

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

TARZAN of THE APES

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

BEGIN HERE

After the death of 1890 of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, and his wife, Lady Alice, in the Africa jungle, a mother ape made her 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 lock of hair. A ship bearing passengers and crew is wrecked near-by. Tarzan saves the lives of William Clayton, son of the late Lord Greystoke; his companion, Jane Porter, and her colored maid, Esmeralda. From Archimedes Q. Porter, Jane's father, and his secretary, Samuel T. Phillander, Tarzan learns he is found in the cabin and notice the tiny one is not human. They find a note from a great king and John Clayton's name in his books that the bones are of Lord and Lady Greystoke. Tarzan reads a letter written by Jane saying her father borrowed \$10,000 from Robert Canler and went in search of buried treasure. After finding it the sailors mutiny and leave Jane and her father in Africa. Half starved survivors mutiny and tell of hiding the chest, but are unaware that Tarzan had returned and returned it. Jane is stolen by an ape, signs a letter for a rescue boat and is carried to her father's cabin. Tarzan rescues her. D'Arnot's men attack the savages, but return without finding the leader. Tarzan, nurse D'Arnot during his illness and communicates with him by writing on bark. D'Arnot teaches Tarzan to speak French. He finds the return to the cabin they find the entire party has sailed. Tarzan is so deeply hurt he leaves before finding two notes left for him.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

He passed above the sinuous body of Sabor, the lioness, going in the opposite direction; toward the cabin, thought Tarzan.

What could D'Arnot do against Sabor—or if Bolgani, the gorilla, should come upon him—or Numa, the lion, or cruel Sheeta?

Tarzan paused in his flight.

"What are you, Tarzan?" he asked aloud. "An ape or a man?"

"If you are an ape you will do as the apes would do—leave one of your kind to die in the jungle if it suited your whim to go elsewhere."

"If you are a man, you will return to protect your kind. You will not run away from one of your own people, because one of them has run away from you."

D'Arnot closed the cabin door. He was very nervous. Even brave men, and D'Arnot was a brave man, are sometimes frightened by solitude.

He loaded one of the rifles and placed it within easy reach. Then he went to the desk and took up the unsealed letter addressed to Tarzan.

Possibly it contained word that his people had but left the beach temporarily. He felt that it would be no breach of ethics to read this letter, so he took the enclosure from the envelope and read.

TO TARZAN OF THREE APES:

We thank you for the use of your cabin, and are sorry that you did

not permit us the pleasure of seeing and thanking you in person.

We have harmed nothing, but have left many things for you which may add to your comfort and safety here in your lonely home.

If you know the strange white man who saved our lives so many times, and brought us food, and if you can converse with him, thank him, also, for his kindness.

We sail within the hour, never to return; but we wish you and that other jungle friend to know that we shall always thank you for what you did for strangers on your shore, and that we should have done infinitely more to reward you both had you given us the opportunity.

Very respectfully,

WM. CECIL CLAYTON.

"Never to return," muttered D'Arnot, and threw himself face downward on the cot.

An hour later he started up, listening. Somebody was at the door trying to enter.

D'Arnot reached for the loaded rifle and placed it to his shoulder. Dusk was falling, and the interior of the cabin was very dark; but the man could see the latch moving from its place.

He felt his hair rising upon his scalp.

Gently the door opened until a thin crack showed something standing just without.

D'Arnot sighted along the blue barrel at the crack of the door—and then he pulled the trigger.

CHAPTER XXIV
Lost Treasure

When the expedition returned, following their fruitless endeavor to succor D'Arnot, Captain Dufranne was anxious to steam away as quickly as possible, and all save Jane Porter had acquiesced.

"No," she said, determinedly, "I shall not go, nor should you, for there are two friends in that jungle who will come out of it some day expecting to find us awaiting them."

"Your officer, Captain Dufranne, is one of them, and the forest man who has saved the lives of every member of my father's party is the other."

"He left me at the edge of the jungle two days ago to hasten to the aid of my father and Mr. Clayton, as he thought. It is strange, that I should have been here, but I am sure that you may be sure."

"Had he been too late to be of service to the lieutenant he would have been back before now—the fact that he is not back is sufficient proof to me that he is delayed because Lieutenant D'Arnot is wounded, or he has had to follow his captors further than the village which your sailors attacked."

"But poor D'Arnot's uniform and all his belongings were found in that village, Miss Porter," argued the captain, "and the natives showed great excitement when questioned as to the white man's fate."

"Yes, Captain, but they did not admit that he was dead, and as for his clothes and accoutrements being in their possession—why more civilized peoples than these poor savage negroes strip their prisoners of every article of value whether they intend killing them or not."

"Even the soldiers of my own dear S.S.S. looted not only the living but the dead. It is strong circumstantial evidence, I will admit, but it is not positive proof."

"Possibly your forest man, himself," said the captain, "was captured or killed by the savages," suggested Captain Dufranne.

The girl laughed.

"You do not know him," she replied, a little thrill of pride setting her nerves a-tingle at the thought that she spoke of her own.

"I admit that he would be worth waiting for, this super-man of yours," laughed the captain. "I most certainly should like to see him."

"Then wait for him, my dear captain," urged the girl. "For I intend to go."

"The Frenchman would have been a very much surprised man could he have interpreted the true meaning of the girl's words."

They had been walking from the beach toward the cabin as they talked, and now they joined a little group sitting on camp stools in the shade of a great tree beside the cabin.

Professor Porter was there, and Mr. Phillander and Clayton, with Lieutenant Charpentier and two of his brother officers, while Esmeralda hovered in the background, ever and anon venturing opinions and comments with the freedom of an old and much indulged family servant.

The officers arose and saluted as their superior approached, and Clayton surrendered his camp stool to Jane Porter.

"We were just discussing poor Paul's fate," said Captain Dufranne. "Miss Porter insists that we have no absolute proof of his death—nor have we. And on the other hand she maintains that the continued absence of your omnipotent jungle friend indicates that D'Arnot is still in need of his services, either because he is wounded, or still is a prisoner in a more distant native village."

"It has been suggested," ventured Lieutenant Charpentier, "that the wild man may have been a member of the tribe of blacks who attacked our party—that he was hastening to aid them—his own people."

"He has certainly won a loyal champion, Miss Porter," said Captain Dufranne, laughing. "I am sure that there be none of us here but would willingly face death a hundred times in its most terrifying forms to deserve the tribute of one even half so loyal—or so beautiful."

"You would not wonder that I defend him," said the girl, "could you have seen him as I saw him, battling in my behalf with that huge hairy brute."

"And could you have seen the chivalrous treatment which he accorded a strange girl of a strange race, you would feel the same absolute confidence in him that I feel."

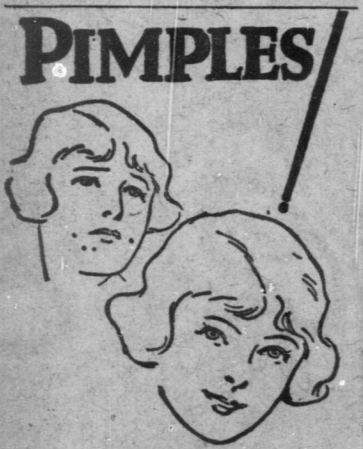
"You have won your suit, my fair

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THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



STANLEY

Jane Porter shot a quick glance at Clayton. "This court finds the defendant not guilty and the cruiser shall wait a few days longer that he may have an opportunity to come and thank the divine Portia."

"We can utilize the morrow in recovering the chest, Professor," suggested Mr. Phillander.

"Quite so, quite so, Mr. Phillander, I had almost forgotten the treasure," exclaimed Professor Porter. "Possibly we can borrow some men from Captain Dufranne to assist us, and one of the prisoners to point out the location of the chest."

"Most assuredly," my dear professor, we are all yours to command," said the captain.

And so it was arranged that on the next day Lieutenant Charpentier was to take a detail of ten men, and one of the mutineers of the Arrow as a guide, and unearth the treasure; and that the cruiser would remain for a full week in the little harbor. At the end of that time it was to be assumed that D'Arnot was truly dead, and that the forest man would not return while they remained. Then the two vessels were to leave with all the party.

Professor Porter did not accompany the treasure-seekers on the following day, but when he saw them returning empty-handed toward noon, he hastened forward to meet them—his usual preoccupied indifference entirely vanished, and in its place a nervous and excited manner.

"Where is the treasure?" he cried to Clayton, while yet a hundred feet separated them.

Clayton shook his head.

"Gone," he said, as he neared the professor.

"Gone! It cannot be. Who could have taken it?" cried Professor Porter.

"God only knows, Professor," replied Clayton. "We might have thought the fellow who guided us was lying about the location, but his surprise and consternation on finding no chest beneath the body of the murdered Snipes were too real to be feigned."

"And then our spades showed us that something had been buried beneath the corpse, for a hole had been there and it had been filled with loose earth."

"But who could have taken it?" repeated Professor Porter.

"Suspicious naturally might fall on the men of the cruiser," said Lieutenant Charpentier, "but for the fact that sub-Lieutenant Janviers here assures me that no man have had short leave—that none has been on shore since we anchored here,

except under command of an officer.

"There must have been several in the party," said Jane Porter, who had joined them. "You remember, that it took four men to carry it."

"By Jove!" cried Clayton. "That's right. I must have been done by a party of blacks. Probably one of them saw the man bury the chest, and then returned immediately after with a party of his friends and carried it off."

Only Jane Porter knew what the loss meant to her father, and none there knew what it meant to her.

Six days later Captain Dufranne announced that they would sail early on the morrow.

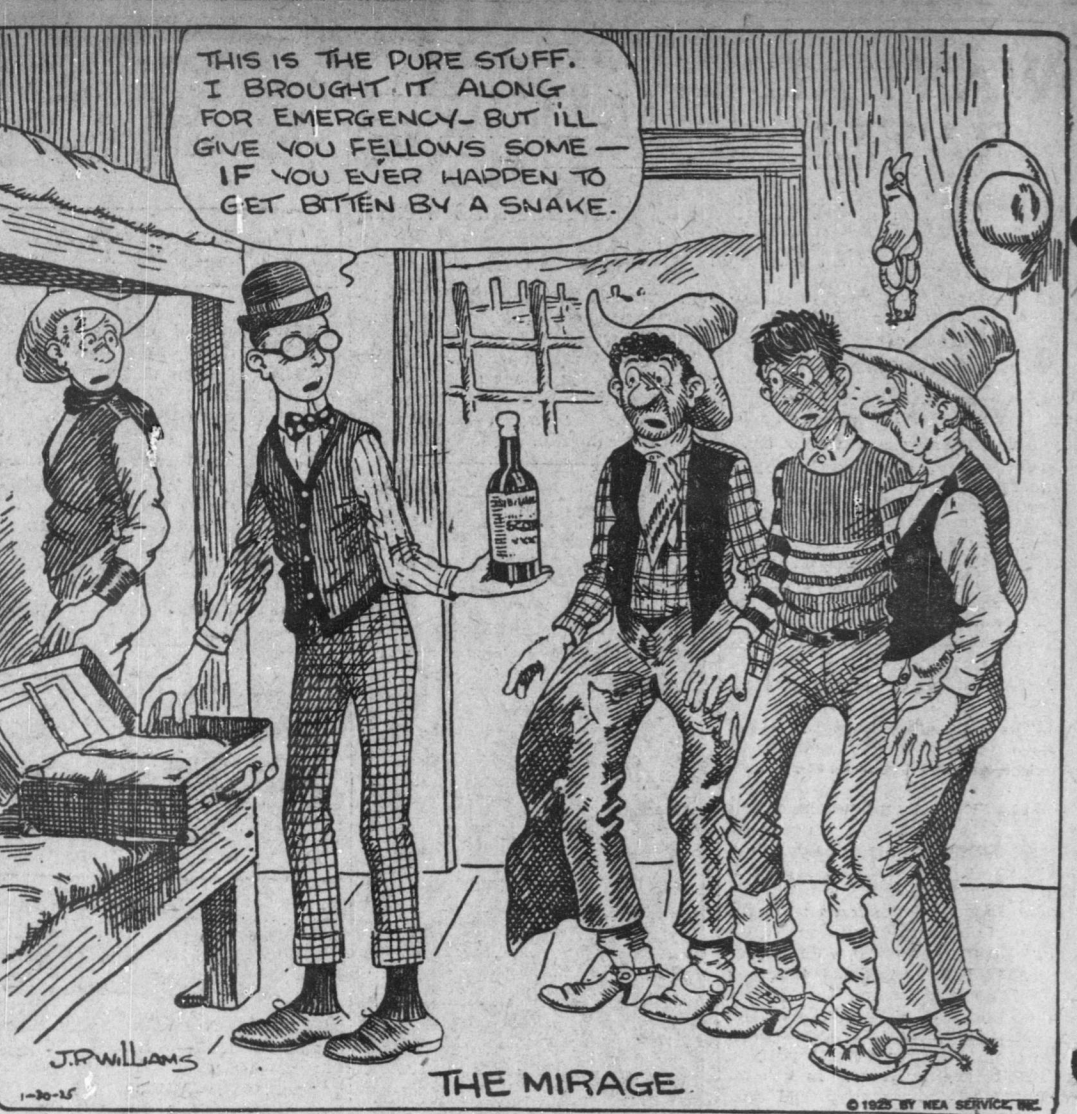
Jane Porter would have begged for a further reprieve, had it not been that she, too, had begun to believe that her forest lover would return no more.

That he was a cannibal she would not believe, but that he was an adopted member of some savage tribe at length seemed possible to her.

It was she, though, who suggested that arms, ammunition, supplies and comforts be left behind in the cabin, ostensibly for that intangible personality who had signed himself Tarzan of the Apes, and for D'Arnot should he still be living, but really, she hoped, for her forest god—even though his feet should prove of clay.

And at the last minute she left a message for him, to be transmitted by Tarzan of the Apes.

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(Continued in Next Issue)

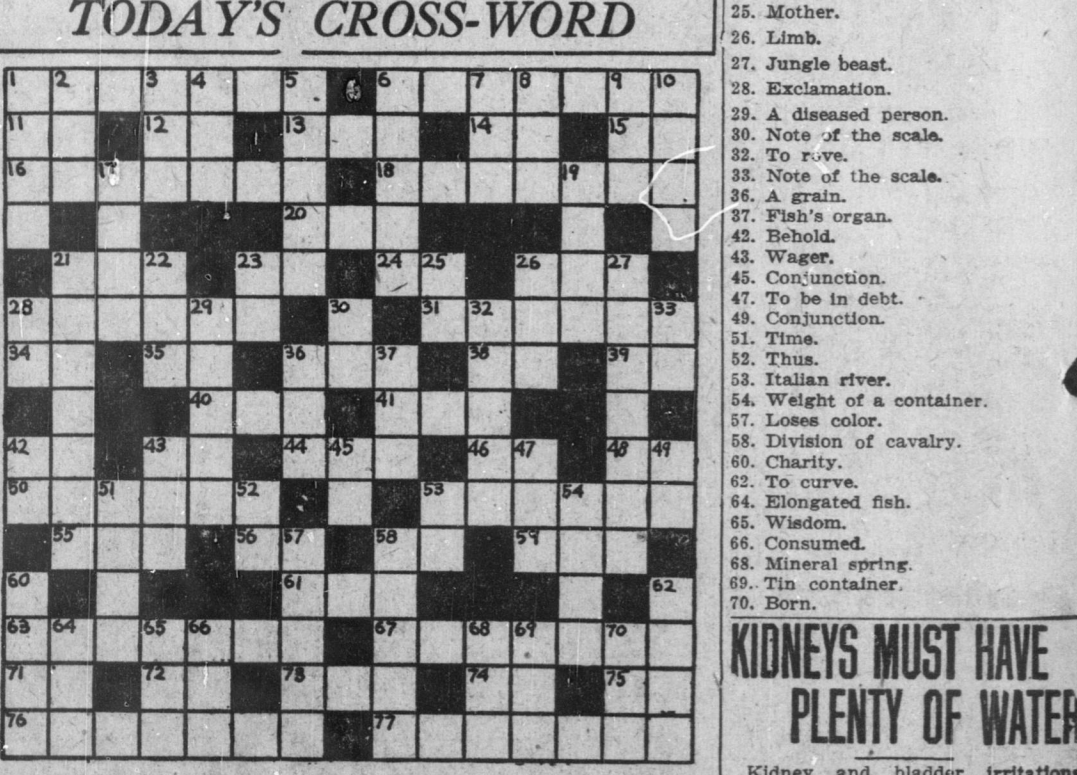


FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



BLOSSER

TODAY'S CROSS-WORD



There are many short words in this puzzle. But they were formed by a short fellow—an ambitious newsboy.

- HORIZONTAL**
- Choices.
 - To authorize.
 - Confused type.
 - Sun god.
 - To feel pain.
 - Upon.
 - Denial.
 - Penetrated.
 - Accompanies.
 - Fortune.
 - Obstruct.
 - Certainly.
 - Type measure.
 - Venomous serpent.
 - To announce.
 - Behind hand.
 - Indefinite article.
 - You and I.
 - Simple child.
 - Part of the verb "to be."
 - Point of the compass.
 - Vegetable.
 - Electrical unit.
 - Note of the scale.
 - To remain.
 - Metal.
 - Proceed.
 - A call.
 - Aquatic animal (pl.).
 - Alloy used for tableware.
 - Struck.
 - Preposition.
 - Forward.
 - Organ of head.
 - Atmosphere.
 - Nautical term.
 - Impure.
 - Pronoun.
 - Neuter pronoun.
 - Self.
 - Parent.
 - Half an em.
 - Roof workers.
 - Leaped.
- VERTICAL**
- Accessible.
 - A veg.
 - Anger.
 - Used in a boat.
 - Mournfully.
 - To be joyful.
 - Kitchen vessel.
 - Single unit.
 - Finish.
 - Flower.
 - Render.
 - Organ of face.
 - Lower.
 - Uncooked.
 - Newspaper item.
 - Mother.
 - Limb.
 - Jungle beast.
 - Exclamation.
 - A diseased person.
 - Note of the scale.
 - To rive.
 - Note of the scale.
 - A grain.
 - Fish's organ.
 - Behold.
 - Wager.
 - Conjunction.
 - To be in debt.
 - Conjunction.
 - Time.
 - Thus.
 - Italian river.
 - Weight of a container.
 - Losses color.
 - Division of cavalry.
 - Charity.
 - To curve.
 - Elongated fish.
 - Wisdom.
 - Consumed.
 - Mineral spring.
 - Tin container.
 - Born.

KIDNEYS MUST HAVE PLENTY OF WATER

Kidney and bladder irritations often result from acidity, says a noted authority. The kidneys help filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder.

Bladder weakness, most folks call it. While it is extremely annoying and sometimes very painful, this is often one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Begin drinking lots of soft water, also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast. Continue this for two or three days. This will help neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer are a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs, which then act normal again.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia and is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urinary disorders caused by acid irritation. Jad Salts causes no bad effects whatsoever.

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