AT THE EARTHS ORE

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, AUTHOR OF TARZAN

CHAPTER XIII-(Continued)

THERE were several species of this beautiful animal, the most magnificent smewhat resembling the giant eland of Arros, except that their spiral horns form
a complete curve backward over their ears
and then forward again beneath them,
ending in sharp and formidable points
some two feet before the face and above
the eyes.

In size they remind one of a thorough-bred Horeford bull, yet they are very sille and fast. The broad yellow bands that stripe the dark roan of their coats made me take them for zebra when I first saw them. All in all, they are hand-some animals, and added the finishing touch to the strange and lovely landscape that spread before my new home.

I had determined to make the cave my I man description of the surrounding country in search of the land of Sari.

First I devoured the balance of the sthop! I had killed before my last sleep. erthopl I had killed before my last sleep.
Then I hid the great secret of the Mahars
In a deep niche at the back of my cave,
rolled the houlder before my front door,
and, with bows, arrows, sword and shield, scrambled down into the peaceful valley.

The granting berds moved to one side as I passed through them, the little orthopi I passed the greatest warlness and gallop-leg to safest distances. All the animals stopped feeding as I approached, and after moving to what they considered a safe distance stood contemplating me with seri-eus eyes and upcocked ears.

ous eyes and upcocked ears.

Once one of the old bull antelopes of the striped species lowered his head and bellowed angrily, even taking a few steps in my direction, so that I thought he meant to charge; but after I had passed be resumed feeding as though nothing had disturbed him.

Near the lower and of the valuer I.

Near the lower end of the valley I passed a number of tapirs, and across the river saw a great sadok, the enormous double-horned progenitor of the modern

At the valley's end the cliffs upon the left run out into the sea so that to pass round them as I desired to do it was lefge along which I might continuue my journey. Some fifty feet from the base I came upon a projection which ecessary to scale them in search of a natural path along the face of the cliff, and this I followed out over the sea toward the cliff's end.

Here the ledge inclined rapidly up-ward toward the top of the cliffs, the stratum which formed it evidently having been forced up at this steep angle when the mountain behind it was born.
As I climbed carefully up the ascent my attention was suddenly attracted aloft by the sound of strange hissing and what resembled the flapping of wings.

And at the first glance there broke upon horrified vision the most frightful thing I had ever seen even within Pellu-It was a glant dragon such as is pic-

It was a glant dragon such as is pictured in the legends and fairy tales of earth-folk. Its huge body must have measured 40 feet in length, while the bat-like wings that supported it in midair had a spread of fully 30. Its gaping jaws were armed with long, sharp teeth and its claws equipped with horrible talons.

The hissing noise which had first attracted my attention was issuing from its throat and seemed to be directed at something beyond and below me which The ledge upon which I stood terminated abruptly a few paces farther on, and as I reached the end I saw the cause of the

that his duty is to shield people from harm.

Never be afraid of a policeman.

FARMER SMITH'S FROG BOOK

Gingerinos

Gingerinos

Mister Bull Frog was seated by the parlor table reading the Woodland News. Every now and then he would go to sleep and snore so loud his wife would drop the dishpan with a "BANG"! and he would jump as though a dog were after him.

His good wife would then peek into the poon and say: "What is the matter, my dear? Did something disturb you?"

"I was dreaming of a thunder storm," Mister Bull Frog would say and then start reading the paper again.

start reading the paper again.

Fretty soon there would be a loud noise and Mister Buil Frog would be snoring again, and once more there would be a "BANG"!

FARMER SMITH.

THE WAY.

"It's nothing. It's nothing," he would

EVENING LEDGER:
I wish to become a member of your

Rainbow Club. Please send me a beau-liful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS-EACH AND EVERY DAY—SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY

Name

Age

person, 'two persons or 10,000 people all at once.

strata had slipped down a matter of 20 feet. The result was that the continuation of my ledge lay 20 feet below me. where it ended as abruptly as did the end upon which I stood.

-a girl cowering upon the harrow plat-form, her face buried in her arms, as hough to shut out the sight of the Hooja freed you from the Sagotha?" frightful death which hovered just above

The dragon was circling lower, and The dragon was circling lower, and seemed about to dart in upon its prey. There was no time to be lost, scarce an instant in which to weigh the possible chances that I had against the awfully armed creature; but the sight of that frightened girl below me called out to all that was best in me, and the instinct for protection of the other sex, which must have nearly equaled the instinct of self-preservation in primeval man drew me to the girl's side like an irrealstible

Almost thoughtless of the consequences, I leaped from the end of the ledge upon which I stood for the tiny shelf, 20 feet below. At the same instant the dragon started in toward the girl, but my sudden advent upon the scene must have startled him, for he vecred to one side and then rose above us once more.

The noise I made as I landed beside her convinced the girl that her end had come, for she thought that I was the dragon; but finally, when no cruel fangs closed upon her, she raised her eyes in astonishment.

As they fell upon me the expression that came into them would be difficult to describe; but her feelings could searcely have been one whit more complicated than my own. For the wide eyes that looked into mine were those of Dian the Beautiful.

"Dian!" I cried. "Dian! Thank Heaven

that I came in time."
"You?" she whispered, and then she hid her face again; nor could I tell whether

she were glad or angry that I had come. Once more the dragon was sweeping toward us, and so rapidly that I had no time to unsling my low. All that I could do was to snatch up a rock and hurl it at the thing's hideous face. Again my aim was true, and with a hiss of pain and rage the reptile wheeled once more and soared away.

Quickly I fitted an arrow now, that I might be ready at the next attack, and as I did so I looked down at the girl, so that I surprised her in a surreptitious glance which she was stealing at me; but immediately she again covered her face with her hands.

"Look at me. Dlan," I pleaded. "Are on tiglad to see me?"
She looked straight into my eyes.

"I hate you," she said, and then, as I was about to beg her for a fair hearing, she pointed over my shoulder. "The thipdar comes," she said, and I

turned again to meet the reptile. So this was a thipdar. I might have known it. The cruel bloodhounds of the Mahars, the long extinct pterodactyl of the outer world. But this time I met it

with a weapon it had never faced before.

I had selected my longest arrow, and with all my strength had bent the bow until the very tip of the shaft rested upon the thumb of my left hand, and then, as the great creature darted toward us. I let drive straight for that tough breast.

Hissing like the escape valve of a steam engine, the mighty creature fell, turning and twisting, into the sea below, my arrow

reptile's agitation.

Some time in past ages an earthquake had produced a fault at this point, so looking past me. It was evident that she that beyond the spot where I stood the had seen the thipdar die,

FARMER SMITH'S (RAINBOW CLUB

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT POLICEMEN

be a fat policeman on the corner who was always chasing us for playing ball

fully piloting the school children across the street, I try to picture in my

Today, as I see the tall, fine-looking policemen of Philadelphia care-

The policeman of today is your FRIEND. First of all, he is a human being and the chances are he has a kind and loving wife at home and some

You will notice that the policeman wears a shield and this shield shows

A policeman also has a club. Of course, it is not as good as the

RAINBOW CLUB. At the same time, it is an emblem of authority, because

the policeman, like the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea, knows that

self-preservation is the first law of nature, and while one little boy is liable

to have to fight another little boy, a policeman is liable to have to fight one

means you might look it up in the dictionary or ask your father, because

smile at him; let him know that you want to be his friend even as he is yours.

in this day of war in Europe, a diplomat is a very important person.

A policeman has to be a diplomat, and if you do not know what this

Now, do this one little thing for me. The next time you see a policeman

on the street, and we regarded this big, fat person as our arch enemy.

mind my fat enemy of years ago trying to do something like this.

little children who, of course, are members of our wonderful CLUB.

Dear Children-When I was a boy, many, many years ago, there used to

"Dian," I said, "won't you tell me that you are not sorry that I have found you?" "I hate you," was her only reply; but I imagined that there was less vehemence in it than before-yet it might have been but my Imagination

"Why do you hate me, Dian?" I asked, but she did not answer me.

At first I thought that she was going to gnore me entirely, but finally she thought "I was again running away from Jubal the Ugly One," she said. "After I escaped

from the Sagoths I made my way alone back to my own land; but on account of Jubal I did not dare enter the villages or let any of my friends know that I had returned, for fear that Jubal might find it

"By watching for a long time I found that my brother had not yet returned, and so I continued to live in a cave beside a valley which my racs seldom frequents, awaiting the time that he should come back and free me from Jubal.

"Hut at last one of Jubal's hunters saw me as I was creeping toward my father's cave to see if my brother had yet re-turned, and he gave the alarm, and Jubal set out after me. He has been pursuing me across many lands.

"He cannot be far behind me now. When he comes he will kill you and carry me back to his cave. He is a terrible man. I have gone as far as I can go, and there is no escape."

She looked hopelessly up at the continuation of the ledge, 20 feet above us "But he shall not have me," she suddenly cried with great vehemencs. "The sea is there"—she pointed over the edge of the cliff—"and the sea shall have me rather than Jubal." "But I have you now, Dian!" I cried.
"Nor shall Jubal nor any other have you,

for you are mine. And I seized her hand, nor did I lift

She had risen to her feet and was looking straight into my eyes with level gaze.
"I do not believe you," she said, "for

if you meant it you would have done this when the others were present to witness it; then I should truly have been your mate; now there is no one to see you do it, for you know that without witses your act does not bind you to

She withdrew her hand from mine and turned away. I tried to convince her that I was sin-

cere, but she could not forget the humili-ation that I had put on her upon that other

"If you mean all that you say you will have ample chance to prove it," said, "if Jubal does not catch and kill rou. I am in your power, and the treat-nent you accord me will be the best proof of your intentions toward me. I am not your mate, and again I tell you that hate you, and that I should be glad I never saw you again.

Dian certainly was candid. There was no gainsaying that. In fact, I found candor and directness to be a quite narked characteristic of the cavemen of

some attempt to gain my cave, where we might escape the searching Jubal, for am free to admit that I had no considerable desire to mest the formidable and ferocious creature, of whose mighty prowess Dian had told me when I first

Our Postoffice Box There are so many interesting things to be said about Melvin Beurle that we

little note-will you please send your ad-

in the habit of merely signing their

names-always write your address on

every letter, drawing, etc., that is directed to the Rainbow office. Eleanor Byrnes and Elsie Kaufman, of North 27th street,

organized by Millie Zerillo, made a very creditable showing in the first contribu-

tion of their works. Watch for their signatures! Rose and Hattle Sonenstin, North Carlisle street, are two little pencil

artists who drew a picture of "our farm.

Do we really live on a farm? Every day some member asks that selfsame ques-

street. A little bird whispered that Yetta would like to be a Rainbow.

And oh, you must hear about our little

from Yetta Halpen, who lives on street. A little bird whispered that

Please-other members who are

MELVIN BEURLE

By and by Mister Bull Frog closed his the answer! Speaking of answers re-eyes and began to snore as loud as he minds us that we are looking for one

was still.

"I grees someone dropped a dishpan up It's just a "fun telephone," but your editor.

to crowd them in. He is forming an

active branch club;

eral very interesting

books to the Rainbow

Club Library, and he has just made appli-

cation for the name

of a child in a hos-pital whose life he

would be happy to brighten. That's a splendid enough

pening for any post-

A word to Thomas

Chamberlain, who sent a very pleasing

he has donated sev-

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

MRS. GEORGE A. PIERSOL The retiring president of the Woman Suffrage party of Philadelphia, will be the guest of honor at a testimonial dinner at the Hotel Walton tonight.

SUFFRAGISTS TO DINE MRS. GEORGE A. PIERSOL

Testimonial at Walton Tonight for Retiring President

A testimonial dinner for Mrs. George A. Piersol, retiring president of the Won Suffrage party of Philadelphia, will given tonight at the Hotel Walton suffragists who were associated with Mrs. Plersol. About 100 will be present. A feature of the affair will be classic and folk dancing by Miss Constance Binney, a relative of Mrs. George A. Dunning, eded Mrs. Piersol at an election two weeks ago.

with a different state of the s Miss Anna D. Lewis, Mrs. Wolstor Dixey Mrs. Albert W. Hill and Mrs. William Derr Butler. Among those who will be present are Miss Lida Stokes Adams. Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, Mrs. Joseph M. Gazgam, Mrs. Joseph Wasserman, Mrs. William D. Grange, Mrs. E. Q. A. Ellis, Mrs. Harry A. E. Kohn and Mrs. Sara Cham-

"THE MOTHER," BY MRS. PAGE, WINS POPULAR AWARD

Painting by Boston Woman Gets Most Votes at Academy

"The Mother," I'rs. Marie Danforth ge's beautiful canvas, has been Page's beautiful canvas, has been awarded the Philadelphia prize for the best picture shown at the recent 111th annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. The award was made by popular voting, the ballots having been cast the last week by visitors to the exhibition.

The award, instituted by Edward Bok, gives \$150 to the artist and \$100 toward a scholarship in the academy schools. The canvas is one of the universal appeal, but

canvas is one of the universal appeal, but the artist reveals a wide range in the quality of her work.

The picture hangs in the gallery.
Against the soft, luminous grays of the dress and background, the Madonna-like head and the finely grawn hands fur-nish the highest note of color. The baby's head is half hidden against the arm of the mother, who looks out of the can-vas into the future with the expression ne who sees beatific visions. Mrs. Page is the wife of a Boston physi-

cian, Dr. Calvin G. Page. She studied in the schools of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, is a member of a number of Massachusetts art societies, and was given a bronze medai at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. She is described as a woman of 40, possessing a charming manner and a wholesome, cheerful, motherly personality.
"Dressing Genevieve" is the title of

a second canvas shown by her in the exhibition, and is similar in subject to the picture in last year's exhibition, which won much favorable comment. Three years ago, "Ruth." a young girl seated, with arms thrown round her knees, was much admired. The winner of the prize last year was Lydia Field Emmet, for "Patricia," a child study.

MARRIES GIRL HE KIDNAPPED

Persistent Swain Outwits Vigilance of Sweetheart's Mother

SEAFORD, Del., March 14.—After several months of vigilance, during which the girl's mother kept her daughter in sight and a persistent suitor at a safe distance, Harry Potts, 22 years old, and and Elsie Kaufman, of North 27th street, have promised your editor a branch club in their vicinity. They hint at making candy, and already we are lonesome for sticky 'lasses pans and chocolate fudgy spoons. Don't you believe your editor can make candy? Well, he CAN!

The drawing club of South 13th street, Carrie Smith eloped to Walkersville, obtained a license and were married by the Rev. Paul Holdcrafe last Wednesday. Potts maried the girl he was arrested

several months ago for kidnapping, but was released when it was learned the girl's mother had no part in his arrest. Potts declared he would win the girl, and his word was made good when the mar riage was announced yesterday.

BARGAIN HUNTERS BEGIN INVASION OF HOTELS AT SHORE

Thousands of Women Begin
Annual Run of Inspection
Through Atlantic City's

Many Hostelries

ORCHESTRA'S SUCCESS

Thousands of Women Begin
Annual Run of Inspection
Through Atlantic City's

Many Hostelries

ORCHESTRA'S SUCCESS

Thousands of Women Begin
Annual Run of Inspection
Through Atlantic City's

Many Hostelries

ORCHESTRA'S SUCCESS

Thousands of Women Begin

Annual Run of Inspection

When host and seneral new will refuse a potato because it is fattening and with the next little of bread eat a piece of butter that contains 80 time as more fat than the protective coverings for delicate organs.

ATLANTIC CITY, March 11.—The open season for bargain hunters in hoteldom has arrived. Comprehensively, the classi-fication embraces hundreds of women. many of them are wealthy and all are well dressed. They are, furthermore, perfectly serious. They go about from hotel to hotel, pricing accommodations and viewing rooms just as they seek bargains in department stores at home.

They bustle up to a hotel deak and inquire as to the rates daily, weekly, even monthly, in spring summer, fall and winter. Then comes the inevitable question: "Will you show me what you have at such and such a rate?" Off she goes with a smiling belihop, to look at from three to a dozen rooms, depending usually upon the extent to which the hotel is filled.

Some women have covered as many as a dezen hotels in the course of a day, starting forth seriously and keeping it up out of curiosity, inspecting beds and draperies, view, location and other details important when the stay is to be prolonged. Some of the hotel cierks profess to be able to tell a bargain hunter at a glance. In such cases the visitor courtecusty is told that all rooms of the rate suggested are filled. Sometimes she counters by asking to see what is available and has her way. Saverat thousand women will go through

Several thousand women will go through the hotels on this odd quest during the next eight weeks. Many of them enjoy the game apparently, for they play it year after year. Every new or enlarged hotel becomes a mark immediately for them, and not a few bonifaces have found that making a study of the small things which women consider important is always profitable. Good beds and fine linear have done more to establish the family hotels at the shore than oil paintings and plush furniture in the parlors.

With their amusements more or less circumscribed by the season and uncertain weather, March visitors attach to in-coming mails an importance that is al-most altogether lacking in mid-summer when the whirl of pleasure is at its height. Not only women, but holiday-making men as well wait impatiently while the mails are being sorted severa limes daily. They rush to the office before going to breakfast and immediately times daily. after their morning stroll to see what the post has brought. A woman who gets three letters is a subject for envy. A bill, mistaken for mail, evokes a frown. Cases are cited of women who terminated what were intended to be long stays in a week because they falled to receive a single letter. Canadians here live in ingled hope and dread of letters from or brothers on the firing line. Shore bathing masters are placing or

Shore bathing masters are placing orders for pantaletted bathing robes. One proprietor has ordered half a hundred of them, with an option to treble the order on short notice. A demand for the newstyle surf garment is inevitable, it was said today, after the exploiting of pantalettes at Palm Beach this winter. In the main, however, women who hathe here are main, however, women who bathe here are onservative and bathing masters are not conservative and bathing masters are not going to repeat the mistake they made three or four years ago, when young maids introduced the short-skirted, sieeveless bathing suit. One proprietor who laid in several hundred of the suits could not induce one out of 10 of his women patrons to take them at bargain rates. The prevailing mode will be a modest garment, with or without a collar of chowlength. with or without a collar, of elbow-length sleeve and skirt just touching the knee. Black mohair will be the standard color and material, but more satin suits will be worn this year than ever. Many Philadelphians joined shore music

lovers in showering applause upon the Philadelphia Orchestra during the closing concert of the season here last night at a Boardwalk theatre. Marie Sundelius, of Boston, also won the hearts of her audi-

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS



VISIT OUR EXHIBIT THIS WEEK AT THE PURE FOOD SHOW IN THE WIDENER BLDG.. CHESTNUT AND JUNITER STREETS.

J.FranklinMiller 1626 Chestnut St. The House Furnishing Store





The Newest, Nattiest Dress Cottons

For Sports Suits and Skirts-Ottomans, Oxfords, Gabardines-40c to \$1.00.

Exclusive embroidered Voiles, Organdies, Marquis-

IN BLACK AND WHITE Georgette Crepe and Chiffon Lisse-\$1.25, IN COLORS Striped and figured Handkerchief Linens for dresses

Novelty Voiles, 36 and 40 inches wide, 25c to 50c.

SMART FRENCH VOILES The very latest from Paris and in limited yardage, \$1.50 to \$2.50.

Dreas Linens are getting scarce. Immediate purchase is advised. White and colors. 1008 Chestnut Street

FOOD PRINCIPLES

FAT Are You Trying to Get Thin?

By VIRGINIA E. KIFT

more fat than the potato did. In reality there is only one quick way to get thin-that is to stop eating. It is rather severe treatment! Nuts, oleomarga-rine, hards, olive and

of fat. If you are dicting beware of

These fatty foods help to keep you warm in winter; although you may not be aware of it, on a fresty morning you will unconsciously put a larger "hunk" of butter on your bread; your body is craving heat-formwisely, and as a usual thing unknowingly, in addition to forming heat, fatty foods

give the body energy in the form of ac-tion. The boy who goes breakfastless to school lacks both mental and muscular activity; so does the man who gulps down his breakfast in five minutes and then has

to run for a train. On a cold morn-ing a dish of oat-meal or some hot, and eggs with toast or bread and butter

Miss Marguerite Cariss, of Philadelphia is a visitor at the Marlborough-Hienheim. She is accompanied by Miss Harrys C. Davis, of Pottsville. Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Rogers, of Wayne,

tors with her clover rendition of Scandi-

are at the Chalfonte. The Pittsburgh colony includes Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Ziegler, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Brust, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Goehring and L. M. Goehring.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Young, Mrs. A. L. Steelman, Mrs. T. E. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Cooper, Mrs. J. F. Jones, Miss Caroline Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mee-han, Miss K. Creighton, Miss Jaciata San-ders, Mr. and Mrs. Whitof, Mrs. Jacob Riegel and Miss L. W. Rhoads among the Philadelphians in the turnous

for delicate and rounding out the corners of elbows and necks—an important use to be sure. Frequently, as too much is stored by the individual through

the body and the individual through wieldy. In such cases drugs should never be used to reduce weight as they affect the heart action; care must also be

taken that in dieting for such cases un-dernourishment or mainutrition does not result. It is best to consult a physician.
In cold weather remember that fatty

foods give two and one-fourth times more body fuel or heat and energy than other foods. And al-though you may not think so, a piece of well-buttered bread or a cheese and nut sandwich is more

heating than a cup of coffee or ten. On a cold day select your breakfast and lunch accord-ingly. Don't go about shivering when the fault lies not with the heater fire but with your own poor fuel sup-ply. Be comfortable; keep yourself warm by eating a reasonabl amount of fatty, heat and energy-forming food.

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Safe Milk
Infants and Invalids THE ORIGINAL

MALTED MILK Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. For infants, invalids and growing children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. More nutritious than tea, coffee, etc. Instantly prepared. Requires no cooking. Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price

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Best results obtained if directions for browing are carefully followed Packed in

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518 Federal

doesn't care, because he has one, too. Sometimes Billy's haby sister talks to us, too. And what do you think? The other day she tried to steal the Rainbow right off our Rainbow Club button! ATTENTION, ARTISTS!

A Rainbow Drawing Class will be formed Saturday, March 18, in Room 101, Evening Ledger Building. All boys and girls who earnestly wish to learn to draw are invited to join. The instruction is free. Send in your name, age and address before Friday morning.

School I attend HOW MANY RAINBOWS CAN COPY THIS CARTOON?

FARMER SMITH.

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

say to his wife and she would reply

"Well, I hope those thunder storms will

could. Every now and then he would

peek out of the corner of his eye to see

what was going on in the kitchen. In a

"I guess someone dropped a dishpan up in the sky," said Mister Bull Frog, and Mrs. Bull Frog was so surprised she could not answer. After while she said: "I am going to make some gingerinos for sup-

"Drop the dishpan some more and put

the noise on top of the ginger-what-cher-may-callems," answered Mister Bull Frog, chuckling to himself.

Things to Know and Do

stationery

2. What are the first flowers to appear
in the springtime?

Draw a design for Rainbow Club

How many months are there in a

If you want to earn money after school and on Saturdays write to Farmer Smith.

