# THE GODS OF MAR Sequel to "Under the Moons of Mars

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Author of the Tarzan Stories CHAPTER XXI-(Continued)

TO sooner had Carthoris and the others N foined me than we commenced the transportation of our men through the submerged passage to the mouth of the gangways which led from the submarine pool at the temple end of the watery tunnel to the pits of Issus.

Many trips were required, but at last all stany trips were required, but at last all attended safely together again at the beginning of the end of our quest. Five thousand strong we were, all seasoned fighting men of the most warlike race of the red men of Barsoum.

As Carthoris alone knew the hidden ways of the tunnels, we could not divide the party and attack the temple at several points at ones, as would have been most desirable, and so it was decided that he lead us all as quickly as he could to a point as near the temple's centre as pos-

As we were about to leave the pool and As we were about to leave the pool and enter the corridors an officer called my attention to the waters upon which the submarine floated. At first they seemed to be merely agitated as from the movement of some great body beneath the surface, and I at once conjectured that another submarine was rising to the surface In pursuit of us; but presently it became aprising, not with extreme rapidity, but very sides of the pool and submerge the floor of the chamber.

For a moment I did not fully grasp the terrible import of the slowly rising waters. It was Carthoris who realized the full meaning of the thing-its cause and the

reason for it.
"Hasto!" he cried. "If we delay we all are lost. The pumps of Omean have been stopped. They would drown us like rats in a trap. We must reach the upper levels of the pits in advance of the flood or we shall never reach them. Come."
"Lead the way, Cartherle," I cried. "We

shall follow." At my command the youth leaped into one of the corridors, and in columns of twos, and in good order, the soldiers followed him, each company entering the cor-ridor only at the command of its dwar or

Before the last company filed from the chamber the water was ankle deep, and that the men were nervous was quite evident. Entirely unaccustomed to water except in quantities sufficient for drink-ing and bathing purposes, the red Martians instinctively shrank from it in such formidable depths and menacing captivity. That they held themselves so well while it swirled and eddied about their ankles spoke well for their bravery and their discipline.

I was the last to leave the chamber of the submarine, and as I followed the rear of the column toward the corridor I moved through water to my knees. The corridor, too, was flooded to the same depth, for its floor was on a level with the floor of the chamber from which

it led; nor was there any perceptible rise for many yards.

The march of the troops through the corridor was as rapid as was consistent with the number of men that moved through so narrow a passage, but it was

not ample to permit us to gain appreciably on the pursuing tide.

As I cust about for some means of saving as many as possible of the doomed men. I saw a diverging corridor which seemed to rise at a steep angle at my

The waters were now swirling about my

waist. The men directly before me were quickly becoming panic-striction.

Something must be done at once or they would rush forward upon their fellows in a mad stampeds that would result in trampling down hundreds beneath the flood

and eventually clogging the passage beyond any hope of retreat for those in advance. Raffing my voice to its himost, I shouted my commands to the dwars abend of me. "Call back the last 25 utans," I shouted. "Here seems a way of escape. Turn back and follow me."

My orders were obeyed by some 30 utans, so that some 2000 men came about and mastened into the teeth of the flood to reach

the corridor up which I directed them.

As the first dwar passed in with his utan I cautioned him to listen closely for my commands, and under no circumstances

### "THE MUCKER"

Another Story by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Begins In TOMORROW'S

## Evening & Ledger

to venture into the open or leave the pits for the temple proper until I should have come up with him. "or you know that I died before I could reach you." The officer saluted and left me. The men filed rapidly past me and entered the diverg-

ng corridor which I hoped would lead to The water rose breast high. time water rose breast high. Men stumbled, floundered and went down. Many I grasped and set upon their feet again, but alone the work was greater than I could cope with. Soldiers were being swept beneath the boiling torrent never to

At length the dwar of the 10th utan At length the dwar of the 10th utan took a stand beside me. He was a valor-ous soldler, Gur Tus by name, and together we kept the now thoroughly frightened troops in the semblance of order and rescued many that would have drowned

Dior Kantos, son of Kantos Kan, and a padwar of the 5th utan, joined us when his utan reached the opening through which

the men were fleeing. Thereafter not a man was lost of all the hundreds that re-mained to pass from the main corridor to As the last utan was filing past us the waters had risen until they surged about our necks, but we clasped hands and stood our ground until the last man had passed to the comparative safety of the new pas-sageway. Here we found an immediate and

steep ascent, so that within a hundred yards we had reached a point above the For a few minutes we continued rapidly up the steep grade which I hoped would bring us quickly to the upper pits that led into the Temple of Issus. But I was to

meet with a cruel disappointment.
Suddenly I heard a cry of "fire" far
ahead, followed almost at once by cries of terror and the loud commands of dwars and padwars, who were evidently attempting to direct their men away from some grave danger. At last the report came

"They have fired the pits ahead." "We are hemmed in by flames in front and flood behind."

"Help, John Carter-we are suffocating! Back upon us at the rear swept a wave f dense smoke that sent us stumbling and blinded into a choking retreat.

seek a new avenue of escape. and smoke were to be feared a thousand times more than the water, and so I selzed upon the first gallery which led out of and up from the suffocating smoke that was

Again I stood to one side while the soldiers hastened through on the new way. Some 2000 must have passed at a rapid run when the stream ceased, but I was not sure that all had been rescued who had not passed the point of origin of the flames; and so to assure myself that no poor devil was left behind to die a parrible death unsuccored, I ran quickly up the gallery in the direction of the flames, which I sould now see burning with a dull glow

far ahead. It was hot and stiffing work, but at last ched a point where the fire lit up the for sufficiently for me to see that no soldler of Helium lay between me and the conflagration—what was in it or upon the far side I could not know, nor could any

man have passed through that seething hell of chemicals and lived to learn.

Having satisfied my sense of duty, I turned and ran rapidly back to the corridor through which my men had passed.

To my horror, however, I found that my retreat in the direction had been plocked. retreat in this direction had been blockednecross the mouth of the corridor stood a massive steel grating that had evidently been lowered from its resting place above for the purpose of effectually cutting of

That our principal movements were known to the First Born I could not have doubted in view of the attack of the fleet upon us the day before, nor could the stopping of the pumps of Omean at the psychological moment have been due to chance, nor the starting of a chemical combustion within the one corridor through which we were advancing upon the Temple of Issus been due to aught than well-calculated design.

And now the dropping of the steel gate

And how the dropping of the sets gate to pen me effectually between fire and flood seemed to indicate that invisible eyes were upon us at every moment. What chance had I then to rescue Dejah Thoris were I to be compelled to fight foes who never showed themselves?

The smoke from the firs was forcing me further and further back down the corridor toward the waters which I could hear urging through the darkness.

With my men had gone the last torch, nor was this corridor lighted by the radiance of phosphorescent rock as were those of the lower levels. It was this fact that assured me that I was not far from the upper pits which lie directly beneath the Finally I felt the lapping waters about my feet. The smoke was thick behind me.

My suffering was intense.

There seemed but one thing to do, and that to choose the easier death which controlled me, and so I moved on down the corridor until the cold waters of Amean

closed about me, and I swam on through atter blackness toward—what? utter blackness toward—what?

To my surprise I ran against a blank wall before I reached a point where the waters came to the roof of the corridor, Could I be mistaken? I felt round, No. I had come to the main corridor and still there was a breathing space between the surface of the water and the rock ceiling

I was positive that I must soon feel the solid floor beneath my feet again, and that once more my chance come to reach the Temple of Issus and the side of the fair mer who languished there

But even as hope was at its highest I feit he sudden shock of contact as my head struck the rocks above. The worst then There was naught to do other than beyond I knew that it rose again; but of

what value was that to me, since I did not know how great the distance that it main-tained a level entirely beneath the surface of the water?

There was but a single forlorn hope, and

I took it.

Filling my lungs with air, I dived beneath the surface and swam through the inky, ley blackness on and on along the submerged gallery. Time and time again I rose with upstretched hand, only to feel the disappointing rocks close above me.

One more frantic effort I made with my fast ebbing strength. Weakly I rose for the last time—my tortured lungs gasped for the breath that would fill them with a strange and numbing element, but instead I felt the revivifying breath of life-giving air surge through my starving nostrils into my dying lungs. turnes.

I was saved! I was saved!

A few more strokes brought me to a point where my feet touched the floor, and soon thereafter I was above the water level entirely and racing like mad along the corridor, searching for the first doorway that would lead me to issue.

If I could not have Delah Thoris again. I was at least determined to avenge her death, nor would any life satisfy me other than that of the fiend incurrants who was the charge of such incurrants who was

the cause of such immeasurable suffering upon Barsoom.
Sooner than I had expected I came to

what happened to be a sudden exit into the temple above. It was at the right side of the corridor, which ran on probably to other

without waiting to be again discovered and thwarted. I ran quickly up the short, steep incline and pushed open the doorway at its end.

The portal swung slowly in, and before it could be slammed against me I sprang into the chamber beyond.

Though not yet dawn, the room was brilliantly lighted. The sole occupant lay prone upon a low couch at the farther side, apparently in sleep. From the hangings and sumptuous furni-ture of the room I judged it to be a livingcom of some priesters, possibly of Issus

Cautiously I approached the recumbent figure on noiseless feet. Closer and closer I came to it, but I had crossed but little more than half the chamber when the figure itirred, and, as I sprang, rose and faced

At first an expression of terror over-pread the features of the woman who confronted me—then startled incredulity ope—thanksgiving.

My heart pounded within my breast as advanced toward her—tears came to my

The words that would have poured forth In a perfect torrent choked in my throat as I opened my arms and took into them once more the woman I loyed—Dejah Thoris, Princess of Helium.

### CHAPTER XXII Victory and Defeat

"John Carter, John Carter," she sobbed. with her dear head upon my shoulder. "Even now I can scarce believe the witness of my own eyes. When that girl Thuvin told me that you had returned to Barsoon I listened but I could not understand for it seemed that such happiness would be im-possible for one who had suffered so in dient loneliness for all these long years! At ast, when I realized that it was truth, and hen came to know the awful place in which I was held prisoner, I learned to doubt that even you could reach me here. "As the cays passed and moon after moon

went by without bringing even the faintest rumor of you I resigned myself to my fate.
And now that you have come, scarce can I "For an hour I have heard the sounds of

conflict within the palace. I knew not what they meant, but I have hoped against hope that it might be the men of Helium headed 'And tell me, what of Carthoris, our

"He was with me less than an hour since, bejah Thorie," I replied. "It must have been he whose men you have heard battling within the precincits of the temple.
"Where is Issus? I asked suddenly.

Dejah Thoris shrugged her shoulders. ust before the fighting began within the emple walls. She said that she would send for me later. She seemed very angry and somewhat fearful. Never have I seen her set in so uncertain and almost terrified

manner. "Now I know that it must have been because she had learned that John Carter, Prince of Helium was approaching to de-mand an accounting of her for the imprison-

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

ment of his princess.

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consider this

Rin Ching

CAST CONTEST OPENS

WITH VOTING MONDAY

and Tomorrow to Insure

Big Vote

By the Photoplay Editor

r concertive movement which means as

communication with the chief through a

groups seen to become merged in desper-ate conflict, his orders were sent over the wires to the adjutants, who repeated the

rders through megaphones to their various

There was a supplemental telephon

phone system while the action was at its

carafe lin't no month of a mystery after all. It's convincingly explained in "lee," a feature of the "cramount Fictographs.

The first three one-reel comedies in which

The first three one-reel comedies in which Max Figman and Lolita Robertson are starred are now ready for general release on the Metro neutram. They were produced by the Rolma Film Corporation and will be released exclusively by the Motro Pictures Corporation. These are the first one-reel comedies which Mr. Figman has ever made. The titles of the first releases are "Ducks Is Ducks," by Effis Parker

STE MBOATS

Sawing ice into cubes for the

A very special

thank you

And say they think Name (Miss or Mrs.)....... Im not so worse. I wish they'd please Home address ......... Name (Mr.) ....... Home address ....................... Signed by .......

> Nominating organizations may concentrate their votes on one candidate or may romainate and work for two; i. e., one lady, one gratieman. This nomination blank, when properly filled out and Jorwarded, will entitle the nomine to 1000 vares.
>
> Cambidates are requested to give their home politres to each and every instance, in that the Editor with the able to enumunicate with them from time to time. All addresses will be arrietly confidential.

Please enter in the Evening Ledger Photo-play Cast Contest;

Entries Should Be Made Today Mail to Evening Ledger Photoplay Cast Con-test, P. O. Box 264, Philadelphia.

Mr. Love My Dog," by C. Doty Hobart, and "Papa by Proxy," "Rilly" Quirk, the well-known netor and director, is produc-ing the Figman comedies.

Menday the vetting begins in the Evris-co Landish Photoplay Contest. Confestants the mend to enter the contest should send De Witt C. Jennings, whom Philadelphia who intend to enter the contest should send in their manners as send as prossible in order to insure their mappearance in the Amazer to insure their mappearance in the Amazer theorems. They will thus be before the "voting public" when the polls are upened Manday, so far there is hardly a type of civic primitization not represented. But there is always room for one now.

Die Witt C. Jernings, whom Philadelphia in the property of the turned seeing to his expert performance of the insent seeing to his expert seeing to his true of the insent seeing to his true of the insent seeing to his expert seeing to his expert seeing to his true of the insent seeing to his true of the insent seeing to his true of the insent seeing to his tr did the Government blue fast year.

City Hall Plaza Concert

In "The Deserter," a Triangle photo-play starring Charles Hay, now at the Arcadis, there are some scenes showing more than five hindred Indians and United States treeps scattered over nearly two smare miss of country. They prove a source of wonder to many persents, who want to know how the director managed to handle the crowd at such a long dis-tance. Gring E. Danner Tollows:

Divinite—"The Joseph Gring Galuten", Huppe
Divinite—"The Joseph Gring Galuten", Huppe
Remnia-mona of Vood Arranged by Gosfrey
(Prom his favorite operas.)

1. Cencert Waltzer (Adbut)

1. Cencert Waltzer (Baltal)

1. Cencert Waltzer The solution is comparatively simple. In the first place, the director became for the occasion a part of general, with his campaign all carefully mapped out in advance. He occupied a coign of vantage on a tall promontory, while at various strategic points over the field were his several assistants.

Concert at Strawberry Mansion The Falemoint Park Fand, under the leader to of Richard Schmidt, will play this afternoon of tenint at Strawberry Mansion. The pro-

The difficulty, however, was to achieve much in the auccess of physically big somes. This was accomplished by the use of the field telephone. Each assistant director was PART 1-APTERNOON, 4 TO 6 O'CLOCK. Overture—"Zamna" Herold Metives from "Die Meistersinger" Wagner (a) "Searf Dones" Chaminade unall 'pony' instrument, with trailing wires operated by the director's secretary. While the director swept the scene with field-classes for the details of the various tiny

of The Gondollers, Norway" Wilmers Summer's Lay in Norway" Tschutkowski "Sans Parelle" Tschutkowski PART II-EVENING, 8 TO 10 O'CLOCK,

trangement, similar to that used in most alread terminal stations, a series of megasinoses, electrically operated, to carry the coice of the director simultaneously to the different parts of the field. Had it not been (a) Hungary a Clock Store"..... Orth Statlet Scones from "La Gloconda", Ponchielli "Tinles", Chorus" and "G Premise Me". for that secondary device it migh, have been necessary to have taken one of the biggest of the scenes over again, because the hoofs of a bronce ridden by a cavilryman acci-dentally broke the trunk wires of the tele-Melodien (From 'Robin Hood.'')

Melodien (From 'Alone at Last'....Lehar "Star-Spangled Banner."

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## OFFICIALS OF LIBRARY DO NOT FAVOR CHANGE OF 'FREE' TO 'PUBLIC'

Board Members Show Little Enthusiasm for Proposal Made by Municipal Research Bureau

FEAR LEGAL TROUBLE

The proposal to change the word "free" to "public" in the title of the Free Library of Philadelphia, made yesterday in a buletin issued by the Bureau of Municipal Research, has not been received with any great enthusiasm by the members of the Library Board of Trustees.

Not a single member of the board could he found today who would view the suggestion as a progressive step. On the contrary, almost any number of arguments, they said, could be found against such a change. The most significant objection was given by John Ashhurst, librarian of the institution.

Prior to 1895, when the branches of the library were under the Board of Education, the first word of the title was "public," ecording to Mr. Ashhurst. The change was made to "free" when the first public bequest to the institution was made in the will of George S. Pepper. The bequest read to the Free Library of Philadelphia," and it was to avoid legal complications, Mr. Ashburst believes, which might have re-sulted from applying the funds to a "public library" that the word "free" was employed.

The library is now incorporated and over the entrance of each of the 18 branches the words "Free Library" are cut in stone. To make any change now, Mr. Ashhurst said, would mean the formality of chang-ing the incorporated title and the expense recutting the letters over the entrance

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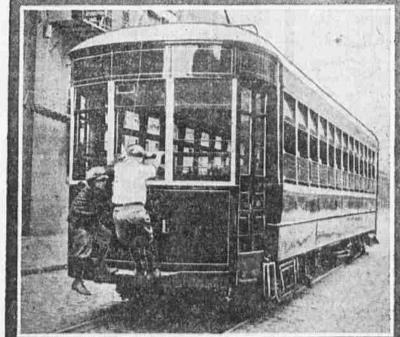
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WHAT WILL BE THEIR FUTURE?

\$100 in prizes is offered by the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company for the best stories, drawings and ideas on how to prevent and avoid accidents. Send contributions to Farmer Smith, Evening Ledger.

## Our Postoffice Box

Elsie Neufield, North 21st street, has a dress to match her Rainbow button. What do you think of that for club spirit?

William Quion is saving stamps to rescue Chinese babies. He would like Rainbows to please send him theirs. Of course, this means stamps that have been used and have no further postal service value. William's address is 2328 East Fifth street. Send tam's address is 2328 East Fifth street. Send the stamps directly to him.

Essie Wyman, South 9th street, sends the following diary of a week of her vacation life:

Vacation life:

Sunday — Always something different, never sure what will happen.

Monday—Do a little work in the morning; get dressed; go to library; after that I go to a girl's house. In the misht time I go some place or somebody calls on me.

Tossiay — Same in the morning; get dressed; go to Hainbow Violet Heart's meeting; same night time.

Wednesday — Same in morning; get dressed; go to girl's house; she calls on me in the night time.

Thursday—Stay at home or somebody calls on me.

Thursday—Stay at home or somehody calls on me.
Friday—Same in morning; get dressed; go to library; evening go to movies.
Saturday—Same in morning, or perhaps a little change; get dressed; go to girl's house or if not she calls on me; night go to murket or stay home with girl friends.
Huth Donahue, of South 37th street, makes a sweet friendly offer to do anything in her power for the club. Perhaps we shall soon take advantage of her kindness.

Me are in receipt of a picture of S. Altzman, just a light penell sketch. If the artist will kindly redraw the picture in BLACK INK, it is liable to be published. Henry Remick is going to have his photograph taken for the Ciub News if he cannot find one suitable for print around the house. Good camera pictures are acceptable. Henry Possibly you can find one that will serve nicely.

LET ME SEE-There will be paint on their faces, guess; there'll be exciting riding thout in automobiles, I know; there'll be bumping elbows with real "movie men," and last but not least, oh, MOST WONDERFUL THING -- there'll be YOU right in the middle of all the rumpus!

THAT IS, If you get ENOUGH VOTES to MAKE YOU A WINNER in the EVENING LEDGER PHOTO-PLAY CAST CONTEST.

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Photoplay Page. Evening Ledger Photoplay

For further particulars see the

Cast Contest Entry Blank

Please enter in the Evening Ledger Photo-play Cust Contesti

Hume address ..... .... ...... This entry blank, when properly filled out-ned forwarded, will entitle the bemines to 1900 rules, only blank will be credited each contestant. Bring or mait this to Former Smith, the Ercolus Ledger, Philisdetubia.

TALES OF THE BLUE FOREST OF ALASKA Prince Marmolade Takes Tulip Heart

By Farmer Smith Appearing at the cave where old Granny Frump was, Little Tulip Heart and the Prince alighted from the cloud.

lade asked Granny Grump. "What will you give me for her?" snapped old Granny Grump.

"Is that more than two rivers of gold?"
sked Granny Grump.
"Much more," said the Prince. Granny Grump then made the prince promise to give her two clouds of pearls and apphires. When the prince had promised, sapphires.

Tulip Heart shut her eyes and held her ittle hands ever them as the cloud rose up and up into the sky. She could hear all the animals weeping at her departure and wanted to wave down to them, but she remem-

"I will give you two wagonloads of dia-onds for little Tulip Heart." Granny Grump dropped on her knees and looked down over the brim of the cloud to see who it was promising two wagonloads

Branch Club News

Branch Club News

Bertha Childs, of Danville, sends the following report: "Our branch holds its meeting out of doors these days. We take walks, pick daisies and enjoy ourselves at the playground. Later on our mothers are going to serve refreatments at our meetings. I am giad that the mothers are interested in our club. I am a little ashamed of this report."

Bertha, Bertha, why be ashamed? We think it a very good report. We wonder if the kind mothers who are "going to serve refreshments" would be interested to help their little ones get up a Rainbow fair?

The "Rainbow Lassies." of Danville, Pa., went on a hike not long ago and had no end of fun. They took their lunch and had a genuine all-day picnic!

Things to Know and Do 1. Square. Fill in the missing letters.

AREOLAE \* \* \* \* \* \* \* To join again \* \* \* \* \* \* \* --Bowed

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* Wittleism

\* \* \* \* \* \* . Dost reward 2. Our poet spent 2 hours 15 minutes an

"May little Tulip Heart come to Cloudand and be my princess?" Prince Marmo-

"I will give you a cloud of pearls and sapphires," said the prince.

He said to Tulip Heart and Granny Grump: "Get on my cloud now, but remember while we are flying to Cloudland you must not look down."

bered the beautiful prince's warning.

The cloud was away above the trees, when old Granny Grump heard Zzzzzzzzzz, the kind of the snow birds, call up to her:

of diamonds. The moment greedy old Granny Grump looked down she tumbled off the cloud and fell down and down and down into the Blue Forest of Alaska.

(To be continued.)

\* \* \* \* \* \* Cloth resembling silk

10 seconds trying to find a word that will rhyme with "GOOSE." He says only one word will do it. What is that word?
2. ANAGRAM: Willie, our office boy, lost all his money in a "Builds not apace."
What did Willie lose his somey in? SWAETHMORE, PA.

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