THE GODS OF MARS

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of the Tarzan Stories

Twelve years had passed since Captain John Carier, of Viralnia, had been burled siter his return from Mars, where he had seen it is return from Mars, where he had seen to years. Just as mysteriously as he had been hurtled through since from the Arisons cave to the neighboring planet, where he had fought with the sreen and red Martian warriors and married Deish Thoris. Princess of Helium, he had been estapulted back to earth as he was about to enter the air plant which supplied the planet with oxysch.

Suddenly his friend received a telegram for meet Captain Carter in the hotel at Hichmond. There the warrior save him the menuscript 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 welrd 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 talls of the strange creatures. This one Carter finds to be his old friend, the warrior Tara Tarkas, whom he belps to es.

rior Tara Tarkas, whom he helps to esape.
After finding refuse in a hollow tree, they
secape from one of the branches to a cave
in the cliff nearby. Carter and Tars Tarkas
find the melves locked in a chamber of the
savern. After a desperate fight with huse
banths, who are released upon them through
hidden doors. Carter finally discovers the
secrat entrance. Rushing through as a
banth enters, he engages several theros and
slays them.

saleys them.

The room is filled with prisoners, one of the room is filled with prisoners, one of the room is Thuvia, a red Martian woman, who leads them through the solden cliffs on help perilous scape through the Valley Dor. Only Thuvia, Tars Tarkes and John Carter spreads the supplied the second laby.

irvive the journey through the awful laby-riblan passages.

Just as the three are about to reach safety
we 'Black Pirates of Barsoom' sweep down
their fightling airablus upon the therms,
it the tunuit Carter is able to send Tars
and Thuvia to safety in a two-man flyer
funprotected. Later he bimself escapes,
ly to be captured by Xodar, a Pirate
ince, who has abducted Phaldor, daughter
Matal Shang holy helkador of the
legis.

therns.

Pinidor and Carter have been ordered to appear before Issus, Supreme Goddess of all the Gods of Mars. The siri is ordered to remain, but Carter is returning to prison with Xodar, who has been disgraced because Carter had conquered him.

CHAPTER X-(Continued)

T HAD no love for Xodar, but I cannot stand the sight of cowardly injustice and persecution without seeing red as through haze of bloody mist, and doing things on the impulse of the moment that I presume I never should do after mature deliberation.

I was standing close to Nodar as Thurid swung his foot for the cowardly kick. degraded dator stood erect and motionless as a carven image. He was prepared to take whatever his former comrades had to in the way of insults and reproach and take them in manly silence and stoi-

But as Thurid's foot swung, so did mine and I caught him a painful blow upon the shinbone that saved Xodar from this added ignominy.

a moment there was tense silence then Thurid, with a roar of rage, sprang for my throat, just as Kodar had upon the deck of the cruiser. The results were iden-tical. I ducked beneath his outstretched arms, and as he lunged past me planted a terrific right on the side of his jaw. The big fellow spun round like a top, his

knees gave beneath him, and he crumpled to the ground at my feet.

The blacks gazed in astonishment, first at the still form of the proud dator lying there in the ruby dust of the pathway, there

at me as though they could not believe that such a thing could be. "You asked me to bind Thurid!" I cried. "Behold!" And then I stooped beside the prostrate form, tore the harness from it. and bound the fellow's arms and legs

you illewise to Thurid. Take him before Issus, bound in his own harness, that she may see with her own eyes that there be one among you now who is greater than the First Born."

"Who are you?" whispered the woman who had first suggested that I attempt to bind Thurid.

"I am a citizen of two worlds-Captain John Carter, of Virginia. Prince of the House of Tardos Mors, Jeddak of Hellum. House of Tardos Mors, Jeddak of Hellum. Take this man to your goddess, as I have said, and tell her, too, that as I have done to Xodar and Thurid, so also can I do to the mightiest of her dators. With naked hands, with longsword, or with short sword, I challenge the flower of her fighting man to somehat." ng men to combat."

"Come," said the officer who was guarding me back to Shador; "my orders are imperative; there is to be no delay. Xodar,

there was little of disrespect in the tone that the man used in addressing either Xodar or myself. It was evident that he felt less contempt for the former dator since he had witnessed the ease with which disposed of the powerful Thurid.

his respect for me was greater than it should have been for a slave was quite apparent from the fact that during the remainder of the return journey be walked or stood always behind me, a drawn short sword in his hand.

The return to the Sea of Omean was un-ventful. We dropped down the awful shaft in the same car that had brought us to the surface. There we entered the submarine, taking the long dive to the tunnel far beneath the upper world. Then through the tunnel, and up again to the pool from which we had had our first introduction to the wonderful passageway

from Omean to the Temple of Issus, From the island of the submarine we were transported on a small cruiser to the distant Isle of Shador. Here we found a small stone prison and a guard of half dozen blacks. There was no ceremony rasted in completing our incarceration. One of the blacks opened the door of the

prison with a huge key; we walked in the door closed behind us, the lock grated, and with the sound there swept over me again that terrible feeling of hopelessness that I had felt in the chamber of mystery in the golden cliffs beneath the gardens of the holy

Then Tars Tarkas had been with me, but Then Tars Tarkas had been with me, but now I was utterly alone in so far as friendly companionship was concerned. I fell to wondering about the fate of the great Thark and of his beautiful companion, the girl, Thuvia. Even should they by some miracle have escaped and been received and spared by a friendly nation, what hope had left the assess which I have they would of the succor which I knew they would gladly extend if it lay in their power?

They could not guess my whereabouts or my fate, for none on all Barsoom dreamed of such a place as this. Nor would it have advantaged me any had they known the exact location of my prison, for who could hope to penetrate to this buried sea in the face of the mighty navy of the First Born? Well, I would make the best of it, and, rising, I swept aside the brooding despair

that had been endeavoring to claim me. With the idea of exploring my prison, I started to look around. Xodar sat with bowed head upon a low

Nodar sat with bowed head upon a low stone bench near the centre of the room in which we were. He had not spoken since Issus had degraded him.

The building was roofless, the walls rising to a height of about 30 feet. Halfway up were a couple of small, heavily barred win-dows. The prison was divided into several rooms by partitions 20 feet high. There was

no one in the room which we occupied, but two doors which led to other rooms were entered one of these rooms, but found it vacant. Thus I continued through sev-eral of the chambers until, in the last one I found a young red Martian boy sleeping upon the stone bench which constituted the only furniture of any of the prison cells.

miliar about his face, and yet I could not

the proportions of his graceful limbs and body, beautiful in the extreme. He was very light in color for a red man, but in other respects he seemed a typical specimen of this handsome race.

I did not awaken him, for sleep in prison is such a priceless boon that I have seen men transformed into raging brutes when robbed by one of their fellow prisoners of a few priceless moments of it. Returning to my own cell, I found Xodar

till sitting in the same position in which "Man," I cried, "It will profit you nothing to mope thus. It were no disgrace to be bested by John Carter. You have seen that in the case with which I accounted for

You knew it before when, on the deck, you saw me ruthlessly slay three of your comrades. "I would that you had dispatched me at the same time," he said. "Come, come!" I cried. "There is hope yet. Neither of us is dead. We are great

fighters. Why not win to freedom?"
He looked at me in amazement,
"You know not of what you speak,
he replied. "Issus is omnipotent. Issu is omniscient. She hears now the word you speak. She knows the thoughts you think. It is sacrilege even to dream of breaking her commands."

"Rot. Nodar!" I exclaimed impatiently. He sprang to his feet in horror, "The curse of Issus will fall upon you!" he cried. "In another instant you will be smitten down, writhing to your death in horrible agony."

"Do you believe that, Xodar?" I asked "Of course; who would dare doubt?"
"I doubt; yes, and further, I deny," I said. "Wby, Nodar, you tell me that she even knows my thoughts. The red men have all had that power for ages—and another wonderful power. They can shut their midden. heir minds so that none may read their thoughts: I learned the first secret years ago; the other I never had to learn, since upon all Barsoom is none who can read what passes in the secret chambers of my brain.

"Your goddess cannot read my thoughts, nor can she read yours when you are out of her sight unless you will it. Had she been able to read mine I am afraid that her pride would have suffered a rather severe shock when I turned at her command to 'gaze upon the holy vision or her radiant face.'"

her radiant face."
"What do you mean?" he whispered in an affrighted voice, so low that I could scarcely hear him.
"I mean that I thought her the most repulsive and vilely hideous creature my eyes ever had rested upon.

For a moment he eyed me in horro stricken amazement, and then, with a of "Blasphemer!" he sprang upon me. I did not wish to strike him again; not vas it necessary, since he was unarmed

and, therefore, quite harmless to me As he came I grasped his left wrist with my left hand and, swinging my right arm above his left shoulder, caught him be-neath the chin with my elbow, and bore him backward across my thigh.

There he hung helpless for a moment, glaring up at me in impotent rage.
"Xodar." I said, "let us be friends. For a year, possibly, we may be forced to live ogether in the narrow confines of this tiny com. I am sorry to have offended you, but I could not dream that one who had suffered from the cruel injustice of Issus

still could believe her divine. "I will say a few more words, Xodar, with no intent to wound your feelings fur-her, but rather that you may give thought to the fact that while we live we are still more the arbiters of our own fate than i

Evidently he was the only other prisoner.

As he slept I leaned over and looked at him. There was something strangely fa-



SUSAN BRANDEIS

her fair beauty, No. Xodar; your Issus clutches, and she cannot harm you.

"With your knowledge of this strange should be able to win our way to free dom. Even though we died in the attempt butchered by a cruel and unjust tyrant-

call her goddest or mortal, as you will?" As I finished I raised Xodar to his feel and released him. He did not renew the attack upon me, nor did he speak. Instead, he walked toward the bench and, sinking down upon it, remained lost in deep thought for hours.

A long time afterward I heard a soft nd at the doorway leading to one of other apartments, and, looking up, be held the red Martian youth gazing intently "Kaor!" I cried, after the red Martian

nanner of greeting. "Kaor." he replied. "What do you here?" "I await my dêath, I presume," I replied

He, too, smiled-a brave and winning

"I, also," he said. "Mine will come soon. l looked upon the radiant beauty of Issus nearly a year since. It has always beer a source of keen wonder to me that I die ot drop dead at the first sight of that

ideous countenance.

"By my first ancestor! but never was there so grotesque a figure in all the uni-verse. That they should call such a one Goddess of Life Eternal, Goddess of Death Mother of the Nearer Moon and 50 other equally impossible titles is quite beyond

'How came you here?" I asked. "It is very simple. I was flying a one-man air-scout far to the south when the brilliant idea occurred to me that I should like to search for the lost Sea of Korus. which tradition places near to the South Pole. I must have inherited from my father a wild lust for adventure, as well as a holow where my bump of reverence should be "I had reached the area of eternal icwhen my port propeller jammed, and I dropped to the ground to make repairs. Hefore I knew it the air was black with filers, and a hundred of these first-born devils were leaping to the ground all

but before I went down beneath them they had tasted of the steel of my father's sword, and I had given such an account of myself as I know would have pleased my sire had he lived to witness it."

"Your father is dead?" I asked.
"He died before the shell broke to let me step out into a world that has been very good to me. But for the sorrow that I had never the honor to know my father, I have been very happy. My only sorrow now is hat my mother must mourn me as she has

for ten long years mourned my father."

"Who was your father?" I asked.

He was about to reply when the outer door of our prisor, opened and a burly guard entered and ordered him to his own quarters for the night, locking the door after him as he passed through into the

after him as he passed through into the farther chamber.

"It is issus' wish that you two be confined in the same room." said the guard when he had returned to our cell.

"This cowardly slave of a slave is to serve you well." he said to me, indicating Xodar with a wave of his hand. "If he does not, you are to beat him into submission. It is Issus' wish that you heap upon him every indignity and degradation of which you can conceive."

With these words he left us.

Xodar sat still with his face buried in his hands. I walked to his side and placed

his hands. I walked to his side and placed

his hands. I waised to his sade and placed my hand upon his shoulder.

"Xodar," I said. "you have heard the commands of Issus, but you need not fear that I shall attempt to put them into execu-tion. You are a brave man, Xodar. It is your own affair if you wish to be persecuted and humiliated; but were I you I should assert my manhood and defy my

"I have been thinking very hard, John Carter," he said, "of all the new ideas you gave me a few hours since. Little by little, I have been piecing together the things that you said which sounded blasphernous to me then with the things that I have seen in my past life and dared not even think about for fear of bringing down upon me the wrath of Issus.

"I believe now that she is a fraud, no more divine than you or I. More I am willing to concede. And that the First Born are no holler than the holy therns, nor the

hely therns more hely than the red men.

The whole fabric of our religion is based on superstitious belief in lies that have been foisted upon us for ages by those directly above us to whose personal profit and aggrandizement it was to have us continue to believe as they wished us to believe. to believe.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Municipal Band Program The Municipal Band, under the leadership of Benjamin Roeshman, will play tonight at of Benjamin Roeshman, will play tonight at Reynolds Park, 17th street and Snyder avenue. The program follows:

1. Overture. "Light Cavalry". Suppe 2: 6). "La Kansas." humoresque. Brooke 10). "La Carina. Ganne 3. Ballet. "Egoptian. Ganne 3. Ballet. "Egoptian. Luighti (a) Allegretto. Go. Allegretto. Go. Andante expressivo. Go. Andante expressivo. Go. Andante expressivo. Go. Grand scio. "The Unicolate Soldier". Strauss 5. Temor solo, selected.

6. Grand selection. "Flying Dutchman" Wagner 7. Valss di concert. "Ange d'Amour". Waldeufel 8. Popular mediev. "The king Pin". Witmark

Philadelphia Band Concert Philadelphia Band Concert
The Philadelphia Band, under the leadership of Silas E. Hummel, will play tonight
at City Hall Plaza. The program follows:
1. Overture. "Operon". Weber
2. Airs from "Carmen". Elset
3. Ballet, "Egrptian Elset Luighi
4. Bolo for concert, "The Lost Chord" Sullivan
5. Dance, "Moon Madrius" Willery
6. Contraite solo selected
6. Bertha Bricker D'Alhites
7. Geme from "The Bohemina Cirl". Balfe
Request.
8. March, "Wake Up, America". Glogan

BORDEN'S Malted Milk IN THE SQUARE PACKAGE GRAND PRIZE | Ask PANAMA EXPOSITION | 10r It ANOTHER PROOF OF GUALITY

MISS BRANDEIS URGES ZIONISM AS MEANS OF JEWISH RENASCENCE

Daughter of Supreme Court Justice Addresses Audience in Behalf of Movement Here

SEES BIG OPPORTUNITY

The call for preparedness has been is sued to the young Zionists of Philadelphia by Miss Susan Brandeis, daughter of Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis. The Jews of the next generation will

have in their hands the opportunity to take the greatest step toward attaining a country for the Jewish people," said Miss Bran-

Miss Brandels, who was graduated from Miss Brandels, who was graduated from Bryn Mawr last year, has been stumping the country in the interests of Zionism since her graduation. Suffrage and Zionism tours have made of her one of the best women speakers in the country. Miss Brandels was one of the sturdy women to walk in the Chicago suffrage paradle on the Wednesday of Republican and Progressive convention week, in the never-to-progressive convention week, in the never-to-progressive convention week, in the never-to-progressive convention week in the never-to-progressive convention with the firm most of the be-forgotten rain that kept most of the delegates to the convention in their hotels. At the Young Men's Hebrew Association last night Miss Brandels called the young en and women of Philadelphia to the Zion-

ist colors. "Zionism aims to preserve the identity of the Jews," said Miss Brandels, "With a centre of Judaism at Palestine, where Jewish art, literature and music will be able to develop, where a unified language will be used, the Jew all over the world will know that the Jews as a nation are preserving their individuality."

Miss Brandeis sketched an outline of the work done by the Zionist movement and its development. The back-to-the-land move-ment—the first since the earliest days of Judaism—has proved a success in Palestine she said. "The colonists, by means of their handicraft and vineyards, have made them selves self-supporting and the art school, the Bezaliel, has made its influence felt the world over," the speaker asserted.

"There have been artists of Jewish birth but there never has been a Jewish art." Miss Brandeis said. "But at Palestine it is slowly developing. Eventually we hope there will be a Jewish art as definite and as individual as the art of any other na-

"Many Jews the world over will prefer to stay in the country in which they are now living." Miss Brandeis added. "But to know that somewhere there is a nation of Jewish people, that there is a centre of pure Jewish culture, will keep the Jew from being as similated and thereby losing his identity. That the Jew today is in danger of losing his identity in the many countries in which his identity in the many countries in which he is scattered was the contention of Miss Brandeis and the other speakers. To pre-serve his Judaism, to offer him, if he de-sires, the opportunity to get a Jewish education, to have a centre in which the lan-guage of the people is Hebrew—in short, to make a nationality of a nation, is the object of the Zionists of all countries, the aulence was told by this youthful exponent, Miss Brandeis will also speak at the incheon to be given on Monday by the

P. R. R. OFFICIAL RETIRES

numbering about 1500,

Hadassah, an organization of Jewish women

Taber Ashton Quits Post of Assistant Treasurer-In Service 52 Years

Taber Ashton, assistant to the treasurer of the Pennsylvania Railroad and many subsidiary lines, will be retired July 1 under the company's pension regulations tie has been in the service of the corporation for 52 years.

Mr. Ashton entered the Pennsylvania

Dailroad's service in 1864, in the office of the fourth assistant auditor, Thomas R. Davis. He was elected secretary and treasurer of the Harrisburg, Portsmouth, Mt. and Laucaster Balley September 1, 1880. He will be succeeded as treasurer of branch lines by J. S. Van-zandt, who is assistant to the treasurer of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

MRS. JOHN R. DREXEL HONORED STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

Named for Vice Presidency of Blind Relief War Fund One of the vice presidencies of the Brit-ish-French-Belgium Blind Rel of War Fund for Soldiers and Sailors has been accepted

by Mrs. John R. Drexel. The fund was recently organized in New York. The headquarters of the fund is at 590 5th avenue and is for the purpose of supporting and training men in trades not requiring sight and finding paying employment for the many thousands of British. French and Beig an soldiers who have been blinded in the war. Among the American organizers are Ellhu Root, Vincent Astor, Angust Belmont, Lyman J. Gare, United August Belmont, Lyman J. Gage, United States Senator Thomas P. Gore, Myron T. Herrick, Robert Bacon, Otto H. Kahn, Whit-

Warren, Joseph Widener and George A. Kemler. Its honorary treasurers are Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank: Sir Edward Holden, charman of the London City and Midland Bank, and Georges Pallain, governor general of the Bank of France. King and Queen of England, the King and Queen of Belgium and the President of France has been obtained for the distribution of the fund in their respective coun

Y. M. C. A. "FOURTH" PLANS

Elaborate Program at North Branch This Evening

The third annual Independence Day cele The third annual independence Day celebration conducted by the North Branch Y. M. C. A., Lehigh and Germantown avenues, will take place this evening at 8 o'clock. The Rev. A. Robert Bagnell, pastor of the Park Avenue M. E. Church, will deliver a patriotic oration on "The Larger Americanism," and the Rev. T. Asher Hess, the "Drummer Boy of '61." will give some personal reminiscences of the War of the Robellion. Instrumental music will be furnished by a quintet com-posed of J. H. Kennedy, Allen Wetter, Jooph Simons, Clarence Bertolet and Wil liam Chambers, and a brass band of 40 pieces of Class No. 5, Union Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, directed by Prof. William A. Crozier, William Armstrong, tenor soloist, will sing several patriotic William Armstrong, p

The North Branch will conduct an open air patriotic service at Cramps' shipyards at noon, with Captain Jimmie Johnston as speaker and Cramps' male quartet fur

Park Band at Strawberry Mansion The Fairmount Park Band, under the leadership of Richard Schmidt, plays this afternoon and tonight at Strawberry Man-

The program follows: PART I. (Afternoon, 4 to 8 o'clock.) (Alternoon, 4 to 9 o'clock.)

Overture, 'Tempelwethe',

'Souvenir de Meyeriwer',

(a) 'A Wild Rosebud',

(b) 'A Vision of Salome',

Melodies from 'Love's Lottery',

Waltz, 'Wine, Woman and Song',

Suite 'Americana',

(a) 'The Warblers' Serenade',

(b) 'Melley of 1803',

"I'm on My Way to Mandalay'',

PART II.

(Evening 8 to 10 o'clock.)

1. Overture. "Glovana de Arco"... Verdi
2. Grand scence from "Pagliacci". Leoncavallo
3. (a) "Whispering Willows". Herbert
(b) "Pecheur Napolitaine". Rubinstein
4. "Welsh Rhapsody". German
5. Descriptive fantasie. "Sheridan's Ride". Sousa
Synopsis—Waiting for the Bugle. The Attack. The Death of Thoburn. The Coming of
Sheridan. The Apotheosia.
6. Nylophone solo. "If I Were King". Adam
7. Suits. "A Day in Venice". Nevin
(a) Venetian Love Song.
(b) The Gondollers.
8. Melodies from "The Enchantress". Herbert
"Star-Spangled Hanner." PART II.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 30 .- Fifty children and several older people attending the Sunday school picnic of St. George's Epis-copal Church in Portsmouth were stricken

with ptomaine poisoning yesterday. Ambu-lances and automobiles, summoned hastily from this city, removed 30 of the little ones to the Newport Hospital. The others were sent to their homes. The Rev. George Ver-non Dickey, the pastor, was among the sufferers. Physicians last night reported the condition of the patients as not serious

50 Taken III at Picnic

Panama Canal Official Resigns

PANAMA. June 30.—Benjamin Jacobson, manager of the canal supply and commissary departments, has resigned suddenly No reason is given for his resignation

CHORUS AT WILLOW GROVE

Four Concerts to Be Given by Organi-

zation Today Four concerts will be given this atternoon and evening at Willow Grove Park by the Strawbridge & Clothier chorus, with Herbert J. Tily as conductor, the voices being accompanied by the Victor Herbert Orchestra, with its leader, baton in hand, directing his men and the chorus ensemble, as he did at the store's annual April concert in the Materialitian Opera House. the Metropolitan Opera House,

The program will consist of a repitition of the successful program of Victor Herbert's compositions, comprising Mr. Herbert's dramatic cantata, "The Captive," and excepts from his grand, light and comic operas, including the Gypay love song from "The Fortune Teller," the Italian street some from "Marianna" Italian street song from "Marianna."
"Triumphs" from the suite "Columbus" in the third act of "Natoma," the prelude to the third act of the same opera and the Easter anthem, "Christ is Risen."

The soloists will be May Ebrey Hotz. soprano; Maude Sproule, contraito, and Horacs R. Hood, baritone.

The first concert will be from 2:30 to 3:15 and the second from 4:30 to 5:30 in the afternoon. The first evening concert will start at 7:45 and end at 8:20, with the

fourth and last to be given from 9:45 At the April concert of this famed store organization a marked artistic success re-sulted and it is therefore assured that music lovers of this city have a genuine

WOODSIDE PARK HAS TOY HUNT

treat in store for them today.

Boys and Girls Will Search for Coupons Two Hours

A "toy hunt" is on the program for the amusement of visitors to Woodside Park next Friday. All children under 14 years are eligible to participate without charge at this event, the second of the sort this season.

At 1 o'clock the gates will be thrown open to every one, and for two hours the youngsters will have the run of the park to search for coupons which will be hidden in various spots, with the exceptions of the trees and the buildings. "Findin's keepin's" is the rule that will prevail.

Next week is also the last week of Bayne's 65th Regiment (N. Y.) Rand, and it will also eligible to participate without charge at this

Next week is also the last week of Bayne's 69th Regiment (N. Y) Band, and it will also close the engagement of Miss Kinney. Following Bayne will come Alexander's concert band, of which Charles S. Pokorny is the leader. This organization has long been held in popular esteem in the East, and a four weeks' engagement at Woodside promises further to enhance its reputation. The soloist for Alexander's Band will be Miss Marion London, a lyric soprano of New York, whose singing has made her a favorite Marion London, a lyric soprano of New York, whose singing has made her a favorite wherever she has appeared in public.



You can rent an Eden Electric If you desire to buy, rental will apply on purchase price.

Renting



1719 Chestnut Street

Introducing — Mrs. Happy Homemaker

Reduction in Rates for Electricity OTICE is hereby given to the Cut-tomers of The Philadelphia Electric Company, and to the Public, of a reduction in rates for Electric Light and Power, effective as of April the First, 1916. This reduction in rates for electricity, amounting to \$150,000 for city lighting and to approximately \$900,000 for lighting and power service, is so apportuned that the small and average utips of commercial light and power, and sparticularly the respictive customers now paying less than \$19 per month, will rectaire most of the reduction. Many of the rates in the existing tariff are already very low and have not been already. New Residence Marter Press What Control of the State of t

"Like all good housekeepers," says Mrs. Happy Homemaker, "I believe in keeping accounts-not so much to keep track of the money I have spent, but to apportion most wisely the money I'm going to spend."

"What I term 'operating' expenses have been most troublesome, for they have steadily increased in spite of my efforts toward economy.

"But I am anticipating that the new low rates for Electricity will go far toward cutting down that 'operating' item. For it does seem to me that if our men-folks insist upon Electricity for reasons of efficiency and economy in their business, there must be something in it for us who take pride in our housekeeping.

"I don't know what a kilowatt of Electricity will do or what it will cost, but I'm going to find out-that much won't cost anything. There certainly must be a good reason why people won't buy or rent houses nowadays unless equipped for Electricity, so I'll make a short cut and inquire.

You can do as Mrs. Happy Homemaker intends doingall that is necessary is to mail a request for complete information regarding the wiring of already-built houses to



Alice Matlack, formerly of Germantown, is spending the summer at Dobb's Ferry, on the Hudson. Of course she is very lonesome at times for her very best friend, Dobb's Ferry has its solaces. Even Alice admits this. "Dobb's Ferry," she writes. "Is a small town 20 miles out of New York. It is on the Hudson River, and is very old and picturesque. It is great fun to sit on a small balcony on our house and watch a small balcony on our house and watch the boats go up and down the river. About 8 o'clock or 8:30 in the evening the night out for the big searchlight. Grandma sends me the club news every day, but I am going to subscribe for the Evening Ledges of the house Most of the fun in the house comes from—guess what? READ-ING THE CLUB NEWS!

Branch Club News

Branch Club News

Lillian Scneider, of Rising Sun avenue, makes the "busy bee" announcement that her branch club is going to have a fair. A candy table will feature largely at the festivities and hints of a doll booth have been dropped. This spells active times for the "Rising Sun Hainbows," and the business of making and selling will surely teach them the methods of grown-ups.

The "Rainbow Lassica," Catherina Murray's Danville Rainbows, have a beautiful plan. They are going camping in a little bungalow. Here are the details furnished by Catherine: "We hope to rent a bungalow at 'the Forks,' a little 'woodsy' place, sprinkled with islands, cottages and I know we would have a wenderful time."

As we said, this is indeed a heautiful plan. We are sure some jody mother will only be too glad to a perma the girls and take a hand at the cooking what cartain ambitions Rainbows are secretly pursing hurrer finance. By the way, boys are you form to be the girls at about of soil and teach two stunts about camping? Was up. 14 you don't to be the girls at about of soil and teach two stunts about camping? Was up.

FARMER SMITH'S (A) RAINBOW CLUB MOTHER'S ANGEL CHILD You must not think I forget you when I leave out "Dear Children." I like to be different, once in a while. I think the reason that school teachers and

children's editors like to talk about themselves so much is because they are with children so much and children love to talk about themselves-and I do not The other day I had the pleasure of delivering a lecture (or merely talking) at the largest school in one of the largest cities in the United States.

A teacher there had her hand on a boy's head. She called him "Angel It was then the principal of the school said:

"EVERY BOY IS AN ANGEL CHILD TO HIS MOTHER." Isn't that a wonderful thought? No matter what happens to a boy, he is always the same sweet "angel child" to his mother he was when she used to put on his little nightie and hear

him say his prayers. He may fall so low he hits the gutter, but SHE, the one woman in all the world, will lift him up, bathe his wounds and help him back on the right road. Let us all remember, we are all loved by somebody, and we are "Angel FARMER SMITH. Child" to some mother. Children's Editor.

Our Postoffice Box Vacation Notes Regina Da Pete hopes that all the Rainoows were promoted. Regina was and deserved to be, for the little girl worked very hard all year long. Since November last Elizabeth Huunewill Willing, but then two "excellents" have appeared regularly on

sunny weather and went on an old-tashioned picnic. She writes: "I had such a fine
time I wished you were with us." Rose
Skversky is going to write very soon on
account of a happy outdoor time she had!
Sara Crawford enjoys life in the house
and out of the house. Most of the fun in
the house comes from—guess what? READING THE CLUB NEWS!

Eleanor Weiss and her little playmate
Mary sent two darling red rosebuds to remind SOMEBODY they were thinking of
him. Alfred and Wilfred Webb paid a visit
to Railbow Club headquarters the other day
and we were out. Wasn't that a shame? A
souvenir of the visit was left in the way
of two beautiful brand-new books for the
hospital children. The names of the books
are "Nanoy in the Wood" and "What
Grandma Says." Both are beautifully illustrated and we are sure are making very
happy the hearts of the little children who
received them. So that I will have it all for myself."
Your editor had the occasion and good fortune recently to go "a-sailing" on the wonderful Hudson River. All the time he was thinking way back in that part of his mind that never forgets YOU. "Here is a living wonderbook for my Rainbows," and so, little giris and boys, some day when it's rainy and the story fairy is whispering in our ear, you shall hear the rest of the tale that Alice has so invitingly begun for us.

A Letter From the Father of Case No. 3

To Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club; To Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club;

Little did I think at the time when my small son's name was entered in the Rainbow Club that some day he would be one of the little ones that would have to be cheered and comforted. You have made him very happy. I wish you could see all the lovely postal cards, howers and books that he has received. They make him forget his condition and afford him plenty of amusement.

Thanking you very much for the interest you have taken in his welfare. Sincerely. The Father of "Case No. 2."

The Question Box Dear Fermer Smith—I was born in Janu-sry. Could you nicess tell me by birth stone. Thanking you. ESSIE WYMAN. The gernet is the January birth stone. The period, as you probably know, is a

JIMMY MONKEY AND THE WHALE

By Farmer Smith Mister Elephant came down the main treet of Jungletown very happy in his mind. Right in front of him he spied Jimmy Monkey, with a tin can.

"What have you there?" he asked of Jimmy. "A whale," answered Jimmy. "How can you have a whale in a tir

an?" asked Mister Elephant. "He's a—he's a baby whale," answered Jimmy. "It's all the way you look at things. In a hundred years he'll be a nice large-sized respectable whale. You must not judge things by their size."

"I see," answered Mister Elephant, "Are you going to keep him a hundred years?"
"No, not quite," replied Jimmy, peeking
in the tin can. "Did you ever see a baby

"Not yet."
"Well, I'll climb the bamboo tree and you can squint at mine," and up the tree

went Jimmy.

Mister Elephant poked his beady eye into the top of the tin can. Then he jumped The whale, as Jimmy called it, wigsled its tall and splashed some water in Mister Elephant's eye.
"Don't be afraid; he won't hurt you." said Jimmy, reassuringly.

A Little Thing By JENNIE DORSEY There was once a boy whose name was Harry. One day his mother sent him on an arrand. While he was on his way to the store he met an old lady, who asked him

to carry a basket of apples. She said she would give him two cents. Harry did not scorn the smallness of the amount. He was very glad to help the old lady. was very glad to help the old lady.

He said certainly. When he got to the old lady's house she gave him two cents and an apple. He started on his own errand then and it was about supper time. He was very much afraid his mother would punish him for staying so long. When he got home his mother asked him what had kept him so long. When he told her about the old lady his mother was not cross. She kissed her son and said "Well I'm glad I have a son as kind as that." have a son as kind as that.'

Things to Know and Do (i) ANAGRAM—What is going on in the world? The letters in the sentence arranged properly will tell you: "This is fate, an end for all."

(2) Our moving-picture editor wants to know what is wrong with this:
"Twinkle, twinkle like RATS How I wonder what you R. Un above the world so LOFTY Like a ruby in the HEAVENS." Write the poem correctly for our movir picture editor.

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 SUNSHING ALL ALONG THE WAY.