

The Dallas Post

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THE DALLAS POST is a youthful weekly rural-suburban newspaper, owned, edited and operated by young men interested in the development of the great rural-suburban region of Luzerne County and in the attainment of the highest ideals of journalism. THE POST is truly "more than a newspaper, it is a community institution."

Congress shall make no law * * abridging the freedom of speech, or of Press.—From the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

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THE DALLAS POST PROGRAM

THE DALLAS POST will lend its support and offers the use of its columns to all projects which will help this community and the great rural-suburban territory which it serves to attain the following major improvements:

1. Construction of more sidewalks for the protection of pedestrians in Kingston township and Dallas.
2. A free library located in the Dallas region.
3. Better and adequate street lighting in Trucksville, Shavertown, Fernbrook and Dallas.
4. Sanitary sewage disposal system for Dallas.
5. Closer co-operation between Dallas borough and surrounding townships.
6. Consolidated high schools and better co-operation between those that now exist.
7. Adequate water supply for fire protection.
8. The formation of a Back Mountain Club made up of business men and home owners interested in the development of a community consciousness in Dallas, Trucksville, Shavertown and Fernbrook.
9. A modern concrete highway leading from Dallas and connecting the Sullivan Trail at Tunkhannock.
10. The elimination of petty politics from all School Boards in the region covered by THE DALLAS POST.

The State Legislature at Harrisburg, is considering two pieces of legislation which vitally affect the railroads of this State and may force them into bankruptcy seriously hampering their usefulness. Their defeat is important to every citizen in this State.

The first bill, No. 311, the train limit bill, which has passed the House, will cost the railroads in Pennsylvania, in round figures, \$55,500,000.

The second bill, No. 304, known as the full crew bill, which likewise passed the House, will cost the railroads of this State approximately \$7,500,000 in addition to the cost of the train limit bill.

These bills favorably affect but 10% of the total employes on the railroads; i. e., principally conductors and trainmen.

Railroad employes were given 2½% wage restoration on July 1, 1934; another 2½% on January 1, 1935, and a further 5% will be given them on April 1st, which will restore them to their peak wage rates.

The 10% of employes to be benefitted by this proposed legislation, when the 5% is restored on April 1st, will receive wage rates higher than the peak war-time rates.

It is important to know that none at present employed on the railroads will benefit by this legislation, but every person now employed will have to pay for it.

There has been considerable capital investment in engineering designing for the sole purpose of low cost transportation through large train units. The train limit bill would be obsolete, so far as capacity is concerned, present steam locomotives as they would be entirely too large for their work.

These bills would entirely defeat the ability of the railroads to provide low cost freight and passenger service to meet competition from other forms of transportation.

The House would not grant the railroads a hearing on these bills. Justice demands that the Senate should grant a hearing to the carriers.

Concerning similar legislation, proposed on a national scale, Federal Co-ordinator Joseph B. Eastman said to the leaders of the railroad employes' organizations:

"It seems perfectly clear to me that it is no time to add to railroad expense, and that labor will suffer if this is done.

"Take legislation like the full-crew bill or the train-length bill. Perhaps they can be sustained on the ground of safety, although I think you will agree that this is, at least, debatable. But as mere 'make-work' measures, what will they do to the railroads in their competition with the trucks and boats and all the other competitive agencies? Has railway labor anything to gain by putting such a handicap on their own form of transportation?"

"I do not believe that any industry in such a situation can go forward if it is prevented from operating in the most economical and efficient way."

What is it that gives prophecies of evil such popularity? Hope springs eternal in the human breast, but it is equally certain that man likes to be frightened and relishes the thrill of menace around him. Else, why the interest with which he reads prophecies of world destruction, why the gusto with which forecasts of world-wrecking wars are swallowed, why the weight given to prophecies of economic upheaval and cataclysm?

The most reasonable answer to this question is that man likes such prophecies because of the joy that he derives from their failure. He is secretly confident of escape from whatever besets him, and, by that token, he likes to be tricked into believing that the peril from which he will escape is of the direst.

WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

by
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and
Philip Wylie

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THE NARRATIVE

CHAPTER I.—David Ransdell, approaching New York on the liner Europa, receives a succession of radiograms offering him \$1,000, finally \$30,000, for an exclusive newspaper interview divulging the mission that brings him from South Africa. Ransdell, noted aviator, has been secretly commissioned at Capetown by Lord Rhondin and Professor Bronson, the astronomer, to fly across the Mediterranean to the fast liner, with a large traveling case containing photographic plates. His instructions are to deliver them to Dr. Cole Hendron, in New York. Tony Drake calls at the Hendrons' apartment, Ransdell arrives and Eve Hendron, with whom Tony is deeply in love, introduces Tony to Ransdell.

CHAPTER II.—New York newspapers publish a statement made by Hendron and concerned in by sixty of the world's greatest scientists. The prepared statement says that Professor Bronson has discovered two planets, which must have broken away from another star or sun and traveled through interstellar space for an incalculable time, until they came to a region of the heavens which brought them at last under the attraction of the sun. The statement ends: "Their previous course, consequently, has been modified by the sun, and as a result, they are now approaching us." The result of the inevitable collision must be the end of the earth. The approaching bodies are referred to as Bronson Alpha and Bronson Beta, the latter being the smaller—about the size of the earth.

CHAPTER III.—"It's going to be doomsday, isn't it?" Tony Drake asks Eve. "No, Tony—more than doomsday. Dawn after doomsday," she tells him. She explains that the first time the Bronson Bodies approach the earth they will not hit it, but the second time, one, Bronson Beta, will pass, and the other will hit the earth and demolish it. To devise means of transferring to Bronson Beta, so much like the earth, is what is occupying the minds of the members of the League of the Last Days.

CHAPTER IV.—Hendron tells Tony he is to be a member of the selected crew of the projected Space Ship which Hendron plans to build, with the idea of landing on Bronson Beta, and the scientist advises him to gain a knowledge of agriculture and proficiency in manual arts and elementary mechanics. Tony rounds up suitable men and women to build the ship at a cantonment Hendron established in northern Michigan.

CHAPTER V.—Hendron has not been able to find a metal or an alloy which will withstand the heat and pressure of atomic energy to be used in propelling the Space Ship. The night before Hendron and his immediate party are to fly to Michigan the tides rush through the streets of New York.

CHAPTER VI.—The tides sweep back to the Appalachians on the east and to the mountains on the Pacific side, and quakes change the entire surface of the earth. The Washington government moves as many millions as possible to the great Mississippi valley. The Hendron settlement survives unprecedented earthquakes.

CHAPTER VII.—Bronson Alpha collides with the moon and wipes it out. Ransdell and Elliot James, an English poet whom Hendron has invited to join the colony, leave on an aerial reconnaissance, as the Hendron colony is in ignorance of conditions elsewhere. They return safely, reporting almost universal destruction throughout the country.

CHAPTER VIII.—Three weeks later, Ransdell, with Peter Vanderbilt, prominent New Yorker, selected by Hendron as a member of the party on the Space Ship, and James, fly over a large section of the devastated country. They are attacked by a crazed mob and each member of the party wounded, but they return alive, and Ransdell has found the metal Hendron needs for the Space Ship.

CHAPTER IX
Suddenly Tony recognized the man. He was staggered. Before him stood Nathaniel Borgon, fourth richest man in America, friend of all tycoons of the land, friend indeed of Hendron himself. Tony had last seen Borgon in Hendron's house in New York, when Borgon had been immaculate, powerful, self-assured, and barely approaching middle age. He now looked senile, degenerate and slovenly.

"Aren't you Drake?" the crackling voice repeated. Tony nodded mechanically. "Yes," he said; "come with me." Hendron did not recognize Borgon until Tony had pronounced his name. Then upon his face there appeared briefly a look of consternation, and Borgon in his shrill, grating voice began to talk excitedly. "Of course I knew what you were doing, Hendron, knew all about it. Meant to offer you financial assistance, but got tangled up taking care of my affairs in the last few weeks. I haven't been able to come here before, for a variety of reasons. But now I'm here. You'll take me with you when you go, of course." He banged his fist on the table in a bizarre burlesque of his former gestures. "You'll take me all right, all right, and I'll tell you why you'll take me—for my money. When all else fails, I'll have my money. I ask only that you spare my life, that you'll take me from this awful place, and in turn go out to my plane, go out to the plane that is waiting there for you. Look inside." Suddenly his voice sank to a whisper, and his head was shot forward. "It's full of bills, full of bills, Hendron; hundred-dollar bills, thousand-dollar bills, ten-thousand-dollar bills—stacked with them, bales of them, bundles of them—millions, Hendron, millions! That's the price I'm offering you for my life."

Hendron and Tony looked at this

man in whose hands the destiny of colossal American industries had once been so firmly held; and they knew that he was mad.

They sent Borgon away with his pilot and his plane full of money; and the last words of the financier were pronounced in a voice intended to be threatening as he leaned out of the cabin door: "I'll get an injunction against you from the President himself. I'll have the Supreme court behind me within twenty-four hours."

Nearly three weeks after the attack a census was retaken. There were two hundred and nine uninjured women, one hundred and eighty-two uninjured men. There were about eighty men and women who were expected wholly to recover. There were more than a hundred who would suffer some disability. Four hundred and ninety-three people had been killed or had died after the conflict.

Work of course was redistributed. More than five months lay ahead of them. The Space Ship could be completed, even with this reduced group, in three weeks.

On one of the unseasonably warm afternoons in December Tony received what he considered afterward the greatest compliment ever paid to him in his life. He was making one of his regular tours of the stockyards when Ransdell overtook him. In all their recent encounters Ransdell had not spoken a hundred words to Tony; but now said almost gruffly, "I'd like to speak to you."

Tony turned and smiled. The South African hesitated, and almost blushed. "I'm not talkative," he said bluntly, "but I've been trying to find you alone for weeks." Again he hesitated.

"Yes?"



"You'll Take Me With You When You Go, of Course," He Banged His Fist on the Table in a Bizarre Burlesque of His Former Gestures.

"That fight you put up—" Ransdell took a huge pocket knife from his flannel shirt and commenced to open and shut its blade nervously. "That was a d—n fine piece of work, fellow."

"What was yours?" Tony replied, heartily. Ransdell held out his hand. They gripped, and in that grip the hands of lesser men would have been broken. From that time on those rivals in love were as blood brothers.

Another general meeting was held in the dining hall. Hendron again took charge.

"The matter which I have to discuss with you," he began, "is one which will come, I am sure, as a distinct surprise. It is the result of my earnest thought and of careful calculations. From the standpoint of realism—and I have learned that all of you are courageous enough to face truths—I am forced to add that my decision has been made possible by the diminution of our numbers."

"All of you know that I founded this village of ours for the purpose of transferring to the planet that will take the place of the earth a company of about one hundred people, with the hope that they might perpetuate our doomed race. It seemed to me that a ship large enough to accommodate such a number might be fabricated and launched by the one thousand persons who were originally assembled here. It is obvious, of course, that the more intelligent and healthy the units of humanity we are able to transfer to the planet, the better the chances for founding a new race will be."

He paused and his eyes roved over the throng. Not a breath was drawn, and not a word was spoken.

"My friends, we are five hundred in number. There is not one man or woman left among us who bears such disability as will prevent him from surviving, if any one may, the trip through space; there is not one but

who, if we effect our landing upon Bronson Beta and find it habitable, will be fit to propagate there the human race.

"On the night of the attack, we died of us—and some who since have died—cramped into the Space Ship. We all realize that no such crowding will be possible on the voyage through space; we all realize that much cargo, other than humanity, must be stowed on the ship if there is to be any point and purpose in our safe landing upon another planet. One hundred persons remains my estimate of the probable crew and passenger list of the ship which saved us all on that night.

"But I have come to the conclusion that, by dint of tremendous effort and co-operation, and largely because of the success of the experiments which we have made with Ransdell's metal, it will be possible within the remaining months of time to construct a second and larger vessel which will be capable of removing the entire residual personnel of this camp."

Hendron sat down. No cheer was lifted. As if they had seen the Gorgon's Head, the audience was turned to stone. The sentence imposed by the death lottery had been lifted. Every man and woman who sat there was free. Every one of them had a chance to live, to fight and to make a new career elsewhere in the starlit firmament.

They sat silently, many with bowed heads, as if they were engaged in prayer. Then sound came: A man's racking sob, the low hysterical laughter of a woman; after that, like the rising of a great wind, the cheers.

Although in Elliot James' diaries the days appeared to be crammed with events, to the dwellers in Hendron's colony the weeks passed in what seemed like a steady routine, and James had been so busy that he was unable to write voluminously:

"Dec. 4: Today what we call the keel of the second Space Ship was laid. The first has been popularly named 'Noah's Ark,' and we have offered a prize of five thousand dollars in absolutely worthless bank notes for anybody who will contrive a name for the second.

"Dec. 7: Kyoto, the Japanese servant whom Tony Drake had had for some years in New York, and of whom he was inordinately fond, walked peacefully into camp. The inscrutable little Jap walked up to Tony, whose back was turned. Kyoto's face was like a smiling Buddha's; and fully appreciating the drama of the situation, he said in his odd voice: 'With exceeding humbleness request possibilities of return to former employment.' When Tony spun around

He thought he was going to faint. Immediately afterward he began thumping Kyoto's back so hard that I personally feared for the Jap's life. But he seems to be wiry; in fact, he must have the constitution of a steel spring, for he has traveled overland more than eight hundred miles in the past two months, and his story, which I am getting out of him piecemeal, is one of fabulous adventure.

"Dec. 19: I discovered only today that Hendron has used for insulation, between the double walls of the now completed Ark, two thick layers of asbestos, and between them, books. The books make reasonably good insulating material, and when we arrive at our future home, if we do not arrive

with too hard a blow, we will be provided with an enormous and complete library. Amazing fellow, Hendron.

"Dec. 31: We had our Christmas dinner last Thursday, and except for the absence of turkey, it was complete, even to plum pudding. The weather continues to be warm, and the gardens which we replanted have flourished under this new sub-tropical climate, so that already we are reaping huge harvests which are being stored in the Space Ships.

"Jan. 15: A flight was made to the 'mines' from which Ransdell's metals have been taken, and in the course of it the plane passed over St. Paul and Minneapolis. Apparently the mobs in those two cities have for the most part either perished or migrated. However, we have not drawn in the outposts stationed around the cantonment after the last attack, and if we should be again attacked in force, we shall not temporize but use the final weapon at once.

"Jan. 20: There was dancing in the hall of the women's dormitory and Ransdell so far overcame his almost animal shyness that he danced twice with Eve. The rivalry between Ransdell and Tony is the most popular subject of discussion among the

girls and women, but such a bond has grown between the two men that I know whoever is defeated in the contest, if there is victory or defeat, will take his medicine honorably and generously. I am wondering, however, about that business of victory or defeat. The women here slightly outnumber the men. It will be necessary for them to bear children on the new planet. Variation of our new race will be desirable. Perhaps we will resort in the main to polyandry, and abolish, because of biological necessity, all marriage. There are a good many very real love affairs existent already. That is to be expected, when the very flower of young womanhood and the best men of all ages are segregated in the wilderness. I myself doubtless reflect the mental attitude of most of the men here. There are a hundred women, I shall say two hundred, and one who I would be proud to have as my wife.



"He Must Have the Constitution of a Steel Spring, for He Has Traveled Overland More Than Eight Hundred Miles in the Past Two Months. . . His Story is One of Fabulous Adventure."

"Feb. 17: In a little more than a month it will be time for our departure. As that solemn hour approaches all of us tend to think back into our lives, rather than forward toward our new lives. Hendron has not hesitated to make it clear that our relatively short jump through space will be dangerous indeed. The ships may not have been contrived properly to withstand what are at best merely theoretical conditions. The cold of outer space may overwhelm us. The rays which travel through the empty reaches when we thrust ourselves among them clad in the thin cylinders of our Ark may assert a different potency from that experienced under the layer of earth's atmosphere. Either or both of our two projectiles may collide with a wandering asteroid, in which case the consequences will be similar to those anticipated from the collision of earth with Bronson Alpha. Hendron assures us only that the ships will fly, and that if they reach the atmosphere of Bronson Beta, it will be possible to land them.

"Feb. 22: The Bronson Bodies have reappeared in the sky with visible discs. Alpha once more looks like a coin, and Beta not unlike the head of a large pin. Observations through our modest telescope show clearly that Bronson Beta, warmed by the sun, has a surface now completely thawed. Its once solid atmosphere is drifting about it filled with clouds, and through those clouds we are able to glimpse patches of dark and patches of brilliance, which indicate continents and oceans. At the first approach, an excellent spectroscopic analysis was made of the planet's composition. The analysis denoted its fitness to support human life, but we stand in such awe of it that we say to ourselves only: 'Perhaps we shall be able to live if we ever disembark there'; but we cannot know. There may be things upon its mysterious surface, elemental conditions undreamed of by man. However, there is some mysterious comfort, a sort of superstitious courage, afforded to many of our numbers by the fact that as our doom approaches a future home is also waxing brightly in the dark sky.

"Feb. 25: Tremendous effort is being expended upon the second Ark. The task of accumulating metal for its construction was tremendous. The hangar which had protected the first ship was confiscated. Two steel bridges across what used to be a river near by have furnished us with much of the extra material required, but we are now engaged in smelting every object for which we shall have no future use. Women are doing tasks that women have never done before, and we are all working on a sixteen-hour-a-day schedule. Hendronville looks like a little Pittsburgh—its furnaces going all night, its roads rutted by heavy trucking, and its foundries shaking with a continual roar of machinery. The construction of the second Ark in such a record time would have been impossible had it not been for the adaptability of Hendron's solution of atomic disintegration. Power and heat we have in unlimited quantities.

"March 6: The day and hour of departure has been announced. In order to intercept the Bronson Body at its most advantageous point, we shall leave the earth on the 27th of this month at 1:45 a. m. precisely. It is estimated that the journey will require 90 hours, although it could be made much more quickly.

(Continued Next Week)