A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL



Volume 29	CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1937 Numb	er 2
Cover Design Illustrating a		Finlay
The Globe of I	Memories Seabury Quinn weird tale of two different ages, separated by seven centuries	130
	Edgar Daniel Kramer	157
I, the Vampire	a dark horror that settled down like a fog on Hollywood, the world's film capital	158
Dig Me No Gr	rave Robert E. Howard tale of the uncanny funeral rites over the corpse of old John Grimlan	171
The Vaunsburg	g Plague Julius Long ntific story of a dread ray which turned vigorous young men and women into dode creatures in a few seconds	180
	Frances Elliott	193
The Poppy Pea	arl	
	ecromancer Clark Ashton Smith	220
At the Time A	ppointed Loretta Burrough ate for a son culminates in a ghastly jest in the silent tomb	221
Glory Hand		231
	of a struggle against stark horror in a lantern-lit garden	237
A Gipsy Proj	phecy Bram Stoker	241
The Eyrie	-	249

Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 East 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. Sulscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, South America, Spain, \$2.50; Canada, \$2.75; elsewhere, \$3.00. English office: Otis A. Kline, C. John Paradise, 86 Strand, W. C. 2, 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 contents 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 840 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Copyright 1937, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company. COPYRIGHTED IN GREAT BRITAIN



Dead Singer

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

He is gone

Like the ghost of the dew on the mountain, Like the dawn

That gleamed a red flame on the fountain.

He has heard

The song of the mystical river And the bird

That has sung in Saharin for ever.

He was here—

Lo, he was the white-fire bringer!
You drew near

But to mock and revile the sweet singer.

Oh, he came

And he laid his white soul on the altar, A pale flame

That blazed and knew not how to falter!

Now you mourn—

Far too late is your wailing and weeping; For your scorn

You have his dead clay in your keeping.