

AT THE EARTH'S CORE

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, AUTHOR OF "TARZAN"

SYNOPSIS. Dear Juba and archaeologist who has traveled a colossal stone machine which has been... CHAPTER IV—Continued.

Who is Jubal the Ugly One? I asked. "And why did you run away from him?" She looked at me in surprise.

She looked at me in surprise. "Why does a woman run away from a man?" She answered my question with another.

"But Juba, I insisted. "Tell me about him, and why you ran away to be chained by the neck and scourged across the face of a world."

"What will they do with you?" asked. "Where are they taking us?" Again she looked her incredulity.

"I can almost believe that you are of another world," she said. "For otherwise such ignorance were inexplicable. Do you really mean that you do not know that the Sagoths are the creatures of the Mahars—the mighty Mahars, who think that they own Pellucidar and all that walks or grows upon its surface, or creeps or burrows beneath, or swims within its lakes and oceans, or flies through its air?"

"I was loath to do it, and further incur her scorn, but there was no alternative if I were to absorb knowledge, so I made a clean breast of my pitiful ignorance as to the mighty Mahars.

She was shocked. But she did her very best to enlighten me, though much that she said was as Greek would have been to her.

She described the Mahars largely by conjecture. In this way they were like unto thipidars, in that to the hairless, didi.

About all I gleaned of them was that they were quite hideous, had wings and web feet; lived in cities built beneath the ground, could swim under water for great distances, and were very, very wise.

The Mahars were the heads—the brains—of the inner world. I longed to see this wondrous race of supermen.

Perry language with me. When we halted, as we occasionally did, though sometimes the halts seemed ages apart, he would join in the conversation, as would Ghak the Hairy One, he who was chained just ahead of Dian the Beautiful.

Ahead of Ghak was Hooja the Sly One. He, too, entered the conversation occasionally. Most of his remarks were directed toward Dian the Beautiful.

Did I say thinly veiled? There is a race of men in New Zealand, or Australia. I have forgotten which, who indicate their preference for the lady of their affections by banging her over the head with a bludgeon.

But the girl! She was magnificent. It was easy to see that she considered herself entirely above and apart from her present surroundings and company.

They resembled a whale with the head of an alligator. I had forgotten what little geology I had studied at school—about all that remained was a impression of horror—that the illustrations of regressed prehistoric monsters had made upon me, and a well-defined belief that any man with a pig's snout and a vivid imagination could "re-construct" most any sort of paleolithic monster he saw fit, and take rank as a first-class paleontologist.

"But when I saw these sleek, shiny carcases shimmering in the sunlight as they emerged from the ocean, shaking their giant heads; when I saw the waters roll from their sinuous bodies in miniature waterfalls as they glided hither and thither, now upon the surface, now half submerged; as I saw them meet, open-mouthed, hissing and snorting in their titanic and interminable warring, I realized how futile in man's poor, weak imagination by comparison with nature's incredible genius.

And Perry! He was absolutely flabbergasted. He said so himself. "David," he remarked, after we had marched for a long time beside that awful sea—David, I used to teach geology and I thought that I believed what I taught, but now I see that I did not believe it—that it is impossible for man to believe such things as he sees them with his own eyes.

"We take things for granted, perhaps, because we are told them over and over again, and have no way of disproving them—like religion, for example, but we don't believe them; we only think we do if you ever get back to the outer world you will find that the geologists and paleontologists will be the first to set you down a liar, for they know that no such creatures as they restore ever existed. It is all right to imagine them as existing in an equally imaginary epoch—but now?"

"At the next halt Hooja the Sly One managed to find enough slack chain to permit him to worm himself back quite close to Dian.

"We were all standing, and as he edged near the girl she turned her back upon him in such a truly earthy feminine manner that I could scarcely repress a smile. But it was a short-lived smile, for at the instant the Sly One's hand fell upon the girl's bare arm, jerking her roughly toward him.

"I was not then familiar with the customs of social ethics which prevail within Pellucidar, but even so I did not need the appealing look which the girl shot at me from her magnificent eyes to influence my subsequent act.

What the Sly One's intention was I paused not to inquire; but, instead, before he could lay hold of her with his other hand I placed a right to the point of his jaw that felled him in his tracks.

A roar of approval went up from those of the other prisoners and the Sagoths who had witnessed the brief drama; not, as I later learned, because I had championed the girl, but for the neat and to them, astounding method by which I had bested Hooja.

And the girl? At first she looked at me with wide-wondering eyes, and then she dropped her head, her face half averted, and a delicate flush suffused her cheeks. For moment she stood thus in silence.

GOOD FORM

Going to the fact that the Evening Ledger is constantly asked questions relating to matters of etiquette, it has been decided to open a column in which queries of this kind may be answered.

The column is edited under a pseudonym; but it is, nevertheless, edited by an authority on social conventions, who is prepared to answer clearly, carefully and conclusively any query which may be propounded.

Good form queries should be addressed to Deborah Rush, written on one side of the paper and signed with full name and address, though initials

To continue the talk on invitations. The usual way to send tea cards when introducing a debutante is to have the cards engraved with the name of the parents on one line and the debutante's name out in full on a second line.

The more firmly fixed became the realization that the girl's friendship had meant so much to me the more I came to miss it, and the more impregnable the barrier of silly pride.

On the march, or during halt, Dian refused consistently to notice me. At last I became desperate and determined to swallow my self-esteem and again beg her to tell me how I had offended and how I might make reparation.

I made up my mind that I should do this at the next halt. We were approaching another range of mountains at the time, and when we reached them, instead of winding across them through some high-flying pass, we entered a mighty natural tunnel—a series of labyrinthine grottoes, dark and damp.

The guards had no torches or lights of any description. In fact, we had seen no artificial light or sign of fire since we had entered Pellucidar. In a land of perpetual noon there is not need of light above ground, yet I marvelled that they had the means of lighting their way through these dark subterranean passages.

So we crept along at a snail's pace, with much stumbling and falling—the guards keeping up a singsong chant ahead of us, interspersed with certain high notes which I found always indicated rough places and turns.

Halts were now more frequent, but I did not wish to speak to Dian until I could see from the expression of her face how she was receiving my apologies.

At last a faint glow ahead forewarned us of the end of the tunnel, for which I for one was devoutly thankful. Then at a sudden turn we emerged into the full light of the noonday sun.

But with it came a sudden realization of what meant to me a real catastrophe. Dian was gone, and with her half a dozen other prisoners.

CHAPTER V. SLAVES. THE guards, too, saw the escape of Dian and the other prisoners, and the ferocity of their rage was terrible to behold.

Their awesome, bestial faces were contorted in the most diabolical expressions as they accused each other of responsibility for the loss.

Finally they fell upon us, beating us with their spears and hatchets. They had already killed two, and were likely to have finished the balance of us, when their leader finally put a stop to the brutal slaughter.

Seven in all my life had I witnessed a more horrible exhibition of bestial rage. I thanked Heaven that Dian had not been one of those left to endure it.

CHAPTER VI. GLOVES AT THEATRE. Dear Deborah Rush—Should one keep gloves on during a dance and is it ever permissible to remove them in the theatre? When introducing a gentleman to a lady what is the proper method of procedure?

It is not as rigorous to keep gloves on during a dance, especially an informal one. The wearing of gloves in the evening is very often determined by the kind of gown worn at the theatre or dance. There is no rule enjoining their being worn, and in the case of the long sleeve of tulle a glove looks rather heavy. It is really a matter of personal taste.

few more words from you on the subject would be appreciated. F. J. MARR. There are very few absolute rules in this world. As a general thing it is wiser to introduce a gentleman to a lady in the case of introducing a young lady to an elderly man or a man of eminence. It is of course correct to present her to him.

Dancing Matters. Dear Deborah Rush—Is it good form to dance with other fellows at a party when you go with a man? DOLLY. It is perfectly good form to dance with any man you know, if you wish to do so. It is not good form to speak of a man as a fellow. DEBORAH RUSH.

Style Kinks. Shavel collars are seen on wraps, separate coats, suits, shirtwaists and neckwear for spring and summer wear. Metallic-striped chiffon is a very new material, and is seen on many of the imported blouses. One dressy model from Paris was made in gold and white stripes, with a triple collar of gold cloth.

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FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

THE COMPOSING ROOM

Dear Children—The two useful workers in the world to whom your editor takes off his hat are the school teachers and printers.

Printers are very wonderful persons, because they know how to spell and how to punctuate, both of which your editor does not know how to do and never expects to learn except by practice.

One wonderful thing about printers is the fact that they work in a room which is called "the composing room." In this mysterious and wonderful place all of the stories and articles which are written are put into type, assembled in their proper places and made ready to go to the great, hungry presses down in the basement, which run off thousands upon thousands of papers every hour.

Just who the gentleman who invented this composing room was I do not know, but he was indeed a great man, because in this room you can learn to compose yourself. It would not do to get rattled with so many things to do and the composing room is a sort of balance wheel in the hurly burly, whirligig in the life of a newspaper and it is a comfort to think that there is such a thing as a composing room.

It seems to me that when things get upside down in "your home" you might have one room that you can call your "composing room," where you may go and silently compose yourself.

Is there anything you want to ask me about how a newspaper is conducted? Of course, there are lots of things which are very interesting, but they are so near to me that I may not think of them. Suppose you write me a letter. FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box. I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY—SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY!

Susanna Kessler, our little Haddonfield friend, is going to many parties these days. She writes, "I hope all the Rainbows go to lots of parties and have lots of fun, too." Susanna believes in sharing her good times.

Allice Brannolly, McKean street, is going to send her picture real soon. We are glad, because we have been anxiously wondering just what this "Allice Rainbow" looks like.

Richardtown, Pa., has a little Rainbow Club all its own. The members are Florence Baylis, Clifford Baylis, Clarence Baylis, Raymond Baylis and Roland Benser. Please, a report of activities very soon.

Farmer Smith's Frog Book. "I wish you would tell me a story," said Mrs. Hop Toad to her son Willie one night as she was putting him to bed.

WANTED. Clean and bright with best references. Call at 100 N. 10th St. Telephone, 3333. Evening Ledger.

Activities

Your editor is proud to present to you today Leonard's Bittern West. About gomery avenue, the first of our members to earn a dollar as a reward for doing work under our PIN MONEY PLAN.

Leonard earned a dollar while some of our less ambitious boys and girls were getting \$1 worth by working under our Pin Money Plan after school and on Saturdays, but he also won another dollar in our Prize Contest.

This teaches us that MONEY LOVES COMPANY and when you once become thrifty, it comes to you in a golden stream. FARMER SMITH.

The Rosewood Party

Your editor attended a party given by the Rosewood boys and girls on Washington's Birthday. Those present were: John Daley, John Collins, James Doherty, James Collins, Howard Foster, Joseph Norris, Wilbur Spencer, Francis Shuch, William Ward, Charles Ward, Edward Etchels, James Christopher, Francis Kennedy.

Teresa Zussy, Anna and Grace Daley, Florence Foster, Mary Collins, Marie Ghegan, Catherine Collins, Marion Daley, Florence Jackson, Evelyn Messick, Florence Galvin, Florence Catafesta, Mary Wood, Eva Funk, Genette Albright, Anna Shearn, Mary Croity, Mary Herling, Catherine Herling, Florence Phyre, Ann Deane, Virginia Coll and Elizabeth Donard.

More will appear later about the Rosewood Moving Picture Show which was given Saturday morning. Also several of the news items of the show, given last Saturday afternoon.

Do You Know This? 1. Draw a picture of a trolley car. (In black ink on white paper.) 2. What is a republic?

MONEY PRIZES. The children who send in the answers to "Do You Know This?" are entitled to compete for the prizes of \$1, 50 cents and the four 25-cent prizes, to be awarded at the end of each week.

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Militarism Again

Cartridge plaits are very fashionable just now. They look for all the world like the military belts which are their namesakes. The stand-out effect on the hips is effective, but none too flattering to the stout woman. A slender figure wears them to the best advantage.

Revivals

The poplin and the kimona sleeve are among the latest revivals. One sees them on many of the costumes designed for street and house wear. Stiff silks, such as taffetas, failles, pussy willow silk and the many combination weaves, are popular.

Leather Is Good

Suede collars and cuffs are seen on many of the latest suits. The sets may be bought from \$1 up, in gray, tan and black.

BABY MILK

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