FANTASTIC Mysteries

(Combined with Fantastic Novels Magazine)

| Vol. I | V AUGUST, 1942 | No. 4 |
|-----------------------------------|--|------------|
| | Complete Book-Length Novel | |
| Creep | o, Shadow! A. Merritt | 6 |
| | The grim corridors of an ancient Druid shrine reproduced in a New England hamlet by a peaceful modern scientist A fantastic hobby? What more could it be? | |
| | But Alan Caranac had proof that dread sacrificial rituals almost forgotten by mankind were calling forth an unnamable shadowy horror that soon would creep over this planet from the depths of Time. This story was published serially in The Argosy magazine, beginning with the issue of September 8, 1934 | |
| | Short Stories | |
| A Roman Resurrection Lee Meriweth | | 115 |
| | A lively concept from the treasure-house of early Munsey archives, in which a Pompeiian youth dead some 1,800 years is revived by science. Published originally in The Argosy magazine, December 1904 | |
| The C | Outcast E. F. Benson | 130 |
| | Are there some strange souls who escape the final blessed merging with the cosmos—the common lot—to wander through the centuries without rest? Published originally in The Argosy-Allstory magazine, October 7, 1922 | |
| | Features | |
| Atlar The I | ntis Guy Wetmore Carryl Readers' Viewpoint | 114 141 |
| | This magazine is published once a month. | |

Copyright 1942 by The Frank A. Munsey Company, Published monthly. Single copy 25 cents. By the year \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, and Mexico and Cuba Other countries, \$3.50. Do not send currency unless registered. Remittance should be made by check, express money order or postal money order. Re-entered as second-class matter April 8, 1942, at post office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3 1879. The Frank A. Munsey Company, Publisher, 280 Broadway, New York N. Y., Albert J. Gibney. Associate Publisher, George B. Davis, General Manager, Harry Gray, Managing Editor, All addresses 280 Broadway, N. Y. C., N. Y. Entire contents protected by copyright; must not be reprinted without publisher's permission Copyrighted also in Great Britain. Printed in U. S. A.

The September issue will be on sale July 15.

. Manuscripts submitted to this magazine should be accompanied by sufficient postage for their return, if found unavailable. Thoublishers can accept no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Other RED STAR Magazines

FLYNN'S DETECTIVE • ALL-STORY LOVE LOVE CRIME DETECTIVE

ARGOSY

RAILROAD MAGAZINE

ATLANTIS

THE light of suns unseen, through depths of sea descending. Within her streets awakes the ghost of noon. To bide its little hour and die unheeded, blending. Into her night that knows nor stars nor moon.

The hurrying feet of storms that trample o'er the surges. Arouse no echo in these silent deeps;

No thunder thrills her peace, no sword of lightning scourges. The dim, dead calm where lost Atlantis sleeps.

Long leagues above her courts the stately days advancing
Kindle new dawns and see new sunsets dim;
And, white and weary eyed, the old stars, backward glancing,
Reluctant pause upon the ocean's rim.
But she, of dawns and dusks forgotten and forgetful,
Broods in her depths with slumber weighted eyes;
For all her splendid past unanxious, unregretful,
She awaits the call that bids her wake and rise.

No mortal voice she hears. The strong young ships, full freighted,
With hopes of men, with women's sighs and tears,
Above her blue black walls and portals golden gated
Sweep on unnoted through the speeding years,
Until at last they come, as still in silence resting
She keeps her vigil underneath the waves,
By tempests tossed and torn, and weary of their questing,
Slow sliding downward past her to their graves.

So side by side they lie in ever gaining number,
The sunken ships, by fate or fortune led
To this, their final port, resistless sent to slumber
Until the sea shall render up her dead—
Shall render up her dead to all their olden glories,
Shall render up what now so well she keeps,
The buried lives and loves, the strange unfinished stories
Of these dim depths where lost Atlantis sleeps!