This accident quite takes Still if the worst befalls,

at least

He'll die a

patriotic death

Kerus to persuade the poor deluded

creatures to take the voluntary pilgrimage that swells the wealth of the holy theres

"We are a non-productive race, priding

we are a non-productive race, priding ourselves upon our non-productiveness. It is criminal for a First Born to labor or invent. That is the work of the lower orders, who live merely that the First Born may enjoy long lives of luxury and idleness.

"With us fighting is all that counts. Were

"Our females would live forever but for

the fact that we tire of them and remove them to make place for others. Issus alone

of all is protected against death. She has

lived for countless ages."
"Would not the other Barsoomians live forever but for the doctrine of the voluntary

pligrimage which drags them to the boson of Iss at or before their thousandth year? I asked him.

"I feel now that there is no doubt that they are precisely the same species of creature as the First Born, and I hope that I shall live to fight for them in atone-ment of the sins I have committed against

them through the ignorance born of generations of false teaching."

As he censed speaking a weird call rang out across the waters of Orgean. I had heard it at the same time the previous

evening and knew that it marked the ending of the day, when the men of Omean spread their silks upon the deck of battle-

hip and cruiser and fall into the dreamless

Our guard entered to inspect us for the

last time before the new day broke upon the world above. His duty was soon performed and the heavy door of our prison closed hehind him—we were alone for the night.

I gave him time to return to his quarters.

sleep of Mars.

it not for that there would be more of the First Born than all the creatures of Bar-soom could support, for in so far as I know none of us ever dies a natural death.

and adds to the numbers of their slaves.

opy what they cannot create.

they need it.

" Bilelyun

THE GODS OF MARS

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of the Tarzan Stories

CRAPTER XII-(Continued). HAD always supposed that all traces of the original races had disappeared from the face of Mars, yet within the last four days I had found both whites and blacks in great multitudes. Could it be possible that in some far-off corner of the planet there still existed a remnant of the ancient race of yellow men?

My reveries were suddenly broken in My reveries were suddenly broken in upon by a low exciamation from the boy.

"At last, the lighted way!" he cried in delight, and looking up I beheld at a long distance before us a dim radiance.

As we advanced the glow increased until presently we emerged into well-lighted passageways. From then on our progress was rapid until we came suddenly to the end of a corridor that led directly upon the ledge surrounding the pool of the submarine.

The craft lay at her moorings with unlips and then tapping his sword in a signifi-cant manner, the youth crept noiselessly toward the vessel. I was close at his heels. Silently we dropped to the deserted deck and on hands and knees crawled toward the hatchway. A stealthy glance below revealed no guard in sight, and so with the quickness and the noiselessness of cats we dropped together into the main cabin of

the submarine. Even here was no sign of life. Quickly

we covered and secured the hatch.

Then the boy stepped into the pilot house, touched a button and the boat sank amid swirling waters toward the bottom of the shaft. Even then there was no scurrying of feet we had expected, and while the boy remained to direct the boat I slid from cabin to cabin in futile search for some member of the crew. The craft was entirely de-serted. Such good fortune seemed almost

When I returned to the pilot house to report the good news to my companion he handed me a paper.
"This may explain the absence of the crew," he said.

It was a radio-aerial message to the ommander of the submarine:

The slaves have risen. Come with what men you have and those that you can gather on the way. Too late to get aid from Omean. They are massacring all within the amphitheatre. Issus is threatened. Haste. "Zithad is dator of the guards of Issus,

The slaves have risen. Come with

explained the youth. "We gave them a bad scare—one that they will not soon forget." "Let us hope that it is but the beginning of the end of Issus," I said.
"Only our first ancestor knows," he

We reached the submarine pool in Omean without incident. Here we de-bated the wisdom of sinking the craft before leaving her, but finally decided that it would add nothing to our chances for escape. There were plenty of blacks en Omean to thwart us were we appre-hended; however many more might come from the temples and gardens of Issus

would not in any way decrease our chances.

We were now in a quandary as to how to
pass the guards who patrolled the island
about the pool. At last I hit upon a plan.

"What is the name or title of the officer
in charge of these guards?" I asked the

"A fellow named Torith was on duty when we entered this morning." "Good. And what is the name of the commander of the submarine?"

I found a dispatch blank in the cabin and wrote the following order: Dator Torith:

Return these two slaves at once to Shador. YERSTED. "That will be the simpler way to return,"
I said, smiling, as I handed the forged order to the boy. "Come, we shall see now how well it works."

"But our swords!" he exclaimed. "What shall we say to explain them?"

"Since we cannot explain them?"

"Since we cannot explain them we shall have to leave them behind us." I replied.

"Is it not the extreme of rashness to thus put ourselves again unarmed in the power of the First Born?"

"It is the only way." I answered. "You may trust me to find a way out of the prison of Shador, and I think, once out, that we shall find no great difficulty in arming ourselves once more in a country. ng ourselves once more in a country h abounds so plentifully in armed

"As you say," he replied with a smile and a shrug. "I could not follow another leader who inspired greater confidence than you. Come, let us put your ruse to the feet."

men.

Boldly we emerged from the hatchway of the craft, leaving our swords behind us, and strode to the main exit which led to the sentry's post and the office of the dator

At sight of us the members of the guard sprang forward in surprise, and with leveled rifes halted us. I held out the message to one of them. He took it, and seeing to whom it was addressed turned and handed it to Torith, who was emerged. ing from his office to learn the cause of The black read the order, and for a mo-

ment eyed us with evident suspicion.
"Where is Dator Yersted?" he asked, and
my heart sank within me as I cursed myself for a stupid fool in not having sunk
the submarine to make good the lie that I must tell. "His orders were to return immediately

the temple landing," I replied.

Torith took a half-step toward the entrance to the pool as though to corroborate my story. For that instant everything hung in the balance, for had he done so and found the empty submarine still lying at her wharf the whole weak fabric of my would have tumbled about our

Evidently, however, he decided that the message must be genuine, nor indeed was there any good reason to doubt it since it would scarce have seemed credible to him that two slaves would voluntarily have riven themselves into custody in any such given themselves into custody in any such manner as this. It was the very boldness of the plan which rendered it successful.

"Were you connected with the rising of the slaves" asked Torith. "We have Just had meagre reports of some such event."

"All were involved," I replied. "But it amounted to little. The guards quickly asked to the successful was a successful."

overcame and killed the majority of us."
He seemed satisfied with this reply. "Take them to Shador," he ordered, turn

ing to one of his subordinates. We entered a small boat lying beside the island, and in a few minutes were disembarking upon Here we were returned to our respective cells; I with Xodar, the boy by himself; and behind locked doors we were again pris-

> CHAPTER XIII A Break for Liberty

VODAR listened in incredulous astonish-A ment to my narration of the events which had transpired within the arena at

he had already professed his doubt as to

her with a sword in hand and not be blasted

her with a sword in hand and not be observed into a thousand fragments by the mere fury of her divine wrath.

"It is the final proof," he said at last.
"No more is needed to completely shatter the last remnant of my superstitious belief in the divinity of Issus.
"She is only a wicked oid woman, wield-

ing a mighty power for evil through ma-chinations that have kept her own people and all Barsoom in religious ignorance for

"She is still all powerful here, however, I replied. "So it behooves us to leave at the first moment that appears at all pro-"I hope that you may find a propitious moment." he said with a laugh, "for it is certain that in all my life I have never seen one in which a prisoner of the First Born might."

Born might escape."
"Tonight will do as well as any other I replied.

time, I replied.
"It will soon be night," said Xodar.
"How may I ald in the adventure?"
"Can you swim?" I asked him.
"No slimy silian that haunts the depths

"No slimy slian that haunts the depths of Korus is more at home in water than is Xodar," he replied.
"Good. The red one in all probability cannot swim." I said, "Since there is scarce enough water in all their domains to float the tiniest craft. One of us, therefore, will have to support him through the sea to the craft washer.

to the craft we select. "I had hoped that we might make the en-tire distance below the surface, but I fear that the red youth could not thus perform the trip. Even the bravest of the brave among them are terrorized at the mere thought of deep water, for it has been ages since their forebears saw a lake, a

"Yen.

"It is well. Three swords are better than two. Especially when the third is as mighty as this fellow's. I have seen him battle in the arena at the rites of Issus many times. "Never until I saw you fight had I seen ne who seemed unconquerable even in the

face of great odds. One might think you two master and pupil, or father and son. Come to recall his face, there is a resemblance between you. "It is very marked when you fightthere is the same grim smile, the same mad-

dening contempt for your adversary apparent in every movement of your bodies and in every changing expression of your faces." "Be that as it may, Xodar, he is a great fighter. I think that we will make a trio difficult to overcome, and if my friend Tars Tarkas, Jeddak of Thark, were but one of us we could fight our way from one end of Barkoom to the other, even though the whole world were pitted against us."

"It will be," said Xodar, "when they find of the superstitions which Issus has foisted upon a credulous humanity. She works through the holy therms, who are as ignorant of her real self as are the Barcomians of the outer world.

"Her decrees are borne to the therns write ten in blood upon a strange parchment. The fools think that they are receiving the revelations of a goddess through some super-natural agency, since they find these mes-sages upon their guarded altars to which one could have access without detection.

myself have borne these messages for Issus for many years.

There is a long tunnel from the temple of Issus to the principal temple of Matai Shang. It was dug ages ago by the slaves of the First Born in such utter secrecy that no thern ever guessed its existence.

"The therns for their part have temples dotted about the entire civilized world. Here priests whom the people never see the rites of Issus.

He could scarce conceive, even though mmunicate the doctrine of the mysterion the delty of Issus, that one could threaten River Iss, the Valley Dor, and the lost Ser

as Xodar said he probably would do, then I sprang to the grated window and surveyed the nearby waters. At a little distance from the island, a quarter of a mile perhaps, lay a monster battleship, while between THE CHEERFUL CHERUB I hope that
Wilyum will return her and the shore were a number of smaller

Upon the battleship alone was there a watch. I could see him plainly in the upper works of the ship, and as I watched I saw him spread his eleeping siks upon the tiny platform on which he was stationed. Soon he threw himself at full length upon his

The discipline on Omean was lax indeed. But it is not to be wondered at, since no enemy guessed the existence upon Barssons of such a fleet, or even of the First Born, or the Sea of Omean. Why, indeed, should they maintain a watch!

Presently I dropped to the floor again and talked with Xedar, describing the vari-ous craft I had seen. "There is one there," he said, "my per-

sonal property, built to carry five men, that is the swiftest of the swift. If we can board her we can at least make a memorable run for liberty," and then he went en to de-ceribe to me the equipment of the boat; her engines, and all that went to make her the flier that she was.

In his explanation I recognized a trick "Thus the therns are used as the principal neans for collecting the wealth and labor gearing that Kantos Kan had taught me that time we sailed under false names in the navy of Zodanga beneath Sab Than the prince. And I knew then that the First Born had stolen it from the ships of hat the First Born wrest from thom as "Occasionally the First Born themselves make raids upon the outer world. It is then that they capture many females of the royal houses of the red men, and take the newest in battleships and the trained artisans who build them, that they may copy what they cannot create.

Helium, for only they are thus geared.

I knew, too, that Xodar spoke the truth when he lauded the speed of his little craft. or nothing that cleaves the thin air of Mars an approximate the speed of the ships of

We decided to wait for an hour at least until all the stragglers had sought their illes. In the meantime I was to fetch the red youth to our cell so that we would be in readiness to make our rash break for freedom together.

I sprang to the top of our partition wall

and pulled myself up on it. There I found a flat surface about a foot in width, and along the I walked until I came to the cell in which I saw the boy sitting upon He had been leaning back against the wall looking up at the glowing dome above dimean, and when he spied me balancing

upon the partition wall above him his eyes opened wide in astonishment. Then a wide grin of appreciative understanding spread cross his countenance. As I stooped to drop to the floor beside him he motioned me to wait, and coming close below me whispered: "Catch my hand; I can almost leap to the top of that

wall myself. I have tried it many times, and each day I come a little closer. Some day I should have been able to make it."

I lay across the wall and reached my hand far down toward him. With a little run from the center of the cell he sprang up until I grasped the outstretched hand and thus I pulled him to the wall's top beside me.

"You are the first jumper I ever sa imong the red men of Barsoom," I said.

He smiled.
"It is not strange. I will tell you why when we have more time."
Then I led the youth back the way in hich I came to the cell where Nodar sat, escending to talk with him until the hour had passed

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.

HEART DISEASE AND ITS SYMPTOMS: HOW TO MEET PERILS THAT THREATEN

By WILLIAM A. EVANS, M. D.

You have heart disease. You had a better change.

At Sharon, Conn., Doctors Conner and Seymour have a school in which persons doctor, or you thought you were a little short winded and had your family physician according to the heart capacity of the granting you. In some one of these ways. examine you-in some one of these ways you have just discovered that your heart is not sound. The doctor told you that you had a mur-

endure a room when the windows are down,

or your feet swell. Obviously you must avoid exhaustion, over fatigue, overstrain,

man.

Probably the best thing you can do, now that you know that your heart is crippled, is to take counsel as to your work and your general rules of living. Maybe you are in a city where they have evening classes for people with impaired hearts.

Recently Dr. Haven Emerson, health commissioner of New York city, announced that help in the way of counsel was soon to be one of the prominent activities of his department. Certainty other Generical mur, but that your compensation was good. You are a little short winded, but not much. On exertion your pulse increased about ten beats too much. When told to much. On exertion your pulse increased about ten beats too much. When told to think back you remembered a case of scarlet fever, rheumatism or something else years ago. And so here you are! What are you going to do about it?

I assume you are no coward and no quitter. You have a head on your shoulders as well as red blood in your veins. You have no intention of trying to deceive yourself, everybody else, and, most foolishiy of all, nature. Therefore, what are you going to do about it?

If your heart valve leaks your heart muscle must do a little extra work to overcome the effect of the leak. That means that you must keep your heart muscle in good tone. Therefore you must do physical work. At least you must get exercise.

But if you overstrain your heart muscle you break its compensation and heart muscle tone is rapidly lost. You pant for breath, you cannot lie flat at night, or endure a room when the windows are down, or your feet avail. Obviously you must

department. Certainly other departments will follow suit. Probably you will not be in a city where there is such activity. Go to see your physician. Have him lay down rules of living for you. Do not ask him to give you medicine. Follow the directions. Report to him several times during the year.

Diet for Reducing T am a woman of 50 years and am engaged daily in atenorraphic work and work very hard, but I am setting too fleshy and am incomfortably fat. I do not eat much mentiout, nevertheless, I believe I eat too much to you give me a dietary that will not reduce my strength, but will decrease my flesh?

Eat no desserts of any kind, no candy no sweets of any kind. Limit the sugar in your coffee or tea to one lump. No pota-toes. One slice of bread at each meal. No rice, no cereal, Eat milk sparingly. So much for what you should not eat or eat sparingly. Eat plenty of meat and such vegetables as lettuce, spinach, string beans, avoid exhaustion, over fatigue, overstrain. You must steer a middle course between the rock of inaction on the one side and the rock of overaction on the other.

You may have to change your work. Doctor Coleman, connected with the Bellevue evening class for persons with heart disease, says; "The majority of workingmen who have heart disease are engaged in unsuitable occupations." Of the first 232 cared for in that evening class 27 were persuaded to change their occupations. If the work causes the worker to pant or causes his pulse to increase unduly in frequency, or celery, onlons, turnips, carrots, okra, and such fruits as olives, grapefruit, oranges, peaches, pinapple, watermelon and berries, provided you do not overdose them with sugar and cream.

Juarez Gets a July 4th Scare

EL PASO, Tex., July 5.—The cooming of a 45-gun salute in El Paso to the flag caused alarm in Jaurez, but apprehen-sion soon died out when it was understood causes the worker to pant or causes his mion soon died out when it was understand pulse to increase unduly in frequency, or the salute was a part of the Independence to become irregular, or causes him to go Day celebration on the American side.

> A National Institution on 13th St., opposite Wanamaker's

The place entire families have patronized for three generations. The establishment which offers only the finest grade of hair to its customers.

No experimenting in scalp treatments. We know just what to do and how to do it.

PERMAWAVE, our system of permanent waving of hair, is injury proof, as it releases the hair in a semi-moist condition—not burnt, as by

SCENARIO COMPETITION

\$100 Prize and Production of the Winning Scenario

THE Evening Ledger's Prize Scenario Contest commenced Saturday. The closing date is July 22, and the announcement of the award will be made in the Amusement Section of the Evening Ledger on Saturday, August 5.

The author of the winning scenario will receive a cash prize of \$100, the scenario will be filmed by a company of national reputation and the finished photoplay will be shown at local theatres early in September.

Write a scenario for this prize competition. The experience gained will equip you to enter other competitions. Consider this extract from a recent advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post:

I will give \$5000 in prizes for good stories to use in making scenarios for World Pictures

William ABrady

Surely there are hundreds of peopleyes, thousands-who have ideas which could be worked up into first-class photoplays, to meet the new standards set for World Pictures.

I invite the co-operation of the writers of the country in the work of producing better scenarios for picture plays.

Extract from a recent advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post

Follow Further Announcements and Instructions in the



FARMER SMITH'S (RAINBOW CLUB BILLY BUMPUS AND THE BEES YOU AND THE STARS

oners of the First Born.

You have read, dear children, how the Bank of England was originated by a boy feeding his flocks on the hills of Scotland.

Have you ever noticed how many shepherds are mentioned in history? And why is this? Because they are out on the great ocean of night. They are alone with the stars.

All great work has been done by men (and women) when they were alone. No one ever heard of a great inventor stopping in the middle of a fox trot to jot down the beginning of a great invention Get acquainted with the stars. Peek at them out of your window by night.

You are never alone with the stars for company. You cannot look DOWN at the stars, so you will learn to look up. Learn to be contented when you are alone and dream all the dreams you can. The world's greatest men were dreamers-men laughed at them. When

people laugh at you take heart-it may be a sign of YOUR GREATNESS. FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box

Eugene Gettell wishes to know if he may send in the answers to the puzzles all at once. Yes, indeed, this saves postage for you and time for us when the corrections are made. The "puzzle" week ends Saturday; that is, it includes Saturday. Madeline Weitzenhofer, Phillipsburg, N. J. will probably become a puzzle solver soon; she is making a scrap book of Rainbox Club News. Madeline sent two beautiful things in her last letter. One was a "rose for love," the other was a promise to be a useful member of our club.

Pauline Krenzer was promoted to grade 5, in spite of the fact that she was quite toward the end of the school year. Please don't forget to get very, very well and strong. Pauline, during these "race-about" vacation months. Madeline Cuneo sends in an interesting report about the finish of her grammar grade days. "I will be 15 years old in August," writes Madeline, "and I graduated from the grammar school, and in September I am going down to the Southern High School. My dear friend, Carmela Lazzaro, also renducted. I was valedictorian for our graduated. I was valedictorian for our commencement. I played a duet on the piano with a girl; the piece was 'Poet and Peasant.' I sang a duet with a boy; this song is called 'Starboard Watch.' I read about another boy who wants stamps, and I am saving them for him."

FARMER SMITH.

Care of the EVENING LEDGER. I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Ciub. Pleaso send me a beau-iful Rainbow Button tree. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY - SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name Age School I attend

Things to Know and Do What two words can you make from Our poet gets near-rhymes some-Be it ever so humble.
There's no place like

What word should Willie use? s. ANAGRAM: What game do boys love to attend in the fall? Willie says: "CHAT TO A FILL MOR"



GEORGE HORATIO THOMAS, S. Soth street

Remember July 12! On that date announcement will be made of the list of prizes to be awarded by the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company to Rainbow mem-

bers for the best stories, essays and

drawings on accident prevention. Suggestions for prizes are coming in by the score. Send in YOURS on the next mail. Every child is entitled to suggest a prize.

By Farmer Smith

Mrs. Bumpus Goat was seated by the table preparing supper when her husband rushed in so fast he upset the dishes and spilled water all over the carpet. He ex-pected his good wife to be very angry, but she only said: "Why this haste?" "I guess I have the war fever," answered

Billy, meekly.
"You had better take something for it,"
replied his wife.

"I have a wonderful scheme," began Billy, "I am going to turn a lot of bees loose among the enemy and make myself hero, even more than I am now, and-"I want to bid you a fond furewell when the time comes for you to go to war with a lot of bees," said his good wife.

"I wasn't going to war with the bees "You are very brave to send a lot of

bees against the enemy," his wife said.
"I'm brave because I caught the bees;
that is a lot, and nobody ever thought of doing that-see !" "Billy Bumpus Goat—you never thought of doing such a thing in your life—now DID

"Mister Donkey helped me a little-just a tiny bit."
"THERE! Billy Bumpus Goat, I knew you would never have thought of such a wonderful thing all by yourself. But, who is going to nurse you when you get through being hitten or stung or saten up by those

"There will be trained nurses to take care of the wounded; we won't need YOU, for you will be staying at home."

"Say, Billy Bumpus Goat, when and where is this thing going to take place? If I am to be the wife of a brave goat who has done something for his country which no other goat in Goatville has ever done, then I want to see you, my dear husband, in the act of catching those BEES. Do you

hear ME?"
"Yes, my darling. I hear you."
"Don't you 'darling' me!"
Billy Bumpus waited no longer—he went
out the door with his head high in the air.
Mrs. Bumpus Coat couldn't stand this,
so she ran after him and called out: "Come
and kins me!"

Billy came slowly back and kissed Mrs. Bumpus. Then he went off in search of the

Vacation Notes

and kiss me!"

Vacation Notes

Julio de Moncado, of Chestnut Hill, la spending the summer in Wildwood, N. J. How he is enjoying his seashore vacation is best attested to by his joyful little letter: "I am very happy here. I go fishing and bathing nearly every day, and I am also learning how to swim. I go to the pier every week. I hope that you and all the Rainbows are having just as nice a time as I am."

Violet Graser, a little Philadeiphia Rainbow, is living the happiest life ever in Pitman Grove, where she has established herself for the summer months. Just listen: "Although I am staying in Pitman for the summer. I am still reading the club news every night and I know you want to hear about our vacation times. A farm is right near us and I am over there a good bit picking berries. I go in swimming very, very often and I hope to swim the biggest lake in Pitman very soon. I am going to have some pictures taken of some little friends and myself. There is a Funchase here, where we have about every amusement going. Everything is test fine and I wish you were here to about every amusement going. Everything is just fine and I wish you were here to

Baseball Scores