



JULES VERNE'S TOMBSTONE AT AMIENS PORTRAYING HIS IMMORTALITY

AMAZING STORIES

February, 1928
Vol. 2, No. 11

EDITORIAL & GENERAL OFFICES: 230 FIFTH AVE., New York City

Published by Rasmussen Publishing Company, Inc.

THE PUBLISHERS: PAUL R. GERSHBACK, (Pres.)
PUBLISHERS OF SCIENCE & INVENTION, RADIO NEWS,
RADIO LISTENERS' GUIDE, FRENCH HUMOR

Owners of Broadcast Station WRNY

Contents for February

THE MASTER OF THE WORLD (A Serial in Two Parts) (Part I) By Jules Verne.....	1026
WORLD UNKNOWN , (A Poem) By Leland S. Copeland.....	1047
THE REVOLT OF THE PEDESTRIANS By David H. Keller, M.D.....	1048
BARON MUECHHAUSEN'S SCIENTIFIC ADVENTURES Installments 1 and 2 By Hugo Gersback.....	1060
POLLOCK AND THE PORROH MAN By H. G. Wells.....	1072
FOUR DIMENSIONAL SURGERY By Bob Olson.....	1078
THE DISINTEGRATING RAY By David M. Spreker.....	1088
COSMIC CIPHERS , (A Poem) By Leland S. Copeland.....	1091
THE FOURTEENTH EARTH By Walter Kately.....	1092
THE FIGHTING HEART By W. Alexander.....	1099
OURSelves , (A Poem) By Leland S. Copeland.....	1102
SMOKE RINGS By George McLeod.....	1103

Our Cover

This month shows a view of the earth as seen from the moon, which Baron Muechhausen describes so well in the story, "Baron Muechhausen's Scientific Adventures," by Hugo Gersback. For the inhabitants of the moon at this particular time, it is "The New Earth." The Baron is getting ready to make a landing on the moon in his marvelous space flyer.

COPYRIGHT ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

"The Master of the World," by Jules Verne, copyright, 1911, by Vincent Parke & Co. (Parke, Austin and Lapscomb Co.)

HOW TO SUBSCRIBE TO "AMAZING STORIES" Send your name, address and remittance to Rasmussen Publishing Co., 230 Fifth Ave., New York City. Checks and money orders should be made payable to Rasmussen Publishing Co., Inc. Mention the name of the magazine you are desiring inasmuch as we also publish RADIO NEWS, SCIENCE & INVENTION, RADIO LISTENERS' GUIDE AND CALL BOOK. SPARE-TIME MONEY MAKING and FRENCH HUMOR. Subscriptions may be made in combination with the other publications just mentioned.

AMAZING STORIES is published on the 5th of each preceding month. There are 12 numbers per year. Subscription rates for U. S. and possessions, Canada and foreign countries \$3.00 a year in advance as well as U. S. money accepted (no foreign cash or stamps). Single copies, 25 cents each.

All communications and contributions to this journal should be addressed to Editor AMAZING STORIES, 230 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. Unsolicited contributions cannot be returned unless full postage has been included. ALL accepted contributions are paid for publication.

General Advertising Dept., 230

E. F. McCLURE, 720 Cass Street, Chicago, Ill.
DARTON, WILSON & KELLY, 105 1/2 10th St., Kansas City, Mo.
T. F. MAGRAESE, Park Square Bldg., Boston, Mass.

In Our Next Issue:

THE RETURN OF THE MARTIANS, by Cecil B. White. Being an astronomer, our author is well informed on this subject and in this sequel to *The Retreat to Mars*, he gives us a most unusual as well as powerfully written story, which is not too technical to hold the interest of any reader, no matter what his inclinations might be.

THE ANCIENT HORROR, by Hal Grant. Pre-historic monsters are no novelty in literature, but here is one so totally different and the story is so well written that by the time you are through reading the story, you will not be at all sure that it is not entirely truth that you have read. This is an excellent tale that is sure to give you half-hour's interesting reading.

BARON MUECHHAUSEN'S ADVENTURE, by Hugo Gersback. In Installments 3 and 4 the wily Baron gives us in detail, a picturesque story and description of his space flyer, his trip to the moon, his landing on the moon and his views of the earth from the moon.

THE MASTER OF THE WORLD, (A Serial in Two Parts) Part II, by Jules Verne. In this installment, the uncanny appearances and disappearances of the mysterious thing that threatens the safety of the world continue until Strook, the Inspector of the Police and head detective, solves the mystery in an extremely unexpected manner.

TEN MILLION MILES SUNWARD, by Geoffrey Hewelcke. We wager that the interest that this story will arouse, will be as great as that of "Doctor Meuiresno." While it has nothing to do with the Fourth Dimension, it evolves a most novel point to change the axis of the earth by human energy. It is one of the cleverest stories of this kind that we have ever seen. And when you have finished the story, we will ask you what is wrong with it.

And others.

Send your name, address and remittance to Rasmussen Publishing Co., 230 Fifth Ave., New York City. Checks and money orders should be made payable to Rasmussen Publishing Co., Inc. Mention the name of the magazine you are desiring inasmuch as we also publish RADIO NEWS, SCIENCE & INVENTION, RADIO LISTENERS' GUIDE AND CALL BOOK. SPARE-TIME MONEY MAKING and FRENCH HUMOR. Subscriptions may be made in combination with the other publications just mentioned.

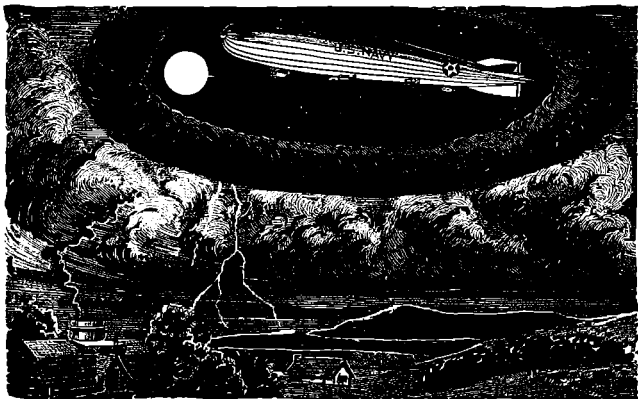
AMAZING STORIES Monthly. Entered as second class matter March 16, 1925, by the First Office at New York, N. Y., and the rest of March 2, 1919. Title Registered U. S. Patent Office. Copyright, 1927, by E. P. Co., Inc., New York. The text and illustrations of this Magazine are copyrighted and must not be reproduced without giving full credit to the publication. AMAZING STORIES is for sale at all newsstands in the United States and Canada. European Agents: Koenig, Allen & Co., 2, Place Vendôme, Amsterdam, Belgium. Printed in U. S. A.

Fifth Avenue, New York City.

HARRY E. HYDIE, 618 Demarest Building, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. NORDEN HILL, CO., 5 Third St., San Francisco, Calif.
117 W. 9th St., Los Angeles, Cal.; Leahy Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

SMOKE RINGS

by George McLoiard



A low hiss arose as the gas escaped from the well and there rose into the air the most perfect ring I had ever made, so black and opaque that it was more like a ring of steel than a filmy gas ring. And then I saw something that froze the blood in my veins. High above the rising ring was the long, slender shape of a zeppelin.

THE quiet of the dreamy Sunday evening was shattered by the shrill rise and fall of the siren of the fire-fighting patrol as it dashed through the residential section of the little town towards the road leading into the country. The heavy trucks jounced and pounded their way down the sandy road in the direction of the red snudge that lit up the heavens. Soon the machines dashed into a farmyard and slid to a grinding stop near a large, three-story barn, flames roaring and withering from its numerous apertures. The firemen dropped the end of a hose into the well and began pumping water into the burning structure. A few minutes later the pumps sucked air—the well was dry! Unable to do anything more, the men stood around, staring fascinated into the flames that licked the inflammable wood and rose in a crimson tower against the starry heavens.

Fligh up on the burning barn, one of the men spied a figure with arms crossed and contemplating

the growing crowd below. The man shouted his discovery. Ladders were quickly raised and placed against the barn. A fireman was about to ascend when the figure raised his hands in a commanding gesture and shouted, "Go back, you fool!" At the same time he kicked the ladder away from the cornice. Heeding the command, the men dropped back.

The man disappeared and soon reappeared with a small steel box, which he tossed to the ground. There was a scurry for it, but the chief of the firemen managed to get possession of it. The man returned to his former position—a proud spirit awaiting his doom; arms crossed and head high—outlined against the advancing flames.

A dull rumbling warned the spectators of the immediate collapse of the barn. All eyes still riveted

upon the proud figure, the walls crashed inward, raising great clouds of sparks that circled over the burning ruins. A great sigh arose. A man had died resisting succor. Why? That question was uppermost in

HERE is one of the best short scientific stories we have published in a long time. If you have ever blown smoke rings with your cigar, cigarette or pipe, you may have wondered about the science behind them. These smoke rings, by the way, have been used a great deal the latter part of the last century to fight hail storms, particularly in Europe. Especially in Italy, cannons trained vertically pointing to the sky could be seen practically near all the large vineyards, ready to be shot off at the appearance of black clouds. The cannons themselves were of the usual mortar type with a funnel-shaped mouth extension of steel about 10 feet high. Smoke rings of tremendous power were generated with the shooting off of the cannons. Although used for many years, these cannons have gradually fallen into disuse because the effects were not all that could be desired.

the minds of all who had witnessed his death.

When the answer, revealed by the contents of the steel box, came a few days later, the whole world knew—gaped with surprise and amazement—and disbelief. It bordered upon the fantastic. Yet, it was true—as true as the fact that night follows day.

Here is the story, revised and checked by the Government officials who say that this revelation has cleared a puzzling mystery and is bound to bring about a great change in the matter of future warfare.

* * *

I HAVE done it! But at what cost! Intending that it should be used to protect my own nation, it has struck back, killing and injuring those who are my own countrymen and friends. Oh! that man could see what Fate has in store for him! How could I know that Fate would hurl into the path of my instrument of destruction, while I was testing it, the thing I would not for a moment have thought of injuring? Fate!

Let me first say a word or two about myself and my history. I am Wilbur Gunderson. Poor and uneducated beyond the country grammar school, my parents were of the average farm type, living in southern Michigan. Having had nothing but the meager education that the country school could give, I went to the city of Chicago, where I attended night school and picked up a rather substantial education. When the war broke out I went to France as an anti-aircraft gunner. Between sighting and shooting at enemy planes, I would lie on the ground smoking those black, offensive ropes that the French Supply Corps called cigars. Blowing rings and watching them as they ascended into the breeze, where they were torn to shreds, I dreamed of home and peace. Once, while in such a mood, a dragon-fly darted across the road and poised for a moment above the exact center of a smoke ring. Then was the *idea* born. The dragon-fly was an airplane and the smoke-ring was some gaseous, yet substantial material. It would be a simple matter to bring down enemy planes then! Such at least was the suggestion. The ring, in rising, would be sure to spread over a vast area and cause considerable disturbance in the air about it.

That idea came to my mind many times after I had returned to the States. I made mental plans about the completion of the machine. I studied the operation of the human mouth and throat while forming rings. When the plans were finally developed to the point where I believed it warranted an actual experiment, I went to Ava, Ohio, where I thought I would be able to experiment without interference or danger. Why I should have selected Ava of all places, I will never know.

I rented a huge three-story barn three miles from the nearest farmhouse and began to gather my machinery for turning out smoke rings. My early experiments were successful in a way. I made a few rings hundreds of feet thick and a mile or more in diameter, but they were of gas and lacked solidity—a very necessary requirement. I remember the furore that was created in Ava the night I sent up a ring composed of explosive gases; the ring shot to a height of two miles, spreading out to a diameter of five miles, and then ignited. The explosion lit up the whole country-side. Always, for the sake of safety

and secrecy, I carried these experiments on at night. Also, I was not at all sure as to how the world at large would accept the idea of a man secluding himself in the country for the mere purpose of making smoke rings.

Then came real development. I spent many weeks digging and walling a shaft thirty feet deep into the hard ground and rising twenty feet above the roof of the barn. This shaft was the exact center of the 'ring apparatus.' In the early hours of September 3d, I made the finishing touches. Anxious to see my latest scheme at work, I determined to give it a trial test then. As I scanned the heavy leaden night heavens, I noticed that a storm was approaching from the north. Now and then the moon broke through the hurrying clouds, lighting up the dark landscape in weird patches of light and shadow. Over the distant town of Ava, the lightning flashed and rumbled. The air was chill and I felt a vague oppressive weight descending upon me. However, I shook it off, and turned my mind to the work on hand.

"Great," I thought, "if all is to the good, I'll bore a hole a mile in diameter through those clouds overhead." Running to the switchboard, I threw in the switches controlling the many air pumps and for almost an hour the pumps kept up their maddening, thump, chug, thump, chug as they filled the gigantic tanks.

Then the valves were opened, letting the hot moist ring-gases fill the central well. Going up to the roof to see if the clouds were dense enough, I made sure that the well cover was tightly closed. Reassured, I opened the compressed air tanks, thereby admitting compressed air into the well and placing the ring-gases under tremendous pressure. The air was the initial propellant. I waited a few minutes and then I pulled the release cord. A low hiss arose as the gases escaped from the well and there rose into the air, the most perfect ring I had ever made, so black and opaque that it was more like a ring of steel than a flimsy gas ring. Swiftly and silently it rushed upwards, growing larger and larger.

And then I saw something that froze the blood in my veins. High above the rising ring was the long slender shape of a Zeppelin outlined in the break of the clouds. The moon shone on her sides for an instant, then all was black, even the ring was lost to my sight.

Lightning flashed close by and rain began to patter on the roof. I stood as in a trance, in a horrible nightmare, hoping and hoping against hope that my engine of destruction was a failure. I stood there, I know not how long, it might have been centuries, before I was awakened from my stupor by the heart-rending crash of a metal body meeting the unyielding earth.

I found myself dashing across the fields, through groves of trees, slipping in muddy ditches, as I made my way in the direction of the crash. I came upon the scene and stopped, overcome by horror. Slowly, the realization of what I had done gripped me. I had done it! I! "You murderer!" screamed the crushed and torn framework of what had once been the pride of America. The ghastly severed girders stretched their long pointed fingers accusingly at me. I stood for hours brooding over the ruins. The milling crowd, which quickly gathered, darted here and there in a sort of a daze, excited and horrified by what they saw.

On my way back to the accursed barn, I came upon a group of men removing an engine from a half-buried gondola. The souvenir collectors were even then at work.

That was months, years ago. I dared not tell that I had sent the *Shenandoah* to her death. No, I would have been thrown into some asylum. I kept my silence and awaited with sad forebodings the result of my terrible act. Yet, was I to blame? I see the

set-back I have caused aeronautics. The world thinks the *Shenandoah* was not strong enough to withstand the attacks of the elements. I know better. There is not an airship built and never will be, that will withstand the terrific concussion of a smoke ring. Airplanes, too, become unmanageable in the clutch of the ring.

It was a gas ring that destroyed the *Shenandoah*, not the storm.

THE END.