

# DARK VISION



BY FRANK BELKNAP LONG

## DARK VISION

The gift of reading minds—and madness, for every human  
mind is vile beyond endurance!

**I**T WAS a simple misstep that changed the world about him. He was not a man who could be easily betrayed into carelessness. He was careful, cautious; he looked before he leaped; and for twenty-seven years he had avoided physical catastrophe.

Yet now he was falling sheerly. Falling horribly between pylons of flame, his arms flailing emptiness, his long legs jerking.

Donald Horn was no electrician. He did not understand how a high-voltage transmission line could produce waves of such high frequency that they could only be measured across an inductance by spark gap. It was not until he landed on a high-tension oil switch near the base of Donovan's tremendous generator that he awoke to a realization of peril.

He lay stunned and gasping while all about him flared stupendous surges of energy. Under less hazardous circumstances the simple beauty of the display would have made his pulses race. But now his pulses were racing in sheer terror. He lay groaning and staring, his fingers clutching metal, his face corpse-white in the blinding glare.

It was to his credit that he could keep his head. He lay rigid and unmoving until they rescued him. How they got him down he never knew. The descent was a nightmare filled with voices. He was aware of strong hands supporting him, faces grimly intent on the job in hand. The job of getting him safely out of that blazing inferno. The hands were competent; the faces convulsed with misgivings.

The hands won. They got him down safely. They—John Donovan and his two young assistants, Fred Anders and William Marston. Gently they sup-

ported him beneath a vast and intricate maze of line conductors, whispering reassurances as they guided him to a chair beneath the magnetic field surrounding the conductors, and the electrostatic field issuing from the conductors.

He was sagging; limp. He could not support himself. Donovan hovered before the chair, staring down at him grimly while young Anders went searching for a half-filled whiskey flask in the cluttered tool shed which defaced the northeast corner of the power plant.

Horn felt better as soon as the whiskey warmed him. He smiled, wanly. "A narrow squeak," he said.

Donovan was furiously angry. He said: "You damned fool! I warned you to be careful. How can you write about the generator when you studied electricity in a kindergarten? Or did you study it at all?"

Horn reddened. "I'm a feature writer on a newspaper, not an encyclopedia," he retorted. "My best friend happens to operate the most powerful electric generator in the United States. And I happen to need copy. There are safer ways of acquiring knowledge, but I was doing nicely until I missed my footing."

"You didn't have to climb all over the high-voltage circuits," rasped Donovan. "You need a nursemaid."

Ordinarily Donovan was a mild-mannered, genial little man. But now his eyes were blazing points of fury. "You very nearly blasted yourself into that fourth-dimension you're always ranting about," he said.

Horn stared up at him aghast. And suddenly as he stared all the blood ebbed from his face, leaving it ashen.

DONIVAN seemed to be changing before his eyes. The change was subtle, but sinister. Horn couldn't pin it down to any one feature. He was certain that the man before him did not undergo any profound physical change. The bony structures of his face, for instance, remained unaltered. But there was a subtle difference in the alignment of his features, a shift of expression such as he had never seen on any human face before.

And then suddenly the veils of sense seemed to dissolve about him and he recoiled in his chair with a cry of revulsion. He seemed to be gazing with a kind of super-sight into the innermost recesses of Donivan's brain. He was aware of depths within depths of light.

Or was it a negation of light? It seemed at once radiant and opaque, like the luminous darkness at the core of suns. But it wasn't that alien and mysterious radiance that caused him to cry out. What chiefly revolted him was the red and murderous rage that beat down upon him in tangible waves.

He could feel that terrible rage. He could feel it flowing out of Donivan's skull and scorching him with its primal blight. Donivan wanted to murder him. For a terrible instant, he was in mortal danger.

Then the veils of sense seemed to settle back in place. He became objectively aware of Donivan's head hovering above him, the face an obscure blur, the skull still enveloped in that alien and paradoxical light.

Slowly as he stared the malign hatred seemed to ebb from Donivan's features. The light dwindled and disappeared. The face which stared down at him now was the familiar face of his friend. Anger still shone in Donivan's gaze, but his expression was no longer sinister and strange.

Unsteadily Horn stood up. He said: "I owe you a debt of gratitude, John."

He scarcely recognized his own voice.

It was like a whisper from the tomb. He was not sure that he was grateful to his friend. But he had to get out into the sunlight again, away from the unspeakable menace of the man. Even though Donivan looked completely normal now, he could still sense something murderous in him, and—yes, obscene. Something that was very primitive and loathsome.

It was even worse when he emerged from the power plant into the sunlight. The miasmal taint of Donivan seemed to follow him, poisoning the very air he breathed.

He dove into a subway kiosk to escape from it. A train was pulling up as he passed through the turnstile and elbowed his way across a crowded platform between normal people like himself. Yet were they normal? Even as he elbowed his way to the edge of the platform a wave of revulsion surged up in him.

It seemed to him that the people about him were all thinking abnormally. He could sense their thoughts beating in upon him. Thoughts of anger, greed and hate, thoughts of primal malice, of passion that was as unregenerate as a basilisk, as coldly merciless as the dark night of space.

Thoughts of murderous egotism and revenge, and little, vagrant thoughts repulsive in their childishness, pettiness and spite. The little thoughts were perhaps the worst. Little irrelevant vagaries that insulted the dignity of man.

The train roared into the station, dissipating the horror for an instant. The people behind him pushed him violently forward into the train as soon as the doors slid open, disrupting the hideous tensions which were beating in upon him from all sides.

But inside the lighted train it was worse still. The horror came rushing back and with it the strange, mysterious trembling of the veils of sense which he had experienced in the power plant.

Unsteadily he seated himself, leaning his head forward into his hands, closing his eyes. A queer, strangling fear rose in his mind and seemed to beat back and forth across the surface of his consciousness, like waves in a tub, growing with each traverse. Fear—this strangeness, this rippling of some forbidden veil—madness. This was madness creeping on him, madness growing in him from some stability-rending injury he had received at that plant, in that fall.

Madness—these people about him could not be hating so, could not be evilly lusting and murdering in their thoughts—

FRANTICALLY, he raised his head, to stare about him at the rocking subway car, at familiar bright-colored posters and familiar rocketing signal lights roaring past beyond the windows. He concentrated desperately on the posters above—

His eyes dropped to those of a slim, plain, dark-haired girl across the car, locked with them for an instant—and with a half-sob of shock Horn turned away. He was normal enough to be no prude—but the pure animal flamed in the mind that spoke abruptly from behind those rather stupid dark eyes that had met his. It was obscene in its stark, primitive directness; it was—

Madness— Desperately he drove his eyes to bright, meaningless posters; despairingly he felt them swivel under some terrible magnetism he could not control. In half relief, he saw before him, diagonally down the car, a white-haired woman in neat, well-made clothes, a few paper-wrapped packages in her lap, a half-dreaming expression on her tired, pleasant face. It was a kindly, elderly face—

It dissolved abruptly as the wise gray eyes met his to burn sudden horror into his brain. "George," something whispered and howled to him, "is a fool, but he's my fool. That secretary is a

menace, and I do not like her. She eats chocolates all the time. Arsenic would make her writhe. Shoot . . . it would spoil her looks, and George wouldn't feel so sorry for her. Acid would do that. Now what kind of acid is it they use? Just ask for acid? . . ." A picture came, a picture of a face boiling and dissolving hideously into flowing, blackening ruin, and a feeling of lifting, satisfaction at the sight. Then abruptly it was a cruel caricature of a nude woman sloughing away under searing acid—

He was looking toward the face of a placid, half-dreaming little old lady who had shifted her eyes as the train slowed, checking on her destination. Horn sat paralyzed as he watched the pleasant-face, gently smiling fiend in female form gather her little packages and walk toward the exit.

A man was before his eyes suddenly, a man of thirty-five or so, dressed in an expensive, well-tailored business suit, a well-filled brief case in hand. His idly roaming eyes locked with Horn's, and desperately Horn tried to look away before the clean-lined, intelligent face dissolved into some yet further horror—

"I wonder," something whispered in an oddly calm, mildly curious way, "who drew up dad's will. And how he's leaving that estate of his. Must be nearly forty thousand! I'd like to see that will. He's always fussing with those guns of his, since he retired. Load a shotgun shell with dynamite instead of powder. It would probably blow his head off, and I'd be able to check on the will." For the instant of the revelation, a queer emotion of detached and unintense curiosity accompanied it; a feeling that blowing off his father's head was the natural and logical way of discovering the contents of the will in which he was mildly interested, a strange indifference to the money that might result—

The contact broke, weakened for an instant as the man's eye wavered toward a girl thrusting her way through the

now-crowded car, then strengthened again queerly—and revoltingly, for an instant, till that queer indifference gained sway over Horn's own reactions to the completely and utterly animal pictured thoughts that sickened him.

Somehow, Donald Horn found himself walking a street, his mind a roiling tumult of fantastic horrors. Vaguely, he remembered fighting his way off the train and out of the station, up to the clean air again, down the quietest street he could find, where eyes did not drill into his, washing a reeking tide of foul thoughts into his brain. For an instant, the hulking, red-headed man in work-stained clothes boiled up in memory, the man who had stood in line behind a tired-looking old man getting change and had, quite casually broadcast his determination to wring that scrawny neck between his own calloused paws and take the overstuffed billfold.

The thing was clear—too clear now. It was not his own madness—yet—but the acquisition of telepathy in effective form, the amplification of that extra-sensory perception science was just discovering.

They wanted that! They were looking for it! God! They wanted it perhaps, to see what stinking cesspools the minds of men were? To find for themselves the sweet-faced fiends who tried to remember which acid it was they needed?

To find that trusted executives decided, simply, that patricide was the simplest, quickest way to read a will?

He stumbled on dazedly, while a gray mist floated out of the air with the setting of the sun, a damp chill grew and warped the city in cotton folds so that street lights became golden luminosities glowing in the muffling white. Presently some clarity of mind returned, and a lessening of the horror of human kind. Old thought habits reasserted themselves, and a terrible longing for com-

panionship, for someone to explain this to, returned.

HE WAS trembling uncontrollably when he appeared at the door of Gloria Moore's apartment. Almost reluctantly she admitted him, closing the door softly behind her. She was wearing a blue silk evening dress which revealed the lovely roundness of her white throat and shoulders, and the supple grace of her slender young body.

She stood for an instant straight and unmoving just inside the doorway, staring in amazement at his white face and disheveled clothes.

"Why didn't you phone, Donald?" she said. "I was just going out. I have a dinner engagement, you know."

Suddenly she paled. He was looking at her in the strangest way. The way he was looking at her was—yes, frightening. She had never feared him before, but now she was really afraid.

Her apprehension increased when he embraced her. "Darling," he murmured, "I'm in serious trouble. I must talk to you."

His fingers caressed her cheeks, her hair. The coldness of his flesh appalled her, but she managed to murmur: "Yes, dear, if you wish."

She took his hand and led him down a long, dark hall into the lighted living room of the apartment. He did not sit down. He crossed to the center of the room and stood facing her, his lips quivering. Suddenly he began to talk.

Gloria Moore was Horn's fiancée. He had never doubted her loyalty; he had never doubted that she was as sweet and gracious as she looked. But now a terrible doubt assailed him.

A subtle, hideous change was creeping into her features. As the mysterious light deepened about her, her expression became alien and strange. For an instant he could distinguish in the depths of the light the tumbled, dark glory of her hair, her lunate-shaped mouth and



her glowing dark eyes. Then her hidden thoughts merged with his consciousness and he saw only her skull waveringly outlined in the alien radiance.

Beating in upon him were thoughts of fierce resentment, horror and betrayal. She was wordlessly accusing him of the blackest crimes. She was accusing him of burdening her with revelations she did not care to share. She disbelieved him anyway—thought him quite mad. She had always secretly despised him, but now she hated and feared him.

She was thinking: "His mind has become warped. Why should he bring his troubles to me? I was a fool to become engaged to him. He is not as wealthy as Jim Prentiss."

Suddenly she turned and moved away from him, breaking the spell for an instant. The light seemed to diminish about her as she moved away across the room. She stopped before a desk by the window, and stood staring intently down at a long, slender object which glittered in the pale light of a green-shaded reading lamp. The light illumed the little dark coils at the nape of her neck, the patrician straightness of her shoulders.

Idly she picked up the paper knife from the desk and returned to where he was standing. Slowly the mysterious radiance deepened about her head again, obscuring her features.

A shiver of cold horror ran through Horn. Her thoughts were becoming malign now. Malign and venomous. "I will stab him. He is troubling, disturbing me. I hate him."

She was swaying slowly backward and forward when Horn tore his gaze from her face. He had reached the breaking point; he could endure no more. With a choking sob he turned from her and stumbled despairingly from the apartment.

UTTER TERROR engulfed him when he emerged into the street. All

his life seemed to draw to an agonizing mental focus in his head. He became aware of his brain as a pulsing, throbbing center of anguish and unutterable torment, an inflamed hub that drew the impulses of his nerves to a tight, curling bedlam in his skull.

So vicious, so savagely, primitively deadly were the thoughts that flowed in upon him that his sanity tottered and he had a momentary impulse to run shrieking through the night.

As he staggered down dimly lit streets in blind and intolerable anguish, the life of the city took on a ghastly nightmare quality in his sight. He brushed against people who seemed perfectly normal outwardly, but whose minds were cesspools of maggoty hate and carnality and revolting spite.

He saw a horse-drawn brewery truck rumbling by, the man in the driver's seat lashing the great, piebald beasts in his charge.

Outwardly the driver was applying his whip to the flanks of animals. But subjectively he was torturing human beings, conjuring up in his savage mind symbols of human superiority which filled him with insensate rage and hate.

All that was gracious and beautiful groaned beneath the lash in his primitive, warped mind. Flowing out from him were thoughts so unspeakably revolting that they beat in an anvil chorus of torment on Horn's inflamed brain.

He saw a man and a girl walking arm in arm down the street. The girl dropped her purse and the man stopped to pick it up. His expression as he straightened was guileless, deferential, but his thoughts were barbed with rancor.

"She is always dropping things," he was thinking, his head aureoled in the obscuring light. "Apparently she was born clumsy. Every time we go out she drops her purse or her handkerchief, and I have to grovel."

Suddenly malignancy darkened his

thoughts. "I should never have married her. Marriage is a deception. She appeals to me physically, but I hate her constant nagging. Her laugh is silly. If she falls under some car, she won't drop things or laugh."

Suddenly Horn writhed as though a live coal had descended on his brain. The man walking with the girl seemed about to push her with brutal violence into the gutter!

The girl was fragile, radiant, lovely. How horrible that she should be wed to that murderous savage! Horn had an agonizing vision of innocence corroded, betrayed. But even as he clenched his fists, he became aware of her thoughts merging with his own.

He turned away, disillusioned, revolted, and went reeling blindly through the night. Again that terrifying sense that he was going mad.

He saw a man collide with a fire hydrant and go reeling out into the street. The man's thoughts were ghastly in their self-directed hate.

"You saw that impediment, but you did not avoid it. You wanted to injure yourself. You wanted to injure yourself seriously, because life is horrible and an agony, and there is no sense in it at all.

"Death is sweet and if I could destroy myself utterly I would find peace. I would find peace in the darkness of the grave. If only I could die and be wrapped in darkness and forgetfulness. To cease to struggle, to cease to breathe! Before I was born I knew such peace. I did not will to be born.

"Next time I will really injure myself. I shall kill myself. A revolver . . . a high building. I would die instantly if I leaped from the Empire State Building. Are there guards on the observation roof? If I climbed the rail swiftly they could not stop me.

"The long fall through space, the utter shattering of my body would bring

release. I would be crushed, mangled, but there would be peace."

Suddenly Horn did an incredible thing. He stopped walking abruptly and screamed. Screamed in anguish. Once as a child he had known such anguish.

In a dream of childhood he had been called suddenly by his mother into a circle of radiant people, men and women with heavenly faces and godlike mien. In the center of that circle he had stood entranced, staring in childlike wonder and joy at the sweet countenances of women who seemed endowed with more than womanly grace, at men who were kindly and beneficent and paternal.

Then, with terrifying suddenness, the men and women about him had turned into reptiles and ferocious beasts. They had closed in upon him with feral snarls and venomous hissings. Horrible—horrible had been that dream.

He seemed now to be standing in that circle again, fangs menacing his flesh. Swiftly he began to walk again, malign torment swelling in his brain.

ANNE CARLYLE gasped when he appeared at the Golden Falcon, so excessive was his pallor, so unsteady his gait. He approached her table waveringly between the staring guests, his eyes tortured, dark pools in his white face.

Anne Carlyle was a strange, enigmatic girl. Her friends thought her gay and superficial, her enemies mercenary, coldly calculating. Her behavior was that of a very sophisticated young lady. A dancer in the Golden Falcon, she was shrewdly aware that the patrons of the night club preferred to be entertained by women of experience.

And when a girl has a widowed mother to support— Anne Carlyle had never told Horn about her mother.

He crossed unsteadily to her table and sat down beside her. His hand went out and clasped her fingers. She did

not recoil from him when he said: "Anne, I'm in trouble."

"What is it, dear?"

In halting syllables Horn told her. He told her about the ghastly mishap that had occurred in the power plant. He spoke of his hideous gift of super-sight. He did not see the light because he kept his eyes averted. But suddenly he could feel her thoughts flowing out to him, merging with his consciousness. The thoughts of Anne Carlyle flowing into his brain.

They were wondrously sweet and consoling thoughts. It was incredible, but there did not seem to be any maliciousness in Anne Carlyle at all.

He was aware of depraved and hateful thoughts beating in upon him from all sides. But the strongest influx was not malicious at all. Close to him, protecting him from all the greed and envy and merciless hate in the minds of the Golden Falcon's patrons was a wavering barrier of compassion and light.

Somehow he could distinguish between the inflowing waves, could sense the close and vibrant goodness of Anne Carlyle. It was almost unalloyed. Little childish spite impulses surged through it, but they were so trivial, so trivial compared to her simple goodness.

The spite impulses were not directed against him at all. They were directed against Anne's rivals in the night club. Even as she consoled him she was thinking: "He needs me desperately. I must remain by his side. It will probably mean that that wretched Wilson girl will steal my act. If I leave the club tonight she will stop at nothing to discredit me. She has been waiting for a chance to step into my shoes. But nothing matters but Don's peace and safety. I have always loved him."

Suddenly she was speaking to him. "Whatever it is, dear, we will fight it together. Shock may drive us out of ourselves for a time. But Dale Croyce will know how to dispel this."

He said: "Dale Croyce. Dale Croyce. Yes, Dale might know."

"Then let us go to him tonight."

DALE CROYCE wasn't in his study when they arrived at his home. He was sitting in his library smoking. A colored manservant met them at the door and escorted them into the psychologist's presence.

When Croyce saw them he laid down the book he was reading, and stood up. He seemed surprised to see them together. He said: "Donald and Anne. How nice."

Then he perceived how pale Horn was and his manner changed. He perceived at once that they had not dropped in for a snack at midnight.

Dale Croyce was an experimental psychologist. He experimented with mice and dogs because their minds were simpler, almost simple enough that the higher mind of the man might understand their workings. He knew more about human psychology than any other man in America—which was very little. A middle-aged, blue-eyed man below medium height, he had learned the hardest lesson that any man may learn: he never would know much that was important about his specialty. All who study any subject well find out that. Therefore, he listened attentively when Horn talked.

He did not interrupt, nor ask questions. He simply listened, sharp discernment in his gaze. To him, Horn's desperate words began to have meaning; an understanding of the hell into which the man had been thrown came slowly.

When he spoke his voice was somewhat awed, somewhat saddened, but completely reassuring in its certainty of knowledge. "I think I can guess what happened in the power plant," he sighed. "It could not be done by intent, but by that trillionth chance that any improbability may happen, it happened to you. You were electrocuted, a terrific



surge of current burning through your nerves. But electricity can cure as well as kill; the electric needle can start a dead heart. Somehow it . . . welded your nerves, reduced the resistance that makes normal man incapable of receiving thought, though we know thought is an electrical phenomenon. Which should have killed you, but—by the trillionth chance—did not.

“Now you are super-telepathic, capable of receiving thought. But so sensitive that you receive not only the surface, conscious thoughts of men, but the deeper, subconscious thoughts and urges.

“You would not experience such horror and revulsion if you could merely tap the conscious patterns. The conscious mind of man is a thin, pale stream, guarded by a censor, and in well-disciplined minds the dark and horrible currents of the subconscious seldom flow to the surface as verbal or visual concepts.

“The censor stands guard, repressing them as they arrive, denying them conscious expression. The censor is the civilized part of your mind, your heritage from a few thousand years of civilization. You were taught as a child to repress your subconscious impulses, to feel horror and shame when they welled up into the conscious stream.

“In every man’s subconscious mind are hideous essences for each human desire and emotion. In some minds the dark essences slumber deeply, and do not so constantly assail the censor. Some people are less primitive than others. Possibly you can only tap the subconscious when it becomes turbulent and surges up close to the conscious stream. Just before it flows in little malign eddies past the censor. You say that some minds seem less hideous to you than others. The primitive impulses may well be less turbulent in such minds.”

Horn nodded and gazed at Anne Carley, sudden wonder in his gaze.

“THE subconscious mind is really frightful,” resumed Croyce. “It is utterly direct, utterly without pretense or the indirection called tact. It is a cesspool of such horrible, vagrant and lightly held thoughts that any man given the power you have to apprehend them would go mad in half a day.

“If you know modern psychology you will know what I mean. The most powerful and disorderly impulses are those of sex, but hunger, hate, fear, acquisitiveness, rage play scarcely less vital rôles. Freud believes that there is a universal death impulse which causes some men to hate life so bitterly that they seek to destroy themselves or inflict pain on others.

“Even when these impulses do not flow into the conscious stream as well-defined concepts, they influence behavior in the form of subconscious reactions. A perfectly normal man, for instance, may be mildly curious as to what his father’s will is, just how he proposes to distribute his capital after his death. That mild curiosity has a subconscious reaction which is a wish that the old man would die or be killed so that the will might be read. That, you see, is the simple, logical—though brutal—way.

“Or a man slips and falls down. Psychologists say that that may very well be because the man wants to commit suicide, and the little slip that bruises his elbow is an emotional letting off of the morbid desire in his subconscious. People will toy with sharp instruments, knives, forks, razor blades with no conscious intention of inflicting wounds on anyone—but with a subconscious reaction which whispers: ‘You don’t like him. He annoys. Kill him and end the annoyance.’”

Horn nodded, thinking of his curious misstep in the power plant, of the man who had stumbled over a hydrant, and of the paper knife which Gloria Moore had toyed with idly.

“Ironically enough, you do not appear

to be able to tap your own subconscious stream. It is not strange that you cannot do so. A television recorder could not transform energies pervading the receiving mechanism itself. They would not flow in through the proper channels.

"Naturally, then, the world of people around you seems populated with a different—and utterly loathsome—breed." The psychologist shrugged. "They aren't. They're normal—and harmless. The censor does its duty. But you'll be mad tomorrow if you are consciously made aware of thoughts no more horrible than those you are yourself thinking!"

"I will." Horn groaned. "I dare not look at you too closely, lest your face dissolve away to another of those gateways to hell. What can I do? What can you do for me?"

"Probably kill you," Croyce exploded, with a gusty sigh. "The medicine for this does not exist—for it has never before been known to happen."

Horn groaned. "Croyce—what of those madmen who have delusions of persecution? Do you suppose—"

Croyce started. "That is something no one ever suggested, so far as I know. If a man had your power in lesser degree—so he was not aware he had it—all minds would seem to mean death to him.

"But there is something that I can try. A derivative of curare."

"Arrow poison?" Horn looked up in sudden fear, and for an instant, met Croyce's eyes. Hastily he looked away even as the flesh of Croyce's face dis-

solved to a grinning skull, and pulsing light seemed to glow about his head.

"It works," Croyce explained, "by making the nerves have high resistance. The nerve-messages to move the heart and lungs cannot pass through. I've been experimenting with a derivative that affects the brain rather than those nerves. That is what you seem to need—less sensitivity of nerve. Come."

Wearily, desperately, he followed Dale Croyce back to his little laboratory, stood stiff and tense as the scientist prepared the glittering needle, and injected with minute caution a tiny drop of colorless liquid into his arm. White fire raced up his nerves, exploded in stinging light within his skull—

WHEN HE AWOKE Anne Carlyle was sitting beside him. He was reclining on a sofa in Croyce's library and she was holding his hand and smiling down at him.

Her face was wondrously radiant. For what seemed centuries he stared at her in silence, stared fearfully. But her face did not recede or vanish. No mysterious light arose to obscure its lovely contours. His first feeling was a vast relief that the power, the vision, was gone. Then, as he looked into her wide, anxiously questioning eyes, a greater satisfaction came, that he could look into those eyes and see them.

A little unsteadily he sat up. He said: "Anne, Anne, it is gone. The horror is gone now."

The anxious questioning gave way to relief and something yet more satisfying.

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The old gods—the Greek gods—live again in

## "THE CHANGELING"

by ARTHUR J. BURKS

In the April UNKNOWN

**TROUBLE**

**WITH WATER**



**BY H. L. GOLD**