## EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JULY 3, 1916.



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

## CHAPTER XI-(Continued).

HOR my part, I was fighting as I had fought a thousand times before-now aldestepping quickly in to let my sword's point drink deep in a forman's heart before it buried itself in the throat of his com-

We were having a merry time of it, we two, when a great body of Issus' own gards were ordered into the arena. On they came with fierce cries, while from every side the armed prisoners swarmed upon

For half an hour it was as though the in ferno had broken loose. In the walled con-fines of the arena we fought in an inextricable mass-howling, cursing, blood streaked demons, and ever the sword of the young red man flashed beside me.

Slowly and by repeated commands I had succeeded in drawing the prisoners into a rough formation about us, so that at last we fought formed into a rude circle, in the centre of which were the doomed maids.

Many had gone down on both sides, but by far the greater havoc had been wrought in the guards of Issus. I could see measengers running swiftly through the audi-ence, and, as they passed, the nobles there unsheathed their swords and sprang inte the arena. They were going to annihilate us by force of numbers-that was quite evidently their plan.

I caught a glimpse of Issus leaning far forward upon her throne, her hideous countenance distorted in a horrid grimace of hate and rage, in which I thought I could distinguish an expression of fear. It was that face that inspired me to the thing that followed.

Quickly I ordered 50 of the prisoners to drop back behind us and form a new circle about the maldens.

"Remain and protect them until I re-

turn," I commanded. Then turning to those who formed the outer line, I cried: "Down with Issus. Follow me to the throne! We will wreak

vengeance where vengeance is deserved. vengeance where vengeance is deserved." The youth at my side was the first to take up the cry of "Down with leaus!" and then at my back and from all sides rose a hoarse shout: "To the throne! To the throne !"

As one man we moved, an irresistible fighting mass, over the bodies of dead and dying foes toward the gorgeous throne of the Martian doity. Hordes of the dought est fighting men of

the First Born poured from the audience to check our prégress. We mowed them down before us as if they had been paper

men. "To the seats, some of you!" I cried, as we approached the arena's barrier wall. "Ten of us can take the throne," for I had "Ten of us can take the throne," for the most seen that Issus' guards had for the most part entered the fray within the arena. On both sides of me the prisoners broke

to left and right for the seats, vaulting the low wall with dripping swords lusting for the crowded victims who awaited them. In another moment the entire amphithe-

atre was filled with the shricks of the dying and the wounded, mingled with the clash of arms and the triumphant shouts of the victors.

Side by side, the young red man and I, with perhaps a dozen others, fought our way to the foot of the throne.

our way to the foot of the throne. The remaining guards, reinforced by the high dignitaries and nobles of the First Born, closed in letween us and Issus, who sat leaning far forward upon her carved sorapus bench, now screaming high-pitched commands to her following, now hurling blighting curses upon those who sought to descerate her godhood. esecrate her godhood. The frightened slaves about her trembled Sea of Korus. desecrate her godhood.

"With your mighty sword arm you may yet win to the Golden Cliffs and the templed sardens of the holy therms. There tell your story to Matai Shang, my father. He will keep you and together you may find a way to rescue me. Fly while there is yet a bare chance for flight." defeat. deteat. Several among them, proud daughters, no doubt, of some of Barsoom's noblest warriors, matched swords from the hands of the failen and fell upon the guards of Issus, but they were soon cut down, glorious martyrs to a hopeless cause. The mar with us fourbut wall, but payer

mariyrs to a hopeless cause. The men with us fought well, but never since Tars Tarkas and I fought out that long, hot afternoon shoulder to shoulder against the hordes of Warhoon in the dead sea bottom before Thark, had I seen two men fight to such good purpose and with such unconquerable ferocity as the young red man and I fought that day before the throne of fause Goddess of Death and of pitality of the holy therns to that of the First Born. "Down with Issue" I shouted, and to-gether the boy and I took up the fight once

Two blacks went down with our swords In their vitals and we stood face to face with Issus. As my sword went up to end her horrid career her paralysis left her, and throne of Issus. Goddess of Death and of

Life Eternal. with an ear-piercing shrick she turned to . Man by man those who stood between us and the carven sorapus wood bench went down before our blades. Others swarmed in to fill the breach, but inch by inch, foot by foot, we won nearer and

nearer to our goal. Presently a cry went up from a section of the stands nearby. "Rime, slaves!" "Rime, slaves!" it rose and fell until it swelled to a mighty volume of sound that swept in great billows round the entire

amphitheatre. For an instant, as though by common assent, we ceased our fighting to look for the meaning of this new note; nor did it take but a moment to translate its signifi-In all parts of the structure the female slaves were falling upon their mas-ters with whatever weapon came first to

cance.

hand

FOR an instant I stood there before they fell upon me, but the first rush of A dagger snatched from the harness them forced me back a step or two. My A dagger snatched from the names of her mistress was waved aloft by some fair sinve, its shimmering blade crimson with the life-blood of its owner; swords plucked from the bodies of the dead about them; heavy ornaments which could be turned foot felt for the floor, but found only empty space.

I had backed into the plt which had received issus. For a second I toppled there upon the brink. Then I, too, with the boy still tightly clutched in my arms, pitched heavy ornaments which could be turned into bludgeons—such were the implements with which these fair women wreaked the long-vent vengeance which at best could backward into the black abyes. We struck a pollshed chute, the opening above us closed as magically as it had opened, and we shot down, unharmed, into a dimly lighted apartment far below the above

but partially recompense them for the un-speakable crueities and indignities which their black masters had heaped upon them. And those who could find no other weapons used their strong fingers and their gleaming teeth. arena. As I rose to my feet the first thing I It was at once a sight to make one shud-der and to cheer; but in a brief second we were engaged once more in our own battle, with only the unquenchable battle-cry of the women to remind us that they still fought—"Rise, slaves!" "Rise, slaves!" saw was the malignant countenance of Issue

glaring at me through the heavy bars a grated door at one side of the chamber. bars of "Rash mortal!" she shrilled. "You shall pay the awful penalty for your blasphemy

in this secret cell. Here you shall lie alone and in darkness with the carcass of your accomplice festering in its rottenness by your side until, crazed by loneliness and hunger, you feed upon the crawling maggots that were once a man."

That was all. In another instant she was gone and the dim light which had filled the cell faded into Cimmerian blackness. "Pleasant old lady," said a voice at my side. "Who speaks?" I asked.

The youth sprang to my side and ran his sword through the fellow before he could recover to deliver another blow. I should have died even then, for my sword was tight-wedged in the breastbone "Tis I, your companion, who has had the honor this day of fighting shoulder to shoulder with the greatest warrior that ever wore metal upon Barsoom." of a dator of the First Born. As the fellow went down I snatched his sword from him, and over his prostrate

I said. "I feared for that nasty cut upon your head." "It but stunned me," he replied. mere scratch.

"Maybe it were as well had it been final," I said. "We seem to be in a pretty fix here with a splendid chance of dying of starvation and thirst." "Where are we?" "Beneath the arena," I replied. "We tumbled down the shaft that swallowed

of his sword. It was Phatoor, the daughter of Matal Shang. "Fly, my prince!" she cried. "It is use-less to fight them longer. All within the arena are dead. All who charged the throne are dead but you and this youth. Only among the seats are there left any of your fighting men, and they and the slave women are fast being cut down. Issued down the shaft that swallowed Issues as she was almost at our mercy." He laughed a low laugh of pleasure and relief, and then, reaching out through the inky blackness, he pulled my ear close to

"Listen! You can scarce hear the battlo-cry of the women now, for nearly all are dead. For each one of you there are ten thousand blacks within the domains of the his mouth. "Nothing could be better," he whispered. "There are secrets within the secrets of

THE CHEERFVL CHERVE I feel mysterious at timesthink there's some thing wrong with me like to sneak out late at night And hear the ? trees talk 20 But that was not my mission, nor could see much to be preferred in the cruel hos-0



What do you mean ?'

"I labored with the other slaves a year nce in the remodeling of these subterranean galleries and at that time we found below these an ancient system of corri-dors and chambers that had been sealed up

or ages. "The blacks in charge of the work explored them, taking several of us along to do whatever work there might be occasion for. I know the entire system perfectly. "There are miles of corridors honeycombing the ground beneath the gardens and the temple itself and there is one passage that leads down to and connects with the lower

regions that open on the water shaft that gives passage to Omean. "If we can reach the submarine undetected we may yet make the sea in which there are many islands where the blacks never go. There we may live for a time, never go. There we may live for a time, and who knows what may transpire to ald

is to escape !! He had spoken all in a low whisper, evi-dently fearing spying cars even here, and so answered him in the same subdued tone. "Lead back to Shador, my friend," I whispered. "Xodar, the black, is there. We were to attempt our escape together, so I cannot desert him." "No," said the boy, "one cannot desert a friend. It were better to be recaptured ourselves than that."

ourselves than that." Then he commenced groping his way about the floor of the dark chamber search-

ing for the trap that led to the corridors beneath. At length he summoned me by neath. low "Hist !" and I crept toward the sound of his voice to find him kneeling on the brink of an opening in the floor.

"There is a drop here of about ten feet." he whispered. "Hang by your hands and you will alight safely on a level floor of soft sand."

Very quietly I lowered myself from the inky cell above into the inky pit below. So utterly dark was it that we could not see our hands at an inch from our noses Never, I think, have I known such complete absence of light as existed in the plts of Issus.

For an instant I hung in midair. There is a strange sensation connected with an ex-perience of that nature which is quite difficult to describe. When the feet trend empty air and the distance below is shrouded in darkness there is a feeling akin to panic at the thought of releasing the hold and

taking the plunge into unknown depths. Though the boy had told me that it was but 10 feet to the floor below, I experienced the same thrills as though I were hanging above a bottomless pit. Then I released my hold and dropped-two feet to a soft cushion of sand.

The boy followed me. "Raise me to your shoulders" he said, "and I will replace the trap." This done, he took me by the hand, leading me very slowly, with much feeling about and frequent halts to assure himself that he did not stray into wrong passageways

Presently we commenced the descent of a very steep incline. "It will not be long," he said, "before we shall have light. At the lower levels we meet the same stratum of phosphorescent rock that illuminates Omean." Never shall I forget that trip through the pits of Issus.

While it was devoid of important incl-dents, yet it was filled for me with a strange charm of excitement and adventure which I think must have hinged principally on the unguessable antiquity of these long-forgot-ten corridors. The things which the Stygian darkness hid could not have been half so wonderful as the pictures which my imag-ination wrought.

Beatrice V. Clinch, Accident Prevention Expert, of Wilmington, to Instruct City's Children

STORIES AND PICTURES

FEATURE OF "SAFETY"

CAMPAIGN FOR KIDDIES

EDUCATORS APPROVE

#### Safety Campaign Slogan for School Children

"Better safe than sorry." "Enlist now! We fight to save life, not to take it."

"You have no right to take a chance; some one else may have to take the consequences." "Safety first—not part of the time, but all the time."

Photographs illustrating the story will be found on the back page,

A battle-not to take lives, but to save hem—is developing. It is a "safety" campaign to be launched

in the public schools throughout the city by the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company The folly of many accidents in the street will be carried straight home to the happy

SOCIAL LEADERS LEARN go-lucky children in the schoolrooms and playgrounds.

The campaign will begun with the opening of the summer playground season and will be carried into the schools in the fall by means of illustrated lectures-no, stories would be better. The warnings will, indeed, be in story form, so that every tiny shaver will understand them. And they will under stand the pictures, too, for the illustrations are photographs of actual "close shaves" that careless boys and girls have had, snar "shot" on the spot by a photographer of the newly created safety bureau of the Phila-delphia Rapid Transit Company. The story teller will not be an imposing-

The story teller will not be an imposing-looking orre, with stern commands that boys and girls heed his words. The warn-ing will be given to the children by the "safety lady," Miss Beatrice V. Clinch, head of the company's safety bureau, an expert of Wilmington, Del. Her plan has been approved by Dr. John P. Garber, Su-perintendent of Schools; Monsignor Me-Miss Susan Francis, chairman of the Wo-Devitt, superintendent of parochial schools ; Miss Elizabeth O'Neill, supervisor of playgrounds, and the police and the Boy

Rennison, a trained nurse, will conduct Scouts. Although the prevention of trolley acci-dents will be the chief topic of the stories A large number of prominent women have offered their personal services. Money to-

all other forms of accidents in which children are killed and milmed will be taken up The child's fault in motortruck acci-dents, which have grown into an appalling ward relief work in the army has been received from society women of the city. The Emergency Ald and the Pennsylvania Wospectre for mothers whose children play in the streets, will be shown. Billy and Johnny will be told how foolish it is to steal rides on the tail ends of trolley cars men's Division for National Preparedness ire co-operating in this work. Miss Margaret N. Robins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robins, is among the and automobiles, to "monkey" with tele-graph wires, to build bonfres, to play ball in streets where the deadly motortrucks rumble. Mary and Jennie will be warned volunteers who have already passed first-aid examinations. Mrs. Reed A. Morgan, of the Emergency Ald, has the names of sev-eral others who will go to the front if the Red Cross calls upon them. The list in-cludes Mrs. Matthew Baird, Jr., Miss Doro-thy Foliz, Mrs. Henry Frasher Mes. Land

rumble. Mary and Jennie will be warned not to scamper across the street before looking carefully, not to read while walk-ing, not to play tag in the streets. Later, prizes will be offered for essays and poems by school children on "safety." "It's a very serious problem," said Miss Clinch, who has been carrying her work the scittement bouses and Boy Scout

into settlement houses and Boy Scout meetings. "Children are hard to teach safety because they are so exuberant. In spite of all the preventives, \$61 children spite of all the preventives, set chains were arrested last year for stealing rides on trolley cara-one of them for actually stealing an entire car. A few nights ago, after I had spoken on safety to a troop of Boy Scouts and had interested attention and had aroused three cheers for 'safety,' what do you think happened? Two of the boys hours on to the back of an automobile boys hung on to the back of an automobile right outside the door." The plan for closing off certain streets

for "play streets" for children was warmly advocated by Miss Clinch. "It is impossible to provide playgrounds for all the children," she said. "The need for them is apparent. In one section in South Philadelphia, in the area of four blocks there are 1575 children below the blocks, there are 1575 children below the age of 10 years. What shall they do for the fresh air and romping that they need?

# COBB'S CREEK CADDIES ON STRIKE FOR 15 MINUTES-ALL BUT "FATS"

# Loyalty of One Member of Golf Club's Staff Holds Him to His Employers While Peace Terms Are

Being Negotiated

"Fats" Whitten Richmond, the one lone "scab" of the caddy strike on Cobb's Creek Golf Course, puffed fearfully along State road over the hill leading to the men's club house and the caddy center today with

club house and the caddy center today with the memory of threats to "get him" rising direfully in his mind. Thirty-five caddles, ranging from 12 to 16 years old, glowered at him from under the shade of the club veranda. The customary hall, "Hey, Fats!" was not heard. It was an echo of the industrial unrest among caddles which exploded on Satur-day and blew the 35 out of their jobs. The strike lasted only 15 minutes, but in that time a complete setting was assembled about the caddy centre. There was one strike breaker, six pickets, and a refusal on the part of the management to meet the strikers and arbitrate.

he strikers and arbitrate. The strike leader followed type even to the extent of getting out a statement that he was doing all he could to hold the caddies in check, but that he would not be reible if they "busted" out and broke

mething. Mayor Smith and ex-Attorney General anyor smith and ex-attorney General John C. Bell were playing the 16th hole while the strike was on. So complete an agreement was reached by the time they returned to the clubhouse that they were not asked to act on the adjustment board. In fact, it may be they never even heard about the strike. about the strike.

NURSING FOR WAR USE

if Trouble With Mexico

Comes

turses in the event of war with Mexico.

Society women of Philadelphia are enroll-

First-aid classes were opened this morning

at 1417 Walnut street, the headquarters of

the Emergency Ald, for enrolment. The

classes will open Wednesday night and will

thy Foltz, Mrs. Henry Frazier, Mrs. Jennie

Williamson and Mrs. George Meade. The Emergency Aid also has opened head-quarters at the Ostend Hotel, Atlantic City,

to conduct first-aid classes among the sur

"Fats" would not strike. At times he has been permitted to sit at the round table with Howard Gloughlin, where the scora cards are given out. His loyalty was as fast as a German dys. Yells and threats merely moved him further into the club and nearer to big pupped. nearer to his principal. At the end of 15 minutes and after one refusal to discuss the grievance Howard Gloughlin and Big John and some other strikers decided that after this the caddies

would register as soon as they reached the course, and that they would be sent out in the order their names appeared on the book. This satisfied both sides and the caddies resumed their benches on the veranda.

Nevertheless, there was one. The older boys, from 12 up, led by Big John Hender-son, the only long-trouser caddy on the course, decided late in the afternoon that they were not being called for service as often as they deserved to be. Big John told Howard Gloughlin, the caddy master, that they were going to strike.

Thereafter they did strike, immediately. The entire 35 stepped off the varands, walked across the raw dirt approach that

walked across the raw dirt approach that will be a lawn as soon as they sod it and over fo a big tree 100 feet from the club-house and near enough to the first tee to permit the caddles to exercise their natural right of criticism of the appearance and style of going of the players.

4# 17

Park Band at George's Hill The Fairmount Park Band, under the leadership of Richard Schmidt, will play this afternoon and tonight at George's Hill.

programs follow: PART I-AFTERNOON, 4 TO 6 O'CLOCK. Will Work in Red Cross Division Toban Luck Ardit Recker ng today to go to the front as Red Cross

be under the direction of the Red Cross. men's Nursing Committee, and Miss L. M.

## Municipal Band

The Municipal Hand, under the leadership of tenjamin Roeschman, will play during the cur-ent week at the following places: July 3. Whitehall Commons. Torresdals ave-ue and Margaret street. July 4. Independence Square. \$:30 s. m. to

July 4. 5th and Chew streets. July 5. Stenton Park. Gratz and Courtland

strents. July 6, Fox Square. Thompson and S strents. July 7, Orthodox and Richmond strests. July 5, Bustinton. 6, Fox Square, Thompson and Schiller

July S. Bustleton. The program for the week follows: Overture, "Poet and Peasant". (a) Ballet "Dance of the Hours". (b) "American Partol" Descriptive, "Chanticleser Cackles". Gems from "Stephen Foster". Tenor solo, selected. William Downs. Orand scenes from "Martha" Valse di Concert. "Tout Paris". "American Pantasle" Waldteufe Herber

mer residents at the shore. ≅ROBINSON & CRAWFORD At All Our Stores Where Quality Counts, Low Prices Prevail



Only a single thin rank of men now stood

between us and Issus. Her face was blue with terror. Foam flecked her lips. She seemed too paralyzed with fear to move.

Only the youth and I fought now. The others all had fallen, and I was like to have

gone down, too, from a nasty longsword cut had not a hand reached out from behind my adversary and clutched his elbow as

body looked into the eyes of the one whose quick hand had saved me from the first cut of his sword. It was Phaidor, the daughter

the blade was falling upon me.

Directly behind her a black gulf suddenly yawned in the flooring of the dias. She sprang for the opening, with the youth and I close at her heels. Her scattered guard railled at her cry and rushed for us. A blow fell upon the head of the yout! He staggered and would have fallen, but f caught him in my left arm and turned alone to face an infuriated mob of religious fan-atics crazed by the affront I had put upon

their goddess, just as Issus disappeared into the black depths beneath me. CHAPTER XII

**Back** to Shador

Dear Children-How many of you have ever heard of William Patterson? Very few, I guess. How many have ever heard of the Bank of England?

Many of you, I am sure. Perhaps some of you have said: "It's as safe as the Bank of England."

The greatest bank in the world owes its origin to a BOY. What do you think of that?

Many years ago in the hills of Scotland a small boy tended a flock of sheep. Like many other shepherds, he had time to think as he watched his flock by night.

There under the stars, the boy, William Patterson, conceived the idea of

founding a great bank.

Shepherd-bank-queer combination, is it not?

No sooner had William got his ideas settled than he was driven out of the country because of his religious belief.

Mildred

called."

"Who's mine?"

William Patterson clung to his idea and today we have the Bank of England If you have a GOOD THOUGHT hold on to it-cherish it and WORK IT FARMER SMITH, OUT.

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Ethel Kovsky is one of three little sisters in a family that is decidedly Rainbow. Ethel's favorite pastimes are playing with dolls, walking in the

**Our Postoffice Box** 



my brother's books and I know some myself. Nobody tells ETHEL KOVSKY think and think until I work out right what I am studying me anything. I just

in my mind." This is a wonderful method of learning, little student. Keep on thinking and thinking, and some day you may be writing things for other folks to think about.

## Things to Know and Do

(1) I am a month of the year. Take away my first letter and I am "yea." Take away my last and I am "mother." Name me.
(2) Diamonds—Fill in the missing let.

	tara.	
	х	-A consonant.
	XXX	-Runs on a trolley
ĸ	XXXXX	-Coverings. [track
	CARTELS	
	XXXXXXXXXX	-High church offi-
	XXXXXXXXXXX	X-Correction feials.
	XXXXXXXXXX	-Enacted again.
	<b>BLATTER</b>	-To be careleas.
	XXXXX	-More concealed.
	XXX	-Sward.
	x	-A consonant.

#### FARMER SMITH.

Care of The Evening Lapona I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Hainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY, SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY. 

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BILLY BUMPUS AND THE MULE By Farmer Smith The sun was high in the heavens and

Billy Bumpus was feeling the heat so much that he went over and lay down in the shade behind the barn. He was singing softly to himself:

"I have a little shadow, It always goes with me.

If a bee should sting my shadow, Now, would it let me be-e-e."

"Wonderful! Sing the second verse." Looking up, Billy saw Mister Donkey souinting at him.

"Hellow, Long Ears !" shouled Billy.

"I didn't quite understand you," replied Mister Donkey, putting forward one of his CATS.

"No wonder you didn't, for you are so busy eating that plece of straw that you can't hear anything," Billy got up and looked straight at Mister Donkey.

"What do you know about bees, any-way, that you should try to sing about them?" asked the fellow with the long

ears. "Bees? Bees? I know all there is to "Beas" Bees" I know all the in the know about them. I am one of the great-est Bee-ologists the world has ever known. I am THE Bee-ologist and don't forget it." "Are you the brave Billy Bumpus who is going to war? I have heard about him, brave fellow that he is!" "That's me...or rather...that's L or I am

"That's me—or rather—that's I, or I am he or he is ME! Anyway I am Billy Bumpus—Brave Billy Bumpus, as I am "So you are the brave and wonderful

Billy Bumpus! I am SO glad to meet you I have a thought that will show you to be I have a thought that will show you to be even more brave than you are at present." "What is it?" asked Billy, all excitement. "Well, I wouldn't tell every one, but as it is YOU, I will simply say this: Get some bees and turn them loose among the enemy and they are yours."

"Who's mine" "You stupid gost-the enemy is YOURS. You capture them." "But the enemy hasn't big sars like you have," replied Billy, who considered the echems a good one. "Never mind about the ear part of it— what you want is to capture the enemy-and i not right?" "You surely are—Fil—FiLL DO FF!" "Good!" he added, "let me be near when you capture the bees, for I was the one who told you about the ides. I don't want any giory, only I want to see that you do it right." "You are entitled to that," said Billy as he went off in search of some beslaves."

**July Entertainment** 

The following is a list of the play-grounds that will give free Fourth of July parties all day long. Go, by all means, and enjoy them: Athletic Recreation Centre, 26th

and Master streets. Chestnut street pier, Delaware River.

Disaton Recreation Centre, Longshore and Dittman streets. Funfield Playground, 22d street

and Sedgley avenue. Happy Hollow Playground, Wayne avenue and Logan street.

Kingsessing Recreation Centre, 50th street and Chester avenue. Point Breeze Recreation Centre,

28th street and Passyunk avenue. Starr Garden Recreation Centre, 7th and Lombard streets.

Shot Tower Playground, 2d and Carpenter streets. Sherwood Playground, 56th and Christian streets.

Viaduct Playground, 9th and Jef-

ferson streets. Waterview Playground, 502 East Haines street. Westmoreland Playground, 5th and Westmoreland streets.

Below are sample programs of entertainments at two playgrounds. Other programs are quite like these:

Sherwood Recreation Centre 56th and Christian streets

a. m .- Parade. Human flag of 150 children. Floats, pageants, etc. 9:30 a. m.—Patriotic exercises, with speakers, the speaker of the

day being Senator Ernest L. Tustin, the president of the Board of Recreation. Also singing of patriotic songs by the human flag. 10 a. m.—Races for the children

rade.

home.

dignified tread.

under 14 years of age. There will be six ponies for the children to have free rides on and free ice cream will be given. There will be banners and badges given out in the parade.

1 p. m .- Athletic events for men, women, boys and girls over 14 years. Races, dashes, 100 yards to one-half-mile runs, running broad jumps, standing broad jumps, high jumps, hurl ball throws, etc.

3:30 p. m.-Aquatic exercises, races and exhibition.

4:30 p. m .- Entertainment, chil-

dren dancing, singing, etc. From 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. there will be a band concert. 8 p. m.-Moving picture show, from 8 to 10 o'clock.

9 p. m.-Dancing in street from 8:80 on. Band also in the building

with orchestra. Starr Garden Recreation Centre.

7th and Lombard streets Afternoon—Singing of national rs, flag raising, athletic sports ith prizes at 2:30 p. m. Boy cout activities, pie-sating contest airs,

with Scout and free ice cream for the children. Evening, 8 p. m.—Band concert, dancing in the gymnasium, moving pictures.

My fancy conjured to life again the ancient peoples of this dying world and set them once more to the labors, the in-trigues, the mysteries and the crueities they The streets provide the only answer, the streets full of the dangers that lurk in trolleys and automobiles. "Many of the children are too small to go more than three squares away from home to play. And the playgrounds are further had practiced to make their last stand against the swarming hordes of the dead sea bottoms who had driven them step by

away than that for most of the children. The street that runs in front of the door or around the corner is a much simpler solustep to the uttermost pinnacle of the world. where they were now intrenched behind a barrier of superstition. In addition to the green men there had tion. There are many of these streets that been three principal races upon Barsoom. The blacks, the whites and a race of yellow men. As the waters of the planet are little used that could be roped off for the children. Their mothers and fathers would know that they were safe from harm

dried and the seas receded all other re-sources dwindled until life upon the planet became a constant battle for survival. there." **Philadelphia Band Concert** 

became a constant battle for survival. The various races had made war upon one another for ages, and the three higher types had easily bested the green savages of the waste places of the world - but The Philadelphia Band, under the leader-ship of Silas E. Hummel, will play to-night on City Hall plaza. The programme of the waste places of the world; but now that the receding seas necessitated constant abandonment of their fortified cities and ollows: Overture, "The Highlanders",...Kretschner (a) Celebrated "Minuet"......Paderewald (b) March, "Manseot"......Broak "Fantasia" from "Faust"......Gounod "The Dying Peet"......Gounod "The Dying Peet"......Gounod Contraito solo, "Guide Me on, Oh Amazon" Feist forced upon them a more or less normadic

life in which they became separated into smaller communities, they soon fell proy to the fierce hordes of green men. The result was a partial amalgamation of the blacks, whites and yellows, the re-sult of which is shown in the present

(CONTINUED WEDNESDAY.)

splendid race of red men. HIGH-TONED LOS ANGELES FLOATS MEET WOE: OAKLAND, CAL., LAUGHS

Fifteen-Hundred-Dollar Exhibits of Reputed Earthly Abode of Angels Stalled in Ad Men's Pageant-Sister City's Display Gets Credit From Crowd

Oakland, Cal., has the laugh on Los An- announced, "Oakland, Cal., is here. Greet-

It will echo all along the coast. The laugh Oakland looked at Los Angeles and smiled Los Angeles stared blankly. To make mat-ters worse, a mammoth spotlight, carried by a Bromo Seltzer exhibit, shone through is due to an incident of the ad men's pa The details were learned today, whe he banner carried by the Oaklanders and nade its greeting shine like letters of fire. half of the Oakland delegation left for

"Hurrah for Oakland" shouled the crowd, and many were of the opinion, too, that the beautiful floats carried by Los Angeles Getting down to dots, the brutal truth h

The latter were very grateful for the limelight thrown upon them by the Bromo Seltzer crowd, and, by way of reciprocity, announced as they marched, "When yo drink California wine, Bromo Seltzer wi cure the headache, should you take too

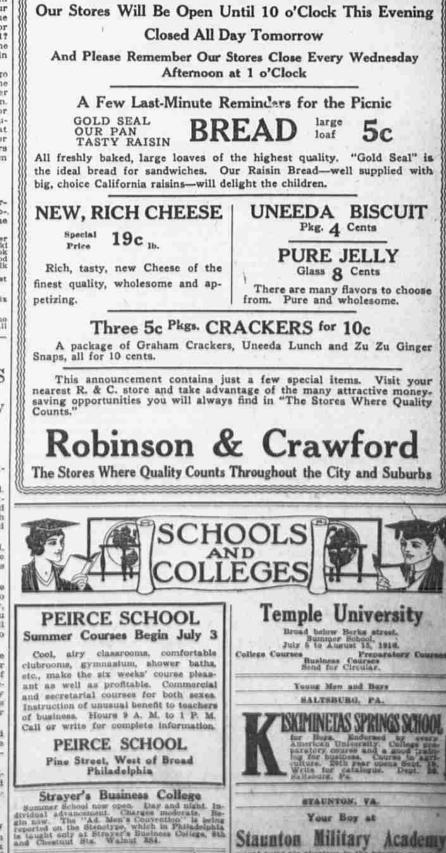
rise very beautiful noars of the Los An-geles adaters were sweeping along ma-jestically with all the products of Lower California. Gasps of admiration came from the crowd, and behind the wonderful ex-hibits the Los Angelesians marched with displicat tread. No one seems to remember whether the Los Angelesians got under way again or not. Mr. Cribbins, who represents the half of the Oakland delegation, referred to here-tofore, said he would see to it that every Suddenly one of the motortrucks which State along the coast would hear how Los Angelos was dimmed by its little sister

Suddenly one of the motorirucks which carried the first float gurgled and coughed. Then it stood stock still and spluttered and Then it stood stock still and spluttered its feet. The wheels revolved without going forward. It was plain that the float was selzed with locomotor ataxis. Some of the germs touched the second float. It went through the same paroxym and after a violent cough also stood still The Los Angles men gathered around the town. The charge that the Oaklanders watered the gasoline in the motors carrying the Los Angeles exhibits was denied by Crib-

He, as president of the Pacific Coast Advertising Association, he said as he stepped on the train for the West, could not be ex-The Los Angles men gathered around the exhibits persevering and perspiring. With two experts they coaxed the machine, with pected to conceal publicity.

kind words and monkey wrenches. But the autos were unmoved. Meanwhile the parade was piling up behind the stalled Cali-Storm Hurts Crops in Mohawk Valley

was pilling up behind the stalled Cali-fornians. Az order was given to march around tham, and while the Los Angelesians were battling with their stubbern autos who should come along but the Orkiand delega-non, two in all headed by Walter Wallace Fribbins, who carried a little hanner which



CHESTER, PA. FENNSYLVANIA MILITARY CO.

and in tons Ad Col Chus S Hysti Frin. B



Gotting down to dots, the brutai fruch is that Oakland spent exactly \$2.42 for its exhibit in the big pageant and over-shadowed "the City of Angels," which in-vested the substantial sum of \$1500. belonged to the Oaklanders.

'It was all due to an accident, which the Oakianders declare they had no part in, but the Los Angelesians have their suspicions The very beautiful floats of the Los Anauch.