



JULES VERNE'S TOMBSTONE AT AMIENS
PORTRAYING HIS IMMORTALITY

AMAZING STORIES

Scientific Fiction

Vol. 6

December, 1931

No. 9

In Our Next Issue

POWER, by Harl Vincent. The destiny of the world depends largely upon power. Man is only a weakling. The falls of Niagara are a giant. And to those who possess and control this thing called power belongs unlimited possibilities for autocratic control of their fellow beings. The days of wind-mills and water-mills are gone. And there is hardly any assurance that our new and latest forms are going to remain forever the best. Our well-known author, for instance, who is definitely interested in the science of electric power, offers some astonishingly interesting possibilities for a certain substitute of our present-day power-making history of the future.

TUMITHAK OF THE CORRIDORS, by Charles R. Tanner. It is not necessarily cowardice that makes a people retreat further and further from an enemy which has ruthlessly brought complete destruction and death to thousands. It is sensible caution that comes with experience. But always there is someone—in generations far removed, perhaps—who dares to risk all in an effort to release his people, from the bonds of such enslaving fears. (Crowded out of December issue.)

THE PLANET OF THE DOUBLE SUN, by Neil R. Jones. Here is another sequel relating the extraordinary adventures of Professor Jameson, who first started his voyage in a ship of his own construction, in which he was placed in suspended animation and was later rescued when his ship was found, and was at first mistaken for a satellite. Very much more exciting even than its two predecessors.

THE INEVITABLE CONFLICT, by Paul H. Lovering. (A Serial in two parts) Part II. In old times the nations of the world were usually ruled by men. Yet there were some ruling Queens. Queen Elizabeth, for instance, governed with an iron hand. And every now and then some woman would be known to do her part in settling the destinies of nations. Now there is a growing tendency to place women on an equal footing with men in the fields of politics. Who can tell how far-reaching these tendencies may become? In the concluding chapters our author tells us.

And other unusual science fiction

In Our December Issue

The Inevitable Conflict

(A Serial in two parts) Part I

By Paul H. Lovering..... 776
Illustrated by Morcy

Pirates of Space

By B. X. Barry..... 799
Illustrated by Morcy

Sky Cops

By Harl Vincent and Chas. Roy Cox..... 818
Illustrated by Morcy

Trial by Television

By Fred Kennedy..... 828
Illustrated by Morcy

What Happened to Professor Stockley P

By E. M. Scott..... 836
Illustrated by Morcy

The Blattids

By Morrison Colladay..... 844
Illustrated by Morcy

The Interplanetary Blues (A Poem)

By Charles Cloukey..... 853

What Do You Know?

(Science Questionnaire)..... 853

In the Realm of Books 855

Discussions 855

Our Cover

this month depicts a scene from the story entitled, "The Inevitable Conflict," by Paul H. Lovering, in which Mowbray's hastily rigged-up machines and his trained men, with the aid of the women from the "Legion," do justice to the faith of Mowbray in a terrific battle for the continued independence of the United States of America, from the Mongolian Empire. Part I published in this issue.

Cover illustration by Morcy

Published Monthly by Teck Publishing Corporation, Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J.

OFFICERS

Lee Ellmaker, *President*
Warren P. Joffery } *Vice Presidents*
Houston D. Crippen }
William Thompson, *Treasurer*
Wesley F. Pope, *Secretary*

EDITORIAL AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES
350 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by Teck Publishing Corporation. All rights reserved. Title Registered at the U. S. Patent Office. Printed in the United States of America. The contents of this magazine must not be reproduced without permission. We cannot be responsible for lost manuscripts, although every care is taken for their safety.

25c a Copy, \$2.50 a year,
\$3.00 in Canada, \$3.50 in
Foreign Countries. Sub-
scribers are notified that
change of address must reach
us five weeks in advance of
the next date of issue.

What Happened to Professor Stockley?

By E. M. Scott

IN its very simplification, life is becoming ever more complex. There was a time when a robber could, by just running out of some ambush, stage a hold-up and get away with it by sheer force of arms. Now, however, one is not safe anywhere, even armed. There might be any number of inventive geniuses in the midst of vast criminal organizations—therein lies the danger. What the bitter scientist in this story concocted was said by everybody to be absolutely impossible—yet read what really happened.

Illustration by MOREY

TO remark that Pittsburgh was aroused was to put the matter lightly. We had better say that the well-to-do class of the city were suffering from an acute state of nerves. A full sized and active terror was abroad. An agency that plundered alike, the money coffers of rich men and the jewel cabinets of wealthy women. A mysterious something that did not hesitate to kill upon occasion. No one who had seen it, lived to tell the tale. The only sign of its presence was a trail of theft and murder. The poor alone were exempted by the mystery criminal, who for three months, and with constantly increasing boldness and frequency, had killed and robbed the city's most substantial citizens. The poor remained unmolested.

Traps, numerous and carefully constructed, were laid and remained unsprung. Dragnets were thrown out by the frenzied police and hundreds of denizens from "The Strip" and "The Hill" were brought in and questioned, but not a trace of the vanished loot was found nor any clue that led to the detection of the mysterious robber and slayer. Twice it appeared that he must be apprehended, but by some magic-like quality, he had been able to walk out through the very grasp of his would-be captors.

The first of these occasions occurred about one month after his first appearance. The circumstances on this occasion were such, that even to the practical minded headquarters men they strongly smacked of some super-human agency.

On July 15th, John Golden, wealthy New York sportsman, lost a large sum of money that was taken from his

room in the General Washington Hotel, the city's leading hostelry. Golden was in the bath of his suite and had left his coat, containing his wallet, in the bedroom. When he returned, both coat and wallet had disappeared. Later the coat was found lying on the roof of a neighboring building, a structure which was separated from the hotel by a wide court and was several stories lower than Golden's room. Needless to say, the wallet was missing. During the same evening two lesser robberies were reported by guests of the hotel.

Despite the old adage that "lightning never strikes twice in the same spot," the management of the General Washington believed that the thief, whoever he might be, would return to so profitable a hunting ground. Acting upon this presumption, the regular staff of house officers were re-inforced by a strong contingent of Pinkerton men, furnished by the local agency, as well as a detachment of detectives from police headquarters.

The chief house detective assumed charge of the operations and organized his forces in what he deemed to be a strategic manner. One officer was posted on each floor of the building, while a flying squad, under his own command, circulated from floor to floor ready to throw the weight of their presence wherever an emergency might develop.

All went well until 11.00 P. M. Then a scream was heard from a room on the fourteenth floor. The occupant, it was found later, was Hendrick Maartin, a diamond merchant from Amsterdam, Holland. When the cry was first heard, Plain Clothes Officer O'Shea, of the city detective bureau, was patrolling the floor within sight of the door of Maartin's room. O'Shea blew his riot



It was only the work of an instant for me to raise the window and to step out into space.

whistle and then rushed in the direction of the sound. For a moment he was unable to determine from which of three or four rooms the sound had issued. Then a feeble groan followed by a dull thud placed the disturbance in room No. 1416. Both door and transom of 1416 were locked and the officer was unable to enter the apartment. While he stood there fumbling with the door, the flying squad, which had heard the alarm, arrived. The house officer carried a master-key and even as he fitted it into the lock, all heard a footfall within the room, then the sound of a window being raised—then silence.

The entire party rushed into the room. The lights were on and their blatant glare disclosed the occupant of the room, clothed in his pajamas, lying face down upon the floor, dead. His skull had been crushed by a heavy blow from some blunt instrument. One of the outer windows was open. The officers hurried to this opening, but look where they would, up and down, they could see nothing. Neither did a search of adjacent rooms or of the neighboring floors net any result. Maartin's room was not within reach of any of the fire-escapes or of adjacent buildings, and there was no sign of a rope or other means used by the murderer to escape. It was several stories to the hotel roof and a sheer drop of one hundred and fifty feet to the alley below.

Examination disclosed that the jewel merchant's cases had been rifled and approximately one hundred thousand dollars worth of gems stolen. No trace was found of either the criminal or of the diamonds and the crime remained among the city's list of unsolved murders.

The second instance occurred six weeks later and about two weeks prior to the opening of this narrative. Miss Olive Odell, a daughter of one of the state's oldest and most blue-blooded families, was wantonly murdered in her room on the third floor of the family mansion in the suburbs of the city.

The Odells were entertaining a number of friends, both house guests and local intimates. About 9:00 P. M., Olive Odell, a girl of twenty, and two of her guests, went up to their rooms on the third floor. These two, Helen Morris and Ruth Bolin, school friends of Miss Odell's, occupied a room directly across the hall from that of their hostess.

Misses Morris and Bolin entered their room. A moment later they heard a wild scream from the direction of Miss Odell's chamber. Both rushed to her door, but found it locked. Their cries quickly gathered a crowd of guests and servants who burst open the locked door. They found Miss Odell murdered. She had been stabbed to the heart with a long clasp knife, whose handle still protruded from her body.

The door of the wall safe, in which the young lady kept her jewels, was open and its contents had been removed. It would appear that the dead girl had surprised the burglar at work and paid with her life for her temerity. The murderer escaped through the open window. However, a diligent search failed to disclose how the slayer reached the ground, a distance of forty feet. Neither did the soft earth below disclose any trace of footprints or other clues.

Colonel Odell, the murdered girl's father, offered a large reward for the apprehension of his daughter's slayer; and although city police and many private detective agencies labored diligently for the golden prize, it remained unclaimed.

These crimes are only two of many and are specifically mentioned only because they tend to show the elusiveness of the mysterious criminal. Many and wild were the surmises as to the identity of this terrible unknown and the means he used to evade capture. Some had it that he traveled by airship in his nocturnal wanderings. Others inclined to superstition, openly hinted at black-art and fourth dimensions.

A dozen murders and a half-hundred robberies, all unsolved, were sufficient reasons for the hysterical condition of the police department. Newspapers flaunted blatant headlines, and described official inefficiency and

incompetency. The man on the street went even farther and discussed an unholy alliance between the underworld and the city's politicians and policemen.

The administration, elected during one of the city's periodical reform waves, was sorely perplexed as to what to do. They had already put through two minor police shake-ups, and now, in face of the public clamor, it appeared as if they must completely revamp the entire department. The mayor, a puritanical nonentity, held long but ineffectual conferences with his equally inefficient cabinet. And while many suggestions were made, none tended to offer a substantial solution to the vicious problem; so the city government simply drifted, hoping, like Micawber, for something to turn up.

In the meantime the chief of police, who had grown old in the city's service and was efficient enough against ordinary criminals, lay awake nights trying vainly to think out a way from this increasing wave of crime, which like a Juggernaut threatened to crush him under its weight and to leave him lying there maimed and dishonored, his lifetime's service of honest police work gone for naught.

THEN about two weeks after Miss Odell's murder, the reign of violence ceased as suddenly as it had started. One week, two, three and then a month passed without the consummation of a single crime that could not be traced to ordinary criminals and their matter-of-fact methods. The police department, worked up to a high tension by the mystery criminal, quickly pounced upon and secured the ordinary varieties of the breed.

The mysterious crook and his deeds in the background, the newspapers looked about for other circulation boosting material, and found it. Professor Lee Stockley, world famous inventor, scientist, philosopher and metaphysician had mysteriously disappeared. What had happened to him? Was he a victim of foul play or had he wandered off under a spell of mental aberration?

Professor Stockley owned and occupied a four-story brick building on Ross Street. This structure, while ancient, was substantial in its character and commodious in its appointments. Here its owner lived alone, his time occupied with his experiments to the exclusion of all other matters.

It was on the eighteenth of September that Professor Stockley was last seen or heard from. He had been scheduled to address a meeting of a technical society on the evening of this date, but during the afternoon he had telephoned the president of the organization and requested that he be excused on account of the urgency of other affairs. However, he said nothing about leaving the city. The gentleman to whom he talked, Mr. H. F. Kling, of the Kling Engine Works, remarked that the professor's tones were high pitched and that he appeared to be laboring under a strain of excitement or nervousness. This fact in itself was not an especially pertinent one; as Professor Stockley's acquaintances, for he possessed no intimates, had long noted the growing trait of irritability and nervousness in his character.

The missing man possessed no known relatives or close friends, at least not in Pittsburg, so that it was doubtful how much time might have elapsed before his disappearance became a matter of general knowledge. But for the arrival of his former classmate and one-time business associate, Professor Hugh Lantry of Hoboken, New Jersey, much more time might have elapsed.

Professor Lantry arrived in Pittsburg early in October. After an ineffectual effort to secure admission to his friend's quarters, he circulated around the neighborhood, and picked up such facts and gossip as he could secure. This information, no doubt partly fiction, still had a ring of truth and had been reluctantly given. It was of such a disquieting nature that Professor Lantry decided to seek the assistance of the police.

Admitted to the office of Chief of Police Paul Westley, the visitor identified himself and his former association with Professor Stockley; then he expressed his fears for the latter's safety. After listening to Professor Lantry's explanations, Chief Westley agreed that the matter merited an investigation and was himself one of the party that forced their way into the Stockley Building and so were the first to view its astounding contents.

First, however, let us note the information that Professor Lantry had put into the hands of the police.

(Letter from Professor Stockley to Professor Lantry.)

May 5th, 1930.

My Dear Lantry:

In accordance with our custom of the past, that we acquaint each other with any vitally important results attained, I am writing to inform you that I am on the eve of a most stupendous discovery, which may well annihilate some of the long established laws of the universe.

I shall not go into details in this communication, but will reserve them until I have concluded some further experiments. However, I will say that my investigations deal largely with the force of gravity as it is now understood to exist.

Yours sincerely,

LEE STOCKLEY.

(Letter from Professor Stockley to Professor Lantry.)

July 2nd, 1930.

My Dear Lantry:

I have received your communications some time since. I have been somewhat indisposed and very busy or I would have written to you sooner.

As to my discovery, I find that my final investigations require more time than I had anticipated, but I expect to have something vital to report within a short time.

Yours in haste,

LEE STOCKLEY.

"These two letters, Mr. Westley," Professor Lantry explained, "are the only communications I have received from Professor Stockley."

"I promptly answered my friend's first letter and after congratulating him upon his success, I made several pertinent inquiries as to the nature of his experiments. I received no reply and after several weeks I sent a second letter, in answer to which I received the second communication, which I read to you.

"During the months of July and August I sent Professor Stockley two letters, to which he did not reply. Then during September, worried by my friend's silence, I again wrote him two letters, both of which were returned to me marked 'Unclaimed.'

"Since reaching Pittsburg, I have been making inquiries regarding Professor Stockley, and among other things learned that for a long time no mail has been delivered at his residence, but that upon his personal instructions he received it at the General Delivery window of the downtown postoffice. About September first,

he ceased calling for his mail, hence the return of my two letters."

"Furthermore, Mr. Westley," Professor Lantry continued, "In my investigations in the neighborhood where Professor Stockley lived, which by the way is none too select, I learned that my old friend has been acting in a very peculiar manner for the past several months. During his meager communications with his neighbors, the professor has made several ambiguous remarks which they did not understand, but which, to me, in the light of other events, would indicate that his brain has become diseased or that a worse fate has befallen him.

"Lee Wong, Chinese laundryman with an American education, who did Professor Stockley's washing, informed me that on one of his calls for laundry, and apropos of nothing in particular, the caller remarked:

"The day of the airship is almost past. Soon man will travel through the air without other apparatus than the clothing he wears."

"Another man, the proprietor of a small restaurant, where Professor Stockley ate many of his meals, told me, that upon several occasions the professor came into his establishment laboring under great excitement, and that once, some five or six weeks ago, he had turned to some of the other diners and in a grand eloquent manner had discoursed in this wise.

"Man shall soon overcome the so-called force of gravity that now binds him to the surface of the earth"

"The time has almost arrived when these age-old chains shall be broken and mankind will be released from their shackles and will soar through the air like birds and achieve heights now unthought of."

"THESE and many other things, I have heard," Professor Lantry concluded. "My long acquaintance with Professor Stockley leads me to believe that there is something radically wrong. For such language and actions are entirely foreign to his nature."

After some further conversation, Chief Westley, as we have already noted, accompanied by Professor Lantry and a couple of detectives, was driven out to Professor Stockley's quarters. The ugly red brick pile, with its smokeless chimneys, drawn shades and dusty windows looked even more forbidding and repressive than usual.

The officers were able to "jimmy" open a rear door and allow the party to enter. It was now late afternoon and inside the house it was quite dark. Some one found an electric light switch, so, turning on the lights as they advanced, the investigators traversed the lower floor without any material result. The rooms were vacant except for a few crates and some broken furniture, while everything was covered with a coat of dust.

An examination of the next floor disclosed that it had at one time been used as a laboratory and workshop, but there were no signs of a recent occupancy. Everywhere they found dust and neglect. A number of tables and benches were littered with test tubes, boxes and bottles of chemicals and various compounds and reagents, while in the corner of one apartment, there was a great heap of wood and metal models of machine parts. These objects, while no doubt of interest to the technical mind, conveyed no information as to the present whereabouts of their missing owner.

The third floor was next visited. Here was Professor Stockley's living quarters, also another well-equipped la-

laboratory. The rooms were empty and a thin film of dust and the stale air of the place indicated that they had not been used for several weeks. The fourth floor, an attic of sorts, was entirely empty and had seemingly not been used for years.

The investigators first examined the professor's bedroom, fearful of what they might find there. The bed, however, was empty, although it had been made up ready for use, with the blankets turned neatly down.

They next entered the large apartment that had been used by Professor Stockley as a library and office, and began to inspect its contents. Several filing cabinets and two large desks were filled with papers and letters. These were of former years and their contents seemed of a routine nature.

Two sides of the apartment were lined with long shelves that reached from floor to ceiling; these were filled with books and bound volumes of technical papers, many in foreign languages. This literary accumulation had overflowed its allotted space and untidy stacks of books and manuscripts were piled upon tables, chairs and even about the floor.

In one corner of the room stood a heavy, old-fashioned metal safe. Mechanically, Chief Westley tried its closed door; to his surprise it came open. The combination had not been set. The inner doors were closed but not locked and the chief flung them open to disclose a most extraordinary and awe-inspiring sight. The upper compartments disclosed a pile of letters, a journal, a ledger, a cash box, a memorandum-book and such sundry articles as one would expect to find in any private safe. But the bottom of the vault, a deep, high compartment, was a veritable miniature edition of the fabled treasure cave of Ali Baba.

There were high stacks of yellow-backed currency, neatly arranged in thick packets, mingled with heaps of jewels and precious stones, set and unset. Strings of pearls, collars of diamonds, ruby brooches and little pyramids of unmounted diamonds. To the astounded eyes of the startled explorers it seemed as if all the wealth of the city were piled here in Lee Stockley's musty old safe.

Chief Westley gingerly poking among the heaps of rings and necklaces suddenly stiffened, then stepping back, he held up a glittering diamond collar.

"This," he stated in his most official tone, "belonged to Olive Odell; and was listed as one of the articles stolen at the time of her murder. I recognize it from the description, and here, engraved on the setting, is her name."

The little group stared at the glittering object in silent consternation. If this were indeed Olive Odell's necklace, and there did not appear to be much doubt of this fact, then Professor Lee Stockley, nationally honored scientist and inventor, must be either the fence of the mysterious bandit, who for months had terrorized the city, or as now seemed more probable, was the actual criminal himself.

Professor Lantry, surprised, but still incredulous, began an inspection of the papers that reposed in the safe, thinking that perhaps they might hold a clue to the mystery. One of the first objects that he examined was the neat leather-bound memorandum book that lay upon the top shelf.

He glanced casually at the first written page; then, after a moment he began to rapidly leaf through the

volume, reading a paragraph here and there. After a moment, the Hoboken scientist turned to the nervous chief of police.

"I believe that in this book," he explained, "we will find a solution for all the questions that now confront us and for many other things as well; at least this is my belief."

"This memorandum book," Professor Lantry continued, "contains a diary kept by Professor Stockley and I believe that it is a master-key to the mystery of its author's disappearance. It is written in German, a language in which both Professor Stockley and myself are proficient."

"With your permission, Chief," he concluded, "I will read it and then translate it for your benefit—at least such portions as seem to bear upon the matter in hand."

"Go ahead, Professor," the chief acquiesced. "The truth is, I am astounded at what we have found here and will welcome any solution. My duty is plain, but I will make no move until you have time to read that document."

"In the meantime, Sam," he said, turning to one of his subordinates, "go downstairs and secure the door that we forced open. We want no prowlers in here at this time."

Then, while Professor Lantry sat down at his sometime associate's desk and read with shocked amazement the other's story of the past year, Chief Westley and his aids began a systematic examination of the scintillating treasure that reposed in the missing scientist's strong-box.

The minutes lengthened into hours and still the four labored on. An oppressive silence pervaded, broken only by the sharp intake of Professor Lantry's breath as he read some especially astounding paragraph, and by the occasional undertone comment of one or another of the officers as they identified some piece of jewelry with particularly greswome history. The chief had sent one of the detectives back to headquarters with certain instructions and an injunction to preserve silence on the Stockley investigation. This messenger had long since returned, bringing, among other things, an itemized schedule of the plunder supposed to have been taken by the unknown robber.

It was past eight o'clock and the officers had just completed their part of the work, when Professor Lantry, his face pasty white and marked with sorrow, looked up from his self-imposed task.

"AS I anticipated, Mr. Westley," he informed the Chief. "This book tells the complete story of Prof. Stockley's life from the first of the present year, and his own story of what I firmly believe to be his madness. It also gives us a clue to his mysterious disappearance."

"Much of his recorded story deals with abstruse calculations and formulas of a technical nature. I have, however, marked a number of paragraphs that tell the story of my poor friend's aberration and its outcome. These I am now ready to translate to you."

"Go ahead, Professor," the Chief urged, seating himself and motioning his assistants to do the same.

Jan. 14, 1930: I, Lee Stockley am about to embark upon one of the most stupendous enterprises ever undertaken by man; and it is my intention to inscribe here a log of my progress.

I am going to attempt to bring to a practical solution a theory that I have long held and which I now believe to be endorsed by other present-day scientists. Indeed Einstein and a few others have recently brought this before the world, which accepted it as a new theory. But as a matter of fact I had discovered it years ago, but was unwilling to give my theories to a world, containing so many skeptical people, until I was prepared to demonstrate my words by substantial facts. At last, however, after years of effort, I believe that I am on the road to success.

To put the matter briefly my theory relates to what is commonly known as the Law of Gravity and the possibility of man's ability to insulate himself against this force.

I have already demonstrated, at least to my own satisfaction, that gravity, like electricity, is an elemental force; and that it is just as practical to insulate against the restraining grasp of the former as it is to insure protection from the devastating power of the latter.

In other words, just as rubber and some similar substances serve to protect us from the electric current, so that we may handle live wires so insulated with impunity; therefore if we are able to equip our bodies with a proper insulation, we can, with equal ease, overcome the force of gravity and be able to travel through the air without restraint.

At present we are able to perform this feat to a limited extent, by the means of airplanes and balloons; but these agencies are mere subterfuges prepared to operate along with, and not in opposition to, the principles of gravity.

My intention is to first find a composition or an alloy that will provide gravity insulation. This accomplished, I will then, using this fabric as a base, design a costume or armor that will not only enable me to overcome the restraining influence of gravity, but also to retain my equilibrium while in the air. Otherwise my insulator would be a hindrance instead of an aid to my movements.

I have already spent much time and a large amount of money on these experiments, and believe that I am near to my goal, which is almost in sight.

May 6: I have accomplished that which man has called the impossible. I have overcome the force of gravity. I have discovered and perfected a perfect insulation. The possession of this gives me complete freedom of action and permits me to cast off the shackles of earth-bound slavery.

This insulation, the formula of which I shall not record, but will retain within my brain, is of a complicated composition, and is the result of the union of metallic, vegetable and gaseous substances. The original molecules have broken up and through my secret process of amalgamation, have formed new combinations. The manufacture of this insulation is a long and difficult process, and when finished it has the appearance of a soft fleecy cloth, with a metallic luster, but can be dyed any desired color.

I first prepared a section of the perfected fabric three days ago, and that night I made my first test. I wrapped a brick in a square of the insulator and dropped it out of my window. Instead of falling to the courtyard as would ordinarily have happened,

the insulated brick remained suspended in the atmosphere, just beyond the window ledge. It hung there fixed and immovable until I reached out and drew it back into the room. With the insulator perfected, it is now only necessary for me to design a device to give me a correctly balanced equilibrium and I shall be able to move about through the air at will.

The possibilities of my invention transcend anything that man has heretofore accomplished. It will enable mankind to discard his bonds of restraint and to go where he will. Voyages to the moon, yes even to the planets, will now be within the range of practicability. It is only necessary to prepare a proper vehicle that can develop the requisite speed and at the same time protect its occupants from the terrific cold of the outer spaces.

I wrote to my old friend Hugh Lantry today. I did not give him any details of my invention as I wish to be in a position to give a satisfactory demonstration of my discovery before I submit it to his critical scrutiny.

I can see a vast fortune in the development of my discovery and as soon as I have perfected a means of securing and retaining my equilibrium while in the air, I shall withdraw my funds from other matters and begin the manufacture of the gravity insulator.

June 10: A most unexpected calamity has befallen me. I am no longer a wealthy man. This old building and its contents are the total extent of my worldly possessions. The bank in which I had deposited my fortune has failed. The fruits of my lifetime's labor have been swept away. It is reported that the defunct bank will repay less than ten per cent to its depositors, and that the payments will extend over a long period of time. A group of rich speculators used the institution's money for their own purposes and wrecked it and themselves. How I hate the rich—a race of grafting parasites. They should all lose their ill-gotten wealth.

This disaster coming at the time when I had just solved the problem of balance and locomotion while insulated against the force of gravity seems more than I can bear. I shall write no more tonight. I hate those smug rich speculators.

June 18: My gravity resisting insulator is a success. I can now go when and where I will, free of the earth's restraining influence. More than that, I have found a way whereby I may regain my stolen fortune.

I have prepared my apparatus in this manner. I first had a jacket, shoes and a pair of trousers made from the insulating fabric. I found them to be somewhat bulky, but not uncomfortable. Then one night I dressed myself in these garments and with serene confidence in their effectiveness I stepped out of my window into space. Nothing happened. I simply remained there suspended, as it were, in mid-air, in the same manner as the brick had been in my earlier experiments.

I now found that my own power of locomotion was sufficient to propel my body through the air; but that when I moved I had little control over my movements. I was like a child learning to walk, only my progress did not improve with practice. I

had neutralized the attraction of gravity but had substituted nothing in its place. Therefore I was like a ship without a rudder, able to keep afloat, but the prey to every outside influence.

To combat this situation, I have now utilized my later invention, a device for retaining equilibrium and controlling motion while traveling in space. I shall not elaborate upon the mechanism of this apparatus, for the same reason that I have not recorded the formula from which my insulator is made. No one can steal something that I retain within my own brain. I will state, however, that this device is evolved from electrical action and is in the form of a ray. This I have named the "Neutral Ray" for not only are its emanations of a neutral shade and invisible to the naked eye, but they possess the power of neutralizing any outside force with which they come in contact. The greater the hostile influence the stronger the power of the ray. For the "Neutral Ray" has the quality of increasing automatically in the same ratio as the resistance it meets.

In generating and condensing my ray, I found that high speed, but no great power, is required in the motor and generator. The former requirement is secured by adequate gearing. The latter is so infinitesimal, that it is produced by a clock-like engine, that is wound up with a key and which operates for many hours without rewinding.

This entire mechanism is so small that it is contained in an aluminum case ten by fifteen inches in dimension and scarcely three inches thick. This cabinet I carry strapped to my back and to better conceal it, I have had a sort of a loose fitting ulster made from the insulating fabric. This ulster is gray in color, as is the cap that I have prepared from the same material.

In the manufacture of these various articles, it was necessary that I secure some outside assistance. This work I had done at several small shops, widely separated and where I was unknown.

Dressed in my insulated garments and equipped with the Neutral Ray apparatus, I once more stepped out of my third floor window. I now found that I could move about with ease, and that I retained perfect control of my movements. I was now able to move through the atmosphere with as much security and speed as I could have done on the pavements, several hundred feet below. I also found that I could change my elevation just as easily as I could climb or descend a gentle slope on the surface of the earth and with no more effort or fatigue.

While I thus wandered about high above the somnolent city, for the hour was late, I could not help thinking of my lost wealth and how, through the dishonesty of others, I was deprived of my opportunity to manufacture and market this greatest of modern inventions. No doubt I could secure the necessary capital from others, but only at the price of conceding my right of control in the development of my brain-child.

Once my invention was introduced, both the Insulator and Neutral Ray would become necessities for many purposes and in numerous channels. Airships so equipped could pass far beyond the edge of the earth's atmosphere and penetrate the outer spaces of the universe. They would make it prac-

tical for man to visit the moon; even voyages to the distant planets would not be impossible. In addition to the ray and the insulator, the only requirement would be a vehicle that could generate the requisite speed and at the same time resist the deadly cold that pervades the realms of space. These difficulties could no doubt be overcome. Indeed I believe that with some slight alterations and modifications, my Neutral Ray will overcome these impediments to celestial navigation. I shall experiment further.

At last, I decided to return home. It was late and I needed my rest. As I approached my part of the city, I passed one of the city's huge sky-scraper hotels. With one exception, all of the windows of the upper floors were dark. In idle curiosity I drew near to see who might be awake at this late hour. A glance through the open window showed four men seated around a table engaged in a game of cards. It was evident that they played for large stakes, for great piles of bills and stacks of poker chips stood beside each player. A decanter and glasses of liquor stood on a side table and all four were indulging freely.

A party of rich gamblers in an all-night game, I decided, and was about to turn away, when all four suddenly leaped to their feet and rushed from the room, leaving the money behind them. I wondered at their action. Later I learned that some one had turned in a false alarm of fire in the building.

It was then that the temptation to steal first came upon me. Here was money for the taking. These men were rich and would never miss this wealth that they had already put to the hazard of fortune. The thought had no sooner entered my brain than I acted upon it. It required less than a minute to enter the vacant room, cram the sheaves of bills into the pockets of my ulster and return to the outdoors.

I now made my way to my room with all speed and drawing the shades I counted the fruits of my first theft. The amount that I had so secured astounded me. There were over forty thousand dollars, all in bills of large denominations. I remained in-doors all day and have carefully searched the newspapers for a report on the robbery, but none appeared. I now believe that the matter was hushed up and no report made to the police.

July 4: I am now fully committed to a career of crime, so-called, although in my own mind I feel that I am only recovering my own stolen wealth. The rich plundered me. Why should I not retake what is my own? Pleased with the success of my first venture I have made several more expeditions, all of which were successful. Equipped as I am, with the means of traveling through the air at will, no rich man's goods are safe from my raids. I now carry a fairly complete line of burglar tools, including a heavy "jimmy" a long-bladed clasp knife and a sack in which to carry my loot.

I have had another letter from Lantry, asking about the progress of my invention. I am sorry that I ever confided in him. However, it is too late to lament that now; but I wrote him that I have been delayed in my experiments and will communicate with him later. I hope that he is satisfied and remains in Hoboken. It might prove embarrassing if he came to Pittsburg.

By the means of my robberies I have now accumulated about one hundred thousand dollars in currency and several valuable jewels as well. For to my mind the rich woman is no better than the male of the species, and I am collecting my debts from both. If nothing untoward occurs I shall continue to levy tribute upon the wealthy class of the city until I secure funds sufficient to build and equip a factory for the manufacture of my gravity insulator and neutral ray machines in large quantities.

July 17: I am a murderer. I have killed a fellow-man. I went to rob, not to slay, but I was trapped and to insure my escape, I was forced to strike the other down. I had only intended to stun him, but in my excitement the blow was harder than I had intended.

I had in the past secured several large sums from the guests of the General Washington Hotel and last evening I returned there. While scouting around the side of the building I noticed, in one of the upper rooms, several pieces of luggage marked H. Maartin, Amsterdam, Holland. This recalled to my mind an item I had read during the day about this party, who was a diamond salesman, and that he carried a large stock of stones.

This was a haul worth making. I quickly pried the window open and entered the room. The Dutchman's valises were locked, but they were not proof against my powerful "jimmy" and in less than five minutes I had opened and gone through the merchant's bags and removed the most valuable part of his stock. Then, just as I was ready to depart, a door opened and Maartin, a large, powerful man, rushed into the room.

When I first entered I had closed the window and drawn the shade, otherwise I could still have escaped. As it was the Hollander grappled with me and at the same time began to shout for help. We struggled for a short time, but he was too strong for me, and to complicate matters I heard some one try the door.

I knew that I must get away. It would never do for me to be taken thus, red-handed. I wrenched loose my right arm—I had still retained hold of my "jimmy"—and brought the heavy iron bar down upon the other's head. He promptly released me, and with a single groan fell to the floor. It was only the work of an instant for me to raise the window and to step out into space.

I quickly surmounted the top of the hotel and in that way escaped. The newspapers and the police have made a great hue and cry over the matter, but I am sure that they have no clue. Certainly no one will think of connecting Lee Stockley, the scientist, with the dangerous criminal, who has so successfully eluded the police.

Up to this time I had never injured, much less taken the life of a human being. However, I find to my surprise, that the fact has not greatly affected me. The rich have stolen my wealth and would allow me to die in poverty, why should they not pay me in blood as well as in gold for the sins of their class?

Aug. 20: I have made several successful raids since I killed Maartin. Several times I have had to kill, but this no longer troubles me in the least. In-

deed it has, I might say, become a pleasant duty. I no longer hesitate to kill my victim, if by so doing I can expedite my work of robbery. Where at first I was careful only to loot vacant apartments, I now boldly enter dwellings and strike down the occupant and take his valuables. In this way I accomplish the double purpose of augmenting my capital and of revenging my injuries upon a class of society that wronged me. I have no fear of capture, as I can always elude any pursuers.

The police of the city are hysterical and have made many foolish attempts to capture me, but I laugh at them and walk out under their eyes. That fool, Lantry, keeps writing to me, but I refuse to answer his letters. A few weeks more and I shall have enough wealth for my purpose. At first I could scarcely wait until this time arrived; but now I sometimes wonder if I shall not miss the excitement of my present life. Then again, at times I am almost afraid to proclaim my discovery. What if the police should become suspicious when they learn that I travel through the atmosphere at will.

Sept. 3: Last night I killed a woman—a young woman, rich and beautiful. This crime, like my first murder, was unpremeditated.

I had gone to the Odell mansion. After securing some jewelry from a safe, in an empty room on the upper floor, I was about to leave when a young girl entered the apartment and emitting a wild shriek, threw her arms about my neck. I had used a large knife that I carried to force the jewel case and still had the weapon in my hand when the girl seized me. I tried to free myself from her grasp and in the struggle I inadvertently stabbed her. In a moment she was hanging, a dead weight, limp in my arms.

I laid her on the floor and made my escape. Already there was some one trying the locked door. I at once came back to my apartment and locked the night's plunder in my safe, along with my other loot. I was completely worn-out and soon retired, but could not sleep. Whenever I closed my eyes the girl's face stared at me over the foot of my bed. Toward morning, I finally fell asleep but even then my sleep was fraught with dreams of the dead girl. I wonder if I was wrong to wage this campaign against the rich. But no—it is only that I am nervous. However, I have enough money for my purpose and I have decided not to go out again—at least not for the present. To take my thought from this thing, I will begin an experiment that I have had in mind for some time.

Sept. 18: I make this a final entry in my journal. I feel strangely elated tonight. And why not? Have I not demonstrated that I am far above the common man. Nay, am I not more than a man? Do I not deserve a place among the gods?

I have overcome the force of gravity and am able to walk among the clouds whenever I will to do so. Yes, I have accomplished even more than this. I have constructed a space vehicle in which I intend to leave the earth and travel among the stars; as the gods of Homer did. I shall leave behind no definite plans or specifications of my space ship; but will carry them along with my other secrets in my voyage through space.

(Continued on page 854)

What Happened to Professor Stockley?

By E. M. Scott

(Continued from page 843)

It is enough to say that my car is insulated against gravity, and that it is propelled by a double engine constructed upon the same principle as the minute unit that operates my neutral ray outfit. The motive power is furnished by an engine operated by two powerful springs, working through a series of cogs and gears. The springs are first wound by a crank and then so connected that as one spring runs down, it winds the other one and so on, *ad finem*. Of course, this is not a true perpetual motion mechanism, as both springs will eventually run down and require re-winding; but they will, in this way, operate automatically for several days.

I also found, as I had long suspected, that my neutral ray, if raised to a sufficient strength, will act as a repellent against any degree of cold or heat. This will enable me to close the cab of my vehicle and remain within it, for an indefinite period, the same degree of temperature with which I start.

I finished assembling my ship today, and it now stands upon the roof of this building, ready to start upon the most glorious voyage ever made by man. I shall sail triumphantly through space as did Pegasus of old.

I shall leave this book and part of my wealth here in my safe, although I never expect to return for them. What need, when I can dwell among the gods, to trouble about such matters. Let the foolish police blunder on. Let the rich thieves beware. The

avenger, who is about to pass through space and take his place among the gods, bids them defiance and farewell.

For a moment, after Professor Lantry closed the journal, silence reigned in the room; then the scientist from Hoboken spoke.

"He was mad, mad as a March Hare," he stated. "But where has he gone and how did he ever amass all of this wealth that we found in his safe?"

"Don't ask me." Chief Westley replied. "Mad he must have been, but he led us a pretty dance and now he seems to have gone for keeps."

The Chief and his assistants packed up the loot from Prof. Stockley's safe and conveyed it to headquarters, while Professor Lantry returned to his downtown hotel where he spent the night.

THE police searched far and wide for a homicidal maniac, whom they believed to be at large. Professor Hugh Lantry looked the world over for an insane friend who needed his help. Both quests were futile.

Whether Professor Stockley sailed through space, in defiance of the laws of gravity and equilibrium or whether he met some obscure fate, remains a mooted question. The mysterious criminal never returned. Neither has any one made any considerable progress in the effort to discover an insulator from the power of gravity.