

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 a British post in Africa. May, 1885, he and Lady Alice Ruthven, his wife, sail from Dover. During many all officers on the Fulda, landed with their possessions on an island in the Congo. Clayton and his wife, a year after their marriage, arrived in the Congo. His wife, Lady Alice, died in the Congo. Clayton, an ape, is killed by a lion. Clayton, a mother ape, seals the Clayton child and from her own dead body in the Congo. Clayton, a mother ape, seals the Clayton child and from her own dead body in the Congo. Clayton, a mother ape, seals the Clayton child and from her own dead body in the Congo.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

The tribe continued to find the hunting good in the vicinity of the beach, and so Tarzan of the Apes varied his archery practice with further investigation of his father's choice though little store of books.

It was during this period that the young English lord found hidden in the back of one of the cupboards in the cabin a small metal box. The key was in the lock, and a few moments' investigation and experimentation were rewarded with the successful opening of the receptacle.

In it he found a faded photograph of a smooth-faced young man, a golden locket studded with diamonds, linked to a small metal chain, a few letters and a small book.

Tarzan examined these all minutely. The photograph he liked most of all, for the eyes were smiling and the face was open and frank. It was his father.

The locket, too, took his fancy, and he placed the chain about his neck in imitation of the ornaments of the black men he had visited. The brilliant stones gleamed strangely against his smooth, brown hide.

The letters he could scarcely decipher, for he had learned little or nothing of script, so he put them back in the box with the photograph and turned his attention to the book.

This was almost entirely filled with fine script, but while the little bugs were all familiar to him, their arrangement and the combinations in which they occurred were strange and entirely incomprehensible. Tarzan had long since learned the use of the dictionary, but much to his sorrow and perplexity it proved of no avail to him in this emergency. Not a word of all that was written in the book could he find, and so he put it back in the metal box, but with a determination to work out the mysteries of it later on.

For little account had he but known it, that tiny, baffling mystery held between its seal covers the key to his origin, the answer to the strange riddle of his strange life.

It was the diary of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke—kept in French, as had always been his custom.

Tarzan replaced the box in the cupboard, but always thereafter he carried the features of the strong,

RHEUMATISM PAINS ARE NOW IN SEASON

Rheumatism is easier to avoid than to cure, states a well-known authority. We are advised to dress warmly, keep the feet dry, avoid exposure, and above all, drink plenty of good water and avoid eating sweets of all kind.

Rheumatism is caused by body waste and acids resulting from food fermentation. It is the function of the kidneys to filter this poison from the blood and cast it out in the urine; the pores of the skin are also a means of freeing the blood of this impurity. In damp and chilly cold weather the skin pores are closed, thus forcing the kidneys to do double work; they become weak and sluggish and fail to eliminate this waste and acids, which keeps accumulating and circulating through the system, eventually settling in the joints and muscles, causing soreness and pain, called rheumatism.

At the first twinge of rheumatism get from any pharmacy about four ounces of Jad Salts; put a tablespoonful in a glass of water and drink before breakfast each morning for a week. This is helpful to neutralize acids, remove waste matter, also to stimulate the kidneys, thus often ridding the blood of rheumatic poison.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is used with excellent results by thousands of folks who are subject to rheumatism.—Advertisement.

Famous Old Recipe for Cough Syrup

Easily and cheaply made at home, but it beats them all for quick results.

Thousands of housewives have found that they can save two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations by using this well-known old recipe for making cough syrup. It is simple and cheap, but it has no equal for prompt results. It takes right hold of a cough and gives immediate relief, usually stopping an ordinary cough in twenty-four hours or less.

Get two and one-half ounces of Pinex from any drugstore, pour it into a pint bottle, and add plain granulated sugar syrup to make a full pint. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, keeps perfectly and lasts a family a long time.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it penetrates through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes the inflamed membrane, and, generally, but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup or hoarseness.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract known for its healing effect on membranes. It's disappointment by asking your druggist for two and one-half ounces of Pinex, with full directions and don't give anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Wayne, Mich.—Advertisement.

scalloped face of his father in his heart, and in his head a fixed determination to solve the mystery of the strange words in the little black book.

At present he had more important business in hand, for his supply of arrows was exhausted, and he must needs journey to the black men's village and renew it.

Early the following morning he set out, and, traveling rapidly, he came before midday to the clearing. Once more he took up his position in the great tree, and, as before, he saw the women in the fields and the village street, and the cauldron of bubbling poison directly beneath him.

For hours he lay awaiting his opportunity to drop down unseen and gather up the arrows for which he had come; but nothing now occurred to call the villagers away from their homes. The day wore on, and still Tarzan of the Apes crouched above the unsuspecting woman at the cauldron.

Presently the warriors in the fields returned. The hunting parties emerged from the forest, and when all were within the palisade the gates were closed and barred.

Many cooking pots were now in evidence about the village. Before each hut a woman presided over a boiling stew, while little cakes of plantain, and cassava puddings were to be seen on every hand.

Suddenly there came a hall from the edge of the clearing.

Tarzan looked.

It was a party of belated hunters returning from the north, and among them they half led, half carried a struggling animal.

As they approached the village the gates were thrown open to admit them, and then, as the people saw the victim of the chase, a savage cry rose to the heavens, for the quarry was a man.

As he was dragged, still resisting, into the village street, the women and children set upon him with sticks and stones, and Tarzan of the Apes, young and savage heart of the jungle, wondered at the cruel brutality of his own kind.

Sheta, the leopard, alone of all the jungle folk, tortured his prey. The ethics of all the others seemed out of a quick and merciful death to their victims.

Tarzan had learned from his books but scattered fragments of the ways of human beings. When he had followed Kulonga through the forest he had expected to come to a city or strange houses on wheels, puffing clouds of black smoke from huge tree stumps in the roof of one of them—or to a sea covered with mighty floating buildings which he had learned were called, variously, ships and boats and steamers and craft.

He had been sorely disappointed with the poor little village of the blacks, hidden away in his own jungle, and with not a single house as large as his own cabin upon the distant beach.

He saw that these people were more wicked than his own apes, and as savage and cruel as Sabor, herself. Tarzan began to hold his own kind in but low esteem.

Now they had tied their poor victim to a great post near the center of the village, directly before Mbonga's hut, and here they formed a dancing, yelling circle of warriors and menacing spears.

In a larger circle squatted the women, yelling and beating upon drums. It reminded Tarzan of the Dum-Dum, and so he knew what to expect. He wondered if they would spring upon their meat while it was still alive. The Apes did not do such things as that.

The circle of warriors about the cowering captive drew closer and closer to their prey as they danced in wild and savage abandon to the maddening music of the drums. Presently a spear reached out and pricked the victim. It was the signal for fifty others.

Eyes, ears, arms and legs were pierced; every inch of the poor writhing body that did not cover a vital organ became the target of the cruel lancers.

The women and children shrieked their delight. The warriors licked their hideous lips in anticipation of the feast to come, and vied with one another in the savagery and loathsomeness of the cruel indignities with which they tortured the still conscious prisoner.

Then it was that Tarzan of the Apes saw his chance. All eyes were fixed upon the thrilling spectacle at the feast. The light of day had given place to the darkness of a moonless night, and only the fires in the immediate vicinity of the orgy had been kept alight to cast a restless glow upon the restless scene.

Gently the lithe boy dropped to the soft earth at the end of the village street. Quietly he gathered up the arrows—all of them this time, for he had brought a number of long fibers to bind them into a bundle.

Without haste he wrapped them securely, and then, he was turned to leave, the devil of capriciousness entered his heart.

He looked about for some hint of a wild prank to play upon these strange, grotesque creatures that they might be again aware of his presence among them.

Dropping his bundle of arrows at the foot of the tree, Tarzan crept among the shadows at the side of the street until he came to the same hut he had entered on the occasion of his first visit.

Inside all was darkness, but his groping hands soon found the object for which he sought, and without further delay he turned again toward the door.

He had taken but a step, however, ere his quick ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps immediately without. In another instant the figure of a woman darkened the entrance of the hut.

Tarzan drew back silently to the far wall, and his hand sought the long, keen hunting knife of his father. The woman came quickly to the center of the hut. There she paused for an instant feeling about with her hands for the thing she sought. Evidently it was not in its accustomed place, for she explored ever nearer and nearer the wall where Tarzan stood.

So close was she now that the ape-man felt the animal warmth of her naked body. Up went the hunting knife, and then the woman



THE MAJOR'S BROTHER JAKE ARRIVES



turned to one side and soon a guttural "ah!" proclaimed that her search had at last been successful. Immediately she turned and left the hut, and as she passed through the doorway Tarzan saw that she carried a cooking pot in her hand.

He followed closely after her, and as he reconnoitered from the shadows of the doorway he saw that all the women of the village were hastening to and from the various huts with pots and kettles. These they were filling with water and placing over a number of fires near the stake where the dying victim now hung, an inert and bloody mass of suffering.

Choosing a moment when none seemed near, Tarzan hastened to his bundle of arrows beneath the great tree at the end of the village street.

As on the former occasion he overthrew the cauldron before leaping, sinuous and catlike, into the lower branches of the forest giant.

Silently he climbed to a great height until he found a point where he could look through a leafy opening upon the scene beneath him.

The women were now preparing the prisoner for their cooking pots, while the men stood about resting after the fatigue of their mad revel. Comparative quiet reigned in the village.

Tarzan raised aloft the thing he had pilfered from the hut, and with aim made true by years of fruit and coconut throwing, launched it toward the group of savages.

Squaring among them it fell, striking one of the warriors full upon the head and felling him to the ground. Then it rolled among the women and stopped beside the half butchered thing they were preparing to feast upon.

All gazed in consternation at it for an instant, and then, with one accord, broke and ran for their huts. It was a grinning human skull which looked up at them from the ground. The dropping of the thing out of the open sky was a miracle well aimed to work upon their superstitious fears.

Thus Tarzan of the Apes left them filled with terror at this new manifestation of the presence of some unseen and unearthly evil power which lurked in the forest about their village.

Later, when they discovered the overturned cauldron, and that once more their arrows had been pilfered, it commenced to dawn upon them that they had offended some great god who ruled this part of the jungle by placing their village there without propitiating him. From then

on an offering of food was daily placed below the "tree" from whence the arrows had disappeared, in an effort to conciliate the mighty one.

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HORIZONTAL

1. Balaam's animal.
2. In like manner.
3. Indefinite article.
4. Period of time.
5. Separate, particular.
6. A sailor.
7. Angered.
8. An electricity producing machine.
9. Dish served between courses.
10. Totem pole.
11. Not glad.
12. Small ray of light.
13. Comparative of free.
14. A flower.
15. Wide awake.
16. To beautify.
17. Weariness.
18. Flapping want more than they can fill.
19. Not on.
20. Agains, a period of time.
21. Races.

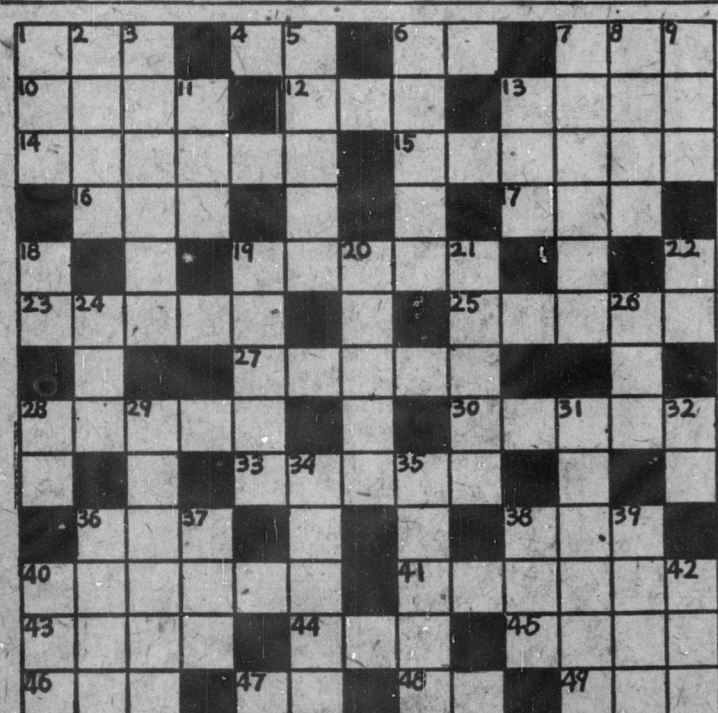
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VERTICAL

1. Assist.
2. River in Paradise.
3. Upper legislative body of the Nation.
4. Chair without a back.
5. Amphitheater.
6. Wandering, roving.
7. Stem of swamp grass.
8. Suffice, to satisfy soft drink.
9. To tangle.
10. Neuter possessive pronoun.
11. Preposition.
12. Of imposing size.
13. To perform.
14. Companions.
15. Conjunction.
16. To dismember.
17. Australian contrivance.
18. Nearby.
19. To displease.
20. Sensitive cord.
21. Tangle.

TODAY'S CROSS-WORD



HORIZONTAL

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HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

Gone, but Not Forgotten

Automobiles reported stolen belong to:

John R. Commons, 312 E. Twenty-first St., Ford, from Pennsylvania and New York Sts.

Ezra Merian, New Palestine, Ind., Ford, from Market and Delaware Sts.

Gilbert T. Osborne, 2894 Sutherland Ave., Chevrolet, from New York and Meridian Sts.

G. H. Hammond Company, 217 McCrea St., Ford, from in front of same address.

BACK HOME AGAIN

Automobiles reported found by police belong to:

Haughn & Son, Plainfield, Ind., Chevrolet, found at Market and West Sts.



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