

CAPTAIN FUTURE WIZARD OF SCIENCE

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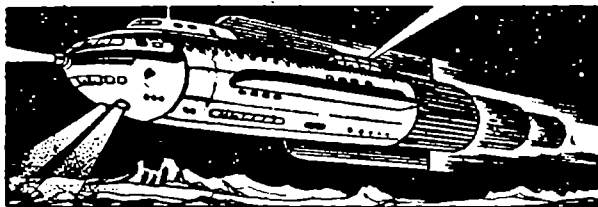
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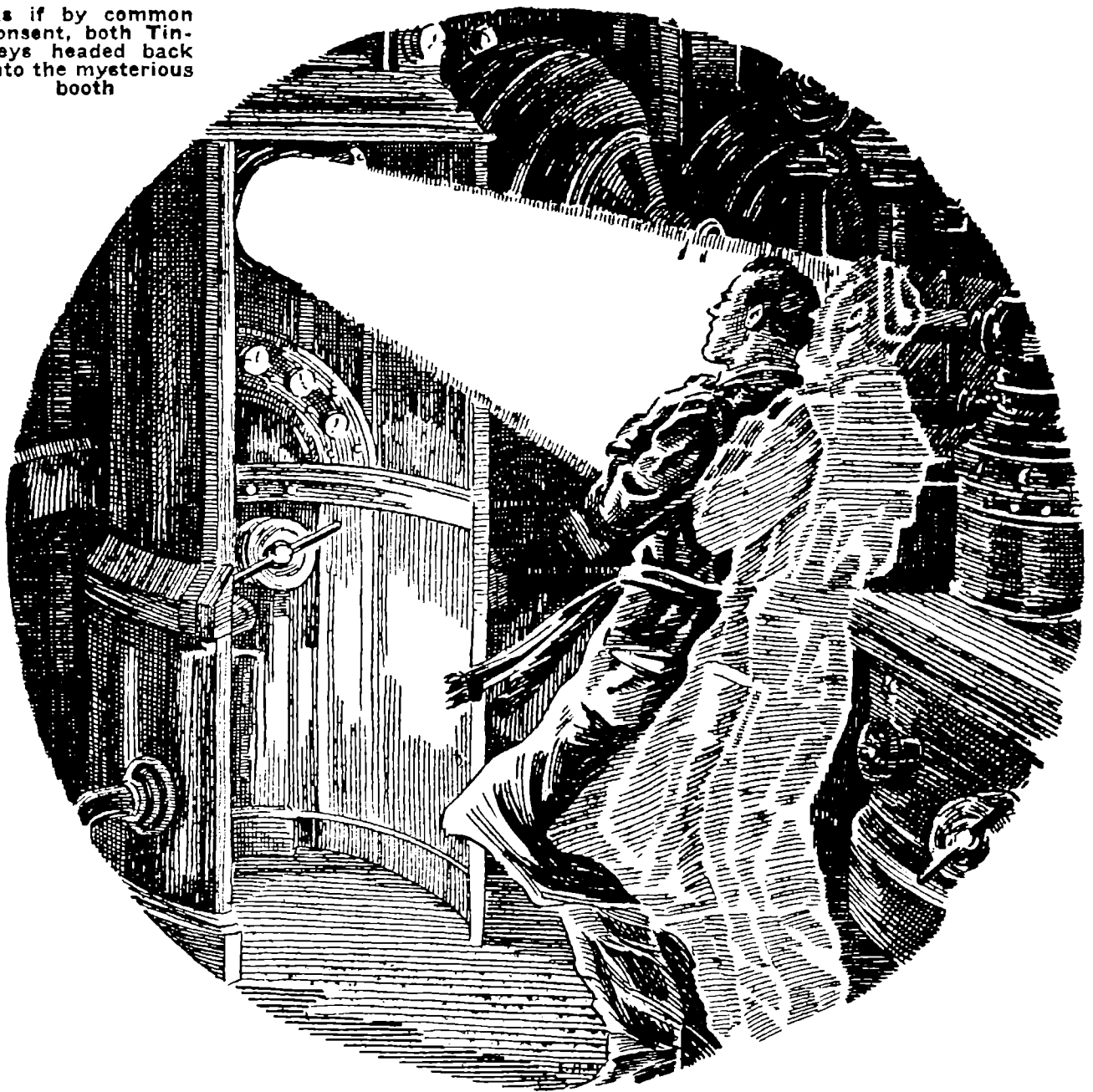
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As if by common consent, both Tinneys headed back into the mysterious booth



Better Than One

By HENRY KUTTNER

The Last Thing in the World That Bruce Wanted to Be Was a Wrestler—but That Was Before He Got Tangled in His Uncle's Fourth Dimensional Machine!

BRUCE TINNEY was smearing marmalade on toast when Uncle Wilbur screamed. It wasn't an agonized scream. It was, rather, a shout of triumph, a paean of unrestrained delight. There was a faint crackle, and the toaster at Tinney's elbow ceased to glow red.

Crockett, the butler, cook, and general handyman, continued to pour coffee, no trace of expression on his large pallid face. Nothing could dis-

turb Crockett, of course. He had worked for Uncle Wilbur much too long for that.

Bruce Tinney, a well-built young man with a pleasantly ugly face and mild blue eyes, sighed. "He's done it again," he remarked, rather thickly because of the toast-and-marmalade.

"Sir?"

"Uncle. You know. What's he been working on this time?"

"Mr. Van Dill does not confide in

me, sir. I cannot say."

Tinney munched toast. "Seems to me he said something about a fourth-dimensional gadget. Lord knows! Wonder how long he'll be gone this time?"

"I fear I cannot say," Crockett said frigidly, as the door opened to admit Wilbur Van Dill, a small gnome of a man with a wrinkled brown walnut face and fluffy gray hair.

Uncle Wilbur was carrying an empty bottle and wore an expression of blind fury.

"Crockett!" he said.

"Yes, sir?"

"Is this all the brandy there is in the house?"

"Yes, sir," said Crockett, and Uncle Wilbur assumed a look of diabolical triumph.

"Then I shall go out," he announced. "Bruce, take charge of things while I'm gone. Never thought I'd be finished with that blasted machine. Ha!"

Tinney swallowed toast and rose hastily. "Uncle Wilbur!" he objected. "At your age——"

"All the more reason for relaxation," Van Dill said. "Don't argue with me, you young pup. If you had a quarter of my brains, you'd have a right to talk. Stands to reason," he went on in a faint mutter, glaring at the empty bottle. "Great scientist. Use my mind a lot. Concentration. Got to relax. Now shut up and don't bother me. I'll be back."

"But——" said Tinney.

"And don't touch anything in my laboratory!" Van Dill flung back over his shoulder as he departed. "You butter-fingered oaf!"

He left with a slam, and Tinney choked on his toast, while he brooded on Uncle Wilbur's idiosyncrasies. True, the man was a great scientist. His filament for electric bulbs was a marvel, and a condenser he had invented brought in a small fortune.

But Uncle Wilbur was certainly not a model of propriety, and it was to that that Tinney objected. Being a rather mouselike young man himself, it seemed to him shocking that Uncle Wilbur should relax, after every successful experiment, by a round of the

local barrooms, drinking vast quantities of alcohol.

BEING his uncle's secretary was no sinecure, Tinney thought unhappily. And now this new device—what was it? Something to do with the fourth dimension. Uncle Wilbur had explained it once, rather vaguely, but Tinney had scarcely listened. He did not at all understand the first principles of the machine.

Crockett appeared, with a full bottle. "I had forgotten this," he said. "Has Mr. Van Dill left?"

At Tinney's nod he sighed and put the bottle into a sideboard. Then he stood ominously waiting till the young man, cringing under the butler's cold glance, hastily gulped down the rest of his coffee and crumpled his napkin.

"Er—better fix the lighting system," Tinney said, rising. "I think Uncle Wilbur blew a fuse."

"Yes, sir. Immediately."

Tinney wandered off, feeling low. At the door of his uncle's laboratory he paused. Better see that everything was in place there. Once a fire had started, ignored by the erratic Van Dill. Tinney opened the door and looked in.

Fair enough. All was as usual, except for an oddly-shaped contrivance in the center of the floor. It looked rather like an oversized telephone booth, with walls on only two sides. On its floor lay Uncle Wilbur's hat.

Since one of Tinney's passions was neatness, he immediately hurried forward after the hat. As he entered the booth and bent over a curious clicking sounded. Simultaneously a red light bathed him.

Crockett had replaced the fuse, and the machine had been turned on!

Tinney felt a wrenching jar, fell forward, and clutched wildly at a set of complicated controls on one wall. Dials spun under his hands. Briefly he had the extraordinary sensation of being in two places at once. There were *two* Bruce Tinneys!

They merged. A grinding whirr came from the device. The two Tinneys spun apart again, reeling out of

the booth. For a horrified moment each of them regarded the other.

Yes—there were two. Perfect duplicates.

The red glow still bathed the machine. As if by common consent, both Tinneys dived back into the booth, clutching at the controls. Fingers fumbled. Return the dials to their original positions—that was right.

The clicking sounded again. The Tinneys drew together, feeling an indescribable sensation of merging. And, gasping, Bruce Tinney—no longer twins—leaped hastily away from the infernal device.

That *had* been close! It was always safer to stay away from Uncle Wilbur's inventions. But, luckily, there was no harm done.

Gulping, Tinney lifted his hands to brush back his disheveled hair. That was a mistake. For a moment he had the odd impression that someone was in back of him, reaching around as though to cover Tinney's eyes and say "Guess who?"

With justifiable irritation, the young man swung around. He was alone. Puzzled, he glanced down at his hands.

He had *four* hands. . . . *Yipe! He had four arms!*

TINNEY remained perfectly motionless, staring. The upper set of arms were his usual ones. The others sprouted from his armpits, and there were rents in the thin silk of his pajama jacket where they had burst through. He must look rather like an Oriental goddess, he thought wildly.

Four arms!

Tinney staggered to a chair and sat down, not pleased. He looked at the booth. That had done it, of course. Uncle Wilbur—blast Uncle Wilbur!

Apparently one of the attributes of a fourth-dimensional gadget was to split people into half—create twins. Duplication of atomic structure or something. The operation could be reversed, but not by an unskilled hand. Tinney licked his lips.

He stood up and moved slowly toward the device. Then he paused.

Suppose he made another mistake? This time it might be fatal. Two Bruce Tinneys had been squeezed into one, plus a set of additional arms. One Bruce Tinney might be squeezed into half a man!

No—better not to meddle. How could you turn the machine off? It was difficult to say. The red light still glared down, and a faint humming hung in the air. Tinney sat down again and considered.

Uncle Wilbur was the answer. He was the one to remedy this—this embarrassing development. Two additional arms! Good Lord! Tinney shut his eyes.

"Crockett!" he called, and hesitated, feeling a natural dislike of showing his sudden deformity to the butler. But already Crockett's footsteps sounded in the hall. Acting on impulse, Tinney put his lower set of arms behind his back, thus concealing them fairly well.

"Sir?"

"Uh—do you have an idea where Uncle Wilbur went?"

"No, sir. I do not."

Some dive, probably, Tinney thought bitterly. Some low haunt of toppers. Why the devil couldn't Uncle Wilbur act like a normal human being? It wasn't fair for him to run off and leave his nephew in this condition. Not for the first time, Tinney had an impulse to tell his uncle to go to the devil.

But of course he couldn't. He was penniless. Uncle Wilbur supported him. Tinney sighed. If he could only raise a thousand—enough to buy that stationery store on 72nd Street. He could be very happy there, in his quiet way, not continually having his life upset by such things as this.

And Van Dill might not return for days!

"Thanks, Crockett," Tinney said, and the butler went out.

What now? Obviously, he couldn't go looking for Uncle Wilbur in this condition!

And yet—why not? An overcoat would easily conceal the extra pair of arms. Things weren't as bad as they had seemed. Tinney actually gave a little relieved sigh as he rose. A

shower, now—

He had some difficulty shaving, but found it fantastically easy to scrub his back. He took his time. Better let Uncle Wilbur get tight enough to be hazy and good-tempered, else he might refuse to accompany his nephew back to the laboratory.

SINCE Tinney rose late, it was nearly two o'clock before he descended the stairs, dressed and ready, his supernumerary arms dangling, hidden by the topcoat he wore. The weather was blazingly hot, but—oh, well.

Crockett, he saw, was engaged in an altercation at the door. A burly man with the face of a belligerent ape snarled remarks.

"I'm sorry, sir. Mr. Van Dill is not at home."

"Yeah? Who's that coming downstairs, then? Lemme by!" And the burly man brushed Crockett aside.

Tinney hastily dived through the nearest door, finding himself in the laboratory. The guest followed him. He had a broken nose, cauliflower ears, and tiny eyes set in little pits of gristle.

Now he looked disappointed. "You ain't Van Dill," he growled. Then he brightened. "A relative, maybe? Huh?"

"I—uh—I'm Mr. Van Dill's nephew. Can I help you?" Tinney asked, feeling slightly uneasy.

"Yeah," said the newcomer. "I'm Twister Haggerty. I'm the guy your uncle kicked in the pants an hour ago." He moved forward, fists clenched.

"Oh," said Tinney, hastily retreating. "That was my uncle. Not me. You're a little mixed up, aren't you?"

"Not a bit," said Twister Haggerty. "Grandpa ran out of the bar before I could stand up, but I found out who he was. So I come to his place to push his teeth in. If he ain't home, I'll wait. Meantime, I don't like Grandpa or any of his relatives. So I'm gonna push *your* teeth in while I'm waiting."

"Now look," Tinney gulped. "You don't seem to understand. I didn't do anything to you."

"But I'm gonna do something to

you," Haggerty said happily, continuing his slow advance. "To your face. Yeah."

"Crockett!" Tinney called.

No answer. The butler, of course, was well out of harm's way. Tinney stepped backward slowly.

"I warn you—" he began, but did not finish. Twister Haggerty grinned. He looked like a ravenous gargoyle.

"And me billed for a fight tonight. My manager says I gotta keep from worrying. Well, I'll be worried stiff till I take a poke at Grandpa. He ain't here, but you'll do."

"No," said Tinney hopelessly, and just then Haggerty lurched forward.

Tinney squeaked, staggered back, and felt his heel catch on something. As he twisted to keep his balance, the burly man was upon him. Automatically Tinney flung his arms around Haggerty's body. All four arms. The topcoat burst open, and the extra pair shot out like tentacles of an octopus.

"Hey!" Haggerty yelled, and said no more.

For the two men, swaying off-balance, had toppled into Uncle Wilbur's fourth-dimensional machine.

TINNEY felt again that brief vertigo, and the crawling sense of compression. With an effort he hurled himself out of the booth, and braced himself to meet Haggerty's attack.

But Haggerty was nowhere in evidence.

"Say," the man's voice whispered, in Tinney's ear. "Say, I feel funny. What—"

Something was pressing against Tinney's right cheek. His collar, he discovered, was torn. Where was Haggerty?

Turning slowly, Tinney came to rest facing a large mirror set in the wall. He stayed motionless.

It wasn't the sight of his face that gave him pause. That was familiar enough. Nor, indeed, was it the fact that he was wearing Haggerty's clothes. That wasn't the worst, by any means.

The body reflected in the glass had two heads. One belonged to Tinney. One was Haggerty's. Both sprouted

from the shoulders, cheek to cheek, in an insanely Siamese-twin fashion.

Haggerty's unshaved jowl rubbed Tinney's jaw. The ape-faced man opened his mouth and his eyes. They got wider and wider.

Then Haggerty turned his head. So did Tinney. As the two faces collided, nose to nose, Haggerty gave a coughing grunt and passed out. His eyes rolled up. His head fell forward and lay limply on Tinney's chest.

As for Tinney himself—he didn't quite faint. But he felt a warning giddiness overcome him. As a result, he did something he had never before contemplated. Gasping, he fled into the sun-parlor, jerked open the sideboard, and dragged out the bottle Crockett had placed there. Then he uncorked it and fell into a chair.

The brandy gurgled hotly down his throat, bringing tears to his eyes. But it probably saved his sanity.

"Good lord," Tinney said, shutting his eyes and swigging away. "It hasn't happened. I mustn't think about it. I—how much of this stuff should I drink? Uncle Wilbur drinks lots of it. I'll need a couple of bottles, I guess."

Tinney, of course, had never tasted liquor before, except a glass of port in his infancy for the colic.

Being healthy, he absorbed the alcohol without immediate nausea, and by the time the bottle was half empty, he felt well enough to open his eyes. Haggerty's head lay on his bosom.

Tinney moved unsteadily to a couch, pressed his companion's head backward, and covered it with a cushion. If the—the creature suffocated, that was all to the good. But of course he couldn't. The two heads had only one pair of lungs, and Tinney was keeping them well supplied.

He drank more brandy and looked down. Why was he wearing Haggerty's clothes? He investigated. He was, in fact, wearing Haggerty's body.

That awful fourth-dimensional machine! It was set for compression, and it was doing its job in a fantastically complete way. Or, rather, an incomplete way. Was he two men or one, Tinney wondered?

A STRAY thought had struck Tinney: Two heads were better than one. He laughed. He had thought of a use for Uncle Wilbur's machine. If a cat had kittens, instead of drowning them, you could put them in the booth and turn the power on. The result would be *one* kitten.

"Reduce excess population," Tinney said thickly, and fumbled the bottle, dropping it. It broke.

He had, however, made another discovery. He still had four arms. Four arms and two heads. And Haggerty's body. Tinney decided he wanted more brandy. He'd have to find Uncle Wilbur.

At this moment, Crockett appeared, looking down his nose. Since Haggerty's face was covered by a cushion, the butler saw nothing amiss immediately.

"Has the gentleman left, sir?" he inquired.

"Gen'lman? Yesh—yes," Tinney amended.

"You have dropped a bottle, sir," Crockett remarked, and ice seemed to hang on his words.

Stung, Tinney looked up. He was reminded that he didn't like the butler.

"True," he said. "I d-dropped a bottle. I have four arms, too."

"I fear you have been drinking——"

Crockett didn't finish. He turned slightly gray. It was all too obvious that, despite Tinney's potations, the drunken young man was speaking the horrid truth. He *had* four arms, and all four of them were extended toward Crockett, the fingers scrabbling greedily in the air.

"Guh——" said Crockett.

"And an extra head. Friend of mine. *Close* friend," Tinney explained, seizing Haggerty by the hair and pulling his face to view. "Seems to be asleep now, but that's all right. Say hello to the gentleman, Crockett." He rose and stalked forward.

The butler made no remark. He was quite green now. The drunken Tinney felt happy.

"Shake hands," he commanded. "Meet my new hands. Both of them. That's right." He gripped Crockett's palms, and with his other pair of

hands, suddenly seized the butler by the throat.

That finished Crockett. He tore himself free and fled, screaming. Tinney laughed and turned to the door.

"Gotta find Uncle Wilbur. And get 'nother bottle. Wait a minute! Can't go out *this* way. People'd talk. Mustn't let 'em see I've got four arms."

Following this incomplete chain of reasoning, he located another topcoat, donned it, and concealed his extra arms. At the door he was reminded of Haggerty's head. It was still unconscious, possibly overcome by the alcohol that Tinney had absorbed.

TINNEY made adjustments with his coat. But that wouldn't work. The bulge was too suspicious. And the coat kept slipping off. Seeing a package on the hall table, Tinney had an idea. He went back to the kitchen, found a sheet of wrapping paper, and wrapped up Haggerty's head completely, sealing it shut with gummed tape.

The man wouldn't suffocate, of course. And, by this method, it would seem merely as though Tinney was carrying a heavy parcel on his shoulder. To foster the illusion, he placed one hand atop it as if to keep it in place.

Now he looked reasonably human. He could venture forth. And he did, hailing a taxi and going down-town. There was a well-filled wallet in Haggerty's pocket, and Tinney had no compunction about using it. When a man needed a drink, he needed it. Liquor was pretty good, at that. Why hadn't anyone told him these things?

As a matter of fact, if Tinney hadn't been drunk, he might have gone mad. But he was definitely tipsy, and, too, he knew that Uncle Wilbur was a scientific wizard. What had Van Dill said yesterday? The words came back vaguely:

"Organisms naturally tend to unity. . . . My machine can duplicate the atomic pattern, but the thing has to be handled carefully. I might get two and a half rabbits, or three rabbits and an ear—and when I reversed the machine, I might get a rabbit and sev-

eral extra ears. They'd probably be on the rabbit, though—physiological unity——"

Whatever that meant. Tinney yelled at the taxi-driver as he caught sight of a bar. It was the Green Stocking, and his uncle had occasionally spoken of it. It catered to the sporting element, of which Uncle Wilbur was a confirmed member. A good portion of his time was spent on the telephone, laying bets with an unknown person named Joe.

BRUCE TINNEY went into the bar and ordered a bottle of brandy. The bartender, a large man with a suspicious face, stared.

"Gonna drink it here?" he demanded.

"Sure. Maybe more. Who knows?" Tinney made an expansive gesture, and his topcoat fluttered as his extra arms sought for freedom.

"Yeah. Well. Here you are. Say!" The bartender leaned forward confidentially. "What you got under that coat? A chicken?"

"Chicken?" Tinney poured brandy and stared. "What do you mean?"

But the bartender's attention had been arrested by a new phenomenon. "How the devil do you keep that bundle balanced on your shoulder? Got it pinned on?"

At that point the bundle fell forward on Tinney's chest and dangled there. A faint voice said, "Rye. Straight."

"Okay." The bartender had turned away automatically, but abruptly he swung back. "Was that you?"

"No," said Tinney, just as another voice said, "Yeah."

"Now, look," the bartender said gently, placing his elbows on the bar. "I don't want no trouble, see? I work hard. I don't go for practical jokes. If you want that brandy, say so. If you want rye, okay. But——"

"Oh Gawd," howled that all-too-familiar voice. "I'm blind! Blind as a bat! Help!"

THE bundle on Tinney's chest bounced up and shook itself vigorously. The bartender hastily retreated and armed himself with a

bung-starter.

"A ventriloquist, huh?" he inquired. "I—yaah!"

It was at this point that Tinney's extra pair of arms burst out of hiding. There was a flailing windmill of arms. Hands tore at the brown paper covering Haggerty's head. The man's face emerged, crimson and glaring.

"What's the idea putting a paper bag over my head?" he demanded. His voice was somewhat thick, since he was quite as drunk as Tinney.

The only other occupant of the bar, a thin man in a corner, rose quietly and shambled forward. He tapped Tinney on the shoulder.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but you seem to have two heads."

"Lord, yes," said the bartender hoarsely. "Look at 'em!"

"You see them, too?" the thin man asked, and his jaw dropped. "I—I thought I was drunk. Oh-h!" He slid to the floor in a dead faint.

"Rye!" Haggerty yelped.

"Yeah," said the bartender. "Rye. Here it is."

He put a bottle and a glass on the mahogany and began to tiptoe away. He was muttering softly to himself. He was, it seemed, going upstairs and lie down. He hadn't touched a drop for years. Maybe it was the smell of the liquor that was getting him. He was going away.

He went away, leaving the two-headed Tinney alone, save for the unconscious figure on the floor.

The two heads turned to face each other, and then, as if by common consent, four hands shot out and seized the bottles. Tinney tilted the brandy bottle, Haggerty took the rye. There was no sound but a faint gurgling.

It went on.

"Funny," Haggerty said finally. "I keep thinking I've got two heads."

"It's not funny at all," Tinney said moodily. "It's my uncle's fault. The guy that kicked you in the pants. Remember?"

"I don't get it. If I wasn't drunk, I'd faint." Haggerty looked unwell, anyhow. Tinney sighed.

"It's that fourth-dimensional machine."

"Oh. Science!" Haggerty nodded,

as if that explained everything.

"If you'll just listen a minute, I'll explain," Tinney told him.

He tried to do it, between pulls at the bottle, and finally it seemed as if Haggerty understood, albeit only hazily.

"Science. As long as it ain't black magic, okay. I ain't a sap. I'll take your word for it. Especially since you say your uncle can fix us up all right again. Only—two heads!"

"And four arms," Tinney pointed out unkindly.

"Well, we gotta find your uncle!"

"We can't go out on the street this way. One of us has got to have his head wrapped up again."

Haggerty considered. "Let's look behind the bar. Maybe——"

THEY found a thin cloth bag, with a drawstring, that would just do. Rather unwillingly, Haggerty consented to having it pulled over his head.

"I can see out," he announced. "Can you see me?"

"Nope. Looks like I'm carrying a bundle on my shoulder, that's all. Where'll we go?"

"Try the Peacock. Fiftieth and Seventh Avenue."

Tinney concealed his extra arms and departed, rather unsteadily. He felt somewhat better for having an ally. Now if they could only find Uncle Wilbur——

They couldn't. At five o'clock Haggerty called a halt.

"I gotta fight tonight. Let's phone your house."

"Fight? How——"

"At the Garden. I'm on the card. Wrestling Turk Zorion."

"Well, I'll phone Uncle Wilbur."

But Van Dill hadn't arrived home. Tinney groaned.

They kept looking, in vain. Eventually Haggerty paused outside a coffee shop.

"Listen," he said. "I gotta wrestle tonight. And it's almost time."

"You can't wrestle like this, man!"

"Why not?" Haggerty asked stubbornly.

"Two heads—and four arms!"

"There ain't any rules about how

many arms you got. And you can keep your head wrapped up in this bag, so nobody'll notice. I know!" A note of plaintiveness crept into Haggerty's voice. "They think I threw my last fight. My manager's down on me. If I miss this bout, I'm sunk."

"You're crazy!"

"I'm fighting tonight," Haggerty said stubbornly. "With four arms, I ought to have a swell chance. Anyhow, I'm taking it. You won't get hurt."

He kept talking. Presently he had convinced Tinney. It even seemed like a good idea. A man with four arms was practically certain to win a wrestling bout!

"Gotta sober up," Haggerty said. "Let's drink coffee. Here!" He plucked the cloth bag from his own head and affixed it over Tinney's. "Let me take over, for a while."

That was fair enough. Tinney had nearly passed out. He relapsed into slumber, waking occasionally to peer through the bag. He could see out, all right.

The coffee, in their common stomach, sobered both heads. Tinney awoke again and had an idea. He explained it to Haggerty, and they went to a phone booth.

First they tried the Van Dill house. Uncle Wilbur wasn't there. A chastened Crockett said he might be at the Garden, for the fights.

"Hadn't thought of that," Tinney said to his companion. "We might run into him there."

"I hope we do," Haggerty muttered. "The dirty——"

"Sh-h! I'm trying to remember that number."

HE REMEMBERED it at last—the number of the man named Joe with whom Uncle Wilbur placed his bets. He dialed.

"Joe?"

"Yeah. Who's this?"

"Bruce Tinney."

"Oh, Mr. Van Dill's nephew. Sure. What's up?"

"I want to place a bet on the fight tonight. On Twister Haggerty. Can—er—can you do that?"

"Twister — t h a t stumble - bum!

Who's it for? Your uncle?"

"No. For me. I've inside information."

"Maybe," Joe said skeptically. "But I'll be glad to oblige. How much? Odds are about eight to one."

"Two hundred dollars," Tinney said, gulping.

He had just that much in the bank, painfully saved, by dint of much scrimping. Some day he had hoped to have enough to buy that stationery store. Now he was risking it on a gamble.

No, it wasn't a gamble. Haggerty had assured him of that.

"Okay. Two hundred. On Twister."

"Right," said Tinney, and hung up.

Then he relapsed completely. From now on, everything was up to Haggerty.

There was a confusion of bright lights, a sweaty dressing-room, a number of frantic questions, and Haggerty's responses. He wouldn't let anyone in but his manager. And he refused to explain to that worthy how he had happened to acquire an extra set of arms, and what was in that bag on his shoulder.

"Just let it lay. It's legal, ain't it?"

"Sure, but——"

Then came the moment when Haggerty clambered over the ropes. Tinney awoke and peered through the bag. A gasp went up from the crowd at sight of the wrestler's unusual physique. Typewriters began to hammer busily.

"Fake? Must be. No, they look real. Am I crazy——"

Turk Zorion entered the ring, a burly, hairy man with the face of a mad murderer. Tinney shuddered.

"Take it easy," Haggerty whispered. "Leave everything to me. With four arms, this'll be a cinch."

Just then, someone whooped in a familiar raucous voice from the front row. Tinney turned his head, peering through the cloth of the bag. It was Uncle Wilbur, a quart bottle in his lap, eating peanuts.

Sure, he'd have bought a first-row seat for the fights from some scalper. Uncle Wilbur never missed a scrap in the Garden.

But Haggerty had seen the man, too.

The wrestler made a growling sound deep in his throat. Then he rose and hurled himself over the ropes at Uncle Wilbur.

"Haggerty!" Tinney yelled. "For Heaven's sake!"

It was too late. Haggerty was doing his best to strangle Van Dill. The scientist's face went purple. Frantically Tinney struggled to get control of his hands. They were completely Haggerty's hands now.

Uncle Wilbur lifted the bottle and smashed it down on the wrestler's head.

Haggerty's eyes glazed. His head fell forward. He was knocked out—cold!

THERE was confusion. Tinney, again in command of his body, managed to struggle to his feet. People were all around him, asking questions.

"What's the idea? You hurt?" Haggerty's manager was plunging forward.

The wrestler's head hung forward on his chest, eyes closed. Tinney's own head, of course, was still hidden by the cloth bag. He could see through it—and what he saw wasn't comforting.

Instinctively he dived back into the ring and found his stool. "Haggerty!" he whispered frantically. "Wake up! Wake up, man!" He slapped the wrestler's cheeks with all four hands. To the onlookers, it seemed as though Haggerty was sitting with his head down, beating his face in an endeavor to clear his brain.

Uncle Wilbur had resumed his seat, apparently unhurt. Tinney gulped. The full horror of his position came home to him.

He felt panicky. This wasn't real. He, Bruce Tinney, couldn't be sitting here in trunks, with two heads and four arms, across from Turk Zorion—

The Garden was in an uproar. Tinney thought of his two hundred dollars and cursed Haggerty. "Wake up!" he gasped.

No answer.

What now? Retreat, obviously. But that would mean the loss of the two

hundred dollars, and all Tinney's hopes for the future. Haggerty might revive at any time. If Tinney could only stall the Turk until then—

It might be done. After all, he had four arms!

Yes, he'd go through with it. Until Haggerty awoke and took over, and unless Bruce was murdered in the meantime.

There were some consolations. Tinney had Haggerty's muscular wrestler's body. And the four arms. So—

It started. There was no trouble at first, except for the look of blank amazement on the Turk's face, and the cries that went up from the audience.

Haggerty fought with his face down. People wondered how he could see what he was doing. His head lolled forward drunkenly. Also, how could that white linen bag stay in place on his shoulder? And those four arms!

The Turk got over his puzzlement and closed. He picked Tinney up and attempted a flying mare. But never before had he wrestled a man with four arms. It was like trying to throw an octopus.

Tinney gradually climbed down the Turk's body, in a spidery fashion.

The Turk was so astounded that he fell easy victim to Tinney. Tinney was thrown, but his four arms enabled him to somersault, so his opponent missed him entirely. Before the Turk could rise, he was seized, twisted over on his back, and four hands were pressing him down vigorously. The referee slapped Tinney's back.

One fall. The Turk foamed unpleasantly. Tinney retreated and hissed, "Haggerty! Wake up!"

Then the Turk was on him again. This time Tinney was flung down bodily, but he managed to roll away. As he rose, the Turk came flying at him feet-first, and a pile-driver hit Tinney in the middle. He collapsed.

The Turk leaped upon him and pressed his shoulders down. The referee was slightly puzzled. It was difficult to know where Tinney's shoulders were.

However, Turk Zorion got the fall. Tinney rose groggily. Sweat stung

his nostrils. "Haggerty!" he gasped.

STILL no response. Haggerty's head lolled forward. The sight was unorthodox in the extreme—a wrestler who fled around the ring, looking apparently at his feet, with a white bag on his shoulder, and Turk Zorion pursuing him.

Boos went up.

It was getting difficult to see through the linen bag. Tinney ran headlong into the Turk. Before he could break free, he was slammed down, and his opponent had sprung on his chest. The referee ran forward.

Tinney acted on impulse. All four of his hands shot forward. He got his palms under the Turk's chin, overlapping, and shoved with all his strength. The Turk was dislodged.

As the man went over backward, Tinney sprang after him. He swarmed all over the other. Arms and legs tangled in a mad mêlée.

Perhaps the sight of Haggerty's obviously unconscious face, hanging droopily above him, unnerved the Turk. At any rate, his nerve broke completely, and he went all to pieces, screaming hysterically, and making scarcely any resistance when Tinney slammed his shoulders against the canvas.

"Take him off!" the wretched Turk shrieked. "He's a devil! He's a zombie! Help!"

Tinney felt his back slapped. He stood up, wavering, and made his way to his corner.

An uproar of shouts was booming up from all over the Garden. Hats sailed into the air. Never before had such an extraordinary battle been

staged in the ring.

"Uh—" said a familiar voice. "What happened? Who hit me?"

Haggerty lifted his head. "Oh, I get it. I'll take over now, kid. Just relax. I'll finish the Turk before he's out of his corner."

Tinney gritted his teeth, fighting back fury. Hastily he whispered to Haggerty what had happened.

"Huh? Oh, well, what d'ya know! Thanks!"

He arose, strode to the center of the canvas, and shook hands with himself. Four hands.

Newspapermen and spectators were converging on the ring. Tinney whispered to Haggerty as he caught sight of Uncle Wilbur making his way to one of the aisles.

"Yeah? Okay. I get the idea."

"Sure you understand? Get him into a taxi, take him home, and make him reverse the fourth-dimensional machine. Once that's done, we'll be two people again. Uncle Wilbur can do it all right—if he's willing."

"He'll be willing," Haggerty promised grimly, and strode forward, pushing through the crowd. "Lemme by, there!" His voice was raised to a bull's bellow. "Lemme past! I gotta see a guy."

Tinney, safe in the linen bag, relaxed happily. All was well. Van Dill would restore him and Haggerty to their rightful forms. Better than that, he had won the fight. Two hundred dollars, at eight to one—certainly enough to buy that stationery store and settle down.

All was well.

Tinney grinned. The old saying was right. Two heads were better than one!