# THE GODS OF MARS

Sequel to "Under the Moons of Mars"

STNOPSIS.

Twhe years had passed since Captain for Carter, of Virginia, had been buried in Carter, of Virginia, had been buried the catter from Mars, where he had seen buried from Mars, where he had seen buried through space from the seen had been buried through space from the seen are to the heighborins planet, where he warriors and married Delah fortian princess of Helium, he had been standed back to earth as he was about the seen of the seen o

CHAPTER II-(Continued).

LENGTH, however, we reached the A shadows of the forest, while right beus aprang the swiftest of our pursuers to fasten his blood-sucking mouth upon

Ha was, I should say, a hundred yards advance of his closest companion, and o I called to Tars Tarkas to ascend a tree that brushed the cliff's face shis I dispatched the fellow, thus giving

shie i dispatched the fellow, thus giving its less agile Thark an opportunity to reach the higher branches before the entire horize should be upon us and every stilty of escape cut off.

But I had reckoned without a just appreciation either of the cunning of my impediate antagonist or the swiftness with which his fellows were covering the distance which had separated them from me.

As I raised my long sword to deal the creature its death thrust it halted in its start and as my sword cut harmiessly drough the empty air the great tail of the thing swept with the power of a grizzly's immacross the sward and carried me bodily from my feet to the ground.

hem my feet to the ground.
Is an instant the brute was upon me, but in an income and its hideous mouth into my breast and throat I grasped a writhing tentacle in either hand.

The plant man was well muscled, heavy The plant man was well muscled, heavy and powerful, but my sinews and greater signor in conjunction with the deathly transfe hold I had upon him, would have given me. I think, an eventual victory had had time to discuss the merits of our relative prowess uninterrupted. But, as we emained and struggled about the tree into selich. Tars Tarkas was clambering. I sudemy caught a glimpse over the shoulder of my antagonist of the great swarm of largers that now were fairly upon me. fers who had come with the plant-born response to the weird calling of the man upon the cliff's face. They were that most dreaded of Martian creatures—great

white apes of Barsoom. My former experiences upon Mars had familiarized me thoroughly with them and their methods, and I may say that of all the terrible inhabitants of that strange orld it is the white apes that come nearest

which these apes engender within me is due to their remarkable resemblance in form to our earth men which gives them a hu-

a few happy moments.

our members.

FARMER SMITH'S

il sewing bag which we pictured last wee

tre willing to hold meetings and assist our members.

are YOUNG), who are helping YOU.

Our Postoffice Box

Address

We would like to hear from more VOLUNTEERS.

Eva Kovaky an

nounced herself one bright May day with a bunch

of freshly picked

and little girls are

that's going "a-

LET US BE HELPFUL!

Dearest Children (Especially Little Girls)-The other day we received a

We are SO glad when we are helpful. Just think! One little girl made

We wish we could print more patterns and more pictures of the handwork

It is really wonderful to hear what the Grown-ups say about us!

It is so much better to go slowly and SURELY-don't you think so?

Oh, yes! we hope as we grow larger to have more VOLUNTEERS.

letter from a little girl telling how she, with the help of her mother, made the

mother little girl (whom she had never seen) happy, and kept her busy for

Their eyes are very close in, but do not protrude, as do those of the green men of Mars; their ears are high set, but more laterally located than are the green men's, while their snouts and teeth are much iras those of our African gorilla. Upon their heads grows an enormous shock of bristly hair.

hair.

It was into the eyes of such as these and the terrible plant men that I gased above the shoulder of my foe, and then in a mighty wave of snarling, snapping, screaming, purring rage they swept over me—and of all the sounds that assailed my ears as I went down beneath them, to me the most hideous was the horrid purring of the plant men.

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS of arms midway between their upper and lower limbs.

Their eyes are very close in, but do not protrude, as do those of the green men of Mars; their ears are high set, but more laterally located than are the green men.

brutes, and so, step by step, we were forced back.

At length we stood against the giant tree that we had chosen for our ascent, and then, as charge after charge hurled its weight upon us, we gave back again and again until we had been forced half-way round the huge base of the colossal trunk.

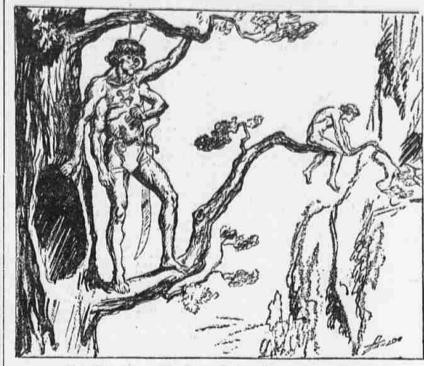
Tars Tarkas was in the lead, and suddenly I heard a little cry of exultation from him.

"Here is shelter for one at least, John arter," he said, and, glancing down, I

me the most blocks was the horrid puring of the plant men.

Instantly a score of fangs and talons were sunk into my flesh; cold, sucking lips fastened themselves upon my arteries.

I struggled to free myself, and even though I might slip in easily.



Together we wormed our way along the waving pathway.

weighted down by those immense bodies, I succeeded in struggling to my feet, where, still grasping my long sword, and shorten-ing my grip upon it until I could use it as a dagger. I wrought such havoc among

What it has taken minutes to write occurred in but a few accords, but during that time Tars Tarkas had seen my plight and had dropped from the lower branches, which he had reached with such infinite labor, and as I flung the last of my imme-diate antagonists from me the great Thark leaped to my side, and again we fought, back to back, as we had done a hundred times before.

Time and again the feroclous apes sprang

to familiarizing me with the sensation of in to close with us, and time and again we beat them back with our swords. The I think that the cause of this feeling great tails of the plant men lashed about

We shall both die if we remain without. John Carter. Here is a slight chance for one of us. Take it, and you may live to avenge me. It is useless for me to attempt to worm my way into so small an opening with this horde of demons besetting us on all sides."

"Then we shall die together, Tars Tar-kas," I replied, "for I shall not go first. Let me defend the opening while you get in; then my smaller stature will permit me slip in with you before they can prevent."
We still were fighting furiously as we talked in broken sentences, punctuated with vicious cuts and thrusts at our swarming

At length he yielded, for it seemed the only way in which either of us might be saved from the ever-increasing numbers of our assailants, who were still swarming upon us from all directions across the broad valley.

which these apes engender within me is due to their remarkable resemblance in form to our earth mea, which gives them a human appearance that is most uncanny when coupled with their enormous size.

They stand 15 feet in height and walk are the green ward upon their hind feet. Like the green Martians, they have an intermediary set were names that the fighting men of this valley.

"It was ever your way, John Carter," to think last of your own life," he said. "But still more your way to command the lives and actions of others, even to the greatest of jeddaks who rule upon his face as he, the greatest jeddak of them all, turned

to obey the dictates of a creature of an-

less than half his own.
"If you fall, John Carter," he said, "know that the cruel and heartless Thank to whom you taught the meaning of friendship will come out to die beside you."
"As you will, my friend," I replied. "But quickly now, head first, while I cover your

retreat."

He hesitated a little at that word, for never in his whole life of continual strife had he before turned his back upon aught than a dead or defeated enemy. "Haste, Tars Tarkas," I urged, "or we shall both go down to profitiess defeat. I cannot hold them forever alone."

As he dropped to the ground to force his way into the tree, the whole howling pack of hideous devils hurled themselves

pack of hideous devils huried themselves upon me. To right and left flew my shimmering blade, now green with the sticky judes of a plant man, now red with the criminon blood of a great white ape.

And thus I fought as I never had fought before, against frightful odds that I cannot realize even now.

With the fear that we would escape them the creatures redoubled their efforts.

With the fear that we would escape them, the creatures redoubled their efforts to pull me down, and though the ground about me was piled high with their dead and dying comrades, they succeeded at last in overwhelming me; and I went down beneath them for the second time that day, and once again felt those awful sucking lips against my flesh.

But scarce had I fallen ere I felt powerful benefits and in another

But scarce had I fallen ere I telt powertul hands grip my ankles, and in another
second I was being drawn within the
shelter of the tree's interior.
For a moment it was a tug of war between Tars Tarkas and a great plant man
who clung tenaclously to my breast, but
presently I got the point of my long sword

presently I got the point of my long sword beneath him, and with a mighty thrust plerced his vitals.

Bleeding from many wounds, I lay panting upon the ground within the hollow of the tree, while Tars Tarkas defended the opening from the furious mob without.

For an hour they howled about the opening, but after a few attempts to reach us they confined their efforts to terrorizing shrieks and screams; to horrid grawling on the part of the great white apea and the fearsome and indescribable purring by the plant men.

At length all but a score, who had apparently been left to prevent our escape, had departed, and our adventure seemed destined departed, and our adventure seemed destined to result in a siege, the only outcome of which could be our death by starvation. For even should we be able to slip out after dark, where, in that unknown and hostile valley, could we hope to turn our steps toward possible escape?

As the attacks of our enemies ceased and our eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness of the interior of our strange retreat. I took the opportunity to explore our

treat, I took the opportunity to explore our

The tree was hollow to an extent of about

shelter.

The tree was hollow to an extent of about fifty feet in diameter, and from its flat, hard floor I judged that it had often been used to bouse others. As I raised my eyes toward its roof to note the height. I saw far above me a faint glow of light.

There was an opening above. If we could but reach it, we might still hope to make the shelter of the cilif caves. My eyes had now become quite used to the subdued light of the interior, and as I pursued my investigation I presently came upon a rough ladder at the far side of the tree. Quickly I mounted it, to find that it connected at the top with the lower of a series of horizontal wooden bars that spanned the now narrower and shaftlike interior of the tree's stem. These bars were set

of the tree's stem. These bars were set one above another, about three feet apart, and formed a perfect ladder as far above

me as I could see.

Dropping to the floor once more, I detailed my discovery to Tars Tarkas, who suggested that I explore aloft as far as I could go in safety, while he guarded the entrance against a possible attack.

As I hastened above to explore the strange shaft, I found that the ladder of horizontal bars reached always far above

me as my eyes could reach, and as I as-cended, the light from above grew brighter and brighter.

For fully five hundred feet I continued to

climb, until at length I reached the open-ing in the stem which admitted the light. It was of about the same diameter as the intrance at the foot of the tree, and opened directly upon a large, flat limb, the well-worn surface of which testified to its longcontinued use as an avenue for some crea ture to and from this remarkable shaft.
I did not venture out upon the limb for fear that I might be discovered and our retreat in this direction cut off; instead, I hurried to retrace my steps to Tars Tarkas. I soon reached him, and presently we were both ascending the long ladder to-

ward the opening above.

Tars Tarkas went in advance, and as I reached the first of the horizontal bars I drew the ladder up after me, and, hand-

ing it to him, he carried it a hundred feet farther aloft, where he wedged it safely between one of the bars and the side of In like manner I dislodged the lower bars

as I passed them, so that we soon had the interior of the tree denuded of all possible means of ascent for a distance of a hundred feet from the base, thus precluding pos-sible pursuit and attack from the rear.

As we were to learn later, this precau-As we were to learn later, this precau-tion saved us from dire predicament, and was eventually the means of our salvation. When we reached the opening at the top Tars Tarkas drew to one side that I might pass out and investigate, as, owing to my lesser weight and greater agility, I was better fitted for the perilous threading of

better fitted for the perilous threading of this dixxy, hanging pathway.

The limb upon which I found myself ascended at a slight angle toward the cliff, and as I followed it I found that it terminated a few feet above a narrow ledge which protruded from the cliff's face at the entrance to a narrow cave.

As I approached the slightly more slender extremity of the branch it bent beneath my weight until, as I balanced perflously upon its outer the, it swayed gently

ously upon its outer tip, it swayed gently on a level with the ledge at a distance of a couple of feet. Five hundred feet below me lay the

vivid scarlet carpet of the valley; nearly five thousand feet above towered the mighty, gleaming face of the gorgeous

The cave that I faced was not one of those that I had seen from the ground, and which lay much higher, possibly a thousand feet. But so far as I might know,

end of the branch we found that our com-

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Young Men and Born STAUNTON, VA.

Your Boy at Staunton Military Academy

bined weight so depressed the limb that the cave's mouth was now too far above us to be reached.

We finally agreed that Tars Tarkas should return along the branch, leaving his longest leather harness-strap with me, and that when the limb had risen to a height that would permit me to enter the cave I was to do so, and upon Tars Tarkas return I could then lower the strap and haul him up to the safety of the ledge.

This we did without mishap and soon found ourselves together upon the verge of a diray little balcony, with a magnificent view of the valley spreading out below us.

So far as the eye could reach, gorgeous forest and crimson sward skirted a silent sea, and about all towered the brilliant monster guardian cliffs. Once we thought we discerned a gilded minaret sleaming in the sun amid the waving tops of far-distant trass

sun amid the waving tops of far-distant trees, but we soon abandoned the idea in the belief that it was but an hallucination born of our great desire to discover the haunts of civilized men in this beautiful yet

forbidding spot.

Below us upon the river's bank the great white apes were devouring the last reminants of Tars Tarkas' former companions. while great herds of plant men grazed in ever-widening circles about the sward, which they kept as close clipped as the smoothest of lawns.

Knowing that attack from the tree was now improbable, we determined to explore the cave, which we had every reason to believe was but a continuation of the path we had already traversed, leading the gods knew where, but clearly away from this valley of ferocity.

As we advanced we found a well-propor-

Arrangements are being made to erect a large tabernacie on Federal street, between Newton and Wright avenues, for the Lyons evangelistic campaign, to be held in Cambellanden next fall. It was at first planned to have it erected at Armory Park, and the new site was selected because of improvements at the real. tioned tunnel cut from the solid cliff. Its walls rose some 20 feet above the floor, which was about five feet in width. The roof was arched.

We had no means of making a light, and

so groped our way slowly into the ever-increasing darkness, Tars Tarkas keeping in touch with one wall while I felt along in touch with one wall while I felt along the other. To prevent our wandering into diverging branches and becoming separated

or lost in some intricate and labyrinthic make we clasped hands.

How far we traversed the tunnel in this manner I do not know, but presently we came to an obstruction which blocked our urther progress.

It seemed more like a partition than a

sudden ending of the cave, for it was con-structed not of the material of the cliff, but of something which felt like very hard Silently I groped over its surface with

my hands, and presently was rewarded by the feel of the button, which as commonly denotes a door on Mars as does a doortnob on Earth.

knob on Earth.

Gently pressing it, I had the satisfaction of feeling the door slowly give before me, and in another instant we were looking into a dimly lighted apartment which, so far

a dimly lighted apartment which, so far as we could see, was unoccupied.

Without more ado I swung the door wide open and, followed by the huge Thark, stepped into the chamber.

As we stood for a moment in silence gazing about the room a slight noise behind caused me to turn quickly.

To my astonishment I saw the door close with a sharp click as though moved by an unuseen hand.

unseen hand. Instantly I sprang toward it to wrench it open again, for something in the uncanny movement of the thing and the almost pal-pable silence of the chamber seemed to portend an evil hidden in this rock-bound chamber.

My fingers clawed fullely at the unyield-

ing portal, while my eyes sought in value for a duplicate of the button which had given us ingress.

And then from unseen lips a cruel and mocking peal of laughter rang through the (CONTINUED TOMORROW.) .

"The Son of Tarzan" is concluded on Page 15 of this edition. TWO HURT IN AUTO CRASH

Women Badly Injured When Truck

Hits Roadster LANCASTER, Pa., June 19.—Mrs. Har-vey A. Oberdorf, wife of the general man-ager of the Columbia Telephone Company, and her mother, Mrs. Barbara Gallagher,

were seriously injured vesterday when a large truck owned by the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelpha crashed nto a roadster dryen by Mr. Oberdog.

The accident occurred opposite the birthplace of President Buchanan. The women were taken to the St. Joseph Hospital. Mr. Oberdog escaped unburt. Oberdorf escaped unhurt

Many Offer to Adopt Children

STATE OF THE STATE

More than two dozen letters offering to adopt the three little sons of Otto Stenzel seived by Mr. Stenzel at hi home, 2103 South 16th street, from men and women who crave the affection of children. The father is sick and careworn and aren. The lather is sick and careworn and no longer able to care for the children. Among the communications were two from a father and son living in Maryland. The son offers to raise one of the boys and the father the other two. The offer will probably be accepted if the homes are found to be wholescome, as the proximity of the two be wholesome, as the proximity of the two places would enable the brothers to see each other frequently.

#### BALA AND CYNWYD PLAN THE CHEERFUL CHERUB ELABORATE "FOURTH" have a cinder in A feeling that I much despise. I spose I should School Children to Take Conspicuous Part in Independence Day Celebration

Citizens of Bala and Cynwyd following the successful Independence Day Celebration of a year ago, are planning an even more elaborate program of the same general character for the present year.

The school children, boy scouts, fire company and citizens will assemble at the Bala' School at 8:45 on the morning of Independence Day, and led by a detachment of mounted officers and a band of 20 pieces, will march in procession through Bala and Cynwyd to the grounds of the Cynwyd School.

This procession will contain groups of children in appropriate contumes, disposed on floats to represent notable events in the history of our country. Thus there will be represented The Landing of Columbus, the Landing of William Penn, Betay Ross and the Fing, Puritans, Goddens of Liberty, Uncle Sam, The Spirit of 76, and the Signing of the Declaration.

A group of children will represent the thirteen original states.

The exercises at the grounds of the Cynwyd School will include a flag raising, an oration by Caivin O, Althouse of the Central High School, singing of national songs by children and citizens.

The Boy Scouts will give an exhibition and the celebration will come to an end with a baseball game between a team of risthirteen original states.

ments at the park.

There will be a meeting of the Exective Committee at the Y. M. C. A. next Friday night. ing and a team of fallen stars.

Woman Injured in Fall From Roof A reception will be held on Thursday night at the Bellevue-Stratford to Harrison Mrs. Mary Strain, 1109 Vine street, is dying in the Hahnemann Hospital from in-Malton, retired principal of the Rutledge Grammar School, 7th and Norris streets, Scores of graduates, including Florence J. Heppe, John C. Bell, ex-Attorney General of Pennsylvania, and other men of prominence will pay tribute to the man under whose direction they obtained their elementary education. Mr. Walton devoted juries received yesterday when she fell from the rear roof of her home. Policeman Keirse, who arrested her husband, said the couple had been drinking, and that the suspand had pushed his wife from a room on the third floor and locked the door. She borrowed a chair, went out on the second-story roof and tried to get in a rear win-dow. She fell in the attempt. mentary education. Mr. Walton devoted more than half a century of his life to peda-gogy. He is 74 years old,

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eres KideCount

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"Our Pan" Bread, Loaf. 5c

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The retail price of certain Nemo

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This Includes the Following Numbers:

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KOPS BROS., Manufacturers of NEMO CORSETS. New York

### a Williamstown, Pa., and if you don't beeve all these things, just watch the club Caraline Ringgold sent a whiff of salt atwhere to your editor from Chelsea, where the las gone to spend the summer. Lor-Bosto, another Rainbow and Caroas's best friend, is visiting her and helping

gathering" soon.

BAY KOARKA

best friend, is visiting her and helping to have some of the lovely times she some more seashore air came how two new little Rainbows, who have remit; gone to Holly Beach to spend the simer. They are Harriet Case and Maud They have joined the club in earns and intend to send drawings and stories little at the club in carnad intend to send drawings and stories little at the club in earns and intend to send drawings and stories little at the club in earns and intend to send drawings and stories was increased in the artist. Oh. yes, we say they the same to help rescue Chinese hables. The stamps to Jack Burgeas, 5233 can are not be pictures of these senside like some pictures of these senside

two real live "club news reading" Rainse in Altoona, Pa! That's what the mail
bed when we opened it the other
Lillian Levenson and Annie Geller are
we members. Ten new members from
the ston, due to the earnest persuasion
Praces Seardalee, of that town!

Children's Editor, the EVENING LEDGER.

FARMER SMITH. Care of the Evening Langer I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button Iree. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY — SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

flowers. The fun-ny part of the visit was Eva was visit was by a was so sweet and span we couldn't tell which was little girl and which was flower! All of which is quite natural, for posles and little girls are School I attend ......

Branch Club News

FARMER SMITH,

just as sweet as each other! We know a lassie Essie Wyman, president of the "Rainbow Violet Hearts," sends in the following ac-count of her girls' latest meeting: "At our last meeting the girls had many "At our last meeting the girls had many motions to make. We raised our dues to a cents a week. I think that 43 cents is good to have in the treasury for only three weeks. When I told the girls about going to see you they were very enthusiastic. The girls also played the piano. We sang, and, in fact, enjoyed ourselves immensely. After the meeting was adjourned the girls went their own way."

Cells Kaufmann and Kate Godfrey, also

the girls went their own way."

Celia Kaufmann and Kate Godfrey, also active members of "the Violet Hearts," favored us with very interesting letters. The girls are planning a splendid summer supplies. They hint of sewing and making candy and selling—but, there, we NEARLY told. Just you wait and SEE! Oh, yes; you're all invited!

To Miss Hannah Petashnick, a kind lady of Woodbine, N. J., who loves little children very much, we are indebted for "the Rainbow Bouquet." This is a circle of little girls ranging in age from 7 to 2 years, and, from all accounts, a very interesting one.

one.

Speaking of the meetings, Miss Potashnick writes: "We have recitations, songs,
dancing and composition work. The littic ones are also learning to embroider. At
present they are working on pansies made
in outline stitch. We are going to have an
entertainment. Part of the program will be
'Babes in the Wood.'"

Little Bessle Carr, of Idiswood, N. J., has added to her original sift to Case No. 1. The postman left a beautiful book (a boy's story) and a package of 10 or more post-cards on our deak. Bessle's neat little card was attached to both. A forwarding address was specific added; and, by all the laws of Uncte Sam's mail, Case No. 3 will be in proof possession of them this executive. Case No. 3

#### JIMMY MONKEY'S SHADOW By Farmer Smith

RAINBOW CLUB

"That's funny," said a mellow little voice beside Jimmy. Turning around, Jimmy could see no one, Turning around, Jimmy could see no one, so he got up and looked behind the tree.

"Here I am," said the merry little mellow voice. "Right here. Get down on the ground and you will find me—gone."

"Oh, I know: You are my shadow and when I lie down on the ground you are gone," said Jimmy, peeking around the tree.

tree.
"Oh, look!" exclaimed Jimmy, looking Send us the names and addresses of young ladies (all who love children

said: "What's the matter with it?"
"Nothing. Only I wish I had a big shadow like yours."

"You can have mine-I don't mind," answered Mister Elephant.
"Stretch out your tail and see if it makes

At this Mister Elephant squinted down at Jimmy and said: "you can't make a monkey out of me—I'm an Elephant." "That may be," answered Jimmy, thought-fully, "but your shadow lan't."

The following extracts from two letters will explain themselves. The Rainbow who is responsible for them intended neither for publication. However, we decided that their helpfulness was too deep to be wasted. Therefore what was meant for private eye is unfolded to you, that you may read-

my guide book, and a friend of mine and myself found boxes, and from them we all watched the parade together. The letter is in answer to one I wrote. Please send it back; I prize it most wonderfully."

The second, from "the dear old lady"; "It certainly was lovely of you to think of ms. Did you take a picture of me? Why, how sweet. I fear, Harry, I must look a little cross, as the sun was trying. I assure you I felt very comfortable and happ because you and your friend did everything to make me so. Many hoys of your ages would not have remained with a lady so much older. Your parents can be proud of you. Boys of your thoughtfulness cannot help but succeed.

"The talent of success, Harry, is really nothing more than doing what you can do well and doing well whatever you do, without first a thought of fame. If it comes it will be because it is deserved. I love this helpful thought of Longfellow, so I pass it on to you."

Things to Know and Do

Things to know and Do

1. Animals which have backbones are divided into four classes. Manshals, birds,
reptiles, fishes Name three kinds of animals which are four-handed.

2. Name one living thing which does not
have a backbone.

3. What kind of questions do you like
best? Tour editor writes a talk for each
day, a story for each day and also the
questions. Which one of the three takes
the largest to write and why?

It was a warm day in Jungletown. Jimmy to keep cool. Every now and then he would wiggle his tail and—strange to relate! the shadow of his tail moved back and forth just as the tail moved.

Volunteers, my dears, are young ladies who wish to aid our club and who

right at the big fellow.

At this Mister Elephant danced around so fast he almost felt down.

"Look at what?" he asked.

"Leok at your shadow!" shouted Jimmy Mister Elephant danced around again and said. "What's the matter with 12"

shadow longer than my tail," commanded

and learn.

The first, from the Rainbow, Harry Axson. of Collingswood, N. J., reads: "I am sending you a letter from a dear old lady friend of mine. Let me tell you how I became acquainted with her. On the 20th of May, during a large parade in our town, I was standing on the same corner with her and standing on the same corner with her and she wanted some information. I gave her my guide book, and a friend of mine and myself found boxes, and from them we all

it was as good for our purpose as another, and so I returned to the tree for Tars Tarkas.

Together, we wormed our way along the waving pathway, but when we reached the SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES **29999999999999999999999** 

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