



JULES VERNE'S TOMBSTONE AT AMIENS
PORTRAYING HIS IMMORTALITY

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Our Cover

This month represents the subject matter in our new scientific contest offering \$30000 in prizes. For details, see Editorial, page 5.

In Our Next Issue:

A STORY OF THE DAYS TO COME (A Serial in 2 parts) (Part II), by H. G. Wells. Now that the author has established his mechanical changes and differences and the corresponding variations and modifications in the laws of the land, which we might well enough expect to find in the days of the future, he turns his attention, with equal success, to the inevitable changes in the trend and mode of human living in this age of mechanical concentration. It is an absorbing study in psychology.

FOUR DIMENSIONAL ROBBERIES, by Bob Olsen. If a four dimensional force could extract gall stones from the human body without any operation, why couldn't it be used for other material things—banknotes and jewelry, for instance? The far-reaching effects of such a discovery as a four-dimensional instrument can hardly be foretold to any appreciable degree. The fields in which such an instrument might be used are necessarily many, and our author, by this time well known to all our readers, has proved himself the possessor of a fertile mind with a turn for good writing.

BARON MUENCHHAUSEN'S SCIENTIFIC ADVENTURES, by Hugo Gernsback. As might be expected, the first novelty of being on Mars and the strangeness of the place wears off very quickly, and in the next instalments we find our friends, the resourceful Baron and his scientific traveling friend, learning all about Mars and the Martians. The Baron's periodic radio communications furnish a source of real scientific information.

THE OCTUPUS CYCLE, by Irvin Lester and Fletcher Pratt. Every once in a while we hear from explorers and entomologists of good repute, stories of the extermination even of human life in certain localities of the jungle, by seemingly intelligent and organized insects or animals of the smaller variety. This story about a highly developed animal of the Mollusk variety, is made especially interesting because a journalist and a scientist have collaborated on it.

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The WAY OF A DINOSAUR

by Harley S. Aldinger



It had an abnormally long neck, with a head at the end so small that it looked like a mere continuation of the neck . . . Cayna charged forth, and, leaping upon the mountainous back, buried his great fangs in the thick rolls of flesh at the base of the neck . . .



MIGHTY tree in that great primeval jungle of the Mesozoic age was pushed aside, as you or I might lightly push aside a willow bush, and the terrifying head of Cayna, the tyrannosaurus, King of the Jungle, was thrust through.

His little, red-rimmed, cold, reptilian eyes were blazing with hate and malice, for Cayna was in another of his blood-ranrages that day, and woe befell the unlucky animals whom he encountered, no matter what their size and strength might be. It was a blood lust of a ferocity and wantonness, to which only Cayna could attain.

As the battle-scarred old warrior stepped out from behind the tree, he presented a frightful and menacing sight. He towered fully forty feet high, with great jaws four feet in length set in his massive head, with fangs six or seven inches long, and supported by his mighty hind limbs, which could send him forward with great leaps and bounds, at need, with the speed of an express train. He had a massive tail, fully forty feet long, gigantic at the base, and tapering gradually to a small tip; a terrible engine of destruction. The tyrannosaurus, in fact, is known as the most destructive living thing that ever existed. Cayna's comparatively small forelegs were armed with rending claws.

He strode through the giant trees with his body bent forward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, with small eyes searching malevolently for some opponent, against whom to pit his mighty thews and destroying armament. His huge mouth was half open, and from time to time he emitted thunderous roars and screams of defiance.

The other animals knew from these sounds that the mighty king was abroad, and thirsting for blood, so everywhere he found all game departed from his path.

Becoming more cunning, but no less fierce or relentless in his blood-hunt, Cayna ceased his roaring and screaming, and crept stealthily through the jungle, soft-footed as a cat.

As he did so, he saw, not a hundred feet away, a giant pterodactyl, a great, winged reptile with bat-like, featherless wings, having four legs, each ter-

minating in four fingers, one of which was fastened to the wings. That is how they derived their name, "wing-fingered." It had a short head and a beak, filled with needle-sharp teeth. He saw it swoop down and seize a small mammal about the size of a sheep, and drawing the struggling animal into the air, plunge its mighty beak into the base of the neck. With a shrill cry, the mammal grew limp in the pterodactyl's wing-fingers.

IT is always interesting to imagine what our earth looked like millions of years ago; before man had appeared, the time when the giant animals of the Mesozoic life were roaming over our planet. How did they live, and what did they do? Our new author has developed a charming tale, based upon accurate scientific knowledge, a story that despite its shortness, is highly interesting and gives us an excellent idea of the past and bloody age.

Burdened by the heavy load, the reptile flew heavily, just clearing the treetops. He had gone about a hundred feet, when a mighty head was upreared over the tree tops, mighty jaws yawning cavernously, and the great bird-lizard and its prey were crushed together in the grinding jaws of the flesh-eater.

Having finished his repast, Cayna set forth again to see what new adventure the day would bring him. He did not have to look far.

Out into a small clearing stepped an animal which resembled a living Gibraltar. It traveled on all fours, but its hind limbs were four times as long as the forelegs, so that its nose almost touched the ground. It stood sixteen feet high at the thighs, was covered with hard, bony plates, except on the underbody, forming an impenetrable armor. From the base of the head, over the back, and halfway down its tail, was a succession of bony plates in double columns, and varying in height from a couple of inches to three feet, each razor-sharp at the edges, and coming to a sharp point at the top. The head was very small, and triangular in shape, with small eyes, and a mouth that cleft back past its eyes. Its monstrous tail was its one means of offense or defense. Enormous at the base, (fully ten feet in diameter,) it tapered gradually for its whole length of twenty-five feet, and ended in a very blunt tip. Where the bony, finlike, plates had ended in the middle of the tail, a series of four pairs of extremely sharp, conical, spikes, of about two feet in length, began. When the stegosaurus lashed out with this spiked tail, it would produce the same result, as if you hit a person with a board through which a series of nails had been driven.

This, then, was the monster upon which the flesh-eating tyrannosaurus looked. Ordinarily, in the presence of other, and more easily conquered game, he would have passed the stegosaurus by, for the "Plated Lizard" was regarded by the other dinosaurs in the same way as the present animals regard a porcupine. But Cayna was in no mood to pass anything by with which he might do battle.

So, with a mighty roar, he charged the armored dinosaur, lashing out at the other's head with one of his smaller forelegs. But the stegosaurus had anticipated the movement, and had drawn its head inside its armor, like a mud-turtle, and the blow only scraped the impenetrable plates on its neck.

Thus they jockeyed around for some moments, the tyrannosaurus always being careful to keep at the other's head end, out of reach of the destroying tail, and the stegosaurus endeavoring to wheel and strike a bone-crushing blow with his spiked appendage.

But the old king had not survived many fierce battles by sheer luck. He resorted to strategy. Striking a slow, hesitating blow toward the other's concealed head, he induced the sluggish giant to strike at it. This it did, and when its head was fully out, the wily monarch lashed out, carrying away the right side, and one eye, of the "plated dinosaur's" face.

Screaming in amazement, the great stegosaurus reared up on its hind legs. It was the opening for which Cayna had been waiting. Leaping forward, he seized the other's neck with both forepaws. Then, supporting himself with his tail, he swiftly disemboweled the other with his immense hind legs.

The great tail of the stegosaurus lashed convulsively for a few seconds, then was still, and the flesh-eater dined well.

HAVING satisfied his hunger, but not his blood lust, Cayna went forth again, until he arrived at a rather small plain. Nearly, alongside a great boulder, was a huge bull triceratops, snoring and pawing the earth savagely. He was evidently an outcast from a vast herd which could be seen in the distance, stretching as far as eye could reach, countless thousands.

The triceratops was about eleven feet tall at the thigh, where, like the stegosaurus, he was the tallest. However, his forelegs were not nearly so short, in comparison to the hind legs, as were the stegosaurus'. He was, also like the stegosaurus, covered with hard bony plates or knobs, which served him as armor. He also possessed a bony frill about his neck, which gave him the appearance of a Roman gladiator. He had, characteristic of a dinosaur, a great tail, enormous at the base, and tapering gradually. Three horns and a parrot-like beak completes his description. One horn over the nose, was about a foot and a half in length, and the other two, one over each eye, four or five feet in length. And all three were of needle-like sharpness. A monster worthy of the gigantic Cayna's best efforts.

Charging, with a roar, out into the open, the tyrannosaurus leaped upon the "three-horns" back, endeavoring to sink his giant fangs through the impenetrable armor. But his efforts were unavailing.

The triceratops, with an impatient shake of its mighty frame, hurled the tyrannosaurus from its insecure hold, up against the great boulder. Then, whirling rapidly, it sank its shorter nose-horn its full length into the tyrannosaurus.

The old monarch, in desperation, seized the other two great horns of the triceratops in his smaller forepaws, and forcing the great head down, thus originated a hold which rendered the other helpless.

The triceratops, bellowing insanely, continued to gore and slit the tyrannosaurus' flesh to ribbons, with his nose horn and parrot-like beak, but was unable to inflict a fatal wound. But in spite of his terrible punishment, the tyrannosaurus continued to force the great head downward: and finally it touched the ground. Then, screaming in triumph, he sank his great fangs into the now unprotected neck, crunching it until he severed the spinal column, and the horned giant fell dead at his feet.

But the old king had not escaped unscathed, and he was bleeding from a score of wounds, so, no sooner was his adversary dead, than he hurried away to a little pool he knew of, to lick and bathe his wounds. He was chastened in body, but not in spirit, and his two previous battles had only caused the flame of his blood lust to burn more brightly.

After perhaps an hour of bathing and licking his wounds, Cayna ventured forth once more, coming finally to a pebbled beach by the great sea water.

He found a gigantic brontosaurus basking at full length upon it. Of all the colossal dinosaurs, there were none so huge as the brontosaurus, excepting the diplodocus, a creature greatly resembling him.

A great monster, about seventy-five feet long, standing sixteen feet at the thigh (where, a characteristic of a dinosaur, it stood the tallest), and weighing nearly forty tons. It had no system of

offense or defense, except the great tail, eight feet in diameter at the base, and trailing out behind for sixty or seventy feet. It had an abnormally long neck, with a head at the end so small that it looked like a mere continuation of the neck.

This, then, was the creature upon which Cayna charged forth, and leaping upon the mountainous back, buried his great fangs in the thick rolls of flesh at the base of the neck, and ground steadily downward in a search for the spinal column.

The monster, at the first attack, had leaped, screaming shrilly, into the air, for all its great weight. It bit, ineffectually, at the tyrannosaurus' heavy hide, with its small, frail teeth, and lashed at it with its heavy tail. The last, however, was not entirely ineffectual. The whip-like tip cut the tyrannosaurus' back to ribbons, but the great saurian was unable to reach the other with the heavier part of its tail, or Cayna's story would now be over.

In desperation, the monster finally charged out into the sea, where it was infinitely more agile than on land.

Charging out swiftly, he reached deep water, and started to roll over on the tyrannosaurus. But it was never accomplished, for at that moment, Cayna's six inch fangs ground home, and the brontosaurus rolled over on its back, dead.

The hideously mangled, but victorious king, after having assured himself that his adversary was dead, began to swim slowly toward the shore. But he never reached it.

For, at that moment, an ichthyosaurus, a thirty-foot, saw-toothed jawed, sea-dinosaur, swept up from below and buried half its saw-like jaw into the tyrannosaurus.

Whipping frenziedly about, the great saurian bit the ichthyosaurus' head entirely off, in his rage, but at that moment an entire school of the bloodthirsty fish-lizards swept up, and the tyrannosaurus disappeared in a boiling, bloody, inferno.

And thus Cayna, the king, went the way of a dinosaur, meeting the fate of all the bloodthirsty breed, sooner or later.

THE END