

June

WRNY

25 Cents

AMAZING STORIES

HUGO GERNSBACK
EDITOR



Stories by
H.G. WELLS,
A. MERRITT
CYRIL G. WATES

EXPERIMENTER PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK, PUBLISHERS OF
NEWS - SCIENCE & INVENTION - RADIO LISTENERS' GUIDE - AMAZING STORIES - MONEY MAKING - RADIO INTERNACIONAL



JULES VERNE'S TOMBSTONE AT AMIENS
PORTRAYING HIS IMMORTALITY

AMAZING STORIES

Vol. 2 No. 3

June, 1927

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Our Cover

this month illustrates a scene from "The Moon Pool," by A. Merritt, in which Larry, the American-Irishman, proves his true friendship and heroism, when, with automatic poised, he steps between Olaf and The Shining One, just as that sinister thing is about to grasp the Norseman with its shining tentacle.

In Our Next Issue:

THE ETHER SHIP OF OLTOR, by S. Maxwell Coder, the first honorable mention cover contest story, which deals with Venus and a war there. A fine, spontaneous and original story, and it follows the illustration conscientiously.

THE VOICE FROM THE INNER WORLD, by A. Hyatt Verrill. This story has won second honorable mention and the writer, who is by this time well known to our readers, treats these strange people as ferocious female cannibals—making it a somewhat gruesome narrative.

THE LOST CONTINENT, by Cecil B. White. Third honorable mention story. Some thoughts on the fourth-dimension and a trip centuries back in time are very cleverly worked into the subject of the illustration. A clever, original story, well told.

THE GRAVITOMOBILE, by D. B. McRae, awarded the fourth honorable mention, again treats the subject of the illustration in a quite individual manner. It starts in Mexico, goes to Mars, and ends—well, very unexpectedly.

THE SHADOW OF THE SPARK, by Edward S. Sears. To possess perfect health and a robust physique, does not mean that death from shock is impossible. On the other hand, if such a person dies, apparently from the effect of an operation for the amputation of a leg, some suspicion as to the real cause of his death is justifiable. Our new author weaves his science through this unusual murder story in a thoroughly ingenious manner.

THE MOON POOL, by A. Merritt (Conclusion). The third and final instalment carries you into the realms of the mysterious Three and the Silent One. The author very ingeniously depicts a war, effectively fought, between the two underground factions, with weapons entirely new and astounding. The story becomes more and more exciting and interesting chapter by chapter.

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VOLUME
2

AMAZING STORIES

THE
MAGAZINE
OF
SCIENTIFICTION

JUNE, 1927
No. 3

HUGO GERNSBACK, *Editor*
DR. T. O'CONOR SLOANE, Ph.D.; *Associate Editor*

WILBUR C. WHITEHEAD, *Literary Editor*
C. A. BRANDT, *Literary Editor*

Editorial and General Offices: 230 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Extravagant Fiction Today - - - - - Cold Fact Tomorrow

THE \$500 COVER PRIZE CONTEST

By HUGO GERNSBACK

IN finally announcing the prize winners in the \$500 Prize Contest, an interesting chapter in the young life of "AMAZING STORIES" has been brought to a successful close. To those of our readers who have not seen or heard about this prize contest, let us briefly state that, on our December, 1926, cover a picture was shown, around which a story of not more than 10,000 words was to be written. The picture was purely fanciful and you will find it reproduced herewith. Not only was it highly fanciful, but fantastic as well, and our readers were asked to base upon it a suitable story that would be not only plausible but possible. The story was to be of the scientifiiction type, and was to contain correct scientific facts to make it appear plausible and within the realm of present-day knowledge of science.

The contest may be said to have been a very successful one. Some 360 stories were actually received by the editors and our readers may rest assured that it was not a simple matter to come to a decision, because many worthwhile stories were submitted. There were to be three prizes, totaling \$500, as follows: First Prize, \$250. Second Prize, \$150. Third Prize, \$100. The prize winning stories were:

First Prize, "The Visitation," by Cyril G. Wates, 9453-100a Ave., Edmonton, Alta, Canada.

Second Prize, "The Electronic Wall," by Geo. R. Fox, Three Oaks, Michigan.

Third Prize, "The Fate of the Poseidonia," by Mrs. F. C. Harris, 1652 Lincoln Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio.

The three stories mentioned above are printed complete in this issue, while four further ones, which were awarded honorable mention, will be published in future issues. The four stories which were awarded honorable mention were the following:

First Honorable Mention—"The Ether Ship of Oltor," by S. Maxwell Coder, 6926 Paschall Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Second Honorable Mention—"The Voice from the Inner World," by A. Hyatt Verrill, Box 118, Station "W", New York City.

Third Honorable Mention—"The Lost Continent," by Cecil B. White, 1949 Crescent Road, Foul Bay, Victoria, B. C., Canada.

Fourth Honorable Mention—"The Gravitomobile," by D. B. McRae, 392 "E" Street, San Bernardino, California.

You might think that seven stories inspired by the same picture would of necessity be alike. We were very much astonished to find that such was not the case, and you will be delighted, as were the editors, to find the wide divergence of interest in the seven stories. They certainly could not be more totally unlike if we had specified that as one of the prize-winning requirements.

Of course in each story there is the suspended ship and the ball-like space flyer, but that is about all they have in common. Furthermore, the treatment in each case is different for no two authors treated even this subject alike. In the three stories you will find not only good fiction, that keeps your interest, but good science as well. You will find that the authors have given careful thought to the smallest details and particularly to the vital scientific parts.

We are certain that you will hear more from the prize-winning authors. All of them have the makings of future scientifiiction writers.

We would also like very much to have our readers' comments on the prize-winning stories, and the editors would like to know if they, as judges would have awarded the prizes in the order given. For that reason we have changed the voting coupon for this month to take care of this phase.

Of course the prizes will be paid as announced here, but if the readers should vote differently, their findings will be given in an early issue of "AMAZING STORIES."

THE SUBJECT OF OUR \$500.00 PRIZE CONTEST



Mr. Hugo Gernsback speaks every Monday at 9 P. M. from WRNY on various scientific and radio subjects.

The *ELECTRONIC WALL*

By Geo. R. Fox



... But after the chief officers themselves had gone over and reported that they had walked about the ship's bottom with feet up and heads down, and could jump no further than one could leap up from the deck, everyone agreed that something far outside the pale of human understanding had occurred.

Second Prize Winner in the \$500 Prize Cover Contest

Second Prize of \$150.00 awarded to Geo. R. Fox, Three Oaks, Michigan, for "*The Electronic Wall*."

THE ELECTRONIC WALL

By GEO. R. FOX



WHEN I set out to record this historical event in which I had some part, I almost overlooked my scrap-books. Oh, I admit that the possession of a "scrap-book" in this age when time and need for such compilation no longer exists, marks the possessor as hopelessly *passé*. But I no longer make them. With the exception of three items clipped this year, 2038, my scrap-books were filled before I was twenty years of age. As I now am in my one hundred and twentieth year, it is plainly evident that one hundred years have passed since I pasted the last clipping.

My first scrap-book was begun through the influence of my grandfather. While I was but a lad he made me familiar with the same type of book kept by his father, Jedidiah Prindle, who was one of the pioneers in the then new state of Wisconsin, settling in the wilderness of the Fox River Valley in 1849.

To Grandfather Prindle, his father's book, measuring as it did events in a past which grandfather had come to look upon as a golden age, was "treasure." And I saw it with his eyes. In emulation, I cut and pasted; purposeless then, invaluable now.

When my friend, Editor Jernseck, alone among publishers, threw open to my story the platform of his *visualaud** magazine, I was elated, yet worried.

"Jernseck," I told him, "my tale is almost incredible; and worse yet, corroborative evidence is lacking."

"Randall Prindle, I believe you," he rejoined with quiet emphasis. "Even did I doubt, still never shall it be said that this great magazine, founded by my grandfather, shall be closed to scientific statements, though actual proof is lacking, if that statement is in accord with the scientific knowledge of the day, and is capable of being considered a probability rather than a possibility."

After this expression of confidence, I racked my mind for proofs. Almost hopeless, I was about to give up when from the depths of my memory, I dragged the thought of my scrap-books. Verification!—There I found it, or at least references from the news columns and scientific journals of those

years, that point the truth of the beginning of my story. I can vindicate Jernseck's faith in my credibility.

The first clipping goes back to 1925. This I mounted some years after it was printed. Of several covering the same subject, this from my scrap-book is from *The Magazine of Science*, official publication of the American Society of Scientific Progress. The weight of this organization is behind its utterances.

ARE WE GOING TO HAVE A NEW MOON? DR. BAADE'S DISCOVERY CALLS ATTENTION TO OUR SECOND MOON

Washington, D. C., Jan. 3, 1925.—Dr. Baade of Hamburg University reported on October 27 that, in the constellation Pegasus, he had seen a new object of the tenth magnitude and planetary in aspect, but travelling at terrific speed.

Yerkes Observatory photographed the body. Prof. Frost says it is invisible to the naked eye, as is the miniature moon suspected of accompanying the earth. Astronomers likewise have yet to catch a first glimpse of it. They estimate its speed at three and a half miles a second and think it has a diameter of about 400 feet.

Will the earth capture Dr. Baade's heavenly body as it did the minor moon? Scientists believe it will pass us so closely that it will be deflected from its original path and become our third satellite.

Other clippings, mostly from newspapers, made light of the discovery.

After a few months it dropped out of public attention. Why, if the body was captured, did no one find it later? And why, if it came as close as predicted, did not the camera pick it up? Or catch a glimpse of the supposed second moon? Probably the story I have dug out of my old scrap-book is not today remembered or known to a single living person outside myself. Yet this has a bearing on my narrative.

The second clipping to be quoted does not come from my scrap-book. With the book as a guide, I dug up three items from the files of *The Chicago*

THE second prize-winning story was selected chiefly because of the excellent science contained in it and the plausible manner in which the entire story is developed. The plot in this story is excellent and, as we have said elsewhere, you will be surprised to see that you can read all seven prize-winning stories and enjoy them, although you might at first think that there would necessarily be much duplication in the several plots. This, however, you will speedily discover, is not so.

*This word is compounded from "visual" and "auditory."

Union. These appeared in the three issues just preceding its seizure by the government. The *Union* and the labor unions back of it were firm believers in peace, and bitterly opposed the use of war to settle disputes between nations. At the breaking out of the second World War, the paper openly opposed the government's policy and counselled resistance to the draft. Because of the vast numbers behind the *Union*, the powers at Washington thought it wise to ignore this, but when the paper openly published the loss of the *Woodrow Wilson*, they proceeded under the law which specified an "Act, giving aid and comfort to the enemy." This suppression was ill-advised to say the least, for even then the radio was so extensively used that almost every home was already apprized of the ship's disappearance. The reactionaries and conservatives of that day could not learn, and refused to realize, even as do those of the present era, that the most efficient agents in spreading radical ideas were not the propaganda of the discontented, but their own acts of injustice and oppression.

I CHOOSE the first of the three clippings. The others are further verifications of the facts set down in the one here reproduced in part.

THE WOODROW WILSON LOST SHIP WITH 15,000 TROOPS AND 1,200 SAILORS VANISHES

New York, May 2, 1938.—The *Woodrow Wilson* with all on board is lost. The transport with 15,000 troops, part of the third contingent being sent to Mesopotamia, and crew of 1,200 has disappeared. The Navy Department refuses to discuss the mystery.

It is known that airships flying over the route taken by the ship report no small boats or signs of wreckage. On wireless inquiry of its correspondents in all ports at which the *Woodrow Wilson* might touch, the *Union* learns that she has not been seen. Where is the ship?

The *Woodrow Wilson* was a nine hundred foot vessel. She sailed on April 15 and was due to reach the Persian Gulf on April 23. Ordinarily a four day run, the closing of the Suez Canal and the holding of adjacent territory by the Franco-Italian allies, make the trip by the way of the Cape of Good Hope necessary. When last heard from, the ship was southeast of Hatteras Light, the radio station there being in constant communication with her up to seven-thirty of the evening the ship sailed. At that hour she reported everything O. K. Then—silence. Not a word has come through since.

We ask again, where is the *Woodrow Wilson*?

We answer, at the bottom of the sea with 18,000 of our finest young men; and all because of the incredible stupidity and venal subservience to our millionaires of the officials at Washington. —

The article concluded with a diatribe against the American Party, then in control of the political machinery of the nation.

The last of my references is from the visual aud

of Sept. 15, 2038. Doubtless, most of you heard of and saw the ship.

The mystery of the disappearance of the *Woodrow Wilson* is solved. But the mystery of what became of her human freight is as great as ever. The ship, which vanished from sight on April 15, 1938, was discovered three days ago in the Victoria desert three hundred miles west of Ouidabinna, South Australia, and is as you can see in as good shape as when she sailed out of Newport News one hundred years ago. Dr. Corbeth, who made the find, asserts that no sign of life was found on board her. Her boats all were in place but no food or water was on board; neither were there the personal belongings of the troops or sailors, although the arms of the former were not touched. You can see them in the racks as left. Where has she been? How did she reach this place 500 miles from the sea? Why have none of the exploring parties who passed through the desert in 1952 and again in 1989 sighted her? You see she lies on an even keel on a level sand plain, visible for miles. Who will solve the mystery?

OF men on earth today, I alone can give the complete solution. I know what happened to the *Woodrow Wilson*. For I was one of the fifteen thousand troops on that vessel when she left; and I was on her when she grounded in the Victoria Desert.

We sailed out of Newport News aflame with enthusiasm and confident that with our knowledge and abilities, once we reached the plains about Bagdad, the seat of war, the struggle would be over and our America triumphant.

For we were picked men, young but tried workers in scientific fields. I had specialized on atomic structure until at that time, I thought I knew all there was to know. Remember, in extenuation of my conceit, that I was then but twenty.

Distinctions of rank not then having been abolished, I found myself quartered with three other sergeants, in a small cabin on the main-deck.

The *Woodrow Wilson* was one of a fleet of forty-seven vessels, but by far the largest and fastest. Unescorted, for our government had not then a single fighting ship, we were twenty miles out before we picked up the first scout-plane. From then on we knew we would find our route patrolled by these giant air-cruisers.

I suspect that Captain Blucher was under orders to drive the ship at top speed the entire distance; certainly he showed no concern about keeping with the other units of the fleet. We left harbor at six in the morning; by noon not a single transport was in sight; by night we were far south of the latitude of the Carolina Capes, miles out and driving southeast through a solitary sea. Our speed was sixty-seven knots, a clip our internal combustion turbo-electrics could maintain for forty days without a stop for fuel.

As I came up on deck that evening there was no ship, no plane, no land in sight. This pleased me. I was lonesome and wanted to be off alone and lonely.

My room-mates were fine fellows. My closest friend on board, "Slim" Essinger was my bunkmate. "Slim" was a psychologist; he really was an expert on mind, mind-control and mind-reading. Even in those days mental science was well begun. So there was no need for me to be lonesome.

But I was. Not only lonesome but sad and depressed as well—sorrowing for Lonnie Dove. I wanted Lonnie, every cell of my being called for her. I could almost still feel her kisses, fresh on my lips. But I wanted more, much more. It was her physical presence for which I yearned.

As I then knew love, I was wholly, hopelessly in love with her. I failed to recognize in the passionate desire to hold her in my arms, the physical basis of my love. Now I can see that the "purity" of my love was but the obsession of a closed mind, physical calling to the physical as the primitive in man surges perilously close to the surface.

I yearned to whisper my longings, to hear in response, her breathing of "I love you, I love you." Oh for loneliness for her and me; a desert isle, a cavern at the bottom of the sea, anywhere that we might be together; together and alone. Alone—yes, even in my thoughts of her.

I found a sheltered corner by the rail on the boat deck. There I stood and dreamed, I do not know how long. Certainly not more than an hour, for, although darkness had fallen, taps was not yet sounded.

I was alone, even the officer in charge had left the bridge for the shelter of the pilothouse. I leaned against a stanchion gazing off across the sea to the horizon still sharply cut in the lingering light of early evening. Above, not a cloud in the sky. Then something in the air ahead and high up attracted my wandering attention. Were it not for what happened afterward, I might question the truth of the vision. I had time to sense that it wasn't one of our planes, for it was moving toward us at terrific speed. It impressed me as being round, not at all like the shape of a plane.

Then we plunged into fog. At the time I failed to realize the peculiarity of this. Subconsciously I had noted the broad sea, the clear sky; no suggestion of vapor. Yet of a sudden I glanced up and before I could look down the ship was enveloped in the mist.

It wasn't particularly dense. I could see to the bow and to the stern, and to the water below. I noted that the officer on watch came out on a run to the port end of the bridge. I saw his hand rest on a lever and at once there boomed out the siren in the fog signal. Foolish, I thought, if enemies are about. Yet if enemy aircraft were near, our scouts would know.

I remember rather rejoicing about the fog; in my present mood it was welcome; it shut me in with my thoughts of Lonnie. A pleasant shiver of loneliness passed over me. I gazed down at the rushing water, which suddenly seemed to be getting farther and farther away. I rubbed my eyes to brush away the webs; even then came a whirring roar and the vessel quivered from stern to stern. I heard the officer shout into a speaking tube, and the noise died at once. I had enough of sea experience to recognize the noise for what it was, the racing of the

propellers. Often in heavy seas, they are rolled out; then it is the engineer's duty to throttle down the engine before the machinery can jerk itself to pieces by the high speed.

With amaze written in every line of his figure, the officer stood looking toward where the sea ought to be. But no longer was it visible. "What in blankety blank has happened?" With quick decision I saw him seize an iron pin from the rack and hurl it outward, listening. And the pin—didn't drop. It merely shot out a short distance, then as though tied to a cord, came dashing back, striking the ship and coming to rest on the hull a few feet below the deck. I was dumbfounded. As for the officer, he slipped out his watch, examined it in the light of a small lamp on the bridge, and swore. Later "Slim" told me that it is a result of nervous shock, motivated exactly as that which in a woman leads to tears.

By this time the bugles were sounding "assembly," and the decks were filling with officers and soldiers. Something had happened and until it was known how serious it might be, no chances were being taken. I hastened off to my station, assigned before boarding the ship, and there met my squad.

AS far as I could see the men were calm, taking it as a special drill. There was no sign of danger. The boat was still, even the vibrations of the engines were absent; we rode on an even keel and save for the fog which hemmed us in, might have been lying at our dock. All perfectly normal—and yet, a something above us; and an iron belying pin clinging to the side of the ship.

Doubtless conferences among officers were being held in all parts of the ship. My position with my squad, at the forward doors of the upper deck, almost beneath the starboard bridge, enabled me to hear much that was said by Captain Blucher and others of the ship's officers.

"— pumps won't work," the officer of the watch was saying as he and the Captain came out on the bridge.

"Is he asking for time to repair them?" the Captain asked.

"No, sir. Mr. MacDee reports they turn but don't pump."

"The auxiliary pumps?"

"Don't work either, sir."

"I'll talk to him." The Captain turned to a speaking-tube. "Mr. MacDee," he called. MacDee was our chief engineer.

"What's this about your pumps?" The Captain was short; pumps were in the engineer's department; MacDee was responsible.

"What's that?"

"The ashes are back?"

"What? . . . Nonsense . . . Certainly we're afloat? Where did you think we are! . . . No! Not a chance of it. . . . No." Captain Blucher turned and walked to the end of the bridge. He gazed down, then beckoned to his First Officer.

"Mr. Steen, look down. You see the sea? No? Fog hides it?"

"No, sir." The mate leaned far out and pointed down. "The hull, far below the waterline is visible. But—no water."

Just as the Captain himself was leaning out, the radio-man came up to my station. "I must see the Captain," he said. I saluted and passed him up on to the bridge.

"Well?" I saw the Captain turn to meet him.

"I have to report, sir, that since we entered the fog, no messages have been received."

"Broken down?"

"No, sir. Every test has been made. Nor can we send."

"Are we bewitched?" The Captain was turning away as the explosive utterance unconsciously burst forth, forced by his load of responsibility—his to meet the emergency.

That night was a busy one for the ship's crew. As for the troops, it was not long before the tension relaxed and events were accepted as a matter of course; about midnight they were sent back to quarters.

My squad was one of those kept on guard duty so that I was able to see many of the efforts made to ascertain where we were, and what was happening. Captain Blucher and our commander, General Waksheh, exhausted every means. Even when the sailors sent down by rope to investigate came up and reported that they could pass under the hull, that there was not a sign of the sea, the officers still persisted with rockets and every other thinkable means of communication, to reach one of our aircraft. The story the men told of being unable to leave the ship, at first was given scant attention. To believe that one could not drop from the deck rail was asking too much. But after the chief officers themselves had gone over and reported on return that they had walked about the ship's bottom with feet up and heads down, and could jump down no further than one could leap up from the deck, everyone agreed that something far outside the pale of human understanding had occurred. I recalled the belaying-pin, and the Captain's exclamation, "The ashes are back!"

One unusual accident occurred during the night. A sentry, thinking he saw something off in the fog, fired at it. Captain Green, in deck charge, came up on the run. No more had he reached the man under his command, than he fell, his right leg broken by a bullet. A scurry to take shelter from the enemy, and then the waiting. Minutes passed. No report was heard, and no more missiles were received.

Captain Green was carried to the hospital. The bullet, when removed, was found to be identical with those served to the men. The small-arms experts unhesitatingly pronounced it the very bullet discharged from the soldier's rifle.

That only made the mystery the greater, for many seconds had elapsed after the report of the gun, before the officer was wounded. After more figuring the experts announced that if the gun had been pointed straight up, the bullet was due to fall again at about the time the officer was struck. That sounded well, but the soldier swore positively that he had not pointed the gun away from the vessel, but toward the heavens. Captain Green was sarcastically as positive that he had not held his leg out at right angles from his body, the only position

in which it might be struck and broken by a falling bullet.

We did not appear to be in the slightest danger. The ship rode on an even keel without motion of any sort. There was no breeze and the fog hung about us without movement. Of sounds, other than those originating on the ship, we heard none. The gulls which had followed us from Newport News had disappeared.

The radio was tried again and again, with no results save that the private sets on board picked up the signals without difficulty. Toward evening of the second day, the staff officers decided to try telepathy, which was new at that time and therefore created much opposition. Those favoring the attempt argued that there was nothing to lose, and telepathy being in "Slim" Essinger's department, he was sent for.

SO great was the advance in mental science up to the breaking out of the War of 1938, that before we sailed, some of the younger and more progressive men in the War Department made preparation for the use of thought transference. All officers, both those retained at Washington, and those despatched, were carefully tested. The minds of all were tuned as to rhythmicity, synchronism and harmony. In the trials even when the distance between attuned minds had been three thousand miles, reception and dispatch of thought had been a success. At the test both radio and wires were at hand for checking the accuracy; here—no matter what "Slim" might say, it would be through him, and his own words.

He didn't say a thing. The effort ended in failure. He tried to send, but reported that he sensed opposition; and he could get no return.

Some hours later we four sergeants were sitting on the edges of our bunks speculating on where we were. We had been a little south of the Bermudas when the engines stopped. I contended that the winds would blow us back on the Carolina coast. "Slim" was arguing that we'd drift south when suddenly he stopped.

"Ran," he called to me. "Take me to General Waksheh. Something is coming through." In the days when telepathy was being mastered, concentration was a prime requisite. That "Slim" might utilize every faculty, I tucked his hand under my arm and started for the General's quarters. "It is very faint. I don't get it plain, yet," "Slim" told me as we set out.

I saluted and when the General asked what I had to report, explained that "Slim" was getting a message by telepathy. General Waksheh turned his attention to the human instrument, waiting in some curiosity, I imagined. In a few minutes my friend began to talk. Sharp and distinct were his words, but the voice was not that of "Slim" Essinger.

"Order every man on board out on deck. Fear nothing. No action is contemplated against yourselves or the ship. You will be unharmed. Gather every man; my message is for all." Then in his own tones he added to me, "Lead me out on the bridge."

It sounded like an enemy. Yet it was but a sergeant talking. Many an officer on the General's

staff looked his horror. But the General was one who foresaw the change from the control of an oligarchy of wealth and position, to a real democracy, and he could concede the possibility of a "non-com" having an idea. Besides, if "Slim" was faking—time enough to consider that, later. But in the unusual position in which we were, even a command such as this was worth heeding. We were ordered to the upper decks. Even Captain Green with his broken limb, was carried up on a stretcher.

"Dismiss every fear from your mind," were the first words to us as we stood assembled. The Voice that spoke was loud and distinct carrying to every part of the decks. Yet in the softness and sweetness of the tone was an authority and friendliness that begot confidence. The Voice went on.

"No harm is to come to anyone on this ship. On the contrary, each has been signally honored, as fit for the most important duty that can devolve upon members of humanity. The journey you are being taken on will last approximately three hundred of your hours, from the time your trip began. Within thirty hours the fog will clear. When you realize your position, take joy in the view and have no fear. No man will have seen the like before, so remember our promise to you. We come not as enemies but as friends. Again I ask, have confidence in us. Your reward will be great. You now are to return to your duties and your places. I have nothing more to communicate at this time."

AS I consider what was told us, and the little really offered, I marvel at the confidence we manifested in the promises. I can account for it only by believing that the Voice was hypnotic; this power of the human voice is not yet established to the satisfaction of science, yet I venture that within another generation, or by 2150 at the latest, it will be acknowledged.

The mathematically inclined on board began working out destinations. Postulating a speed equivalent to the *Woodrow Wilson's* best, they told us that in three hundred hours we would have travelled nearly around the world. Checking on a chart with this distance as a radius, got us nowhere, unless we were being led on the grand tour with our destination, San Francisco.

Others speculated on the "view no man had seen before." As our world had been pretty well explored by the year 1938, it didn't seem to mean much unless the old time hollow globe theory was correct and we were being led up to the open pole and down inside our earth—as preposterous a supposition, it seemed, as to suppose that the heavens above were solid with doors and windows, as in the cosmogony of the Jews of Moses' time, and before, and to suppose that we were being hauled up through an open port into the vault above.

Friendly curiosity was in possession of our ship. Even officers of the old school of the first World War, and its peculiar ideas of men's relationships, were animated by a democratic courtesy formerly not noticeable.

Twenty-four hours passed. The fog still held. All had been intent for a happening for the first few hours. The watch became less close as time went on. Four hours later and a rush of feet on

the planking above our heads apprized us that something was going on. My own conclusion, of course, was that the fog was lifting. Shouting to "Slim," "Come on. It's clearing," I dashed out on the main-deck.

Everyone was crowding the rail to look out across the sea. And—there was no sea. We were alone in a great void. In the distance glared a fiery ball, which I knew for the sun. Of the earth or the moon, I could see nothing. Yet that is not entirely true, for off at one side was a small round object which seemed about an inch in diameter and near it was a bright speck. The telescopes on board resolved the larger into our earth, for they revealed the continents distinctly, and the speck into the earth's satellite—our moon. But just then we were paying no attention to the planet we had left. All hands were raised to point overhead, while their owners cried, "Look." "There it is." "What is it?" and a multitude of other exclamations,

"It" was the round thing of my evening experience. Though I had secured but a glance, I recognized it immediately; and now it was revealed in all its details. It was slightly greater in diameter than the length of our ship; nine hundred and sixty-three feet triangulation revealed as the correct length from pole to pole. It revolved slowly on an axis formed by these poles which indeed were projections such as one might expect to find on a globe built to revolve on a fixed support. As we afterwards learned, these were the work of the inhabitants of "Paulo" as they called their world. The real purpose of these projecting parts had nothing to do with the turning of the globe, but were electrically combined with an electronic element not yet mastered on earth.

The poles were a coppery red, a rarified and perfected element akin to our copper. A median belt or equatorial region was also constructed of the same material, segmented, with an opening like an insect's eye, in the center of each segment. The globe itself was a shimmering white, shading into the yellow of the spectrum; it had an appearance such as a mirror in constant violent motion might present.

Slowly turning, at a distance of not over a thousand feet, the orb hung above us. As though we were the sun and it the earth, its axis had an inclination somewhat greater than that of our world to the central body. The purpose of this inclination was to cut lines of force most effectively, as they were sent from the little world to our ship. It was this that saved us. Out there in space our ship would almost instantly have been stripped of heat and air. The *Woodrow Wilson* would have become a gigantic tomb floating in space.

"Floating" did I say? Hardly that. Depending from both poles of the odd planetoid, were lines or filaments, supporting above our bow and stern, two bell-shaped objects of the coppery mineral. About each of these clung, and continued to cling, all during our trip, the haze or fog that had enveloped us.

As these never varied from their positions with reference to the ship, our first conclusions were that they supported it. Yet logic told me, and doubtless the others—I know "Slim" noticed it—that this could not be. Ships are built with the idea that

the pressure of water helps stiffen them and hold their plates or planks in place. A great liner lifted from the water and placed on supports, one at each end, would crumple and collapse. Tremendous truss-work would be needed if the weight at the center were to be supported. Yet here was the *Woodrow Wilson* apparently held; and she did not break. Several possibilities offered an explanation. One was that out here in space, millions of miles from our world, the attraction of gravitation, which on earth causes the ship to break, was wanting. Such force of gravity as our ship knew was in itself—or would have been were not "Paulo" present.

ANOTHER explanation: while we could not see them, there might be lines of attraction, literally billions of them, between our craft and the whirling sphere, so that it would be supported not merely by the two nuclei at the ends with their visible lines of force, but by these others. Both, we found, were at work.

In addition, repellant rays were forcing us away, with a push equal to the pull of the attraction. The equilibrium was cleverly maintained. Also, our ship was surrounded by an invisible sheathing of electrons, the Electronic Wall, saving our lives. The Electronic Wall served many purposes. It maintained for us the atmospheric pressure—that of air at sea-level on the earth—to which we were accustomed, and without which we could not have existed. It was an insulating medium, preventing our heat content from being dissipated. It shut in our air of oxygen and nitrogen and it insulated us against certain undulations—not of light—but such as radio. This, of course, explained why we could not get messages either to or from the Government's stations. Apparently it also isolated thought rays. Even to communicate with us, the inhabitants of "Paulo" found it necessary to drop through the Wall a minute wire.

The Wall, and our being insulated from gravity, save our own, explained the curious happenings of the first night—the pin, which came back and clung to the ship's side; the ashes which would not stay dumped; the men walking head down on the bottom of the ship; and the breaking of Captain Green's leg. As the rifle was discharged away from the ship, no matter in what direction, the bullet had to return over the same path, with the same velocity. The Captain's limb got in the way, that was all.

The tooled ball above us was an inhabited world, a purposeful world. Over the wire they sent their thoughts and "Slim" received them. Through him we learned something of who they were, and of their history. We never saw them. I am sure that at times they visited us on the *Woodrow Wilson*, but as they never passed beneath a microscope's lens, their form and shape are unknown. We do know that they had minds and intelligence, and as they told us, they were, considering the proportionate size of their world and of ours, as large as we were. This would seem to be a working out of nature's laws and would make them 1/586 of an inch in height. Time for them, we found, was correspondingly increased, or shall I say diminished? This was their chief difficulty in communicating with us; in comparison with our mental processes, they

thought with incredible rapidity; about 600 thoughts to one of ours. Their ingenuity found a way to reach us—mechanical, it is true, depending by analogy, on a reversal similar to the method used by Michelson in measuring the velocity of light.

Their world, they told us, was infinitely old, even by our standards. Their records went back for eons on eons beyond our surmised time ages. They claimed to have witnessed the birth of the sun's planetary system. Their account but verified the Chamberlain planetesimal theory.

Long, long ages ago these people—if I may call them such—passed through our periods of development; savagery, barbarism, slavery, serfdom, capitalism, socialism, into a pure freedom wherein the one purpose and delight is to know the truth and to serve. If they are to be believed, they live with no thought for themselves but only that they may bear succor to inhabitants of other worlds in other systems and universes. Thus had our ship been seized; as yet they concealed the purpose from us.

Dr. Baade, a clipping on whose reported discovery begins this history, had indeed sighted "Paulo." Its movement as observed, led him to deduce a path like to that of a parabola with aphelion, far beyond the othermost planet. Happening to pass within the strong gravitational field of the earth, he felt that it was captured and hereafter would travel in an approximately circular orbit about the world. He was wrong. "Paulo" is free.

Dr. Baade could not conceive that a ball so small could be the home of intelligent beings, who controlled, absolutely, its movements.

Long, long ago they had discovered the secret of the atom and its electrons, which one hundred years ago we were just finding. And beyond the electron, as far below the electron as the electron was beyond the atom, they found other forces. They utilized the electronic and other energy to the fullest extent. Also, gravitation, its causes and effects had long ceased to be a mystery to them, and had become instead a servant. With such forces—we could comprehend some, but not all concerning which they hinted—what wonder their world had no fixed orbit. They drive it as they will at speeds unimaginable. Neither Dr. Baade nor other scientists, look as they might, would ever find it in the same position again. Luck alone, had given the worthy Doctor his sight of "Paulo."

Of course, they explained, long ago they had used up the electronic energy of their world, but not before they had discovered how to control it. Now, when they ran short, they drove their orb to the sun or some other similar body, and took on a load of energy by absorption. "Paulo" and its people would never die.

They were immune to extra-"Paulo" effects of heat and cold. Their knowledge enabled them to sheath their world with the substance in which electrons have no movement, but are packed in, with the proton one against another. This material by earth standards, weighs sixty million tons to a cubic inch. Mathematics verifies this. In a ball imagined of such size that an electron is as large as an orange and the proton is a small pea, the radius of the electronic orbit is about one hundred and fifty miles. Plenty of room for weight when packed full.

We found that they blanketed us with the electronic fog and rendered it opaque, as a matter of kindness; that we might not be fear-smitten and worried. They knew our psychology; as we did not see the earth fall away beneath us, when it did come into view it seemed unreal and we regarded it as an hallucination, or a part of a bad dream. Likewise, our being gathered to hear the Voice, was psychological. It made us receptive to hypnotic suggestion.

Yet they were honest with us. While quieting our fears, and lulling our loneliness and longing for home and those left behind, they made no attempt to control us absolutely, as they easily might have done; volition and choice were left us.

Another odd thing: They cared for us physically in a way I cannot explain. No one was ill; health on the ship never was better. On discovering that we had a man with a broken leg, they sent in new rays; the bone was knit or built up and in two days Captain Green left his couch as well as ever.

"But where are we going?"

THE query was on everyone's lips. We did not believe we were being carried at a speed great enough to take us to a system outside the solar. We could only guess at our rate of travel, but knew the sun was always with us. Our navigators took sights but could give no figures as to position or speed. They were without a fixed point on which to base a comparison.

To what body were we bound? We knew it could not be the earth's moon, Jupiter, Saturn or Mercury, for all on board had some astronomical knowledge. Neither did Neptune nor Uranus seem possibilities. All were in such physical condition that we knew earth's inhabitants could not exist on them. While we might be headed for one of the larger asteroids, or one of the large satellites of some planet, majority opinion on board had seized on Venus or Mars as our destination.

"But what for?" Sergeant Graham, one of my room-mates was arguing. "What use will we be on either of these planets?"

"Maybe they need more fighters on Mars," said "Slim." "I guess a rebellion is going to give the king his."

"Perhaps the Venusians want us to teach them the correct way to hold a harp and sing in harmony," Sergeant Vessick added.

"But why suppose the Martians are fighters and the Venusians, love-birds? Because we named those planets that doesn't give their inhabitants characteristics we associate with those names, does it?" I, too, had a theory. "Why may we not be needed as teachers for a race lower in accomplishments than ours, on whom the inhabitants of 'Paulo' have taken pity?"

"All guesswork, of course," "Slim" insisted. "There are hundreds and thousands of possibilities. But granting we are to teach, are we to show them how to make modern weapons, how to prepare poison gas? Shall we educate them into the lying, hypocritical selfishness we call civilization? Shall we show them what war is?"

"Perhaps. Supposing they don't know any of the things we do, what will we teach them if not how

to make them, and how to sell them, so as to get a profit?" Sergeant Vessick elaborated at some length; we all entered the discussion.

Time passed. There was no day; there was no night. Watches continued to click off time, but ever in the heavens burned a brilliant orb and all over the black vault, above, below, and round about, glittered points of light, some large, some tiny. "Three hundred hours," the Voice from "Slim's" lips had said. In that time we could travel to—

Some argued that "Paulo" with us in tow could not travel at as great a speed as did any of the planets. But suppose we did: Mercury with her 1,736 miles a minute gave for three hundred hours of travel, the distance from the earth to Mars.

On the other hand, others argued that it was just as reasonable to suppose we were travelling at twice, or ten times that speed. Certain stars have been determined to be moving at as high a rate as ten thousand miles a minute.

"Why the careful preparation of the little globe, if not that it may take on almost infinite speed?" They contended. And why not? Even at a speed of two thousand miles, ten hours before landing we still would be so far away from our destination that probably we hardly would realize our approach to it.

But by the fifth hour from the end of the time set by our captors, a luminous speck in the sky did seem somewhat brighter and larger. By the second hour it had grown to gigantic dimensions and for the next hour it looked as though we were rushing headlong to destruction. Yet we seemed neither worried nor anxious. Such was the confidence with which the inhabitants of "Paulo" had inspired us.

The time limit expired and still we had not reached the new sphere. Gigantic it lay beneath us, and all were scanning it. Glancing up, I noted that a change had come over the tiny world above us. Its revolution had ceased and from the ports in the equatorial girdle extended huge masts, jointed and apparently telescopic. I jumped to the conclusion, later verified by "Slim's" unknown informant on "Paulo," that these were necessary for controlling the electronic anti-gravitational force. The method is simple; protons, positively charged, are detached from the electrons, with their negative pull; the combined push and pull, when controlled, counteracts gravitational force which is itself protonic in nature.

It was but a short time after this that the trumpets sounded "Fall in." We gathered on the upper decks where "Slim" awaited us on the bridge, with the Voice's final message.

"WE have now brought you almost to your destination. But before we land you upon this planet, Mayalovan, as its inhabitants speak of it, or as you most inappropriately name it, Mars, we warn you of conditions you will be taught and helped to overcome.

"Your energies, your lung capacity, your blood pressure, and other physical peculiarities, have developed through myriad generations, enabling you to exist in the earth's gaseous envelope. Not for an instant could you live in the atmosphere which we here on 'Paulo' find most beneficial.

"The gravity on Mayalovan being but one-fourth

that to which you are accustomed, you will be able to perform marvellous feats of lifting and jumping. Be advised. Do not attempt them, for in so doing you use up your energies as rapidly as on earth, and here you will not find the atmosphere conditioned to recuperative processes such as you know. Not only will it take four times as long to repair the waste tissues, but four times four; and the process will be infinitely more painful. Avoid exertion.

"Mayalovan's air is built up differently from the earth's. The proportion of carbon dioxide on your world is one to twenty-five hundred; here it is much greater. We know it is not in sufficient quantity to cause death, but it may cause inconvenience. This, with other reasons, lead us to place you in an acclimating hall. You will leave the ship under cover of the Electronic Wall and enter this chamber.

"Here you will remain one hundred days. You will at first live under a pressure and in a breathing medium similar to what you have been accustomed. Gradually pressure will be diminished and the carbon dioxide content increased. By the end of this period you will have learned how to handle yourselves upon Mayalovan. Without danger or discomfort, you then may step out upon the planet. You will be ready for your mission.

"Know you that your errand is one almost of divine significance; that not only will you give of the seed of life, but you will be rewarded in a manner you now cannot realize. Your lives will be sweetened, purified and exalted and a love that passes your understanding of the present, will be yours.

"We long have known what is but suspected by your scientists—that the female life principle is far stronger and more persistent than that of the male. On Mayalovan, the result of this was long ago foreseen. The women have grown stronger, more beautiful, more intelligent; so too, have the men. But—the males gradually disappeared, for births became dominantly female. Today, few men live on Mayalovan. If the race shall live—and we would not, being able to prevent it, permit it to perish—males from another world must be brought to Mayalovan. To you, a selected body of men, we offer this honor. Yes, and the reward. Your ship was deliberately chosen, for although the races of earth are far, far behind in the race for the attainment of knowledge and eternal truth, you who listen, are of all earth-bound, the most advanced. You are a picked body of men, the flower of your civilization, yet from Mayalovan you will have much to learn.

"Day by day you will see the women of this planet and each will be chosen, nay, already has been selected by her whose soul is most closely attuned and harmonized with his. There will be no haphazard 'falling in love.' You shall learn what is the perfect union. Yet you are not forced to remain on Mayalovan. Should any wish to return to earth, we will wipe their minds clear of the happenings, and set them back. Are there any such?"

Strange! Was it hypnotism? Or the higher spirituality of the appeal? Or mob psychology? Certainly, not a soul backed out.

"We did not believe any would fail to heed our appeal," went on the Voice. "This, then, is the great purpose to which you have been dedicated.

May the Great, All-Loving Unity, reward you. You have come."

As the words were spoken there was a slight jerk, a creak and all was still. A glance over the side revealed the vessel resting on a rocky height in the midst of a green carpet of vegetation.

"Attention," commanded the Voice through "Slim." "Officers, for the last time command your men as you march off. The Electronic Wall is about you. Once more we offer: If a man would not come, let him speak. Now is the time!"

Not a voice in all that host was raised in protest. I felt only an anticipation, a calm happiness; and never a thought of Lonnie Dove, whom I had left but ten days before with vows of eternal constancy. I felt no regrets, no moral doubts; nor do I now. So much do Mayalovan's women exceed earth's loveliest.

We marched forth to meet "Love." For on the plain to greet us were the women of Mayalovan. Beauty!—The short, sharp indrawing of breath, the gigantic sigh of eighteen thousand men came as if of a single being. Beauty! Transcendent! Ethereal! Never have I dreamed of such loveliness! The gross was gone, only the pure, the unselfish, the sweetness of great knowledge and love written in the features, remained.

As an iron filing to a magnet, the gaze of each of us travelled to the face of the one woman; there it rested. For each woman was looking at her future mate. "One hundred days—" I sighed with regret at such a period of time, so vast, "until I offer my all to her." And I sensed she was thinking the same: "Until I can serve him." For already Mayalovan had reached the stage where service was synonymous with living.

We found we could communicate with one another. Even as the earth in 1938 was approaching the knowledge of thought transference, so in Mayalovan this method of communication was an achievement of past ages. No need for us to learn the language of Mayalovan, nor for them to learn ours. Thoughts are but pictures, the same in any language.

Slowly dragged the hours until the end of the hundred days. During the period of acclimatization much had happened. No sooner had we left the *Woodrow Wilson* than "Paulo" whirled it aloft and away, dropping it uninjured, as we later learned, at the south pole of Mayalovan. There it rested until—but I proceed too swiftly.

WE learned much of Mayalovan. Earth's astronomers have slowly been unravelling its mysteries by deductive processes, which being based on hypotheses true in the world, did not, however, apply on Mayalovan.

Mayalovan has life outside the human; it is entirely of the plant kingdom. Even the bacilli of decomposition are wanting. Cell life, such as we could determine, was wholly confined to human beings and to the vegetable kingdom. The green carpet, to which we descended on leaving the ship, was a peculiar moss developed into bearing a nourishing fruit; this we could see grow and increase in size as we watched; for in the unprotected open, it grows, bears fruits, and dies in a single day, re-

peating this over and over during the summer. Leaves and stalk, too, are edible. It goes without saying that Mayalovan is vegetarian. But what of that? Food is not for sensuous enjoyment; rather for rebuilding expended bodily tissues. On Mayalovan we make no great feasts and eat only the measured requirements.

The polar caps are not as supposed; they are neither clouds, nor snow, nor solidified carbon dioxide. Instead they are great treble-walled sheets of a light, durable, non-conducting metal, in Mayalovan called "amnia." These sheets are put up as the winter comes on and taken down with the advent of summer, in a manner that never varies. Each plate, of gigantic size compared with those used on earth, uptilts by mechanical means, slips into a groove in the soil's surface, and in the hot sun of the daytime, the fields of moss thrive and grow.

Machines and devices undreamed of on earth are in common use, all made of "amnia," which is considered the perfect metal. Planting, harvesting, conveyance—all are mechanical.

Water, so necessary to plant life, and almost gone from Mayalovan, is carefully stored in great "amnia" tanks in the interior of the planet. It is pumped out as needed through thousands of openings, following artificial channels to the fertile parts of Mayalovan. On its return it descends through rocky channels and over precipices until it finds a conductor-pit. On every stage of its journey it is carefully guarded. The air is sucked through great vents and denuded of its vapor. The statement is made on Mayalovan that our water will last for ninety million years before it is all used up. Why bother about one's descendants ninety million years hence? Ah, that is what the service concept means. "Not for one's self, but for others," born and unborn.

As the water is stored in the interior recesses of the planet, there, too, well-lighted, warmed and ventilated by artificially renovated air, are the homes of Mayalovan. On the surface only old ruins, now almost disintegrated, show. To these I must except the covers which top the vents of the inlets and outlets. These invariably are domes, resting on threaded pillars. In preparation for the cold nights these pillars, gigantic screws, are drawn down and lock the covers into place. On mornings when it is warm enough for human life on the surface, they are raised and one may visit where one wishes. Should one chance to remain out after the set closing time, he is not condemned to death. In each dome-base is a door giving admittance to a temperature-lock, from which one descends to the city below.

One thing which I failed to note, so entranced was I with Ahlovah's beauty, was the feathery wing-like growth on the back of my wife's arms from elbows up over her shoulders, meeting on the top of her head. This has something the appearance of the wings with which the humans of earth endow their angels. These of Mayalovan are not for flying. Rather they are a development from the hair for receiving and discharging thoughts. Ahlovah tells me they are of no great antiquity, having appeared on Mayalovan humans within the last hundred thousand years. I have not developed any such, although Ahlovah cheers me by saying she can feel

the fibrils coming. Our children have them as fully as Ahlovah and the other women.

At the expiration of the hundred days, what a marriage feast did old Mayalovan witness! How swiftly sped the years since then. The happiness of good deeds well done, and the pleasure of knowledge acquired not for self but for all! Ahlovah and I have been rewarded. We have four children, two girls and two boys. Beautiful children! And when I say "beautiful children," I am thinking not only of my own. I mean all those descended from the men who sailed from Newport News on the *Woodrow Wilson* on that April day nearly one hundred years ago.

Of us men of earth, I can say truthfully not one regrets that he did not return when opportunity offered. We have a reward beyond price in the love we give and get. The birth of children on Mayalovan is a reward and privilege given mankind to carry on the great scheme of the universe.

But enough. I could talk forever on Mayalovan and our wondrous life there. To return now to the third of my references, that of the visualaud of Sept. 15, 2038. The first clipping I used to introduce and substantiate the history of our doings with "Paulo." The second forms the background for my explanation of the events which befell the *Woodrow Wilson* and her crew and passengers, up to the reappearance of the ship, as chronicled by the visualaud referred to.

No need of wild theories to explain its being found in the sand wastes of Australia. The truth is simple. It was picked up again from Mayalovan, and used as a vehicle to return me to this world; and my mission done, "Paulo" again will pick it up and return me to my loved ones.

I am here to serve.

WE, on Mayalovan, had hoped that after all these years we would be left undisturbed to complete our cycle of love and knowledge. But recently we discovered—for even we mortals of earth have acquired telepathic powers—that the earth was heading straight for another world conflict which would actively involve every human being, resulting in death, the torture of living death and hopeless despair for nearly everyone. The humanists on "Paulo" brought the word. They could not bear to see such torture perpetrated, nor consider the misery resulting, when it is so wholly uncalled for. The old world has advanced far enough by this time so that it ought to know better than to turn such a weapon on itself. Why should petty rivalries for this land or that land send men to die? There is enough and to spare. Why should petty jealousy, or a feeling of affront inspire hatred? Jealousy and supersensitiveness are subjective. In reality they cannot exist.

The little folk on "Paulo" found that they could accomplish nothing, because of their size and the vast numbers of humanity. They came to us, who were earth born. Would one of us go back? With our new knowledge and added powers, we could prevent the awful cataclysm. Who would go?

With the old spirit only, the great happiness we were blessed with, would have deterred anyone from such a duty. Now, with the new love, there were

eighteen thousand volunteers. Of course all could not go. Cross purposes, cross transfers of thought, even though well intended, would work more harm than good. Choice, we said, should determine the one to make the trip. I was honored by luck.

This then, is my first appeal: That you may understand that I speak of what I know, and from a world where war long ago has become obsolete, I write this for my friend Victor H. Jernseck. His magazine, owing to a life of nearly one hundred and twenty-five years, circulates now through the visualaud in twenty-seven million homes. May I ask that on December first of this year, all who get this history will listen for my telepathic messages.

Daily thereafter will I proclaim to the world that good always is more powerful than evil; that anger,

and hatred, and war cannot exist where the friendly word is spoken.

Will you who love the right join me day by day in sending out the thoughts? Christian, pagan, Jew, or Mohammedan; Brahman or Buddhist; black or red; white or yellow; of whatever race or creed, color or nationality, if you would have peace hold the world, heed my call.

I have nothing to gain. I come but to serve. Good is all powerful. Let your thoughts carry it. For this be sure; hatred cannot shut out good. Much as it may struggle, anger can be subdued. It cannot shut itself away from love; to shut love out there never was, and never will be, an Electronic Wall. If you doubt, join me on my return trip to Mayalovan in the *Woodrow Wilson*.

THE END.

Readers' Vote of Preference

Stories I Like

Remarks

- (1)
- (2)
- (3)

Stories I Do Not Like: Why

- (1)
- (2)

Had I been one of the judges on the Awarding Committee, the following would have been the order of my votes for the prize winning stories, written around the cover illustration of the December, 1926, issue of AMAZING STORIES:

- First Prize
- Second Prize
- Third Prize

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