

A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL



Weird Tales

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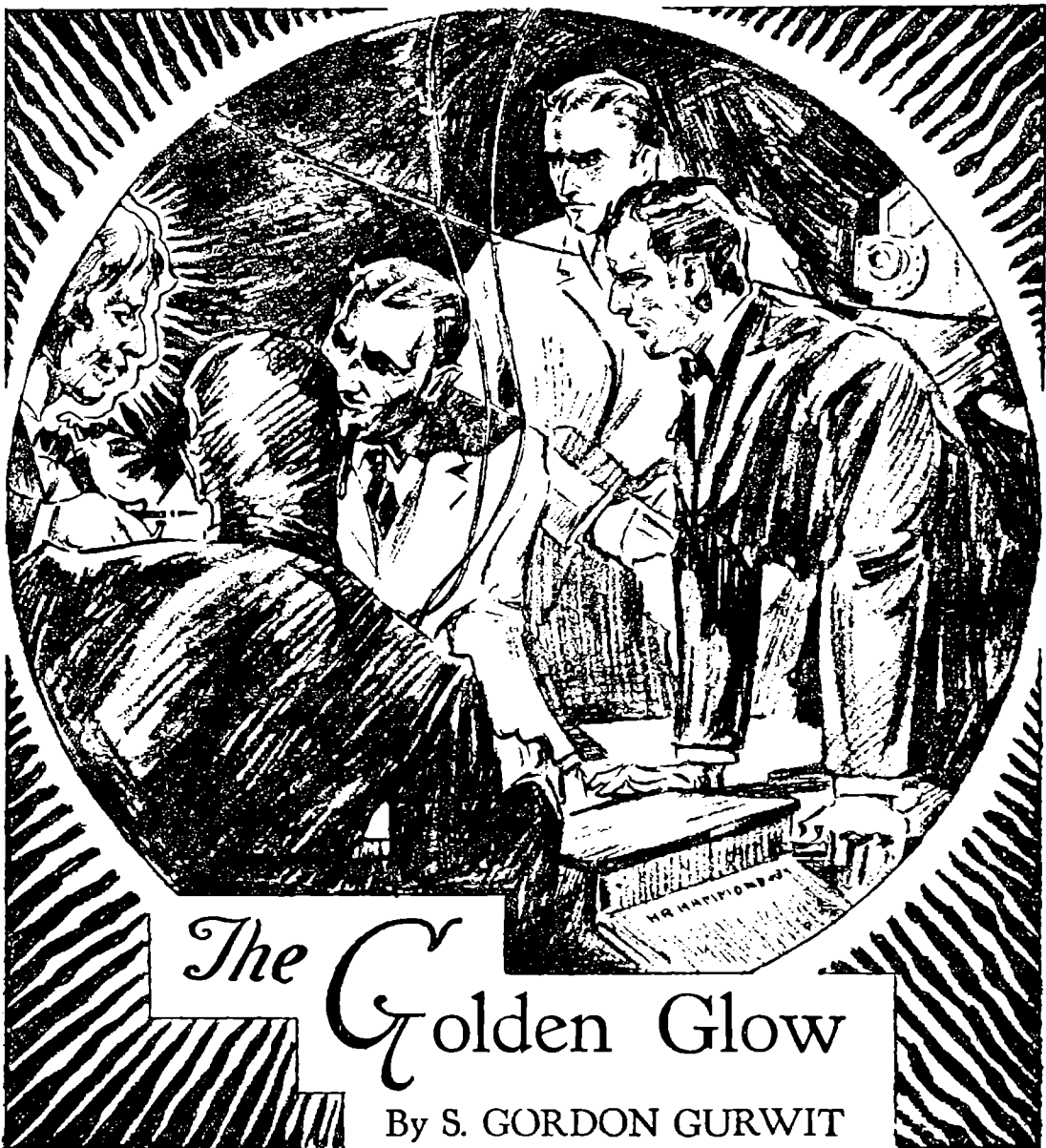
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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

"There was no noise, no electrical display, but the results were devastating."



The Golden Glow

By S. GORDON GURWIT

*An amazing story of a scientist who fought four great nations single-handed
in an attempt to end war for all time*

1. A Queer Assignment

THE amazing events that took place in the summer of 1942 are now part of history. Few people, however, have heard the inside story.

The editors and the publisher of the *Evening Star* have now given me their permission to tell it all. If you find it hard to credit, just recall the events of

last summer! You know what happened as well as I do.

To begin this strange tale, I must tell you that for ten years I was a member of the editorial staff of the *New York Star*. I began work there in 1932—over ten years ago.

Those were trying times at home and abroad. Japan, at that time, had captured

Shanghai and annexed Manchuria. You will undoubtedly recall the unofficial war that raged for months and the ultimate decision that followed; the fighting that continued and the many innocent people who were killed.

Well, in June of 1942, as most people will recall, Japan again attempted the capture of the rebuilt Shanghai and the ocean ports, convinced that this time the opportunity was ripe—especially with the backing and the might of France behind her.

Naturally, an event like this thrills a newspaper office. It is front page copy. We went wild. Because I knew Shanghai and had a comprehensive knowledge of the city and its surroundings, I "rewrote" the war news—padded out the brief flashes—at the request of our managing editor, Ted Dorgan.

You will recall that Russia suddenly appeared with a mighty army to oppose Japan and capture Manchuria; and that France suddenly affirmed a secret treaty with Japan and backed her aims in the Far East. Then the German government declared war upon Russia. It began to look like another world war.

The future of the United States was threatened as mistress of the Pacific; England was worried, but her hands were tied by the revolution in India which had been raging for years without any hope of a victory on either side.

It was in the midst of all this excitement that Dorgan, our editor, called me into his office one day and sent me on the mission that was to change the entire world—but neither of us knew it at the time, of course. In fact, I kicked like a steer at being sent away from the office at such a time, with the wires and radio hot with war news—but it was no use.

"There's something damned queer going on in Colorado," grumbled Dorgan,

● **S. Gordon Gurwit, author, man of the world, globe-trotter, and brilliant raconteur, has been called an idea-factory. This would be an excellent description, except that the word "factory" seems incongruous when applied to a man so human as Mr. Gurwit. He is an amazing conversationalist, who has built up a fascinating personal philosophy of life from his wide experiences in all parts of the world. Thousands of you have read his writings under various pen-names in the so-called quality magazines. "The Golden Glow," which is presented herewith under Mr. Gurwit's own name, is an astonishing novelette of unusual power, a story that will hold your breathless interest as it carries you along in the sweep of its world-shaking events. It is the story of a mild-looking, bespectacled scientist, who, from his eyrie in the mountains of Colorado, bent the great powers of the world to his will, in a supreme effort to bring about universal peace. You will find this story well worth reading.**

looking over some "flashes" he held in his hand. "People out there can't seem to make any sense out of it. I want you to take the *Star's* plane, beat it out there and see what's going on."

"What's it all about?" I asked. "Can't you send some one else, Ted—at a time like this——"

"I want *you* to go out there," he interrupted. "Everybody is so busy with war news that they are forgetting everything else. Listen to this flash: 'A faint, golden glow has been observed hovering over the Continental Divide. Old-time residents are puzzled by it and can not

account for it——' Here's another: 'The entire lighting system of Denver failed last night for no apparent reason, and, despite anything that repair men could do, the city remained dark until midnight. It was noticed by several citizens that a faint golden mist appeared in the heavens and the stars were completely shut out from view. At midnight, the mist suddenly disappeared and the lights went on. There seems to be no explanation for the phenomenon.' "

"So what?" I asked. "Are you going to send me out to Colorado at a time like this to investigate a local electrical disturbance, when the entire world is catching fire in the Far East——"

"Listen to me, you idiot!" Dorgan actually snarled the words. "This is a newspaper you're working for! Does that penetrate your skull? Has it struck you that there might be some relation between the two events?"

I was sarcastic. "What has a golden mist over the Rockies to do with the fighting in Shanghai?"

He shook his shaggy head impatiently. "Don't be a sap all your life! Maybe it hasn't—but something tells me that there is more to this mist than appears on the surface. And I want to know what, why and how."

"Japanese spies, with a stronghold in the Rockies, I suppose!" I ventured sarcastically. "Just a little bit too thick!"

"Like your ornamental skull!" he growled. "We'll get the war news rehashed without you, Gordon. You get out there and see if you can find out what it's all about. These Associated Press dispatches are reliable. After you read 'em all over, come and tell me if you don't think we ought to look into the matter."

"Granted! But why pick on me? I've got a date with the swellest little blond for Saturday night——"

"Read these over," he interrupted, throwing the bunch of flashes into my lap. "You'll notice that these mists began about the same time that the fighting started in the Far East." He stalked out of the room, hands full of papers.

I LIT a cigarette and began looking over the flashes. Right here and now I want to pay tribute to the news sense of this same Dorgan. He has it developed to the *nth* degree.

As far as I could gather from a reading of the reports, a faint, golden mist had been seen over various parts of Colorado and Utah; and whenever it appeared—it was most noticeable at night—the lights and electrical equipment of the city went dead. Several scientists of the local universities had made an attempt to explain it without much conviction or success; others confessed that they did not know what it was, where it came from, or why it happened.

The Government, too, had sent several men to investigate, but they had no explanation for the phenomenon. I shrugged. Undoubtedly it was some natural phenomenon, possibly occasioned by the huge ore deposits in the Rockies—or the aurora borealis—or something of the sort. I said as much to Ted when he returned to the office.

"Go find out!" he barked. "I'm as good a guesser as you are. I tell you that there is *design* behind that mist! Why doesn't it appear over the wilderness——"

"It does! It says so in these flashes. It's probably a phenomenon peculiar to the high mountain regions——"

"In your hat!" growled Ted. "Beat it out there and find out what you can. Take the plane and Jim Keogh with you—he can set up the short-wave set. I don't want a good story on the commer-

cial wires. If you land a real yarn, use our code. Because every other sheet in New York is too excited with the fighting in Shanghai to take notice of this is no reason why we should miss out!"

"Oh, all right!" I answered, wearily. "I'll go. After all, you're the boss. If you say go—why, it's go. Write me an expense slip and I'll beat it."

He wrote the slip and I watched him curiously as he filled it in. June 23, 1942. \$500. We shook hands warmly, for, after all, I'm very fond of the man, and I knew that he had a distinct liking for me.

"Good luck, kid," he said. "I'm playing a hunch that there's a real front page yarn in that Colorado mist—and maybe a Sunday feature for the magazine section. If there is, put on your pink tights and wrestle the English language to your heart's content. It'll give you a chance to write something dramatic—it's a cinch you can't write plays."

I grimaced as I wrung his big hand. He was referring to a very recent failure of mine, a play that had run two weeks and died horribly.

"Beat it!" he grinned. "I'm in a hurry. If you need more money, wire me. Spare no expense to run this thing down—and stay as long as may be necessary to do it."

I walked out of the *Star* building and caught a taxi for my apartment. During the ride, I read over the flashes again, and the more I read them, the more they began to stir a premonitory, sinister *something* in my subconscious mind. The feeling is difficult to define.

I told my housekeeper that she could have a vacation while I was away, packed my bag, threw in my army .45 automatic for luck, and phoned Jim Keogh out at the field to get the *Star* plane ready for a long hop.

"She's ready to go," answered Jim, "except for gas. I can have her loaded to capacity in an hour. Where are we going—so I can get the weather reports?"

"Colorado first. After that, I'm hanged if I know."

"O. K.," replied Jim. "Suits me. I'll be ready to hop off by the time you get here. My bag's in the hangar."

I hung up and looked around my apartment, wondering how soon I was going to get back, and picked up my bag. Little did I dream of the world-shaking events that would occur before I could again settle down to my beloved new play. I went downstairs and hailed a taxi.

"Roosevelt Field," I told the driver, and settled back to listen to the radio in the taxicab. These broadcasts are a feature of the *Star*, and I listened intently. Japan's warships were shelling the forts again. Russia was at the gates of Tsitsihar. Chapei was in ruins and burning. French regulars were coming up from Indo-China and there had been a skirmish on the German-Russian front. Americans in Shanghai had been killed by shells dropping into the International Settlement, and the situation was tense. And I had to go to the Rockies to look at a mist! At a time like this! I was plenty sore. But, how could I possibly guess what I was running into?

2. *We See the Mysterious Mist*

JIM KEOGH had the plane warmed up and ready to go when I reached the field. I climbed into my suit, took the controls and gave her the gun.

The trip to Chicago was uneventful. We made it in five hours. The weather was ideal, so we took off again immediately, and I signed to Jim to take the controls as we headed west. I leaned back for a rest and took the head-phones.

There was little fresh news over the radio, and after awhile I fell asleep. Jim is an expert pilot, and night flying is nothing new to him. We were following the mail route beacons and we made Lincoln right side up in a short time. Here we went into town to catch a nap and a bath. The next morning, early, we were off again, heading west. I took the controls and Jim stayed at the radio.

Toward noon, we raised the tip of Pike's Peak. The plane had been running perfectly all the way, and now, as our altitude increased, I turned on the supercharger. Then it occurred to me to have a look up and down the foothills before we pulled into Denver. There was plenty of gas and the day was warm and still, not a cloud in the sky. Ideal flying weather.

We breezed along, idly watching the sunlit prairies, the little towns, the concrete ribbons of road that ran here and there.

Jim glanced at me inquiringly as I veered away from the compass course for Denver.

"Going for a look over the foothills as far as Colorado Springs," I explained; "then we'll head for Denver and something to eat. Lots of gas."

The country changed as we approached the foothills, and the towns disappeared. Also, the air became bumpy—because of the hills—and I climbed to get above the upwash.

In the interior, behind the foothills, stretched a level, park-like plateau, dotted here and there by cottonwood trees. It was a beautiful place and I went over it for a better look. Then the motor began to sputter.

I immediately had my hands full and forgot about the scene. Instinctively I headed into the slight breeze and tried the gun. The motor was dead and

wouldn't start. The altimeter said 9,500 feet; so, with plenty of altitude, I wasn't worried. I had made emergency dead-stick landings before. I picked an open spot and began to circle, losing altitude all the time.

Heading into the wind—which was much stronger near the ground—I made a fair landing in an open spot. Jim had been as startled by the unexpected failure of the motor as I was, but he had said nothing. When the ship stopped rolling, I turned to him.

"Now, what happened?" I queried. "She was running as pretty as you please all along. We're stuck here. Not a house or a road in sight."

"Sounded to me like ignition trouble," responded Jim. "I'll take a look."

"Or as if the gas line quit feeding," I supplemented. "Let's look her over. I don't want to stay here. I want to get into Denver and get some food."

"We're carrying everything," grinned Jim. "The usual emergency pack, you know. Food, camping equipment—everything. It may come in handy, too!"

We worked on that plane all afternoon and couldn't find a thing wrong. The long, summertime mountain twilight was lingering when Jim turned to me with a baffled face covered with perspiration.

"I give up," he acknowledged. "I can't find a thing wrong with this ship—yet she won't start."

"Neither can I," I answered. "What shall we do, Jim? Look for a road and one of us go for help?—or shall we spend the night here and try to go on in the morning?"

"I'm for staying here with the ship," Jim affirmed. "It's warm and we can sleep out. We've got grub—and there's a little stream over there for drinking purposes. I move we wash up and take a little rest. I'm tired."

"That goes!" I agreed, promptly. "I'm tired, too. Let's get a bath and then we'll break out the grub you're talking about. Let's start a small fire, too. You go ahead and I'll tie the ship down—there may be some stiff wind during the night."

We washed, put up the emergency silk tent, blew up our sleeping-bags and were quite comfortable in the mountain solitude. In the summer, in these high altitudes, it doesn't get dark until nearly nine o'clock. The plane altimeter registered 5,300 feet. More than a mile up.

JUST when the consciousness of something amiss struck me, I do not know, but there seemed, suddenly, to be an expectant hush over the entire country. I looked around and was conscious of a dead silence—a silence fraught with some intangible menace. I couldn't place it.

Jim stood at some little distance, smoking a cigarette and looking at the high mountains of the Divide.

"Funny!" he called to me, pointing at the mountains. "Here it is July and those peaks still have plenty of snow on them. Must be cold up there."

"Yes," I assented, *uneasily*. "They're about 13,000 feet up—no wonder there's snow. Notice anything else, Jim?"

"No," he said, eyeing me.

"Notice how *quiet* it is here? You can almost hear the silence!"

Jim nodded after a moment. "Now that you mention it," he answered, "I do notice it. Creepy, isn't it? I guess it's because all the birds have gone to bed. No more bird music."

He had placed it, all right. There was a blank silence that was like a dead world. The bird voices had ceased, it was true, but now I discovered that there wasn't a sound of insects. They, too, had stopped their chirping.

Then, as my eyes swept the sky, I thought I noticed something to the far south of us.

"Jim," I called. "Can you make out anything on the skyline—to the south?"

He looked. He has excellent vision. We both stood, intent. "Looks like a faint yellow color in the sky, doesn't it?" he said.

I nodded, a thrill racing up my spine, I couldn't have explained why. I had told Jim all about the golden glow on the way out, so he knew as much about it as I did.

"Yes, it looks faintly golden," I answered. "I wonder what in the world causes it."

Slowly the faint glow died out, and I turned to Jim. "If we're going to be here for the night, let's set up the radio and see what's doing. Might be a good idea to have it ready in case we need help tomorrow. And we might as well get in touch with the office and report to Ted."

"O. K.," said Jim, and turned to the plane.

Our portable radio is a small but efficient affair. We pulled it out of the plane and tried to tune in. The tubes lit up, but not a sound came from the radio. We set up the televisior, but it wouldn't work. Fuss as we would, trace wires, contacts, test batteries—it was no use. Both the radio and televisior were dead.

"This place has a jinx on it!" complained Jim. "Nothing seems to work here." He drew out his watch. "Think I'll get some sleep," he continued; then: "Hello! Even this thing has stopped! What time is it, Gordon?"

I looked. My watch had stopped, too. At 1:58—about the time we had landed when the motor cut out.

"What time did your watch stop?" I asked curiously. "Mine quit at one fifty-eight."

"Why—so did mine—exactly! That's funny!"

"Damned funny!" I snapped. "There's something devilish here, Jim! Let's look at the chronometer in the plane."

We looked, and sure enough, that, too, had stopped at 1:58! And the compass in the instrument panel was doing a witch's dance. We eyed it in amazement.

"What do you make of that?" queried Jim. "I never saw a compass do that before. Are there a lot of large ore bodies in these mountains?"

"Probably, but I don't believe that has anything to do with it. Something is putting our electrical apparatus on the bum. I wonder if that golden mist has anything to do with it—and if so, how? And likewise, why?"

Jim didn't answer. The tense hush prevailed around us. Not a sound came to break the nerve-shattering stillness. We both looked now to the south, and as it gradually became darker, the mist became more discernible—a faint yellow glow in the heavens, hardly definite as to extent, devilish, sinister somehow.

An occasional lurid flash of heat lightning burned swiftly in the sky and was gone, leaving a Stygian blackness. I fought a sudden, panicky fear that threatened to overpower me.

What was this terrible oppression in the air—this smothering sensation that clutched at my throat?

We stood silently watching the faint glow in the south die out. Gradually we both grew normal again in our reactions. I was vastly intrigued. That there was some superhuman mystery hidden in all this seemed certain to me. But what? I made a silent resolve to find out.

Finally, Jim, the phlegmatic, shrugged, looked at me and turned in. I sat for some time, thinking, an unnamed, unacknowledged terror in the back of my

mind. It finally disappeared and I sat looking at the sky, shot with summer stars.

SUDDENLY, as I lay there on my sleeping-bag, I was conscious that the eerie silence no longer existed. Somewhere a cricket was chirping; I heard the rasping, repeated calls of katydids; and in the pond, near our camp, the frogs boomed hoarsely. The world was normal again.

These sounds cheered me, and I fell to thinking about the terrible silence I had experienced. Was it true that birds and animals and insects had instincts keener than our own? Did the delicate antennæ of the insects sense something in the glow before we were aware of it? Did they see it?—feel it? If so, did it mean anything to them? Sleepily, I told myself that I would get to the bottom of this thing—if it cost me my life.

I awoke to a glorious, wine-like mountain morning, fresh and dewy, with the pipe of bird music in my ears and the heavenly smell of boiling coffee in the air. Jim greeted me with a wide grin.

"Beat you to it, old-timer," he said, cheerfully, "so I thought I'd get the breakfast. Some morning, what? Let's eat and then blow into Denver. This place is beautiful, but after last night, I'd rather be somewhere else—if it's all the same to you. I discovered last night that I had nerves!"

We ate with appetites born of the keen morning, then prepared to take off. Then again that expectant hush fell over the country. This time, I sensed it sooner and stood fascinated, watching the life of the place go dead.

The birds sensed something in the air and their songs died; the insect buzz stopped; the entire symphony of homely little country sounds halted abruptly. A village of prairie-dogs near us became

deserted as the little fellows twitched their tails, looked around and scuttled into their holes. Silence, tense, strange, terrible, fell upon the world.

Silence, yes, but it seemed to me that there was a terrible noise in the air, a vibrant commotion of which the frequency was too high for human ears. A hawk, high up, swooped like a bullet all at once and was lost to view in the trees.

A vast, unheard disturbance filled the air with an unfelt sense of vibration. I sensed the unseen clamor and roar of a storm—though the sun was shining brightly! A feeling of some unknown, unspeakable horror sent sudden chills through me. Jim's sun-browned face was slightly purple. We eyed one another in silence.

For perhaps ten minutes the weird quiet lay upon the land. Everything stopped; then I noted a gradual resumption of normal life among the small birds and animals. We tried the plane, and the engine responded at once.

Jim had been staring at the distance. Now he turned to me.

"Remember my calling your attention to the snow on the summits yesterday? Well, look at them now. Must have been a very heavy snowfall last night. Just look at those mountains!"

I looked. And I was startled. Assuredly, snow must have fallen during the night—and what a snow! The range was actually covered with glittering white!

"Strange!" I said, slowly. "I remember there was some snow yesterday—but nothing compared to this. I wonder if severe snowstorms are frequent in the high altitudes during July——"

"They are not!" snapped Jim. "They might have some, but nothing to account for that fall up there."

"Then how do you account for it, Jim?"

"I don't. This whole section has a

devilish jinx on it! I wouldn't try to fly it in a blimp! Let's get out of here—and get fast. This place gives me the willies!"

We took off without any trouble, however, and an hour later we landed in Denver.

There I got off a long code message to Ted and began to go about my work of investigation. Incidentally, I learned that Colorado Springs had been visited by the golden glow the night before with the usual results—everything electrical, and even clocks and watches, had gone dead; and more, for the first time, the city had been thrown into a turmoil of strange excitement. Men had suddenly become frantic with a strange tension; women had fainted. And the same thing had happened—at the same time—to a little, isolated town called Geysso, in California. Two widely separated points on the same night. I shuddered, remembering my own reactions.

Two widely separated points—on the same night. That threw me off. I had thought that the disturbance was in Colorado alone, but this news made me think hard. And mighty little good it did me!

3. *The Two Strange Men*

I FOUND out exactly nothing. No amount of inquiry, no amount of work, made any headway. The newspapers, as well as all the scientists, were guessing as to the cause of the golden glow.

Then it stopped entirely, as if it had been some prank of nature that might not happen again for a thousand years. In fact, one well-known scientist positively gave sun spots as the cause. He said that the sun spots were disappearing and that the disturbance would not occur again. And it looked as if he might be right, for nothing happened and the golden mist did not appear again. I simply gave it up.

Jim and I took the plane and went back east. I wanted to get back to the office and the exciting war news. The fighting in the Far East had become very serious.

At Chicago, our trusty Lancia went hay-wire and I left it with Jim at Sky Harbor, determining to come in by train to New York. Jim was to follow with the plane as soon as it was in condition to fly. I caught the Century, glad to be going back home to the big town and to the work I loved.

I was on my way to the diner after boarding the train, when the opening door of a compartment attracted my attention. A tall, dark man stuck his face out of the door, almost into mine. There was no mistake. He was an Indian. The dark, hawk-like features could belong to no other race. He seemed as startled as I was for the moment, and exclaimed in perfect English:

"Oh—I beg your pardon! Sorry! Can you inform me which way the dining-car is located?"

"Up forward," I answered, and glanced idly into the compartment. There was a slight, elderly man sitting at the window. My first startled impression was that he was Edgar Allan Poe. I had seen several pictures of the great American writer, and this man was almost the image of him. Secondly, I wondered at this strangely assorted pair occupying the same compartment.

"I'm on my way to the diner," I continued. "Come along."

The Indian glanced at the elder man with an unspoken query in his eyes.

"I shall be quite comfortable until you return, Zack," said the man in the compartment. The Indian nodded.

Instantly, I made up my mind that the man was a college professor. I don't know why, but that was the impression

he gave me; then I wondered again at the strange pair, and, being a reporter by instinct, I became curious.

The Indian walked behind me, and I said, over my shoulder:

"Is your friend ill?"

"Oh, no!" he answered. "He is quite well, but I do not like to leave him alone."

"Why?" I was curious. "He's a grown man and looks capable."

"You do not understand, sir." His tone told me that the subject was closed. So I tried something else.

"These trains certainly make time to New York," I ventured. "Used to take eighteen hours for the run in the old days—now we'll make it in eight—thanks to electric locomotives."

There was silence behind me for a moment; then:

"Are you from New York, sir?"

"Yeah. My home. Are you going to New York?"

"Yes. Perhaps you can tell me of a good hotel in New York? One that is quiet and not too ostentatious?"

"There are hundreds of them," I smiled. "Depends on what part of the city you want to be in."

"Well, that would be governed by others matters. We would like to reside in the vicinity of the largest and most influential newspaper, if possible."

I pricked up my ears instantly.

"Eh? Well, the greatest newspaper in New York is the one I work on—and that's not exactly in a hotel neighborhood. What do you want with a paper?"

He ignored my question. "Are you a newspaper man?" he queried.

"Nothing else but!" I found one of my cards, and handed it to him.

"The *New York Evening Star*," he read. "But, Mr. Dean, it has always been my impression that the *Bulletin* was the

largest newspaper published in New York."

"Not much!" I stated, positively. "The *Star* is the greatest newspaper in the world. Greatest editorial staff—largest circulation."

"Really? I must tell that to Professor Jamison."

My curiosity was growing. Why all the emphasis on which was the largest and most influential newspaper? What difference did it make to them?

"I'm a native of New York," I ventured, "and if the professor is interested in newspapers, why, that's right up my street. And I know the city pretty well. If I can be of any service——"

"I shall convey your kind offer to the professor," he interjected, hurriedly. "I thank you for your kindness."

We had reached the diner, and the Indian stopped to talk to the steward. He gave me not another glance. Evidently, he was ordering lunch sent to the compartment. I shrugged, seated myself and ordered.

I tried to read the newspapers, but the Indian and the professor persisted in my mind. A queer pair! And interested in which was the largest newspaper in New York. Was there a story in this? I determined to see a little more of this strange pair during the trip east.

I FINISHED my lunch, smoked a cigarette and digested the war news in the papers. Fresh reports said that the Russian army was striding forward and that the French regulars were sweeping opposition from their path.

On my way back to my seat in the Pullman, I looked for the door of the compartment that housed the professor and the Indian, Zack. I had determined to offer my services to them as guide, philosopher and friend; but I didn't have

to do it. The door was open and the Indian stood in it.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "I was hoping that you would pass, sir. Would you mind coming in and giving the professor the benefit of your knowledge of New York? I spoke to him about meeting you—and your kind offer."

"Glad to," I said, and stepped into the compartment.

The two men had been eating their lunch in the compartment, and the little professor made room for me and held out his hand. He glanced at the card I had given the Indian.

"Mr. Dean?" he said. "I am Hazelton Randolph Jamison, at one time of the Rockefeller Foundation and of De Guise University."

"Delighted, sir," I smiled, and shook his hand. On closer inspection, his resemblance to the great Poe was startling.

"I am indeed happy to make your valued acquaintance," continued the professor. "Perhaps you will assist me in orienting myself in your city? It is many years since I have visited New York—over twenty-five years ago; and my visit was limited to but two days."

"Happy, indeed, to give you any information within my power. Your companion informs me that you want a hotel near the largest and most influential newspaper. In that case, you might try the Troy. It is only a few streets away from the *Star* offices."

"The *Star* offices? I always had the impression that the *Bulletin* was the largest newspaper in New York. Perhaps I gained that impression from its—ah—bulk——"

"That's just it, sir," I interjected. "The *Bulletin* has bulk and screaming headlines; but the *Star* is a newspaper of vast, world-wide influence. We are far more conservative——"

"Splendid!" exclaimed the professor. "That is exactly what I am seeking. A newspaper noted for a conservative policy."

"May I ask why?" I questioned. "I'm a member of the editorial staff and perhaps I can assist you in whatever it is you are planning."

The professor hesitated for a brief moment. His eyes swept me in a long, comprehensive scrutiny; and I was aware, all at once, that his eyes were sharp and penetrating, full of a deep fire that suddenly thrilled me.

"If you will pardon me, I do not feel that I may discuss that at present," he answered. "You say that you are a member of the editorial staff? Then you can undoubtedly direct me to the owner of the newspaper. I have a very serious matter to discuss and execute."

"Certainly, Professor," I said. "I'll be glad to bring you to Mr. Dorgan, our editor, and Mr. Davis, the owner of the paper. But perhaps it might save time if you did tell me something of the matter you have in mind. If it happens to be something confidential, I assure you that I shall not violate that confidence. We have many such matters come to us"—I thought it best to explain this to the little man—"and we observe complete silence. I have just come from an important assignment in the West and am on my way home. I was trying to get to the bottom of that mysterious golden glow that has upset the mountain region so much lately—" I stopped. Something made me stop.

The professor and the Indian exchanged lightning glances, but I caught the flicker of understanding that passed between them. Jamison's fiery eyes went to mine like a stab of blue light.

"You were sent to investigate the golden glow?" he asked.

"Yes. Generally, it is conceded to be a natural phenomenon, but our editor, Mr. Dorgan, insisted that it wasn't. He sent me west to see if I could learn something about it. I made no headway, I'm sorry to say."

"I—see! And your editor was convinced that it was something important? Important enough to send you all the way from New York?"

"Yes. And perhaps it is. I couldn't find out anything." I was conscious of a growing tenseness, but I asked: "Do you know anything about it, Professor?"

Again I was aware of a searching, penetrating scrutiny that seemed to filter through every fiber of my body. The professor was a strange mixture of sharpness, innocence, force and power.

"You are a very prepossessing young man," he said, finally, with a slight smile. "I judge you to be upright, honest and of high moral qualities."

"Well, I hope I am," I grinned. "Sometimes it's a struggle!"

He nodded. "I understand," he said, sagely—and I was sure the dear old man didn't. The Indian, Zack, sat silent. A curious excitement was growing within me.

"It is my impression, sir, that you are to be trusted and are worthy of confidence," went on the professor. "I shall confide in you. You see, the golden glow is a child of mine. I perfected it. I am responsible for its appearance."

My heart leaped into my throat.

"What!" I shouted, coming to my feet. "You're not kidding, Professor?"

Instantly, the thought flashed through my mind that this was a great "break." What a climax to a perplexing search—to stumble upon the man who had caused the golden glow! What a break—if this little Poe-like professor wasn't crazy—what a scoop!

"Kidding?" repeated the professor, puzzled. "To what do you refer? Oh, I comprehend! You believe a sense of humor might induce me to purposely mislead you? No. The golden glow is my own child. That, and a few other experiments of mine, is why I am now going to New York. I have but recently perfected the control of these forces. The results have been highly satisfactory. Now I am ready to state my demands."

"Demands?" My blood was racing. Something told me that the man was in dead earnest and that I was on the verge of an extraordinary yarn.

"Demands!" repeated the professor, with stern dignity. "I am now ready to put an end to the nonsense of warfare."

"*What did you say?*" I gasped.

"I said, I am ready to end all warfare. Japan, France, Russia and Germany must desist at once. The fighting in the Far East must stop."

"Oh—I see!" I said, more calmly. I was telling myself that he was a harmless nut; yet something within me refuted this statement.

I SHALL, at first, be very lenient, sir, and allow them to retire gracefully from the fields of combat; but if they do not give up this folly, I shall be compelled to force its abandonment. I am quite determined. I shall brook no nonsense."

I fished, nervously, for a cigarette. Was I hearing this or imagining it? Was this inoffensive-looking little man crazy—or did he have some basis of fact for his wild assertions? Then I thought of the golden glow. Was that his weapon? And how was it used?

"But, Professor, these are great world powers engaged in this war. How do you propose to make them listen? Is the golden glow the weapon you intend

to use to compel their acceptance of your demands?"

"I shall make my demands known through an influential, authoritative newspaper," he smiled. "The golden glow is but one of my cogent arguments. There are others—far more deadly! I should regret having to use them, but it may become necessary to make one last war upon the combatants so that war will end for all time to come."

"But—good heavens, Professor! Our own Government will never allow you to interfere——"

"I shall thoroughly explain it all to them, sir, if they wish to inquire. I feel that no sane nation will object to the abolition of war. I am not concerned with politics or politicians. Nor with statecraft. I am intelligent enough to interpret the meaning of this war—of all wars. And I am determined not to be interfered with—by *any* Government!"

My head was spinning. Something told me that this little man meant every word he uttered—impossible as it all sounded.

"I trust that you will see the justice of my position," he went on, earnestly. "I trust that your newspaper will comprehend that I am actuated only by a sincere love of humanity. I seek no gain, no personal advantages. I am a scientist, content in my laboratory.

"And let me tell you that some years ago—it was in March of 1932—my only brother was killed by a stray bullet in Shanghai during the senseless fighting that was going on there at the time. He was just a traveler—not a combatant—yet he was killed. And they tried to hush it up! Since then, sir, I have devoted my time to perfecting these various rays—and by their use I shall compel all nations to abandon war for all time."

"That's a tremendous ideal!" I cried, trying to hold on to my elation and the

overpowering excitement that swept me. "A marvelous ambition and a great achievement—if you can actually bring it about. I'm with you, Professor. But you'll have to be able to back up your demands before they'll take you seriously—or even listen to you. You'll have to convince my paper——"

"Yes, of course, of course!" he interrupted, eagerly. "I am amply prepared to demonstrate. Observe this, if you will."

From his pocket he drew out a small box that looked like a safety razor sharpener. It had two long wires attached to it with clips on the end. He fastened these clips to what looked like flexible, metal wrist-bands that he wore—they were exactly like wrist-watch bands. Then he cranked the little box, unfastened the wires, put the box away and smiled at me, his eyes flashing strangely.

"Observe! The touch of both my hands on the metal of this car will bring this entire train to a complete and instant stop!"

I stared, unbelieving. Did my eyes deceive me, or was there suddenly a faint green mist around the professor? He placed his hands upon the metal window-sill of the car and it suddenly slowed sharply—and stopped!

I was aware of excited voices calling outside, running feet; the train crew appeared, gesticulating, shouting, puzzled as to the reason for the stop.

"As you see," smiled the professor, "this is not a scheduled stop."

"Good Lord!" I exploded, looking around the stretch of woods where we had stopped. "I'll say it's not! Heavens, man—this is astounding! And tell me—do I imagine it—or is there a faint green mist around you?"

"There is," he smiled. "Try to touch me."

I tried, but crazy as it sounds, my hands wouldn't penetrate the mist! I couldn't touch the man, no matter how much force I employed—and I'm not exactly a weakling. Slowly it dawned upon me that the professor couldn't be reached or touched behind that green mist. It was as impenetrable as a suit of steel armor. And putting my hand near the mist had given me a strange exhilaration. Strength flowed through me like a rushing stream.

"Exhilarated?" queried the strange little man. "Yes, it has that effect. Now we'll allow the train to go on. They have lost but a few minutes."

He took his hands off the window-sill. The shouting and the excitement outside stopped as the train suddenly lurched forward; then, slowly, it gathered speed and once more we were hurtling through the sunny countryside. My strange exhilaration died down somewhat, but I felt hugely stimulated. I resolved that this remarkable man must not get away from me even for a moment. History was in the making! And wait until Ted Dorgan made the acquaintance of this wizard! Wouldn't his eyes pop wide open! I chuckled gleefully.

4. *The Great Powers Are Warned*

DURING the rest of the trip east I learned much—so much, that a species of skin-prickling awe possessed me for the quiet-spoken, fiery-eyed professor. Zack, the Indian, it appeared, was his constant companion and assistant. From what I could gather, the professor had raised him from a homeless infancy and looked upon him as a son. And it was evident that Zack fairly worshipped the professor.

They had a small laboratory in some hidden valley of the Rockies, where the professor had harnessed a small waterfall

to supply his electric power; and here this remarkable man had worked for many years, seldom venturing out even to any neighboring settlement. Zack brought in supplies every month or so, and the two lived and worked alone, save for an Indian woman who kept house for them and cooked their food.

They kept in touch with the great world outside through their powerful radio, and both knew intimately what was going on.

The professor informed me that he had a trunk containing apparatus, but I asked him to take with him only what was necessary for the immediate present; that I would see to it that he got all his baggage as soon as he was settled.

I called Ted at his home from the train, on the wireless phone, and told him that I was coming in with some friends; that he was to meet me at the office at once. He tried to ask questions, but I wouldn't answer them.

"Snap into it!" I yelled. "Biggest thing since Noah went for a boat ride! Meet me at the office in thirty minutes."

I finally ushered the professor and Zack into the office in a frenzy of impatience. I was trembling with excitement, for I sensed that world events would soon be in the making.

Ted was in the office and regarded us with questioning eyes. The introductions were soon made, and still the puzzled Ted looked from me to Zack and to the professor in well-bred bewilderment. I purposely prolonged the agony.

The professor and Zack sat quietly, smiling and waiting for me to explain their mission. I grinned. Ted finally blurted:

"Well, now that greetings are out of the way—what did you find out—if anything? What about that golden mist? Did you find out anything?"

"All in good time, my man!" I responded. I snickered, anticipating the shock he was shortly due for; but his eyes were so puzzled that I finally said:

"Well, Mr. Dorgan, you wanted the low-down on the golden mist. Permit me to say that Professor Jamison is the originator of the mist—and a few more breath-taking inventions—and that he has come here—at my invitation—for the express purpose of seeing you."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Ted, impatiently, yet curious. "So what?"

I chuckled, and went on: "You see, Ted, the professor is the inventor of the golden glow, and other numerous remarkable rays—or, more correctly, he knows how to generate and control them. I believe that's correct, isn't it, Professor? Well, after he tried them all out—that, by the way, was what all the disturbance in Colorado was about—he decided that he wanted the backing and the use of the editorial columns of the largest and most influential newspaper to voice his views, and so, naturally, I brought him here. It is the professor's intention"—I watched Ted for the explosion I knew would come—"to tell the nations now at war that they must stop all hostilities at once—and he wants that notice printed on page one of tomorrow's issue of the *Star*. And if these nations do not comply with his wishes—he may have to be very rough with them."

Ted's impatience vanished. He eyed me in bewilderment.

"What? Here! Hold on! Wait a minute!" he yelled. "We can't do that——"

"Oh, yes we can!" I interrupted calmly, baiting him. "Remember, Ted, that I *promised* this to the professor—and a promise is a promise! We'll print it——"

"Over my dead body!" snapped Ted. "Are you crazy——"

"Pardon me," said Professor Jamison,

gently. "Mr. Dean has stated the matter correctly, as a whole. I wish the *Star* to warn Japan, France, Russia and Germany that this warfare must cease—or I shall be compelled to stop it myself! It must not go on any longer!"

Ted stared at the little man, glanced at Zack, his face a study of incredulous amazement. Then he looked at me and I had to laugh outright at his expression.

"Perhaps you'd better explain the entire matter, Professor," I said. "You see, Mr. Dorgan is incredulous of your ability to do what you propose."

THE professor cleared his throat and spoke calmly to the stupefied Ted. Slowly, a vast excitement grew visible on his face. I didn't blame him. My own blood was racing and my heart was thumping like a muffled drum. If all this was to become fact, history was in the making!

"You see," concluded Jamison, "I have perfected the golden glow. I shall not, at this time, go into the scientific angle of it, although I shall be glad to later, Mr. Dorgan, if you are scientifically minded. Simply let me say that I can control it in any part of the globe. Where it appears, all things electrical instantly cease functioning. In this way entire areas—indeed, an entire nation—can be affected. Calling it the golden mist is indeed a misnomer. It is a species of infra-red ray.

"Then, there is the green mist—so to speak—really a green ray, which has another function and is equally powerful. Mr. Dean saw it operated in a small way on the train, during our journey to New York."

Ted looked at me, his eyes fairly popping out of his head. I nodded and hastily explained what had happened to the train. Ted looked stunned.

The professor nodded. "There is also the radium ray," he added, simply, "which is a powerful destructive agent. I shall use it only in an extreme emergency—if these misguided, warring nations will not see sense."

The dazed Ted pulled himself upright in his chair. A lightning glance at me telegraphed a query. I nodded affirmatively.

"The professor can do what he says, Ted!"

"Still," gulped Ted, "you understand that we must have some tangible evidence, Professor, before we throw the columns of the paper open to you for such a revolutionary announcement. If you should fail, we'd be the laughing-stock of the entire world. We'd all lose our jobs and we'd never get another——"

"Oh, I quite understand, Mr. Dorgan," agreed the professor. "I am fully prepared to substantiate my claims. Suppose we try a little experiment right here and now? Have you any objection?"

"No," said Ted, his lips hardly moving. The man was stunned. I had felt the same way at first, so I didn't blame him. "What do you intend to do—blow us all up?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed the professor. "Merely a slight demonstration of the work of the radium ray." He opened his ancient grip and took out a small black box. It had a metal pointer on it like a long pencil. "Now, observe," continued the professor. "I will focus the pointer upon—let us say that object on the floor. Have you any scruples against its instant disintegration?"

The "object" was Ted's cuspidor, a cheap, porcelain affair.

Ted shook his head. "Go ahead, Professor," he said, an intense curiosity in his eyes. I, too, was fascinated. What was he going to do now?

The professor aimed the glittering pointer at the cuspidor and turned a switch on the black box. Instantly a slight hum sounded and a liquid, blue fire played lambently from the long pointer.

Before our astonished eyes, the cuspidor vanished instantly. Ted and I stared while the professor switched off his contraption. He smiled, and Zack grinned broadly.

"Where is it?" cried Ted. "What became of it?"

"It was demolished," smiled the professor. "Rather, the basic electrons were released from the form they occupied in that object."

Ted's face was a study, and, I confess, a shudder ran up and down my spine. This was uncanny! That black box was—murderous!

"Tell me, Professor," queried Ted, with dry lips, "can you do the same thing to other objects—at will?"

"Surely! I could destroy this entire building in a few minutes and leave not a trace to show that it ever existed. The entire city of New York would disappear under the ray in twenty-four hours. Further, this ray can be directed to any part of the globe with extreme accuracy. I should hesitate to use it, as it is not my intention to destroy property or life; but I have other means at my command fully as proficient if not as destructive."

Ted shook his shaggy head and bit his lower lip savagely. He came to his feet with a bound.

"I'm with you, Professor," he cried, "if Mr. Davis, the owner of the *Star*, will back me up—and I'm sure he will after you show him the reason!" Then he turned to me, fiercely, wildly exultant: "Will this be a scoop! The greatest in all the world since time began! You did marvelously well, you damned block-head!"

He turned to the professor: "It's all yours, Professor! What did you want to say in the paper?"

"Simply that all hostilities must cease at once and must never again be resumed."

"Just that, eh? Did you hear that, Gordon? *Just that!* Can you feature the yowl that will rise to the high heavens? Will the other rags in this town laugh! And will they eat dirt! Good God! The thing's unbelievable! I still don't get it all. You write the professor's statement, Gordon. God help us all if something slips up and you can't make good, Professor! That's all I've got to say. Hell won't be deep enough to hide us!"

"You need have no apprehension, Mr. Dorgan, on that score. I have spent years perfecting control of these various forces and I can assure you that there will be no slip."

"As this is a mighty important event, Professor, may I suggest that you give no information or interviews to any other paper? If we are to make the plunge—stake our all on this unbelievable business—it must be exclusive with us. And, of course, Mr. Davis will have to be called into conference before we can go ahead—you'll have to convince him, Professor."

"You have my word that I will deal only with you," answered the professor, simply. "And I will indeed be glad to demonstrate to Mr. Davis. I quite understand your attitude and position. And now—perhaps we should attend to the matter of rooms. I confess to a slight weariness——"

"A thousand pardons!" cried Ted. "I was so taken up with all this that—here, Gordon—the professor is our guest while he is in New York——" A new thought seemed to strike him. He whirled upon me.

"Hell!" he exploded. "The professor can't go to a hotel. The roof will come off the world when he gets going, and he wouldn't be safe for five minutes! It would be far cheaper to knock him off than to give up a war that will net millions of square miles of territory! Let me see. Let me think——"

"You need have no apprehension," began the professor, but I butted in:

"I've got it!" I exclaimed. "I have a large apartment. Why can't he and Zack stop with me? Surely, there will be more comfort and freedom than in a hotel. And no one will think to look for him there——"

"But no one will know anything about me," insisted the professor. "I do not wish my name to be used. You gentlemen of the press can make any negotiations necessary."

"Right!" snapped Ted, who saw visions, as I did, of the paper becoming the most important center in the whole world. "Still, to make assurance doubly sure, perhaps it would be best if you stopped with Mr. Dean. He has a quiet, comfortable place—and if something was found out——"

"It's just the place for you, Professor!" I was eager to have him. "I shall be delighted to have you and Zack as my guests for as long as you may care to stay. The apartment is comfortable and quiet—and I have a good cook——"

"Well——" The professor hesitated, eyeing me doubtfully; but he must have seen the eager welcome in my eyes and the liking I had for him, and he smiled. "So be it, then!" he suddenly decided. "Perhaps it would be best. But, gentlemen," he turned to Ted, "no one can do me physical harm, if that is what you fear."

"They'd shoot you, Professor," wailed Ted. "You don't know our big cities!

They could hire a thousand men who would kill you for a fee. And the world can't spare you——"

"Needless alarm," smiled the little Jamison. "I can not be shot!"

"*What?*" gasped Ted—and I echoed him.

The professor shook his head. "Once I am surrounded by the green ray, no bullet can penetrate to me!"

I stared, but I remembered my experience on the train, when the professor had invited me to try to touch him. Ted was frankly skeptical.

"Really, Professor?" he queried. "That sounds impossible, if you will pardon my saying so——"

"I shall be glad to demonstrate this interesting fact," smiled the professor. "I shall charge myself heavily with the green ray and you shall shoot at me with any form of weapon——"

"Not on your life!" gasped Ted. "If something went wrong and you should get hurt——"

Jamison waved his hand in negation. "We have tried it frequently, Zack and I," he said. "I fear no assassin, Mr. Dorgan. However, inasmuch as both you and Mr. Dean may be exposed during these negotiations, I insist that you allow me to make you likewise immune—if the danger of assassination is what you picture it. Likewise, for the sake of prudence, we should include your Mr. Davis and every employee of the paper.

"A treatment with the negative pole of the green ray will make you all immune to any sort of bullets and will not interfere with any electrical apparatus you may go near or handle. That effect, Mr. Dean—as demonstrated to you upon the train—only occurs when both the positive and negative charge is released into the human body."

WE SPENT a wild night. Ted and I didn't sleep a wink. We couldn't! I installed Professor Jamison and Zack in my apartment, and he seemed to like it very much. I made every arrangement for his comfort. Who wouldn't? He was the most important man in the world, and I was thrilled with the privilege of spending some time with him. The famous names of history—Alexander—Cæsar—Napoleon—were as nothing compared to what Jamison's name could mean if the man but willed it.

Here was a man who could command the world all by himself—that is, if all that he promised was possible to perform. He needed no army or navy. The thing sounded unbelievable! Ted and I gloated over the prospect.

I sent a special man in a taxi for the professor's baggage, and he put all his boxes into the bedroom he was to occupy. It was a large room and he had plenty of space for his gadgets and the few mysterious, complicated-looking pieces of apparatus.

It was well past two in the morning when the professor and Zack retired calmly to sleep, just as if nothing more exciting was in prospect than breakfast in the morning!

The next morning, Mr. Davis, the owner and publisher of the *Star*, was hastily called into consultation. For several days he and the professor and Ted were behind locked doors while the professor substantiated his claims. Every now and then, I, too, went into the conference room and stared with the others in goggle-eyed amazement. The man was a wizard! The things he could do were hair-raising!

I was convinced from the very beginning, but finally, when Davis and Dorgan were convinced beyond any doubt that Jamison was the century's scientific

wizard, that his discoveries and their applications were epoch-making, Davis wiped the perspiration from his forehead and signified that we could go ahead.

"Good God!" he exclaimed to Dorgan and me, when the professor had calmly gone to bed, "the man simply doesn't realize the huge scope of his plans! I have seen enough to know that he can accomplish the ending of this war—and he tells me there are still other means which he can not demonstrate in a small way. This is simply beyond reason, but we'll go ahead with it. Who in the world would believe the things he has shown us in the past few days? No one! And yet, *we know!* Go ahead, you two! Shoot!"

Undoubtedly you recall that first announcement. It was copied far and wide—all over the world—as the greatest joke of the year. How they laughed at us! How the newspapers howled! How the European press tittered! And the mayor suggested that we ought to have our heads examined! And the State Department, at Washington, sent a peremptory radio, ordering us to refrain from publishing any such nonsense again!

Ted and I howled. We choked with the rare surprise we were going to hand these smart Alecks! Mr. Davis was beset by thousands of messages, threats, but he calmly referred all inquiries to Ted. And Ted just grinned and said nothing.

In case you don't remember the first published statement, I am giving it to you here to refresh your memory:

W-A-R-N-I-N-G !

To Japan, France, Russia and Germany.

In the name of humanity, the *New York Evening Star* demands the cessation of all hostilities on all fronts in the Far East and on the German-Russian borders.

Innocent men, women and children are being killed without reason. In the name of humanity, we object!

We hereby serve notice that unless all war-

like actions by these four powers cease within twenty-four hours, we shall be compelled to take such action as we may deem necessary to terminate all hostilities.

REMEMBER—JAPAN—FRANCE—RUSSIA
and GERMANY—24 HOURS!

THE EDITORS.

A gale of sarcasm, a cyclone of laughter, abuse, amazement, scorn—what not—came our way instantly. As we knew it would! But we had all the faith in the world in that little Jamison. At that moment, he was exclaiming like a delighted child at the view from my forty-second floor window! His, after all, was a simple soul.

The events that took place when this first announcement was made were nothing to what followed. But let me tell it in the sequence in which it occurred.

5. *The Rays Are Let Loose*

OF COURSE, Japan, France, Russia and Germany paid no heed to our announcement. We didn't expect that these great nations would stop all hostilities at our demand.

The fighting went on more fiercely than ever. The professor went calmly about his experiments in his tiny laboratory in my apartment. All he needed, apparently, was the material he had brought with him.

He was a keen student of the war news, and I could see that the man's determination to stop the fighting grew with every fresh cable and radio "flash" from the scene of action.

Well, the twenty-four hours passed, as I have said, and nothing happened. The world ignored us and our warnings—as we knew it would.

We held a consultation in my apartment. The professor was quite unable to understand the stupidity—as he termed it—of the war-drunk nations.

"It is the leaders who are to blame,"

he exclaimed. "The civilians of these warring countries do not want any war. You can inform them now, Mr. Dorgan, that unless they come to our way of thinking—and our way is the humanitarian way—the golden mist will henceforth hover over the fields of battle in the Far East and all electrical apparatus will be rendered useless."

We did. We explained that, as a first measure, we would henceforth render all electrical apparatus ineffective in the war zones.

Another titanic gale of laughter greeted this announcement. What did we think we were? Omnipotent? God?

But their tune changed the next day. That night the professor had set up a small contraption which had a movable finger on it. It looked like a pantagraph. Under the moving finger, he had a curious metal map of the world, divided into peculiar zones and squares. In what was supposed to represent the Far East war zone, he placed the finger and set it to moving so that it confined the complete area. You've seen similar apparatus in drug-store windows, where a fountain pen writes within a certain confined area.

To the professor's apparatus was attached a small wire which ran to a loop aerial—at least, it looked like one to me—outside the window. There was no noise, no electrical display. The box containing the mysterious apparatus was no larger than a typewriter and it emitted a faint hum. That was all. But the devastating results!

THE next morning a flood of inquiry poured into the offices of the *Star*. Did we have anything to do with the amazing thing that had happened on the battle front? Did we know in advance that this thing would happen? Was it

possible that we had actually caused it, as we had editorially declared?

The other newspapers went wild. They begged, they threatened, they cajoled. We simply must let them in on whatever it was we knew about all this! It wasn't fair! No one paper had a right to all the inside! And so on.

What happened was this—as you will remember from the newspaper stories of last summer: The entire war zone was electrically dead! The big guns on the battleships couldn't be fired. Motors quit, and planes had to make forced landings. Airship motors cut out and the huge ships couldn't be managed. They floated away, at the mercy of the wind, until far out of the war zone.

All clocks stopped. Telephone, telegraph and radio were dead. All the many and various activities of war, depending in any measure upon the use of electricity, were halted. The effect upon the world was a huge shock.

Then the Homeric laughter of the outside world sounded in the ears of the battling nations. The spectacle of these great powers, held in leash on the battlefields by the apparently impossible intervention of an American newspaper, was too much. The neutral nations roared their mirth.

But it did not halt the fighting in the Far East. There were now fierce hand-to-hand combats with rifles, bombs, swords, gas, grenades, mines and every devilish instrument of destruction that could be devised.

European scientists, called into action by the warring nations, scoffed at the idea of the electrical disturbance being man-made. They attributed it to a dozen causes, but they could do nothing to stop it.

We just grinned. We had not as yet been dignified by any response from any

of the warring nations. They ignored us. Again we held a conference and went over the war news. We had all become very good friends by now, and I was really very fond of the professor—yes, and respected his vast ability as well. He was an amazing man.

"It is regrettable," he said, "but we will simply have to make these people understand that we mean to have an end to this fighting. You may inform them, Mr. Dorgan, that as a further measure of punishment, Japan will be under a blanket of snow for the next week——"

Even we—now fairly accustomed to the miracles of this astounding man—were astonished afresh.

"But, Professor!" I protested. "It's July—it's summertime in Japan! This is beyond the realms of reason——"

"Hardly!" he answered dryly, waving his hand. "If you understood the theory, you wouldn't say that. I demonstrated this to Mr. Davis and Mr. Dorgan in a small way. I believe you were busy at the office that morning. It is simply a question of what can be done to the atmosphere."

I looked at Ted in bewilderment, and he shrugged his shoulders. The professor was smiling confidently. Could this be possible? Then I suddenly remembered the huge snowfall on the Rockies that Jim Keogh had puzzled over.

"Professor," I said, "did you ever cause a large snowfall on the Rockies?"

"Yes," he smiled, "I did. During my experiments." Then he went on: "You tell me that Japan is the worst offender. Well, in that case, you may inform Japan through the columns of the paper that snow will begin to fall throughout their empire within twenty-four hours—and it will not cease until they come to their senses! In thirty-six hours, snow will begin to fall in France—if, by that time,

they have not stopped active warfare. And further, the same thing will happen in Russia and Germany a day after it begins in France. I greatly dislike to visit this punishment upon the civilian inhabitants of these countries, because the innocent will suffer; however, we must make it emphatic. We may even resort to more drastic measures if they fail to respond sensibly."

"Good Lord!" muttered Ted, his eyes glittering.

I said: "If you actually do this, Professor, I'll believe anything—even that cows can fly over the moon!"

"There is nothing very complicated about it, gentlemen. Radio, in its day, was just as revolutionary. I simply control the atmosphere over any desired locality. Briefly, it amounts to forming a cloud layer that shuts out the heat from the sun, which condenses the moisture in the air, and snow falls. And it will fall as long as we choose to control the atmosphere of the section. It is simple enough."

"Yeah—very!" said Ted, dazed.

I said nothing. Mental pictures flashed over my mind as to what this snowfall would mean to the warring nations. It staggered the imagination!

But the professor, apparently, had dismissed the subject from his mind. He was beaming upon me with his usual friendliness.

"Tomorrow being Sunday," he informed me, "do you think we could go on another tour of inspection of this wonderful city? I am greatly exhilarated by the motor-car rides and the sights of this great metropolis. What a hive of industry! What did you say the metropolitan population is?"

"Fifteen million, Professor."

"Fancy that! Amazing!" said the little man who held the entire world in

his hand and gave it not a thought. Was there ever another like him? I doubted it.

TED and I went back to the office and discussed the professor's latest instructions. They sounded crazy, but we believed in him and we were too far committed to back out now. Besides, we knew of some things he actually could do—to our knowledge—and they were enough! So we took the plunge and wrote the next startling announcement and warning to the warring nations.

It was too much—as you may recall reading. Here it was the end of July, and—to boot—a very hot summer everywhere, and we threatened to snow under all of Japan, France, Germany and Russia! The howl of derision that went up shook our confidence somewhat. After all, in the clear light of reason, the thing *did* sound crazy.

But—God help us!—that quiet little man did just that! You will, no doubt, remember the consternation that followed. The press of the world went plain crazy after that. While many attributed the strange snowfall to the just vengeance of an affronted deity, nearly all the nations dropped their skepticism and became surly. They believed—but they were afraid to believe. They all trembled with a new fear. And the *New York Star* became the most powerful center of the world—it *was* the center of the world!

It was at this time that the first offensive of the enemy began against the *Star*. Whether they believed us miracle-makers or not, at least they must have thought it prudent to eliminate us. I'm referring to "they" as the nations at war. Still, they may not have been behind the attacks. I don't know. No one ever found out.

A man, walking in the street, carrying

a valise, was suddenly blown to pieces by an explosion of the contents of the bag. Next day, this happened again near Davis' house; and still again near the *Star* building. Mysterious explosions.

Ted grinned savagely, but the professor was concerned.

"Perhaps these efforts will cease," he suggested, "if you will inform these misguided people that the *Star* building and the homes of our employees can not be blown up. Tell them that our rays protect the territories of these homes and the personnel of the paper. Explain to them that any explosive brought into this territory will go off within the effective safety zone established by the radium ray—except bullets—and we are immune to them."

We printed the announcement and the warning. As if to test the truth of the statement, there was a veritable orgy of explosions in our neighborhood. Many plotters—we assumed they were agents of the warring nations—were blown to bits. Several desperate attempts were made to kill Davis, and failed. Then the violence ceased. Evidently they realized how powerless ordinary means were to put us out of the way.

And all this time, the snow fell. And it snowed for days and nights, until the four nations struggled with ten-foot drifts; in a week they were smothered in snow. All activities stopped. Commerce and railways were tied up. The economic life of the four powers was threatened. People stayed in their homes and couldn't get out. The snow fell too fast to be cleared away, and, finally, in despair, the job was given up.

Threatened with revolution and anarchy at home, the food supplies endangered and cut off, crops ruined, the people terrified at the thought of starvation and plague, the war zone electrically

dead, a cry went up that rocked the world. The fighting had to be abandoned!

Japan, France, Russia and Germany were furious. Europe rushed to arms, lamely realizing the absurd futility of soldiers, guns and navies as a menace to the catastrophe that had overtaken the four warring nations.

"Now, then," said the professor, when all the reports were before him, "perhaps this will teach them that we mean just what we say."

"Look here, Professor," said Ted. "This thing is terribly serious. We are advised that a member of the State Department is coming up to read the riot act to us. We'll have to state our position and our demands and stick by our guns, come hell or high water! Do you want us to state your ideas and demands, or do you want to do so yourself?"

"Perhaps, in that case, I had better be present."

"We also have communications from the ambassadors of Japan, France, Germany and Russia saying that they are leaving Washington for New York and demanding a conference," said Ted. "I suggest that we meet them all at one time. That will save time and they can all hear what we have to say. Otherwise, these wily gentlemen will always suspect that one or the other has been able to make a better bargain. Let's have this thing out in the open. We have nothing to conceal and our demands on each of these nations are identical."

"Excellent!" agreed the professor. "If you will arrange the meeting, Ted, I shall be glad to be present. The gravity of the situation must be brought home to them!"

"It's your party, Professor, so you have your say. I'll arrange the meeting. We'll consult on it later. We'd better be prepared for anything, Professor—it may be us against the whole civilized world!"

"Numbers matter very little," answered the professor. "If the civilized world insists on behaving like a class of refractory freshmen, why, we will be obliged to discipline the civilized world—so called!"

"But," I said, "even our own Government may hop on us, Professor. Better be prepared for anything. Suppose they order us to stop our efforts for obtaining peace on pain of imprisonment?"

The professor's eyes opened wide. "Do you say that seriously, Gordon?—Well, let us assume that this might happen. If so, allow me to tell you that no prison will hold us. We will make our way out, go to my little mountain cabin, and from there we will compel the entire world to listen to reason."

"Even our own Government?"

"Even our own Government! I am determined that there shall be no more war, no matter what short-sighted people may say or think to the contrary!"

TED and I left, silent. Immense events were impending. We stepped out into the street, absorbed in our epoch-making plans, when a wild-eyed man ran up to me, peered into my face and yelled:

"You're Gordon Dean, aren't you—of the *Star*?"

"Yes," I answered, puzzled at his vehemence.

He whirled upon Ted. "And you're Dorgan, the editor of the *Star*?"

"So what?" snapped Ted. "Where do you tend bar?"

"I knew it! You two are traitors to humanity! You've caused untold suffering to millions of people! Traitors should die!"

He leveled a blue, automatic pistol and fired pointblank at me.

I stepped back instinctively for a moment and he emptied the pistol at Ted. Then we sprang for him. He stood dazed,

his eyes staring at us uncomprehendingly. We hadn't been touched by his bullets, thanks to the fact that we had been treated by the professor's green ray. The man could see that we were unhurt, and his amazement was laughable. He suddenly began to shiver and tremble and his eyes bulged wildly.

Ted laughed and shoved the fellow aside. A crowd was rapidly collecting and Ted called to me:

"Come on—let's beat it! This damn fool is of no consequence!"

I released the now thoroughly cowed fanatic and followed Ted into the car. We drove away rapidly, neither speaking until we were out of the neighborhood.

"This is the best way," said Ted. "If we had him arrested, it would take up a lot of time, and right now we can't spare any. I wonder if that bird was just a fanatic, or if somebody hired him to rub us out."

"I wonder! I suppose any of the four powers would have a reason for getting us out of the way. We've thrown a whole bag of tools into their war machinery. Maybe they think that if we were killed everything would be all right. Boy, this is getting hot! What do you think of the professor's green ray now, Ted?"

"I think that little guy's the most remarkable human being that ever lived," he answered, with conviction. "I stand amazed at his lack of ego. He actually shames me! If I could do what he can, I'd own the world and everything in it!"

"Yes," I admitted, "I feel the same way. I'd want power, fame, glory—say, Ted, we'll have to watch our step! Others will try to kill us—and if bullets don't reach us, they might try poison—or some other way."

"I should worry!" grinned Ted. "I've lived long enough to see the *Star* become a modern Delphic Oracle — and

that's long enough for any man! What a man that little guy Jamison is!"

The city was in a turmoil. People talked of nothing else but the "miracles." Groups, with copies of the *Star* in their hands, discussed, in hushed tones, the plight of the four great nations, buried in snow—in the middle of summer.

Similar "miracles" had happened before, hadn't they? During the times of the Old Testament? Hadn't the Egyptians been visited with plagues, locusts, floods, when they had offended the high heavens? And so a divine hand was seen behind the professor's miracles—pure products of science and the laboratory. And the people, everywhere, became afraid.

Ted was bubbling over with joy.

"Good Lord!" he gasped, as he read the messages from the ambassadors, asking for a conference. "Did you ever dream it would come to this? Four of the world's greatest nations waiting on us—and *we've got 'em licked!*"

The ambassadors from many other countries had also arrived and demanded that they, too, be present at the conference. No more closed treaties behind locked doors! Ted finally arranged the meeting for that night with all the accredited ambassadors and our own Secretary of State. It was to take place in our office, immediately after dinner, in Mr. Davis' large conference room. When all the details were settled, Ted turned to me:

"That's that!" he exclaimed. "Tonight will tell a story unique in the history of the world!"

And it did!

6. *The Radium Ray*

RADIO loud-speakers all over the land were shouting the news that over fifty ambassadors were in New York to hold conference with the *Star*. New York was frantic with excitement. Crowds

began to collect early around the *Star* building, for it had become known that the meeting would be held there. The inference was instant: The *Star* building and vicinity were immune to bullets, bombs, violence of any kind. And there was a whisper in the streets that the *Star* editors and officials were wizards—scientifically protected from bullets. There was an explosion early in the evening on the next street, and many people were hurt. Then the rumor was spread that the ambassador from Bolivia had tried to bring a bomb to the conference and had died in the explosion. It was, of course, nonsense. Another ambassador, we heard, had sworn to shoot us all at the conference. We laughed. If he tried, he'd learn something!

Ted and I went to my apartment in grave thought, to consult with the professor. He was unruffled and unimpressed with the fact that he was to meet so many celebrities. The tremendous political import of the conference meant nothing to him. These ambassadors were powerful men and they could stop the killing. That was what the professor wanted. Great names, pomp, ceremony, meant less to him than the plight of one peasant soldier, lying dead on the battlefield, who had fought a fight he did not understand. Humanity was the professor's passion. There was some simple and fine quality about this small man that made me think of the legendary Cincinnatus.

I wondered what this unsophisticated man would say to the ambassadors of the great nations. Would he involve our country—the world—in a hopeless misunderstanding—or would he prove a savior for humanity? I said as much to Ted:

"After all, Ted, he's a plain man, despite his marvelous brain; he's unused to

suave diplomacy, urban discourse. I wonder——”

“Don't worry about that guy!” snapped Ted. “I know him now—he'll prove a match for all of them. Just let him alone. What bothers me is that he may get some nut idea that *we* need reforming—and then heaven help us all!”

The professor and Zack made several preparations after I had explained the nature of the meeting and the people who would be present; and after we had our dinner, we all climbed into my car and drove to the office.

Huge, curious crowds were everywhere. We had to leave the car several streets from the *Star* building and proceed on foot.

It was impossible to approach the front entrance. Many policemen were there, trying to keep the mobs in order and maintain an open pathway to the entrance, but it proved more than they could manage. The crowds surged irresistibly over the open spaces like huge waves.

We managed to get in through the delivery entrance. From there on it was easier. We entered Davis' office, identifying ourselves to the police who were guarding the corridor and the hallway.

Mr. Davis met us and conducted us in. I saw some fifty men, keen-eyed, eager, smoking and talking, as we walked in.

AHUSH fell as we entered, and all eyes were turned to us.

Mr. Davis briefly identified us as officials of the *Star* and said that we would be the spokesmen; and Ted assumed the position of master of ceremonies—so to speak. The men present identified themselves and their connections, and Ted courteously asked our own Secretary of State to verify the identifications. He did this with poor grace. He was a man who

looked and felt extremely important, and he sensed that the center of the stage was not for him that night.

We all sat down at the long conference table, a tense excitement growing in the abrupt silence following the introductions. Ted, in his calm, level voice, spoke:

“Gentlemen,” he said, “we are here in the interests of humanity and universal peace. This meeting is one of the most momentous in the history of the world. I beg of you all, therefore, to consider carefully anything that may be said here and to give every expression mature consideration. This is not the time—or the occasion—for patriotism, for any show of partizanship or for ambitious dreams of conquest. We must consider humanity at large, with no racial or territorial prejudices or distinctions. We have no ax to grind—and all we desire is peace on earth.”

“In that sentiment, we are of one accord, sir,” answered the Japanese ambassador. “My nation desires peace on earth above all else. It is to enforce and preserve peace that our present actions are necessary.”

“It sees itself—in the blow of an eye,” agreed the French ambassador.

Emphatic nods and a chorus of assent followed. All eyes were turned to Ted. He smiled cryptically and turned to the professor, who had been looking around him curiously. He was pale and his eyes flashed with a brilliant fire.

“Gentlemen,” Ted continued, “I want you to listen to our spokesman, Professor Jamison. He may have a few interesting and welcome words for you.”

The professor turned to the assemblage immediately.

“I understand, gentlemen,” he said, in his quiet voice, “that you all desire peace. That is what we also desire. It is then only necessary for your Governments to

recall all troops from the war zones, all battleships, and desist immediately from all further hostile actions. When that is accomplished, there will be halted all hostile assaults upon your own countries."

The French ambassador leaned over to me to whisper, in a shocked sibilance:

"He is—ah—what you call it?—*ivre*—No?"

"No!" I snapped. "He's no more drunk than I am!"

A tense hush fell upon the group. It was finally broken by the Japanese ambassador. He turned to the professor with perfect courtesy.

"Your request, sir, is not as easily accomplished as would appear from your simple statement. There are questions of great importance involved—of national honor——"

"You will pardon me," interjected the professor, "if I suggest that the most important thing is to halt the killing of human beings; and I am not interested in the question of national honor——"

"Sir!"

"One moment, if you please!" The professor did not like the Japanese ambassador's attitude. He continued with quiet firmness: "Your nation, sir, was asked to stop the needless slaughter. You paid no attention to the request. The same request was made of France, Russia and Germany. The same refusal resulted.

"Now, please bear in mind that we will not tolerate a repetition of the deplorable conditions that existed in 1932—the ruthless killing of civilians, women and children. This must stop!"

"But this is infamous!" shouted the Russian ambassador.

"It is hardly that!" snapped the professor. "Do me the courtesy to listen until I have finished, then I shall be glad to listen to anything you may have to say, sir!"

W. T.—4

"But, Professor Jamison!" It was our own Secretary of State's insistent voice. "This is hardly the procedure——"

"I am not interested in the etiquette of the matter, sir!"

I was gloating. My lips and mouth were dry with an intense excitement. The professor was getting his back up, and what he might tell these birds in a few minutes kept me on edge.

"You will pardon my lack of diplomatic training and bear with me, I am sure," went on the professor. "We are not here to play at diplomacy. And I wish to remind you gentlemen that you are here to listen to our terms. And they are these: All fighting must stop at once on all fronts. There must be no further killing anywhere in the name of war—at any time.

"You will all sign an agreement to that effect, and keep it, under pain of subjecting your own countries to a continued fall of snow that will, eventually, snuff out all your inhabitants. We would regret to do this, but it may be necessary to be harsh for once in order that the future of all humanity may be safe from the blighting destruction of war.

"And, unless you agree, we will sink your entire fleets in the war zones, first warning your sailors and officers to abandon the ships—or go down with them. Either all war ceases—or the nations that persist in warfare—*cease to exist!*"

He stopped, and I eyed the group of amazement-stricken men at the table. Not a sound came from any of them. This was not their habitual atmosphere of diplomacy; this blunt, unheard-of demand by the little, brilliant-eyed man left them all tongue-tied.

The eyes of the Japanese ambassador glittered. I watched him as he bent forward at last and said:

"These are broad statements, Profes-

sor Jamison! While I might acknowledge your mastery in science—acknowledge, even, that you caused this strange snowfall—it is difficult to believe that our navy will be sunk——”

The professor interrupted. “Be so kind, then,” he said, “as to wireless your admiral in charge to abandon his flagship—and take all his men with him—and the ship will disappear at once! We have released the Shanghai sector of the war zone from the golden glow for tonight, and your wireless will function in the area.”

A blank astonishment reigned. Fear, for the first time, was visible on many faces. But the Jap was plainly skeptical.

“It might be worth the price of a battleship,” he agreed, finally, “to test this most interesting statement. I shall consult my Government at once.”

“Do so!” snapped the professor. “And advise your people to leave the ship opposite the Woosung forts and keep all other shipping away from the vicinity—I do not want any lives lost. As soon as you tell me that this has been accomplished, I shall at once illustrate the power of *the radium ray!*”

The Jap bowed slightly. “How long will the experiment take, sir?”

“Five minutes!” retorted the professor, promptly.

A murmur went up from the roomful of men whose eyes were fettered upon the professor in sheer fascination.

The Japanese ambassador turned to his aid and issued some swift instructions. Then he turned to Mr. Davis: “If you will kindly allow us the use of your radio station for this message—and the use of code?”

Mr. Davis nodded. Our radio station is on the roof of the *Star* building. Ted phoned the order and the Jap aid left the room. We sat, mostly in silence. Here

and there, others whispered to one another. The professor and Zack retired to an adjoining room where Ted had placed the professor’s apparatus under a heavy guard of our own *Star* people.

Then the Jap aid returned with one of our own operators carrying a portable microphone and headphones for two-way radio telephone. This was plugged in on a wall connection and the ambassador put through his call to Japan through our station. Almost immediately he began to talk, and, apparently assured that he was talking to the proper officials, continued in an ear-confusing Japanese jargon, quoting from a tiny code-book sheltered in the palm of his hand. Occasionally he listened, intent.

Ted smiled to me and went into a whispered consultation with Mr. Davis in a far corner. The old man was bubbling over with excitement.

Our Secretary of State approached and said to Ted, hardly above a whisper: “This is most extraordinary, sir! I believe I would be justified in ordering Jamison’s arrest. The man is a lunatic. He will hopelessly compromise us in the eyes of the world. We shall be discredited—laughed at——”

“Hardly, sir!” Ted snapped his answer. “I would advise a hands-off policy right now. As for arresting the professor—don’t do it!—that’s all I have to tell you. Good God, man, can’t you realize that you are dealing with one of nature’s supermen? Thank God that America can produce men like Edison and Jamison!”

They whispered in this fashion until the professor and Zack stepped into the room again. And again silence fell upon the group. I wondered if any of these accredited ambassadors would attempt any misguided violence upon our persons—as per rumors—but no move was made. Finally, the Japanese ambassador

turned to the professor with a wave of his hand.

"It is arranged, sir," he said, in his gracious manner. "My superiors and my Government have consented. The scene is laid for the experiment. The *Tokyo* is opposite Woosung forts, and the men are ashore. All shipping has been warned away from the vicinity. I await your demonstration, sir!"

Was there a little twinkle of derision in his beady eyes? I couldn't be sure.

The professor, eyes blazing, arose and motioned to Zack.

"I shall return in five minutes," he said, and left the room through the side door.

Men sat and looked at one another in silence. The tension was great. The fate of nations hung in the balance of the next few minutes. The minutes dragged. What mysterious rites was the professor performing? The four warring nations got together at the table—at least!—and held a whispered conference. I walked to the window and looked at the nightly gem display of Manhattan. And then the professor and Zack returned to the room. Throats were cleared, feet shuffled, then—silence.

"It is done, sir," said the professor, courteously, to the Japanese ambassador. "Will you confirm it?"

The ambassador turned to his microphone again and adjusted his headphones. His young aid left the room at a nod from the ambassador and went again to our radio control room—apparently to see that the messages were properly put through.

We waited with bated breath. My heart was pumping fire, I thought; Ted and Mr. Davis were both pale as death. The young Jap aid returned in a few minutes and nodded to the ambassador. He spoke a few words into the mike;

listened, rapt; spoke again, and then wet his lips and his eyes sought the professor's. The professor smiled.

"My message says," the Japanese ambassador hesitated, "that the *Tokyo*—has disappeared!"

At once a roar of excitement filled the room. The professor waved his hand for silence.

"Just so!" he announced, calmly. "It disappeared! It would have been just as simple to have the entire fleet disappear—or an entire city! And now, there is little further to be said. You gentlemen have twenty-four hours in which to stop all warfare. When that is done, the snow will stop, your countries will resume their normal weather, and you can all blithely follow the profitable pursuits of peace. If you refuse, we shall destroy those nations which are bent upon destruction! And please remember that we are very much in earnest. I bid you good-night, gentlemen."

He bowed and walked from the room, followed by Zack and me. Ted stayed to get the ambassadors' signatures to a prepared statement that would bind their respective countries to declare and maintain peace.

WE MADE our way down the back elevators and fought a passage through the dense crowds that surged everywhere. We were not recognized, and finally, we stood a block away and looked back at the *Star* building. The crowds milled endlessly. As we walked along, each busy with his own thoughts, I was thrilled beyond words at the scene I had just witnessed. Then a man's voice yelled:

"Look out! *Look out!* You're on the spot, feller! Hey——"

I saw three men with sub-machine guns trained upon us. There was a red

burst of fire from the muzzles, but we stood there, unharmed. The gunmen sprayed us to the extent of their magazines, then looked wildly at us, threw the guns down and ran into the terrified crowds. People cried out at the attempted murder, and I noticed that a man in back of me was down rubbing a foot violently and swearing. Due to the green ray, we were unhurt.

"Quick!" I called. "This way."

"That was a dastardly attack!" said the professor, and shrugged. "However, we are immune."

"And a good thing!" I answered. "I'd have looked like a coffee-strainer by this time!"

Ted came to the apartment an hour later and handed the professor the signed agreements of the ambassadors.

"There you are, Professor," he said. "You win! You've licked four nations single-handed!"

The professor eyed the papers. "They fully understand the terms?" he asked. "Good! As long as peace is kept, I shall not intrude into their affairs. We will see what happens in the next twenty-four hours."

WHAT could happen? The warring nations surrendered to the genius of Jamison. They had to. They had to agree to all his terms in full, accept the humiliation, demobilize their 10,000,000 soldiers, pay an indemnity for the damage they had done. Another week of the professor's snow and half of Europe would be a trackless white wilderness!

During the days that followed, we were busy people. Sometimes I even slept at the office, on a cot, and didn't go home at all. There were no more attacks made upon us, thank heaven, or upon any of the employees of the *Star*. No more bombs appeared near any of the buildings, either.

The professor saw the peace treaty concluded, and smiled contentedly.

There was a vast disturbance in Washington, and I went down for a few days to get the inside story. It was on my return that I found my apartment empty.

A note on my study table gave me the news:

Dear Gordon:

As your return may be delayed for weeks, and as my presence is immediately necessary elsewhere, Zack and I are returning to our cabin in the mountains at once. We have much to do and the time is all too short. I shall keep in touch with the situation by radio.

I want to thank you and Ted for the marvelous co-operation you have given me in bringing about my dreams of universal peace. And I extend heartfelt thanks for the hospitality you extended. Perhaps I can reciprocate some day. In the meanwhile, believe that my immediate departure is imperative for reasons which I can not go into here, and allow me to disappear from the scene without ceremony. We shall meet again.

Your friend,
HAZELTON RANDOLPH JAMISON.

That was all. I was dumfounded. I asked the housekeeper what she knew about it. She knew nothing except that the professor had tried to reach me in Washington, and had failed; and Ted had gone to Boston, so they couldn't reach him.

He may be dead, for all I know, the little Jamison. I haven't heard from him since he left, over nine months ago. I've tried to get in touch with him by radio and failed. I searched the Rockies for three months and couldn't find the cabin he mentioned as his home.

At any rate, this is the true story of the startling events that you read about in the newspapers last summer. And you know now that the *Tokyo* wasn't sunk to bottle up the river—as the Japs claimed—but by the terrible radium ray, directed by the professor. And, of course, you know that peace now reigns supreme—and there's no prospect of any further wars.