

TARZAN OF THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

BEGIN HERE

After the death in 1890 of John Clayton, Lord Greylock, and his wife, Lady Alice, in the African jungle, their infant son, Tarzan, meaning white skin in a word by an ape. At 18 years he has learned to read English books in his father's cabin but can speak only ape language. He reads his father's photo, diary and a book. As the diary is in French Tarzan does not learn the riddle of his strange life. Through the tribe of savages, escaping while off-limits to the forest, he finds his home. He keeps them alarmed with his secret plan. A ship leaves white passengers and anchors near by. On his cabin Tarzan posts a notice forbidding destruction of his treasures. Tarzan, without revealing his identity, saves Jane Porter, the colored maid from death by a lioness. William Cecil, the then Lord Greylock, searches for Prof. Archimedes Q. Porter, the girl's father, and his secretary, Samuel T. Philander, who are lost in the forest, but fails to find them.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Heavens, Professor, a lion!" cried Mr. Philander, straining his weak eyes toward the dim figure outlined against the dark tropical underbrush.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Philander, if you insist upon employing slang in your discourse, a 'lion.' But as I was saying—"

"Bless me, Professor," again interrupted Mr. Philander, "permit me to suggest that doubtless the Moors who were conquered in the fifteenth century will continue in that most regrettable condition for the time being—at least, even though we postpone discussion of that world calamity until we may attain the enchanting view of yon Fella carnivora, which distance proverbially is credited with lending."

In the meantime the lion approached with quiet dignity to within ten paces of the two men, where he stood curiously watching them.

The moonlight flooded the beach, and the strange group stood out in bold relief against the yellow sand. "Most reprehensible, most reprehensible," exclaimed Professor Porter, with a faint trace of irritation in his voice.

"Never, Mr. Philander, never before in my life have I known one of these animals to be permitted to roam at large from its cage. I shall most certainly report this outrageous breach of ethics to the directors of the adjacent zoological garden."

"Quite right, Professor," agreed Mr. Philander, "and the sooner it is done the better. Let us start now." Seizing the professor by the arm, Mr. Philander set off in the direction that would put the greatest distance between themselves and the lion.

They had proceeded but a short distance when the backward glance revealed to the horrified gaze of Mr. Philander that the lion was following them. He tightened his grip upon the protesting professor and increased his speed.

"As I was saying, Mr. Philander," repeated Professor Porter.

Mr. Philander took another hasty glance rearward. The lion was but a few paces behind him, and was doggedly maintaining an unvarying distance behind them.

"He is following us!" gasped Mr. Philander, breaking into a run. "Tut, tut, Mr. Philander," remonstrated the professor, "this unseemly haste is most unbecoming men of letters."

"What will our friends think of us, who may chance to be upon the street and witness our frivolous antics? Pray let us proceed with more decorum."

Mr. Philander stole another observation astern.

Horror! The lion was bounding along in easy leaps scarce five paces behind.

Mr. Philander dropped the professor's arm, and broke into a mad orgy of speed that would have done credit to any variety track team.

"As I was saying, Mr. Philander," screamed Professor Porter, as, metaphorically speaking, he himself "threw her in the ring." He had caught a fleeting backward glimpse of cruel yellow eyes and half open mouth within startling proximity of his person.

With streaming coat-tails and shiny silk hat Professor Archimedes Q. Porter fled through the moonlight.

close upon the heels of Mr. Samuel T. Philander.

Before them a point of the jungle ran out toward a narrow promontory, and it was for the haven of the trees he saw there that Mr. Samuel T. Philander directed his prodigious leaps and bounds; while from the shadows of this same spot peered two keen eyes in interested appreciation of the race.

It was Tarzan of the Apes who watched, with face aglow, this odd game of follow-the-leader.

He knew the two men were safe enough from attack insofar as the lion was concerned. The very fact that Numa had foregone such easy prey at all convinced the wise-for-est craft of Tarzan that Numa's belly already was full.

The lion might stalk them until hungry again; but the chances were that if not angered he would soon tire of the sport, and slink away to his jungle lair.

Really, the one great danger was that one of the men might stumble and fall, and then the yellow devil would be upon him in a moment and the joy of the kill would be too great a temptation to withstand.

So Tarzan swung quickly to a lower limb in line with the approaching fugitives, and as Mr. Samuel T. Philander came panting and blowing beneath him, already too spent to struggle up to the safety of the limb, Tarzan reached down and, grasping him by the collar of his coat, yanked him to the limb by his side.

Another moment brought the professor within the sphere of the friendly grip, and he, too, was drawn upward to safety just as the baffled Numa, with a roar, leaped to recover his vanishing quarry.

For a moment the two men clung panting to the great branch, while Tarzan squatted with his back to the stem of the tree, watching them with mingled curiosity and amusement.

It was the professor who first broke the silence.

"I am deeply pained, Mr. Philander, that should have evinced such a paucity of manly courage in the presence of one of the lower orders, and by your conduct have caused me to exert myself to such an unaccustomed degree in order that I might resume my discourse."

"As I was saying, Mr. Philander, when you interrupted me, the Moors—"

"Professor Archimedes Q. Porter," broke in Mr. Philander, in icy tones, "the time has arrived when patience becomes a crime and mayhem appears garbed in the mantle of virtue. You have accused me of cowardice. You have insinuated that you ran only to overtake me, not to escape the clutches of the lion."

"Have a care, Professor Archimedes Q. Porter! I am a desperate man. Goaded by long suffering patience the worm will turn."

"Tut, tut, Mr. Philander, tut, tut!" cautioned Professor Porter; "you forget yourself."

"I forget nothing as yet," Professor Archimedes Q. Porter; but, believe me, sir, I am tottering on the verge of forgetfulness as to your exalted position in the world of science, and your gray hairs."

The professor sat in silence for a few minutes, and the darkness hid the grim smile that wreathed his wrinkled countenance. Presently he spoke.

"Look here, Skinny Philander," he said in belligerent tones, "if you are lookin' for a scrap, peel off your coat and come on down on the ground, and I'll punch your head just as I did sixty years ago in the alley back of Porky Evans' barn."

"Ark!" gasped the astonished Mr. Philander. "Lor'ly, how good that sounds! When you're human, Ark, I love you; but somehow it seems as though you had forgotten how to be human for the last twenty years."

The professor reached out a thin, trembling old hand through the darkness until it found his old friend's shoulder.

"Forgive me, Skinny," he said softly. "It hasn't been quite twenty years, and God alone knows how hard I have tried to be 'human' for Jane's sake, and yours, too, since He took my other Jane away."

Another old hand came up from Mr. Philander's side to clasp the one that lay upon his shoulder, and no other message could better have translated the one heart to the other.

They did not speak for some minutes. The lion below them paced nervously back and forth. The third figure in the tree was hidden by the dense shadows and the stem. He, too, was silent—motionless as a graven image.

"You certainly pulled me up into this tree just in time," said the professor at last. "I want to thank you. I saved my life."

"But I didn't pull you up here, Professor," said Mr. Philander. "Bless me! The excitement of the moment quite caused me to forget that I myself was drawn up by some outside agency—there must be some one or something in this tree with us."

"Eh?" ejaculated Professor Porter. "Are you quite positive, Mr. Philander?"

"Get positive, Professor," replied Mr. Philander, "and," he added, "I think we should thank the party. He may be sitting right next to you now," Professor.

"Eh? What's that? Tut, tut, Mr. Philander, tut, tut!" said Professor Porter, edging cautiously nearer to Mr. Philander.

Just then it occurred to Tarzan of the Apes that Numa had suffered beneath the tree for a sufficient length of time, so he raised his young head toward the heavens, and there rang out upon the terrified ears of the two old men the awful warning challenge of the anthropoid.

The two friends, huddled trembling in their precarious position on the limb, saw the great lion blood in his restless pacing as the blood-curdling cry smote his ears, and then slink quickly into the jungle, to be instantly lost to view.

"Even the lion trembles in fear," whispered Mr. Philander.

"Most remarkable, most remarkable," murmured Professor Porter,



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



clutching frantically at Mr. Philander to regain the balance which the sudden fright had so perilously endangered. Unfortunately for them both, Mr. Philander's center of equilibrium was at that very moment hanging upon the ragged edge of nothing, so that it needed but the gentle impetus supplied by the additional weight of Professor Porter's body to topple the devoted secretary from the limb.

For a moment they swayed uncertainly, and then, with mingled and most unbecoming shrieks, they pitched headlong from the tree, looked in frenzied embrace.

It was quite some moments ere either moved, for both were positive that any such attempt would reveal so many breaks and fractures as to make further progress impossible.

At length Professor Porter essayed an attempt to move one leg. To his surprise, it responded to his will as in days gone by. He now drew up its mate and stretched it forth again.

"Most remarkable, most remarkable," he murmured.

"Thank God, professor," whispered Mr. Philander, fervently, "you are not dead, then?"

"Tut, tut, Mr. Philander, tut, tut," cautioned Professor Porter. "I do not know with accuracy as yet."

With infinite solicitude Professor Porter wiggled his right arm—joy! It was intact. Breathlessly he waved his left arm above his prostrate body—it waved!

"Most remarkable, most remarkable," he said.

"To whom are you signaling, professor?" asked Mr. Philander, in an excited tone.

Professor Porter designed to make no response to this puerile inquiry. Instead he raised his head gently from the ground, nodding it back and forth a half-dozen times.

"Most remarkable," he breathed. "It remains intact."

Mr. Philander had not moved from where he had fallen; he had not dared the attempt. How indeed could one move when one's arms and legs and back were broken?

One eye was buried in the soft loam; the other, rolling sideways, was fixed in awe upon the strange gyrations of Professor Porter.

"How sad!" exclaimed Mr. Philander, half aloud. "Concussion of the brain, superinduced total mental aberration. How very sad indeed! and for one still so young!"

Professor Porter rolled over upon his stomach; gingerly he bowed (he

back until he resembled a huge tom cat in proximity to a yelping dog. Then he sat up and felt of various portions of his anatomy.

"They are all here," he ejaculated. "Most remarkable!"

Whereupon he arose, and, bending a scathing glance upon the still prostrate form of Mr. Samuel T. Philander, he said:

"Tut, tut, Mr. Philander; this is no time to indulge in slothful ease. We must be up and doing."

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Hoosier Briefs

ROY KING of Pond, near Washington, claims one of the oldest violins in the State. It was made by Jacob Stainer, a German, in 1639.

One divorce was granted for every 7.5 marriage licenses at Monticello last year, according to the county clerk.

Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Symons of Galveston celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary this week.

Logansport has an unknown hero. He aroused John S. Lairy when his home caught fire. Blaze was extinguished without loss. Lairy was so excited he didn't get the man's name.

Mrs. Laura Jones is the new president of the Legion Auxiliary at Shelbyville.

ABIE Gantz, Ridgeville farmer, had the thrill of his life when he fired at an object in the sky with a 22 short rifle and an eagle nearly seven feet from tip to tip, fell at his feet.

Seymour claims a population of 8,014 based on the new city directory.

A teaspoonful of liquor is not enough to convict a man, Judge C. E. Bingham at Clinton ruled, withholding judgment against Ray Brushner, arrested by horse-thief detectives.

DELINQUENT taxes in Boone County in 1924 amounted to \$9,247, largest amount in ten years.

Miss Fanny Leach, clerk in a general store at Atlanta, thought she could slice meat as well as a butcher. She sliced her thumb nearly off.



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



Gargle Throat With Aspirin
Clip This if Subject to Sore Throat or Tonsillitis

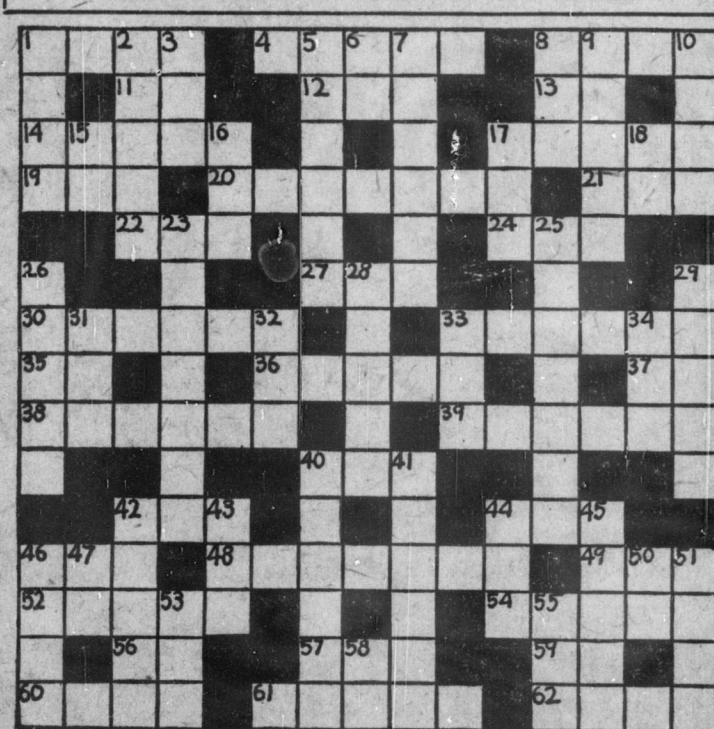
Prepare a harmless and effective gargle by dissolving two Bayer Tablets of Aspirin in four table-spoonfuls of water. Gargle throat thoroughly. Repeat in two hours if necessary.

Be sure you use only the genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin, marked with the Bayer Cross, which can be had in tin boxes of twelve tablets for few cents.—Advertisement.

You Cannot Hide Your Fat

Overstuffedness is the one misfortune which you cannot hide from yourself or from those around you. If too thin, your dreamer or tailor can supply the deficiencies, but the overfat carry a burden they cannot conceal. There is one sure way to reduce your weight quickly and pleasantly—the famous Marmala Prescription. This prescription changes the fatty tissues and fat-producing foods to solid flesh and energy. It helps the general health and digestion. It permits you to eat substantial food. It leaves the skin clear and smooth. This famous prescription is now condensed into tablet form. Each tablet contains an exact dose of the same ingredients that made the original prescription capable of reducing the overfat body steadily and easily without the slightest ill effects. Take one tablet after each meal and at bedtime until the normal weight is reached and the bodily health completely restored. Ask your druggist for Marmala Prescription Tablets or send one dollar to the Marmala Company, General Motors Building, Detroit, Mich., and you will receive enough to start you well on the road to slenderness and health. Don't put off getting slender—this is your opportunity to make your attractiveness go to a body and stay today.—Advertisement.

TODAY'S CROSS-WORD



After you've figured out 39 horizontal in this puzzle, you may be interested enough to learn the game.

HORIZONTAL

- One performer on each part.
- To discipline.
- Calf meat.
- Conjunction.
- Wayside hotel.
- Not out.
- Quiver—vibrate.
- Made by sewed material (Pl).
- Feathered biped.
- To place in bondage.
- Feline.
- Male offspring.
- Skill.
- Turf—award.
- Adorned.
- Bronze imitation of gold.
- Sixth note of musical scale.
- Helped.
- Inside.
- Passage way.
- Game of cards.
- Test.
- Organ of vision.
- Consumed.
- Buddy—comrade.
- Open-air feast.
- Free of.
- Entertain.
- Social assembly.

- Act.
- Quick to learn.
- Declination.
- Equal—level.
- Get up.
- Walked upon.

VERTICAL

- Wound around the waist.
- Borrowed objects.
- To weary.
- Cleanness in second water.
- Indefinite article.
- Away from the sea.
- To rival.
- Make into law.
- Endure.
- Masculine.
- Uniform (Poetic).
- Ocean.
- Mother.
- Public speech.
- Part of a fortification.
- Swallow without chewing.
- In an unusual way.
- Refrains—melodies.
- Hurrah.
- Consuma.
- Poem.

WOMAN ASKS PENSION

Fought in Civil War as Man, She Claims—Record Found.

By Times Special
WORCESTER, Mass., Jan. 17.—Mrs. Peter Johnson, 82-year-old inmate of the home farm here, who says she is a veteran of the Civil War, is seeking a Government pension. Mrs. Johnson claims she fought beside men in the Civil War. Information received by the local chapter of the Red Cross seems to indicate her story is true.

According to word from Washington, a "Mrs. Peter Johnson" fought in the Union forces under the name of "Joseph Saul," which is the name the woman claims she used.

SICK WOMEN SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED

Letters Like This Prove the Reliability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weakness, backache and nervousness. I had these troubles for years and had taken other medicines for them, but I have found no medicine so good as the Vegetable Compound and I recommend it to my friends who have troubles similar to mine. I saw it advertised and thought I would try it and it has helped me in all my troubles. I have had six children and I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weakness, vomiting, poor appetite and backache, and after childbirth because of dizzy headaches. It helps me. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills for the last eight years for constipation."—Mrs. Mabel La Point, R. F. D. No. 1, Turtle Lake, Wisconsin.

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