

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

Volume 21

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Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 E. 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, \$2.50 a year in the United States, \$4.00 a year in Canada. English office: Charles Lavell, 13, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, E. C. 4, 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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The Dead Are in the Hillside Clay

By ANTHONY F. KLINKNER

The dead are in the hillside clay,
 The dead are everywhere;
 They languish in the petaled rose
 They float in summer air.
 Their voice is in the blowing winds,
 And on the evening breeze,
 Their presence in the singing birds
 And in the swinging trees.
 The dead are in the memories
 Of those who know no rest;
 They haunt us in the melodies
 Of songs we love the best.
 It is the living who are chained
 In narrow paths to tread;
 For freedom pure and unrestrained
 Is only for the dead!