

A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

Volume 26

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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, \$3.00 a year in the United States. English office: Charles Lavell, 13, Serjeants' 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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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

Why Was My Dream So Real?

By JUNE POWER REILLY

Why was the dream I had last night so real?
Why should I wake with startled breath, a scream
Upon my lips? For I could shuddering feel
The hot flames lick my cheeks. If it were dream
Why should I have the old remembered pain?
Where came the banners? where the soldiered place?
Where have I known the stake and jeers that rain
Like pointed stones? where have I known disgrace?

Ah, dreams are made of things so misty, more
Like webs of spiders, or a touch of thought;
But this was something deep, an opened door
That opened half-way, then the hinges caught.
When just about to hear them shout my name
I woke, with agony of burning flame.