

---

★ *Famous*  
**FANTASTIC**  
*Mysteries* ★

---

Vol. III

APRIL, 1941

No. 1

---

*Complete Book-Length Novel*

**CLAIMED . . . . . Francis Stevens 6**

What was the dread secret of the clouded emerald-like box with its blood-red, "sinking" inscription? And what had it to do with the horror that threatened all connected with the eccentric millionaire who owned the box?

*Complete Novelet*

**VENUS OR EARTH? . . . . . Will McMorrow 72**

An exciting sequel to "The Sun Makers," complete in itself

*Features*

**THE EDITORS' PAGE . . . . . 100**

**EVOLUTION—Verse . . . . . Langdon Smith 101**

**NYAGHOOGUA—Verse . . . . . Robert W. Lowndes 99**

**THE READERS' VIEWPOINT . . . . . 104**

*The June Issue Will Be On Sale April 16*

---

*A RED STAR Magazine*

---

**THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, Publisher, 280 Broadway, NEW YORK, N. Y.**  
**WILLIAM T. DEWART, President & Treasurer**      **WILLIAM T. DEWART, JR., Secretary**  
PARIS: HACHETTE & CIE, 111 Rue Beaumur  
**LONDON: THE CONTINENTAL PUBLISHERS & DISTRIBUTORS, LTD., 3 La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4**

Copyright, 1941, by Frank A. Munsey Company. Published bi-monthly. Single copies 10 cents. In Canada 12 cents. By the year \$0.50; in United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; Canada, \$0.72. Other countries, \$1.20. Currency should not be sent unless registered. Remittances should be made by check, express money order or postal money order. Reentered as second class matter March 30, 1940, at the post office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1979. Copyrighted in Great Britain. Printed in U. S. A.

---

*Other RED STAR Magazines*

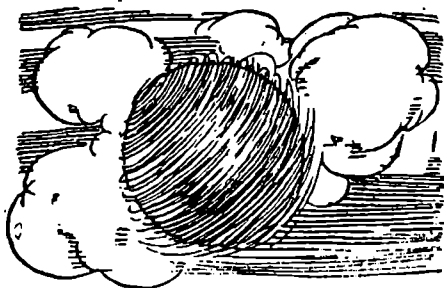
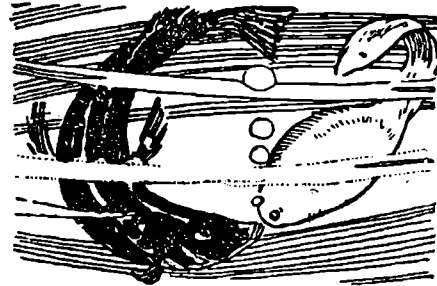
---

FANTASTIC NOVELS - RED STAR MYSTERY - ARGOSY - RED STAR ADVENTURES - CRACK-SHOT WESTERN - DETECTIVE FICTION WEEKLY - CONFESSION NOVEL OF THE MONTH - SILVER BUCK WESTERN - RED STAR LOVE REVELATIONS - RED STAR SECRET CONFESSIONS - DOUBLE DETECTIVE - ALL STORY-LOVE - BIG CHIEF WESTERN - LOVE NOVEL OF THE MONTH - FIFTH COLUMN STORIES - RAILROAD MAGAZINE - SEA NOVEL MAGAZINE

# Langdon Smith's "Evolution"

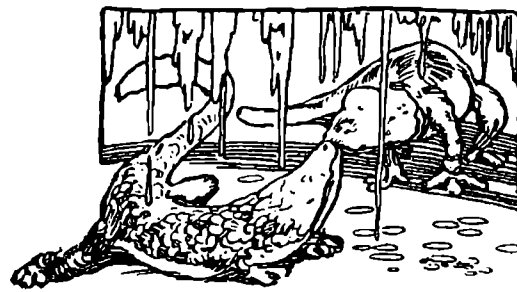
**H**ISTORY records that this remarkable poem was first printed in the Sunday edition of the New York Herald in 1895. It was reprinted in The Scrap Book, by the Frank A. Munsey Company, and was so well liked that the verses and illustrations were brought out again in the same periodical. The author never wrote another poem like it; he died in the early part of the century, leaving this jeweled product of his genius and imagination to keep his name alive for generations—

**W**HEN you were a tadpole and I was a fish,  
In the Paleozoic time,  
And side by side on the ebbing tide  
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,  
Or skittered with many a caudal flip  
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,  
My heart was rife with the joy of life,  
For I loved you even then.



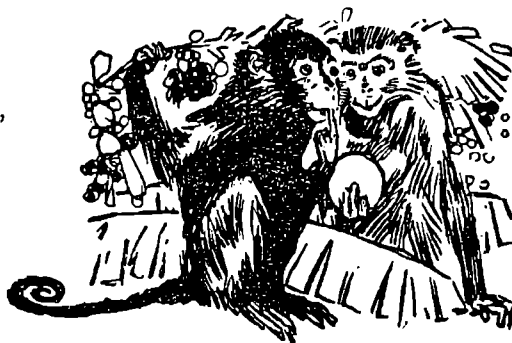
Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,  
And mindless at last we died;  
And deep in a rift of the Caradoc drift  
We slumbered side by side.  
The world turned on in the lathe of time,  
The hot lands heaved amain,  
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,  
And crept into light again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed,  
And drab as a dead man's hand;  
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,  
Or trailed through the mud and sand,  
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet  
Writing a language dumb;  
With never a spark in the empty dark  
To hint at a life to come.



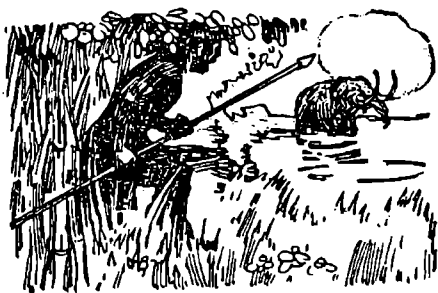
Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved,  
And happy we died once more;  
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold  
Of a Neocomian shore.  
The eons came, and the eons fled,  
And the sleep that wrapped us fast  
Was riven away in a newer day,  
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees  
 We swung in our airy flights,  
 Or breathed in the balms of the fronded palms,  
 In the hush of the moonless nights.  
 And, oh! what beautiful years were these,  
 When our hearts clung each to each;  
 When life was filled, and our senses thrilled  
 In the first faint dawn of speech.



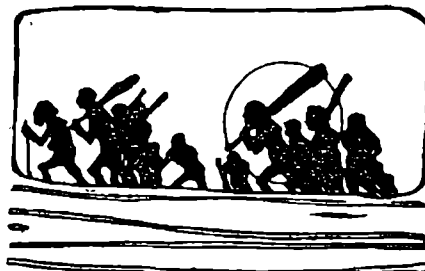
Thus life by life, and love by love,  
 We passed through the cycles strange,  
 And breath by breath, and death by death,  
 We followed the chain of change.  
 Till there came a time in the law of life  
 When over the nursing sod  
 The shadows broke, and the soul awoke  
 In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Auroch bull,  
 And tusked like the great Cave Bear;  
 And you, my sweet, from head to feet,  
 Were gowned in your glorious hair.  
 Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,  
 When the night fell o'er the plain,  
 And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,  
 We mumbled the bones of the slain.



I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,  
 And shaped it with brutish craft;  
 I broke a shank from the woodland dank,  
 And fitted it, head and haft.  
 Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn,  
 Where the Mammoth came to drink—  
 Through brawn and bone I drave the stone,  
 And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,  
 Loud answered our kith and kin;  
 From west to east to the crimson feast  
 The clan came trooping in.  
 O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof,  
 We fought and clawed and tore,  
 And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,  
 We talked the marvel o'er.



I carved that fight on a reindeer bone,  
 With rude and hairy hand;  
 I pictured his fall on the cavern wall  
 That men might understand.  
 For we lived by blood, and the right of might,  
 Ere human laws were drawn,  
 And the Age of Sin did not begin  
 Till our brutal tusks were gone.



And that was a million years ago,  
 In a time that no man knows;  
 Yet here to-night in the mellow light,  
 We sit at Delmonico's.  
 Your eyes are deep as the Devon Springs,  
 Your hair is as dark as jet;  
 Your years are few, your life is new,  
 Your soul untried, and yet—

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,  
 And the scarp of the Purbeck flags;  
 We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,  
 And deep in the Coraline crags.  
 Our love is old, our lives are old,  
 And death shall come amain;  
 Should it come to-day, what man may say  
 We shall not live again?



God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds  
 And furnished them wings to fly;  
 He sowed our spawn in the world's dim dawn,  
 And I-know that it shall not die.  
 Though cities have sprung above the graves  
 Where the crook-boned men made war,  
 And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried caves,  
 Where the mummied mammoths are.

Then as we linger at luncheon here,  
 O'er many a dainty dish,  
 Let us drink anew to the time when you  
 Were a Tadpole and I was a Fish.

