

OUT OUR WAY



—By Williams

THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

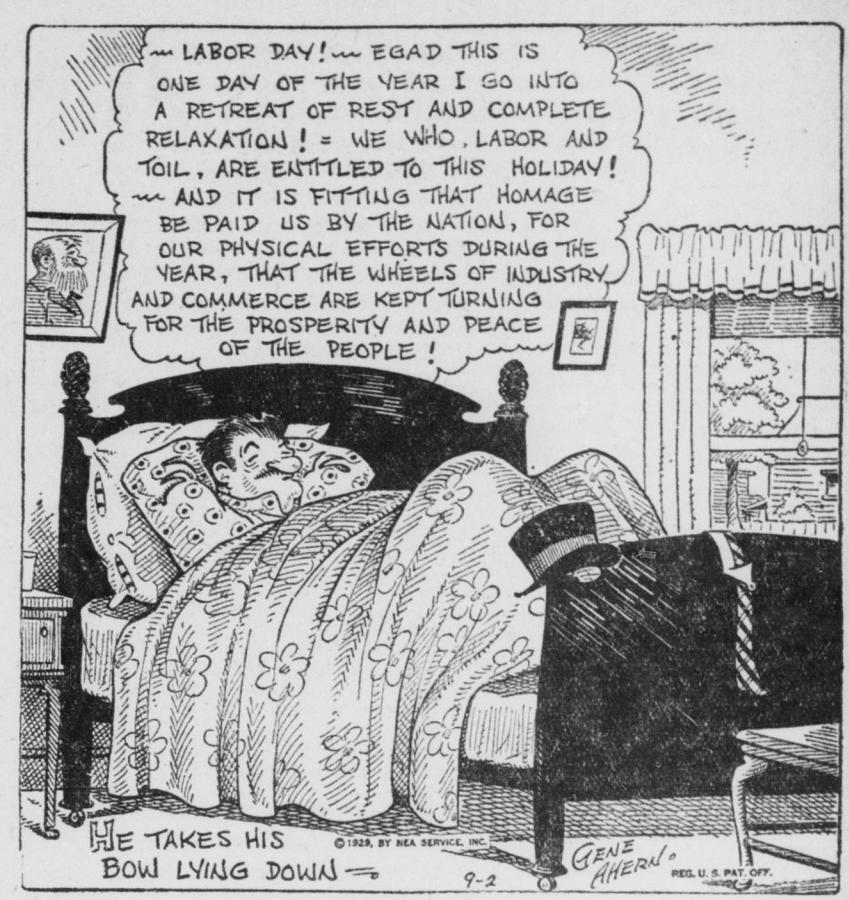
—By Martin

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



—By Ahern



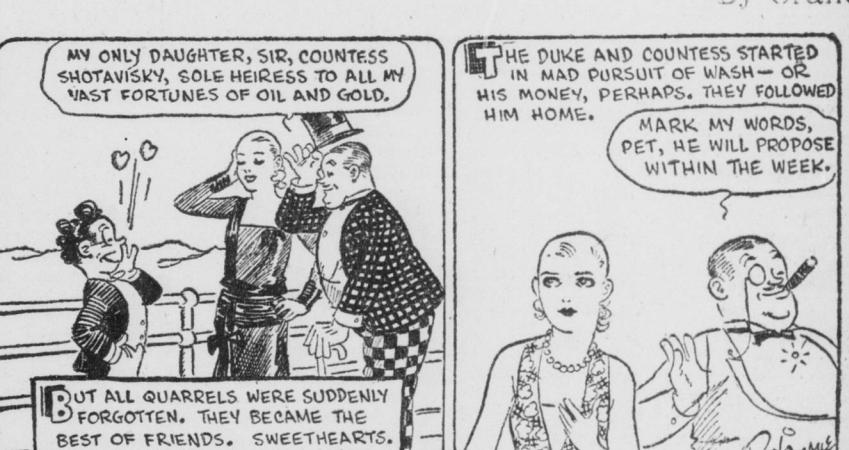
WASHINGTON TUBBS II



—By Crane



SALESMAN SAM



—By Crane



MOM'N POP



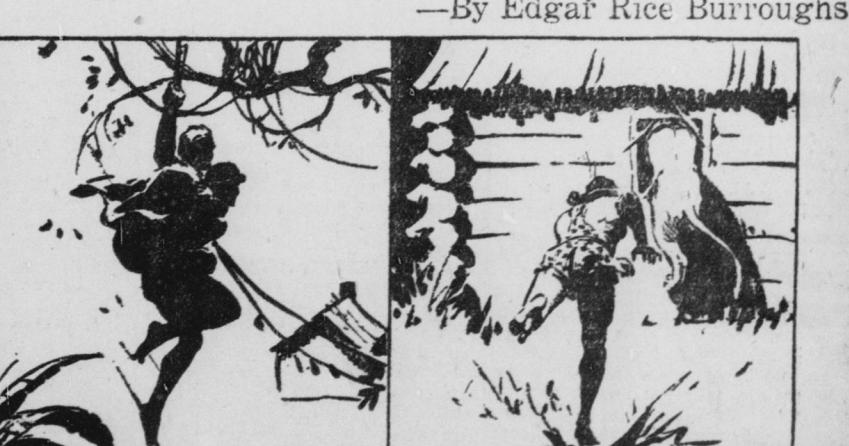
—By Taylor



TARZAN OF THE APES



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs

It was a good story. Full of heart throbs. The re-write men did not know that it was not true. There was Molly's book, from which to quote. And there were certain facts. They put two and two together. News was scarce, and a good romance is almost as good as a murder, any day. Besides, it is not often there is such a chance for an attractive layout as Molly's pictures furnished. Molly takes a very good picture, and she had been photographed by the best portrait photographers in the country. There were pictures, too, of Rita. She is a delightful child, and has been photographed often, probably than any child outside of the movies.

Considering all things then, the news editors can scarcely be blamed for plugging the story for all it was worth. On the second day, the stories were more complete than on the first. They traced Molly's phenomenal success from

the time Clayton heard the shot, he became agonized with fear and apprehension. He knew Jane was threatened with some danger. Tarzan heard also and quickened his pace. Soon Clayton was left hopelessly behind. He called aloud to the ape-man. Tarzan dropped lightly to his side from the branches above.

Stooping down before Clayton, Tarzan motioned him to grasp him about the neck, and with the white man upon his back, took to the trees. The next few minutes were such as the Englishman never forgot. High into swaying branches he was borne with what to him was incredible swiftness.

From one lofty branch the agile creature swung with Clayton through a dizzy arc to a neighboring tree; then for a hundred yards maybe, the sure feet threaded a maze of interwoven limbs, balancing like a tight-rope walker high above the black depths. How Clayton admired those giant muscles!

Clayton fairly caught his breath at the sight of the horrid depths below them. Yet, with all his seeming speed, Tarzan was actually feeling his way with comparative slowness, searching constantly for limbs of adequate strength to hold this double weight. Presently they came to the clearing before the beach.

Tarzan's quick ears had heard the strange sound of the lioness' efforts to force the cabin. They dropped a hundred feet—landing with scarcely a jar. The ape-man darted ahead, just in time to see the huge lioness' tawny body slowly disappearing through the window of the cabin!