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VIA the HEWITT RAY

by M.F. Rupert



(Illustration by Winter)

A faint glow
surrounded me; I began
to shingle from head to foot.
I was passing through!

LETTER to Lucile Hewitt from her father, John J. Hewitt:

My Dear Daughter:

It is now eleven o'clock and I have one hour in which to give you my farewell message. Do not be alarmed, Lucile. I am not contemplating suicide, but as a climax to my life-long studies, I am now going to put to the final test my latest discoveries. Should I be successful in this experiment, you will not see me for a long time. When you find that I am missing, do not fear for me but rejoice that I have succeeded in the great undertaking.

You have now finished college and are engrossed in your own work so, although I shall miss you and do not doubt you will miss me, I feel free to make this experiment. Financially, you do not need me as you are now a self-supporting young woman and I have left provision wherein you will receive this house and all that I own after a year. The greatest hardship is severing, for the time being, our dear comradeship, but I know you will join with me in making this sacrifice.

Do you remember, dear, that about a year ago I told you of the experiments I was making in light waves? It is about those experiments and what they led up to that I wish to write. I will try not to be too technical.

In the laboratory you will find my equipment, electrical apparatus, and light-wave machine, and also the Hewitt Ray machine. In the top right-hand drawer of my desk is a manuscript explaining fully the new discoveries I have made. Please do not allow anything to be disturbed in the laboratory while I am gone. If I do not return within a year, you may publish the manuscript. I hope to be back before the year is up and attend to those things myself, but if I do not return then you, my beloved daughter, may present to the world my life's work.

No doubt, you remember when I erected the light-wave machine. I told you then that it was similar to a radio receiving set, but instead of receiving radio waves, it was intended to receive light waves. Just as sound is transmitted from a source through the air by a series of waves, so light is transmitted through space by a series of ether waves. This machine receives the light waves just as radio receives the radio waves. Of course the real explanation is much more complicated and only a physicist could really understand and appreciate the beauty and immensity of the idea, but as I am writing

simply for your benefit, the explanation I gave you a year ago is sufficient.

Messages from Beyond

WHEN I built the machine I had no idea of the astounding revelations I was to receive. But one day, while twirling the dial, I noticed a peculiar arrangement of spectral lines showing on the screen.

Do you remember enough of your physics to understand what this means? The spectrum is the colored band which is produced by placing a prism in the path of a beam of light. When the spectrum is studied minutely with a spectroscope it is found not to be a continuous band of colors, but to be crossed by many dark lines called Fraunhofer lines, which are familiar to all who study light waves. It is also well known that the difference in color in the spectrum corresponds to the differences of wavelength. Keep this explanation in mind as you read what follows.

As soon as I noticed these peculiar lines showing through the spectrum I immediately ceased twirling the dials and studied the spectral lines, the characteristics of which were totally unfamiliar. I made a careful note of the arrangement of the lines; I also noted at what numbers

the dials were set, and the time, which was five o'clock in the evening. For fifteen minutes this peculiar spectrum appeared on the screen and was then displaced by the usual Fraunhofer lines. Not touching the dials, I waited carefully for a reappearance of the dark lines, but not until five o'clock the next evening did they come. I compared them line for line with my drawing of the day before and they were exactly the same! For many nights at five o'clock these unusual lines appeared on the screen. Finally I dared to change the

our present author has set herself a task of answering many of these problems, and she has done it in a manner that is so charming and picturesque and yet so scientifically plausible that we are sure our readers will be thrilled from the first word to the last.

dials, to see whether, if I restored those numbers, the phenomenon would occur.

It did, but only at five o'clock. With the help of Professor Hendricks, who died last month, I built a light-wave sending set and after a vast amount of research and labor we found the combination of prisms and lenses that produced the correct spectrum. By manipulating the wavelengths we produced the dark line spectrum which had at first amazed me when beholding it on my own screen.

Do not be impatient with me for this long, dry discourse on light waves and spectra. I am apt to forget



M. E. DUPRE

WHILE all recognize today that the world in which we exist is a very limited one. There are sounds that we cannot hear, colors that we cannot see, and by the limitations of our sense of touch, things we cannot feel. And, inasmuch as it is our sensual perceptions that give us our knowledge of the world, we must recognize that the world we are aware of is a very incomplete one. What, one might ask, might one find in planes of existence and sensation beyond our own?

Would we find a life such as our own existing coincidentally with us, occupying the same space as we do?

Are there really a fourth and other dimensions of physical existence, and if so, would life in those other planes pursue the same course of development that our own life has taken?

Our present author has set herself a task of answering many of these problems, and she has done it in a manner that is so charming and picturesque and yet so scientifically plausible that we are sure our readers will be thrilled from the first word to the last.

that you are not as intensely interested in the details as I. I know that by now you are impatiently asking yourself, "But what's it all about?"

I will try to tell you. You know that Professor Hendricks and myself have always believed in the reality of the fourth and even the fifth and sixth dimensions. Remember how you laughed at us and told us that theoretically we were correct, but you declared actual and tangible proof was impossible? Now do not laugh, dear, when I say that Professor Hendricks and myself believed that these unusual lines were being sent by intelligent beings but not of our dimension! The elements of these lines are not known to us.

Do I make myself clear? If these strange spectral lines showed on my receiving screen, they were being sent by someone. The fact that they showed night after night at the same time and only when the dials were set in a certain manner proved that it was no accidental short-circuiting of the wavelength but that they were being sent deliberately. The precise and undeviating arrangement of lines argued that a message of some kind was being sent. What the message meant and who was sending it we did not know but we intended to find out if possible.

One evening immediately after receiving what we had by now come to call "our message", we switched on our sending set and repeated the message line for line. After a few moments, there flashed back on our receiving screen the identical lines! For the first time the message had come through again! We were highly elated, you may be sure, and figured that whoever was sending that message had received our repetition of their code and was indicating that.

What to do now? We could, of course, repeat the message every night after we received it and in this way keep in touch with the beings who were communicating with us. But as we had no means of finding out what the lines meant, we would not get very far by that method.

Determined to Go

THEN came the illness and death of Professor Hendricks and I was left to carry on alone. I almost despaired of making any progress when there flashed into my mind another possible way of communicating with these strangers.

Several years ago I was working on a series of experiments in short wavelengths, especially cathode and X-rays. As you may remember, cathode rays are streams of electrons shot off from a surface at very high velocity. Just as the X-ray was discovered by experimenting with the cathode rays, so one day, experimenting with the X-ray, I discovered an entirely new ray which I called the Hewitt Ray. No doubt you remember the excitement that the publication of its discovery caused.

Like the X-ray, the Hewitt Ray will penetrate any substance opaque to ordinary light, but the great difference is that it does not, like the X-ray, stop at forming a shadow picture, for by diminishing the gas pressure within the tube and by increasing the voltage across the electrodes, the penetrating power of the resulting rays is increased to such an extent that the object on which the ray is focused is disintegrated. And what is stranger still, not the picture of the object appears at the focal point, but the actual object itself is reassembled and reappears, none the worse for its experience.

You were just a young girl then, but you must remember all the talk and conjecture aroused by the discovery

of this new ray. It was thought for a time that it would revolutionize transportation. In fact, it was proved practical for swift traveling. Huge Hewitt Ray machines were built with a focus of many miles and a few intrepid souls were found to lend themselves to the experiment; but although they arrived safely at their destination and were loud in their praise of this method of traveling, the general public would have none of it. Humanity has not yet evolved to the point where it is willing to travel 186,000 miles per second. So my Hewitt Ray, conceded to be a marvelous thing, was put on the shelf like many other revolutionary inventions. No doubt, a few thousand years from now, it will be used universally.

So, as I thought of this ray, I wondered if, by experimenting a little further, I could possibly change the ray so that it would not merely reassemble the object which it disintegrated but allow the object to travel on. Into what, you may ask? Space? The fourth dimension, or wherever it is that a light wave goes when it has passed beyond our eye?

I will not weary you, Lucile, with the details but I have succeeded in changing the rays as I wanted to and have discovered that light waves do not die out but by an energy transformation they pass off into another plane of energy.

You ask how I know? I know because with my improved Hewitt Ray I have disintegrated objects such as books, vases, flowers, and live animals and sent them traveling as part of the wave of light into the unknown world from which I have been receiving messages.

With the dials of my light-wave machine set to receive an answer from the beings with whom I have been in communication, I sent through the medium of the Hewitt Ray these objects and animals; and every time I sent something through, no matter at what time of the day or night, I received a message which I interpreted to mean that the objects were received.

Now, Lucile, all this preliminary explanation over, we come to the vital part of my letter. I have determined to go to this new world. It will be a simple accomplishment. I have built a large Hewitt Ray projector which will be automatically shut off after I have passed through. What sort of world I will find or what kind of people or beings I will meet I do not know. I believe they are friendly and will welcome me, but anyway I will soon find out.

Now, dear daughter, I will leave you. Enclosed you will find the keys to the laboratory and detailed instructions for working the light-wave receiving and sending set. Every evening at five o'clock I will endeavor to send you a message, according to the light-wave code I have worked out. It will make me very happy if you will answer.

Goodbye, dear. That you may keep well and happy is the wish of

Your loving father,
JOHN J. HEWITT.

CHAPTER II

Lucile Hewitt's Story

TO say that I was astonished and alarmed to receive this letter is describing my feeling feebly.

Darling old Dad, to travel along a light wave, into a new world filled, no doubt, with unknown dangers! Why, he was forever cautioning me to be careful! Even as late as 1945 he thought airplanes were dangerous! I have often begged him to let me take him for a ride

in my fly-about but he declared he did not have the necessary courage. Yet he risked his life daily in his beloved laboratory.

It is really too bad that I am not scientifically inclined. What a help I might have been to Dad! But I honestly tried to fit myself for a scientific career and it was not my fault that I failed miserably.

When Dad got out his Hewitt Ray and there was talk of utilizing it for travel, then my interest in science awoke. To travel with the speed of light! Imagine the thrill! Unknown to Dad, for I knew he would forbid me, I slipped away from school and volunteered for a demonstration trip along the Hewitt Ray. I was one of the "intrepid souls" Dad speaks of. It was glorious! To place yourself before the ray and in a flash be hundreds of miles away! That is traveling!

When the use of the Hewitt Ray was discontinued my interest in science dropped. But my one great interest in life had been revealed to me. Travel—and travel with limitless speed! The next speediest thing I could find was the airplane and you may be sure I got one.

At the time I learned to operate my first plane I was sixteen years old, a wild, harum-scarum girl. As public interest in aviation grew, I grew rich with it, until now, at twenty-six, I have been piloting a huge commercial airliner between New York and Honolulu for five years.

At first the public was sceptical about trusting its life to a woman's hands but now the New York-Honolulu Air Line uses only women pilots, as statistics show that a plane is ten percent safer with a woman pilot than with a man.

The morning I had received Dad's letter I had just come off duty. I had been on a six-day shift and now I had before me three days of rest. That was the regular schedule.

After reading the letter I went immediately to the laboratory. There the large Hewitt Ray machine attracted my attention. After examining it closely, I found the controls and with a little trepidation turned them on. A soft, almost invisible amber ray shone from the funnel-shaped aperture. Emboldened a little I took off my gloves and placed it experimentally on the platform immediately in the glow of the ray. At first nothing happened, but then the glow began to glow with the same soft radiance of the ray and almost imperceptibly it disappeared, becoming a part of the surrounding light.

I next turned my attention to the light-wave receiver, tuning in and setting the dial at twenty. At once the visascreeen burst into radiance. A succession of beautiful colors floated across. I reached out and pulled a switch marked "Spectrotolepe," and then a change took place on the screen. The beautiful colors were broken and separated, mingling and intermingling in a bewildering manner, they lines forming regularly through the whole. I watched it fascinated for a while, and then turned off the switch, humming a parody on a popular song:

*"It might mean something to someone
But it don't mean nothing to me."*

Well, Dad was gone and here I was with a laboratory full of marvelous equipment that I only faintly understood. I read his letter over again and tried to reassure myself that he was all right. But how could I convince myself he was safe? What kind of a world had he gone into? How was he going to return? The more I thought about it the more alarmed I became. Why hadn't he allowed me to go exploring this new world

so he could stay here in his laboratory among his beloved scientific instruments, where he belonged? He was a marvelous scientist, but outside of his laboratory he was lost; he would always be a child to the world.

After two days of restless and troubled thoughts I determined to get someone to operate the machine and follow him through to that strange world. Acting on this decision I radiophoned my former classmate, Marion Wells, who was already successful in a scientific career. I had not been in personal touch with her for several years but had followed with interest her steady rise to fame. The whole world had her to thank for their clean, easy, and never-failing atomic household heaters.

Marion

AFTER looking up her private wavelength I tuned in and in a few seconds her serious, spectacled face appeared on my television as her clear voice said "Marion Wells on the air." Then as she recognized me on her screen she smiled in friendly greeting. I did not go into detail but explained that I needed desperately the aid of her scientific knowledge and asked her to come to my house.

"Be with you in ten minutes," she promised and signed off.

And in ten minutes as I watched out the window, her auto-plane landed in a vertical drop below our driveway, its wings automatically collapsing as it touched the ground. I admired her skillful driving as she came through the gate and taxied under the trees up to the front veranda.

With our greetings over, she asked what the trouble was and after my halting and doubtless inadequate explanation of what had taken place, she said crisply, "Let's go up to your father's laboratory and examine the equipment. Perhaps I can get a better idea of what you are trying to tell me."

In the laboratory Marion showed the greatest interest in the Hewitt Ray; the light-wave receiver in fact seemed to be familiar to her. Then she turned it on and watched the visascreeen awhile. Curiously, I asked her if she knew what the colors and lines meant.

"Yes, they are the international wave code system," she nodded. "Slowly but surely this manner of communication is taking the place of the old-fashioned method. The light-wave stations are more simple to construct and much cheaper to operate and the regular service provided is vastly superior to the old telegraph method."

When the wonders of the laboratory had been examined and tried out we sat down and tried to figure out some way of getting Dad back safely. Marion advocated waiting for a definite message from Dad, but I was too worried to consider that. I wanted Marion to stay here and intercept messages, while I went through to get Dad.

"But listen to reason, foolish child," Marion pleaded. "This plane of existence to which you father has gone is without a doubt as big as the world in which you are now living. Perhaps he has gone or been carried thousands of miles away and how do you expect to find him?"

"Well," I answered stubbornly. "If he is over there, perhaps he needs me and if he needs me I am going to him. I'll find him somehow."

"Very well. Tell me how you propose to get back once you find him."

I must have looked crestfallen for Marion reached over and patted my hand. "Don't worry, Lou. I have

a plan. We will have to get busy, though, if you expect to go through in the near future."

"Oh! Marion, I knew I could depend on you!"

Bristly she asked me for the manuscript Dad had written, and from it got a detailed description of how to build and operate the new Hewitt Ray machine.

"You see," she explained finally, "we will construct another ray machine and send it on through with you. That is your only chance to get back."

At once I became enthusiastic. So for the next few weeks we worked furiously. I had radioed my company for an extension of leave which was granted. One afternoon it was finished. Five o'clock came and we set the light-wave receiver according to Dad's instructions. Marion watched intently the message shown on the visascreeen, then frowned and consulted Dad's notes again.

"I am afraid, Lou, there is something wrong. That certainly isn't your father's private code. Nor is it the international code which I know."

"Perhaps it is the same message that Dad has been receiving," I said.

"Yes, that must be it. For some reason your father is unable to send his message and these beings are trying to get in touch with you."

"Oh! I knew something had happened to him," I wailed. "Let me go through now, Marion. You can finish the other ray machine and send it on later. I'll find it. It will have to arrive at the same place I do, won't it?"

"Hardly," she replied, thoughtfully. "But it won't be long now and a few hours cannot make such a difference. You had better play safe and wait for the other machine."

But it was morning before the machine was completed and I was able to start. I had dressed myself in my flying togs and strapped a 45 Colt and cartridges around me. A few clean handkerchiefs and a couple of packages of cigarettes completed my personal luggage.

Worried as I was, I was yet all athrill as I mounted the platform and gave Marion the signal to turn on the ray.

A faint glow surrounded me. I began to tingle from head to toe. Glancing at my hands I noticed that they glowed faintly. I was passing through! "Dear God, please help me find Dad!" I became numb. . . . A sudden gap appeared in my consciousness—then the tingling sensation returned . . . ceased . . . and I had passed through.

The New World

FOR a few seconds I was bewildered. Where was I, and what was I doing here? Then my head cleared. I remembered and began to look about me. I was in an inclosure of some kind. The walls, ceiling and floor were snow white. I stooped and touched the floor. It felt like earth. I touched the walls—they were rock! I was in a cave, a snow white cave!

A cave must have an entrance of some kind, I reasoned, so after packing the Hewitt Ray machine back into a corner, I began to walk along the side of one of the walls. After walking about 500 feet, I came to a turn which I followed. Three times the tunnel through which I was moving turned before I saw an opening. The brightness reflected from the white walls gradually gave place to a pale pink flush which became deeper as I advanced until I came to an opening which was bathed in a ray glow.

I stepped out cautiously and stood rooted to the spot

in amazement. A softly glowing red sun rode high in a pale pink sky. I was on a low hill whose path ran down into a forest of scarlet trees. Hurriedly I ran down the path, the earth of which was as white as the interior of the cave, to get a better look at the scarlet trees. Were they really scarlet or was it just a reflection of the rosy sky?

In a few moments I was among the trees and saw indeed that it was no reflection which colored them. The leaves were bright scarlet, the trunks and branches snow-white like the ground. All around grew scarlet bushes, bursting into bloom with tiny silver-grey and pale amber-colored blossoms. A little farther on, a narrow brook rippled merrily and I decided to follow and see where it would lead me. All about lay peace and quiet. The air was soft and balmy, a direct contrast to the sharp winter winds I had left at home. It was a veritable fairland, and made me wonder if Dad had come through near here and if so what he thought of the weird scenery.

At first I was a little fearful of meeting some strange animal or person but presently I became bolder and left the shadow of the trees, under which I had been traveling, and walked along the exposed bank of the brook.

Without the least warning, there broke upon the air the most frightful noise imaginable. Grasping my revolver, I fled to the shelter of the trees and from behind a broad, white trunk, I waited breathlessly as the dreadful noise drew near.

Nearer and nearer, and louder and louder came the noise until there burst through the bushes to my right the most astonishing sight.

Two enormous creatures, whether men or animals, I could not at first determine, for they seemed to resemble both, came tumbling into the road before me. That they were engaged in a fight to the death, I did not for a moment doubt. Screaming and yelling, they grappled and fought, broke apart only to rush together again and tear and bite until, in disgust, I turned away. When I looked towards them again, one was on the ground evidently in death agony but the victorious one still kept up the frightful noise, at the same time, tearing his still living opponent apart. The sight so disgusted and infuriated me that I forgot my own precarious position and, lifting my automatic which I still clutched in my hand, I fired at the hideous monster.

At the bark of the gun, the creature stopped his howling and stared stupidly about. At last, apparently locating the direction of the strange noise, he started in my direction. Thoroughly frightened now, I lifted the gun again, but before I could bring my trembling fingers to pull the trigger, he suddenly stopped, staggered, and fell with a crash and a long unearthly howl to the ground, where he lay thrashing about. When he finally lay quiet, I drew near, trembling and fearful at every step; yet my curiosity to see these strange creatures was stronger than any fear.

Upon the ground not very far apart lay the two great bodies. The one who had fallen in the battle was so mangled that I turned away to the one I had shot. The body, fully eight feet in length and weighing, I judged, around four hundred pounds, was covered completely by a short bristly hair. The feet and hands of the creatures were like great huge claws that looked crude and powerful. But the face! How shall I describe it? If the body, except for the claw-like hands and feet and the short hairs covering it, was human there was nothing human about the face. The monstrous head, looking too heavy even for the enormous and powerful body and neck supporting it, was flat on top and back, coming in front to a blunt point with two open nostrils. The eyes,

now fixed with a glassy stare, were small and green, and the mouth, a thick-lipped enormous slit, was drawn back in a snarl, showing a double row of sharp cruel teeth. There was no chin, the lower jaw sloping abruptly to the neck. All in all, he was the most loathsome and fearful object it had ever been my misfortune to encounter.

CHAPTER III

Captured!

WITH an uncontrollable shudder, I turned away. If this were a specimen of the inhabitants of the fourth dimension I must find my father immediately and take him back to our own world.

I walked on, wondering where my father was. Was he held captive by these creatures? Perhaps I could find their village or city and after dark scout around and see if there was any sign of Dad.

Suddenly a twig cracked sharply in the bushes beside me. I looked about in swift alarm. Was I being stalked? With flying feet I made for the low trees ahead. A long howl came from behind me and the thud-thud-thud of a heavy fast-moving body sounded. Faster and faster I ran but ever behind and dangerously nearer every few seconds came that ominous thud.

"Twang! Something flew by my head and to my horror a strange but wicked-looking arrow-like missile buried itself in the soft white earth before me. I ran on until the path abruptly ended at a wide chasm over which it was impossible for me to jump. I came to a halt. What should I do? Drop to certain death or stay and submit to a captivity fraught with untold horrors? "Never! Never!" I fiercely whispered to myself, as my hand quickly flew to the temporarily forgotten automatic at my side. Too late!—My pursuer was right beside me and before I could draw my gun I felt clawlike hands clutching me and saw piggyish eyes close to my own.

He picked me up and throwing me over his shoulder like a sack of flour, let out a howl of triumph and started swiftly through the trees. My sensations, then, were brief for with that howl coming so close beside me I sank into a momentary faint.

When I came to, I found myself lying on the ground completely surrounded by these repulsive creatures. No one touched me but all looked at me curiously, gibbering in excited guttural tones. Evidently I was a novel sight to them.

I sat up and there was a startled movement in the crowd. "H'm! I thought, they are not quite sure of just how dangerous I might be. No one molested me and I sat there for some time surrounded by my curious audience. I was hungry but no one seemed to think of offering me food. Finally I lit a cigarette. If they were startled when I sat up they were panic-stricken at the sight of the tiny flame and smoke. They fled in all directions and gazed at me from a distance.

"The fools," I said. "Do they think this is some kind of an infernal machine?" I was hungry and cross and their foolish fear did not amuse me as it ordinarily would have. Finally a line of the creatures approached me armed with bows and arrows. The leader courageously came forward and motioned for me to put down my fearful weapon. I ignored the obvious command and calmly blew a cloud of smoke towards him. Immediately a shower of arrows embedded themselves in the ground around me. I do not think they intended to wound me, they were merely warning me to obey, which I now prudently did. After that I was let alone

and I began to stroll about, a group of the creatures following at a safe distance.

It was a curious contrast between the beautiful and fairy-like scenery and these hideous creatures who were oblivious of its beauty.

I walked all around but look as I might I could see no sign of Dad. Deciding to try to get some information from these people, I beckoned to one who seemed to be the leader and by various signs tried to ask him if there were another creature like myself in their midst.

At first he stared at me stupidly, then the little piggy eyes lit up and he turned and motioned me to follow. I did so with a beating heart. Perhaps they had Dad hidden away somewhere in this wilderness! If so, he and I together might find some way of escaping from these beastly people. Surely they were not the ones who had been sending messages to Dad; they were rank savages.

Flight

MY guide led me into a thicket and we followed a narrow path through the scarlet growth until we came to a clearing. There before us stood an aircraft of peculiar design and on the ground near it lay a woman. But what a woman! Tall almost as the creature beside me, she was magnificently proportioned. Short, crisp black hair covered her head. Her face was beautiful but the features were set in grim lines. An arrow had pierced her left breast and her clothing, a single blue tunic, was saturated with blood. She was dead, but my heart lightened considerably at the sight of her and her aircraft. These savage beast men were not the only inhabitants of this plane. Another and more intelligent group of people were here also and, no doubt, they were the ones who had been communicating with our world by way of the light-wave machine. Even now, Dad might be with them!

I turned from the figure of the dead woman and scrutinized closely the vehicle beside her. It was an aircraft of the enclosed cabin type. I had never seen one just like it before and I itched to get in and try out the various strange-looking controls I could see through the glass of the cabin floor.

By pantomime I asked permission to enter and investigate the machine. But my guide, hastily placing himself between me and the car, motioned me away.

Waves of fury mounted to my brain. Was I to let a stupid savage keep me prisoner when here was a chance to get away? My hand slid along my belt and I cautiously grasped the butt of my gun, which my captors, not knowing what it was, had not bothered to take away from me.

Not by a flicker of an eye did my guide show that he thought he was in danger, but he kept motioning me to go back the way we had come. Go back and miss this wonderful chance to escape?—Not much!

Quickly I drew and fired pointblank at the creature's leg. What a howl he let out! Between the noise of the shot and his terrible howling, the whole pack would be here soon. I pulled open the door and hastily climbed into the plane.

"Oh God! please let it work!" I grasped a handle and pulled. With a suddenness that took my breath away, I shot vertically upward. Recovering, I pushed the handle back to the first notch and the car ceased its upward flight and shot forward. Well, I didn't know where I was going but I was on my way!

A few manipulations of the dials and switches and the strange-looking knobs on the control board, and I

soon learned what they were for. I flew in a straight line, hoping for a sight of civilization, but for mile after mile I could see nothing but the red sun above and the scarlet forests below.

Suddenly, as three tiny bulbs in the front of the cabin lit up, the vehicle swerved sharply to the right and I found myself traveling at a right angle to my previous direction. I was alarmed. I had made no change in the controls, yet of its own volition the car turned and traveled in the new direction at terrific speed.

In the distance I made out a tiny speck which gradually, as my car lurched itself forward, became larger and larger until it assumed mountainous proportions. I was headed straight for it and none of my feverish manipulations of the levers or dials would swerve my car one inch!

Suddenly the speed of my car slackened and at an easy pace it glided to a gentle landing on top of what I took to be a flat-topped mountain. With hardly a perceptible jar, the car halted and the tiny globes turned off.

For a few moments I was too astonished to think; then the explanation flashed on me. Remote control! I had been guided here by an unseen force. Did they, whoever controlled the latter part of my trip, know I was coming and in that manner help me along; or had I accidentally come into the field of a control station? If so, then there ought to be some sign of human habitation. But look around as I might all I could see through my window was the flat top of this mountain or plateau.

Mavia

JUST as I was wondering what I should do, I felt a sinking sensation and looking out I saw that I was being gently lowered into this mountain! What next, I thought fearfully? But immediately the plane came to a halt and to my amazement I saw that it was in a line with many similar planes.

I opened the door and stepped out into what must have been a huge hangar. Then I heard a low hum and looking up in the direction of the sound I saw the roof open and another flying car gently descending. My own and the other car descended peacefully down the line making room for the descending machine, which settled into the place previously occupied by my own plane.

The door opened and out stepped what looked like the counterpart of the dead woman in the scarlet forest! She looked startled at the sight of me for a moment, then gravely held her hand up palm outward in what I took to be a greeting. Just as gravely I returned the salute and the woman smiled and spoke in a strange tongue.

I answered in English. Though neither understood the other we simultaneously laughed, and she companionably linked arms with me and led me to a wall. A row of buttons studded its side, one of which she pressed. After a slight click an opening appeared. Though I expected to step into some kind of an elevator there was nothing in front of us but a lighted space. Unhesitatingly, the woman started to step through but I fearfully held back.

We were at a deadlock for a few minutes until another woman came around a corner and the two talked together a moment in their strange language. Then the second woman laughed and without hesitation stepped into the void. I expected to see her crash to the bottom, but instead, she floated gently down.

With grave misgivings, I let my companion lead me through and we too gently sank down through the void.

Then our descent became slower and ceased altogether before another door, through which we stepped. We were now, I reasoned, on the second floor from the top.

A long vista of hallways from the great arched doors greeted us. Hurrying past many of them we at last entered one. At that moment I do not know exactly what I expected, some kind of oriental splendor, I suppose, but what I saw was only a very business-like office of some sort, where many women were busy operating peculiar looking machines. They reminded me of the electro-typists at home.

Passing through this room we reached a private room and my companion motioned me to be seated. She then pushed a button on her desk and another woman from the outer office entered, carrying what looked like a football head-gear with wire attachments.

Following my companion's example, I put the thing on my head, then looked at her. Smiling she spoke, and to my astonishment I understood every word she said.

"Welcome, Visitor, to City 43 of the Second Evolutionary plane. May I introduce myself? I am Mavia, chief factor of this city and in the name of my comrades-in-rule, I welcome you and put ourselves and our city at your service."

It was quite an elaborate speech and as I was not exactly sure of what she was talking about I answered hesitatingly.

"Thank you. I feel very strange. I am Lucile and I came here from the third dimension, looking for my father."

"Oh, you are from the third dimension? Really? I had no idea that the beings of the third dimension had evolved to the point of inter-dimensional travel. Very interesting. You said something about another of your world being here?"

"Yes, my father. He was receiving light-wave messages from this world and by using an invention of his he came through. I was worried about him so I followed him through. Have you seen him?"

"No. I am sorry to say I have not. Nor have any of the other Second Evolutionary cities or I would have had a report on it."

My heart sank. Poor Dad. Where was he? Mavia went on speaking.

"You say he was receiving light-wave messages? I think I can explain that. But first let me tell you about ourselves, then you will be able to follow my explanations more easily."

CHAPTER IV

The Three Evolutions

THIS world, in which you now find yourself is the fourth dimension. In it are the beings of the First, Second and Third Evolutionary planes. The first plane consists of savages of a very low order—just now they are emerging from the beast stage into the human."

"Yes," I interrupted eagerly. "I have seen them. I was captured, and held prisoner by them. They have killed one of your women and I escaped in her airplane."

Mavia seemed unmoved by the accident to her comrade.

"That was Doona, my second in command. Against my advice, she ventured alone in the scarlet forest. I recognized her plane in the hangar and wondered how you came to be using it. So she is dead? Well, we must all die sometime." She shrugged her shoulders.

"The Second Evolutionary plane consists of ourselves. We have seventy-nine cities. Each city is like the one you are now in. They were originally mountains and our cities are built inside the mountains as a means of defense against the first and third planes, who are continually waging wars of extermination against us.

"Our plane consists almost entirely of women. We keep just enough men to maintain the race. These few masculine creatures that we allow to live are kept in luxury and idleness. They are well taken care of and have no complaint. A very long time ago, many centuries in fact, the men were the ruling sex of this plane, but gradually the women demanded equal rights and once we gained a footing, it wasn't long before we were ruling the men. Those were bitter and bloody days. We call them in history 'The Sex War Epoch.'

"Eventually the women won, and we destroyed millions of the despised masculine sex. For untold centuries they had kept women subjugated and we finally got our revenge.

"Oh!" I said. "In our world the women are getting equal rights with the men. For a long time we, too, were held back but now we stand shoulder to shoulder with the men. I hope we won't have any sex war. That would be horrible."

"Time will tell," Mavia answered. "Now, Lucille, are there any questions you are eager to ask, because I know you are hungry and we will continue our conversation after you have eaten and rested."

"First, tell me how it is that we understand each other when we both speak different languages?"

Mavia laughed. "It is very simple. By means of sensitized plates within these caps your spoken thoughts vibrate along those short wires and are received and translated by the wires on my cap and come to me as if spoken in my own language. The same thing happens to my spoken thoughts. In other words, these caps are tiny thought-wave sending and receiving sets. We have had them from the time the men were the ruling sex. At that time each of our cities was a separate nation speaking its own language and making its own laws and warring upon each other. When the women took control of things we internationalized the languages and laws and now each city is a part of one great whole. The Second Evolutionists are now equal to the Thirds in every way. Before, we were beset by outside foes and our strength was being continually used up in civil wars. Now that we are organized we are able to strengthen our forces and in time we expect to be the only evolutionary plane in this dimension."

"How was it," I asked, "that we did not crash when we stepped into that void between floors?"

"Because the minute we stepped off the floor our bodies lost almost all weight with the lessened force of gravity from above the shaft. The fact that we did not stay stationary in the air but floated down was due to a gentle but persistent counter-pull exerted on our bodies, gradually giving them weight until we reached bottom. Now, Lucille, I am going to take you to my apartment where you will rest and eat, for I have much more to tell you and tomorrow is to be a busy day. Come with me."

We left the office and floated down another shaft to the floor below. Mavia explaining, as we went, the general layout of the floors we were traversing. The top floor was devoted entirely to the airplanes. The second floor—that is, the next to the top—was the office floor, and the third to the tenth were devoted to the living quarters of these remarkable women. I was extremely

worried about Dad, but felt confident that Mavia would help me to find him.

When we stepped onto the third floor I was startled to see an immense insect crawling towards me and I drew back in alarm. Mavia said:

"Don't be afraid. That is one of our servants. It is of the ant family and by careful breeding we have developed them to this size. They make highly efficient servants, each one trained to its own task. They are perfectly harmless. Countless centuries of selective breeding have eradicated all vicious tendencies."

"Perhaps it has," I quavered, "but they don't look if. Please don't let any of them wait on me."

"Just as you say," Mavia replied, courteously, "but I assure you they are very gentle."

What Happened to Males

I NOTICED in the center of this hallway, or street as Mavia called it, a wide section in the floor, bisected and moving along in opposite directions while at either side an equally wide strip remained stationary. We now stepped onto the moving roadway and we were carried at a swift pace to our destination.

Mavia's apartment was strictly utilitarian, bare almost to emptiness. Only the most necessary furniture stood about. I expressed a desire for a bath and she ushered me into a room and instructed me to strip except for the thought transferring apparatus and stand under what I took to be a shower. She then turned a wheel and a bright light filtered down on me.

"Where is the soap and water?" I asked.

Mavia said: "This is our method of cleansing and rejuvenating the body. Those radio-active rays cleanse the skin and penetrate the pores, revivifying the body with new life and strength."

It was true. The dust and grime I had collected disappeared and although I had been feeling fatigued I now felt as if I had been resting. Mavia presented me with one of her tunics to wear instead of my cumbersome flying suit.

The tunic on her barely reached below her hips, but I was so much smaller that it came modestly to my knees and after strapping on my automatic I felt quite dressed up.

We went next into the dining room and Mavia, dismissing three giant insect servants, waited on me herself. First she went to the wall and operated a machine that resembled a portable typewriter. Then she opened a section of a wall and pulled out a table with dishes and service on it. By the time she had arranged it, a slight buzzing over the typewriter affair was heard and Mavia removed from a section in the wall a little tray. Strange but delicious foods were placed before me and I ate heartily.

During the course of the meal I asked her where the food came from and she said that on the thirty-first floor were the kitchens where food for the whole city was prepared and on the floors thirty-two to fifty agriculture was successfully carried on by means of artificial sunlight and irrigation.

"Mavia, tell me," I asked finally, "do you think you could help me find my father?"

"If he is where I think he is, perhaps I can."

"Thank you," I replied. "Please go on with your descriptions of the three evolutions of your world. You left off at the sex war of the second evolution."

Mavia complied. "After the war there was complete chaos for a while. Women were not used to this

power and it went to their heads. They wanted to kill every male creature in the second evolutionary plane, for they were tired of child-bearing and child-rearing. A few of us who were able to withstand the headiness of our triumph took hold of things and prevented the complete extermination of the males, until we could see whether or not they were necessary to the future of our race."

"I should think," I interrupted, "that with your advanced knowledge of science you would have been able to produce young without the actual help of the male. In our world we have certain low forms of life that do that very thing."

Mavia laughed heartily. "We did try it and you should have seen the results. Perfect monstrosities. We did not want our race to deteriorate, so we went back to the age-old method."

"The males who had escaped extermination were put through rigid physical and mental tests. Those of a high average are all housed on the twelfth floor, as you call it, and these men are called the reproducing males."

"Every woman is required by law to give to the city two children which, by improved scientific methods, she does with a minimum of pain and time."

"The males whose intelligence average was below our mental standard but who had physical beauty were made sterile by a special process and housed on the thirteenth tier."

"But you don't need these sterile men," I said. "Why do you keep them?"

Mavia smiled grimly. "We changed a lot of things but we were unable, without danger to the future of our race, to change the fundamentals of natural instincts. When we women have borne two children to the race we are not allowed to reproduce a third time. Nevertheless the old biological urge returns and then we find use for the sterile male."

"But that is downright immoral," I objected.

Planning the Raid

MAVIA frowned. "What is morality? Isn't it living in such a manner that you are able to give the best of yourself to the race to which you belong? What we consider proper would probably be condemned an immoral in your sphere. Yet were I to visit you, no doubt I should be shocked by many of your customs that you people either put up with or ignore. Am I not right?"

"I don't know," I answered. "It still doesn't seem right to me."

"Well, to you with your present standard of morals it isn't right, but to us it is a highly efficient manner of settling our difficulties. But let's get back to our explanations of the three evolutionary planes. We, you understand, are of the second evolution, and there is yet another plane, called the third, whose inhabitants are our deadly enemies."

"They are horrible grotesque creatures, with abnormal mental developments. They have tiny weak bodies and enormous heads. Clever machines carry them around and do the physical acts that their little wised bodies are incapable of performing."

"Why are they your enemies?" I asked, curiously.

"They fear us," Mavia replied. "They are afraid that we will evolve to the point where we shall take their place. But, although they don't know it, we are quite

content to remain on our present evolutionary plane with which we are very well satisfied. Nevertheless, we shall probably have to exterminate them for the safety of our own race. Now about those light-wave messages—"

Just then a knock sounded and about fifteen women entered, all wearing the thought-wave caps. They were prepared to meet and converse with me.

Mavia introduced them. They were all fine, intelligent, well-developed, good-looking women and they gazed at me with disguised curiosity. I could easily stand under the arm of any of them. For a time they kept me busy explaining the customs and accomplishments of our dimension until finally Mavia rapped for order.

"Comrades-in-rule," she said, "just as you came in I was explaining something to our visitor which I think will be of interest to you as well. A man whom she calls 'Father' had been receiving light-wave messages from this world. By means of a disintegrating ray this 'Father' has traveled through from the third dimension to this one. Lucile was captured by the First Evolutionists and 'Father' was not with them. We know that he is not with us, therefore he must be with the Thirds."

"As you know, the Thirds are planning a raid upon us and, so doubt, the light-wave messages that 'Father' has been intercepting were calls for reinforcements from those horrible beings of the second dimension."

A murmur of horror came from the women. It amazed me to hear Mavia call Dad "Father", as if that were his given name.

Mavia went on. "My suggestion is this: The Thirds do not know we have this knowledge of their proposed raid, so why not take them unaware by a midnight attack and with our newly-perfected rays, wipe them out of existence?"

A cheer went up and it was quite a few minutes before I could make myself heard. "My Father!" I yelled. "If he is with these Third Evolutionists and you wipe them out—what will happen to him?"

"I'm afraid it is unavoidable, but if he is with them he will have to go too."

Hysterically, I began to cry and beg them to save my father from destruction. They gazed at me in amazement. I suppose such an exhibition of emotion was totally unfamiliar to them. Finally Mavia awkwardly patted my back and said:

"I am sorry if we wounded your sensibilities, but we, of this world, are accustomed to considering the good of the race before individual preferences. Yet, you are our guest and we will make an exception in your favor."

"You mean you will save my father?" I cried joyfully and to everyone's astonishment I threw my arms around Mavia.

"Just a second," she cried. "I do not promise positively that we will be able to save him, but we will endeavor, for your sake, to do so."

"Thank you all," I said quietly. "I feel as if father were saved already."

"Well, now that that is settled, we will have to get busy and prepare for our midnight attack. You, Calista, I appoint as guide and instructor to our visitor. Show her over the city. You are both to return here to my apartment and I will assign you your place in tonight's raid."

One of the women rose and saluted and together we left the apartment.

CHAPTER V

Explosive

CALLISSIA I found to be a very pleasant companion and with her I explored the pier, descending from floor to floor, or as I should call it, tier to tier.

The first three tiers I had already seen and as the next six were the same as the third, that is, women's apartments, we dropped down an express shaft from the third tier to the eleventh. There the scientists worked. The whole floor was a huge laboratory and I met many women who had heard of my presence and were anxious to meet me. Many of them tried to explain to me the wonders of the various experiments they were conducting, but I am afraid that most was beyond me. But how Dad would have enjoyed it!

On the twelfth floor were the quarters for reproducing men. I will admit I was anxious to see them. We went straight to the recreation section where we found hundreds of men walking around or reclining in comfortable chairs reading. They were not as tall as the women and were dressed almost similarly. I expected to see effeminate creatures simpering about, but instead I found a group of men, who except for their peculiar shoulder-length hair might have been men of my own world.

On the next floor, however, my expectations were more than justified. Curled and perfumed and elaborately dressed, these uninformative creatures gazed coyly at us and I urged Callisia to take me away at once. We went on to the fourteenth tier and saw the community shops, where one could get anything from a new tunic to an airplane.

The fifteenth tier held the city nurseries where, cared for by the giant insects, were children of both sexes. Poor little mites! They simply walked gravely around or played sedately with educational toys. There did not seem to be that spontaneous joy of living, characteristic of the children of our own world. The older children were grouped into classrooms where they were being educated for the particular career in life for which they were destined.

The sixteenth tier contained the hospital where feminine doctors and assistants hustled efficiently about. One particular case the doctors insisted on showing me. I protested that I did not know anything about surgery or medicine, but Callisia said: "Do come and see it. It is a perfectly wonderful piece of work and our doctors will be offended, as they are justly proud of themselves for having accomplished it."

Reluctantly I accompanied them to a private room where we found a woman seated at a table busily writing. As we entered she arose and came towards us, evidently pleased at our visit. I was introduced and the doctor in charge said: "We will now show you the triumph of science over the crucibles of nature."

The patient took off her tunic and I saw that in her left side was a transparent square that looked like glass but was soft, like flesh, to the touch. Through this I could see her heart beating. Tiny wires connected to the heart came up under the breast and were connected to a small, flat, box-like object fastened under her left arm.

"Very clever, but what is it all about?" I asked. I suppose they thought I was awfully dumb but very courteously they explained:

"In the last raid upon the Thirds, the patient was wounded through the heart. When she was brought to

us she was dead. Dead but still warm. As she was in perfect physical condition except for the wounded heart we decided to try out an experiment we had been working on. Her flesh and blood heart was removed and this artificial rubber heart inserted. It worked. Pumping blood through the system it brought back life and now she is just as well off as before the accident."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed. "What keeps it going?"

The doctor pointed to the flat object under her arm and explained, that this tiny box contained stored up electrical energy which operated the rubber heart. The electrical apparatus had to be renewed about every thirty days.

I thanked them for the interesting exhibition and we went on down through the next fourteen floors where factories and centers of manufacture were located.

Tier thirty-one I explored extensively. Food in huge quantities was being prepared and I thought of what a boon such a system would be to many tired housewives. Huge automatic refrigerating systems helped keep the food pure.

We next visited the agriculture tiers. From tier thirty-two to tier fifty inclusive, were acre upon acre of growing crops. Overhead were immense lights that supplied the sunlight needed by all growing things while cleverly arranged sprinklers watered the crops. All about were the giant insects industrially farming.

Tier fifty-one, Callisia informed me, was set aside for the exclusive use of the huge ants, where they had their living, breeding and training quarters. When I declined to visit them, Callisia suggested that we return to Mavia's apartment.

"Are there no more tiers? Have we reached ground level?" I asked.

"Oh, no," Callisia replied, "we haven't reached ground level. There are many more tiers, some even below ground, but they are used mostly as granaries, store houses and burial vaults for the ashes of our dead. And below them are the old, unused prisons."

"What do you do with your prisoners if you do not use the prisons?"

"We do not have any prisoners. If anyone shows criminal tendencies, he is scientifically treated to eradicate such impulses. If the treatments are successful, he is restored to society but, if they are not, then he is painlessly put out of the way."

The Trial

ON the way to the upgoing shaft, Callisia showed me ultra-violet artificial sunlight containers that diffused an even health-giving light over the whole city. Nearby were the machines for manufacturing the artificial air which they breathed.

We had by then reached an express shaft going straight up to the third tier. Curious, I asked as we were drawn swiftly upward by an unseen force, how this shaft was operated. Callisia explained that when we stepped into the bottom of the upward going shaft, we kept our proper weight but huge magnetic beams from above drew us irresistibly upward. But for all the reassurance of her explanations I drew a great breath of relief as we stepped out of the shaft onto the solid ground of the third tier.

When we reported to Mavia, she requested Callisia to preside over the trial of an insubordinate reproducing male. When it was suggested that perhaps I would find it interesting to attend, I agreed willingly, and accompanied Callisia back to the twelfth tier.

We found a group of five women, seated comfortably, while before them stood the defendant, his head thrown back and a light of rebellion flashing from his handsome dark eyes.

Calisia took her place and motioned me to a seat beside her. She then requested them all, the man included, to put on the thought-wave caps so that I could follow the trial.

While one of the women procured and distributed the caps, I studied the defendant.

Slightly built but straight as a sapling, he stood before us. He was very good-looking. I suppose, being a woman, it was natural that I should notice his good looks first of all.

Back home I had had no time for the usual run of men, though I was by no means a man hater. Some day, if I ever met the right man, I knew I would marry. But somehow or other the men with whom I came into contact either left me cold or, if they did appeal to me, they usually aroused my antagonism by their airs of superiority. We women knew we were the equal of the men, but it was taking a long time and much hard work to convince men of our equality. I intended to marry no man who did not look upon me as his equal, mentally and physically.

But back to the trial. Calisia was speaking.

"What is the charge against the defendant?"

One of the women arose and said: "He is charged with talking sedition to the other men and of trying to arouse them to revolt against the present system of government. We have a witness."

Calisia called for the witness and another man was ushered in. His air of cringing subservience disgusted me and I noticed that even the other women looked at him with good-natured contempt.

"Your name and position?" asked Calisia.

"I am Soonta, Section Head, Number Six," the newcomer answered with a sly glance of malice at the defendant. "That man has been a source of trouble ever since he was sent up to us from the training rooms. He always talks of the terrible way we men are treated—those are his words," he hastily explained. The women nodded indulgently and Soonta continued: "Finally he got so revolted that he declared he would die rather than submit to such a life. He refused to meet the women when they came to visit us and sufficed in his room. I tried all the known ways of making him conform to custom but it was useless. Nothing was left but to report him as insubordinate."

"Very well, Soonta, I will make a note of your zeal. You may go now. Defendant, what is your name and what have you to say in your defense?"

The defendant spoke and a thrill of sympathy went through me as I listened to his proud reply.

"My name is Joburza and the charges against me are perfectly true. I abhor the present system of government and I hate you women. You are tyrants of the worst sort. I refuse to submit to this reproduction. When you condemn me, I will gladly go to the Lethal Chamber. In fact, I prefer annihilation."

"No doubt you do," Calisia sneered. "But I think that with a few treatments in the electro-coma room to reduce your present mentality, and a passage through the bonite-ray sterilizer you will be ready to take your place with the thirteenth tier men."

Joburza visibly wilted. Fear and loathing lent a desperate note to his voice: "I beg you. Grant me the boon of death. Anything, anything, rather than the thirteenth tier!"

The women laughed cruelly and one of them said:

"Once you pass through the mentality-reducing room you won't care very much. We will see that special attention is given to eradicating your pride."

"Won't you have any pity?" Joburza pleaded, gazing at us all as if we were monsters.

A Joke on Someone

I COULD not stand the cruelty any longer, so presuming on my status as a welcome visitor, I asked permission to speak.

"I have a request to make. I am a woman like yourselves. If it is not offending your customs, I would like you to let me have the prisoner, to do with as I wish."

An astonished silence greeted my request and Joburza gazed at me suspiciously, wondering, I suppose, what particular form of cruel punishment I desired for him.

"Would you mind telling us what you wish to do?" Calisia asked.

"I want to take him back to my dimension with me."

"Why?" The question was asked simultaneously by all the women.

"For—for—" I thought desperately—"For scientific experiments!"

"Well, it is a peculiar request," Calisia stated. "But then, having you here is a peculiar situation. What do you say, comrades-in-rife? Personally, I am in favor of it. At least it is a novel form of punishment."

The other five women agreed, and carefully hiding my elation, I asked to speak to the prisoner alone.

When the other had gone I asked him if he were glad that he was saved from his punishment.

"I do not know," he replied stiffly. "Perhaps the experiments you have in store for me will be more degrading."

"Poor Joburza!" I said. "Cheer up! I have no wish to experiment with you. I only said that because I wanted to have you turned over to me. I want to help you."

"Help me?" he questioned. "You—you—mean—?" "I mean, Joburza, that I will take you through to my world, where everyone, men and women alike, have a chance to live and work. You will be free, absolutely free, to live your life as you see fit. Do you understand now?"

"Is it possible?" he murmured, gazing earnestly at me. "I can—I—Oh! It seems the good to be true. How can I thank you?"

"You needn't even try. Just show me by your conduct when we reach my world that I have not made a mistake."

"I will! I will!" he promised, tears of gladness coming into his eyes.

Just then Calisia came in and said Mavia wished to see me in her office. "I think she has some good news for you."

Requesting her to see that my prisoner was taken care of, I fairly raced up to Mavia. "Ho!" she jested. "I hear you have a prisoner. I think turning him over to the third dimensioners is a very good joke," she laughed heartily.

"Yes, indeed!" I replied brightly, but I failed to explain whom the joke was on.

"Come over here, please, I have something I want to show you."

On one side of her office was an affair that I had taken to be a radio. Mavia twirled a few dials and the wall above it lit up. I looked and saw waving scarlet tress with the setting sun, now a great lavender ball,

sinking slowly behind them. "Oh!" I exclaimed, "It is a window!"

Mavia smiled. "No indeed; even if it were a window we would not see out of doors as my office is centrally located."

"Then it is television. We have that, too, but our screen only records black and white. How beautiful. This seems just like looking out of doors."

"Wait just a second." Mavia set the lower dial and plugged in a short wire. I suddenly had the sensation of traveling at a terrible speed. The scenery flashed by. Huge mountain after mountain was passed in a second.

"Those are our other cities. The bi-focal wave is picking them up and recording them on the screen as it passes on its way to its focus. Watch closely, I think you will be interested."

The last mountain passed. We came to the end of the scarlet vegetation. Great barren wastes flashed by. In the distance, but rapidly looming large as we seemingly came closer, was a dense purple mist. For a few seconds the screen was clouded. Then it cleared and we were over what looked like a great bee farm.

Down we dropped. Hive after hive passed us. I call them hives as that is exactly what they looked like, but in reality they were houses. We swerved and a hive larger by far than the others completely filled the screen.

CHAPTER VI

Dad Again!

SUDDENLY the screen changed. We seemed to have penetrated the wall and were traversing an immense corridor. A great metal door barred our path. Through that we went and seemed to stop on the inner side of it, for a complete room was before us.

In the grotesque-looking creatures in the room I recognized, from Mavia's previous description, the beings of the Third Evolution. And in the center of the room, talking earnestly was—

"Dad!" I cried, jumping up, completely forgetting that what I saw was only a photographic reproduction of a scene, actually taking place thousands of miles away.

"Is that 'Father'?" Mavia inquired. "I thought so! We located him about an hour ago and fifty of our best women scouts have gone to rescue him. We would have seen them through the screen, only they are traveling at a higher altitude than our line of vision. Do not worry about 'Father' now. He will be here with you shortly. Do you wish to watch the battle?—No, I believe it would be too harrowing to you," and she switched off the screen.

"You see," she continued, "by sending these scouts to get 'Father' the Thirds will not be looking for our other attack tonight and consequently they will be off their guard."

I could see that she was talking to give me time to compose myself and I did my best to appear calm but that one glimpse of Dad among those horrible inhuman looking creatures had almost unerved me. I asked Mavia to turn in again and see what was happening, but she was firm in her refusal. Instead she began to question me about the Hewitt Ray. I told her all I understood about it and she suggested that while we were waiting we should try to locate the cave in which I had left the second model, so that she could send some one for it.

While she was directing the unseen eye over the countryside I said "I suppose you are anxious to get rid of us. My father and I are causing you a lot of trouble."

"Not at all," she answered. "We enjoyed having you here. But only as visitors. When your visit is completed you must go back. We are much too busy living our own lives and working out our destinies. We do not care to take on the responsibility of trying to fit in our lives with those of an odd dimension nor to take the time and trouble to fit the odd dimensions into our life."

"Will you explain something that has been puzzling me, Mavia?" I asked. "I always understood that if a being of one dimension passed through into another dimension, he would find everything appearing to him at odd angles or in cross sections. How is it that everything seems the same to me? I mean that you seem to have the same number of dimensions as I?"

"I know what you mean," Mavia answered. "But here is something that the theorists have not taken into consideration. When the object or person passes from one dimension into another, it, or they, immediately takes on the dimensional proportions of the new plane of existence. For example, you, a three-dimensional being, in passing into the fourth dimension, took on an extra dimension, which you will lose as you pass back into your own plane. That is why we look normal to you and you look normal to me."

"Whereas, if this Hewitt Ray of yours permitted you to remain in the third dimension and gaze through into the fourth, then you would have seen us in what would appear to you as a cross section or, as you say, in peculiar angles."

She had located the cave containing the machine, and after taking the figures denoting the exact spot, she pressed a button and gave the order to a woman who entered to recover it.

We next went to her apartment and she and I both refreshed ourselves with the radio-active bath. While we were resting, a knock was heard, the door opened and dear old Dad and his rescuers came in.

I flew to his arms and could hardly let go of him in my delight.

"Dear me! dear me! — It's you, Lucile!" Dad's eyes were twinkling. "I thought for a minute that one of these strange ladies was hugging me. But now I see it is you, all dressed up in their clothes."

Amid much laughter, Mavia dismissed the scouts and ordered a meal for the three of us. Dad related his experiences. His eyes shone with delight as he told of the new science he had learned by this trip. He did not seem to realize that he had been in grave danger.

What Happened!

"**Y**OU know," he was saying to Mavia, "Those Thirds, as they call themselves, are mighty smart creatures. I tell you their scientific accomplishments nearly had me floored. But I had a few tricks up my sleeve with which they were unfamiliar," he chuckled. "Miss Mavia, do you know I nearly conducted a war against you young ladies? For a fact! I understood from the Thirds that they were a bunch of savages, threatening to pull down their civilization, with its accumulated scientific knowledge. And here you are, a group of pretty ladies playing at politics."

"I think you will find us doing a little more than playing," Mavia said coldly. "And as for scientific knowledge you won't find us far behind the Thirds. Now, Lucile, I am going to be very busy for the next hour or

two. We have decided to set the hour of attack ahead and I must go. You and Father have the freedom of the city. All are instructed to treat you courteously. Show Father around, or, if you wish, just rest yourselves.

"Mavia, before you go I want to— I began, but she cut me short saying:

"Now, now—No! Thank You! if you please. You are our guest and it was our duty to help you," and she was gone!

Dad and I looked at each other. He had a heavy frown. "Come! come! young lady. I want to know what you mean by following me around this way?"

I giggled. "Now Dad! Don't play the heavy father rôle. It isn't becoming to you. I am dying of curiosity to know how you were rescued. Mavia shut off the screen before the excitement started. I saw you standing in a large room talking to those funny-looking people. Then what happened?"

"Why I hardly know myself. I was explaining the use of certain explosives in warfare, to the Chodron or head Third, when suddenly, the walls of the room began to crumble. Through the openings came beams of light that, when they touched the Thirds caused them to crumble just as had the walls. I stood still, momentarily expecting one of the beams to touch and finish me but to my surprise the beams flashed over everything, leaving me unharmed.

"Then when the walls had given way sufficiently, a bunch of curiously-armored young women rushed into the room, grabbed me, none too gently, hustled me out into the opening where I saw a number of aircraft surrounding the building and operating the deadly rays that were destroying it. I presume from its action, that the ray is derived from a very low wavelength of the ultraviolet, which after it had passed a wavelength of—"

"Oh, Dad!" I cut in impatiently. "Please forget the wavelengths and go on. What happened next?"

"Well I was hurried into one of the air machines and almost immediately we all took to the air. For a few moments I was scared stiff, I mean literally. As you know I had never gone up in an airplane before but soon there was enough excitement to take my mind from my fright at finding myself in the air.

"From out of the other buildings poured thousands of the Thirds. Huge machines were hastily erected and great beams of light shot out at us. Two of the planes were caught by the beams and crashed in flames, but the remainder climbed to a safe altitude and flew on. As we ascended the great purple mists my pilot gave me an insulating suit to put on. Those purple mists you know are the main protection of the Thirds. Heretofore nothing had been able to come through them and live, but these women have found a way to protect themselves.

"The suit I put on, I saw, was a mesh of glass and rubber. The outside of the planes and everything in it were similarly protected. We passed through the mists safely and here we are!"

"I am glad you are here and not with the Thirds, for after tonight there won't be any Thirds." I said, trying to make him realize how extremely dangerous his position had been.

"Yes—yes—I know. It is terrible. Such scientific knowledge these great people have, and they use it to try to annihilate each other. Why, the Thirds have discovered that life is but—"

Anticipating a long scientific discourse, I interrupted. "Dad, you must come down to the eleventh tier and see what these women have done in the way of science."

I left him there, happy in his own environment, and hastened a way to find Mavia.

War

AS I expected, she was in her office and I begged her to let me accompany her on the raid tonight. She firmly refused me but promised that I could use her viewing screen and see what was happening. While we were talking, a scout entered and made her report.

The Thirds, it seemed, had succeeded in getting into communication with the beings of the second dimension and thousands of them had come through and were inhabiting the purple mists, which had been expanded to completely cover the Third Evolutionists' domain.

"Oh damn!" said Mavia, or whatever its equivalent is in her language. "Just as we have found a way to insulate ourselves and our planes from the purple mists, they succeed in reaching those horrors of the second dimension. We know that they are unable to harm us except as we pass through the mists for they cannot live in this dimension, outside of the mist. But how can we pass them safely?"

"May I suggest something?" I asked timidly.

"Yes, of course," Mavia snapped. "If you have a way of helping us, say so."

"By using my father's Hewitt Ray, I could set you and your whole army down in the center of the Thirds. The people of the second dimension could not harm you as you go through the mists because while you are passing them, there will be nothing for them to harm except a ray which they will not even know is passing."

"It's. That might do, and once we gain an entrance, we will make very short work of the Thirds. But young woman, have you considered that after we have finished with the Thirds we will be practically stranded? There we will be, completely surrounded by the mist and unable to pass it to get home!"

I smiled in triumph. "Mavia, if you take me with you I promise to bring you back, safely, through the mists."

Mavia grinned. "You certainly are a determined young woman, are you not? Very well! You have earned your place in our ranks and you may go with us tonight."

The next few hours were very busy ones for me. Following my instructions, Mavia ordered an extra Hewitt Ray machine to be built, which the scientists, with Dad's help, erected in short order. I was given an insulating suit to put on.

"It will protect you from the rays of the Thirds but, may your deity, whoever he is, help you if you come in contact with the Second Dimensioners."

"What terrible weapon do they use?" I asked.

"That is just it," answered one of the scouts who was putting on her own insulating suit. "We do not know. They are great obnoxious-looking, winged creatures. Nature herself seems to have equipped them with a defensive weapon. Their bodies emit sparks that annihilate all they touch. We have never been able to insulate ourselves against them. For some reason the electrically-charged purple mists seem to be the only place in which they can live in this dimension."

Finally all was in readiness. The two Hewitt Ray machines were brought up to the mountain top and Dad was detailed to operate the one which was to send us forth. Imagine, if you can, the scene. Dad at one end of the mountain top with his Hewitt Ray machine, the other Hewitt Ray machine in the center, a guard of fifty

women surrounding it, whose sole duty was to protect it from the rays of the Thirds. Spread out in close formation were the soldier women, not only of our own city but of the other seventy-eight cities as well. Columns after columns of glittering, armored women . . .

Maivia, at whose side I was stationed, gave the signal and—one second we were on the mountain top—the next we were inside the surrounding circle of the purple mist!

Then hell broke loose! Our women began to spread out fanwise, sowing destruction in their wake. The hive-like houses in our immediate vicinity, at the touch of the destructive rays, wielded by our soldiers, crumbled up and disappeared in a puff of smoke. The Thirds in the outlying houses quickly retreated and erected their enormous machines which shot forth beams of light. Their beams had a greater focus than our ray guns but our women in their insulating suits suffered no great damage. A few here and there whose suits, I suppose, were defective, stiffened out and fell to the ground. It was noticeable that the beams of light, shot out by the retreating Thirds acted differently from our rays. Their beams seemed only to strike their victims dead but our rays consumed them entirely.

I looked back to see if any harm had come in the Hewitt Ray machine. The fifty women surrounding it were directing great beams of light in all directions, forming a light barrier, which I later learned was able to stop and deflect any destructive beam which might be directed towards the machine.

X Souvenir

IT was all highly exciting, but so entirely different from the bloody carnage that we of our world expect in battle, that it seemed like some great pageant in which I was taking part.

I marched with the rest of the soldiers and directed my ray gun on the Thirds and their houses. They were such inhuman-looking creatures with their thin machine-like bodies and great globular heads, that when they crumbled and disappeared as my ray touched them, I felt no revulsion as I might have had they been more human-looking. Instead, I cheered wildly at each victory.

We marched fanwise as I said, clear to the edge of the purple mists, leaving not a living thing in our path, except the unfortunate women who had fallen under the beams of the Thirds. Reaching the mist, we directed our ray guns into it, trying to get some of the great creatures inhabiting it.

Now that we were so close to the mist, we could see them plainly, great bodies, with bat-like wings and tiny heads. Their red fiery eyes seemed to occupy the greater part of the small heads. They grimaced and gestured horribly at us and threw out sparks from their bodies.

We retreated to a safe distance and yelled our defiance at them. Tiring of this sport, the victorious army of women returned, singing and shouting, to the Hewitt Ray machine with its guard still surrounding it.

It was my duty now to operate the ray machine and I had no intention of being left behind. I set the automatic controls as Dad had shown me, then stepped in front into my place.

Nothing happened! There was no amber-colored ray to transport us back to safety! For a few moments the morale of the army seemed to be lost. Were we doomed to stay here surrounded by the horrid creatures of the purple mists?

Helplessly the leaders turned to me and I could only bid them wait, explaining that the automatic controls

had not yet taken effect, and I advised them all to keep their places.

Suddenly the softly glowing ray shot forth and we all began a sigh of relief which ended on our own mountain top! We had won through. The purple mists were cheated of their prey!

Dad, who had been anxiously watching the battle through Maivia's viewing screen, hurried to greet us on our return.

"Lucile, I did not know you were such a blood-thirsty savage. Why, I watched you through the television and you certainly did your share of destruction and seemed to be enjoying yourself immensely!"

"Well, Dad, if you go adventuring off into strange worlds you cannot blame your daughter if she follows in your footsteps."

"Just the same," he said, his eyes twinkling in their old familiar manner. "I think we had better go home before you can find any more trouble to get into."

"Yes," I admitted. "I have only three weeks' leave and I must get a little rest before I go back to work."

While Dad readjusted the Hewitt Ray to take us back I sent for Joburra, my prisoner, and introduced him to Dad. I told him of the trial and its results. Dad laughed and said:

"Well! Well! I suppose, Lucile, it is only natural that you should take back a souvenir. I never heard of a woman yet, who did not want to take back some kind of a souvenir from her travels. I suppose I should be thankful you did not collect a whole cart-load of such souvenirs."

"Of course you should," I agreed cheerfully.

"Amid the friendliest 'goodbyes' from our strange friends and with their hearty invitation to return some day, ringing in our ears, Dad and I and our prisoner passed through the ray and after a few seconds found ourselves in Dad's laboratory.

"Wake up," I cried, shaking Marion, who had fallen asleep before the light-wave machine. "We are home!" Tired as we were, there was no thought of sleep that night. Marion demanded to be told every little bit of our adventures. It took almost all night to completely tell the tale and explain all about the strange things we had found in the other dimension. Marion declared herself to be a member of the party, on the next trip. She was much interested in the women of the fourth dimension.

"I always thought we were emancipated," she said, "but this Maivia and her crowd are emancipated-plus."

While we were eating a very early breakfast I asked Dad: "How was it, Dad, that you and I landed in different places? You landed in the country of the Thirds while I landed with the savage Firsts."

Dad explained. "Due to the curvature of space we did not travel in a straight line. You took off, to use your aerial language, at a different time than I did and consequently landed at the other side of the circle. Understand?"

"Ye-s-s, I think I do," I replied hesitatingly.

Joburra, whom I promptly re-christened John, feted himself easily into our life. He learned our language quickly but spoke it with a curiously quaint accent. Dad, discovering that he had an aptitude for science, readily took him into his laboratory as a pupil-assistant.

"My son was a daughter, so I have adopted this boy," he explained laughingly to his friends.

I liked John very much but he exasperated me by his air of timidity with women. Poor boy, with his back-

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Via the Hewitt Ray

(Continued from Page 383)

ground. I suppose he could not help himself, and I was continually trying to improve him. What woman can resist the temptation to reform a man?

One day about six months later I returned to the house for my three-day leave and found John meekly taking a scolding from our housekeeper. I sharply sent her about her business; then turned to John.

"Why do you do it, John? For the love of Mike! Brace up! Remember you are a man. Forget your other life. You are in a different world now. Remember, women aren't anything to be afraid of. They can't hurt you. Why, don't you know that you are in every way superior to a woman?" (May my sisters in feminism forgive the lies. I had to be drastic). "Just say to yourself—'I am a man,' and be one! If a woman doesn't agree with you, bully her. She will like it. Try it some time and see how it works."

"I believe I will," John said, and grabbing me he kissed me!

"Why, John!" I cried, astonished. "What made you do that?"

My father was standing by the window. I had not noticed him before.

"Haw! Haw!" he laughed. "Poor John was only taking your advice—'Bully them!' Ho! Ho!—Try it some time! Haw! Haw!—but seriously, Lucile, I am surprised to hear you, of all women, advise a man to look on himself as a woman's superior. I thought you wanted the men to admit the women's superiority."

"Oh well!" I answered nonchalantly, glancing out of the corner of my eye at John. "It all depends on who the man is!"

"Oh-h-h! I see," smiled Dad and with exaggerated solicitude tip-toed from the room.

THE END