dodson is most eager to learn, because from illustrations in the metal books and in the screened lectures on the subject, he has found that surgery on this planet was a science far beyond terrestrial dreams. Working with him are five women and eleven men doctors.

"Jack Taylor is the sheik and Romeo of Hendron. About twenty of our handsome girls and women (they are handsome again, the long strain of our first rugged months having ended) are wildly vying for his attention. The tall, red-headed college oarsman takes his popularity with delight—and he is seldom seen without a beautiful lady companion. When he was absent on a mission for Tony, the number of blue damsels was appalling. They could not even write to him, which seemed to distress them enormously.

"Duquesne has moved next door to the German actress who joined us in Michigan. He is working on the mystery of our power source—and 'cementing the bonds of international amity,' he says.

"Higgins has found some carefully preserved seeds in the radium-warmed cellars of the city, and he has planted them. He keeps digging them up to see if they have sprouted—which, so far, they have not; and he goes in a perpetual daze."

Again Eliot James paused. Again he wrote:

"All those factors are on the pleasant side of our ledger. We are a civilization again. Love and clothes and cosmetics and fancy desserts and gossip and apartment decoration have returned to us. Our animals have been collected from the encampments, and they are installed in a 'barn' made from a very elaborate theater. We have harvested and dried a quantity of the spore vegetation as hay for them. They thrive. We are wakened by a cock's crow in the morning, and we serve fresh eggs as a badge of honor with great ceremony at the rate of four or five a day. Dan and Dorothy have milk. We've made butter to go with the eggs. We should be perfectly happy, perfectly content. But—

"Where is Von Beitz?

"He vanished the day Cole Hendron died—the day we arrived here. That was sixty Bronson Beta days ago. And nothing has been seen of him or learned about him since then.

"And—

"Who dwells secretly in our city? Who stole one of our three roosters? Who stole Hibbs' translation of a book on electricity? Who screamed on the street in the dead of night three days ago—turning out the people in Dormitory A to find—no one? Do the Other People still live here—watching us, waiting to strike against us? Do the Midianites have spies here?

"We are virtually agreed upon that theory. Yet we cannot find where they hide. But we do know—to our sorrow—that they have spies in other cities.

"After learning to fly the planes, we armed them. Then Tony dispatched a fleet of six to make a thorough inspection of the surrounding country and the neighboring cities. He wanted full information of the Midianites and of the territory around us.

"There are two cities south of where Ransdell landed his ship. There are several inland. All were entered and explored. In the southernmost city the crew of a plane commanded by Jack Taylor was sniped upon, and two of his men were killed.

"A third plane did not return. It was subsequently sighted near the northern city occupied by the main Midianite colony—shot down and wrecked completely.

"We have been spied upon several times by planes flying over the city. A request for surrender to the 'Dominion of Asian Realists' was dropped twice, and our failure to reply brought one tremendous bomb—which, however, did not penetrate our tough, tranpsarent envelope, although it was unquestionably intended for that purpose.

"It is not safe to leave the city," Eliot James diary continued. "Twice parties on foot exploring the geology and flora outside the gates have been fired at by enemy planes which appeared from the north and dived at them.

"It is evident that the Midianites are engaged in a war of attrition. They mean to conquer us. They mean to have Bronson Beta for themselves—or at least to insure that all human beings upon the planet will be governed by them and will live by their precepts. And Lady Cynthia has left no doubt in our minds about their desire for our women. They need what they call 'breeding females.' I think that 'need' in itself would be sufficient to cause every man and woman here to fight to the death.

"Yes, we could and should be happy here now. But—

"More than three hundred Englishmen and Englishwomen are living in subjugation, and we are unable to set them free. They are our own blood and kin. They are living under conditions at best odious, at worst horrible to them. We cannot be happy while they are virtually slaves.

"And also—Bronson Beta moves ever into cold. Bitter cold! Sixty days ago the surface of the planet was chilly. Then, for a while it warmed again, so that we enjoyed a long fall or Indian summer. But now the chill is returning. Our seasons are due not to an inclination of our axis, as on earth, but to our eccentric orbit. The earth in winter was actually nearer to the sun than in the summer, but in winter the earth's axis caused the sun's rays to fall obliquely. Here on Bronson Beta we move from a point close to the orbit of Venus to a point near that of Mars—and the change in distance from the sun will bring extremes of temperature.

"That is not all. That is not the only problem—anxious problem—which faces us in these autumn days. Shall we turn back toward the sun? Our scientists say so; but shall we? This planet has not done it yet. Its specialty seems to be a drift out into space.

"Our astrophysicists and mathematicians burn their lights far into the night of this new planet in order to anticipate the possibilities in our state. They are not romantic men.

"Meanwhile as we move out into space toward Mars, that red world increases in size and brilliance. Already it is a more vivid body than was Venus from the earth, and its color is malevolent and ominous.

"So the days and nights pass.

"Yes, our colony is returning to the happy human pursuits of love and knowledge and social relationships. But we are surrounded by mysteries, terrors, spies within our city, enemies who would conquer us; and always the red planets draw nearer—as not long ago the two bodies from cosmos drew toward the condemned and terrified Earth."

As Eliot James finished that entry in his diary, he was interrupted by a knock on his door.

"Come in," he called.

Shirley Cotton entered. She said something that sounded like "Hopayiato."

"Hopayiato yourself," Eliot James answered.

"That's a Bronson Beta word," she said. "It means, 'How the devil are you?'—or something like that."

"Sit," said the writer. "I'm fine. What's news?"

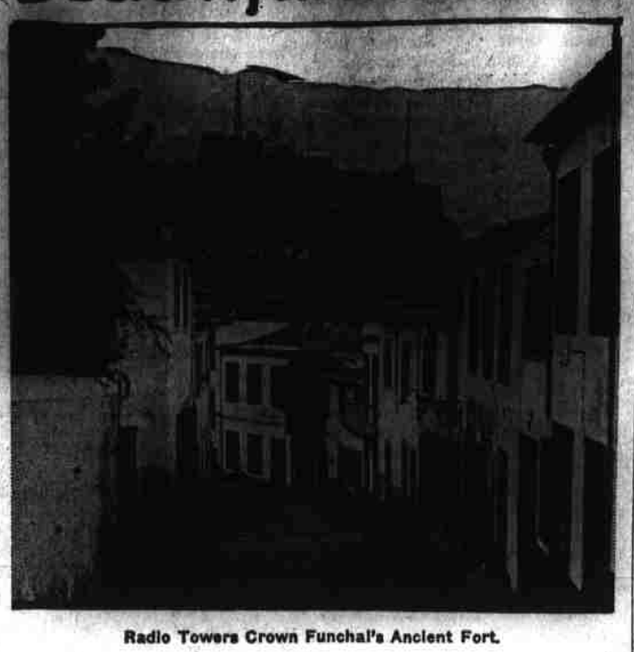
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"He Made a Mark Across Cosmos and Infinity. Only in Memory Can Adequate Honor Be Paid to Him. Good-by, Cole Hendron."

THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

Under the leadership of Cole Hendron, American scientist, some 200 persons escape in a Space Ship just before a cosmic collision that wipes out the earth, and land on Bronson Beta. The appearance of an airplane, 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 Eliot 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 200 persons who left the earth when they did, in a second Space Ship piloted by Dave Ransdell. 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 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 force the Asiatics control it and plan to freeze them into submission during the intensely cold winter. Von Beitz, a leader, disappears. Cole Hendron is buried with appropriate honors.

Beautiful Madeira



Radio Towers Crown Funchal's Ancient Fort.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

CHANGING seasons do not touch Madeira, the beautiful Portuguese island on the fringe of the eastern Atlantic. Its velvety green mountains cleft by deep ravines, its terraced hillsides, brilliant with flowers and flowering vines are the same, summer and winter.

In December the peaks of the towering mountains, which rise like an amphitheater back of Funchal, chief city of Madeira, are sometimes tipped with snow; but all else is vividly green, with a riot of multi-colored blossoms on every terrace of this quaint old town, which climbs the hills above a sapphire sea.

Gardens are the striking feature of the Madeiran capital. They hang one above the other like balconies, radiant with flowers of many climes.

Stiff Brazilian araucaria pines, tall Australian eucalyptus, and leafy Asiatic mango nod to palm, mimosa and magnolia. The Indian fig, with its wide-spreading branches, grows beside the flamboyant of Madagascar, the coral tree of the West Indies and the camphor tree of Japan.

Most effective in winter are the flowering creepers—the deep magenta and brick-red bougainvilleas and the blazing orange bignonia, which form solid masses of color on the high walls. Flaming poinsettias and red, pink and white camellias grow as tall as trees. Clinging to the sheer face of the cliffs which border many of the gardens is a variety of aloe which thrusts out startling scarlet flower spikes above the blue sea.

To the gorgeous huges of the flowers add the gray and black of the rock-strewn shore, lapped by white sea foam; the deep terra cotta of the soil in the ravines which intercept the town; the pink, buff, and cream of the houses, with their green shutters and red-tiled roofs; the brilliant chrome-green of banana and sugar cane which grow in nearly every garden, and you have the "natural color picture" of Funchal.

Automobiles, motor busses, and trucks now crowd Funchal's narrow streets, but it is the native "carro" or sledge, drawn by a pair of patient oxen, that catches the eye.

Riding in an "Oxen-Cab."

In one of these two-seated, curtained and canopied "oxen-cabs," which resemble big baskets on runners, one may glide over smooth, polished cobbles to the cog railway that climbs a steep incline to pine-clad heights 3,300 feet above the sea. A feature of the ascent is the shower of flowers tossed by blossom-laden children, who scamper after sledge and funicular. This graceful act, unfortunately, is marred by the insistent clamor: "One penny! One penny!"

The descent from the mountain can be made in a toboggan sledge, which offers an exciting ride. The speed of the passenger and cargo sledge is slow, but the downhill "running carro" provides real thrills. The broad armchair on runners is used in descending selected routes of tilted streets. Two men hold the sledge in leash by guide ropes; as it starts down the slippery stone path they hop onto the back platform and the slide begins.

Then come flashes of town and sea, gaudy blossoms draping high, sunlit courts, dark-haired women and big-eyed children framed in vine-hung doorways, pedestrians flattened against the wall. As the sledge approaches a curve, the crew jump off to guide it with vigorous tugs around the corner, checking the speed when the lower level is reached.

Madeira is an oceanic Amazon whose height from her crown, on the summit of Pico Ruivo, to her base in the briny deep south of Funchal is nearly 20,000 feet. Only about one-third of this mountain queen is visible above water, her head and shoulders draped in a vivid emerald scarf.

The islands forming this archipelago, Madeira, Porto Santo, and two uninhabited groups, are of volcanic origin. Considering the depth of the surrounding sea, and the abysmal chasms which everywhere cleave Madeira's mountainous surface, it is evident that a vast period of time must have elapsed since the beginning of the countless eruptions which went toward the making of this island. Today no live craters exist in this group, as on the Canary and Cape Verde islands.

Early History of Madeira.

Much traditional lore is associated with the discovery of Madeira. Romans, Arabs, Italians, Spaniards, French, English, and Irish have all been credited as the first to glimpse the island. The most romantic of the legends concerns two English lovers of the Fourteenth century, Robert Machin and Anna d'Arfet, who eloped from Bristol in a small craft and were blown southward to Madeira's eastern shore.

With the coming of the Fifteenth century history is on firmer ground. It is known that the Portuguese mariner, Zarco, sent out by Henry the Navigator, reached Porto Santo in 1419, then sailed across to a larger island, 23 miles away, braving a dark cloud which hung over it, an evil omen to the superstitious sailors of that day. The forbidding cloud proved to be vapor hanging over the mountains of a beautiful, densely wooded land. Zarco and his followers landed on the shore of a sheltered bay about 12 miles northeast of Funchal. Because of its forests the new land was named "Madeira," the Portuguese word for wood.

A world-renowned figure stands out in the early history of Porto Santo and Madeira. Christopher Columbus, restlessly sailing these seas in search of information regarding the then unknown western ocean, came to Porto Santo. He married pretty Philippa Uerestello, the governor's daughter. The house where they lived in Villa Baleira, the only town in Porto Santo, can still be seen.

Columbus devoted himself to chart-making, from time to time visiting Funchal to gather information. In the Madeiras, Canaries, and Azores he listened to the tale of every adventurous sailor he encountered, picked up valuable nautical hints and pondered deeply on the drift borne islandward from the west.

Sugar cane, introduced from Sicily, was responsible for Madeira's prosperity during the early years of its colonization. Negro and Moorish slaves were imported from Africa to work on the sugar plantations and to build roads and aqueducts. The stone irrigating canals, or "levadas," extending for miles down the steep mountain sides still render efficient service. Without them the lower regions would be waterless a large part of the year.

Origin of Its Wine.

Soon after the colonization of Madeira, the Malavesi vine was imported by Prince Henry from Crete, and other varieties were introduced at a later period. Today one type of Madeira wine bears the old name, "Malvasia," or "Malmsey," famous in England when western European wines of that name were well known, and later when Madeira wines had taken their place.

Our naval hero, John Paul Jones, was at one time master of the Two Friends, a Madeira wine ship. The finest wines of the island were in demand in the American Colonies. Ships from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Savannah, laden with pipe staves, timber, train oil, dried fish, and rice, brought back pipes of Madeira to the wealthy American merchants and planters.

Madeira is a small island, little more than 30 miles in length and less than half this in width; but it is so mountainous, and so gashed by deep gorges and guarded by gigantic headlands, that access is difficult to certain of its sun-kissed coastal villages, cool, mist-enveloped uplands, and deep, fern-hung canyons. Motor busses, which connect the villages on the paved highways, have made a marked change in the manner of life and outlook of the country people.

LESSON IN TRADE COSTS

Here is a story of Japanese competition: A pawnbroker in Bavaria in the Dutch East Indies accepted a new bicycle as a pledge and then found himself besieged with young men bringing him new bicycles to pawn. Inquiry showed that the price he was giving for bicycles in pawn was 40 per cent higher than the price charged by the Japanese for selling them new.—London New Statesmen.

Requiem

"When he died what did he leave his wife?"

"A very happy woman."

First Requisite

One has to be pretty comfortable to philosophize.

Can't Be Otherwise

In war, heroism and brutality go hand in hand.

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