Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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THE general mobilization that is taking place in Europe today is another evidence of how the world has changed since 1914.

In those primitive days, general mobilization was everywhere considered the next thing to war itself. It was only after the Russians mobilized that war became inevitable. Germany then insisted that it must mobilize to protect itself, and the others followed. Everybody conceded that once the great armies had actually been set in motion it was too late to avert war.

Today, or sometime before the end of the month, Europe will have eight million men standing to arms. They call it maneuvers, but it is nothing less than general mobilization.

Yet war is by no means certain. It may happen, and there are private tips circulating to the effect that the end of August will also see the beginning of the end of civilization, that is, war.

But it is by no means certain. We are in the midst of a period of "white war," a new technique whereby nations try to wear down the nerves of one another by constant and continuing threat of war. These tactics are especially effective in these days when war, the very day it begins, will show its ugly face at every man's front door.

Nobody wants war—that is, the German people don't want it, the French people don't want it, the British, Polish, Italian and Russian peoples don't want it. But the aim of the leaders apparently is to make the threat so ever-present, so menacingly close, as to wear down the nerves and endurance of the opposing side so that it will at least yield without a fight.

It worked a year ago. Today it is by no means certain. The Poles have shown no sign of nerves as yet. The "Allies" are far better prepared than a year ago. Their nerves, too, are less shaken. Europe is far less impressed by the mobilizing of 2,500,000 Germans today than it was when a thin trickle of troops passed over to occupy the Rhineland a few years ago.

More and more clearly the game is revealed as a naked show of power for the most grossly material ends. Nobody even talks of "right" and "wrong" in Europe any more. It is simply, "I am strongest! You must yield!" "No, I am strongest! I will not yield an inch!"

Should all this reckless and child-like playing with fire result in a spreading conflagration this autumn, the United States will have need of every bit of coolness and sanity it can muster. It is not too early to begin now to ask, "Must we take a hand in a game whose rules we did not make, whose cards we did not deal, and in which we cannot possibly win?"

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

CONCESSIONS that will AVOID WAR.

NO one, of course, knows definitely which theory is right and which is wrong. If we KNEW, our course would be perfectly simple—for no one in America wants to get into somebody else's war.

What everybody wants is to avoid the mistakes that will lead us into war.

IT is perfectly obvious, in spite of all the bluffing that is going on, that people in Europe do not regard war this fall at least as probable.

THEATRE SPONSORS SAFETY CAMPAIGN FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Plans for a Junior Safety council, which will educate youngsters to a sense of safety on the streets both for themselves and for car drivers, has been launched by the Rose theatre.

Members of the club will take the following safety pledge: "I promise to look both ways before crossing the street and on busy streets cross only at intersections. I faithfully promise not to roller skate in the streets and I will ride my bicycle according to the traffic rules."

Young bicycle riders, who are at the intermediate stage between the kiddie car and the automobile, come in for particular attention.

The Junior Safety council will reward its members with merchandise prizes in a contest. The boy with the most credits will receive a balloon-tired bicycle and the winning girl gets a wrist watch. Prizes will be given, both at the conclusion of the contest, which begins Saturday, and during each week, for essays on safety.

A number of Roseburg merchants are cooperating with the Rose theatre in the Junior Safety council plans. Credits are obtained through purchase from the merchants who have joined the movement. Names of firms cooperating will be announced later.

SHARK BITES MAN

TILLAMOOK, Aug. 16.—(AP)—A seven-foot shark taken on a trolling hook off Woods bit Captain Howard Kellow of Oretown, skipper of the fishing boat Clipper.

Kellow clubbed the shark with a gaff and stuck his hand in its mouth to extract the hook. The powerful lower jaw had to be removed before the captain could free his hand.

KRNR

Mutual Broadcasting System
1500 Kilocycles

(REMAINING HOURS TODAY)

4:00—Chuck Foster's Orch., MBS.
4:30—Goldman Band Concert, MBS.
5:00—Lew Breese's Orch., MBS.
5:15—Shaffer Parker, MBS.
5:30—Thomas Conrad Sawyer, MBS.
5:45—Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:00—Tonight's Tune.
6:05—News, Gilmore Corner.
6:10—News-Review News Flashes.
6:15—Dinner Dance.
6:30—Democracy at Work, MBS.
7:00—Enric Madriguera's Orch., MBS.
7:15—Mutual Maestros.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—Alvino Rey's Orch., MBS.
8:15—Guy Lombardo's Orch., MBS.
8:30—Paul Pendarvis' Orch., MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Benny Goodman's Orch., MBS.
9:30—Garwood Van's Orch., MBS.
9:45—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17

7:00—Stuff and Nonsense.
7:30—News-Review Newscast.
7:40—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities Co.
7:45—Rhapsody in Wax.
8:00—Sons of the Pioneers, MBS.
8:15—Haven of Rest, MBS.
8:45—Richardson Ensemble, MBS.
9:00—Everett Hoagland's Orch., MBS.
9:30—Man About Town.
9:45—Erskine Butterfield, Pianist, MBS.
10:00—Palmer House Concert, MBS.
10:15—The Family Doctor, Copco.
10:30—Special Baseball Broadcast, MBS.
10:45—Manhatters, MBS.
11:15—Gayle Gaylord, MBS.
11:30—Bayreuth Music Festival From Germany, MBS.
12:00—Dance Orch.
12:15—Moods in Music, MBS.
12:30—Rhythm at Random.
12:45—News, Safeway Stores.
12:50—News-Review of the Air.
1:00—Henninger's Man On The Street.
1:15—Federation of Women's Clubs, MBS.
1:30—Jane Anderson, Pianist, MBS.
1:45—At Your Command.
2:00—Canadian Open Golf, MBS.
2:15—Johnson Family, MBS.
2:30—Ma Perkins, Proctor & Gamble, MBS.
2:45—At Your Command.
3:00—Feminine Fancies, MBS.
3:30—Charioteers, MBS.
3:45—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
4:00—Sinfonietta, MBS.
4:15—Streamline Swing, MBS.
4:30—First Offender, MBS.
5:00—Johnny Davis' Orch., MBS.
5:15—Shaffer Parker, MBS.
5:30—Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye.
5:45—Symphony.
6:00—Tonight's Tune.
6:05—News, Gilmore Corner.
6:10—News-Review News Flashes.
6:15—Console Sketches.
6:45—Weber's Concert Review, MBS.
7:15—Mutual Maestros.
7:45—Shep Fields' Orch., MBS.
8:00—Alvino Rey's Orch., MBS.
8:15—Mary Marcellino's Orch., MBS.
8:30—American Family Robinson.
8:45—Garwood Van's Orch., MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Bernie Kane's Orch., MBS.
9:30—Teddy Powell's Orch., MBS.
9:45—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks for the acts of kindness, messages of sympathy and beautiful floral offerings from our many friends in our recent bereavement. We especially wish to thank Dr. Herke Brothers and employees.

The Gujum Family.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

RAMBLINGS

By PAUL JENKINS

The Tiller-Trail cutoff traverses some mighty pretty country, and it saves some forty miles over the Pacific highway route from Roseburg to Diamond Lake, via Grants Pass; but the ninety miles extending from Canyonville to Trail, with the exception of a seven mile stretch just the summit beyond Drew, is rough, much of it is narrow and crooked, and all of it is dusty. After having tried it out on three trips this summer, myself and my family have come to the conclusion we prefer the longer, but all-paved route.

That seven miles of improved highway between the summit and Trail, however, is a wonder—standard width, oiled macadam surface, and free from sharp curves. Hidden back up there in the mountains, a middle link in a road otherwise largely unimproved, it causes an understandable speculation as to just what the highway commission really has in mind concerning the ultimate use of that route.

* * *

With the improvement of all highways leading to it, and the construction of some of them on a splendid scale, Diamond Lake really is coming into its own as a recreational center. Its shores are alive with people from all over the United States, and abroad, who stay at the Howard concessions on the north shore, who live in the many summer homes lining the south, or who stay at the hundreds of improved forest camping sites which border the lake on the east. Innumerable boats ply the waters of the lake, while an endless procession of automobiles come and go on exploring expeditions to the nearby peaks, gorges, streams and other points of interest. It's a busy place, but the business consists exclusively in everybody's having a good time.

Roseburg and the central and northern parts of Douglas county will have real cause for rejoicing when the Forest Service road up the North Umpqua to Diamond Lake eventually is completed, as I suppose it will be next year. This wonderful playground then will be only about ninety miles away, or approximately the same distance as the beach—a two-and-a-half or three hours trip.

* * *

Lemolo Falls, on the upper reaches of the North Umpqua not far from Diamond, is a beauty spot, well worth the ten or twelve miles drive, and the half-mile or more hike necessary to reach it. If I'm a bit indefinite as to distances, and directions, it's due to some sort of complex I've developed concerning that general neighborhood. I always get off on the wrong road going to Lemolo, and have to back track and side track time and again, until it's gotten to be a joke.

The pleasantest spot we struck, however, in the country up there, was a beautiful little falls on the Clearwater, where the Big Camas road crosses that stream. The creek is not a large one, and the falls aren't on a grand scale; but they somehow or other are comforting and sociable, and the waters of the stream, shaded by towering hemlocks under whose roots it often flows, is inviting, icy-cold and delicious to the taste.

I could spend a long time at this camping spot on the Clearwater, in grateful forgetfulness that the world is full of woe, and the price of prunes is low.

* * *

Jack and Hildred Chapman, on their way back from Big Camas to further wanderings around Crescent Lake and points beyond, caught sight of us at the Clearwater crossing and stopped for a visit. By Jove, Jack recognized my car long before he could distinguish a feature of our faces; that's what it is to be an automobile salesman!

All of us went to Lemolo together, and it was by following Jack's dust (at a respectful distance) that I found the place at all, I reckon.

MYTHICAL BEAUTY

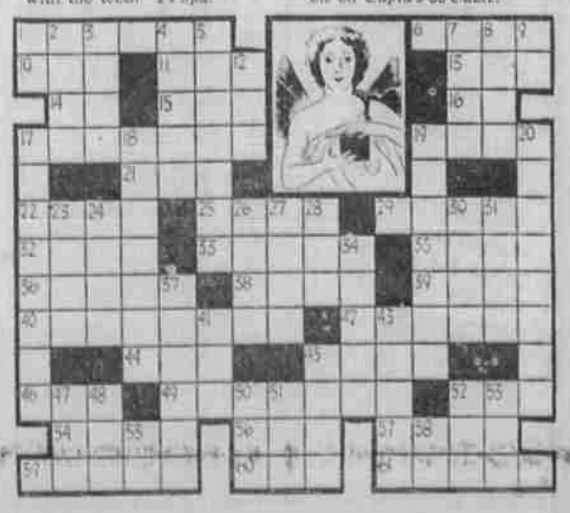
HORIZONTAL

1 Beautiful maiden of the Classic Myths.
6 To impel.
10 According to.
11 Single thing.
13 Branch.
14 Comparison word.
15 Uncooked.
16 Parent.
17 Felt through the senses.
19 Night.
21 Scriptural priest.
22 Horse food.
25 Jar.
29 Seraglio.
32 Rubber trees.
33 Middays.
35 Pedestal base part.
36 Lemur.
38 Kind of pier.
39 Maple tree.
40 Pointing out.
42 Dormant.
44 Slight bow.
45 To wound with the teeth.
46 To plunder.
49 To disavow.
52 Chum.
54 Fatal mischief.
56 Pronoun.
57 Illustration.
59 She had the —— of a butterfly.
60 Large wild ox.
61 She was forbidden to see her sweetheart, ——.

VERTICAL

1 Papa.
2 Black haw.
3 Sea tale.
4 Hourly.
5 Kinship through the mother.
7 Incarnation of Vishnu.
8 To seize.
9 Printer's measure.
12 Female of sheeplike animals.
17 She dropped oil on Cupid's —— peeking at him.
18 Sitting of a court.
19 To grade.
20 She finally became an —— or goddess.
23 Bitter herb.
24 Gull.
26 To lend.
27 To yearn.
28 Social insect.
30 Speed contest.
31 State of bliss.
34 Kind of law code.
37 Places of business.
41 Fish.
43 Garret.
45 To lie in warmth.
47 Kimono sash.
48 Malediction.
50 Your.
51 Long inlet.
52 Carbonated drink.
53 Cuckoo.
55 No good.
58 Cubic.

Answer to Previous Puzzle



MONEY LADEN PURSE RETURNED TO OWNER

State policemen spend so much time investigating cases of theft and dishonesty, that they take real pleasure in reporting a case of honest action, according to Patrolman Clyde Fisk. While on patrol in Yoncalla, the officer was handed a billfold containing $111 in currency. The billfold was found beside the highway by Gene Cowan of Yoncalla, who requested the officer to return the money to the owner, a truck operator whose identity was established by cards found in the billfold, but who was not named by the officer. The wallet, it was stated, apparently had been dropped on the highway about 3:30 a. m. and lay in plain sight until about 11 a. m. when it was found by Mr. Cowan.

"It might have been a different story if some person other than Mr. Cowan had found it," the state policeman commented.

LAND BUY NOT OPPOSED BY F. D. R.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—(AP)—From a Vanderbilt to Father Divine as a neighbor with no objections from President Roosevelt.

That was the picture today as the Harlem cult leader's white secretary made public correspondence between Father Divine and the white house bearing on negotiations for Divine's purchase of the palatial 700-acre estate of the late Frederick William Vanderbilt.

The secretary, John Lamb, said negotiations had been carried on secretly, but since President Roosevelt has no objections to the establishment of a second rural heaven near his Hyde Park home, the negotations would be carried on openly.

Vanderbilt, railroad director and financier, died on the estate June 29, 1938.

GIRL SCORNS FILM CAREER TO TEACH

EUGENE, Aug. 16.—(AP)—Marcia Steinhauser, pretty June graduate of the University of Oregon, has turned down a chance to go into the movies so she can become a school marm.

Miss Steinhauser, once named the ideal coed on the Oregon campus, will teach in a Eugene junior high school rather than accept a screen test from Hollywood producers now filming "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" near here.

DOUGLAS COUNTY BOY GRADUATES

Warren A. Schloeman, hospital apprentice, second class, U. S. navy, was graduated from the U. S. navy hospital corps training school at San Diego, Aug. 11, according to word received here. He is a son of A. Schloeman of Glide and enlisted in the navy January 10, 1939. He has been ordered to duty and practical training at the U. S. naval hospital, Mare Island, Calif.

MAKES A DIFFERENCE WHOSE CAR IT IS

OKLAHOMA CITY, Aug. 16.—(AP)—"See that car up there?" a man heckled Officer Pat Patton. "If it was mine you'd put a ticket on it."

The car was parked in a forbidden zone. Patton looked at the license plate and clinched. It was No. 1, the governor's car.

But he saw his duty and he did it. He tagged the car.

BAND WILL PLAY THURSDAY NIGHT

Library park in Roseburg will be the scene of another delightful band concert at 8 p. m. Thursday when the Roseburg Municipal band presents its usual weekly program. Growing attendance at the regular concerts indicates the popularity of the entertainments arranged by J. D. "Snap" Gillmore, director, who announces the following program for this week's appearance:

March, "Bravura" ..... Duble
Mazurka, "La Czarine" ..... Canne
Waltz, "It Happened in Monterey," Wayne.
March, "Militaire," ..... Talbot
Idyl, "First Heart Throbs," Ellenberg.
Whistling solo by Jas. Moran, piano accompaniment by Bette Owen.
March, "The Footlifter," ..... Fillmore
Selection, "Band Medley No. 1," Feist.
March, "Chicago Police Band," Mader.
Vocal number, "Wagon Wheels," Bill, by Millard Magness, band accompaniment.
March, "Pasadena Day," Vessella.
Dancing act by Georgine Shanklin, accompanied on piano by Mrs. Crooks.
Popular, "Beer Barrel Polka," Brown.
Finale, "America" ..... Carey

CHURCH TO OBSERVE 30TH ANNIVERSARY

The 30th anniversary of Eden Lutheran church at Elgarose will be celebrated Aug. 24 to 27 with special programs during the period. The church was organized in 1909 by the Rev. Mr. Nystrom. Pastors who served the church since that date are expected to take part in the celebration.

The program for the four day period is as follows:

Thursday, August 24—Ladies Aid society to meet at the church, with Dr. C. R. Stevenson as speaker.

Friday, August 25—Services at 8 p. m., Rev. J. A. Edlund, former pastor, speaker.

Saturday, August 26—Services at 2 p. m., conducted by Rev. A. G. Anderson, former pastor.

Sunday, August 27—Morning worship at 10:30 a. m.; anniversary sermon by Dr. C. A. V. Lund, president of Columbia conference. Potluck dinner at noon. Dedication service at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Enoch Sandeen, a former pastor.

At the morning service an anniversary offering will be taken.

JAPS RECEIVE NOTE PROTESTING ACTION

TIENTSIN, Aug. 16.—(AP)—Japanese Consul Shigenobu Shima announced receipt from the United States consulate general today of a written protest over the detention and face-slapping of a 59-year-old American widow by a Japanese sentry.

Shima termed the incident "regrettable" and said the American note had been referred to Japanese military authorities for investigation.

It was understood no decision had been made by the Japanese, but formal regrets probably would be offered.

NEW PASTOR WILL TAKE CHURCH HERE

The Rev. Adolph Johnson, now of Grants Pass, has been assigned to the Seventh Day Adventist work in Douglas county and will assume his duties here the first of September, according to an announcement made today. He succeeds the Rev. Frank Steunenberg who left recently to serve as an instructor in Laurelwood academy at Gaston. The Rev. Mr. Johnson was in Roseburg today making arrangements to take up his residence here.

ANTIMONY FOUND IN CURRY COUNTY

GOLD BEACH, Aug. 16.—(AP)—Discovery of a rich deposit of antimony in a deep canyon of the Big Craggies mountains in southwestern Curry county was claimed today by Harry Emmons, prospector.

Emmons said southwestern Oregon might become one of the world's large antimony producing centers as a result. There have been previous discoveries of small deposits in Curry county.

FOUR DIE IN FIRE IN BALTIMORE HOME

BALTIMORE, Aug. 16.—(AP)—Flames and smoke roaring through an old, brick house killed four persons in a family of six before dawn today after one of the hottest nights of the summer.

The blaze, said by firemen to have started in an attached frame building used as a summer kitchen, was under control in less than thirty minutes after it was discovered.

TO INVESTIGATE GUN RUNNING ACTIVITIES

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 16.—(AP)—A coastwide gun-running probe was disclosed today by U. S. District Attorney Ben Harrison as two Japanese awaited arraignment before a federal commissioner on charges of violating the neutrality act.

Harrison said he would ask that Kintano Asano, Los Angeles business man, and Kane Hirao be held for a federal grand jury to be impaneled next month. Bond was fixed at $10,000 for each.

SERIAL STORY
BORDER ADVENTURE

BY OREN ARNOLD

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

BETTY MARY JORDAN—Pretty young Border Patrol service secretary.

SHERIDAN STARR—Handsome Border Patrol officer.

HOPE KILDARE—Starr's fellow officer, also a bachelor.

LUIS BARRO—Mexican smuggler.

* * *

Yesterday: Barro prepares to smuggle his aliens Saturday night across the Rio Grande. Meanwhile, the Border Patrol issues its call for all hands. Betty prays that Sheridan will come out alive.

CHAPTER XXVII

When Hope Kildare left El Paso shortly before midnight Friday, he looked exactly like some of the aliens whom he had been arresting in recent years. His hair normally groomed to perfection, hung shaggily from beneath its dirty Mexican hat. His coveralls were of faded denim, but they served to conceal warmer apparel underneath. He was stooped, he moved in a lazy slouch with his head down (so that his face was barely visible to passersby), and he carried a ragged old serape over his arm. The serape, he knew, would not only aid his disguise, it would also keep him warm at night and could be used to screen the light from flares.

He walked boldly across the international bridge toward Juarez and received scarcely a look from the Mexican officials on guard there. Evidently they believed he was merely a workman returning home after a late shift across the line.

Six blocks inside the Mexican city, however, a policeman accosted him.

"What are you doing on the streets at this hour?" the policeman asked, in Spanish.

Hope stepped off the sidewalk, respectfully, and muttered, "Nothing, sir, save that I go to my home. I have worked in Texas and have walked two hours getting here. I am very hungry."

"Hungry, hah?"

"Si, senor, I have not eaten since noon."

"Take this and buy an enchilada, then get home." The officer held out a coin.

"Muchas gracias, senor!" Hope thanked him in genuine surprise.

"Por nada."

He moved on with a small sigh of relief. The officer hadn't known it, but Hope Kildare was poised to crack him a quick blow on the chin, then flee, if it had been necessary. But Hope earnestly wanted to get through Juarez unmolested. He trudged on.

* * *

On the far side of town he saw a dairyman's truck coming from the rear, and on impulse he held up his hand and asked for a ride. The driver, as poor-looking a Mexican man as he, stopped and picked him up. Alert for any sign of recognition, Hope sat beside the man for a moment, then suddenly produced a pistol and jammed it in the driver's ribs.

"Stop the car!" he commanded, again in Spanish.

"Ho, what you do! No, no, do not shoot! I have no money! I have—"

"Shut up! I've got to have your car. It'll take me an hour to walk to where I'm going and an hour may be too late. Get out!"

"Get out? Oh, senor—where you go? I can drive you there. But my truck—!"

"Get out! I'll see that you get the truck by Monday. Your name's on it. Here—take this."

He pressed a $20 American bill into the man's hand, backed him out of the driver's seat, and drove off. He caught a last glimpse of the dairyman staring open-mouthed.

Deliberately, then, Hope turned a corner and headed in a direction almost opposite from that he wanted to go. After a mile he cut off the lights, turned a corner and cut back the other way. In less than a quarter hour all told he had driven himself to a point within a half mile of Luis Barro's ranch house, near the spot where Barro's driveway turned off a main road and led several hundred yards uphill. Hope drove abruptly off the main road into a dry arroyo, swung behind some bushes and stopped the motor. In another moment he was walking quietly through the desert night.

He sat on a rock for a half hour and studied every detail around Barro's ranch home. In that time he spotted some armed guards, which he had noted in his daytime visit before. He fixed in his mind a good picture of the ranch layout in general—the buildings, entrances, approaches, trails, everything that might be valuable in emergency. If worst came to worst, he might try again to go into the house itself.

"If ever we are going to get Luis Barro with the goods and arrest him," he told himself sitting there, "somebody's got to take some desperate measures. It might as well be me."

* * *

But he saw neither chance nor cause to go all the way up to the house that night. By dawn he was safely concealed about a mile south and several hundred feet above the ranch house location. With his glasses he could easily observe everything that went on outside in daytime, and be out of sight and danger himself.

As he and Sherry had done in San Felipe Canyon, Hope "laid out" all day. Patient, jeaned and shirt in shadows up on the mountain side, his ragged serape for protection, a bar of two of candy for his only food, and an orange to assuage thirst. He hadn't thought it advisable to carry a canteen, lest his disguise be weakened. But he was not suffering.

He saw the hundred or more horses in Barro's corrals, he saw a surprising number of people around his houses, and knew from these signs that the aliens were still there and would probably leave on horseback soon. His deductions in the matter were verified that evening when he crept closer, in the first shadows of Saturday night, and both heard and saw the aliens mounting. All at once it occurred to him that he could slip close enough to listen to the conversation itself.

He was within 100 feet of the first men to mount, and in a very few moments he heard significant questions and answers in Spanish, that he could understand.

"How far is it to the New Channel crossing place?" somebody asked.

"Several miles, maybe 12."

"Who will lead the way?"

"Don Luis himself, fool!"

It was all Hope needed!

He had already carefully picked a spot on his mountain slope to set off his flares if the moment came. It was visible from El Paso, but beyond a little ridge from Barro's place. Barro might see a short reflected red light but probably he was too busy to notice even that. Hope backed off into the darkness and hastened up the hillside again. It was almost a mile from Barro's place, and he traveled at considerable risk from rocks, cactus thorns, even rattlesnakes. But he gave little thought to danger, moving ahead with such caution as he could exercise.

When his red flares had been set off he almost prayed that Sherry would be sure to see them! Hope paused for a moment behind them, panting a little in breathlessness from his hasty climb, and thinking.

"By George, I believe we have a chance to corral Barro in person this time!" he told himself. "What he doesn't know might be the means of trapping him!"

Hope sat there 20 minutes, then moved back down and around his hill. The longer he walked now, the more he thought. By the time he approached Barro's place again he had formulated a daring plan. He had conceived it earlier in the evening, and now he was determined to put it into effect.

"I look like a Mex. I speak Spanish. I—I bet I can get by with it, and do some real good when the time comes!" He was as elated as a boy again, thinking about it. And then he was ready to act!

Most of the aliens were mounted now, calling, shouting, talking, milling around everywhere. Taking advantage of this confusion, Hope Kildare slipped through the night shadows, suddenly seized one of Barro's horses by the reins, and presently was sitting unobtrusively with the others—a mounted "alien" ready to ride in Luis Barro's cavalcade!

(To be continued)

Helium ranks after hydrogen as the lightest gas, but outranks hydrogen for ballooning because hydrogen is inflammable. Helium is not.