AT THE EARTHS ORE

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, AUTHOR OFTARZAN

THE FACE OF DEATH. NOR a time all was silence within the

The slaves were motionless in terror. Mahars watched the surface of the jer for the reappearance of their queen, presently at one end of the tank her rose slowly into view.

She was backing toward the surface, her irs fixed before her as they had been

and then, to my utter amazement, I my the forehead and eyes of the malden me slowly out of the depths, following again of the reptile, just as when she of disappeared beneath the surface,

med in water that reached barely to her brest and though she had been beneath the surface sufficient time to have drowned her thrice over, there was no indication, other than her dripping hair and glistening body, that she had been submerged at all. sobmerged at all.

the girl's arms was gone-gnawed comhing gave no indication of realizing pain, enly the horror in her set eyes seemed in-

The poor creatures on the islands

leager than ever before, and when she she came alone and awam sleeptly toward her boulder. The moment she mounted it seemed to be the signal for the other Mahars to enter the tank, and then commenced, upon a larger scale, a repetition of the grisly orgy through which the queen had led her victim.

to the Mahars-they being the weakest and most tender-and when they had sattotal their appetite for human flesh, some of them devouring two and three of the dayes, there were only a score of full-

ing like steam engines, swooped down

upon the remaining slaves. There was no hypnotism here-just the

By the time the thipdars had disposed of the last of the slaves the Mahars were all asleep upon their rocks, and a moment later the great pterodactyles swung back side the queen and themwes dropped into slumber.

plied. "The Mahars of Phutra are not supposed to eat human flesh, yet slaves are brought here by thousands and most always you will find Mahars on hand to consume them.

"I imagine that they do not bring their Sagoths here because they are ashamed of Mahars of Pellucidar induces in the huthe practice, which is supposed to obtain man mind, and to feel that you are in among the least advanced of their race; but I would wager my cance against a broken paddle that there is no Mahar but eats human flesh whenever she can met ft."

"Why should they object to human flesh," I asked, "If it is true that they look upon us as lower animals?"
"It is not because they consider us their equals that they are supposed to look with abhorrence upon those who eat our flesh," replied Ja. "It is merely that we are warm-blooded animals." are warm-blooded animals." "They should not think of eating the

"They should not think of eating the meat of a thag, which we consider such a delicacy, any more than I would think of eating a snake. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to explain just why this sentiment should exist among them."

"I wonder if they left a single victim?" I remarked, leaning far out of the opening in the rocks wall to inspect the temple

Directly below me the water iapped the very side of the wall, there being a break in the boulders at this point, as there was at several other places about the side of

the temple. My hands were resting upon a small plece of granite which formed a part of the wall, and all my weight upon it proved too much for it. It slipped and I lunged forward.

There was nothing to grasp to save my self, and I plunged headforemost into the water below.

Fortunately, the tank was deep at this point, and I suffered no injury from the fall, but as I was rising to the surface my mind filled with the horrors of my posi-tion as I thought of the terrible doom which awaited me the moment the eyes of the reptiles fell upon the creature that had disturbed their slumber.

As long as I could I remained beneath he surface, swimming rapidly in the direction of the islands, that I might prolong my life to the utmost.

At last I was forced to rise for air, and

as I cast a terrified glance in the direction of the Mahars and the thipdars I was almost stunned to see that not a single one remained upon the rocks where I had last seen them, nor as I searched the temple with my eyes could I discern any within

For a moment I was puzzled to account for the thing, until I realized that the reptiles, being deaf, could not have been disturbed by the noise my body made when it hit the water, and that there is no such thing as time within Pellucidar there was no telling how long I had been

beneath the surface.

It was a difficult thing to attempt to figure out by earthly standards—this mat-ter of elapsed time—but when I set myself to it I began to realize that I might have been submerged a second or a month or not at all. You have no conception of the strange contradictions and impossi-bilities which rise when all methods of measuring time, as we know them upon earth, are nonoxistent.

I was about to congratulate myself

upon the miracle which had saved me for he moment, when the memory of the hypnotic powers of the Mahars filled me with "I thought the Mahars seldom, if ever, apprehension lest they be practicing their uncanny art upon me to the end that I merely imagined I was alone in the temthe distance.

At the sight of it I lost no time in directing my course toward it, for I had long since made up my mind to return to Phytra and give myself up that I

At the thought cold sweat broke out

once more in search of a means of es

cape.
Several times I called to Ja, but he

o I continued my search until at last it

A little effort proved sufficient to dis-

oment later I had scurried across the

Here I sank panting and trembling

Whatever dangers lay hidden in this

familiar beast or man-anything other than the hideous and uncanny Mahars.

trees so thickly set that I could see no distant object which might serve to guide

As it was I must have walked for a

sight of it was greatly enhanced by the

chance discovery of a hidden cance among the bushes through which I had stumbled just prior to coming upon the beach.

I can tell you that it did not take me long to pull that awkward craft down

to the water and shove it far out from shore. My experience with Ja had taught me that if I were to steal another cance I must be quick about it and get far be-

I must be quick about it among as pos-

site side of the island from that at which

Ja and I had entered it, for the main

me in a straight line.

intervening space to the dense jungle

one end of the temple.

odge these stor

might be once more with Perry and Ghak the Hairy One. I felt that I was a fool ever to have

upon me from every pore, and as I crawled from the water on to one of the for freedom together. Of course I realized that the chances of the success of our proposed venture were slim indeed. I knew, however, that I never could enjoy freedom without Perry so long as the old man lived, and tiny islands I was trembling like a leafyou can imagine the awful horror which even the simple thought of the repulsive their power-that they are crawling, slimy and abhorrent, to drag you down beneath the water and devour you! It is

I had learned that the probability that I might find means from without to rescue him was less than slight. But they did not come, and at last I came to the conclusion that I was indeed alone within the temple. How long I should be alone was the next question to assail me as I swam frantically about

must have left after I tumbled into the tank, for I received no response to my But, to the best of my knowledge, Perry still lived and it was my duty and Doubtless he had felt as certain of my doom when he saw me topple from our hiding place as I had, and lest he too my wish to be again with him, that might share the dangers and vicissitudes should be discovered had hastened from of the strange world we had discovered.

And Ghak, too; the great, shaggy man the temple and back to his village.

I knew that there must be some entrance to the building beside the doorhad found a place in the hearts of us both for he was indeed every inch a man and king. Uncouth perhaps, and brutal, too, if judged too harshly by the standards of ways in the roof, for it did not seem reasonable to believe that the thousands of slaves which were brought here to feed effete twentleth century civilization, but

the Mahars the human flesh they craved would all be carried through the air, and Chance carried me to the very beach upon which I had discovered Ja's cance, and a short time later I was scrambling was rewarded by the discovery of several loose granite blocks in the masonry at up the steep bank to retrace my steps

from the plain of Phutra.

But my troubles came when I entered stones to permit me to crawl the clearing beyond, and a the canyon beyond the summit, for here I found that soveral of them centred at the point where I crossed the divide, and which one I had traversed to reach the pass I could not for the life of me re member. upon the matted grasses beneath the giant trees, for I felt that I had escaped from the grinning fangs of death out of the depths of my own grave.

It was all a matter of chance, and so I set off down that which seemed the easiest going, and in this I made the same mistake that many of us do in sesame distake that many of us do in sesame distake that many of us do in selecting the path along which we shall
follow out the course of our lives, and
again learned that it is not always best
think that men are frequently unfair
when it comes to a quession of allowing
when it comes to a question of allowing
the follow the line of least resistance.

whatever dangers say needen in this island jungle, there could be none so fear-some as those which I had just escaped. I knew that I could meet death bravely enough if it but came in the form of some By the time I had eaten eight meals and slept twice I was convinced that I was upon the wrong trail, for between Phutra and the inland sea I had not slept and had eaten but once.

I must have fallen asleen from ex-baustion. When I awoke I was very hun-gry, and after busying myself searching for fruit for a while, I set off through the jungle to find the beach. To retrace my steps to the summit of the divide and explore another canyon seemed the only solution of my problem. I knew that the Island was not so large but that I could easily find the sea, if I did but move in a straight line, but there came the difficulty, as there was no way in which I could direct my course and hold it, the sun, of course, being always directly above my head, and the but a sudden widening of the canyon Just before me seemed to suggest that it was about to open into a level country, and, with the lure of discovery strong upon me, I decided to proceed but a short dis

tance farther before I turned back.

The next turn of the canyon brought me to its mouth, and before me I saw a narrow plain leading down to an ocean. At my right the side of the canyon continued to the water's edge, the valley lying to my left and the foot of it running into the sea, where it formed a broad, level beach.

great distance, since I ate four times and slept twice before I reached the sea, but at last I did so, and my picasure at the Clumps of strange trees dotted the lans scape here and there almost to the water, and rank grass and ferns grew between. From the nature of the vegetation, I was convinced that the land between the ecean and the foothills was swampy, though directly before me it seemed dry enough all the way to the sandy strip along which

to the beach, for the scene was very beautiful. As I passed along beside the deep and tangled vegetation of the swamp I thought I saw a movement of the ferns at my left, but though I stopped a mo-

ing out over the wide and lonely sea, cross whose forbidding besom no human eing had yet ventured to discover what nders, or adventure.

Perry had told me that the seas of Pellucidar were small in comparison with those of the outer crust, but even so this great ocean might stretch its broad expanse for thousands of miles. For count-less ages it had rolled up and down its countless miles of shore; and yet today it remained all unknown beyond the tiny strip that was visible from its beaches.

The fascination of speculation was strong upon me. It was as though I had been carried back to the birth of time of our own outer world to look upon its lands and seas ages before man had traversed either. Here was a new world, all untouched. It called to me to explore it.

I was dreaming of the excitement and adventure which lay before us could Perry and I but escape the Mahars, when something—a slight noise, I imagine—drew my attention behind me.

As I turned, romance, adventure and discovery in the abstract took wing be-fore the terrible embodiment of all three in concrete form that I beheld advancing

A huge, slimy amphibian it was, with toadlike body and the mighty jaws of an alligator. Its immense carcass must have weighed tons, and yet it moved swiftly, and silently toward me. Upon one hand was the bluff that ran

from the canyon to the sea, on the other the fearsome swamp from which the creature had sneaked upon me, behind lay the mighty untracked sea, and before me in the centre of the narrow way that led to safety stood this huge mountain of terrible and menacing flesh.

A single glance at the thing was sufficient to assure me that I was facing one of those long-extinct, prehistoric creatures whose fossilized remains are found withthe outer crust as far back as the tassic formation, a gigantic labyrin-

And there I was, unarmed and, with the exception of a loin cloth, as naked as I had come into the world. I could imagine how my first ancestor feit that distant, prehistoric morn that he encoun tered for the first time the terrifying progenitor of the thing that had me cornered now beside the restless, mysteri-

Ous sea.

Unquestionably he had escaped, or I should not have been within Pellucidar or elsewhere, and I wished at that moment that he had handed down to me with the various attributes that. I presume, have inherited from him the specific ap-plication of the instinct of self-preserva-tion which saved him from the fate which comed so close before me today.

To seek escape in the swamp or in To seek escape in the swamp or in the ocean would have been similar to jumping into a den of lions to escape our-upon the outside. The sea and swamp both were doubtless alive with these mighty, carnivorous amphibians, which if not the individual that menaced me would pursue me into either the sea or the awamp with equal facility.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

MASQUE GIVEN BY CLUB Union Republicans Hold Large Dance in Horticultural Hall

Thousands of South Philadelphians gamed last night at a bal masque and dress reception given in Horticultural Hall by the Union Republican Club.

The halls and rooms were decorated with flowers and plants, while multi-colored lights were thrown upon the dancers. If my political leaders were prescrit.

time I paddled 'round the shore, though well out, before I saw the mainland in STOKOWSKI WOMEN ORCHESTRA IDEA HAS WARM SUPPORTERS

attempted to escape alone, especially in view of the fact that our plans were already well-formulated to make a break The Blooming of Feminine Geniuses in Euterpe's Art, Says Noted Pianist

AND MEN'S COMFORT, TOO

Had Perry been dead I should gladly have pitted my strength and wit against the savage and primordial world in which I found myself, I could have lived in seclusion within some rocky cave the orchestra. After listening to the views until I had found the means to outfit myself with the crude weapons of the Stone Age, and then set out in search of her whose image had now become the constant companion of my waking hours, world of its women geniuses, and that and the central and beloved figure of my there is nothing but an absurd projudice to prevent women from competing credita-bly with such men as Messrs. Thaddous Rich, Herman Sandby, Hans Kindler, Rich, Herman Sandby, Hans Kindler, Rich, Herman Sandby, Hans Kindler, Hedda van den Beemt, Daniel Marquarre and the rest of them. They'll have to watch their step, for woman's time is

"The men have been leagued against feminine progress for many years. No man wants to come home and find his comfort has been sacrificed to his wife's career. So the male animal blocks the path of art and puts out the claim of domesticity. They have been keeping us from learning our power too long."

HEALE.—On March 4, 1916, HARRY ALTES.

AUS, husband of Clara M. Reale (nee Dullow) and son of the lats Robert and Parwithal noble, dignified, chivalrous and

This was the raply of Mrs. Mary Hallock Greenewalt, well-known planist and suf-fraglat, to the critics of the Stokowski

"I see no reason why we shouldn't have an orchestra made up and directed by women," Mrs. Greenewalt declared, "but I can easily understand why we do not. An orchestra is a luxury, and a most ex-pensive one. There are only a few really great orchestras in the United States. The small cities and towns cannot sup-port them. The salaries are high and the city has to pay them. So it stands to reason that if it is a question of giving out sugar plums—the men get the prefer-

women it comes to a quession of allowing women perfect freedom. No man wants to come home and find his comforts sacrificed to some woman's career. They therefore league together in a traditional and entirely unjust tyranny which keeps women domestic in spite of themselves. Why, we would be great artists but for the unatural and natural observations which the second particular section. the unnatural and natural obstacles which

prevent us from progressing.
"I don't mean by this that a woman cannot have a happy marriage and a career too, but it is the exceptional woman and the exceptional man who makes such a match. A single woman who goes inte grand opera, for instance, has many obstacles, expansive clothes to sup-ply, continuous travelling which under-mines her health, unpleasant and oftentimes fatal troubles with her manager and hundreds of little things which, just because they are little things, keep the artist far in the background and the prac tical woman to the fore. A married woman has less trouble if she knows how to manage. Look at Madame Schumann manage. Look at Madame Schumann-Heink and Madame Homer. They have large families, yet they are stars of the first magnitude. They have their art and their homes, too. But too many women sacrifice their homes to their career, or

is enough for any woman to devote to her music. This leaves plenty of time for companionships, study, reading and pas-When you take into consideration the bundreds of years which have elapsed, and the very small minority of really ment to look, it was not repeated, and if anything lay hid there my eyes could not mere handful of great names—you see that, given the handicap of domesticity women haven't failed. They are doing mere handful of great names—you see that, given the handicap of domesticity, women haven't failed. They are doing much, and will do more. We shall have our great women composers and women directors in time. "Felix Mendelssohn didn't write half

r what its invisible islands held of riches, of the famous Songs Without Words what savage races, what flerce and formidable beasts, were this very instant watching the lapping of the waves upon its farther shore? How far did it extend?

Ferry had told me that the saves of the published under his name. They were written by his sister. Fannie, And he was so lealous of her that he was extremely energetic in keeping her musical training at a standard. cal training at a standatill. That is what the great mass of men are doing today— keeping their women are guarding their homes, for they fail to ize that the two are compatible. is an enormous waste of womanhood or this account-an enormous waste of go

Mrs. Nina Prettyman Howell, the violinist, agrees with Mr. Stokowski that women are eligible to the symphony orchestras.

"Why, when I was at the La Scala Theatre in Milan I saw a woman violinist playing in the orchestra. I asked the leader if she was an exception, and he assured me that she wasn't. Women have as much recognition abroad as they lack over here. They have to qualify like the men for musical positions, but they are given full chances to qualify. There is no reason why women couldn't direct an no reason why women couldn't direct an opera, or anything else that a man can direct. In my opinion, women are atronger that men, they will bear up under a nervous strain longer than most men. They come up to the occasion and endure, because they know they must. It's simply the opportunity, and nothing else, which keeps us from having great women nusicians and composers.'

musicians and composers."

Mrs. Edith Mahon, whose beautiful accompaniments make the singer's notes a double pleasure, when she heard about Mr. Stokowski's statement, refused to

acknowledge a physical handicap.
"Why, I can stand as much as any man," she declared, "and many a time I have stood more than they do. I don't agree that women today are physically incapable of actual labor-and art is labor Fifty years ago we had no great women musicians, and, compared with the pres-ent time. I should say the women of long ago were hopeless. They were entirely and hopelessly a domestic type. The av-erage man looked on them as housefraus. and nothing more. Do you wonder that women have made no strides in the mu-sical world? I'm perfectly sure that the time to come will bring about great changes; that we shall have great we in every field of art."

MAHLON F. IVINS

Prominent Citizen and Politician of Camden

Mahlon F. Ivins died at his home, 313
South 6th street, Camden, late last night
at the age of 74 years.
Mr. Ivins was former Councilman of
the 4th Ward, Camden; county collector,
for 20 years, treasurer of the Board of
Health for 27 years, a Civil War veteran
and prominent in church and fratering. and prominent in church and fraternal organizations. He lived in Camden 50 years, having been born near Haddon-field. The funeral will be held on Friday. MARRIED

MATTSON-MILLER.—At Elkton, Md., on October 30, 1915. By Rov. George P. Jones VIOLET MADELINE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Mattson, of West Philadelphia to Mr. Pillersons D. M. Millier.

Deaths

These Notices Are Printed in the Evening Ledger Free of Charge.

ANDERSON -On March 5, 1916, OLAF ANDERSON, husbard of Ella Anderson then Martin), aged 37 years. Releatives and friends are invited to autend the functional and the state of the services on Thursday, at 1.50 g. m. at his late residence. See Minfrin at. Interment at Old Polices Commencer, Remains may be viewed Wednesday execution.

BANKARD.-On March 5, 1918, GRONGE A. C., Marishald of the lite Aspin H. Sance



MRS. MARY H. GREENEWALT

DEATHS

tend the funeral services, on Wednesday, at 2 p. m., at 1530 Fairmount ave. Interment private.

MUS, husband of Clara M. Heale (nes Dul-low) and son of the late Robert and Par-therin A. Beale. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Wednesday, at 2 p. m. precisely, at his late residence, 2507 Master st. Interment pri-vate, at Chester Rural Cometery. BLEHL, On March 5, 1916, ISABELLA D., BLEHL, On March 5, 1916, ISABELLA D.,

For ave. Interferent strictly private, at. Mt. Vernon Cometury,
CRAVEN.—On March 7, 1916, ELLA M., wife of Horace G. Craven, and 02 years. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Thursday, 9th Inst., at 2 p. m. precisely, at the pariors of M. B. Weaver, 500 N. 5th at. Interment private.
DETWILER.—At the residence of her son, Cakmont, Delaware County, Pa., on March 6, 1916, CLARA DETWILER free Thompson), widow of Renjamin F, Detwier. Notice of funeral later.
DEIMUNSH.—On March 6, 1916, MARIA (nee Schulm), ased 54 years. Relatives and friends, also members of Sacred Heart and Altar Sceleties of St. Peter's Church, Relatives and friends are invited to attend the

taneral, on Thursday, at 8 a. m., from residence, 1545 North Orkney st. Interment at 110° Redeemer Cemetry st. Interment product of James Duffy, Relatives and friends are interest. In the residence of the st. Solemn Housen Mass at 8t. Francis do Sales Church at 10° a. m. Interment private. Solemn Housen Mass at 8t. Francis do Sales Church at 10° a. m. Interment private. HENRY G. son of the lair Philip H. and Emily A. Ellis, ascel 69 years, Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral acvices, on Wodnesday at 2 p. m. precisely, at his late residence. 68 West Turbshocken st., Germandown Interment private.

EULER.—At the Hotel Bryssen, Philadelphia, Pa., on March 5, 1916, FREDERICK J. husband of Rebecca Jane Euler, in his 68th year. Relatives and friends, also the members of the Chy Club, of Wilminston, Deliare invited to attend the funeral services, on Wednesday, at 2 p. m. precisely, at the Oliver H. Hair Huiding, 1820 Chestont st. Interment at Laurel Hill Cemetery.

PALLON.— Suddenly, on March 6, 1916, JOHN J., son of Michael and Bridget J. Fallon (new Mackin), in his 18th year. Relatives and friends, also Corpus Christi, at 10° a. m. Interment at Westminster Chestrict of his parents, 345 West Clearfield st., Falls of Schuylkill. Solenn Requirem Masse at Church of Chrones Christi, at 10° a. m. Interment at Westminster Cometery.

FAREIRA.—On March 5, 1916, FRANK LATCH FAREIRA, at his residence, 207 Edgment ave. Lociarbeur, N. J. Funeral services at his late residence, Tuesday, at 7.38 p. m. Interment at directwood Came-tery, New York city, Wednesday, Kindiy omli flowers.

ornii flowers.
FLYNN, "Ch. March 6, 1916, MARY C., betaged wife of Patrick J. Flynn, not damain the control of the control of the control
of County Doresai, Ireland, Relative and
Friends are invited to attend the future at, on
Friday, at 8.30 a. m. from the residence of
her slater, Mrs. M. Tierner, 1916, South Newkirk at, High Mass of Requiem at the Most

ment at Holy Cross Comstery, GRADY.—On March 5, 1916, JOHN C., hus-band of Annie M. Grady, aged 65 race, Rolatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Wednesday, at 2 p. 11 from the Oliver H. Bair Ruilding, 1856 Chestnut st. Interment private. from the Offiver H. Hair Railding. 1836
Chestnut St. Interment private.
HELLING.—On March 5, 1916, MART, Sawshiter of Charles, B., and the late Mary 5.
Helling, aged 23 years, Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Thursday, at 3 D. m., at her late residence, 5528 Royer st., Germantown, Interment private, Remains may be viewed on Wedneeday, from 8 to 10 B. m.
HOOLEV.—On March 5, 1916, MARY A., widow of Thomas Hooley, aged 89. Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Wedneeday, at 2 D. m., at the residence of her sover thinded in the funeral services, on Wedneeday, at 2 D. m., at the residence of the sover thinded in the funeral services, on Wedneeday, at 2 D. m., at the residence of the Rayer Hoopen, axed 7 years and 8 months, Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Wedneeday, at 2 m., at her parents' residence, 618 N. 85th st. Interment at Fernwood Cemetery.

HUGKINS.—On March 6, 1916, ELIZABETH CAMPGELIA, wife of Bruce T. Hugkins, Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Thursday, at 11 m. m., at her late residence, 36 South Testedel in a specific services, on Thursday, at 11 m. m., at her late residence, 36 South Testedel in a specific services, on Thursday, at 11 m. m., at her late residence, 36 South Testedel in a specific services, on Thursday, at 11 m. m., at her late residence, 36 South Testedel in a specific services, on Thursday, at 11 m. m., at her late residence, 36 South Testedel in a specific services, on Thursday, at 11 m. m., at her late residence, 37 South Testedel in a specific services, on Thursday, at 11 m. m., at her late residence, 37 South Testedel in a specific services, on Thursday, at 11 m. m., at her late residence, 37 South Testedel in a specific services, on Thursday, at 11 m. m., at her late residence, 36 South Testedel in a specific services, on Thursday,

Precious Blood Church, at 16 a. m. Inter-

JAMIESON.—On March 4, 1916, CAPTAIN ROBERT JAMIESON, of the S. S. Bella, of the Donald Steamship Line, of New York, Relatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral services, on Wednesday, at 19 a. m. at the Oliver H. Bair Building, 1820 Chestnut et. Interment at Baitmore, Ma. Priends may yiew remains on Tuesday, from 70 by m. m.

MONTGOMERY,—On March 4, 1916, HUGH, bushand of Joanna Montgomery, at his late residence, James at. Fernwood, Del. Co., Pa. Interment Fernwood Cemetery, Wednes-day 2 p. m

st. Interment private, at Tremont, Pa.
POOT.—On March 5, 1916, MARTIN POOT,
aged 60 years. Relatives and friends, also
members of Augustine Social and Reneficial
Association, are invited to attend timeral.
Thursday, at 7.30 s. m, from the residence
of his brother, John Poot, 2414 S. 2d st.
High Mass at St. Alphonsus Church at B
o clock, Interment private, at Cathedral
Cemetery.

of funeral will be given.

QUIGLEY.—Con March 6, 1916, BERNARD A.
QUIGLEY, aged 38 years. Relatives and
freinds, also Ottawa Tribe, No. 16: Hayloft, No. 105-j Court Maine, No. 94, F. of
A. are invited to attend the funeral, on
Finds, March 180 Physics at M., from his
High Mans at the Immaculate Conception
Church, at 9 a. m. Interment at St. Mary's
Cemetery, Gloucester

Cemeters, Gloucester.

REINHEIMER.—Suddenly, on March 5, 1916,
LOUIS, husband of Minnle Reinheimer, in
his 67th year. Relatives and friends are
invited to attend the funeral services, on
Wednesday, at 10 a. m. precisely, at his
late residence, 909 North 10th st. Interment at Rodeph Shalem Cemetery, Harrowrate.

RYAN.—On March 4, 1916, ELIZA J., wife of J. H. Ryan. Relatives and friends are in-vited to attend the funeral services, on Tuesday, at 8 p. m. at her late residence, u50 Chlom st. Interment private, at West Laurel Hill Cemetery, on Wednesday. West Chester napers copy. Lagrel Hill Cemetery, on Wednesday. West
Chester plajers copy.

SENSENBERGER.—On March 6, 1916, ANNIE, wife of Frank O. Sensenberger, aged
35 years, Relatives and friends are invited
to altend the funeral services, on Thursday, st 2 g. m., at her late residence, 7153
Heyerman st., Tucopy. Automobile funeral.

SHEEHAN.—On March 8, 1918, RICHARD A.,
hushand of Mary Sheehan and son of Mary
and the late Daniel Sheehan. Residence, 2220
Nicholas St. Cyd st. and Columbia ave. L Dus
notice of the funeral will be given.

SHELDS.—On March 6, 1916, JAMES F.,
husband of Sarah C. Shields (nee Craig), in
vited to attend the funeral services, on
Thursday, at 2 b. m., at his late residence,
6802 N. 11th st., Oak Lane, Interment
private.

mircate.

SMITH.—On March 5, 1816, MARY E. daughter of Charles J. and Mary A. Smith, Relatives and friends, also the B. V. M. Sodality, Altar Society and employes of Supple's Alderney Dairy, are invited to attend the funeral, on Thurslay, at 8,30 a. m., from her parents' residence, 1342 North Warnock st. Solena Require Mass at St. Malachy's Church, Interment at St. Denis' Cometery.

tery.
STOCKTON.—On March 7, 1916, SARAH, wife of George Stockton, used be years, at belance. N. J. Helatives and friends are invited to attend the funeral, on Friday aftermon, at 2 o'clock, at the residence of her son-in-law T. R. Vennel, ash at, Delance, N. J. Interment at Riverside Ceme-

hance, N. J. Interment at Riverside Compters.

STORRE:—At Atlantic City, on March 6, 1916.
Will-IAM R., husband of Mary Sterling
Stubb, and 70 years, Relatives and friends,
and Musical Protectors' Association, indeal
TO. 77 A. F. of M.; the Cecilian Musical
Compared to the Compared Compar



on and on came the girl, until she good in water that reached barely to her

Again and again the queen led the girl into the depths and out again, until the meansy weirdness of the thing got on ing in meansy weirdness of the thing got on ing in the perves so that I could have leaped to better. my nerves so that I could have leaped to the child's rescue had I not taken a firm held of myself.

Once they were below much longer than areal, and when they came to the surby off at the shoulder, but the poor

The next time they appeared-I cannot

awaiting their fate tried to cover their a sight, but now I saw that they too, fles, so that they could only crouch in terror, with their eyes fixed upon the ble thing that was transpiring be-Finally, the queen was under much

Only the women and children fell prey

grown men left.
I thought that for some reason these ere to be spared, but such was far from the case, for as the last Mahar crawled to her rock the queen's thipdars darted into the air, circled the temple once, and then,

plain, brutal ferocity of the beast of prey, tearing, rending and gulping; but at that less horrible than the ghastly

"I thought the Mahars seldom, if ever,



FARMER SMITH'S

A GOOD-NIGHT TALK ABOUT "THINGS" Dear Children-Please do not tell me that you have nothing to do, for here is a task which will pay you well if you perform it:

Take all the THINGS out of your room. I mean, all the USELESS THINGS. What is the use of cluttering your from with a lot of things which you never can use?

always saving THINGS until she goes to move and then she wonders at the number of THINGS which have to be thrown away. The parlor is full of THINGS and when dusting time comes they all have to be dusted and mother is SO tired, all because she has been removing the dust from one thing to another THING until it is a wonder the THINGS

and the dust do not get tired, too. If you take a piece of dirt and put it in the parlor and move it about with a feather duster, it will become dust. So will the piano and the phonograph and the carpet-in time. The round pebble on the shore of the ocean was once a jagged rock

on the top of the mountain and when it rolls down the cliffs the rough tiges are worn away and it becomes round. The piece of dirt moved from thing to thing becomes a tiny round speck of DUST. Get rid of worn-out clothes, get rid of old books. Give away that

teddy bear which is molting-get rid of useless THINGS and then write and tell me how much better you feel. FARMER SMITH,

A Germantown Suggestion Dear Irvine Woodward, 6135 Musgrave treel, I can read your name and additional want to give you a newspaper HUG. Mr. Printer, please put in something which leoks like what YOU think a newspaper with the look like. Farmer can read your name and address

Mawspaper hug: ()
New, Irvine, what do you think of a hawapaper hug? No one but a dear stater would ever have thought of putting those simple marks for a hug, and he do not have to go very far to get the marks either, did he, and every one knows him, too.

Well, you want me to write on or about a Train," our old friend "Brer Rabbit" and also ask for a talk on "Kindness".

hug ought to look like. Farmer

ton also ask for a talk on "Kindness a Asimals," "Politeness" and "Home Lova" Some other time we will take up the ether subjects, but at present we must he among the contract of the contract

nesh to answer the most important request which has come into our office in many 5yz. I like most editors, love to talk about MYSELP.
In fact, I love to make speeches on the
subject of "THE MOST INTERESTING
THING IN THE WORLD," which is, of

To you it is YOURBELF, but let us

o you it is YOURSELF, but let us set off the subject.

but to show you how interesting I am, it is listen: On top of me there is a mad which reminds me of the big round and and on top or rather the sides (I mas bald from wearing my hat in the thore is some hair, which I often the state of the same that is not green.

but my hair is not green.

but my head there is a trunk, which listen my head there is a trunk which listen my head there is a trunk of the same his same had the trunk of my body and which listen my head there is a trunk of the top my head the trunk of my body and which are the same. At the end of the top my hands which look like the my hands which look like the my hands which look like the my the trees on the trees and any truns through my hands have lines and his the leaves on the trees so the rans through my body.

I not interesting?

the fire ground are my pink give. I

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER. FARMER SMITH

EVENING LEDGER: I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beau-tiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY - SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name Address Age School I attend

second cousins to my fingers, and when I count my fingers and toes, my eyes, ears, nose and mouth. I get 16, the letters of the alphabet and my cute little ear makes a question mark, so (?). I could go on forever talking about myself, Irvine, but there are other great writers who wish to have their say in our

wonderful paper and I must bid you and our members GOOD-NIGHT. FARMER SMITH,

Our Postoffice Box A little Germantown Rainbow, Heler McMahon, of Locust avenue, says "how do you do" to her fellow members this evening. We know the fellow members

are saying the very same thing to her, so let's all smile to-gether and be happy lust because we're

many answers to the suggestion of Mat-thew Palmer, of South street, that the Rainbows make 100 words from "George Washington." Jack Burgees, of Cedar avenue, who has dis-

in the the leaves on the trees and san runs through the trees so the trees at the san runs through the trees so the trees through my body. I not interesting?

where out there is the ocean, and host of Chastnut street there is a Whan I gry the rivers run down and they come out of my eyes ilke the spread of the great big in OCEAN,

the first degree), made 500 words! What do you think of that? Gertrude Altuma. South \$th street, and Cella Ciral, North 18th street, sent in 199 neatly beaned words, and Gertrude wants the Rainbows to make 100 words from "Metronial Ciral, North 18th street, sent in 199 neatly beaned words, and Gertrude wants the Rainbows to make 100 words from "Metronial Ciral, North 18th street, and Cella Ciral, North 18th street, sent in 199 neatly sensed words and Gertrude wants the Rainbows to make 190 words from "Metronial Ciral, North 18th street, and Cella Ciral, North 18th street, sent in 199 neatly control of the circles o

Important!

This is Baby Week, Watch for the Baby Week Number of the Rainbow

A house is full of THINGS-especially the attic, for mother dear is street, a Rosewood Rainbow. Here it is:
"Soon the March winds will be over and
the April showers will come bringing forth
the colors of the Rainboww from all cor-Don't forget, in spite

In a few minutes the Turtle was wait-ing and Doctor Bull Frog hopped on his back, and in three hours (for the Turtle

me to the front door.

Only this afternoon I went to see Willie Tree Toud for the same thing. Has your boy been over to see Willie Tree Toud?"
"Oh. dear! Oh. dear! I know he has caught something dreadful! What shall I do, what shall I do?"
"Calm yourself," said Doctor Bull Frog. softly.

"Cher-chdo-o! I er-cher-chaq-o! ate the cher-choo! I ate the whole bottle-a

"Fil make that little rascal pay me that out of his bank," said Mrs. Hop Toad, and then SHE sneezed.
"Have you a GERM?" asked Willie. But his mother was too thankful to spank

living?
Who is your favorite poet and why?
Who was President of the United States 15 years ago?

MONEY PRIZES

The children who send in the answers of "Things to Know" are entitled to compute for the prices of \$1. 50 cents and the four 25-cent prizes, to be awarded at the end of each week.

Club News! ways. Louis Meyerowitz and Harry Ros-nsky, of East Greenville, Pa., and Lillian Cunning, of Paulsboro, N. J., sent in the required list. Eleanor May, Barrington, N. J., is another little studious puzzle solver. Theima Baghurst, of Telford, Pa., and her little chum. Elsie Coffman, of Souderton, Pa., answered Matthew's problem promptly. Elsie is a new member intro-duced by Thelma, and we can't help remarking about the lovely wee letter she sent your editor in application for mem-bership. Speaking of lovely things re-minds us of spring and a pretty thought sent in about it by Helen Allen, South 18th

of the war, SPRING IS COMING!

FARMER SMITH'S FROG BOOK

The Sneeze Medicine. "Ting-a-ling! Ting-ting-a-ling!" The telephone rang and Mrs. Bull Frog inswered it. When she had hung up the eceiver she came back to her husband nd said, "My dear, Willie Hop Toad has he sneezes and you must go right away." "Oh, dear!" exclaimed the good doctor with a yawn, "wish you would call up the garage and have my Turtle Runabout come to the front door."

went very fast) he was at Mrs. Hop Toad's When Willie's mother had told him how Willie just couldn't stop sneezing, the good doctor said: "This is funny, very funny! Only this afternoon I went to see Willie

"I know-I know sneezing comes from a terrible germ, and my poor Willie—oh, what shall I do?"
"Willie," said Doctor Bull Frog. sternly, "did you eat any of those sugar pills I left for While Tree Toad? Answer me!"

"Like cures like, and so I gave Willie Tree Toad sneeze pills to stop him sneezing and—three dollars, please. THANK

Things to Know 1. What would you do to make your