

tle together, out there in the *bled*. I just give him a lotta sales talk on the Legion and armored cars, and he's all set to sign up with you and the rest of the boys. You better let him come out; it's getting damn' hot in here again, and he might melt away before you could get him to sign . . . Now, no potting at him, colonel; he's a buddy o' mine, and—and you know me!"

**F**OR several minutes the colonel was totally devoid of the powers of coherent speech. It was the senior officer of the *poste* who ordered the aligned and fully armed platoons back from around the car, and then told Shorty Graw to open the door and let Gifarg forth.

Quite swiftly and easily it was done, and old Gifarg, black with oil fumes from the motor, his clothing stuck to his sweaty body, staggered forth into the arms of the senior officer of the *poste*. Standing there, the senior officer stared within at Shorty Graw.

"You," he said, trying his best to keep his voice level, "had better come,

too. The colonel will want to talk to you, later."

Inside the mess room, the doors and windows shut and locked, the company sent back to its regular duties, the colonel regained his powers and spoke. He talked first with Sheikh Gifarg, and then with the senior officers.

Lastly, the colonel spoke with Shorty Graw.

"What," he asked, his voice still quite hoarse, "can I do for you, seeing that you have taken the—road back?"

"Why"—Shorty Graw cleared his throat, shuffled his feet—"if the colonel would permit it, I'd like my old job as driver for the colonel again."

The colonel was perhaps one of the finest soldiers serving in the foreign regiments of France; he possessed practically every medal given for bravery that a man could gain, and still live. His answer was immediate and affirmative. But as he heard that answer, Shorty Graw could not hold back a quick smile. For as the colonel said that one word, Shorty Graw noticed that the colonel's fingers were tightly crossed.

THE END.

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## *The Floating Gardens of Kashmir*

**P**OOOR farmers residing in the vicinity of Dal Lake in Kashmir use a novel system of raising crops without having to face the problem of paying rent. Using long handled tongs and working from a boat they drag mud from the bottom of the lake. This they bring ashore and mix with rafts of loosely woven withes. When the mud dries the rafts are eased into the water. Melons, cucumbers and other vegetables are planted and the raft is allowed to drift, the roots of the vegetables drawing water from beneath.

When the crops are ripe, the farmer hooks his garden to a canoe and paddles away to market. And then the customer may be assured of fresh vegetables, for he may indicate those he wishes plucked. There are many house boat dwellers on Dal Lake, and these frequently complain after storms because a floating garden has collided with their residences.

C. A. Freeman.



*Straight into the black pit Ford dropped*

## Red Twilight

*Neither the pleas of fellow humans nor the stealthy, treacherous attacks of half-human monsters shook the determination of Paul, ruler of Mars, to steal Earth's water*

**By HARL VINCENT**

*Author of "Beyond the Dark Nebula," etc.*

### LEADING UP TO THIS INSTALLMENT

**F**ORD MATTHEWS was sitting in the office of his export business near Wall Street one June morning, wishing he could get away from the irksome grind. Suddenly the shrieks of his secretary called attention to a red film which was tinting the sun. Crowds were soon milling in the streets, as the sun sank in a terrifying red haze. Screams, shouts, moans rang up from the mob, where frightened humans crushed together in a panic. Ford called a scientific friend on the

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