UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS

puntanda de la compania de la compa

Captain John Carter, C. S. A., at the close of the Civil War goes West prospecting with a friend. Attacked by heatile Apachs Indians, he takes refuge in a mountain cave, from which emanntes a polacinous gas. Overcome by this, he apparently undergoes a physical metamorphosis, some inherent part of him being released as that he can view, like a second propose of the planet may be a series of phenomena, he that a second propose of a series of phenomena, he that himself transported to the planet Mars.

Once upon Mars. Carter starts upon a series of adventures among a people gisantic, six-limbed and hideous, who, surrounded by armies and huge beasts of burden like those of the preplatoric earth's, find in him a fascinaling captive. He is guarded by a Martian woman, Sola, and a Martian 'watchdog,' a kindly, though terrible-looking ten-lessed animal. In a battle with enemy alrebips a beautiful woman, Dejah Thoris, formed like those on earth, is taken prisoner. Carter killa a chieftain who atrikes Dejah Thoris durings her trial and receives the dead warrior's rank, linsinguis and personal possessions, a custom followed on Mars. Sarkoja plots against Carter and overhears him planning escape with Dejah Thoris. For this he is summonded before Thoris. Thereafter she is kept away from Carter and forced to assist in making a very powerful explosive powder, which she describes to Carter.

CHAPTER XIII-Continued

WHILE I was much interest wonderful THILE I was much interested in Dejah adjunct to Martian warfare, I was more concerned by the immediate problem of their treatment of her.

That they were keeping her away from me was not a matter for surprise, but that they should subject her to dangerous and ardous labor filled me with rage.

"Have they ever subjected you to cruel-ty and ignominy, Dejah Thoris?" I asked, feeling the hot blood of my fighting ancestors leap in my veins as I awaited her

"Only in little ways. John Carter." she answered. "Nothing that can harm me outside my pride. They know that I am the daughter of 10,000 jeddaks, that I am capable of tracing my ancestry straight back without a break to the builder of the first great waterway, and they, who do not even know their own mothers, are lealous of me.

"At heart they hate their horrid faces. and so wreak their poor spite on me who stand for everything they have not, and for all they most crave and never can attain. Let us pity them, my chieftain, for, even though we die at their hands, we can afford them pity, since we are greater

than they, and they know it." Had I known the significance of these words, "my chieftain," as applied by a red Martian woman to a man, I should have had the surprise of my life; but I did not know at that time, nor for

I still had much to learn upon Barsoom. I presume it is the better part of wisdom that we bow to our fate with as good grace as possible, Dejah Thoris; but I hope, nevertheless, that I may be present the next time that any Martian, green, red, pink or violet, has the temerity to even so much as frown on you, my princess.

Dejah Thoris caught her breath at my last words, and gazed upon me with dilat-ed eyes and quickening breath, and then, with an odd little laugh, which brought dimples to the corners of her mouth, she shook her head and cried: What a child! A great warrior-and

yet a stumbling little child \(\mathbb{Y}' \)
"What have I done now?" I asked. 'Some day you shall know, John Carter, if we live; but I may not tell you. And I, the daughter of Mors Kajak, son of Tardos Mors, have listened without

Then she broke out again into one of her gay laughing moods, joking with me on my prowess as a Thark warrior, as con-

FARMER SMITH'S

"I presume that should you accidentally wound an enemy you would take him home and nurse him back to health," she inughed.

"That is precisely what we do on rth," I answered, "At least among ivilized men."

That made her laugh again. She could not understand it, for, with all her tenderness and womanly sweetness, she was still a Martian, and to a Martian the only good enemy is a dead enemy; for every dead Martian means so much more to divide between those who live.

I was very curious to know what I had said or done to cause her so much perturbation a moment before, and so I contin-

ued to importune her to enlighten me.
"No," she exclaimed. "It is enough that
you have said it and that I have listened. And when you learn, John Carter, and if I be dead, as likely enough I shall be ere the further moon has circled Barsoom another 12 times, remember that I listened

It was all Greek to me; but the more I begged her to explain, the more positive became her denials of my request, and so, in very hopelossness, I desisted.

Day had now given way, and, as we wandered along the great avenue, lighted by the two moons of Barsoom, and with Earth looking down upon us out of her luminous green eye it seemed that we were alone in the universe, and I, at least, was content that it should be so.

The chill of the Martian night was upon us, and removing my silks I threw them across the shoulders of Dejah Thoris. As my arm rested for an instant upon her I felt a thrill pass through every fibre of my being, such as contact with no other

had ever produced. It seemed to me that she had leaned slightly toward me, but of that I was not sure. Only I know that as my arm rested there across her shoulders longer than the act of adjusting the silk required. she did not draw away, nor did she speak.

And so, in silence, we walked the surface of a dying world, but in the breast

of one of us at least had been born that which is ever oldest, yet ever new. I loved Dejah Thoris. The touch of her arm upon my shoulder had spoken to me in words I could not

mistake. I knew that I had loved her since the moment that my eyes had met hers that first time in the plaza of the dead city of

CHAPTER XIV The March Begins

MY FIRST impulse was to tell her of my love, and then I thought of the helplessness of her position, wherein I could lighten the burdens of her captivity and protect her in my poor way against the thousands of hereditary enemies she must face upon our arrival at Thark. I could not chance causing her additional pain or sorrow by declaring a additional pain or sorrow by declaring a love which, in all probability, she did not

Should I, her position would be even should I, her position would be even more unbearable than now, and the thought that she might feel that I was taking advantage of her helplessness to influence her decision was the final argument which sealed my lips.

"Why are you so quiet, Dejah Thoris?"

I asked. "Possibly you would rather re-turn to Sola and your quarters?" "No," she murmured. "I am happy here.

I do not know why it is that I should always be happy and contented when you.

John Carter, a stranger, are with me; yet at such times it seems that I am safe, and ed ignorance of the nature of my offense,

rasted with my soft heart and natural that, with you, I shall soon return to my father's court, and feel his strong arm

about me, and my mother's tears and kisses on my cheek." "Do people kiss, then, upon Barzoom?

I asked, when she had explained the word

brothers and sister, she added in a low, thoughtful tone, "And you, Dejah Thoris, have parents and brothers and sisters?"

"Yea."
"And a lover?" was silent, nor did I repeat the

'The man of Barsoom," she finally ventured, "does not ask personal questions of women, except his mother, and the woman he has fought for and won." "But I have fought-"

I started, and then I wished my tongue had been out from my mouth, for she turned even as I caught myself and ceased, and drawing my sliks from her shoulder she held them out to me, and without a word, and with head held high, she moved with the carriage of the queen she was toward the plaza and the door-

way of her quarters. I did not attempt to follow her. than to see that she reached the building in safety; but directing Woola to accom-pany her, I turned disconsolately and en-tered my own house. I sat for hours, cross-legged and cross-tempered, upon my silks, meditating upon the queer freaks chance plays upon us poor devils of mor-

So this was love!

I had escaped it for all the years I had roamed the five continents and their en-circling seas, in spite of beautiful women and urging opportunity; in spite of a halfdesire for love, and a constant search for my ideal, it had remained for me to fall furlously and hopelessly in love with a creature from another world, of a species similar, possibly, yet not identical with

A woman who was hatched from an egg and, whose span of life might thousand years; whose people had strange customs and ideas; whose hopes, whose pleasure, whose standards of virtue and of right and wrong might vary as great-ly from unine as did those of the green Martians

Yes, I was a fool, but I was in love and though I was suffering the greatest misery I had ever known. I would not have had it otherwise for all the riches of Barsoom. Such is love, and such are lovers wherever love is known. To me Dejah Thoris was all that was

perfect, all that was virtuous and beautiful and noble and good.

I believed that from the bottom of my heart, from the depth of my soul, on that night in Korad as I sat cross-legged upon my silks, while the nearer moon of Barsoom raced through the western toward the horizon and lighted up the gold and marble and jeweled mosaics of my world-old chamber, and I believe it today as I sit at my desk in the little study overlooking the Hudson.
Twenty years have intervened. For ten

of them I lived and fought for Dejah Thoris and her people, and for ten I have lived upon her memory. The morning of our departure for Thark

mornings except for the six weeks that the snow melts at the poles

I sought out Dejah Thoris in the throng of departing chariots, but she turned her shoulder to me, and I could see the red blood mount to her cheek.

LET US TAKE A WALK Dear Children-I have a letter from a little girl who says she lives nine blocks from her school and that she skates to school every morning and adds, "I have to go in the street at one place, as a woman will not let me

skate on her sidewalk.' I wonder if this woman realized that our little friend will go through life remembering the woman who would not let her skate on her sidewalk? I remember very kindly those who were good to me and I remember very distinctly a man who was pointed out to me as one who "didn't like little boys." I always looked at him as if he were a bear or something from the zoo and later in life when I had a lot of business to do with him, I never

forgot that he did not like little boys. I simply want to put in a line about walking, for we are now so LAZY we are fast becoming a nation of riders and when we go to war, which I hope we never do, our boys and girls will not be able to march very far.

Many, many great men walked to school in the good old days and many of them through the snow. Now the children walk only as far as the street car and RIDE the rest of the way.

Horses are out of style and we ride in automobiles, much to the disgust of our dear legs which long for exercise.

Try to walk more and save the pennies, for the swing of the body does your "tummy" a lot of good and keeps your whole body in trim.

Walk WITH some one and the journey will not be long. Suppose you sit down now and write me a letter telling me where there are beautiful walks out in the country and I will print the list for other members who wish to get out into the beautiful country at this, the most beautiful time of the whole year. FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box

Our Postoffice Box

Elsie Laventhal, South 60th street, smiles a "happy day" greeting at her little Rainbow friends and hopes they are all as full of cheerfulness as she is! We know one little Rainbow, s m a il P a u i Crawford, of South 50th street, who has most all the happiness that can be crowded into a little three-year-old heart. Listen to the wee letter that his "big"

ter that his "big" sister, Sarah Craw-ford, spelled out and wrote for him: "I am

wrote for him: "I am going to be a Rains. 60th St. I like to cut out pictures. I have a lot of toys. I don't go to
school, but I want to. I have a little engine. I love everybody. Good-by and
love from Paul," Sarah writes a very interesting letter of h. love from Paul." Sarah writes a very in-teresting letter of her own. She gets up early in the morning and goes out skat-ing before any one else is out. The sweet breath of "early morning" springtime has told its message to at least one little Rambow!

Lots of old friends are remembering us these days. Alvina Spinner, Girard avenue, writes to say that the Jefferson Rainbown are still holding regular meetings. The last meeting was held at Frances Fitzgerald's house and the girls had the same wonderful time that they have been having at every "party." Your willow knows of same young who. editor knows of some young women who, when they were little girls of 10 and 11, founded a club which is still thriving and which has been the means of keeping their friendship for each other a beautiful living thing through all those years.

Hydo and Maurice Lang and Alan Merritt, of Egg Harbor, bave formed a splendid branch club. The following are members: Helen Breder, Julia Will, Clara Rarrer, Vola Hettinger, Edith Cast, Roeachen Breder, Eduna Soth, Lillian Pina, Hattis Newmann, Pauline Statelagh, Freida Kohnow, Jesephine Schroed

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. THE WAY. NameAddress

Age School I attend

er, Fannie Rittenberg, Myrtle Otto, Anna Cohn, Minnie Bergmann, Florence Winkler, Frank Glover, William Scheufele, Albert Rosenberger, Allen Oeser, George Townsend, Rudolph, George Weiler, John Englehart, Charles Writers, Arthur Thoma, Charles Glover, John Brown, Robert Weiler, John Dey, Harry Newman, Alfred Winkler, Victor Kohnow, John Milne, Anton Bitto, Frank Weisbecker,

Kermit Breder and William Lucas. Every one of these boys and girls are active interested members. Hylda, Maurice

tive interested members. Hylda, Maurice and Alan built a log cabin in the woods. They expect to send a picture of it very soom, and we are especially anxious to see it. Oh, yes, we would like to hear of an Esg Harbor Rainbow baseball team.

Althea and Thelms Bagburst. of Telford, and Elsie Coffman, of Soudertown, Pa., wrote a very nice partnership letter, which told about things in their part of the world. Aithea wants to know when to send in a story. Just as soon as your little hands can write it. Rebecca Spactor, Ridge avenue, sent in a very pretty poem about "April Raindropa," which is a little too lengthy to publish. Eleanor Koons, Wynnawood, would like to get some pretty monograms from stationary for her collection. Would any little Balisbows like to send her some? Judging by the pretty letter heads that have sailed into the postofice box, we know that this appeal will not go unanewared.

FARMER SMITH'S GOAT BOOK

RAINBOW CLUB

Billy Bumpus and the Cow

Our good kind friend, Billy Bumpus, ad just drank all the milk from the pail which was standing in the barnyard

when Mrs. Cow came along.

"Hello, cousin!" exclaimed Mrs. Cow.
"How are your horns this evening?"

"Very good. Very good. But, say; how do I come to be your cousin? That is one thing I should like to know."
"You don't have to know it—you take it for granted," said Bossie, sticking out her tongue and rolling it around.
"I don't know what 'take it for granted' means," replied Billy Bumpus.
"You took the milk for granted and I

"You took the milk for granted, and I took it for granted you like it, and did not say a word. You have horns, and

not say a word. You have horns, and your good wife gives milk, and that makes us cousins. Horns—milk—see?"
"No, I don't see. You haven't any beautifut whiskers like mine, and you haven't a tail like mine." With this Billy turned around as far as he could, and looked at his stubby tail with a great deal of wide.

Mrs. Cow thought for a moment, and then said: "There is another thing which makes us cousins. You are a butter and I give milk and milk makes cream, and milk also makes buttermilk."
"That will do! That will do! You

can be my aunt if you want to, BUT-"I don't want to BUTT. You are the butter of the family. Cows are very kind and gentle—they hook and do not butt. You are a bad butter," said Mrs. Cow, a broad smile coming over her motherly face.

"My head is not quite so his as yours."

"My head is not quite so big as yours, and I can't think so fast," said Billy. But Mrs. Cow had gone and Billy hur-ried home, his head buzzing.

A Lesson

By ROBERT HOLM, Lancaster Ave. One day the teacher told John to take all his books home, but Jolin, not wanting to study, disobeyed and only took part of his books home. Early Sunday morning the schoolhouse caught fire and John's books were burned up, and he had to buy new books. John will never leave his books in school again. This is a true story.

Baseball Challenges The Adelphia Juniors, of North 21st street, want Saturday games with teams of 10 to 12-year-old boys. Address I. Wilson,

in care of Farmer Smith.

The Adelphia A. C., of North Flat street, want Saturday games with 12 to 15-year-old boys. Address M. Goldfischer, in care of Farmer Smith.

The Philadelphia Ali Stars, of West Particulations, would like to make the care. Parrich street, would like to meet teams of

14 to 16-year-old boys away. They will pay half expenses. Address Leen Brown, in care of Farmer Smith. Send all baseball letters to Bainbow Club, Evening Ledges, and they will be

promptly transmitted.

Things to Know and Do 1. How long does it take to hatch hens

2. Why are birds covered with feathers?
3. Fill in the musing words. "I heard the duck and the dog" (For little folks.)

MONEY PRIZES

The children who send in the an-avers of "Things to Know" are so-tibled to compete for the prime of \$1, \$0 cents and the four \$1-cent prime, awarded at the end of each week.

or at least the gravity of it, and so have fected, at worst, a half conciliation.

My duty dictated that I must see that she was comfortable, and so I glanced into her charlot and rearranged her silks and furs. In doing so I noted with horror that she was heavily chained by one ankle

What does this mean?" I cried, turning to Sola.
"Sarkoja thought it best," she answered, her face betoking her disapproval of the

they fastened with a massive spring-lock.
"Where is the key, Sola?" Let me have

procedure.

"Sarkoja wears it, John Carter," she I turned without further word and sought out Tars Tarkas, to whom I ve-hemently objected at the unnecessary huhemently objected at the unnecessary hu-miliations and cruelties, as they seemed

miliations and crueities, as they seemed to my lover's eyes, that were being heaped upon Dejah Thoris.

"John Carter," he answered, "If ever you and Dejah Thoris escape the Tharks it will be upon this journey. We know that you will not go without her. You have shown yourself a mighty fighter, and we do not wishe. do not wish to manacle you so hold you both in the easiest way. I have

I saw the strength of his reasoning at a flash, and knew that it were futile to appeal from his decision, but I asked that the key be taken from Sarkoja, and that she be directed to leave the prisoner alone in future.

This much, Tars Tarkas, you may do for me, in return for the friendship that, I must confess, I feel for you."
"Friendship?" he replied. "There is no such thing, John Carter; but have your will. I shall direct that Sarkoja cease to

the girl, and I myself will take the custody of the key." "Unless you wish me to assume the responsibility," I said, smiling.

He looked at me long and earnestly before he spoke.

before he spoke.

"Give me your word that neither you nor Dejah Thoris will attempt to escape until after we have safely reached the court of Tal Hajus, and you may have the key and throw the chains into the River Iss."

"It were better that you neld the key, Tars Tarkas," I replied. A few moments later I saw her deep in conversation with a warrior named Zad-a big, hulking, powerful brute, but one who had never made a kill among his

own chieftains, and so was still an "o mad," or man with one name. He could win a second name only with the metal of some chieftain. It was this custom which entitled me to the names of either of the chieftains I had killed. In fact, some of the warriors addressed me as Dotar Sojat, a combination of the surnames of the two warrior chieftains wh metal I had taken, or, in other words whom I had slain in fair fight.

As Sarkoja talked with Zad he cast oc casional glances in my direction, while she seemed to be urging him very strongly to some action. I paid little attention to it at the time, but the next day I had good reason to recall the circum-stances, and at the same time gain a slight insight into the depths of Sarkoja's natred and the lengths to which she was capable of going to wreak her horrid engeance on

again on this evening, and though I spoke her name, she neither replied nor co by so much as the flutter of an eyelid that he realized my existence.

In my extremity I did what most other

lovers would have done—I sought word from her through an intimate. In this instance it was Sola, whom I intercepted in another part of camp.

"What is the matter with Dejah Thoris?" I blurted out at her. "Why will she not speak to me?" Sola seemed puzzled herself, as though such strange actions on the part of two humans were quite beyond her, as indeed they were, poor child.

"She says you have angered her, and that is all she will say, except that she is the daughter of a jed and the grand-daughter of a jeddak, and she has been humiliated by a creature who could not polish the teeth of her grandmother's

I pondered over this report for some time, finally asking: "What might a sorak be, Sola?"

"A little animal about as big as my hand, which the red Martian women keep to play with," explained Sola. Not fit to polish the teeth of her grand-

Not fit to polish the teeth of her grandmother's cat! I must rank pretty low in
the consideration of Dejah Thoris. I
thought, but I could not help laughing at
the strange figure of speech, so homely,
and, in this respect, so earthly. It made
me homesick, for it sounded very much
like "not fit to polish her shoes."
We broke camp the next day at an
early hour, and marched with only a
single halt until just before dark.
Two incidents broke the tediousness of
the march. About noon we espled to our

the march. About noon we espled to our right what was evidently an incubator, and Lorquas Ptomel directed Tars Tarkas to investigate it. The latter took a dozen warriors, among whom was I, and we raced across the velvety carpeting of moss to the little inclosure, It was indeed an incubator, but the

eggs were very small in comparison with those I had seen hatching in ours at the time of my arrival on Mars. Tars Tarkas dismounted and examined the inclosure minutely, finally announcing that it belonged to the green men of War-hoon, and that the cement was scarcely dry where it had been walled up.

"They cannot be a day's march shead of us!" he exclaimed, the light of battle leaping to his fierce face. The work at the incubator was short

The warriors tore open the entrance and, a couple of them crawling in, soon demolished all the eggs with their short-

demolished all the eggs with their short-swords. Then, remounting, we dashed back to join the cavalcade.

During the ride I took occasion to ask Tars Tarkas if these Warhoons, whose eggs we had destroyed, were a smaller people than his Tharks.

"I noticed that their eggs were so much smaller than those I saw hatching in your

matter than those I saw hatching in your incubator," I added.

He explained that the eggs had just been placed there; but, like all reen Martian eggs, they would grow during the five-year period of incubation until they reached the size of those I had seen hatching on the day of my arrival on Barssoom.

I was engaged in changing my riding cloths from one of my theats to the other —for I divided the day's work between them-when Zad approached me, without a word struck my animal a ter-rific blow with his long-aword. I did not need a manual of green Marmake, for, in fact. I was so wild with anger that I could scarcely refrain from drawing my pistol and shooting him down for the brute he was; but he stood waiting with drawn long-sword, and my only choice was to draw my own and meet him in fair fight with his choice of

eapons or a lesser one.

This latter alternative is always permissible; therefore I could have used my short-aword, my dagger, my hatchet, or my flats, had I wished, and been entirely rithin my rights; but I could not use fir arms or a spear while he held only his long-sword.

I chose the same weapon he had drawn,

because I knew he prided himself upon his ability with it and I wished, if I worsted him at all, to do it with his own

The fight that followed was a long one, and delayed the resumption of the march for an hour.

The entire community surrounded us.

leaving a clear space about one hundred feet in diameter for our battle. Zad first attempted to rush me down as a bull might a wolf, but I was much too quick for him; and each time I sidestepped his rushes he would go lunging past me, only to receive a nick

rom my sword upon his arm or back

He was soon streaming blood from a half dozen minor wounds, but I could not obtain an opening to deliver an ef-fective thrust. Then he changed his taetics, and, fighting warily and with ex-treme dexterity, he tried to do by scioce what he was unable to do by brute trength.

We circled for some time without doing much damage on either side; the long straight, needle-like swords flashing in the sunlight, and ringing out upon the still-ness as they crashed together with each

Finally Zad, realizing that he was tiring more than I, evidently decided to close in and end the battle in a final blaze of glory for himself; just as he rushed me a blinding flash of light struck full in my eyes, so that I could not see his approach, and could only leap blindly to one side in an effort to escape the mighty blade that it seemed I could already feel in my vitals.

I was only partially successful, as a sharp pain in my left shoulder attested; but in the sweep of my glance, as I sought to again locate my adversary, a sight met my astonished gaze which paid me well for the wound the temporary blindness

had caused me.
There, upon Dejah Thoris' chariot. stood three figures, for the purpose, evidently, of witnessing the encounter above the heads of the intervening Tharks. There were Dejah Thoris, Sola, and Sarkoja; and as my fleeting glance swept over them a little tableau was presented which will stand graven in my memory to the day of my death.

As I looked, Dejah Thoris turned upon Sarkoja with the fury of a young tigress and struck something from her upraised hand; something which hashed in the sun-light as it spun to the ground. Then I knew what had blinded me at

that crucial moment of the fight, and he Sarkoja had found a way to kill me with-out herself delivering the final thrust. Another thing I saw, too, which almost lost my life for me then and there, for it took my mind for the fraction of an instant entirely from my antagonist.

As Dejah Thoris struck the tiny mirror from her hand, Sarkoja, her face livid with hatred and baffled rage, whipped out her dagger and aimed a terrific blow at Dejah Thoris; and then Sola, our dear and faithful Sola, sprang between them; the last I saw was the great knife descending upon her shielding breast.

My enemy had recovered from his thrust, and was making it extremely interesting for me, so I reluctantly gave my attention to the work in hand, but my mind

was not upon the battle.

We rushed each other furiously time after time, till suddenly, feeling the sharp point of his sword at my breast in thrust I could neither parry nor escape, threw myself upon him with outstretched sword and with all the weight of my body determined that I should not die alo I could prevent it.

I felt the steel tear into my chest, all went black before me, my head whirled in dizziness, and my knees gave beneath

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)





tla Foe Corns Grow

HANNA S. E. for. 13th & Sansom (Oper Crange) and 1204 CHI TNUT ST Cores Removed, 154 Eq. Manhards tian etiquette to know what reply to

Mighty Aches From Li

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THE HOME GARDEN FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

By JOHN BARTRAM

TIME FOR PLANTING PEAS

Bring your problems of gardening to the Evening Ledger for solution. In addition to practical articles, timely to he season, the editor will answer, lither out of his own experience as a mall-scale gardener or through conthe season. sultation with authorities, questions of readers. Address John Bartram, Eve-ning Ledger, Philadelphia.

Over in Jersey many gardeners have their peas in, but they run a risk. It is best to "play safe," even if a bit late. The set-in of cold snaps and the unusually frosts, complicated with the rather constant spring rains, rot soft seeds like the pea and create a situation that leaves many suburban gardens with nothing to show for the first planting of smooth peas and only a few straggly vines for the second, which are usually of the wrinkled kinds.

Peas are a crop that stand tolerably cool weather, but they are not thrifty un-der the severe cold and they do not like sudden alternations of heat and cold. The packets state that peas should be planted from mid-April on, but this is not always a fair rule to follow, particularly in such 'late" springs as we have been having of recent years

vegetable tastes any better than the green pea direct from the plot to the pot without intermediary staling and middle-men's profits. In ordinary years the home garden should be giving the first "mess" or so in this latitude by the first of June.

Put in several plantings. For this lati-tude, wrinkled peas, much the most delicious in flavor, can be put in to advantage at intervals of five or six days from short rows of such close successional plantings than to put in larger areas. When favorable spring weather makes plantings take hold, the peas may be planted conventionally in drills, as the ground moisture is sufficient to support them, but for late plantings some scheme

as that proposed later in this article is necessary to conserve every drop of mois-ture. Even though the days are hot, if directions are followed a good deep root growth will be secured and a bounteous crop gathered. Also the same directions should be followed in the late summer, say about Au-gust 20, when two or three weekly plant-ings of the smooth varieties may be made

for a late crop. The chief trouble with the ordinary planting of peas is that it is too shallow, with rows too close together. Such superficial sowing means a reaping of disap-pointment. Some directions state that covering of drills an inch or two inches is sufficient. Try another way this time. Deeper planting will be requisite to meet the advancing climate changes toward the summer, as peas are essentially a cool weather product. If the weather changes only gradually for the next few weeks and summer does not come, as often in this section, with a furnace-like blast of heat,

mainly if the nights remain comfortable, it will be safe to go ahead with peas.

When the soil is well "fined" make the rows about three feet apart and running from thirty to fifty feet (for a family of four or five), in the form of a trench about seven inches in depth and five or six inches across. Sprinkle in about one inch of the finest soil. Then sow the peas. Put 'em in fairly thick to get a good "stand" and thin out later. Next cover with about two inches of finely pulverized

Once they have reached the sunlight

the peas will grow apace. It is necessary at intervals to sprinkle on a little more fine soil till the trench is filled, after which the vines can be hilled up a trifle

This is a much better method than I planting in two-inch drills, as often a-vised. The earth conserves more mojstue down half a foot than up within half as inch of the soil. The roots make down ward growth, encouraged by the reser-voirs of moisture, instead of spreadist out just subsurface to gain the supe-ficial moisture and then be baked in a dry spell. Particularly when the warm weather is in prospect the cool deep rooling will obviate the quick evaporation of superficial moisture and will counter ance any trouble from the heat.

GARDEN QUERIES ANSWERED

Golden Glow and Golden Bell

Friend John Bartram—Is the beautiful pelow shrub now in bloom the golden glow? The leaves. It als the golden bell, or foresthis. The solden glow, or rudbeckts, is a fall-blooming plant; the flowers are like small dahlas. It is perennial, but not in shrub form like the foresthia, the plant dying down to the roots after frost comes.

Vine for Porch Box

Vine for Porch Box

Friend John Bartram—What vine would you advise to go in a porch box with white geraniums? Would you advise such a combination? If not, what would you advise?

No, if would not. However, you can use some coleus, with white in the follars, or white petunias, to maintain a white and sreen effect. Vinca, or variegated periwinkle, would be a good choice. My objection is that the combination is very "fat." If you are some to have several boxes, one or two of this combination, set in the pretty white-slatted green boxes, would add variety. If you are limited as to space (you write of "porch box") and really want white geraniums, at least vary them with some scarlet ones. Then alternate vinca and scarlet running nesturiums to trail over the edge of the box. Possibly you might add heliotrope for fragrance.

ies rose? Flease hathe the pink, red, yellow, that you have found satisfactory.
First. I would say I have too much regard for my reputation. Dozens of rosarians and amatters would arise and dispute my decision. It's a great deal a matter of individual taste. Personally I don't care for pink roses. But also I don't like Joseph Con rad, tenors, the second part of the Mahle symphony, so I'm probably a poor judge are no authority in a number of things. If ye had asked me which variety out of the numerous splendid kinds of each I liked best I would say hybrid perpetual, Gruss and Teplitz, brillant red hybrid tes, Lady Hillington, reliev, Second. Red—Gruss on Teplitz, General Jacqueminot. Pink—Mrs. John Laing Gootl, Rillarney. White—Frau Carl Druschki, white Maman Cochet, Jonkher Mock Chrilliant, Rillarney. White—Frau Carl Druschki, white Maman Cochet. Vellow—Mrs. Carson Ward, Lady Hillingdon (apricot), Persian yellow, Betty (copper), Kaiserin Augusta (pale sulphur).



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