covered sea bottom; and so we moved in

# UNDER THE MOONS OF MARS

Captain John Carter, C. S. A., at the close of the Civil War goes West prospecting with a friend. Attacked by hostile Apache Indians, he takes refuge in a mountain cave, from which emanates a poisonous gas. Overcome by this, he apparently undergoes a physical weisanor phosis, some inherent part of him being released so that he can view, like a second serson, his seemingly lifeless body lifting a series of norm in the state. Bring transported to the man, harmon himself transported to the man, harmon himself transported to the man, harmon himself transported to the canne, and series of seventures among a people gisanity six-limbed and hideous, who, surrounded by armies and huse beasts of burden like those of the prehistoric earths, find in him a fascinating captive. He is guarded by a Martian woman. Bota, and a Martian watchdog, a kindiy, though terrible-looking ten-leaged animal. In a battle with enemy airabips a beautiful woman. Dejah Thoris, formed like those on earth, is taken prisoner. Carter kills a chieftain who strikes Dejah Thoris during her trial and receives the dead warrior's rank, insigna and personal possessions, a custom followed on Mars. Sarkoja piots against Carter and overlisars him plauning escape with Dejah Thories. For this he is summonded before Thoria. Thereafter she is kept away from Carter and forced to assist in making a very powerful explosive powder, which she describes to Carter. STNOPSIS

#### CHAPTER XV A Sad History

WHEN consciousness returned, and, as I soon learned, I was down but for a moment, I sprang quickly to my feet. searching for my sword, and there I found it, buried to the hilt in the green breast of Zad, who lay stone dead upon the other moss of the ancient sea bottom.

As I regained my full senses I found his weapon piercing my left breast; but only through the flesh and muscles which cover my ribs, entering near the centre of my chest, and coming out below the shoulder. As I had lunged I had turned so that his aword merely passed beneath the muscles, inflicting a painful but not dan-

Removing the blade from my body, I

what a friend is, and this is the answer:

was, "Not unless I knew what it was for."

is only my opinion, and I may be wrong.

Our Postoffice Box

office this evening, and the happy intruder

DAVID EDELSTINE is waiting for an invasion from

Queen Lane vasion from you, ow long is he going to wait? Catherine Graff, of The Woods, Paoli,

Pa., never forgets to remember that somewhere back of the darkest clouds the sun is always shining! Kathryn Jones, Atlantic City, will please send in another drawing a little larger than the last one.

Ethel Hammes found 70 children in Rox-borough who wanted to be Rainbows. She also found a picture of William Hab-

erlein, a wee baby, who will soon be smil-

ing at you from the Club news.

Somebody wants to be a Rainbow. His

name is Buster and he will be very glad

to be bright and happy—in fact, he wants to make everybody else that way, too! So

says Jennie Stein-she wrote his applica-

tion and he walked faithfully with her to the mail box to see that she really mailed it. His eyes spoke for him, his tongue could not, for you see—Buster is only a dog! Just the same, Buster is going to have a Rainbow hadge to wear on his collar!

Alice Weed, South 68th street, never

forgets to answer "Things to Know and Do." Neither does Madeline Cuneo, of Salter street. Herbert Henry, North

Frazer street, regrets extremely that he cannot attend the drawing class meetings. We are sorry, too, for the drawings

has submitted show talent and care-

Germantown has broken into the Post-

this while you are young.

FARMER SMITH'S

WHAT IS A FRIEND?

quite sure of who his friends were and so I have asked one of our members

"A friend is a person you don't know sure enough."

for it must know that you are sure you can pay it back.

we have to make one up for ourselves, as I have done.

are from 12 to 14 years old. BE A BIT CAREFUL.

Queen lane. He

really and truly did steal—some of your editor's heart! Don't

worry. little future

worry, little future burg lars, there's plents of heart for all! Mind that, little Elizabeth Turner, of Walnut street; Anna Harbison, of Gloucester, N. J., and Hardle Scott of

Dear Children-I have been reading a story about a man who wasn't

I asked our member if he would lend his friend money and the answer

I confess I am learning things very fast, for I always suspected that

a person who asked you what you were going to do with the money you

borrow from him was not a friend. He should TRUST you and your good

judgment. A bank may want to know what you want with borrowed money,

friendships lost over money than any other one reason in this world. Learn

P. S .- Guess whether a boy or a girl gave the definition of a friend!

is none other than David Edelstine, of straightway told him to stop, and he did!

Friendship hinges a great deal on money and there have been more

back upon his ugly carcass. I moved, sick, sore, and disgusted, toward the chariots which bore my retinue and my belongings.

Bleeding and weak, I reached my women, who, accustomed to such happenings, dressed my wounds, applying the wonderful healing and remedial agents which make only the m at instantaneous of death-blows fatal. Give a Martian woman a chance, and death must take a back seat.

They soon bad me patched up so that, except for weakness from loss of blood and a little soreness around the wound, I suffered no great distress from this thrust which, under earthly treatment, whave put me flat on my back for days.

As soon as they were through with me hastened to the charlot of Dejah Thoris. where I found my poor Sola with her chest swathed in bandages, but apparently little the worse for her encounter with Sarkoja, whose dagger had struck the edge of one of Sola's metal breast ornamenta, and had inflicted but a slight flesh wound. As I approached I found Dejah Thoris

lying prone upon her silks and fure, her lithe form racked with sobs.

She did not notice my presence, nor did she hoar me speaking with Sola, who was standing a short distance from the chicle.
"Is she injured?" I asked of Sola, in-icating Dejah Thoris by an inclination of

she answered; "she thinks that you are dead."
"And that her grandmother's cat may

now have no one to polish its teeth? queried, smiling.
"I think you wrong her, John Carter," said Sola. "I do not understand either her ways or yours, but I am sure the granddaughter of 10,000 jeddaks would never grieve like this over the death of one she considered beneath her, or, in

deed, over any who held but the highest

FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

artists, forgot his pictures long enough to

do a kind act the other day. He saw a

little boy hitting his little sister and

Will Harry please send in a short story?

Anna Frankel makes it her business t

find out if children have ever sent in their

names before she accetps them as pros-

pective members to be submitted by her-

self. If all Rainbows would follow this

plan they would save your editor a good bit of the trouble of sorting out members

forwards a happy report of the "Rainbow Roses." They have regular meetings and

have more and more fun at every meet-

City, N. J., has nine little girls in her Rainbow band. Please write and tell us

Gladys Haeberlein, Roxborough, makes

a generous offer to send some paper dolls to children who might care to have them. Who is going to take advantage of this kind thought? Eleanor Conway, of

kind thought? Eleanor Conway, of Abington, is learning how to sew and is enjoying her lessons ever so much. Write and tell us what you are making.

Well, if it isn't time for the postoffica to close. It IS. And I wanted to tell

you about so many more little people. The most thing they wrote about was how very very much they liked their Rain-

bow buttons. So I'll just tell their names.

Walter Bowerman, Madeline Lepore, South 16th street; Morris Salle, Rose Gra-

pin, Dufor street; Reed Wandlese, North

57th street; J. P. Reath, Frank Rasier Waterloo street; Philomena Turno, South 9th street; Minnie Zangwill, Morris street;

Justin Herman, Wayne avenue; Edmund

Kase, Jr., North Broad street; Anna and Joseph Schefman, South Cantrell street; Goldle Goldberg, Wolf street, and Mary

Elizabeth Theckston, of Gloucester

fled number is required.

all about them!

just, as are all Barsoomians, and you must have hurt or wronged her grievously that she will not admit your existence living; though she mourns you dead.

"Tears are a strange sight upon Barsoom," she continued, "and so it is difficult for me to interpret them. I have seen but two people weep in all my life, other than Dejah Thoris; one wept from sorrow, the other from baffled rage. The first was my mother, years ago, before they killed her; the other was Sarkoja, when they dragged her from me today."

when they dragged her from me today "Sola," I begged. "Tell Dejah Thoris I am alive and well. I shall not force my self upon her, and be sure that you do not let her know I saw her tears. I would speak with me, I await her

Sola mounted the charlot, which was swinging into its place in line, and I hastened to my waiting thoat and galloped to my station beside Tars Tarkas at the rear of the column.

We made a most imposing and awe-in-spiring spectacle as we strung out across the yellow landscape; the 250 ornate and brightly colored charlots preceded by an advance guard of some 200 mounted war riors and chieftains riding five abreast and 100 yards apart, and followed by a like number in the same formation, with a score or more of flankers on either side; the 50 extra mastodons, or heavy draft animals, known as zitidars, and the five or six hundred extra thoats of the warriors running loose within the hollow is formed by the surrounding warriors.

. The gleaming metal and jewels of the gorgeous ornaments of the men and en, duplicated in the trappings of the zitidars and thoats, and interspersed with the flashing colors of magnificent silks and furs and feathers, lent a barbaric splendor to the caravan which would have turned an East Indian potenate green with

envy.

The enormous broad tires of the charaim upon her affections.

"They are a proud race, but they are brought forth no sound from the moss-

RAINBOW CLUB

Or practice your arithmetic By counting organ pipes

silently and stealthly across to the arid

lands upon the other side.
It required five hours to make one of ese crossings without a single halt, and the other consumed an entire night, so that we were just leaving the confines of the high-walled fields when the sun broke out upon us.

was able to see but little, except as the nearer moon, in her wild and ceaseless hurtling through the Barsoomian heavens, hurtling through the Barsoomian heavens lit up little patches of the landscape from time to time, disclosing walled fields and low rambling buildings, presenting much the appearance of earthy farms.

ranged, and some of them were of enormous height; there were animals in many of the inclosures, and they announced their presence by terrified squealings and snortings as they scented our queer, wild beasts and wilder humans.

ly down the road, scaling a near-by wall with the agility of a scared cat.

The Tharks paid him not the slightest attention; they were not out upon the war-path, and the only sign that I had that they had seen him was a quickening of the pace of the caravan as we hastened toward the bordering desert which marked our entrance into the realm of Tal Hajus. Not once did I have speech with Dejah Thoris, as she sent no word to we that Thoris, as she sent no word to me that I would be welcome at her charlot, and my foolish pride kept me from making any advances.

omen is in inverse ratio to his prowes

The hordes of Thark number souls, and are divided into 25 communities. Each community has its own jed and lesser chieftains, but all are under the rule of Tal Hajus, Jeddak of Thark. Five communities make their headquarters at the city of Thark, and the remainder are scattered among other de-serted cities of ancient Mars throughout

an entire building to myself.

The same grandeur of architecture which was so noticeable a characteristic of Korad was in evidence here, only on a larger and richer scale. My quarters would have been suited. larger the building, the more desirable, and so Tal Hajus occupied what must have been an enormous public building the largest in the city, but entirely unfitted

When I had finally put my house in order, or rather seen that it had been done, it was nearing sunset, and I hast-ened out with the intention of locating Sola and her charges, as I had determined

Without waiting for a further invitation Without waiting for a further invitation I bolted up the winding runway which led to the second floor, and, entering a great chamber at the front of the building, was greeted by the frenzied Wools, who threw his great carcass upon me, nearly huring me to the floor; the poor old fellow was so glad to see me that I thought he would devour me, his great head split from ear to ear, showing his three rows of tusks in one of his hobgoblin smiles.

Quieting him with a word of command and a caress, I looked hurriedly through the approaching gloom for a sign of Dejah Thoria, and then, not seeing her, I called her name. There was an answering murmur from the far corner of the apartment.

### MILLBOURNE FIREMEN MAY MAKE DRASTIC CHANGE IN THEIR SYS

Recognize Need of Revision After the Events of That Fire in Kirklyn Which Went Out Just Before They Got There

Although no alterations have been deupon, some of the residents ex-d the belief today that the company's experience on Saturday night might awaken a few thoughts in this regard.
The fire laddles were discussing past

achievements pleasantly on the night in question when suddenly word came of a fire in Kirklyn, Delaware County, Pa. nions differ as to what happened dur ing the exciting moments that followed.

It is known, however, that the chier was unavoidably out of town. The official driver of the \$3500 brass-trimmed auto fire truck was likewise absent. His assistant could not be found, it is said, nor the assistant's assistant.

And the fire in Kirklyn kept on burn Ing.

THE POLICE REFUSE. Some one asked the official police force Millbourne to try a hand at the truck.

But both cops positively declined. They called attention to the borough rules, which state positively that the cops must leave the borough while on duty. There is no paragraph which permits there to leave the place even on the new fir to leave the place even on the new fire truck. So they devoted their attention to ringing the monster firebell. This bell, it is said, weighs 1000 pounds. There are 100 houses in Millbourne, which therefore allows 10 pounds of bell for each

blazing.
When it was discovered that the police couldn't go, and there was no one in the driver's seat, it was decided to permit

Meanwhile, the fire in Kirklyn was still

to her full height and, looking me straight in the eye, said: What would Dotar Sojat, Thark, of

Dejah Thoris, his captive?"
"Dejah Thoris, I do not know how have angered you. It was furtherest from

my desire to hurt or offend you, whom I had hoped to protect and comfort.

"Have none of me, if it is your will, but that you must aid me in effecting your escape, if such a thing be possible my request, but my command. Wi are safe once more at your father's court you may do with me as you please, but from now on until that day I am your master, and you must obey and aid me." She looked at me long and earnestly and

me.
"I understand your words, Dotar Sojat," she replied, "but you I do not understand. You are a queer mixture of child and man, of brute and noble. I only wish that I "Look down at your feet, Dejah Thoris;

it lies there now where it has lain since that other night at Korad, and where it will ever lie beating alone for you until denth stills it forever. She took a little step toward me, her

groping gesture. "What do you mean, John Carter?" she whispered. "What are you saying to

"I am saying what I had promised my

self that I should not say to you, at least until you were no longer a captive amonb the green men; what from your attitude toward me for the last 29 days. I had thought never to say to you; I am saying. Dejah Thoris, that I am yours, body and soul, to serve you, to fight for you, and to die for you. "Only one thing I ask of you in return.

and that is that you make no sign, either of condemnation or of approbation of my words until you are safe among your own people, and that whatever sentiments you harbor toward me they be not influenced or colored by gratitude. Whatever I may do to serve you will be prompted solely from selfish motives, since it gives me more pleasure to serve you than not."
"I will respect your wishest John Carbecause I understand the motives which prompt them, and I accept your service no more willingly than I bow to your authority; your word shall be my

I have twice wronged you in my Further conversation of a personal nature was prevented by the entrance of Sola, who was much agitated and wholly

unlike her usual calm and possessed That horrible Sarkoja has been before

Tal Hajus," she eried, "and from what I heard upon the plaza there is little hope for either of you."

"What do they say?" inquired Dejah for Spring,

"That you will be thrown to the wild calots (dogs) in the great arena as soon as

the hordes have assembled for the yearly

games."
"Sola." I said, "you are a Thark, but you hate and loathe the customs of your people as much as we. Will you not accompany us in one supreme effort to escape? I am sure that Dejah Thoris can offer you a home and protection among her people, and your fate can be no worse among them than it must ever (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

WILL LECTURE ON TRAFFIC

Railroad Manager to Explain in Address How Freight Is Handled

Traffic problems and all the "inside" methods of handling traffic described as the "life blood of business." will be revealed tonight at a meeting to be held in the Widener Building, under the auspices of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce. The organization of a permanen club for students of traffic problems wil be discussed.

be discussed.

The meeting will be addressed by Robert C. Wright, recently appointed general traffic manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad. His subject will be "The Freight Traffic Department in Railroad Transportation." Mr. Wright will emphasize the benefits that might be derived to this city from a better knowledge of essential traffic matters.

It is barely possible that the Mill-bourne Fire Company will change its system. was eventually found after a search.

The firebell incidentally brought the residents to their front doors, and it was with some degree of pride that they walted to see the new apparatus and the fire laddles dash by. They did not know of the series of disappointments in getting a place.

Some wondered on hearing of the trott-Some wondered on hearing of the troff-ble why the police didn't drive the truck. They distinctly remembered that when subscriptions were rought for the appar-atus it was pointed out that the copa-would be taught how to run the fire apparatus

And the fire in Kirklyn was still work-

THE START IS MADE. Eventually the beautifully brass-frimmed truck got under way and trudged toward Kirklyn, almost two miles distant. the Highland Park Company had heard of the fire also. Although it was playing euchre, it is said, the company immediatedispensed with social affairs and hustled off to the blaze.

At last, with great tooting of horns, chugging of engine and rattle of wheels, the Millbournians arrived at Kirklyn. But the fire at Kirklyn was out

To make matters worse, the brave lad-dies from Millbourne were informed that they were not needed. But they didn't leave with heavy hearts. Not much They had reached their destination, nearly two miles from home, even with the chi-f, the engineer, the official driver and the assistants all absent. Therefore initiative

On returning to the firehouse one of the cope, exhausted from ringing the bell, in-formed the tired firemon that a telephone call had been received caying there was no need to go. But it seems he forgot to tell them this when they were starting, or else the truck was so far away that he couldn't catch it. Furthermore, there was a possibility that he might run acci-dentally outside of Millbourne and therefore bring discredit upon the police

FACTS ARE DISPUTED.

One of the firemen, who would have gone to the fire if he had been in Mil-bourne but wasn't and therefore didn't, said today the foregoing is not allog-ther just as the thing happened. He is number of the men were around which have run the machine. Those which drewith this fireman declare if that use true they kept the fact to themselves for a

The Millbourne firemen came into the eye some time ago when they de clared they "beat" the Darby company to a fire in Lansdowne. The Darby company to a fire in Lansdowne. The Darby volun-teers denied this and challenged the men of Millbourne to a race; even offering to have a special fire for the purpose. The Millbourne company did not reply to the challenge.
Incidentally, many persons are won-

dering what would happen if there was an openals fire in Millbourne in the d time when the firemen are all absent.

## Browning, King & Company

Have you a boy? Is he 3 or 18 or any age between?

> Bring him here and we'll initiate him in the Bela Kappa Beta societu present to him the fraternity pin.

Norfolk Suits and Reefers \$5 to \$15.

Suits with two knickerbockers, \$6.50 \$7.50, \$8.50.

Wan Suits combinations of

color and fabric, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50,

\$3.00, \$3.75.



By C. A. VOIGHT

## ful execution. Never mind, Herbert, keep on practicing, and who knows but what Joseph S the chance will present itself. Harry Goldie G Becker, North Percy street, one of our Sampiro. PETEY-Do You Really Think Mabel Smoked it? Neither Do We



- SA- AY, WHERE'S MY PIPE - WHERE'S - YESSIR MY PIPE D'TOO YESSIR , ILL LOOK DON'T SIT THERE DOIN POP! NOTHIN -





utter silence, like some huge phantasmagoria, except when the stillness was broken by the gutteral growling of a goaded stildar, or the squealing of fighting theats.

The green Martians converse but little on the march and they only in page 19. Prayer meeting is the place to go on the murch and then only in monosyl-lables, low, and like the faint rumbling of

distant thunder.

We traversed a trackles waste of moss which, bending to the pressure of broad tire or padded foot, rose up again behind us, leaving no sign that we had passed. We might indeed have been the wraiths We might indeed have been the wraters of the departed dead upon the dead sea of that dying planet for all the sound or sign we made in passing.

It was the first march of a large body

of men and animals I had ever witnessed, which raised no dust and left no spoor; for there is no dust upon Mars except in the cultivated districts during the winter months, and even then the absence of high winds renders it almost unnoticeable. We camped that night at the foot of the

hills we had been approaching for two days, and which marked the southern boundary of this particular sea. Our snims is had been two days without drink, nor had they had water for nearly two months, not since shortly after leav-

ing Thark; but, as Tars Tarkas explained to me, they require but little and can live almost indefinitely upon the moss which covers Barsoon, and which, he told me, holds in its tiny stems sufficient moisture to meet the limited demands of the After partaking of my evening meal of

cheeselike food and vegetable milk, I sought out Sola, whom I found working by the light of a torch upon some of Tars Tarkas' trappings.

She looked up at my approach, her face

lighting with pleasure and with welcome.
"I am glad you came," she said. "De-jah Thoris sleeps, and I am lonely. Mine own people do not care for me, John Carter; I am too unlike them. "It is a sad fate, since I must live my life among them, and I often wish that I were a true green Martian woman, with-

out love and without hope; but I have known love, and so I am lost." I sank down beside the industrious woman, and for some time we sat in friendly silence. After a while we entered into desultory conversation, and in the end she opened her heart to me and told me her story.

The tragedy and pathos of the story at once made clear to me why it was that Sola was so different from the other Martian women I had known. Despite Martian customs, there had been real love between her father and mother—a clan-destine affair which had persevered for years, to be discovered and exposed by Sarkoja during a time when Sola's father was at war. His identity was not learned

was at war. His identity was not learned by the spying woman.
Old Tal Hajus, souliess and bloodyhanded villain, ordered Sola's mother executed; but the doomed woman, before her end, succeeded in placing her young daughter among the other common children, and the real identity of the child

"I never saw my mother after that night," said Sola. by Tal Hajus, and every effort, including the most horrible and shameful torture, was brought to bear upon her to wring from her dying lips the name of my father; but she remained steadfast and loyal, dying amid the laughter of Tal Hajus and his chieftains during some

awful torture she was undergoing.
"She had told them that she had killed
me to save me from a like fate at their
hands, and that she had thrown my body to the white apes. Sarkoja alone disbe-lieved her, and I feel to this day that she suspects my true origin, but does not dare expose me because she also guesses, am sure, the identity of my father

"When he returned from his expedition and learned the story of my mother's fate, I was present as Tal Hajus told him; but never by the quiver of a muscle did he betray the slightest emotion; only he did not laugh as Tal Hajus gleefully described her death struggles.

"From that moment on he was the cruelest of the cruel, and I am awaiting "From that moment on he was the cruelest of the cruel, and I am awaiting the day when he shall win the goal of his ambition and feel the carcass of Tal Hajus beneath his foot, for I am sure that he but walts the opportunity to wreak a terrible vengeance, and that his great love is as strong in his breast as when it first transfigured him, nearly 49 years ago, as I am that we sit here upon the edge of a world-old ocean while sensible people sieen, John Carter."

"And your father, Sola, is he with us now?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, "but he does not know me for what I am, nor does he know who betrayed my mother to Tal

know who betrayed my mother to Tal Hajus. I alone know my father's name, and only I and Hajus and Sarkoja know that it was she who carried the tale that brought death and torture upon her he

we sat silent for a tew moments, she wrapped in the gloomy thoughts of her terrible past, and I in pity for the poor creatures whom the heartless, senseless customs of their race had doomed to liveless lives of cruelty and of hate. Pres-Then suddenly Willie went "CHERntly she spoke.

"John Carter, if ever a real man walked the cold, dead bosom of Barsoom, you are one. I know that I can trust ou, and because the knowledge may some day help you, or him, or Dejah Thoris, or myself, I am going to tell you the name of my father, nor place any restrictions

or conditions upon your tongue.
"When the time comes speak the truth
if it seems best to you. I trust you because I know that you are not cursed with the terrible trait of absolute and unswerving truthfulness, that you could lie like one of your Virginia gentlemen— if a lie would save others from sorrow suffering. My father's name is Tars

#### CHAPTER XVI. Trepidation.

THE remainder of our journey to Thark I was uneventful. We were, in all, 20 days upon the road, crossing two sea bot-toms and passing through or round a number of ruined cities, mostly smaller

number of ruined cities, mostly smaller than Korad. Twice we crossed the famous Martian waterways; or so-called canals, by our earthly astronomers.

When we approached these points a warrior would be sent far ahead with a powerful fieldglass, and if no great body of red Martian troops was in sight we would advance as close as possible without chance of being seen, and then camp until dark, when we would slowly approach the cuitivated tract, and, locating one of the numerous broad highways which cross these areas at regular intervals, creep

FARMER SMITH'S FAIRY BOOK

Willie Wideawake's Sneeze

"I am getting tired of this dream business," said Willie Wide-a-wake to himself one night. "I guess I will fix it so the Good Dream Fairy will not come and see me any more." With that he got up and went into the nursery, where he took the baby's bathtub and carted it into Then he took all the chairs he could find and put them on his bed. He found a broom and put it on the foot of the bed where the Good Dream, Fairy usually sat and exclaimed:

"THERE!" Willie was so tired that he was soon fast asleep, and in his dream he was laughing softly to himself, "Ha! ha! That's the time I fooled the Good Dream So far as I am personally concerned, I think a friend is one who will After he had said this a strange thing happened—he sneezed. It was a dream sneeze. Have you ever sneezed in your dreams? Well, don't, for just think come to see you when you are in ANY KIND of trouble; but, of course, this

of what happened to Willie!

HIS sneeze blew all the chairs off the bed, and in a jiffy he was seated on a chair in the middle of the baby's bathtub. I wish we could have a good definition of the word friend, but perhaps Remember that the friendships of your old age will be made when you using the broom for a paddle. Then it began to rain and rain and RAIN. Soon the tub was full of water and the tub turned into a lake. Right ahead Willi saw a big battleship and he had to paddle for dear life to keep from meeting it.

The next thing he knew there was a great big hird soaring over his head and-down swooped the big thing and he was

lifted up in the air. Some one kissed him It was THE GOOD DREAM FAIRY! "You tried to escape me, did you? If I had not come along you would have been on the other side of the ocean. LOOK

Willie felt as though he were going to sneeze, and sure enough he did, and the airship began to fall down DOWN!

who send in more than one application. A. Dorszewski—please don't forget that pic-The airship hit the ground with a great big BUMP, and there was a noise like hissing steam, followed by a voice saying: "What on earth have you put all these things in your room for?"

It was Willie Wide-awake's mother speaking.

ture.

Elizabeth Spear—if you wish to come to the drawing class we would be very happy to have you. It meets every Saturday afternoon at 2 p. m. in the Rainbow Room, 608 Chestnut street. Lillian Sholnick, Chester, may send in any number of members at any time. No specified number is required. "I-I-I tried to keep the Good Dream Fairy away and—and——"
"Never try to keep the Good Dream Ethel Saperstein, of Woodbine, N. J.,

Fairy away again," said his mother, bend-ing over to kiss him. But just as she was about to do so Willie went "CHER-CHOO!" 'You'll turn into a sneeze soon," said the good woman. "I hope it will not be a dream sneeze,"

thought Willie. Things to Know and Do Why has the elephant a trunk? Why has the spider the power of

spinning a web? 3. How many times does a clock "shake hands" between noon and 6 o'clock at night? (For little folks.)

FARMER SMITH,
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.

THE WAY. Address .....

School I attend ......

THE CHEERPUL CHERUB

To study human types,

Crossing in the darkness as we did There were many trees, methodically as

Only once did I perceive a human being, and that was at the intersection of our crossroad with the wide, white turnpike which cuts each cultivated district longi-

tudinally at its exact centre.

The fellow must have been sleeping beside the road, for as I came abreast of him he raised upon his elbow, and after a single glance at the passing caravan leaped shricking to his feet and fied mad-

I verily believe that a man's way with

among men. The weakling and the sap-head have often great ability to charm the fair sex, while the fighting man who can face a thousand real dangers unacan face a thousand real dangers una fraid sits hiding in the shadows like

days after my advent upon Barsoom we entered the ancient city of Thark, from whose long forgotten people this horde of green men have stolen even

he district claimed by Tal Hajus. We made our entry into the great central plaza early in the afternoon. There were no enthusiastic, friendly greetings for the returned expedition.

Those who chanced to be in sight spoke

arger and richer scare. My quality would have been suitable for housing the results of earthly emperors. But to greatest of earthly emperors. But to these queer creatures nothing about a building appealed to them but its size and the enormity of its chambers; the

for residence purposes.

When I had finally put my house in

Sola and her charges, as I had determined to have speech with Dejah, Thoris and impress on her the necessity of our at least patching up a truce until I could find some way of aiding her to escape.

I searched in vain until the upper rim of the great red sun was just disappearing behind the horizon and then I spied the ugly head of Woola peering from a second story window on the opposite side of the very street where I was quartered, but nearer the plaza.

Without waiting for a further invitation