## A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

## Weight Johns REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

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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. Subscription 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/o 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.

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

W. T.—1

## Gray Ghosts

## By CLARENCE EDWIN FLYNN

Across the fields where run our little ways
Walk the gray, sheeted ghosts of all the woes
We planted in the thoughtless yesterdays,
Ghosts that each mem'ry all too keenly knows—
Disease and retribution, progeny
Of old misdeeds we gave place in our lot—
For in Life's ever-sure economy
No thought, or word, or action is forgot.

But these are not the only ghosts that come.

There are wraiths, too, of sweet and lovely thought,
Spirits of goodness that unnumbered roam,
And those of mercy into action wrought—
The ghosts of beauty, kindliness, and grace,
That come to make the earth a brighter place.