

CAPTAIN FUTURE

MAN OF TOMORROW

15¢

WINTER
ISSUE



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MOON

An Astounding
Full-Length Novel
By BRETT STERLING

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CAPTAIN FUTURE

WIZARD OF SCIENCE

VOL. 6, NO. 1

CONTENTS

WINTER ISSUE

**Curt Newton and the Futuremen
in**

A Complete Book-Length Novel

MAGIC MOON

By BRETT STERLING



A Cruel Plot to Seize the Satellite Styx, Third Moon of Pluto, and Enslave Peaceful Natives, Sends Captain Future and His Loyal Aides Out on the Most Dangerous Adventure of Their Careers! 15

Thrilling Short Stories

TO DUST RETURNETH Henry Kuttner 93

The Last Two Surviving Martians Try to Warn Earthmen of Doom

THE COMPANIONS OF SIRIUS William Morrison 106

Ross Jameson and Lora Page Are Trapped Aboard a Spaceship

Special Features

UNDER OBSERVATION (Letters) Sergeant Saturn 8

THE FUTUREMEN A Department 102

THE WORLDS OF TOMORROW The Sun 114

THE SHAPE OF THE FUTURE Science Feature 118

THE FUTURE OF CAPTAIN FUTURE Announcements 128

Cover Painting by Earle K. Bergey Illustrates "Magic Moon"

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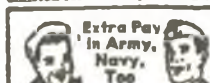
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*Actual pupils' names on request. Pictures by professional models.

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NOTICE

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☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A



Where Sergeant Saturn, Space-Pilots and Kiwis Meet

BEFORE we blast off on our usual dizzy whirl with you space merry-go-round riders striving to spear one of Saturn's rings let's do a little homework on THE FUTUREMEN CLUB. How many of you kiwis realize that membership in this organization implies more than simply writing in for a membership card to carry in your pocket?

In a way, membership in THE FUTUREMEN CLUB is comparable to membership in the SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE. There are no dues or fees or obligations, but there is the moral obligation of doing your level best to further the interests of science fiction. And right here the old Sarge wants to take a minute out to salute Futureman Saul Stein of the Bronx, N. Y. Futureman Stein, because of failing vision, figured that he was no longer eligible to be a member of THE FUTUREMEN CLUB as he can no longer read CAPTAIN FUTURE, and he tried to surrender his card.

Sure, you kiwis have guessed it. Saul Stein got his card right back with the nicest note the editor knew how to write.

And here is a flash from a new member of the club. Futureman Benjamin J. Hackett of Brentwood, L. I., N. Y., writes in to say—"I am a regular reader of CAPTAIN FUTURE and your companion magazines. All of them are a constant source of inspiration and enjoyment. As a member I shall certainly do my utmost to abide by the rules! Yours in the Futuremen and all companion magazines together."

Nicely said, Futureman Hackett, and we welcome you to our space circle.

Which leads us quite naturally to the first communique of the day. Seal the ports, Wart-Ears; we're taking off.

FIRST COPY OF CAPTAIN FUTURE

By Arthur D. Graves, Jr.

Dear Sarge: I thought my first copy of CAPTAIN FUTURE today. Please give my congratulations to Brett Sterling for his story "The Star of Dread." It is the best science fiction story I have ever read, and I have quite a collection of them.

From now on I shall and will give your magazine the highest recommendation to all my friends. Also, I wish to join the club of Futuremen. Thank you!—1519 South Mansfield Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Consider yourself a Futureman and a junior astrogator, Kiwi Graves. Draw your duffle from the supply chest and find a place in the circle of handsome faces which surround the

old Sarge like a garden of roses—with the usual amount of thorns.

We hear now from an Esperanto enthusiast in Pennsylvania.

SPATIAL LINGUA FRANCA

By Conrad Fisher

Dear Sarge: I have just started reading some of the issues of C.F. and I've been enjoying them very much. I used to avoid the magazine, because I thought it would be like other magazines having a long story about a single character, in each issue. I see I was mistaken.

Say, Sarge; why do scientfiction writers use the word Venusian; shouldn't it be Venerian? The genitive is "veneris." And how do they pronounce Venusian: venoozhlan, ven-you-shun, veen-us-ian?

I notice the author of the C.F. stories mentions the "lingua franca" of space. I wonder if your readers know what the real "lingua franca" was? Its modern counterpart is "Esperanto" which is used throughout the civilized world, even by pre-Hitler Germans, Italians and Japanese scientists. It is derived from Latin, but has no irregularities to its sixteen fundamental rules. Its pronunciation is regular and phonetic. The alphabet omits Q, W, X, Y (represented by K, V, KS, J) and includes French J, Spanish J and the continental trilled R; otherwise English sounds, except that each letter has only one sound.

Here's what Esperanto looks like. Summer Issue, 1943; page 77; the inscription:

Sub la Prisma Monto, en la Kristala Montaro, kiu sidas preter la nigra maro de la nordo, kushas la Chambro de Vivo, en kiu bredighis novaj homrasoj. Ne serchu ghin sengarde, char ghi estas gardata de la senmortuloj, kaj khi entenas en si la semojn de fatalo.

Pronunciation: soob law pree-smaw moan-toe, en law kree-staw-law moan-taw-ro deh law nor-do, koo-shawes law chawm-bro deh vee-vo, en kee-oo breh-dee-jees no-vie home-raw-soy. Neh salr-choo jeen seg-gar-deh, char jee es-tawas gar-daw-taw deh sen-mor-too-loy kie jee en-teh-nawes en see law sem-oin deh faw-taw-lo. Accented part is italic.

I didn't care very much for the two stories THE WHEEZERS and RAIN, RAIDS AND RAYS, altho I thought VENUSIAN QUARTZ was very cleverly done.

Please ask your readers to write to me if they are interested in learning the language of tomorrow, Esperanto. I'll be glad to help anyone free of charge.

yours for science and fantasy fiction
via por sciencia kaj fantasta fikcio—
229 West Spring St., Titusville, Pa.

The use of the word "Venusian" in place of all others has simply come about as a matter of common growth, consent and usage, Pee-lot Fisher, and the pronunciation is your first one. Thanks for the Esperanto lesson, but it strikes the old Sarge that you dropped a few accents in your phonetic pronunciation. But don't mind the old space dog. After learning a couple of dozen dialects on half a

(Continued on page 10)



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UNDER OBSERVATION (Continued from page 8)

dozen worlds, old Saturn has acquired a jargon all his own that—I have been told by some few impolite kiwis—pidgin English sounds like parlor English by comparison. Speaking of double talk, look at this!

TRIPLE TALK

By H. Malamud, I. Berkman & H. Rogovin

Dear Sarge: That "man" is here again! We love to write you, don't I?

The last time I wrote you I was headin' out to Antares. Well, you'll never believe this, but on my way back I stopped off on a small planetoid to refuel, and guess who was there? That's right, it was my old friend (heh heh) Captain Future. And his Futuremen. Yes, indeed. And do you know what? He told me he was in line for promotion to Major! I certainly will be glad to see my old friend Future get what's coming to him. He certainly deserves it after all the times he saved the Universe from mad maniacs.

He told us he found out that the true home of the human race was in the second Galaxy, instead of being in Deneb, as he thought. The poor fellow was nearly heartbroken not being able to go there, because by the time he had got there (under suspended animation, of course), all his friends on Earth would be pushing up daisies (in plain English, dead).

He said that even his vibration-drive would not bring him there fast enough to avoid this. Luckily, I remembered that Einstein had proven that time was just another dimension. Future and I figured out how we could extend the vibration drive to vibrate the ship slowly backward through time as well as swiftly through space.

THAT MEANS THAT HE COULD GET AS FAR AS DENEUB IN FIVE MINUTES! (Let's start a subway service.) If he wanted to go as far as the second galaxy, it might take as long as a week. Of course, to anyone in the Comet, it would seem to take hundreds of years, but they would be under suspended animation, so it wouldn't matter, anyway. Simon and Future had to take care of most of the technical details, but I feel pretty proud of myself, helping men like the Futuremen.

As soon as I got down to earth, I read the latest of Future's adventures, STAR OF DREAD. That

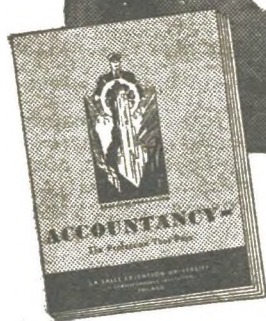
(Continued on page 12)

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS, 100 East Ohio St., Dept. 403-P, Chicago

UNDER OBSERVATION (Continued from page 10)

interior pic of Joan, page 19, certainly doesn't fit my idea of a NICE girl (such as Captain Future should go with). A decent, conservative gentleman like Future should keep away from that Sloe-eyed, Oriental style, 90% nude artist's idea of a member of the Space Patrol (what's her visiphone number?)

The story was swell, and I hope that Sterling tells us soon what happened to Future in the Second Galaxy.

Personal to the Sarge: I don't like the regular Space Lanes you told me to go back to. So try to keep Future out in the wide open spaces.—123 Eames Place, Bronx, N. Y.

Ganging up on the old Sarge, eh? Wise guys, huh? Telling Captain Future his business, hmmm? Okay, you pee-lots can catch the twenty-three o'clock dimensional express and get off out yonder. We'll pick you up sometime last Saturday.

Here's a message that is either Scotch or the soul of wit.

FLASH!

By Jerry Spencer

Dear Sarge: The only thing I have to say about CAPTAIN FUTURE is take Joan Randall out and publish it more times a year.—Box 322, Lineville, Iowa.

At least, Kiwi Spencer, you said a mouthful. We'll see what we can do about increasing CAPTAIN FUTURE'S appearances after the war. As for excising the beautiful Joan—perish the thought, my misogynistic young friend.

A CHAMPION FOR FUTURE

By John Wasso, Jr.

Dear Sarge: If the paper shortage becomes so acute that you must cease publication of some of your magazines for the duration, may I suggest that you hang on to CAPTAIN FUTURE until the very last?

CAPTAIN FUTURE is my greatest favorite, among the science-fiction magazines that I read. I do the work of four or five people every day. I have an invalid father and an ailing mother to care for and it's up to me to look after everything, besides performing heavy manual labor every day, six days a week on my railroad job. I'm so tired and exhausted, that I almost collapse. No one lifts so much as a little finger to help me. So, occasionally, when I have an hour or so to spare, I treat myself to the super treat of treats—CAPTAIN FUTURE! That gives me the lift necessary to carry on.

But without CAPTAIN FUTURE, my life would be dreary, gloomy and lonely indeed.

I hope you will give this letter serious consideration.—119 Jackson Ave., Pen Argyl, Pa.

Well, cut off my Xeno and call me Neptune, where did you hear any rumor that CAPTAIN FUTURE was likely to get the editorial axe, Kiwi Wasso? He is one of the lustiest of science fictioners. He'll make many a wild ride with you on that railroad line before you are quits with him. So, hang on tight. Or you just hang on; the old Sarge will get tight.

CLOTHESPIN POETRY

By Joe Kennedy

Dear Sarge: Have you ever wondered about that little picture in the beginning of "Under Observation?" It depicts a fellow with a microscope laboriously scanning the pages of C.F.

Mastermind Kennedy (after many long years of tireless research) has deduced that the guy is searching for the "full-length" novel. Honest, Sarge! Lately the novels have diminished so much that five of them can easily fit on the eyelash of a plutonium and flea, with plenty of room to spare.

(Continued on page 120)

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Su Thuar raised his stone dagger in his hand (Chap. XVIII)

MAGIC MOON

By **BRETT STERLING**

A Cruel Plot to Seize the Satellite Styx, Third Moon of Pluto, and Enslave Peaceful Natives, Sends Captain Future and His Loyal Aides Out on the Most Dangerous Adventure of their Careers!

CHAPTER I

Menaced World

IN LOUD tones, the dramatic voice of the telaudio announcer went flashing out on the broadcast wave to every world in the Solar System.

"Calling Captain Future!"

It issued from millions of receivers, startling listeners into alert attention as it again repeated the name of the most famous space-adventurer of the System.

"Calling Captain Future!"

That dramatic call went even beyond the limits of the nine planets, borne upon the powerful wave. It reached the receiver of a small, stream-lined spaceship far out in the interstellar abyss.

That ship had for many days been rushing homeward through the vast black emptiness, returning from an epochal journey to the fixed stars. The tall, redheaded young Earthman in its pilot-chair had turned on the telaudio, now that they were nearing the System.

AN ASTOUNDING BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

His red head raised in astonishment as he heard the announcer's urgent call. His rangy figure stiffened in the chair. Astonished incredulity appeared in his tanned, handsome face and clear gray eyes.

"Otho! Grag! Simon!" he called sharply over his shoulder. "Come here—something's wrong."

Curtis Newton—this redheaded young Earthman whom the System knew as Captain Future—heard his comrades hurrying in answer. Then a booming, reverberating voice broke upon his ears as the first of the Futuremen entered the bridge-room.

It was Grag who spoke. Grag was not a man of flesh, but a man of metal, a robot. But he was no ordinary robot. His massive, manlike metal figure possessed superhuman strength. And within his bulbous metal head, behind the gleaming photoelectric eyes of his rigid face, was a mechanical brain and mind of human power.

"What's up, chief?" the towering robot demanded of Newton.

"I just picked up a call for us, that's being sent out on the standard broadcast wave," Captain Future answered in puzzled tones.

"Why in the Sun's name would it be on the broadcast wave?" demanded Otho, second of the Futuremen. "That's only for entertainment and advertisements. Why don't they call us on our own wave?"

OTHO was an android, a synthetic man. He had been created long ago from artificial tissues in the laboratory. Yet in almost every way he was human.

His rubbery figure hinted of more than human agility and speed, and his hairless head and pale, aquiline face were faintly alien. But a wholly human curiosity and excitement sparkled now in his slanted green eyes.

The Brain, the third Futureman, had entered silently. He was the most unhuman looking of them. Yet he had been human once. Years ago, he had been Doctor Simon Wright, brilliant,

aging scientist. Then his living brain had been transferred to an ingenious serum-case.

The Brain now resembled a square, transparent metal box, on the "face" of which were his lens-like glass eyes and resonator "mouth." These artificial organs were connected electrically to his living human brain, inside the case. He could jet beams of magnetic energy to use as arms, or could glide in swift movement upon similar emitted beams.

The three Futuremen and their young leader crowded close to the telaudio receiver in the cramped control-room of the flying ship.

"Calling Captain Future," repeated the announcer's voice for the third time. Then the voice went on. "We're not calling for the real Captain Future, of course, but for someone to take his place."

"Someone to take your place, chief?" echoed Grag, bewildered. "What does he mean?"

"It must be a gag of some kind," Otho declared.

"Listen," Curt Newton ordered, a frown on his tanned face.

The announcer was speaking once more. "You people of the System all know who Captain Future is. Everyone from Mercury to Pluto is aware that he and his Futuremen are the greatest planetees and scientists in our history. You've heard the tales of their wonderful exploits, their crusades against interplanetary pirates and criminals, their exploring trips to the fixed stars such as the one upon which they're away now.

"Soon all you people will have a chance to see the most brilliant exploits of Captain Future and his comrades, on the telepicture screen. Jeff Lewis, the telepicture producer who has made so many thrilling space-films, is preparing to make the super-picture of all time about Captain Future.

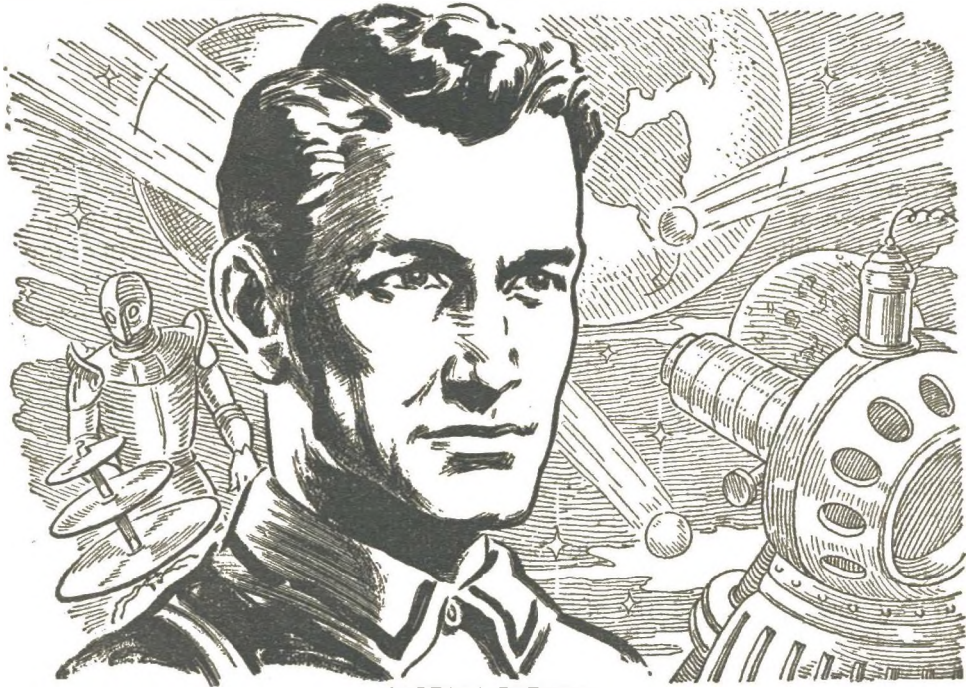
"This picture will be called 'The Ace of Space.' It will be filmed in the most remote and dangerous places in the System, places never before seen on the telepicture screen. The terrible Fire Sea of Jupiter, the strange submarine

cities of the undersea folk of Neptune, and even mysterious Styx—that distant and little-known satellite of Pluto which is called Magic Moon—all these will be the background for this super-film. Its cast will be a galaxy of the biggest stars in telepictures.

"But one role in the film remains un-

"Probably it will be a pack of fancy lies about us," growled Grag. "If it is, I'll sue 'em for defamation of character."

"Listen to that—a robot worrying about his character," jeered Otho. "How can a rusty old machine have any character to defame?"



CAPTAIN FUTURE

filled. The role of Captain Future himself. No ordinary actor can fill this role. It must be someone who looks like the great planeteer. So Producer Jeff Lewis is conducting a talent-search for a suitable man to play that role. If you think you look like Captain Future, if you are six feet four with red hair and features like his, come at once to Telepictures Studios in Great New York, on Earth. You may be the one selected for this greatest starring role of all time."

Curt Newton switched off the telaudio in disgust. "I thought it was something important. And it turns out to be a publicity trick for a telepicture they're going to make."

"A telepicture about us, chief," reminded Otho. The android's vanity was flattered. "We Futuramen must be really getting famous."

Nothing so enraged Grag as an intimation that he was not as completely human as other persons. He emitted an angry roar.

"Why, you miserable rubber dummy!" he cried to the android. "Your parents were a couple of test-tubes in a laboratory, and—"

CURT NEWTON paid no further attention to their bickering. And he had forgotten all about the telepicture announcement. For now their ship was nearing the Solar System, the end of its long homing voyage.

It had been long indeed, their voyage. Far, far out into the abyss of deep space had ventured the little *Comet*, in the last weeks. They had seen strange suns, had mapped wild worlds and moons. For they had undertaken an exploration

of some of the nearer fixed stars for the System Government.

Now, at last, they were coming home. Home, to them, was Earth's wild, airless Moon. On that forbidding satellite, Curt Newton had been born. There, after his parents' tragic death, he had been reared to manhood by the Brain, robot and android.

And more than homesickness beckoned Captain Future Earthward. On green old Earth was the girl he loved, Joan Randall, secret agent of the Planet Patrol. He was counting the hours till he saw her again.

Curt Newton eagerly switched on their own telaudio transmitter. "I'll let the President know that we're back from our mission."

He tuned to the secret wave-length used only for personal calls to the chief executive of the nine planets.

"Captain Future, calling President Crewe."

Minutes passed. Then came a startled reply in the familiar voice of Daniel Crewe. "Captain Future, are you back already?"

"We've just re-entered the System," Newton informed him. "Our star-explorations were successful. How soon do you want our report?"

"That report can wait, but I must see you as soon as possible on another matter," came back the President's anxious voice.

"Another matter?" Curt Newton asked. "What's up?"

"It concerns a telepicture expedition which is planning to film a picture about you Futuremen," answered Crewe.

Captain Future laughed. "Is that all? We already heard about that film. Let 'em go ahead and make it—we don't care."

"You don't understand," exclaimed the President's troubled voice. "That telepicture may bring disaster on one of the worlds of our System. I want to consult you about it."

Newton's face sobered. "Then we'll come straight to see you at once."

Captain Future looked at his comrades in a concerned manner as he switched

off the telaudio. "What does Crewe mean? How in the Sun's name can a crazy telepicture about us threaten disaster to a whole world?"

"It doesn't make sense," protested Otho.

"The President generally has some basis for his assertions," rasped Simon Wright in his metallic voice.

"Simon's right," murmured Newton uneasily. "We'd better hunt him up as soon as possible."

He had already shifted from the high-speed vibration drive to the rocket drive. Now, his foot pressed down the cyc pedal all the way. Pluming a tail of white fire, the *Comet* flashed at top speed toward distant Earth.

The greenish globe of Earth expanded slowly before them. At last, he brought their ship around toward the night side of the planet. Upon that shadowed face of the ancient world, the clustered lights of Great New York blazed like a splendid jewel.

Defly he eased the *Comet* through the darkness, to the pinnacle of Government Tower, seat of the Solar System Government. There was a little landing-deck on the truncated tip of the tower. Only the System President or the Futuremen had authority to land there.

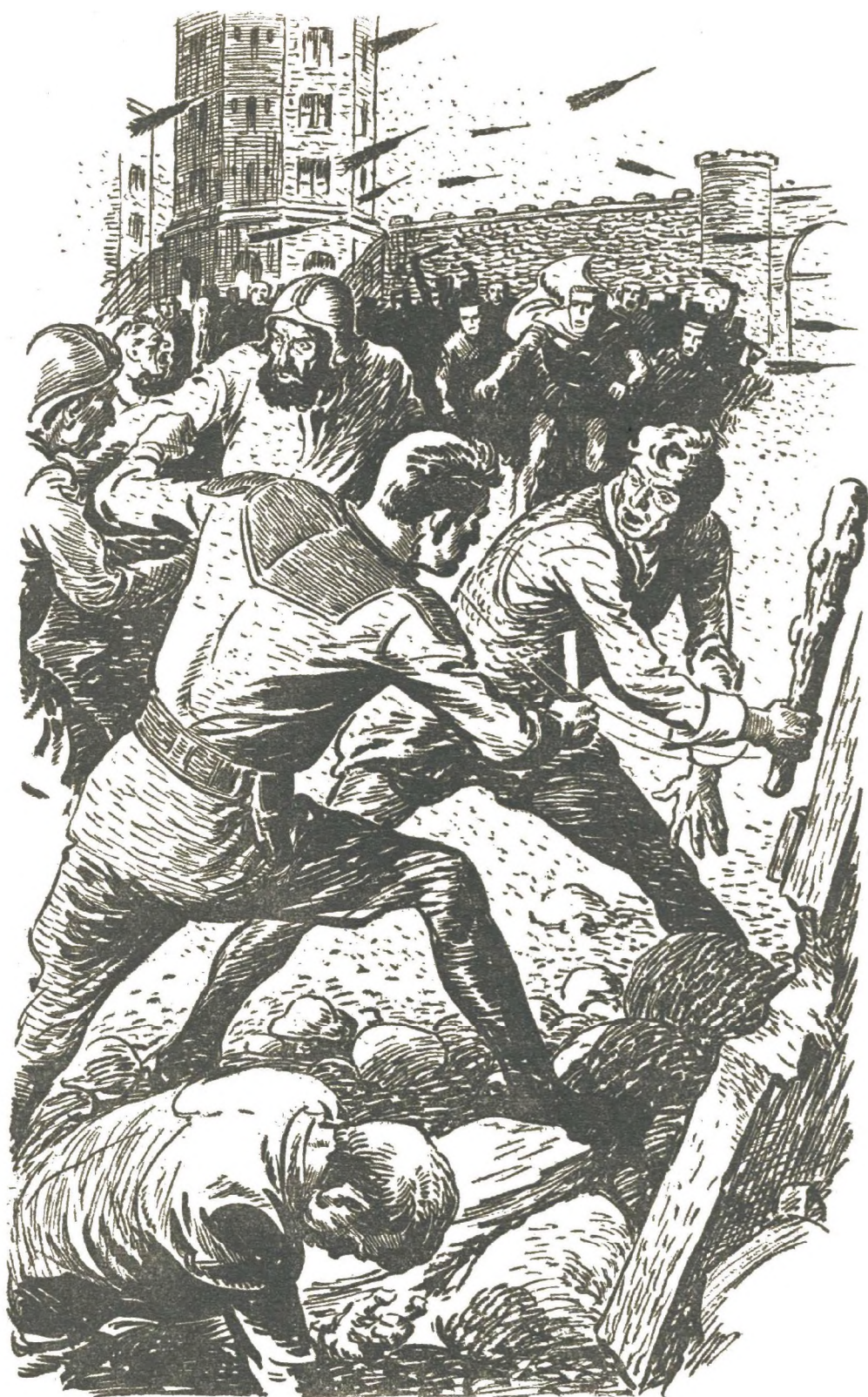
The little ship came gently to rest. Captain Future led his comrades rapidly down the private stair to the System President's office.

Daniel Crewe rose hastily from behind his desk. The chief executive of the nine worlds was not an old man. But tremendous responsibilities had lined his fine face deeply, had touched his hair with gray.

HIS greeting was warm. "You don't know how glad I am you Futuremen are back. I've been badly worried about this business."

"That telepicture expedition?" Newton queried. "I heard their announcement. It sounded like a legitimate film expedition."

"That's the way it sounds, but there's more to it than that," Daniel Crewe affirmed. His face darkened. "I believe



The Jovian's green face was a brutal, distorted mask of ferocity as he raised his war-club for a shattering blow (Chap. XVIII)

that telepicture expedition masks a dangerous, ruthless plot against the world Styx."

"Styx?" repeated Curt Newton incredulously. "The third moon of Pluto, the one that everybody calls Magic Moon? Why in space would anyone plot against that barren, remote little world?"

He was amazed at the mention of Styx. There was no more isolated world in the System. Almost no one ever went there. There was nothing to go for. The remote little moon had no rich metals such as drew colonists to other worlds. In fact, Styx was unique in that it was the only world that had almost no metals whatever.

Furthermore, the native Stygians did not like visitors. They were a queer, lonely people with a reputation for magic, extremely peace-loving but also extreme haters of mechanical progress. They had only been induced to join the System Government by a treaty under which they were to have complete authority over their own world, so long as they maintained order there.

"Even if that telepicture project does conceal a plot of some kind, the plot can't be aimed at Styx," Captain Future repeated. "No one could want anything from that little place."

"There is now," contradicted Daniel Crewe. "Six weeks ago, soon after you Futuremen left the System, prospectors discovered rich diamond-deposits on Styx."

Otho whistled. "Diamond-deposits? Now I begin to understand all this interest in Styx."

"You know how valuable diamonds are for industrial purposes these days," the President said earnestly. "It's the one substance that can cut the super-hard modern metal alloys. It used to be treasured as a jewel. Now it is invaluable to industry."

"Certain big interplanetary corporations at once asked for concessions to exploit the new-found diamond-beds on Styx. These corporations are all dummy companies controlled by Jon Valdane, the most notoriously ruthless fin-

ancier on Earth.

"The Stygians refused to grant concessions. You know how they hate machinery and mechanical devices. They wanted no miners coming to their world. Jon Valdane pulled all the strings he could—he has his puppets in the System Council. But the Stygians still refused.

Daniel Crewe frowned. "Two weeks later, Telepictures Incorporated suddenly announced that they planned to make a big picture about you Futuremen. They said it would be filmed in the scenes of your greatest exploits, the Fire Sea of Jupiter, the submarine cities of Neptune, and Styx. And Telepictures Incorporated is one of Jon Valdane's many companies."

"I see, now," Captain Future said thoughtfully. "You think this telepicture expedition masks a plot of Jon Valdane against Styx?"

"I feel certain of it," exclaimed the President. "The whole thing is suspicious. Of course, they say they must go to Styx among other places to film scenes, because it was the scene of one of you Futuremen's greatest exploits. And it's said that Valdane is going along with the party simply because he is interested in its feminine star.

"But it's all too pat to suit me. I'm convinced that Jon Valdane has some plot behind it that will enable him to get his hands on the diamond wealth of Styx, even if he has to wreck that world."

The Brain spoke metallically. "If the expedition masks a criminal plot, why should they give it all that publicity by conducting a big talent-search for someone to play Captain Future?"

Daniel Crewe shook his head. "I can't understand that myself. You understand, I haven't any real proof of my suspicions. That's why I can't simply forbid the expedition."

"And I can't assign any secret Patrol agents to go along with the expedition to keep watch on Valdane. It would contravene our treaty with the Stygians if we sent officers to Styx. They were granted sole authority on their own world by that treaty."

Captain Future stared at him keenly. "So you want us Futuremen to act as your secret agents in watching this expedition?"

"That's it." The President nodded. "You have no official status, so I can use you without breaking the treaty with Styx. And you and Otho are masters of disguise, and should be able to get into that expedition and find out what devilry Valdane is up to."

He added a warning. "Yet I won't conceal that it'll be highly dangerous. Valdane will have the expedition packed with his men. And it will be going out through the most dangerous places in the System."

Curt Newton's gray eyes gleamed with the light of adventure. With characteristic swiftness of resolution, he had decided his course.

He rose to his feet. "I'll be in that expedition, sir. And I'll find out somehow just what Jon Valdane is plotting against Styx."

"Remember, it would mean your life if Valdane suspected your identity," cautioned Crewe. "He's ruthless as a Venusian swamp-adder."

"He won't suspect," answered Captain Future, grinning. "Don't you see, I can join that expedition in an absolutely perfect disguise."

"Holy space-imps!" exclaimed Otho excitedly. "I get it, chief. It'll be the greatest impersonation feat in history."

CHAPTER II

Daring Imposture



THE big studios of Telepictures Incorporated, near New York Spaceport, were highly busy. In these mammoth metal buildings were made the stereofilm dramas that were televised to receivers all through the nine worlds. And busiest of all this morning was the studio devoted to the preparations that

were being made for the epic "Ace of Space" expedition.

Big cameras, krypton spotlights, powerful sun-arcs, and other highly complicated equipment of all kinds, was already being transferred from the studio to the space-ship which lay docked in the nearby spaceport. That ship, the *Perseus*, was a small liner which had been literally converted into a flying studio for this far-flung location trip.

Sam Martin, the weary-looking head "prop" man, prodded his men as they trucked anti-heat equipment, special space-suits, and all the other paraphernalia to the ship. Before it was taken away, each item was alertly inspected by Lo Quior, the little, spectacled Martian technical director who was one of the industry's greatest wizards in creating special effects.

Jim Willard, cynical-looking young assistant director, strode across the shadowy, noisy main studio and entered a room in which a crowd of nearly forty young men were nervously waiting.

They were all Earthmen, and all of them were tall and red-haired, the shades of their hair ranging from dark rust to flaming auburn.

"All right, Mr. Lewis will look you over now," Willard told the eager crowd. "Just walk past his desk and turn to face him."

Nervously, the crowd of young men followed him out into the noisy main studio. There they formed into single file and slowly walked past the producer's desk.

Jeff Lewis, director and producer of some of the most thrilling space-epics in telepicture history, was a middle-aged, stocky Earthman with a tight, wise face and brooding eyes. He dourly inspected the faces of the eager applicants.

A chance to break into telepictures, to star in the biggest space-film ever made! No wonder Jeff Lewis' talent-search for a young actor who looked like Captain Future had evoked such a great response. Every day, for the last fortnight, eager, redhaired applicants had come.

Lewis curtly turned down one after another of the hopeful young men as they reached his desk.

"You're too short — height can't be altered by make-up. And you won't do because your skull's the wrong shape—that's another thing that would show. No, not you. Nor you."

One by one, the crestfallen rejectees filed away. The others still in line obviously were losing hope at this merciless weeding-out.

But finally Lewis stopped one of them, a tall, pleasant-faced, shy-looking young fellow with dark red hair.

"What's your name?" the producer demanded.

"Chan Carson," replied the young man with trembling eagerness. "I haven't had any acting experience, Mr. Lewis, but I hoped—"

"We can teach a man to act, at least enough for this picture, but we can't teach him to look like Captain Future if he doesn't have a strong basic resemblance," barked Jeff Lewis. "You have it, in a way."

The producer compared the photographs of Captain Future on his desk with Chan Carson's face and profile. Jim Willard also eyed them.

"The color of his hair and eyes are a little off, but makeup can fix that," muttered Lewis. "His nose isn't aquiline enough, but that too can be remedied. Skull-shape, weight, height and features are otherwise the closest we've come across yet."

"Who are you, anyway?" the producer asked Chan Carson. "What do you do for a living?"

The tall, hopeful young man answered timidly. "I'm a clerk over in the Interplanetary Department Store."

"Good gosh," muttered Jim Willard under his breath. "Are we going to use a clerk who's never been off Earth to play Captain Future?"

THE film director smiled.

"Didn't I take a big, dumb door-man from a hotel and use him as Black John Haddon in 'Star Pirate'?" retorted Jeff Lewis. "I can teach a man to act,

if he looks the part. This Carson fellow does. He's the only one we've found yet who looks even remotely like Captain Future. Make-up will erase the differences, and your coaching will get him through his scenes."

Chan Carson's earnest face flushed with eager hope as he listened.

"I'll do anything you say if you pick me for the part, Mr. Lewis," he promised in fervent tones.

His eagerness was not assumed. He had to get this part, Curt Newton was telling himself.

For 'Chan Carson,' underneath a slightly disguised exterior, was none other than Captain Future himself!

It was Newton's audacious scheme to get himself included in this mysteriously-motivated telepicture expedition which Jon Valdane was backing. He had explained it to the astounded President, the night before.

"It'll be a perfect disguise for me, if I can do it," he had told Daniel Crewe. "They're hunting for someone who looks like Captain Future, to play his part in their picture. If I can get that part, I can go along on the expedition without Valdane or his men dreaming that I'm really Captain Future. I'll have a real chance to discover and check-mate their plans."

Newton had known better than to look too much like himself when he applied for the role. That might arouse suspicion. So he had slightly altered the shape of his nose and the shade of his eyes and hair.

Jeff Lewis was speaking to the skeptical Willard. "Remember, this will be an action picture. He won't have to do any emoting in close-ups."

They were interrupted by the arrival of a stunning blonde girl who clung possessively to the arm of a chubby, middle-aged Earthman.

Curt Newton instantly recognized them both. He knew from posters around the studios that the girl was Lura Lind, one of the most popular feminine stars in telepictures. With her smooth platinum hair, flawless features and supple figure, she was dazzling.

The man with her was Jon Valdane. Crewe's description left no doubt. Yet it seemed incredible that this chubby little man with the kewpie-like face and beaming blue eyes could be the plotter who was scheming to loot a world.

Newton remembered the President's warning. "He doesn't look it, but he's ruthless as a Venusian swamp-adder."

Valdane was speaking in a piping voice to the producer. "I'm all ready to go with you when the expedition leaves, Lewis. My friend Kin Kurri, the Saturnian politician, is going with me too."

"That's fine, Mr. Valdane." It seemed to Newton that Jeff Lewis' words lacked heartiness. "Of course, you know that this will be no pleasure cruise. We're going into the most dangerous spots in the System."

If the producer was trying to dissuade Jon Valdane from the trip, he failed. The chubby little financier answered confidently.

"It's worth a few hardships to be near Lura," he said, with an infatuated glance at the blonde star. "And to make sure there's no risk, I'm taking along my own personal bodyguard, Su Thuar."

"Su Thuar." Captain Future repeated that name to himself with sudden dismay. He knew the 'bodyguard' to whom the financier referred.

Su Thuar was a young Venusian criminal with whom Curt Newton had clashed four years before. He had killed the Venusian's brother in an underworld rendezvous on Saturn, and had sent Su Thuar himself to prison.

He knew that Su Thuar wanted vengeance for that. If the Venusian's hate-sharpened eyes penetrated his identity during the trip, it might mean disaster.

Jeff Lewis was introducing him to Valdane and the blonde star. "This is Chan Carson, folks—our 'Captain Future'. He's only a drygoods clerk now, but I'll make an actor of him."

CURT Newton bowed to them. Lura Lind inspected him with scornful blue eyes, and then spoke to Lewis with strident resentment.

"If you think I'm going to play opposite a rabby clerk who'll spoil all my



"With a thunderous roar, the prementory exploded upward (Chap. VI)"

scenes, you're crazy," she told the producer.

"Would I pick him if I didn't think I could mold him into the part?" Lewis demanded. "You leave the casting to me, Lura."

Curt Newton, the picture of nervous timidity, heard Valdane mildly support the actress' protest. But Jeff Lewis firmly overrode it.

"Take Carson over to the make-up department and fix him up," the producer told Jim Willard. "Then bring him back here."

"Come on," the assistant director told Newton half-contemptuously. "We'll soon have you looking like a real planeteer."

In the make-up department, Captain Future was tense as the experts worked on him. Curt Newton had, by means of the infinite secrets of disguise known to Otho, so altered the shade of his hair by dyes, and the color of his eyes by pupil-stain, and the shape of his nose by injected waxite, that no ordinary make-up would discover or change his disguise.

Nevertheless, he breathed much easier when the make-up artists had finished their work. He looked into the mirror and felt like bursting into laughter. They had changed his hair, eyes and nose back to normal, never dreaming that this was his true appearance.

"Well, you do make a dead ringer for Captain Future when you have the make-up on," Jim Willard admitted reluctantly. "Here, put on the suit."

It was a gray zipper-suit such as Captain Future habitually wore. There was a slim atom-pistol in the holster at its belt.

Willard grinned. "You don't look like a dry-goods clerk now. Come on, and we'll show Jeff."

As they emerged from the make-up room, they came face to face with a handsome, sleepy-eyed young Venusian. Curt Newton recognized Su Thuar!

That Su Thuar recognized him as swiftly was evidenced by the sudden distortion of the criminal's handsome face. His eyes blazed.

"Captain Future!" hissed the Venusian. His hand darted to an atom-pistol inside his jacket. "I've waited four years for this chance."

Curt Newton's mind raced with lightning speed. He could beat Su Thuar to the draw. But if he did so, he would betray his real identity and his plan to join Valdane's expedition would be wrecked.

Newton gambled desperately. Instead of drawing his pistol, he recoiled with a pretended cry of terror from the Venusian's drawn gun.

Su Thuar was so startled by the unexpected sight of Captain Future afraid, that he hesitated. Then Jim Willard got between them.

"Are you crazy?" Willard stormed at the Venusian. "This isn't Captain Future — it's Chan Carson, the actor who's to play Future's part."

Su Thuar's face stiffened, and then the fierce blaze died out of his eyes. "Sorry," he muttered. "I didn't have time to think. I have an old score against Future, and I thought this man was that fellow."

"If this really was Future, you'd have been dead a second after you drew that gun on him," snapped Jim Willard.

He turned to Newton, who was pretending to tremble with terror. "Come on, Carson."

"Who—who was that?" Newton stammered fearfully as he followed the assistant director back across the noisy studio.

"Valdane's chief bodyguard," answered Willard. He added a dry comment. "Our esteemed financial boss is taking along a prize lot of strong-arm men to make sure nothing happens to his precious skin on this trip."

Jeff Lewis looked Newton over with keen, probing eyes when they reached him. The dour producer did not seem displeased.

"You'll do, for looks, Carson," he grunted. "But remember, you not only have to look like Captain Future but act like him. Let's see you draw your gun."

"It won't go off, will it?" Newton

asked timidly.

He was deliberately presenting himself to them all as a timid, scary clerk, so that no one would dream of connecting him with his real self. For he was aware that Su Thuar was still staring at him.

A burst of derisive laughter came from the whole group at his frightened question. It assured him that his masquerade was succeeding.

"Some Captain Future!" muttered Jim Willard. "He's about as much like the real thing as a mouse is like a lion."

CHAPTER III

Disastrous Discovery



JEFF LEWIS patiently began to coach Curt Newton how to draw the atom-pistol, how to stand boldly erect, how to move quickly and softly.

"Try to think of yourself as the real Captain Future," the producer said earnestly. "Now go through it again."

Curt Newton went into an awkward crouch, and drew the atom-pistol so gingerly and clumsily that its barrel caught in his own belt.

He felt relieved when Su Thuar, who had been watching, followed Jon Valdane and Lura Lind out of the studio.

"Well, you'll have time to practice on the way to Jupiter, our first location," Lewis told him. "We'll be starting in a few days now."

They were interrupted by a loud, brassy voice. A man had forced his way across the busy studio to Jeff Lewis.

He was a swarthy Mercurian with a shock of bristling black hair, and bold black eyes. He addressed Lewis with conceited confidence.

"I understand you need an actor to play the part of Otho, the Futureman, in your new film," he said loudly. "Well, I'm your man. I'm Rizo Thon, the

greatest make-up artist you ever met. The only man who can play that android."

"Nothing doing," the producer said bluntly. "I'm hiring Ki Iquir for the part of Otho."

"Ki Iquir? — that clumsy Martian ham?" scoffed Rizo Thon. "He couldn't play this part in a million years. Wait till you see what I can do with it."

The conceited Mercurian dived into one of the dressing-rooms, carrying his make-up kit with him. A few minutes later, he returned completely transformed.

He was now a pale-skinned, lithe-looking man with a rubbery figure and sparkling, slanted green eyes in a hairless face.

"How this?" he demanded confidently. "Do I, or do I not, get the part?"

"Say, he is better than Ki Iquir," declared Jim Willard in surprise. "In that make-up he's the picture of Otho, the android."

Curt Newton grinned to himself. Rizo Thon not only looked like Otho—he was Otho. He had simply taken off a disguise, instead of putting one on.

It had been Newton's idea for getting Otho into the expedition. And it worked. Jeff Lewis was fascinated by the marvellous make-up, and hired "Rizo Thon" at once.

At the end of that day, Captain Future lurked in his dressing-room until the studio was deserted. Then Otho slipped into the room.

"So now we're actors, chief," grinned the impudent android. "I'm getting a kick out of this."

"You'll get a bigger kick when I tell you that Valdane's right-hand man is Su Thuar, and that he's going along on this party," Curt Newton said in a grim voice.

Otho swore. "That cursed Venusian snake. I thought he was still in prison. Still, if he doesn't suspect us, we're all right."

"He doesn't, but he will the first slip we make," warned Captain Future. "And the fact that Valdane has hired a criminal of Su Thuar's caliber proves

that there is a sinister purpose behind this whole expedition."

"I never doubted it," replied Otho. "But what about getting Grag and Simon into the expedition? Can we do it?"

"I haven't had a chance yet to find out," Captain Future said. He looked out. The studio was dark and deserted. "Come on, now's our chance to get into the prop department and see about that."

Unobserved, he and Otho made their way into the big property room where the sets and costumes for "The Ace of Space" were being assembled for transport to the *Perseus*.

They soon found the two objects they sought. One was a big metal dummy that was outwardly a replica of Grag. It was an ingenious automaton that could be made to go through simple movements by means of interior motors controlled by a tiny switchboard on its back.

The other object was a similar replica of the Brain—a square, transparent box with a 'face' and lenseyes like Simon Wright's. Inside it was a plastic gray copy of a human brain.

THESE were the dummies of Grag and the Brain intended for use in the telepicture.

"They're nearly identical copies, and that makes it easy," Curt Newton said. "Tonight, Simon and Grag can slip in here and substitute themselves for these dummies—"

"And go along with the expedition, without anyone suspecting," Otho finished. He chuckled. "The four Futuremen, playing themselves in a telepicture. Wouldn't that producer's eyes stick out, if he knew?"

"This is no lighthearted game we're playing," Curt Newton reminded him. "We'll be in peril from the moment we leave Earth. That's why I wouldn't let Joan know anything about this mission."

He glanced out into the studio. "No one's around. Now is our chance to get these dummies out of here."

Two hours later that night, he and

Otho carried the two dummies with them into the guarded office of the System President, atop Government Tower.

Grag and Simon Wright were waiting for them there. And with them was an aging man in the uniform of the Planet Patrol, a white-haired, wrinkled veteran whose bleak old eyes lighted with pleasure.

"Cap'n Future," he exclaimed. "I thought you were still out in deep space, till I got your message today."

Marshal Ezra Gurney, old comrade of Futuremen, pumped Curt Newton's hand. "Wait'll Joan hears you're back," he chuckled.

"She mustn't know, Ezra," Curt Newton said earnestly. "We're up to our necks in a dangerous business and I don't want Joan tangled in it. And she'd insist on going with us, if she knew."

"Goin' where?" asked the old marshal keenly. "What's up?"

Captain Future rapidly explained. Gurney's weatherbeaten face lengthened as he heard. "Just name what you want done," said the old veteran promptly.

"I want you to take the *Comet* out to Styx and wait there for us," Captain Future said. "We'll need our ship."

"But won't the *Comet* be recognized, and give the show away?" asked Ezra Gurney.

"Paint it up to look like a battered little space-cruiser," Curt Newton told him. "You can be an interplanetary prospector who heard of the diamond-strike on Styx. Of course, you'll have to get yourself temporarily suspended from the Patrol so that you can legally go there."

Ezra Gurney nodded. "I can do all that. I'll be waiting for you right in Planet Town, the foreign colony on Styx."

Captain Future was hauling forward the two dummies which he and Otho had surreptitiously brought from the studio.

"These are the facsimiles of you and Grag, Simon," he told the Brain. "All you have to do is slip in tonight and take their places. No one will know the

difference, if you don't move when anyone's around."

Grag stared scornfully at the lifeless metal facsimile of himself. "It's disgusting that I have to impersonate a brainless automaton like this, but I suppose that I can do it."

"Why, that automaton would make a better Futureman than you," wise-cracked Otho. "It only operates when you push its buttons."

Grag appealed indignantly to Captain Future. "Chief, are you going to let that cockeyed plastic android insult me like that?"

"Cut your rockets, both of you," Curt Newton ordered impatiently. "I'd for-

erty room. The Brain was resting on a shelf, and Grag stood stiff and motionless in a corner.

No ordinary human being could have endured the long periods of immobility which these two must preserve to maintain their imposture. But the Brain often spent days brooding in immobile silence upon his scientific reveries. And Grag had not the nerves of an ordinary man.

Still, the robot muttered a complaint when Captain Future entered. "This playing dead is going to be monotonous, in time."

"You'll soon have a chance for movement and action," Curt Newton reas-



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gotten about the little switchboard on the automaton's back. We'll have to put that on your back, Grag."

He soon had attached the switchboard to the broad metal back of the big robot. "Its buttons aren't connected to anything, of course. But when one of them is pushed, you must perform the appropriate action."

He coached Grag until the robot could respond stiffly to the pressing of the buttons, just as the real automaton would have done.

"That's good enough," Newton said finally. "Now, Otho will take you and Simon over and slip you into the studio."

"Sure, I'll pretend Grag is a load of old iron I'm delivering," cracked Otho, and then ducked the blow the irate robot aimed at him.

sured. "The expedition will soon be starting."

Otho, made up again as Rizo Thon, darted into the property room excitedly. He brought dismaying news.

"Chief, I thought you were going to keep this whole business from Joan. Well, she's here in the studio at the present moment."

Curt Newton was thunderstruck. "Impossible! Joan doesn't even know that we're back yet from outer space."

"Nevertheless, she's here," retorted the android. "She's out there talking to Jeff Lewis now."

Incredulously, Captain Future hurried out across the noisy, big studio. He found Jeff Lewis by the door of his office.

And with the telepicture producer was a figure at sight of which his heart leaped. An Earthgirl, slim in severe brown jacket and space-slacks, whose dark hair was bare and whose firm,

NEXT morning when "Chan Carson" reported at the telepicture studio, he glanced surreptitiously into the prop-

lovely little face was flushed with emotion of some sort as she talked.

It was Joan Randall—the secret agent of the Planet Patrol who had been the gay, gallant comrade of the Futuremen on many adventures, and whom Curt Newton loved.

He wanted to stride forward and take her in his arms, but he forced down the impulse. He dared not let Joan Randall know of the hazardous enterprise on which they Futuremen were engaged. He knew only too well that she would insist on joining them, to her own grave peril.

Joan was speaking indignantly to the producer. "I won't stand for it, Mr. Lewis! As soon as I heard about this picture you're planning, I came here to protest against it. I won't allow you to make a cheap, silly thriller about Captain Future."

Jeff Lewis tried to soothe her. "It'll be a great film, Miss Randall—a tribute to the Futuremen. There won't be a thing in it that isn't true. Why, we're going to enormous risk and expense to film it in the identical scenes of their exploits."

"The Ace of Space!" said Joan scornfully. "It's absurd! Captain Future isn't a glory-hunting story-hero. He's a real man, the finest in the System, who has risked his life and endured every form of hardship to help the System peoples, to crush criminals preying on them and to push the frontiers of space further back.

"And you want to make money by glamorizing a man like that! I won't permit it! The Futuremen can't protest, for they're still out in deep space, but I'm here and I'll adopt every possible legal means to halt this silly picture."

Curt Newton's heart warmed to her staunch loyalty. And Jeff Lewis looked more worried.

"You couldn't legally stop the picture, because everything in it will be true," the producer answered. "The story of 'The Ace of Space' is based on the epic struggle of the Futuremen with the Legion of Doom, and every incident of the plot really happened."

Joan Randall was unappeased. "Unless I'm certain your story is going to stick to the truth, I'll ask for an injunction against your making the film. It will at least delay the thing until Captain Future returns."

"You mustn't do that," pleaded Jeff Lewis. "Our expedition is all ready to start. I have an idea. Come into my office and I think we can iron this out."

They came face to face with Curt Newton as they turned around. Newton held his breath. He wore his 'Chan Carson' disguise. But he was not sure that it would be proof against Joan Randall's keen glance.

SHE seemed startled by the sight of him. For just a moment gladness leaped into her brown eyes. Then it died away as she looked at him more closely.

"For a moment, I thought—," she began.

"You thought it was Captain Future?" Jeff Lewis finished for her, smiling. "It's no wonder, for we picked him for the close resemblance. This is Chan Carson, who is to play Future in the film."

Joan looked frowningly at 'Chan Carson'. "You don't look like a spaceman to me."

Newton answered timidly. "No, I've never been off the Earth. I hope I don't get space-sick on this trip."

Her brown eyes snapped. "And you are going to play Captain Future."

There was the ghost of a smile in Curt Newton's eyes as he watched her and Jeff Lewis enter the producer's office.

Jim Willard came up. "Ready for your space-exploits, Carson? The expedition is going to take off tomorrow morning."

Newton managed to look nervous. "So soon?" he gulped.

He did not see Joan Randall again but later that morning he heard Jeff Lewis speak of her to the assistant director.

"That Randall girl would have delayed the whole expedition," Lewis told

young Willard. "But I thought up a way to convince her that the picture would be true to Future's character."

Next morning, the *Perseus* lay ready for take-off. Crowds jammed the space-port to watch the "Ace of Space" expedition depart. The publicity given the picture had interested the whole System in it.

Bands were playing, thousands of hands waving, as the last actors and technicians came up the gangway. Captain Future, with "Rizo Thon" and Jim Willard, watched from the promenade deck.

"There's Lura making her usual last-minute entrance," said the cynical young assistant director. "And Valdane with her, as usual."

The glamorous blonde actress was waving to the enthusiastic crowd as she came up the gangway. Behind her followed the chubby figure of Jon Valdane, a beaming smile on his pink face. He was accompanied by Su Thuar and by a tall, cadaverous-looking blue-skinned Saturnian.

"The Saturnian is Kin Kurri, one of Valdane's stooges in the System Council," remarked Willard. "He's coming along as Valdane's guest."

Curt Newton's eyes narrowed. The presence of the Saturnian politician more than ever convinced him that Valdane's conspiracy against Styx was on a big scale. But what was the nature of it?

The space-doors slammed shut. Bells rang warning, and the loudspeakers of the ship uttered their mechanical caution.

"Take-off time in five minutes."

Curt Newton pretended shaky apprehension. He looked at Willard fearfully. "Will the start shake us up much?"

"No, it'll be easy if you sit in one of these space-chairs," Willard told him, and added ironically, "Remember, you're the greatest spaceman alive—in this picture."

Newton huddled in one of the shock-absorbing deck-chairs, the picture of nervous timidity. Then with a thunderous crash of rockets, the *Perseus* rose

in the air and roared rapidly upward through the sunlight.

Curt Newton gasped and choked. "I—I'd better go down to my cabin. I'm afraid I'm going to be space-sick."

"Go ahead then, 'Captain Future,'" said Willard with a shrug of disgust.

Unsteadily, Newton rose to his feet. His real motive was a desire to inspect the lower decks as soon as possible.

Suddenly he stiffened. He saw, farther along the deck, a slim feminine figure in gray space-slacks who was looking down through the transparent deck-wall at the receding Earth. It was Joan Randall!

"She isn't coming with us, is she?" he asked Willard in dismay.

Willard nodded. "Why, yes, she is. Jeff told me this morning."

Captain Future felt stunned. He started along the deck, and then met Jeff Lewis and Valdane. The chubby financier was frowning.

"It's the first I knew of it," Jon Valdane was saying angrily. "Why in the world should you bring that snooping girl Patrol agent along?"

Lewis shrugged helplessly. "I had to. She was going to delay our starting, because she thought our picture would be a libel on her friends, the Futuremen. I finally had to offer to take her along so that she could check on the picture as we made it, and give it her okay."

Jon Valdane's ordinarily beaming pink face looked ugly.

"She could have been handled in other ways," he snapped. "But it's too late now."

They passed on. Joan Randall had disappeared. And Captain Future remained rooted, chilled by premonitory dread.

Joan's loyalty to himself had unwittingly catapulted her into this devil's-ship of conspiracy where her danger was extreme. Valdane did not want her aboard. He might take drastic means to get rid of her.

Curt Newton groaned inwardly. He could not reveal himself to her without entangling her further in danger. He must continue to play his strange part

if he was to penetrate the great plot against Magic Moon.

CHAPTER IV

Peril on Jupiter



CAPTAIN FUTURE leaped into the crumpled interior of the wrecked space - cruiser and crouched, his atom-pistol in his hand.

"Otho, where are you?" he called loudly.

"Here, chief!" answered the android. He was lying, trussed up in heavy bonds in a corner of the wreck. "They left me here to be killed when the wreck crashes."

"And the rats got away from me," hissed Captain Future as he bent to untie the other. "By space, when we catch up to them—"

"Cut!"

It was Jeff Lewis' order that suddenly brought the scene to an end. The big, twin-lensed stereofilm cameras stopped grinding, and the krypton spotlights were snapped off.

Curt Newton and Otho turned toward the director. "How was it?"

"Rizo Thon was all right," Lewis answered. "But you still are too stiff and awkward, Carson. You still haven't learned how to act as Captain Future would act."

This big room looked like an ordinary telepicture studio, with the set that represented the interior of a wrecked space-cruiser occupying half its length. The rest was crowded with cameras, spotlights, technicians and other actors of the troupe.

This was the main hold of the *Perseus*. It had been converted into a small studio. And during all these days in which the liner had been speeding toward Jupiter, Jeff Lewis had here been busy upon interior scenes for "The Ace of Space."

It was hard to realize that they were in a ship going at tremendous velocity. The rockets had been shut off, and the

Perseus moved through the void in a swift, soundless rush.

"What you must do," Lewis was lecturing Curt Newton, "is to tell yourself, 'I am Captain Future.' Then you'll act more like him."

Curt Newton managed to keep his face solemn. "I'll try, Mr. Lewis," he stammered. "I've been space-sick so much, that it's made it harder for me."

Ron King, the exquisite-looking juvenile lead of "The Ace of Space," raised his eyebrows superciliously at Newton. "You really shouldn't have taken the part when you're such a bad space-sailor."

"He's about as good a space-sailor as he is an actor," giped Lura Lind. "He's ruined every scene with me so far."

"Let Carson alone," growled the producer. "He'll be all right."

Joan Randall, slim in her gray space-slacks, had stood in the background watching the scene with a faint contempt in her brown eyes.

"Captain Future wouldn't use melodramatic language like that," she told Jeff Lewis now. "It's not like him at all."

"Miss Randall, will you please give me a little leeway in making this picture," begged the producer impatiently. "I'm keeping my promise to stick to the truth in depicting the Futuremen's exploits, ain't I? Please let me direct the dialogue myself."

Jim Willard, his young assistant, intervened diplomatically. "The 'day' is about over, Jeff," he remarked, glancing at his watch.

"All right, that'll be all for this time," Jeff Lewis said wearily to the troupe. "Hanged if I can get used to these ship 'days' and 'nights'."

Lo Quior and his technicians started stowing away the cameras. The actors streamed off to their cabins to remove their make-up before dinner.

'Chan Carson' and 'Rizo Thon' shared a cabin on the mid-deck—Curt Newton had contrived that. When they reached it, instead of taking make-up off, they began to put make-up back on, Otho resuming his disguise as a Mercurian, and Newton deftly making the slight change

in his appearance which converted him into 'Chan Carson.'

"Did you hear what Lewis said about my acting?" Otho said vainly. "He thinks I'm good. I'll bet I could be a telepicture star."

"You're turning into a stage-struck ham," Curt Newton accused him witheringly. "Get your mind back on our job. Were you able to get into Jon Valdane's suite?"

OTHO slowly shook his head. "Chief, it's impossible," vowed the android. "You know he and his friend Kin Kurri, and Su Thuar and the rest of his tough 'bodyguards' have the whole aft part of this deck. Well, you just can't get back there unobserved. Some of Valdane's strong-arm men are lounging in the corridor there all the time."

"We've got to get in, somehow, and search Valdane's papers," Captain Future declared. "We've learned nothing at all yet, and here we are almost to Jupiter."

Curt Newton had begun to feel a little desperate. During all these days since the departure from Earth, he had not succeeded in penetrating the secret of Jon Valdane's mysterious conspiracy against Magic Moon.

Valdane was no fool. He had talked a lot but had never even mentioned Styx. Nor had Captain Future or Otho been able to spy upon him, since his quarters were always guarded.

"We'll slip down to the prop-room tonight and see Simon and Grag," Curt decided. "I have an idea that may work."

After dinner that night, the troupe of actors and technicians retired early. For Jeff Lewis warned them that they would land on Jupiter early the next day.

"We're landing at Jungletown, close to the Fire Sea," the producer informed the cast. "I want to make our scenes as quickly as possible and get out of that dangerous place."

When everyone had retired and the rushing liner was quiet except for the steady throb of the ventilators, Curt Newton and Otho stole out of their cabin and made their way down to the prop-



room in the hold.

In that shadowy clutter of costumes, space-suits, strange weapons and grotesque objects, they found Simon Wright and Grag. The Brain was resting on a shelf, and Grag's mighty figure stood immobile in a corner.

"It's Otho and I," Captain Future whispered quickly.

Grag immediately flexed his mighty metal limbs and came stalking forward.

"How much longer have I got to stand down here like a frozen statue?" he demanded indignantly. "I'm getting bored with this."

"You'll be getting out of here tomorrow, Grag," Newton assured him. "For you'll be needed for the scenes they make by the Fire Sea."

"I have not minded this inactivity," rasped the Brain. "It has given me a chance to work out the mental solution of several complex astrophysical formula which I have long pondered."

"That's fine, but I've got a job for you tomorrow, Simon," said Captain Future. "When everyone is out of the ship, I want you to search Valdane's quarters.

There must be some clue in his effects as to his plan against Styx. Do you think you can get into his suite?"

"I shall do my best," replied the Brain in his austere way.

"Do, Simon—we must find out soon what Valdane and his crowd are planning against Magic Moon," Curt Newton said earnestly.

"Chief, what about Joan?" Grag asked.

"I want her to leave this ship at Jupiter. She must stay there. For she'll be in danger from Valdane's crowd if she doesn't. Valdane isn't going to let a Patrol agent like Joan go much farther on this trip, even though her status is unofficial."

"But how are you going to get her to leave the ship at Jupiter?" Otho demanded.

"Otho, that will be your job," Captain Future replied. "You won't be in these Fire Sea scenes, according to the script. So you'll have a chance to make sure that Joan stays on Jupiter."

Otho was dismayed. "How in the name of space am I going to contrive that?"

"A fake message calling her back to Earth would be your best bet," Curt Newton told him. "If that fails—well, then you'll have to try something else."

Next 'morning,' the *Perseus* threaded through Jupiter's maze of moons and slid down into the vast atmosphere of the monarch planet.

Curt Newton looked down with the others from the promenade deck. He pretended a marvelling awe that fitted timid 'Chan Carson,' though he knew this planet better than any other man in the System.

Yet not all of his awe was assumed. Jupiter, even seen for the hundredth time, was a stunning spectacle. Its vast greenish sphere filled all the heavens beneath them, a majestic panorama of huge oceans and colossal continents. And upon the breast of the continent of South Equatoria, toward which they were dropping, burned the Fire Sea.

The Fire Sea, the most terrifying natural wonder in the Solar System. A flaming ocean of red, molten lava, it

stretched eight thousand miles in width and thrice that in length. This stupendous infernal sea was visible even from Earth, where it had once been called the Red Spot of Jupiter.

Jungletown lay in the dense fern-jungles only a little south of the Fire Sea. The place was a mining town, which constantly shifted its location and migrated northward to follow the uranium and radium diggings. It was now quite close to the flaming ocean.

The *Perseus*, riding the jets of its keel rockets, dropped down into the raw field that served the mining town as a spaceport. The doors opened, and the company started emerging into the sunlight.

The town lay just beyond the field, a few straggling streets of metalloy shacks hemmed in by the towering fern-jungle. Tough-looking, bronzed Earthmen miners and squat green Jovians crowded around the telepicture troupe. The air was hot and steamy, and laden with strange scents and fragrances.

"What an uncivilized-looking place," complained Lura Lind. The blonde actress wrinkled her nose. "What's that sulphurous smell?"

"It comes from the Fire Sea—that's only a few miles north from here," Joan Randall informed her.

JON Valdane, standing with his tall Saturnian friend, mopped his plump, pink face. "This air is too soupy to breathe."

They did not feel the increased gravitation, of course. The compact gravitation-equalizers which every interplanetary traveller wore at his belt compensated automatically for that.

"Sam—Sam Martin!" Jeff Lewis was shouting through the confusion. "Get those trucks out and start loading the stuff. Where the blazes is that guide we arranged to have meet us?"

The guide, a worried-looking green Jovian, appeared. "All is ready, sir," he reported. "There's a trail through the jungle to the Fire Sea, which your trucks can follow. But it is dangerous by the Fire Sea right now. It is the time of the Meeting of the Moons, which means

there is risk of tidal eruptions. You had better wait a few days."

"Wait, nothing," Jeff Lewis retorted. "We've got a schedule to maintain."

Curt Newton stood, looking around in assumed bewilderment at this scene that really was perfectly familiar to him. Actually, he was looking for Otho. Otho had disappeared, but now he reappeared.

Newton noticed Grag being loaded with other properties on one of the rocket-trucks that had been run out of the *Perseus'* hold. The big robot was playing his part of lifeless automaton perfectly.

Jim Willard shouted to the Martian technician. "Lo Quior, Jeff says we're to go ahead with the anti-heaters and set up location-camp on the shore. Come on."

The first rocket-trucks, loaded with the massive anti-heaters, rattled away. Property trucks followed.

Jeff Lewis had rounded up his actors. "We've a few short scenes to make here at the spaceport and in the jungle. They'll show Ron and Lura fleeing from the men of the Legion of Doom who are pursuing them."

Ron King and Lura Lind, the romantic leads of "The Ace of Space," soon had enacted those scenes. They were filmed fleeing desperately from the spaceport into the jungle.

"All right, folks—now to the Fire Sea," Jeff Lewis barked. "Into this truck here. And hurry—Jupiter's days are short, you know."

Curt Newton entered the truck with the others and they rattled through the bumpy streets of Jungletown. They followed the other trucks northward along a rude Jovian roadway through the jungle.

The great fern-forest was a towering, solid wall on either side of them. Sucker-flies swarmed out of the green vegetation upon them. They glimpsed grotesque tree-octopi flitting through the ferns, and bulbous balloon-beasts floated by above them.

"What's that place over there?" asked Ron King, pointing in awe at distant, cyclopean black towers that rose out of

the jungle.

Captain Future knew what it was. In that Place of the Dead, as the Jovians called it, he had once reached the climax of one of his most perilous adventures. But he pretended ignorance, as Joan Randall answered the question.

"It's an ancient, ruined Jovian city," Joan said, her brown eyes fixed on those crumbling, enigmatic towers. "I was there once."

Curt Newton knew what was in her mind. He and she had both been there, that terrible night when his struggle with the Space Emperor had ended.

Jon Valdane and Kin Kurri had come along, though Su Thuar had not. The financier's chubby face was crimson. "Is it going to be much hotter than this?" he gasped.

The air was rapidly becoming more sulphurously superheated as the trucks wound on along the jungle trail to the Fire Sea. The jungle itself was thinning, as though withered by the increasing heat.

"Don't worry—Willard and Lo Quior will have the anti-heaters going at our location," Jeff Lewis reassured. "They went ahead."

A mile more, and the jungle seemed to wither away around them. The trail emerged onto a black, rocky cliff of solidified lava.

A dozen voices exclaimed in astonishment and terror. They had come out into full view of the Fire Sea, that lay beyond the cliff.

"Gods of Saturn, we can't stay long here," cried Kin Kurri.

"Jeff, it's suicide to try to film scenes in this place," exclaimed Lura Lind, her voice shrill with fear.

THE scene ahead was enough to justify their protestations. Below and beyond this high black cliff there yawned a crimson ocean of molten lava which stretched to the distant horizons.

That vast sea of burning liquid rock flung a fierce, lurid glare into the sky. Little, sluggish waves furrowed its surface, and upon it danced changing flames. The wind from it was like the

breath of a furnace, superheated air charged with sulphur fumes.

"See, the boys have got the anti-heaters going," encouraged Jeff Lewis. "We'll be all right in a moment."

On a promontory overlooking the fiery flood, Jim Willard and Lo Quior had prepared a temporary location-camp. They had set up the powerful anti-heaters. These machines "killed" radiant heat vibrations by a damping counter-vibration, greatly lowering the temperature.

With relief, the actors and technicians disembarked from the rocket-trucks into this slightly more comfortable zone. The spectacled little Martian technician, Lo Quior, was setting up the cameras.

"All right, folks." Jeff Lewis called his troupe together. "The sooner we get these scenes made, the sooner we'll get out of here."

Captain Future edged toward Otho, who wore his "Rizo Thon" disguise since he would not be needed to play in these scenes.

"What did you do about Joan?" Newton asked in a whisper. "Remember, I'm counting on you to see that she goes no further on this trip."

Otho grinned. "Don't worry, I fixed it in Jungletown. She'll get a hurry call back to Earth from the Patrol. I know the Patrol code!"

Jeff Lewis was barking at Curt Newton. "Carson, you're not listening. Will you pay attention?"

Then Lewis continued. "This is one of the most important episodes of our picture. 'The Ace of Space,' as you know, re-creates the struggle of the Futuremen with the Legion of Doom. Most of it we'll film on Styx, but the scenes here and in Neptune's submarine cities are vital."

Joan Randall protested indignantly. "I told you before that the Futuremen didn't touch Jupiter in the Legion of Doom case. That was in the Space Emperor case."

Jeff Lewis groaned. "I know, I know, but can't I insert a few of their former adventures into my script to heighten the effect?"

Joan Randall looked as though she would protest further. But at that moment a breathless Jovian youngster came running into the camp and handed her a slip of paper. "Message for you that just came in on the telaudio."

Joan Randall frowned as she read, and then turned. "I've got to go back to Jungletown."

"There's no truck ready to return—," Jim Willard began.

"I can walk," she replied. "I'm not afraid of Jovian jungles."

SHE hurried away and disappeared in the jungle trail.

Curt Newton felt relief. Otho's stratagem was working.

Then he noticed Valdane whispering rapidly to Kin Kurri. And in a moment the tall Saturnian also turned to leave the location-camp.

"It's too hot for me here," he explained. "I'm from a chilly planet, remember. I'm going back to the ship."

Captain Future felt sharp apprehension as he saw Kin Kurri hastily take the trail by which Joan had left a moment or so before. Why had Valdane sent the Saturnian after Joan Randall?

He started to follow. But Jeff Lewis' angry bellow halted him. "Where the devil are you going, Carson? Come back here."

Curt Newton was stymied. He turned and whispered rapidly to Otho. "Kin Kurri is following Joan. I don't like it. Go after them."

Otho nodded swift understanding. The android slipped away while Jeff Lewis was angrily lecturing Curt Newton.

Otho, as soon as he was out of sight in the jungle trail, started forward in a run. He burst at full speed around the windings of the trail, anxious to get within sight of the Saturnian.

Always reckless, Otho this time underestimated his man. For as he rounded a turn, Kin Kurri stepped suddenly from the fern-forest with an atom-pistol that he held trained directly on Otho's chest.

"Why are you following me?" the Saturnian demanded suspiciously. Then

conviction suddenly flared in his eyes. "You're a spy!"

CHAPTER V

Quest of the Brain



AFTER the troupe had left the *Perseus*, the Brain remained in the dark property-room of the hold. Men had come and carried out Grag, along with other objects and equipment. But they had not disturbed the Brain, since he would not be

needed for the scenes that were to be filmed by the Fire Sea.

Captain Future had known that. And that was why he had asked Simon Wright to search Valdane's quarters during their absence from the ship. It was the Futuremen's first real chance so far to look for clues to the chubby financier's mysterious plot against Magic Moon.

Simon Wright remained upon the shelf until the last rocket-trucks rattled away outside. Then the Brain glided off his shelf, moving soundlessly on the magnetic traction-beams he could emit from his queer 'body'.

"Valdane probably left a guard outside his quarters," Simon thought as he floated to the door. "But perhaps not. I can soon see."

He extended an 'arm' that was a beam of magnetic force, and opened the door into the corridor. For a moment he poised, listening.

The ship was quiet. The telepicture actors and technicians were all gone, and the navigation-crew had been given leave in Jungletown.

The Brain glided along the corridors to the middle-deck passage. He hovered in its shadows, peering aft. A tough-faced Earthman with a belted atom-pistol, one of Valdane's 'bodyguards', stood outside his suite.

"That will make things a little more difficult," thought Simon Wright coolly.



He glided back to the dark property-room. He had in mind a stratagem for entering Valdane's suite, which he had used more than once in similar situations, during the past.

He first procured a few small tools and instruments which he and Grag had hidden in a corner of the property-room. Then he glided up to the square grating that covered the opening of the ventilator.

The labyrinth of hollow tubes which forced re-oxygenated air through the compartments of the *Perseus*, were each two feet square. As soon as the Brain had removed the grating, he glided into the tube.

It was a close fit. He had known it would be. He also knew the amount of toil that lay ahead. But it was the one way by which he could enter Jon Valdane's quarters without being observed.

"The telepicture troupe will not return to the ship until late tonight," Simon Wright thought. "It should give me enough time."

Simon Wright was a strange personality. Some said that because he was a bodiless brain living in a mechanical case, he had lost all human emotions. That was not so. His emotions of love for and loyalty to Curt Newton had

never dwindled through the years.

But it was true that there was something unhumanly austere about his imperturbable calm. He could get excited about his scientific speculations and experiments, but not about much else. Personal danger left him completely unmoved.

He glided through the dark tube, feeling his way with his sensitive magnetic arms. The tube forked into a larger feeder-tube. He followed this unhesitatingly upward.

Presently he found his way blocked by one of the big fans which forced the re-oxygenated air through the system. The fan was not running, since the oxygenators had been shut off when the *Perseus* landed.

"I hope there are not more than one or two of these in my way," muttered the Brain, as he began to work.

With the tools he had brought with him, he proceeded to dismount the fan. It was a long, arduous task, working in complete darkness.

When he had removed the fan, he had to drag it back down to the property-room before he could again go forward. He reached the main feeder pipe of the middle deck and started aft. As he had expected, he soon encountered another of the fans.

This one was larger and cost Simon Wright considerably more toil and time before he had dismounted it. When he had finally won past it and turned into the port-side tube which served Valdane's quarters, he immediately ran into a third fan.

A man would have sworn, or at least uttered an ejaculation of annoyance. The Brain did neither. He set patiently to work once more, though he already had been in the pipes for hours.

A GAIN, when he finally got the third fan free, he had to haul it back to a point where he could get past it. Indomitably, he resumed his quest. And at last, success crowned his efforts. He came to the end of the tube, and looked out through the grating into the lounge-cabin of Jon Valdane's comfortable

suite.

Simon Wright watched and listened. It soon became evident that there was no one in the suite, though he could hear the guard shuffling outside its door.

Silently, he removed the grating. Then at last, he was able to glide down into the rooms he had expended so much toil to reach.

"*Hmph*, it's getting dark," he muttered to himself. "I shall not have much time."

Night was falling, outside the ship. Through the windows, the Brain could see four brilliant moons climbing into the sky to throw a flood of silvery brilliance upon the fern-forests around Jungletown. And the whole northern sky was a quaking, lurid red from the Fire Sea.

The dim radiance from the windows gave him sufficient illumination to conduct his search of the rooms. He looked around for a desk but there was nothing of the sort in this lounge-cabin, nor anything else of importance. Then he glimpsed a desk in the next cabin.

He glided into that room and began a rapid search of the desk. It contained many papers connected with Jon Valdane's multifarious financial affairs. But none of them seemed to bear on the Styx project.

Then the Brain found one paper which he keenly inspected. It was a map of Magic Moon. Upon it, the newly discovered diamond deposits were marked, as lying north of the interplanetary colony of Planet Town.

"This doesn't tell much," Simon thought. "Yet I hardly expected more."

Valdane was too clever to have left any details of his plot written down, he thought. Yet there was always a chance.

So the Brain was searching through the other papers, when he heard the corridor door of the adjoining lounge-cabin suddenly open.

Su Thuar's soft, slurred voice reached his ears. "Hurry," the Venusian criminal was surging. "Get those two cases in here before the others get back to the ship."

The Brain soundlessly closed the desk

and darted up to a place of concealment behind the door that connected the two rooms.

He heard something being set down in the lounge-cabin. Through the crack of the door he perceived that it was two small, oblong cases of light metal which Su Thuar and two others of Valdane's bodyguard had brought.

"What in space is the boss planning to do with this stuff?" asked one of the men curiously of the Venusian.

"That's none of our business," Su Thuar retorted. "You're paid to obey orders, and not to ask questions."

The man shrugged. "All right, all right—I just wondered why all the secrecy about the things."

"Valdane's orders were to buy them secretly from Jovians here, and bring them aboard the *Perseus* without being seen," said the Venusian.

Suddenly Su Thuar gave a loud gasp. "Has anyone been in this suite since I left?" he asked in sharp tones.

"Not a soul," replied the Earthman guard, Rosson. "I've been outside the door all the time."

"Someone has been here," snapped the Venusian. "The door into the next room was almost closed when I left. Now it's wide open."

The Brain, hovering in his precarious concealment behind that door, heard Su Thuar striding forward to investigate.

Simon Wright tensed himself mentally for desperate action. He could not escape discovery if Su Thuar searched the room. Nor could he regain the ventilation-tube without being seen.

Suddenly a wild yell rose in the night, outside the ship. It was echoed by a dozen excited voices.

"What's that?" demanded Su Thuar, stopping and turning around.

"I don't know—something must have happened," exclaimed the man Rosson. "Look, the whole north sky is blazing."

Su Thuar plunged out of the suite, into the corridors with the others following. "Lock and guard the door, Rosson," he called behind him. "The rest of you come on."

Simon Wright came out of his conceal-

ment like a flying shadow as the door was closed. He was startled to notice that the whole heavens northward were now flaming with an increased lurid red light. Voices were still shouting outside the ship, and men could be heard running.

The Brain delayed to examine the oblong metal cases Su Thuar had brought. He opened one, and was amazed. It contained nothing but a number of long, hollow wooden tubes. They were four-foot sections of thick, hard Jovian reeds, carefully polished.

"How in the world is Valdane planning to use these?" he muttered.

The excitement outside was increasing. The Brain hastily re-entered the ventilator tube. He refastened its grating, whose absence had fortunately escaped notice. To it, he attached a tiny instrument.

Then he made his way rapidly through the dark tubes to the property-room. As he reached that room, Simon Wright felt a shuddering vibration that shook the whole ship.

He heard a low, thunderous roar from the north, and saw that the flaming brilliance of the heavens had deepened in bloody hue. The Brain was appalled, for he had been on Jupiter enough to know what it meant.

"Tidal eruption!" a wild voice was yelling outside. "The Fire Sea has erupted right where the telepicture troupe was making scenes!"

CHAPTER VI

Wrath of the Fire Sea



BACK in the location-camp by the Fire Sea, Captain Future had felt a sharp anxiety as he saw Otho hurry away on the jungle trail after Kin Kurri and Joan. The only thing that moderated his worry about the girl was his confidence in the

resourcefulness of Otho.

Curt had not a doubt that Jon Valdane had sent the Saturnian politician after Joan Randall with a sinister purpose. Why hadn't he sent Su Thuar? Where was the Venusian criminal? He had disappeared when they first landed.

"Chan Carson!" came the angry voice of Jeff Lewis. "Will you stop dreaming and listen to me?"

Curt Newton had to turn and give his attention to the producer, as Lewis outlined the scenes they were to make in this dangerous location.

The stocky director appeared insensible to the hazardous nature of this place. The terrific spectacle of the bubbling, infernal Fire Sea that washed the base of this promontory affected him no more than if it had been a painted backdrop, in his intensity of purpose.

The others, though, were not so oblivious. Gasping and choking from the sulphurous fumes, they cast anxious glances at the molten ocean whose scorching heat partly penetrated even this zone protected by the anti-heaters. And Curt Newton, playing his part of Chan Carson, was careful to seem openly fearful.

"Now here's the plot of this episode of 'The Ace of Space,'" Jeff Lewis was saying crisply. "Lura and Ron, the two young sweethearts who are trying to give the Futuremen information about the Legion of Doom, are trapped here at the Fire Sea by some of the Legion. They're going to be killed, when Captain Future and Grag appear."

He turned to bark at the little Martian technical director. "Lo Quior, have you got that automaton ready?"

"All ready," affirmed the spectacled little Martian. "Just what will you want it to do?"

"It'll come on the scene with Captain Future — Carson, that is," Lewis explained. "It's Grag, helping Future to save Ron and Lura. It should run forward, pick up Legion men, and toss them aside."

"I can set its controls so it'll run forward and make the tossing motions," Lo Quior nodded. "The men can fake the rest."

Big Grag was standing, as immobile as the lifeless automaton he impersonated. Curt Newton grinned secretly. He knew how Grag must detest this sham.

Lo Quior began setting the control-buttons on the little switchboard on Grag's back. The Martian never dreamed that this was any other than the dummy automaton the property department had prepared.

"All right—get those cameras ready to roll," barked Jeff Lewis. "Ron, you and Lura take your places. You're breathless, exhausted by your flight from the Legion. You can't go any farther, for you're at the very shore of the Fire Sea. They've got you trapped—"

Lura Lind and Ron King began the scene. They crouched in the sunlight, silhouetted against the angry red immensity of the Fire Sea, gazing behind them in terror and despair.

Into the scene rushed the half-dozen actors who represented members of the malign Legion of Doom. They wore gray uniforms with a black disk on the shoulder. They rushed the man and girl, overpowered them and dragged them toward the edge of the cliff above the Fire Sea.

The producer made a sharp signal. In obedience, Curt Newton plunged forward, an atom-pistol clutched in his hand.

At the same moment, Lo Quior pressed the "starting button" on Grag's switchboard.

Grag came to life. The big robot stalked forward in a clanking rush, at Curt's side. Grag moved stiffly and jerkily, as though he were really the mechanical automaton which the others thought him.

"Captain Future!" yelled one of the Legion of Doom actors in simulated amazement and dismay.

"Get them, Grag!" shouted Curt Newton, repeating his line. His atom-pistol was spitting harmless low-powered charges as he charged.

Grag went into action when he reached the gray-uniformed actors. He swung his mighty metal limbs and knocked the

'Legion of Doom' about like tenpins. The actors yelled in real dismay, as Grag snatched Lura Lind out of their grasp so roughly it looked as if he were about to throw her into the Fire Sea.

In fact, Grag was thoroughly enjoying a taste of action. He had been forced to stand so long in stiff immobility and silence that he now took pleasure in showing what he could do.

"Turn this automaton off before he throws me over the cliff," shrieked Lura Lind.

"Cut!" shouted Jeff Lewis. "Lo Quior, switch off that thing."

The little Martian ran forward and touched the dummy switches upon Grag's broad metal back.

Grag stiffened as though he really were an automaton whose power had just been cut off, thus allowing the thoroughly scared blonde actress to slip from his arms to the ground.

"That automaton is too dangerous to work with," Ron King declared indignantly. "It might have thrown Lura right over the cliff."

"It'll be all right next time—cut its power down, Lo Quior," Jeff Lewis ordered. "We'll have to do the scene over again."

Curt Newton had taken the opportunity to edge close to the immobile figure of Grag, and whisper angrily to him.

"Quit clowning, you big mutt. I want to get this over with and get out of here after Joan and Otho."

Jeff Lewis seemed indefatigable as he prepared to re-make the scene. Curt Newton was beginning to understand why this stocky Earthman was tops in the telepicture profession.

Was Lewis in on Jon Valdane's plot? They had been undecided about that. But Newton began to doubt that any man so earnestly wrapped up in his job as the producer, could have an ulterior purpose.

They made the scene over again, and then made it over again, as the Sun rapidly westered. The brief Jovian day was approaching its end, yet still Lewis

was not satisfied.

"You're too stiff, too unconvincing, Carson," he lectured Newton. "Why in blazes can't you act like Captain Future would?"

"It's because this place scares me," Newton said nervously. "Can't we get out of here?"

He pretended that increased fearfulness because he really did badly want to return to the ship, and find out what had happened to Joan and Otho. Otho had not returned, and Newton was increasingly worried.

"Why can't you show a little courage?" stormed Jeff Lewis. "How can I make a picture with a Captain Future who's afraid of his own shadow?"

The Jovian guide who had brought them here, plucked at Lewis' sleeve. "It would be wise to leave here," he declared nervously. "Night is at hand, and soon comes the Meeting of the Moons. That means danger."

"Will you go back to Jungletown and let me make a picture?" Lewis barked at him. "We've got night scenes to make here, too."

Captain Future understood the cause of the Jovian's nervousness. For Curt Newton knew Jupiter, as the producer and others did not.

When the four biggest moons of this planet clustered together in conjunction in the heavens, their combined gravitational pull always caused tidal disturbances of the Fire Sea. Sometimes, those disturbances were so powerful as to bring about the so-called tidal eruptions.

"Now we'll repeat that scene once more, and then we'll do the night-shots that show Future fighting off the rest of the Legion," Lewis ordered. "Snap into it, for there isn't much daylight left."

They barely completed the re-make before the Sun dropped behind the horizon. Darkness came down upon the face of the giant planet. In that darkness, the Fire Sea below them cast a baleful, lurid glow.

Up into the crimson glow climbed two of Jupiter's great moons, Ganymede

and Calypso. They were quickly followed by Io and then by Europa, the two latter moons racing to overtake their slower sisters.

The sluggish little waves of the Fire Sea increased in magnitude as the four moons drew toward conjunction. Big maelstroms bubbled in the flaming ocean. But Jeff Lewis ignored the uneasiness of the molten flood as he directed the filming of the night scenes.

"You're down on the ground, firing your atom-pistol at the other Legion men who have attacked," he outlined forcefully. "Ron is wounded, and he and Lura are crouching behind you. Camera!"

CAPTAIN Future stretched prone, firing his atom-gun, his head silhouetted against the blazing glow of the Fire Sea.

Suddenly Curt Newton stiffened. He had felt a low, rhythmic reverberation of the ground upon which he lay. Its rhythm increased swiftly.

He knew what it meant, and the knowledge appalled him. It was the prelude to a tidal eruption. The Fire Sea, surging up into the cavernous spaces beneath these cliffs, was threatening to erupt in a geyser of flaming destruction at this very spot.

He jumped to his feet, having finished the scene. But Jeff Lewis shook his head dissatisfiedly.

"No, it won't do," declared the director. "We'll have to film that scene again."

Captain Future knew that he had to get them all out of this dangerous place at once. Destruction might burst forth at any moment, for the ominous rhythm of vibration was rapidly accelerating.

But none of them knew what it meant. The Jovian guide had returned to Jungletown. And if he told them what it meant, he would prove by so doing that he could not really be 'Chan Carson,' since no timid, Earthbound clerk such as he impersonated could know such a thing.

"Will you get back there and do that scene over again, Carson?" Lewis was

barking impatiently.

Curt Newton made up his mind swiftly. There was only one way to get them out of here without betraying his real identity. And that way, distasteful as it as to him, he must take.

He cried out in a voice he made shrill with fear. "I won't do the scene again," he shrieked. "I won't stay here any longer." He pointed trembling at the heaving Five Sea. "This place is too dangerous."

"Get hold of yourself, Carson," said Jim Willard disgustedly. "Do you want everybody to think you're a coward?"

"I don't care what they think—I'm not making any more scenes here."

Jeff Lewis threw up his hands. "I give up. That's what I get for hiring a scary clerk to play my main role."

His voice was bitter with disgust. "All right, folks—that's all here. Since Carson's got hysteria, we might as well make out with the scenes as we've filmed them. Load up the trucks, Jim."

The others, though themselves a little nervous, cast contemptuous glances at Curt Newton as they prepared to return to the ship. Captain Future knew that all of them now thought of him as a shivering craven.

But he was not thinking of that. He was holding his breath until they should be away from this increasingly dangerous spot. His keen ears told him that every moment the ominous underground rhythm of surging lava was growing stronger.

He drew a long breath of relief when the rocket-trucks finally rolled away from the seething Fire Sea and entered the jungle trail. And at that moment, it happened.

With a thunderous roar, the promontory they had just quitted exploded upward. The cliff had been cracked by the upward-surging lava, and the tidal eruption flung a terrific geyser of molten rock for hundreds of feet into the moons-light.

"Good grief, it's an eruption," yelled Jeff Lewis, his eyes protruding in the lurid light.

"Hurry up, before that lava falls back

on us," Curt Newton cried.

The drivers of the rocket-trucks jammed their cyc-pedals to the floor, and the vehicles lurched wildly forward along the jungle trail.

Cries of panic came from actors and technicians as they saw their peril. The roaring geyser of fiery lava, shooting high into the light of the four moons, was about to rain down on them.

Hot ashes and burning bits of rock hailed down around the racing trucks. A deluge of fire seemed breaking from the heavens. But the sudden spurt of the rocket-trucks saved them from being beneath the masses of molten lava that crashed down on the trail behind them.

LURA LIND was screaming in panic, others were chattering with terror, as the ground heaved sickeningly beneath the speeding vehicles. Curt Newton, seeing that they were out of danger, counterfeited a terror even more extreme than that of the others.

"Gods of space," exclaimed Lo Quior, his spectacled face pallid as he looked back at the lurid, fire-shot sky. "If we hadn't left just when we did, that eruption would have killed us all."

Jeff Lewis mopped his brow shakily. "You're right. It's a lucky thing that Chan Carson got so scared, after all."

Jon Valdane gave Captain Future a long, queer look.

"Yes, it is lucky," the financier murmured. "It's almost unbelievably lucky."

Curt Newton felt a chill of apprehension. Had he betrayed himself to Valdane's sharp eyes? Hastily, Curt Newton exaggerated his apparent panic.

"This world is a devil's planet," he shrilled. "We nearly got killed. I want to get away from here at once."

"Quiet down, Carson," snapped the producer. "There's no more danger now. And we're leaving Jupiter before morning. We've made all the scenes we'll need for this episode of the picture."

"I wish I were back at my dry-goods counter on Earth," Captain Future complained. "You didn't tell me how risky

that role was going to be."

Inwardly, as he kept up his pretense of dread, Curt Newton was tensely anxious to reach the ship and find out from Otho whether Joan was safe.

The tidal eruption behind them was still painting the northern heavens with a bloody light that mingled weirdly with the silver radiance of the four clustered moons. When they rattled into Jungletown, they found the interplanetary frontier-town full of excitement over the thing.

The trucks bumped across the rough spaceport to the big, looming bulk of the *Perseus*. And Captain Future felt a throb of thankfulness as he saw that Joan Randall was there to meet them.

Joan Randall greeted Jeff Lewis indignantly. "That was a clever trick of yours to get rid of me—sending me a fake call from Earth!"

Jeff Lewis looked bewildered. "What in the world are you talking about?"

"Someone sent me a fake message to return to Earth headquarters," Joan said wrathfully. "I'd have gone, too, if I hadn't suspected it was a trick and called headquarters myself."

"I don't know anything about it," the producer said emphatically. "I've got troubles enough of my own right now. Sam! Lo Quior! Get ready for take-off. We're all through here on Jupiter."

Though disappointed by the failure of his stratagem to get Joan out of this dangerous expedition, Captain Future nevertheless felt relief that she had come to no harm from Kin Kurri.

He looked around and saw Kin Kurri himself. The tall, cadaverous Saturnian had apparently been waiting at the ship.

Curt Newton didn't see Otho, in the throng around the ship. Neither was Otho in the cabin they shared. Captain Future slipped down to the property-room, which by now had been re-loaded by Sam Martin's men.

"Simon!" he whispered in the dark room. "Grag! Has Otho been here?"

Grag came stalking from the dark corner in which he had been stiffly standing, and the Brain also glided to Curt Newton from the shadows.

"Otho has not been here," Simon Wright declared.

"I haven't seen the pest, since he left us at the Fire Sea," growled Grag.

"I sent him after Kin Kurri, whom I believed was trailing Joan," Newton explained. "Kin Kurri is here, and so is Joan, but where is Otho?"

"Lad, I found out something when I searched Valdane's suite today," reported the Brain. He went on to tell about Su Thuar's bringing the cases of hollow wooden tubes.

"So that's why Valdane left Su Thuar here—to get those aboard when no one was here to see," muttered Captain Future thoughtfully. "Now what possible use has he got in mind for hollow wooden tubes?"

"We may be able to find that out," the Brain said. "I took an Ear with me, and hung it inside the grating of the ventilator in Valdane's suite."

Captain Future uttered an approving exclamation. An Ear was a tiny super-sensitive microphone and audio-transmitter which could pick up any nearby sound or speech and transmit it to a tuned receiver.

Simon Wright had the little receiver of the Ear ready, and it was turned on. "I've been listening but haven't heard anything yet. They've not returned to their quarters."

"Listen—they're coming in now," said Grag.

They hung over the little receiver. From it came the sound of footsteps, then the slam of a door. And then Jon Valdane's voice, cold and wrathful.

"You bungled it, you fool," Valdane was accusing. "I sent you to make sure of the Randall girl, and here she is, still on the ship. Why didn't you catch up to her on the trail and do away with her so that it would look as though she'd been attacked by jungle beasts, as I ordered?"

There came the answering, whining voice of Kin Kurri, the Saturnian politician. "I couldn't do it. Someone trailed me. It was Rizo Thon, that Mercurian actor. He must have been a spy working with the Patrol."

"What happened?" Valdane demanded in alarm. "Where's Rizo Thon now?"

"Don't worry—Rizo Thon is dead," Kin Kurri answered. "I found he was trailing me, so I waited and took him by surprise and killed him. I tossed his body into the jungle. It'll never be found."

Curt Newton looked up at his two comrades, his face suddenly gray with pallor.

"If that's true, Otho is dead," he choked.

CHAPTER VII

Danger in Space



HORRIFIED Curt Newton and the two Futuremen looked at each other, stunned by the incredible news they had just heard.

Otho dead? Their minds simply could not digest the possibility of it. And as they stood petrified with consternation, there came the echoing clang of the ship's bells in sharp signal.

"Take-off time!" warned the loud-speakers throughout the *Perseus*. "Take-off time!"

"Otho can't be dead," cried Grag wildly. He started for the door. "We'll go back there and find him."

"Wait, Grag—it's too late now!" Captain Future ordered. "We're starting."

The roar of the keel rockets punctuated his words. The whole bulk of the *Perseus* lifted sharply into the air, and then the liner was roaring up through the lurid red glow of the Jovian night. "Listen!" whispered the Brain.

Voices again were coming from the tiny receiver. Valdane and his companions had stopped talking during the shock of take-off, but now their voices came again.

"If you really killed Rizo Thon, there may be trouble when he's missed," Jon

Valdane was saying. "You've botched the whole thing, Kin Kurri."

The voice of the Saturnian answered sullenly. "Why didn't you have Su Thuar handle it, then?"

"If I had, I would have made sure that the Randall girl did not get away," put in the silky voice of the Venusian criminal.

"Su Thuar was busy here at the ship, getting those cases of blow-guns aboard when no one was here to see," declared Valdane harshly.

"What good are those blow-guns going to be to us?" Kin Kurri demanded. "How are they going to help us accomplish anything on Styx?"

Jon Valdane's voice rose angrily. "You're still trying to learn what I'm planning, are you? I told you before and I tell you now, that you and Su Thuar will not be told the details of my scheme until we've reached Styx. I'm no fool. So long as I am the only one who knows the details of the scheme, there's no danger of them leaking out."

"If you're worrying about the Randall girl—" Kin Kurri began.

"Su Thuar will take care of the girl, before we reach Styx," Valdane interrupted. "But if Rizo Thon was a Patrol spy, there may be others aboard. What about this Chan Carson, whose cabin Rizo Thon shared?"

"Carson?" repeated the Saturnian incredulously. "That timid, stuttering fool? You surely don't have any suspicions of him?"

"Oh, well, I can make certain that Carson is no spy, if it'll make you feel any easier," growled Kin Kurri. "I know a way."

At that moment, Curt Newton and Grag and Simon heard from the receiver the sound of a door opening. Then came Valdane's angry command.

"Shut that door, Su Thuar. Do you want everyone on the ship to hear us?"

"It's getting stuffy in here," grumbled the Venusian. "You can hardly breathe."

"The ventilator must be out of order," Valdane retorted. "Take a look at it."

The Brain glanced sharply at Captain Future. "Lad, if he opens that venti-

lator—"

Even as Simon Wright spoke, there came from the receiver a loud sound of jarring metal. Then a cry in Su Thuar's voice.

"There's an Ear hung inside this grating," exclaimed the Venusian criminal. "Someone has been listening to everything we said."

"I told you there were other spies on this ship," cried Jon Valdane. "Smash that Ear, you fool."

Curt Newton and the two Futuremen heard a brief, shattering sound from the receiver. Then silence.

"They found the Ear," Newton exclaimed. "Now they'll be doubly on their guard."

"It's my fault, lad," murmured the Brain. "I didn't have time to replace the fans in the ventilating-tubes there, and they noticed it."

GRAG interjected an anxious question. "Chief, what are we going to do about Otho?"

Curt Newton's face softened. "I know how you feel, Grag. I'm worried too. But there's nothing we can do yet. I can't believe Otho is really dead. And if he's alive, he'll take care of himself and get word to us."

He went on frowning. "All we learned this way about Valdane's plans is that the hollow wooden tubes they brought aboard are native Jovian blows-guns. Why would Valdane want primitive weapons like blow-guns? There's only one possible way of getting at the secret in his mind."

Simon Wright spoke in his cold metallic way. "I think I understand, lad. You mean, to use a brain-scanner?"

"That's my idea," Curt Newton admitted. "What do you think, Simon? Could you build one here?"

Simon looked around the crowded equipment, instruments, costumes and sets that filled the property-room. "I could construct a fairly efficient brain-scanner from parts of the telepicture apparatus here, I think. But would it enable us to get Valdane's secret? You remember that when we invented the thing,

we found it only worked on the subconscious mind."

"There's a chance we can pry what we want out of Valdane's mind with it, if we're able to get him into unconscious condition," Curt Newton said. "In a few days, we'll reach Neptune. While we're there filming scenes in the submarine cities, we should have a chance to try our scheme. We've got to, for it's our last stop before reaching Styx! So you'd better get to work on the scanner at once, Simon."

"I'll do my best," promised the Brain. "But you must get back to your cabin. When they miss 'Rizo Thoa', they'll come there looking for him and you must be there."

Captain Future hastened back through the dimly-lit corridors toward his own cabin. The *Perseus* was throbbing through the void, its rockets blasting with monotonous regularity as they hurled it on toward their next goal, the ocean-covered world of Neptune in whose strange submarine cities the next scenes of the telepicture were to be filmed. Curt Newton stopped suddenly as he entered the passage upon which lay his own cabin. A man was crouching at his cabin door, fumbling with the catch. The catch gave way and the crouching figure stealthily stepped into Curt Newton's dark cabin. He clutched in his hand a small, gleaming object.

Captain Future had already drawn his atom-pistol from inside his jacket. He tip-toed silently but swiftly down the corridor. He reached his open door and vaguely glimpsed the dark figure of the stealthy visitant, just inside it.

Curt Newton leaped in, his weapon raised. His pistol-barrel rang down on the head of the shadowy prowler. The man slumped back down in the doorway. By the dim light from the corridor, Curt Newton now saw the senseless figure's face.

"Kin Kurri," he exclaimed, as he recognized the pale blue countenance of the Saturnian politician. Now what the blazes—"

Then he noticed that the Saturnian held in his hand a small bottle. Captain

Future inspected it. It contained a colorless oil which he recognized as the oil used to remove artificial make-up.

"So that's why he sneaked in here when he thought I would be sleeping," Curt Newton muttered.

"What have you done to Kin Kurri?" a clear voice suddenly demanded.

Captain Future turned, dismayed. It was Joan Randall. She had been coming along the corridor but had stopped at his open door. He realized instantly how incriminating it must look to her, to find him stooping thus over Kin Kurri's senseless body.

"You've stunned him," she explained as she perceived the bruise on the Saturnian's forehead. Her brown eyes flashed. "I'm going to call the captain to investigate this."

Joan Randall turned to carry out her intention, but Captain Future hastily grasped her arm. "No, you mustn't do that."

"Why shouldn't I, Chan Carson?" she flared. "I knew you were a timid little coward but I didn't think you were vicious enough to make an attack like this on an unoffending man."

CURT Newton desperately realized that as things stood he could not dissuade her from giving the alarm. To her, this looked like an utterly unprovoked attack by him upon Kin Kurri.

But if she gave the alarm, if the ship's officers and company were aroused, it would ruin his own plans. He realized that there was only one way in which he could insure Joan's silence.

"Joan, listen," he begged earnestly. "You must be silent. This is Curt speaking. I'm not really Chan Carson—I'm Curt Newton."

Joan Randall's brown eyes grew hot with scorn. "You're trying to deceive me with a clumsy trick. And it won't work."

"It's true," Captain Future insisted. "I've been playing the part of Chan Carson, from the first. I'm on board on a dangerous mission—"

He saw that she did not believe a word of it, that she was about to shout an

alarm. Racking his brain for a means of convincing her, Curt suddenly thought of something.

"Listen, Joan. You were with the Futuremen on Aar, the world of Deneb, a world no one else in the System has ever visited. If I tell you the name of the leader of the Clan of the Winged Ones on Aar, won't that convince you that I'm Captain Future?"

Joan Randall looked startled. "How can you know anything about our trip to Aar?"

"I know, because I was with you," Curt Newton retorted. "The name of the leader of the Clan of Winged Ones there is Skeen. Isn't it?"

It convinced the girl. And a wonderful change came over her face. Her brown eyes misted suddenly as she clutched his arm. "Curt, it's really you? But I didn't dream that you'd got back to the System yet."

"I didn't tell you, because I didn't want to drag you into this danger," he said, and added with a groan. "And now

you're in the thick of it in spite of my efforts."

"But what's it all about?" she asked wonderingly. "Why is Kin Kurri here?"

"It's a plot of Jon Valdane's against Styx, and Su Thuar and Kin Kurri are his right-hand men," Captain Future answered rapidly. "And now it looks as though Kin Kurri has begun to suspect my imposture. For he sneaked in here with a bottle of make-up remover. He must have intended to drug or overpower me, and then see if I am really Chan Carson."

At that moment came a sound of anxious voices and footsteps hurrying along the corridor toward them. Curt Newton stiffened.

"Your first outcry must have been heard," he exclaimed in dismay.

It was Jim Willard who came down the corridor, and behind the young assistant director were Lo Quior and Su Thuar.

"What happened, Joan?" Willard [Turn page]

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asked her anxiously. "We were just coming down to turn in, when we thought we heard you cry out."

Then he stopped as he and the other two men caught sight of Kin Kurri lying unconscious, half inside Curt's cabin.

Su Thuar's drowsy eyes instantly flared with suspicion, and his hand went to his hidden weapon. "What's going on here?" he snapped.

Captain Future answered with all the tremulous shakiness that befitted Chan Carson. "It's my fault. I heard someone coming into my cabin in the dark. I was scared to death, so I hit him with a chair and knocked him out, before I found out it was Kin Kurri."

"You would get hysterical over nothing, and do that," Jim Willard said disgustedly. "Of all the scary people, you're the worst I've ever met."

Su Thuar was still glaring suspiciously, but Lo Quior bent and gave the Saturnian first-aid. Kin Kurri revived and looked about in a bewildered fashion.

"Something hit me," he said hoarsely. "Oh, my head!"

"It was Chan Carson," said Willard. "He lost his nerve and got panicky when he heard you come into his cabin in the dark."

Kin Kurri darted a sharp glance at Curt Newton. As he did so, the Saturnian was hastily stuffing the bottle into his pocket.

"I remember now," Kin Kurri said lamely. "I came to Carson's cabin to see Rizo Thon, who shares it. I wanted to ask him something about his homeworld, Mercury. Then as I stepped in, everything exploded."

"I'm terribly sorry," Curt Newton said earnestly. "I guess I did lose my nerve. But I'd been lying worrying about the submarine scenes we have to make when we get to Neptune, and when you came in in the dark I got scared."

JIM Willard interrupted. "Where is Rizo Thon?"

Curt Newton looked blank. "I don't know. I haven't seen him since we left Jupiter."

"Nor have I," said Willard, frowning. "There's something queer about this."

Captain Future realized the danger of his situation. If he made a wrong move now, he would betray himself and wreck any chance he had of penetrating Valdane's secret schemes.

Jon Valdane did not yet really suspect him, he felt sure. The financier had suggested such a thing merely as a possibility. Kin Kurri had apparently come on his own initiative to investigate that possibility. For Su Thuar had been unmistakably astonished to find the Saturnian here.

"I'm going to look for Rizo Thon," Jim Willard was exclaiming.

He and Lo Quior hurried away. Su Thuar helped Kin Kurri aft to their own quarters, the Saturnian holding his bruised head and looking malevolently back at Curt Newton.

Joan Randall and Curt Newton were left alone together in his cabin for the moment. She came swiftly into his arms.

"Joan," he murmured, holding her, "it's been torture not being able to tell you who I was."

He explained rapidly what little he had learned of Jon Valdane's nefarious scheme to get control of the rich diamond-deposits of Styx.

"In a couple of days we reach Neptune," Curt Newton concluded, "and Simon and I are going to make a final try there with a brain-scanner to expose this plot. It'll be difficult, but it's the only chance we have."

They were interrupted by the return of Jim Willard. With him now were Jeff Lewis, and Jon Valdane himself.

"Rizo Thon is not anywhere on the ship," Jim Willard told Joan. "He must have missed boarding it when we left Jupiter."

"Perhaps he was caught by that terrible Fire Sea eruption that we escaped," Curt Newton suggested nervously. "He didn't leave the location-camp at the same time we did, you remember."

"That's what must have happened," Jon Valdane agreed quickly. His chubby pink face assumed a look of sorrow. "Poor chap."

Jeff Lewis swore. "This would have to happen to me. Well, there's only one thing we can do. Somebody else will have to double in the role of Otho. Cesar Crail, our heavy, would be the best bet."

"Crail doesn't look the part, and he isn't good at make-up," Willard pointed out.

"I know, but the Neptune submarine scenes will all be in sea-suits so he can get away with it there," Lewis replied. "By the time we get to Styx, we'll work out effective make-up for him."

"Will I have to go out undersea when we make the Neptune scenes?" Curt Newton asked in trembling tones.

"Yes, Carson, you will," barked the producer. "And I'll have no complaints from you about it. I'm getting fed up with your scariness."

Joan gave Curt a look of contempt, simulated to perfection.

"It's a libel on Captain Future to have him played by such a man as that," she said scathingly. Then they all departed, leaving Curt Newton alone.

Captain Future's assumed fearfulness faded into an expression of real worry as he looked after them. He realized that every hour of their flight, every mile that they came nearer to Magic Moon, increased Joan Randall's danger. For her sake, he must not fail at Neptune!

CHAPTER VIII

In Neptunian Depths



LOUD sharp words of an announcement from the loudspeaker system of the ship awoke Curt Newton, a few mornings later.

"Approaching Neptune!"

When he went up to the promenade deck, he found the whole company gathering there to gaze with wondering

amazement at the world ahead. Few of them had ever been so far as this remote

planet before.

As the *Perseus* had hurtled toward it in the last days, Jeff Lewis had kept his actors working steadily on interior scenes for "The Ace of Space." Captain Future had been unable except at 'night' to steal down to the property-room to help Simon Wright construct a brain-scanner.

Grag had been of little help in such delicate work. And Grag was obsessed with a desire for vengeance for Otho. The wrathful robot flamed with a consuming hatred of Jon Valdane and his associates. Curt Newton could only restrain Grag by assuring him that Otho could not be dead.

Curt Newton had had no further visitations like that of Kin Kurri to his cabin. But it seemed to him that the Saturnian constantly watched and trailed him through the ship, and he had been on his guard.

"We'll try our scheme tomorrow at Neptune," he had told Simon Wright the 'night' before. "You'll be left in the ship when the rest of us go out to make the submarine scenes. And Jon Valdane will stay here too—he won't risk his precious skin by going out. So I'll pretend to get lost, and will slip back secretly to the ship."

"I'll keep the aft emergency airlock open for you," the Brain had agreed. "But be careful, lad — you know the dangers of Neptune's sea."

Captain Future was grimly remembering that warning as he stared in pretended wonder with the others at the enlarging world ahead.

"But there isn't anything on it but water," exclaimed Ron King, astonished. "The whole planet is ocean."

The *Perseus*, its bow rockets thundering to brake its fall, dropped in past the big moon, Triton, and hovered above the heaving, shoreless sea. In the pale light of sunrise, the watery wastes stretched featureless to the distant horizons. They could glampse great fish leaping high out of the waves to escape black, reptilian pursuers.

"There isn't a speck of land on this whole world," marveled Lura Lind.

"There are some islands in the northern hemisphere," corrected Jim Willard. "That's where the human Neptunians live. But we're not going there."

"Where are we going to land then?" asked Ron King anxiously.

Lo Quior grinned at them. "We're not going to land at all. We're going right down to the bottom of this sea."

A little outcry of alarm went up from the group at this disconcerting information. Curt Newton made his own voice the most fearful.

"Now quiet down, folks," ordered Jeff Lewis bluntly. "There's no danger whatever in the *Perseus* going down to the bottom. A space-ship is built to keep air in, and it will keep water out just as well. And our rocket-tubes are fitted with baffles so we can navigate underwater."

The *Perseus* struck the waves and sank beneath their surface. Instantly the space-ship was encompassed by an eerie green gloom. The waters were all about them, pressing against the glassite walls through which they stared.

The ship continued to sink. The green hue of the water, seen through the ports, darkened. But they could make out a multitude of strange fish and sea-creatures outside the walls, which had been attracted by their lights.

Then the *Perseus* began to navigate cautiously above the weird forests of the ocean floor, moving in widening circles. The muffled throbbing of the baffled rockets was loud in their ears.

"We're looking for a city of the sea-folk," Jim Willard explained. "There's supposed to be one in this region."

"What if they don't like the idea of our visiting them to make scenes?" asked Jon Valdane doubtfully.

"They'll be all right," said Davis. "They're not exactly human, but they're semi-civilized and friendly now."

THE lights caught two monstrous *Tursals* engaged in a ferocious underwater struggle. Then as the two creatures separated and fled from the bril-

liance, a sharp cry came from the bridge-room.

"Submarine city two miles ahead."

A moment later, the bow-rockets blasted and then the *Perseus* sank downward toward an open glade in the weird polyp-forest.

They all strained their gaze ahead in an endeavor to make out the outlines of the submarine city. But only a dim glimpse came to their watching eyes through the dusky water of a distant mass of black, cubical buildings surrounding a central pyramid.

Then they lost all sight of the distant city as the space-ship sank down into the glade in the forest, and landed in the ooze.

Jeff Lewis now went into action.

"Get the suits ready, Jim," he barked. "Lo Quior, you've got the cameras fixed for underwater work, haven't you? Get them ready to take out. And remember, every technician is to carry an atom-gun."

The indefatigable producer herded his troupe down to the main airlock of the lower deck. There Jim Willard issued the sea-suits they were to wear.

The suits were simply space-suits with glassite helmets, but they had been especially strengthened and made more rigid to withstand the crushing weight of waters. Curt Newton, as he started donning his, saw Joan Randall climbing into hers. She had previously signified her intention of accompanying the undersea party.

It had been Captain Future's idea that she should, as he had explained to her in the only chance he had had to speak with her secretly.

But Curt Newton was disconcerted to see that Su Thuar was also donning one of the sea-suits. The Venusian was going to accompany them!

"I'd like to see what this Neptunian ocean is like," he said.

Curt Newton edged to Joan's side.

"I don't like Su Thuar's going along," he whispered. "He may try to get rid of you out there. Be sure to stay close to Lewis and the others after I slip away."

The cameras and other properties, including Grag, had already been taken outside by Lo Quior and the technicians. Now Lewis gathered his actors into the big main air-lock, and its inner door was closed.

The outer door was slowly opened. Sea-water rushed in upon them and filled the lock. They stepped out of it, one by one, onto the oozy bottom of the Neptunian ocean.

Jeff Lewis' voice came to them through the short-range telaudio built into their suits.

"This way. Keep together, and follow our lights. Remember, it'll be dangerous to straggle here."

The producer and Lo Quior led the way through the submarine polyp forest, lighting their way by krypton spotlights attached to their belts. Behind them, technicians hauled flat metal sledges on which were loaded the big cameras and other equipment that would be needed.

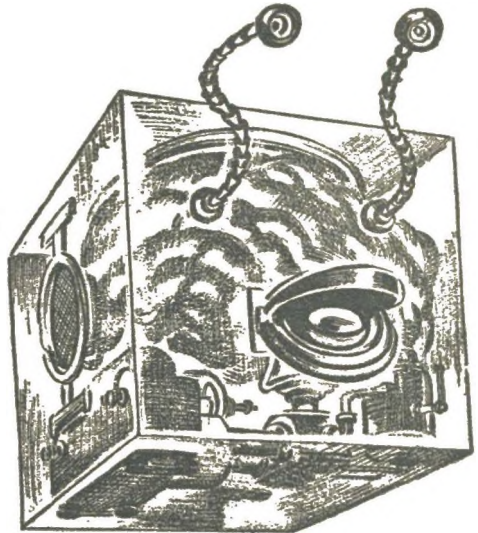
Curt Newton noticed Grag lying prone one of those sledges, and grinned to himself. Water could not hurt Grag, for the robot did not breathe. He imagined that Greg was chuckling at getting a free ride.

"Look out for 'swallowers,' boys," Jeff Lewis warned the armed men around their party. "I'm told they're the most dangerous beast in this ocean."

Weird little caravan marching through the eternal dusk of the Neptunian sea-floor. In their stiff suits and gleaming helmets, they looked themselves like grotesque denizens of the deep.

Their feet sank into the ooze for inches with each step. All about them loomed the strange polyp forest, a labyrinth of branching white and green growths whose interlaced limbs stirred in the currents with repellent semi-animal life. Shoals of "solar-fish" rocketed away startledly in front of them. A big, harmless "breather" lumbered clumsily off through the submarine forest.

"Look out! There come a couple of *ursals!*" came Jim Willard's voice in a yell of sudden warning.



THE BRAIN

HASTILY the armed men leveled the heavy atom-guns which could operate as well under water as in air or space. Two of the big, black dinosaur-like reptiles were swimming toward them from straight ahead.

"There's something on the backs of those creatures," cried Newton hastily. "Wait."

The two sea-men rode their reptilian steeds right up to the telepicture party, apparently having been attracted by the lights. The two riders dismounted and approached.

"My stars those things are half-fish and half-human," came Ron King's awed exclamation.

"They're simply an extreme evolutionary adaptation of the ancient human stock to the Neptunian habitat," Joan Randall declared.

The sea-men had hairless heads, and their faces were quite human in features. But at the base of their throats were open gills that pulsed regularly as they breathed the water.

Their short, powerful arms were finished at the elbows and wrists. The two legs were almost grown together to form a powerful, tail-like limb that ended in fins instead of feet. They wore garments made of twisted sea-weed fibers woven upon metal strands.

Here was a strange offshoot of hu-

manity—a part of the ancient Denebian human stock which on this watery world had adapted itself to breathe oxygen from water and to live in these green depths.

"They're supposed to understand a little of the interplanetary *lingua franca*," Jeff Lewis was muttering. "We'll soon find out."

The producer was closing a switch at his belt, so that his voice was diverted into a resonator to set up sound-waves in the water.

"Friends," Lewis declared muffledly in the rudimentary language based upon ancient Denebian words, which all galactic races know.

One of the sea-men answered hastily, his voice coming muffledly to them as sound-waves through the water.

"What's he talking about?" Jeff Lewis asked.

Captain Future understood. The seaman was excitedly warning them that some of his people had recently sighted a "swallow" in this polyp forest. "Swallows" were the most dreaded monsters of this world.

The two sea-men rode ahead on their *ursals*, and when the company of humans emerged from the polyp forest at the edge of the submarine city, they were greeted by hundreds of the sea-folk.

Fantastic undersea metropolis it seemed even to Captain Future, who had seen these submarine cities before. And to the eyes of the others, the scene was incredible.

The massed cubical buildings of the city had been constructed of heavy black stone quarried from the ocean floor. The windows and roofs of the structures were closed by metal bars, to prevent the incursion of the more dangerous sea-creatures.

Rocketing through the grotesque streets in swimming swarms came the sea-folk—men, women, little children. They whirled and dived excitedly all around the humans, who in their heavy sea-suits seemed stiff and clumsy by comparison. And many of the sea-folk rode tame *ursals*.

"Set up the cameras here, Lo," ordered

Jeff Lewis. "Get those krypton spot-lights going. We'll make our first scenes here."

The swarming, friendly sea-folk recoiled a little when the powerful krypton lights, powered by compact batteries, were switched on. Their beams streamed through the dusky waters to illuminate the weird city.

"Carson—Chan Carson!" called the producer. "Take your place over here. Turn on the automaton, Jim. Carson, you walk beside it."

At that order, Jim Willard touched one of the dummy switches on Grag's back, and immediately Grag started walking stiffly forward through the waters like the automaton he was supposed to be. Curt Newton kept beside him, tramping unsteadily toward the black city.

The sea-folk, not comprehending that the scene was make-believe, swarmed eagerly toward Curt Newton and Grag. It made a striking scene.

"That's swell," Jeff Lewis exclaimed eagerly. "Pretend to be greeting them, Carson."

CURT NEWTON obeyed. But Grag, stalking stiffly on through the swarming sea-people, walked straight into one of the big, tame *ursals*.

The dinosaur-like creature reared alarmedly at sight of the approaching robot. Its snaky head darted forth and grasped Grag's metal arm. Grag swung a stiff blow with the other arm that knocked the *ursal* back from him. The creature darted away through the water.

"Fine," exulted Lewis. "That little scene was accidental but it'll be a knock-out. Turn the automaton off, Jim."

"Now, Carson, the next scene shows you going out of the city into the forest," the director continued. "You've rested and the friendly sea-folk have told you about a sunken space-ship in the polyp-forest. You think maybe you can use it to get away in, so you're going to hunt for it."

Captain Future, listening, perceived the chance he had been waiting for—the chance to get away and slip back

secretly to the *Perseus*.

He obeyed Lewis' directions, and as the cameras ground he tramped back out from the city toward the polyp-forest. He moved now without the dragging heaviness. Curious sea-folk swam with him as he went.

In a moment, Newton was inside the dense polyp-forest and out of sight of the city and telepicture company. At once, Captain Future plunged through the submarine forest in the direction of the distant ship!

Lewis' order rang from the telaudio receiver inside his helmet.

"Carson, come on back out of there."

Curt Newton answered with a wail of terror. "I'm lost," he said. "I got turned around in here and I don't know which way you are."

"The helpless fool," he heard Jeff Lewis exclaim angrily. "Jim, take a couple of men and go in and find him."

Captain Future plunged on through the dusky polyp-forest, startling shoals of fish, tramping around huge empty shells deserted by "tenant-clams." The sea-folk with him turned back now, as though afraid.

But Curt Newton hardly noticed these things, for his mind was on the dangerous task ahead. He must get back into the *Perseus* unobserved so that he and Simon Newton could overpower Jon Valdane and try the brain-scanner on him. And he didn't have much time!

Curt Newton suddenly recoiled as a giant, disk-shaped white mass rose unexpectedly out of the polyp-groves ahead of him. It was incredibly huge, with staring, saucer-like eyes that glared as it rushed toward him.

With a throb of horror, he recognized it as that most awful of Neptunian terrors, a "swallower." There was no chance to flee. And he had only his puny stage-property atomic pistol with which to fight it!



CHAPTER IX

Undersea Trap



WITH quick comprehension, Joan Randall immediately understood when "Chan Carson" terrifiedly reported himself lost in the submarine forest.

Captain Future had told her that he would use some such pretext to slip back

to the *Perseus*, where he and Simon Wright would subject Jon Valdane to the inquisition of their brain-scanner.

"You stay with Lewis and the rest, Joan," he had earnestly warned her. "Grag will be there, too, and you'll be safe from Su Thuar."

But the girl was rebellious. If there was one thing she hated, it was being left out of things because Newton felt anxious about her safety. And she had secretly resolved to follow him back to the ship and share in his precarious attempt there, whether he liked it or not.

Standing in her sea-suit with the others at the edge of the dense submarine forest, she heard the voice of Jeff Lewis angrily calling to "Chan Carson."

"Carson, don't wander around in there," the producer was yelling. "Jim and a couple of the men are coming in to find you."

No answer came back on the short-range telaudio, although Jeff Lewis repeated the order.

The producer swore. "He's wandered out of range of our telaudios. That Carson would lose his head and give way to panic the moment he found himself alone."

Jim Willard and Lo Quior were beating through the polyp forest, into which Curt Newton had disappeared. They tramped back out of the submarine groves a few minutes later, trudging through the ooze.

"Can't find him, Jeff," Willard reported. "He's probably wandering around in circles."

"And these sea-people seem so scared of that part of the forest that they won't search him out for us," muttered Lawis. "Well, he's in no immediate danger, for his suit has enough oxygen for many hours. You and your men can keep hunting for him, Jim. The rest of us will go on with the other scenes until you bring him back here."

And the producer gave directions for the filming of scenes inside the grotesque black submarine city of the swarming sea-folk.

"Take the cameras right inside the city, Lo. I want a scene showing Ron and Lura arriving. They've picked up a signal Captain Future sent out from the sunken space-ship he found, and have come to help."

The krypton spotlights and big cameras were moved into the edge of the city. The friendly sea-folk, highly intrigued and mystified by all that was going on, darted in swarms around and through the brilliant beams of the spotlights.

Grag was placed in the center of the scene, and Lo Quior touched his "control-buttons." Grag immediately responded in automaton-like fashion by waving his arms stiffly in greeting as Ron King and Lura Lind came tramping into the scene.

While this was going on, Joan Randall had followed Jim Willard and his two men back to the edge of the submarine forest.

"I'll help you hunt for Carson," she offered. "I know a little about these submarine forests."

"And I'll help too," said a smooth voice on the telaudio.

Joan Randall turned, sharply. It was Su Thuar's voice. The Venusian had unobtrusively stayed near her all during their undersea march and during the scenes at the sea-folk city. And he was still sticking to her.

She remembered Curt Newton's warning against the Venusian. Valdane

wanted to get rid of her before they went on to Styx. Su Thuar had probably accompanied them with that purpose in mind.

The girl felt more vexation than apprehension. She was not afraid of the Venusian. But if he stuck too closely to her it would make it difficult for her to steal away secretly from this search, and follow Newton back to the ship. And that was what Joan intended to do.

"All right, we'll separate and beat through this whole sector of the forest," Jim Willard said. "Keep within telaudio range of each other and keep calling Carson. Sooner or later, we'll get an answer."

The young assistant director added an anxious warning.

"Don't go too far in, Joan. It could be dangerous. And Carson isn't worth it."

JOAN RANDALL smiled to herself as she started into the polyp forest. How astounded all these people would be if they knew the real identity of the timid, fearful Chan Carson for whom they showed such open contempt.

She kept up a pretense of searching as she tramped through the dusky glades of grotesque polyp-growths. The small krypton-light she wore at the belt of her sea-suit like the others furnished a limited illumination, and she could see the lights of the others close by.

She heard, on her suit-receiver, the telaudio calls of Jim Willard and the others to the missing "Chan Carson." She called herself, to keep up the pretence. But actually, she was looking for a chance to get away from them and start back to the ship after Curt Newton.

Joan Randall was soon out of sight of Willard, in the dense submarine forest. But on her other side, Su Thuar persistently kept within sight of her lamp's beams. Undoubtedly, the Venusian was trailing her.

He had made no attempt to attack her. She did not fear such an attack, for she was on the alert and had her own

efficient atom-pistol at her belt. But she was becoming angry at her inability to slip away while the Venusian was watching her.

Joan decided to lose no more time. She entered a thicket of giant, waving sea-grasses which she knew concealed her completely. At once, she turned off her belt-light. And then she moved as rapidly as possible through the dusky undersea forest in the direction of the ship.

She was now out of sight of Su Thuar's light, and knew that she had given the Venusian the slip. Jim Willard's voice called her anxiously, but she did not answer. Presently the calls faded away, indicating that she was now out of range of the short-radius telaudio.

Joan Randall hurried on through the dusky undersea forest. The *Perseus* was still at least a mile and a half away, and she had wasted nearly an hour in the pretended search and in getting away from the Venusian. She must hurry if she was to have any chance of joining Curt Newton and Simon Wright in the ship before they attempted their daring expedient.

Shoals of brilliant solar-fish rushed away from her through the waving polyps. The groping tenacle-like arm of a hydra-polyp wrapped around her arm once, but she tore it loose without difficulty and stumbled on through the ooze.

She shrank back suddenly as a huge, black turtle-like creature rose in the shadowy waters ahead of her. Then she laughed shakily to herself. It was only one of the big, harmless "breathers," rising from its burrow on one of its endless trips to the surface to refill its lung-sacs with air.

"I suppose Curt will be angry when I show up to help him," she thought a little apprehensively. "But he might as well learn right now that I'm in on this case with him."

She wondered if Captain Future's brain-scanner would work. She had unlimited faith in the wizard mastery of science of Newton and the Brain. Yet, to snatch a man's secret thoughts from

his mind—

Joan Randall suddenly stopped in alarm. The air inside her helmet was suddenly becoming thick and foul.

"The oxygen-tube must be clogged," she thought quickly, and rapped sharply on the aluminoy tank of compressed oxygen at her belt.

There was no resulting flow of purified air. But her rapping did have an effect that dismayed her.

The oxygen-gauge on the side of the tank had shown twenty hours' supply of the gas remaining to her. But when she rapped the tank, the needle of the gauge suddenly swung jerkily to "Empty."

"But it can't be empty," she thought bewilderedly. "I've only been out here in this suit a couple of hours."

She hammered anxiously at the tank. There was no response. The needle remained at "Empty." And every moment now, the air inside her helmet was becoming more hot and unbreathable.

Joan came to an appalling realization. The tank had been tampered with! It had been emptied of all but a couple of hours' supply of oxygen, and the gauge had been set to show "Full."

"Su Thuar," she exclaimed. "He did that before we left the ship. That's the way Valdane worked out to get rid of me."

SHE understood with terrible clarity now, why the Venusian had made no attempt to harm her. Su Thuar hadn't needed to. All he had had to do was to wait till her oxygen ran out and she died from asphyxiation. He had trailed her merely to make certain that happened.

Joan's head was already reeling from the lack of pure air. Since the processes of oxygenation and purification had stopped, she was breathing the air in her suit over and over. In a very few minutes, she must lose consciousness and perish from asphyxiation.

She called desperately to Curt Newton. There was no answer. He was out of telaudio-range of her, ahead.

"I can't make it to the ship," she

thought wildly. "And that's the only possible chance—"

The *Perseus* was still more than a mile away in the submarine forest. There alone, was hope of life. And she could never reach it.

Death stared Joan Randall in the face. She would perish in the next few moments, unless she found air.

Find air here at the bottom of the sea? It seemed a bitter mockery to ask the question. Then into her reeling mind came sudden remembrance.

There was a tiny bit of air at the bottom of the Neptunian sea, in certain places. She had passed one of those places only a few minutes before.

Joan Randall turned and staggered back through the polyp-forest the way she had come. Her brain was spinning from lack of oxygen, and her blood pounded in her temples.

She flashed on her belt-light, desperately searching. Then she saw what she was seeking. It was the "breather's" burrow which she had passed shortly before, from which the creature had risen.

It was no more than a wide, round tunnel down into the floor of the sea. That dark, gaping passage seemed a fearsome place to enter. But Joan Randall knew it was her only chance of living a little longer. She dropped down into the black opening.

The tunnel which the big, turtle-like "breather" had burrowed went down through ooze and then through soft coral. It sank into the coral for twenty feet, then turned and ran horizontally, then rose again.

Joan Randall, gasping and only half-conscious from the roaring in her ears, scrambled up the last section of the queer tunnel. She emerged into the big, hollow pocket in the coral that was the "breather's" home.

This pocket was filled, not with water, but with air! A bubble of air trapped here at the bottom of the sea.

The "breathers" were air-breathing sea-creatures, like the whales of Earth. Survivals of former Neptunian land-life, Curt Newton had told her, who had adapted themselves to the sea when it

covered all eroded Neptune. A grotesque wonder of planetary biology.

The creatures, on each of their trips to the surface, could store their lung-sacs with enough air for many hours of life underwater. And they could bring air down in their lung-sacs to the cunningly excavated burrows in which it remained trapped, to furnish oxygen to the young of the species who could not yet ascend to the surface.

Joan was nearly unconscious as she clambered up from the water into this dark, airfilled pocket. Her arms seemed leaden and useless as she tried to unfasten her helmet. Her lungs were on fire.

Then she got the helmet off. And air—hot, thick, fishy-smelling but still blessed air—rushed into her nostrils.

Her head cleared a little as she gulped in the air. It was highly compressed by the pressure of the waters that trapped it here. It made her lungs labor to breathe it, but her gasping ceased.

Joan flashed her light around. The burrow was like a big wet cavern of dark coral. Half its floor was water, and the other half was a slightly raised ledge upon which she had pulled herself.

She discovered that she shared the ledge with a brood of five young "breathers." Looking much like big black turtles with soft skin backs instead of shells, they blinked at her light solemnly.

"What a place," she thought, with a little shudder. "I've got to get out of here somehow."

She tried the telaudio in her helmet, calling again. But there was still no answer.

The girl began to feel desperate. The air in this pocket would not last her for many hours. And there was no possible way of using it to replenish her oxygen-tank so that she could escape from here.

Her senses swam from the thick, fishy odor. She had a chill realization of the hopelessness of her situation. Even if Curt Newton searched for her, how would he ever find her in this place?

She had faced numberless perils before this, but here alone, helpless, in a strange world—her senses began to reel.

CHAPTER X

Scientific Miracle

FLIGHT could not save him, Captain Future instantly had realized an hour before, as the "swallower" rushed at him. These enormous, disk-shaped white monsters of the depths could flap through the water at a speed

very much faster than any man could run.

Neither could he kill the creature. His only weapon was the futile stage-pistol at his belt, a mock-weapon which could fire nothing but low-powered energy flashes that would look like atomic bolts in a telepicture.

Curt Newton acted more by instinct rather than by design. The "swallower" was already poised above him like a dreadful white cloud. The creature would drop down, wrap its vast, flexible body around him, and then crush him into a pulp to be ingested at its leisure.

Newton flung himself backward, against the slimy trunk of one of the big polyp-trees. It would at least make it more difficult for the beast to seize him, he thought.

"If I just had a real atom-gun for one minute!" he thought desperately.

Next moment, the enormous flat mass of the "swallower" whipped around the whole polyp-tree. Captain Future was crushed against the slimy trunk of the semi-animal growth by the pressure.

He fought to free himself from that dreadful grip. It had not yet compressed upon him with full power, for the "swallower" was impeded in its contraction by the stiff polypous branches.

Newton found it impossible to work his way downward out of the remorseless grasp. It was only a matter of minutes until the full pressure would crack his sea-suit and helmet like an egg-shell.

With a wild idea in mind, he squirmed upward. He got his head and one arm

up out of the grip of the contracting white body, but could get no further.

Next moment, Curt Newton was hurled head over heels through the water by a mad, convulsive spasm of action on the part of the "swallower." The blinded monster was threshing the waters in crazy fury.

Hastily picking himself up from the ooze into which he had fallen, Newton scrambled away through the polyp forest. He breathed in shaky relief when he had left all sight of the raging monster behind.

"That would be one for Jeff Lewis' picture," he thought. "Fighting a 'swallower' with a stage-pistol. But he'd say it was too crazy."

He plunged on through the shadowy submarine forest. Soon he had come within sight of the brightly shining lights of the *Perseus*.

Newton carefully detoured to approach the resting ship from the tail, so that he would not be seen from inside it. He clambered through the ooze beneath the projecting tail of the craft, until he reached the little aft emergency air-lock.

It was open, and he slipped inside and then rapped softly on the inner door in an agreed signal. There was a low humming of power, and the outer door slid shut and pumps rapidly expelled the water.

The inner door opened. And beyond it, inside the deserted keel passageway of the ship, poised the waiting shape of the Brain.

Curt Newton hastily shed his wet sea-suit, and strode to the side of his waiting comrade. Simon Wright was holding a small, cube-shaped apparatus from which extended two insulated cables that ended in flat coils.

"You prepared a gas-tube as we planned?" Curt Newton asked in a rapid whisper, without further greeting.

Simon Wright handed him a silver tube, with a trigger at one end.

"Yes, it wasn't hard. I synthesized the sleep-gas from rocket-fuel elements. Valdane is in his suite now with Kin Kurri. But the man Rosson is on

guard outside it."

"You bring the brain-scanner," Captain Future said quickly. "Remember, I mustn't be seen or the whole game is up."

TAKING infinite care to avoid being sighted by anyone in the ship, the gliding Brain and he made their way up through the little-used aft passages to the middle deck.

He peered around the corner into the main mid-deck corridor. Rosson, Valdane's tough-looking Earthman satellite, was again lounging alertly outside his employer's door.

Captain Future raised and aimed the gas-tube silently. He depressed its trigger briefly. A tiny cloud of almost colorless gas shot from it and hit Rosson's face. The tough Earthman sank to the floor.

Curt Newton now raced down the corridor, the Brain close behind. He listened for a moment at the door. A vague murmur of voices came from inside.

Curt Newton applied the end of his gas-tube to the keyhole of the door. He depressed the trigger, holding it down so that the full charge of compressed sleep-gas would enter the rooms beyond.

He heard the beginning of an alarmed exclamation—then the thump and thud of two falling bodies. Instantly Captain Future was deftly working with the lock of the door.

The door clicked open. He dragged the senseless form of Rosson swiftly inside with them as he and the Brain entered.

Jon Valdane and Kin Kurri lay unconscious. The sleep-gas had already been carried away by the repaired ventilation system, but it had done its work.

"Close the door, Simon," Captain Future directed as he bent over the prostrate figure of Jon Valdane with the brain-scanner.

Carefully, Curt Newton strapped the two flat little induction-coils of the apparatus to Valdane's head, so that one of the coils lay flat against each of the financier's temples.

He checked the cables leading from the coils to the machine. Then he

snapped a switch and carefully turned a rheostat on the front panel of the apparatus.

"There won't be anything selective about this," Curt Newton muttered as he waited. "But if we're lucky, we'll pick up enough from Valdane's mind to enlighten us about his plans."

"We haven't unlimited time," warned Simon Wright. "If some of Valdane's men come here—"

He left the idea unfinished. For now, out of the little loud-speaker attached to the apparatus, a monotonous voice was speaking.

It was an artificially articulated "voder" voice. And what it was speaking were thoughts!

The thoughts and memories of the unconscious Jon Valdane were being detected by the delicate induction coils of this incredible instrument, and translated artificially into intelligible speech.

"—must be powerful," the machine was saying monotonously. "To be powerful, I must be rich. It is my only way of excelling. I—"

"Just subconscious stuff," muttered Captain Future. He turned the rheostat a trifle. "We've got to pick up his recent memories."

Two wizards of dark, unfathomable science he and Simon Wright seemed, as they crouched tensely listening to their machine drag the inmost mental secrets from the senseless man. Yet this thing which he and Simon Wright had years ago invented was based upon simple scientific principles.

Their brain-scanner was simply an advanced development of experiments that were very old. Long ago, the Harvard scientists of Earth had developed the electro-encephalograph which picked up the almost imperceptible electric currents of the brain which are the concomitant of thought. Those old scientists had been able only to record the thought-currents by the bobbing of a needle. Captain Future and the Brain had succeeded in translating them into speech.

"—with the Stygians," the flat voice was saying. "They wouldn't grant us

the diamond concession. Only one way to get it from them—"

"This is what we want, Simon," Curt Newton exclaimed eagerly. "Valdane's thought a lot recently about his Stygian plan. If we can piece together enough of his thoughts and memories—"

"Listen, lad," admonished the Brain, who was tensely alert.

BUT the flat voice that was reporting Valdane's mind was on a different subject now, relating figures connected with some financial deal in which they had not the slightest interest.

Captain Future felt frustration. Their brain-scanner could not possibly operate selectively. It could only "scan" the complex synaptic pattern of the brain a little bit at a time, impartially reporting what it found there.

The mechanical voice spoke on, calmly reporting Jon Valdane's most secret thoughts, desires, aspirations. But not until some minutes had passed, did it come again to that which interested them.

"—will be risky on Styx," it said. "But those diamond-deposits are worth taking risks for. And that's the only way that I can ever get my hands on them. The way nobody else ever figured, the loophole in the Stygian treaty—"

Curt Newton listened with intense expectation. But again, the report of Jon Valdane's mind shifted to other matters.

"Once I have control of the wealth of Styx, I'll be by far the most powerful man in the System. Then—"

Captain Future uttered an exclamation of disappointment. "We almost had the secret of what he's planning."

"We'll get the rest, with patience," said the Brain calmly. The brain-scanner was talking again. "Must take care that Chan Carson gets safely to Styx. The whole scheme will be easier to put through if we can use him—"

Newton was astounded. What did that mean? How was Valdane planning to use him, whom he thought a timid, commonplace actor?

But the rest of Valdane's translated

thought-memory on that subject, uttered by the scanner, swept that and all else from Newton's mind.

"—but for that very reason, the Randall girl must not reach Styx. Should have taken care of her at Jupiter. Kin Kurri is a stupid blunderer. But Su Thuar will see to her at Neptune. His idea of fixing her oxygen-tank is good. When she smothers, it'll look like an accident to her sea-suit. We don't want any Patrol investigation—"

Captain Future sprang to his feet. His face was deathly white as terrible understanding burst upon him.

"Good gosh," he exclaimed hoarsely. "Joan may be dying out there now. The devils have tampered with the oxygen-tank of her suit."

He lunged to the door. "Come on, Simon. I've got to get to her. You have to let me back out through the escape-hatch."

"The Brain hesitated a moment. "There'll be no further chance to use the scanner on Valdane, for he'll soon come to. And we haven't anything more than a few dim clues."

"To blazes with Valdane and everything else," cried Curt Newton. "Joan may be dying."

He plunged down the corridor with Simon Wright gliding close after him. Possessed by an overpowering fear, he was reckless of discovery but fortune was kind and they met no one in the aft corridors.

At the escape-hatch, Curt Newton delayed a moment to rip open the space-suit locker beside it and snatch up one of the spare oxygen-tanks of the suits. He inspected its gauge swiftly, then clambered into his own sea-suit, tucked the spare tank under his arm, and entered the hatch.

The inner door of the little airlock slid shut as Simon Wright operated the emergency hatch from within. The outer door opened, and the sea smashed in on Captain Future.

He flung himself out into the dusky waters. And with a cold dread clutching his heart and spurring his muscles, he started in a desperate, dragging run

through the weird groves of the polyp forest.

"If she's dead!" his brain throbbed. "If she's dead, I'll kill Su Thuar and Valdane and all the rest of them right here."

He was heading back toward the undersea city of the sea-folk where he had left Joan with the telepicture troupe. Reckless now of the dangers of the depths, he took the straightest course toward it.

Before Curt Newton had covered half the distance, he was suddenly galvanized by a faint call from the little tel-audio inside his helmet.

"Joan, is that you?" he cried frantically. "Are you all right?"

FAINTLY the trapped girl's voice came to him.

"Yes," she exclaimed, her tones quivering with gladness as she recognized his voice. "My oxygen ran out. I'm down here in a 'breather's' burrow. It was the only chance I had."

"Joan, stay there—I'm coming," Captain Future promised, his heart pounding with relief. "Keep speaking each few moments so I can know the way to you."

He steered his way through the labyrinthine polyp forest by listening to her frequent calls. Their short-range tel-audios, good for a radius of only a few thousand feet, made her voice quickly louder when he went toward her and as rapidly weaker when he was going away from her.

Thus Captain Future groped his way through the dusky undersea groves until he found the entrance of the "breather's" burrow. He dived unhesitatingly down into the dark mouth of the tunnel, and clambered through it until he emerged up into the burrow itself.

By the light of Joan's krypton belt-lamp, he perceived the interior of this air-filled pocket under the ocean floor. Joan was crouched upon a rock ledge above the water, and at the other end of the ledge a huge, turtle-like "breather" was protectively guarding its young. The beady eyes of the big, harmless

creature watched Curt Newton with apprehension.

Curt Newton ripped off his helmet, and took the shuddering girl into his arms. Joan Randall was nearer to hysteria than he had ever seen her.

"It's been like a nightmare," she sobbed. "And yet it was almost funny when that 'breather' came back and found me in here. It was as scared of me as I was scared of it. I laughed." He fitted the full oxygen tank he had brought to her suit, and they scrambled out of the burrow of the "breather." Then they started hastily through the polyp forest toward the city of the sea-folk.

When they finally emerged from the submarine forest into full view of the telepicture troupe at the city's edge, Jeff Lewis sighted them.

"So you found Carson, Miss Randall. It's about time."

"He was wandering in circles only a quarter-mile inside the forest," Joan Randall said in an exasperated voice.

"I've had a terrible experience," Curt Newton shrilled in accents of horror. "I couldn't find my way in that ghastly place."

"Stop whimpering, Carson," Lewis said brutally. "You've wasted enough of our time already. We've got to finish these scenes. Get over there with the automaton."

They again enacted the scenes the producer wanted, Grag striding in stiff automaton-fashion beside Curt Newton as he excitedly met Ron King and Lura Lind at the edge of the grotesque city.

The cameras whirled, the krypton spotlights eerily illuminated the scene. Through the dusky waters into the spotlights rushed schools of frightened fish, while the humanoid sea-folk swam around the beams in undiminished curiosity.

"Swell, all this is stuff no telepicture ever had before," exulted Jeff Lewis as they finished the last scene. "With these and the Jupiter scenes, and the big climactic shots, we'll make on Styx, 'The Ace of Space' will be a smash hit."

Jim Willard and Su Thuar came out of the polyp forest.

"We couldn't find Carson anywhere," the Venusian reported.

He stopped suddenly. His sea-suited figure grew stiff with amazement as he glimpsed Joan Randall.

"Where did she come from?" he gulped.

"Miss Randall found Carson," growled Jeff Lewis. "All right, folks, that's all. We're going back to the ship."

Captain Future realized the reason for Su Thuar's stupefaction. The Venusian could not understand how Joan Randall had managed to survive without air.

Curt Newton trembled with bitter anger toward the murderous scoundrel. It was not Su Thuar's fault that Joan Randall was not dead in the polyp forest. The Futureman swore to himself that he would repay the Venusian for that.

They tramped back through the submarine forest to the *Perseus* without incident, accompanied part way by the swarming, swimming sea-folk. But when they entered the ship, they found excitement in it. Jon Valdane, with Kin Kurri, was talking angrily to Captain Petersen.

"There's been a mysterious attack on Mr. Valdane while you were gone," the captain told Jeff Lewis. "We can't understand who committed it."

Valdane's eyes fell upon Joan Randall's face as she removed her helmet. And he and Kin Kurri showed blank surprise for a moment.

Su Thuar spoke swiftly, meaningly, to his employer.

"We had trouble ourselves. Carson got lost, and Miss Randall was gone for a couple of hours searching for him."

Valdane's small eyes flashed suspiciously.

"She got lost, you say?" he snarled. "Hah! That is interesting!"

The financier did not say anything more, but Newton could readily surmise what he was thinking. Valdane believed that Joan had returned to the ship and gassed them.

Then Valdane and the Saturnian and Venusian departed to their own quarters. Jeff Lewis was speaking to the captain of the *Perseus*.

"We can take off any time you're

ready, captain. We're all through here on Neptune. Now head for Styx."

Captain Future's heart sank. He had failed in his desperate attempt to prevent Valdane from reaching Styx.

And his failure meant terrible danger, not only to the girl he loved but to the future of a whole world!

CHAPTER XI

On Mysterious Styx



MAGIC MOON was to the System peoples much as ancient Egypt had been to the people of Earth. It lived in popular legend as a place of brooding mystery, a faraway world whose aloof, unsocial inhabitants were primitive in their lack of

mechanical progress but were reputed magicians in their uncanny powers of creating illusion.

Until a few years before, the Stygians had used their powers of illusion to isolate their world completely by making it appear uninhabitable. Then their age-old isolation had been broken forever by the great struggle between the Futuremen and the Legion of Doom which had resulted in the opening up of this world.

Curt Newton was darkly remembering that previous adventure as he stood at the promenade-deck wall and watched Styx grow larger ahead. Had fate led him back here, this time to taste defeat?

The *Perseus* had already drawn past the big, gleaming sphere of Pluto and now was swinging by Charon and Cerberus, the two nearer moons.

Styx loomed ahead, a growing, grayish ball. It appeared unthinkable remote and lonely as it followed its orbit around the parent planet out here in the eternal twilight. This was the edge of infinity. Beyond stretched the abysses of deep space that separated this last outpost of the Sun from the nearest fixed stars.

The members of the troupe were all gathering in excited groups to watch the landing upon the mysterious moon. A sense of adventure was evident in the bearing of almost all of them. Everyone had heard stories of Styx, but few persons had ever visited it.

The *Perseus* was now dropping rapidly toward the gray moon. As they neared it, the grayish surface paled to a dull white. There lay beneath them a strange and ghostly landscape of rolling plains of white grass, dotted with clumps of towering white club-mosses. It was half-veiled by drifting banks of dense gray mists.

Solemn chords of mystery and awe struck into the hearts of the beholders as they gazed across the shrouded face of the System's most mysterious world. They stared silently as the ship slanted down toward the northern hemisphere. Low, rocky hills and gorges lay in the misty distance, but nearer than these was a shallow valley in which was situated a small, sprawling town of light metalloy buildings.

"That's Planet Town, where we're going to make our base," informed Jeff Lewis. "It's the only 'foreign' colony on Styx."

"But this town has ordinary metalloy buildings," Lura Lind was saying in surprise. "I thought Styx didn't have any metal?"

"It doesn't," Jim Willard retorted. "Not a bit of metal exists on Styx except a few traces of cobalt, titanium and other rare elements. Scientists have never been able to explain the lack of metal. As to this town, the interplanetary traders who built it brought the metalloy with them."

They were circling toward the cloud shrouded landing-field. It lay more than a mile east of the town, a flat part of the grassy white valley whose sod was blackened and torn by rocket-blasts. A dozen space-ships lay on the field, freighters and small cruisers.

Captain Future glimpsed the *Comet*. Yet he hardly recognized it. His sleek little ship had been transformed by paint and other means into a battered,

worn-looking, little old cruiser such as could be picked up cheaply on any planet by anyone willing to risk his life in such a vessel.

The *Perseus* landed with a thunder of keel-tubes. There was an eager scramble to the space-doors by the actors and technicians. Newton pretended equal excitement as he crowded after the others, but he was careful to keep close to Joan Randall, for he saw Su Thuar following her.

"You'll all have to be careful here," Jeff Lewis warned the cast. "This place has a reputation as the toughest frontier-town in the System."

In the chill, foggy twilight that was mid-day here, they stood looking wonderingly around when they emerged. More than a mile westward through the mist loomed the metalloy structures of Planet Town.

A MOTLEY throng of the frontier town's inhabitants was pouring toward the field to greet them. Curt Newton's experienced eyes read these as the usual riff-raff that followed the interplanetary frontier — adventurers, fugitive criminals, gamblers, traders, curious tourists. They included yellow Uranians and pallid Venusians, somber-eyed Martians and tough-looking Earthmen. Nearly every man wore a belted atom-pistol.

A squat, brawny Jovian ruffian with a massive, vicious green face strode forward toward them.

"Welcome to Planet Town, folks," he said in hoarse tones. "I'm Jos Vakos, owner of the biggest gambling hall here. We've been expecting you telepicture people."

Jim Willard, beside Newton, commented dryly under his breath. "Looks as if our publicity campaign for 'The Ace of Space' has centered the eyes of the whole System on us."

Captain Future frowned. That was a facet of the mystery he had never been able to understand. Why had Jon Valdane ordered such a big publicity campaign for the expedition? Why did he want the System to be watching when

he carried out a secret plot to loot Styx?

"You'll like it here in Planet Town," Jos Vakos rumbled. "There isn't any law because the Patrol can't come here. You can do anything you want, as long as you're able to back it up with your gun."

Jeff Lewis was diplomatically polite. "We're here to film some scenes in one of the Stygian communities. I understand one of their cities is not far north from this place."

A burst of cackling, derisive laughter came from a whiskered, disreputable old space-rat of an Earthman in the front of the throng.

"You ain't got a chance," he shrilled. "The Furies won't give anybody permission to come near their danged cities. They even try to stop us from workin' the diamond-beds north of here."

"Old Lennie is right," said Jos Vakos, the brutal-faced Jovian. "After we came all the way out here when we heard of the diamond-strike, the cursed Furies have done all they could to scare us away."

Captain Future had started imperceptibly when he heard the voice of the whiskered space-rat they called Old Lennie. He looked hard at the disreputable old prospector, and recognized Ezra Gurney.

Gurney saw Curt Newton, in the back of the telepicture group, and winked slightly. Then the old man's jaw dropped as he noticed Joan Randall.

Jos Vakos was saying, "The Furies keep threatening what they're going to do to us if we don't all leave Styx," complained Jos Vakos. "They tell us regularly that unless we go, they'll unloose some mysterious Destroyer on us. It's all just a bluff of theirs."

"Here are a couple of the Furies now," called one of the motley crowd.

"Stygians?" exclaimed Jeff Lewis. "I want to talk to them."

Through the crowd around the *Perseus* came riding two figures who were almost as strange as the grotesque mounts they bestrode.

The two Stygians were men, but not men like those of any other planetary

race. Their bodies were covered with a short white fur. Their heads were oddly flattened, with big, pupilless black eyes of hypnotic depth. They wore cloaks of woven gray fiber, and had no weapons.

The mounts they rode were big, white kangaroo-like beasts that hopped rapidly forward upon powerful hind legs, and were guided by bit and reins.

"The Furies have come to look you over," growled Jos Vakos.

Captain Future perceived that the attitude of the motley crowd toward the two Stygians was one of mingled hostility and contempt.

But the Stygians seemed impervious to that. They sat their strange steeds, solemnly inspecting the *Perseus* and those it had brought. Then one of them spoke to the other in a low tone, in his own language.

Captain Future, who remained unobserved behind the others of his party, understood that language. He was, he knew, the only one present who did so—almost the only outsider who ever had been close enough to the Stygians to learn their baffling tongue.

"More come each week," the Stygian was saying to his companion. "More of the forbidden machines and metals."

"It must not go on," muttered the other. "Even if we have to awaken the ancient power, it must stop."

JEFF LEWIS spoke to the Stygians in the interplanetary *lingua franca* which all races understood. "We are friends," he said earnestly. "And we wish to visit one of your cities to make telepicture scenes."

The first Stygian answered instantly, in the same basic language. "You cannot come."

"But we'd do you no harm," protested Lewis. "It would only take us a few days."

"It is forbidden," the Stygian replied flatly. "No strangers may bring metals or machines to our cities. We ask you to leave our world."

"Aw, tell that Furry to chase himself," interjected Jos Vakos. "They're always coming around here demanding

that we leave."

The Stygian turned his enormous, pupilless black eyes toward the Jovian.

"It is true that we do not shed blood," answered the Stygian slowly. "But we can loose upon you a Destroyer that will bring doom to you without bloodshed. Be warned in time, and go."

And the two Stygians turned their queer steeds and rode back out through the derisive, hooting crowd, to disappear into the mists.

Jeff Lewis' square face was heavy with disappointment. "So that ends our chance of making real Stygian scenes for 'The Ace of Space.'"

"We can still fake the scenes here, chief," reminded Jim Willard. "We can rig up sets to look like a Stygian city, and we've got the Stygian costumes we brought along in case the natives wouldn't cooperate."

"Don't be discouraged, Lewis," Jon Valdane said quickly. "I told you I had a scheme we could use to win the Stygians' cooperation. Well, it looks like we'll have to use my idea. Come inside and I'll explain."

Most of the actors, technicians and ship-officers started with Jos Vakos and his friends to see the sights of Planet Town.

Curt Newton was edging away after Joan Randall, intending to get a few words in secret with Ezra Gurney. But Valdane called his name.

"Chan Carson, you come in with Lewis and me."

Instantly on the alert, Captain Future followed the producer and financier back into the ship. Kin Kurri also had joined them.

"Now here's how we can win over the Stygians," said Valdane brightly. "There's one outsider they do anything for, one man who is a hero to their race. And that's Captain Future."

He pointed, as he spoke, at Curt Newton, who was startled. But Jeff Lewis instantly comprehended Valdane's idea.

"I get it," said the producer, his face lighting up. "We send Chan Carson ahead of us, made up as Captain Future. They'll think he is Captain Future, and

will let our troupe into their city when we arrive."

"That's the idea," Valdane nodded. "They'll have the assurance of their great friend Captain Future that our party is all right."

Curt Newton's mind worked swiftly. He understood now what use Valdane had planned all along to make of Chan Carson when they got here. He understood too, at last, just why the financier had caused this telepicture to choose the Futuremen as its subject.

Valdane had achieved two purposes by that means. He had given the expedition a plausible reason for visiting Styx, scene of one of the greatest exploits of the Futuremen. And thus he had also provided himself with a pseudo-Captain Future with whom he could deceive the Stygians.

"I won't do that," Curt Newton exclaimed in pretended alarm. "It would be too dangerous. Those ghastly Stygians would find out I'm a fake."

Although he based his objection on the fearful timidity of Chan Carson, Newton had a much more impelling motive for his refusal.

Valdane's secret plot, it was now evident, hinged somehow upon getting near the Stygian city. If he made that possible, he would be helping Valdane carry out his mysterious scheme.

"You've got to do it, Carson," insisted Jeff Lewis. "There won't be any danger. These Stygians are harmless. They're absolutely opposed to any form of conflict or violence."

"And unless you do it, 'The Ace of Space' will be a flop and then you won't be a big telepicture star," pointed out Jon Valdane.

CAPTAIN FUTURE realized that if he persisted in his refusal, he might arouse suspicion. He would have to accede, and then arrange it so that his mission failed. He thought he saw how he could do that.

"Well, if you're sure there's no danger, I'll do it," he finally said. "But I don't like the idea."

"I'll go with you, Carson, Kin Kurri

said quickly. "Then you'll be quite safe. Nobody would harm me, a System Council member."

Curt Newton understood. Kin Kurri still harbored suspicions of him. That was why the Saturnian wanted to accompany him.

"Your going along is a good idea, Kurri," said Jon Valdane. "To make it even safer, we'll have Rob Rosson go with you too."

Newton was dismayed. With two of Valdane's associates along, he would have a harder time making his mission fail. But fail it must, just the same.

"Get your Captain Future make-up on at once, Carson," Lewis said briskly. "I'll call the troupe back so that we can follow you in the rocket-trucks, within a few hours."

Newton went down to his cabin and soon had transformed himself from Chan Carson to Captain Future, even to the gray zipper-suit and stage pistol. Before returning to the others, he slipped down to the dark property-room.

"Grag—Simon!" he whispered. They came to his side at once, and he told them rapidly of the mission on which he was being sent ahead. "I'll fix it so the Stygians won't cooperate, and the telepicture party that's to follow me won't reach their city. But I want you to get Joan to stay here with Ezra, if you can."

"I will try to make her do so, if I have the chance, but you know better than I how stubborn she is," said the Brain dryly.

"She's got to," Newton exclaimed. "Su Thuar will be with the telepicture party when it leaves here, and she'd be in danger out there."

He hurried up to the others. Kin Kurri and the hard-faced Earthman, Rosson, were waiting. Both had belted on heavy atom-pistols.

The Saturnian led the way out of the ship. Rosson and Curt Newton followed him, Newton moving with obvious reluctance.

They went toward the flimsy metalloy buildings of Planet Town, more than a mile away. Though it was mid-day, the drinking and gambling establishments

along the sordid streets were in full swing. The click of "quantum roulette" wheels, the brawling voices, the shrill clamor of music-machines, were loud all along the main street they passed through.

Curt Newton felt disgusted. He did not blame the peaceful Stygians for resenting the incursion of those rough diamond-seekers and the horde of traders, gamblers, harpies and criminals who followed them. And what was worse to the machinery-hating Stygians, the coming of these outsiders had brought mechanical devices and metals and ships to this world which they had always deliberately kept half-primitive.

Kin Kurri, Curt Newton, and Rosson tramped through the brawling town and headed northward through the mists of the shallow valley. They soon passed rocky gorges in which they could descry dozens of prospectors of all planetary races, working with picks, hammers and power-drills.

These, Curt Newton knew, were the diamond-diggings whose discovery had drawn the toughest adventurers of the System to Styx. Prospectors had staked their claims in disregard of the Stygians' protests. But each of them had to maintain his ownership with his atom-gun, since the Patrol was forbidden by treaty to come here. Thus there was no law except that of force and violence.

The party passed out of the misty, shallow valley and tramped northward across a rolling plain of blank white grass which was veiled by thicker banks of fog. They moved through a silent white obscurity, seeing nothing except an occasional clump of the huge white club-mosses which towered up like vague, spectral giants.

The Saturnian took his direction from a pocket gyro-compass he had brought. For more than an hour, they moved northward.

"We ought to be near that Stygian city," Kin Kurri said, in worried tones. "We've come at least a half dozen miles, and—"

"Good grief, look there," yelled Rob

Rosson suddenly, his brutal face blanching as he pointed wildly ahead.

Captain Future, as he gazed sharply ahead, felt his own blood chill at the incredible horror that had loomed suddenly from the mists.

A half-score huge, scaled gray monsters were approaching them through the fog. The creatures were of elephantine bulk, with humped, six-legged bodies and massive, hideous snouted heads.

Their small red eyes were blazing and their opened jaws displayed cruel, menacing fangs as they charged toward the three men who were no more than pigmies before them.

CHAPTER XII

Masters of Magic



RIVETED with horror, Captain Future for a moment could not believe his eyes. He had been on Styx before, and he knew that there were no animals upon this moon of such monstrous dimensions as those

now charging down upon them.

Suddenly Curt Newton understood. He had seen something on his past visit here of the wonderful powers of illusion of the Stygians. Despite their primitiveness in some ways, these Stygians were masters of magical and hypnotic arts. Their legendary fame in this regard was the reason why all the nine worlds called their world Magic Moon.

These charging monsters were illusions. His reason told him that it was so, even though his eyes assured him the creatures were hideously real. Curt Newton swiftly realized that their approach to the Stygian city that lay somewhere in the mists ahead had caused the furred natives to project these fearful phantasms, to scare them back.

Kin Kurri and Rosson had whipped

out their atom-pistols and fired crackling bolts at the charging monsters. But it did not stop them.

"They don't even feel our atom-blasts," Kin Kurri exclaimed. He seemed stupefied.

"Run for it," Curt Newton cried, in simulated panic. "Back, before they kill us."

Thus Curt Newton tried to take advantage of the situation to bring about the failure of his mission.

But unfortunately for his design, Rosson suddenly stopped on the point of flight. The tough-faced Earthman uttered an oath.

"Those creatures ain't real. If they were, wouldn't we hear them?"

It was true that the solid-looking monsters made not the slightest sound as they rushed forward. The fact had given Rosson the clue to their nature.

"They're only fakes—magic of the cursed Stygians," the Earthman exclaimed. "I've heard about these Stygian tricks."

As he spoke, the onrushing monsters suddenly vanished. Nothing remained except shrouding white mists.

"The Stygians are using these tricks to keep us from getting near their city, blast them!" swore Rosson. "But they won't stop us."

He started forward again, and Curt Newton and the Saturnian were forced to follow.

A hideous reptilian head suddenly appeared through the mist. A serpent of incredible size was writhing toward them.

"Just more illusions," said Rosson hoarsely. "Come on."

The great snake also vanished. Now they entered a grove of leafless, black trees such as Curt Newton had never before seen on Styx.

The trees suddenly reached tentacular branches to seize them. Captain Future recoiled with a cry of pretended terror.

"You fool, it's only more tricks," exclaimed Rosson. "See, they're not real."

And he passed his arm through one of the solid-looking trees. The whole grove disappeared. They were alone

again in the mist.

"I won't go any further on this devil's world," Newton exclaimed.

"Maybe we had better go back," muttered Kin Kurri doubtfully.

"The boss said to go to their city and we're going," growled Rosson. "These illusions can't hurt us. And the Stygians are harmless."

Curt Newton's endeavor to balk the mission had failed. The tough Earthman insisted on going forward. Now the mists ahead were thinning.

They came suddenly out of the thicker mist, into view of a far-stretching landscape of rolling, white plain.

They all three stopped short. A half-mile ahead, there rose a cluster of octagonal towers of pale stone. The Stygian city!

But it was not that that had stopped them so short. Just in front of them stood a half-dozen Stygians, facing them. The white-furred, hollow-eyed men wore curious objects like glittering diamond lenses strapped upon their foreheads.

"~~These~~ are the Furries who've been playing those cursed illusion-tricks on us to stop us," swore Rosson.

Captain Future knew it was so. On his previous visit to Styx, he had learned the use of those curious forehead lenses.

THE Stygians, who lacked almost all mechanical science, were masters of a mental science older than history. They had a power of projecting telepathic suggestions, somehow amplified and focused through the strange lens-devices, to set up perfect illusions in others' minds.

The foremost of the Stygians now spoke to the three men, in the interplanetary *lingua franca*. His voice rang with a warning note.

"You will go no further. No aliens may approach our capital city Dzung."

Rosson nudged Curt Newton.

"Do your stuff, Carson. Tell them you're their friend Captain Future."

Newton stepped forward, his mind grappling with the problem. He must try to impersonate Captain Future—him-

self—for Rosson and Kin Kurri were watching him. Yet his impersonation must fail.

He spoke haltingly in the *lingua franca* to the Stygians. "Do you not remember me? I am Captain Future. You told us Futuremen that we would always be welcome on your world."

The leader of the Stygians started. He peered closer at Curt Newton. Then excitement flashed in his eyes.

"It is Captain Future," he exclaimed to his companions.

Then he broke into the native Stygian language, addressing Curt Newton with eager rush of words.

"We did not know that you had returned to our world. You and your friends will be welcome in our city Dzung."

Curt Newton perfectly understood the Stygian language. But he looked bewildered and turned helplessly to Rosson and Kin Kurri.

"I can't understand that language," he said in assumed panic.

"The devil—that may give us away," swore Rosson. "Tell him you've forgotten his language."

Curt Newton obeyed, speaking in the *lingua franca* to the Stygians.

"It has been so long since I was here, that I have forgotten your tongue."

The Stygians instantly showed suspicion.

"That is strange for you spoke it perfectly when you were here before," said the leader.

"It may be that this man is not really Captain Future at all, Th' Thaan," one of the Stygians warned the leader. "It may be a trick."

"We can soon find out beyond all doubt," snapped the leader, Th' Thaan. He turned suddenly to Curt Newton.

"Look!"

He pointed as he uttered that sharp order, to the glittering lens upon his forehead. Startled, Captain Future glanced at it.

Instantly Curt Newton realized his mistake. He had forgotten the hypnotic powers of which the Stygians were masters.

The glittering lens seemed to revolve in a spinning blaze of light. It and the hollow, probing eyes of Th' Thaan seemed to whirl and coalesce, as the hypnotic power seized Curt Newton's brain.

As though from a remote distance, he heard the deep voice of Th' Thaan speaking to him.

"Declare your true identity. Are you Captain Future?"

Dimly, Curt Newton heard like a faint echo the raging cry of Rosson. "Don't answer him. He's hypnotized you."

Curt Newton did not want to answer that question but he could not refrain from doing so. The hypnotic grip of the Stygian had short-circuited his own will in his brain, so that he was forced to speak the truth.

"I am Captain Future," he heard himself dully saying. "I took the identity of Chan Carson, an actor hired to impersonate myself, so that I could thwart the plots of an evil man against this world."

The hypnotic spell abruptly snapped and Curt Newton found himself standing stiffly facing the Stygians. And the Stygian leader now was stepping forward with gladness in his eyes.

"You are really he, our friend. For a moment, we doubted—"

Curt Newton spun around with desperate swiftness. He knew in a flash the disastrous implications of the admission he had made under hypnotism.

He was too late. Rob Rosson had his atom-pistol already in his hand, and Kin Kurri had flashed out his gun, too.

Rosson's eyes were bulging as his deadly weapon held level with Curt Newton's chest. The hard-faced Earthman spoke in a strangled whisper.

"You're really Future. You, Chan Carson. By Jupiter, you've fooled us the whole way."

DEADLY hatred flashed in his eyes. "But I found out in time!"

He was going to fire, Curt Newton knew. He gathered himself for a hopeless lunge.

For it was hopeless. The crackling blast of Rosson's gun would rip through

him before he got halfway to the Earthman. Nor could the Stygians help him, for they had no physical weapons whatever.

An incredible thing happened. Kin Kurri, behind Rosson, had raised his gun. The Saturnian suddenly brought it down on Rosson's head. And the Earthman criminal sank to the ground unconscious.

Captain Future looked at Kin Kurri, unable to believe his eyes. Kin Kurri, with a queer grin on his solemn blue face, lowered his weapon.

"That was a little too close for comfort, chief," he said.

And the voice of Kin Kurri was the familiar voice of Otho!

Curt Newton found his voice.

"Otho! It's you?" he cried, thunder-struck.

"None other, chief," was the flippant reply. "You never guessed it, did you? If I do say it myself, this disguise of mine as Kin Kurri is the greatest feat of make-up I ever pulled off."

Newton was still amazed.

"But how long have you been masquerading as Kin Kurri?" he asked. He gazed at the Stygians who had taken to their heels when the fight began, and were now pausing uncertainly, some distance off.

"Ever since we left Jupiter," was the calm reply.

"Since Jupiter? But we thought Kin Kurri had killed you on Jupiter."

Otho's disguised face grew grim. "Kin Kurri tried to kill me there. He suspected I was following him along that jungle trail, and ambushed me. He had his gun against me, and was going to use it. But I'm quicker than any ordinary man, as you ought to know. I twisted the gun around the moment before he fired. His gun-blast killed himself."

Captain Future began to see light. "I get it now. You buried Kin Kurri there."

"And took his place," Otho said. "I figured that as Kin Kurri, one of Valdane's associates, I could get to the bottom of the plot. So I took Kin Kurri's clothes, and used the make-up kit I

always carry at my belt, to make myself exactly like him. Neither Valdane nor anyone else suspected that I was anyone but Kin Kurri."

"But why in blazes didn't you tell me?" Curt Newton demanded.

"Chief, I tried to," Otho said earnestly. "The night we left Jupiter, I slipped into your cabin to tell you. I had a bottle of make-up remover with me so that I could prove to you I was Otho, if you doubted."

He grimaced. "But you conked me before I had time to explain. When I came to, the others were around and I couldn't speak. I told Valdane I'd had suspicions that made me go to your cabin. Valdane told me I was a fool, and ordered me to stay away from you. So I didn't dare get you apart to tell you, from then on, without running the risk of arousing his suspicions by disobeying his order."

Captain Future mopped his brow. "You certainly pulled me out of a nasty hole right now, even though you gave me the shock of my life doing it."

The Stygians had recovered from their fright. After some hesitation, they slowly returned and began to stare at Newton and Otho curiously.

"Otho, what's Valdane planning?" he asked. "As his associate, you must have learned something of his scheme."

"Chief, I've learned almost nothing," Otho answered ruefully. He swore. "That cursed Valdane was too cunning to betray himself." The Stygians had been standing, wondering witnesses of their rapid colloquy. But now Th' Thaan, their leader, grasped Newton by the arm.

"We do not understand, Captain Future," he said. "Why did your companion stun this other man? And what is the plot against our world of which you spoke? Will you come into Dzung with us and tell our council?"

Captain Future nodded in quick decision. "Yes, we'll do that. Your people ought to know what confronts them."

Otho was deftly binding the senseless Rosson with strips torn from his jacket.

"Bring him along, Otho," Curt New-

ton directed.

They moved across the misty plain with the group of Stygians toward the pale stone city that lay a mile away.

Though not large, the city Dzung was immeasurably ancient. Its close-clustered octagonal towers were surrounded by a stone wall, and this in turn was bordered by a wide belt of carefully cultivated land.

THEY passed with Th' Thaan and the others through the open gates of the metropolis and made their way along paved streets toward the largest, central tower. Stygians in the streets stared in wonder at the spectacle of two aliens carrying another unconscious alien through their city. A small crowd formed, and followed them.

Captain Future had been in this city before. It was as he remembered it, an ancient but not unbeautiful place of narrow streets and tall towers half-veiled by the drifting mist. All the architecture here was of massive stone—there was not a scrap of metal in evidence. And there were no machines, no mechanical devices, no vehicles except the low carts drawn by the kangaroo-like beasts of burden of the Stygians.

Th' Thaan led them into a big, eight-sided stone hall that formed the ground floor of the central tower.

The council of the Stygians was sitting, earnestly deliberating. Its ranking member, an old Stygian, peered at Curt Newton with wide eyes.

"The Futuremen have returned," he exclaimed. "Let this be a day of gladness in our city. For you alone of all alien peoples are welcome here, my friend."

"Thanks, Qu Lur," Curt Newton said earnestly. He remembered the aged head of the Stygians' council well, from his former visit. "I wish I had come with more cheerful news than I bring."

"He says that the space-ship which came today to our world has brought men who plot to take our whole world away from us," Th' Thaan informed the old council head.

Captain Future rapidly explained the

existence of a mysterious plot by Jon Valdane and his henchmen to secure control of Styx' wealth.

"I thought you ought to know so that you can defend yourselves against these plotters in case I fail," he concluded earnestly.

"We cannot take life or inflict physical injury on any men, no matter what their evil purposes may be," old Qu Lur reminded him.

"Then how could you defend yourselves?" Otho protested. "Your powers of hypnotism and illusion are all right to scare people with, but they wouldn't stand up against a real attack by armed men."

"I know your pacifistic traditions, but

Always we saved it so that we could use it again if necessary."

Otho stared skeptically. "This Destroyer looks like nothing but some sealed vials of gray powder.

"Otho, these hieroglyphs are ancient Denebian writing," Captain Future exclaimed.

He had recognized the hieroglyphs. They were in the ancient language of Deneb, that distant star whose pioneering humans had eons ago colonized the whole starry galaxy, including this System's worlds.

Captain Future mentally spelled out the first part of the inscription, from the knowledge of the hieroglyphs which he had attained on remote Deneb's world.

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you'll have to forget them and fight if necessary to protect your world," Curt Newton told the Stygians.

"Do not fear, we will protect our world if it becomes necessary," replied old Qu Lur. "But we will not do so by taking life. We will do so by unchaining the Ancient Destroyer."

"The Destroyer? The thing you've been threatening the intruders with?" repeated Curt Newton. "What is it, Qu Lur?"

"It is that which our ancestors devised many ages ago to repel invaders who came to our world," was the reply. "Come, I will show you."

He led the way into a small, guarded chamber off the council hall. Curt Newton and Otho followed wonderingly.

There was a massive stone pedestal in the little room, whose face was inscribed with crumbling, ancient hieroglyphs. On the pedestal was a glass case whose contents were a mass of tiny, sealed glass vials, each of which contained a pinch of gray dust.

Qu Lur motioned solemnly toward the glass vials. "That is the Destroyer. With it, our ancestors of long ago crushed the invaders in a single hour.

"Otho," he exclaimed, startled and horrified by what he read. "This is one of the secrets of the lost, ancient science—and one of the most terrible of all those secrets."

HE TURNED to Qu Lur. "You would not unloose this. It would be disastrous beyond imagination."

"We shall be forced to unloose the Destroyer, unless all the greedy intruders cease to mock our laws and desecrate our peaceful world," replied Qu Lur solemnly.

"Chief, how can they cause any big disaster without taking life or doing injury?" Otho asked skeptically. "I don't get it."

"That gray dust can do it," Curt Newton said shakenly. He appealed to Qu Lur. "You must not unchain this thing, no matter what happens. Think of the awful consequences."

At that moment they were interrupted by a sound of excited voices out in the big council hall. Th' Thaan came running into the little chamber.

"Another of the Futuremen has come!" he exclaimed excitedly. "The one who does not look like a man, and

who glides through the air."

"That's Simon!" Curt Newton cried. "But what's he doing here? Something must have happened."

He raced out into the big hall, with Otho and the others following. At the center of the hall was poised the Brain, calmly hanging in mid-air while his lens-like eyes searched for Curt Newton.

He saw Captain Future, but also saw the disguised Otho behind him. "Kin Kurri," exclaimed the Brain. "What's he doing here with you?"

"It's not Kin Kurri, but Otho," Curt Newton answered swiftly. "I'll explain later. Simon, why did you come? What's happened?"

"I came to warn you," the Brain replied rapidly. "Su Thuar and all the rest of Valdane's strong-arm men are coming this way, ahead of the telepicture party. We saw them secretly depart. They had those blow-guns with them."

"The blow-guns?" Curt Newton repeated mystifiedly. "Is that all they took with them?"

"They took a case of some kind from the property-room of the *Perseus*," the Brain added. "We couldn't tell what was in it. There's nothing in that room anyway but the cameras, sets and costumes."

"The cameras, sets and costumes?" Captain Future echoed. Sudden dazzling enlightenment came to him. His tanned face blanched.

"Of course, I see it now. Valdane's plan—I've been a blind fool!"

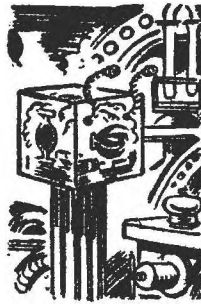
"Chief, you mean you know now what Valdane's plan is?" cried Otho.

"Of course. There's only one way in which Valdane's corporations can get absolute control of the Stygian diamond-deposits," Curt Newton uttered a groan. "The blow-guns, the costumes, the loophole in the Stygian treaty that Valdane had in mind—it all fits together."

He plunged toward the doorway. "And it means death for Joan and maybe all the rest of the telepicture troupe. Simon—Otho—come on! We may be too late but we've got to try to stop it!"

CHAPTER XIII

Ambush in the Mist



GRAG and Simon Wright, in the dark property room of the *Perseus* back at Planet Town, had conferred worriedly after Captain Future had left them with his final admonition to see that Joan Randall remained in safety.

"I don't see how we're going to get to Joan without giving ourselves away," Grag said anxiously. "Have you any ideas, Simon?"

"No, I haven't," said the Brain. "I wish Otho were here." He suddenly whispered a warning. "Someone's coming."

They subsided instantly into immobility and silence. It was Su Thuar and two other of Valdane's "bodyguards" who entered.

"That's the case there," exclaimed the Venusian criminal, pointing to a metal chest. "Quick, before the property-men come down here."

The men picked up the chest, and in a moment they were gone with it. Grag and Simon were mystified, but before they could speculate upon it they heard other footsteps approaching.

Joan and Ezra Gurney slipped into the property-room. At first, neither Grag nor the Brain recognized Ezra Gurney in his shabby prospector's clothing and evil-looking white whiskers. Then his familiar drawl sounded.

"Danged queer-lookin' automaton over there in the corner, Joan," he chuckled. "Looks almost lifelike, doesn't it?"

"Ezra," cried Grag. He strode forward. "Where's the *Comet*?"

"Right here on this landin' field," was the reply. "Only she don't look like the *Comet* now, but like a battered old space-cruiser."

"Are Eek and Oog all right?" Grag asked anxiously referring to the Future-

men's two pets on the *Comet*.

"Sure, they're fat an' sassy," Ezra reassured. Then his face lengthened. "Joan was just tellin' me about Otho."

"Otho's not dead," Grag declared stubbornly. "He can't be."

Joan interrupted anxiously. "Ezra and I just saw Su Thuar and all the rest of Valdane's 'bodyguards' slip out of the ship into the mist. They had a metal chest with them, and two smaller oblong metal cases."

"Those are the cases that contain the native blow-guns they picked up secretly on Jupiter," the Brain said quickly. "The chest they took from the telepicture properties here, but we couldn't see what was in it. Joan, which way did they go?"

"Northward, the same way Curt and the other two went."

"I don't like that," muttered Simon. "We should warn Curtis."

"Simon, you could overtake Curt and warn him if we got you out of the ship without anyone seeing," Joan exclaimed.

"I can get Simon out," Ezra said promptly. "I got the run of the ship, for I told this Jeff Lewis I knew a lot about Styx and he asked me to go with their telepicture party as a guide. I can wrap up Simon like a bundle, and smuggle him out that way."

"We'll do that," the Brain decided immediately. "It's imperative that I tell Curtis of Su Thuar's party following him."

Ezra soon made an innocent-looking bundle of the Brain by wrapping him up in his jacket. Then he sauntered casually out of the property-room, to leave the *Perseus* and release Simon in the mists.

Grag had detained Joan Randall with an anxious plea. "You must stay here when the telepicture truck-caravan goes to the Stygian city," said the robot. "The chief told me to tell you so."

"Stay here?" cried Joan. "I won't do it. I'm going north with the others after Curt."

She departed before Grag could think up more objections. The big robot made a disgusted snorting sound and reluc-

tantly resumed his former immobility. For a stir of preparation was resounding through the *Perseus* as the telepicture troupe prepared for the trek northward to the Stygian city.

Sam Martin, the chief property-man, came down into the dark prop-room with his helpers and made the air ring with sharp orders.

"Get the stuff I listed up through the unloading hatches at once! The automaton and the dummy Brain, the Stygian costumes, the cameras and the krypton-spots. Snap into it!"

Grag resigned himself to being carted around again like the automaton they thought him to be. He heard a worried prop-man report.

"The dummy Brain isn't here. And neither is the chest that had the Stygian costumes in it!"

"So that's what was in that chest—fake Stygian costumes," thought Grag.

"They must be here somewhere. Look for them," Martin ordered.

BUT the search was unavailing. Swearing, Sam Martin superintended the unloading of Grag and the other needed properties from the *Perseus*. They were loaded into the rocket-trucks ready outside the ship.

Jeff Lewis stormed when the property-man reported the loss.

"This picture is hoodooed. First Rizo Thon disappears. Now it's the dummy Brain and our Stygian costumes."

Jim Willard tried to reassure his boss. "We can leave the Brain out of our scenes till the boys make up a new dummy. As for the Stygian outfits, we won't need them if Chan Carson wins the Stygians' cooperation."

"All right, but let's get started before something else happens," snorted the producer. "Where's the old prospector who was going to guide us?"

"Right here," drawled Ezra Gurney, stepping forward.

Grag had meanwhile been loaded onto one of the rocket-trucks. The actors and technicians were climbing aboard the vehicles.

"I know Styx as well as any outsider,

which ain't sayin' much," he heard Ezra telling the producer. "It's easy for a man to get lost in these mists, but I can take you to the Furrries' city Dzong, all right."

Jon Valdane had been standing beside the *Perseus*, watching the bustle of preparation. "We're ready to start, Valdane," Lewis told him.

The chubby financier answered quickly. "I'm not going with you on this trip. To tell the truth, I'm too tired. All this long voyage has worn me out."

"It's wearing me out too, the way things are happening," Lewis said gloomily. "All right, Jim—start rolling."

The rocket-trucks that contained the telepicture troupe and their equipment, moved ponderously across the misty landing-field. As they passed the bat-

Captain Future had impressed on Grag that if he once showed signs of life and intelligence, the whole precarious imposture of the Futuremen would be shattered.

The truck-caravan throbbed northward through the drifting mists for an hour, first up the shallow valley and then over a rolling plain of blank white grass and towering club-mosses. There was little talk. The telepicture people were subdued by the oppressive, awesome mystery.

Grag heard Ezra Gurney's drawling voice drift back.

"Gettin' pretty near the Furrries' city now," Gurney was telling the producer.

"I hope Chan Carson was able to make friends with the Stygians by his Captain Future make-up," Lewis said in a worried voice. "It'll help a lot."

PIRATES OF THE TIME TRAIL, an Astounding Complete Book-Length Novel of a Mysterious World of Phantoms, by Ross Rocklynne, Plus Other Stories and Features in the Fall Issue of Our Companion Magazine **STARTLING STORIES**—Now on Sale, 15c at All Stands!

tered little cruiser that was the disguised ship of the Futuremen, Grag looked longingly at it. He wished he could see Eek.

The caravan of trucks throbbed toward Planet Town, more than a mile away, and then rolled through the sordid, noisy streets of metalloy structures and headed northward into the shrouding white fog.

Grag sat stiffly propped in a corner of the last truck, just as the property-men had carelessly left him. His mind was not so much on the indignity of being so treated, as it was upon the surprising fact that Jon Valdane had remained behind.

Was Valdane, Grag wondered uneasily, up to something back there in Planet Town? Maybe he should have stayed to find out?

"But the chief told me to watch over Joan," the robot told himself. "And I couldn't stay, without them finding out I'm no automaton."

Lo Quior suddenly cried a warning. "There are some Stygians just ahead."

Startled, Grag managed to twist his head imperceptibly so that he could see. Nervous exclamations were coming from the whole party.

A half-score of the weird, white-furred natives stood, only half-visible in the shrouding mists. They formed a semi-circle across the path of the caravan's advance.

The Stygians suddenly raised long, alim tubes in an odd motion. Next moment, a vicious shower of deadly, tufted wooden darts whizzed through the mist and struck the rocket-trucks.

"They're attacking us," yelled Jim Willard. One of the darts had ripped through his lower arm.

Sam Martin had taken a dart through his throat and was sprawled dead, half-out of his truck. A technician was clawing at a missile that had stuck in his chest, and another prop-man was yelling in agony.

"Turn the trucks around," Jeff Lewis cried hoarsely. "Start back to Planet Town."

"It seems incredible," exclaimed Joan Randall. "I've never heard of Stygians killing anyone before."

EZRA GURNEY, whipping out an atom-pistol from inside his jacket, fired a crackling bolt. One of the Stygians crumpled.

But the other Stygians instantly melted back into the mist, out of sight. And from these invisible attackers there continued to whiz the deadly darts that now were striking down more of the party.

The telepicture troupe was giving way to panic. The rocket-trucks had jammed together when their drivers had run into the one which Sam Martin had been driving, and which had stalled when he was killed. As they jammed, Ron King yelled in pain and terror as a dart grazed his cheek. And Lura Lind's shrieking rose shrilly above the whole babel.

"Those aren't Stygians," Grag exclaimed to himself, thunderstruck. "The costumes that were stolen from the property-room—"

There was no time for Grag to complete the thought. The panic that had seized the telepicture troupe was costing lives.

Ezra Gurney had the only weapon in this unarmed party. He could not use it now, for there were no targets. The attackers had retired into the concealing mist, from which their darts continued to rain on the party.

"This is where an automaton comes to life," thought Grag. Then he exploded into action.

He leaped off the truck and began to advance in great, clanking strides toward the unseen foes in the mist.

"Stop that automaton," yelled Jeff Lewis through the din. "It must have rolled off. Something set its switches going. It's running wild."

But Grag was already plunging into the mist. Darts rattled off his metal body without harming him in the least.

He began to seek for the attackers. Then his sensitive microphone ears located the source of the whizzing darts, and he charged in that direction.

Two of the weird, white-furred men who were crouching in the mist and loosing their missiles toward the telepicture party, suddenly looked up to see the giant metal robot looming over them with his photoelectric eyes blazing down like stars in the mist.

The men uttered yells and recoiled. Grag's mighty metal arms caught them and hurled them senseless to the ground. He stalked on, found another of the attackers. But this one was already fleeing. The attackers retreated from the enraged robot as he searched the fog.

Grag heard Jeff Lewis shouting over the din. "Get Martin's truck started. Turn back to Planet Town."

Grag would dearly have loved to remain and hunt down the ambushers, but Captain Future had told him to guard Joan.

Mindful of that order, the big robot turned and tramped hastily back to the troupe. The trucks had been turned around and the telepicture troupe was panically streaming southward with its dead and wounded.

Deadly darts still whizzed out of the mist at them, taking toll of more actors as they retreated. Grag found Joan Randall and Ezra at the rear of the panic-stricken retreat, Ezra firing furiously in the mist.

"Can't see them to shoot at, dang them!" swore the old veteran.

Grag picked up Joan bodily and carried her as though she were a feather, his great metal body shielding her from the whizzing darts.

"Put me down," cried the furious girl. "I'm going on after Curt."

"You're going back to the ship," the inflexible robot replied. "The chief ordered me to keep you out of harm."

With Ezra Gurney beside him, he strode rapidly through the mist after the fleeing telepicture caravan as they retreated to Planet Town with their unseen attackers still following and showering darts upon them.

CHAPTER XIV

Warning of Doom

UPON hearing the news the Brain had brought, Captain Future, in the Stygian city, had had a disastrous divination.

"We've got to head off the telepicture party and turn them back to Planet Town," he cried as he raced for the door.

"They're coming into danger and death."

Qu Lur and Th' Thaan and the other Stygians were with them as they burst out of the big stone tower into the misty daylight.

"We go with you," exclaimed Qu Lur. "You can go faster upon our *kurus*."

The *kurus* were the big, kangaroo-like animals which the Stygians used as steeds. A row of them, already saddled, was tethered outside the council tower. Both Curt Newton and Otho had ridden them before. They sprang into the saddles as the Stygians also hastily mounted.

In a moment, their mounts were galloping in long, hopping leaps through the stone streets of Dzong. As they rode, the Brain glided swiftly beside them.

Otho called out to Captain Future. "Chief, what is it?" he asked. "What's the danger to the telepicture caravan?"

"It's Valdane's plot," exclaimed Curt. "I was blind not to see it before, when every clue pointed to it. I know now what he meant by 'the loophole in the Stygian treaty.' That treaty provides that the Stygians retain complete authority over their own world, but only so long as they maintain order on it!" Curt Newton reminded fiercely. "That's the loophole in it. If Valdane can bring about an attack by the Stygians on this much-publicized telepicture party, the System will ring with resentment against the Stygians. The treaty will be broken, and the System Government will

take over Styx."

Qu Lur, riding beside them, had heard and now uttered a cry of unbelief. "But we Stygians have no intention of attacking anyone. We never use violence."

"If I'm not wrong, Valdane has taken care of that problem too," growled Captain Future.

There was no chance for further talk, for now they were outside the Stygian city and the *kurus* were galloping in a dead run.

The big, leaping white steeds raced southward through the mist, back in the direction of Planet Town. Though their speed was great, they seemed slow to Curt Newton as he thought of Joan Randall's peril.

The misty, subdued daylight was darkening to a deeper dusk as night approached. The shrouding fog through which they rode seemed to press more closely upon them.

They had galloped a half hour when one of the *kurus* snorted and shied. There came a call from Th' Thaan, its rider.

"There is a dead man here upon the ground."

Curt Newton's heart chilled. He rode swiftly with the others to Th' Thaan's side and dismounted.

Upon the white turf lay the limp, dead figure of what appeared to be a Stygian. The white fur of his chest was scorched and blackened by the atom-blast that had killed him.

"One of our people—slain," exclaimed Qu Lur.

"No, not one of yours," Curt Newton said. "Look here."

He had bent over the dead figure and was tugging at it. The white-furred skin seemed to come suddenly away from the body, and with it came the mask that had covered the face.

It was an Earthman who lay here dead. He had worn a close-fitted zipper-suit and mask which had made him an exact replica of a Stygian.

"It is a costume to make him look like us," cried old Qu Lur in anger.

"Valdane's planning," rapped Captain Future, his face dark with passion. "He

had to have Stygians attack the telepicture party, to set his machinations working. He knew real Stygians never would attack, no matter what the provocation. So he sent Su Thuar and his 'bodyguards' ahead, wearing these Stygian costumes from the telepicture properties, to ambush the caravan. That's why they brought the Jovian blow-guns."

HE and Otho and the Brain made a quick search of the surrounding plain. They found no other bodies.

But they did find clear signs of what had taken place. The telepicture caravan had fled back to Planet Town with the disguised attackers pursuing.

Qu Lur and Th' Thaan and the other Stygians came riding up through the foggy dusk to where Curt Newton and the two Futuremen were searching.

The old Stygian's face was solemn with purpose. "We have seen enough," he told Captain Future. "We know now that our world is in danger from these ruthless men. So we must act now to protect it."

His voice deepened. "This night, every alien visitor on Styx must leave our world. For if they do not go before Pluto rises tonight, we unloose the Destroyer on them."

Curt Newton uttered an exclamation. "You must not do that, no matter what the danger. It would cause a planetary disaster."

"Too long have we been patient," Qu Lur declared firmly. "Because we will never use violence or take life, the alien men in Planet Town have believed that they could safely mock our laws. Now this final outrage forces us to use our great weapon of defense.

"For ages, we have guarded that weapon for such a need as this. It is why we have deliberately shunned mechanical progress and metals and machines, why we have kept our cities and our people primitive in many ways. So that, if the time came that we needed to protect ourselves, we could use the mighty Destroyer to do so."

Captain Future pleaded desperately.

"Qu Lur, don't unchain that catastrophe! Wait."

"We wait only until the parent-planet rises," answered the Stygian. "If the aliens have not gone by then, we act."

He added an anxious admonition. "You Futuremen should leave at once, with your friends. For if we release the Destroyer, then you will never leave."

Curt Newton recognized that no pleas would change the terrible resolution of the Stygians, whose wrongs had reached a climax.

"We'll ride to Planet Town and warn them there," he said. "If I can make them believe, they'll all leave Styx."

"Remember, at planet-rise the Destroyer will be freed if every alien is not gone," warned Qu Lur, as he and the other Stygians mounted.

They turned rein and rode rapidly back toward their city, disappearing into the misty darkness.

Curt Newton called to Otho and the Brain. "We've got to get to Planet Town as quickly as possible. It's only a couple of hours till Pluto rises."

He leaped back into the saddle of his *kuru*, and Otho followed his example, for the Stygians had left the two steeds for them.

"Ride hard!" he cried as they spurred their mounts into the darkness. "Everything depends on our getting all the inhabitants of Planet Town to leave this moon at once!"

The Brain, rushing effortlessly through the mist beside him, called a question. "Shall I go ahead to warn them?"

"It would be no good," Curt Newton groaned. "They wouldn't believe you for they all think you only an ingenious mechanism, Simon. I may be able to convince them. I've got to—or doom falls on this world."

"Doom, from those vials of gray dust?" cried Otho skeptically. "Doom that won't take life or inflict injury? It can't be so terrible a catastrophe if it wouldn't harm anyone physically."

"It would be the most awful disaster

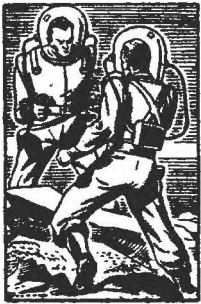
that ever struck any planet in the System," Captain Future answered, the wind tearing the words from his lips. "Valdane's greedy plot has brought on this danger."

His mind was seething with mingled fears and doubts. He knew that the one hope of averting that catastrophe was to induce the brawling lawless population of Planet Town to leave Styx at once.

They would leave, if they believed. But would they believe the warning of doom that he was bringing?

CHAPTER XV

The Destroyer



PLANET TOWN was ablaze with lights, and its main street was jammed by an excited crowd of its motley interplanetary inhabitants. From the town, a dull, ominous roar of voices was wafted through the mist to Curt Newton and the

two Futuremen as they approached.

Newton suddenly reined up his *kuru*. In the foggy darkness, he had suddenly descried a little group waiting out here on the northern edge of the town.

"It's Grag and Ezra—and Joan," he exclaimed, with a great leap of thankfulness in his heart.

Ezra Gurney and the girl, with the mighty robot towering beside them, had been peering into the misty night. They ran forward with eager exclamations as Curt Newton and Otho dismounted.

"Joan, you're all right," he cried anxiously, taking her into his arms. "We saw that the telepicture party had been ambushed—"

"I'm all right, thanks to Grag," she interrupted. Her lovely face was pale in the darkness. "But Curt, all Planet Town is raging against the Stygians because of that ambush. Three of the party were killed, and a half-dozen wounded."

"And Jon Valdane has sent out a tel-

audio call to the Planet Patrol, demandin' that they come here to restore order," Gurney cried.

Captain Future's eyes flashed. "I knew he'd do that. It was his game from the first, to get the System Government to move in here."

Grag had sighted Otho, who still wore his Saturnian disguise. The giant robot wrathfully strode forward and gripped Otho's neck.

"Shall I finish this rascal Kin Kurri, chief?" the robot called angrily to Curt Newton. "He tried to kill my pal Otho. Maybe he did!"

Otho uttered a choking yell. "Let go of my neck, you big cast-iron baboon! I'm your pal Otho."

"Otho, it's really you?" cried Grag joyfully. Then the robot hastily dissimulated his gladness. "You blasted rubber dummy, why didn't you let us know you were safe?"

Joan Randall was speaking urgently to Captain Future. "Curt, we've been waiting for you out here on the edge of town. We're sure that the Stygians who ambushed us were not really Stygians but were—"

"Su Thuar and his men, in costumes," Curt Newton finished rapidly. "Yes, I know all about that."

"But you don't know that Jon Valdane is incitin' the toughs of Planet Town to take revenge on the Stygians," Gurney exclaimed. "He's talkin' to 'em right now, stirrin' them up."

"The more disorder he creates, the more reason there'll be for the Patrol to come here," Captain Future declared. "And the Patrol must not come. Everyone here has got to leave, at once."

He told them swiftly of the overshadowing doom which the Stygians would unchain if all aliens had not left Styx by planet-rise.

"We've got to make them go, and prevent the Patrol or anyone else from coming here," he concluded swiftly. "Grag, I want you to hurry to the *Comet* and get a telaudio call through to Planet Patrol headquarters. Tell them not to come to Styx. And keep warning all ships."

Grag nodded his understanding. "Okay, chief!"

The big robot clanked away through the misty dark, skirting the edge of Planet Town to reach the landing-field that lay more than a mile eastward.

"The rest of you come with me," Captain Future exclaimed. "I must convince that mob of the danger."

As he and Otho, with Gurney and Joan Randall, hurried into Planet Town, the Brain glided above them in the misty night.

Curt Newton glanced up at the dark sky as they ran. Mists hid the stars. But soon there would be a vague glow in the heavens, when Pluto rose above the horizon. It was not long until planet-rise, now.

"Curt, what is it that the Stygians are threatening to do?" Joan was asking breathlessly, as they hastened. "What can they do when they refuse to fight or take life?"

"Joan, they can do a terrible thing," answered Newton. "They can cut off this moon from the rest of the System forever."

There was no time for him to continue. They had entered the brightly-lighted main street of Planet Town.

AN angry, seething mob jammed the street from one row of metalloy buildings to the other. The crowd was thickest in front of the pretentious metalloy structure that was the big gambling hall of Jos Vakos, the Jovian.

Jos Vakos himself was standing on the raised porch outside the entrance, bellowing something to the listening crowd. Beside the green Jovian was Jon Valdane, and also Jeff Lewis and others of his troupe.

Curt Newton fought through the crowd toward them, Otho, Joan Randall, and Ezra Gurney following him, while the Brain glided above them in the mist.

"Mr. Valdane's right," Jos Vakos was roaring. "We ought to clean out the whole devil's nest of Furies. They killed some of the picture people today, and next thing, they'll be killing us."

A roar of assent came from the crowd.

Martians, Earthmen, Venusians and every other planetary race—their hard, brutal and sly faces were illuminated alike by furious mob-emotion.

Captain Future sprang up beside the green Jovian and the others. Valdane looked startled as he recognized Curt Newton and the disguised Otho.

"Chan Carson and Kin Kurri," Valdane exclaimed. "We thought you'd been killed by the Stygians."

Curt Newton ignored him. He turned around and faced the crowd, holding up his hand to gain their attention.

"People of Planet Town, you've got to leave Styx at once," he shouted. "Unless you go before planet-rise, doom will fall on this world. There are enough ships out at the landing-field to take you all. Get into them and go."

A bursting chorus of amazement and incredulity swelled up from the astonished throng.

"What's he talking about?"

"Carson, are you crazy?" Valdane was demanding furiously. "What's got into you?"

Captain Future paid no attention, as he desperately repeated his warning to the incredulous throng.

"You must go," he shouted. "The Stygians are coming here, and unless every one of you is gone, they will release catastrophe."

A roar of laughter went up from the brutal throng, an outburst of contemptuous mirth.

"This poor nincompoop is trying to scare us with the Furies," bellowed Jos Vakos in homeric laughter. "Why, those ignorant monkey-men don't have a weapon to their names, and wouldn't use one if they had it. We could wipe 'em all out with our atom-guns in an hour."

"Listen, you're wrong," cried Curt Newton desperately. "The Stygians possess the most terrible of all weapons—"

He was interrupted by a hand that yanked him around. It was Jon Valdane, his chubby pink face distorted with rage.

"Have you lost your mind, Carson?" he demanded.

"Who is he, anyway?" yelled a voice

from the crowd.

"He's just a scared telepicture actor, who was hired to play the part of Captain Future," Valdane shouted back.

"You are wrong," Curt Newton answered. "I am Captain Future."

"He's been playing the part so long he believes it himself," exclaimed Jeff Lewis in amazement.

"No, he is really Captain Future," Joan Randall exclaimed. "I would know, wouldn't I? And I can prove it."

She raised her head. "Simon!" she called.

Down from the misty darkness came flashing the weird cubical shape of the Brain. He poised beside Curt Newton, his strange lens-eyes calmly surveying the astounded onlookers.

"The dummy Brain," gasped Jim Willard. "But it's living!"

"It is the real Brain," Joan Randall retorted. "All the way out from Earth, the Futuremen have been aboard the *Perseus*, impersonating themselves."

"Good heavens," gasped Lewis, overwhelmed by realization. "Captain Future, playing his own part in 'The Ace of Space'—"

JON VALDANE'S plump face seemed to sag and pale to a sickly gray as he stared, as if hypnotized, at Curt Newton's face.

"Captain Future!" snarled a voice.

Blazing, bitter hatred was in that hissing cry. It came from Su Thuar. The Venusian stood at the edge of the throng below, his atom-pistol leveled at Curt Newton, his eyes burning.

"If I'd known, you'd have been dead before we left Earth," the Venusian choked. "But there's still time. There's still time to pay you for what you did to my brother four years ago."

Curt Newton had no gun. But with a movement faster than any ordinary human could have executed, Otho drew his gun and fired.

The blast grazed Su Thuar as the Venusian swerved wildly. His scorched hand dropped his weapon. Before Otho could blaze away again, he had flung himself back into the throng and was

lost to view.

"Kin Kurri, what are you doing?" yelled Valdane hoarsely.

Otho grinned at him impudently. "Not Kin Kurri—Otho, the Futureman, to you."

Valdane shrank back. "You can't prove anything—none of you can prove anything against me."

Curt Newton pointed to the eastern heavens, where a faint glow of light was beginning to burgeon in the misty darkness.

"Look, Pluto is about to rise," he shouted desperately to the seething crowd. "It's your last chance to leave Styx."

"To blazes with you and your warnings," roared Jos Vakos, the Jovian. "You may be the real Captain Future but we've no more love for you Futuremen than we have for the Patrol. We take no orders from you."

"You blind fools, Valdane has stirred you up against the Stygians for his own purposes," cried Curt Newton. "Can't you see—"

He was cut off by a loud yell that came from northward, a cry that raced along the crowded street like flame.

"The Furies are coming."

Curt Newton looked northward and saw that a hundred Stygians, mounted on their *kurus*, were riding into Planet Town. He recognized the solemn faces of Qu Lur and Th' Thaan in the lead.

"Good, now's our chance to show 'em what it means to ambush other-planet people," roared Jos Vakos. "Let 'em come on."

The Stygians reined in their steeds, a block away. With unfathomable eyes they met the raging gaze of the motley mob that now had drawn its atom-weapons and was standing in sinister, waiting silence.

Qu Lur held up his hand, and spoke loudly in the *lingua franca*.

"Aliens, we give you one more chance," he said. "Go to your ships and leave now. If you do not, we set the Destroyer free."

Roaring laughter answered him, mirth that broke from the lips of every man in

the crowd.

"Listen to the Furies. They're still trying to scare us with their old bluff."

Captain Future yelled hoarsely across their heads. "Qu Lur, don't do it."

His plea went unheard. For as the crowd rocked with laughter, Qu Lur had raised his hand in a signal.

"Let the Destroyer free," shouted the old Stygian.

And instantly, the scores of Stygians behind him drew the tiny sealed vials of gray dust from inside their cloaks.

They hurled those vials in every direction, against the metal structures on either side, and out into the seething mob.

The crowd, for a moment, startled, uttered an even louder roar of contemptuous mirth.

"The Furies' terrible weapon is nothing but gray dust—nothing but pinches of dust!"

But even as they shouted with laughter, Curt Newton's heart seemed to turn to ice. Catastrophe had been unchained.

"Simon," he cried to the Brain instantly. "Fly to the *Comet*! Get away in it with Grag at once, outside of Styx' atmosphere."

THE BRAIN hesitated, poised in mid-air. "But you others—"

"We can't make it," Curt Newton exclaimed hoarsely. "Before we covered the distance to the landing-field, the Destroyer would be ahead of us and you and Grag and the *Comet* would be annihilated. We four will suffer no harm but you must go. Wait outside Styx' atmosphere, and warn away all ships. Go!"

The frantic urgency in his voice drove Simon Wright like a physical thrust. In a flash, the Brain rushed off through the darkness toward the landing-field two miles to the east.

"Curt, look," cried Joan Randall, wildly, clutching his arm. "Look!"

The shouting mirth of the crowd had suddenly given way to a confused, rising babel of stupefied alarm.

Curt Newton saw what he had expected to see. Wherever the Stygians'

vials of gray dust had fallen, that gray dust had magically spread.

It spread like gray flame, proliferating itself with incredible swiftness over the surface of every bit of metal it touched. And it ate the metal it touched, feeding upon it as fire would feed on wood.

With a crash, a metal building collapsed as its whole front was consumed by the gray blight. Another structure crumpled, and another. Like lightning the blight leaped along the street.

The air was full of floating gray dust now, that drifted out in all directions. And wherever it touched metal, it proliferated with that unbelievable rapidity to consume the metal.

Captain Future heard a thunderous roar from the east, and saw a trail of rocket-fire arc toward the heavens from the distant landing-field.

"Simon and Grag got the *Comet* away before the Destroyer reached it," he cried hoarsely. "Thank Neptune, for that, at least."

"Curt, what is it?" Joan Randall cried, stunned. "That gray dust—"

"It is a blight—a blight that eats almost every kind of metal," he answered. "A strange secret of the ancient science that the Stygians have kept, a semi-organic, fungoid thing that is spreading now on every wind, and will consume every bit of metal on Styx."

She gasped in horror. And from the dazed crowd in the street, horrified cries were rising in wild clamor as they witnessed the awful progress of the Destroyer.

The metal structures of Planet Town were crashing into ruin everywhere! The gray flame of the blight was leaping through the air in floating spores, eating up every thing of metal it encountered.

Already half the structures of the town were melted into shapeless heaps of seething gray dust. The brilliant lights went out, as the blight reached the power-station. And beneath the dim, eery planet-glow from the heavens, the terrible destruction went on.

"This building is going," Curt New-

ton cried to the others over the uproar. "Quick, get away from it."

He dragged Joan Randall out into the street. As the others followed as if in a stupor, the gray blight was already eating into the building front.

"Chief, my atom-pistol's crumbling in my hand," Otho yelled wildly. "Everything's going."

Planet Town had become an inferno of panic and horror as destruction fed upon it and turned it to melting mounds of gray dust.

And Qu Lur and his Stygians, at the end of the street, sat their steeds and looked solemnly at the catastrophe they had unloosed.

"The ships are crumbling, too," screamed a wild-eyed man who came racing into the mob from eastward. "Every space-ship on the landing-field has got the gray dust spreading on it."

Joan Randall clutched Curt Newton's arm convulsively. "Curt, that means—"

Captain Future's voice was thick. "Yes, Joan. It means we can't get away from Styx now. And no ship can now visit this moon, without itself being consumed by the blight."

"We're lost!" screamed Jon Valdane in hysterical panic. "We're trapped here without hope of escape, marooned here forever!"

CHAPTER XVI

Marooned



QUICKLY the awful prospect that awaited them dawned upon the dazed mob as they heard Jon Valdane's scream.

"Gods of Mars, we can't ever get away," yelled a bulging-eyed Martian.

"It's the Stygians' work," raged Jos Va-

kos, foaming. "Kill the Furies."

The maddened mob reached for their atom-guns—and found them gone. There was only crumbling gray dust where

their weapons had been.

Captain Future felt his pockets lighten as every metal object he carried was consumed likewise. To the tiniest bit of metal on their persons. The same thing was happening to them all.

Su Thuar's hissing voice rang out through the raging of the crowd.

"Future helped do this," shouted the murderous Venusian. "He's been in league with the Stygians from the first!" accused the Venusian. "Get him."

"Kill Future and his friends," roared the crazed mob.

Curt Newton saw the danger. He shouted to his companions, and to Jeff Lewis and the other horror-stricken members of the telepicture troupe.

"We've got to fight our way out of Planet Town or this mob will murder us all," he cried.

From the dim, misty obscurity northward, the shrill voice of Qu Lur called to him in the Stygian language.

"Captain Future! This way, and we will help you to get away. But we cannot fight, even to aid you."

Curt Newton shouted to his companions. Jon Valdane had deserted them, but Lewis, Jim Willard, Lo Quior and the other men of the telepicture organization ranged themselves beside Newton and Otho and Ezra.

"Put the women at the center," cried Captain Future. "We'll have to charge right through this mob. Now!"

They rushed forward in a compact mass, straight into the howling crowd that was coming toward them.

There were no weapons, no atom-pistols, not even so much as a knife. Bare fists were the only weapons on this world which the sudden destruction of metal had plunged back into the primitive.

Curt Newton lashed out with hard, smashing blows at the whirl of brutal, raging faces he saw in front of him. He was the apex of the compact formation seeking to cleave a way through the crowd.

Otho, on his right, was using the super-ju-jitsu of which he was master to break arms and wrists with expert skill. And on his left, old Ezra Gurney was

calmly cracking heads with a heavy stone he had picked up. Behind him, Jim Willard and the other telepicture men fought furiously.

It was a nightmare struggle down that dark, misty street of the dying city. Only the fact that many of the motley mob were still too stunned to follow the leadership of Su Thuar made it possible for Curt Newton and his companions to win their way through to the Stygians.

Qu Lur and the other Stygians were tensely waiting for them. Governed by their creed of non-violence, the Stygians had refused to strike one blow in the battle, but they had waited at dire risk to themselves.

"Mount and ride with us," cried Qu Lur to Newton. "We have *gurus* ready for you."

Some of the Stygian riders had doubled up on their strangs steeds so as to leave mounts free for Captain Future and a few companions.

Other Stygian riders reached down and lifted the telepicture people behind their saddles, while Curt Newton, Otho and Joan Randall were mounting.

"Future's getting away with them," raged Su Thuar's voice from the darkness. "Stop them."

"Ride!" cried Qu Lur.

Vicious faces flashed into Curt Newton's vision as hate-maddened men rushed forward to pull them off their steeds.

But the nervous *kurus*, frightened by the uproar, were now bolting forward in prodigious leaps. They tore away from Su Thuar and his followers, galloping down the crumbling street.

And then they were out in the dim, mist-shrouded night outside darkened Planet Town, racing northward. The padded hoofs of the *gurus* drummed loudly on the grassy plain as the chill wind rushed past them.

"Captain Future, why did not you and your friends leave Styx as we warned you to do?" cried Qu Lur as they rode. "Now you can never depart."

"I was trying until the last to induce the people back there to depart," Newton answered. "Now they must remain forever. You should not have released the blight, Qu Lur."

"They mocked our laws too long, bringing ever more violence to our peaceful world," replied the old Stygian firmly. "So we have destroyed their weapons and machines. No more aliens will ever be able to come here."

He added earnestly, "You Futuremen are our friends. Would that you had heeded our warning and left. But since you did not, you must spend the rest of your lives on Styx. And you and your companions are welcome in our city Dzong, whither we ride now."

"You've been blind, Qu Lur," said Curt Newton bitterly. "Don't you see that you've only penned up hundreds of brutal, ruthless men on this world with you? Even without metal weapons and machines, they'll find a way to attack you."

Joan Randall, riding beside him, called to him. He saw through the foggy darkness that her face had become deathly pale.

"Curt, are we doomed to spend the rest of our lives here?" she cried. "Isn't there any hope of our ever getting away?"

"Joan, there may be a faint hope—but nothing more. The Destroyer blight won't leave a scrap of metal on the surface of Styx. No ship can land here. And we can never build a ship, without metal."

Suddenly the girl smiled. "Curt, at least we're together here," she said. "If we never get away, I won't mind so much."

"Nor would I, Joan. But the danger here is bigger than you realize. This whole moon, cut off from the rest of the System, and nursing a blight that sooner or later might spread to all the other planets of the Solar System."

The terrible vision of that possibility that unrolled in his mind struck him to a chill silence.

Finally, the Stygian city loomed out of the cold mists. Its octagonal towers

CAPTAIN FUTURE grimly pointed behind them.

of stone were vaguely outlined against the dim planet-glow in the sky. Torches were burning along the streets of Dzong, but although the gray dust of the blight was in the air here as everywhere else, nothing in this stone city seemed to have suffered.

"The wisdom of our forefathers," muttered old Qu Lur to Curt Newton as they rode in through the gate in the wall. "They warned us never to depend on machines and things of metal, so that if we ever had to loose the Destroyer for defense, we would be unaffected."

It was true. The totally non-mechanical, non-metallic civilization of the Stygians had experienced no harm from the world-wide blight.

In the torchlight, hundreds of wide-eyed Stygians watched the refugees dismount. The Earth people looked around them at the city.

"And we're going to spend the rest of our lives here," murmured Jim Willard.

"I want to go back to Earth," wailed Lura Lind. "Jeff, you've got to get me back, do you hear? The *Perseus* will take us."

Jeff Lewis shook his head heavily. "All that's left of the *Perseus* now is a heap of gray dust. The ship, and all our telepicture equipment, and all the film we worked so hard to make—"

"The films we made ought to be all right, boss," Lo Quior put in hopefully. "They're non-metallic themselves, and were packed in those plastic insulite cases to protect them from heat and cold."

The producer smiled bitterly. "What difference does it make now whether they're safe or not? We can never show 'The Ace of Space' to anyone."

Qu Lur was designating buildings in which the stricken outer-planet people were to be quartered. "Qu Lur, what will you do if that mob in Planet Town comes here to attack you?" asked Captain Future.

"We shall use all our powers of illusion and hypnotic defense to repel them," the old Stygian answered.

"A mob like that won't be scared back by illusions," said Ezra Gurney.

Qu Lur answered solemnly. "We have always lived by the creed of non-violence. It is our law."

WHEN he had gone, Ezra Gurney looked skeptically at Curt Newton and Otho. "Not an encouragin' prospect," he drawled.

"Chief, were you just cheering up Joan or did you mean it when you said there might be a hope of getting away from Styx?" Otho asked.

Captain Future frowned. "It's a pretty slim hope, I'm afraid. But I base it on the fact that the ancestors of these Stygians once before released the blight here, ages ago."

"So what?" Otho countered.

"We know they released the blight, long ago," said Curt Newton slowly. "But the blight hasn't been present on Styx, in more recent times. That means that the ancient Stygians must have known how to clean up the blight after it did its work of defense. They must have known of a way to destroy the Destroyer."

"You're overlooking the possibility that the blight slowly withered and vanished in those long ages," pointed out Otho.

"I don't think the spores of the stuff would ever completely disappear unless they were destroyed by artificial means," Captain Future declared. "But I can't be sure till we've examined the stuff."

Otho gestured ironically to the flecks of gray dust that floated here in the torchlit chamber, as everywhere else.

"There's plenty of it to examine. All you need is an electron-microscope. And we can't have one, or anything else made of metal."

"Turn out your pockets," Curt Newton ordered. "Let's see just what we can salvage."

They made a little heap of their belongings. It was a discouraging inventory that they took. Everything metallic had vanished. Of some things, only the plastic parts remained while metal parts were gone.

"We've got a plastic knife-handle, the stock of an atom-pistol, a gyro-compass

without needle or rotors, a pocket chronometer whose works are all gone, and some other junk," Otho said in a discouraged voice.

"Let's have the lenses of the compass and chronometer," said Curt Newton.

He examined them. They were magnifying lenses, so that the two instruments could be made tiny and yet read with ease.

"By fixing these two lenses apart at the correct focal distance, we'd have a microscope of sorts," Captain Future declared. His brow knitted. "We'll have to use these plastic cases as a tube for it."

He began work, with the crudest of means. The light plastic cases of the ruined chronometer and compass, he softened into malleable state by skillful application of heat from one of the torches.

While Otho and Ezra watched skeptically, Newton's deft fingers shaped the softened plastic into a new form. He drew it out into a short, thick tube, affixing the two lenses at its ends before it hardened.

Then he tested the crude little microscope. "It amounts to little more than a fairly strong magnifying-glass, but it may help."

Newton now captured a fleck of the floating gray dust, and affixed it to a tiny mirror Otho had carried in his make-up kit. They placed the torches around this for the strongest illumination possible.

Captain Future then intently studied the fleck of dust with his improvised magnifier. He looked long through the tube, and his face wore a frown of doubt when he finally raised his head.

"I've never seen anything quite like this blight before," he said. "It resembles certain fungoid microscopic forms of life, able to drift as dormant spores which proliferate swiftly by fission when it reaches a favorable environment.

"The amazing thing is that these gray spores seem capable of feeding upon metals by producing from themselves certain combinations of chemical elements which cause an unbelievable

electronic alteration of the metallic atoms, into atoms of organic substances the spores assimilate."

"Wait a minute, Cap'n Future," Ezra Gurney reminded him. "Remember I'm no scientist."

"You can think of it this way, Ezra," Newton simplified. "The gray blight is rust—living rust, that spreads like a swift contagion and feeds upon all metal it touches."

"So how are you goin' to kill off a blight like that?" Gurney wanted to know.

CURT NEWTON shook his head in despair. "I wish Simon were here. But I do have an idea. Past experiments have shown that hard electric radiation destroys microscopic fungoid forms somewhat similar to this strange new one. I think hard radiation would destroy this blight, too."

Otho said bitterly, "That's fine. All we need to do to kill off the blight is to set up a powerful generator of hard radiation. Only, we can't ever do that because you can't have a generator or anything else electrical without metal to build it of."

"Cap'n Future, isn't there any metal at all on this world?" Gurney asked.

Newton shook his head. "The surface metals of Styx were all destroyed ages ago, when the ancient Stygians released the blight. A few traces of cobalt and titanium survived because their peculiar crystalline compounds insulated them from the spores, but they'd be no help to us.

"We might dig down and find metals deep beneath the surface, but what good would it do us? As soon as we dug them up and refined them, the blight would destroy them too."

"So our problem is this—to build a powerful electric generator and radiation-projector, without using a scrap of metal," Otho said.

Ezra Gurney shook his head. "I can see it's impossible. You got to have metal to conduct electricity."

"Not necessarily," Curt Newton corrected him thoughtfully. "Carbon is a

fair conductor. Remember, back in the dim dawn of Earth electrical science, they used it for the filaments and electrodes of their lighting devices."

He went on. "We could rig a Sander-son single-fluid chemical battery without using metal. And we might be able to build the coils of our generator from carbon."

"But we haven't even got the tools and substances to try that," Otho burst out. "And we can't get them from any place."

"There are enough non-metallic tools in the *Comet* to give us a fighting chance," Captain Future reminded. "Grag and Simon will be hovering over Styx' atmosphere, for I told them to stay

Jim Willard, with other of the telepictu-technicians to help them. A number of Stygians watched their labors curiously.

Captain Future's improvised heliograph consisted of a wooden frame twenty feet square, to which were attached a number of parallel wooden axles that each bore an oblong section of glittering glass. These shutters would reflect the sunlight brilliantly when they were closed.

"We need to rig a single control for all the shutters, so that we can send sharp code-flashes," Curt Newton explained.

A *kuru* came galloping through the dawn-misty streets of Dzung and was

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there and warn off all approaching ships. If we could get into communication with them and have them drop the things we need without entering the atmosphere."

"Sure, all we have to do is to build a teltaudio transmitter," Otho retorted. "It's easy, without metal. I'll dream one up right way."

"Not a teltaudio, a heliograph," Curt Newton said. "It's not always misty in the day. A big enough heliograph would flash reflected sunlight brightly enough to be seen by Grag and Simon."

Hope dawned on Otho's face for the first time. "Chief, I didn't think of that."

"We'll start to work on it at once," Curt Newton said. "The Stygians will give us the glass and other materials for it, when they understand we want to communicate with our friends. We've got to have the thing ready to use tomorrow. We may have little enough time in which to work!"

Dawn found the work of constructing the heliograph going forward by torchlight in the open plaza of the city. Curt Newton and Otho had got Lo Quior and

pulled up beside them. Th' Thaan hastily dismounted.

"Someone is coming from Planet Town," the Stygian reported. "Our sentries on the wall have just told me."

Captain Future stiffened. "Is that devil Su Thuar starting already?"

They hastened to the wall. Out on the foggy plain, a single man was approaching the city in an uncertain, staggering run.

"Why, it's Jon Valdane, alone," Joan Randall exclaimed in amazement.

CURT NEWTON'S face hardened. "Then it must be a trick of some kind. Keep your eyes open."

Valdane staggered up to the gate and beat upon it.

"Let me in!" he wailed.

"I can't see anybody else coming," Newton declared. "Keep watch while I open the gate."

Jon Valdane tottered inside and collapsed in a limp heap when the gates were opened.

The chubby financier was a pitiful sight. His sagging face bore the livid red weal of a recent blow, and he was

gasping wildly for breath. His clothes were stained and torn.

"Why did you come here?" Curt snapped. "Did Su Thuar send you here as a spy?"

Valdane looked up with wild eyes.

"Su Thuar is a devil from the pit!" he croaked. "He told me that since we're all prisoners for life on Styx, my wealth and my pay meant nothing more to him. He treated me like a servant. He struck me when I objected."

Captain Future looked down at him grimly. "Your greedy plot ruined this world, Valdane. Now it's recoiled on yourself. That's only justice. You can't stay here. Go back to your friends."

"No, don't send me back to those devils," Valdane pleaded. He clutched Newton's arm. "Let me stay, and I'll tell you what they're planning."

Joan Randall's fine eyes showed pity. "Let him stay, Curt."

"We ought to wring his neck," Otho declared disgustedly.

"You can remain here but it'll be to face trial on Earth if we ever get back there," Captain Future told the shattered man. "Now, what is Su Thuar planning?"

"He's going to lead those brutes in Planet Town here and take the city away from the Stygians," Valdane babbled. "Now that Planet Town is in ruins, they say they'll live in this unharmed city and use the Stygians as their slaves. Su Thuar is their undisputed leader now."

"When are they going to attack us?" Curt Newton asked quickly.

"As soon as they can prepare weapons," Valdane said in husky tones. "Su Thuar has already got them to work making more blow-guns and stone clubs."

Curt Newton's heart sank. When that attack by the brutal mob of the interplanetary town came, he would have to meet it with only a handful of men. The Stygians' creed would prevent them from resisting by physical violence. And if the attack succeeded, Su Thuar would be master of this moon and everyone upon it.

CHAPTER XVII

Attacked



SILENTLY Captain Future fought down the despairing foreboding that had gripped him. His red head raised indomitably, and his voice rang.

"That means Su Thuar and his band will be here tomorrow or the next day.

Very well, we'll get ready for them."

"What can we do?" Ezra Gurney muttered hopelessly. "We ain't got time now for you to rig this blight-destroyer you were planning."

"I'm going ahead with that," Newton declared. "It's our one best chance of escape, if we can contrive to build it. Meanwhile, Ezra, you and Jim Willard start preparing weapons. Make swords of tough glass."

He looked at Th' Thaan, the Stygian. "Can't the Stygians forget your pacifistic creed and fight? It's that, or slavery for you."

For a moment th' Thaan seemed tortured by deep doubts. "It is forbidden for us kill," he said at last. "We can resist only with our powers of illusion."

Ezra Gurney and the young assistant director began feverishly to superintend preparation of long, keen glass swords and knives with which to arm their party. The Stygians made no objection to their work.

Meanwhile, as full daylight came, Captain Future and Otho waited for the mists to clear so that they could use their heliograph.

As the morning advanced, the mists did not clear. The fog might not clear for days, Curt Newton knew. He waited with agonizing uncertainty.

A slight wind was blowing. The great bank of fog was moving, but had not thinned out. Then, before noon, it began to clear.

"It's lifting," Otho exclaimed. "Now's

our chance."

Captain Future stood ready at the lever of the big, rude heliograph. Finally, the mists were gone. The small, distant Sun shone from the dusky sky.

Somewhere up in that shadowy sky, the *Comet* was hovering outside Styx' atmosphere. Curt Newton was banking on his knowledge of Simon Wright and Grag that they would be keeping anxious telescopic watch on this part of Styx.

He closed the mirror-covered shutters of the heliograph. The glittering glass surface brilliantly reflected the pale sunlight into the sky. Newton rapidly opened and closed the shutters, in long and short flashes that spelled out a message in the standard interplanetary code.

"Calling the *Comet*!" he signaled swiftly. "Stand by and do not enter atmosphere. But drop the following materials and tools to us, here in Dzung—"

He listed their requirements, from his knowledge of what the *Comet's* equipment could provide.

"Hurry up," Otho warned. "The mist's thickening again."

Curt Newton hastily finished the message, as another bank of fog came drifting across the heavens.

"They'll soon drop the stuff, if they saw our flashes," he said tautly. "Now all we can do is to wait, hoping the message was seen."

Twenty minutes later, he and the other anxious watchers saw a white parachute floating down from the misty heavens nearby.

"Good old Simon and Grag—they saw!" exulted Otho.

When they got to where the improvised parachute lay, they found it attached to a bundle that contained the non-metallic instruments, materials and chemicals for which Captain Future had asked.

There was also a brief note from Simon Wright.

"The whole System is stunned by the disaster to Styx," it read. "A full squadron of Planet Patrol cruisers has arrived, but I have prevented them from entering the Stygian atmosphere by my warning. We are waiting, and will be

watching."

"This stuff gives us a fighting chance, at any rate," Captain Future declared, eagerly.

"A chance that's cursed slim, when it depends on building a completely non-metallic electric machine in a day or two," Otho muttered.

Yet Otho plunged into the labor with the same unremitting zeal as Curt Newton himself. Joan Randall joined them in the work, as did Lo Quior, the little Martian telepicture technician. Their workshop was in the big council-hall itself.

Madly impossible task it seemed, indeed, to build a complicated electric generator and projector without the use of metal. Yet Captain Future's energy and genius drove the work forward despite all difficulties.

THE source of electric power did not present so many obstacles. A series of powerful Sanderson chemical batteries were soon constructed, using glass tanks and the chemicals which had been dropped from the *Comet*.

The coils and tubes of the hard-radiation generator were the great problem, since they had no wire. Curt Newton planned to use carbon for the filaments of his coils and valves, though its mediocre conductivity would make the generator one of comparatively low efficiency.

"The point is, to destroy the blight in a small area at least," Captain Future declared. "Then ships can land safely in that area, bringing equipment with which to construct a bigger, efficient generator."

He and Otho made their coil-forms of glass. Upon these forms they toilsomely wound their coils, using cord of twisted moss-fibers instead of wire.

"How in space can that moss-cord replace metal wire?" Ezra Gurney demanded skeptically.

"It will work, though the efficiency will be poor," Newton insisted. "I made preliminary tests of the fiber, and it's the best material available for our purpose."

When the coils were completely wound, they were subjected to carefully-controlled heat in an improvised oven. The high degree of heat slowly carbonized the fibers, burning away impurities.

Curt Newton inspected the coils after the baking. They were now of brittle, delicate carbon wiring, whose large diameter partly made up for its indifferent conductivity.

"Now the tubes," he exclaimed. "Otho, while I'm working on that you bake out the carbon rods we'll need for our connections."

Night had come. They were working now by torchlight. The Stygians watched their labors wonderingly, thinking that it was part of their effort to communicate with their ship. Curt Newton did not undeceive them.

Ezra Gurney and Jim Willard returned from a reconnoitering expedition out in the darkness. They reported no sign yet of attackers.

"But they'll come soon, I'm thinkin'," muttered the old veteran. "What I'd give for a couple of atom-guns when they do come."

Dawn found Captain Future reeling with fatigue. He had not slept for two nights, and even his iron frame felt leaden from weariness.

But he insisted on driving the work ahead. Their motor-generator was completely finished, though the radiation projector was not. He tested the generator, closing the circuit of rigid carbon rods that connected it with the series of Sanderson batteries.

The rotor of the big, crude motor turned with shrieking noisiness upon its axles of toughened glass. But it delivered current from the attached generator—high voltage current to operate the projector.

"Turn it off," Newton ordered. "That's enough for a test-run. Those vibrations might shatter the carbon cells if it runs too long."

He had improvised tubes with non-metallic grids and filaments. These were a failure. He had to go to work on them again.

Then, in later afternoon, two Stygian

scouts rode their *kurus* hastily through the mists into the city.

"The aliens of Planet Town are coming," the scouts reported excitedly. "They are only a couple of miles away."

"Ezra—Willard—Lewis—get our men on the walls and at the gate," Curt Newton ordered. "I'm going on with this. Perhaps it will be possible to finish it before they get here. And if it works, and kills the blight in this area, the *Comet* and other ships can land."

"What about Valdane?" asked Ezra grimly, jerking a thumb toward the chubby, terrified financier whom they had kept under guard with the other prisoner, Rosson.

"Leave him there," said Newton. "He'd be no good as a hostage, for Su Thuar doesn't care whether we kill him or not."

Old Qu Lur and Th' Thaan had gathered their Stygians. The moon-men all



wore the strange telepathic lenses upon their foreheads.

"We will use our powers to the utmost to halt the attackers," Qu Lur declared earnestly.

Curt Newton kept Otho with him, toiling with desperate haste in the fabrication of new tubes for the projector. Time was running out, now.

HIS hands trembled as they finally finished the task and inserted the new tubes in the apparatus. Again, he closed the circuit that sent the batteries' current flowing into the makeshift mechanism.

The shrieking of the generator's glass axles did not quite drown the slow, rising hum that came from the projector. Its radiating-sphere of carbon showed

no change, and they felt nothing.

But Curt Newton knew that the mechanism was emitting hard radiation that was drenching the area for at least a dozen miles in every direction.

"Is it working?" Joan Randall whispered. "Is it killing the blight?"

"I don't know yet," he answered in taut tones. "It should work quickly, if at all."

The shrieking, spinning rotors of the generator threatened to shatter their carbon coils at any moment. Curt Newton imprisoned a speck of the gray dust that still floated everywhere, and inspected it through his make-shift magnifier.

He uttered a hoarse cry of triumph. The gray spores were turning black. They were dying—killed by the radiation.

"It's working," he cried. "The blight in this area is destroyed, clear up to the limits of the atmosphere. The projector will keep any living spores from entering this area, so long as it continues to run."

At that moment, there broke upon their ears a fierce, distant chorus of raging yells that came from the southern side of Dzung.

"Su Thuar's band," cried Joan Randall. "They're here."

"There's still time enough," Curt Newton answered feverishly, racing toward the door. "I can call the *Comet* to come, by the heliograph."

Then, as he and Joan emerged from the tower in which he had built his projector, Curt Newton stopped, appalled.

He had forgotten one thing. He had forgotten the mist! The big, drifting bank that had shrouded Dzung all day still lay over it.

And while that mist veiled the city, he could not use the heliograph, could not flash his message to Simon Wright and Grag.

The bitter irony of it struck to Captain Future's soul. He and the others had achieved the impossible, only to have their work made futile by mere mist.

CHAPTER XVIII

Last Stand



DEEP fog still hid the skies but, sooner or later Curt Newton knew the mist would pass. It would pass, in time — but time was what they would not have if Su Thuar's forces won the city. That would end all hope, indeed.

"We've got to hold them off, till the mist clears and we can get a heliograph message through to the *Comet*," Newton exclaimed.

He started forward with Otho, on a run, toward the south wall of the city. Joan Randall started to accompany him, but he motioned her back.

"No, Joan! Somebody's got to stay here by the heliograph, to send the message the moment the mist clears. And you're the only one of these people who knows the message-code."

She protested, but he was deaf to her objections as he and the android ran to join the other defenders.

"Just let me get my hands on that devil Su Thuar," Otho was swearing. "I wish to blazes we'd killed him that night on Saturn four year ago, when you shot it out with his brother."

They climbed up to the south wall, upon whose parapet were Ezra Gurney and Jeff Lewis and young Jim Willard.

The Stygians were there too, ranged all along the wall, their faces turned toward the misty plain southward, each man wearing the telepathic lens upon his forehead.

"They're comin'," Ezra Gurney grimly told Captain Future. "Hear them?"

Out of the mist came again that chorus of ferocious yells. Then from the fog appeared the mass of hundreds of men, advancing rapidly.

Curt Newton recognized Su Thuar at their head. Behind the Venusian criminal followed the motley throng of interplanetary adventurers who, deeming

themselves trapped forever on Styx, were willing to follow their leader to conquer and enslave the Stygians.

"They've got plenty of those blow-guns, as well as war-clubs," Jim Willard explained. "Su Thuar hasn't been idle."

Old Qu Lur spoke from his station on the wall, to his rows of waiting Stygians. "Now!"

Captain Future and the other watchers perceived then a sight that stunned them with wonder.

Out from the city Dzung there suddenly rushed a magically-materialized band of stalwart men in the gray uniform of the Planet Patrol. They charged the attackers, levelling their heavy atom-guns as they did so.

"The Patrol," yelled a terrified Saturnian behind Su Thuar. "They've landed somehow. There they come."

The whole mob halted in its tracks, wavered on the verge of flight. Curt Newton was breathless with hope.

But Su Thuar's cunning and courage reversed the situation. The Venusian shouted to his followers. "Don't be fools. It's only one of the Furies' illusion-tricks."

But the mob still held back. For now the advancing Patrol band was triggering its atom-guns, loosing brilliant bolts of energy toward them.

Su Thuar's yell came clearly. "See that? Those atom-guns haven't killed a one of us. They're just illusion."

His motley followers, taking courage from the fact that none of them had fallen, again rushed forward howling.

And the Patrol band vanished. They were gone like a snapped-out picture-film.

Qu Lur turned to Curt Newton, registering defeat. "We placed our hope in that illusion, and it's failed. But maybe others will succeed."

He and the Stygians proceeded in their desperate extremity to give a magnificent demonstration of their hypnotic powers of illusion.

Ravaging monsters of hideous aspect appeared to hurl themselves toward the attackers. Tidal waves of water rolled

menacingly upon them. A wall of flaming fire sprang up in their faces. And it was all illusion, mass hypnotism practised on everyone here by the Stygians' concentration.

But Su Thuar's rallying voice kept his men advancing. They had plucked up confidence and now were defying the fearsome-looking obstacles in their path. And now they were but a few hundred feet from the wall.

THE Venusian yelled an order and they brought their blow-guns into play. A shower of keen darts swept the parapet of the wall. Poorly aimed as many of them were, still a half-dozen found their mark and four Stygians and two of the telepicture technicians fell back wounded.

"Get down under cover," Curt Newton yelled. "You're not doing any good exposing yourselves. Wait till they try to climb the wall and then use your swords."

He and Otho had provided themselves with two of the tough glass swords with which the telepicture men and Ezra Gurney were armed.

But they soon learned that Su Thuar had no intention of trying to scale the wall. They heard the Venusian's ringing command.

"Bring that battering-ram ahead. Quick!"

"They're goin' to bust in the gate, Cap'n Future," cried Gurney.

"Down behind it, then," Curt Newton cried. "Get more stones to brace it!" Curt ordered.

He saw a score of the motley mob running forward through the others, bearing a massive club-moss trunk that had been shorn of branches.

As Curt Newton leaped down with the others to take a station behind the gate, the battering-ram crashed into it from the outside.

He looked up wildly at the sky. The bank of mist was still drifting slowly across Dzung. Not yet had the sky cleared.

"They'll be through in a minute," Otho yelled with wolfish excitement, his green

eyes blazing. "I wish old Grag were here with us now."

Crash! The right leaf of the massive stone gate shattered off its crude, ancient hinge and was driven in against the stones that braced it. Through the opening, Su Thuar and his brutal horde came pouring.

"The city's ours," yelled the Venusian. "Kill all the Futuremen and the telepicture fools—but not the women."

It was that command and its hideous implications that exploded cold fury in Curt Newton's brain. He sprang forward with his little group of comrades to stem the entrance of the invaders.

Blow-gun darts whistled past his face. He was seeking Su Thuar, but in the cramped, choked confusion of that staggering fight, he came face to face not with the Venusian but with Jos Vakos, the Jovian.

The Jovian's green face was a brutal, distorted mask of ferocity as he raised his stone-studded war-club for a shattering blow.

Curt Newton ducked and stabbed upward under his opponent's descending arm. The slim glass blade of the sword ripped into the Jovian's heart, and he staggered and fell.

"There ain't enough of us," Ezra Gurney was panting as he fought beside Curt in the narrow combat. "They're pushing us back."

As he shouted, there was a great roar of voices and a horde of figures suddenly flung themselves into the battle from behind Curt and his little handful of men.

"The Stygians," cried Ezra Gurney, in unbelieving surprise. "The Stygians are *fightin'!*"

Qu Lur, his eyes raging, was in the forefront of the moon-men and exhorting them in a shrill voice.

"Strike to kill," the old Stygian was shouting. "They seek to murder and enslave us. It is better to take life than to become slaves."

Captain Future understood. The Stygians' age-old creed of nonviolence had failed them, as it always would fail when opposed to predatory and ruthless

men. At this last, fateful hour, the moon-men had seen the fatal mistake of their peace-loving tradition.

And the Stygians, who had never fought in their lives before, were fighting now like demons. They had no weapons, but they seized stones and used them, or hurled themselves into the melee with their bare hands reaching for the throats of their attackers.

"Kill the Furies," came the ferocious howl of the invaders.

The battling Stygians went down by dozens as they threw themselves with bare hands against the blow-guns and clubs of the attackers.

"Push them in," yelled Su Thuar's exultant voice through the melee. "We're winning!"

Captain Future wielded his glass sword like a madman, fighting to get through the crazy combat to the Venusian.

BUT the irresistible weight and weapons of the attacking horde was rolling his own few men and the raging, weaponless Stygians back away from the shattered gate. The invaders were pouring into the city.

They were now all around Curt Newton and his comrades, who formed a little knot of resistance vainly striving to stem the tide.

Curt Newton, stabbing furiously at the motley horde, glimpsed Jim Willard go down from a dart in his leg. Ezra Gurney was stunned by a war-club's grazing blow, and sagged to the pavement.

"Help him, Otho," Curt Newton yelled, himself trying to fight to Gurney's side as he shouted.

But Otho, at this moment, was being overwhelmed by a dozen attackers who were pulling down the deadly android by sheer numbers.

Captain Future lunged forward, and his glass blade slashed into two of the ring around Otho. His sword met a swinging war-club, and shattered.

"Look out, Future!" yelled the wounded Jim Willard from behind.

Curt Newton spun around with his

shattered sword in his hand—just in time to glimpse the big Uranian behind him who had his war-club raised.

He flung his sword-hilt and glimpsed it crunching in the Uranian's yellow face. But in that same instant, the heavy club completed its blow and struck Curt Newton's head. Blackness enveloped his mind.

Curt Newton came back to his senses to find himself lying prone, the sunlight in his eyes. Sunlight? Yes, the drifting mists were finally clearing.

But too late. The city had fallen to Su Thuar's horde, and the surviving Stygians were fleeing from the brutal, triumph-flushed invaders who pursued them through the stone streets.

Captain Future tried to leap to his feet. Then he discovered that his hands were bound. He was in the central plaza of Dzong, with Otho similarly bound beside him and Joan Randall standing under guard nearby. And Su Thuar was contemplating Captain Future with burning eyes.

"Pull them up!" snapped the Venusian criminal, and Curt Newton and Otho were roughly hauled to their feet by the guards behind them.

Su Thuar laughed softly.

"I wanted you Futuremen to be awake and conscious when I killed you," he told Curt Newton. "I wanted you to pay to the full for what you did to my brother and to me."

Captain Future did not answer. His hopeless eyes were fixed upon the big heliograph in this plaza, its open shutters gleaming mockingly in the pale sunlight.

He could hear the creaking drone of his radiation-generator from inside the council tower, still neutralizing the blight in this area. He had struggled so hard to build those things, only to be defeated finally by the unpredictable vagaries of shifting mists.

Su Thuar seemed to gather rage from Curt Newton's calmness.

"Yet I ought to thank you, Future," he snarled. "I've got you to thank for the fact that I'm now master of this moon. Nobody can ever take it away

from me. No ship of the System can ever land here to dispute my rule.

"And before you die," the Venusian hissed, "I want you to know something else. I want you to know what will happen to her."

He gestured toward the pale face of Joan Randall. As he made that gesture, Su Thuar suddenly stiffened and glared past the girl.

A man was stealing out of the council tower—a chubby, dishevelled man who was frantically trying to escape without being seen.

"Valdane," yelled Su Thuar. "So this is what happened to you. You came here to warn them."

"No, no, I didn't," shrieked Jon Valdane in accents of terror. "No!"

Wildly the financier started to flee, for he had read death in the Venusian's eyes. But Su Thuar was after him with tigerish swiftness, raising his long stone dagger in his hand.

The crude knife plunged into the stumbling Valdane's back. The financier choked, staggered and then fell forward, with his face crushed in death against the stones of the world whose wealth he had coveted.

AND in that moment, Captain Future acted. He had felt his two guards' grip upon him relax a little as they turned to look. His body suddenly contorted and then broke free from their grip like an uncoiling spring.

Curt Newton plunged toward the lever that controlled the big heliograph, a score of feet away. His bound hands gripped the lever. He frantically jerked it back and forth. The glass shutters of the thing closed and unclosed swiftly as he began to spell code-letters in flashes.

"C-o-m-e."

"Curt, look out," screamed Joan Randall.

Captain Future leaped aside, and the reddened dagger which Su Thuar was bringing down on his back, dug into his shoulder instead.

The Futureman's bound hands seized the Venusian's dagger hand. He strug-

gled for that instant, Su Thuar's raging eyes glaring into his.

"Kill him, you fools," Su Thuar was yelling to his hastening men. "He was trying to signal to his friends."

Fighting with mad ferocity, Otho was trying to get to Newton's side.

There was a sudden thunderous roar, growing to deafening pitch as a dark bulk dropped down upon them through the pale sunlight.

"It's the *Comet*!" came Joan Randall's frantic cry. "And the Patrol!"

Su Thuar's horde was scattering in all direction as the little ship of the Futuremen and the half-dozen grim, big Planet Patrol cruisers that followed it, landed swiftly upon the central plaza.

Atom-guns of the descending ships sent bursting shells over the fleeing horde. And out of the *Comet*, the huge figure of Grag came plunging, his metal fists smashing heads like eggshells as he strode in the direction of Curt Newton and Su Thuar.

Su Thuar, his face livid, suddenly relaxed his hold on the dagger and turned to flee. His sudden relaxation of pressure turned the weapon in Newton's hands, and it drove into the Venusian's throat.

Su Thuar tore away, choked with blood, foam on his lips, as he staggered a few steps and fell. Then he lay still beside the dead body of the financier whom he had murdered a minute before.

"Curt!" cried Joan. She was free, running to him. After she had cut the bonds from his wrists, she wound her arms around his neck.

Grag's booming, excited voice interrupted them. "Chief, we were watching and when you said 'Come', we came. You've got the metal-blight licked here, haven't you?"

"The blight is conquered in this small area," Captain Future answered. "The first thing we've got to do is to build a big enough generator and projector here to destroy the blight all over Styx."

The Patrol was rounding up the men of Su Thuar's horde. With no weapons except blow-guns and clubs and knives, facing the atom-guns of the grim Patrol

officers, there was no resistance.

Curt Newton, Joan Randall and the Futuremen found Ezra Gurney in the heap of bodies by the shattered gate. Gurney was stunned, but no worse. Jim Willard and Lo Quior had suffered wounds, but would recover. But old Qu Lur, chief of the Stygians, had died fighting.

Curt Newton spoke earnestly to Th' Thaan, who now would be leader of the Stygian people.

"Th' Thaan, you've had a lesson in the perils of pacifism and isolation when they're carried too far. I want your people to forget your old traditions, and join the rest of the Solar System, yielding authority to maintain order here to the Patrol."

"We shall do so," the Stygian declared fervently. "All we ask is that our world shall not be overrun by aliens."

"The System Government will take care it isn't," Newton assured him. "The diamond-deposits here, which might draw more unprincipled seekers, are going to become the property and trust of the Government itself, if my recommendation has any weight."

JEFF LEWIS approached Newton. There was an embarrassed timidity in the producer's manner that contrasted oddly with his former bluntness.

"Carson—I mean, Captain Future," he corrected hastily, "what about our picture, 'The Ace of Space?' Jim says we'll find our films unharmed, but we still haven't made any scenes here on Styx, and can't make them without you."

Curt Newton's lips twitched. "I see your difficulty. All right, I'll make a bargain with you."

"What is it? Just name your conditions," Lewis said eagerly.

"I'll help you make the last scenes here you need, as soon as you get new equipment, on condition that you and the troupe keep it secret that the Captain Future in the film is the real Captain Future."

Jeff Lewis' face dropped. "But think of the worlds of publicity it will mean if I'm able to advertise that the picture

has Future himself in it," he wailed.

"You'll have publicity enough, without that," Curt Newton answered firmly. "Is it agreed?"

The producer nodded heavily. "All right, it's agreed. But when I think of it, I could weep. The Futuremen themselves in my picture—and nobody will ever know it."

IN a night three months later, there occurred in a New York telepicture theater the System-wide premiere of "The Ace of Space."

A packed audience cheered for minutes when the film ended. And when they issued from the theater they found a tremendous crowd outside, who nearly crushed Jeff Lewis, Ron King and Lura Lind.

The most important telepicture critic in the System, on the next day, published what became an epitome of the general reaction to the film.

"'The Ace of Space' is the greatest adventure picture ever made," he wrote. "The terrifying scenes by the Fire Sea of Jupiter, the incredible undersea episode filmed in an actual Neptunian sub-

marine city, the wonderful special effects, and especially the scenes on remote Styx, have never been presented on a telepicture screen before.

"The hero-worship of our peoples toward the Futuremen who have performed such great exploits in our behalf, will make this film the biggest attraction in entertainment history. Its appeal is heightened by the fact that it was partly made on Styx at the very time of the mysterious, sensational catastrophe that recently struck that world.

"The story is a masterpiece of swift-paced writing that still keeps closely to the facts of the Futuremen's past exploits. The direction and technical effects are superb. The performances of Lura Lind, Ron King and Rizo Thon have never been bettered.

"There is only one flaw in the picture to which exception can be taken. That is the new actor who performs in the title role, Chan Carson. We hate to say it, but Carson is a misfit in this role. Let's hope that the next time Jeff Lewis makes a film like this, he gets somebody for it who can really look and act like Captain Future."

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As Tharg fought hopelessly, Zarran flung herself upon Krana's tentacles

TO DUST RETURNETH

By HENRY KUTTNER

*The Last Two Surviving Martians Try to Warn Earthmen
Against the Deadly Menace that Depopulated the Red Planet!*

THEY were the last Martians.

Together they crouched in concealment among the red bushes atop the cliff, peering down at the Cursed Valley, shunned by their race for centuries. To the eyes of an Earthman they would have seemed hideous and terrible—gaunt giant beasts, with the plated hides of reptiles, six-legged and monstrous. There was the burn of a ray-gun's beam along Tharg's flank, to mark his recent encounter with the visitors in the valley. But Zarran, his mate,

was unscathed—as yet.

Beneath them lay the friction-blackened shape of a space-ship, rocket jets silent, a long swathe of burned ruin marking the path of its landing. A few Earthmen moved near the open valve of the ship, unhelmeted. The air of Mars, though thin, was breathable to them, rich in oxygen, if dry and hot as a furnace blast. But the two Martians were staring farther up the valley, to where a square building stood like a giant block of basalt, metal gates closed.

Tharg's three eyes moved toward Zarran. She understood his deep-throated growl, for he spoke in her own tongue.

"I tried to warn them. They did not understand. They tried to kill me."

"It is Krana's doing," Zarran said. "May the old gods curse the Rigellian and destroy him utterly! The people from Earth are fools to listen to him."

But Tharg shook his monstrous head. "Have you forgotten why we are the last of our race? We, too, listened to Krana—and it was the end of Mars."

"Yes. That is true. The Rigellian has sucked our planet dry and now turns to Earth. I had hoped—"

"Vain hopes," Tharg said harshly. "Nothing but violence can destroy Krana. He has grown hungry for blood in the last hundred years, but he has survived on other things. Waiting. Knowing that he could lure another world into his frightful trap."

"Five thousand years," Zarran said. "He is immortal."

BUT Tharg's fanged jaws gaped in a snarling laugh. "Not he! The Earthmen could destroy him—and would, if they knew what he intended. Our race—we were too weak, when Krana came. We did not understand. We were peaceful, decadent, and we let him grow too strong. And then it was too late. He had acquired weapons."

Zarran turned her head away. "One thing I regret, Tharg. Perhaps only one—"

"What is that?"

She did not look at him. "That I am not a Martian in body. I do not like to be ugly in your eyes."

Tharg's huge body rose; the Martian's snout rubbed gently along Zarran's scaled cheek. "You are not ugly to me. You are my mate."

"Yes . . . yes. But once the Martians were shaped like gods. I have seen the sculptures in the dead cities underground. It might have been wiser to die five thousand years ago, rather than survive—thus."

"We hoped," Tharg said. "Even then we hoped. We could not fight the Rigel-

lian. His defenses were invulnerable. If we had not created artificial bodies to house our brains, we would have been wiped out."

"And now?" Zarran asked. "The race has died anyway. In these sluggish, cold-blooded beast bodies, clumsy and awkward, our minds have deteriorated. We can no longer build. We can scarcely—understand. We are the last—humans—on Mars, Tharg. I wish we could kill Krana."

Tharg lifted a paw and regarded it. "How? We are too clumsy. We cannot use weapons. Our fangs are useless against him. We are too slow, Zarran. We lost our chance five thousand years ago, when we listened to the Rigellian's lies. He is like a vampire, moving from planet to planet, destroying as he goes. The first spaceship that left Mars went to Io, seeking Krana, who had sent us the message telling us how to build the vessel. We thought, then, that he was friendly. So he slew Mars. Now he will slay Earth, unless we can stop him."

"It is dangerous," Zarran said quietly.

"He cannot harm us, in these bodies."

"But, Tharg, we are the last. What is it to us if the Rigellian goes to Earth? We have so little—so little! Years on a dying planet that was once a paradise—twenty years at most, for we do not live long these days. You are my mate, Tharg. I need you."

He hunched a heavy shoulder uneasily. "We should warn the Earthmen if we can. All that Earth is now, Mars was once. I think it is a debt we owe old Mars. Let me try again, Zarran."

"If you must. But be very careful. Stay beyond range of their strange weapons."

Tharg rested his head for a moment on Zarran's neck, and then swung away, gliding noiselessly down the trail that wound along the face of the steep cliff. His pads made no sound on the scarlet rock. From above, Zarran craned to watch him, her three eyes worried. She wished the Earthmen had never come.

Red dust blew chokingly down from the mountains, hot and acrid. Like a

winding-sheet it swept over the surface of the dying planet. . . .

A short distance away, at the spaceship, Captain Jerry Easter jumped down from the open port of the hull, coughing and gasping. "Whew!" he remarked. "We need respirators. How's the work going, boys?"

"Pretty well," Anderson said. The big Swede was chief engineer, in charge of the working gang. "We'll have the tubes ready by tomorrow, I figure. That fuel plays havoc with 'em."

Captain Easter nodded. "Good. That beryl-steel alloy is tough, the toughest we could get on Earth, but it still isn't the metal Krana told us about. If we could have found that ore, those tubes would be okay now."

"It doesn't exist on Earth," Anderson grumbled. "We could get it on Mars, but we've no facilities for digging and smelting. Not necessary, anyway. I'm reinforcing the linings. That should do the trick."

A LEAN, sun-tanned man in khaki wandered over, his gaunt, harsh face set in a scowl. Easter grinned at him.

"Still want to go on a hunting trip, Dale?"

Fenton Dale shrugged glumly. "You know why I came along. Krana warned us about those six-legged animals. He said they were plenty ferocious. I'd like to have the head of one of 'em. How about letting me wander off for a bit?"

Easter shook his head. "Sorry. No can do. Can't spare the men, and nobody's going off alone if I can help it. You just got back from the Amazon country before signing up with us, Dale. Didn't you get enough game there?"

"Oh, well, I'm a hunter. It's in the blood. The chance of getting new animals—"

"There was a creature like a deer by the spring this morning."

"I saw it," Dale grunted. "I don't kill deer. Rhinos, elephant, water buffalo are my favorite game. It's the sport of the game I like. A fair chance for both hunter and hunted. I don't

shoot rabbits," Dale grunted.

"You missed that six-legged lizard this morning."

"I burned it a little—too bad about that. I could have killed it, but not without burning the head off. So I let it go. Only way to get big game is with a needle-beam, unless it's as big as an elephant. I'm bored. Might as well be back in New York."

"Well, come on up the valley with me," Easter suggested. "I'm going to pay a call on Krana." He put a whistle to his mouth and blew shrilly, the blast thin in the attenuated air. A half dozen men, armed and ready, came tumbling out of the ship.

They fell into line behind Easter and Dale. Anderson said, "Luck," and lifted a welding torch. Feet slogged into the omnipresent red dust.

"How's the hothouse going?" Dale asked as they marched along.

"Hothouse?"

"Krana's suite. The place you're fixing up for him in the ship."

"Fair enough. It'll be ready soon. Krana's a self-contained unit. It's just a matter of moving him, chiefly."

"He gives me the creeps," Dale said.

Easter chuckled. "He is a bit odd. But he's the last Martian, and the race naturally evolved. Basically he's as human as we are. He—look out!"

Instinctively Dale went for his ray-gun. As they rounded a huge boulder, they had come face to face with Tharg, fanged and hideous. The Martian beast had been drawing a design in the dust—mathematical symbols, and a chart of the solar system. It was necessarily clumsy work, for Tharg's paws were awkward, but if the Earthmen recognized it for what it was, they would realize that Tharg was intelligent.

But they did not see. A blast of hot wind gusted down, erasing the Martian's work in a swirl of red dust. Tharg, suddenly sick at heart, hesitated, almost too long. Dale's gun, set to needle-beam, roared out like a thunderclap. The blast seared Tharg's plated head as he dived forward, crouching low, the impact of his great body scattering the

men right and left.

For an instant there was such confusion that no one dared fire. Then Tharg was gone, ducking and dodging, losing himself among scarlet bushes.

Dale holstered his gun. "Uh-huh," he said. "Krana's right. They're dangerous. Next time I'll be ready."

Easter said, "Well, he's gone now. Close shave, though. Come on." He led the way forward, toward the black cube near the head of the valley.

Hidden in the shadows of a rock, Tharg watched, shivering a little, as the duped Earthmen moved toward the lair of the Rigellian.

FOR centuries the Cursed Valley had been shunned by Martians, and only genuine courage on Tharg's part could have brought him to disregard the fetish of his race, the inbred conditioning of generations. He watched the Earthmen. They resembled the old Martians, before the invulnerable cold-blooded bodies had been created. There were differences, of course, but the newcomers showed the traits of humanity—of civilized culture, not the ruthless deadliness of Krana.

Across the gulf of space and time Tharg's soul strained forward toward the—the other humans. But the abyss of five thousand years lay between. It would not be an easy task he had set for himself—no.

The terrible jaws gaped. How could he make the Earthmen realize Krana's true nature? He was handicapped by his android body. He could not write. He could not speak a tongue they would understand. Yet there might be a way.

"Help me, gods of my people," Tharg prayed silently. "Give me guidance. You watched our race rise, long and long ago. A new race has been born on our sister world. Help me save them. Help me! For if the Earthmen take Krana back to Earth with them, their civilization is doomed. The Rigellian is subtle and strong. He will pretend to be friendly, and gradually build defenses against all their weapons. Then he will strike. He will drink the blood of Earth,

as he has sucked Mars dry. Even now he ravens with hunger and thirst. Not for a hundred years has he had the drink he loves so well. . . . Gods of Mars, give me wisdom."

But no answer came from the star-shot purple sky.

A half mile further on, metal gates swung open silently as the Earthmen tugged at the handles. The group entered the black cube, their eyes slowly accustoming themselves to the gloom. Sunlight slanted in through the portal, outlining the being that was Krana the Rigellian.

He was a brain.

He rested under a crystal hemisphere, and all around him were the mechanisms that were Krana's tools and senses and body. There were eye-cells set in sockets at the ends of elastic tubes. There were handling-tenacles, coiled now and quiescent. There were other mechanisms whose functions the Earthmen did not know.

A voice-diaphragm fluttered beneath the half-globe, and the brain pulsed a little, as though stirring to life. Through the great room the cold, emotionless tones rang sharply.

"I give you greetings. May I serve you in any way?"

Fascinated, Captain Easter stared at the thing. He found his tongue after a hesitant pause.

"By answering a few questions," the Earthman said. "We're preparing the cabin in which you're to be placed. The technicians have run into a few snags. What air pressure do you need? That's one thing. The others—"

He went on quickly, listing the points. One by one Krana answered them, with unhurried efficiency. Easter's yeoman made notes on a stylo-pad.

"Guess that's all," Easter said at last. "The ship will be prepared tomorrow, ready to go."

"Pre--pared?" repeated Krana. "Oh. I see. I am still not entirely familiar with your language. Though we have spoken by radio now for more than a— a year. It was a long time to wait."

"It took that long to build the ship,"

Easter explained. "Even after we'd learned to talk the same language, and with all the detailed instructions you gave us."

"I am anxious to leave this dying world. Anxious to reach Earth. There is much knowledge I can give your scientists."

"In about a week," Easter said. "After all, we haven't had a chance to look around. The geologist's yelling for samples. Our botanist is trying to argue me into letting him leave the valley—"

THE glass-cased creature interrupted him.

"It would not be wise. There are dangerous beasts on Mars," the toneless voice said. "The sooner I leave, the better I shall be pleased."

"I don't blame you. Living here alone for centuries? The last of your race, too. It's tragic."

"I was afraid I would die here," the Rigellian said. "But you have given me new hope. On Earth I can live once more."

"Right," Easter nodded. "We must get back to the ship now, but we'll see you tomorrow."

"Beware of the plated beasts with six legs. I have warned you before about them."

"We'll kill any we see," Dale broke in. "On sight!"

Easter motioned toward the door. The Earthmen went out. For a moment Dale lingered, and abruptly the tentacles at the base of the brain stirred and slithered toward him, as though moved by an avid, terrible hunger they could not resist. They froze then, shivering with the intensity of the Rigellian's iron restraint. Dale went out, unconscious that death had almost touched him.

Night had come. Two moons hung like pale lanterns over the Cursed Valley, veiled with the eternal redness of the dust. Fenton Dale, ray-gun in his hand, stood in the shadow of the ship, peering away into the gloom. Something had moved. Every night he paced restlessly back and forth within the limits Easter had set, but never before had

he seen this.

What was it?

He hesitated, glancing back at the men about the fire. Then he took another step, and another. What could it be?

One of the six-legged beasts. He must have wounded it earlier that afternoon, for the creature was scarcely able to stand, its last pair of legs useless as it dragged itself away, throwing furtive glances over its scaled shoulder. It slipped into the shadow of a rock.

Dale's lips set. He had never left a wounded animal to die. And he did want that enormous, ferocious head to hang over his fireplace back in New York. The animal couldn't go much farther. It seemed ready to collapse now. Surely a few steps deeper into the gloom would do no harm.

But it was more than a few steps. The beast was tougher than Dale had thought. It stayed just out of range, leading him up the slope away from the ship. He had gone nearly a mile before he realized it.

He halted. Eroded boulders towered around him. He had lost sight of the creature. Carefully Dale peered around, his gun leveled.

There it was—dead, apparently! Lying on its side, tongue lolling, eyes closed.

Dale moved slowly, warily, toward the beast. And a silent, terrible shadow launched itself from the boulder above and behind him. There was no warning as Zarran sprang down, her powerful muscles hurling her on the man's back with the impact of a thunderbolt. Simultaneously Tharg leaped into action. His teeth closed on the ray-gun, wresting it from Dale's hand.

But the Earthman was unconscious. Tharg pushed Zarran away and rolled the man over on his back, investigating carefully.

"Pray that he is not dead, Zarran," he muttered. "If we struck too hard, we have failed."

"He breathes," Zarran said. "He is unconscious, that is all."

"Good—good! And we have done

this quietly. Now help me, for we have a long journey before us."

"You face death," Zarran said somberly, but she aided Tharg in lifting the man and hoisting him on the Martian's back. Together the two moved up the slope, their jaws keeping Dale in place. It was awkward, but not impossible. They were inhumanly strong.

INWARD they ran tirelessly for many miles. . . .

Both of them knew the way. The tunnel-mouth opened in the face of a cliff that still bore carvings in the Martian tongue, though the masons were long since red dust blowing on the winds. Down the sloping passage they went. Furtive animal-feet pattered away. All other creatures on Mars feared the strong beast-bodies of the Martians. . . .

A half mile underground lay Rohanel, one of the many dead cities that were hidden beneath the planet's crust. The dim radium-lights still lit the cavern, though many had died and all were fading. No eroding winds could touch Rohanel, and the city lay as it had been five thousand years ago, when Martians became beasts.

"This way," Tharg said. "The medical science centres. There is still power; at least in some of the machines."

They came to a building taller than the others, mounted on a ramp, and entered. There was little dust here. Complicated machinery lay where it had been left, unruined, for there was no water-vapor in the air to corrode metals. On the walls were three-dimensional pictures taken from the history of Mars. Zarran's eyes were wistful as she looked at the god-like figures of antiquity, striding over the world they ruled.

But Tharg was more interested in the machines. He let Dale slide to the floor, and with a muttered, "Watch him," loped off, searching for what he needed. There was less power than he had hoped. But one machine still worked, and, with a little gasp of relief, Tharg returned to his mate.

"Come. Help me," he said.

Silently Zarran obeyed. Awkwardly they dragged the Earthman through the rooms and managed to hoist him to a metal slab. Tharg paused, studying a switchboard in one corner.

"The old Martians made it easy for us," he said. "There are buttons to be pushed, and those are clearly labeled. But we must be sure."

He searched for the televisor-recorder, found it, and with difficulty manipulated the levers. Presently the details of the operation were flashing on the screen before the two.

"You understand?"

Zarran nodded. "But it is horrible."

"No," Tharg said, "it is not that. These machines were made five thousand years ago to transfer the brains of Martians into such bodies as we wear now. They are almost robots. A few buttons must be pressed, but the delicate adjustments are made automatically. It was necessary for such machines as these to be built, for beast-bodies could not do brain-surgery, of course. Now we simply reverse the procedure. My brain will go into the Earthman's skull, and his into mine."

"A great risk, Tharg."

"Not much of one, Zarran. In this body I cannot help the Earthmen or destroy Krana. There is only one way left. Krana will not harm me, at least not much. Then, when all is ended, you can bring me back here and use the surgery-machine again. The Earthman's brain will be returned to his own body, and my brain to the body I wear now."

"Tharg—"

The Martian beast hunched a shoulder impatiently. "The Earthman must be kept under a soporific, of course, or his mind might be harmed by finding itself in a beast body. Later he will awake remembering nothing. It is lucky that this machine, at least, still works."

Zarran was at a window. Tharg joined her.

TOGETHER they looked out silently over dead Rohanel, where Martians had once ruled as gods.

"Those days are past," Tharg said

harshly. "New civilizations arise. What is dead cannot live again."

"We owe nothing to Earth," protested Zarran.

"There are lovers on Earth too, Zarran. Shall we who know what unhappiness is let the Rigellian bring his blight to our sister world? Look! On Earth there are cities like Rohanel. As Rohanel was ages ago. With laughter and joy and happiness and—well, all the things that we two have never known. Zarran, I wish I could have given you the past, the old, glorious past of Mars."

"You are right, Tharg," she said. Slow tears stole from the three eyes, down the bestial muzzle. "We must not let Krana destroy Earth. Yet I am afraid. I love you, Tharg, and it would be lonely without you. But I would rather have you die first than let you face that terrible loneliness."

They stood close for a brief moment, two monstrous figures whose shape hinted at nothing but bestial ferocity. Then, with a little gasp, Zarran moved to the switchboard.

"I am ready, Tharg," said Zarran.

He took his place on a metal slab beside the Earthman. Zarran pressed a button. There was a low, rising drone. X-ray lights flashed out invisibly, the preliminary investigation of the surgery-machine.

Sleep-vibration, focused down to a tight beam, brought unconsciousness to Earthman and Martian alike. Side by side they lay, as delicate precision apparatus swung into motion for the trepanning operation—a man and a beast.

And, at the controls, Zarran worked, trying with careful movements to overcome the handicap of her awkward paws. The science of the old Martians was still powerful. They had built better than they knew. . . .

Hours went by.

It was past dawn when Zarran and Tharg returned to the Cursed Valley. Red dust blew like a shroud through the ochre cup at their feet. The black cube that housed Krana crouched with an odd air of menace far down, and there were Earthmen about the spaceship, moving

here and there with an appearance of haste.

"They have missed their companion," Zarran said, looking at her companion. She caught her breath, still unused to the transformation.

Squatting beside her was no Martian, but the body of Fenton Dale, dusty and disheveled, his garments torn, but the ray-gun still in its holster. The operation had been successful, except for one thing.

The Earthman had died.

Tharg's human throat awkwardly formed unaccustomed sounds. It was difficult to bring out the harsh gutturals of the Martian tongue.

"We could not help it, Zarran. But we were not to blame. There was too great a difference between Martian and Earth bodies."

"I was sorry he died."

"So was I. But there was no other way. Had he known what we know, I think he would not have minded dying. Also, he passed in his unconsciousness, so there was no pain."

"But your own body, Tharg? Are you certain the machine can reverse the operation?"

"Yes. The beast body is being kept alive till my return. Now you know what we must do. I must enter the Rigellian's lair alone and unseen, so he will do what he will do. You must give him time enough for that. Then you must lead the humans into Krana's stronghold. I had hoped I might be able to use Earth weapons, but—this is not my body. I cannot use it well."

"I can scarcely understand you," Zarran acknowledged.

AWKWARDLY Tharg took out the gun, fumbled, and dropped it. Stooping to recover it, he fell heavily. After a moment he scrambled up, thrusting the heat-gun back in its holster.

"I am used to running on six legs, not on two. It is like moving under water. I must be careful that the Earthmen do not see me before I reach Krana. Now I must go."

Like a puppet figure he knelt. His

groping arms found Zarran's terrible head and hugged it roughly to his breast. Then he was up and stumbling away without a glance behind.

Pain . . . and pain! This new body—he had not told Zarran that it was almost impossible to control it, that agony shot through him at every step, that his brain was shaking with nausea and red fire. After brain transplantation the patient required a month of complete rest and immobilization. Tharg had begun the journey back to the Cursed Valley immediately on his awakening.

He did not look back. He lurched on, keeping low, taking a roundabout route. The Earthmen must not see him yet. Not till he had entered the Rigellian's house. After that, there would be time enough.

He knew the way. But, with his pain-racked body, it took longer than he had thought. The sun blazed down through the thin air. The red dust choked him. He was nearly blind, unaccustomed to the optical muscles of his new body. And dual vision was strange to him as well.

But Tharg went on, circling, till he reached the black cube. He risked a swift glance toward the spaceship. The Earthmen were not coming. Good.

With difficulty he pried open one of the metal doors, leaving it slightly ajar so that Zarran could enter later. He slipped through the gap into gloom. A violent shudder went through him.

The lair of the Rigellian. Krana could not have harmed him in the beast body, but now he was vulnerable, horribly so.

There was silence, and deep gloom. Nothing moved. But Tharg felt an intent, impersonal gaze directed upon him.

He began to see, though dimly. The brain under the glass shell. The innumerable tool-devices—Krana's arms and weapons and senses.

The brain pulsed and pulsed again. But still the tentacles held motionless, as though waiting. Tharg took a lurching step forward. Then another.

For the first time in a hundred years a warm-blooded being was within the Rigellian's reach. The Earthmen's pre-

vious visits did not count. They had always come in groups of at least six, and Krana had not dared to touch them. He was gambling for higher stakes. For the Earth itself!

But now one Earthman—one only—was here. His body could be destroyed. There would be no trace, no clue to point to Krana as the killer. And not for a hundred years had Krana tasted blood.

Yet he waited, perhaps still a little suspicious, wondering why the Earthman had come alone.

Tharg took another step. His new body failed him, and he crashed down, striking his head on the metal floor. When he rose, a trickle of blood was crawling down his cheek.

Blind, ravening hunger drove sanity from the Rigellian's mind. The great tentacles lashed out, coiling about Tharg, lifting him inexorably. He groped for the ray-gun, but his human fingers were too subtle for him, and the weapon failed to fire. Long tubes shot from their places of concealment at the base of the structure that housed the brain. Krana's mouths opened hungrily.

THARG fought, hopelessly. But the tentacles only tightened. The leech-like mouths fastened on him, stinging painfully. A ropy coil gagged him, so that he could not cry out for aid.

"Now, Zarran!" he thought, as though she could hear. "Now—now!"

She flashed in through the narrow opening of the door, panting, her six legs flashing. She had not failed. Instantly Zarran saw what had happened, and without pausing she flung herself at the brain. Her terrible jaws gaped wide, a roar of unleashed savagery bursting from her throat.

A tentacle caught her before she could reach the crystal hemisphere. She fought it unavailingly.

The doors were swung wide. Sunlight poured in with blinding intensity. Silhouetted on the threshold were the figures of more than a dozen Earthmen, led here by Zarran. And their guns were out.

Captain Easter was in the lead. He stopped short, staring.

"Dale!" he said. His voice was quite toneless. Abruptly it rose to a shout.

"The thing's killing Dale!" he yelled. "Blast it to smithereens, boys—blast it to cinders!"

Quicker than thought the Rigellian's tentacles uncoiled, finding the Earthmen, imprisoning them, dragging them close. But Krana was not dealing with decadent, peace-loving Martians now. Earthmen were a race of fighters, trained to meet danger with bellowing guns. Rays flashed out from the brain's base, searing and deadly. To be met by other rays—equally deadly!

The thunderous concussion of ray-guns boomed through the chamber. And blast after blast centered on the crystal dome that protected the brain. Earthmen died there, but as they died their fingers contracted on the triggers and sent a last flaming bolt at the brain. Easter was shouting harshly, roaring curses, firing again and again at the Rigellian.

Under that terrific barrage the crystal cracked, melted and burst apart. Krana, the Rigellian, died with the searing blasts of Earthmen's guns avenging all the people and worlds he had slain.

The tentacles dropped, lifeless.

Only after Easter had counted his dead—four—did he remember Dale and the six-legged beast. But when they looked, their quarry had gone. . . .

Far away on a cliff-top, among scarlet bushes, Zarran crouched watching the Earthman body of Tharg, motionless where it had fallen after the stumbling, dodging run up the slope. Tharg's face was turned up toward the purple sky, and he was breathing in great gasps. With a gasp he opened his eyes and looked at her.

"Krana is—slain?" asked Tharg.

"The Rigellian is dead," Zarran said. "The Earthmen return to their ship. We have been here for many hours, Tharg. You have been sleeping. I was—I was afraid to move you."

After a moment Tharg moaned. "You have guessed, then, Zarran?"

"That you are dying? Yes. Yes, I know."

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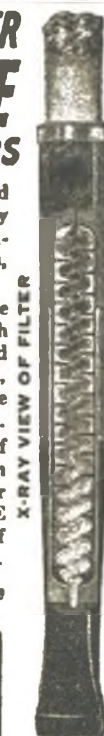
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"The—the shock of transplanting the brain—the bodies were too different—and there was no time to grow accustomed to the new form. . . . The Earthman died during the operation, but I was stronger."

"You knew, even then, Tharg, that this would mean death."

"Yes," Tharg said. "I knew. But what could I do, Zarran? Could I have turned back?"

Sadly the beast's head swung away.
(Concluded on page 117)



THE METAMORPHOSIS OF SIMON WRIGHT

Roger Newton Preserves Simon Wright's Mind from Oblivion and, as The Brain, the Doughty Old Scientist Begins the Task of Turning Curt Newton into a Wonder-Being, Captain Future!

SIMON Wright was dying, and he knew it. He lay in his cot in the monastic little bedroom adjoining his beloved laboratory, and calmly estimated how many hours of life remained to him.

His silvery head was raised upon the pillow, and his austere, wrinkled face was unperturbed as he looked down at his thin, angular body and wasted hands. Yet the approach of death did not find the old scientist wholly without regret.

"If I'd only been able to live long enough to help Roger finish our experiments," he thought. "It's a pity that a man spends a lifetime learning how to do his work, and then has to die before he can use his knowledge."

The door opened, and a stalwart, red-haired young man whose spectacled face was pale and worried came into the little room.

"How are you now, Simon?" asked Roger Newton anxiously. "That last stimulant I gave you—"

"Wore off in an hour," Simon Wright answered calmly. "It's no use, Roger. You can't patch up a machine that's worn out with use. And that's what my body is—a worn-out machine."

He shrugged weakly and continued. "There's no reason to feel badly about it. I've had a long and fairly useful life. Now my time has come."

"But it's such a waste of genius for you to die when your knowledge could benefit hu-

manity so much," burst out Roger Newton.

"Nature is wasteful," murmured the old scientist. "It's her way."

Roger Newton Has an Inspiration

Newton was silent for a few minutes. A queer emotion seemed to possess him. His spectacled face had a breathless look on it when he finally spoke.

"Simon, maybe your mind could continue to live after your body dies."

He rushed on. "Remember all the advances we've made in tissue-culture recently? Isolated living hearts and other organs have been kept alive indefinitely in serum-cases. Even brains have been kept alive so."

Startled understanding showed in Simon Wright's old eyes.

"You're proposing to remove my brain into a serum-case and keep it alive there?" he said after a pause. "But what good would that do? I wouldn't be able to hear or see or do anything else but think."

"No, listen," continued the younger scientist earnestly. "I've always believed that it should be possible to connect artificial organs of speech, hearing and sight to an isolated human brain living in serum. I tried it with a rabbit's brain and was successful. And though the human brain is much more complex, I still believe it could be done."

Simon Wright brooded in silence upon the astounding proposal. Despite his deep wish to continue his researches, he felt a revulsion from the prospect that had been proposed to him.

He was a normal man. But he would not be one any longer, if he underwent this change. He would be something more, or less, than a man.

Wright's Duty to Science

"Think, Simon, of the work you could do, the years of research ahead of you," urged Roger Newton. "It's your duty to humanity to keep your vast scientific skill and knowledge alive."

MEET THE FUTUREMEN!

In this department, which is a regular feature of CAPTAIN FUTURE, we acquaint you further with the companions of CAPTAIN FUTURE whom you have met in our complete book-length novel. Here you are told the off-the-record stories of their lives and anecdotes plucked from their careers. Follow this department closely, for it contains many interesting and fascinating facts to supplement those you read in our featured novels.

"I wouldn't be able to do anything myself," muttered the old man, voicing the doubt that was deepest in his mind. "I'd have no hands, no body."

"I'd be your hands," Newton declared eagerly. "Together we could go on with our work, instead of leaving it half-finished as it must remain if you die."

That argument persuaded Simon Wright. He had long ago outlived most human emotions, but the flame of scientific passion still burned bright within him.

"All right, Roger," he said finally. "I'm willing to try it. But you will have to prepare the serum-case quickly, for I have not long to live."

The next few days were ones of friendlily urgent preparation by the younger scientist. Only his powerful stimulants were keeping the dying old scientist alive.

Newton prepared the square serum-case of transparent metal. At its center was a shock-proofed chamber molded to receive a human brain. A maze of artificial arteries led to this chamber to supply the living brain with a constant flow of serum which would furnish its cells nutritional elements and carry away fatigue-poisons.

The serum was constantly circulated by a series of tiny, ingenious pumps inside the case. These forced the serum ceaselessly through purifying filters. The compact atomic motors of the pumps would run almost indefinitely without attention.

Two "ears" that were really sensitive microphones were fixed to the sides of the serum-case. From them, electric wires ran to the brain-chamber. Similarly, Roger Newton mounted on the front of the case two photo-electric eyes with artificial retinas. They were fixed upon the ends of movable metal stalks so that the direction of gaze could be changed. Wires ran also from these to the central brain-chamber.

The speech-apparatus was the most difficult. The production of intelligible speech by completely artificial means had been achieved in the so-called "voder," far back in 1939. But to build such a device into small space and articulate its controls stretched all Roger Newton's superb abilities.

Aided by Wright's Genius

The younger scientist could not have done all this, alone. It was the constant advice and aid of the dying Simon Wright that made possible completion of the serum-case, after four days and nights of toil.

Roger Newton stumbled to the side of his dying friend on that fourth night. "It's all ready, Simon—but I can't do it tonight," he husked. "My hands are too unsteady for the operation. I must sleep first."

Simon spoke as calmly as though of another person. "I will be dead before morning, if my self-diagnosis is correct. You must do it now."

"I can't—I won't!" cried Newton. "It would be murder."

He flung out of the room. But in a half-hour, he returned. His self-control had come back.

"You are right, Simon. It must be now."

Roger Newton's young wife served as his assistant as he prepared for the appalling task of lifting a man's living brain from his skull and transferring it undamaged to the serum-case.

Simon Wright lay upon the table in the laboratory and looked up at their pale faces with affection.

"If you fail, this is goodbye," he murmured.

Then the anaesthetic hissed into his nostrils and he knew nothing more.

The Brain Awakes

He awakened slowly. His first sensation was of a curious lightness and buoyancy. Then he heard sounds, oddly echoing.

"Simon, can you hear me? Can you hear?"

He tried to open his eyes. Light blinded him. His vision seemed to focus queerly.

Then he saw Roger and Elaine Newton bending over him. There was awe in their faces.

Simon realized the truth. The transformation had been accomplished. He was now a brain living in an artificial case. That accounted for his unusual feeling of lightness and buoyancy. He no longer had a dying, weakened body dragging at his mind.

He attempted to speak. The effort of will actuated the controls of the little voder-device in his case. He heard his voice as a metallic, rasping monotone. "I—hear, Roger. Hard—form words—correctly—"

And then, with a feeling of triumph, "My mind—clear, strong, now—we can go on with our—work."

He tested his new senses. He could hear with greater clarity than ever before. His eyes had perfect vision.

Weeks went by, and Simon Wright felt more at home in his strange new body. The absence of pain and weakness gave him a clarity of mind he had never attained before. He did not even need sleep.

His case rested usually on the laboratory table. There, he either advised and superintended Roger Newton in their joint researches, or studied volumes from their extensive scientific library.

They often asked him anxious questions. "Do you feel all right, Simon? You're not sorry you made the change?"

"No, I'm not sorry in the least," he replied truthfully. "I'm happy in the knowledge that I can continue my work."

That was true. But in Simon Wright's mind there was one doubt, one foreboding, that he never mentioned. It was the shadowing realization that he was unable to do anything himself.

He had never lived a life of physical action. But this realization that he would be unable to perform any physical act, no matter how dire the emergency, was the one flaw in his contentment. It bred in him a gnawing inferiority complex that he could not conquer.

Captain Future is Born

Months passed. In the Moon-laboratory beneath Tycho crater, where they had taken refuge from Victor Corvo and the others

who had sought to rob their scientific secrets, Elaine Newton's son was born.

The Brain looked down from his table at Grag and Otho playing with the crowing, red-haired infant. Secretly, he wished that he could join them. He, too, loved little Curtis Newton. But he could do nothing but look on. "If I weren't only so utterly helpless," he thought, brooding over his inferiority. "I never thought it would make any difference. But it does."

Grag and Otho went out to excavate certain metallic ores from a vein they had opened in the wall of Tycho crater, some miles away. Roger Newton and the Brain were planning a spaceship of new design, and were gathering materials for the purpose.

An hour later, the airlock door of the Moon-laboratory suddenly burst open. Four men in space-suits, carrying heavy atom-guns, strode into the room. The Brain looked up startledly from the table upon which he had been studying a formula. He instantly recognized, through the glassite helmet, the dark, hawklike face of the intruders' leader.

"Victor Corvo!" cried Simon. "Roger, call Grag and Otho."

Newton sprang toward the telaudio transmitter on the table. He never completed the movement.

A Cowardly Murder

Corvo's atom-gun blasted two crackling bolts of fiery energy. One cut down Roger Newton, killing him instantly. The other bolt drove into the side of his youthful wife as she sprang forward.

Simon Wright raved in his metallic voice, possessed by wild fury. The men behind Corvo stared at the Brain in uneasy wonder.

"What is that thing?" one of them demanded.

Corvo laughed. "It's Simon Wright, the old scientist—or what's left of him. I heard about it. Newton put his brain in that case. That's all he is—a harmless brain in a box."

His voice rose in triumph. "I told you we'd finally track Newton down. Now start going through this place. I want every scrap of paper, every formula and diagram in it. Newton and Wright worked out secrets worth billions. We're going to take them all,—and we'll take that Brain with us, to explain anything we can't understand."

Simon Wright writhed mentally in anguish. Roger Newton and his wife were dead. And now Corvo and his band were going to take all the dead man's scientific work and turn it to criminal purposes.

He must prevent that. But how could he? He was just what Corvo had taunted him with being, a helpless brain in a box. He could do nothing. If only Grag and Otho were here!

Simon Wright had a sudden wild idea. He was resting on the table only a few inches away from the telaudio transmitter which they used for communication with Otho and Grag when the two went out. He had no hands with which to turn on the transmitter. But maybe there was a way.

He glanced at Victor Corvo and his men. Ignoring the whimpering baby and the two

still figures on the floor, the criminals were searching through the files and record-cabinets with feverish haste.

Simon made an effort of will, and extended his eye-stalks toward the telaudio transmitter's switch-panel. His right eye touched the switch-button. It pressed, and there was a *click*. The instrument was on. The Brain at once spoke loudly, as though to Victor Corvo. "You are going to die for killing Roger Newton, Corvo."

Corvo turned, and laughed. "A bodiless brain, threatening me!"

"You are a dead man now," Simon Wright said coldly. "Vengeance is coming—terrible vengeance."

From the airlock, two figures burst into the Moon-laboratory. Otho's space-suit receiver had picked up the telaudio call, and he and Grag had come. They stood, incredible personifications of unhuman rage as they saw the bodies upon the floor.

"Grag! Otho! Kill!" yelled the Brain.

With a booming roar, Grag leapt forward. And the raging android was close behind the mighty robot.

Corvo and his men tried to raise their guns, but were battered down by Grag's huge metal fists and Otho's whirling blows. The four criminals lay dead in less than a minute.

They found then that Elaine Newton was not quite gone. She whispered a word, and Grag put the whimpering baby beside her. Then she looked up with fading eyes.

"Simon!" she whispered. "You prevented them from killing Curtis too, as they would have done."

She choked, then went on. "I leave him to the care of you three. You are the only ones I can trust to rear him safely. Keep him here upon the Moon, until he grows to manhood."

"We will," promised the Brain, wrung by tragic grief.

And with confidence and content in her eyes, Elaine Newton died.

The Brain Becomes Chief

Grag and Otho turned instinctively to Simon Wright, as though to a leader. He conquered his agonized grief and spoke to them.

"We will do what Elaine asked," said the Brain. "Together, we can protect little Curtis from his father's enemies who still live. And together, we can give him an education such as no man ever has had."

And as he spoke, Simon Wright realized that that feeling of inferiority that had so shadowed his new existence during the last months was now gone forever.

He had been unable to prevent the most saddening tragedy of his life. But he had revenged that tragedy. He had proved to himself that he was not utterly helpless, that he was no mere thinking brain.

Later, he promised himself, he would work until he had devised for himself a means of using magnetic beams as limbs to give him free powers of movement and action. But even without that, he would never again be haunted by that secret doubt of himself.



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Invasion comes high—in blood and money.

Part of the cost must be paid with human life. That means deep and lasting hurt for many an American family.

Part of the cost must be paid in cash . . . this September. And *that's* going to hurt, too!

The 3rd War Loan Drive is here!

To pay for invasion—to keep our fighting machine going—you are asked to invest in at least one extra \$100 Bond in September.

\$100 EXTRA, mind you—for *everybody*!

* No man or woman can hold back. No one can point to his Payroll buying and say, "They don't mean me!" No one can say, "I'm lending 10% or 12% or 20%—I'm doing enough!"

Sure—it's going to hurt. It's going to take more than spare cash. It's going to take money you have tucked away. It's going to take part of the money we've been living on! Money that might have gone for *anything* we can get along without!

Sure—it'll be tough to dig up that extra money. But we've got to do it—and *we will*.

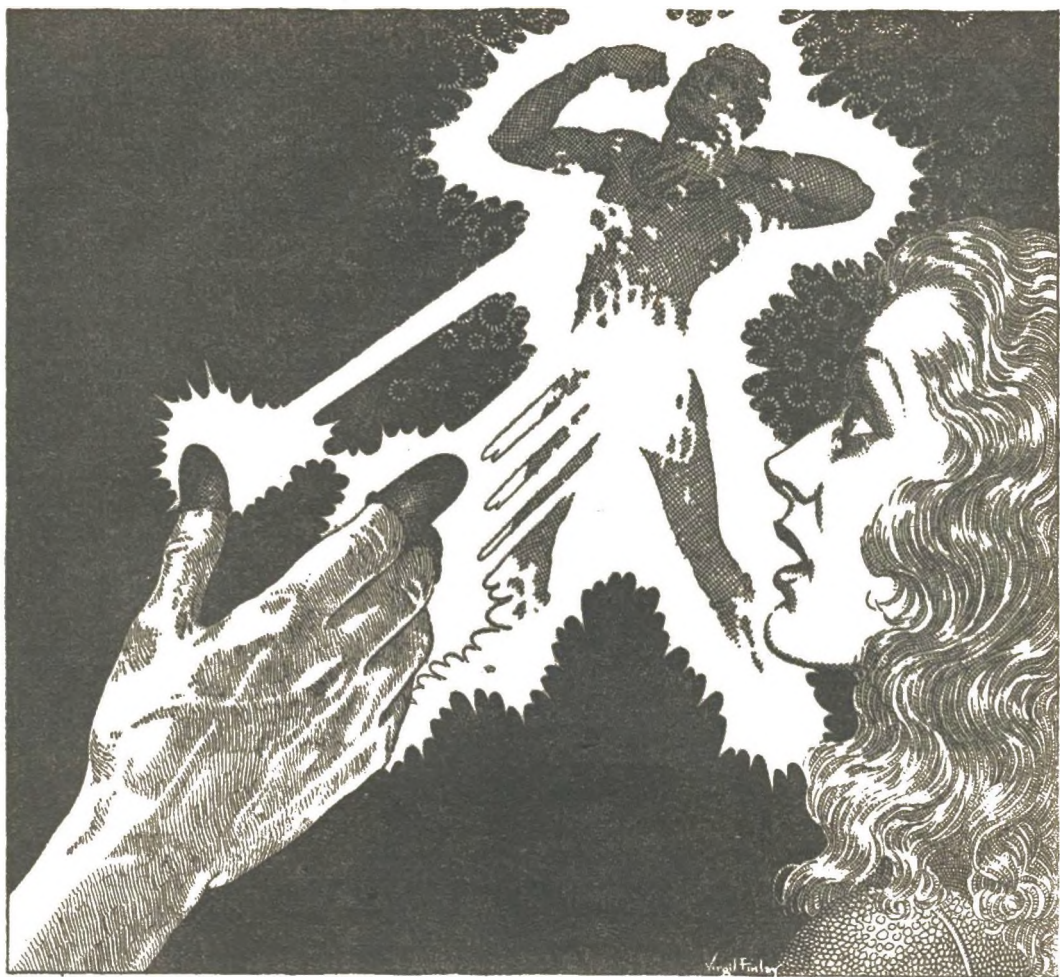
We'll do it because of the look that would come over the faces of our fighting men if we should fail. We'll do it because the cheapest way out of this rotten business is to chip in all we can to end it quick. Because there's no finer, *safer* investment than a U. S. War Bond.

But mostly, we'll do it because America is right smack in the middle of the biggest, deadliest, dirtiest war in history.

And we're Americans.

Back the attack with War Bonds

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The Jovian stretched out his hand, and his fingertips seemed to spurt light once more

The Companions of Siríus

By WILLIAM MORRISON

Trapped Aboard a Spaceship by Three Ferocious Criminals, Ross Jameson and Lora Page Struggle to Balk a Sinister Scheme!

AMARTIAN in the uniform of the ship's crew came padding down the passageway, and Ross Jameson looked up quickly. His nerves were on edge, and the seeming stealth of the man's approach had startled him. But the Martian, a small slender man with an abnormally large head, seemed so apologetic, that Jameson's anger died away half-formed.

"Excuse me, sir." The Martian's short-

sighted eyes peered at Jameson respectfully. "You are Mr. Kendrick?"

Without volunteering his name, Jameson shook his head.

"So sorry. Excuse me again, sir."

Then he was gone, almost as abruptly as he had come. Jameson looked after him absently, and his thoughts turned once more to this trip he was making, as he wondered what had disturbed his ordinary calm.

It certainly was not because of any danger to the giant spaceship. The *Sirius* was as large as the average asteroid with a two-mile overall length, and a maximum width of about a fifth that, too big and too well-equipped to worry about the dangers of small meteors, space-warps, and the other evils that beset less magnificent vessels. No ship of its size had ever been lost, and its fifteen thousand passengers had every right to feel as safe and as confident as if they had been on their home planets.

Jameson stared through the transparent metal side-port at the distant yellowish disk that was Jupiter, and searched his mind. It was not the importance of his mission that worried him, or the mystery surrounding the vast treasure the ill-fated *Radium King* had carried which caused this new concern. Nor was it some mystic intuition, that operated beyond the perception of ordinary human senses. No, some definite, almost tangible peril had come to his attention, but due to something he had either seen or heard. He had probably not even noticed the incident at the time, and now memory was kicking up trouble in his subconscious mind, disturbing him with a vague warning of disaster ahead.

SOFT footsteps were making themselves heard again down the corridor, this time with nothing of stealth about them. He glanced up, and immediately forgot the things that had been worrying him. The sight of Lora Page often had that effect on people, and after several weeks together on the *Sirius*, Ross Jameson had become so conditioned to her that a glance from her eyes was enough to make him grin. If his mission had not been as important as it was, he would have realized that he was in love.

"So you've been following me," he said. "This is flattering."

There was no answering smile on her face. "Not exactly. I've followed you for a purpose."

"So I gathered."

"You don't understand," she returned angrily. "Ross, a man's been asking

questions about you. He did it skillfully, casually, but I wasn't fooled. You haven't told me what your mission is on this ship, but I think it wouldn't hurt you to know things."

"It wouldn't. What did this man want to learn—and what did he look like?"

"He was tall and gray-haired, and somewhat pompous. I'd have called him a doctor or a professor. And he was interested in your habits aboard this ship. I gathered that. He was curious about what time you ate your meals, where you went when you had time to spare."

"I suppose he could have learned that directly by keeping an eye on me." Jameson's eyes narrowed. "But perhaps he was afraid I'd notice if I were being followed." He was silent a moment, thinking. "The description doesn't mean anything to me, Lora, but thanks anyway. I think we'd better get back."

The words died away on his lips. For the man she had so sketchily described was approaching, down the corridor, accompanied by the man in uniform who had previously made his appearance. At the same time, from the other end of the corridor, there appeared a tall, burly Jovian with the characteristic stupid expression that badly belied the shrewd intelligence of the great planet's natives.

Jameson reached for the slender weapon he kept in a side pocket, but it was already too late. A thin beam of light came from the Jovian, apparently from his fingertips, and Jameson's arm fell to his side paralyzed. The gray-haired man with the pompous manner wagged his head reprovingly.

"You shouldn't have forced us to do that, Mr. Jameson. We hadn't intended to be crude."

He exchanged a glance with the Jovian. The man from Jupiter simply nodded.

"Excellent work, Bard." The gray-haired man turned to Jameson once more. "And now, my dear sir, let me introduce myself. I am Dr. Alfred Karem. This little gentleman beside me, who at the moment appears to be a Martian—I assure you, he really is not—is

Onk Enders. Bard Barsen, you have, to your regret, already met." He smiled paternally. "I need hardly tell you what we desire."

"No." Jameson almost barked the word. "But it won't do you any good. You won't get it."

"My dear fellow!" Dr. Karem seemed amused. "I was supposing you had heard of us."

"I've heard of you, all right. You're the Companions of *Sirius*. You're supposed to have been on every trip the *Sirius* has made since its maiden voyage. You're supposed to have committed every crime from cheating at cards to murder aboard her, and never been caught. And if you expect me to be afraid of you, I am. But I still insist that I can't tell you what you want to know."

"For a man who should be paralyzed with fear, you seem remarkably calm. You are not, I hope, counting on being rescued."

"It won't do you any good."

THIS time it was Bard Barsen who spoke. His voice was surprisingly soft and gentle, and at the sound of it, Jameson started. He knew now why he had been so uneasy a few minutes before.

Barsen's voice was that of a famous philanthropist he had been listening to in one of the ship's salons not many hours before. Jameson had heard the philanthropist broadcast a speech once on Earth, and he had been surprised at the difference between the man's conversational tone, and his voice when addressing an audience. He had ascribed that difference to the effects of a microphone. But subconsciously, the explanation had left him dissatisfied. Now he knew, at last, the true reason.

Barsen went on. "The ship, as you may know, is divided into separate compartments, to cut down the danger from stray meteors. I've locked off this entire section. And I've posted warning signs, to keep people out. We're not going to be interrupted."

"I'm not counting on being rescued. The fact is simply, I don't know what

you want."

Dr. Karem's eyebrows went up. "Perhaps, Jameson, I neglected to explain to you that we are not idiots."

"You did neglect that. But all the same, I can't tell you what you expect to learn. You're after the whereabouts of the *Radium King*. Like everyone else, you're aware that she carried a cargo of radioactive iron, which is a bit more valuable than radium itself. Somehow, you've gathered that I'm on a mission to find her. But I do *not*, at the moment, know where she is."

The little Martian spoke, and oddly enough, his tone was still respectful, still in keeping with the uniform he wore, as if once he set out to play a part, he played it to the end.

"You would not like us to persuade you, would you, Mr. Jameson?"

Dr. Karem sighed. "I'm afraid that's our only course, Onk, unless he talks."

Barsen cut in before Jameson could answer. "It's a long time since I had to use internal flame heating on a man that wouldn't talk. I'd like the chance to get in practise again."

Dr. Karem had been neglecting the girl. Now he looked at her and smiled. "I suppose, my dear young lady, that living a sheltered life, as you have done, you've never even heard of internal flame heating. The effects are somewhat difficult to describe. Somewhat as if fire were burning within one's veins, I'm given to understand. However, perhaps you yourself will enlighten me on that point yourself a bit later on, if Mr. Jameson persists in his determination to talk nonsense."

Jameson's eyes ran over the figures of the three men. He knew what an internal flame heater was like—carefully controlled, the device was useful in the treatment of disease—and he decided that none of the men had the parts of the machine on their persons. They would have to bring it here from their rooms. That would give him a little time.

"Never mind me," the girl was saying. "Don't tell them anything you don't want to, Ross."

"I can't, whether I want to or not, Lora. I was supposed to get some information about the *Radium King* from a government officer on Jupiter. That might have enabled me to figure out her whereabouts. As it is—" He shrugged, noticing that his paralyzed shoulder was beginning to move again—"these gentlemen have struck a little too soon."

Dr. Karem was beginning to look exasperated. "Perhaps, Jameson, you don't understand what I propose. If you give us the information I desire, neither you nor Miss Page will suffer. We shall release you, and disappear into the crowd of passengers. With our talent for disguise, we shall be in no danger. It is only if you persist in your stubbornness that we shall prove obnoxious."

"Sorry, Dr. Karem." An idea was beginning to form in Jameson's mind. "No can talk."

"Isn't that unfortunate? Go ahead, Bard."

The Jovian stretched out his hand, and his fingertips seemed to spurt light once more.

JAMESON'S entire body became rigid. He remained standing, frozen into his position, unable to move either an arm or a leg.

"You'll find that you can still talk," said Bard, in his amazingly gentle voice. "In case you change your mind, let Onk Enders know. You'll save yourself some pain and trouble." His eyes passed lightly over the girl. "Her, too."

Then he and Dr. Karem were moving away down the corridor. And in Ross Jameson's mind, the vague idea that had formed there a minute before, began to crystallize.

He had counted on the weight of the internal flame heater as the first step in his plan. Two men were needed to carry it, preferably two big men. That had automatically excluded Onk Enders.

Now the little Martian settled back comfortably to guard his prisoners. Jameson disregarded him, and spoke to the girl.

"They intend to kill us, of course. Dr. Karem has no scruples against

murder, and he's always followed the rule of leaving no victims to testify against him. Naturally, I'm not going to tell what I know."

"Do you think that they'll really torture us?"

"Not for long. You see, stored away in this same compartment with us is a shipment of heavy glow-gas, consigned for Jupiter." He deigned to pay attention to the intently listening Onk Enders. "I suppose you know what that means."

"I know what it means—if you're telling the truth. Glow-gas can seep out of its metal containers once it is irradiated with an internal flame heater. And it happens to be poisonous."

"Right. So the minute you begin to torture me, stray radiations are sure to get to the gas. Which means that if I resist for more than say ten minutes, we'll all of us, torturers and tortured, die of its effects."

The girl's eyes were wide with horror. "But you must warn Dr. Karem! Surely, if he knows, he will be grateful."

"Excuse me, Miss Page." The little Martian spoke. "You are worrying unnecessarily. Mr. Jameson is, as the phrase goes, bluffing."

"You think so?" drawled Jameson. "Why don't you go and see? Over to your left."

The little man hesitated. Then he extended his hand, and the jets of pale light from the metal sheaths on his fingertips paralyzed the girl. He slipped quietly away.

A moment later he was back again. "You were not lying after all, Mr. Jameson. My apologies. However, you have gained nothing by the presence of this gas. There are other methods of torture."

"I know. There is, for instance, not having enough money."

"I beg your pardon?" The little man became alert and attentive.

Jameson's eyes hid a triumphant gleam. "I'm going to give you some straight talk, Mr. Onk Enders. I know something about you. Oh, you needn't look worried. I don't mean your real

name, or what you look like without a disguise, or anything like that. I mean something more important."

"Indeed?" said Enders politely.

"Your Companions of *Sirius* are supposed to be the slickest crooks who ever traveled the space lanes. You're supposed to be successful in every enterprise you've ever undertaken. I know better. You're failures."

Jameson went on rapidly, without giving the man time to answer. "It's your own boast that you've been on the *Sirius* every single trip she's undertaken. That in itself gives you away. It means that you've never made a big enough haul to quit the game. It means that though you've never been caught, your career is full of headaches and disappointments. Most passengers on the *Sirius* don't carry much money. You stage a clever job—and what do you get? Barely enough to pay your passage on the next trip."

"May I suggest that you exaggerate somewhat?"

"I don't think so. Personally, I believe the trouble rests with your leader, Dr. Karem. He seems a bit too cautious, too inclined to play things safe. And at the same time, too apt to make mistakes."

THE man frowned. "May I be permitted to correct you? Dr. Karem is not our leader. For the moment, he is merely our spokesman. Temporarily first among equals. No more than that."

"I'll take your word for it. And you'll have to take my word for it that Dr. Karem has pulled a boner. You didn't originally plan to hold me up at this time. If you had, you'd have brought your flame heater with you. But Dr. Karem tried to question Miss Page, and did it clumsily, thus forcing your hand."

"We all make mistakes," said the Martian quietly. "And this mistake has cost us little."

"Its cost you time. First the delay to get the heater. Then another delay, when you discover that the glow-gas prevents you from using it. And despite your talk about this compartment being

secluded, there's always the danger that some officer will become suspicious at it's being cut off from the rest of the ship."

The little man was beginning to look doubtful. Jameson pressed his advantage. "The result is you stand a chance of losing everything. The *Radium King* carried a cargo valuable enough to make a dozen men rich for life. Because of Karem's bungling, you may miss out on it. There's only one thing for you to do. Throw in with me."

The girl was staring at him in amazement. Jameson spoke rapidly. "It's all right, Lora, I know what I'm doing. Onk Enders isn't a murderer like Karem and Barsen. I can tell from his manner. I'm a fairly good judge of character."

"Yes, Mr. Jameson," said Enders. This time there was something mocking in his respectful manner.

"The government is giving me half the cargo of the *Radium King* for my help in finding it. I'm willing to split that with you, if you let me and Miss Page go free."

"Then you do know where the ship is?"

"Of course! It's now a satellite of Jupiter, but unobserved because the black color of the hull makes it invisible. It revolves so slowly about the planet, that it has remained from the beginning above the same spot—and that spot happens to be deserted. That's why the ship hasn't been discovered by anyone else."

The Martian's brow was gleaming with perspiration. "I see. Quite simple. And you expect—"

"I expect you not to tell the others. That's only common sense, Onk Enders. Do you think that with a fortune like this at hand, your friendship with Barsen and Karem will hold up? With the cargo the *Radium King* has, neither of them will need you any more. In fact, knowing of their past crimes, you'll only be a danger to them."

Onk Enders was thinking. Jameson could see his hand tremble.

"As I said, I'm willing to split my share with you. Just don't say a word

to the others, and—”

“Quiet, please, Mr. Jameson.”

Dr. Karem and Bard Barsen were approaching slowly, both their figures bulky with the parts of the machine they were carrying. Karem spoke pleasantly to the government agent.

“I hope you haven’t been awaiting us too impatiently, Jameson.” Then, to Enders: “I suppose he hasn’t talked.”

“A little. He claims that a cargo of glow-gas has been stored with us in this same compartment. I shall go to see if he is telling the truth.”

Both Karem and Barsen watched him go. The latter’s face was puzzled. “I don’t quite understand, Jameson. Why did you let my colleague have that piece of information?”

“Because, Dr. Karem, I don’t care to die of the gas. I know that you intend to torture me, but after all, while there’s life there’s hope.”

ENDERS seemed to be taking a long time making his investigation. When he finally returned, Karem looked at him inquiringly.

“He is telling the truth.”

The little man was trembling. Jameson’s eyes swept over him slowly, and then he almost spat.

“You dirty little doublecrosser,” he yelled.

“What’s this?” demanded Dr. Karem.

Jameson managed to laugh. “Nothing much. Simply that I agreed with my Martian friend, while you were gone, that the treasure aboard the *Radium King* wasn’t large enough to be divided too many ways. We were to split it between us. And now he’s trying to doublecross me.”

“He’s crazy.” Enders almost howled the word, at last stepping out of the servile character he had so long maintained. “I’ll kill him.”

He was reaching into one of his pockets to step up the potential of the paralysis ray when Karem intervened.

“One moment, Onk,” he said coldly. “If he hasn’t talked, he’s still too valuable to kill. If he has, I don’t care what happens to him. Of course, he’s

telling the truth about you. This needs a little looking into.”

The gleam of hate burned more fiercely in the little man’s eyes, as Karem paused. “We’ve been together for years,” he said hoarsely. “If you believe what this man says, you’re crazy. Don’t you see, he’s just trying to set us against each other!”

“Exactly, Enders,” said Jameson. He smiled mockingly, and then addressed Karem. “You see, my good Doctor, our little friend investigated the glow-gas a few minutes ago. So when you sent him out just now, he needed to waste no more time on that. Why, then, was he gone so long? The answer is simple. He was getting the lifeboat ready for a quick getaway. And if you don’t believe me, all you need do is take a glance—”

He stopped there, because there was no need to say anything more. Enders had reached once more for his pockets, his face a mask of hate. But his hand had barely gone out of sight when Barsen swung into action. The jets of light from the metal sheaths on his fingertips, much more intense than before, bathed the other man’s body, making it wither before their eyes.

The girl was staring at the dead man in horror. Jameson tore his own eyes away.

“It seems, Doctor,” he said harshly, “that I was telling the truth.”

Karem nodded. “We underestimated you, Jameson. Neither Bard nor I thought you’d be able to make Onk turn traitor. But that’s as far as you go. Through thick and thin, Bard and I stick together.”

“Yes? Which one of you is going to be left with me while the other goes for new instruments of torture?”

The two companions exchanged quick glances. Barden’s eyes were inscrutable. Karem’s were worried.

“Whichever one it is,” smiled Jameson mockingly, “the offer I made before to Enders still goes. Only this time, please, no more doublecrossing. I like to deal with honest crooks.”

Now the two companions were staring at each other in frank distrust. Karem’s

eyes were the first to drop.

"I don't see—" he began, with surprising weakness.

Then he fell to the floor of the ship. Barden was staggering, fighting to keep on his feet. He turned toward Jameson once more, and for the last time, jets of pale light lanced out from his fingers. They missed Jameson, struck the ceiling. Then he was falling, cursing feebly.

"Ross!" The girl's voice was terrified. "There's a strange odor, and the walls of the ship are beginning to glow . . ."

That was the glow-gas. "Don't fight against it, Lora. The more excited you get, the quicker its effects. Just keep calm."

HE, himself, was moving slowly toward her. The effects of the paralytic rays were wearing off, but they were not yet gone, and he had a feeling as if he were walking in a dream, fighting against enormous resistance from the air, from his own muscles. He picked her up, then turned to advance into the thick of the radiant cloud coming at them. Her head fell back as he held her in his arms.

The resistance of the air was diminishing, but his legs were beginning to feel weak. The gas was slowly robbing him of all strength. By the time he reached the lifeboat that Enders had so carefully prepared for his own use, he was near collapse.

He almost dropped her into the boat, then fell into it himself. The air-tight seal shut out the gas-impregnated atmosphere of the big ship, and a second later he was out in space. He lay back, breathing in the fresh air that came from the lifeboat's cylinders. But only for a few seconds did he thus relax. As his mind cleared, he sent the lifeboat skimming forward along the length of the giant *Sirius*.

A few moments later, he was on the deck of the big ship, facing an astonished captain. The latter's eyes took in the lifeboat, with his own ship's name painted on it, then glared at Jameson.

"I don't know who you are, sir, but these lifeboats are for emergency use

only! The penalty for their unauthorized use, as you ought to know—"

Jameson interrupted him. "This was an emergency, Captain. Is there a doctor around?"

There was. The medical officer took a quick glance at Lora, while Jameson spoke to the still irate commander of the vessel. "You'll find the forward compartment flooded with glow-gas, which is probably leaking through the metal by now. Once you clear the people out of the neighboring compartments, a blast of air will get most of it. Whatever gas adheres to the metal will decompose in time."

The captain's face was still red, but he gave quick orders, then turned to Jameson once more. The latter was watching Lora sit up. "Is she all right, Doctor?"

"A day's rest will fix her up perfectly."

JAMESON sighed in relief. "I told her to take it easy."

"Just a moment, sir." The captain's voice was cold and forbidding. "I still don't know who you are."

"The name's Jameson. I'm the man who owns that cargo of glow-gas the Government ordered you to carry."

"I see. The stuff leaked. You're in for a heavy lawsuit, young man."

"Nonsense. It was deliberately released for the purpose of killing me and several others of your passengers. And, by the way, Captain, you'll find some old friends of yours dead in that forward compartment. You may not recognize the faces, but they've taken a great many trips with you, and I think you'll be glad to meet them. They're the Companions of *Sirius*."

Lora was sitting up. Jameson turned away from the speechless captain.

"Feeling all right, darling?" he asked the girl.

She nodded. "The last thing I remember was that I was worried about what would happen to you. The gas was getting me, and I thought it would get you too."

"I knew it wouldn't. You see, I've

been working with the stuff for the last few months, and I knew I'd have to work with it again. So I had myself immunized. The immunity wasn't perfect, but it was enough to save me."

"You were working with it? But I thought you were trying to find the *Radium King*."

"I was. Remember what I told Onk Enders? That happened to be the truth. The *Radium King* is invisible, and will continue to be until something sets off the radioactivity of its cargo once more. That was the purpose of the glow-gas."

The captain interrupted. "I'll be blasted to Pluto and back if I carry another load of the stuff next trip."

"You won't have to, Captain. I think that most of the cylinders weren't touched. There'll be plenty for my purpose."

Lora was frowning painfully. "My mind's not clear," she said, "but I think it was Onk Enders who let the gas loose. Did you know when it happened?"

"I not only knew, but I counted on it. In fact, that was my own hope of

escape. When I first proposed to Onk that he betray his own companions, I realized perfectly well how his mind would work. First of all, once I had revealed the secret, I'd have to be put out of the way. Second, Dr. Karem and Barsen were dangerous men, and if Enders was to hog the whole treasure, he could do it safely only by killing them.

"Well, I suggested his entire plan to him. A stupid man might have failed to get the point, a man who was too clever might have suspected what I was doing. Onk Enders was just clever enough to think that I had practically dumped an entire treasure into his lap.

"So when Karem sent him to investigate, he not only prepared the lifeboat, but turned on the valve of one of the gas cylinders. He knew the gas would take time to reach us, and if he failed to return at all, that would arouse suspicion. That's why he came back, intending to find another pretext for leaving a few minutes later and make good his escape."

She nodded again, slowly. "But you
(Concluded on page 129)



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THE MYSTERY OF THE SUN

Pluto, the Planet-Wanderer Amid the Sun's Flaming Gases, Which Once Tempted Captain Future to a Desperate Attempt at Exploration, Still Remains a Mystery Sphere Linked by Legend to Bygone Races that Once Dominated Our Solar System!

IT IS strange to think that in these days when interplanetary travel has become commonplace, a great, unsolved mystery still remains at the heart of our Solar System. It is the mystery of our Sun and its little-known, enigmatic satellite Vulcan.

Now as to the Sun itself, there is not so much that puzzles us. Modern astrophysical research of the associated interplanetary observatories has solved many of the riddles concerning our parent orb. Especially has the famous solar observatory on the Hot Side of Mercury contributed to our knowledge.

We know that the Sun is but a star, one of the many millions in this galaxy, and that it is a very average star. It is average in size, in age, and in heat.

A Mass of Fiery Gas

Its flaming mass is no less than 864,000 miles in diameter, with a rotation period of 27 Earth days. We know also that in its interior all elements exist only in gaseous form, though the atoms of those gases are so "stripped" of electrons toward the core that they are of inconceivable heaviness.

Even the riddle of the source of solar energy was solved decades ago. The Sun is a producer of atomic power on a gigantic scale. It utilizes the so-called carbon-nitrogen cycle to convert hydrogen into helium of less mass, the residue being transmuted from matter into pure energy. The carbon and nitrogen in the solar furnace remain unchanged by the cycle, and act only as catalysts.

Sun Spots Are Solar Storms

The great sun spots which are in reality huge storms moving over the photosphere, the visible surface of the Sun, have been systematically watched and charted. The outer gaseous layers which are called the reversing-layer and the chromosphere have long since been thoroughly studied through the spectroscope. And the outermost pearly atmosphere of the Sun, which we name the corona, holds no more mysteries for us.

But our solar orb still guards one great enigma, which has exercised the imaginations of astronomers and space men alike for many

years. And that is the oldest riddle of all—the riddle of the tiny planet or planetoid that is closest of all objects to the surface of the Sun.

This little celestial body was discovered long before interplanetary travel began. As far back as the year 1859 Doctor Urbain Leverrier, the first Earthman to discover the existence of Neptune, announced that he had observed a small planet with an orbit inside that of Mercury.

Vulcan Is Mystery Planet

He gave it the name of Vulcan, and computed its probable orbit. But later observations by other astronomers failed to disclose its presence. The unlucky Leverrier was accused of gross error or falsification by more conservative Earth astronomers. They denied the existence of Vulcan.

Yet, time after time in the decades that followed, astronomers caught sight of a small dark body close to the Sun. Scores of such observations were collected and published by Charles Fort, an unconventional writer of the early Twentieth Century. Still, the great majority of Earth astronomers remained skeptical, since it seemed impossible to correlate these observations with any probable orbit.

Space Travelers Study Vulcan

It was not until after the beginning of space-travel that the existence of Vulcan was definitely proved. Before that time, solar observations could be made only from the surface of Earth, and only in the rare occasional solar eclipses was it possible for a few seconds to examine the solar corona.

But Gorham Johnson's first pioneering space voyages changed that. Not only was Johnson able to photograph the solar orb under unsurpassed conditions, from space. He was also able to approach it much nearer, since one of his first voyages was his epochal expedition to Venus and Mercury.

On Mercury, Johnson's expedition obtained a double proof of Vulcan's existence. Not only were they able to observe the tiny planet for themselves, but also the knowledge and past observations of the Mercurians

themselves gave a complete history of Vulcan's past movements.

Planet is of Tiny Size

It was computed from these elements that Vulcan was not large in size, hardly bigger than the bigger asteroids, and that its orbit was the most eccentric in the Solar System. That might have been expected, since the orbit of Mercury itself is very eccentric, and Vulcan is much nearer the Sun. This unusual eccentricity of orbit accounted for the elusiveness of Vulcan during the previous at-

tempts to visit Vulcan and solve the riddle. Any ordinary ship would perish from the awful solar heat long before it had reached the little planet. Yet, years later, Captain Future and the Futuremen audaciously attempted this feat.

Curt Newton had devised an improved form of the anti-heaters which repel radiant heat by a dampening counter-vibration, and which had for some time been used to protect spaceships which cut closer to the Sun than usual. Curt believed that with sufficient such anti-heater protection, he could take his *Comet*



tempts of Earthmen to find it in their telescopes.

Vulcan, it was found, was almost unbelievably close to the chromosphere or outer gaseous surface of the Sun. This was perplexing, since at that close distance its temperature must be such as would ordinarily melt or even vaporize most solid substances. Yet telescopic study had proved that Vulcan was a solid body.

Visit Seems Hopeless

It seemed out of the question to ever hope

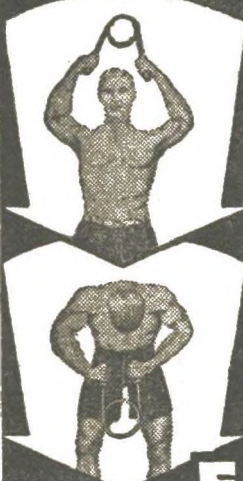
deep into the awful heat of the outer corona and land upon Vulcan.

Captain Future's Bold Trip

Captain Future's bold attempt has been described in another place. Sufficient to say here that although he went further into the solar corona than any spaceman had ever before dreamed of doing, he failed to reach Vulcan. And his failure almost cost his life.

Yet those who know the Futuremen believe that they will certainly make another attempt to penetrate that mystery of the solar

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world. And if they succeed, it may be that they will uncover one of the greatest secrets in the System.

For there is a possibility that Vulcan may not be an ordinary planet or planetoid at all. There are scientists who soberly believe that Vulcan is a dirigible planet, a tiny world whose movements around the Sun are intelligently controlled.

Hold Fantastic Theory

Such a hypothesis seems fantastic, at first glance. But those who support it advance strong arguments. They point to the extreme irregularity of Vulcan's orbit, and contend that no natural eccentricity of orbital motion could wholly explain that.

They also point out that Vulcan lies so close to the surface of the outer layers of the Sun, that ordinarily it would sooner or later be destroyed by one of the solar prominences. These prominences are colossal geysers of flaming helium and hydrogen which rush out from the surface of the Sun for hundreds of thousands of miles. If a prominence engulfed Vulcan, the little planet would swiftly perish, but it has always seemed magically to avoid the dangerous eruptions.

This argues that it is intelligently guided out of the path of the danger when it appears, contend the supporters of the theory.

More conventional scientists who scoff at the hypothesis are wont to demand how life could possibly exist at the terrific temperature which must prevail on Vulcan. But their antagonists retort that the Sun offers a tremendous storehouse of power which could be used artificially to isolate the little world from the storm of radiant heat and thus render it habitable.

Legend Confirms Idea

The most striking suggestion concerning this theory of a dirigible and habitable Vulcan, involves the legendary pre-human race of the Kangas. It is now known, thanks to the brilliant researches of the Futuremen at distant Deneb, that our human race came originally from another galaxy and spread through this galaxy many millions of years ago. But we know also that before they came, two non-human races held sway in this galaxy—the protozoan Linids, whom our ancestors of long ago conquered, and the mysterious Kangas who reigned before them.

What little is known of the Kangas has been learned chiefly from inscriptions left by the Linids. One of these inscriptions, a famous one, refers to them as "The Kangas, the mighty lords of darkness who sailed the starways and sucked power from the suns a billion years ago."

On that slender clue, some thinkers now connect the little sun-clinging planet Vulcan with the shadowy pre-human race. What truth is in the suggestion we shall not know until the Futuremen or other bold adventurers succeed in penetrating the dangers of the corona and in lifting the veil from the Sun's mystery world.

Read **CAPTAIN FUTURE** Every Issue!

TO DUST RETURNETH (Concluded from page 101)

"No," she said. "I knew also, Tharg, but I would not stop you. We were obeying the will of the gods. And—and lovers will find happiness on Earth because of what we have done today."

"Civilization will go on. Human beings will not die. They are a good race, these people of Earth."

The last survivors of Mars were silent for a while, as the sun, tiny and crimson, dropped behind the mountains. Quick darkness shrouded Mars. A million points of light hung in the black sky.

After a long time Tharg spoke again.

"I am—sorry, Zarran. There was so much I wished to give you. All the glories of old Mars. And in the end—I have given you nothing, and I must leave you here alone."

"You are my mate," Zarran said steadily. "I ask for no more."

She crouched beside Tharg, the terrible head dropping on the other's breast. So Zarran kept watch over her lover, till she knew, suddenly, that she was the last Martian.

Beside the campfire of the Earthmen, Captain Easter packed energy-cartridges into his ray-gun. He shivered in the sudden chill. Red dust, he saw, had bloodied the two moons.

Anderson was mending the mechanism of a welder, but the big Swede looked up abruptly as a cry came wailing down through the still night. The sadness of a race lost and doomed in the forgotten past was in that mournful sound, throbbing out over the Cursed Valley in the thin air of Mars.

Captain Easter looked up too, staring toward the cliff. Anderson spoke to him in an undertone.

"Wonder what that is, Captain?" he said.

The captain shrugged.

"Some animal, I suppose," he said. "Just some animal."

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ENGINES OF 3000 H.P. FORESEEN FOR FUTURE PLANES—Airplane engines of 24 and 36 cylinders yielding more than 3,000 horsepower are foreseen by Dr. J. C. Hunsaker, chairman of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. He predicts that superplanes soon to come will mount six or eight of these giant motors apiece.

Diesel engines he does not regard as a prospect for the near future as recent fuel developments have given present types a new lease on life. Gas turbines, however, should be a big help once proper heat resisting alloys are discovered. Recent advances in metallurgy may save as much as 20% in airplane frame weights, thus making the huge engines practicable.

"FURRY" WINGS TO INCREASE PLANE SPEED—"Furry" plane wings, made by covering the surfaces with fine glass fibers, will be especially valuable for high-speed aircraft according to their inventor, William Harper, Jr., of Montreal.

"So far as I am aware," he states, "they are the only type of airfoil surface which will avoid turbulence at speeds above 60% of the velocity of sound."

A nap of fine, one-eighth-inch glass fibers reduces skin friction, which he believes to be the result of turbulence between the outer layer of airfoil surface and the air beyond. The invention can be applied to propeller blades as well as to all plane surfaces.

FUTURE HOUSES INSULATED WITH SNOW-LIKE PLASTIC—A new type of prefabricated house recently developed by Goodyear may well help to solve the post-war housing problem. It is entirely prefabricated, with walls consisting of plywood bonded to light gauge metal. The three-inch space between the inner and outer layers is filled with a new, extremely light-weight plastic foam which looks like packed snow and has better insulating properties than Eskimo snow blocks.

SEA WATER MADE POTABLE BY SIMPLE DEVICE—If sea water, long the bane of shipwrecked mariners, is not used as drinking water after the war, it won't be the fault of

numerous inventions of the last few months. Most recent of these is the discovery of Dr. Alexander Goetz of Pasadena, California.

Dr. Goetz's method eliminates the two forms of salt that make the ocean bad medicine for humans. These salts are sodium chloride (ordinary table salt) and magnesium chloride. Dr. Goetz adds a reagent compound of silver, preferably silver oxide, to eliminate the chlorine, causing it to settle in a white powder which is easy to eliminate. A weak organic acid takes care of the sodium, making the water fit to drink. The chemicals will treat ten times their weight of water and do not require an expert for successful operation.

BRISANCE, A WORD FOR WAR OF THE FUTURE

—The new factor in explosives, shown brilliantly by the work of the "bazooka" gun in Africa and Sicily, is brisance, which is nothing more nor less than the suddenness with which an explosive acts as contrasted with its total power.

Smokeless powder, for instance, is powerful, but slow in action. The still secret charge used in the bazooka's little rocket projectiles is of such high brisance that it needs only to burst outside even the thickest of tank armor to blast a hole in it, shooting white hot tongues of flame through the opening to set off the tank's own ammunition and even fuel supply.

COMPLEX CHEMICALS ANALYZED BY INVISIBLE RAYS

—High speed analysis and impurity tests on certain organic chemicals, such as fuels and rubber compounds, can be made by shooting invisible infra-red rays through them, according to R. S. Rasmussen, R. R. Brattain and O. Beeck of the Shell Development Company.

Infra-red rays cannot shoulder their way between all atoms of every chemical tested, but enough get through to form a pattern known to scientists as an absorption spectrum. By checking this spectrum, the scientist can quickly spot any defects in the organic structure of the compound being tested.

NEW INVENTION—COMBINATION AIRPLANE-HELICOPTER-AUTOGIRO

—Just when we are getting used to helicopters flying backward, along comes inventor Theodore Kloeoren of Philadelphia with a combination helicopter-airplane-autogiro all in one piece. The invention offers three advantages none of which, in toto, belong to current aircraft.

It can rise vertically like the helicopter, move forward with the speed of an airplane and has the safety factor of autorotating wings which permit safe landing in case of engine failure. Its inventor claims that it will work.

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UNDER OBSERVATION

(Continued from page 12)

To summarize this deplorable state of affairs. I have composed another of my immortal universally-known limericks. A clothes-pin clamped firmly on the nose would be an asset at this stage of our drama:

After reading the tale "Star of Dread," A screwball from Jersey once said:

"I'm tellin' you guys

That you'd better get wise."

We want longer novels instead."

You've often said that war conditions don't permit CAPTAIN FUTURE to be enlarged, but there is another way to have longer novels. Why not drop your shorts (no pun intended) and use the extra space to enlarge the main story? Them short stories ain't nuttin' to brag about.—84 Baker Ave., Dover, N. J.

For even a pee-lot who lives on Baker Avenue, Joe, you've got a lot of crust. Cut out the short stories, indeed! The old Sarge has a better solution. Comes the Unconditional Surrender, and maybe we make the book bigger. How's that for an idea?

Here's a special plea from a kiwi down in the cotton country.

WANTED—COOPERATION

By James Ayers

Dear Sarge: Below is listed some magazines that I will gladly pay a premium to get. I want you boys and girls to cooperate with me, and if you have any of these books, write me what you will take for them.

OUTLAWS OF THE MOON
PLANETS IN PERIL
THE FACE OF THE DEEP
THE COMET KINGS

I will pay spot cash for them.—609 First Street, Attalla, Ala.

Maybe you will get a response, Pee-lot Ayers. Sorry the old space dog doesn't have any spare copies to send you.

HURRAY FOR STERLING

By Anthony Russo

Dear Sarge: Congratulations! The "Star of Dread," by Sterling, is one of the finest Future novels I've read in many a moon. I daresay that Hamilton himself couldn't have written a finer novel, and that is saying some, believe me.

But there is one bone I have to pick with you, Sarge, and that is, cut out those putrid short stories, and increase the length of the Future novel.

There is a fault with Sterling that sticks out like a sore thumb. That is, he makes the fights between Otho and Grag seem very tame in comparison with the way Hamilton played it up.

Before you take a swig of that powerful Xeno juice, Sarge, tell Sterling to keep up the good work, and to have Captain Future make a trip in an later novel to the birthplace of the human race.

On the whole, I think the mag is improving by leaps and bounds, and is fast becoming the outstanding mag of its kind in the SF field.—218 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

So you're another one of these kiwis who doesn't like a short trip, Pee-lot Russo. Note what I said to Kiwi Kennedy a couple of flashes back. Now sit down and don't wriggle your ears, so I can see what is going on behind you. Ah, a space detective in our midst, eh?

GUESS WHO?

By Chad Oliver

Dear Sarge: Having just avidly devoured the Summer issue of CAPTAIN FUTURE, I find that it leaves me with a very pleasant taste in my mouth, despite the fact that the meal started with an item seemingly intended to make one turn green in the face and dash to the nearest window, presumably to get a breath of fresh air.

Yes, Sergeant, I'm speaking of the cover. All kidding aside, it was pretty poor. I find no fault with Bergey, for the fault lies definitely with whoever

plucked the scene for him to paint, and not with the artist himself. Take a good look at that cover. What does it bring to mind? Science-fiction? Hardly. It would fit better on a magazine entitled: *Fiendish Horror Tales*, or perhaps *Morbid Mystery Magazine*. No more, pleez—let's stick to science-fiction.

"The Star of Dread" was a swell yarn, and a slight improvement over "Worlds to Come" in the last issue. Both plot and writing were, I thought, exceptional; even Hamilton wouldn't have lost face had he, himself, authored the tale. Glad to see the novel running 90 pages again.

By the way, Sarge, "Brett Sterling" is a pen name, isn't it? I wonder who he really is. Someone, obviously, closely associated with the magazine under the Hamilton regime. Hmm, it couldn't be our old FRIEND, Oscar J., could it? Or could it?

Anyhow, the novel gets 9.4 on a scale of 1 to 10. Mr. Sterling (?) deserves a pat on the back. 9.4 is really good!

The illustrations on the lead yarn were, I presume, by Madman Marchioni, science fiction's Artless Artist. But—surprise! They were pretty good! (Fandom faints at this point; there will be a short pause for their recovery.) Can't say that I care for his conception of Miss Randall, however. Gawd, but I bet she's cold!

I am in favor of a reasonable love interest, providing it is adult and intelligently handled. We can struggle along somehow without the usual pulp heroine. (That includes all allied items, such as bales of rope and wire, torture machines, gaping mouths, suitless bathing straps, etc., etc., etc.)

The short stories were rather poor, except for "Venusian Quarts," by Brett Owen Fox Friend Oscar P. Jerome Sterling. Said tale by BOFTOJJS was very interesting, though not too outstanding. Nice pic.

All departments were excellent, except for "The Shape of the Future" which is about as interesting as a brass door-knob.

In "Under Observation" it seems to me that too many readers are spending their time making mountains out of mole hills; taking a small mistake they may have come across and proudly waving it in the air and yelling, "Looky here what I found! When Captain Future was thrown in the acid vat he could have escaped merely by turning on his force field. You remember, surely—he swiped it from Jah-Jah in the story "Out of the Venusian Muck and Ooze" which appeared in 1927, issue of July 14th."

Sure, there are mistakes in any story; I counted over a dozen in "The Star of Dread." But unless they are really big errors or a statement directly against a known law of science, I can't see that it is of cosmic importance, or even detracts from the story. As you have pointed out, Beach Story Constitutes a Law Unto Itself. I wish certain people would frame that statement and hang it over their reading desks.

Gosh, but this letter won't seem natural unless I hold up an error for public observation. So—Bang! I'm a "fan" again.

On page 84 of this issue, Mr. Sterling stated that, quote, "His hand (Future's) dipped to his proton-pistol with the speed of light," unquote. In view of the paragraph immediately following that sentence, I shall assume that it took CF two seconds to draw and fire. If he drew with the speed of light, his hand would have been exactly 872,000 miles away when the gun went off. That, sir, is remarkable shooting, especially when we realize that, at that distance, the hand would have doubtless torn itself loose from Curt's body. . . . Sure, I know the statement was figurative, but Sterling should be more careful in the future. Yes, sir!

Seriously, CAPTAIN FUTURE is coming along fine, and we'll all be looking forward to a monthly issue as soon as a certain Trio of Tripe across the pond are kicked up to the Moon or somewhere.—3986 Ledgeswood, Cincinnati, Ohio.

You're cute and astute, Kiwi Oliver, but your protein—pardon me, *proton*—pistol misses fire in your deductive surmise. Strange as it may seem to you, and disappointing as it is to both you and Oscar Friend, Brett Sterling is—Brett Sterling. Sure, they look similar—both being of the male persuasion and having two legs, two arms, two ears, two eyes, and half a brain apiece—but they don't wear the same clothes simultaneously.

We haven't been playing Sterling up, purposely and at his own request—because he took over the job of following Edmond Hamilton who created Captain Future, and he is an admirer of Hamilton's work.

Here's a flashback to the April issue by a pee-lot whose name indicates he finds it difficult to keep up with his homework.

APRIL SHOWERS

By Kent Bone

Dear Sarge: The CF yarns are my favorite science fiction stories. Why don't you try to make CF a monthly or bi-monthly?

This month's CF was a wow except for the yarn "Gabriel's Horn," by Ray Bradbury and Henry Hass.

Your new author Brett Sterling is excellent. I like him just as well as Edmond Hamilton.

Here's how I rate the stories in this month's CF:

1. "Worlds to Come," by Brett Sterling. Why don't you have some fights in space? Try to get Sterling to make Grog and Otho quarrel a lot more. Try to get some more thought transference between Captain Future and Joan.

2. "Pillage of the Space Marine," by D. D. Sharp. I don't see how that comet threw the Space Marine so far and so fast.

3. "Better Than One," by Henry Kuttner. That machine was a little bit too much, but I can tell you this, it was much better than "Gabriel's Horn."

4. Of course last and least, "Gabriel's Horn."

The cover was good. Who did it? Why don't you print the artist's name on the contents page as you do in TWS and SS?

Under Observation was good. It is too bad you can't send back issues to anybody. Like George L. Young in Lima.

The Shape of the Future was good. I hope you keep it up.

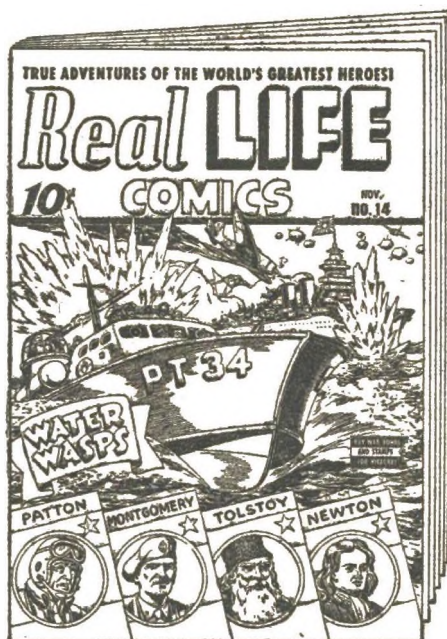
The Futuremen was the most interesting special feature.

The Worlds of Tomorrow wasn't as good as it should be. I hope you have better ones in the future.

The Future of Captain Future was very good. I hope you keep it up, too.

[Turn page]

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I have nothing to criticize this time as you can plainly see, but that does not mean that I will not in the future.—2877 Ferris Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Referring to your comment number two, Kiwi Bone, why not? This is nothing compared to Captain Future's pistol hand speed—as discovered by Pee-lot Oliver. And wasn't it a good thing for the badmen of the old West that Curt Newton wasn't a frontier marshal? It take it you didn't like GABRIEL'S HORN—a vague sort of impression I got from reading your communique!

NOTHING IS PERFECT, BUT—

By Pvt. f.c. Robert Lee Rabenaldt

I am a "recruit" writer to your Magazine, but I am an old reader of it. I have just finished reading CF in "WORLD'S TO COME." I noticed one thing in particular in the story. It states that the Sverds were able to pass thru any material object. That is well and good, but what I would like to know is how they went thru with their weapons secured to their waist. Explanation please?

Now I will quit "griping" and tell you what I really think about your CF Mag. Of all the "Science Fiction" Maga I have read I believe that CF is one of the best. I don't think you want me to say it is perfect, because I believe in the old Adage that "Nothing is perfect." Another thing, if I said it was perfect, then your writers would probably get lax on their stories. You don't want them to do that do you? All kidding aside, though, Sarge, I really get plenty of pleasure and relaxation from CF. It's my favorite.—Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Bully for you, Private Rabenaldt. We certainly intend to keep Captain Future active to entertain you boys who know a lot about fighting in your own glorious right. And the old Sarge bets that you didn't pick your Christian name out of any grab-bag, either. More power to you, kiwi, in carrying on a great general's tradition in this present world tumult.

Before we start singing Dixie, let's hear from a new reader in Brooklyn.

THE COMET OVERSHOOTS

By Kenneth Danzer

Dear Sarge: Do you know that this magazine is responsible for a bawling out I received from my parents? Let me explain: Having nothing to do one night I bought my first Science Fiction magazine, this magazine. I thought it would be some reading matter in which I would kill the night. Well, I began reading CAPTAIN FUTURE, and it not only killed the evening, but it killed the entire night—plus a couple of the hours of the morning. I just couldn't stop reading it until I had completely finished it. Since I am not a fast reader CAPTAIN FUTURE kept me up till the wee hours of the morning and, since I am only fifteen, my parents didn't like it and thus the bawling out.

But let's get to another topic! I have a keen eye in spotting flaws in a story. Here is one from "Worlds to Come":

According to back issues of C. F. that I have been able to obtain, the Vibration Drive makes the Comet go faster than light. But on Page 24 of "Worlds to Come," quote: "There goes the Vibration Drive, Chief. In a couple of hours they could see a black dot against the blazing sun." Unquote. Let us say that with the Vibration Drive they were just going the speed of light which is 186,000 miles second. A couple of hours means two hours and in two hours, according to my figures, light travels 1,339,200,000 miles. The Comet took off from the moon after the mysterious ship rushing into the Sun. Let us say the Moon is approximately 23,000,000 miles from the Sun. By a little simple subtraction we find that if the Comet didn't go into the Sun it would go 1,247,200,000 miles past the Sun—in fact, practically out of the Solar System! Every story has flaws, but why did C. F. have such an apparent one?

I must say that after reading C. F. I am a life customer of it. Many of us want this magazine to come out more often than once every three months.

Within I enclose the name strip and coupon. Please send me my membership certificate and list

of rules promptly.—\$45 East 55th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The old Sarge doesn't recall that particular passage (a fast passage, by the way, eh?) that you refer to, Kiwi Danzer, but I will chide Mr. Sterling about running an express when he should be making local stops. It was bad, huh? But a paperhanger named Schickelgruber is further out of line than that. Which entitles you to buy another War Bond this month.

PUBLISH MONTHLY

By Dick Dolan

Dear Sarge: Your last issue, "The Face of the Deep," sure was a dandy, one of the best issues I've read. The BEST I've read though was, "The Magician of Mars." That one had me up until 2:00 a.m. Why don't you publish monthly? I'm sure all the real CAPTAIN FUTURE fans would be glad to put out fifteen cents every month for reading pleasure instead of every three months.

I'm enclosing the Spring issue cover top and coupon, so slide the membership card and rules down my way promptly. Why not just send a coupon for membership instead of having to tear the cover?—38 Circle Drive, Sheridan Circle, Chloopee Falls, Mass.

Struggle along for the duration, Pee-lot Dolan, and we'll see what we can do about publishing CAPTAIN FUTURE more frequently then. Meanwhile, welcome to THE FUTUREMEN CLUB, but don't get fresh with the old Sarge. In the astrogation chamber you are a junior pee-lot, and if the Chief Astrogator says you send in a name-strip, you send it in, see? But what are we jawing about? You've already done it, haven't you?

STERLING HAS TALENT

By Paul Miles

Well, Sarge: I'm sending for my membership and am sending a letter to express my feelings toward your new author of Captain Future, Brett Sterling.

He's got talent! Meaning I like him, although I recognised a different hand pushing Captain Future into an exciting adventure. When I did discover it was not a Hamilton story I began to wonder what had happened to Ed. I read all of Under Observation and The Future of Captain Future before I discovered that Ed was entering Uncle Sam's armed forces. (Three cheers for Ed!)

Brett . . . well, let me take an example like rocket fuel. He takes on where another man left off and makes a better fuel by improving the blasting power. This opens up a new field of discovery that might not have been discovered if he hadn't come along. It helps bring in more and better adventures to the light. (Do I make myself clear?)

Don't get me wrong, I like Ed's style of writing and I hope I'll be able to become as good as him. (Oh, yes, did you know I'm an author of science-fiction? I sold one story so far and am hoping to sell more. Of course I'm an unknown author now, but I'm going to fix that!) Plenty of times I've read

[Turn page]



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his stories two or more times. I buy every (almost) issue of **CAPTAIN FUTURE**; in fact, I buy every kind of scientific-fiction book published!

Now get set, here comes the back-blast from my rocket motors. When I cut off the front of my book I burnt out every radio tube from here to Pluto with my language! It wrecked the cover on my book!

Well, I'm going back to my Su-Tuiah. (This drink is made on Jupiter and it makes your Xeno taste weaker than water!)—**Box 586, Trenton, Mich.**

Of course, the old Sarge said mildly (for him), I haven't tasted any of this Su-Tuiah stuff dished up on Jupiter, but have you ever smelled the stopper from an Xeno jug? Just a whiff crosses your eyes, curls your hair, and rips out the stitching in your number seventeen coupon shoes—as well as puts a mortgage on your spare pair of space boots.

A COMPLETE FUTURE FILE

By Jimmy Stockard

Dear Sarge: The Spring issue of **CAPTAIN FUTURE** was pretty good, except for one thing. In the feature the Futuremen. It said that Simon Wright was not yet placed in his case, but in the first issue Simon was already in his brain case when he came to the moon.

The cover did not have much connection with the story. I liked the idea of Joan exchanging minds with the Vegan girl. The next issue seems like it will be very good.

Brett Sterling is getting off to a good start as a new author. I think readers will enjoy his stories very much.

I am 18 years old and read T. W. S., S. S., AIR WAR, and R. A. F. ACES every issue. I have a complete file of C. F. from the beginning. As for you, Sarge, why don't you step in front of a rocket tube, or out on open air lock, or what's more flendish, why don't you drown yourself in a vat of Xeno?

As for the short stories, "Better Than One" was the best, "Pillage of the Space-Marine" was second, and "Gabriel's Horn" was last. The features were very good, with the Futuremen best. Well, time to blast off Sarge. Happy Xeno guzzling.—**Jackson Blvd., Nashville, Tenn.**

You can think of the most wonderful things, Kiwi Stockard. A vat of Xeno! My, my, what won't we be diving into next? Now you dive into the nearest fuel chamber so we can get the full benefit of that gas where it will do the most good.

BOUQUETS AND BOMBS

By Steve Adams

Hi, Sarge: I am enclosing this letter with my application for membership in The Futuremen with the hope that it will reach you.

I haven't missed an issue of C. F. since the first one and I'm only 15 years old now, so, I guess that makes me your youngest, steady reader. But enough of this, now to get down to the solid stuff.

Your new author, Brett Sterling, has done a swell job in taking over Edmond Hamilton's place, and his novel "Worlds to Come" was perfect. The shorts were up to par, but, excuse me, Sarge, if I say that I think I smelled a little of H. G. Wells' "The Shape of Things to Come" in Bradbury and Hasse's "Gabriel's Horn."

I think your dept. is swell! And the others are okay, too.

Well, I've tossed quite a few bouquets now I think I'll throw a bomb. Don't worry, Sarge; it's not at you, but at our good friend, Mr. Robert Sanberg. I don't know why, Sarge, but every time I open an issue of C. F. I see a letter like the one from Sanberg. It's a shame for us regular fellows that we can't all be Einsteins like Sanberg and his pen pals.

But, oh well, so long, Sarge. Yours 'til the Xeno jug runs dry.—**64 So. Carolina Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.**

Sorry, Kiwi Adams, but the junior astro-gator just in line ahead of you has you topped by a couple of years. Or should I say—bot-

tomed? But never mind. You are both heartily welcome, and may the old Sarge make top-flight senior astrologers out of both of you.

DOWN WITH THE SUN IMPS

By Pvt. William E. Elliott

Dear Sergeant Saturn: I have been a science fiction reader now for about seven years, but this is my first letter to any magazine. I've read CAPTAIN FUTURE ever since it first came out and I've never read a Future story yet that I haven't thoroughly enjoyed. I've just finished reading "Worlds to Come." It was very enjoyable and followed the delightful Hamilton style so precisely that I was amazed to learn after I had finished the story, that Hamilton hadn't written it. I was disappointed at first to learn this, as I had associated Hamilton so closely with Future, that it did not seem possible that anyone else could write the Captain Future stories. It's like losing an old friend.

But I sincerely hope that the new author, Brett Sterling will continue to present the Futuremen yarns as Hamilton created them, and not deviate. I enjoy the Futuremen just as they are, and hope they remain that way. While not casting any aspersions at Mr. Sterling, I do hope Mr. Hamilton will resume the writing of the Captain Future stories when the war is over. Meanwhile, the best of luck to him, and he's got my praise for doing a great job.

I am sending in my application to join the Futuremen at the same time I am writing this letter. I am twenty-one now and in Uncle Sam's Army, but I still continue to read CAPTAIN FUTURE. Your companion magazines, THRILLING WONDER STORIES, and STARTLING STORIES, are also tops with me. These three science fiction mags are among the very few journals of this type that still keep their stories in the high-class science fiction field and do not let trashy, fantastic rubbish intermingle. For that I am very thankful. I believe a science fiction mag should stick to that and keep supernatural junk out. Well, this is all for now, and, Sarge, don't let these poison pen sun imps get you down. Keep up the good work.—Lowery Field, Denver, Colo.

See here, Private Elliott, the old Sarge doesn't care whether you are twenty-one, blackjack, seven and a half, or eighty-one—you keep right on reading CAPTAIN FUTURE. And when this man's war is over, maybe we'll have Brett Sterling and Ed Hamilton collaborate on a Curt Newton yarn that will create a space vortex big enough to fill the Coal Sack. Meanwhile, I'll pass your kind words along to Sterling.

HOURS OF BLISS

By Jeanne Hall

Dear Sarge: Enclosed is my application for membership in the "Future Women." I was so happy to learn that girls as well as men are eligible.

Incidentally, I'm not sure that I will make a good "Future woman," since I haven't a single complaint to make. It would seem that to be a member in good standing you must methodically pick each issue of dear old C. F. to pieces.

I guess I am just a bit unbalanced mentally, because I wouldn't have it changed for the world.

Each time I find a new issue at my newsstand, I settle down happily to read it from the contents page to the forecast for the next issue. (The housework can wait.) Not once have I made myself ill because the creatures on the cover are green instead of blue, nor have I ever worked myself into a frenzy because the Comet can or cannot exceed the speed of light. (By the way, whoever won that argument?) But as I said, I was probably forgotten when the brains were passed around.

Just keep bringing your mag. out as often as possible, and you will keep this poor moron happy. Thanks for hours of bliss.—1338 Sixth St., Santa Monica, Calif.

Kiwi Jeanne, if the old Sarge had a full crew like you he'd—well, he'd have no excuse to get so full himself. Every time a gal pee-ot writes in to report—no matter what she says—Shangri La lights up and the stoppers start popping out of the Xeno jugs. You bet your

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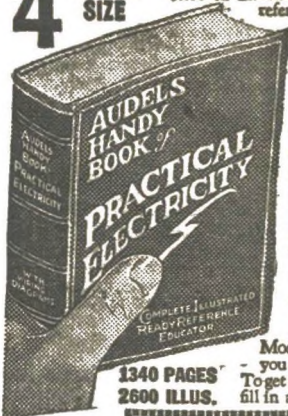
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WHO IS BRETT STERLING?

By Rodney Palmer

Dear Sarge: Brett Sterling! I seem to have
heard that name before. Where? Tell me that
and I'll appreciate it, Sarge. Didn't he do a few
science-fiction shorts a while back?

Say, Sarge—with all these gripes these guys send
in, no wonder you drink that acid they call Xeno.
Boy! By the time I got to the last letter in UNDER
OBSERVATION this month I could see you were
reeling. Hmhmhm. Maybe I shouldn't talk about
such things . . . Anyway, the Spring issue has yet
to be dissected so here goes.

First on the list is a reference to myself by Nor-
man Wegemer; he states to the effect that my
often repeated suggestion to ditch articles is defi-
nitely a bad one. Hmhm. A matter of opinion
there, Norman.

But to go on:

I've completed two chapters of WORLDS TO
COME! I have something of interest to report:

Brett Sterling seems to be a professional writer
not unacquainted with the land of science-fiction.
After analyzing his style I have arrived at the con-
clusion that his real name would be instantly rec-
ognizable, if published, as a top-notch in the field.
And his style is likable. Now the question is burn-
ing on every one of our tongues—can he keep up
the standard set by Edmond Hamilton? Perhaps
he can surpass it. In that case, fine. In order to
surpass Edmond Hamilton, however, he'll have to
go some.

A lot of science woven in here; and he seems to
know his characters pretty well. He's studied care-
fully. Good!

The novel being lengthened? Who are you try-
ing to kid, Sarge? This one's extra short! But
seriously the idea of lengthening the lead novel isn't
a bad one. And it also comes to my mind that
you've got three good writers doing the shorts this
issue, or should I say four? And tell those guys
screaming for serials to crawl back into their holes,
will you? You don't have to. I've already told 'em!
—226 W. 60th St., Chicago, Ill.

All right, Pee-lot Palmer, pull your neck in
and take a second glance at the dope the old
Sarge fed Kiwi Oliver a few paragraphs back.
Maybe later on we'll dig up the personal dirt
on Brett Sterling. Meanwhile, let's you and
the senior astrogrator lock horns over this
longer novel business. When I promised that,
could I foresee how long or how short Brett
Sterling's first yarn was going to turn out to
be? And can we control the flow of words
from a science fiction writer's typewriter like
water from a tap (or Xeno from a jug), draw-
ing off exactly a certain number of words and

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11-43.

then cutting the flow off right on the nose?

Anyway, isn't the Curt Newton story in this issue longer? So stop fidgeting in your seat and we'll do our best for you "as time goes on."

Comes now a final blast on the stern rockets from the north woods country.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES

By J. W. Lewis

Dear Sarge: "Better late than never" covers a rather large group of subjects, and rather aptly covers this letter.

I write to you, sincerely believing that I am the only SF enthusiast in Maine—at least, it has never been my good fortune to meet another dyed-in-the-wool enthusiast. So you may take the opinions that I state as belonging to the leading, number one fan of the state of Maine—unless they are contested by another "Maine-lac."

First, I wish you would ask Sterling to dig out his general science book and go over a few elementary principles again. I don't object to anyone saying that something is possible when now we think it's impossible, but I draw the line when someone says something is possible when it has been proven impossible.

I will stick my neck out and say that there is going to be a holler with a capital H. The old pack sure howled when Hamilton said "Captain Future did so-and-so" and didn't explain how he did it. Well, in my opinion, Sterling has even more of a tendency to do the same thing.

Do you believe in giving credit where credit is due? Some of your covers may not be a credit, but for the luvva mike put the poor artist's name on the contents page, or let him sign his work—only one artist in a thousand lives for art alone, for art's sake.

Shhh! Here's my vote for trimmed edges and BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION!

All in all, however, Sterling didn't do such a bad job—even if he did do queer things to Einstein's space-time continuum. The shorts weren't bad, either, and I'm glad that you finally found out that you can't print a serial in a magazine that comes out four times a year. Serials in CF have always given me the proverbial pain in the neck, anyway.

Boy, I can just imagine Hamilton grabbing the first copy of CF, and reading it. I wonder if he'll have anything to say?

Well, I guess that covers everything for the moment. Don't forget to instruct Sterling upon the differences between Science Fiction and Fantasy, and until next lah I remain. The No. 1 Xeno guzzler of the Pine Tree State.—Augusta, Maine.

Pee-lot Lewis, the old Sarge has broken at least six Xeno jugs (empty ones) over the make-up editor's head, trying to get him to include the cover artist's name on the contents page, and I think you'll find it there regularly from now on. As for trimming edges—would you like to have your hair trimmed?

The old space dog never did bring up this question, and I'm not going to set it down here. You kiwis kick it around until you wear it out among yourselves. Me, I've got big business to attend to with a jug of Xeno and a pound of powdered aspirin.

As for all you junior astrogators, please get your letters in on this issue as soon as you can so I can cook up a nice batch of poison for you space monkeys. I located a patch of blub-blub berry weeds on my last trip to Neptune and I am very anxious to try them out. Those of you kiwis whose letters have not been included this time, be patient with the old Sarge and write me again, won't you?

Right now I have to lie down for a bit. My head is a little dizzy. Must be a fresh attack of cosmic rays. I wonder why they don't stuff pillows with powdered aspirin. Wake me up when you have torn this present issue to pieces.

—SERGEANT SATURN

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THE FUTURE OF CAPTAIN FUTURE

A Forecast for Next Issue



NOW, if you've got your breath back from the present issue's trip with Curt Newton to MAGIC MOON, settle back in your decompression chairs and adjust your belts for about twenty gravities. For next voyage Captain Future is about to do something never before attempted in the Solar System. He proposes nothing less than the creation of a brand

new planet between the orbits of Earth and Mars.

This project makes everything in the engineering scale of the past pale into insignificance by comparison. And, when Curt Newton proves conclusively to the Supreme Council of the System Government that he is capable of doing what he proposes, he places the financial empire of Hartley Brooks in great jeopardy.

And this brings about the most deadly plot ever conceived by human minds to eliminate Captain Future—permanently. But chance takes a hand in this game of billiards played with worlds and a series of amazing things happen. A train of events follow, one on another, until the complications and ramifications are well-nigh endless.

Captain Future plays a new role in DAYS OF CREATION when a space adventurer by the name of Edward Loring decides to usurp the identity of Curt Newton, thus hurling a rocket wrench in the plans and machinery of both Hartley Brooks and Captain Future. Loring himself is not the type to play the role of Curt Newton, so he hires a quarter-breed Martian actor named Hro Zan to look the part while Loring does the thinking for the team.

This, then, is just the beginning of a three-way combination of events and cross-purposes that ranges from Earth to the outer planets and embroils all of the Futuremen and Joan Randall and Ezra Gurney, the old space marshal. Otho does one of the best character disguises of his career. Grag runs into but-terfly trouble that amazes him. The Brain performs one of the most remarkable surgical operations of his long and illustrious scientific life. And Curt Newton plays out one of the most dangerous roles he has ever assumed.

In this book-length novel, Author Brett Sterling does one of the finest jobs with Captain Future we have yet seen. And—to cap everything—the illustrations are by Virgil Finlay!

Need we say more about the big story for next issue? Watch for *Days Of Creation* in the coming number of CAPTAIN FUTURE.

There will be several good short stories, too, and here's a special treat. A new series

of short stories about a pair of elderly and impractical—but undoubtedly brilliant scientists, by a comparatively new writer in the sciencefiction field, will begin with *Doodleplast, Inc.* The first story in this whimsical series by Ford Smith has to do with the case of *The Rubber Serum Man*.

The alarm signal is flashing on the control panel, so I will turn you over now to the tender mercies of Sergeant Saturn. The old space dog is anxious to get you Under Observation. So, until next issue—spatially yours,

—THE EDITOR.

THE COMPANIONS OF SIRIUS

(Concluded from page 113)

prevented that."

"All Kareem had to do was glance at the lifeboat, and he'd know he was being doublecrossed. I forced the show-down."

"And then you tried to set Kareem and Barsen against each other?"

Jameson shook his head. "That wasn't necessary. I was stalling for time. There was a double purpose in that—to let the effects of the paralytic rays wear off, and to give the gas time to reach us. I knew I'd be the last one to be affected."

The captain interrupted once more, this time with a growl.

"Mighty clever plan, young man. And I'm glad to see that you didn't mind risking the lives of thousands of people to carry it out."

"No other passengers' lives were endangered. Barden himself saw to it that they stayed away. And by the way, Captain." Jameson faced the man. "You're trying to impress me as a crusty old ugly-tempered space-dog. But you're failing. Your true character is shining through. I can see you as you'll be tomorrow, when you perform the wedding ceremony—gracious, smiling, concerned for the happiness and welfare of your passengers."

"Wedding ceremony?" The bewildered captain stared from Jameson to Lora. She blushed faintly, and her eyes shone. "Oh, I see!"

Jameson was right about him. As he left them together, they could see the smile struggling to break through the gruff, irascible features—and succeeding beautifully.

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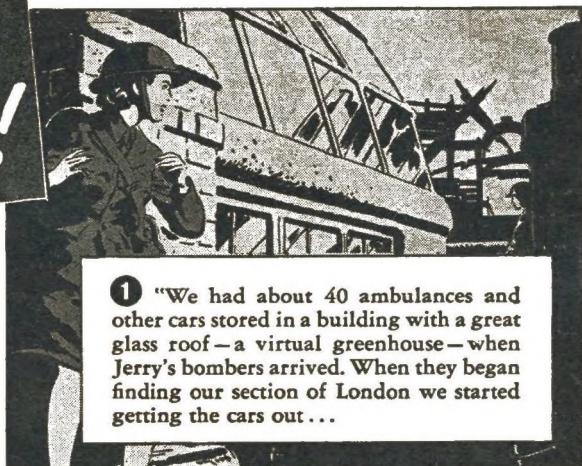
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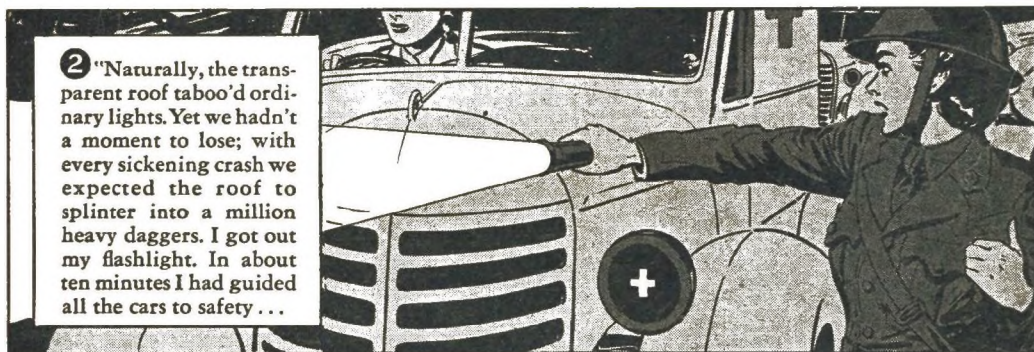
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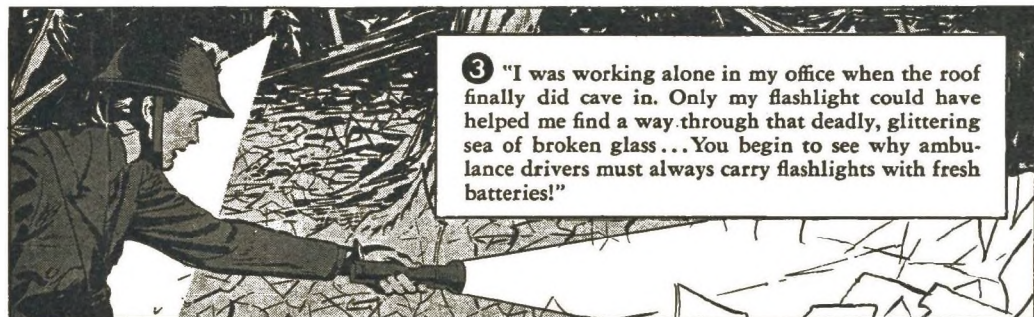
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