THE GODS OF MARS

Sequel to "Under the Moons of Mars"

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
Author of the Tarzan Stories

CHAPTER XIII—(Continued).

THERE we made our plans for the immediate future, binding ourselves by a solemn oath to fight to the death for one another against whatsoever enemies should confront us, for we knew that even should we succeed in escaping the First Born we might still have a whole world against us—the power of religious superstition is mighty.

It was agreed that I should navigate the craft after we had reached her, and that if he made the outer world in safety we should attempt to reach Helium without a stop.

"Why Helium?" asked the red youth.

"I am a prince of Helium," I replied.

He gave me a peculiar look, but said nothing further on the subject. I wondered at the time what the significance of his expression might be, but in the press of other matters it soon left my mind, nor did I have occasion to think of it again until later.

"Come," I said at length, "now is as good a time as any. Let us go."

Another moment found me at the top of the partition wall again with the boy beside me. Unbuckling my harness, I snapped it together into a single long strap, which I lowered to the waiting Xodar below.

He grasped the end and was soon sitting beside us.

"How simple," he laughed.

"The balance should be even simpler," I replied.

Then I raised myself to the top of the outer wall of the prison, just so that I could peer over and locate the passing sentry. For a matter of five minutes I waited, and then he came in sight on his slow and snail-like beat about the structure.

I watched him until he had made the turn at the end of the building, which carried him out of sight of the side of the prison that was to witness our dash for freedom. The moment his form disappeared I grasped Xodar and drew him to the top of the wall.

Placing one end of my harness strap in his hands I lowered him quickly to the ground below. Then the boy dropped the strap and slid down to Xodar.

In accordance with our arrangement they did not wait for me, but quickly toward the water, a matter of hundred yards, directly past the guardhouse filled with sleeping soldiers.

They had taken scarce a dozen steps when I too dropped to the ground and followed them leisurely toward the shore. As I passed the guard house the thought of all the good blades lying there gave me pause, for if ever men were to have need of swords it was my companions and I on the perilous trip upon which we were about to embark.

I glanced toward Xodar and the youth, and saw that they had slipped over the edge of the dock into the water. In accordance with our plan, they were to remain there clinging to the metal rings which studded the concrete-like substance of the dock at the water's level, with only their mouths and noses above the surface of the sea, until I should join them.

The lure of the swords within the guardhouse was strong upon me, and I hesitated a moment, half inclined to risk the attempt to take the few we needed.

That he who hesitates is lost proved itself a true aphorism in this instance, for another moment saw me creeping stealthily toward the door of the guardhouse.

Gently I pressed it open a crack; enough to discover a dozen blacks stretched upon their silks in profound slumber. At the far side of the room a rack held the swords and firearms of the men.

Warily I pushed the door a trifle wider to admit my body. A hinge gave out a resentful groan. One of the men stirred, and my heart stood still. I cursed myself for a fool to have thus jeopardized our chances for escape; but there was nothing for it now but to see the adventure through.

With a spring as swift and as noiseless as a tiger's I lit beside the guardsman who had moved. My hands hovered above his throat awaiting the moment that his eyes should open.

For what seemed an eternity to my overwrought nerves I remained poised thus. Then the fellow turned again upon his side and resumed the even respiration of deep slumber.

Carefully I picked my way between and over the soldiers until I had gained the rack at the far side of the room. Here I turned to survey the sleeping men.

All were quiet. Their regular breathing rose and fell in a soothing rhythm that seemed to me the sweetest music I had ever heard.

Gingerly I drew a longsword from the rack. The scraping of the scabbard against its holder as I withdrew it sounded like the filing of cast iron with a great rasp, and I looked to see the room immediately filled with alarmed and attacking guardsmen. But none stirred.

The second sword I withdrew noiselessly, but the third clanked in its scabbard with a frightful din. I knew that it must awaken some of the men at least, and was on the point of forestalling their attack by a rapid charge for the doorway, when again, to my intense surprise, not a black moved.

Either they were wondrous heavy sleepers or else the noises that I made were really much less than they seemed to me.

I was about to leave the rack when my attention was attracted by the revolvers. I knew that I could not carry more than one away with me, for I was already too heavily laden to move quietly with any degree of safety or speed.

As I took one of them from its pin my eye fell for the first time on an open window beside the rack. Ah, here was a splendid means of escape, for it let directly upon the dock, not 20 feet from the water's edge.

And as I congratulated myself I heard the door opposite me open; and there, looking me full in the face, stood the officer of the guard. He evidently took in the situation at a glance and appreciated the gravity of it as quickly as I, for our revolvers came up simultaneously, and the sounds of the two reports were as one as we touched the buttons on the grips that exploded the cartridges.

I felt the wind of his bullet as it whizzed past my ear, and at the same instant I saw him crumple to the ground. Where I hit him I do not know, nor if I killed him, for scarce had he started to collapse when I was through the window at my rear.

In another second the waters of Omean closed above my head and the three of us were making for the little flier a hundred yards away.

Xodar was burdened with the boy, and I with the three longswords; the revolver I had dropped, so that, while we were both strong swimmers, it seemed to me that we moved at a snail's pace through the water. I was swimming entirely beneath the surface, but Xodar was compelled to rise often to let the youth breathe, so it was a wonder that we were not discovered long before we were.

In fact, we reached the boat's side and were all aboard before the watch upon the battleship, roused by the shots, detected us. Then an alarm-gun belched from the ship's bow, its deep boom reverberating in deafening tones beneath the rocky dome of Omean.

Instantly the sleeping thousands were awake. The decks of a thousand monster craft teemed with fighting men, for an alarm on Omean was a thing of rare occurrence.

We cast away before the sound of the first gun had died, and another second saw us rising swiftly from the surface of the sea. I lay at full length along the deck, with the lever and buttons of control before me.

Xodar and the boy were stretched directly behind me, prone also, that we might offer as little resistance to the air as possible.

"Rise high," whispered Xodar. "They dare not fire their heavy guns toward the dome—the fragments of the shells would drop back among their own craft. If we are high our keel-plates will protect us from rifle fire."

I did as he bade. Below us we could see the men leaping into the water by hundreds and striking out for the small cruisers and one-man fliers that lay moored about the big ships. The larger craft were getting under way, following us rapidly, but not rising from the water.

"A little to your right!" cried Xodar, for there are no points of compass upon Omean, where every direction is due north.

The pandemonium that had broken out below us was deafening. Rifles cracked, officers shouted orders, men yelled directions to one another from the water and from the decks of myriad boats, while through all ran the purr of countless propellers cutting water and air.

I had not dared pull my speed lever to the highest for fear of overrunning the mouth of the shaft that passed from Omean's dome to the world above, but even so we were hitting a clip that I doubt has ever been equaled on the windless sea.

The smaller fliers were commencing to rise toward us when Xodar shouted:

"The shaft! The shaft! Dead ahead."

I saw the opening, black and yawning in the glowing dome of this underworld.

A 10-man cruiser was rising directly in front to cut off our escape. It was the only vessel that stood in our way, but at the rate that it was traveling it would come between us and the shaft in plenty of time to thwart our plans.

It was rising at an angle of about 45 degrees dead ahead of us, with the evident intention of combing us with grappling hooks from above as it skimmed low over our deck.

There was but one forlorn hope for us, and I took it. It was useless to try to pass over her, for that would have allowed her to force us against the rocky dome above, and we were already too near that as it was.

To have attempted to dive below her would have put us entirely at her mercy, and precisely where she wanted us. On either side a hundred other menacing craft were hastening toward us. The alternative was filled with risk—in fact, it was all risk, with but a slender chance of success.

As we neared the cruiser I rose as though to pass above her, so that she would do just what she did do, rise at a steeper angle to force me still higher.

Then as we were almost upon her I yelled to my companions to hold tight, and throwing the little vessel into her highest speed I deflected her bows at the same instant until we were running horizontally and at terrific velocity straight for the cruiser's keel.

Her commander may have seen my intentions then, but it was too late. Almost at the instant of impact, I turned my bows upward, and then with a shattering jolt we were in collision.

What I had hoped for happened. The cruiser, already tilted at a perilous angle, was carried completely over backward by the impact of my smaller vessel.

Her crew fell twisting and screaming through the air to the water far below, while the ship, her propellers still madly churning, dived swiftly headforemost after them to the bottom of the Sea of Omean.

The collision crushed our steel bows, and notwithstanding every effort on our part, came near to hurling us from the deck. As it was we landed in a wildly clutching heap at the very extremity of the flier, where

Xodar and I succeeded in grasping the handrail, but the boy would have plunged overboard had I not fortunately grasped his ankle as he was already partially over.

Unguided, our vessel careened wildly on its mad flight, rising ever nearer the rocks above.

It took but an instant, however, for me to regain the levers, and with the roof barely fifty feet above I turned her nose once more into the horizontal plane and headed her again for the black mouth of the shaft.

The collision had retarded our progress, and now a hundred swift scouts were close upon us. Xodar had told me that ascending the shaft by virtue of our repulsive rays alone would give our enemies their best chance to overtake us, since our propellers would be idle, and in rising we would be outclassed by many of our pursuers. The swifter craft are seldom equipped with large buoyancy tanks, since the added bulk of them tends to reduce a vessel's speed.

As many boats were now quite close to us it was inevitable that we would be quickly overhauled in the shaft and captured or killed in short order.

To me there always seems a way to gain the opposite side of an obstacle. If one cannot pass over it or below it or around it, why, then, there is but a single alternative left, and that is to pass through it.

I could not get around the fact that many of these other boats could rise faster than ours by the fact of their greater buoyancy, but I was none the less determined to reach the outer world far in advance of them or die a death of my own choosing in event of failure.

"Reverse!" screamed Xodar, behind me. "For the love of your first ancestor, reverse! We are at the shaft."

"Hold tight!" I screamed in reply. "Grasp the boy and hold tight—we are going straight up the shaft."

The words were scarce out of my mouth as we swept beneath the pitch black opening. I threw the bow hard up, dragged the speed lever to its last notch, and, clutching a stanchion with one hand and the steering wheel with the other, hung on like grim death and consigned my soul to its Author.

I heard a little exclamation of surprise from Xodar, followed by a grim laugh.

The boy laughed, too, and said something which I could not catch for the whistling of the wind of our awful speed.

I looked above my head, hoping to catch the gleam of stars by which I could direct our course and hold the hurtling thing that bore us true to the centre of the shaft. To have touched the side at the speed we were making would doubtless have resulted in instant death for us all. But not a star showed above—only utter and impenetrable darkness.

Then I glanced below me, and there I saw a rapidly diminishing circle of light—the mouth of the opening above the phosphorescent radiance of Omean. By this I steered, endeavoring to keep the circle of light below me ever perfect.

At best it was a slender cord that held us from destruction, and I think that I steered that night more by intuition and blind faith than by skill or reason.

We were not long in the shaft, and possibly the very fact of our enormous speed saved us, for evidently we started in the right direction, and so quickly were we out again that we had no time to alter our course.

Omean lies perhaps two miles below the surface crust of Mars. Our speed must have approximated two hundred miles an hour, for Martian fliers are swift, so that at most we were in the shaft not over 40 seconds.

We must have been out of it for some seconds before I realized that we had accomplished the impossible.

Black darkness enshrouded all about us. There were neither moons nor stars. Never before had I seen such a thing upon Mars, and for the moment I was nonplused.

Then the explanation came to me. It was summer at the south pole. The ice cap was melting and those meteoric phenomena, clouds, unknown upon the greater part of Barsoom, were shutting out the lights of heaven from this portion of the planet.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

AMERICAN WOMEN, YOUNG AND OLD, ALL AT WORK FOR THE BOYS IN KHAKI ARRIVING AT BORDER

Philadelphia Emergency Aid Headquarters a Busy Shop, Where Bandages Are Rolled by Delicate Fingers as Well as by Work-worn Hands—Hundreds of Women Already Enlisted by Mrs. Reed Morgan

WHILE Uncle Sam is sending soldier boys down to the Mexican border to protect the rights of his citizens, American women are not forgetting their patriotism, though the suddenness of the blow leaves them doubly lonely.

If you walk into the Emergency Aid Headquarters at 1428 Walnut street any day you will see hundreds of women passing in and out in a silent, continuous stream. Women with limousines and women with down-at-the-heel shoes, women who look as if they had lost everything the world holds dear, and women who work because they have nothing else to do at home.

There are all types in the big, old-fashioned parlor of the once fashionable mansion, where the women of the Emergency Aid work all day and until 9:30 at night. Here you see a slender dark girl of the debutante type. Her brand-new wedding ring shines as she moves her hands to adjust the bandage-rolling machine. She said the solemn "I take this man" several days ago while the boys at Mount Gretna stood around in dress uniform and cheered the happy couple with all their might. Today she works silently and sadly, although there is no sign of sorrow on her face—she is a soldier's bride.

A gray-haired woman, in widow's weeds, folds triangular bandages with deft fingers. Her eyes are dimmed with unshed tears as she tells you that she sent her boy away with the first troop to take the place his father left vacant. She comes of a line of soldiers; her father fought in the fierce ranks of the South, and she wants her boy to give his services to his country.

And that's the way they look upon this expedition. Girls whose Tommies and Jerrys are in the rank and file of the army, whose chief claim to distinction is that they are suffering silently and nobly, work all day long in factories and department stores, and come to the workroom at night, where, under the guidance of the white linen trained nurses who preside there at night they learn how to help in the great work of preparedness.

There's a large desk in one corner of the room, where Mrs. Reed Morgan sits. Mrs. Morgan is the director of this work, as well as the chairman of the Philadelphia auxiliary of the American Red Cross. She is enthusiastic about the enthusiasm of her assistants, and is glad to sing their praises.

"There's no better way to see the best in mankind than by asking their aid," she declares. "That sign asking for aid in front of this building brings more responses than any one could dream of. For, even if the women have only 10 minutes to give, we want it. There's something for every one to do, and most of them are glad to do it.

"I have a young boy scout on my helper's list, who has organized a crowd of youngsters to roll bandages. Every week they come here and take away a pile of materials. They never lose a single one either. They work like Trojans, too. This youngster is going to take a course in first-aid, and his "crowd" with him. He is a wonderful help, but we have many offers equally generous.

"Just a few days ago I got a letter from a poor woman who lives outside of Atlantic City. She said she couldn't offer us any money, but she did offer the use of her five-acre farm in case of war. It's this spirit of unselfishness and generosity that sends young girls and women and older women alike in here to work all day long.

"Then at night we keep open until 9:30. This is so that the working people who want to help will have an opportunity to do so. I have seen working girls whose brothers and sweethearts are at present in Mexico or in camp ready to be sent there walk in here and ask to do preparedness work, so that they won't be found wanting when the time to serve the United States comes, it it does. Since the excitement of ad men's week is over and the troops have really entrained for Mexico, I expect to see at least a thousand girls and women working in this very building for the boys in khaki.

"Of course, no one knows whether we'll have war or not," Mrs. Morgan continued, "but if we do I'm sure the women will be so brave as the men. We are keeping all the supplies here to await further orders. If they aren't needed, there are plenty of countries in Europe that will welcome them. If they are needed, there are women enough right here in Philadelphia to keep our own boys well supplied."

PREPAREDNESS FOR MOTHERHOOD AND MORTALITY OF INFANTS

By WILLIAM A. EVANS, M. D.

THE heaviest death rate for any age of life is that of the first month. Many babies never get a grip on life. In addition, many women die in and from childbirth.

Recognizing these facts, health workers are turning some of their thought to prematernity help. In England it has been proposed that expectant mothers be registered at the health department.

The seven questions asked are as follows:

(a) Excessive vomiting—Vomiting may be so excessive as to endanger life. Vomiting which persists after the fourth month is apt to be due to conditions which should not be neglected.

(b) Persistent headache—Persistent headache may mean Bright's disease. Or it may be due to constipation. At any rate, persistent headache indicates that something is going wrong, and it is wise to correct it. It may be that the woman only needs to exercise more or to get more fresh air or to change her habits of eating.

(c) Sluggish kidneys.—This may be due to Bright's disease. If not significant of anything else, this symptom means the woman is not drinking enough water.

(d) Discharge.—This is a symptom which always calls for investigation. The cause may be any one of several.

(e) Excessive constipation.

(f) Impaired vision.—The probable cause of this symptom is Bright's disease.

(g) Any other unusual sign—e. g., swelling of hands and face. Swelling on the hands and face is a sign of Bright's disease. This head is broad enough to include any other indication that the woman is not doing well or needs to be apprehensive. For instance, if there is a curved back or any deformity of the pelvis. If the woman has increased materially in weight, or lost.

The nurses give advice as to (a) food, (b) clothing, (c) exercise and rest, (d) straining or reaching, (e) medicines, (f) care of breasts, (g) suggestions as to the medical and nursing arrangements for the confinement, (h) preparations for confinement and baby clothes, (i) healthy living rooms.

Should Be Cold

My baby is 1 year old, and I have been feeding him on a modified milk formula containing Eskay's food.

As I am going to the country for a visit and cannot receive the milk supply that I have been using—namely, certified milk, a friend has loaned me an Arnold sterilizer which, she claims, will make a country milk supply as good and as safe to use as my certified milk. She asserts that by using this sterilizer for my baby's milk it cannot spoil, even without ice; in fact, it can be taken out in the hottest days without danger. J. W. W.

Arnold's sterilizer is a good home pasteurizer. Milk pasteurized in such a sterilizer is safe and otherwise all right if it is kept cold. If not kept cold it will spoil. Use the sterilizer, but keep the pasteurized milk cold.

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN

My dear Girls—It has occurred to me that if I want to make the boys read this, I must address it to you.

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN—I would study my lessons, because no one cares if I do not know them except myself. I know NOW that Knowledge is power. Knowledge feeds me, clothes me, makes me happy.

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN—I would know all there is to know about ONE thing. I would be THE man in the United States, yes, the world, to whom every one had to come for information about the subject I knew best.

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN—I would take a course in a business college and work in a bank. I would learn system at the business college and method at the bank.

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN—I would learn all about the living creatures of the earth—about plants, animals, bugs, fishes. I would learn about the clouds, the mysteries of the ocean and the wonders of the forest.

IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN—I would learn more about MYSELF—for knowing myself I would know others better.

FARMER SMITH,
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box

Some little people are born good, other little people have to try to be good, but Mary Leiby is a combination of both of these classes; she was born good and tries to be better. If you don't believe all this, we refer you to Paul Leiby, Mary's chum and brother. Mary and Paul both live in Germansville, Pa. Of course there are lots more brothers who could tell wonderful things about little sisters, only they just don't think to do that kind of thing. Maybe they will, now that Paul has set them a good example. William Hynovitz has begun very early to spread a protecting arm around a little sister. Under the Stars and Stripes, which waved proudly over his home, a dear wee baby girl came to bless the family of Hynovitz. The small stranger will be called Hannah.

MARY LEIBY

Ellis Williams was exempted in school and will attend the Southern High in the fall. His interest is not confined to books; for five years Ellis has been studying the piano and is now quite a skilled musician. Robert Beaumont, Mount Airy, forwards a very favorable school record. His report reads: Present, 324 sessions; absent, 21 sessions; late, 9 times. Promoted.

Edna Emberger, Bryn Mawr, is quite a talented sketch artist. She submitted one very good specimen of her work, a picture of a zebra. We would like to hear from her again. Another Bryn Mawr Rainbow, Louise Wilson, sends us a very pleasant little letter. To speak truly, many pleasant words are daily coming in from out-of-town and suburban members. Here are some of the latest names that have been added to our list of "letter friends": George Cox and Ruth Anderson, Ocean City, N. J.; Clarence Hander, Sellersville, Pa.; Adah Pitzwater, Camden, N. J.; Dorothy Kunst and Alma Deck, Lebanon, Pa.; Irma Love, Norristown, and Newton Williams, Mount Airy.

Baseball Scores

Germantown Rainbows	3
Pulaski Avenue Juniors	0

Batteries—Hayes and Kennedy, Murphy and [illegible]

$100 in Prizes for Safety First Suggestions

Less than a week till JULY 12!!! On that date the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Safety-First Contest will open. $100 in prizes will be awarded to Rainbow Club members for the best stories and drawings that will teach others how to avoid accidents.

These prizes may be anything that you choose to make them. What would YOU like to win should you chance to be one of the lucky ones? NOW is your chance to SPEAK UP. Write and tell us.

My Kitty

Sent in by ELSPETH E. LONG.

I have a little kitty, her name is Tabby Gray;
She lives out in the country,
Some twenty miles away.
Her eyes are black and shining,
Her fur is soft as silk;
She's fed each night and morning
With a saucerful of milk.

Things to Know and Do

1. Square.
A C E R R A
C . . . . .—Breakfast food.
E . . . . .—Treating of love.
R E T U S E
R . . . . .—Exalted.
A . . . . .—The kingfisher.

2. Anagram—The poultry editor is very much excited about preparedness. He says that we must have "COOL LITHE DRESS." What does the poultry editor mean?

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 .....

THE BEES IN BILLY BUMPUS' BATTLE

By Farmer Smith

Billy Bumpus was walking slowly down the road wondering where he could get some bees when he heard a tiny voice calling him.

Billy stopped and looked all around.

He saw no one.

"Tell me—tell me, what is to become of me if you have a lot of bees biting you?"

Billy looked up, then he looked down. He looked this way and then that and still he saw no one. Suddenly he felt a bite on the tip end of his tail.

"Oh, it's you, is it!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I go where you go, but I don't want to be bitten by any bees. What is more, you are not as brave as you think. How are you going to send those bees to the enemy and where are or is the enemy, anyway?" It was Mrs. Flea speaking.

"I—I thought of sending them to the enemy—I don't know just how—by parcel post or express, any way to get them there," said Billy.

Mrs. Flea gave him another bite and then said:

"You are so brave, sending bees to the enemy (which enemy I don't know) and then rushing around to see if they get stung."

"I didn't think of it first—I took somebody else's idea," whined Billy.

"That's what always happens when you steal somebody else's thoughts— that's downright stealing." Mrs. Flea gave Billy one more bite just to keep him moving.

Billy Bumpus then started to run in the direction of the orchard. Under the apple trees were the beehives. Billy made one dash for them and upset hive after hive. There was an uproar in a minute.

Bees were here and bees were there and bees were everywhere, especially back of Billy's ears, that tender part of Billy, brave goat that he was.

Mrs. Flea had dropped to the ground long since and had jumped up on a blade of grass to see what was going on.

In the middle of the battle between Billy and the bees, there came a noise floating over the orchard. It went something like this:

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!"

That was too much for poor Billy, for, with all his pain, he couldn't but think how Mister Donkey would laugh, now that he was in a real battle and running away, for he didn't have time to even look up, for fear his eyes would get stung.

He made straight for his home, and his wife was there to meet him.

"I told you so," she said.

"Don't, don't!" cried Billy.

And as night came on, Mrs. Goat was bathing Billy's head in cold water.

Branch Club News

The following announcement comes from Norristown, Pa.:

"We have just formed a branch Rainbow Club in our town. We are calling our club the Gotwals School Rainbows, because the seven girls belong to the Gotwals School, of Norristown, Pa. We are going to have our pictures taken, and as soon as we do we will send them to you. We are not going to do anything special during the summer, because most of us will be away, but after school starts we are going to have regular meetings and elect officers. We will meet at each girl's house in turn. We will sew and write poems and stories for the Rainbow corner of the EVENING LEDGER. We are sending in our names and we promise to be an active branch club.

"From the Gotwals School Rainbows.

"Sara Coulston, Ethel Hurwitz, Marion McCoy, Gertrude Metz, Pearl Oberholtzer, Annie Berenago and Kathryn Rambo."

OPENS COLGATE FIGHT

Riddle Supporters Back Essex Candidate for Governor

ATLANTIC CITY, July 6. — Ex-Mayor William Riddle's first move to challenge the supremacy of the Edge-Kuehnle-Bacharach machine in Atlantic City and county next fall will be made today with the establishment of Atlantic County headquarters for Senator Austen Colgate's gubernatorial campaign committee in the home city of Senator Walter E. Edge, the Essex man's chief rival for the Republican nomination.

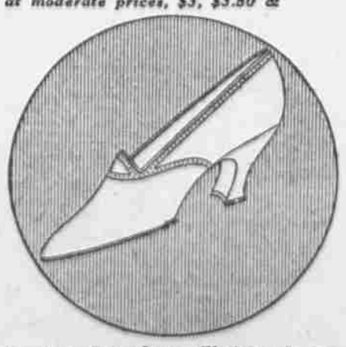
A lease for Colgate headquarters has been signed by George Ulizzio, campaign manager for ex-Mayor Riddle in the city commission battle. The headquarters here will be in charge of James Fries Smith, a Riddle leader in the 4th Ward, who was displaced as a member of the city board of assessors following Riddle's defeat in May.

'TIS A FEAT TO FIT FEET

A Very Special Value
Ivory Kidskin Pump With French Heel

It is a satisfaction for young women to have the choice of the newest, smartest, most beautiful styles as our DeLyte Department provides in its unrivaled variety of summer footwear, at moderate prices, $3, $3.50 &

$3.75



We are open Saturdays till 5:30 during July

Dalsimer
Shoes and Hosiery
1204-06-08 Market St.

THE BIG SHOE STORE

ROBINSON & CRAWFORD

At All Our Stores
Where Quality Counts,
Low Prices Prevail

Truth

The Whole Truth, and Nothing but the Truth—are in all the statements made regarding the Quality and Value of all the groceries sold in Our Stores. Truth in the description and representation of all our goods to our customers and the public. Truth has been the backbone of our business since its inception. "The Stores Where Quality Counts" stands for True Quality—True Value—True Advertising.

GOLD SEAL BUTTER Lb. 36c

When we say that "Gold Seal" is the highest grade of freshly churned Butter made, we do not exaggerate, but merely give a truthful description of the Quality of our goods. Try a pound and be convinced.

HY-LO BUTTER Lb. 33c
Fancy Creamery Butter.

CA-RO BUTTER Lb. 30c
Absolutely Pure Butter.

Gold Seal Oats, 2-lb. pkg. 8c	No-Waste Bacon, pkg. 16c
Quaker Corn Flakes, pkg. 5c	Sliced Dried Beef, pkg. 9c
New Post Toasties, pkg. 8c	Fresh Fig Bars, lb. 10c
Gold Seal Rice, 1-lb. pkg. 8c	Eagle Butter Crackers, lb. 8c
Choice Grade Rice, 1-lb. pkg., 5c	New Pack String Beans, can. 5c
Gold Seal Corn Starch, pkg. 7c	Sliced Pineapple, tall can 12c

BIG BREAD VALUES

GOLD SEAL
OUR PAN
TASTY RAISIN
BREAD loaf 5c

We mean just what we say—Big Bread Values—All our Bread is freshly baked loaves of the highest quality, and the largest obtainable in this city for the money. It pays to buy Bread "Where Quality Counts."

6c Cake GOLD SEAL BORAX SOAP for 5c

Babbitt's Soap, cake 4c	Gold Seal Starch, 3-lb. box 15c
R. & C. Best Oleine Soap, cake, 4c	Argo Starch, pkg. 4c
R. & C. Laundry Soap, cake, 3c	Chase-O Laundry Crystals, pkg. 4c
Old Dutch Cleanser, can 8c	LaFrance Washing Tablets, pkg. 4c

Good Starch Lb. 3c | Gold Seal Blue Bot. 4c

This announcement contains just a few special items. Visit your nearest R. & C. store and take advantage of the many attractive money-saving opportunities you will always find in "The Stores Where Quality Counts."

Robinson & Crawford
The Stores Where Quality Counts Throughout the City and Suburbs