

A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

# Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE

Volume 29

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Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 East 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 rates:* One year in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, South America, Spain, \$2.50; Canada, \$2.75; elsewhere, \$3.00. English office: Otis A. Kline, c/o John Paradise, 86 Strand, W. C. 2, 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

# City in the Sea

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

Under the feet of each dancing wave  
 There is a city the waters lave,  
 A silent city of greenish gloom,  
 Where pallid sailors, like wraiths of doom,  
 Go rolling down each coral street  
 With sea-washed eyes, with dragging feet,  
 That make no sound, as they wander on,  
 Where there is neither dusk nor dawn,  
 Where there is only the ghastly glow  
 Of starless night that the fishes know.

Their veins now deaf to the call of sin,  
 They make their way to the Mermaid Inn,  
 Where pale mermaidens with seaweed hair  
 Serve them their grog and return each stare  
 With eyes unseeing, with lips as cold  
 As winds that wail down the snowy wold;  
 Though sailors evermore shout and sing,  
 When they are having their giddy fling,  
 No song is sung and no word is said  
 By these wan sailors who all are dead,

Like shadows lost in a river fog,  
 They sit for hours and sip their grog,  
 The tomb-like stillness unmarred, unbroken  
 By shuffling feet or a word outspoken,  
 Until the doors on the inn swing wide  
 To let strange sailormen crowd inside,  
 And on the instant their tongues find life  
 To cut the silence as with a knife,  
 "One more ship garnered to Davy Jones!  
 And these are her crew! God rest their bones!"