

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

TARZAN of THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

BEGIN HERE

After the death in 1890 of John Clayton, Lord Greyhound, and his wife, Lady Alice, in the African jungle, their infant son, Tarzan (meaning white skin) is reared by an ape. At 15 years he has learned to speak English, but can speak only a few words of his father's language. He finds his father's diary and a letter. As the diary is in French, Tarzan does not learn the title of his strange life. Mbonga and his tribe of savages, escaping with their secret plans, find Tarzan's home. He keeps them alarmed with his secret plans. A ship bearing white passengers anchors near by. On his cabin Tarzan finds a notice for the destruction of his treasure. He kills the white men, and the white man, William Cecil Clayton, son of the late Lord Greyhound, escapes. For Prof. Archimedes Q. Porter, the girl's father, and his secretary, Samuel T. Philander, who have disappeared in the forest, Tarzan saves Clayton from the jaws of a lion. While a lioness is forcing its way into the cabin, Tarzan is carrying the last Clayton to his companions.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

Presently they came to the clearing before the beach. Tarzan's quick ears had heard the strange sounds of Sabor's efforts to force her way through the lattice, and it seemed to Clayton that they dropped a straight hundred feet to earth, so quickly did Tarzan descend. Yet when they struck the ground it was with scarce a jar, and as Clayton released his hold on the ape-man he saw him dart like a squirrel for the opposite side of the cave.

The Englishman sprang quickly after him just in time to see the hind quarters of some huge animal about to disappear through the window of the cabin.

As Jane Porter opened her eyes to a realization of the again imminent peril which threatened her, her brave young heart gave up at last its final vestige of hope, and she turned to grope for the fallen weapon that she might mete to herself a merciful death ere the cruel fangs tore into her fair flesh.

The lioness was almost through the opening before Jane found the weapon, and she snatched it quickly to her temple to shut out forever the hideous jaws gnating for their prey.

An instant she hesitated, to breathe a short and silent prayer to her Maker, and as she did so her eyes fell upon her poor Esmeralda lying inert, but alive, beside the cupboard.

How could she leave the poor, faithful thing to those merciless, yellow fangs? No, she must use one cartridge on the senseless woman ere she turned the cold muzzle toward herself again.

How she shrank from the ordeal! But it had been cruelty a thousand times less justifiable to have left the loving black woman who had reared her from infancy with all a mother's care and solicitude to regain consciousness beneath the rending claws of the great cat.

Quickly Jane Porter sprang to her feet and ran to the side of the black. She pressed the muzzle of the revolver tight against that devoted heart, closed her eyes, and—

Sabor emitted a frightful shriek. The girl, startled, pulled the trigger and turned to face the beast, and with the same movement raised the weapon against her own temple.

She did not fire a second time, for to her surprise she saw the huge animal being slowly drawn back through the window, and in the moonlight she saw the heads and shoulders of two men.

As Clayton rounded the corner of the cabin to behold the animal disappearing within, it was also to see the ape-man seize the long tail in both hands, and, bracing himself with his feet against the side of the cabin, throw all his mighty strength into the effort to draw the beast out of the interior.

Clayton was quick to lend a hand, but the ape-man babbled to him in commanding and peremptory tone something which Clayton knew to be orders, though he could not understand them.

At last, under their combined efforts, the great body commenced to appear further and farther without the window, and then there came to Clayton's mind a dawning conception of the rash bravery of his companion's act.

For a naked man to drag a shrieking, clawing man-eater forth from a window by the tail to save a

strange white girl, was indeed the last word in heroism.

In so far as Clayton was concerned it was a very different matter, since the girl was not only of his own kind and race, but was the one woman in all the world whom he loved.

Though he knew that the lioness would make short work of both of them, he pulled with a will to keep it from Jane Porter. And then he recalled the battle between this man and the great black-and-white lion which he had witnessed a short time before, and he commenced to feel more assurance.

Tarzan was still issuing orders which Clayton could not understand. He was trying to tell the stupid white man to plunge his poisoned arrows into Sabor's back and sides, and to reach the savage heart with the long, thin hunting knife that hung at Tarzan's hip; but the man would not understand, and Tarzan did not dare release his hold to do the things himself, for he knew that the puny white man never could hold mighty Sabor alone, for an instant.

Slowly the lioness was emerging from the window. At last her shoulders were out.

And then Clayton saw a thing done which not even the eternal heavens had ever seen before. Tarzan, racking his brains for some means to cope single-handed with the infuriated beast, had suddenly recalled his battle with Terkoz; and the great shoulders came clear of the window, so that lioness hangs upon the sill only by her forepaw.

Tarzan suddenly released his hold upon the brute.

With the quickness of a striking rattler he launched himself upon Sabor's back, his strong young arms seeking and gaining a full Nelson upon the beast, as he had learned it that other day during his bloody wrestling victory over Terkoz.

With a shriek the lioness turned completely over upon her back, falling full upon her enemy; but the black-haired giant only closed the tighter his hold.

Pawing and tearing at earth and air, Sabor rolled and threw herself this way and that in an effort to dislodge this strange antagonist; but tighter and tighter drew the iron bands that were forcing her head lower and lower upon her tawny breast.

Higher crept the steel forearms of the ape-man about the back of Sabor's neck. Weaker and weaker became the lioness's efforts.

At last Clayton saw the immense muscles of Tarzan's shoulders and biceps leap into corded knots beneath the silver moonlight. There was a long sustained and supreme effort on the ape-man's part—and the vertebrae of Sabor's neck parted with a sharp snap.

In an instant Tarzan was upon his feet, and for the second time that day Clayton heard the bull ape's raucous roar of victory. Then he heard Jane Porter's agonized cry: "Cecil—Mr. Clayton! Oh, what is it? What is it?"

Running quickly to the cabin door, Clayton called out that all was right, and bade her open. As quickly as she could she raised the great bar and wildly dragged Clayton within.

"What was that awful noise?" she whispered, shrinking close to him.

"It was the cry of the kill from the throat of the man who has just saved your life, Miss Porter. Wait, I will fetch him that you may thank him."

The frightened girl would not be left alone, so she accompanied Clayton to the side of the cabin where lay the dead body of the lioness.

Tarzan of the Apes was gone. Clayton called several times, but there was no reply, and so the two returned to the greater safety of the interior.

"What frightful sound!" cried Jane Porter, "I shudder at the mere thought of it. Do not tell me that human throat voiced that hideous and fearsome shriek."

"But it did, Miss Porter," replied Clayton; "or at least if not a human throat that of a forest god."

And then he told her of his experiences with this strange creature—of how twice the wild man had saved his life—of the wondrous strength, and agility, and bravery—of the brown skin and the handsome face.

"I cannot make it out at all," he concluded. "At first I thought he might be Tarzan of the Apes; but neither speaks nor understands English, so that theory is untenable."

"Well, whatever he may be," cried the girl, "we owe him our lives, and may God bless him and keep him in safety in his wild and savage jungle."

"Amen," said Clayton, fervently. "To the good Lawd's sake, ain't Ah said?"

The two turned to see Esmeralda



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



sitting upright upon the floor, her great eyes rolling from side to side as though she could not believe their testimony as to her whereabouts.

The lioness's shriek, as Jane Porter had been about to put a bullet into poor Esmeralda, had saved the black's life. For the little starry girl gave had turned the muzzle of the revolver to one side, and the bullet had passed harmlessly into the floor.

And now, for Jane Porter, the reaction came, and she threw herself upon the bench, screaming with hysterical laughter.

CHAPTER XVI "Most Remarkable"

Several miles south of the cabin, upon a strip of sandy beach, stood two old men, arguing.

Before them stretched the broad Atlantic; at their backs the dark continent; close around them loomed the impenetrable blackness of the jungle.

Savage beasts roared and growled; noises, hideous and weird, assailed their ears. They had wandered for miles in search of their camp; but always in the wrong direction. They were as hopelessly lost as though they suddenly had been transported to another world.

At such a time indeed must every fiber of their combined intellects have been concentrated upon the vital question of the minute—the life-and-death question to them of retracing their steps to camp.

Samuel T. Philander was speaking. "But, my dear professor," he was saying, "I still maintain that but for the victories of Ferdinand and Isabella over the fifteenth-century Moors in Spain, the world would be today a thousand years in advance of where we now find ourselves."

"The Moors were essentially a tolerant, broad-minded, liberal race of agriculturists, artisans and merchants—the very type of people that has made possible such civilization as we find today in America and Europe—while the Spaniards—"

"Tut, tut, dear Mr. Philander," interrupted Professor Porter; "their religion positively precluded the possibilities you suggest. Moslemism was, and always will be, a blight on that scientific progress which has marked—"

"Bless me! Professor," interjected Mr. Philander, who had turned his gaze toward the jungle, "there seems to be someone approaching."

Professor Archimedes Q. Porter turned in the direction indicated by the nearsighted Mr. Philander. "Tut, tut, Mr. Philander," he

to seek that absolute concentration of your mental faculties which alone may permit you to bring to bear the highest powers of intellectuality upon the momentous problems which naturally fall to the lot of great minds? And now I find you guilty of a most agrant breach of courtesy in interrupting my learned discourse to call attention to a mere quadruped of the genus Fells. As I was saying, Mr.—"

Copyright, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1914. (Continued in Next Issue)

Hoosier Briefs

WITHOUT water, Bloomington laundries are sending their "washes" to Indianapolis companies by truck.

Jay county's oldest resident is nearing the century mark. "Grandma" Lavina Rouch, inmate of the county infirmary at Portland, will be 100 years old Feb. 17.

Mishawaka is to have a new bridge over the St. Joseph River to cost \$120,000.

Mrs. Lola Lower, Wabash city attendance officer, is trying to decide whether she can force two girls, under 16, who were married recently, to attend school.

Art Nehr, pitching ace of the New York Giants, made a hit at Seymour. He spoke at the Rotary Club.

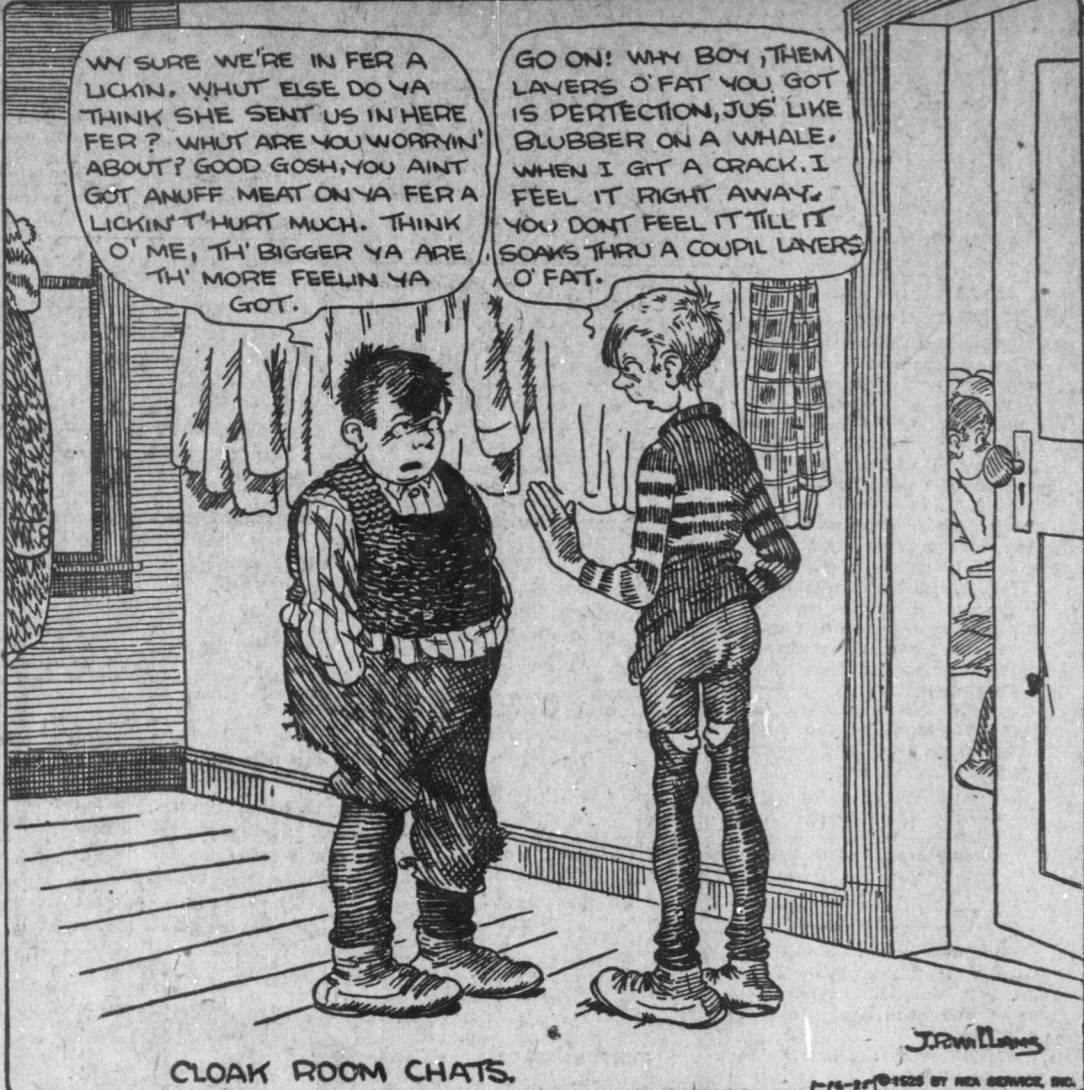
A. STACK, 83, of Windfall, is believed to be the oldest radio fan in the State. He has just installed a set at his home.

An elm, six feet across at the base, has been felled on the farm of Mrs. Emma Bazzell, near Atlanta. It was the largest tree in Tipton County.

Seven Kokomo banks in annual reports announce a total of \$9,437,148 in deposits.

From far off Balboa, J. O. Hummel, former resident of Seymour, has sent a contribution for the Knights of Pythias home building fund.

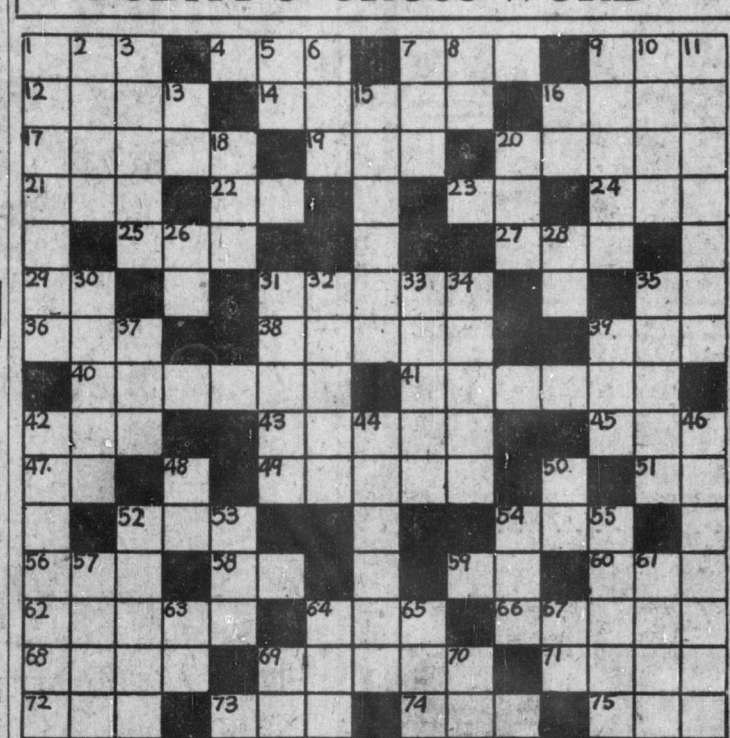
Tragedy has visited a Washington house twice. Last year William Horney was killed in a coal mine accident. Lester Emmerling, railroad brakeman, who moved there later, was killed recently in a railroad accident.



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



TODAY'S CROSS-WORD



Here's a puzzle that's harder than many you've tackled. One of our newboys constructed it.

- HORIZONTAL**
- Devour.
 - Sheep's call.
 - Decimal.
 - To dress.
 - Christmas.
 - Vision.
 - Mineral vein.
 - Baked calf (plural).
 - Bring forth young.
 - Giver.
 - Poem.
 - Exclamation.
 - Limb.
 - Drunkard.
 - Measure for cloth.
 - Forward.
 - Gives.
 - Half an em.
 - Sol.
 - A grass disease.
 - Before.
 - Sums.
 - Later.
 - Sphere.
 - Machine.
 - Cut off.
 - Note of scale.
 - Slumbering noise.

- VERTICAL**
- Obtains.
 - Among.
 - Stories.
 - Paid publicity.
 - Part of the verb "to be."
 - Light brown.
 - Measure body of type.
 - Pertaining to sound.
 - Scent.
 - Related.
 - Point of compass.
 - Sun god.
 - Skill.
 - Contraction for over.
 - Period of time.
 - Preposition.
 - Conjunction.
 - Me.
 - Premiums.
 - To stir up.
 - End.
 - Minus.
 - Yearned.
 - Band.
 - Observe.
 - Term of respect.
 - Marsh.
 - Guided.

Here is the solution to Thursday's cross-word puzzle.

HAIL AND DATE
TEAM ADIT M
MI ALE RED PI
ATE SNAKE TAT
ERGO N MOAT
AMEN ADD POST
I OIL ODE O
ROAM LOT ROPE
APEX A PAPE
EKE RATIO EON
AS CAR DOG NO
S WAYS ORAL T
EVER EEL TOM

MILLIONAIRES DIVORCED

Theodore Dickinson and Wife Are Separated.

By United Press
CHICAGO, Jan. 16.—Theodore Dickinson, millionaire president of the Marquette Cement Company, has obtained a divorce from the wife he married forty-five years ago.

Desertion was the ground for the suit.

Mrs. Dickinson receives \$500,000 in cash and securities as alimony.



When Stomach "Rebels"

Instantly! End Indigestion, Gas, Heartburn, Acidity

Correct your digestion and quiet your rebellious stomach by eating a few tablets of Pape's Diapiesin—anytime! Nothing else known ever relieve the distress of Indigestion, Gas, Heartburn, Flatulence, Bloating or Acidity so promptly—besides, the relief is pleasant and harmless.



Rheumatism

"Yes! it's all gone."

DO NOT close your eyes and think that health, free motion and strength are gone from you forever! It is not so. You can get rid of your rheumatism by building up your blood power. It is a fact that rheumatism means "blood poverty." It is a fact with the increase of red cells in your blood, impurities are destroyed. It is a fact that S.S.S. will help Nature build these red blood cells. S.S.S. is one of the most powerful blood cleansers in existence. Its results in thousands of rheumatic cases have been nothing short of amazing! The medicinal ingredients of S.S.S. are purely vegetable. This is very important to remember! What can be more inspiring, more wonderful than to see the shackles of pain released from your struggling body, swellings, lingering pains, stiffness of joints and muscles all disappear; your stomach made strong; your face pink with the old sweetheart glow, your blood enriched and your cheeks more plump as they used to be. You can do it! Take S.S.S., the great destroyer of rheumatic impurities.

S.S.S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

S.S.S. Makes You Feel Like Yourself Again