

# Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

A MAGAZINE of the



BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

VOLUME IX

NUMBER 3

Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second-class matter March 20, 1923, at the postoffice 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: G. M. Jeffries Agency, Hopefield House, Hanwell, London, W. 7. 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 450 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

Copyright, 1927, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company

## Contents for March, 1927

- Cover Design ----- C. C. Senf  
*Illustrating a scene from "The City of Glass"*
- The City of Glass ----- Joel Martin Nichols, Jr. 293  
*A thrilling weird-scientific story of a race of Atlanteans in the African desert—and the Battle of the Fungi*
- The Blood-Flower ----- Seabury Quinn 317  
*Jules de Grandin runs into an exciting werewolf adventure, and uncovers a spell for lycanthropy*
- The Seventh Symphony ----- Victor Rousseau 331  
*The seventh in a series of stories, each complete in itself, dealing with Dr. Ivan Brodsky, "The Surgeon of Souls"*
- Evolution Island ----- Edmond Hamilton 337  
*Brillling looses a spawning horror on the world, threatening to wipe out all life, animal and human*

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued from Preceding Page)

<b>A Requiem</b> .....	<b>Ernest Dowson</b>	<b>354</b>
<i>Versa</i>		
<b>Soul-Catcher</b> .....	<b>Robert S. Carr</b>	<b>355</b>
<i>When Old John could not save the bodies of the emergency cases that came to him, he drained off their souls</i>		
<b>The Specter</b> .....	<b>Miles J. Breuer</b>	<b>360</b>
<i>Versa</i>		
<b>The Greatest Gift</b> .....	<b>Eli Colter</b>	<b>361</b>
<i>Throughout the ages Lenore Andless paid in anguish of soul for a moment of cruel pride</i>		
<b>Wolf</b> .....	<b>A. Leslie</b>	<b>368</b>
<i>Versa</i>		
<b>Guarded</b> .....	<b>Sewell Peaslee Wright</b>	<b>369</b>
<i>A strange tale of double personality—the possession of one body by more than one personality</i>		
<b>The Sacred Jars</b> .....	<b>Oscar Cook</b>	<b>375</b>
<i>The spirit of Glistar walked by night, for the sacred buckle had been stolen from his grave—a tale of Borneo</i>		
<b>The White Ship</b> .....	<b>H. P. Lovecraft</b>	<b>386</b>
<i>He sailed into the boundless sea, beyond the boundaries of fabled Cathuria, and strange was his voyage</i>		
<b>Drome (Part 3)</b> .....	<b>John Martin Leahy</b>	<b>390</b>
<i>A five-part serial novel about a weird voyage into the bowels of the earth under Mt. Rainier, amid strange monsters</i>		
<b>Weird Story Reprint</b>		
<b>Lazarus</b> .....	<b>Leonid Andreyeff</b>	<b>407</b>
<i>Strange was the personality of Lazarus after he rose from the dead—and weird was the gaze of his eyes</i>		
<b>Fairy Lullaby</b> .....	<b>William Shakespeare</b>	<b>419</b>
<i>Versa</i>		
<b>The Eyrie</b> .....		<b>420</b>
<i>A chat with the readers</i>		

---

For Advertising Rates in WEIRD TALES Apply Direct to

### WEIRD TALES

Western Advertising Office:  
WEIRD TALES  
450 E. Ohio Street  
Chicago, Ill.  
Phone, Superior 5556

Eastern Advertising Office:  
GEORGE W. STEARNS, Mgr.  
Flatiron Building  
New York, N. Y.  
Phone, Ashland 7329

# The Specter

By MILES J. BREUER

I dwell alone, behind the stone,  
In the Shadow's grisly gloom;  
My watch I keep when flesh-folk sleep,  
Before Grohrishou's tomb.  
At dank midnight in sulfur light  
My pallid shape I show;  
And those that see, in terror flee,  
Nor ever respite know.  
I glide among the staring throng  
Of gravestones in the dark,  
For here I reign; 'tis my domain,  
This ghoulish Dead Men's Park.  
And in the rooms of ghastly tombs  
I rattle dead men's bones;  
My shrieking laughs 'neath epitaphs  
Are heard 'mid sighs and groans.  
In every storm I show my form,  
The timids' blood to freeze;  
I haunt their halls, their ruined walls;  
I leer from out the trees.  
I live alone behind the stone,  
Whose gray top reeks with gore;  
Each thing that runs my presence shuns—  
Alone forevermore!