A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL



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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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H. P. Lovecraft

By FRANK BELKNAP LONG, JR.

The many now who see in you a glass
Held steadily against the outer dark,
Where Memphian shadows throng, and glories pass,
Illumined by the Eternal's fitful spark,
Glimpse but one facet of a wondrous light
That fell miraculously on Earth's harsh shores,
And shed a radiance on the Spirit's flight,
That turned the priests of Mammon from our doors.

To the high mountain peaks your vision soared; Across the glacial green which links the world Of splendid dreaming with the night's unfurled, And eon-wide pinions by the blind abhorred.

Sublimer beauty never dwelt with Poe, Or walked with Shelley in the white dawn's glow.