TARZAN of THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

BEGIN HERE

After the death in 1890 of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, and his wife, Lady Alice, in the African jungles, a mother ape steals their infant son Tarzan, and drops her own dead babe in the cradle. At 18 years Tarzan has learned to read English books in his father's cabin, but can speak only ape language. He finds his father's photo, diary and a locket. As the diary is in French Tarzan does not learn the riddle of his strange life. Mbonga and his tribe of savages invade territory near Tarzan's home. A ship bearing white passengers anchors near-by. Tarzan saves the lives of William Cecil Clayton, son of the then Lord Greystoke; his companion, Jane Porter, and her colored maid, Esmeralda. Prof. Archimedes Q. Porter, Jane's father, and his secretary, Samuel T. Philander, bury the skeletons found in the cabin and notice the tiny one is not human. They ascertain from a crest ring and John Clayton's name in his books that the bones are of Lord and Lady Greystoke. Tarzan watches mutineers of the Arrow bury a treasure chest. He secretly unearths and reburies it. He steals a letter written by Jane to Hazel Strong saying her father has borrowed $10,000 from Robert Canler and gone in search of buried treasure. After finding it the sailors mutiny and leave Jane and her father in Africa. Tarzan leaves a love note for Jane, but she is stolen by Terkoz, an ape, before finding it. Signal fires bring a rescue boat and the crew, headed by Lieut. D'Arno, search the jungle for Jane. Half starved survivors of the Arrow tell of the buried chest. Jane embraces Tarzan ardently when he kills the ape to save her, but on second thought repulses him; so he carries her forcibly into the jungle.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Now he discovered himself speculating upon the fate which would have fallen to the girl had he not rescued her from Terkoz.

He knew why the ape had not killed her, and he commenced to compare his intentions with those of Terkoz.

True, it was the order of the jungle for the male to take his mate by force but could Tarzan be guided by the laws of the beasts? Was not Tarzan a Man? But how did men do? He was puzzled; for he did not know.

He wished that he might ask the girl, and then it came to him that she had already answered him in the futile struggle she had made to escape and to repulse him.

But now they had come to their destination, and Tarzan of the Apes with Jane Porter in his strong arms, swung lightly to the turf of the arena where the great apes held their councils and danced the wild orgy of the Dum-Dum.

Though they had come many miles, it was still but mid-afternoon, and the amphitheater was bathed in the half light which filtered through the maze of encircling foliage.

A feeling of dreamy peacefulness stole over Jane Porter as she sank down upon the grass where Tarzan had placed her, and as she looked up at his great figure towering above her, there was added a strange sense of perfect security.

As she watched him from beneath half-closed lids, Tarzan crossed the little circular clearing toward the trees upon the further side. She noted the graceful majesty of his carriage, the perfect symmetry of his magnificent figure and the poise of his well-shaped head upon his broad shoulders.

What a perfect creature! There could be naught of cruelty or baseness beneath hat god-like exterior. Never, she thought, had such a man strode the earth since God created the first in His own image.

With a bound Tarzan sprang into the trees and disappeared. Jane Porter wondered where he had gone. Had he left her there to her fate in the lonely jungle?

How different now that he had left her!

She almost prayed for the cruel teeth that would give her unconsciousness and surcease from the agony of fear.

She heard a sudden, slight sound behind here. With a shriek she sprang to her feet and turned to face her end.

There stood Tarzan, his arms filled with ripe and luscious fruit.

Jane Porter reeled and would have fallen, had not Tarzan, dropping his burden, caught her in his arms. She did not lose consciousness, but she clung tightly to him, shuddering and trembling like a frightened deer.

Tarzan of the Apes stroked her soft hair, and tried to comfort her at Kala had him, when, as a little ape, he had been frightened by Sabor, the lioness, or Histah, the snake.

Once he pressed his lips lightly upon her forehead, and she did not move, but closed her eyes and sighed.

She could not analyze her feelings, nor did she wish to attempt it. She was satisfied to feel the safety of those strong arms, and to leave her future to fate; for the last few hours had taught her to trust this strange wild creature of the forest as she would have trusted but few of the men of her acquaintance.

As she thought of the strangeness of it, there commenced to dawn upon her the realization that she had, possibly, learned something else which she had never really known before—love. She wondered and then she smiled.

And still smiling, she pushed Tarzan gently away, and looking at him with a half-smiling, half-quizzical expression that made her face wholly entrancing, she pointed to the fruit upon the ground, and seated herself upon the edge of the earthen drum of the anthropoids, for hunger was asserting itself.

Tarzan quickly gathered up the fruit, and, bringing it, laid it at her feet; and then he, too, sat upon the drum beside her, and with his knife opened and prepared the various viands for her meal.

Together and in silence they ate, occasionally stealing sly glances at one another, until finally Jane Porter broke into a merry laugh in which Tarzan joined.

"I wish you spoke English," said the girl.

Tarzan shook his head, and an expression of wistful and pathetic longing sobered his laughing eyes.

Then Jane Porter tried speaking to him in French, and then in German; but she had to laugh at her own blundering attempt at the latter tongue.

"Any way," she said to him in English, "you understand my German as well as they did in Berlin."

Tarzan had long since reached a decision as to what his future procedure should be. He had had time to recollect all that he had read of the ways of men and women in the books at the cabin. He would act as he imagined the men in the books would have acted were they in his place.

Again he arose and went into the trees, but first he tried to explain by means of signs that he would return shortly and he did so well that Jane Porter understood and was not afraid when he had gone.

Only a feeling of loneliness came over her and she watched the point where he had disappeared, with longing eyes, awaiting his return. As before, she was appraised of his presence by a soft sound behind her, and turned to see him coming across the turf with a great armful of branches.

Then he went back again into the jungle and in a few minutes reappeared with a quantity of soft grasses and ferns. Two more trips he made until he had quite a pile of material at hand.

Then he spread the ferns and grasses upon the ground in a soft flat bed, and above it he leaned many branches together so that they met a few feet over its center. Upon these he spread layers of huge leaves of the great elephant's ear, and with more branches and more leaves he closed one end of the little shelter he had built.

Then they sat down together again upon the edge of the drum and tried to talk by signs.

The magnificent diamond locket which hung about Tarzan's neck, had been a source of much wonderment to Jane Porter. She pointed to it now, and Tarzan removed it and handed the pretty bauble to her.

She saw that it was the work of a skilled artizan and that the diamonds were of great brilliancy and superbly set, but the cutting of them denoted that they were of a former day.

She noticed too that the locket opened, and, pressing the hidden clasp, she saw the two halves spring apart to reveal in either section an ivory miniature.

One was of a beautiful woman and the other might have been a likeness of the man who sat beside her, except for a subtle difference of expression that was scarcely definable.

She looked up at Tarzan to find him leaning toward her gazing on the miniatures with an expression of astonishment. He reached out his hand for the locket and took it away from her, examining the likenesses within with unmistakable signs of surprise and new interest. His manner clearly denoted that he had never before seen them, nor imagined that the locket opened.

This fact caused Jane Porter to indulge in further speculation, and it taxed her imagination to picture how this beautiful ornament came into the possession of a wild and savage creature of the unexplored jungles of Africa.

Still more wonderful, how it contained the likeness of one who might be a brother, or, more likely, the father of this woodland demi-god who was even ignorant of the fact that the locket opened.

Tarzan was still gazing with fixity at the two faces. Presently he removed the quiver from his shoulder, and emptying the arrows upon the ground, reached into the bottom of the bag-like receptacle and drew forth a flat object wrapped in many soft leaves and tied with bits of long grass.

Carefully he unwrapped it, removing layer after layer of leaves until at length he held a photograph in his hand.

Pointing to the miniature of the man within the locket he handed the photograph to Jane Porter, holding the open locket beside it.

The photograph only served to puzzle the girl still more, for it was evidently another likeness of the same man whose picture rested in the locket beside that of the beautiful young woman.

Tarzan was looking at her with an expression of puzzled bewilderment in his eyes as she glanced up at him. He seemed to be framing a question with his lips.

The girl pointed to the photograph and then to the miniature and then to him, as though to indicate that she thought the likenesses were of him, but he only shook his head, and then shrugging is shoulders, he took the photograph from her and having carefully rewrapped it, placed it again in the bottom of his quiver.

For a few moments he sat in silence, his eyes bent upon the ground, while Jane Porter held the little locket in her hand, turning it over and over in an endeavor to find some further clew that might lead to the identity of its original owner.

At length a simple explanation occurred to her.

The locket had belonged to Lord Greystoke, and the likenesses were of himself and Lady Alice.

This wild creature had simply found it in the cabin by the beach. How stupid of her not to have thought of that solution before.

But to account for the strange likeness between Lord Greystoke and his forest god—that was quite beyond her, and it is not strange that she did not imagine that this naked savage was indeed an English nobleman.

Copyright, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1914.

(Continued in Next Issue)

Aspirin Gargle in Tonsilitis

Cut This Out and Save if Subject to Sore Throat

A harmless and effective gargle is to dissolve two Bayer Tablets of Aspirin in four tablespoonfuls of water, and 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 a few cents.—Advertisement.

Rub on Sore Throat

Musterole relieves sore throat quickly. Made with oil of mustard, it is a clean, white ointment that will not burn or blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster.

Just spread it on with your fingers. Gently but surely it penetrates to the sore spot and draws out the pain.

TO MOTHERS: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. 35 & 65c in jars & tubes; hospital size, $3.

MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

Better Than a Mustard Plaster
—Advertisement.

ECZEMA CAN BE HEALED Free Proof to You

J. C. HUTZELL
Druggist

All I want is your name and address so I can send you a free trial treatment. I want you just to try this treatment—that's all—just try it. That's my only argument.

I've been in the Retail Drug Business for 20 years. I served four years as a member of the Indiana State Board of Pharmacy and five years as President of the Retail Druggists' Association. Nearly everyone in Fort Wayne knows me and knows about my successful treatment. Over **Thirty-Five Thousand** Men and Women outside of Fort Wayne have, according to their own statements been healed by this treatment since I first made this offer public.

If you have **Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum, Tetter**—never mind how bad—my treatment has healed the worst cases I ever saw—**give me a chance to prove my claim.**

Send me your name and address on the coupon below and get the trial treatment I want to send you FREE. The wonders accomplished in your own case will be proof.

CUT AND MAIL TODAY

J. C. HUTZELL, Druggist, No. 4884 West Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment

Name_____ Age_____

Post Office_____ State_____

Street and No._____

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

Hoosier Briefs

FOOTBALL Coach George Cady of Portland High School was presented with a gold watch by members of his team at a farewell dinner given in his honor by the Rotary Club. Cady has been the gridiron mentor for two years. He resigned to enter Chicago University. Cady will be succeeded by Rufus Scales, De Pauw football star.

H. J. Henning, assistant secretary of labor, was in Delphi Friday, to inspect the proposed site for the Woman's Federal Reformatory.

Building plans under consideration by churches of Ft. Wayne involve expenditure of more than $500,000 during 1925. The largest expenditure will be for a school building for the Precious Blood Catholic parish.

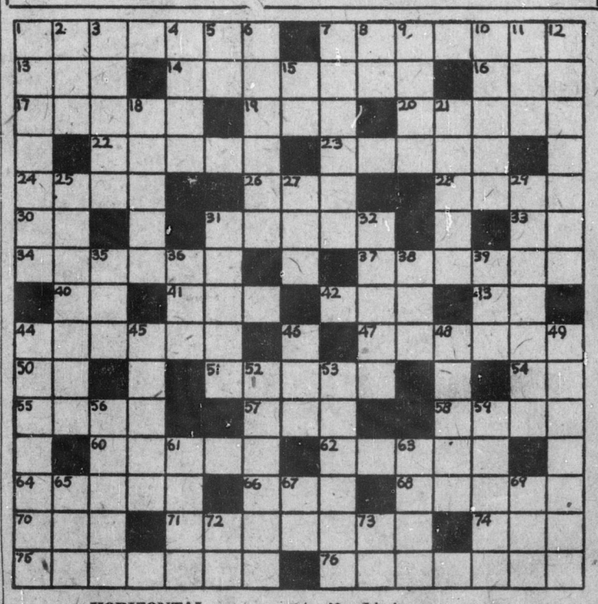
A SCRATCH on the thumb which he received three weeks ago while dressing the injury of a patient caused the death of Dr. A. H. Mouser, 59, Latty, Ohio, at Ft. Wayne.

Work will be started on Muncie's new city hall in the near future. Light buff colored brick has been selected for the upper structure. Black and white granite will form the base, Mayor C. J. Quick, announced.

Charles Dick has been elected president of the Washington Township, Blackford County Farm Bureau. Luther Clancy was elected vice president, and W. J. Seeling, secretary treasurer.

INTEREST is keen in the Washington short course in farm methods under direction of Purdue University officials. Over 1,200 attended the first session.

TODAY'S CROSS-WORD



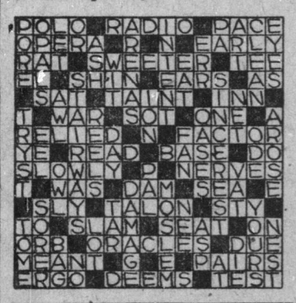
HORIZONTAL

1. Those who beg.
7. Four-sided pillar.
13. Spawn of fish.
14. One who retires.
16. Deer.
17. A bayou.
19. Conjunction.
20. Hit.
22. That which is set in.
23. To exult.
24. Finishes.
26. Contraction for over.
28. Requests.
30. Sun god.
31. To blot out.
33. Negative.
34. Expand.
37. To make less.
40. Exclamation.
41. To perch.
42. Preposition.
43. Pronoun.
44. To affirm.
47. List of prospective jurors.
50. Exclamation.
51. A merry frolic.
54. Printer's unit of measurement.
55. Refuse.
57. Meadow.
58. To ford.
60. Limber.
62. Seasonings.
64. Solitary.
66. Monkey.
68. Active.
70. Grassy plain.
71. Found at a fireplace.
74. Before.
75. Confirms.
76. Clipped.

VERTICAL

1. Those who bribe.
2. Period of time.
3. Icy cold.
4. Crafts.
5. Note of scale.
6. Stationary part of a machine.
7. Commands.
8. Exists.
9. Before.
10. Images.
11. Drunkard.
12. Ship's strengthening boom.
15. Within.
18. To follow.
21. Groans.
25. A volatile liquid.
27. Consume.
29. Bended on knees.
31. Publishes.
32. To run away.
35. Decay.
36. A dolt.
38. Epoch.
39. Feminine pronoun.
44. Used with most radios.
45. Little fairy.
46. Mineral substance.
48. Efts.
49. Soiled.
52. Urges.
53. Bars used in thread looms.
56. To lie on water.
59. Flower.
61. Duck.
63. A narrow passage.
65. Nautical term.
67. Jumbled type.
69. Anger.
72. Point of compass.
73. Exclamation.

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



Eat and Get Thin

If you are overfat and averse to physical exertion, if you are fond of eating and still want to reduce your excess flesh, go to your druggist and get a box of Marmola Prescription Tablets. These tablets, compounded in accordance with the famous Marmola Prescription, contain the exact ingredients necessary to produce a normal healthy reduction of excess weight. Take one tablet after each meal and at bedtime and you will begin to lose your fat steadily and easily. Continue the treatment until your weight is what you desire—until your figure is slender and attractive again. You don't need to try starvation diets or weakening exercises. Go on eating what you like. Leave exercising to the athletes. Just take your little tablet faithfully and without a doubt your flabby flesh will quickly disappear. Your figure will become slender and shapely just as you have always wanted it to be. Thousands of men and women each year regain healthy, slender figures this way. Why don't you? Marmola Prescription Tablets are so pleasant and easy to take that any one who is suffering the embarrassment and discomfort of overweight owes it to himself to try them. All drug stores the world over sell Marmola Prescription Tablets for one dollar a box. Or send the money direct to the Marmola Company, General Motors Building, Detroit, Mich., and a box will be sent to you postpaid.—Advertisement.

For Leniency in Zoning

Chamber of Commerce legislative and legal affairs sub-committee has recommended "provisions for bringing about establishment of harmonious settlement of unnecessary hardships in carrying out the zoning ordinance regulation." Report was accepted by the general committee.

Trucks Crash, Firemen Hurt

By Times Special

FT. WAYNE, Ind., Jan. 24.—Two firemen were in the hospital and two others were suffering from minor injuries today as a result of a collision between two fire trucks at a street intersection Friday.

MRS. WM. BUTTS WAS VERY SICK

Gives Full Credit to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for Remarkable Recovery

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make me strong. I was troubled with my back and sides hurting me till I could not do my work, and whenever I caught cold it made me irregular. Since I have taken the Vegetable Compound my side and back don't bother me and I can do my housework and care for my children now, where before I did not feel like doing anything or going around. After my first child was born about four years ago I saw an advertisement in the paper about the Vegetable Compound. I knew it would help me, but I was afraid to try it because people said it would help you to have children and I knew I was having children fast enough. But I thought if it would help me it would be better to have a whole house full of children and have good health. I became stronger from taking it and my husband says I look like a live woman instead of a dead one. When Spring comes I am going to take your Blood Medicine, as I am very thin. I will answer letters from any woman who wishes to ask about your medicine."—Mrs. William Butts, Wellsten, Ohio.—Advertisement.