

Joe dashed to the window. What Ma had said was true. There was no mistaking the positions that the gorillas outside were taking up.

He let out a fearful oath and swung around facing Bill Squire.

A few feet away from him, Butts Crimpey, his eyes wide, savage and desperate, was raising his gun. Bill Squire didn't wait any longer. What chance there was, was now. His hand closed over Carmen's little pearl-handled revolver. At the same time he knocked the lamp to the floor, plunging the room into darkness.

He up-ended the table and crouched behind it. His left hand seized Gloria's wrist and he pulled her to the floor. Blue flames darted from Joe and Butts' guns. Bill Squire fired. He heard a curse from Joe or Butts, he didn't know which. He fired again. Something came crashing through the window with a startling effect. Neither Bill Squire, nor Joe or Butts fired for seconds, wondering what was about to happen. A queer odor began to fill the room. Again something came hurling through the window, and again. The odor grew stronger.

Bill Squire began to feel his eyes water. He was gasping for breath. As though

from a great distance he could hear Joe and Butts and Ma's voices screaming as of one accord.

"Gas, gas! They're gonna get us! They're gonna burn us!"

There was a mad scrambling sound. Butts and Crimpey and Ma were trying to fight their way out to the door. Bill Squire, gasping, fighting for breath, put his arm around Gloria's shoulder and pressed her head against his body.

It seemed hours later when he came to. He was lying on the ground. Gloria was bending over him, watching him with anxious eyes. A great, burly individual was standing close by surrounded by a half dozen husky individuals.

"I hope you're the right guy," the burly individual said, "the one we came out here to rescue for Miss Gomez, because the other two are dead. Some old dame with a shotgun beat it out through the fields, but the devil with her."

He bent over Bill.

Bill Squire sat up. He blinked his eyes and he looked at Gloria.

"Am I the right guy?" he asked.

She nodded.

"You're awfully foolish," she said, "but so terribly the right guy."

THE END

Bon Voyage for Hitch-Hikers

A "STOWAWAY ring" sounds like a pretty improbable idea, but according to French Line officials such an organization exists. The French Line people have asked help from the New York police because they have been so plagued with stowaways during the last few months.

Recently the *Normandie* arrived at Havre with fourteen non-paying and uninvited guests. Shortly afterward the *Ile de France* turned up with seven. This was too much for the French Line people, and some of the police working on the problem agree that stowawayism is practically an organized business. The Spanish war seems to be the reason. It's very nearly impossible to get abroad, in the legitimate ways to join the International Brigade; and apparently a good many Americans want to go. So we have an about-face: the time-honored profession of smuggling Chinese into the United States is replaced by a thriving traffic in getting Americans out.

—Eric Sharpe



Argonotes

The Readers' Viewpoint



TWO recent altercations that have occupied space in these columns betray but one symptom that they will soon have run their course. Mellowness has set in. The tone of the newest combatants is curiously forbearing. Reason and gentleness of temper have replaced excitement.

JOHN C. STERLING

"Damyank" that I am, I found pleasure in reading the comments of P. B. Watson in the Aug. 13th number. His estimate of Lincoln seems just and is warranted by the facts of history. Had Lincoln lived, the South would have been spared the "carpetbag reconstruction". The devastated southern states needed rehabilitation only, and I believe Lincoln would have furnished material aid to this end.

This "reconstruction" was the sorriest epoch in the history of the United States, and was responsible for the greater part of the bitter feeling following the war.

The Civil War destroyed a social structure in the South which was beautiful to observe, but which was top-heavy and contained the virus of its own decay. However, it is the shame of the North that no aid was offered to replace it with something more enduring.

I am offering orchids for Mr. Watson's roses. I do not believe that any country, in any period of the world's history, has furnished finer characters than Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Albert Sidney Johnston, while many others were, perhaps, equally fine, if less prominent.

It is my belief that the Confederate Army was as fine a military organization as ever existed, and the North may well be thankful that it was limited as to numbers and resources.

My father was in the Federal Army through the Mississippi and Atlanta campaigns, and I had three uncles at Gettysburg. I have attended many G.A.R. reunions but never have I heard a Federal soldier speak a disparaging word of a Confederate.

I have, in the past, known some who referred

to themselves as "unreconstructed secesh", but I knew them to be as good citizens and as patriotic as I, and they proved it in the Spanish-American war, and their sons proved it in the World War.

As the reunited people I think we are doing fine, and, if need comes again, the South will not be found wanting.

As to the term "traitor", I cannot apply it to any man who will put on a uniform and go out and fight for a cause he believes to be just and right. The only fault I can find with these Confederate soldiers was that they were too dam-sure they were right.
Long Beach, California

SEE what we mean? And the following exhibition of gentlemanly disagreement is if anything more so, just a couple of scientists being politely fastidious about cosmic chaos . . .

THEO. MAHAFFEY

In the Sept. 3rd issue J. Mason gives some mild criticism to Eric North. But in doling this out, Mr. Mason makes a statement that is very contestable, i.e., "has the author never heard of Pluto, discovered in 1930 by Lowell." For a long time science "knew" that there was an unknown planet that affected Uranus to a great extent and most prominent among the men who devoted themselves to the task of locating this planet was Percival Lowell, who did the necessarily important work in his Arizona observatory. Lowell died in 1916 but his work was carried on and culminated in success in 1930. The discovery is attributed to Clyde Tombaugh but the first two letters of the name of the planet are the initials of Percival Lowell . . . Mars has two moons . . . I agree with Mason on the ability of adaption of life.
El Centro, California

We can scarcely remember those other days when this department was a kind of armed camp, with battle flaring up every time we turned our back.