

Great Story by Sir A. CONAN DOYLE Inside

# Scoops

STORIES of the WONDER-WORLD of TOMORROW



Giant Wheels to Generate

# POWER from the WIND

Germany Presents the First Real Plans for utilizing Wind Turbines for Generating Electric Power

**M**ANY engineers and designers have toyed with the idea of utilizing wind and air currents for generating electric power, but now a German engineer, Hermann Hunsat, of Berlin, has come forward with definite plans.

Herr Hunsat is well known as a designer of towers for radio purposes, and he first developed the idea of giant turbines, supported on steel towers, in the suburbs of cities.

He then extended the idea to a floating power plant, with two, barge-like hulls, between which a framework bears two giant wind wheels.

His latest plan, however, is the one illustrated here. A single wheel is supported above hulls which may be obtained from obsolete liners or warships, instead of breaking them up for steel.

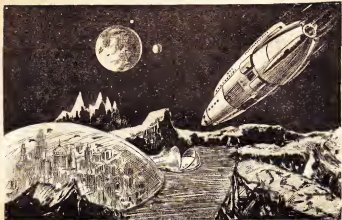
The wheel may be more than five hundred feet in diameter, and its oblique blades, at an angle to the wind, produce a rotational component of motion which will turn the wheel 7½ times a minute.

At the hub is located the plant for generating the electricity, while on one or both of the hulls are power rooms, where necessary preliminaries for distribution of power are effected. A submarine cable runs through the anchoring ring (to prevent strain upon it through the motion of the hulls) and thence to the shore. It is now possible to transmit more than 100,000 volts of alternating current by the use of oil in the cable.

The anchored hulls and their power plant can always swing to face the wind, so that any motion of the air will be utilized. The crew and operators will have single quarters for comfort. The operating costs of the power plant will be extremely small, almost as the first cost being practically like waste.

The advantage of large wheels of the type intended to be used is that a continuous current of air is to be found several hundred feet above the ground, or the water, when even dead calms or little sporadic gusts prevail at the surface.





The space ship went diving down towards the open air-lock that gave entrance to the dome-covered city of the Moon.

# MOON MADNESS

Romance, Tragedy and Death on the Lunar World. A strangely compelling story that might be told to readers in the year 1988, with all the amazing wonders of the future laid before you

By D. G. TURNER

## ★ CITIES OF THE MOON

IN showing the strange events that took place on the lunar globe thirty-seven years ago, before the Moon became the lakeland and flowery world it is to day, it is necessary that my opening words should be in the nature of a prologue.

By this means, in the year of space 1951, my readers may be able to explore a little of the spirit, thought, and mode of living on the terrestrial sphere in those magnificent days.

As Johnson, relates in his *History of Inter-Planetary Travel*, it was Herr Hermann Hoffman, the German physicist, who first made a flight by means of a rocket-propelled ship into free space in the year 1925.

But it was not until three years later that the first man from Earth set foot on the lunar globe.

Three early pioneers met an unpleasant death by starvation and exposure, as was discovered by the expedition under the young British experimenter, Sergeant Harper, a year later.

He used atomic power, and made a successful return journey.

This expedition was therefore to be the first actual inter-planetary voyage, and it is to this early pioneer, Harper, that we owe the present efficiency of our air-ships.

Altho this initial success, inter-planetary travel was taken up by the Governments of all the great powers, and a frantic race began with a view to possible claiming of territory.

The features of the Moon were discovered to have not in almost every detail the colorations made and theories expounded by the leading astronomers of those days. It was a dead world, with no atmosphere, and no water except a vague quantity of water vapour at the feet of the driest craters. It also exhibited violent storms of temperature, ranging between 120 degrees below freezing during the long lunar night, to boiling point while under the influence of the sun's radiation.

It was therefore only the iron suits carried by Harper that made his expedition the success it was.

In the subsequent immediate history of later planetary travel, therefore, the Moon was left alone.

With that subsequent history most people being today too fully conversant, and I will not labour the reader with a survey. For the students of the subject I would recommend Johnson's *History*.

But to return to the Moon.

It was a British mining engineer, Raymond Deaconwood, a member of Harper's initial expedition, who alone among his fellows, continued to visit the lunar globe.

And it was six months after the return of the first expedition to Earth that he discovered under the shadow of the Cassini Mountains of the Moon, between the Acropolis and Cassini craters, vast deposits of gold ore.

He kept the knowledge to himself, and it was not until two years later, when inter-planetary travel may be said to have become an accomplished fact, and the Earth was in communication with Mars, Venus, and Pluto, that Deaconwood ventured to persuade Harper to join him in forming a company to mine the Moon's fabulous plain of the Moon.

Harper must have refused, for he was not among the initial shareholders of the company.

But Sir John Hughes, a wealthy British financier, can be discovered in the records as the chairman of the company, so it is evident that Deaconwood must have somehow persuaded him and got the necessary financial backing.

For purposes of secrecy the company was termed the Moon Colonization Company, and with £25,000,000 capital and very few shareholders, the venture commenced.

With ten of the Harper design space ships the first expedition took place in March 1946, and dressed in suits of asbestos and iron was mined for gold on the Moon.

It was long and tedious work, and the first financial year of the company showed a total loss.

Thus it was that Deaconwood had the idea of building a city on the Moon, a city under

## Voyage of Rescue to the Moon

...was steel, controlling its own temperature, atmosphere, and making its own air, water, and power.

With the subsequent experiments, difficulties and setbacks we are not concerned, but it is evident that they must all have overcome, for Dr. Brennan's life was built over the gold area within four years, and this first year was evidently successful, for in the third year of its growth the company, with a fleet of thirty ships, showed a profit, and two years later a second city was built over another gold area.

All Dr. Brennan's suggested plans were in operation except the production of water by electrolysis. In these days, of course, the electrolytic method appears ridiculous, but in the forty-ninth year of the twentieth century this was the only known method, and proved too costly.

It was found to be cheaper for space ships returning to the Moon simply to carry water and supplies, and this was done.

Some interest in the project was naturally shown by foreign powers, but it is evident that the real secret of the Moon Three men have been kept, as subsequent events will show.

It is at this time, in the year 1961, after the Moon Colonization Company had some eight years of successful life, and two cities had sprung up on the Moon, with Raymond Dr. Brennan in virtual exile, that my story opens.

### \* DISTRESS CALL FROM LUNAR

IN the lobby of the National Opera House, where society strolled between the acts of a comedy, the new opera by the rising young German composer, Wink, a message was handed to Sir John Hughes, one of the greatest of the world of finance.

Excusing himself with a slight bow to his companion he read the funny note quickly. A worried look was in his eyes when he turned again to his companion.

"It is, sorry, but I'll have to leave," he said briefly. "But you stay on, Shirley. Young John will take you—"

"What is it, father?" Sir John's young daughter looked at her parent quickly.

As she turned she had a full glimpse of the gleaming woman that was Shirley Hughes. Shirley was not beautiful, but she had that stately quality that marks a woman out from other models of her sex.

Right in front of her, her one real claim to beauty lay in her truly magnificent eyes. They shone like stars in her small, delicately featured face. A mass of blonde curls framed her head like a golden halo.

Now, at twenty-five, she had succeeded in making the hearts of half the bright young men of Mayfair, which still held its own as the Mecca of London society in the year 1961.

She took the message from her father and read it quickly.

"Sir John," she burst out, her face pale with alarm.

"He'll be all right," returned Sir John. "I'll get the ships away immediately. They'll be there in eight hours. You stay here and don't worry." He turned to one of the young men in the party. "You'll see Shirley home all right, don't you?"

"Yes, young man, blessed." With pleasure, sir.

Shirley nodded dumbly, and the stranger hurried away.

As the five attendants hurried him to the Earth Headquarters of the Moon Colonization Company at Lundy Isle, Sir John Hughes read again the urgent message that had come to him at the Opera House.

"A distress call from Cassini, attacked by enemy ships. Air supply of Amalfita crippled. Can hold out for only six hours. Have ordered complete evacuation to Cassini, which is being held with all available ships. Now in a state of emergency. Help required immediately.—Dr. Brennan."

So John repeated the note as he read.

"It must happen just now," mused the Baronet, "when things were going well. Goodness will laugh himself to death."

Goodness, Sir John's greatest friend and biggest business enemy, was not of many critics who had for the last ten years continued to laugh at the Baronet.

When the idea of the Moon Colonization Company had first been received, the business world thought that Sir John had developed a mania; when he actually put seven million solid cash into the venture, knowing three men, they looked for a way in which he might be expected to double his holding, but they could find none, and decided that he had gone stark raving mad.

The apparent idea for the colonization of the Moon was to develop the natural resources of the lunar globe.

What these natural resources were no one could discover and with the headquarters of the Company on the carefully guarded Lundy, beyond the ocean was preserved.

For John Hughes knew how in all things related to the Moon without the transaction being traced to him.

But if anything ever happened on the Moon the secret would have to come out—and Sir John was making a lot of money from the venture.

He was still engaged with his thoughts when the plane descended out of the upper atmosphere and made a neat landing on the hill below the control tower at the Earth Headquarters.

Four men descended the bank, and a white flood of Staff greeted Sir John.

"Twenty-one steps are ready, sir," he told the Baronet.

"Full complement of men, gear and electric charges?"

"Absolutely complete, sir."

"Assure the men in the Broadcast Hall, they'll be waiting for you."

In the hall for the reception of broadcast television entertainment for the island's inhabitants, Sir John addressed the hundred odd men who were to make the voyage of relief.

Brief instructions, a few words as a warning call in days, and the men were waving for their ships.

Great lights flashed from the control tower, where lights flashed earth and sky, and twenty air giant aircraft-powered space ships, launched from huge catapult runways, headed themselves into the void.

The Earth was answering the distress call from the Moon.

The orchestra was thundering out the opening bars of the third act of Cassini in the National Opera House, when Shirley Hughes stepped from her father's box and made her way to the main floor.

A first elevator carried her down the main foundation, and at the great use-life structure that was the National Opera House, and she descended level after level as she went to the Tamson Foyers.

In the darkness of the great platform, studying the Themas she sought out one, Benjamin Harper.

An attendant found him in the bar, and he came to her in the main reception room.

Tall, gaunt, and vaguely, and clad in grey brocade and a leather jacket, Harper stood in a dark, worn tunic, for one of the more machines also suited about the leading platform.

But he was the scientific whose experiments ten years ago had made possible the atomic motor and who had been the leader of the first expedition to travel to and from the Moon.

Now, at the age of thirty-three he had given up all research work, and was daily to be found lounging about the bar in the club lounge of the main airport of London.

Occasionally he roared in the International Straits Meetings, but lately he had given up even that racing.

His friends shook their heads. "Don't

look at him, he's lost old's given life; the other's used the corner of the set.

His fingers twitched nervously from being all over his forehead, he now saw into the complexities.

"Shirley—" he gasped. "What are you—"

"You don't seem very pleased to see me," she said. "And you've been drinking again."

Ben nodded briefly.

You haven't come here to give me a lecture on the evils of drink," he said.

"No." She flushed at his angry words. "I've come to ask for your help. Where can we talk?"

He raised his eyebrows. "Miss Shirley Hughes has come to see for help."

She did not answer, and he took her to a quiet corner of the restaurant. He gave a nod and they looked at her.

"What?" he asked briefly.

"There's trouble on the Moon. Someone's attacked the cities, and the air supply's been tampered with. Ray's in danger."

She paused, but Ben made no comment.

"Father is sending up all the ships, but they will take eight hours at least. And it's eight hours the cities will be totally destroyed."

She pressed again and looked full at him.

"Well?" he asked again.

"Oh, Ben?" she cried, her mouth open.

"You know very well what I want. In your last ship you can get there in five hours. There haven't eight hours at least. And it's eight hours the cities will be totally destroyed."

At that moment the red water had the fuel on the table and glided slowly away.

"No you want me to go and save your precious Ray," said Ben. "You still love the young fool."

Shirley lowered her eyes before the bitter look on his face.

"I'm not a mothered lunatic," she said. "Why should I risk my neck for him? I told her the idea was crazy. And now he'll know I'm right. Let him get out of his own silly trap."

The Moon was made for lovely adventures, not at a distance for lonely hours."

"But, Ben—" Shirley's eyes held a weak appeal.

"I don't think," gasped Ben, nervously.

"Why can't you leave me alone? You know how I feel. Why do you want to torment me by coming here?"

"Ben," said Shirley sadly, and reaching over the table, she took hold of his large hand.

"If you think anything of me at all you'll do this for me. You told me once that you'd do anything in the world to make me happy. You know Ray means my whole life's happiness. Take your space ship to the Moon, Ben, for my sake."

And Benjamin Harper, being nearly lame and very much in love, took her two small hands into his and looking deep into her lovely eyes said: "All right. For your sake I'll go. But if I get Ray I'll probably choke him."

"No you won't," she said happily. "When can you be ready?"

"Now," he answered. "The ship's here."

"All right. We can leave at once."

"Of course. You didn't expect me to remain here, did you?"

He gave her one searching look, then rose to his feet. "All right, then. But does your father know you came to go?"

"No. But I'll send him a telegram. If I talk to him he'll return."

"Then it's too dangerous for you," said Ben. "And I won't take you."

But when the little air ship rose gracefully into the twilight the fifties were gone, Shirley Hughes was seated beside the great ball of Benjamin Harper at the controls.

When her way with them, and the women of the year of grace 1961 were no exception.

## City of the Lunar World

### \* IN THE DEAD CITY OF THE MOON

In all the serene, desolate splendor of a lunar day, the Moon lay before the little lone ship that came hurtling out of the gaseous mystery of space.

"Too slow," Harper reproached major screaming its thundering sense of delirium, then the ship mass gliding down towards the Alpine Valley. The great crater of Arim loomed day, a vast dark cavity, to the left and the mighty Moon Alps rose in their great gray glory on the right.

"Must be south west," muttered Ben, consulting the lunar map. "About a hundred and ten miles. There! What a loss!"

In spite of yamato, oil and asbestos being the best in the little ship was almost unbearable.

Harley was lying back in his seat in the full blast of the advancing fans.

He sat up and looked out of the forward observation panel.

Scorred and pitted ground, gray and desolate, devoid of all vegetable or animal life, peered in a small panorama below. Luster, strange, dark and immense, appeared and receded.

"There it is," whispered, what a star!" Harley took up ultra red magnifier.

Like some gigantic glasshouse, a circular dome rising sheer out of the plain of Mare Jobson appeared in the distance. The sun flung back a ghostly reflection in one broken place.

"Yes, that's it," replied Ben, and brought his ship gliding down towards the great dome.

He circled round it, looking for some kind of entrance.

"How the deuce do you get into the place!"

Harley was looking down, wondering at the strange sight that passed below.

Through the transparent sodium steel dome could be discerned the dim outline of a great city, an ultra modern city even for those times. White buildings connected with criss crossing steel footways. Christian metal

glided everywhere. Giant atmospheric carbon rose into the air in all parts of the city.

"Look! Quick!—there's something wrong—where?" Harley pointed down to a small dome, insignificant so that it might easily have been missed, rising at the side of the vast dome of the city.

Even as Ben looked in the direction of the girl's pointing finger, he saw the two sides of the small dome sliding apart, leaving a flat, circular platform below.

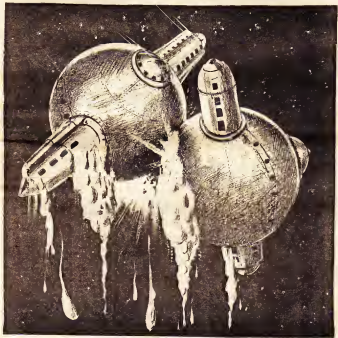
"That's the entrance. They've seen us," cried Harley.

"But the ship won't go into that," ex-proclaimed Ben.

Keroullichen, he sent the space ship diving towards the circular platform, and such is the deception of size in the stark nothingness of the void that the ship came to rest on a huge platform. Six such ships could have rested upon it with ease.

"What next?" asked Ben, dragging off his infra-red glasses.

Even as he spoke the two sides of the dome above began slowly to move back and as



The upper ship seemed to pause in its flight and go hurtling towards the other. There was a terrific impact, silent in the vastness of space, and flames licked about the ships, only to be smothered out through lack of oxygen.

## Through the "Eyes" of the Moon City

Shadows that dawn lights flooded out in the compartment.

"An attack, of course," roared Ben. "Well have to wait till it's over."

A couple of men passed and Ben was preparing to open the doors of the ship when the platform on which she was lying began to move forward.

It stopped short, but before it came to rest and on one side of the circular wall two doors slid apart.

There, grating eddies, was the figure of Raymond Drummond.

Ben turned electric control controls and the doors of the space ship slid back.

As they were the first and, and the last door down before the steps could be lowered into place.

"Ray," she cried. "Thank God you're safe!" And the next minute she was in his arms.

Ben lightly jumped down beside them.

He walked toward the center of the Moon City, but the last offered him a hand.

"You're not dead yet, then?" he jerked out.

There was a wild, averted look in the eyes of Raymond Drummond as they met those of Ben.

A tall, thin man, with shoulders inclined almost to sleep. In his starting a compelling gaze that drew the heads of the scholar upon him, and one would have chosen him a dreamer rather than a commander or a ruler of the destroyer of two cities.

"Only one man here of life-on-Australia," he said. "Don't you feel the thrill, you already?" He pulled at his collar, and as he did so Ben saw the beads of perspiration on his forehead. "The air's falling—falling fast."

Starley was looking round while the two men spoke. The room they were in was evidently the control house of the air-lock.

The left machinery and air pump apparatus towered above the three men.

"Where is everybody?" asked Starley. "Did they all go to the other city?"

"Yes, I ordered complete evacuation. You see, the gold store is here, and the evacuation put the readers off the west."

"What if you stay behind for?" demanded Ben, looking at the several rows below him.

"What's happening in the other city? Could leave till at the whole story. The relief ships can't be here for another three hours."

Raymond wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a handkerchief.

"You'd better come to the control tower," he said abruptly. "This way."

He led his two companions through a corridor one another, smaller lift, which evidently carried them here into the city.

It opened into a vast space, from which colorless ladders radiated in all directions. A small, streamlined elevator stood waiting, and Raymond motioned the others into it.

He got into the driving seat, and the car glided smoothly on to one of the bridges.

Raymond drove smoothly, carefully, but Ben and Starley had eyes only for the scene about them.

High buildings rose on all sides from below, above wide, green terraces spread in all directions. Trees, lawns, all kinds of vegetation gave the place an air of life and joy.

"I wouldn't have believed it were possible," murmured Starley.

"Except the greatest plan necessary for atomic purposes," guessed Ben. "Even up the carbon dioxide, you know. Every city needs no parklands. Art like hang."

The car passed under turrets through the great buildings and glided smoothly over the smooth roadway.

"The motion struck seven hours ago," Raymond spoke for the first time since getting into the car. "I don't know who they are, but they are using earth ships. The first warship came when it was elsewhere in the air."

A tractor had evidently got into the city. Mashed the engine and smashed the machinery, and then got away to a ship. It was beyond repair,

and we went over to emergency tanks. They have sufficient supply for six hours, and we have one passed."

I ordered complete evacuation," said on Raymond, "and refilled Earth Headquarters. The sailing ships are concentrated on Venus—the other city. They're already on the way out of Australia, and probably the city is empty. They know they won't get in without digging, and then it will be impossible to get the gold without using the space suits."

But how do you know they're attacking the other city? Are you at communication?

Radio failed half an hour ago. But you'll see how I know in a moment," roared Raymond.

The car was now passing through the sunny area. Great shafts and machine towers rose on all sides, and all was now dead and deserted.

Presently the car came to a stop in another bay open from which a domed lower room.

All three got out and Raymond led the way into the building.

"We see this place to the genius of Holt," said Raymond. "It is the eyes of the city. Television without transmission from the source."

(Raymond's Note—My readers will realize how time has advanced. I see the remarkable invention to Professor Otto Holt, who made it possible as long ago as thirty-seven years. I believe it was first used at the Moon City, and was not introduced to the Earth by Holt in Australia until a year from the date of the story.)

All three passed through corridors and circular halls to where a lift carried them to the roof of the building.

Here they entered a circular domed hall in the center of which a long telescope piece of apparatus rose up into the domed roof. Beneath it was a platform with a strange array of instruments about it. All round the wall of the hall strange pieces of apparatus and machinery loomed vapor and radiated on the walls.

Raymond reviewed the others up the steps leading to the platform, and then he saw moving and pulling back a lever.

A low beam rose, and a light flooded out from the glass sphere at the end of the telescopic apparatus over the whole of the wall of the roof.

While Ray and Ben watched in wonder, Ray moved controls with quick, nervous movements. The light on the roof faded and strange shadows moved across the white expanse.

The shadows merged, became a vague, indistinct picture. A glowing haze filled the air and then, as Raymond moved another lever, the picture flooded out in clear, brilliant, natural colors.

"Good God!" Ben choked out the words and Starley grasped his arm as a quack, in vulgar grip.

For the picture they saw was like a ghostly nightmare vision.

It showed the roof of a city, and over the horizon the buildings shrank to a ghostly aerial sea. Flames started from green looking, to-bike ships, and here and there a flaming wreck went crashing down on to towers below, making the very buildings in their impact and splashing the towers, so that many a tower shrank down on all sides.

"Disaster," said Ray, and then "It's a warning. How have they got through the roof of the city? It's wicked steel, isn't it?" Still and bomb-proof.

Raymond was white-faced and wildly trembling now as he watched.

Four air-beds were built for the second city," he said. "Better, too. Easy to get in when the other ship reached them. Each holds a dozen ships. The readers are probably in charge of the controls by now."

"But, good gracious, man!" burst out Ben. "We've got to do something. It's a slaughter. How could you strap behind him and send those men to their death?"

"Death? Death?" cried Raymond, and his eyes were wild as he looked up at the picture above. "Madness! Madness! In its ghastly brilliance. How could I go on, my son? I am a scientist—not a soldier. If you love me, 'Not a soldier'."

Starley's pale and trembling at the shock of what he had seen at Raymond's surprise.

"But those poor creatures! What will happen to them?" she breathed. "Surely, surely something can be done?"

"Nothing. Nothing," gasped out Raymond. He coughed and tore at his collar again. "Look! I'm choking—the air's falling. Let's get away—on your ship!"

"Don't be a blasted fool!" said out Ben. "You can't leave all these people—eight hundred, wouldn't there—in that lift! We've got to do something. If you love me!"

He tore Raymond away from the controls and all three rushed to the lift and came again to the car.

Ben got into the driving seat, and he gave the air control a few turns. The car started to move over the upper building.

Raymond sat huddled beside Starley in the back. He was breathing in labored gasps and trembled like a man with the ague.

"We can't hold twenty ships. The only one electric light gas at the Moon City," he said. "Tell me, what's the best thing to do to make every ship at the city clear out quick?"

"I don't know! I don't know!" gasped out Raymond. "They're doomed, I tell you. Let's get away!"

"Starley! Muted squawking," roared out the other. "And thank goodness. If you love me! It's a very thick Moon City—and your men. Think of something. You know the ropes."

Ray huddled forward into his seat and disappeared out.

"If the oxygen supply could be shut off and pure nitrogen sent out—and a few fire starters—everybody would have to get out. But your gold mine isn't in a ship. It's underground."

"Yeah! More Madmen! How to warn them that's the thing. How to warn them," roared Ben.

The big man spoke now to himself that to Ray, but Raymond supplied the answer.

"You can broadcast to all the city through all the air lock control houses."

"By gosh, you can," roared Ben. "And if there is no one at the air lock controls, how can you get into the city?"

"Broadcast control from the ship can get out close to the air lock and operate the lift," replied Raymond. "But you can't do it, I tell you. It's death."

"O.K.," returned Ben, as he drew the levers to a standstill at the air lock control house.

"But where is one of those ships with the controls?"

"You can't take that," cried Raymond, as he stumbled out of the car after Starley. "It's the only one left."

"You've got a gateway, I suppose," Ben's lips curled up to look a queer place at the other.

"There!" Raymond pointed to a door in the control house as all three entered.

"Good. I'll take it," answered Ben. "You've got the Moon City here. You can get Starley back on that mine. There are no people outside in my ship. You'd better get into the air lock first. I'll follow after you've explained the controls to me."

"But we can't leave you like this," burst out Starley, a silent operator of the strange device that had been passing. "You'll need help. I'll come with you if Ray won't."

He glanced at the girl, pale and frightened as she was. "No. It's no better than it should be. Anything might happen. He coughed."

"You wanted me to come here to receive God-otch man," he said quietly. "Well, I've done it, and now you can go back with him. I can't have those poor devils to be here."

(Read on at end of next page.)

Shocks for Firemen

SCIENTISTS seem to have discovered a killing by spraying experts on a new kind of world.

A woman has what he thinks is a good idea—then top pops the man of leaving and leaves his bones to scatter.

There was a newspaper correspondent who, probably thinking of the drought, suggested the use of sea water in fire fighting.

Along came the scientist with the reply.

These are the days of 2000 high tension electric cables. Avoidance of electric shock is essential. Now sea water has conductive power 200 times as strong as ordinary water, so that, if used, it would have to stand at a distance 200 times greater than at present in order to deal with an outbreak.

Not much left of that height, is it?



"Heavy" Water

SOMETIMES scientists are able to play little tricks on the world.

For many years water has been used as a standard measure—1 c.c. of water weighs 1 gram.

Now scientists have discovered that there are two kinds of water, one the kind we know, and the other a water that is probably a fine molecule and also a deadly poison.

This second kind of water is known as Heavy water because it weighs 11 per cent more than ordinary water. It freezes at a higher temperature and absorbs more heat on boiling than the water we know.

But this heavy water exists in ordinary water only in the amount of 1 part to about 30,000 and it can only be produced at its pure form by developing natural water by means of a large electric current.

Tests are now going ahead to determine whether, taken in prescribed doses, heavy water is one of the greatest medicines in the world.

# Theories Meet Quick Deaths

A Nice Drink of Leather!

IN THE next few days the scientist can be really thirsty.

Do you know that the last time you enjoyed a cup of tea you were really swallowing leather?

It's true enough. In milk there is fibrin, a fibrous, white, tenacious substance. Mix this with all the sugar and you have tannate of fibrin, or leather.

But you are probably not aware of even this.

The Professors Upset The Mechanics

THEY advise who turn their attention to the covering often upon established ideas.

The old axiom that a new car should be run in gently in hopelessly and utterly wrong they declare after studying the effects of road tests which totaled 24,000 miles.

The three years of testing that this is what proved that the greater wear takes place when odd engines are idling. When running slowly the engine takes a long time to warm up. Cold air is drawn in passing through tight bearings and reaching the cylinders—and the result is undue wear all round.

Science upsets theories that have been held for years, tests experts' ideas in bits, and suggests industry with its apparent "conjecture."

All car engines, therefore, should be run briefly as soon as they are started.

As soon as other makers follow the lead of one big firm, local grocers set in for a busy time getting out a new set of labels for putting on to the windshields of the latest models.

A BUSINESS SCIENTIST was to look up with the performance of his car that he was able to convince himself that, so far as acceleration went, the machine would be more efficient if it ran backwards.

So backwards it went.

He had a special wooden put in at what he had the rear panel, worked out a novel steering system—and went out on to the road to press his theory!

Follow motorists rushed to get out of his way. They were still wondering just what was happening when the scientist was long out of sight. Professor did not know what to do with him. Traffic got into jams.

But good come of it—a streamlined car is run on the market!

Perhaps the scientist has stumbled upon something which is a hush and at the same time the perfect poison—one that leaves no trace.

Coal's Big Kick

SCIENCE did some amazing things with coal and shocked the whole industry—pleasantly. It produced gases which could be used as commercial vehicles instead of petrol. Compressed in strong, lightweight cylinders to a pressure of 3,000 lbs., in the square inch it offers a saving of about a third compared with the running costs of petrol.

A solvent was produced by which coal is pulverized until it is practically a gas and then, mixed with oil, used in firing steam ships. The solvent produced had certain advantages of both fuels and overcame distinctive disadvantages each previously had.

What science has done to the coal industry is shown by the staggering list of by-products from coal. We cannot mention even a fraction of the possibilities the scientist has given to coal in the future but some idea is gained by the fact that the dynamite industry, the explosives industry and the furniture and building industries are among those affected.

Controversy . . . . . MOON MADNESS

down. Take your scientist who isn't a soldier. I'd swear try to get the soldier's!

Shelley was silent before the big man's words, and she watched as the circular ship was lowered out and Raymond explained the airlock conditions.

Then, mouth agape like her, she got into the open-topped big ship with Raymond Desmond, and a few minutes later they were coming to the lift.

Three minutes passed, and then the lift came down again. Ben whirled his ship on to the platform, and under the pressure controls he brought his strange vessel out into the void.

He saw the Blue Moon speeding away, a tiny speck in outer space, and a death feeling of regret welled up in him.

He shook it off and jabbed over the speed controls.

"Too weak," he heard, and sent his ship

hurtling over the dusky face of the Mars Johnson planet.

★ DESTINY

LIKE some strange little worlds in the Labyrinth of space, the ship rose hurtling down towards the circular end of Cosmos, the second city of the Moon.

Large circular ships of the same design as Ben's were moving from all sides of it, and hurtling out into the void.

It looked like a hurried evacuation, and Ben gasped as he saw two ships come out of an air lock desperately close. They seemed to be handled by nerves, for they lurched drunkenly.

Suddenly Ben gave a cry of horror.

The upper ship seemed to pass on its flight, and then go hurtling towards the star.

Two came together, and the impact sent him back teeth, for the circular ships

flashed like out for a moment, and then were scattered out through lack of oxygen.

An uproar and flashing light came out and long about the two ships like masses of jelly, as they were hurled down towards the face of the dusky planet.

Ben looked back at the sight. People trying to get away with no proper pilots, he decided.

Then he saw an open air lock and sent his ship down to a long glide.

It came to rest on the circular platform and a little anxiously Ben operated the remote control.

He breathed a little sigh of relief as he saw through the upper ports that the circular doors were closing over him, and he took out his electric gun as he waited for the chamber to fill with air.

Then he brought the lift into operation and waited anxiously as he went down.

The door of his ship was open as the lift reached bottom, and he leapt out, gas held ready.

Not a soul was in the control house, and he

## The Last of the Moon City

recapitulated himself on an isolated screen. He had at least got into the city.

Ben leapt in preparation for any emergency, he searched about among the apparatus and controls all round the room.

Then it was that he saw the radio apparatus. He darted across to it, and switched on. It was the usual radio paraphernalia of those days, and Harper was instantly conversant with it.

"Hello! Hello! Hello!" He shouted into the microphone and laughed excitedly as he heard the hum of his voice coming from a speaker somewhere. Evidently apparatus were installed all over this modern city for making announcements to the whole population.

"This is Old Nick calling Conan!" Ben could be humorous when he chose. "You are about to witness the demise of the second and last city of the Moon. As you stop your feet here, you will get into my wireless ship and wave off to the Earth. You have precisely ten minutes. Hello! Hello! Hello!" He switched off and leapt to the main door, half expecting to see a horde of men knocking it.



### SCOOPS

## A.B.C. of SCIENCE

Scientific Terms and Theories told to you  
Can Understand Them

**Antizone.**—Substances having power to neutralize effects of bacterial poisoning. It is often prepared from blood of living animal which has been rendered immune to the disease for which the antizone is needed by gradual doses of the poison. Used in Diphtheria, Lock jaw, and Spotted Fever, etc.

**Anti-Biting in Dyspareunia family.** Most instances of insects. Keep doors and windows closed at times for talk. Over 2,000 varieties known.

**Atoms.**—Once defined simply as smallest particles of matter, and left at that. In chemistry this still holds good, the molecule being the smallest part of a compound to retain its identity. Then Rutherford's discovery of hydrogen and one of oxygen. Formed one molecule of water. In physics thought on this subject provides a more scientific basis. Generally accepted that all matter consists of electricity, so many positive charges as positive and as many negative charges as electrons going in forms the different atoms. The proportions in which the charges are

the same looked at less deeply to a scientist.

"In the center of the city," he yelled out. "But don't you lose that measurement? We're going to the ships."

"Will there be enough ships to get everyone out?"

"Yes, enough launching ships to get out all that are left—and that's one matter. Most of the people have gone. Depleted Drummond's vessels and left for the Earth. Only the fighting ships—cruisers and about a hundred others are left."

"Good for them!" replied Ben. "That'll make a good explosion at this advanced place, and start a fire!"

"And lasers!" replied the man. "Better get out while the going's good! Who are you?"

"Old Nick," replied Ben, and left the man peering in amazement as he dashed to the direction of the control house.

Five minutes scarcely passed before he found the place, the whole area packed with men and ships packed about him.

He leapt onto the pier and a hurried

start when passing the center of the atom. Lightest element, hydrogen consists of one proton and one electron. The atom is pictured as a sphere of positive and electrons with electrons flying in a three orbit around it, a sort of miniature universe.

But scientists like Schrodinger, Planck, Heisenberg, etc., are continuously altering our conceptions and opening this pretty picture. Heisenberg's uncertainty when an electron's position was used by the wave, is opened by the limited electron microscope gun (EM) focused by modern scientific position, making X-rays when the lens is opened, opening and explaining to form Carbon double (DM). Serious scientific work is carried on almost day previous through this picture.

**Isobutene.**—Block material used in windows and electricity for insulation purposes, also of use in the building of the highly corrosive hydrochloric acid. It is made by the condensing of phenol and formaldehyde in the presence of a base (p. 1).

passed through water and various revealed the new controls.

"There are in firing line!—Japanese in the back of their own lands and the world up already as we saw them. One man, hands on huge controls, turned as Ben came. "The hand went to his pocket and a gas flared in the light at large electric apparatus here."

Ben's electric gas spit a deadly bullet, and the man with the gas went down.

A bullet whizzed and Ben's head tearing at his very way of him, as one of the other men leapt to get into ship.

Ben's gas spoke again, and then he went down behind a huge machine, firing into everybody.

Harper's gas gun died across the mass of machinery. He felt situated just Ben's head however he disappeared in gas toward the edge of the platform.

Electric machines were being started, all was a mass of noise of the sudden night.

From where he crouched, Ben saw four great globes, gleaming with electric fire in each corner of the control house.

"I know it!" he told himself, and taking deliberate aim, he fired at each globe in turn.

They shattered with a vivid flash, and gave fire to all elsewhere. Machinery

swarmed, and above the roar Ben heard a human cry.

"That's another accounted for," he decided, and then made a dash for the door.

He sprang up stairs to secure a ladder in his back, but he made the door in safety.

He swung one glance back into the racing inferno, and the look was sufficient. Something was going on at the controls.

Ben rushed into the machine and dashed off to the direction of the air lock by which he had arrived.

He had got half way when there was a flash of land white light. A pane of irremovable glass, and then a deafening explosion. A blast so sound that shattered the structure.

Flames leapt almost to the roof of the city, fighting ships abandoned to the force of a blasted air.

Castling only one glance behind, Ben ran on. He had almost reached the air lock control house when he pulled up short.

Turning towards him, golden hair streaming, was the Van figure of Shirley Hughes.

"What an awful night!" began Ben.

"I had to pilot the ship myself. Come back here for you."

"You always little lad," Ben yelled out. "You've come down in the control approach to tell you'll save me. All the outer control houses will go up at any minute. I doubt if we'll get out of the clock in time."

"We might hold on for some, and together they stand for the air lock."

"Have to take Raymond's ship to control." Miss Hunt's eye was back control. How did you get into the city, by the way?"

"I got in lock was open for a ship going out, and I got in this. The next ship is going out through the air lock. Lucky!"

"I'll say!"

"Then they had reached the air lock control house. "Into the usual ship," said Ben, and he wheeled the *Miss Moon* from the air lock platform.

Then he was taking the most direct route of Raymond Drummond was of his own ship and carrying him to the control ship.

The ship at the Moon City was flying like a ball, round with apparatus.

Next the smaller ship was at the platform, and Ben Hunt, twelve feet. The machine at the control house was running smoothly as he changed that the floor of the ship and moved over the remote controls.

There were ghastly crashes, and the ship was free-revolving out into the immensity of space.

The terrible weather now was behind the end of Earth, but of its doom there it no doubt, for the the moon journey to the Moon, constant engineers found only center going center where once had been the second city of the Moon.

And there a little more to tell.

Subsequent events proved that the red spot the Moon City came from the East, but that there were no survivors in the region.

It is by no means certain whether it was the gold, or the silver, members of the ship, or even conquest, that the Japanese were victor. Whatever it was, they failed equally and Raymond Harper was the direct cause of this failure.

Of the return journey of the three city-people to Earth it has no record.

The whole story was told to me by Harper's son, John a fine youngster, who is even now working with me as the Collector of the City of the Moon, and he was told out much about the return from the Moon.

Softer it to say that John's mother was Shirley Harper, nee Hughes, and I was the last man.

Miss Madam—with a vengeance.



Civilisation Passes  
Away when the  
World Swims  
through—

# THE POISON BELT

The Last Five Men on  
Earth look out  
on a Dying  
World

## ★ THE DEAD WORLD

**I** REMEMBER that we all sat gazing in our chairs, with that sweet, not much-worried breeze, fresh from the sea, fapping the tawny curtains and cooling our throated faces.

"I wonder how long we sat?" None of us afterwards could agree at all upon that point. We were bewildered, stumped, semi-conscious. We had all missed our passage for death, but this first of all and only new fact—that we were continuing to live after we had survived the atom to which we belonged—struck us with the shock of a physical blow and left us prostrate.

"Then gradually the suspended recollection began to work once more, ideas stirred themselves together in our minds. We saw, with vivid, intricate clearness, the relations between the past, the present, and the future—the lives that we had led and the lives which we would have to live. Our eyes turned in silent horror upon those of our companions and found the same awestruck look in them. Instead of the joy which was might have been expected to feel who had so narrowly escaped an imminent death, a terrible wave of darkest depression submerged us.

"Everything on earth that we loved had been washed away into the great, infinite unknown ocean, and here we were stranded upon this desert island of a world without companions, hopes, or aspirations. A few years straddling like jackals among the graves of the human race, and then one hour isolated and alone.

"'We despaired, George, despaired,'" the boy, nod, in an agony of sobs. "If we had only passed with the others! Oh, why did you save us? I feel as if it is we that are dead and everyone else alive!"

Challenge's great eyes were wide downed down in constipated thought, while his lips, heavy pure closed upon the outstretched hand of his wife. I had observed that she always held out her arms to him in trouble as a child would in its mother.

"Without being a fatalist to the point of neo-vegetarian," said he, "I have always noted that the highest wisdom lies in an acceptance with the actual." He spoke slowly, and there was a vibration of feeling in his measured voice.

"I do not despair," said Benzerite, firmly.

"I don't see that it matters a row of pins whether you despair or whether you don't," retorted Lord John. "You've got to take it, whether you take it fightin' or take it layin' down, as what's the odds whether you survive or die? I can't remember that since when our premises before the thing began, and nobody's likely to ask it now. So what difference can it make what we say about it?"

"It is just all the difference between happiness and misery," said Challenge, with an abstracted look, still peering into what he had. "You are now with the tide and the tide goes in and out, or you can stand against it and be broken and woe. The tide goes in and out, or so it is except as it is outside and out no more."

"But when in the world are we to do with our lives?" I asked, appealing to Benzerite in the blue, empty heaven. "What are we to do, for example?" There are no seas,

papers, no there's an end of my vacation."

"And there's nothing left on foot, and an more soldiers," so there's an end of mine, said Lord John.

"And there are no students, so there's an end of mine," cried Benzerite.

"But I have my husband and my house, so I can't think Heaven that there is an end of mine," said the lady.

"No is there an end of mine," replied Challenge. "For science is not dead, and this catastrophe is itself will offer us every problem for investigation."

He laid now flag upon the windows and we were gazing out upon the silent and motionless landscape.

"Let me consider," he continued. "It was about three, or a little after, yesterday afternoon that the world finally entered the poison belt to the extent of being completely

lost, inference, and anticipatory imagination which enabled us to foresee the danger in what one can hardly expect (save in the same generation).

"Then your conclusion is that everyone is certainly dead?"

"There may be little doubt of that. We have to remember, however, that the poison worked first below ground, and would possibly be less resistant in the higher strata of the atmosphere. It is strange, indeed, that it should be so, but it prevents one of those features which will afford us in the future a favourable field for study. One could imagine, therefore, that if one had in search for survivors one would turn up a town with last signs of nature in some Tibetan village or some Alpine farm, many thousands of feet above the sea level."

"Well, consider! that there are no real roads and no streams, you might as well talk about survivors in the Moon," said Lord John. "But when I see your appeal is whether a really ever or whether it is only a little time."

Benzerite raised his neck to look toward the horizon.

"It seems clear and hot," said he, in a dry, dejected voice. "but as it did yesterday I am by no means certain that it is all over."

Challenge shrugged his shoulders.

"We must come back now more to our relations, and be. "If the world has undergone this experience before, which is not outside the range of possibility, it was certainly a very long time ago. Therefore, we may reasonably hope that it will be very long before it occurs now."

"That's all very well," said Lord John. "but if you get an earthquake, you are mighty likely to have a second one right on top of the first, and it may be some to stretch our legs and have a length of air while we have the chance. Since our oxygen is so limited we may just as well be caught out early as now."

It was strange the absolute clarity which had come upon us as a reaction after our tremendous confusion of the last twenty-four hours. It was both mental and physical, a deep-lying feeling that nothing written and that everything was a seriousness and a profit, less serious. Even Challenge had unconsciously to it, and set in his clear with his great head leaning upon his hands, and his thoughts for away, with Lord John and I, sitting close by each other, fairly lifted him on his feet, and he was to give me a word of an angry protest for our trouble. However much we had got out of our narrow boxes of refuge into the wide atmosphere of everybody else, our normal energy came gradually back to us once more.

But what were we to begin to do in that deserted world? Could ever men have been found with such a question since the dawn of time? It is true that our own physical needs, and even our interests, were caused for the future. All the stores of food, all the vestiges of war, all the measures of art were gone for the taking. But what were we to do? Some few tasks appeared to us at once, since they lay ready to our hands. We descended into the kitchen, and Lord John two dominoes upon their respective backs. They intended to have their without suffering one in the three by the fire, the other upon the shallow stove. Then we carried in your Anton from the yard. Its tractor were set as hard as a

## By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

submerged. It is now one o'clock. The question is, at what hour did we pass out from it?

"The sea was very bad at daylight," said I.

"Later than that," said Mrs. Challenge. "As late as eight o'clock I distinctly felt the same shivering as my throat which came at the sunset."

"Then we shall say that it passed just after eight o'clock. For seventeen hours the world has been isolated in the poisonous ether. For that length of time the Great Goddess has withheld the human world which had grown over the surface of His land. Is it possible that the work is incompletely done—that others may have survived besides ourselves?"

"That's what I was wondering," said Lord John. "Why should we be the only pebbles on the beach?"

"It is almost to suppose that anyone besides ourselves can possibly have survived," said Benzerite, with conviction. "Consider that the poison was so virulent that even a man who is strong as an ox, and has a nerve in his body, like Mahon here, could hardly get up the stairs before he fell motionless. It is likely that anyone could stand without minutes of it for ten hours."

"Unless someone saw it coming and made preparation, some as old friend Challenge did."

"That, I think, is hardly probable," said Challenge, preparing his hand and sticking his outside. "The consideration of others is

## In the Graveyard of the World

heard in the most exaggerated signs possible, while the construction of the fibres had drawn his mouth into a broad arching grin. This expression was prominent about all who had died from the poison. Whenever we would be were welcomed by these grinning faces, which seemed to smile at our doubtful remarks, nodding cheerily and gravely at the ill-fated survivors of these men.

"Look here," said Lord John, who had peered restlessly about the dining room while we partook of some food. "I don't know how you fellows feel about it, but for my part I simply can't sit here and do nothing."

"Perhaps," Challenger answered, "you would care the kindness to suggest what you think we should do?"

"Get a move on us and we are all that has happened."

"That is what I should myself propose." "But not in this little country village. We can see from this window all that this place can touch us."

"Where should we go, then?"

"To London." "To London is all very well," grumbled Stammers. "You may be equal to a forty-mile walk, but I'm not so sure about Challenger, with his strange legs, and I am perfectly sure about myself."

Challenger was very much annoyed.

"If you could see your way, sir, to confining your remarks to your own physical peculiarities, you would think that you had as much right for comment," he said.

"I had no intention to offend you, my dear Challenger," cried our taciturn friend. "You can't be held responsible for your own physique. If Nature has given you a short, heavy body, you cannot possibly help having a stumpy leg."

Challenger was too furious to answer. He could only growl and blink and breathe Lord John's nostrils to interfere before the dispute broke more violent.

"You talk of walking. Why should we walk?" and he.

"Do you suggest taking the train?" asked Challenger, still answering.

"What's the matter with the motor-car? Why should we not go in that?"

"I am not an expert," said Challenger, pulling at his hair, reflectively. "At the same time, you are right in supposing that the human intellect in its higher manifestations should be scrupulously desirable to turn itself to anything. Your idea is an excellent one, Lord John. I myself will drive you all to London."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Stammers, with success.

"No, indeed, George," cried his wife. "You only tried once, and you remember how you crashed through the gate of the garage."

"It was a necessary work of civilization for," and Challenger, complacently. "You can consider the matter settled. I will certainly drive you all to London."

The attention was relieved by Lord John.

"This is the first time," he asked.

"A twenty horse Humber."

"Why, I've driven one for years," said he. "By George!" he added. "I never thought I'd live to take the whole business over in one day. There's your race for five, as I remember it. Get your things on, and I'll be ready at the door by ten o'clock."

Some cough, at the time named, the various jarring and creaking from the yard with Lord John at the wheel. I took my careful little motor seat, was exposed in between the two men of wrath at the back. Thus Lord John released his brakes, and he lever rapidly from left to third, and we sped off upon the strongest drive that ever human hands have taken since man first came upon the earth.

You are to witness the bewitchment of Nature upon West Angles, the freedom of the morning air, the golden glare of the sun over the confusion, the cloudless sky, the lustrous green of the Essex woods, and the deep

purple of the leatherstock doves. As you looked round upon the many-colored beauty of the scene all thought of a vast catastrophe would have passed from your mind had it not been for one slender object—the silent, all-enduring shadow. There is a gentle loss of life which pervades a class—of which I would not say more, but that one reason is to observe it, as the dewfall by the sea has all sense of the constant murmur of the waves. The lattice of birds, the buzz of insects, the far-off echo of waves, the lowering of clouds, the distant harking of dogs, roar of trains, and rattle of carts—all these form one loss, something like striking ashleaved upon the ear. We missed it now. This deadly silence was appalling. No address was it, so important, that the beam and rattle of our motor-car seemed an unaccountable intrusion, an indirect derogation of the reverent stillness which lay like a pall over and round the mass of humanity. It was this green hush, and the tall clouds of smoke which rose here and there over the country-side from smouldering buildings, which cast a chill into our hearts as we gazed round at the gloomy panorama of the World.

And there were the dead! At first these million groups of drums and grinning faces filled us with a shuddering horror. So fixed and motionless was the impression that I can live over again that slow descent of the Station Hill, the passing by the man-girl with the two babies, the sight of the old horse on his knees between the shafts, the cabman twisted across his seat, and the young man inside with his hand upon the wheel in the very act of straggling was lower down were six coppers all in a litter, their limbs sprawling, their dead, sparkling eyes gazing upwards at the glare of heaven. These things I see in a photograph. But now, by the merciful permission of Nature, the over-ruled events ceased to repeat. The very contents of the lower deck away from its personal regard. Individuals merged into groups, groups into crowds, crowds into a big, dark, gloomy mass, which one sense accepted as the inevitable detail of grey news. Only here and there, where some particularly brutal or grotesque incident caught the attention, did the mind connect with a visible shock to the personal and human meaning of it all.

Almost all these was the face of the children. That I remember filled us with the strongest sense of miserable miseries. We could have seen any New Challenger drive away when we passed a great Council school and saw the long trail of tiny figures stretched down the road which led from it. They had been dismissed by their terrified teachers, and were spending for their losses when the parent caught them in its net. Great numbers of people were at the open windows of the houses. In Tootingdale Wells there was hardly one which had not its young, smiling face. At the last corner of the market we saw their very craning for oxygen when we alone had been able to satisfy, had sent them flying to the windows. The side walks, too, were littered with men and women, babies and housewives, who had rushed out of the houses. Many of them had fallen in the roadway. It was a lucky thing that Lord John had had found an expert driver, for it was as easy as pie to jolt one's way. Putting amongst the fingers of my hand we could only go as a walking pace, and once, I remember, opposite the school of Tootingdale, we had to halt some time while we carried across the bodies which blocked our path.

A few small, dejected pictures stood out in my memory. I saw that long procession of death upon the Surrey and Kentish high roads. One was that of a great, glittering motor-car standing outside the inn at the village of Northfleet. It was as if I should have seen some pleasure party upon their return from Brighton or from Eastbourne. There were three gaily-dressed women, all young and beautiful, one of them with a

Polish sprig upon her lap. With them were a middle-aged elderly man and a young aristocrat, his eyes still in his eye, his cigarette burned down to the stub between the fingers of his long-lost hand. Death must have come on them in an instant and lived down as they sat. None that the elderly man had at the moment been at his office, but in an effort to breathe they might all have been asleep. On one side of the car a waiter with some broken glasses beside a tray was huddled near the step. On the other two very ragged tramps, a man and a woman, by whose lives they had fallen, the man with his long, thin ears still undisturbed, were as he had asked for them as his life-time. One instant of time had put across that waiter, tramps, and dog upon one common footing as dead and disheveled post-mortem.

I remember another singular picture some miles on the London side of Newmarket. There is a large current upon the left with a long, green slope in front of it. Upon this slope were assembled a great number of school children, all kneeling in prayer. In front of them was a large of men, and higher up the slope, facing towards them, a single figure whom we took to be the Mother Superior. Unlike the pleasure-seekers at the motor-car, these people seemed to have had warning of their danger, and to have died beautifully together, the mothers and the taught, assembled for their last common lesson.

My mind is still stunned by that terrific experience, and I grieve rarely for those in expression by which I can reproduce the conditions which we felt. Perhaps it is best and wisest not to try, but merely to chronicle the facts. Even Stammers and Challenger were shocked, and we heard nothing of our companions beyond to have an occasional whisper from the body. As to Lord John, he was too intent upon his wheel and the difficult task of throwing his way along such roads to have time or inclination for conversation. Our plan he used with much awareness, but insisted that it stick to my memory, and at last almost made me laugh as a comment upon the day of doom.

"Pretty damn's!" What? "That was his expression as each limb trembled convulsively at death and disaster employed itself before us. 'Pretty damn's!' What? he cried, as we descended the Station Hill at Northfleet, and it was his last word. 'What?' as he gazed on our way through a wilderness of death to the High Road of Lewisham and the Old Kent Road."

It was here that we received a sudden and amazing shock. Out of the window of a handsome motor house there appeared a fluttering black-headed waving at the end of a long, thin, broken neck. Never had the right of my eyes to death come so near to me, and then there was so wildly as did the amazing sensation of life. Lord John ran the motor to the left, and as an instant we had rushed through the open door of the house and up the staircase to the second-floor front room from which the signal proceeded.

A very old lady sat in a chair by the open window, and close to her, laid across a second chair, was a cylinder of oxygen, smaller but of the same shape as those which had struck our car. The lady, who had been sitting down, suspended her face towards us as we crowded in at the doorway.

"I feared that I was abandoned here forever," and she, "for I am an invalid and cannot sit."

"Well, madam," Challenger answered, "it is a lucky chance that we happened in this."

"I have one all-important question to ask you," said she. "Excellent, I beg that you will be good enough to answer. What effect will these events have upon London and North-Western Railway shares?"

We should have laughed had it not been for the long agonies with which she

## Another Survivor of Cataclysm

Should be the matter. Mrs. Burton, for years past her name, was an aged widow whose whole concern depended upon a small holding of the stock. Her life had been regulated by the rise or fall of the dividend, and she could form no conception of anything more as it was affected by the quotation of her shares. In fact we pointed out to her that all the money in the world was here for the taking, and was yours when taken. Her old word would not adapt itself to the new idea, and she wept loudly over her vanished stock. "It was all I had," she wailed. "If that is gone I may as well go too."

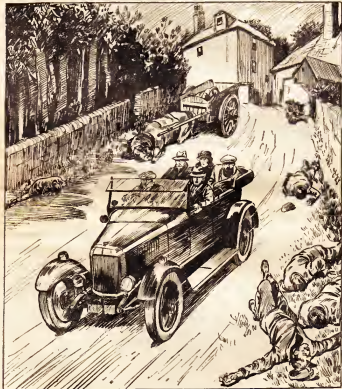
And her lamentations we found out how the first old ghost had lived where the white giant forest had fallen. She was a

confirmed invalid and an optimist. Oxygen had been prescribed for her malady, and a tub was in her room at the moment of the event. She had naturally inhaled some as had been her habit when there was a difficulty with her breathing. It had given her relief, and by doing out her supply she had managed to survive the night. Finally she had fallen asleep and been awakened by the bang of our motor car. As it was impossible to talk her on with us, we saw that she had all necessities of life and provisioned as was necessary with her in a couple of days at the latest. So we left her, still weeping bitterly over her vanished stock.

As we approached the Thames the block in the streets became thicker and the clouds

the more thickening. It was well difficult that we made our way across London Bridge. The apparatus to it upon the Middlesex side were staked from end to end with traffic which made all further advance in that direction impossible. A ship was blowing lightly alongside one of the wharves near the bridge, and the air was full of drifting smoke and of a heavy sword smell of burning. There was a cloud of dense smoke somewhere near the House of Parliament, but it was impossible from where we were to see what was so far.

"I don't know how it strikes you," Lord John remarked, as he brought his engine to a standstill, "but it seems to me the country is more cheerful than the town. That



The car drove slowly down the hill, and the last survivors of mangled looked out on the strange scenes about them. Endless groups of men lay dead on either side. It was the graveyard of the world.

London is getting on my nerves. I've got a cat collar and three pairs' back to Hothelfield."

"I confess that I do not see what we can hope for here," said Professor Sumner.

"At the same time," said Challenger, his great nose leaning thoughtfully and distastefully, "it is difficult for us to conceive that out of seven millions of people there is only this one old woman able, by some possibility of constitution or some remnant of courage, to be so strong as to survive this catastrophe."

"If there should be others, how can we hope to find them, George?" asked the lady. "And yet I agree with you that we can see no hope until we have tried."

Getting out of the car, and leaving it by the curb, we walked with some difficulty along the crowded pavement of King William Street, and entered the open door of a large insurance office. It was a crime house, and we chose it as commanding a view in every direction. Ascending the stairs, we passed through what I suppose to have been the board room, for eight elderly men were seated round a long table in the center of it. The high window was open and we all stepped out upon the balcony. From it we could see the crowded City streets radiating in every direction, while below as the road was like a long side to side with the tops of the numerous houses. All, in truth, all, but their heads pointed upwards, showing how the terrified men of the City had at that moment made a vain endeavor to repine their fancies in the suburbs or the country. Here and there stood the heavier cars toward the great horse-paved motor-ave

of some wealthy magnate who had hopefully sought the deserted streets of crowded traffic. Just beneath us there was such a case of great size and luxurious appearance, with its owner, a fat old man, leaning out, half his gross body through the window, and his long legs, gleaming with diamonds, protruded as if to guard his abundance in making a last effort to break through the press.

A dozen water-bugs covered up like tanks to this flood, the passengers who crowded the seats lying all huddled together and across each other like like a child's toys in a nursery. On a broad ledge protruding, in the center of the roadway a bulky policeman, man standing leaning his back against the post to so situated an attitude that it was hard to realize that he was so tall, while at his feet there lay a ragged wretched man with his bundle of papers on the ground beside him. A paper was laid out before him, black upon yellow. "Beats at Lord's," Coatsy snarled interposed. This must have been the earliest edition, for there were other placards inserted the legend, "Beats at Lord's" Great Scattered Warning." And another, "Is Challenger justified?" "Chancellor pointed the latter aloud out to his wife, as if those words bore a bearing above the strong. I could see how there was but their old stock his head as he looked at it. It pleased and irritated that complex mind to think that London had died with his name and his words still present in their thoughts. His feelings were an accident that they served the sublime purpose of his challenge.

"In the bright to the best, Challenger," he remarked.

"So it would appear," he answered, philosophically. "Well," he added, as he looked down the long void of the radiating streets, all sleek and all clogged up with death, "I really see no purpose to be served by our staying any longer in London. I imagine that we return at once to Hothelfield, and then take counsel as to how we shall most profitably employ the years which lie before us."

Only one other picture shall I give of the scenes which we carried back to our memories from the dead City. It is a glimpse which we had at the interior of the old church of St. Mary's, which is at the very point where our car was awaiting us. Finding our way among the gravestones upon the steps, we pushed open the swing door and entered. It was a wonderful sight. The church was crowded from end to end with kneeling figures in every posture of supplication and abasement. At the last dreadful moment, brought suddenly face to face with the horrors of his, those feeble wretches who had been the first to die, had pushed into two, old City streets, which for generations had hardly ever held a congregation. There they knelt as close as they could kneel, many of them in their ignorance still wearing their hats, while above them on the pulpit a young man in lay dress had apparently been addressing them when he and they had been overwhelmed by the mass that he had seen like Punch in his booth, with his head and two long ears hanging over the edge of the pulpit. It was a nightmare, the grey, dirty death, the mass of agonized figures, the darkness and silence of it all! We moved along with hushed whispers, walking upon an uptown.

And then suddenly I had an idea. At one corner of the church were the choir, stood the organ box, and behind it a door through which those long the mass for the half-ropes. Why should we not send a message out over London which would attempt to re-expose who might still be alive? I ran across, and pulling at the last covered rope I was surprised to find how difficult it was to swing the bell. Lord John had followed me. "By George," yawned fatly, "it is no pulling all in one. You've got to use a double good notion. Give me a grip and we'll soon have a noise on it."

But even then, in heavy was the bell that we had sent and Challenger and Sumner had added their weight to ours that we heard the ringing and sleeping where our heads were so that the great chapper was ringing out its noise. Finally Sumner reminded me message of immediately and hope to say fellow-man surviving it cheered our own hearts, that strong, metallic call, and we turned the more earnestly to our work, dragged two feet of the rope, but all straining together as the downward bells, Challenger the instant of it, looking all his great strength in the rock, and hanging up and down like a nooseman half-brook, croaking with every pull. It was at that moment that an actor might have taken a pattern of the four interstices, the remainder of more strange parts in the past, when Pat had new shows for so supreme an experience. For half an hour we worked, the strong figures bent as if from, and were and less in being with the strains. "That's me out into the portico of the church, and looked eagerly up and down the street, crowded streets. Not a sound, not a motion, no answer to our summons.

"It is no use. No one is left," I cried.

"We can do nothing more," said Mrs. Challenger, as Mrs. Gooch, wife, George, in an effort to break the spell, "I wish to see it this dreadful silent City would ever be seen."

We got into the car without another word. Lord John backed her round and turned her to the north. To us the chapter seemed closed. Little did we foresee the strange new chapter which was to open.

(To be concluded next week.)

A Weekly up-to-the-minute News Feature on Matters Interplanetary

# to the PLANETS

Contributed by P. E. CLEATOR

(President of the British Interplanetary Society)

## Problems of Space Travel

SOME of the problems which will doubtless trouble the first man who is doing with some of the problems of interplanetary travel which appeared in these pages recently—shall we ever travel to the Planets? and my reply, "We Shall Travel to the Planets."

I sent copies of these articles to Her Majesty the King-President of the E. Y. Institute for World-Organization, the famous French group of world organization.

I have now received his comments regarding the problems which were raised at the first of the two articles. His chief reply, agree with the replies which I gave you will be able to judge from the following extracts from his letter:

Here I give few details with the death trap which may possibly exist, except the uncertainties in the form of deadly radiations from the sun. His points are that experiments have shown that cosmic radiation (measured by the variation of air) is less than that which exists in certain regions on our earth. (Mittler's uranium, which gives its name to Hubble's discovery of the planet Uranus in the year 1781, seems to be particularly a natural found in Cornwall and Southwold. Radium is always present.)

Actually, therefore, workers in these lines are subjected to a heavy bombardment (and yet less) of the very emanations which if it contained, will make space travel impossible.

It may add that we already now in possess certain data that living creatures possess some ability to resist. For it has been reported that

living bacteria have been found in meteorites which, presumably, have descended to Earth after a journey of unimaginable duration through space. In aggregate, these would seem to be little things, but that the life-destroying properties of the sun's radiations in which space have been greatly exaggerated.

## The Meteoric Menace

HERR LEE also agrees that the danger offered by meteorites to space travellers, so vividly portrayed whenever airplanes in interplanetary travel are raised, has likewise been exaggerated in an upward extent.

Some time ago, the German society appointed Professor Giffert, of the Observatory of Heidelberg, regarding the question "Problems of Space Travel," that even in thick swarms, the observed amount of meteoric matter was less than one gram per cubic kilometre of space. (There are approximately 20 grams in one ounce, while a cubic kilometre is roughly equal to a quarter of a mile wide.)

Herr Lee also points out that during the fall of the Leonids in the year 1866, which was extremely dense, it was found that as less than 100 kilograms (over 60 miles) separated each meteorite.

And these observations, let it be remembered, concern swarms of meteorites. So that outside these swarms—where white, in case to case, will surely be checked, and smoothed—the chances of a space ship coming into collision with solitary meteorites will, by the way, though space appears to be exceedingly remote, indeed.

# HERE'S A SCOOP

A Weekly Review mainly about Ourself and the Wonders of the World of To-day and To-morrow

## The Egg-Shaped Night Sun

SCIENTISTS and astronomers have been collecting information concerning a mysterious glow of light from a "phantom" sun which shines across the sky opposite to the sun, and can be seen on clear, dark nights.

When astronomers began to study the subject of the "phantom" light which glows in the sky on the darkest of nights the strange "phantom sun" attracted attention from observers.

Current astronomers have given it the name "Opposite-Helios" meaning "Opposite-Light," because the night sun is exactly opposite the sun.

Other information about this sun is that you can see it on clear dark nights if your eyesight is sufficiently good, the sun appearing as a faint egg-shaped ball of light. Perhaps this sun is made of millions of particles in the solar system which are reflecting light from the sun.

Anyway it has a diameter twenty times the apparent diameter of the sun, and when scientists have made observations they may solve the mystery of the "phantom" light in the night sky.

## Television To-day

NOT that television has advanced the N. Y. — by becoming an accomplished and generally acknowledged fact, there is some serious sense of disappointment prevalent since there has been such a long delay in making television sets readily available to the public.

But though advances are being made daily, they are merely the natural outcome of past mistakes, and it does not follow that they will formulate the ultimate system of television. Indeed, it may well be that it will develop along some totally different path.

This interesting idea is propounded in *Science Monthly* and *Scientific Chapter's* book, "Television To-day and To-morrow" (Pitts, N. Y., 64c).

The authors recall the first demonstration of television, only six years ago, when J. L. Baird produced an image about the size of a postage stamp, and showed the rapid strides made in the short time which has since elapsed. First, the image on a small screen in the home, then the full-sized picture on a cinema screen, and the moving triumph of *Radio Day, 1930*, followed later by the transmission of a programme from London to Copenhagen.

The tremendous success of television has provided the B. B. C. with great facilities for regular programmes, and their great help in the matter has stimulated interest in the answer as never before.

## —And To-morrow

BUT what of the future? The picture are still imperfect and somewhat blurred, and the recent investigations into ultra short wave television make possible the elimination of the necessary filter, and the working of an image of much greater detail. The new "Zapp" aerial is another recent introduction, and this will ensure the maintenance of the steady signal at the exact wavelength, which is essential at the transmitting end.

And now Mr. Baird suggests, in a foreword to the book, that something in the way of a screen built up of some phosphorescent substance might be applied to enable a great permanent image to be projected in the eye indefinitely. For with present devices the eye sees only a single spot of light at any given instant.

Television has gone far, but has further yet to go, and it is at that stage now where those can say with any confidence in what direction or to what extent it may ultimately develop. . . .

## Television For All

IT is believed that soon manufacturers will flood the United States of America with television sets of reasonably high efficiency.

Apparently a big push in television was held back until business conditions over China would improve, but now the time for such a "drive" has arrived.

American engineers in fact seem to have been able to overcome the difficulty that ultra short waves can only give a television broadcast over a maximum distance of 75 miles, and so for the present all television will have to be sent out over small areas.

The system to be used will be composite an electric artificial eye with an electronic retina in the shape of a thin mica plate which is covered with tiny gold dots as a natural sensitive to light.

A cathode ray inside the stem of the eye will be utilized to produce a powerful beam of electrons and so form the system's "optic nerve."

## The Navy Wants Two Explorers!

THE Admiralty has called for volunteers to take out an exploration ship which will visit the South Pole and explore an almost unknown part of the Antarctic.

The two "explorers" needed are a lieutenant to command a three-masted top-sail schooner and navigate it, and an oceanographer who will be in charge of the ship's 300 h.p. Diesel engine and the other machinery on board.

They will be away nearly three years altogether on an expedition which will

attempt to prove whether or not the land round the South Pole is divided into two continents.

The expedition, which will leave England in September, will explore the coast between Chuvost Land and Lortfield Land, which is a distance of about 1,000 miles.

## Traditions—of the Air

EVERY effort is made to keep up the fine traditions of the air, but new customs are beginning to build up their own traditions of the air.

This was shown by a thrilling incident during the great winter battle which was recently fought by the American Navy. During the operations which took place in the Pacific, Oceans the pilot of a fighting aeroplane was forced down on to the water, and then his plane captured and sunk.

The pilot was rescued by the crew of another machine. One of them climbed out of the front cockpit of that machine and struggled alongside the fuselage in the bad compartment. Here he found what he wanted—a rubber boat.

This he inflated and dropped overhead close to the pilot of the machine, aeroplane, in saving a considerable life at the risk of his own.

## National Gliding Site for Britain

THE British Gliding Association has now been able to secure a national site for gliding at Sutton Bank, a high hill in York shire near Easingwold, which is a famous beauty spot.

Shaped like a swan, this glider has made every one realize its possibilities.



A three years lease has been secured on forty four acres of ground, and among the facilities which will be placed at gliders are a hangar and a clubhouse. There will be ample room at once for the gliding club of the country and for private owners.

The site can be used as the present of a free, and experienced pilots of experience general will be available to instruct less expert pilots.

As a gliding centre Sutton Bank has the advantage of great height, for it is 500 feet high—nearly three times as high as the one in France, which record British gliding flights have been set up in the past.

This new site should give students flying a stronger footing in this country.

## Britain's New Gliding Record

A FURTHER impetus was given to gliding just recently when Flying Officer E. I. Mack, of the London Gliding Club, set up a new British duration gliding record by remaining in the air for eight hours, eight minutes.

Using a British machine, Flying Officer Mack reached a maximum height of 2,000 feet above the launching point.

He could have stayed up longer, "but," he declared at the end of the London Gliding Club set up a new British duration gliding record by remaining in the air for eight hours, eight minutes.

Using a British machine, Flying Officer Mack reached a maximum height of 2,000 feet above the launching point. He could have stayed up longer, "but," he declared at the end of the London Gliding Club set up a new British duration gliding record by remaining in the air for eight hours, eight minutes.

## SCOOPS



18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2.

Please Order by R.P.L. No. 42.

(12 Issues)

Subscription Rates: 3 months—3s. 6d.; 6 months—6s. 6d.; 12 months—12s.

## One Moment there was a Gigantic Luxury Yacht— Next Moment there was Nothing

### ★ DESTRUCTION "ON THE AIR"

**HENRY HILF** dashed the glowing end of his cigar against the gleaming brass of the deck rail and flung it snugly over the side.

He glanced again at the pink radio slip that his assistant wireless operator had put before him. He hesitated a moment and then turned to the radio room.

"Say—your big say, when did this come? Who if it comes from? Eh?"

And he waved the pink slip before the wireless operator.

"That ten minutes ago, sir. From a high powered transmitter—scanned on every frequency. Just a man's voice, sir, saying—"

"You needn't tell me," Phloze broke in harshly. "I've got it here." He waved the pink slip again. "Of course, it's a piece—some fell japs—threatening to fling the lot of us into the sea—unless we pay."

The operator turned to the control panel, then swung round excitedly: "It's coming through again, sir!"

He snipped near a little switch that brought the log moving and indicator into circuit and, a second later, the cabin was resounding that deep, lifeless voice:

"Final message to Heavy Phloze, multi-millionaire and world traveler, now cruising in his luxury yacht *Island Queen* off California. Phloze you have boasted in the Press that you cleaned up two million dollars on the Persian Oil Wells speculation. You do not maintain that—in getting those millions of dollars into your banking account—you did so at a price; the price of twelve hundred men's jobs. You have cost a thousand families and left behind you a holiday with your dead bodies, debauched companions on your floating palace of misery."

"Henry Hilf," the dead voice droned on. "I have warned you that only by re-estimating those twelve hundred men in your employment, only by paying the two million dollars you made out of the speculation in the marketplace can you avoid disaster. Do that, or pay the price—my price. You have thirty minutes to decide . . ."

And the loudspeaker voice died.

The voice on the oil magnate's wet lower deck on his blue cork. For a moment he stood at his dry lips, then broke out, almost hysterically. "It's a joke—a hell's joke. Asking me to part with a good couple of million—an empty threat." He looked at the wireless operator curiously. "You mean to say you can't trace where he was speaking from? You can't, eh? O.K., then you don't hold your job. I'll crash that kid's good as I've crashed a thousand like him. Find out where he was calling from—go get it!"

Phloze, visibly shaken, hurried along to the wireless room on the main deck.

At ten-twenty-three by the clock at the wireless room, the operator heard the dead tones of the mystery transmitter once more. Just two words in almost sepulchral tones, words that set a sudden spasm of terror, shivering down the operator's spine:

"Death Headednote."

At ten-twenty-three the heavy motor yacht *Island Queen* was cruising in the Pacific in a steady eight and a half knots. Heavy Phloze, usually oil magnate, was leaning decidedly against the vertical bar with a group of his associates.

In the spontaneously appointed water men and women beamed and nodded. Helped in fender away that two million dollars that had been gained at the price of a thousand workers.

At ten seconds past ten-twenty-three the *Island Queen* had been wiped from the sea. Like a snap of the fingers—the blowing out

of a flame—the vanished. Leaving no trace—back the men and women who surrounded it still some. Who, uttering screams, struggled desperately to keep afloat. A group of bobbing heads that slowly thinned out. Of apparent ones that signaled the last plang.

Phloze struck the water with shrieking arms. A wave swept over his head, and he came to the surface again, choking.

He saw somebody swimming close to him and snatched at the other's jacket, clinging desperately in an effort to save himself.

The other shook himself free and looked for a moment into the millionaire's terror-stricken face. He groaned, sadly: "Wart's worth two million, was it?"

And the wireless operator's eyes filled with lightning as Phloze choked and sank.

Six bobbing heads, where there had been sixty. Empty ocean where a heavy motor-yacht had been a few minutes before. Four bobbing heads that rose and fell on the water, that disappeared and dashed into the air again. No direct view of the terrible drama, knowing that death was very close, knowing the strength that prolonged their agony. Just two survivors of the crew, still asking themselves how it had happened and knowing they would never know.

A swimmer rising in the crest of a wave, mouth opening in a great choking sob. Being nothing but the waste of water, realizing that he was the last man, feeling the strength draining from his limbs, seeing the light green of the water growing darker and blacker. A darkness creeping over his senses, not stirring . . .

The ocean was empty.

### ★ MASTER OF THE DESTROYER

**THEREK** is well known to be found in the world, often in the least likely places. Even in England there are forgotten spots—hidden from anglers, "smooth by construction, virgin seas that know not the stink of salmon rods, or the purple watercolor of the trapper."

Phloze hunted deep in the Yorkshire moors—black, impenetrable, deserted. And there he discovered—in Nature's own fashion, Dead Elm Farm was such a place . . . just a group of tumble-down barns and sheds grouped round the farm-house. Nobody had lived there for years; nobody seemed to live there.

But on the morning a sprig of smoke had been seen by a shepherd using lines one of the brick chimneys. And soon it became known that an old man had taken up his abode there. A man with the face of the dead—with parchment skin and sunken eyes, and whose hair had gone white.

A strange old man who could be seen wandering over the moors in foul weather and fair; who had never spoken to the shepherd—the only man who ever saw him. Girls and helpings and very close to death.

The shepherd saw him one good day, hurrying to the barn house. Taking their fatherly steps, as if those thin old legs could hardly bear the weight of his frail body. And there the door closed behind him . . . and the old man straightened his back.

He went into the living room with quick purposeful strides; glanced around restlessly and then lifted the carpet to examine a mouse hole in the stone floor. Lifted the flap and descended.

He hurried along the tunnel lit by electric lamps and presently came up into a large oblong room that might have been a power station or a B.H.C. control room, but was—reality the interior of the tumble-down barn.

Nobody standing outside would have suspected it—the rotting wood outside and the steel and chrome walls within. The walls that glowed with strange lights, and the faces



# D BROAD

# By Captain John WILLIS



# ATH CASTS

of a hundred different dials. Small power switches and great dynamos, storage apparatus that reacted to the high and low sound already around the room.

The white barrel man crossed over to one of the control panels, and a voice spoke from a loudspeaker.

"This is the North Regional transmitter. We must apologize to listeners in the bookhouse in the concert programme."

The man smiled quietly to himself and switched off. Of course there had been a breakdown in the wireless programme. There always would be when death breakdowns . . .

He looked up at the apparatus beside him—a great machine that looked something like a huge telescope or a big gun, with a control panel that extended one of a super-organism . . . the Destroyer.

A death wave that soared beyond the domain of the most far-reaching of substances—yet a marvellous machine that would destroy inanimate objects—was simply pulling them to nothingness, bending them, crushing them to dust.

With the Destroyer he had Power—power to reform buildings to nothingness—in a split second, to wipe ships from the sea and planes from the air. The Destroyer advanced and left no trace, no trace—nothing. He could wipe away a towering steel structure in the wink of an eye, while all living bodies remained unharmed. Perhaps it was better that way . . .

To give the Destroyer a directional and broad beam capacity—back had been well-tried impossible . . . but not quite. To be able to pick a house out of a street of houses—a street of houses a thousand miles away—and to blot it out. To leave just the vacant plot . . . like a tooth drawn from a perfect set of dentures. As easily and as cleanly as that.

The man turned away from the towering apparatus. The B.B.C. had apologized for the breakdown in their transmitter. They didn't know what had caused it, didn't guess that that would always be the first warning of Death's Broadcast.

For the other part he stood and every Broadcasting Station must cease when the Destroyer was active; the Destroyer was power—and power that blocked no stations.

They wouldn't know yet that Phasen had gone; they wouldn't know until his yacht failed to arrive, wouldn't suspect until they tried to call him on the radio. Would never know what had happened. Vanished without trace . . .

## ★ WARNING TO MEN OF WAR

PLUMER, the old captain, was dead, and the Island Queen had been swept from the sea. Randolph Barker, surviving politician, had been killed when a black of moment that he had been crawling had collapsed and crushed him.

There is no man any day had the broad-roasting stations of the world advised impossible breakdowns . . . and yet always expected that there might be some serious loss at those two incidents. The world doesn't know yet about Phasen; it knew too much about Barker.

No man suspected—until Sir Gregory Mason burst into the Hussy or Karl Hein. Mason looked up in amazement at the sudden interruption. "Really, my dear Mason, you must learn to obey your beautiful English accent that so Englishmen's home is his native. He smiled wily. "Or, perhaps, since I must claim to be a member of your excellent race, the explanation does not apply." The words were suddenly changed as he looked up into the barrel's face. "Well, what is it?"

"I had to come round—at once. Something—something . . ."

"I have warned you not to tell how you've sent for. You, my dear Sir Gregory, are too well known. I have no wish to be . . ."

"I had to come. Mason looks so despondently. Scientific aspects—therefore . . ."

"Best sealed again. "Somebody threatens you—to kill you perhaps. That would be unfortunate . . ."

And the smile still lingered.

Mason rubbed his leg with a old handkerchief. "Yes, you're safe enough. But that's not it—I've got as much grip as the next man. You see, the warning was for you . . ."

"For me?" Mason half-rose from his chair in sudden agitation. Then he laughed nervously. "Nobody can threaten me; nobody knows that I exist. Sir Gregory Mason, B.I., is the acknowledged head of the great armaments combine. Nobody suspects otherwise; nobody has reason to suspect . . ."

"Nevertheless, somebody not only suspects—but knows. Somebody who told me so not twenty minutes ago; somebody who threatened death—without death—unless I—and the men above—ceased operations within the next month . . ."

"Been kept from his chair. "It's a lie! You're trying to blind me. Mason, I don't know your game, but I mean you . . ."

"That's what the other men said," Mason murmured. "He warned me—you too!"

"Been looked at the barrel critically, then . . ."

"I'll see what happened—all of it. I'll decide afterwards just how much of it I can believe . . ."

Mason looked at his dry lips. "I was getting lonely in my old office. I was gathering together a few papers in my study . . ."

Every word spoken in the same tone—a dead tone. It came from the wireless . . .

It said: "A message to Sir Gregory Mason, B.I., and the men above. You are war-mongers; you are making untold millions out of mass slaughter. Your activities further me working overtime in production for the slaughter of men, women, and children. Your factories are working day and night in readiness for the next war; the war you and the men above are preparing to bring to fruition . . ."

"You are making your money at the price of lives—thousands—hundreds of thousands of them. And what in my strength a thousand? You, too, Sir Gregory, must avoid anything your life in the cause you serve. Also the men above. Consider this, since your behavior, despite all of your protest to the world's war victims . . . or do. You—and the men above—have one month to decide!"

"That was the message," the barrel concluded. "I thought it might be somebody playing a joke, and I went over to switch off the set. It was already switched off. I had the barrel switched; the message had been thought out and . . . Of course, I tried switching, so I hurried round to you . . ."

He looked up at the spindly, gaunt figure leaning over his desk.

"Been heard back at home. "Your servants are not too stupid, Mason. I have often wondered just why your government should have such it to confer a laughable reputation. I have come to the conclusion that—all politicians being dead—they recognized a headed state in your brain. You live, of course, here, but in a day from now, people do not reach through electrical stillness etc . . ."

"And really—nobody knows where—no. Even my own servants—the twenty thousand or my grey cell—they all think Sir Gregory Mason is the man at the top of the world's







A six cross appeared in the top left-hand corner of the view-finder and, as the Master focused the Destroyer, the X moved across the screen until it was superimposed on the old warehouse.

# Continuing ... DEATH BROADCASTS

like a piece of drift wood. Then the stars seemed to go at an impossible angle and the boat turned over.

Bussey's gross body swung in an arc and dropped beneath the surface. He was up close to Harnish, who thrust one of the oars under his armpits. Together they drifted with the tide until they reached land.

They didn't know Gray was being watched all the time—couldn't even suspect it. Watched not by a patrol man of the Port of London Authority but by a secret policeman. The Master, bent over the row flukes of the Destroyer, watched their every movement, breathing almost with relief as he saw them stagger at the head break to safety.

They made their way back to Gardner Quay and, as they speared in their sudden delight, Bussey never ceased talking: "My launch was right—we shouldn't have gone out to night. Now we've lost everything. . . there's eight hundred and gone on that one account—eight hundred and one on my way. . . five thousand it would have brought me."

"God growing, Bus," Harnish looks it at last. "It might have been the river oars—and I might not have been handy with an oar when you came up." He groaned indignantly as Bussey responded again: "Wonder what happened to they bird."

"That rat drowned—he faked his fall dead before he went in," Bussey remarked calmly.

Nevertheless, the dogs often were speaking to a chair in the basement when they discussed the state of the warehouse. He seemed barely conscious of their eaves, as he swung the water from his tattered jacket.

Bussey stands over and gapped him by the shoulder, shaking him in sudden rage: "How do you get here, you police rat. Hi!"

Ray Head looked up with expressionless face. "My voice," he said indignantly.

Bussey whined in anger: "You got to tell me of him. Me and Harnish went to look for an owl on it."

The solemn little Chinaman's eyes flickered in sudden resentment. His hand darted to the knife under his vest, but he seemed to think better of it. The old superstitions came back to his face; he watched at his point and murmured: "Velly good Master Bussey" and dashed slowly up the stairs to an alleyway on the creek of the creek.

It was long when the Master acted.

The white-haired man in the kitchen considered what he heard the Destroyer bent over the engine like switch-board of the man-moth machine. With one eye watching the view flukes, he pressed the switch that opened the sliding roof of the old barn at Head Elm Farm. The long nozzle of the Destroyer swung gracefully round, pointing at the star in sky.

A top nose appeared in the top left-hand corner of the view fluke and, as the Master looked the Destroyer, the X moved across the screen until it was extinguished as the old warehouse.

Ray Head still scanned at the heads of the creek.

For a second a gross, festering light glared in the Master's eye, then his hand stabbed down on the control switch. For a split-second there was a glimpse of the white-haired at Gardner Quay bounding into a thousand fragments. . . Van there was just an empty pile of lead.

Both Bussey and Harnish had sprung involuntarily to their feet at the sudden blinding flash in the Destroyer's million visible warehouse. Bussey was slowing at the air in the peroxides of flight as a gross red beam dropped from the floor above and crashed into the concrete. Harnish was down beneath a pile of debris that rapidly disintegrated and scattered.

Ray Head slowly turned and watched something unrecognizable as he saw that the old building had collapsed at last. Then he

became conscious of the heads of rats that were peering from the side. . . thousands of them scampering into the creek or peeping up steadily along the bank, spreading with light. Some of them scurried nimbly across the logs of the stream.

The river was dead lifted and he turned slowly to see the lights of the *Mendocino* in midstream. He saw the lights, then he knew that his smoking eyes had deceived him, for the lights were no longer there. The darkness had the down rate who struggled in the face current. The lights were not there because the *Mendocino* had been wiped from the river.

The roof of the old barn at Head Elm Farm had already closed. The Master had seen a blow at the darkness at London walls. . . and the Destroyer never moved.

## \* THE MASTER'S WARNING

CHIEF Detective Inspector Groomer of the Special Department was wakened. He had just returned from a meeting of the Cabinet, and the Prime Minister had not wakened his words.

There was something infinitely terrible going on in the world—some vast new power that was a menace to civilization. Something that would account for the disappearance of the famous yacht *Finch's Queen*, the violent death of Mackintosh Harker, the scientist that had cracked the intelligence of the vendetta of the standard of Independent Armaments the strange intermission in world

## Rocketing Into Space

Read the special article in

## SCOOPS—Next Week

broadcasting. It had got to be evidenced, got to be explained quickly. And that was a job for Scotland Yard. . . for the Special Department. . . and for Chief Detective Inspector Groomer.

Groomer, sitting alone and alone in the big desk in his private office, struggled for coherent thought. Of course, what the Prime Minister had said was true—too true. There was something. . . but here—and where? How was it being done—this blurring into nothingness, this nothing without loss? And where? Finch's yacht had vanished in mid-ocean, Harker had been buried under a thousand tons of deep bricks in Larchfield. The Thing—whatever it was—might be stationed anywhere between Great Britain and the United States. It could it move from place to place?

The Inspector passed a weary hand over his brow. When to start? That was the problem. What else could he follow in making his suggestions. No good appealing to the Press—the Prime Minister's name. Not yet—that would cause panic.

He was helpless—he'd have to wait. Wait until someone was behind it all made the next move. And the next move always meant death.

And then it was that he had his idea. He stalked at a bulletin and issued an abrupt order into the dark microphone.

A few moments later Detective-Sergeant Castlehead, aged twenty-three and elevated at Washburn and Sandhurst, entered Groomer's office with a brief tap on the door and what he looked looked like an unrepentant expression on his face. For Billy Bob John Castlehead, who had joined the police six months before under Lord Trevelyan's re-organization scheme, was still finding it difficult to forget that Scotland Yard was not a public school.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" he queried shrugging his body and looking down at the Detective-Inspector's best book.

Groomer thrust the papers aside and straightened up, rousing the youngster to attention. His eyes flickered as he spoke:

"Ever since you've come to the Yard you've made a wonderful mistake of your self. You performed my life out of the world I had you transferred to the plain-clothes branch. And you're still complaining that you don't get opportunities. Is that right?"

The youngster gaped: "Berry, could I assure you I didn't intend to make myself a nuisance. . ."

Groomer's eyes twinkled even more pointedly. "However. . . I've been hearing some good things about you, and I'd had a mind to give you your chance."

"My chance?" Billy Castlehead made a half-step forward in sudden excitement: "You mean, sir, you're going to give me a job that's really worth while?"

The Detective-Inspector smiled openly. "Yes. I think so—and you're welcome to try. In the face of our service, and his consent to our job, I'll advise that being the nature of the broadcasting of death, the best. . . So you see, Castlehead, there's really nothing to go to. Certain advantages—consideration with an rhymer or reason. They have only two things in common—they cannot be explained, and as early every case the victims have been found naked." He glanced, and looked up into the youngster's face: "Well—are you still as keen to have the job?"

Billy Castlehead's jaw set in a firm line: "Before this case, sir. This is an opportunity with a capital T. I'll advise that thing. . . or I'll never prefer you again."

"Maybe you won't be capable of performing it," Groomer said gravely. His face brightened: "Go ahead, son. . . and good luck. Something tells me you'll need it."

He grasped Billy's word for a moment, then the youngster relaxed slowly and left. As he walked down the corridor he glanced at his wrist watch, heark the banging of the chamberlain's brackets. . . and he decided that it was time to go home. He'd have a jolly good week during the evening.

He stroiled down Whitehall and into Piccadilly. He decided to drop into his club for a few minutes, and stopped across in the bar for a beer. It was then that the immensity of his task was driven home to him.

The barman slipped the incoming glass across the counter to him and they turned to serve another member. Castlehead's hand reached out to lift the glass. . . and now it suddenly fell before his eyes. It was there, his fingers curled to grip it. . . and then it had gone!

For a second the youngster stood in rigid amazement, then a tremendous pain from the back of his neck seized the room; a deaf voice speaking softly:

"You are a young man on the threshold of life and your career. I think I like you because I do not desire to harm you. You must know up the case on which you are now engaged. You must know it all. . . if you love me."

The youngster went dead, to be followed almost immediately by: "We apologize to witnesses for a breakdown of two members. The B&I Dinner Orchestra."

Billy Castlehead grabbed the edge of the bar and exclaimed: "That must have been the—The Thing that spoke to him. . . The Thing that was interrupting the wireless presentation. . . The Thing that was broadcasting death and destruction on an unknown wavelength! And already he knew about Groomer's conversation of less than half an hour ago. How job!"

He turned to the barman: "Happy you, George. . . I've still waiting for that beer!"

More astonishing coincidences as another day slips in this amazing new scene. Death strikes again—and the world trembles.

# SCOUTS OF SPACE

Just as to-day when a ship has to be abandoned there arises the necessity for salvage, so in the future, if travel between the planets becomes an accomplished fact, there is the possibility of abandoning a space ship in the void when immediate danger becomes too great. Then will the Scouts of Space have the task of salvage.

By MOORE RAYMOND

## ★ DERELICT IN SPACE

A BLOOD RED light flashed on the detector panel, and simultaneously a green note drilled through the control room of the scout ship *Salver Spear*.

"Open all receiver screens!" shouted Peter Thorpe, pilot of the space vessel.

"More stations!" came the grumbling reply from Big Bill Thorpe, the engineer, as he ran frantically from his harness and crossed to the panel of switches and buttons.

"And make it work!" exclaimed Peter.

"They're the same of space!" started Bill. "Astroids everywhere we go—but a lot of us in anybody. What's our job? Patching these shipping lanes between the planets and watching for trouble. But all we seem to do is watch for astroids! Is that a job for a couple of fellows looking for excitement? Astroids!"

He stopped over the switch and was returning nervously to his harness when Peter exclaimed mysteriously: "Witness it. It's a beauty moving. Look!"

Bill pointed to the microscope screen, across which a small dark spot was creeping at slow speed.

"Can't be an astroid," confessed the young pilot.

"They never move as slowly as that. Let's see if we're close enough to pick it up with the telescope."

His search to the response and focused curiously. Half a minute passed before he exclaimed: "Can you see it?"

Bill moved to the auxiliary screen.

"It's a ship, by jee!"

"Yes, and she's drifting. Something's gone wrong."

"But she's not showing distress lights," remarked Bill, as the troops of the ship grew bigger and bigger.

Circling cautiously, and edging nearer and nearer, the two space scouts looked out at the ship of doom.

"That's the funny part about it," murmured Peter, and he crossed to the telephone and began to send out contact calls. But there was no answer.

"Ship to 24—squad 4," he ordered, and Bill went to his instrument panel.

The *Salver Spear* crept slowly across the intervening space, the two scouts on the alert for danger. Bill had the rights of the main fuel gun trained on the stranger.

As they approached, they saw that she was not a passenger ship, but a transport— one of those conspicuously short space vessels which carried assorted goods between the planets. Now they were close enough to read her name—*Lights of London*.

"She's British," exclaimed Bill. Bill on guard, Peter aimed the *Salver Spear* up towards the drifting ship and began to circle cautiously, edging nearer and nearer.

Each man felt that they were watching a ship at doom. The way the vessel drifted aimlessly through the void, giving no sign of life within her hull, showing not a single

light on her ribs away from the sun, pointed to the inevitable conclusion that something dreadful had been her fate.

"Space suits!" cried Peter, and both men put on these safety suits while leaving the ship at a safe distance from the *Lights of London*.

"Make contact!" said the pilot, and the *Salver Spear* slid alongside. There was a fatal scowling of steel on steel, and then the water-tight hatches gripped, holding the vessels together. The communication system was usually late place. All engines stopped.

Peter turned to Bill and looked at him with grave eyes.

"Will you take a chance with me?" he asked.

The big engineer thrust out his asbestos-gloved hand and Peter gripped it with a smile. Without another word they leaped and went into the air lock.

Alert, with their noses in their hands, the two men slipped through the air lock door into the control room of the mystery ship.

Swinging the beams of light from panel to switchboard, from microscope to viewports, they saw that the control room was empty.

Yet somewhere across their senses it lurk a menace which watched them as they moved cautiously across the control room towards the storage sectors.

"I'll try the air," said Peter, whispering hysterically. He held the sliding atmosphere-control air valve's length and opened the valve. In the light of the torch the fluid turned a dusky yellow.

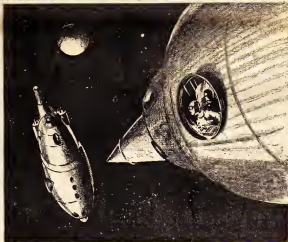
"Evac!"

Oxygen plant must have stopped doing its business.

Bill, with that strange feeling that they were being watched, the two men opened the door leading to the storage sectors and entered the hold of the ship.

"Look!"

The swinging beam of Peter's torch stopped suddenly as it reached the lifeline



## The Invisible Horror Attacks

contains. Every one of the register needles pointed to the red letters: "Empty."

"I wonder why they took to the lifeboats," murmured Bill. "Do you think the oxygen plant went wrong?"

A brief examination showed that the oxygen plant was in perfect order but had stopped through lack of attention. It must have stopped after the crew of the *Light of London* took to the lifeboats.

The racket system, the electro-gravity motors, and the speaker screens were all in order. Bill glanced up the power plant and snapped over a switch. The ship was flooded with light.

"This is all a mystery to me," muttered the engineer. "Everything's in working order—and yet all these blazes go on and off to the lifeboats. I wonder—"

He broke off suddenly. Both he and Peter were aware of a breath of cold like a puff of dry wind. They felt it drift through their open suits which were insulated to withstand the extreme cold of space.

The cold disappeared as suddenly as it came, but it left the two men shivering as if on earth with shivered eyes. More and more they sensed that in some queer way they were being watched.

Out of the corner of his eye Peter caught sight of the open big look on the desk and the captain's control panel. He crossed quickly and began to read the log entry, dated only the day before.

"7:30 a.m. Chief Observer reports that automatic radio indicator has broken down and ship is off its course. I am trying to plot an accurate course by visual observation."

"7:30 a.m. Cannot chart accurately and course is only approximate."

"8:30 a.m. Have discovered that we are very near the Truth Moon of Jupiter, which means that we are well off our course. Chief Engineer reports that work on the radio is being in progress well."

"8:00 Radio indicator reported calculations show that we are not in calculated space. The temperature has dropped suddenly and I cannot understand it."

"9:30 Temperature still dropping and still spreading through the ship. —"

Here he lay stopped abruptly. A little farther down the page was a hurried scrawl: "Talking to the lifeboats—Truth Moon."

"What do you make of that?" asked Peter, looking to his companion.

### ★ THE SCARLET SHAPES

BUT Bill was not listening. He stood rigid in the center of the control room, a look of horror on his face. His mouth moved in a gasp of terror, but no words came from his lips. He looked as if he was frozen to the spot.

Peter dashed towards him, and as he passed he felt again that icy chill which had been on him once before in that control room.

Yes, he felt that, he noticed that Bill was shivering in a fatal heat, a kind of cold shudder that went creeping over the space suit which contained the rigid body of his man.

Even in that frantic moment Peter ran toward logically and calmly. When stopped he was not at all waxy but still very pale, but he stepped the one gas filter in the belt and played it around the figure of his friend.

The shivering man looked like a mad on the sea. Bill's body relaxed and he stag great forward into Peter's arms. But he recovered in a few seconds and stared about him in amazement.

"What happened?" asked Peter.

"I don't know. I was standing there watching you when I suddenly felt a terrible coldness hit me on the back of the neck and it seemed to paralyze me. I just couldn't move, but I could see everything that was happening. Then this coldness began to creep all over me and then you find with the last gas."

"That must be what the captain meant when—"

Peter's words froze on his lips as the last address struck his ears. This time there was no hesitation—Bill flew his gun and fired. The turret disappeared, but not the man in the tank. A horrible, terrible agony which could strike through the insulation of the space suits which could withstand the almost absolute coldness of space itself.

"What is it?" asked Bill in desperation. "What is it?"

"It moves and it can be destroyed," replied Peter—his face set.

He showed just in time, for already the shivering man was descending on Bill as he turned and fired.

"Try the radio now," exclaimed Peter, whipping the glasses from his pocket.

They quickly concentrated radio set apparatus embedded the waves, to see light rays which were too fine to the spectrum for our normal human sight. Peter said to Peter that they might see the planes that had vanished which stretched in bill form. He and Bill slipped on the gloves and peered about the room. They saw, for the first time in their lives, monstrous nightmare visions from another world.

## NEXT WEEK

Thrilling and powerful stories of the wonderful and amazing adventures of Peter Rover in another big issue next week.

### RAY CONTROL No. 1

A ray controls the activities of men! Making terror-stricken men dancing and their eyes see into their minds and their own consciences. It is a powerful story.

### The Man Who Made DIAMONDS

From common carbon he made diamonds. Produced costly gems cheaply and knocked the bottom out of the diamond market... and a diamond king took him into his empire.

### DEATH BROADCASTS

Another gripping story of the spaces. A mad, mad, mad mission of death, danger, mystery and thrilling!

### And Many Other Attractive Features In SCOOPS Next Week

Starting shortly towards them a mass of red hot mass came a scarlet shape, lurched with ghastly hiss and groans that spattered it like liquid fire.

The shape looked like an living column of the Earth. It had no head and no legs but shape, left fawed possible that Bill a slow motion cloud smoldering on which was towards them, making them shudder at the very sight of those icy, fire-like bands of death.

Peter fired, and Bill's gun flashed a second later. The shape disappeared in a second. Almost instinctively they saw another coming on very possible they they fired again and landed it so completely.

"Into the ship!" shouted Peter, and they dashed to the air lock.

They had to pass through four air-tight doors before they reached the control room of the Silver Spear, and as they looked each door severely asked they they saw Bill with a great relief to think that at last they were safe from the unknown horror.

"I've heard of some blazes among rock elephants with green spots," muttered Bill, "but that's the first time I've seen anything like that. Wonder what they are?"

"There's nothing like them on the Earth," replied Peter. "For one thing, they exist in a kind of inertial dimension. They reflect only red rays, and almost invisible."

"They may be fourth dimensions to you," said Bill, "but they're a pain in the neck to me. Anyway, we've got out of 'em now."

Even so he spoke he saw Peter's staring eyes fixed on the air lock door. He dashed to see a thin red streamer smoldering out from a spot about half way up the door. It grew and grew till it began to take the shape of the green and blue fire-like horrors from which they had just escaped.

One of the things had come right through the first steel door.

Peter and Bill fired almost simultaneously and the shape dissolved in the face blast of the ray guns. Another came through the door to another smaller fate.

"They've now think we ought to get out!" asked Bill. "Bring some in rapid succession as the shape enters crawling into the control room."

"Don't want to lose a valuable stop like that," snapped Peter. "Scarf these last—then we'll look for the crew—take the ship with us."

The two men stood back to back, fighting off the ghastly shapes that loomed towards them from all sides. The areas around them with the still of death. Like creatures in an unbearable nightmare, the shapes thrashed out their tentacles, reaching for the two desperate men who fought a lonely battle in outer space.

To and to among the fierce rays of the last gun, among into the scarlet shapes, dissolving their massive tentacles. For nearly half an hour they fought before the ranks of their attackers began to thin and waver. Eventually, all trace of the things had vanished, and the Silver Spear was free of the crawling horror.

Despite their exhaustion, Peter and Bill made preparations for setting their course towards the Truth Moon of Jupiter. Ingethird was every thousands of miles away, but the pilot soon picked it up on the radio-ship and set the ship with the robot crew again.

Bill felt in the next ship, the *Light of London* was still at high speed in the direction of Jupiter. Peter had no intention of abandoning the ship just when it was absolutely necessary. It was his duty as a space pilot to salvage all space vessels, study the cause of their failure, and, secondly, because a conflict constituted a menace to other ships.

Jupiter grew rapidly in size and his careful eyes could be clearly observed. Peter corrected the ship's course so that she headed for the Truth Moon, a world as yet unexplored by human beings.

The scientific jack-boots of Jupiter had never traveled beyond the boundaries of their own planet, but Earth dwellers had occasionally landed on three of Jupiter's satellites, where they had found strange and dangerous creatures.

Peter and Bill knew they would be taking a great risk if they attempted to land on the Truth Moon, but they were determined to do so if they discovered that the crew of the *Light of London* was stranded there.

In landing the moon, Peter set out a rocket engine. He had a few small hybrid powered a telescope, but none of them was fitted with radio apparatus. If the crew of the *Light of London* had landed safely on the Truth Moon, then they might be able to pick up signals from the Silver Spear.

"Silver Spear calling," droned Peter into the microphone. "Repeat Silver Spear calling the moonbase. Repeat Silver Spear calling the commander of the *Light of London* that we have landed on one of the Truth Moon of Jupiter and all the crew members of the *Light of London*. Repeat Silver Spear calling..."

His voice faded out, vibrating the ether for the last time. For a while there was no reply from the purple-colored moon, but then came booming up to meet them.

"Then, least at first but growing in volume, came the call."

"Commander Thurston of the *Flight of London* replying: '... Commander Thurston replying to the *Nevo Spies*...'"

"Where are you?" asked Peter.

"The Tenth Moon," replied the voice. "We are always you with one of the life boat telegrams. Most of us are safe but we are in danger here."

"How the commander was helped, and Peter hastened to man to catch the missing words. Again he heard the voice:

"And when you are near enough we shall direct you with light signals. But you must hurry!"

### ★ ATTACKED BY ROPE-MEN!

THE next vessel, with the rope ship still trailing in its wake, dropped quickly towards the strangely-colored moon. A powerful light shined on the edge of what looked like a forest of strange vegetation. Peter stepped, and received the interplanetary signal known to all space ship commanders.

"Special 22-degree 40 degrees," he ordered, and the *Nevo Spies* turned by ten towards the shining light. Within a few minutes the scout ship and the *Flight of London* glided slowly not far from the spot where they had last seen the signal light of the narrowed moon.

Peter tried to call the commander by radio, but this time there was no reply. Before he could make a dash, Bill gave a sudden shout

and pointed through a particle of something that moved across the fantastic landscape.

"They saw a creature crawling, about three feet high with two very spindly legs, crawling swiftly towards them. It looked like a centipede of lead and brass, and its head seemed too big for its body."

Suddenly it reared on the ground and, pulling back its head, it thrust it forward with a jerk. Out of its mouth flew a long black streamer that fell across both space ships like a living rope. The creature went through some antics they could not see clearly and then scuttled away among the rocks.

Almost immediately another one of these creatures appeared near by and cut another streamer from its mouth.

"That's the first one I've ever seen anybody or anything get stuck," commented Bill. "What's the idea, I wonder?"

Peter shook his head.

"We'd better go over and see what's happened to the skipper and his crew. I can't make out why we don't get any more signals from them."

"It's a pity those rocks kept us from getting closer to where we saw their light," replied Bill as he prepared to open the air lock door. "This place grows all the ropes, and I'm not too distant from getting bitten by these awful things with legs like this!"

"I'll test the atmosphere," said Peter when they entered the air lock. He opened a valve and watched the registering liquid. It

turned pale yellow. "Not breathable. Be careful of your space suit valves!"

They descended from the airlock to find the gravity not very much below the normal gravity of the Earth.

They were attracted to see that they were now almost entirely surrounded by the creatures who were cutting their hair black streamers near the ships in large numbers. Bill grabbed one of the streamers and tested it. It broke as easily as a piece of fine cord.

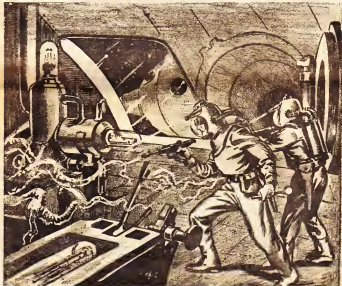
"They look as if they're trying to use us down to see things," he said, but they went to do it with still big jobs. We could beat through a wall of them with only one rocket motor as long as the propeller runs."

"Hurry!" was all Peter said as he drew his hand gas and began to run across the purple ground beneath their feet.

The creatures watched before them as they ran. Several of the streamers hung out their streamers at the two running men, and Bill almost tripped as one of them became entangled in his feet. Peter had to use quite a lot of strength to break away from the which entangled his feet.

Beyond that half-hearted attack by the creatures, no further effort was made to stop their progress in the direction of a group of little rocky hills about half a mile away, where they had first seen the signals of the stranded crew.

Running powerfully, they soon reached the ground, and, on hearing up a row, they gave an astonishing sight.



The space scouts fired and the mysterious shape dissolved in a second. Almost immediately another of the ghostly creatures came crawling its way towards them.

# The BLACK

The "Jolly Roger" flies in the sky, and Vultures, using all the wonders of modern science and mechanics, prey on the corpses of dead cities

## \* DRIVING TO DEATH

**I**NSTANTLY Falso took command of the situation.

"You, Grendel," he shouted, "get every screw—gasket and everything—up into the hull *jump* to it, you fool!"

Obediently the white-faced Grendel dashed from the cabin, and Falso again raved on the deck.

"How do the morning cables brought up into the hull?" he raged, and, with the rages of his brain, he raved from the cabin.

The white Schiff stood at the control wheel, might have been entirely unaware of this and daily peril which threatened, for all the while he took of it.

Mechanically, necessarily, his strong and huge hands jiggled with the control wheel, and his feet moved on the rubber like those of an automaton as he fought heroically to keep the nose of the machine into the swirling, snow-laden breeze.

Zoroaster had raved himself on his elbow. His face, local and contorted, was set like a mask.

"Get out of here!" he roared at the youthful scientist and impetuous aviator.

"Don't you know, you damned fool, that Falso wants every man up there in the hull?"

"Yes, that," gasped the impetuous officer, and he had his collar and neck from the cabin.

"How does she feel, Schiff?" asked Zoroaster, and his voice was strident and harsh.

"Like hell!" answered Schiff without turning his head. "Her rotors are just holding her!"

Zoroaster snatched back on his pillow, leaving with streaming eyes to catch above the stars of the blizzard the gas like report of another rotor gun.

He knew that Schiff was doing all that was possible to keep the stricken ship from hammering head-on to the stars. And he knew that up to the ball Falso would be fighting desperately to prevent the ship from breaking in two.

The ship had been caught in a raging blizzard while crossing home after a sky battle with the American dirigible *Delator*.

The *Delator* had been sent out to get the Black Vultures, the dreaded sky pirates, but Zoroaster, still sick and all after a terrible agony gained while making a journey in Tibet, had gone out in his own aerodyne to meet her.

Young Derek Holmes, a member of the British Aeronautical Research Society, who had been captured by the Vultures during a raid on the town of Bunker when he was working, had been found to watch the *Delator* skiffed from the sky.

And now, rushing for daybreak to the party's base, the Vulture's dirigible has encountered the storm.

The nose girder of the big ship had snapped and the dirigible was falling towards the sea.

Falso, whose he lay in his back on the control cabin, Zoroaster was watching Schiff fight with the controls.

"What is one height, Schiff?" he asked suddenly.

"Six thousand feet," replied Schiff briefly.

"How long before we hit the water?"

"Twenty minutes," replied Schiff, "if she doesn't break up before, then."

Mechanically, up in the hull, Falso and his crew were staring dazedly, had got one of the

steel mooring cables bent round the landing girder and were frantically breaking another tightly into place.

The weight of part of the ship was the cause, and if she broke up she would burst in the shape of a V with her bow and stern high in the air.

To counteract this Falso had ordered the crew and pilots to split into two companies and throw all their weight fore and aft on the broken girder.

And whilst the laggard-faced men hung gaily on up there in the hull of the plane, engine, rotor, shaft, others frantically collected boards, shells, boxes of stores, engine spares and every available piece of heavy, portable material and lashed it to the ends of the girder.

Yea, and again as the ship swayed madly to the storm, the mooring cables round the landing girder tightened and ground together. But they held, and working in frantically haste, Falso and his negro assistants the others across the hull, tightening these round the fore and aft, some groaning.

"She's holding!" gasped Falso, striding himself against one of the beams in the ship, which he had drunk.

He passed a shaking hand across his wet brow and despatched Grendel to report down to the control cabin. He himself took Grendel a place on the girder and found himself next to Derek.

"Our only hope is for the storm to blow itself out," he said. "We must be very, very lucky."

They were here, less than three thousand feet up, and down in the control cabin Schiff knew that the sea was near.

No matter of the girder was bulging, as Grendel reported. That would not prevent their coming down to the sea, but it would be the last time and their final gaspings. And then would come a slow walk in death amongst those who survived the first impact with the water. They had no boats, no would it matter if they had. For a star hope could there be of life, drift in an open boat in the middle of the Arctic Ocean?

No; they would wait on the drifting hull of the monster aerodyne until the deadly cold of the Arctic strips through their heavy clothing to numb and freeze nerve and muscle. Then would come a painful alternative fall down into the sea, and one by one the desolate waste of water would claim for its own those who had dared it all and lost.

Clearly Schiff realized it all. But it mattered not so what. He had stolen too often with Derek to fear of now it staked him in the face and quite unmoved, shakily and calmly, he fought to keep the plunging ship now in the storm which showed around him on the driving water of blizzard snow.

"How high!" asked Zoroaster again in a sudden lull.

Schiff glanced at the white, swirling world of the atmosphere.

"Fifteen thousand feet," he answered.

"We're going down fast now!"

"Yes, you're fast!"

Falso's concentration was needed momentarily unobtrusively, for with a wild, long-drawn scream the hurricane closed on again, and the great machine was lifted in a shuddering upward sweep like a leaf whirled before the gale.

For a moment she hung, quivering from stem to stern. Then down, down she plunged, barling straight to destruction in the six, more swept sea below.

How Schiff replied her, held her pulled

Before there was a small piece of land ground. Along the center line four of the six lifeboats which had got on from the *Light of London*. All had already been damaged on landing. Surrounding these lifeboats were hundreds of the specially crumpled, empty can of them cutting streamers as fast as they could. The lifeboats were now almost covered by a network of them. There was no sign of human life.

Peter hastened for a second, taking in the situation. Then, calling to his friend, he leaped down the hill, carrying his last gas in a steady stream as he charged on the contrary, with all his bounding behind him.

The first few creatures scuttled away before the charge, but the rest stood firm. The last gas fired their blasting rays, but failed of discharging in a puff of smoke as the two men expected, the creatures did little more than fall back slowly and warily before the gas.

Still the two men pushed on, blasting a pathway through the mass of creatures who were now showing obvious signs of anger.

Peter saw that every creature which came in his way had one weakness in a rock, sliding down the bank as securely as if they had been splashed with cobble.

The dose of one of the lifeboats suddenly opened, and from behind the network of rock came a man's face.

"We're all in this boat."

Peter and Bill soon reached the lifeboat and turned their gaze on the streamer which showed their path to the door. The rays of the last gas had little effect at first, but gradually the streamers curled and twisted—and then snapped apart.

Coming in on the two men, the creature that their streamers by the way, but Peter and Bill fought them off in desperate fury.

As the door swung open and Commander Thurston appeared.

"Where's your ship?" he asked.

"This way!" called Peter—and the man roared and his crew rose streaming out at the lifeboat. It took only a few seconds to distribute the ball-bombs when the men had fought with them, and then they found their way back to the lifeboat. With a new leg across the vessel which was now leg across the vessel and the engine ceased, they reached the air lock on the *Silver Spear*.

In a last attempt to capture the wanderer, the creature landed their streamers more fiercely than ever before. Peter took one there at the control board and snapped out his order.

With a gas that cut the creature's neck for three times, the *Silver Spear*, bearing the *Light of London* with her, leaped from the surface of the Truth Moon and hurtled into space.

Commander Thurston told his story—how they had been attacked by the deadly folk, and how one of the crew had been frozen to death before they reached that there was some intelligence of work behind the attack. It was, he concluded, they had taken to the lifeboats rather than be killed by the terrible folk. How they had landed on the Truth Moon, two of the boats sinking so badly that all the occupants were killed, the remaining four being damaged a slight degree by the folk.

He told how the special creature had come and met their streamers on the lifeboats, how they had sighted the great ship; and how the creatures had finally, blundered the signaling lights. The radio, damaged on landing, had been patched up temporarily, but it had failed, too.

Then came the *Silver Spear* and rescue.

Once on the course for home, the commander and crew of the *Light of London* went through the communication air lock into their own ship.

Castling off their lights, finished a cheery "So long!" and Peter and Bill went back to their job as Scouts of Space.

# VULTURES

the risk of the very slight of death it had known to himself. But he did it, and as the stricken ship lurched sideways these lashed feet above the heaving water of waves, the [faded] passed, and she sailed along in the dusky half light of the Arctic night.

## \* DEREK BREAKS LOOSE

"S' HAFF—we're through!" There was a queer look in Koster's eyes, taken at the terrible crash of the past half hour.

"Yes, but we must lighten the ship," warned Schell. "Over the water. Every-thing must go overboard!"

Koster glared at the pallid-faced friend. "Well, don't you hear?" he started. "What the hell are you waiting there for? Tell 'em to pitch everything—every-thing, 'you hear?"

Great bundles of a rug, and also he had recovered the message to Eire, the letter with the coin to work lightning the ship.

The guns and their mountings went over-board, followed by the heavy boxes of shells. Then stores were pitched, tables, chairs and all other furniture. Metal fittings were lowered, and followed all the hardware

and cutlery of the galley and pantry were the sea.

Every one should think which could be spared went overboard and back to the water, but one was dismantled and thrown into the water.

The result was that the ship lay slowly to her thousand feet under the pull of her electric fan. Above that she would not rise, and once she was and that cutting, she began slowly to sink again.

But now her powerful engines were slowing her backwards at full throttle, their four a start—stuck it while. It was a race against time.

Schell spoke in the silent control cabin. "Keeply the emergency fuel tanks," he said without raising his head. "Have them unloosed and throw a wrench!"

The order was given and the task accomplished. The hundred and fifty feet of pressure built, was gained, and the air water slowly regained a thousand feet to the crippled monster drove on through the dark of the Arctic night.

Owing to the accumulation of frozen seas on the ground, carved glass shrapnel of the control cabin, it had been necessary to open the lock-out window. But in spite of the up-ward which revealed through the cabin, Koster refused to be moved.

The lock opened him, muffled in heavy flying bit, and suddenly he ached from the lock-out window.

"There's land ahead!" he exclaimed. Schell nodded, for already his goggles-protected eyes had peered out the long, dry line of glasses ahead. His glass had traveled on the throttle handle in an effort to ease another fraction of an inch out of it and had been gone to his fading engine.

Swiftly the main line approached, reaching itself into rows covered with ice, then sank stark free out the sea. The engine perked over them with less than eighty feet to spare, and sweeping southward, came dropping down to land at her knee, her gasoline lamps a matter of feet only from the ground.

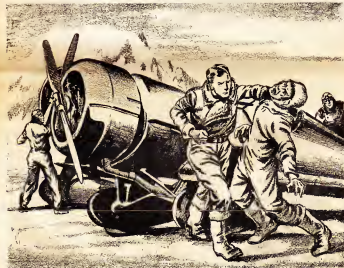
There was no need for her to blow off gas to save her great speed. With engines in a long run, and guided by her landing gear, she whirled along the frozen snow and into the sea.

Leaning forward in his seat, Schell watched off. Warily his eyes to his feet, and so he turned, Koster cried.

"Well done, Schell, well done, indeed!" Schell scarce heard the words. He was almost all in, for since he had known the dead end of ice and strength that dreadful fight had taken.

Striding from the control room, he peered down the gangway and made his way un-pleasant to his quarters. He had brought the great ship safely down to sea, and now he could sleep while others saw in the safe leaving of her.

The repairing of the ship was com- menced the next day under the supervision



A savage smash to the mouth sent the startled mechanic reeling, and the black ship was at Derek's disposal.

of Falso and Schaff. There was work to be done for hours from the sailing of the wooden girder and the replacement of the cross gas bags, the whole gang frantically repaired a thorough and painstaking overhaul.

It was likely to be a long job, and they and eight stiffs of sugar, fluff and one barrel of flour had to get the mighty ship ready to take the sea again.

As the days passed, Zoroster continued slowly to mend until he was able to get about with the aid of two sticks. And being so low feet once more he was eager to be off on more protracted rests.

That he would never be the same man again was very evident. One shoulder was permanently misshapen, and his left arm and leg would be forever crippled.

"You see what those black robed priests have done to me," he said to Derek one day; then added with an oath: "But some day I will take payment in full."

As for Derek, he was allowed full liberty. There was little point in keeping him prisoner, for escape from that lonely base on the desolate shores of Greenland was impossible.

There one night something happened which threw Zoroster into black and blue rags. He was sitting in his bed with Falso, Alfa and Derek, when the wooden apostle brought him the two bulletins broadcast from Christmas.

Derek's presence was accounted for by the fact that it had become Zoroster's nightly custom to invite him to make up a fire at bridge. Alfa and Falso both being fast sleepers.

Taking the bulletins, Zoroster quickly scanned it until his attention was suddenly arrested by the following paragraph: "Some thirty warlike men, as the 'Zukid' of the Eskimo myth, which they destroyed with all hands, sailing has been seen on board of the Nord-Fulvra. The Government of Knoppe are at the opinion that, realizing the forces which are prepared to oppose them, the Nord-Fulvra have become seriously alarmed, and are either in hiding or have disbanded."

Examining the paper in his hand, Zoroster looked it to the door.

"In hiding?" he exploded. "I'll show the folk whether I'm in hiding or not. How long now, Falso, before we're ready? How long come you?"

"A week," replied Falso.

"Half that time!" snarled Zoroster. "Dylan here? Keep the men working till they drop. I'll show Knoppe whether we're disbanded or not. I'll show London to smithereens when and we take the air."

"Yes," and Falso, making little effort to hide his amazement at his leader's rage, "but we cannot take the air by any long

distance flight until our oil tanker arrives with a fresh supply of fuel."

"I know that," snarled Zoroster. "I've been going to visit it to you. The more the apostle's men are trying to get in touch with the tanker all day. We cannot pick her up. She's due here to-morrow, and if we cannot be ready to get off to launch with her by morning I will send a couple of men to assistance machine to look for her."

The following morning still brought no news of Zoroster's oil tanker which was keeping fuel and stores in the base, and after a consultation with Falso, Zoroster decided to dispatch Alfa and Kober to search for her.

"Be sure you get fuel," he said, "our stores are getting low and if anything happens in any one position here it going to be serious."

So Alfa and Kober's black fighting outfits were wheeled from their lockers. Their fuel tanks filled and their engines started up to warm them for their reconnaissance flight through the latter half of the Arctic day.

Derek was at his bed when he heard the engines start up, and stepping quickly to the window he stood watching them, his police goggles with a wistful thought which had flashed upon him.

For a few moments he stood there and gazed, hands clasped and eyes glowing. Then turning quickly on his heel he took his flying kit from a peg behind the door.

Removing the heavy outdoor coat and gloves, and adjusting the helmet out of sight in his pocket, he pulled the hat and walked to reach the machine.

Alfa, at conversation with Falso, was standing writing a message, turning his eyes up at the doorway-faced Kober as he was standing alone by the machine waiting until the machine was in starting up the engine would start the cockpit.

Could Derek have moved towards him?

"I don't see you over there," he said, "How's the barometer?"

"High!" grunted Kober; then in an outburst of petty temper: "Why the devil didn't Zoroster pick someone else? I hate this damn cold!"

He moved forward, as thrilling down and leaving the engine taking over, the machine started the engine and dropped to the ground. Next morning he was staggering back, eyes glazed with amazement, as if going mad by the smell of the work, Derek being his guide.

A strange noise in the month was the startled machine roaring and leaping to the cockpit. Derek looked over and pointed open the throttle.

Under the pull of the whirling screw the light little motor surged forward across the frozen snow which were reversed to stop and screeching out the cockpit Derek slumped down to the pilot's seat and gripped the control stick.

The screw was now beating forward at terrific speed, the thunder of its engine across the whole of alarm to the rear. Alfa was the only man who was armed, for in the security of they have it was not the custom of the Black Vulvra to carry guns.

Alfa, however, had strapped on his gas-bellows preparatory to taking the air, and slipping the straps from his harness he was in the air after the other a oak.

Derek, crunched over the controls, felt the buffet strains be unaccountably slow. Next instant he had rolled back to control stick, and the plane was being up into the grey of the Arctic morning.

★ A FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

STINGING on the cheek, Derek headed Southwards, climbing as he went. He knew that pursuit was inevitable, and should be accelerated he did not intend that his pursuers should have the advantage of height.

His engine was not firing too well, but

Can it be DONE?

Popular Weekly Series

**THREADLESS SEAMS**

WHY NOT A MACHINE THAT WOULD CEMENT AND PRESS THE TWO EDGES OF A FABRIC TOGETHER AS ONE PIECE IN STRENGTH AND APPEARANCE? CAN IT BE DONE?

**CEMENT**  
Cementum

This is an idea that would make a fortune for any man who could bring it. There are millions of simple ideas which the world needs, and each week we give you ideas that may just result in such an immense take of money on the road to fortune.



## Sky Birds Battle for Life

—long agonized hope that it would be all right once it had got thoroughly warmed up, to give it every inch of throttle.

Convinced he kept looking behind him, and because he had reached three thousand feet he saw two machines take off in a new way. One he knew would be Alpha, and he did not doubt that Kobel was piloting the other.

Well, as far as Kobel was concerned there was nothing to worry about, captured Derek. He was quite confident that if it came to a scrap he could see Kobel off.

Alpha, however, was a different proposition. That intricate individual was an expert pilot and a first-class air fighter, and he would do everything in his power to prevent Derek from attempting to make whirling attacks with impunity as to the location of the piston's return.

Clashed over his controls, Derek drove his fighting craft seaward under open throttle; but he could not disengage from himself that the engine was not pulling properly.

Alpha and Kobel were steadily overhauling him, climbing for height as they began to close in. This forced Derek to climb, and at seven thousand feet he realized that he was lost and left.

Alpha and Kobel were then within a quarter of a mile of him, coming up head over tail as their engines roared to the job. Gladly, Derek held on his course for another few minutes, then suddenly he whipped forward his control stick and went seawards in a screaming dive.

He held the dive only long enough to give his subsequent speed to get mounting up and up into the gray of the Arctic sky. Then, snapping the stick across, he rolled and tumbled down on the two piston machines.

Alpha saw him coming and had no right second in which to decide what to do. As he tried his control stick forward he veered seawards, his screws thundering at full revs.

Swearing like a hawk on the dive, Derek thundered down at Kobel, who had reached by the time of his machine to meet the attack. Derek's engine was clamped round the engine of his synchronized gun, and half a dozen bullets from his machine as a deadly stream of bullets screamed through the whirling screw.

Lead of face and with legs afloat, Kobel looked frantically on his rudder bar and whipped the control stick across. His nose swunged gallantly, darting out of the range of fire. But Derek had anticipated the move and his gun had moved on the rudder bar.

Next instant Kobel's revolver hand fell from the control stick and, as he collapsed over the controls, shot through the loop, the nose of his black scout dropped, and it fell seawards in the death dive, with engine thundering at full revolutions.

Up and up in a wild, soaring nose went Derek, but, like a deadly hawk heaven, the fighting nose of Alpha came bounding in at him with vicious gun ablaze.

Alpha had seen Kobel's death dive, and his face was sufficed in his passion. It was not that he had ever had any particular use for Kobel, but the man was a comrade and his fellow flier. He was not.

Determined to bring the fight to a sudden end, Alpha held his deadly line of sight, his bullets chattering Derek's dashboard and splintering the glass of the dash and gauges.

Whirling seawards in a frenzied wing race, with bullets whizzing off his engine cowling, Derek whipped back the control stick, and, leaving it triggered like his teacher's fly, cut, completed a wheelbarrow loop.

Swerving on the downward dive, he drove straight in at the whirling Alpha, and again his gun roared into life, blood-red flame and steel-coated bullets striking from the black scout.

The cartridge belt whirled madly through the chamber, and the swift traces of ex-



Sweeping like a hawk on the dive, Derek thundered down at Kobel, a deadly stream of bullets screaming through the whirling screw.

posed powder whirled back in the slipstream of the thundering propeller.

Alpha threw his machine into a spin, from which he emerged with a rudder bar of high-powered engine, to go tearing seawards in a screaming dive.

Above the roar of the engine sounded the shriek of wind past wings and streamlined fuselage; then back came the strain and the black scout soared up in a wild zoom.

Derek followed, greatly and reluctantly, but already Alpha had rolled and was tearing down on him, intent on wronging Kobel.

Derek pulled a sharp wing turn, but the bullets from Alpha's gun were drilling his fuselage, and Derek's face was pale and set. For except for one fleeting interlude the fight had been all Alpha's.

By superb piloting Derek pulled clear of the stream of bullets from the piston's gun, and, sinking his control stick forward, he roared down towards the water, sagging madly as he went.

Stranded over his controls, his thumped mouth cruelly aching, Alpha followed.

Derek risked a quick glance over his shoulder at the black scout, which was thundering down on his tail and striking to him like a torch. It was only the wild swinging of his own machine which was saving him from the bullets of Alpha's gun.

Purposely he held the dive, then suddenly

his feet jerked back on the rudder bar and he whipped the control stick across.

His black scout whirled out of the dive with a jar which sent him sagging wildly against the side of the cockpit. But greedily he kept his feet pressed on the rudder bar and, with stick across, completed a wheelbarrow loop.

Taken completely unawares by the soaring swiftness of the maneuver, Alpha jerked back his stick to pull out of his dive to a soaring nose.

But Derek came tearing in at him from the flank, as close that it seemed as though sailing could prevent the two machines from evading and going hurtling seawards in the death spin.

More thrilling and amazing adventures in our week's long installment of this general serial!

## BE TALLER!

Letter and Sanderson at all times in all parts of the world, wanted to be tall. They used the Ross Height System and became tall. They used the Ross Height System and became tall. They used the Ross Height System and became tall.



THE ROSS HEIGHT SYSTEM, INC., 1000 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

S. E. MALCOLM ROSS, Seattle, Wash., Distributor, Eng.





Stupendous Bargain Offer

# TO OWNERS OF BATTERY WIRELESS SETS



PEARSON'S WEEKLY makes history to-day with an offer of the first magnitude! Nothing less than supplying you and every other owner of a battery wireless set with a highest-grade tested H.T. Battery at bargain price.

WE OFFER YOU AN 11 VOLT FIRST-QUALITY STANDARD SIZE 120 VOLT BATTERY FOR 5/6.

WE OFFER YOU A 60 FIRST-QUALITY STANDARD SIZE 60 VOLT BATTERY FOR 3/6.

THESE PRICES INCLUDE ALL CARRIAGE, PACKING, INSURANCE CHARGES, ETC., AND DELIVERY RIGHT TO YOUR DOOR. THERE IS NOT ANOTHER PENNY TO PAY!

We are not offering you a cheap battery turned out in bulk! The manufacturer—one of the biggest battery makers in the world—guarantees it to be equal to their standard batteries sold in the shops everywhere at 11/- and 5/6.

Further, your Battery will not be made until you want it! In this way it will be super-fresh when despatched to you!

To qualify for a H.T. Battery order this colossal scheme all you have to do is collect three Gift Stamps from PEARSON'S WEEKLY and send the amazingly low charge mentioned above.

Tell everyone you know who runs a Battery Set about this stupendous offer, and get PEARSON'S WEEKLY, now on sale everywhere—and cut your wireless costs!

This stupendous offer appears only in PEARSON'S WEEKLY.



No silly Restrictions!

No "Catches"!

And Only 3 Gift Stamps to Collect!

# PEARSON'S WEEKLY

NOW ON SALE  
TWO PENCE

*G. Miller Evans, Ltd.*

Printed in Great Britain by W. Brassey and Sons, Limited, and Published by the Proprietors, G. MILLER EVANS, Limited, at Pearson's Weekly, Wellington Street, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. for transmission by Dispatch. "Pearson's" for the week of 22nd April 1934. Sold by all news-vendors and bookshops. Sole agents for South Africa: Giffels, Street, Durban, Natal. London Agents: Giffels, Street, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for New Zealand: Giffels, Street, Auckland. Sole agents for Australia: Giffels, Street, Sydney. Sole agents for the Straits Settlements, Malacca, and Singapore: Giffels, Street, Singapore. Sole agents for the Federated Malay States: Giffels, Street, Singapore. Sole agents for the Malay Peninsula: Giffels, Street, Singapore. Sole agents for the East Indies: Giffels, Street, Singapore. Sole agents for the West Indies: Giffels, Street, London, W.C.2. Telephone: "Triangle" No. 111, 112, 113.