

# The Gods of Mars



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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### SYNOPSIS

John Carter, who has been translated twice to Mars, returns to earth and leaves the story of his adventures with his nephew, then goes again to Mars.

Carter aids a Martian warrior fighting a horde of plant men. He discovers in the warrior an old friend, Tars Tarkas.

Carter and Tarkas escape their enemies by entering a hollow tree and making their way to a cliff cave above.

They explore the cave, and through a secret door enter a mysterious chamber. Unseen voices threaten them.

They engage in desperate fighting with them, people who inhabit that section, and meet an imprisoned maid, Thuvia.

She tells of her captivity, shoots a thorn and Carter disguises himself in the thorn's garments.

Carter plans an escape from the mysterious place. Thuvia leads the way to still other chambers.

The thorns are attacked by an aerial fleet of Black Pirates, and during the battle Carter, Tarkas, Thuvia and a young male prisoner, Carthoris, escape in an airship.

Carter discovers that Carthoris is his son by his Martian wife, Dejah Thoris, a princess. A fleet from Hellum, Carter's principality, meets his airship.

Carter is accused of blasphemy by Zat Arras, governor of Hellum during Carter's absence. Carter is condemned, but saved by powerful friends.

Carter is escorted to his palace. He learns that Dejah Thoris is held a prisoner by the Black Pirates.

Carter and his friends assemble a huge air fleet and fly to the rescue of Dejah Thoris.

A fearful aerial battle takes place. Carter is also attacked by an air fleet under Zat Arras, who is defeated.

Carter attempts to reach Dejah Thoris by subterranean passages, which are suddenly flooded, and great difficulties are encountered.

Carter finds Dejah Thoris in a chamber, hidden her and plunges again in the battle. Tarkas charges and the battle is won.

Dejah Thoris has been taken from her hiding place by Issus, Goddess of the Black Pirates, and imprisoned in a revolving chamber. Carter cannot rescue her and is borne away almost unconscious by his men.

Together for a year they will meditate within the temple of the Sun, but ere the year is quite gone there will be no more food for them. Ha-ah! What divine entertainment! and she licked the froth from her cruel lips. "There will be no more food—except each other. Ha-ah! Ha-ah!"

The horror of the suggestion nearly paralyzed me. To this awful fate the creature within my power had condemned my princess. I trembled in the ferocity of my rage.

As a terrier shakes a rat I shook Issus, Goddess of Life Eternal.

"Countermand your orders!" I cried. "Recall the condemned. Hasten or you die!"

"It is too late. Ha-ah! Ha-ah!" She again commenced her gibbering and shrieking.

Almost of its own volition my dagger flew up above that wicked heart. But something stayed my hand, and I am glad now that it did. It is a terrible thing to have struck down a woman with one's own hand. But a fitter fate occurred to me for this false deity.

"Black Pirates," I cried, turning to those who stood within the chamber, "you have seen today the impotency of Issus—the gods are omnipotent. Issus is no god. She is a cruel and wicked old woman, who has deceived and played upon you for ages. Take her."



"Where is Dejah Thoris?"

John Carter, prince of Hellum, would not contaminate his hand with her blood.

With that I pushed the raving beast, whom a short half hour before a whole world had worshipped as divine, from the platform of her throne into

of smoke to our nostrils.

Presently we heard shouting at the far end of the corridor and hurrying feet.

"Come back, John Carter; come back!" cried a voice. "Even the pits are burning."

In a moment a dozen men broke through the now blinding smoke to my side. There were Carthoris and Kantos Kan and Hor Vastus, with a few more who had followed me to the temple court.

"I shall remain here beside my princess until a merciful death releases me from my anguish," I declared. "I care not to live."

Dejah Thoris stood as closely to the crack as she could, whispering words of hope and courage to me and urging me to save myself.

The smoke cleared away, and we stood gazing upon a blank wall. The last crackle had closed.

They urged me to leave. "In a moment it will be too late," cried Kantos Kan. "There is, in fact, but a bare chance that we can get through to the outer garden alive, even now. I have ordered the pumps started, and in five minutes the pits will be flooded. If we would not drown like rats in a trap we must hasten above and make a dash for safety through the burning temple."

"Go," I urged them. "Let me die here beside my princess. There is no hope or happiness elsewhere for me. When they carry her dead body from that terrible place a year hence let them find the body of her lord awaiting her."

Of what happened after that I have only a confused recollection. It seems as though I struggled with many men and then that I was picked bodily from the ground and borne away.

I do not know.

THE END.

### Genius and Insanity.

Many of the men whose names we revere today in science, art, literature and poetry suffered from emotional disturbances, resulting in nerve storms or outbursts of mental violence which can only be described as superacute mania. The poet Cowper had strong suicidal tendencies, yet he wrote "John Gilpin" when suffering from intense melancholia. Shelley had an insane ancestry, and at Eton he was called "Mad Shelley." Charles Lamb had to be placed in an asylum, and his sister Mary stabbed her mother to the heart while insane. Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy are almost a parallel to Charles and Mary Lamb. At the age of thirty Coleridge was broken down, and he died a wreck at sixty-two. Southey came of an insane stock. The mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist, died demented at forty-two. Pope was deformed and rickety, and Keats was neurotic to his finger tips. Byron's mother was unbalanced, and so was his maternal grandfather.—London Globe.

THE SECOND LINE OF DEFENSE—THE U. S. ARMY  
The War Secretary and some of his officers.

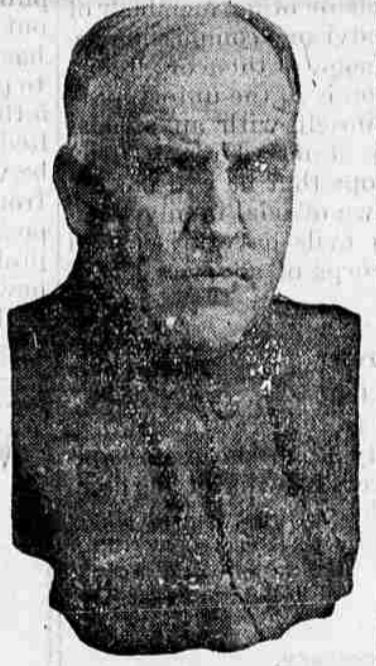


Photo by American Press Association. Brigadier General Charles J. Bailey.



Photo by American Press Association. Major General Hugh L. Gott.

### Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have been constituted the executors of the estate of S. F. Richardson, deceased, late of Union county, Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate will present the same with proper vouchers to the undersigned at La Grande, Union county, Oregon, within six months after the first publication of this notice. Dated at La Grande, Oregon, this July 3, 1917.

### JOEL H. RICHARDSON, and GEORGE B. RICHARDSON.

Executors of the Estate of S. F. Richardson, Deceased. D. July 5-12-19-26 Aug. 2-9.

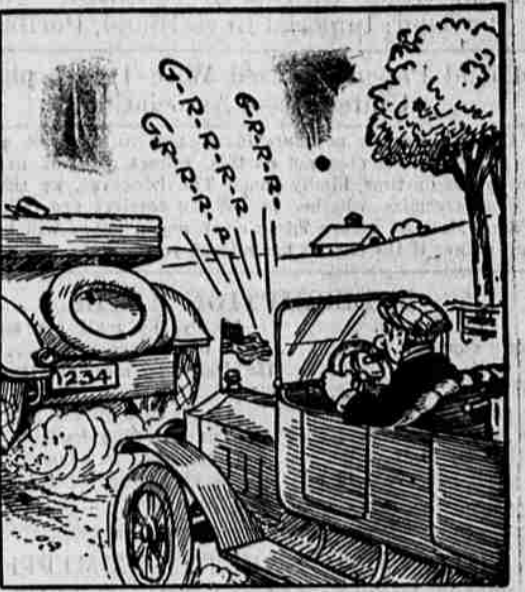
### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the county court of Union county, state of Oregon, has duly appointed the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of George May Huckin, deceased; and that all claims against

said estate must be properly itemized and verified, and filed with the undersigned, at the store of E. E. Kirtley, La Grande, Oregon, or at the office of F. S. Ivanhoe, her attorney, La Grande, Oregon, on or before six months from and after the 14th day of July, 1917.

GOLDIE CAMPBELL, Administratrix of the estate of George May Huckin, deceased. F. S. IVANHOE, Attorney for Administratrix. Daily 7-12-19-26. 8-2-9.

### DOINGS OF THE DUFFS.



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