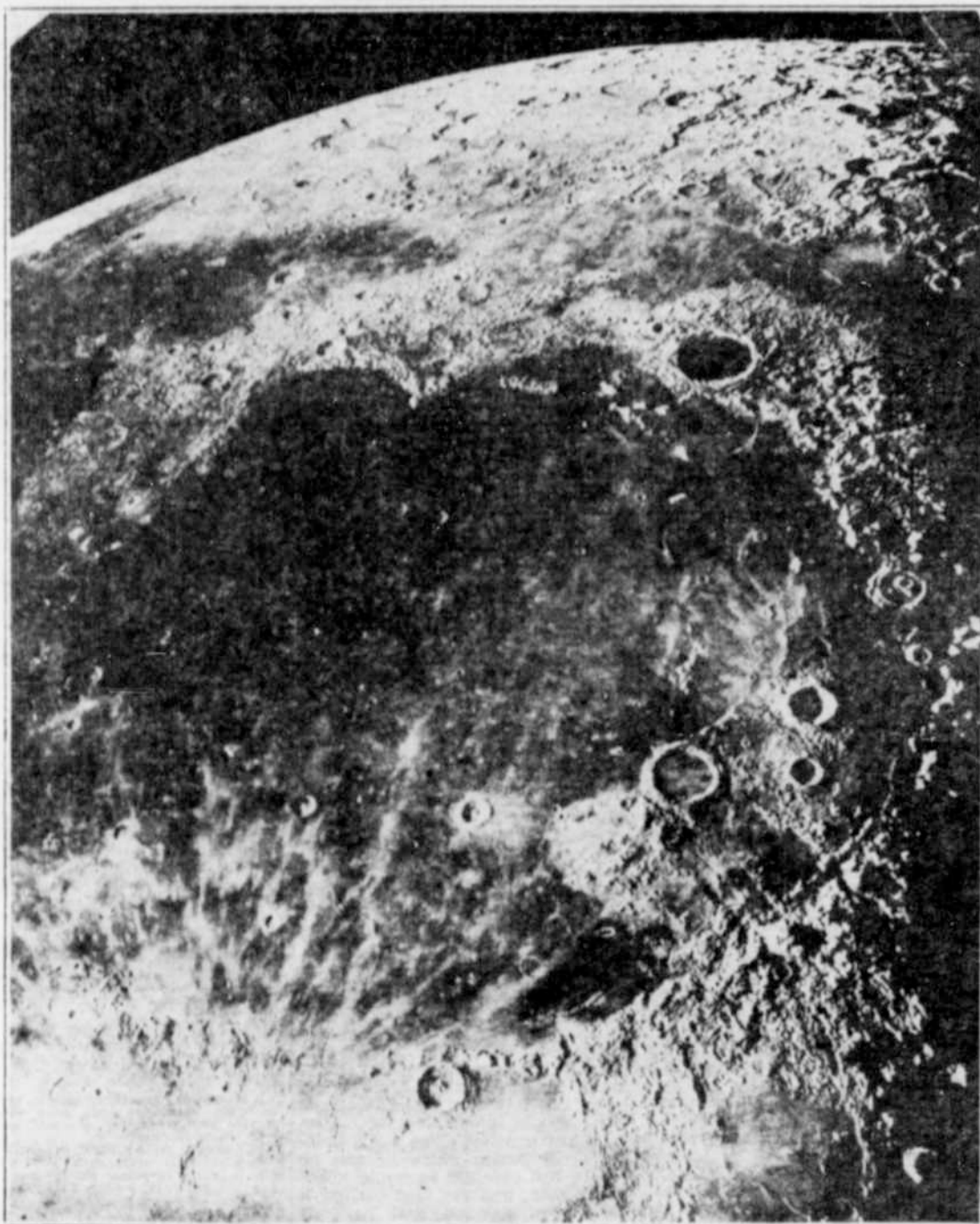


Suppose There Were No Force of Gravity—



The northern portion of the Moon. The crater-like formations are now believed to be the result of meteors striking the surface at terrific force. Because of the lack of gravity there is no atmosphere that would ordinarily burn them up as is the case on our own Earth.

IF IT WERE NOT FOR GRAVITY this would be a funny world. Stones thrown would hit us in the back, say the scientists who point to the moon by way of illustration.

By ANTHONY WAYNE

Remove the force of gravity and you have a strange world. As, for example, the moon.

A man on the moon can throw a stone, or shoot a gun, and strike himself in the back, the missile going all the way around the globe to do it.

Scientists have figured out some strange results that might be obtained if the gravitational pull was lessened. On the lunar planet of the earth this strange force is about one-sixth of that on the earth, in fact say the astronomers it is too weak even to hold an atmosphere to its surface.

Such, in fact, is the diminished force of gravity on the moon that 75 millimeter guns, which have a range of from 5 to 8 miles on the earth, would shoot from 230 to 280 miles if there. The "Big Bertha" which threw shells into Paris from a distance of 72 miles, would have a range on the moon of 2,250 miles, over one-quarter of its circumference.

Dr. F. E. Wright of the Geophysical Laboratory of Washington has figured out that the flight of a projectile fired on the moon at zero elevation, or perfectly level with its surface, would travel right around and hit the gunner in the back.

If a shell were fired at a muzzle velocity of 5,505 feet a second, it would skim around fast and furious and the gunner would have to get

out of the way of his own bullet. The Big Bertha had a muzzle velocity of 5,250 feet a second, or 1,600 meters, only 255 feet less than the initial velocity required to encircle the moon.

If the speed was increased to 7,785 feet a second, the projectile, on the other hand would send the shell out into space never to return and outside of the range of gravitational control of the moon.

Moon's Craters the Result of Lack of Gravity.

It is this lack of gravitational pull that has produced the craters that we see on the moon, Dr. Wright believes. Without gravity there is no atmosphere.

For example, the materials hurled into space by volcanic action comparable to those on the earth, instead of falling back into the crater as with us, are flung far out. This is what gives the cleanly-chiselled appearance of the moon's volcanoes.

Some astronomers believe that the appearance of volcanoes are caused not by great inner fires, but by the effect of meteors that penetrate the

Moon's crust to some distance, producing intense compression, which rebounds elastically, ejecting a quantity of material.

If a meteor travelling at such speed were suddenly stopped as in collision, there would be great heat that would melt the meteor and the rocks all about, free the gasses shut up within them, and even volatilize some of the material. This would produce an explosion.

Thus, looking at the moon, it can be believed that the large craters that the telescope shows, are largely, in one way or another, the result of the lessened force of gravity. Our earth encounters numerous meteors in its flight through space. Most of these heavenly bodies are burned up and consumed as they are pulled through our atmosphere and have but little effect upon the surface when they finally reach it.

However, if the earth were like the moon, lacking an atmosphere, these meteors would come with terrific force, strike the surface and throw up great quantities of soil. It would be very similar to the effect produced by dropping a large stone into thick mud, which leaves a hole and piles up in a ridge the mud all about the edges.

Thus after all, our moon may never have had any lively volcanoes on its surface. It probably isn't a dead sphere at all. It has only one lack—it needs some gravity. With this essential and very common force, it would have an atmosphere and probably be a delightful place upon which to live.

WHITE LAUGHTER

WILLIAM T. SMITH

Continued from Page Two

ture of rich brown velvet, and her softly oval face was framed by a mass of silky, deeply waved black hair. But the most startling thing about her were her cloudy grey eyes, long and heavily lashed, and these, set in the dark beauty of her face gave the effect of a bit of clear sky unexpectedly seen through an opening in dark clouds. Her mouth was wide, generous, with a full, finely carved lower lip and a thinner, sterner upper lip, both the color of blooming poppies.

Toto, a Beautiful Specimen

Toto turned to Elmira. "You c'n run on back out to th' fiel's now, honey," she said, as though she were conferring a favor. Elmira seemed on the verge of making a sharp retort, but Toto's imperious eyes were upon her, and they were unsmiling. Elmira dragged back into the field without a backward glance. At once the grey eyes were smiling again.

"How long you been here, Carl?" she asked easily.

A soft hot breeze had arisen, and it whipped the woman's thin dress around her, outlining a body whose loveliness was breathtaking. Apparently slim, the exquisite mould of her belied her slightness and hinted at a supple completeness.

"About four weeks or so," the youth managed to say between dry lips.

"Kinda bashful, ain't you, honey?" Toto smiled into his eyes.

Carl swayed a little drunkenly. "You—you're beautiful," he gulped.

"You're kiddin'." Toto laughed, displaying twin rows of sparkling white teeth. She came close to Carl and laid her slim dark hand on his arm. "You musn't kid Toto," she said in a tone so intimate it made shivers of pleasure race up and down the man's body.

"Here! What's all this yere?" a guttural voice inquired roughly. Toto looked up calmly. "Why, Bogo!" she exclaimed. "What you mean 'what's all this yere'?" she mocked him cleverly. The giant scowled at Carl.

"Messin' in my business agin, hey?" he snarled. Carl returned his glare unflinchingly.

"You'll go too far one of these days, big boy," he said levelly.

"Weigh my cotton!" the big man

commanded. Deliberately Carl weighed his cotton and marked in his book.

"Come on out in the fiels with me a while, Toto," Bogo ordered.

"Come out in what fiels with who?" the woman asked with cool insolence. "How do you get that way?"

"I'll show you!" Bogo snarled, stepping toward her. Carl started for him, but Toto needed no help. With a movement so fast as to be almost invisible, she whipped her hand into her bosom. There was an audible click, and a long, thin bladed "switch knife" protruded straight at the giant's heart. He halted as though he had been shot. A frightened smile broke over his face.

"Aw, cantcha take a joke?" he muttered placatingly.

"Not offa no jokers!" Toto retorted. Then she said sharply, "Now you get on back in the fiels where you b'long, you big ape!"

Bogo glared at Carl, then turned and stalked away into the fields, muttering savagely to himself.

Hotshot had come up during the exchange of words between Bogo and the woman.

"Ole boogie man's mad agin," he grinned. "I heerd him talkin' to hisself somethin' terrible."

After Hotshot's cotton was weighed the three sat in the shade and talked. As the pickers drifted in to have their cotton weighed each one had a word of warning for Carl. Bogo, they told him, was making threats all over the field about what he was going to do to Carl. Carl had better be careful. Bogo was dangerous and he was treacherous, too. Better get a pistol, or something, and not take any chances.

With the intoxicating Toto by his side, Carl only smiled at these well meant warnings.

"Who's afraid of Bogo?" he asked calmly.

And not until Toto left him, was Carl to encounter Bogo again.

— End of Installment Six —

Carl has met Toto, who has so completely fascinated him, that his dreams of success in Chicago seem to have temporarily vanished. But Bogo has something to say about this apparently mutual attraction between the idealistic Carl and the alluring Toto. See next week's installment!

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