

# THE GODS OF MARS

Sequel to "Under the Moons of Mars"

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS  
Author of the Tarzan Stories

## CHAPTER XII—(Continued)

I 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 upon by a low exclamation from the boy. "At last, the lighted way!" he cried in delight and looking up 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 uncovered hatch. Raising his finger to his lips and then tapping his sword in a significant manner, the youth crept noiselessly toward the vessel. I was close at his heels. As he 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.

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. I saw the hatch closed. 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 deserted. Such good fortune seemed almost unbelievable.

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 commander 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.

"Zithad is dador of the guards of Issus," explained the boy. "We have 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 replied.

We reached the submarine pool in Omean without incident. Here we debated 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 on Omean to thwart us were we apprehended, 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 boy. "A fellow named Torith was on duty when we entered this morning." "Good. And what is the name of the commander of the submarine?" "Yersted."

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

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 how well it works."

"But our swords!" he exclaimed. "What shall we say to 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 which abounds so plentifully in armed men."

"As you say," he replied with a smile and a shrug. "I could not follow another lead, leaving our swords behind us. Come, let us put your fuse to the test."

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 dador of the guard.

At sight of us the members of the guard sprang forward in surprise, and with leveled rifles 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 emerging from his office to learn the cause of the commotion.

The black read the order, and for a moment 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 to 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 web of fabric of my concoction would have tumbled about our heads."

Evidently, however, he doubted 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 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?" he 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 overcame and killed the majority of us." "He seemed satisfied with this reply. "Take them to Shador," he ordered, turning to one of his subordinates. We entered a small boat lying beside the island, and in a few minutes were disembarking upon Shador.

Here we were returned to our respective cells; I with Xodar, the boy by himself, and behind locked doors we were again prisoners of the First Born.

## CHAPTER XIII A Break for Liberty

XODAR listened in incredulous astonishment to my narration of the events which had transpired within the arena at the rites of Issus.

He could scarce conceive, even though he had already professed his doubt as to the deity of Issus, that one could threaten her with a sword in hand and not be blasted 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 complete the last remnant of superstitious belief in the divinity of Issus."

"She is only a wicked old woman, wielding a mighty power for evil through incantations that have won her own people and all Barsoom in religious ignorance for ages."

"She is still all powerful here, however," I replied. "So behoves us to leave at the first moment that appears at all propitious."

"I hope that you may find a propitious moment," he said with a laugh. "For it is certain that if my life I have never seen one in which a prisoner of the First Born might escape."

"Tonight will do as well as any other time," I replied. "It will soon be night," said Xodar. "How may I aid in the adventure?" "I repeat," I asked him.

"No silly sillan that haunts the depths of Korus is more at home in water than is Xodar," he replied.

"I had hoped that you might make the trip distance below the surface, but I fear that the red youth could not thus perform the feat. Even the bravest of the brave among them are terrorized at the mere thought of deep water, for it has been found that their forebears saw a lake, a river or a sea."

"The red one is to accompany us?" asked Xodar. "Yes."

"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."

"I have seen him until he was but one of those 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 fight—there is the same grim smile, the same maddening 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 Tarsas, Jeddak of Thark, were but one of us we could fight our way from one end of Barsoom to the other, even though the whole world were pitted against us."

"It will be," said Xodar, "when they find from where you have come. That is but one of the superstitions which Issus has foisted upon a credulous humanity. She works through the holy thorns, who are ignorant of her real self as are the Barsoomians of the outer world."

"Her decrees are borne to the thorns written in blood upon a strange parchment. The fools think that they are receiving the revelations of a goddess through some supernatural agency, since they find these messages upon their guarded altars to which none could have access without detection. I 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 thorn ever knew of its existence."

"The thorns for their part have temples dotted about the entire civilized world. Here priests from the people never see communicate the doctrine of the mysterious River Iss, the Valley Dor, and the lost Sea of 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 her and the shores were a number of smaller cruisers and one-man scouts.

"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 sleeping silks upon the tiny platform on which he was stationed. Soon he threw himself at full length upon his couch.

"The discipline on Omean was lax indeed. But it is not to be wondered at, since no enemy guessed the existence upon Barsoom 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 Xodar, describing the various craft I had seen. "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 it not for that there would be more of the First Born than all the creatures of Barsoom could support, for in so far as I know none of us ever dies a natural death."

"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 pilgrimage which drags them to the bosom 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 atonement of the sins I have committed against them through the ignorance born of generations of false teaching."

"As he ceased speaking a weird call rang out across the waters of Omean. 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 battleship and cruiser and fall into the dreamless sleep of Mars."

"Our guard engaged 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 behind him—we were alone for the night. I gave him time to return to his quarters."

## THE CHEERFUL CHERUB



of Korus to persuade the poor deluded creature to take the voluntary pilgrimage that swells the wealth of the holy thorns and adds to the numbers of their slaves.

"Thus the thorns are used as the principal means for collecting the wealth and labor that the First Born wrest from them as they need it."

"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 enjoy long lives of luxury and idleness."

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## HEART DISEASE AND ITS SYMPTOMS; HOW TO MEET PERILS THAT THREATEN

By WILLIAM A. EVANS, M. D.

YOU have heart disease. You had a life insurance examination, you had a physical test made by the physician to your factory, you were examined by the school doctor, or you thought you were a little short winded and had your family physician 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 murmur, 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 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 foolishly 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. The only way to do this is by keeping all of your muscles in good tone. Therefore you must do physical work. At least you must get exercise.

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home at night very much exhausted, he had better change.

At Sharon, Conn. Doctors Conner and Seymour have a school in which persons with heart disease are taught how to make flower pots out of cement. The amount of work each man does is graduated according to the heart capacity of the 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. 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**  
I am a woman of 50 years and am engaged in stenographic work and am very hard, but I am getting too heavy and am a bit nervous. I believe I eat too much, can 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 potatoes. 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, celery, onions, turnips, carrots, okra, and such fruits as olives, grapefruit, oranges, peaches, pineapple, 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 coming of a 45-gun salute in El Paso to the flag caused alarm in Juarez, but apprehension soon died out when it was understood the salute was a part of the Independence Day celebration on the American side.

**Binder** A National Institution in Philadelphia 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 old methods.

## FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

### YOU AND THE STARS

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.



GEORGE HOBARTO THOMAS, 8. 55th Street.

**FARMER SMITH.**  
Care of the EVENING LEDGER.  
I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY — SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name .....

Address .....

Age .....

School I attend .....

### 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 members 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.

### BILLY BUMPUS AND THE BEES

Mrs. Bumpus Goat was seated by the table preparing supper. The window rushed in so fast he upset the dishes and spilled water all over the carpet. He expected his good wife to be very angry, but she only said: "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 a hero, even more than I am now, and—"

"I want to bid you a fond farewell when the time comes for you to go to war with a lot of bees," said his good wife. "I wasn't going to do that with the bees, I was going to send them to the enemy—"

"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—"

"Billy Bumpus Goat—you never thought of doing such a thing in your life—now DID YOU?" "Master Donkey helped me a little—just a tiny bit."

## 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 A. Brady

Surely there are hundreds of people—yes, 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

# Evening Ledger