

# AT THE EARTH'S CORE

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, AUTHOR OF "TARZAN"

### CHAPTER XIII—Continued

It was who, armed with a puny knife, had met and killed a cave bear on a hand-to-hand struggle. It was Jubal who could cast his spear entirely through the armored carcass of the sadok at 50 paces. It was he who had crushed the skull of a charging dryrith with a single blow of his warclub.

"I was not pining to meet the Ugly One, and it was quite a hunt for him; but I should not go out and hunt for him; but I was taken out of my hands by the sadok, as is often the way, and I met Jubal the Ugly One face to face.

"This is how it happened.

I had led Dian back along the ledge of the cave, and I was searching for the path that would lead us to the top of the cliff. I knew that we could then cross over to the edge of my own little valley, where I felt certain we should find a means of ingress from the ledge I had followed.

"As we proceeded along the ledge I gave Dian minute directions for finding the cave. I was sure that she would follow against the chance of something happening to me. I knew that she would follow me as safely as I could lead her, and she would be the shelter of my life once she had the valley would afford her a means of sustenance.

"Also, I was much pained by her treatment of me. My heart was sad and heavy, and I was suggesting that something terrible might happen to me; that I might, in fact, be killed.

"It didn't worth a cent, at least as far as a cent is concerned. Dian simply said that she would take care of me, and she murmured something to the effect that she was not rid of trouble so easily as she once was. I was utterly astonished. And to think that I had twice protected her from attack, the last time saving her life, and she treated me in this manner! It was a daughter of the stone age, and she could be so ungrateful, so heartless; but maybe her heart partook of the qualities of her epoch.

"Presently we found a rift in the cliff which had been widened and extended by the action of water draining through it from the plateau above. It gave us a rather rough climb to the summit, but finally we stood upon a level mesa which stretched back for several miles to the main mountain range.

"Behind us lay the broad inland sea, curving upward in the horizonless distance to merge into the blue of the sky, so that for all the world it levelled away, though the sea lapped back to arch completely over us and disappear beyond the distant mountains at our backs—the weird and uncanny aspect of the seascapes of Pellucidar.

"At our right lay a dense forest, but to the left the country was open and clear as the plateau's farther verge. It was in this direction that our way led, and we had turned to resume our journey when Dian touched me on the arm.

"I turned to her, thinking that she was about to make peace overtures; but I was mistaken.

"Jubal," she said and nodded toward the forest.

I looked, and there, emerging from the dense wood, came a perfect giant of a man. He must have been seven feet tall, and proportioned accordingly. He still seemed too far off for me to distinguish his features.

"Run," I said to Dian; "I can engage him until you get a good start. Maybe I can hold him until you have gotten entirely away."

Then, without a backward glance, I advanced to meet the Ugly One. I had hoped that Dian would have a kind word to say to me before she went, for she must have known that I was going to my death for her sake; but she never so much as bade me good-by; and it was with a heavy heart that I strode through the flower-bespangled grass to my doom.

"When I had come close enough to Jubal to distinguish his features I understood how it was that he had earned the sobriquet of Ugly One.

"Apparently some fearful beast had ripped away one entire side of his face. The eye was gone, the nose, and all the flesh, so that his jaws and all his teeth were exposed and grinning through the horrible scar.

"Formerly he may have been as good to look upon as the others of his handsome race, and it may be that the terrible result of his encounter had tended to sour an already strong and brutal character. However this was, he was quite certain that he was not a pretty sight, and now that his features, or what remained of them, were distorted in rage at the sight of Dian with another male, he was indeed most horrible to see and much more terrible to meet.

"He had broken into a run, and as he advanced he raised his mighty spear, while he held a knife in his other hand. My bow took as steady aim, I could, I must confess that the sight of this awful man had wrought upon my nerves to such an extent that I was sure of my aim, but steady.

"What chance had I against this mighty warrior for whom even the fierce cave bear had no terror? Could I hope to slay one who slaughtered the sadok and the dryrith single-handed?

"I shuddered, but, in fairness to myself, my fear was more for Dian than for my own fate.

CHAPTER XIV.  
THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

AND then the great brute launched his massive stone-tipped spear, and I raised my shield to break the force of its terrific velocity. The impact hurled me to my knees, but the shield had deflected the missile and I was unscathed.

Jubal was rushing upon me now with the only remaining weapon that he carried—a murderous-looking knife.

He was too close for a careful bow shot, but I let drive at him as he came, without taking aim. My arrow pierced the fleshy part of his thigh, inflicting a painful but not disabling wound.

And then he was upon me.

My agility saved me for the instant. I ducked beneath his raised arm, and when he wheeled to come at me again he found a sword's point in his face. And a moment later he felt an inch or two of it in the muscles of his knife arm, so that thereafter he went more warily.

It was a duel of strategy now—the great, hairy man maneuvering to get inside of my guard where he could bring those glancing blows, while my wits were directed to the task of keeping him at arm's length.

Thrice he rushed me, and thrice I caught his knife blow upon my shield. Each time my sword found his body—once penetrating to his lungs, where he was covered with blood by this time, and the internal hemorrhage induced paroxysms of coughing that brought the red stream through his hideous mouth and opening where his nose had been, covering his face and breast with bloody froth.

He was a most unlovely spectacle, but he was far from dead.

As the duel continued I began to gain

confidence, for, to be perfectly candid, I had not expected to survive the first rush of that monstrous engine of uncontrolled rage and hatred. And I think that Jubal, from utter contempt of me, began to change to a feeling of respect, and then in his primitive mind there even came to him the thought that perhaps at last he had met his master and was facing his end.

At any rate it is only upon this hypothesis that I can account for his next action, which was in the nature of a last resort—a sort of forlorn hope, which I only have been bold of the belief that if he did not kill me quickly I should kill him.

It happened on the occasion of his fourth charge, when, instead of striking at me with his knife, he dropped that weapon, and, seizing my sword blade in both hands, wrenched the weapon from my grasp as easily as though I had been a babe.

Pinging it far to one side he stood motionless for just an instant, glaring into my face with such a horrid leer of malignant triumph as to almost unnerve me; then he sprang for me with his bare hands.

But it was Jubal's day to learn new methods of warfare. For the first time he had seen a bow and arrow, never before that he had beheld a sword, and now he learned what a man who knows may do with his bare fists.

As he came for me, like a great bear, I ducked again beneath his outstretched arm, and as I came up planted as clean a blow upon his jaw as ever you have seen.

Down went that great mountain of flesh, sprawling upon the ground. He was so surprised and dazed that he lay there for several seconds before he made any attempt to rise, and I stood over him with another dose ready when he should gain his knees.

Up he came at last, almost roaring in his rage and mortification; but he didn't stay up. I let him have a left fair on the point of the jaw that sent him tumbling over on his back.

By this time I think Jubal had gone mad with hate, for no sane man would have come back for more as many times as he did. Time after time I bowled him over as fast as he could stagger up, until toward the last he lay longer on the ground between blows, and each time came up weaker than before.

He was bleeding very profusely now from the wound in his lungs, and presently a terrible blow over the heart sent him reeling heavily to the ground, where he lay very still, and somehow I knew at that time that Jubal the Ugly One would never get up again.

But even as I looked upon that massive body lying there so grim and terrible in death I could not believe that I, single handed, had bested this slayer of fearful beasts—this gigantic orgie of the stone age.

Picking up the sword I leaned upon it, looking down on the dead body of my foe, and as I thought of the battle I had just fought and the great idea was born in my brain—the outcome of this and the suggestion that Perry had made within the city of Phtra.

If skill and science could render a comparatively puny man the master of this mighty brute, what could not the brute accomplish with the same skill and science? Why, all Pellucidar would be at their feet—and I should be their king and Dian their queen.

"Dian!"

A little wave of doubt swept over me. It was quite within the possibilities of Dian to look down upon me even were I king. She was quite the most superior

### THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I feel alone in all the world,  
Exceptional in all I do  
It rather spoils the  
charm to know  
That everybody else  
Does too.

person I had ever met—with the most convincing way of letting you know that she was superior.

"Well—I would go to the cave, and tell her that I had killed Jubal, and then she might feel more kindly toward me, since I had freed her of her tormentor. I hoped that she had found the cave easily. It would be terrible had I lost her again, and I turned to gather up my shield and bow, to hurry after her, when to my astonishment I found her standing not 10 paces behind me.

"Girl!" I cried. "What are you doing here? I thought that you had gone to the cave, as I told you to do."

"Up went her head, and she looked that she gave me took all the majesty out of me, and left me feeling more like the palace janitor—if palaces have janitors.

"As you told me to do!" she cried, stepping her little feet. "I do as I please. I am the daughter of a king, and, furthermore, I hate you."

I was dumfounded—this was my thanks for saving her from Jubal! I turned and looked at the corpse.

"Maybe saved you from a worse fate, old man," I said, but I guess it was lost to Dian, for she did not seem to notice it at all.

"Let us go to my cave," I said. "I am tired and hungry."

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

### 149 SPEAKERS TO GIVE PREPAREDNESS TALKS

National Security League's Big Campaign Will Begin Here April 3

One hundred and forty-nine missionaries mobilized by the National Security League, will spread the theme of preparedness and carry its message into every banquet hall, mill, factory, store, shop, college and industrial plant—where men and women gather. They will begin their work on April 3, and continue so long as any one wishes to hear them.

The first formal move in launching this comprehensive campaign was taken yesterday. There were two league meetings held; the afternoon session at the Adelphi, the evening at the Bellevue. The 149 speakers attended these gatherings, and all pledged their efforts to make the proposed educational campaign an aggressive, sympathetic and profitable movement, one with a punch and a purpose.

George Wentworth Carr is chairman of the Speakers' Bureau of the league. He is in direct command of these forces, and he requests the committee in charge of any gathering, where a preparedness speaker is needed, to notify him, and he will have a man there to sound the new slogan. One of the edifying and satisfying features of the meetings yesterday, according to Mr. Carr, was the spontaneity with which business, financial, educational, social and professional leaders were willing to assist.

The business world the Speakers' Bureau has drafted Walton Clark, president of the Franklin Institute and third vice president of the United Gas Improvement Company, and George E. Bartol, president of the Philadelphia Board of Jurists who will be enrolled include Judge John M. Patterson, of the Court of Common Pleas, and Judge Eugene C. Bonnell, of the Municipal Court. The members of the list have volunteered: Franklin Spencer Edmonds, Russell Duane, Stevens Hecksher, Edwin C. Lewis and Robert S. Bright; while the University of Pennsylvania has volunteered: Clarence P. Haines, president of the Debating Society there, and a host of undergraduates in the college and Wharton School.

Others recruited from professional fields include Dr. Joseph Leidy, Dr. Philip H. Moore, Perry A. Sahner, William W. Roper, Walter L. Sheppard, Walton Clark, Jr., Representative Warren C. Graham, Robert Grier, S. F. Houston, Clarence P. Wynne and Assistant District Attorney Joseph H. Taulane.

Notwithstanding the numerous speakers already obtained, the league's national doctrine to visit the bureau and enroll as one of those to spread its gospel.

### BLOOMING UNDER SNOW

AND LEAVES, HEPATICA HERALDS EARLY SPRING

Woods Around City Sheltering Beautiful Wild Flower "Blue as the Heaven It Gazes At"

END WINTER DREARINESS

On into the woods these early March days. Upon the face, everything seems brown and gray and dreary. Save for pines here and there of unmelting snow, there seems naught else but a mass of crumpled leaves of last autumn's falling, of broken twigs and branches, of brown undergrowth bent by the winter's wind, of drab and faded pine needles, of moist and muddy earth of naked trees reaching up into the sky. Excepting yourself, and perhaps a brown winter wren upon an equally brown branch, all life seems far away, and nature dead.

But stoop a little, brush aside that mass of dead leaves or this clump of snow, and there bravely blooming you will find the delicate and beautiful hepatica, the first true flower of spring, wrapped in fuzzy furs that seemingly protect its stems and nodding buds from cold. These fuzzy furs are fuzzy hair, that thickly cover the stem beneath which and close to the ground are the three-lobed, smooth-edged, thick, coarse leaves that, having lasted through the winter, are turned a to a leathery desolation, mottled with a reddish purple. Reaching out from their centre and bravely upward, is a single fuzzy stem with, at its end, a blossom in blue or purple or lavender, and now and then, pinkish or white; but mostly blue, a soft, gentle, tender blue, like a far-off summer sky.

An early as the 10th of March in this locality, beautiful hepatica may be found under the sheltering warmth of snow and dead leaf, waiting for midday winter sunshine to open its eyes.

The sensation of wonder and delight at finding this brave and lovely flower amidst what seems the desolation of brown dreariness in a winter wood or upon a winter hillside, is quite beyond mere words to describe. It forecasts all the wonder of the coming and unfolding under the sheltering warmth of bud and leaf in many and varied green upon tree and bush and shrub. As a poet has said to it, the hepatica is—

"Blue as the heaven it gazes at  
Startling the lotterer in the naked groves  
With unexpected beauty; for the time of  
Blossoms and green things is yet afar."

Its flowering season runs into May. After each bloom, its day of loveliness is done until another year. New light green leaves then appear, to darken as the Summer passes, and in their turn become ruddy as Autumn approaches. And here presents itself the amazing, fascinating thought that not only the hepatica, but every living green thing is preparing, during a period of from 310 to 363 days there, for its supreme effort, its objective in life, its fragrant, colored, blossomed flower, in some cases to last but a day.

Year after year it is so. Each at its appointed time, every flower, every shrub and bush and tree breaks into its appointed green and blooms its span to die seemingly; but in reality to begin again at once its preparation for the bloom of the amazing and fascinating, but full of a great reverence.

Of all the wild flowers of which hepatica is the advance guard, none are rarer. In full maturity in late April or early May, it is the gem of the woods. Fully an inch and often an inch and a half in diameter, with from five to ten petals

### THE HOME GARDEN FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

By JOHN BARTRAM

Why Not a Garden This Spring?

ARE you going to have a garden this year? Do you want to make your city backyard more attractive? Do you want to cut living costs by working the rear lawn of your suburban estate?

There are numerous good arguments in favor of a garden—better living, better food, better exercise.

To those who will have had experience they outweigh any disadvantage that may be advanced.

But the questioning of the skeptic must be answered. The problem of those who do not know how to do it practically, I have solved. The timorous must be encouraged to make the plunge. The advantages must be rehearsed and maybe argued with convincing demonstrations.

What can be done with a city backyard which averages in a \$20 to \$25 per month house 10 by 14 feet of available space? What can be done with the somewhat larger yards in the houses built in very recent years, particularly in the West Philadelphia, York road and Germantown sections? What can be done with the average suburban backyard which permits utilization of a space about 40 feet by 50 feet? Is it worth while to cultivate these? How profitable will be the results? How much time will it take and how hard will be the labor required?

These are the questions which will be answered in this department. Its purpose is to bring first aid to the amateur gardener, to keep him posted not only on what to do in theory but to tell him how and when to do it practically. I have found the back garden profitable and pleasurable for six years on a patch about 45 by 100 feet. I want my experiences—mistakes of action and errors of judgment—to save others distressing results. Subjects will be presented seasonably to allow proper preparation. No untested advice will be given. I will try to be different from the majority of the book gardeners in being direct.

And to differentiate this department from others it will answer questions of readers. If I don't know the answer from personal experience I'll call on those who have made their suburban gardens pay or will consult professionals.

like spools, the solitary blue or lavender or white flower rises straight from a stem five or six inches long, expanding over its low mottled leaves like a pale star. It is the only wild flower known that has individuality in the sense that sometimes it is fragrant with the odor of violets and sometimes is as barren of perfume as a stone. And you cannot tell which the fragrant blooms are until you put them to the test of your nostril. Sometimes it is the large blue one, sometimes the large lavender one, sometimes the small white or pinkish one.

But fragrant or odorless, the hepatica has individuality in the sense that sometimes it is the more so perhaps through the fact that with winter still supreme its bud is breaking into bloom beneath "the dead leaves of yesterday."

Lecture Tonight on Life in Deserts  
An illustrated lecture on "A Prospector and His Dog on the American Deserts" will be given tonight at the Spring Garden Institute, Broad and Spring Garden streets, by Lou Westcott Beck.

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### FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT SLEEP

Dear Children—What funny things pop into our heads?

The other day I was wondering if fishes ever went to sleep and I found out that they do and then my funny brain, that is, the funny part of my brain, began to tease me and ask IF FISHES EVER SNORE?

I gave it up.

Perhaps those tiny bubbles we see on the top of the water some times are the snores of little fishes under the water. This all brings us to the question of sleep.

It is said that the soldiers on the other side of the ocean march and march and all the while they are asleep. Men have been known to go to sleep on horseback and when the horse stumbled and fell, the riders went over the horses' heads and were found fast asleep on the ground.

It is a good idea to do all your MENTAL work in the morning and to do it early.

For instance: If one boy, aged 10 years, determines to rise at 5 o'clock all the year round and another boy of the same age, indolent and fond of ease, rises at 8, or an average of 8 every morning, how much do you suppose one gains over the other?

If they both live to be 70 years old, the first boy will gain 7½ years over the second boy. So, you see, it pays to get up in the morning!

FARMER SMITH,  
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

### FARMER SMITH'S GARDEN BOOK

Sweet Buttercup

All day long Mistress Mary had been wondering about one flower, so as soon as ever she had finished putting the pansy into the bed, she hurried up to the North end and called to the Man in the Moon.

"Fortunately, he was just that very minute walking down the steps of the cloud palace.

"O, Mister M. I. T. M.," cried Mistress Mary, "how ever did my buttercup get such a lovely color?"

"Mistress Mary quite contrary," sang the M. I. T. M. teasingly, "will you promise to be contrary if I tell you?"

"I'll promise to bring you the prettiest flower in my garden the next time I see you."

And the Man in the Moon, who loved to hear one of the loveliest sunbeams that ever lived, felt particularly happy. She was so herself: "Today on my trip to the Sunbeams I'm going to bring you a sunbeam who needs me more than any one else here."

Down she went darting hither and thither hunting for this little person. At last she came to a narrow street and looked through the little window of a dainty house.

There on a small bed lay a little girl very very white, and thin and beside her sat a man and woman looking very sad. It did not take Sunbeam one moment to see that the little girl was ill.

In through the window she flew and landed on the counterpane.

The great dark eyes of the little girl brightened. "Mother," she cried, "look what I've found!" She grasped the dainty Sunbeam and imprisoned her in her little white hand.

"Poor Sunbeam was smothered and she started to cry out but the Flower Fairy, who had been sadly watching near the window of the little girl, whispered so that the Sunbeam could hear, "Be brave, little Sunbeam Brightheart! You wanted to make some one happy and you have. I will make you into a lovely flower that you will always brighten the lives of little children."

So a little later, when the little girl went to sleep, still happily clasping her hands, the Flower Fairy gently released her smothered little Sunbeam and placed her in a glass of water. When the girl woke up, stronger and better, and as she lay in bed, she saw blossoming—

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.

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Age .....  
School I attend .....

a lovely buttercup. "Oh," she cried brightly, "I must hurry and get well so that I may plant my lovely flower in a garden before it withers."

And she did hurry and get well, and the buttercup did not wither.

"No," put in Mistress Mary, tenderly, "and I'll love her so much now that she just never ever can wither."

Our Postoffice Box

Nelson Nelms, Honeybrook, Pa., was one of our first outdoor correspondents, and he has made it his business to pay faithful attention to the Rainbow Club ever since. No doubt he has many drawings that have appeared in our club news. While on the subject of drawing, your editor would like to acknowledge several very clever pencil sketches which, unfortunately, cannot be published because they do not follow "the black ink on white paper law." These drawings come from Ethel Agnes Wimpole, South 7th street; Verda Oelschlaeger, Bergey, Pa.; James Blue (no address), and James Kearns, Garrett Hill, Pa.

Out-of-town mail is growing heavier every day! Way off from Mt. St. Mary's Academy, in Emmittsburg, Md., Peter Elce sends in 24 members. Take out your geographic, look up Emmittsburg and note just how far our Rainbow is throwing its rays. From Pennsylvania, N. J., comes the name of Willie authorities, Alice Riebert, and Mr. her stories. Anne and Helen Elsie, of Gloucester City, N. J.,

are very busy keeping house for daddy, because mother is sick. Daddy and mother are both very happy to think that they have two such nice girls who are to shoulder family cares! Mary Wright of Spring City, Pa., is coming to see us on March 18. Only three days more by the calendar, and we can hardly wait.

Seventy more members from Wind Gap, Pa.: South Bethlehem sends John Doyle as its Rainbow representative. Quakertown, Pa., sends Russell Allen, an artist who no mean merit. The members of Elwood Smith, one of our pioneer members. Florence Chappelle, of Camden, N. J., can draw very realistic pictures, but she must draw them in black ink in order that they may be published. Three very neatly typewritten applications came from Cynwyd, Pa., announcing the membership of Everada, Annie and Russell Gray. What a lot of fun little brothers and sisters can have together! Will Everada write your editor a "letterful" of Cynwyd happiness?

Dorothy Moffett and Ruth Berlinghoff, of Yonkers, Pa., are two little playmates who have recently joined the Rainbows. Alice Hanson, Manayunk, sent her name in twice by mistake and was so anxious not to cause us any trouble that she mailed a neat note of explanation. Doris Siner, East Johnson street, is a new little "eight-year-old Rainbow" whose sweet little letter leads us to believe that she will be one of our very best friends. Oh, and thank you for the drawing.

Two little forgetful Rainbows sent letters last week. One is named James Cavanaugh and he doesn't send his address (he drew a very good picture, however), and the other lives at 4608 Regent street and doesn't sign his or her name. Will these members please forward this missing information? Madeline Eaken, Llanerch, Pa., just arrived in a dainty white envelope! Theresa Fritz, South 8th street, please ask your members to wait just one or two days longer for their buttons. Many thanks for the drawings. If you make those same pictures in black ink on white paper you can be assured of their publication.

Mollie Fox, Berks street, praises our button in a dainty, sweet fashion. Elsie Long, South 11th street, nearly lost her button, but fortunately she found it. Elsie is only 14 years old and has eight nephews and four nieces. What do you think of that? Esther Boshman, South 26th street, has promised her picture and a story. David Vinkloof, North 25th street, will please send us a report of Rainbow doings in his neighborhood.

### Things to Know and Do

1. Is it right to go hunting and killing animals just for sport?
2. What are the chief kinds of animals used for food in the United States?
3. How many days till your next birthday?

(You may use a calendar to find out.)

The Fairy and the Policeman  
By ELIZABETH SMITH, Gray's Ave.

Once upon a time there was an old woman who had a very heavy basket. She was frugging along the street and had to stop on the corner to take a rest. On the next street a policeman was walking, and a little fairy flew beside his ear and told him to help the woman. So he went to the woman and took her by the arm. He carried her basket across the street. The little fairy helped the policeman to do a kind deed!

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### NEW PICTURES OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST BATTLE

## The Battle Front at Verdun

PHOTOGRAPHS of the fierce battle before Verdun have just been received in America. They are the work of French military photographers and show, as no description can, the havoc of artillery, and the conditions under which the opposing forces work.

The entire front page of the Intaglio Section of next Sunday's Public Ledger will be devoted to these pictures. They are seven in number, and were taken within the Verdun lines before, during and after the battle.

Some of the scenes pictured have since been converted into "plowed ground"—they have suffered a rain of the terrific shells both sides are now using.

These photographs are new, and have not previously been reproduced in America. They are ONE feature of next

### SUNDAY'S PUBLIC LEDGER

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