

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By ATERN

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

TARZAN of THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

BEGIN HERE

After the death in 1880 of John Clayton, Lord Greystone and his wife Lady Alice in the African jungle, their infant son, Clayton, was rescued by an ape, which placed her own dead body in the cradle of the child. Tarzan has learned to read English books in his father's cabin. But his father's photo, diary and a locket. As the diary in French Tarzan does not learn the riddle of his strange life. Mogens and his tribe of savages invade territory near Tarzan's home. He keeps them at bay with his secret. A ship bearing white passengers anchors near by. On his cabin Tarzan poses a notice forbidding destruction of his treasures. Without revealing his identity he saves the lives of William Cecil Clayton, son of the dead Lord Greystone, and his companion, Jane Porter, and her colored maid, Esmeralda. Rescued by Prof. Archimedes Q. Porter, Jane's father, and his secretary, Clayton and Esmeralda find the skeletons found in the cabin and notice the tiny one is not human. A ring on one bears the crest of the house of Greystone. They ascertain from Jane Porter that Clayton's name in his books that the same age of Lord and Lady Greystone. Tarzan watches multitudes of the Arrow bury a treasure chest secretly, unearthing the chest and removes it. He steals a letter written by Jane to Esmeralda and reads it. Esmeralda has borrowed \$10,000 from Robert Canler and from her search buried treasure. After finding it the sailors mutiny and leave her and her father's company in Africa. She states that Clayton loves her and describes the bravery of an unknown soldierly white man of the jungle.

Tarzan sat in a brown study for a long time after he finished reading the letter. It was filled with so many new and wonderful things that his brain was in a whirl as he attempted to digest the mail.

So they did not know that he was Tarzan of the Apes. He would tell them.

In his tree he had constructed a rude shelter of leaves and boughs, beneath which, protected from the rain, he had placed a few treasures brought from the cabin. Among these were some pencils.

He took one, and beneath Jane Porter's signature he wrote:

I AM TARZAN OF THE APES.

The next morning Jane Porter found her missing letter in the expected spot from which it had disappeared two nights before. She was mystified; but when she saw the printed words beneath her signature, she felt a cold, clammy chill run up her spine. She showed the letter, or rather the last sheet with the signature, to Clayton.

"And to this," she said, "that uncanny thing was probably watching me all the time that I was writing—oh! It makes me shudder just to think of it."

"But he must be friendly," reassured Clayton, "for he has returned your letter, nor did he offer to harm you and unless I am mistaken he left a very substantial memento of his friendship outside the cabin door last night, for I just found the carcass of a wild boar there as I came out."

Tarzan derided the greatest pleasure of his life in hunting men for these strangers. It seemed to him that no pleasure on earth could compare with laboring for the welfare and protection of the beautiful white girl.

Some day he would venture into the camp in daylight and talk with these people through the medium of the little bugs which were familiar to them and to Tarzan.

Scarcely a day passed that did not find Professor Porter straying in his preoccupied indifference to

SOUR STOMACH IS CAUSED BY ACIDS

Stay off the damp ground, avoid exposure, keep feet dry, eat no sweets of any kind for a while, drink lots of water and, above all, take a spoonful of Jad Salts occasionally to help keep down uric and toxic acids.

Rheumatism is caused by poison toxins, called acids, which are generated in the bowels and absorbed into the blood. It is the function of the kidneys to filter this acid 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 overworked and sluggish and will to eliminate this poison, which keeps accumulating and circulating through the system, eventually settling in the joints and muscles, causing stiffness, spreness 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 acidity, remove body waste, also to stimulate the kidneys, thus helping to rid the blood of these rheumatic poisons.

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.

Makes a Family Supply of Cough Remedy

Really better than ready-made cough syrups and many other. Really a family remedy.

If you combined the curative properties of every known "ready-made" cough remedy, you probably could not get as much real curative power as there is in this simple home-made cough syrup, which is easily prepared in a few minutes.

Get from any drugist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex, pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with syrup, using either plain granulated sugar syrup, clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, as desired. The result is a full pint of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

This Pinex and Syrup preparation gets right at the cause of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the phlegm, stops the nasty, tickle, and soothes the inflamed, irritated membranes so gently and easily that it is really astonishing.

A day's use will usually overcome the ordinary cough and for bronchitis, spasmodic croup and hoarseness there is nothing better.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations to break severe coughs. To avoid disappointment, ask your drugist for "The center of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Advertisement.

ward the jaws of death. Mr. Samuel T. Philander, never what one might call robust, was worn to the shadow of a shadow through the ceaseless worry and mental distraction resultant from his Herculean efforts to safeguard the professor.

A month passed. Tarzan had finally determined to visit the camp by daylight.

It was early afternoon. Clayton had wandered to the point at the head of a mouth to look for passing vessels. There he kept a great mass of wood, high piled, ready to be ignited as a signal should a steamer or a sail top the far horizon.

Professor Porter was wandering along the beach south of the camp with Mr. Philander at his elbow, urging him to turn his steps back before the two became again the sport of some savage beast.

The others gone, Jane Porter and Esmeralda had wandered into the jungle to gather fruit, and in their search were led farther and farther from the cabin.

Tarzan waited in silence before the door of the little house until they should return. His thoughts were of the beautiful white girl. They were always of her now. He wondered if she would fear him, and the thought all but caused him to relinquish his plan.

While he waited he passed the time printing a message to her; whether he intended giving it to her he himself could not have told, but he took infinite pleasure in seeing his thoughts expressed in print—in which he was not so uncivilized after all. He wrote:

I am Tarzan of the Apes. I wait you. I am yours. You are mine. We will live here together always in my house. I will bring you the best fruits, the tenderest deer, the finest meats that roam the jungle. I will hunt for you. I am the greatest of the jungle fighters. I will fight for you. I am the mightiest of the jungle fighters. You are Jane Porter, I saw in your letter. When you see this you will know that it is for you and that Tarzan of the Apes loves you.

As he stood, straight as a young Indian, by the door, waiting after he had finished the message, there came to his keen ears a familiar sound. It was the passing of a great ape through the lower branches of the forest.

For an instant he listened intently, and then from the jungle came the agonized scream of a woman, and Tarzan of the Apes, dropping his first love letter upon the ground, shot like a panther into the forest. Clayton, also, heard the scream, and Professor Porter and Mr. Philander, and in a few minutes they came panting to the cabin, calling out to each other a volley of excited questions as they approached. A glance within confirmed their worst fears.

Jane Porter and Esmeralda were not there.

Instantly, Clayton, followed by the two old men, plunged into the jungle, calling the girl's name aloud. For half an hour they stumbled on, until Clayton, by merest chance, came upon the prostrate form of Esmeralda.

He stooped beside her, feeling for her pulse and then listening for her heart beats. She lived. He shook her.

"Esmeralda!" he shrieked in her ear. "Esmeralda! For God's sake, where is Miss Porter? What has happened?"

"Oh, Gaberelle!" she screamed, and fainted again.

By this time Professor Porter and Mr. Philander had come up.

"What shall we do, Mr. Clayton?" asked the old professor. "There shall we look? God could not have been so cruel as to take my little girl away from me now."

"We must arouse Esmeralda first," replied Clayton. "She can tell us what has happened. Esmeralda!" he cried again, shaking the black woman roughly by the shoulder.

"O Gaberelle, Ah, want to die!" cried the poor woman, but with eyes fast closed. "Lemme die, deah Lawd, but doan lemme see date awful face again. Whafer you 'sen de devil 'roun' after po ole Esmeralda? She ain't done nuffin' to nobody, Lawd, honest she ain't. She's puffykin' indecent. Lawd, yasn't, deah la."

"Come, come, Esmeralda," cried Clayton. "The Lord isn't here; it's Mr. Clayton. Open your eyes."

Esmeralda did as she was bade. "O Gaberelle! 'Tank de Lawd," she said.

"Where's Miss Porter? What happened?" questioned Clayton.

"Ain't Miss Jane here?" cried Esmeralda, sitting up with wonderful celerity for one of her bulk. "Oh, Lawd, now Ah 'members! It done must have tooked her away," and the negroess commenced to sob, and wall her lamentations as she wept.

"What took her away?" cried Professor Porter.

"A great big g'n't all covered with hair."

"A gorilla, Esmeralda?" questioned Mr. Philander, and the three men scarcely breathed as he voiced the horrible thought.

"Ah done thought it was de devil; but Ah guess it mus' a-been one of dem gorillaephants. Oh, my po baby, my po 'll honey," and again Esmeralda broke into uncontrollable sobbing.

In the balance of the day they sought through the jungle, but as night drew on they were forced to give up in despair and hopelessness, for they did not even know in what direction the thing had borne Jane Porter.

It was long after dark ere they reached the cabin, and a sad and grief-stricken party it was that sat silently within the little structure.

Professor Porter finally broke the silence.

"I shall lie down now," said the old man, "and try to sleep. Early tomorrow, so soon as it is light, I will take what food I can carry and continue the search until I have found Jane. I will not return without her."

His companion did not reply at once.

At last, on arose and laid



JAKE SAID SOMETHING, BUT IT FELL ON LAME EARS © 1925 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.



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DRAWBACKS OF CIVILIZATION! © 1925 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.



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Hoosier Briefs

MR. AND MRS. JOHN KERR, James Kerr and Miss Pauline Kerr believe they are lucky. A locomotive crashed into the Ford coupe in which they were riding at Bloomington and all escaped injury. Mrs. Kerr lost a purse containing \$30 in the crash, but later found it.

Pennsylvania Railroad has appropriated \$35,000 for a new depot at Hartford City, according to information given Councilman George Newbauer.

Lloyd Minnear of Bluffton won't scuffle for a while. In his last one he tore the ligaments in his ankle.

William Rhodes, Greensburg boy, is a member of the basketball team of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

EARL HALL of Indianapolis went into the police station at Rushville to thaw out. He was arrested and fined \$1 for drunkenness.

Frank Sefton is the head of the newly organized Greensburg Percheron Horse Company.

That first robin has been reported again at Decatur by Jesse Beery.

Ralph Ketchum and J. L. Frisbie of Bloomington report a profit of \$250 on one-half acre of tobacco.

Henry G. Vogt, 2608 Boulevard Pl., Indianapolis, believes his Ford was hungry. It crashed into a grocery window at Lebanon.

John Tucker, 21, of Plainville will be more careful next time. E. J. Jones, deputy sheriff at Washington, charges Tucker sold him a quart of "white mule."

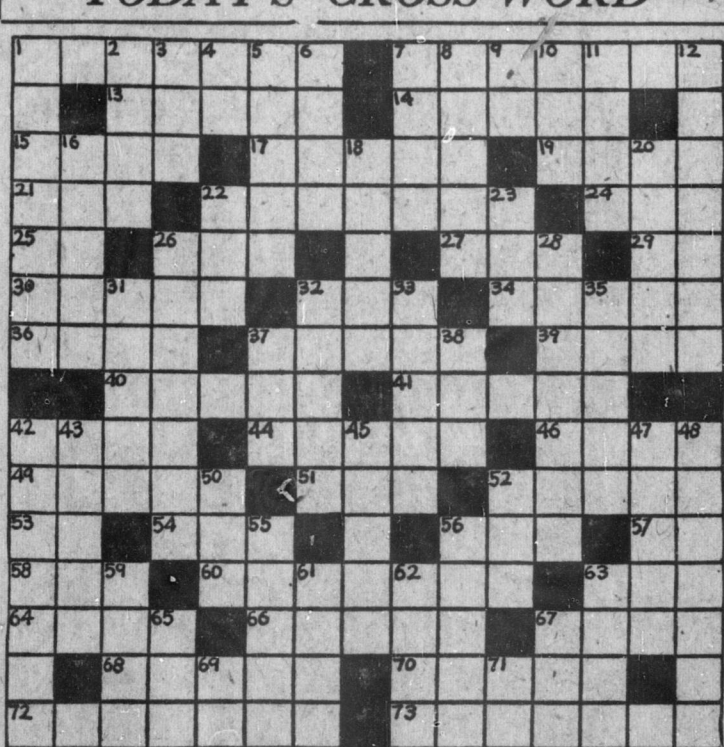
A LOG CABIN, believed to have been erected in 1839, is being torn down near Bloomington by Swingle Curry.

Sale of 289 pieces of property for delinquent taxes in Davies County has been ordered.

School Fire Probed

By Times Special
FOWLER, Ind., Jan. 21.—Investigation was begun today in the origin of the fire which destroyed the new Rush school and gymnasium here with a loss of \$75,000, only partially covered by insurance.

TODAY'S CROSS-WORD

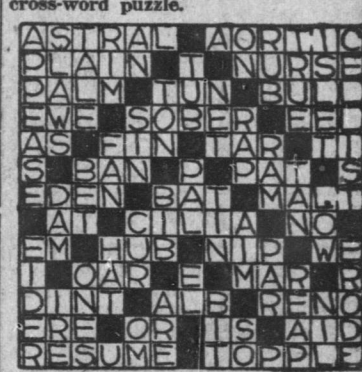


Only eight unkeyed letters in this puzzle makes it easier to solve than many others. But that is balanced by the rarity of some words in it.

- HORIZONTAL**
- Prominent; outstanding.
 - Fragrant.
 - Protection in battle.
 - Having vanes.
 - Pattern.
 - Related.
 - Wrath.
 - Moistened.
 - Remove.
 - Exist.
 - Cushion.
 - Seated.
 - Objective of I.
 - Highest male voice.
 - Objective of she.
 - Seat of the mind.
 - To prepare for publication.
 - Goes forth.
 - Small insects.
 - Lukewarm.
 - Sojourner.
 - To mend.
 - Dogma.
 - Tidy.
 - Upright.
- VERTICAL**
- Spry.
 - Crippled.
 - Anger.
 - A square body of type.
 - Wanderer.
 - Jog.
 - Above.
 - Valleys.
 - Upon.
 - To soak.
 - Drunkard.
 - To crowd; jam.
 - Negative adverb.
 - But; however.
 - Dejected.
 - Indefinite article.
 - Utility.
 - Restraints.
 - Past tense of do.
 - Extinct; lifeless.
 - One who oils.
 - A compartment of a window.
 - Spirits.
 - Portend.
 - Church tower.
 - They who pelt with stones.

- Scent.
- Dejects; depresses.
- Furnished with weapons.
- To hinder.
- Boundary.
- Strife.
- To pat softly.
- Pulsance.
- Taught.
- Saltpetre.
- Hill.
- To clothe.
- Wagered; put up.
- Suitable.
- To perch.
- Strips.
- Ascended.
- Unusual.
- Once more.
- Offers.
- Evening meal.
- Form of verb to be.
- To angle.
- Swagger.
- Relieve.
- Ascends.
- Oceans.
- To defy.
- Female deer.

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



Hillsdale Man Killed
By Times Special
CLINTON, Ind., Jan. 21.—A widow and several children survive Burt Crane, 65, of Hillsdale, instantly killed by a C. & E. I. passenger train.

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