STREET & SMITH'S

UNKNOWN

TITLE REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

CONTENTS	$E \cap P$	DECEMBER	1040	VOL	IV	NO	4
	FUK	DECEMBER.	1740	YOL.	ı v	MO.	_

The editorial contents of this magazine have not been published before, are protected by copyright and cannot be reprinted without the publisher's permission.

NOVEL DARKER THAN YOU THINK . . . Jack Williamson The germs of the witch folk live today—and perhaps you yourself carry them! And man is losing the race-**NOVELETTE** TWO FOR A BARGAIN Dorothy Quick . . . 104 Elsbeth hated that tight New England colonial town -and turned to witchcraft to punish it. But-SHORT STORY THRESHOLD Henry Kuttner . . . 92 Applied psychology vs. demonology, and naturally the demonwould come out the loser-wouldn't he? Or would he-POEM BLACK CATS Cristel Hastings . . 126 SERIAL TYPEWRITER IN THE SKY . . . L. Ron Hubbard . . 127 Conclusion An author needed a character for a story-so he put his friend in a tale of Caribbean piracy. But the friend had to live that story! READERS' DEPARTMENT OF THINGS BEYOND . . Editorial Prophecy and Future Issues.

Illustrations by: Cartier and Isip



All stories in this magazine are fiction. No actual persons are designated either by name or character. Any similarity is coincidental.

Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications. Incorporated, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Alten L. Grammer, President; Ormond V. Geuld, Vice President; Henry W. Rainton, Vice President; Gerald H. Smith, Treasurer and Secretary. Copyright, 1940, in U. S. A. and Great Britain by Street & Smith Publications, Inc. Entered as Second-class Matter, February 21, 1939, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879, Subscriptions to Canada and Countries in Pan American Union, \$2.25 per year; elsewhere, \$2.75 per year. We cannet accept responsibility for unsolleited manuscripts or artwork. Any material submitted must include return postage.

Printed in the U. S. A.

BLACK CATS

by CRISTEL HASTINGS

They slink down furtive alleyways,
Shunning the corner lights,
Seeking the gloom of a somber yard
Instead of the moonlit heights.

Only their eyes glow like phosphorous,
Steady, unblinking and sly,
Retreating with shadows that lose themselves
As a milk cart rumbles by.

Sniffing at this and sneezing at that,
Dainty, yet furtive and mean,
Matching their wits with the mongrel breed,
Licking their long whiskers clean.

The black cats of midnight are phantoms
Traveling on soft-cushioned feet,
Preferring dim alleys to arc lamps
That brighten the well-traveled street.

