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FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

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A GRATIFYING letter from Henry S. Whitehead, author of the Jumbee stories, may prove of interest to our readers. "It pleases me," writes Doctor Whitehead, "from both writer's and reader's viewpoints, to see how you have brought the magazine up. Its conception as a medium for the occult filled a vast need both for writers and readers. So important does this existence of a medium for the publication of occult and similarly weird stories appear to me that in 1927 I did an article entitled The Occult Story for The Free-Lance Writer's Annual. In that article, which is today regarded as the standard statement on the subject, and along with John Farrar, A. Hamilton Gibbs, John Gallishaw, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Burges Johnson, Augustus Thomas, Henry Seidel Canby, John Bakeless, Robert E. Sherwood, Ivy L. Lee, Ben Ames Williams, Coningsby Dawson and other contributors (for it was the editor's desire to cover the whole field of fiction writing), I took occasion to mention WEIRD TALES as the sole medium for the occult story in the United States.

"To one particularized point all this comment of mine (intended to be read by professional writers) was directed; viz: that editors in general, editors of magazines, that is, would not touch the occult story with a ten-foot pole! This need of both authors desiring to write in this medium and readers wishful of reading their output, has been met by WEIRD TALES, and, I am tempted to add, in the current argot of the flappers—'and how!'"

"It is on this 'how' that I offer congratulations. When you took over the magazine its front office was overloaded, as I happen to know, with material purchased by the former proprietors, not all of it up to the standard you have set by careful discrimination, wise and gradual improvement, and a steady pull toward perfection. Professional writers (as witness Elliott O'Donnell's forthcoming tale, and E. F. Benson's James Lamp in the current issue) are 'coming back' in WEIRD TALES. This, from my viewpoint, is one of the most encouraging signs for the future of WEIRD TALES. The magazine is far beyond (and above) the pulp-paper 'news stand' class which litters the wastebaskets and junk-

(Continued on page 150)
IT IS NOT TOO LATE—
to read one of the most popular stories that has been printed in this magazine to date. Through popular demand we have published a cloth-bound edition of "The Moon Terror," by A. G. Birch, to satisfy those who were not fortunate enough to read this startling story when it appeared serially in the early issues of WEIRD TALES.

READ the thrilling adventures of Dr. Ferdinand Gresham, the eminent American astronomer, in his encounters with Kwo-Sung-tao, high priest of the Seuen-H'sin (the Sect of Two Moons). The Seuen-H'sin are the sorcerers of China, and the most murderously diabolical breed of human beings on this earth. Each turn of the page increases the suspense when you follow Dr. Gresham to take part in the hellish ceremonies in the Temple of the Moon God—when he crosses the Mountains of Fear—half starves on the dead plains of Daun-se'chuen—swims the River of Death—sleeps in the Caves of Ngnawi, where the hot winds never cease and the dead light their campfires on their journey to Nirvana. Here is a story that will thrill you.

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"JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT"

He was in the air, all about them. "Edward," said Mrs. Grant suddenly.
"Is it for Edward?"
"My dear," said John Grant, looking at his wife's strained features, "I shall probably the cook, after all."
"No, no," said Mrs. Grant. "The cook is gone. I know—what it is. She is coming for the boy—I can feel it."

As Grant sprang up suddenly. "I am coming up," she said.

At the same instant came the sound of swift, patterning feet, and from the wing beyond came the low voice of the una, "Come quickly ... I think he's singing."

John Grant was in the hall as quickly as his wife. Running up the stairs, they heard the nurse going back to Edward's room, and above the sound of running feet, the singing:

"The ... the heart ... be ... weary, 
Sad ... the day ... and ... long ...!"

And then, suddenly, just before they reached the second floor, the singing began all over again, and now ... there were two voices, and one was the voice of a boy!

John Grant and his wife were halfway down the hall, quite near the sickroom, when Mrs. Grant stopped abruptly and clung to her husband, sobbing. "Too late," she said, "too late!"

At the same moment, the door of the sickroom opened, and the nurse appeared, nodding her head. "Gone," she said.

Then, together, the three turned to look down the hall, where at its end a faint grayness of two figures had inexplicably appeared. There seemed to be a woman, and at her side, clasping her hand, a boy, and as they were walking along, through the wall and out into the sky, there came the sound of the song, growing always fainter and fainter, and dwindling away at last to nothing:

"Just ... a song ... at ... twi-light, 
When ... the lights ... are ... low; 
And ... the flick-ring ... shadows 
Soft-ly come ... and ... go."

---

**GHOSTS**

**By JEWELL BOTHWELL TULL**

'Tis said that nothing lives in the dark, 
That growing things must have the light; 
But I have seen the moon grow big 
And beautiful at night.

And in the night my soul grows big 
With doubt and hope and love and pain 
That fade away with morning light, 
Leaving me cold again.

The moon is made of old dead dreams,— 
Pale echoes of a living sun; 
The moon and I are lonely ghosts 
That die when dreams are done.