

WORLD OF A THOUSAND MOONS *by* EDMOND HAMILTON

See
BACK
COVER

AMAZING

DECEMBER 25c

STORIES



WARRIOR OF THE DAWN

By HOWARD BROWNE

Project Gutenberg's Henry Horn's X-Ray Eye Glasses, by Dwight V. Swain

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.net

Title: Henry Horn's X-Ray Eye Glasses

Author: Dwight V. Swain

Release Date: May 30, 2010 [EBook #32591]

Language: English

*** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HENRY HORN'S X-RAY EYE GLASSES ***

Produced by Greg Weeks, Mary Meehan and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

HENRY HORN'S X-RAY EYE GLASSES

by **DWIGHT V. SWAIN**

[Transcriber Note: This etext was produced from Amazing Stories December 1942. Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed.]

"Look!" said Henry Horn with a gasp. "Here, you look at the camp through the glasses!"

Henry Horn had a new invention; a pair of glasses that worked on the x-ray principle. But he didn't expect them to reveal Nazi secret agents and their works of sabotage!

"It's not enough to have a nudist colony move in next door!" fumed Professor Paulsen. "No, indeed! That wouldn't disrupt things enough. Now, in addition, every ne'er-do-well in the county comes prowling over our farm in order to spy on the naked numbskulls!"

Scowling ferociously, the gaunt scientist stamped violently back across the meadow's lush verdure toward the little country home he shared with his partner, Henry Horn. Beside him, matching his own long strides, came the savant's old friend, Major Ray Cogleston of Army Intelligence.

"None of us can hope for a bed of roses all the time, Joe," Cogleston remarked, grinning at the professor's outburst. "'Into each life some rain must fall,' you know. You've got trespassers to bother you. Me, I'm responsible for protecting one of the biggest explosives laboratories in the country against Axis espionage and sabotage."

Instinctively, as he spoke, the officer's eyes sought out the long, low Ordnance experiment station, barely a mile away. Professor Paulsen, following the glance, nodded.

"You're right," he agreed. "And when you come right down to it, my worries over the nudist camp back there"—he jerked his head toward the high board fence which marked the boundary—"aren't very important. Not with a war in progress."

By now the two were in the yard and rounding the corner of the house.

The next instant they stopped dead in their tracks.

There, in the shade of the building, stood a slight, familiar figure. A figure which, at the moment, was the center of attention for a little knot of interested spectators.

"Oh, yes, gentlemen, it certainly does work!" cried Henry Horn enthusiastically, his scraggly goatee jerking spasmodically with each nod of emphasis. He waved the battered pair of binoculars he clutched in his right hand. "Yes, it's a marvelous invention. You can see everything you want to, just like you were right inside that camp. And only a dollar for a minute's look!"

The professor's face jumped to beet red, then apoplectic purple. His fists clenched, and the sound he made as he sucked in his breath closely resembled that of a cow pulling her foot out of a mudhole. He started forward.

Major Cogleston choked off an incipient frame-racking spasm of mirth barely in time. He caught the tall scientist's arm.

"See you later, Joe!" he snickered. "I've got to get back on duty. There's a new super-explosive being tested, and I'm supposed to be on hand."

"All right. Later." Professor Paulsen grated the words through clenched teeth, but it is doubtful that he was even conscious of speaking. His eyes were focussed straight at Henry in a horrible glare, and the smoke of indignation hovered about him in clouds.



"Only a dollar, gentlemen!" cried Henry, oblivious to all this new attention. "It's just like going inside the camp. Really it is!"

"He's right, boys!" broke in a burly, red-headed character. "Those glasses of his are better than a seat on the fence." And, turning to the little man: "I'll even buy

'em from you. How much'll you take?"

"You see, gentlemen?" whooped Henry, steel-rimmed spectacles nearly sliding off the end of his nose in his excitement. "The gentleman says my invention is everything I say it is—"

"Henry!"

The little man jumped as if a red-hot flatiron had just been applied to that portion of his trousers designed for sitting.

"Urghk!" he exclaimed profoundly.

"You prying Piltdown^[1]!" flamed the professor. "Is there anything you won't do for money?" A moment of thunderous silence. "I'm surprised you're not doing a fan dance yourself, if these would-be Peeping Toms are willing to pay for nakedness."

The red-headed man guffawed.

"And you!" exploded the savant, turning on the spectators. "Get out of here! Yes, all of you, you riffraff! I won't have you on the place!"

Henry's potential customers fled before the Paulsen wrath like chaff before the wind, leaving the quaking little entrepreneur to face his fate alone. He stood braced against the verbal cloud-burst, eyes squeezed tight shut behind steel-rimmed glasses, goatee sticking straight out.

"For days these snoopers have driven me half-crazy!" raged the professor. "I've tried every trick I could think of to keep them out. I've put signs forbidding trespassing on every tree. I've threatened mayhem and murder. Yet still they come!"

"But Joseph—"

"Keep quiet 'til I'm finished, you disgrace to science!" The lean scholar ran trembling fingers through his greying hair. Then:

"And now—today! Major Coggleston and I go down to the end of the meadow to drive three of the sneaking human dung beetles away from knot-holes. When we get back, what do we find?"

"Joseph, please—"

"We find you—my colleague, my partner, my friend! You—peddling the use of your binoculars to the slimy creatures!" He glared savagely at his victim. "If you were in Paris, Henry Horn, you'd be selling French postcards to tourists!"

Still purple with rage, the savant turned away. Stared dourly back toward the high board fence that surrounded the nudists.

The next instant he jerked as stiff as if an electric shock had jolted through him.

"Henry!"

"Yes, Joseph." The other's voice was meekly plaintive as he awaited a renewal of the diatribe.

"Henry, that fence is between us and the nudists! How could you see them, binoculars or not?"

Henry's face brightened. His goatee moved to a more confident angle.

"That's what I've been trying to tell you, Joseph," he explained. "It's my new invention—"

"Invention!" There was a hysterical note in the way Professor Paulsen exclaimed the word. "Please, Henry, not that! Don't tell me you've been inventing again—"

His little colleague bristled.

"And why shouldn't I be inventing, Joseph Paulsen?" he demanded querulously. "My inventions are mighty valuable. Why my new explosive—"^[2]

"—Which you ran onto quite by accident, and which turned out not to be an explosive at all," the professor cut in grimly.

"Well, the government—"

"The government doesn't have to live with you. Nor to put up with your 'inventive' ways." Henry's tall partner was fierce in his vehemence. "You've cited one of your devil's devices that turned out well. Well, now let me mention a few. Remember what happened when you decided to find the universal solvent^[3]?"

"But scientists all make mistakes sometimes, Joseph—"

"And how about that time you wiped out every peony within ten miles? Was that a mistake too?"

"Honestly, I didn't think it would kill anything but ragweed," Henry sniveled miserably.

"Of course it was all an accident when you rendered every one of our guinea pigs sterile, wasn't it?" sneered the other. "That was a nice invention, Henry. All it did was to cut off our income for months on end, and nearly destroy our reputation for reliability as breeders of laboratory guinea pigs."

"Oh, Joseph!" Henry's voice was an abject wail. His goatee hung limp and bedraggled. "You know I didn't mean any harm any of those times. Really I didn't. I just want to be a scientist—" Again he began sniveling.

Professor Paulsen, still glaring, opened his mouth to denounce his partner further. Then, thinking better of it, he relaxed and put his arm around Henry's quivering shoulders.

"Do you think I like to talk to you like this?" he asked, leading the way toward the porch. "Do you think it's pleasant for me?" Wearily, he shook his head. "I hate to be shouting at you all the time, Henry. It's just that patience will stretch only so far. Then it snaps."

A pause.

"I keep thinking you'll learn by experience, Henry. That you'll realize you can't be forever blowing the roof off the laboratory, or Lord knows what else, and quit fooling around with things you don't understand.

"But instead, you go right on. You dabble into some new branch of science, and a cloud of trouble sweeps down on us like a typhoon on Zamboanga."



Together, the friends climbed the porch steps and took seats on the ancient but comfortable wicker settee.

Henry darted a quick glance at his partner. Saw that the professor's face once

more was placid; that the storm was over. Unconsciously, the little man's goatee perked up. He readjusted his steel-rimmed glasses to a more stable position.

"Honestly, Joseph, this time my invention can't do any harm," he ventured. "Really it can't."

For a moment fire flashed in the scientist's eyes. Then faded again.

"All right, Henry. What is it this time?"

Henry extended the binoculars.

"Here, Joseph. Look at the nudist camp."

"But the fence—"

"Please, Joseph. Go ahead and look."

"Oh, all right—"

The professor raised the field glasses.

The next instant he nearly dropped them.

"What on earth—!"

"See, Joseph?" shrilled Henry. "Isn't it a wonderful invention? Isn't it?"

His tall partner took down the binoculars and stared at them in blank amazement, his face a puzzled mask.

"I'd swear I saw right through that fence!" he gasped. "I looked right into the middle of a whole pack of nudists!"

"Of course!" Henry was bubbling with delight. "That's why I call them my X-ray eyeglasses. You can see through anything with them." He took the glasses from the professor. Again leveled them at the nudist colony.

Then, giggling:

"Doesn't that blonde girl have the cutest—"

"Henry!"

"Oh, all right." The little man returned the binoculars to his partner, who studied

them with interest.

"Just what principle do these things work on, Henry?" he asked curiously.

Henry beamed. His goatee was at its jauntiest, most confident angle. The light of triumph played in his eyes.

"Really, Joseph, it's quite simple," he proclaimed. "There are lots of rays that go through anything, you know, except maybe lead. So I just developed a special glass that translated those rays into images, instead of just using the light rays. It was easy. The only thing you have to be careful of is to focus real close, because otherwise you'll look right through the thing you want to see—"

"Simple!" choked the scientist. "Easy! Henry, I hope you kept complete notes this once." He raised the glasses again. Studied a signboard on the nearby road.

"Oh, yes, I've got good notes, Joseph—"

"And you still need a concave eyepiece, so that the images won't reverse," Professor Paulsen interrupted. "The way it works now, pictures are all right, but 'CAMELS' are spelled 'SLEMAC'."



Henry sniffed contemptuously.

"That's nothing," he retorted. "I've got it figured out already. Only it'll take a special lens, not just a concave one. Because now it doesn't just reverse letters like a mirror; it transposes them—"

"All right, all right!" The professor threw up his hands in despair. "This is one time you've invented something worth while, and you seem to have some kind of notion of how it works, for a change."

"How you talk!" Henry was suddenly cocky. He sneered. "I always know how my inventions work—"

His gaunt friend glowered.

"I was afraid of this," he grunted. "Give you half a compliment and there's no living with you." Then: "However, I won't waste time and energy bringing you down to earth right now. The main thing is, get your notes together. I want you

to show them to Major Coggleston tonight; I think maybe the army can use this invention of yours."

And, as Henry again raised the glasses in the direction of the nudist camp:

"But get rid of those glasses for now. I don't want to catch you ogling blonde beauties, or any other kind. Those people in that camp put up that fence because they wanted privacy. So put those binoculars away right now. Do you understand?"

"Oh, all right," fretted Henry. "I'll get rid of them."

Dinner was a thing of the past, and Major Coggleston, Professor Paulsen and Henry were settled comfortably on the front porch, enjoying the quiet of the summer evening.

"If these glasses of yours work as well as you say they do, the Army certainly can use them," commented the major thoughtfully. "Such an invention would completely revolutionize espionage and its counter-measures. Nothing would be safe! Why, a spy could stand half-a-mile from the laboratory I'm supposed to be protecting, look through the walls to the records room, and steal the formulae for our latest explosives right from under our noses, with none of us the wiser."

"Yes." The professor nodded. "I can see how much it would mean. That's why I had you over tonight—wanted you to have a chance to investigate." A pause. "By the way, how's the work coming at the laboratory?"

"Better than we'd hoped for, Joe. We've got a young fellow in charge who's a genius on explosives." The major hesitated for a moment, then continued: "Confidentially, I understand he's just developed a new powder that makes TNT look like something to use for loading firecrackers. It's the greatest thing in years. The Nazis and Japs would give their eye-teeth for it. It's simpler to make than gunpowder, even—"

Brrrning!

"I'll answer," said Henry. He skittered inside to the telephone.

A minute later he was back.

"It's for you, Major Coggleston."



The officer hurried to answer. When he returned, his face was tense with worry.

"Something's wrong!" he rapped. "It looks like the Nazis have made a play for that formula already! I've got to get right back to the laboratory!"

Henry and the professor still were excitedly discussing this news when, half an hour later, the 'phone rang again. This time the tall scientist answered. He returned to the porch frowning.

"That was Coggleston," he reported. "Apparently the spy didn't get the formula, but he made a clean getaway, and he killed a sentry to do it."

"Oh, that's terrible!" Henry was afire with indignation. "Of all things! Killing a sentry—"

"Yes." The professor nodded. "The trouble is, Coggleston says they don't have much to go on. No description, except that he was big and had red hair—"

"Red hair!"

"Yes. Red hair." The savant eyed Henry suspiciously. "Why does that surprise you so?"

"Why ... er ... oh, it doesn't. I mean—"

"What do you mean?"

"Really, Joseph, it's nothing." The little man squirmed nervously, his goatee hanging guiltily to one side. "I'm not surprised at all. Really I'm not!"

"Oh, you're not, aren't you?" Professor Paulsen started across the room with grim determination, his eyes sharp. "Well, then—"

"Joseph—"

The scientist reached for his colleague's shoulder. But the shoulder slipped away. Henry dived frantically for the doorway.

"Oh, no, you don't!"



Spinning about with surprising agility, the professor's hand speared out. It

stabbed home to its goal on Henry's chin with deadly aim. Caught the little man's goatee in a grip that stopped his headlong rush dead still.

"Joseph!" screamed Henry, his eyes filling with tears. "Stop it! You're hurting!"

"And I intend to keep right on hurting until I get the truth out of you, you amoeba-brained atom!" thundered the other. "I can smell your lies a block away—and this is one time you're not going to get away with it! Now: tell me who the red-headed man was."

"I don't know, Joseph! Really—"

Professor Paulsen gave his colleague's chin-whiskers a savage jerk.

"I want the truth!" he rapped. "Hurry up! Tell me!" He jerked again.

"Oh! Ow! Joseph, please! Oh, let me go! I'll tell—"

"You bet you'll tell!" grated his friend. "It's one thing to let you get away with making a fool of me. But when it comes to tampering with the United States Army—" And then, breaking off: "All right. Why did you jump so when I mentioned the spy was believed to have red hair?"

"Well...." Henry squirmed some more. He tried hard to look dignified despite the professor's grip on his goatee, but failed miserably.

"Out with it!"

"It's really nothing, Joseph—"

"Out with it, I say!"

"Ow! Joseph, stop!" And then: "It's just ... the man who bought my X-ray glasses had red hair—"

"The man who bought your X-ray glasses!"

"Joseph! You're hurting!"

"What do you mean, 'the man who bought your X-ray glasses'?" The professor thrust his gaunt face to within an inch of Henry's, his eyes like steel gimlets. "If you tell me you've sold those glasses, you misbegotten moron—"

"But Joseph!" Henry struggled to free himself. "You told me to get rid of them.

You warned me not to use them."

"I never told you to sell them! You knew I wanted to talk to Coggleston about their use to the army—"

"Yes, but you didn't tell me *not* to sell them. And I had all my notes, and knew just how to make another pair, and so when the red-headed man offered me fifty dollars for them—"

But Professor Paulsen had ceased to listen. Already he was on the telephone and calling Major Coggleston. Tersely he explained the situation.

Then:

"Could he have gotten the formula, Ray? Was it anywhere he could see it through those devil's glasses?" And, a moment later: "Oh. Coggleston, I can't tell you how sorry I am—"

"What did he say?" Henry demanded excitedly as the other hung up. "Is it all right, Joseph—"

"No." The scientist shook his head, eyes dark with worry. "Coggleston says we can be practically certain the spy got that formula. He says the man in charge was having a staff meeting of his aides, and they had it written out on a blackboard for discussion."

"Joseph—"

"Ray's on his way over now. He wants to ask you some questions about the man's description—"



Even as the words left the savant's mouth, they heard a car roar up the driveway. Major Ray Coggleston hurried in the door, a sergeant at his heels. He wasted no time on preliminaries.

"What did he look like?" he demanded.

"Well, he had red hair...."

"Yes, yes. We know that."

"He was pretty big. Almost as tall as Joseph."

"Yes. Go on."

"I guess he talked sort of loud."

"Got it."

Henry hesitated. Tugged at his goatee, his face screwed with concentration.

"Really, Major Cogleston, that's about all I can remember about him," he said at last.

The officer swore. He paced the floor in a frenzy of anxiety.

"We've nothing to go on!" he fumed. "The description's meaningless. It could fit any one of a thousand men in this area. We don't even know where to start to hunt."

"Excuse me, major—" gulped Henry.

The military man whirled on him.

"What is it? Have you thought of something else?"

"Why, about where to start to hunt—"

"Yes?"

"Why don't you try the nudist camp?"

"The nudist camp?" Professor Paulsen exploded. "Are you completely crazy, Henry? Why would a spy be in a nudist camp?"

Henry glared back at him.

"No, I'm not completely crazy," he snapped peevishly. "And I don't know what a spy is doing in a nudist camp, but that's where he was when I sold him my glasses." He sniffed. "Really, Joseph, I get awfully tired of your acting like you were the only one around here who was half smart."

But Major Cogleston interrupted.

"Let's get this straight," he pleaded. "Where did you meet this red-headed man? How'd you come to sell him the glasses?"

"Oh, that?" Henry sniffed so hard his glasses slid down his nose. "Why, he was one of the men who was out peeking at the nudists." He turned to Professor Paulsen. "You remember, Joseph. He's the one who said I was telling the truth about my X-ray eyeglasses being able to look through the fence."

"Yes, heaven preserve me, I remember!" groaned the professor. "But why didn't I think—"

"So he asked me to sell him my glasses," Henry continued. "And when Joseph told me to get rid of them, I took them over to the nudist camp and sold them to him for fifty dollars."

"But how'd you know he was in the nudist camp?"

"How?" Henry's goatee jerked with contempt. "How would I know anyone was there? I saw him. He was right behind the blonde with the cute—"

"Henry!"

"Oh, all right. Anyhow, he was right behind a blonde girl. I saw him when I looked through my glasses while I was showing Joseph how to use them."



Again Major Coggleston paced the floor. His face was lined with worry. He bit nervously at his lip.

"I'll be damned if I know what to do!" he exploded. "I've got to find that spy. But I can hardly seize a whole nudist camp just because a red-headed man bought a pair of binoculars."

"Couldn't you ask that all red-headed men be brought to the gate?" suggested Professor Paulsen.

"No." The officer shook his head. "If the man we want is there, that would tip him off."

"Excuse me, sir," broke in the sergeant who accompanied Major Coggleston, "but why not just search the whole place with the men you've got detailed for guard duty? It wouldn't be much of a job."

The major nodded.

"If I have to, that's just what I plan," he replied. "However, there are women in that camp. Nude women. And, frankly, I don't hanker after any of the kind of publicity which undoubtedly would result from such a search. So I want to avoid it if I can."

"Then what—"

"I'll go in alone! That's it!" Major Cogleston straightened, suddenly decisive. "Sergeant, go back to the laboratory and round up all but a skeleton guard. Bring them back to the nudist camp and surround it. Don't let anyone escape! Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir. I am to surround the nudist camp with our men as soon as possible, leaving only a skeleton guard on the laboratory."

"Right. On your way."

The sergeant strode out, and a moment later the car in the driveway roared to life. And back in the house, the major drew a deep breath.

"Well, I'm off!" he snapped. "Wish me luck!"

"Wait!" bleated Henry, his goatee wagging excitedly.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm going with you!"

"You?" Major Cogleston stared. "What for?"

Henry started in indignation at the other's tone. He drew himself to his full height and thrust his chin out aggressively.

"What for?" he mimicked. "Hmmp! Let me ask you a question, Mister Officer: how are you going to identify the man who bought my glasses if I'm not along?"

The major considered this. Then, at last:

"All right. I guess you'll have to come."

"Then so do I."

It was Professor Paulsen.

"Joe, there's no need to talk like that," Major Ray Cogleston began.

"If Henry goes, I go," the savant reiterated stubbornly. "He gets in enough jams with me around to look after him. Lord knows what he'd do if he got away from me."

And so it was, ten minutes later, that the three appeared at the main gate of the Sunset Glow Nudist Colony: Let Old Sol Bring You Health. From within the fenced enclosure came the glow of firelight and the sound of festivities. A burly short-clad gateman was on duty.

"Well?" he demanded.

Major Cogleston displayed his credentials.

"You've got a man in there whom we suspect of being a spy," he explained. "We've got to come in and investigate."

The gateman hesitated and chewed his lower lip.

"O.K.," he said finally. "Ditch your clothes in the brush, over there."

"Ditch our clothes!"

"Sure." The gateman nodded determinedly. "You didn't think you could come in the way you are, did you?"

"But we represent the United States Government—"

"I don't give a damn who you represent." The gateman was adamant. "If you want to enter Sunset Glow, you'll do it in bare skin or not at all."

The three stared from one to another. At last the major broke the silence.

"All right," he snapped. "Have it your own way. I suppose we *would* stand out like sore thumbs if we wore clothes."

It took the trio but a minute to disrobe. They slipped through the gate, a strange sight: Henry, small and spindly, chin-whiskers waving animatedly; Professor Paulsen, gaunt, lean-shanked, stooped; and Major Cogleston, still strong and well-built, but with a noticeable spare tire beginning to develop around his midriff.

Inside, a great open fire was burning, with a throng of male and female nudists disporting themselves about it. Some were toasting wieners and marshmallows; other only their own epidermis. There was much laughter and good-natured raillery.

"Joseph!" exclaimed Henry tensely, his goatee quivering to a point like a setter's tail. "There! See her? That blonde girl—"

His colleague turned on him.

"Henry Horn, I'm warning you for the last time!" he clipped. "We're having a hard enough time as it is, without your calling that young lady's anatomical details to our attention. So keep quiet!"

"Oh, all right," the little man sulked. "Just because you think you're smarter than I am—"

"Joe! Henry!" Major Cogleston interrupted excitedly. "Look! That man walking off into the shadows! Hasn't he red hair?"

The two friends shot quick glances in the direction the officer pointed.

"That's him!" squealed Henry, dancing about like a monkey on a stick. "That's the man who bought my glasses!"

"Come on!" The major darted forward, looking for all the world like an oversize kewpie doll. Henry and the professor followed close on his heels.



Ahead of them, the red-headed nudist hurried farther and farther out of the firelight and into the brush. Bushes began to slap against the three friends' faces.

"Damn that devil!" fumed Major Cogleston. "I can't see him. Has he lost us?"

"Ouch!" yipped Henry, close beside him. "Oh! The mosquitoes!"

Professor Paulsen slapped vigorously at his own anatomy.

"They're awful!" he agreed. Then, to his friend, the major: "Do you see him? Where is he?"

And from the darkness behind them a voice answered:

"Right here I am, gentlemen! At your service, now and always!"

As one man, the trio whirled. A burly figure loomed in the gloom.

It was the red-headed man!

"Did you buy a pair of binoculars—" the major began.

The other waved him down.

"Sure, I bought 'em. And tonight I used 'em to snag onto the most important military secret I've seen in a month of Sundays. Believe me, mister, I'll make my fortune from this job!"

"Then you admit you're a spy?" the officer rasped, starting to move forward. "You admit you're the dirty dog who murdered our sentry—"

"Sure, sure, I admit it." The burly one seemed unperturbed.

"Why, you—"

"Hold it!" There was a sharp note of command in the red-headed man's voice this time. "Don't come no closer, buddy. Not if you want to keep your health!" He held out one ham-like hand. It gripped a heavy, bottle-shaped package.

"I got a little private lab in my suitcase," the spy explained. "When I saw how simple that formula was, I just brewed me up a batch of your new powder. Now I got it right here"—he waved the package—"complete with detonator. If you guys try to jump me, all I do is let go and the whole works goes off." He chuckled unpleasantly. "I guess you know what happens when two pounds of that stuff lets go."

The three friends shrank back. Henry's teeth already were chattering like the gourds in a rumba band.

"I guess you've got us," Major Coggleston said tautly. "However, you can't go far. My men are surrounding this camp right now."

The red-headed man sneered.

"Why don't you tell me something new?" he commented caustically. "Why'd you think I grabbed you?"

"What?"

"You didn't think you guys surprised me, did you?" The burly one laughed. "Hell, I saw you the second you came in."

"The way I'd planned it, I was going to hide out in the camp, here, until the stink blew over. Then I figured on pulling a fast sneak out of the country."

"But someone caught wise. I guess it was you"—he nodded at the quaking Henry—"so I had to revise things a little. I knew you'd have support coming up—Army Intelligence officers don't walk into trouble without backing except in the movies."



"So what do you plan to do with us?" demanded the major. "You can see you haven't a chance to get away—"

"Haven't I?"

"The camp is surrounded."

"Sure." Their captor was amused. "That's why I grabbed you. The four of us are going to march out of here together. And you"—he jerked his head toward Major Coggleston—"are going to make your boys lay off. You'll go with me 'til I'm satisfied I'm in the clear. Then I'll turn you loose."

"And if we refuse?" grated the major.

The other shrugged.

"O.K. by me," he said. "We all blow up together."

There was a long moment of silence, pregnant with panic.

"You must have a great deal of confidence in your ability as a chemist, to prepare this explosive on such short notice and with limited equipment," Professor Paulsen commented at last.

The red-headed man laughed.

"Why shouldn't I have?" he demanded. "I may have been raised in Brooklyn, but I learned my business in Berlin, and they know how to teach there."

Another long silence.

"Well, make up your mind!" their captor grunted finally. "We ain't got all night, you know. Do you come quiet, or do I have to blow us all to smithereens?" He waved the package in his hand menacingly.

Major Cogleston threw up his hands in a gesture of defeat.

"You win!" he snapped. "If I were alone, I'd say blow and be damned. But my friends deserve a better fate."

"You're smart," the other reported approvingly. "Come on!"

Slowly, the trio moved forward.

"Hurry up!" grated the red-head. And then, to the professor: "You skinny, get a move on!"

For the gaunt savant was distinctly lagging. He had dropped back until he was a full yard behind Henry and the major, and only a step in front of the spy.

"Hurry up!" the Nazi repeated, his eyes suddenly cold and menacing.

"Joseph! Come on!" urged Henry, his teeth chattering. "Don't make him mad! Please, Joseph!"

"I'm coming," grunted the scientist. "I certainly can't be blamed if the pebbles and twigs hurt my feet, can I?"

And with that, he sprang.

Like a human octopus, all long arms and legs, he launched himself at the spy. His hands clutched at the red-head's throat. His legs wrapped around the man's waist and dashed him backward to the ground.

"Help!" screamed the spy. With a wild motion he hurled the package from him in a long arch.

Bang!



But the explosion was the crack of a detonating cap, not the thunderous roar of a heavy charge of powder.

Major Coggleston lunged forward. His fists beat a meaty tattoo on the spy's face.

The next instant the crackle of military commands and the thud of footsteps burst upon them. The four—Professor Paulsen, Major Coggleston and the spy, in a heap on the ground; and Henry Horn, wide-eyed and trembling, standing near at hand—were illumined in a powerful flashlight's beam. Half a dozen soldiers rushed up.

"Major! We heard that shot! Are you all right?"

The officer struggled to his feet, trying hard to preserve the dignity of his rank despite his nudity. In the light of the flash he looked even more than before like an overgrown kewpie doll.

"Of course I'm all right!" he puffed. "What's more, that red-headed rat on the ground is the spy and murderer we've been looking for. Take him away, men!"

He turned to Professor Paulsen.

"Joe, this is one time I don't know what to say. If it hadn't been for you that devil would have made a clean getaway."

"Forget it," retorted the gaunt scientist. "It's little enough I can do for my country at my age."

"Honestly, Joseph, I can't see how you got the nerve to do it!" marveled Henry, still wide-eyed. "Just think, we might all have been killed—"

The professor glared.

"What do you mean, we might all have been killed?"

"Why, the explosive in that package, and the detonator—really, Joseph, it was terribly dangerous—"

"Dangerous!" snorted the savant. "The only dangerous part was that he might have hit me over the head with it."

"But—the explosive—"

"Explosive, my eye!" And, again glaring: "Do you mean to tell me you can't

understand why that stuff he had in the package didn't go off, you abbreviated atom?"

Henry's goatee wagged uncertainly. He adjusted the steel-rimmed spectacles which were his only garment.

"Well ... really, Joseph...."

"I'll admit right out I don't get it," broke in Major Coggleston. "You mean there wasn't any danger of that stuff going off?"

"Of course not." Professor Paulsen was distinctly snappish.

"But why—"



The scientist turned back to Henry. "Don't you remember what I said to you this morning about those devil's glasses of yours transposing letters instead of just reversing them? And that you told me it would take a special lens to straighten them out?"

"You mean—"

"Take any formula and transpose the symbols all the way through, and see what you get. Trinitrocresol, for instance. The formula is $C_7H_5N_3O_7$. Transpose it all the way through, and you have ${}_7O_3N_5H_7C$. In that particular case, it wouldn't even make sense. But when our red-headed spy said he was a chemist and hadn't had any trouble compounding this new explosive, I figured the formula must be one that would be at least half-way logical, no matter which way you wrote it. Only the odds were a million to one that one way it would equal an explosive; the other, nothing at all. So I didn't hesitate to attack him."

"Joe," said Major Coggleston admiringly, "that's a lot faster thinking than I've ever done. And I don't need to tell you how grateful the Army will be."

"Really, Joseph, it was awfully clever!" Henry chimed in. "I'd never have thought of it—"

And then, changing thought in mid-sentence:

"Look! There's that pretty blonde girl with the—"

"Henry!" exploded Professor Paulsen. "You're old enough to behave like a grown man, not an inspectionistic schoolboy!" His hand shot out to grip his little partner's goatee and jerk his eyes from the luscious creature now parading her charms before them.

"Ouch!" squealed Henry, his face screwing up with pain. "Joseph, you're hurting!"

"Then will you be good? Will you behave yourself?"

"Of course, Joseph. Just let me go!" Then, sulkily, as the tall scientist released him: "Though I still think you're mighty finicky, Joseph Paulsen. After all, what's wrong with my liking the cute way that girl wears the bangs across her forehead?"

[1] The Piltdown Man was a species of prehistoric being (*Eoanthropus dawsoni*), long since extinct, with a retreating, apelike chin and thick cranial bones, but a human-type cranium.—ED.

[2] See "Henry Horn's Blitz Bomb," *AMAZING STORIES*, June, '42.—ED.

[3] See "Henry Horn's Super-Solvent," *Fantastic Adventures*, November, '41.—ED.

End of Project Gutenberg's Henry Horn's X-Ray Eye Glasses, by Dwight V. Swain

*** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HENRY HORN'S X-RAY EYE GLASSES ***

***** This file should be named 32591-h.htm or 32591-h.zip *****
This and all associated files of various formats will be found in:
<http://www.gutenberg.org/3/2/5/9/32591/>

Produced by Greg Weeks, Mary Meehan and the Online
Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

Updated editions will replace the previous one--the old editions
will be renamed.

Creating the works from public domain print editions means that no
one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation
(and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without
permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules,
set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to
copying and distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works to
protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm concept and trademark. Project
Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you
charge for the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. If you
do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the
rules is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose
such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and
research. They may be modified and printed and given away--you may do
practically ANYTHING with public domain eBooks. Redistribution is
subject to the trademark license, especially commercial
redistribution.

*** START: FULL LICENSE ***

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting the free
distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work
(or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project
Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project
Gutenberg-tm License (available with this file or online at
<http://gutenberg.net/license>).

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg-tm
electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg-tm
electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to
and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property
(trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all
the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy
all copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in your possession.

If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is in the public domain in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg-tm works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg-tm name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg-tm License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg-tm work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country outside the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" appears, or with which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.net

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is derived from the public domain (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase "Project Gutenberg" associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or

1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg-tm License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg-tm License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg-tm.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg-tm License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg-tm work in a format other than "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg-tm web site (www.gutenberg.net), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg-tm License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg-tm works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works provided that

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg-tm works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg-tm License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg-tm works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.

- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and Michael Hart, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread public domain works in creating the Project Gutenberg-tm collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH F3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS' WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg-tm work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg-tm work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm

Project Gutenberg-tm is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg-tm's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg-tm collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg-tm and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation web page at <http://www.pgla.org>.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Its 501(c)(3) letter is posted at <http://pglaf.org/fundraising>. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's principal office is located at 4557 Melan Dr. S. Fairbanks, AK, 99712., but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email business@pglaf.org. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at <http://pglaf.org>

For additional contact information:

Dr. Gregory B. Newby
Chief Executive and Director
gbnewby@pglaf.org

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg-tm depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form accessible by the widest

array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit <http://pglaf.org>

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: <http://pglaf.org/donate>

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works.

Professor Michael S. Hart is the originator of the Project Gutenberg-tm concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For thirty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility:

<http://www.gutenberg.net>

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg-tm, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.