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MONTH'S ISSUE**

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CONQUERORS**

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Time's Dawn

By

MANLY WADE WELLMAN

**REVOLT AGAINST
LIFE**

A Novelet of a
World Immortal

By

**FREDERIC ARNOLD
KUMMER, JR.**

**SONG AT
TWILIGHT**

An Interplanetary
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ROBERT ARTHUR

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A Short Story

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Painting by Howard V. Brown depicting a scene in
COUP D'ETAT, story on Page 68.

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Astronomy Is Easy—When You Know the Answers!

No Help Wanted

By **ALFRED BESTER**

Author of "The Broken Axiom," etc.

I WASN'T ready for the bread line yet, but I was in a pretty desperate situation. We had overestimated the value of the resources I had taken with me—and I was stranded, penniless, with no possibility of communicating with my chief for at least another six months.

I had to get some kind of a job.

As I pulled on the best clothes I had, I considered my capabilities and wondered how they would meet the demands of any prospective employers. My appearance was fairly decent. And I felt that I had more than average intelligence. So surely my qualifications should obtain me some kind of position.

Although I had been living in the city for a year, I could not get used to the tall, stone skyscrapers that hid the sun; or like the narrow streets. I wandered along, trying to decide on a course, when suddenly, as I passed the campus of Yorke University, I had an idea. The university maintained a large astronomical observatory, and if anyone was qualified for a job with the department of astro-physics, astronomy, and what-not, I certainly was. Quickening my steps, I marched over to the engineering building, mounted the steps, and searched out the main offices. Shortly I was shown into the office of Dr. Barton, head of the astronomy department.

When I told him what I wanted he laughed.

"My dear sir," he said, "in the first place, we haven't many positions open. In the second, we could never take a youngster like you. Astronomy demands experts, not amateurs who love the moon and stars and have taken a romantic elementary course in college."

"How do you know I'm not as good as an expert?" I countered.

"That's simple," he answered, "though I don't want to discourage you.

Just now we are engaged in an intricate study of Mars. Let me ask you a few elementary questions which we already know, but which will floor you."

"Go ahead," I said.

"All right," Dr. Barton grinned. "But remember, you asked for it. Now then—What conditions do ultra-violet light photographs reveal? Give me two theories concerning the cyclic aspects of the polar caps? What have Lowell, Pickering or Antoniadi to say about seasonal changes as revealed by infrared photographs? What were the results of the Slipher and Very spectroscopic analyses of Martian atmosphere?"

I stared at him in bewilderment. "I can't answer those questions," I said, "but why don't you ask me something about the geography of Mars?"

He arose to usher me out. "No, no, my boy. No dreams. We have hundreds of crack-brained youngsters with crazy theories pestering us all year. I should have thought you too intelligent for that sort of drivel. Come and see me again when you've studied a lot more. Don't give up." He laughed good naturedly. "Who knows, you may be the first to explain the canals of Mars!"

I watched the door close firmly in my face. Then I shrugged and turned to walk away. Canals on Mars! Where did these crazy Earth inhabitants ever get such an idea? Ever since I had come to Earth I had been hearing the most ridiculous things about my native planet.

What barbarians! And what a job—to be the pioneer explorer of this mad world! I resolved to ask for a substitute as soon as I could get into communication with my chief at the next opposition. It needed more nerve than I had to investigate this planet of savages.