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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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Contents for October, 1932

Cover Design	M. Brundage	
<i>Illustrating a scene in "The Heart of Siva"</i>		
The Heart of Siva.....	Seabury Quinn	436
<i>A startling weird mystery tale of Hindoo fanaticism and very murders—an amazing exploit of Jules de Grandin</i>		
Demons of the Film Colony.....	Theodore LeBerthon	462
<i>A gigantic hoax was perpetrated on the author by "Dracula" Lugosi and "Frankenstein" Karloff</i>		
Kishi, My Cat.....	Alice I'Anson	467
<i>Versé</i>		

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Kishi, My Cat

By ALICE I'ANSON

Kishi, my Cat,
 With glowing eyes
 And softly flowing tail,
 Did you love to dream
 On a broidered mat
 While the desert stars grew pale?
 Did you drowse at the feet of Ishtar, queen
 Of the Land of Ancient Guile?
 Did she mimic you with her haughty mien
 And her strange Sumerian smile?

Kishi, my Cat,
 I feel tonight
 Some bond betwixt us twain
 That dates far back
 To a time like that,
 To the great Belshazzar's reign.
 You were the pet of the royal bride,
 I was chief of her dancing-maids. . . .
 They buried us, too, when Ishtar died,
 And we followed her to the Shades!