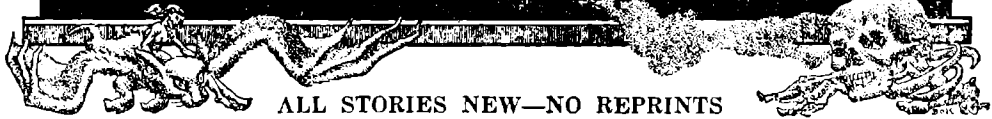


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*Except for personal experiences the contents of this magazine is fiction. Any use
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D. McILWRAITH, Editor.

HENRY AVELINE PERKINS, Associate Editor.



The Curse By PAGE COOPER

WHEN the moon is dark as a black bat's throat,
 The stars are hidden, the night is dim,
 The dead air shivers at grunt of stoat
 Rootling the leaves where grave stones glim.

Beware of the herbs with their leaves stemmed up
 Touch no yarrow and taste no scud
 Of foxglove wine from a ghost girl's cup,
 Drink no philtre of lapwing's blood.

Make no mock of the black jay's mate
 Nor the witless grief of the mourning dove,
 Or you'll die of loving what you should hate,
 Cursed with hating what you should love.