

TARZAN of THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

BEGIN HERE
John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, is appointed to a British post in Africa. At first, he and his wife, Alice, are in England, but they sail from Dover. During mutiny all officers on the Furrow are killed, and the Clayton's are landed on the possession of an isolated jungle shore. Clayton records their strange life. A year after his son is born, he and Alice die. Clayton is killed by Kerchak, an ape. Kala, the ape, saves the tiny Tarzan child and drops her own dead babe in the cradle. Kala nurses the child, and Tarzan, a man meaning white skin, climbs as well as the apes. Tarzan gains access to the jungle, and from his first steps in a child's primer learns that he is a man of a different tribe than the apes. The apes are uncouth. Sabor is a lioness. Tarzan is an elephant, and he copies letters with pencils found in an old book. At first he understands nearly all he reads in the man's book, but he has never seen a human being cannot speak the English language. Savages escaping from the jungle often pass by. They are a few miles from Tarzan's home and build a village. Kulonga, son of M'bonga, the king, kills Tarzan with a poisoned arrow. Tarzan pursues Kulonga and finds a high tree watches him. He comes to a clearing. At the edge of M'bonga's village, Tarzan strangles Kulonga with a lasso and strips him of his armor.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER X

The Fear Phantom

The lotty perch Tarzan viewed the village of thatched huts across the intervening plantation.

He saw that at one point the forest touched the village, and to this spot he made his way, lured by a fever of curiosity to behold animals of his own kind, and to learn more of their ways and view the strange lairs in which they lived.

His savage life among the fierce wild brutes of the jungle left no opening for any thought that these could be caught else than enemies. Similarity of form led him into no erroneous conception of the welcome that would be accorded him should he be discovered by these, the first of his own kind he had ever seen.

Tarzan of the Apes was no sentimental. He knew nothing of the brotherhood of man. All things outside his own tribe were his deadly enemies, with the few exceptions which Tarzan, the elephant, was a marked example.

And he realized all this without malice or hatred. To kill was the law of the wild world he knew. Few were his primitive pleasures, but the greatest of these was to hunt and kill, and so he accorded to others the right to cherish the same desires as he, even though he himself might be the object of their hunt.

His strange life had left him neither mope nor bloodthirsty. That he joyed in killing, and that he killed with a joyous laugh upon his handsome lips betokened no innate cruelty. He killed for food most often, but being a man, he sometimes killed for pleasure, a thing which no other animal does; for it has remained for man alone among all creatures to kill senselessly and wantonly for the mere pleasure of inflicting suffering and death.

And when he killed for revenge, or in self-defense, he did that also without hysteria, but it was a very businesslike proceeding which admitted of no levity.

It was that now, as he cautiously approached the village of M'bonga, he was quite prepared either to kill or be killed should he be discovered. He proceeded with unworded stealth, for Kulonga had taught him great respect for the little sharp splinters of wood which dealt death so swiftly and unerringly.

At length he came to a great tree, heavy laden with thick foliage and loaded with pendant loops of giant creepers. From this almost impenetrable bower above the village he crouched, looking down upon the

village was deserted.

Tarzan of the Apes knew that they had found the body of his victim, but that interested him far less than the fact that no one remained in the village to prevent his taking a supply of the arrows which lay below him.

Quickly and noiselessly he dropped to the ground beside the cauldron of poison. For a moment, he stood motionless, his quick, bright eyes scanning the interior of the palisade.

No one was in sight. His eyes rested upon the open doorway of a nearby hut. He would take a look within, thought Tarzan, and so, cautiously, he approached the low thatched building.

For a moment he stood without, listening intently. There was no sound, and he glided into the semi-darkness of the interior.

Weapons hung against the walls—long spears, strangely shaped knives, a couple of narrow shields. In the center of the room was a cooking pot, and at the far end a litter of dry grasses covered by woven mats which evidently served the owners as beds and bedding. Several human skulls lay upon the floor.

Tarzan of the Apes felt of each article, hefted the spears, smelled of them, for he "saw" largely through his sensitive and highly trained nostrils. He determined to own one of these long, pointed sticks, but he could not take one on this trip because of the arrows he meant to carry.

One by one, as he took each article from the walls, he placed them in a pile in the center of the room, and on top of all he placed the cooking pot, inverted, and on top of this he laid one of the grinning skulls, upon which he fastened the head-dress of the dead Kulonga.

Then he stood back and surveyed his work, and grinned. Tarzan of the Apes was a joker.

But now he heard, without, the

people notice it, drive them off with Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets.

A pimply face will not embarrass you longer if you get a package of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The skin will begin to clear after you have taken the tablets a few nights.

Cleanses the blood, blood and liver with Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the successful substitute for calomel; there's no sickness or pain after taking them.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets do that which calomel does, and just as effectively, but their action is gentle and safe instead of severe and irritating.

No one who takes Olive Tablets is ever cursed with "dark brown taste," a bad breath, dull limbs, "no good" feeling, constipation, torpid liver, bad disposition or pimply face.

Olive Tablets are a perfectly reliable compound mixed with olive oil, you will know it by their own color.

Dr. Edwards spent five years among patients afflicted with liver and bowel complaints and Olive Tablets are the only reliable substitute. Take one or two nightly for a week. See how much better you feel and look. 15¢ and 30¢.

—Advertisement.

Take Haley's Magnesia-Oil—milk of magnesia and mineral oil combined.

There is a cause for disordered stomach. And that cause will most often be found in the lower bowel, the seat of most so-called "stomach trouble."

Acids from fermenting, accumulating waste matter must be neutralized and waste matter eliminated. Two things are necessary—both are done at one time with Haley's Magnesia-Oil (milk of magnesia combined with mineral oil.)

Both oil and magnesia work together as they should. The oil carries the magnesia straight to the lower bowel where it is needed. Acids are neutralized, clogged tracts are lubricated. Action is prompt, but devoid of griping or distress.

Get a bottle of Haley's Magnesia-Oil today. There is no oily taste.

If your druggist can't supply you write us. We'll mail postpaid on receipt of price. Large family size, \$1.

The Haley M-O Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Haley's M-O
Just Milk of Magnesia
and Pure Mineral Oil

—Advertisement.

PIMPLY? WELL, DON'T BE

People Notice It, Drive Them

Off With Dr. Edwards' Olive

Tablets.

A pimply face will not embarrass you longer if you get a package of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The skin will begin to clear after you have taken the tablets a few nights.

Cleanses the blood, blood and liver with Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the successful substitute for calomel; there's no sickness or pain after taking them.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets do that which calomel does, and just as effectively, but their action is gentle and safe instead of severe and irritating.

No one who takes Olive Tablets is ever cursed with "dark brown taste," a bad breath, dull limbs, "no good" feeling, constipation, torpid liver, bad disposition or pimply face.

Olive Tablets are a perfectly reliable compound mixed with olive oil, you will know it by their own color.

Dr. Edwards spent five years among patients afflicted with liver and bowel complaints and Olive Tablets are the only reliable substitute. Take one or two nightly for a week. See how much better you feel and look. 15¢ and 30¢.

—Advertisement.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



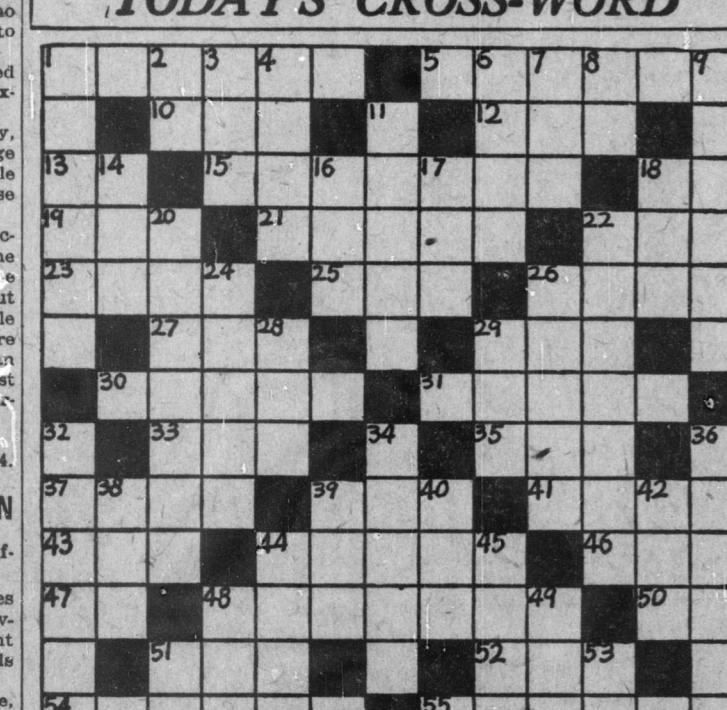
IT HAS NOT BEEN DEFINITELY DECIDED WHETHER THE FALSE TEETH DISPLAY STOLEN FROM THE FRONT OF DOC PULLMAN'S OFFICE WAS TAKEN BEFORE OR AFTER FIVE DOZEN BISCUITS DISAPPEARED FROM THE BAKERY.

© 1925 BY N.Y.A. SERVICE, INC.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



TODAY'S CROSS-WORD



HORIZONTAL

- Doctrines.
- Ancient city.
- Implement of navigation.
- A bad actor.
- Thus.
- Realign.
- Exclamation.
- A number.
- Slang.
- Sister of mercy.
- Unit of measure.
- Pshaw.
- Able.
- Part of face.
- Mentioned.
- Reverence.
- Nickname of famous eastern University.
- Blemish.
- Kitchen utensil.
- Glen.
- Rodent.
- Abnormality.
- Journal.
- Paid publicity.
- A fish.
- Us.
- Of him.
- Regret.

VERTICAL

- To rectify.
- Leave.
- Spoil.
- Space.
- It.
- Dried grass.
- Unit of measure.
- Pitted.
- Debate.
- Possess.
- Cunning.
- Decay.
- Low, droning sound.
- Back part of head.
- Pertaining to marriage.
- Bearer of grudge.
- Meadow.
- Share.
- Falsehood.
- To wear off by friction.
- An orthodox Mahammedan.
- Romantic tale.
- Boy.
- Chum.
- Point.
- Humble.
- Religious service.
- Psychic body emanation.
- Part of body.

TO DISCUSS NEW PLAYS

Prof. W. E. Jenkins Will Give Last of Series of Lectures.

The final lecture of the series of six by Prof. W. E. Jenkins under the auspices of the Indianapolis center of the Drama League of America, will be given the evening of Jan. 13 in the chapter house of the Caroline Scott Harrison chapter of D. A. R., 824 N. Pennsylvania St.

Jenkins will review plays showing in New York, where he has been visiting for two weeks.

An informal reception will follow the lecture.

Air Clubs Meet Wednesday.

Members of the 44th Squadron, Air Service Club, will discuss plans for 1925 at the Naval Reserve Bldg., 17 E. North St., Wednesday at 8 p.m. Officers desire a full attendance.

Used By Millions Of Mothers



For Croup and Colds

Over 98 million jars of Vicks have been used in the past five years. This means the unbroken confidence of a vast army of mothers. They like Vicks because it solves a great problem—how to treat croup and colds without that continual dosing, which is so harmful to delicate stomachs.

Being applied externally Vicks does not disturb the digestion. It can be freely used without the slightest harmful effect.

Vicks brings prompt relief from croup and often checks even the worst cold overnight.

There is nothing to swallow. You just rub it on.

VICKS
VAPORUB
Over 17 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Change in Sanitary Board May Affect Situation.

With the new year in and axes sharpened, the question of removing the truly W. Nolen, superintendent of the village, from the village, within the first gleam of dawn. At first he lost nearly every bolt he shot, but finally he learned to guide the little shafts with fair accuracy, and ere month had passed he was no mean shot; but his proficiency had cost him nearly his entire supply of arrows.

Scarcely had half a dozen entered the building ere they came rushing out in wild, jabbering confusion.

The others hastened to gather about. There was much excited gesturing, pointing and chattering;

They must be very neat.

Like a flash he sprang across the opening to the pile of arrows. Gathering up all he could carry, under one arm, he overturned the seething cauldron with a kick, and disappeared into the foliage above just as the first of the returning natives entered the gate at the far end of the village street. Then he turned to watch the proceeding below, poised like some wild bird ready to take swift wing at the first sign of danger.

The natives filed up the street, four of them bearing the dead body of Kulonga. Behind trailed the women, uttering strange cries and weird lamentations. On they came to the portals of Kulonga's hut, the very one in which Tarzan had wrought his deprivations.

Scarcely had half a dozen entered the building ere they came rushing out in wild, jabbering confusion.

The others hastened to gather about. There was much excited gesturing, pointing and chattering;

They must be very neat.

Tarzan of the Apes watched them for a while from his lofty perch in the great tree. There was much in the demeanor which he could not understand, for of superstition he was ignorant, and of fear of any kind he had but a vague conception.

The sun was high in the heavens.

Tarzan had not broken fast this day, and it was many miles to where lay the toothsome remains of Horta the boar.

So he turned his back upon the village of M'bonga and melted away into the leafy fastness of the forest.

CHAPTER XI

"King of the Apes"

It was not yet dark when he reached the tribe, though he stopped to exhume and devour the remains of the wild boar he had cached the preceding day, and again to take Kulonga's bow and arrows from