

# THE THRILL BOOK

⋮ ⋮ SEMIMONTHLY ⋮ ⋮

Vol. II CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER 15, 1919 No. 6

## ONE COMPLETE NOVEL

The Red Lure . . . . . *Frank L. Packard* . . . . . 3

## TWO SERIALS

The Gift Wife . . . . . *Rupert Hughes* . . . . . 60  
In Four Parts—Part I

The Heads of Cerberus . . . . . *Francis Stevens* . . . . . 104  
In Five Parts—Part III

## ONE TWO PART STORY

The Silver Menace . . . . . *Murray Leinster* . . . . . 134  
(Concluded)

## FIVE SHORT STORIES

Undying Hatred . . . . . *Tod Robbins* . . . . . 50

House of the Nightmare . . . . . *Edward Lucas White* . . . . . 54

The Case of the Man Blind . . . . . *T. E. Transeau* . . . . . 95

Tales of the Double Man—No. 5 . . . . . *Clyde Broadwell* . . . . . 127

Filbert's Grand Final . . . . . *B. G. Priestley* . . . . . 150

## MISCELLANEOUS

Living Memories—Verse . . . . . *Carl Buxton* . . . . . 49

The Temple—A Sketch . . . . . *Alphonse de la Ferté* . . . . . 53

Let Them Tip Tables—Verse . . . . . *Harry Kemp* . . . . . 94

A Ballade of the Sea—Verse . . . . . *Roy le Moyne* . . . . . 102

To Spend with Ease—Verse . . . . . *Charles Kiprooy* . . . . . 133

Dissonance—Verse . . . . . *Clark Ashton Smith* . . . . . 149

The Love that Stirs Me So—Verse . . . . . *Carl Buxton* . . . . . 156

Thrilling Experiences . . . . . . . . . . . 157

Publication issued Semimonthly by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. **ORMOND G. SMITH**, President; **GEORGE C. SMITH**, Secretary and Treasurer. Copyright, 1919, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1919, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. *All Rights Reserved.* Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this Magazine either wholly or in part. Entered as Second-class Matter, February 13, 1919, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, \$4.32. Foreign, £5.04.

**WARNING**—Do not subscribe through agents unknown to you. Complaints are daily made by persons thus victimized. **IMPORTANT**—Authors, agents and publishers are requested to note that this firm does not hold itself responsible for loss of unsolicited manuscripts while at this office or in transit; and that it cannot undertake to hold uncalled for manuscripts for a longer period than six months. If the return of manuscript is expected, postage should be inclosed.

**YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$3.60**

**SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS**

# A PALEADE OF THE SEA

*By Roy Le Moyne*



OUT from the darkness of the wood  
She came a glittering shaft of light  
Who carried at her breast a rood  
Deep woven in the garment's white.

She was a maiden fair to see  
With hair in plaited golden strands,  
And eyes of radiant mystery,  
And slender, folded, patient hands.

In slow step and with voiceless prayer  
She paced the fringes of the sea  
Now melting in the misted air,  
Or waiting, listening quietly.

Then loosened she the braided gold  
That fell like sunshine through her hands;  
Beseeemed she then to pause and hold  
Strange worship on the naked sands.

She stopped her pacing to and fro,  
Stooping where the ocean swept  
And like a lily bending low  
She bowed her lovely head and wept.

"I've come in answer to thy voice,  
Oh, mighty thunder of the sea;  
I've waited long in seeking choice  
Of whether I should come to thee.

"Here in the solitude of night  
My heart has found its needed rest  
Where I shall end a weary flight  
Within the darkness of thy breast."

The dull boom of the surf died down,  
The wind grew tongueless in the trees,  
She loosed the clasp that held her gown  
And let it drop about her knees.

With hands held forward to the sea  
And murmuring lips, she took her flight. . . .  
From out the sky a storm broke free  
And shattered noisily the night.

When with the morning sun the Night  
Drew up her darkened skirts and fled  
The townfolk viewed the tempest's might,  
The scattered wreckage and the dead.

Out from the wood, down to the sea,  
With shaking, outspread, pleading hands,  
A youth in wide-eyed misery  
Stopped where she rested on the sands.

"Here with the shattered hulks of ships  
Lies one who knew the sea's duress;  
Think, three weeks gone I pressed these lips  
And gazed upon her loveliness.

"There once thrilled in these open eyes  
Now darkened by the death of light,  
A glow more radiant than the skies  
When day stands face to face with night.

"Is this not wondrous lovely hair  
That runs like sunshine through my hands?  
Why stand you piteous beggars there  
In stinging silence on the sands?"

He raised his arms above his head  
Loud cursing all life's misery,  
And with a shriek he plunged ahead  
Into the darkness of the sea.

