

UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS

BY EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

SYNOPSIS.

Captain John Carter, U. S. A., at the close of the Civil War, went west to a new country with a friend. They went to a mountain cave, from which emanates a poisonous gas. Overcome by this, the friend died. Carter was left alone. He discovered a strange phenomenon, which he named the green Martians. These Martians, Carter says, were a race of advanced and intelligent beings, who were so different from any other race known to man that he named them Martians. He found in them a fascinating and beautiful life, and a strange and beautiful death. They were so different from any other race known to man that he named them Martians. He found in them a fascinating and beautiful life, and a strange and beautiful death.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

Their mother-mother may not even have had an egg in the incubator, as was the case with the others. But this counts for little among the green Martians, as parental and filial love is as unknown to them as it is common among us.

I believe this horrible system, which has been carried on for ages, is the direct cause for the loss of all their feelings and higher humanitarian instincts among these poor creatures. From birth they know no father or mother love, they do not know the meaning of the word home; they are taught that they are to live until they can die, and they are to live until they can die, and they are to live until they can die.

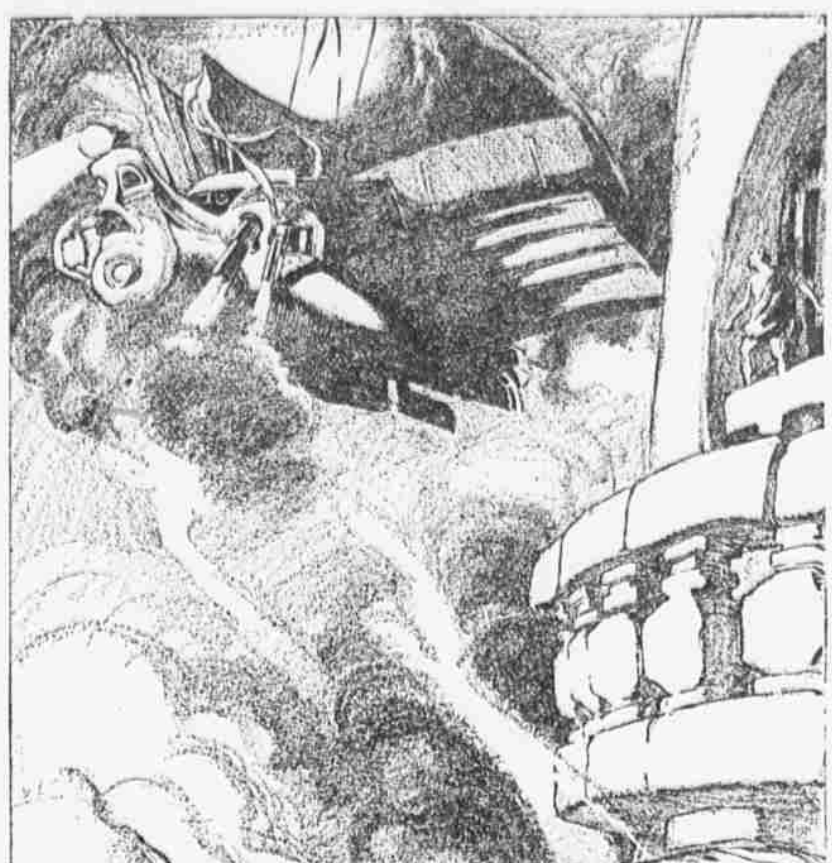
The community of which the green Martians with whom my lot was cast formed a part was composed of some 20,000 souls. They reigned an enormous tract of arid and semi-arid land between 40 and 80 degrees south latitude, and bounded on the east and west by two large fertile tracts. Their headquarters lay in the southwest corner of this district near the crossing of two of the so-called Martian canals.

As the incubator had been placed far north of their own territory in a supposed uninhabited and unexplored area, we had before us a tremendous journey, concerning which I, of course, knew nothing.

After our return to the dead city I passed several days in comparative idleness. On the day following our return all was compelled to care for the young Martians as well as for me, but neither one of us required much attention, and as we were both about equally advanced in Martian education, Sola took it upon herself to train us together.

Her prize consisted in a male about four feet tall, very strong and perfect physically; also, he learned quickly, and we had considerable amusement, at least I did, over the keen rivalry we displayed.

The Martian language, as I have said, is extremely simple, and in a week I could make all my wants known and understand nearly everything that was said to me. Likewise, under Sola's tutelage, I developed my telepathic powers so that I shortly could sense virtually everything that went on around me.



The foremost vessel swung broadside toward us and returned our fire.

The warriors had ridden forth early in the morning and had not returned until just before darkness fell.

As a later event, they had been to the subterranean vaults in which the eggs were kept, and had transported them to the incubator, which they had then waited up for another five years, and which, in all probability, would not be visited again during that period.

The vaults which hid the eggs until they were ready for the incubator were located many miles south of the former, and would be visited yearly by the council of 20 chiefs.

Why did they not arrange to build their vaults and incubators nearer home has always been a mystery to me, and, like many other Martian mysteries, unsolved and unolvable by the light of earthly reasoning and customs.

Sola's duties were now doubled, as she

was compelled to care for the young Martians as well as for me, but neither one of us required much attention, and as we were both about equally advanced in Martian education, Sola took it upon herself to train us together.

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Instantly the scene changed as by magic; the foremost vessel swung broadside toward us, but before it could return fire, returned our fire, at the same time moving parallel to our front for a short distance and then turning back with the evident intention of completing a great circle which would bring her up to position once more opposite our firing line. The other vessels followed in her wake, each one opening upon us as she swung into position.

Our own fire never diminished, and I doubt if 25 per cent. of our shots went wild.

It had never been given me to see such deadly accuracy of aim, and it seemed as though a little figure on one of the craft dropped at the explosion of each bullet, while the others, each with a bright glow, dissolved in spurts of flame as the projectiles of our warriors moved through them.

The fire from the vessels was most intense, the unexpected suddenness of the frat volley which caught the ship's crew entirely unprepared and the sighting apparatus being disabled, rendered the situation one of the dead aim of our warriors.

It seems that each green warrior has certain objective points for his fire under relatively almost any condition of warfare. For example, in proportion to the size of the vessels, direct their fire entirely upon the wireless finding and sighting apparatus of the big guns of an attacking vessel, or upon the smaller guns in the same way; others pick off the gunners; still others the officers; while certain others cut a wide swath in the air above the other members of the crew, upon the upper works, and upon the steering gear and propellers.

Two minutes after the first volley the great fleet swung, trailing off in the direction from which they had first appeared.

What surprised Sola most in me was that, while I could catch telepathic messages easily from others, and often when they were not intended for me, no one could read a jot from my mind under any circumstances.

At first this vexed me, but later I was very glad of it, as it gave me an undoubted advantage over the Martians.

CHAPTER VIII

Prizes and Prisoners

THREE third days after the incubator ceremony we set forth toward home, but scarcely had the head of the procession debouched into the open ground before the city than orders were given for an immediate and hasty return.

As though trained for years in this particular evolution, the green Martians melted like mist into the spacious door-

PRIZE WINNERS
in the
MONTE CRISPEN CRYPTIC CROSS
Solution Contest
Will Be Announced in
TOMORROW'S
EVENING LEDGER

Several of the craft were limping perceptibly, and seemed but barely under the control of their depleted crews.

The fire had ceased entirely and all their energies seemed focused upon escape. Our warriors then rushed up to the roofs of the buildings which we occupied and followed the retreating armada with a continuous fusillade of deadly fire.

One by one, however, the ships managed to dip below the crests of the outlying hills until only one barely moving craft was in sight. This had received the brunt of our fire, and seemed to be entirely unmanned, as not a moving figure was visible upon her decks.

Slowly she swung from her course, circling back toward us in an erratic and pitiful manner.

Instantly the warriors ceased firing, for it was quite apparent that the vessel was entirely helpless, and far from being in a position to inflict harm upon us, she could not even control herself sufficiently to escape.

As she neared the city the warriors rushed out upon the plain to meet her, but it was evident that she still was too high for them to hope to reach her decks.

From my vantage-point in the window I could see the bodies of her crew strewn about, although I could not make out what manner of creatures they might be.

Not a sign of life was manifest upon her as she drifted slowly with the light breeze above the ground in a southerly direction.

She was drifting some 50 feet, followed by all but some hundred of the warriors who had been ordered back to the roofs to cover the possibility of a return of the fleet, or of reinforcements.

It soon became evident that she would strike the face of the buildings about a mile south of our position, and as I watched the progress of the chase I saw a number of warriors gallop ahead, dimly and over the building she seemed destined to touch.

As the craft neared the building, and just before she struck the Martian warriors swarmed upon her from the windows, and with their great spears caused the shock of the collision, and in a few moments they had thrown out grappling hooks and the big boat was being hauled to ground by their fellows below.

After making her fast, they swarmed the sides and searched the vessel from stem to stern.

I could see them examining the dead sailors, evidently for signs of life, and presently a party of them appeared from below dragging a little figure among them.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

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BEHOLD THE SPRING MAID!

SHE'S A REAL WATTEAU LADY

Scarcity of Fine Materials—The War, of Course—Has Frightened Her a Bit, But Mohair and Grandmother's Alpaca Are Still Left

Long before the spring blossoms began to poke their tiny noses above the soil, the spring costume had evolved itself. To the modern dresser, the spring wardrobe is an essential statement. One should purloin—costumes, then, for such a bewitching variety, such a maddening pot-pourri of new ideas, such a beautiful and so smart without being weird or bizarre—and this is a characteristic desire of the Philadelphia woman—was in a quandary as to just what she ought to buy.

But now that Easter is almost upon us, the styles have become stabilized.

The modes are still varied, it is true, but it's the matter of art—the intermingling of colors that makes up a rainbow, producing a sort of primitive effect of delicate tints and pastel symphonies.

If one can fasten the fashion to any particular artist, and one usually can, Watteau is the man. Entrancing shepherdesses frocks of beautiful motifs, and, in the hands of the charming Dresden patterns, make the modern woman look as though she had stepped down from one of the canvasses of the famous French painter.

Fragility, both of texture and of color, is the keynote of the season's evening frocks. The basque tightly fitted, but not nipped in, occupies a prominent place in the modes, although there are many other distinctive features, such as the graceful cape of embroidery, hooded or pointed. Skirts, however, continue to be full, most of them measuring five inches from the ground. The latter is a relief from the exaggerated shortness of last winter's frocks.

Foulard is one of the power fabrics for evening and afternoon wear. It is in line with the revivals which have been cropping up so regularly. Brocades and shot silks are also good. Gold and silver-worsted silks come in every imaginable shade, to blue and green, the two new shades are named azure and Wedgwood. They are particularly handsome in falls. Another rather interesting note is the return of long sleeves. These are made in tulle, chiffon or fine transparent material, and are usually shirred the full length of the arm, with a pointed, fanlike cuff falling gracefully over the hand.

One has to get used to the effect of the short, full skirt with a long court train in back. This is incorporated in a new smart evening gown. These trains develop from a panel at the back, falling from the shoulders, and trail for two or three feet behind like a peacock's tail.

Greatly favored for evening and afternoon goods, is considered a calamity over here. But the materials which the thrifty French are using to keep themselves clothed indicate as clearly as the sequent material, that the days of "woolens" are not at a premium—they just can't be had. All kinds of substitutions have been resorted to, the most common of them the alpaca, mohair and such materials, which we associate with the costumes of our grandmothers.

On afternoon gowns bouffant lines are less frequent. Paris favors rather the simple, and the result is a rage for alpaca, mohair and similar fabrics for suits and house frocks.

Novel effects have been introduced. For instance, there is the new shallow collar line, drawn straight against the base of the neck at the front and back, and pointing to the shoulders. A bias band of white organza or tulle is used to outline this on dark gowns especially, and is made wide enough to reach to the chin.

And there are pockets on tailored frocks, feature heart-shaped pockets ornamented with strips of black patent or light colored leathers, embroidered with colored silks or beads and then set on the material.

Coat suits feature the draped collar. This rises quite high at the back, in a sort of caudal cape outline, terminating in a shawl or wide reverses at the front. Piping on skirt, collar and cuffs in shades of beige, tan and mustard are also good. Cashmere, serge, alpaca and mohair are the favored materials, but the demand for these is so great that less desirable materials will by force of necessity come to the fore.

Three-piece suits have come into their own again. A blouse of tulle, chiffon or georgette matches in color the tailleur and is embroidered with strands of metallic thread.

One of the highest-salaried buyers in Philadelphia, who has just returned from Paris, declares that the diversity of ma-

terial is responsible for the diversity of modes. The war again, of course.

"Woolen goods are like diamonds abroad," she said. "The situation in America can't compare with what the French people find themselves up against. Why, the scarcity of gabardine, serge and chevot alone accounts for the introduction of the old-fashioned mohairs and alpacas. Do you think a Parisian woman would wear ugly mohair if she didn't have to? Indeed, she wouldn't. She loves soft, pliable silks, satins and chiffons too well."

"Cashmere—plain, ordinary cashmere—is another recent revival. I sold a frock the other day of blue alpaca, lined with red cashmere and trimmed with black bone buttons. No one but a French couturier could make this combination possible. The American designers have no originality. They take their styles from Paris because the American woman has been taught to look to Paris for everything new, artistic and smart."

"One thing that all the French houses have agreed upon is a touch of embroidery. No matter how plain the frock, it has a bit of handwork on it somewhere—on the pocket, the cuffs or the collar. This makes a new difficulty. Dyes are too scarce. We have neither the silks nor the colors to duplicate this embroidery. The French people are not manufacturing for neither the facilities nor the artistry for manufacturing are at hand."

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

THE BIG EDITOR AND THE LITTLE BOY

Dearest Children—As you grow up you will remember things which were said to you and you can never forget them. It is one of the dearest pleasures of old age to look back on a happy childhood, and do not forget that you are entitled to a happy childhood, no matter what may happen.

The other evening your editor had the pleasure of visiting a small boy by the name of Billy. You editor made a rabbit for Billy out of his handkerchief and then told Billy about the wonderful Dreamland Band. You see, chief and then told Billy about the wonderful Dreamland Band. You see, chief and then told Billy about the wonderful Dreamland Band. You see, chief and then told Billy about the wonderful Dreamland Band. You see, chief and then told Billy about the wonderful Dreamland Band.

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Billy will never forget what was FARMER SMITH, ren's Editor, EVENING LEADER, de whether you like the word 'I' S.)

FARMER SMITH'S BUG BOOK

Mrs. Potato Bug Goes Shopping

Mister and Mrs. Potato Bug were seated beside the dining room table one morning. The good fellow was reading "The Bugville News" while his wife took off the dishes.

"I guess I will have to go shopping," announced Mr. Potato Bug.

This so startled her husband that his glasses dropped off. He hastily put his hand in his pocket and turned it inside out. "There! he exclaimed. "There is all the money I have. Take it and do not bother me."

"All right," said Mrs. Potato Bug. "I will not say another word and let me alone. I was quiet for a time. Mister Potato Bug was so excited reading how the Lady Bug almost escaped death that he forgot all about his good wife and her shopping expedition."

By and by Mrs. Potato Bug said: "I guess I will get a blue dress for Faith, a pink one for Hope and a red and white one for Charity. Do you think they ought to be made from the same pattern?"

Mister Potato Bug looked up in surprise. "No," he said. "I think they ought to have striped vests."

"But girls do not have vests," said Mrs. Potato Bug.

"You asked me a question and I answered it. If you don't like my advice, please don't ask me again. I am very busy and you said you would not say another word and you have said about five thousand."

"Oh, LOOK!" exclaimed Mrs. Potato Bug.

"Where's the fire?" asked Mister Potato Bug, jumping up in such a hurry he pulled the table cloth off the table.

"There is no fire, but I saw the DEAREST little pattern for Hope's dress right on the first page of 'The Bugville News.' Let me see it."

"Dear, dearest, dearest. I guess all dresses and patterns and such things ARE DEAD. I wish you would let me alone. I thought you were going shopping."

"I am," said Mrs. Potato Bug, as she put on her bonnet. As she passed her husband she said: "GO!" so loud he almost jumped out of his chair.

"Don't forget the vests!" shouted Mister Potato Bug.

Things to Know and Do



Robert Dixon's "Thank You"

Of all the buttons I ever had Shining on my suit, I love this one the very most. The sign of a Rainbow recruit.

BOYS AND GIRLS

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

FARMER SMITH'S

ADRIENNE R. WELLS

Little suburban member, Kathleen Smith, of Elkins Park, suggests that we have camera corner; that is, a space devoted to the printing of snapshots taken by Rainbows. We would also like opinions about this plan.

Ethel Hamms, of Roxborough, has a copy of the book "Helen's Babies" which she would be glad to give to some little girl who would like to have it. Carrie De Rosa may send in the answer of "Things to Know and Do" at the end of the week in one big envelope in place of sending them in each night. So may every little Rainbow who wishes to save postage. Will David Neuman please send his address, in order that the button that was lost in the mail may be replaced by another one?

What Rainbow can solve this problem.

FARMER SMITH'S

EVENING LEDGER:

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.

Name
Address
Age
School I attend

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