

THE MOONS OF MARS

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
Author of the Tarzan Stories

SYNOPSIS
Twelve years ago, when Captain John Carter, of Virginia, had been buried for ten years, just as mysteriously as he had been buried ten years before, he was found by the natives of the Arizona desert, who had been waiting for him. He had been found by the natives of the Arizona desert, who had been waiting for him. He had been found by the natives of the Arizona desert, who had been waiting for him.

CHAPTER IX—(Continued).
Toward one of these captives led us, and after a short walk halted before a steel cage which lay at the bottom of a shaft rising above us as far as one could see.
The cage proved to be one of the common types of elevator cars that I had seen in other parts of Barsoom. They are operated by means of enormous magnets which are suspended at the top of the shaft. By an electrical device the volume of magnetism generated is regulated and the speed of the car varied.
In long stretches they move at a sickening speed, especially on the upward trip, since the small force of gravity inherent in Mars results in very little opposition to the powerful force above.
Scarcely had the door of the car closed behind us than we were slowing up to stop at the landing above, so rapid was our ascent of the long shaft.
When we emerged from the little building which houses the upper terminus of the elevator, we found ourselves in the midst of a veritable fairland of beauty. The combined languages of earth men hold no words to convey to the mind the gorgeous beauties of the scene.
One may speak of scarlet sward and ivory-stemmed trees decked with brilliant purple blossoms; of the golden walls with crushed rubies, with emerald, with turquoise, with even diamonds themselves; of a magnificent temple of burnished gold, hand-wrought with marvelous designs, where are the words to describe the gorgeous colors that are unknown to earthly eyes? Where the mind or the imagination that can grasp the gorgeous scintillations of unnumbered rays as they emanate from the thousand nameless jewels of Barsoom? Even my eyes, for long years accustomed to the barbaric splendor of a Martian jaded court, were amazed at the glory of the scene.
Phaidor's were wide in amazement.
"The Temple of Isus," she whispered, half to herself.

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

WHO'S YOUR BOSS?

Dear Children—The other day I wanted to buy a newspaper from a boy, and two other boys were bothering him so he could not attend to business.
Each of us has a boss.
You have a boss, and it is very important for you to see who that boss is. If you do not, you are likely to have more than one boss, and that is discomfoting for both you and your bosses.
The little boy who was selling papers should have been his own boss. The other boys had no business bothering him.
Your father, mother and teacher are naturally your bosses. If there is any one else to boss you, don't you think it is a good idea to find out from your father, mother or teacher who that boss is?
There are, unfortunately, people who like to boss children just because they are children.
If you start in minding everybody you will soon have no mind to mind at all. If a soldier obeyed everybody from the general to the corporal there would soon be no army.

Branch Club News

Danville, Pa., has another branch club! Bertha Childs, of that city, has banded the little girls and boys in her neighborhood into a circle which has elected to call itself the "Rainbow Heartsease." The officers of the branch chosen at a preliminary meeting last week are as follows: Bertha Childs, president; Elizabeth Fox, vice president; Lenna Krum, secretary, and Howard Hostely, assistant secretary.
One of the activities that the club has decided on is the placing of flowers on neglected graves. Bertha is carefully making a garden at present so that their blossoms may be plentiful.
This week the "Heartsease" will have a picnic, after which they will meet at Lenna Krum's house to decide on a definite course of club action.

Special Branch Club News

June 30 will be the scene of much gorgeousness and gaiety in Woodbine, N. J. On that date the combined Woodbine Rainbow Branch Clubs will hold their first annual Rainbow Festival. Among the clubs that will participate are the Carnations, the Roses, the Lilies, the Bouquet, the Stars and the Boys' Club. An elaborate program has been planned. This will include a three-act play, "A Day at Camp Elders," to be presented by the Rainbow Carnations, of which Estelle Potashnick is the leader; a one-act sketch, "The Two Sisters," given by the Rainbow Bouquet, of which Miss Hannah Potashnick is the organizer, and drills and recitations by the Rainbow Roses and Rainbow Stars, Pauline Rainman and Charles Dugatch, leaders. Altogether the festival promises to be a very delightful affair, and we are sure that the little people are leaving nothing undone to make it live up to its promise.

Things to Know and Do

1. The baby was playing with his blocks and made the word BROTHER. Baby sister took away one letter, which made her mother laugh. What was the funny word which made the mother laugh?
2. Angam—Your Editor is very sorry. He has discharged his stenographer. She left a memorandum on his desk saying he sure to write a story about "Ed is dear to them." What did she mean?
3. Make six words from TREBUZ.

Xodar watched us with his grim smile, partly of amusement and partly malicious gloating.

The garden swarmed with brilliantly trapped black men and women. Among them moved red and white females serving their every want. The palaces of the outer world and the temples of the therns had been robbed of their princesses and goddesses that the blacks might have their slaves.

Through this scene we moved toward the temple. At the main entrance we were halted by a cord of armed guards.

Xodar spoke a few words to an officer who came forward to question us. Together they entered the temple, where they remained for some time.

When they returned it was to announce that Isus desired to look upon the daughter of Matal Shang, and the strange creature from another world who had been prince of Hellorom.

Slowly we moved through endless corridors of unthinkable beauty; through magnificent apartments and noble halls. At length we were halted in a spacious chamber in the center of the temple.

One of the officers who had accompanied us advanced to a large door in the further end of the chamber. Here he must have made some sort of signal, for immediately the door opened and another richly trapped courier emerged.

We were then led up to the door, where we were directed to get down on our hands and knees with our back toward the room we were to enter. The doors were swung open and after being cautioned not to turn our heads under penalty of instant death, we were commanded to back into the presence of Isus.

"I have been in so humiliating a position in my life, and only my love for Delah Thoris and the hope which still clings to me that I might again see her kept me from rising to face the goddess of the First Born and go down to my death like a gentleman, facing my foes and with their blood mingling with mine."

After we had crawled in this disgusting fashion for a matter of a couple of hundred feet we were halted by her escort.

"Then, then," said a voice behind us, a thin, wavering voice, yet one that had evidently been accustomed to command for many years.

"I said our escort," but do not face toward Isus.

"The woman pleases me," said the thin, wavering voice again after a few moments of silence. "She shall serve me the allotted time. The man you may return to the Isle of Shador which lies against the northern edge of the Sea of Oman."

Isus, knowing that those of the lower orders who gaze upon the holy vision of her radiant face survive the blinding glory but a single year.

I watched Phaidor from the corner of my eye. She paled to a ghastly hue. Slowly, very slowly, she turned, as though drawn by some invisible yet irresistible force.

She was standing quite close to me, so close that her bare arm touched mine as she finally faced Isus, goddess of Life Eternal.

I could not see the girl's face as her eyes rested for the first time on the supreme deity of Mars, but I felt the shudder that ran through her in the trembling flesh of the arm that touched mine.

"I thought I, to cause such emotion in the breast of so radiant a beauty as Phaidor, daughter of Matal Shang."

"Let the woman turn and look upon Isus, knowing that those of the lower orders who gaze upon the holy vision of her radiant face survive the blinding glory but a single year."

Thus spoke Isus, and the heavy hand of the officer fell upon my shoulder. In accordance with his instructions I dropped to my hands and knees once more and crawled from the presence. It had been my first audience with the goddess, but I am free to confess that I was not greatly impressed—other than with the ridiculous figure I cut, scrambling about on my marrowbones.

Once without the chamber the doors closed behind us and I was bidden to rise and follow.

Xodar joined me, and together we slowly retraced our steps toward the gardens.

"You spared my life when you might easily have taken it," he said after we had proceeded some little way in silence. "And I would aid you if I might. I can help to make your life here more bearable, but your fate is inevitable. You may never hope to return to the outer world."

"What will be my fate?" I asked.

"That will depend largely upon Isus. So long as she does not send for you and reveal her face to you you may live on for years in as mild a form of bondage as I can arrange for you."

"Why should she send for me?" I asked.

"The men of the lower orders she often uses for various purposes of amusement. Such a fighter as you, for example, would render fine sport in the monthly rites of the temple. Then are men pitted against men, and against beasts for the edification of Isus and the replenishment of her lazar."

"She eats human flesh?" I asked.

"Not in horror, however, for since my recently acquired knowledge of the holy therns I was prepared for anything in this still less accessible heaven, where all was evidently dictated by a single omnipotence—where ages of mankind and the self-worship had eradicated all the broader humanitarian instincts that the race might have possessed."

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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I like to take my pen
And sit and dream
And grab a little thought
From out the Great Unknown



skin of her face was furrowed and crossed with a million deep-cut wrinkles. Her body was as wrinkled as her face, and as repulsive.

Surrounding her were a number of female slaves, among them Phaidor, white and trembling.

"This is the man who slew seven of the First Born, and bare-handed, bound Dator Xodar with his own harness," said Isus.

"Most glorious vision of divine loveliness!" replied the officer who stood at my side.

"Produce Dator Xodar," she commanded. Xodar was brought from the adjoining room.

Isus glared at him, a baleful light in her hideous eyes.

"And such as you are a dotor of the First Born?" she asked. "For the disgrace you have brought upon the Immortal Race you shall be degraded to a rank below the lowest."

"No longer be you a dotor, but forevermore a slave of slaves, to fetch and carry for the lower orders that serve in the gardens of Isus. Remove his harness. Cowards and slaves wear no trappings."

Xodar stood stiffly erect. Not a muscle twitched nor a tremor shook his giant frame as he obeyed the goddess's bidding.

"Begone!" screamed the infuriated little old woman. "Begone! but instead of the light of the garden, let you be degraded as a slave of this slave who conquered you, in the prison on the Isle of Shador, in the Sea of Oman. Take him away out of the sight of my divine presence!"

Slowly and with high-headed pride the proud Xodar turned and stalked from the chamber. Isus rose and turned to leave the room by another exit.

Turning to me, she said: "You shall be returned to Shador for the present. Later I will see the manner of your fighting. Go."

Then she disappeared, followed by her retinue. Only Phaidor lagged behind, and as I started to follow my guard toward the gardens, the girl came running after me.

"Do not leave me in this terrible place," she begged. "Forgive the things I said to you, my lord. I did not mean them. Only take me away with you. Let me share your imprisonment on Shador."

Her words were an almost incoherent volley of thoughts, rapidly she spoke.

"You did not understand the honor that I did you. Among the therns there is no marriage or giving in marriage, as among the lower orders of the outer world. We might have lived together forever in love and happiness. We have both looked upon Isus, and in a year we die. Let us live that year at least together in what measure of joy remains before the doom."

"If it was difficult for me to understand you, Phaidor," I replied, "can you not understand that possibly it is equally difficult for you to live together forever in love and happiness. On either side of the customs and the social laws that guide me I do not wish to hurt you, nor to seem to undervalue the honor which you have done me, but I cannot follow your desire."

Regardless of the foolish belief of the peoples of the outer world, or of holy thern, of even First Born, I am not dead. While I live my heart beats for but one woman—the incomparable Delah Thoris, Princess of Hellorom. When death overtakes me my heart shall have ceased to beat, but what comes after that I know not. And in that I am as wise as mortal man, I shall live of Life and Death upon Barsoom; or Isus, goddess of Life Eternal."

Phaidor stood looking at me intently for moments. No answer came from her eyes this time, only a pathetic expression of hopeless sorrow and resignation.

"I do not understand," she said, and, turning, walked slowly in the direction of the door through which Isus and her retinue had passed.

A moment later she had passed from my sight.

CHAPTER X

The Prison Isle of Shador
IN THE outer gardens to which the guard now escorted me I found Xodar surrounded by a crowd of noble blacks. They were reviling and cursing him.

The men slapped his face. The women spat upon him. When I appeared they turned their attentions toward me.

"Ah," cried one, "so this is the creature who overcame the great Xodar barehanded! Let us see how it was done."

"Let him bind Thurid," suggested a beautiful woman. "Thurid is a noble dotor. Let Thurid show the dog what it means to face a real man."

"Yes, Thurid! Thurid!" cried a dozen voices.

"Here he is now!" exclaimed another, and turning in the direction indicated I saw a huge black, weighted down with resplendent ornaments and arms, advancing with noble and gallant bearing toward us.

"What now?" he cried. "What would you of Thurid?"

Quickly a dozen voices explained.

Thurid turned toward Xodar, his eye narrowing to two nasty slits.

"Calot!" he sneered. "Ever did I think you carried the heart of a sorak in your breast. Often have you boasted me in the field of war, where men are truly gauged, your heart hath revealed its sores to all the world. Calot, I spurn you with my foot, and with the words he turned to kick Xodar."

My blood was up. For minutes it had been boiling at the cowardly treatment they had been accorded, but this once powerful character, because he had fallen from the favor of Isus.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

HOSPITAL OFFERS WAR AID
German Institution Ready to Care for Sick and Wounded

The German Hospital has joined other Philadelphia institutions in announcing its readiness at any time to take care of the sick and wounded of the army and navy. Joseph E. Smith, vice president of the board of trustees, today sent the following telegram to President Wilson:

"The German Hospital, of the city of Philadelphia, is fully prepared and stands ready at any moment to receive to its fullest capacity any of the sick and wounded of the army and navy of the United States."

CATHOLICS OBSERVE HOLY DAY
Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul Celebrated in Churches

The feast of St. Peter and St. Paul was celebrated today in all Catholic churches throughout the city. Particularly elaborate was the ceremony in the Cathedral, Logan St., where the services in honor of the apostles were largely attended. Early morning masses at 8 and 9 o'clock preceded the solemn High Mass, celebrated at 8 o'clock. The Rev. Francis J. Clark, rector of the Cathedral, was celebrant, the Rev. Joseph M. McElain was deacon and the Rev. Richard M. Kelly was subdeacon.

Solemn vespers will be sung this evening. The Rev. Richard M. Kelly will deliver the sermon.

CITY'S FAIR PATRIOTS RUSH FOOD TO TROOPS

Women's Preparedness Division Ships Sandwiches to Harrisburg

The delay in sending the National Guardmen south caused a sudden change in the plans of the Women's Division for National Preparedness, which had prepared supplies to be served to troops to pass through Philadelphia yesterday. The supplies were forwarded to Harrisburg for troops passing through the State capital and are being distributed from that point.

All day members of the Pennsylvania Railroad Chapter of the Pennsylvania Division for National Preparedness made sandwiches and put up lunches at the home of Mrs. George W. Childs Drexel, at 15th and Locust streets. They worked under the direction of Mrs. George Dallas Dixon, general chairman of the railroad chapter. More than 1000 sandwiches and hundreds of lunches and baskets of fruit were forwarded to Harrisburg.

That carloads of ice be shipped to the United States soldiers in Mexico is a plan under way as part of the activities of the

Southwestern Chapter of the Red Cross. Announcement has been made that Mrs. E. K. Rowland has bought the first carload, and it awaits orders for shipment either to Mount Gretna or directly to points on the Mexican frontier, where the base hospitals provided by the Red Cross are to be established.

Pathetic scenes occurred at the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad station, 34th and Chestnut streets, last evening, when several hundred women, carrying small children, were informed that after all their hours of waiting the troop trains would not pass through until some time today.

The gathering included mothers, wives, sweethearts and children of the Philadelphia soldiers expected through en route to El Paso.

Late in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. George Dallas Dixon called at the station, where they were joined by Mrs. David Lewis and others interested in the national preparedness movement and in the relief of soldiers and their families. The workers walked about the trainshed, speaking to the waiting mothers and wives, comforting them as best they could.

Lancaster Plans Relief Work
LANCASTER, Pa., June 29.—Dependents of the 157 men of Company K, 4th Regiment, who may need assistance will be considered at a citizens' meeting at the City Hall on Friday.

LANCASTER, Pa., June 29.—Six hundred persons from the Lower and Upper North Penn attended the commencement exercises last night of the Lancaster Conservatory of Music. The exercises were directed by Professor and Mrs. Robert H. Sloan and Mrs. Brunner, of Lancaster.

The gold medal award for efficiency during the year in piano work was awarded to Henry Ruth, of Lancaster. Two of the graduates received teacher's diplomas. They are Miss Minnie Reichenbach, of Lancaster, and Miss Viola Schiller, of North Wales.

Other awards were: Miss Grace Patterson, North Wales, violin department; Miss Emma Mitchell, Chalfont, vocal department; Miss Mayme Swartley, piano department.

About Egg Stains
Never soak the tablecloth that has egg stains on it in hot water. This has just the opposite effect to what you want, sets the stains so that they are virtually ineradicable. The best method is to soak the stained part first in cold water, then, when you see that the stains have loosened, wash them out. The real washing follows.

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LANSDALE MUSICIANS FINISH

Henry Ruth Takes Medal at Conservatory Commencement

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