

H. P. Lovecraft's uncanny stories are making a decided hit, it seems. We continue to get letters praising "Dagon," and we wonder what the reaction will be on his "Picture in the House," which, in our opinion, is a much better piece of work. Clement Wood of Hastings-on-Hudson says that "'Dagon' was sustained and excellent to the end," while P. J. Campbell of Ridgefarm, Illinois, declares the same story "is a little masterpiece of its kind." And others have written in similar vein. After reading them, we feel impelled to show you this letter from the author:

"My Dear Baird: I was exceedingly pleased with the appearance of 'Dagon,' which seems virtually free from misprints, and which has a particularly excellent illustration. You can't imagine how relieved I was to see that drawing, for there is always such danger of a hasty sketch which either literally or subtly belies the text, or perhaps cheapens the whole thing by poor style or technique. The 'Dagon' illustration delighted me; for not only is it very good, but it carries out the conception of the story as though projected out of my own imagination. Thanks, too, for the favorable send-off in 'The Eyrie.' I hope, though, that Messrs. Starrett and Sterling won't start gunning for me because of the allusions I made in those letters! It so happens that I have a particular respect for both of these gentlemen in their respective provinces! Starrett is practically the American introducer of my revered idol Machen, whilst Sterling upholds almost single-handed the sane tradition in American poetry.

"Assuming that your readers don't hand me a 'razz' which discourages future contributions, I am sending along a third story to follow 'The P. in the H.' This is one of those you had before in single-spaced form, now neatly re-typed by a gifted young man whose acquaintance I have lately made, and who tells me he has had considerable correspondence with you.

"I haven't fully read the October WEIRD TALES, but I think it is going to prove a very attractive issue, judging from 'The Phantom Farmhouse,' by Seabury Quinn, which I liked exceedingly. There is a maturity to this tale which seems annoyingly absent from much popular magazine fiction. I like the idea of reprinting old weird classics—it is surprising to discover how many persons have failed to read certain noted standbys. I have many such lacunae—for example, I have never read F. Marion Crawford's 'Upper Berth,' which you are about to use, much to my gratification.

"Every once in a while I discover some weird masterpiece by an author either wholly unknown or unknown in America, which I wish could be popularized. Just now I am enthusiastic about a tale called 'The House of Sounds,' by M. P. Shiel, which occurs in a book of short stories named after the first one, 'The Pale Ape,' and published by T. Werner Laurie, Clifford's Inn, London. This is the most haunting thing I have read in a decade—a creeping horror and menace trickling down the centuries on a sub-Arctic island off the coast of Norway, where, amidst the sweep of daemon winds and the ceaseless din of hellish waves and cataracts, a vengeful dead man built a brazen tower of terror. It is vaguely like—yet infinitely unlike—'The Fall of the House of Usher.' I wish there were a way of getting republication rights from the publisher—for it would surely be a sensation in WEIRD TALES."