## A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

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Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 3487 E. Washington Street, Indianapolia, Ind.

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Berjanst Inn., Prest Street, E. C., London. The publishes are not responsible for the loss of unclined manuscripta, although every care will be taken of such material while in these publishes. The contract of this material while in the publishes are not responsible for contract of this material while in the publishes.

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NOTE—All manuscripts and communications abould be addressed to the publishers Chicago office at \$40

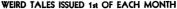
North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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## Disillusionment

## By VICTORIA BEAUDIN JOHNSON

Slow moving, from the tomb of years, Unbidden shadows come to me; I greet them with a hollow voice, Nor hide the tears that they must see.

We muse on all that might have been; Too well we know how strange it seems That Age, the ghost of yesterday, Communes with shades of perished dreams.

You who have faith and youth and love, Can not discern this spectral host; Too dazed with hope you can not see These shadows talking to a ghost.