# EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, MARCH 5, 1917

# SCRAPPLE

THE PADDED CELL

HAYWARD

Mother-I'll teach yer to tie a kettle

The kid-It wasn't our cat. Mother-No, but it was our kettle.

to the cat's tail.

NO HOPE, NO HOPE!

THIRTY, THIRTY FIVE,

FORTY - HA! THE

ALL RIGHT !

LITTLE OLD RAINY DAY FUND'S GROWIN



The young lady across the way save the Crown Prince seems to be pretty pular at home and she imagines the Kalser will be the last of the Hapeburgs.

### The Pest Bull-How many cigs d'ye smoke & day? Durham -Any given number. Jester. Too Bad "Theatre audiences are. gloomy

gatherings. 'Howzat ?" "Always in tiers."-Princeton Tiger.

SCHOOL DAYS



# AFTERGLOW SUMMARY OF PRECEDING STORIES

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THE STORY THUS FAR

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## CHAPTER XIII-(Continued)

EAGERLY he scanned the horizon, only just visible in the starshine. Warmly E just visible in the starshine. Warmly the rushing night wind fanned his check; the roar of the motor and propellers, jul-sating mightly, made music to his ears. For it sang, "Home again' Beatrice and

fuel tanks replenished from the apparatus for distilling the crude naphtha, which he had installed during his first stay in the Abyss, he had risen a second time into that humid, purple-vapored air.

he fishermen. Slung in the bangage crate aft lay a large seine, certain supplies of figh, word and eggs and-from time to time noisily squawking—some haif-dozen of the strange sea birds, in a metal basket The pioneers had insisted on taking these

mpediments with them to bridge the gap changed conditions a precaution Stern

its long, flat-arched trajectory through the its long, hat-arched trajectory through the night, "under any circumstances this must be a terrific wrench for them. Taik about nerve! If they haven't got it, who has? This trip of these subterranean barbariana, thus fung suddenly into midair, out into a corld of which they know absolutely nothing, must be exactly what a journey to Mars would mean to me. More, far more, to their simple minds. I wonder myself at heir courage in taking such a tremendous

And in his heart a new and keener ad-

And in his heart a new and keener ad-miration for the basic stamina of the Merocaans took root. "They'll do." he murmured as he scan-ned his lighted chart once more and cast up reckonings from the dials of his deliately adjusted instruments.

Half an hour more of rapid flight, and a deemed New Hope River could not now e far

this racket of the propellers in my ears," thought he. "The scarchlight might possibly pick up a gleam of water, if we fly over it. But even that's a small index to

"But tell us-"

tween both hands, dumb-mad with agony,

Zangamon held up a piece of splintered

ood, with the bark deeply scarred by

"Master-this way they went!" Zangamon pointed up along the rock

errace. Stern's eves could distinguish no

nere, master. And then, here, the girl was

Stern stumbled blindly after him as he

was choking with dry sobs. "Master! See !"

dragged.

oo late!

haste once more pushed through the vague path he and Heatrice had made from the barrens to Settlement Cliffs. Tresently, followed by the two colonists who dared not let him for a moment out of their sight, he reached the brow of the canyon, His hand flashimp showed him the rough path to the terrace.

with fast-beating heart he ran down it, unmindful of the unprotected edge or the shear drop to the rocks of New Hope River, for below far below. Bremilu and Zangamon, seeing perfectly

"But tell us-" "Something has taken per! Some sav-age thing! Some wild man! Even now he may be killing her! Quick-after them!" Bremilu stood staring for a moment, un-able to grasp this catastrophe on the very moment of arrival. But Zangamon, of swifter wit, had already fallen on his knees, there by the mouth of the cave, and now-seeing clearly by the dim light which more than sufficed for him-was studying the traces of the struggle. Stern, meanwhile, clutching his head be-tween both hands, dumb-mad with agony. in the gloom, hurried close behind, with words of awe, wonder and admiration in

Words of awe, wonder and admiration in their own tongue. "Beta! Oh, Beatrice! Home again!" Stern shouted triumphantly, "Where are you, Beta? Come! I'm home again!" Quickly he scrambled along the broken terrace, stumbling in his hasts over loose rocks and debris. Now he had reached the turn. "The fire was in sight. "Beta!" again he halled. ""O-he! Beatrice!" Still no answer, nor any sign from her.

Bentrice:" Still no answer, nor any sign from her. As he came to the fire he noted, despite his strong emotions, that it had for the most part burned down to glowing embers. Only one or two resinous knots still famed. It could not have been replenished for some time, perhaps two hours or more. Again his much eye caught the fact these

Again, his quick eye caught the fact that inders, ashes and half-fourned sticks lay scattered about in strange disorder. "Why, Beatrice hever makes a fire like that," the thought pierced through his

nind. And-though as yet on no very definite

rounds—a quick prescience of catastrophe attered at his heart. "What's this?" riounda

led the way. "There was fighting here? She strug-gled?" Something lying on the rock-ledge, near the fire, caught his eye. die snatched it

"What-what can this mean?"

The colonists stood, frightened and con-used, poering at him in the dark. His acc, in the ruddy fire-show, as he studied he thing he now held in his hand, must

have been very terrible. "Cloth! Torn! But-but then-" He flung from him the bit of the girl? cloak which, ripped and shredded as though for blood stains.

by a powerful hand, cried dimeter, "Beatrice" he should, "Where are you? Beatrice!" To the doorway in the cliff he ran,

shaken and trembling

The store had been pushed away; it hay incide the cave. Ourmonaly the black en-trance second storing at him in the dull gleam of the firefult.

On hands and knees he fell, and hastily awied through. As he went, he flashed is lamp here, there everywhere, "Beatrice," Beatrice,!"

No answer. An intervent of the cooking-fire. But there, mainder of the cooking-fire. But there, on, ashes and half-burned sticks lay scat-

Many long hours had passed since, his cred all about.

With him he now here Bremilu, the trong, and Zangamon, most expert of all

"Gad." thought he as the Pauline : dicks

ites

"No use to try to hear it, though, with

A Sequel to "Beyond the Great Oblivion" By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

"The hair! The same kind of hair! h "The hair! The same kind of hair! h the power of the Horde!" he gasped. A mental picture of extermination fames before his mind's eye. Whether the pin lived or died, he knew now that his bit work was to include a total slaughter of the Anthropoids. The destruction he has aiready wrought among them was but child's play to what would be.

child's play to what would be. And in his soul flamed the foreknowids of a hunt a l'outrance, to the bitter end. long as one, a single one of that foul breat should live, he would not rest from billing "Master! This way! Here, master!" The voice of Zangamon sent him one more crashing through the jungle, after he questing guides. Again he fired the sign shot, and now with the full power of he jungs he yelled.

wood, with the bark doenly scatted by stern snatched it. "Part of the pole I gave her to brace the rock with," he realized, "Even that was of no avail." lungs he yelled. His voice rang, echoing, through the blass and tangled growths, startling the nigh-life of the depths. Something chippend overhead. Nearby a serpent slid away, ha-ing venomously. Death lurked on every

hand. Stern took no thought of it, but present forward, shouting the girl's name, halls-ing, beating down the undergrowth sea mad fury. And here, there, all about, is flung the light-beam. slightest trace on the stone, but the Meru-caan spoke with certainty. He added: "There was fighting all the way along

Perhaps she might yet hear his halls; se haps she might even catch some distant glimmer of his light and know that has was coming, that rescuers were fighting or ward to her.

Column

DO NOTHING!

"Yes, master" "Thank God! She was allve here, any-how She wasn't killed in the cave. Maybe, Silent, lithe, confident even among then new and terribly strange conditions, the two men of the Folk slid through the jungle in the open, she might-" "Now there is no more fighting, master. The wild thing carried her here." (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

He pointed at the rock. Stern, trembiling and very sick, flashed his electric lamp upon t. With eyes of dread and horror he looked Farmer Smith's

What? A drop! With a dull, shuddering groan he pressed forward again. Out he jerked his pistol and fired, straight

up, their prearranged signal: One shot, then a pause, then two. Some bare pos-sibility existed and that she still might live, and hear and know that rescue came then a pause, then two.

My Dear Children-Many times this qua-tion is hurled at me: "What would Top do?" of it could come before it was eternally do?" Why do you suppose this question is asked me? Because the ones who ask is expect me to draw from my own experime and tell what I would do if such and such "On on " cried Allan. "Go on, Zanga-on! Quick! Lead me on the trail!"

The Merucaan, now aided by Bremilu, who had recovered his wits, scouted ahead ike a bloodhound on the spoor of a fugi-ive. One gripped his stone ax, the other and tell what I would do if such and such a thing happened. For instance, a boy asked me what I would do if I were in an office and work-ing with a lot of boys who shoot rubus bands when "the boss" happens to be out. I explained very carefully that I would do nothing. It is a mistake to think that "the boss" will not find out what is going on when he is out of the office. I might say you are the only person you t1990. invelin Bent half double, scrutinizing in the dark the stony path which Alian followed be-hind them only by the aid of his flash, they

roceeded cautiously up toward the brow of incorrected cautiously up toward the brow or he chiff again. But eric they reached the top they rranched off on to another lateral path, still rougher and more torthous, that led slong he breast of the canyon. "This way, master. It was here, most

I might say you are the once. I might say you are the only person yeu can "fool," and when you stop fooling yourself then you will be promoted, no mat-ter whether you are in school or in an office. When you are in doubt what to do, Do

rely, the thing carried her." "What kind of marks? Did you see signs NOTHING. When you are in doubt what to say, BAT NOTHING. CLAWE T

"Claws? What are claws?"

"Sharp, long nalls, like our nalls, only uch larger and longer. Do you see any ch marks'

Zangamon paused a second to peer I seem to see marks as of hands, master,

'No matter! On! We must find her!

No matter: On: We must find her! Quick—lead the way?" Five minutes of agonizing suspense for Alian brought him, still following the guides, without whom all would have been utterly lost, to a kind of thickly wooded dell that do

descended sharply to the edge of the canyon Into this the trail led.

Even be himself could now here and there make out, by the aid of his light, a broken twig, trampled ferns and down-crushed grass. Once he distinguished a blood-stain on a limb-fresh blood, not congulated. A groan burst from between his chattering teach tauth

He turned his light on the grass beneath. All at once a blade moved. "Oh, thank God." he wheezed. "They passed here only a few minutes ago. They can't be far now

Mrs. Opossum heard a noise outside the Opossum home and thought, correctly, that Mr. Woodpecker was But te noise awakened her twelve babies. whom she had named after the months of the year. January Opossum, called "Jan" by his mother, was the biggest of them all and the greatest wiggler. Every time Mr. Woodpecker tapped on the tree Jan Opessun began to squirm and stick his sharp claws in the walls of the Opossum nursery, which was nothing more or less than the pocket with which Mother Nature has provided every good and kind mother opossum. every good and kind mother oposeum. "Stop it, I say!" said Mrs. Oposeum. After all was quiet again, Mrs. Oposeum shook the children and the whole twelve of them crawled on her back as she climbsi-out of their cozy home and started on a trip in search of something to eat. Mrs. Opossum had not gone far when as saw a pair of horns and two big eyes look-ing at her. waw a pair of horns and two big eyes look-ing at her. "Quick! Quick!" she shouted to the chil-dren, and quicker than a wink she and all the bables were down on the ground with their paws sticking up in the air as though they were quite dead. Through the tall grass came Billy Bumpus bunting for something to eat. When he saw 20th Opossum lying there on the ground he want up and poked her with his nose. Opossum lying there on the ground he was up and poked her with his nose. "Ah. me." said Billy to himself. "I am so sorry Mrs. Opossum is dead—dead— and all her beautiful children, too. To bad! A whole family dead at once. I will have to bury them at the foot of a peria-mon tree and put little pawpaw sticks at the head of their graves. Boo-hoe!" Mrs. Opossum heard what Billy was ex-ing and she tried hard to play dead, but he was so funny that she could not help haughing. Billy waited a little while and then went on: "I just passed a big persim-mon tree over yonder and I know that Jack Frost kissed the persimmons and mass them ripe not long ago."

The great power of knowing what NOT to do is just as great as the ability to know what to do. And, after all, YOU are the judge of what is right and best to do for yourself. I hope that after you have read what I have written for you so often about your won-derful self you will be able to judge quicky and WISELY what to do or what NOT a

But smile

Think before you act. Your loving editor.

FARMER SMITH

BILLY AND MRS. OPOSSUM By Farmer Smith

Thump-Thump Thump Something drew his attention. He

To the bod he ran. It was empty and Beatrice ! Ob. my tiad !!! A glint of something metaille on the floor rew his bewildered, terror-smitten gaze. He sprane, serged the object, and for a oment stood staring, while all about his the very universe seemed thundering and

The object in his hand was the girl's gun me cartridge, and only one, had been exploded.

The barrol had been twisted almost off. The barrel had been twated almost off, as though by the wrenching chilch of a hand inhuman in its ghastly power. On the stock, distinctly nicked into the barri rubber as Stern held the flash-lamp to if, were the uninistakable imprints of

With a groan, Alian started backward, The revolver fell with a clatter to the His foot alld in something wet, something

sticky. "Bood"" he gasped Half-crazed, he recied toward the dopr, The flash-lamp in his hand flung its white bruch of radiance along the wall. With a chattering cry he recoiled. There, roughly yet unmistakably imprint-ed on the white linestone surface, he saw the print, in crimnon, of a huge, a horrible, a brutally distorted hand.

## CHAPTER XIV

On the Ttail of the Monster Strength of the train of the Monster STERN'S cry of horror as he scrambled from the ravaged, desecrated cave and the ghastly horror of his face, seen by the firelight, brought Zangamon and Bremilu to him, in terror,

-Cassell's Saturday Journal. Driver of carrier's van-Now, then ! 'Ow much longer are you goin' to keep

. Party with wheel off-Wot's yer 'urry? 'Ow long 'ave you been drivin' a blinkin' fire injin?

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT



go by. This signal fire must be my only real guide-and where is it now, that fire A vague uneasiness began to oppres This signal fire must be my only him. The fire, he reckoned, should have shown ere now in the far distance. With-out it, how find his, way? And what of

Beatrice. His uneasy reflections were suddenly in terrupted by a word from Zangamon. his right.

O Kromno, master, sce?"

"O Kromno, master, see?" "What is it, now?" "A fire, very distant, master?" "Where?" queried Stern eagerly, his heart leaping with joy. "I see no fire. Your eyes, 'used to the dark places and fogs now far surpass mine, even as mine will yours when the time of light shall where is the fire Zangaman?" Where is the fire, Zangamon?? The fisher pointed, a dim huge figure in the star-lit gloom. "There, master. On thy left hand, thus."

Stern shifted his course to southwest by west, and for some minutes held it true, to that the needle hardly trembled on the mpass dial.

Then all at once he, too, saw the welcome signal, a tiniest pin-prick of light far on the edge of the world, no different from the sixth-magnitude stars that hung just above it on the horizon, save for its redness. A gush of gratitude and love welled in the fountains of his heart.

"Home" he whispered. "Home-for where you are that's home to me! Oh. Beatrice, I'm coming-coming home to you !!

Slowly at first, then with greater and ever greater swiftness, the signal star crept nearer; and now even the flames were visible, and now behind them he caught dim sight of the rock wall.

sight of the rock wall. On and on, a very vulture of the upper air, planed the Paulliac. Stern shouted with all his strength. The girl might possibly hear him and might come out of their cave. She might even signal—and the nearness of her presence mounted upon him like a heady wine. heady wine

heady wine. He swung the searchlight on the canyon as they swept above it. He fung the pencil of radiance in a wide sweep up the cliff and down along the terrace. It gave no sight, no sign of Beatrice. "Sleeping, of course," he reflected. And now, Hope River past and the canyon swallowed by the dense forest, he flung his light once more ahead. With it he feit out the rocky barrens for a landing place.

the rocky barrens for a landing place. Not more than twenty minutes later, fol-lowed by Bremilu and Zangamon. Stern was making way through the thick-laced wood and jungle. Awed, terrified by their first-sight of

Awed, terrified by their first.sight of trees and by the upper world, which to thom was naught but marvel and danger, the two Merucaans followed close behind their guide. Even so would you or I cling to the Martian who should land us on that ruddy planet and pilot us through some huge, in-choats and grotesque growth of things to us perfectly unimaginable. "Oh, master, we shall see the patriarch soon"" asked Bremilu, in a strange voice-a voice to him astonishingly loud in the clear air of night upon the surface of the world. "Soon shall we speak with him and---

"Hark ! What's that?" interrupted Stern, pausing, the while he gripped his pistol tighter. om afar, though in which direction he

From anar, though in which direction he could not say, a vague, dull roar made it-self heard through the forest. Sonorous, vibrant, menacing, it echoed and died; and then again, as once before, Stern heard that strange, hollow booming, as of some mighty drum struck by a muffled fast

7 Was that a dry 1 an

Muster! What-"Hair "My God! The girl-she's gone !" he | Caught in a roughness of the bark a few

# A STORY FOR SPARE MOMENTS Young Mr. Gay

of him. But Mr. Gay was not illustured; on the contrary, he was patient and never became angry with the constant jests. And yet he often wondered why he happened to have been born a Gay. The "Young Mr. Gay" was easily explained, because his father before him had been in the bans, and after he had passed away the name of the junior member of the family had become so well established with the "young" prefixed that the man himself firmly be-liaved that if he lived to be four score and ten he would still be known as Young Mr.

Jay. At less than half that age Young Mr. At less than half that are young all. Gay had eccasion to take active interest in a village political question, and when elec-tion day came and he felt his pet appropria-tion almost a sure success, he was standing about the poling booths with other villagers and the usual election day crowds. "Young Mr. Gay almost deserves his hame today, boys," laughed a fellow-bank olark

hame today, boys, inducted a tensor tanks clerk. "Does him good to get out and hinstle for the good of his village." said another. A third man stepned into the group and put a hand on Robert Gay's shouldef. With the other hand he pointed across the street to a small window in which hung a yellow banner. "If Young Mr. Gay feels so good, maybe he has the nerve to go across the street, there, and tell those fair ladles that it is unlawful for them to have their club open today. They are within 100 feet of the polls." "What of it?" asked Mr. Gay. "Is it a political organization."

"What of it?" asked Mr. Gay. Is it a political organization?" "Woman Suffrage Club—see the hanner ....Thirteenth Assembly district! Read it?" Mr. Gay did read the words. Himself, he had never been interested in whether or not women had the right to vote. He had no women folks of his own and the few friends he had were not interested in the outsion.

"Who wants the club closed?" he asked,

in the question.
"Who wants the club closed?" he asked, looking about.
"All of us, but—well, it's a rather delicate thing to have to do. And yet women can vote on these particular questions to-day—questions of appropriations, school matters, etc., and there is no reason why those women cannot be electioneering inside those rooms. Do you see?" The man was growing a little excited.
"Why don't you go—you asem to have the courage of your convictions?" asked Mr. Gay, seriously.
"Oh—you'd do it so much better and you don't know any of the members."
"Do go, Gay." urged another.
And finally, without the least idea that he was coerced into going. Young Mr. Gay crossed the street and entered the little clubroom.
A charmingly appointed room lay be.

 $\begin{array}{c} \textbf{R}^{\text{OBERT}} & \text{Gay was anything but jovial} \\ \text{source of amusement to his friends, especially to his fellow clerk in the village bank.} \\ "Young Mr. Gay," as they called him, and as he was the least young and the least gay of them all, there was hardly a day on which some sort of fun was not made of him. \end{array} \right.$ 

natched at a sapling

The smile faded from the face of the woman and the conversation behind the screen ceased. It was an awkward mo-atomit for Robert Gay. "I'm sure we didn't know it," the woman

"I'm sure we didn't know it," the woman begin carnestly and without a particle of surger. "If that is the case—why, of course, we'll close. It—," she tooked around her at the dainty tea tables, at the percolators steaming and emitting the fragrant whiffs of brewing coffee—"It is too bad we didn't know it before we made preparations. You see, we are open every day as a tea room, and we prepared extra things today be-cause we thought a number of the men who were in the village to vote might want a cup of coffee and, some of out home-made

were in the village to vote might want a cup of coffee and some of out home-made dainties. I.-I'm so sorry, but, of course, if were trying to get a voice in the making of laws we musuant begin by breaking them, must we?" She smiled again and Young Mr. Gay smiled in return. "Perhaps-that is, if you will just re-move your banner from the window I can induce the men across the statements. ave your banner from the window I can aduce the men across the strest who have nade the protest to withdraw it. I'm very

arry, 1said the woman graciously, "that "Oh

would be so nice-but don't get yourself nto trouble over it."

b). Mail the woman graclously. "that would be so nice—but don't get yourself into trouble over it."
Robert Gay assured her that he would into and as he bowed himself out he had a feeling of regret at leaving.
When he returned to the little group of men a lawyer had joined them and he had been explaining, during the absence of Mr. Gay, that no haw could close those clubrooms; that it was not yet recognized by the State as a political organization.
"T really should apologize," Robert Gay and when he had heard the decision.
"The really should apologize," Robert Gay and when he had heard the decision.
"The never thind, Gay. It won't hurt them," his fellow clerk asid.
But on the following afternoon at 4:30 Robert Gay entered the little tearoom and was disappointed not to find the president of the club there. The little maid said that and offered Miss Tracy at any moment and offered Miss Tracy at any moment and offered Miss Tracy at a sight of Miss Tracy entering the little clubroom. He arose and was disappointed not to aboligize for my interference of yesterday."
Miss Tracy waved away his trouble. "Don't—I beg of you. You were so nice and we had a splendid day."
"Will you prove that you bear no ill will by Johning me in a cup of tea." The daighted."

be delighted." It was dusk when they left the rooms, and it was then only courteous for Robert to walk home through the pretty village with the president of the club. And during that walk he promised to come often to isa and to let her tell him of the work of the women. And

id now, instead of laughing at the as that pass through the bank in which if Mr. Gay is an officer, he commends method of improvements

inen went on "I just passed a big permi-mon tree over yonder and I know this jack Frost kissed the persimmons and mass them ripe not long ago." Mes Opossum and her little children isy as still as they could, but there was just a little twinkle in Mrs. Opossum's ore "Now Mrs. Opossum. I know all about you-why don't you get up and let me ton you-why don't you get up and let me ton you-why don't you get up and let me ton you-why don't you get up and let me ton you-why don't you get up and let me ton you-why don't you get up and let me ton you-why don't you get up and let me ton you-why don't you get up and let me ton you-why don't you get up and let me ton you a funny story? Judge Goat came over the time and Billy jump. "The brite the ton the ton to ton that it made Billy jump. "On, ho?" said Billy. "So you were not dead at all. I cried for nothing." When the tweive little opossums near as a fash and scampered up the long mass as a fash and scampered up the long mass as a fash and scampered up the long mass as a fash and scampered up the long mass as a fash and scampered up the long mass as a fash and scampered up the long mass as a fash and scampered up the long mass as a fash and scampered up the long mass as a fash and you would run along and us were the the persimmon trees la." and as the set of the persimmon trees la." and as the first has go you eavy the you when you as the rent to pay and you carry of the aver to rent to pay and you carry of the aver to rent to pay and you carry of the aver to rent to pay and you carry of the aver the persimmon tree with Mrs. Opossum and he would save me prime up the tree with and would save me gring up the tree with and would save me gring up the tree with and would save me gring up the tree with and would save me gring up the tree with and would save me gring up the tree with and would save me gring up the tree with and would save me gring up the tree with and would save me gring up the tree with and would save me gring up the tree with and would save me gring up the

"Who is in charge here?" asked Mr

clubroom. A charmingly appointed room lay be-fore him. He could hear voices behind a large screen at the far end. Presently a well-dressed, handsome woman stepped