

JERRY SIEGEL'S & JOE SHUSTER'S
SCIENCE FICTION

THE ADVANCE GUARD OF
FUTURE CIVILIZATION

PREVIEW

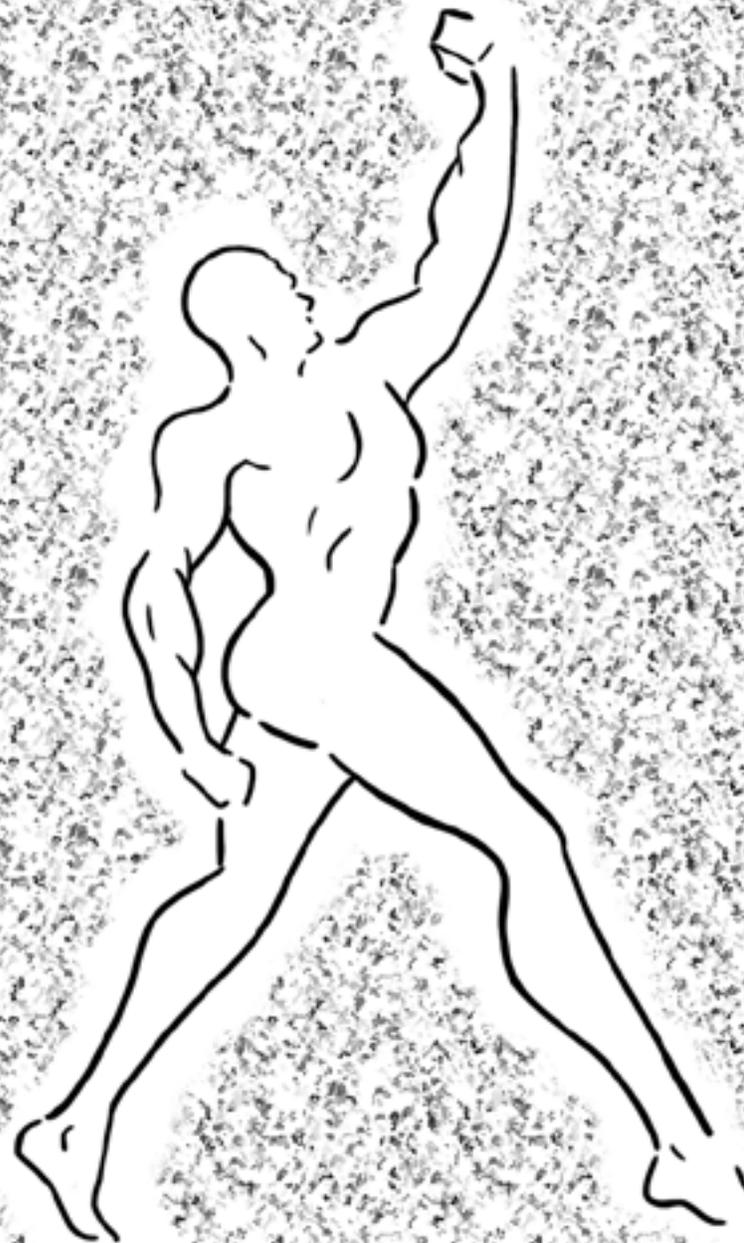


THE REIGN OF
THE SUPER-MAN

 LICORNE
PRINTS

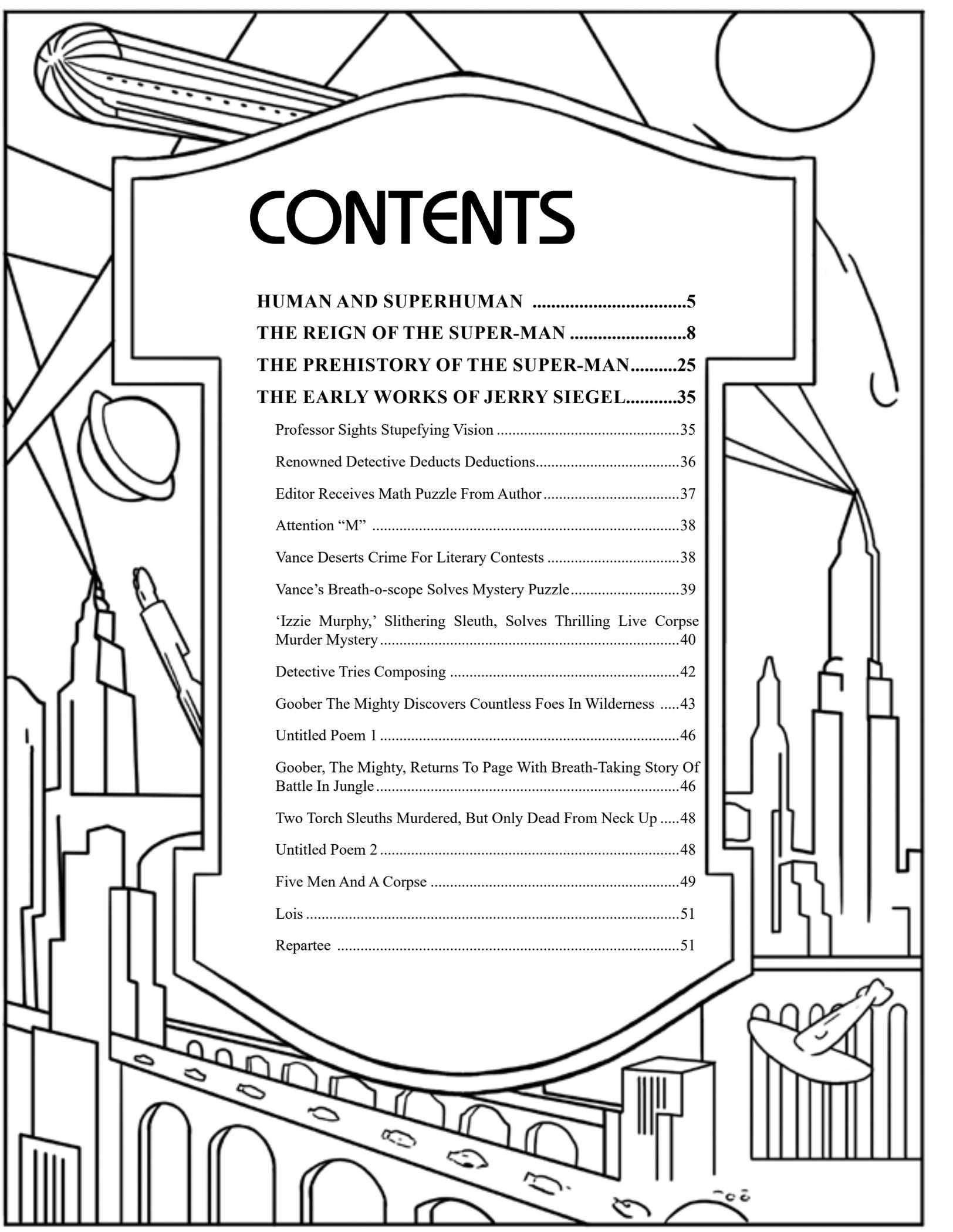
SCIENCE

FICTION



THE ADVANCE GUARD OF

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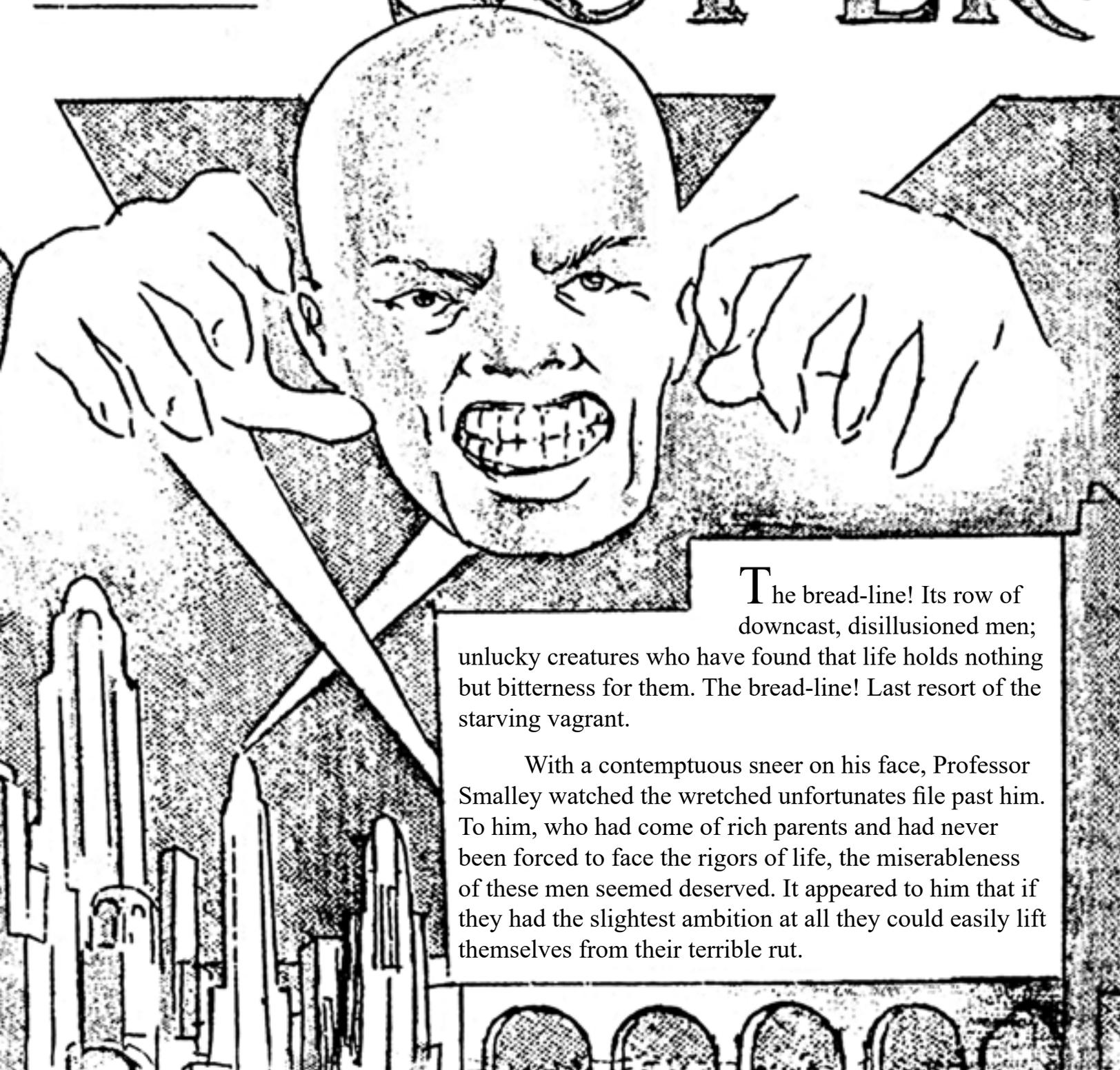


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The REIGN SUPER-

By
Herbert S. Pine



The bread-line! Its row of downcast, disillusioned men; unlucky creatures who have found that life holds nothing but bitterness for them. The bread-line! Last resort of the starving vagrant.

With a contemptuous sneer on his face, Professor Smalley watched the wretched unfortunates file past him. To him, who had come of rich parents and had never been forced to face the rigors of life, the miserableness of these men seemed deserved. It appeared to him that if they had the slightest ambition at all they could easily lift themselves from their terrible rut.

of the MAN



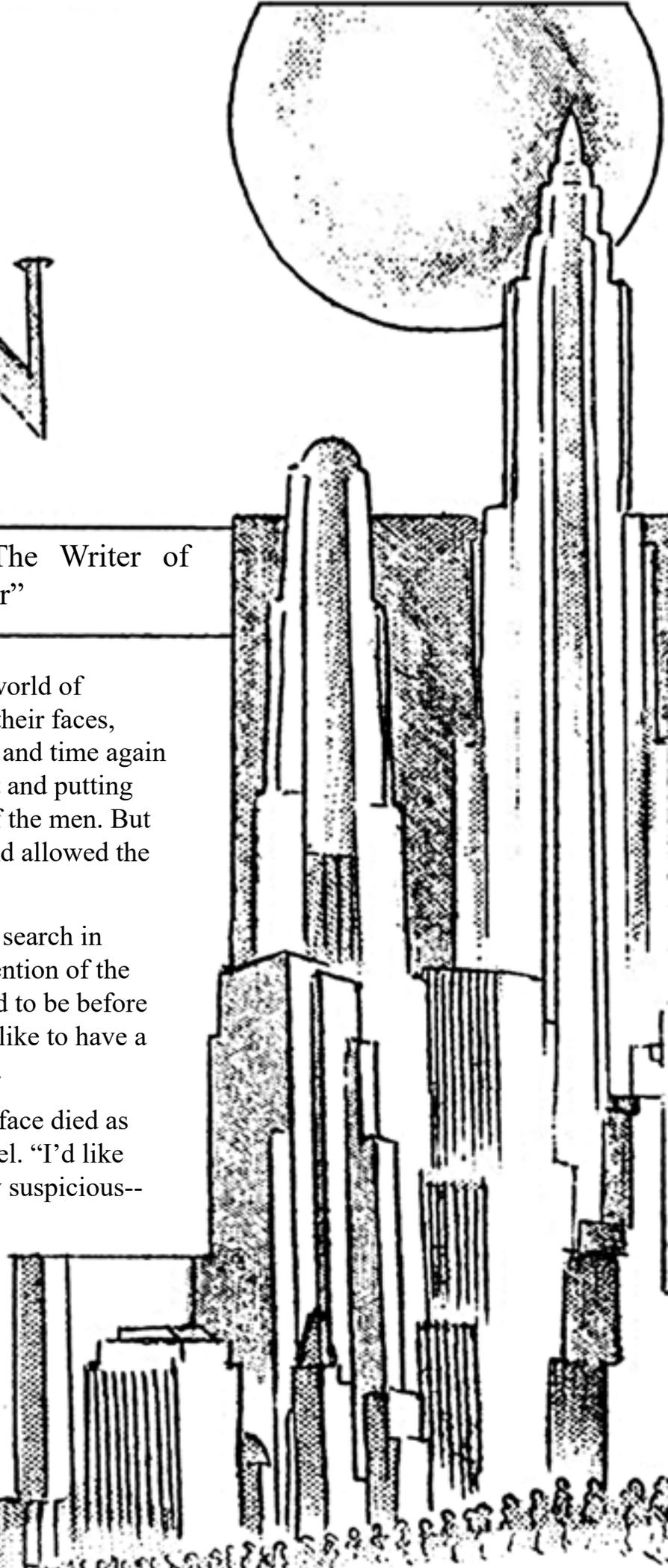
Another Thrilling Story By The Writer of
"Snaring The Master"

But while he eyed them with a world of condescension, he was busy scanning their faces, searching for the man he sought. Time and time again he seemed on the point of reaching out and putting a restraining arm on the hand of one of the men. But ever he hesitated at the last moment and allowed the fellow to file past.

At last, however, he gave up his search in despair and resignedly claimed the attention of the raggedly-dressed person who happened to be before him at that moment. "How would you like to have a real meal and a new suit?" he inquired.

The resentment in the vagrant's face died as he saw that Smalley wore costly apparel. "I'd like nothing better, mister." Then, suddenly suspicious-- "What do you want me to do for you? Nothing crooked, I hope?"

Professor Smalley laughed. "I assure you my intentions are purely humanitarian. But if you doubt....."



THE EARLY WORKS OF JERRY SIEGEL

Professor Sights Stupefying Vision

*As He Peers Into A Telescope, He Sees
An Apparition A Martian, He Hopes*

Professor I. M. Blank gave his forehead a treffic whack and tumbled off the high stool he had been sitting on.

“Adolph, Gustavus, Iden, Oscar,” he shouted, “come here at once.”

His four assistants rushed across the room and assisted him to his feet.

“The telescope,” he cried, “look at it. . . tell me what you see!”

As they had been taught, they took turns peering through the giant telescope in the alphabetical order of their names.

“Professor!” ejaculated Adolph, “I see a man!”

“And, my dear fellow, do you know upon what the telescope is trained?”

“No.”

“Mars!”

“Incredible, sir, incredible!”

“Nevertheless, it is true! Quick—Gustavus—ask him his name,” I. M. Blank commanded.

After a moment, Gustavus turned to the professor and said: “His name is Sam, sir.”

“A beautiful name, a beautiful name, indeed,” murmured the scientist ecstatically, then: “Oh—his last name—hurry—his last name!”

“Brown.”

“Melodious! Ask him where he lives.”

“Professor! He says he lives in New York!”

“Impossible! To think that the inhabitants of Mars would go so far as to borrow the names of our cities. Hm-mm, quite an honor.”

“Hey, professor, what else do you want to know?” came a voice from above.

The five men stared at each other wild-eyed; this was beyond even their greatest expectations!

Then came the voice of Iden, “My dear I. M. Blank, you’ll pardon me—”

“I will not!” screamed the scientist “Here we are, the first terrestrians to have an informal conversation with a citizen of Mars, and you have the brazen nerve to interrupt!”

“But professor “

“Will you please control yourself? Well, what have you to say that is so important?”

“Only that you saw the man we employed to clean the inside of the telescope!”

A half an hour later the news came to the world that the dead bodies of two men had been found floating down the Hudson River. A card bearing the name of Samuel Brown was found in the pocket of one, while the other was immediately recognized as Eugene Iden, an assistant to the “world-widely” known astronomer, I. M. Blank!

—Jerome Siegel

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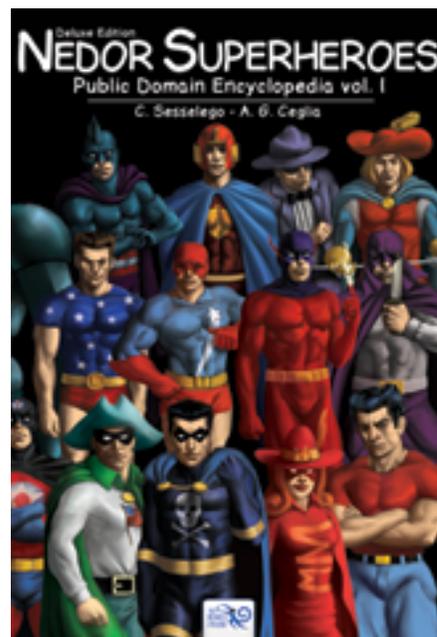
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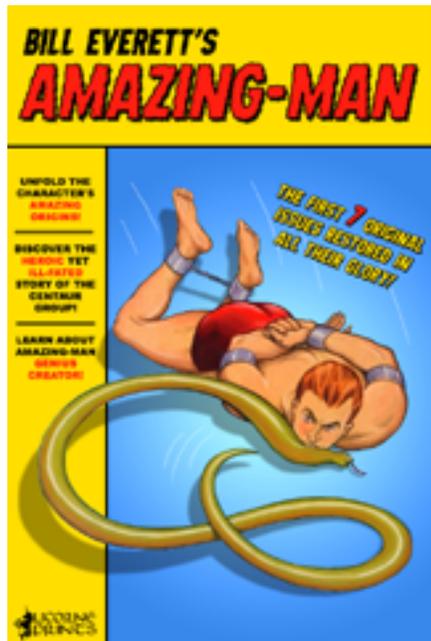
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