THE GODS OF MARS

Sequel to "Under the Moons of Mars"

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
Author of the Tarzan Stories

SYNOPSIS.

Twelve years had passed since Captain John Carter, of Virginia, had been buried after his return from Mars, where he had spent 10 years. Just as mysteriously as he had been hurled through space from the Arizona cave to the neighboring planet, where he had fought with the green and red Martian warriors and married Dejah Thoris, Princess of Helium, he had been catapulted back to earth as he was about to enter the air plant which supplied the planet with oxygen.

Suddenly, his friend received a telegram to meet Captain Carter in the hotel at Richmond. There the warrior gave him the manuscript which is published here, relating of his wakening from death and transportation back to Mars.

When Carter lands on Mars he finds himself in a strange region, covered with beautiful grass and topped with mammoth trees. Suddenly he hears a weird sound, and rushing to the edge of the cliff sees the giant plant men attacking a small band of green men and women. All but one are killed by the wicked talons and powerful tails of the strange creatures. This one Carter finds to be his old friend, the warrior Tars Tarkas, whom he helps to escape.

After finding refuge in a hollow tree, they escape from one of the branches to a cave in the cliff nearby. Carter and Tars Tarkas find themselves locked in a chamber of the cavern. After a desperate fight with huge apths, who are released upon them through hidden doors, Carter finally discovers the secret entrance. Rushing through as a bath enters, he engages several therns and slays them.

The room is filled with prisoners, one of whom is Thuvia, a red Martian woman, who leads them through the golden cliffs on their perilous escape through the Valley Dor. Only Thuvia, Tars Tarkas and John Carter survive the journey through the awful labyrinthian passages.

Just as the three are about to escape from the domain of the therns a horde of "Black Pirates of Barsoom," the traditional enemies of the therns, attack in force with a vast number of airships. In the thick of the fight Carter pushes his two companions into a small flying machine and pressing the release lever, sends them to safety.

Several of the invaders had noticed this act and rush upon Carter, who manages to escape by leaning high above the heads of the Black Pirates, and grasping an anchor trailing from a passing battle airship, he climbs along the rope until he reaches the deck, where he is attacked by a number of pirates, whom he kills after a long struggle. Only one he spares, Xodar commander of the ship, Phaidor, daughter of Matai Shang, holy hekkador of the therns, is Xodar's prisoner. Xodar is bound and Carter steers the ship to higher altitudes.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

IT BECAME intensely cold. Breathing was difficult. The girl, Phaidor, and the black pirate kept their eyes glued upon me. At length the girl spoke.

"Unconsciousness comes quickly at this altitude," she said quietly. "Unless you are inviting death for us all you had best drop, and that quickly."

There was no fear in her voice. It was as one might say: "You had better carry an umbrella. It is going to rain."

I dropped the vessel quickly to a lower level. Nor was I a moment too soon. The girl had swooned.

The black, too, was unconscious, while I myself retained my senses, I think, only by sheer will. The one on whom all responsibility rests is apt to endure the most.

We were swinging along low above the foothills of the Otz. It was comparatively warm and there was plenty of air for our starved lungs, so I was not surprised to see the black open his eyes, and a moment later the girl also.

"It was a close call," she said.

"It has taught me two things, though," I replied.

"What?"

"That even Phaidor, daughter of the master of life and death, is mortal," I said, smiling.

"There is immortality only in Issus," she replied. "And Issus is for the race of therns alone. Thus am I immortal."

I caught a fleeting grin passing across the features of the black as he heard her words. I did not then understand why he smiled. Later I was to learn, and she, too, in a most horrible manner.

"If the other thing you have just learned," she continued, "has led to as erroneous deductions as the first, you are little richer in knowledge than you were before."

"The other," I replied, "is that our dusky friend here does not hail from the nearer moon—he was near death at a few thousand feet above Barsoom. Had we continued the 5000 miles that lie between Thuria and the planet, he would have been but the frozen memory of a man."

Phaidor looked at the black in evident astonishment.

"If you are not of Thuria, then where?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders and turned his eyes elsewhere, but did not reply.

The girl stamped her little foot in a peremptory manner.

"The daughter of Matai Shang is not accustomed to having her queries remain unanswered," she said. "One of the lesser breed should feel honored that a member of the holy race that was born to inherit life eternal should deign even to notice him."

Again the black smiled that wicked, knowing smile.

"Xodar, Dotar of the first born of Barsoom, is accustomed to give commands, not to receive them," replied the black pirate. Then, turning to me: "What are your intentions concerning me?"

"I intend taking you both back to Helium," I said. "No harm will come to you. You will find the red men of Helium a kindly and magnanimous race; but if they listen to me there will be no more voluntary pilgrimages down the River Iss, and the impossible belief that they have cherished for ages will be shattered into a thousand pieces."

"Are you of Helium?" he asked.

"I am a prince of the House of Tardos Mors, Jeddak of Helium," I replied, "but I am not of Barsoom. I am of another world."

Xodar looked at me intently for a few moments.

"I can well believe that you are not of Barsoom," he said at length. "None of this world could have bested eight of the first born single-handed. But how is it that you wear the golden hair and the jeweled circlet of a holy thern?" He emphasized the word holy with a touch of irony.

"I had forgotten them," I said. "They are the spoils of conquest;" and with a sweep of my hand I removed the disguise from my head.

When the black's eyes fell on my close-cropped black hair they opened in astonishment. Evidently he had looked for the bald pate of a thern.

"You are indeed of another world," he said, a touch of awe in his voice. "With the skin of a thern, the black hair of a first born, and the muscles of a dozen Dotars, it were no disgrace even for Xodar to acknowledge your supremacy. A thing he could never do, were you a Barsoomian," he added.

"You are traveling several laps ahead of me, my friend," I interrupted. "I glean that your name is Xodar; but whom, pray, are the first born, and what a Dotar, and why, if you were conquered by a Barsoomian, could you not acknowledge it?"

"The first born of Barsoom," he explained, "are the race of black men of which I am a Dotar, or, as the lesser Barsoomians would say, prince. My race is the oldest on the planet.

"We trace our lineage, unbroken, direct to the tree of life which flourished in the centre of the Valley Dor twenty-three million years ago.

"For countless ages the fruit of this tree underwent the gradual changes of evolution, passing by degrees from true plant life to a combination of plant and animal.

"In the first stages the fruit of the tree possessed only the power of independent muscular action while the stem remained attached to the parent plant; later a brain developed in the fruit, so that, hanging there by their long stems, they thought and moved as individuals.

"Then, with the development of perceptions, came a comparison of them; judgments were reached and compared, and thus reason and the power to reason were born upon Barsoom.

"Ages passed. Many forms of life came and went upon the tree of life, but still all were attached to the parent plant by stems of varying lengths.

"At length the fruit upon the tree consisted in tiny plant men such as we now see reproduced in such huge dimensions in the Valley Dor, but still hanging to the limbs and branches of the tree by the stems which grew from the tops of their heads.

"The buds from which the plant men blossomed resembled large nuts about a foot in diameter divided by double partition walls into four sections. In one section grew the plant man, in another a 16-legged worm, in the third the progenitor of the white ape, and in the fourth the primeval black man of Barsoom.

"When the bud burst the plant man remained dangling at the end of his stem, but the three other sections fell to the ground, where the efforts of their imprisoned occupants to escape sent them hopping about in all directions.

"Thus as time went on all Barsoom was covered with these imprisoned creatures. For countless ages they lived their long lives within their hard shells, hopping and skipping about the broad planet; falling into rivers, lakes and seas, to be still further spread about the surface of the new world.

"Countless billions died before the first black man broke through his prison walls into the light of day. Prompted by curiosity he broke open the other shells, and the people of Barsoom commenced.

"The pure strain of the blood of this first black man has remained untainted by admixture with other creatures in the race of which I am a member; but from the 16-legged worm the first white ape and renegade black men has sprung every other form of animal life upon Barsoom.

"The therns"—and he smiled maliciously as he spoke—"are but the result of ages of evolution from the pure white ape of antiquity. They are of a lower order still. There is now but one race of true and immortal humans on Barsoom. It is the race of black men.

"The tree of life is dead, but before it died the plant men learned to detach themselves from it and roam the face of Barsoom with the other children of the first parent.

"Now their bisexuality permits them to reproduce themselves after the manner of true plants, but otherwise they have progressed but little in all the ages of their existence.

"Their actions and movements are largely matters of instinct, and not guided to any great extent by reason, since the brain of a plant man is but a trifle larger than the end of your smallest finger. They live upon vegetation and the blood of animals, and their brain is just large enough to direct their movements in the direction of food, and to translate the food sensations which are carried to it from their eyes and ears.

"They have no sense of self-preservation, and so are entirely without fear in the face of danger. That is why they are such terrible antagonists in combat."

I wondered why the black man took such pains to discourse thus at length to enemies upon the genesis of life Barsoomian. It seemed a strangely inopportune moment for a proud member of a proud race to unbend in casual conversation with a captor. Especially in view of the fact that the black still lay securely bound upon the deck.

It was the faintest straying of his eye beyond me for the barest fraction of a second that explained his motive for thus dragging out my interest in his truly absorbing story.

He lay a little forward of where I stood at the levers, and thus he faced the stern of the vessel as he addressed me.

It was at the end of his description of the plant men that I caught his eye fixed momentarily upon something directly behind me.

Nor could I be mistaken in the swift gleam of triumph that brightened those dark orbs for an instant.

Some time before I had reduced our speed, for we had left the Valley Dor many miles astern, and I felt comparatively safe.

I turned an apprehensive glance behind me, and the sight that I saw froze the newborn hope of fredom that had been springing up within me.

A great battleship, forging silent and unlighted through the dark night, loomed close astern.

CHAPTER VIII

Omean

Now I realized why the black pirate had kept me engrossed with his strange tale.

For miles he had sensed the approach of succor; and but for that single tell-tale glance the battleship would have been directly above us in another moment, and the boarding party, which was doubtless even now swinging in their harness from the ship's keel, would have swarmed our deck.

I was too old a hand in aerial warfare to be at a loss now for the right maneuver. Simultaneously I reversed the engines and dropped the little vessel a sheer hundred feet.

Above my head I could see the dangling forms of the boarding party as the battleship raced over us. Then I rose at a sharp angle, throwing my speed lever to its last notch.

Like a bolt from a crossbow, my splendid craft shot its steel prow straight at the whirring propellers of the giant above us. If I could but touch them the huge bulk would be disabled for hours, and escape once more possible.

At the same instant the sun shot above the horizon, disclosing a hundred grim, black faces peering over the stern of the battleship upon us.

At sight of us a shout of rage went up from a hundred throats. Orders were shouted, but it was too late to save the giant propellers and with a crash we rammed them.

Instantly with the shock of impact I reversed my engine, but my prow was wedged in the hole it had made in the battleship's stern. Only a second I hung there before tearing away, but that second was amply long to swarm my deck with black devils.

There was no fight. In the first place there was no room to fight. We were simply submerged by numbers. Then, as swords menaced me, a command from Xodar stayed the hands of his fellows.

"Secure them," he said; "but do not injure them."

Several of the pirates already had released Xodar. He now personally attended to my disarming, and saw that I was properly bound. At least he thought that the binding was secure.

It would have been had I been a Martian, but I had to smile at the puny strands that confined my wrists. When the time came I could snap them as if they had been cotton string.

The girl they bound also, and then they fastened us together. In the meantime they had brought our craft alongside the disabled battleship, and soon we were transported to the latter's deck.

Fully a thousand black men manned the great engine of destruction. Her decks were crowded with them as they pressed forward as far as discipline would permit to get a glimpse of their captives.

The girl's beauty elicited many brutal comments and vulgar jests. It was evident that these self-thought supermen were far inferior to the red men of Barsoom in refinement and in chivalry.

My close-cropped black hair and thern complexion were the subjects of much comment. When Xodar told his fellow nobles of my fighting ability and strange origin they crowded about me with numerous questions.

The fact that I wore the harness and metal of a thern who had been killed by a member of my party convinced them that I was an enemy of their hereditary foes, and placed me on a better footing in their estimation.

Without exception the blacks were handsome men and well built. The officers were conspicuous through the magnificence of their resplendent trappings. Many harnesses were so encrusted with gold, platinum, silver and precious stones as to entirely hide the leather beneath.

The harness of the commanding officer was a solid mass of diamonds. Against the ebony background of his skin they blazed out with a peculiarly accentuated effulgence. The whole scene was enchanting.

The handsome men, the barbaric splendor of their accoutrements, the polished steel wood of the deck, the gloriously grained scrapus of the cabins, inlaid with priceless jewels and precious metals in intricate and beautiful design; the burnished gold handrails, the shining metal of the guns.

Phaidor and I were taken below decks, where, still fast bound, we were thrown into a small compartment which contained only a single porthole. As our escort left us they barred the door behind them.

We could hear the men working on the propellers, and from the port-hole we could see that the vessel was drifting lazily toward the south.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

SEEN IN THE SHOPS

CHARMING SWIMMING SUIT

THIS suit, especially becoming to the slender figure, is made of copen silk poplin. The kimono waist has fulness introduced by shirring at the shoulders. It is finished with an organdie collar, hemstitched and picoted in red, matching the color of the soutache braid and novelty buttons which trim the wide empire belt. The skirt, which simulates a Spanish flounce, is gathered into the wide girdle and finished with a cuff of self-material. This suit, allowing utmost freedom for swimming, may be ordered in various color combinations for $6.

Rubber is used for the practical diving cap which features the plain and striped combination. It comes in red, blue, green and black for 79 cents.

The name of the shop where these articles may be purchased will be supplied by the Editor of the Woman's Page, EVENING LEDGER, 608 Chestnut street. The request must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and must mention the date on which the article appeared.

GRATZ ALUMNI MAKE GIFT

Writing Desk Presented to Dr. Husik, Hebrew Professor

The presentation of a writing desk to Dr. Isaac Husik, for 18 years professor of Hebrew at Gratz College, was a feature of the annual meeting of the Alumni Association held last night.

The gift was made on the occasion of Doctor Husik's resignation to become assistant professor of philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania. Eulogies of his work in behalf of the college were delivered by several speakers, among whom were Dr. S. Solis Cohen, Miss Julie Goepp and Dr. Cyrus P. Adler. The election of officers of the association was held and resulted as follows: President, Frank J. Rubenstein; vice president, Isaac Galter; treasurer, Miss Anna Abrams.

CHURCH CORNERSTONE LAID

St. Joseph's Parish, Collingdale, to Have New House of Worship

Archbishop Edmond F. Prendergast officiated at the cornerstone laying of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Collingdale, yesterday. St. Joseph's parish was recently formed from the parishes of Sharon Hill and Kellyville. The new house of worship is located at the intersection of Bartram and Woodland avenues. Archbishop Prendergast made a short address congratulating the people upon their success in establishing a permanent house of worship. One of the features of the ceremonies was the singing of the young people of the parish.

RED CROSS NURSES' HELPERS TO BE ENLISTED FOR INSTRUCTION HERE

Classes Will Be Formed Under the Auspices and by Authority of Pennsylvania Chapter

MEN AND WOMEN ELIGIBLE

Classes for Nurses' Helpers in Hospitals

Red Cross classes are to be started in Philadelphia.

These are to instruct nurses' helpers.

Classes will be unlimited in numbers.

Will likely start this week.

Open to men and women.

These are not Red Cross nurses' classes, but classes for the nurses' helpers in the hospitals at the front.

Location of classes' meeting places not decided.

Philadelphia will have classes for the instruction of helpers of Red Cross nurses within the next few days if the plans of Richard E. Wilson, executive secretary of the Southeastern Pennsylvania Chapter of the Red Cross, 1419 Walnut street, culminate as he expects.

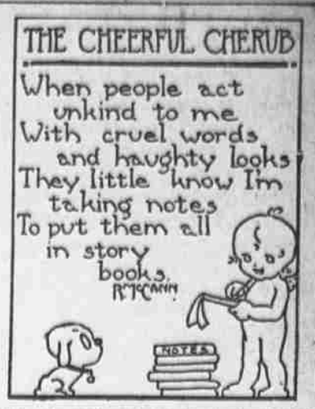
In telling of the plans this morning Mr. Wilson said:

"We are simply deluged all day long with men and women, who come in themselves or write, asking to enlist in the Red Cross nurse service. As a matter of fact, no one man or woman will be accepted as active nurses unless they have had two years' training and are registered nurses. They must be between 25 and 40 years old, too, or they are not eligible.

"But because of the willingness of so many persons to help we are planning to have classes started here in Philadelphia within the next week for the instruction of helpers of nurses," he added. "These classes will be of unlimited number. We will start different sections. The instructors will be physicians from the base hospitals here in Philadelphia. I am awaiting a telegram from Miss Jane Delano, head of the Bureau of Nurses, Washington, to complete arrangements for these classes. Untrained men and women can take this helpers' course. Only the trained nurse and the registered nurse, however, will be eligible for the regular Red Cross nurses' work."

Mr. Wilson says that no Red Cross nurse applications will be received at the Philadelphia headquarters. All applicants must communicate with Miss Jane Delano, Bureau of Nurses, Washington, D. C.

Five counties work through the Philadelphia headquarters. They are Philadelphia, Chester, Delaware, Montgomery and Bucks Counties. Mr. Wilson urges all citizens to show their patriotism by joining the Red Cross membership, even if they cannot go to the front as nurses or helpers. Membership costs only $1 a year.



His Epitaph

Lo! where the four Mimosas blend their shade,
In calm repose at last is Landor laid;
For ere he slept he saw them planted here
By her his soul had ever held most dear,
And he had lived enough when he had dried her tear.

—Walter Savage Landor.

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Dearest Children—Some of you live in the country, far from the big wide ocean, while others live on the shores of the sea. Still others live in the mountains. I hope this summer to talk to you about the sea and also about the mountains. There is a lot of good in the salt air and a lot to be gained from living in the woods. I hope you all enjoy your summer. YOU ARE ENTITLED TO HAPPINESS.

I must tell you today of a talk I had with a lighthouse keeper.

I asked him why we all, that is, you and I (the United States Government), had to pay for lighthouses.

"What good is a lighthouse to a man in the Rocky Mountains?" I asked the man.

"Some day that man may want to cross the ocean, and when he does his vessel will pass this light. Then a man will call out to another man and it will be recorded that the steamer, or whatever the boat may be, has passed this light and that will help the pilot in his course."

And so it should be in this world, dear children; we should all be helpers.

Think of the lighthouse there in the night—silent, alone, yet always sending out the cheerful rays of light which tell the mariner where he is.

Some lighthouses have a steady light which shines right straight out all through the night, while others "flash" every 10 or more seconds. At some points there are two lighthouses and some have red lights.

Other nations beside ours have lighthouses, and so you see that all the world is trying to be helpful, even though there are wars.

Those of you who live far away from a lighthouse and who want one for your very own, should let TRUTH be your lighthouse.

Can YOU suggest a better lighthouse?

FARMER SMITH,
Children's Editor.

WE, THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE RAINBOW CLUB, FUTURE ADVERTISERS AND "AD MEN," WELCOME THE ASSOCIATED ADVERTISING CLUBS TO THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Branch Club News

Just listen to this "beautifuliest" surprise from our dear little Roxborough friend, Esther Miller!

"Aunt Edith has organized a sewing class of mostly all Rainbows; those that aren't Rainbows soon will be. Tuesday night was our first meeting. We sewed, and when we were through sewing, we played a few games. Our favorite game, the "Rainbow Game," mama made up for us, and they all liked it, so we played it several times. I am sending it to you for you to pass along.

A HOME-MADE RAINBOW GAME.

Aunt Edith is "Farmer Smith," and she gives each of us the name of a color. You have one less chair than there are players; then Aunt Edith, or "Farmer Smith," starts the game by telling a story, using the different colors of the rainbow, and when she mentions a color, for instance, red, the little child whose color is red must get up and turn around and sit down again, and then when each child has had her turn "Farmer Smith" says something about a rainbow, and they all jump up and try to get a different seat, and the one who gets left has her turn at being "Farmer Smith." We all like it; we even play it in our yard when we are all playing together.

P. S.—"Oh, dear editor, we have one of the cutest kittens you ever did see. It is a yellow cat; it is striped, and we call her "Rainbow." We Roxboroughs are certainly in love with Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club. Don't you think so?

Stanzas Written for an Autograph

Favorite lines of Audrey Washington.

Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two and then comes night.
Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Things to Know and Do

What common bird is there which, if you take away the first four letters of his name, he would be able to manage a rowboat?

LISTEN!!!

The Great Outdoors is calling! Calling with a hundred voices! Baseball, tennis, swimming, picnics, hiking, camping! These are the clear, wholesome notes that are going straight out from the heart of the great green world to the heart of every blessed boy and girl that breathes.

Let us all enjoy this happy summer time together! Of course, we cannot really be together, but we can write and tell each other through the Rainbow columns about all the wonderful outdoor things we are doing.

What about the picnics? The vacation plans? No doubt they will prove interesting reading and will furnish suggestions for other people's good times.

BOYS playing BASEBALL, what of the spectacular fielding in your game? What of the pitching and catching? Write and tell us about it! Challenge other teams through the Rainbow columns. See how their batteries measure up to yours!

Whatever you do, keep out of doors. If you are in doubt as to how to spend your time there, let us help you. We stand ready to plan anything from a four weeks' trip to a half hour on the front porch!

JIMMY MONKEY AND THE CRAB

By Farmer Smith

"I was wondering," began Jimmy Monkey one afternoon as he carefully buried the Baby Baboon's toes in the sand, "I was wondering which is the stronger, the left claw of a lobster or the right one."

"I'm not a lobster-ologist, but I know how to find out," replied the Baby Baboon, proudly.

"How?" Jimmy moved closer.

"Just stick your tail in first one claw and then the other and—and—then you'll know—see?"

"Yes, but I don't want to stick my beautiful tail in a lobster's claws," said Jimmy. "You do it."

"You don't, don't you? Well, you are the one wanting to know about lobsters' claws. I don't want to know. You ought to be willing to pay for the information."

"All right!" answered Jimmy. "But I'll tell you what would be the better idea. You stick your tail in the left claw and I'll stick my tail in the right claw and the one that yells the louder will be bitten by the stronger claw—see?"

"Yes," replied the Baby Baboon. "But who will be the judge?"

"The lobster, of course," answered Jimmy.

So they went off, arm in arm, searching for a lobster.

Our Postoffice Box

Pauline Horowitz of Wheat Road, N. J. is a very recent Rainbow. Her first official delving into the club activities was to work out the puzzles. As a result, she won a prize! Pauline did only as many another little girl can do, PERSEVERE! Bertha Childs, of Danville, Pa., is surely working hard to make her town foremost in Rainbow membership. Her latest efforts resulted in the following new members: Norma Elizabeth, Albert and Robert Fox, Dorothy, Freda and Luther Garuma and Henry and Howard Hostelly.

PAULINE HOROWITZ

Evelyn Macaulay is a new little Philadelphia member living on Fontain street. Though but 9 years old she has mastered the "Palmer Method" to such a degree that her letter looked like a page of "Palmer" itself. We would like to know some of Evelyn's promotion marks. Isadore Segal, 12 years old who lives on W. Allegheny avenue, was promoted third on the list to grade 5 B. Raymond Morris of Springer street would probably have something interesting to tell regarding his report.

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.

Name .....
Address .....
Age .....
School I attend .....

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A few of our specials for today, tomorrow and until closing time Wednesday, 1 o'clock p. m.:

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A genuine hearth-baked Vienna loaf of superior quality, made from the best and purest ingredients in a modern, up-to-date bakery. Delivered fresh at "Our Stores" twice daily. "Gold Seal" is the "Best" and "Biggest" 5 cents' worth of bread obtainable in this city.

Our Pan Bread, loaf, 5c
Our Pan Bread is a large, square loaf, close textured and wholesome. It always pays to buy Bread "Where Quality Counts."

Raisin Bread, loaf, 5c
Large loaves of fine, tasty Raisin Bread, well supplied with choice large Sun-Maid California Raisins. Exceptional value.

Rich, New Cheese, lb., 19c
Rich, tasty new Cheese of the finest quality at an attractively low price.

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A dainty biscuit, suitable for all occasions. Regular price in many stores 10c the package.

GOLD SEAL —THE— PERFECT BUTTER, lb., 37c
"Gold Seal" Butter is made from the richest golden cream, in the cleanest and most modern creameries in the country, by expert buttermakers. Sold only in "The Stores Where Quality Counts."

Hy-Lo Butter, lb., 33c
Fancy Creamery Butter, equal to most of the "Best" butters sold in many stores.

Ca-Ro Butter, lb., 30c
Absolutely Pure Butter of good quality, at an exceptionally low price.

Gold Seal Eggs, carton 30c
"Gold Seal" are without exception the largest, freshest and heaviest Eggs obtainable. Packed one dozen in a sealed carton.

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Every Egg guaranteed good.

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Our customers often make a selection of dainty dresses from this first offering sufficient to last them throughout the summer. It saves them time, money and the discomfort of having to shop in the hot weather.

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Summer School now open. Day and night. Individual advancement. Charges moderate. Begin now. The "Ad. Men's Convention" is being reported on the Stenotype, which in Philadelphia is taught only at Strayer's Business College, 8th and Chestnut Sts. Walnut 264.

Young Men and Boys
STAUNTON, VA.
Your Boy at
Staunton Military Academy
would build his physique in the bracing mountain air of the South, 1600 ft. high. His mind trained in an academic of 94 years' experience. His character developed by an unusual school life with 350 other cadets. His punctuality, obedience, self-reliance and manliness would make you the more proud that he is your boy. 126th Address
Col. WM. G. KABLE, Ph. D., Principal.

ADVANCED PRICES
FOR
Nemo
CORSETS IN SEVERAL MODELS
Beginning Saturday, July 1st, 1916

As announced last week, the scarcity and high cost of nearly all corset materials has compelled us to INCREASE the RETAIL PRICE of several Nemo models from $3.00 to $3.50, beginning Saturday, July 1st. Included are the following numbers:

SELF-REDUCING—Nos. 310, 315, 316, 318, 319, 321, 322, 324, 326, 344 and 345
MATERNITY—No. 300
KOPSERVICE—Nos. 305, 307
New Price $3.50 After June 30

This slight advance represents only a small part of the higher cost of manufacturing. We had to choose between raising prices or sacrificing quality, and

Nemo Quality Will Never Be Lowered

The same cause may compel an early advance in the retail prices of other Nemo models.

KOPS BROS., Mfrs. of NEMO CORSETS, New York