

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

# TARZAN of THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

**BEGIN HERE**  
John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, is appointed to British service in Africa. May, 1888, he and Lady Alice Burroughs, his wife, sailed from Liverpool. On the way, they and the Fu-waldas are killed and the Claytons are landed on a jungle shore. Clayton records their strange life. A year after their son is killed by Kerchak, an ape, Kala, a mother ape, steals the Clayton child and drops it in a well and bakes it in the earth. Kerchak dies from the Clayton cabin when a gun discharged and the gun sprang up behind him. Kala nurses the white babe, and as ten years Tarzan (mean) grows up, he becomes as strong as the apes. Tarzan enters the Clayton hut and from pictures in a child's picture book, he learns that the man of a different tribe than the apes, that Saber is a lioness, etc. He copies the letter to a man he doesn't know, old father. At 18 he understands nearly all he reads in the many books, but never learns to speak the human being cannot speak the English language. He learns to hunt big game, to love his father, big game, to use his knife, to use his bow and arrow. Savages, escaping from white officers in a native territory near Tarzan's home, invade the village. King M'boanga, son of King M'boanga, wanders from his tribe and kills Kala with a poisoned arrow.

GO ON TO THE STORY

After the first outburst of grief Tarzan controlled himself, and questioning the members of the tribe who had witnessed the killing of Kala he learned all that their meager vocabulary could vouchsafe him.

It was enough, however, for his needs. It told him of strange, hairless, black ape with feathers growing upon its head, who branched death from a slender branch, and then ran, with the fleetness of Bara, the deer, toward the rising sun.

Tarzan waited no longer, but leaping into the branches of the tree sped rapidly through the forest. He knew the windings of the elephant trail along which Kala's murderer had flown, and so he cut straight through the jungle to intercept the Jack warrior who was evidently following the tortuous detours of the trail.

At his side was the hunting knife of his unknown sire, and across his shoulders the coils of his own long rope. In an hour he struck the trail again, and coming to earth examined the soil minutely.

In the soft mud on the bank of a tiny rivulet he found footprints such as he alone in all the jungle had ever made, but much larger than his. His heart beat fast. Could it be that he was trailing a MAN—one of his own race?

There were two sets of imprints pointing in opposite directions. So his quarry had already passed on his return along the trail. As he examined the newer spoor a tiny particle of earth toppled from the outer edge of one of the footprints to the bottom of its shallow depression—ah, the trail was very fresh, his prey must have but scarcely passed.

Tarzan swung himself to the trees once more, and with swift noiselessness, sped along high above the trail. He had covered barely a mile when he came upon the black warrior standing in a little open space. In his hand was his slender bow to which he had fitted one of his death dealing arrows.

Opposite him across the little clearing stood Horta, the boar, with lowered head and foamy necked tusks, ready to charge.

Tarzan looked with wonder upon the strange creature beneath him—so like in form and yet so different in face and color. His books had portrayed the negro, but how different had been the dull, dead print to this sleek and hideous thing of ebony, pulsing with life.

As the man stood there with taut drawn bow Tarzan recognized in him not so much the negro as the Archer of his picture book.

A STANDS FOR ARCHER. How wonderful Tarzan almost betrayed his presence in the deep excitement of his discovery.

But things were commencing to happen below him. The sinewy black arm had drawn the shaft far back; Horta, the boar, was charging, and then the black released the little poisoned arrow, and Tarzan

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He examined and admired the tattooing on the forehead and breast. He marveled at the sharp, filed teeth. He investigated and appropriated the fathered head-irons, and then he prepared to get down to business, for Tarzan of the Apes was hungry, and here was meat; meat of the kill, which jungle ethics permitted him to eat.

How may we judge him, by what



THE MAJOR'S BROTHER IS COMING TO VISIT

THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



THE FALSE TEETH DISPLAY, IN FRONT OF OLD DOC PULLMAN'S OFFICE, WAS STOLEN LAST NIGHT—THIS IS THE SECOND BIG ROBBERY WITHIN A WEEK—

Kulonga was panic-stricken. His spear had buried itself in Kala and had not recovered; and, now that his bow and arrows were gone, he was defenseless except for a single knife. His only hope lay in reaching the village of Mbonga as quickly as his legs would carry him.

That he was not far from home he was certain, so he took to the trail at a rapid trot. From a great mass of impenetrable foliage a few yards away emerged Tarzan of the Apes to swing quietly in his wake.

Kulonga's bow and arrows were securely tied high in the top of a giant tree from which a patch of

standards, this ape-man with the heart and head and body of an English gentleman, and the training of a wild beast?

Tablet, whom he had hated and who had hated him, he had killed in fair fight, and yet never had the thought of eating of Tablet's flesh entered his head. It would have been as revolting to him as is cannibalism to us.

The moment was delayed only because Tarzan was anxious to ascertain the black warrior's destination, and presently he was rewarded, for they came suddenly in view of a great clearing, at one end of which lay many strange lairs.

Tarzan was directly over Kulonga, as he made the discovery. The forest ended abruptly and beyond lay 200 yards of planted fields between the jungle and the village.

Tarzan must act quickly or his prey would be gone; but Tarzan's life-training left so little space between decision and action, when an emergency confronted him, that there was not even room for the shadow of a thought between.

So it was that Kulonga emerged from the shadow of the jungle, a slender coil of rope sped sinuously above him from the lowest branch of a mighty tree directly upon the edge of the fields of Mbonga, and the king's son had taken half steps into the clearing a quick noise tightened about his neck.

So quickly did Tarzan of the Apes draw back his prey that Kulonga's cry of alarm was throttled in his windpipe. Hand over hand Tarzan drew the struggling black until he had him hanging by his neck in midair; then Tarzan climbed to a larger branch, drawing the still thrashing victim well up into the sheltering verdure of the tree.

Here he fastened the rope securely to a stout branch, and then, descending, plunged his hunting knife into Kulonga's heart. Kala was avenged.

Tarzan examined the black man, never had he seen any other human being. The knife with its sheath and belt caught his eye; he appropriated them. A copper anklet also took his fancy, and this he transferred to his own leg.

He examined and admired the tattooing on the forehead and breast. He marveled at the sharp, filed teeth. He investigated and appropriated the fathered head-irons, and then he prepared to get down to business, for Tarzan of the Apes was hungry, and here was meat; meat of the kill, which jungle ethics permitted him to eat.

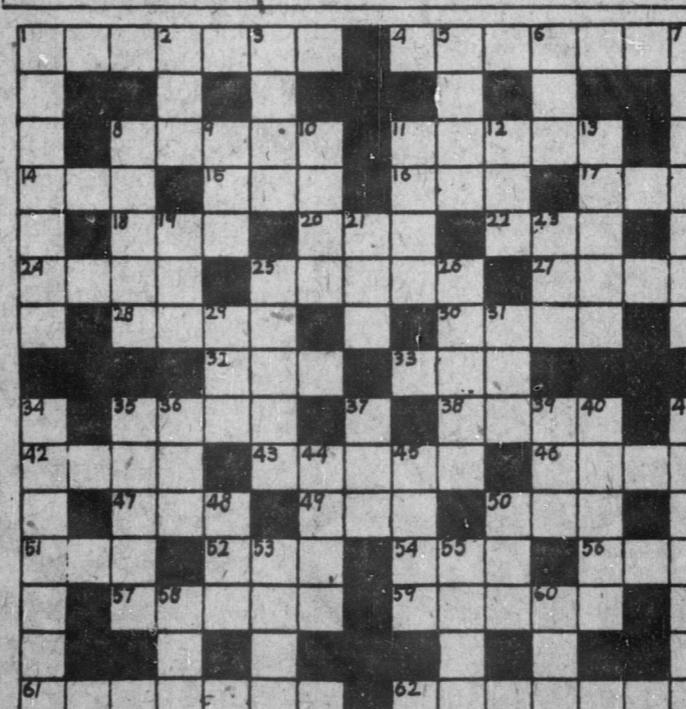
How may we judge him, by what

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY—  
THE MAIL ROBBERY

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



## TODAY'S CROSS-WORD



Hurray! We introduce a new word in this puzzle. That's what makes it educational. The word is 15 Horizontal, all letters keyed.

### HORIZONTAL

1. Deadens hearing.

4. Portable hand carriages.

8. Time of a fork.

11. Melts.

14. Snakelike fish.

18. Fleshy tumor.

20. Pronoun.

21. 2,000 pounds.

23. Part of "be."

28. Consumed.

32. Resinous substance.

34. Contradict.

35. Different.

37. Inflammation of joints.

38. Clairvoyant.

40. Above.

42. Rodent.

43. Single.

47. Get out.

48. Breathe hard.

49. To.

50. Get away from.

51. Painting, sculpture, etc.

52. Reverential fear.

53. Poem.

54. Busily, fuss.

55. A metal.

56. Eve's origin.

57. Conjunction.

58. A vase.

59. Pointed missiles.

60. Indination.

61. Inclination.

62. Membranous bag.

63. Crowns.

64. Prepared

"You have positively no excuse for staying out until this absurd hour."

"Oh, haven't I, my dear! I've got a simply gorgeous excuse. Why, I've been standing outside for the last hour and a half thinking it out."—Humorist (London)



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