

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE



A MAGAZINE of the

BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

VOLUME XIII

NUMBER 2

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; \$3.00 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.

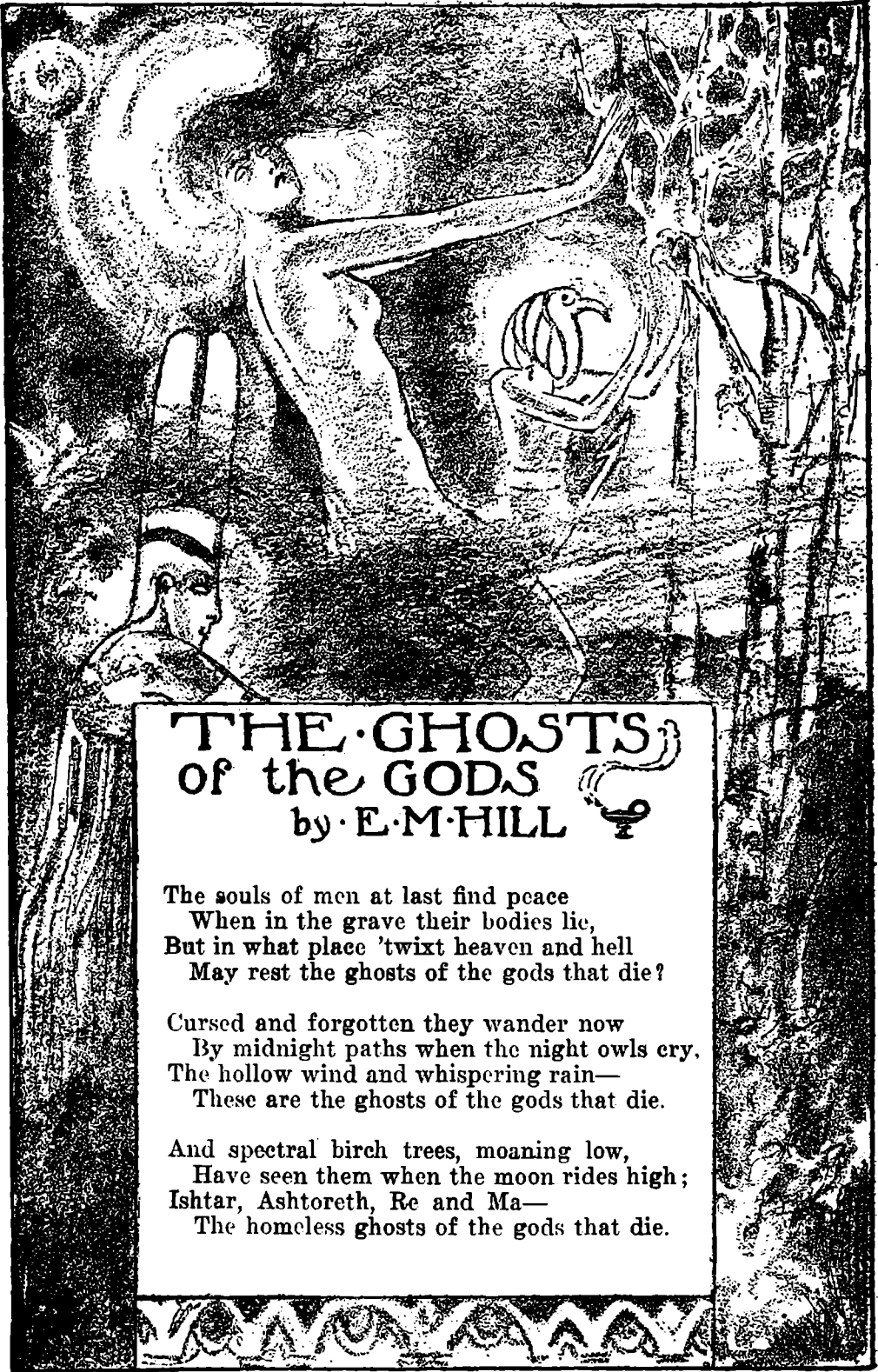
FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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THE GHOSTS
of the GODS
by E·M·HILL

The souls of men at last find peace
When in the grave their bodies lie,
But in what place 'twixt heaven and hell
May rest the ghosts of the gods that die?

Cursed and forgotten they wander now
By midnight paths when the night owls cry.
The hollow wind and whispering rain—
These are the ghosts of the gods that die.

And spectral birch trees, moaning low,
Have seen them when the moon rides high;
Ishtar, Ashtoreth, Re and Ma—
The homeless ghosts of the gods that die.