A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

REGISTERED IN OFFICE

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Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second-class matter March 20, 1923, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription, \$3.00 a year in the United States, \$4.00 a year in Canada. English office: Charles Lavell, 13, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, E. C. 4, London. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession. The centents of this magazine are fully protected by copyright and must not be reproduced either wholly or in part without permission from the publishers.

NOTE—All manuscripts and communications should be addressed to the publishers' Chicago office at \$40 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

A hip Is Sailing

By KATHERINE VAN DER VEER

Autumn comes with steady tread, wild winds blowing; Up and down the garden walk dahlias are in bloom. It's little that I care today for all their gaudy showing: A most disturbing letter has come into my room.

For there's a ship that's sailing to lands I've never seen,

To lonely lava islands with beaches white as snow,

Where slender gold-brown women dress in turquoise, henna, green,

Where creaming waves come rolling in, and palms and orchids grow,

All along the garden walk, leaves will soon be dancing,
Flowers will tremble, limp and black—what is that to me?
Out across the ocean's rim a great ship will be glancing,
Veering gulls will follow her as far as eye can see.

Bali, with her carven shrines, tree-fern fronds uncoiling,
Dancers clad in gleaming silk, with trays of fruit and flowers,
Carabaos, wrinkled crones, youth and beauty foiling,
Mellow gongs of burnished bronze to beat away the hours.

Singapore and Java, names of lure and glamor!

Life must hold me tethered here. Can anybody say

How to keep a dream-sick heart from a sudden tremor

When a magic ship goes out, sailing down the bay?