

TANAR OF PELLUCIDAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

AUTHOR OF
"TARZAN OF THE APES"

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE
Bull nodded his head slowly. "I hate to give up my plans," he said. "For I should like to inflict that torture upon this Sarlan myself. But, if he turned to the cadaverous one, you are right. You have named a torture infinitely worse than any that I could conceive."

"This is it, ordered," said The Old. "To separate palace dungeons for life."

TANAR and David were blindfolded. Tanar felt himself being stripped of all his ornaments and of what meager raiment it was his custom to wear, with the exception of his loin cloth. Then he was pushed and dragged roughly along.

He was hustled down flights of stone steps and through corridors and at last he felt himself lowered into an opening, a guard seizing him under each arm.

The air felt damp and it smelled of mold and must and of something else that was disgusting, but unrecognizable to his nostrils. And then they let go of him and he dropped a short distance and landed upon a stone flagging that felt damp and slippery to his bare feet.

He heard a sound above his head—a grating sound as though a stone slab had been pushed across a stone floor to close the trap through which he had been lowered.

Then Tanar snatched the bandage from his eyes, but he might as well have left it there, for he found himself surrounded by utter darkness. He listened intently, but there was no sound, not even the sounds of the retreating footsteps of his guards—darkness and silence—they had chosen the most terrible torture that they could inflict upon a Sarlan—silence, darkness, and solitude.

For a long time he stood there motionless and then, slowly, he commenced to grope his way forward. Four steps he took before he touched the wall, and this he followed two steps to the end, and there he turned and took six steps to cross before he reached the wall on the opposite side, and thus he made the circuit of his dungeon and found that it was four by six paces—perhaps not small for a dungeon, but narrower than the grave for Tanar of Pellucidar.

He tried to think—to think how he could occupy his time until death released him. Death! Could he not hasten it? But how? Six paces was the length of his prison cell. Could he not dash at full speed from one end to the other, crushing his brains out by the impact? And then he recalled his promise to Stella, even in the face of her appeal to him to take his own life—"I shall not die of my own hand."

He tried to plan for the future—the blank, dark, silent future—the eternity of loneliness that confronted him. He found that through the despair of utter hopelessness his own unquenchable spirit still could discern hope, and he realized that

nothing short of death ever could rob him of this solace, and so his plan finally developed.

He must in some way keep his mind from dwelling constantly upon the present. He must erase from it all consideration of darkness, the silence and the solitude that surrounded him. And he must keep fit, mentally and physically, for the moment of release or escape.

And so he planned to walk and to exercise, his arms and the other muscles of his body systematically, to the end that he might keep in good condition and at the same time avoid sufficient fatigue to enable him to sleep as much as possible, and when he rested preparatory to sleep he concentrated his mind entirely upon pleasant memories.

And when he put the plan into practice he found that it was all that he had hoped that it would be. He exercised until he was thoroughly fatigued and then he lay down to sleep and day dreams until sleep claimed him.

But his plan, as he conceived it, was slowly returned, it was accompanied by a scene of horror, the cause of which gradually filtered to his awakening sensibilities.

A cold, slithering body was crawling across his chest. Instinctively his hand seized it to thrust it away and his fingers closed upon a scaly thing that wriggled and writhed and struggled.

Tanar leaped to his feet, cold sweat bursting from every pore. He stepped back and his foot touched another of these horrible things. He slipped and fell, and falling, his body encountered others—cold, clammy, wriggling.

Scrambling to his feet he retreated to the opposite end of his dungeon, but everywhere the floor was covered with writhing, scaly bodies. And now the silence became a pandemonium of seething sounds, a black, cauldron of venomous hisses.

LONG bodies curled themselves about his legs and writhed and wriggled upward toward his face. No sooner did he tear one from him and lo! it aside than another took its place.

This was no dream, as he had at first hoped, but stark, horrible reality. These hideous serpents that filled his cell were but a part of his torture, but they would defeat their purpose. They would drive him mad.

Already he felt his mind tottering and then into it crept the cunning scheme of a madman. With their own weapons he would defeat their ends. He would rob them quickly of the power to torture him further, and he bent into a shrill, mirthless laugh as he tore a snake from around his body and held it before him.

The reptile writhed and struggled and very slowly Tanar of Pellucidar worked his hand toward its throat. Grasping the reptile about a foot below its head with one hand, Tanar slapped it repeatedly in the face with the other and then held

it close to his breast. Laughing and screaming, he struck and struck again, and at last the snake struck back, burying its fangs deep in the flesh of the Sarlan.

With a cry of triumph Tanar hurled the thing from him and then slowly sank to the floor upon the writhing, wriggling forms that carpeted it.

"With your own weapons I have robbed you of your revenge," he shrieked, and then he lapsed into unconsciousness.

(To Be Continued)

People's Voice

Editor Times—A banker's statement is that a working man can live on and be honest receiving 35 cents an hour for his work. Now, Mr. Banker, answer this: If a man works every day in the year, nine hours a day, except Sunday, he works 2,808 hours a year. At 35 cents an hour, his wages are \$982.80.

The banker says a man can feed his children and wife and self on 12½ cents a meal. With five in a family, three children, husband and wife, at 12½ cents a meal, eating three meals a day will total \$1,875 a year. Seven days a week will total \$13,125 for a grocery bill. Fifty-two weeks will total \$682.50.

Now allow him only \$10 a month for house rent. That will be \$120 a year. Shoes, two pairs each for all five, averaging \$2 a pair, will total \$20. Overall, four pairs for three will total \$12; hats for three, \$6.

Mother and sister's clothes at \$12.50 each will be \$25. Five tons of coal at \$6 a ton is \$30 a year for fuel. These few expenses total \$895.50 and the laboring man has only \$87.30 to spend on his family.

He has not paid water bill, electric light bill, insurance, has walked to work every day, has no automobile, no tobacco, no underwear, overcoat, has given nothing to his church, nothing to the Red Cross, nothing to the poor, has had no company to visit him, no Sunday clothes to wear, has not paid his doctor bill, has bought no medicine.

He has none of the things that go toward making life worth living and keeping the love of God in our hearts.

Now, Mr. Banker, would you say that 35 cents an hour is enough for a working man with babies? Are not his loved ones as dear to him as yours? What is labor worth?

OTIS L. WOOLLEN,
458 W. Palmer street, Frankfort, Ind.

Editor Times—The suggestion of Leland Overton in The Times to open the breweries and put a million or more men to work should be given some thought.

This will give the farmer a chance to raise all the grain needed and get a price for it worthy of his labor, instead of stacking it up in the warehouses and no market for it.

What we need is some one big enough to come out and start the wheels going on the road to prosperity.

TIMES READER.

Death Driver Accused
By Times Special

LAGRANGE, Ind., Feb. 21.—William Strakalaris, 25, Chicago, faces a charge of manslaughter here as a result of the death of John Van Ginkle, 26, Chicago, when a bus driven by Strakalaris crashed into a truck east of here.

STICKERS
POWKI
HULDA
HAWAII

A tribe of Hawaiians used the words, "POWKI HULDA" to designate the islands upon which they lived. The two words are composed of ten different letters. Each letter was used to represent a different figure. "L," for example, might represent 7. Thus "POWKI" and "HULDA" each are numbers of five figures. An explorer added these two numbers together and found that their total spelled HAWAII. Can you discover what figure each letter represents?

Answer for Yesterday
?-10=3x3=7+9=2-9=0
0 PLUS 9 = 9
9 TIMES 9 = 81
81 DIVIDED BY 3 = 27
27 PLUS 10 = 37

Thirty-seven is the number, from which if 10 is subtracted, the remainder multiplied by three, then the product divided by nine and nine subtracted, nothing will be left. The problem is simple if you start with nothing and work it backwards, as shown above.

TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION



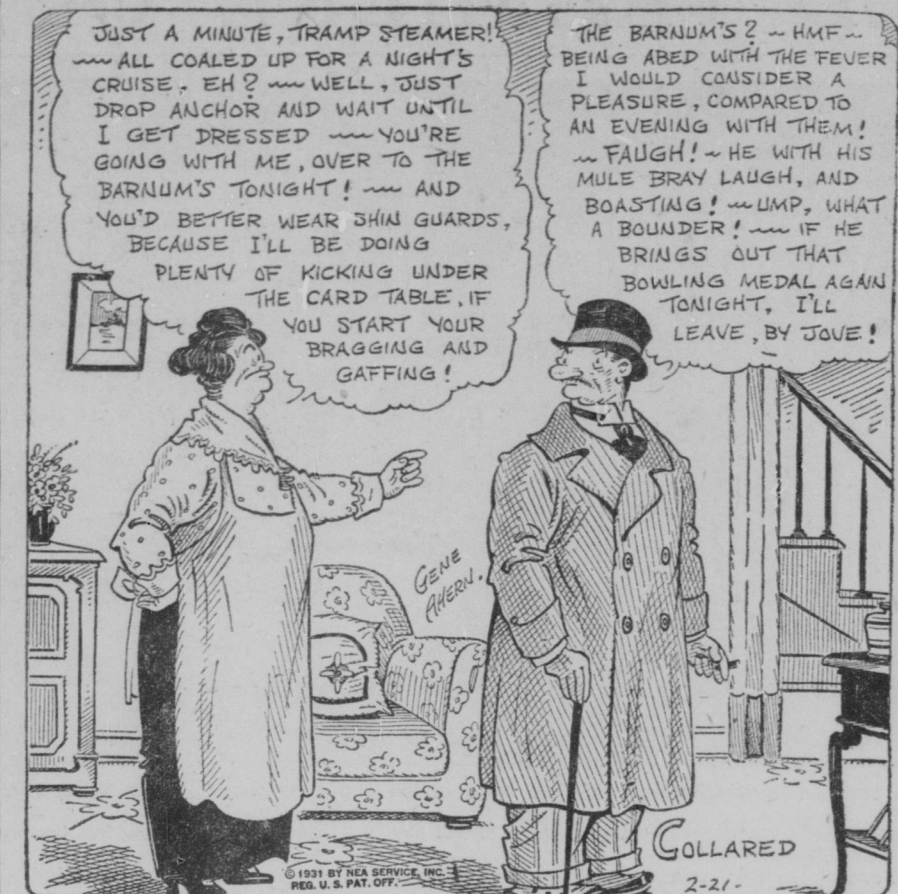
Tarzan only laughed at Jane's fears. Werper was dead and an earthquake wasn't likely to happen again. Those had been his enemies on the previous trips to Opar. "Shall you take Korak with you?" she asked. "No," said Tarzan, "he must remain with you. Our son and the Golden Lion surely ought to protect you," he laughed, trying to dispel her fears. "Fifty of the Waziri warriors shall go with me. They can carry the gold—enough this time to last our lives." A week later they set out on the long trail that leads to Opar.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



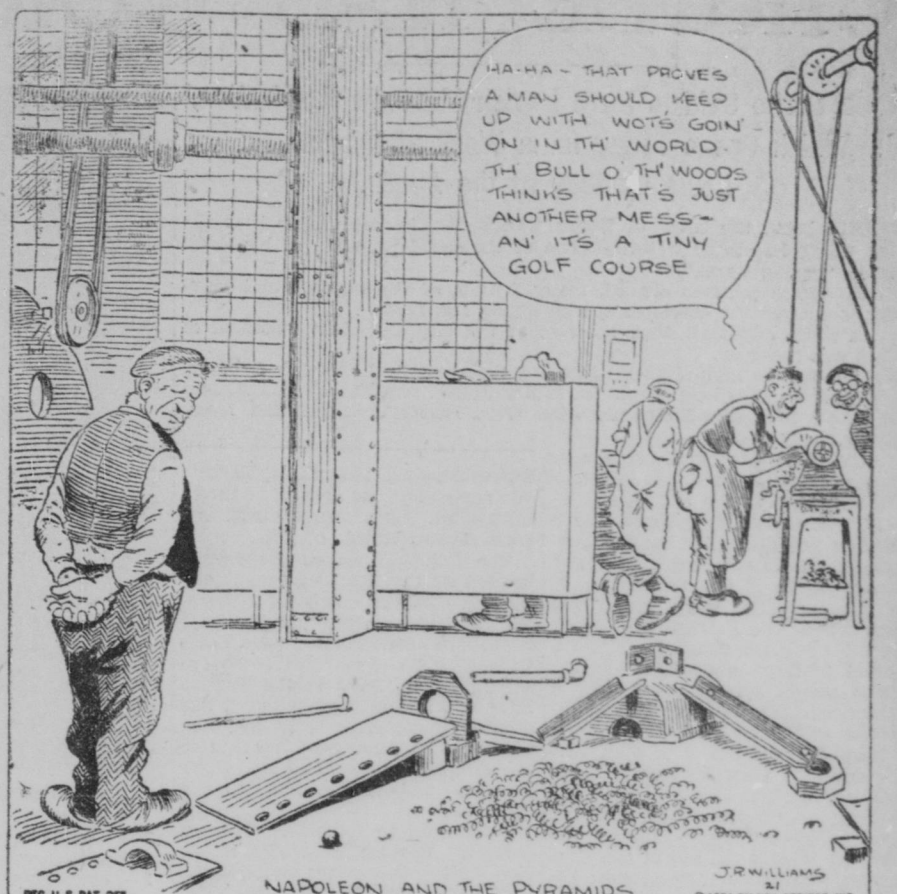
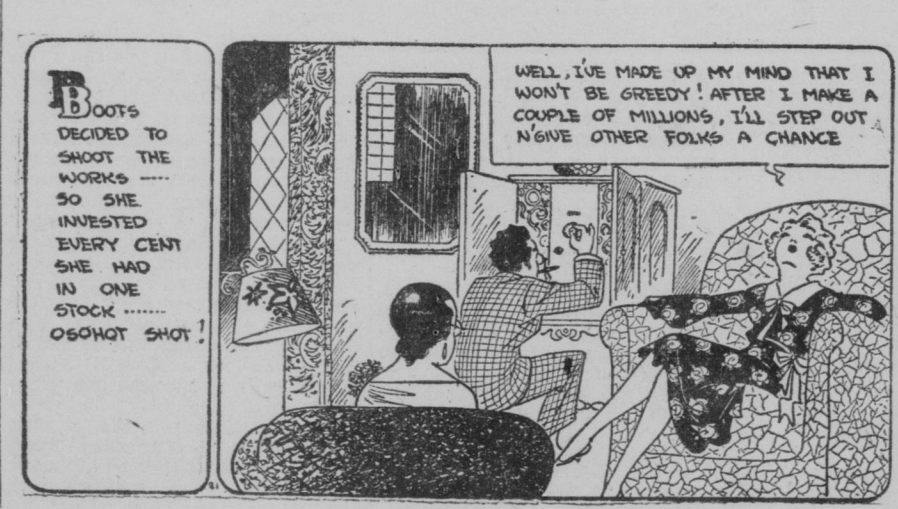
WASHINGTON TUBES II



SALESMAN SAM



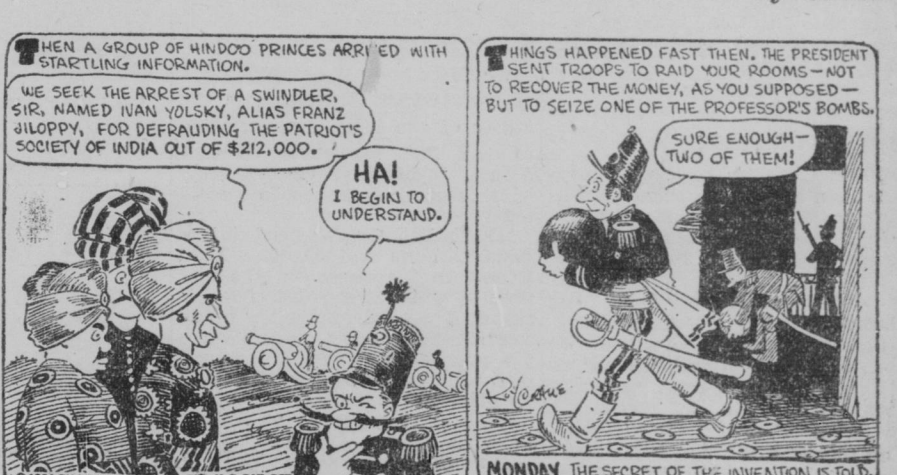
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



—By Blosser



—By Crane



—By Small



—By Martin



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



Behind the ape-man marched fifty giant Waziri. These were the pick of the warlike tribe that had adopted Tarzan as their chief. Jane and Korak waved farewell to the party. As it filed off across the plain, the rumbling roar of Jad-bal-ja came to the ape-man's ears. Did the Golden Lion sense that unheard of dangers were to threaten his master before the two should meet again? At last the voice of Numa trailed off into nothingness as the warriors were swallowed up in the distance.

Opar lay a good twenty-five days' trek from the Greystoke estates. Upon the return journey, laden as they would be with ingots of gold, their progress would be slower. Because of this the ape-man had allowed two months for the venture. They carried no supplies. All were hunters and were moving through an abundant game country. A thorn boma and a few leaves provided their shelter by night. Spears, arrows and the powers of their great white chief were all the equipment they needed.

Mid-afternoon of the third week, Tarzan, ranging far ahead of his blacks in search of game, came suddenly upon the carcass of Bara, the deer. A feathered arrow protruded from the animal's flank. What caught the attention of the ape-man was the arrow's design. When he withdrew it he was filled with wonderment, for he knew it was not of native make. What had brought that slight weapon from some civilized city's sporting goods house into the heart of savage Africa? Tarzan's curiosity was aroused. Also his inherent jungle caution.

Are You a Food Artist?

Whether or not the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, as the old saying has it—certainly the way to good humor is blocked by indigestion! The pleasures inherent in good food, well prepared and tastefully served, are among the oldest and soundest pleasures of the human race. Our Washington Bureau has ready for you a selection of sixteen of the carefully compiled and easily followed cookery bulletins, invaluable as an addition to your store of cookery recipes. Here are the titles:

1. Apples and Apple Dishes.
2. How to Make Quick Breads.
3. Salads and Dressings.
4. Cheese Dishes.
5. Desserts of All Kinds.
6. Egg Dishes.
7. Foreign Dishes.
8. Learning to Cook.
9. Using Leftovers.
10. Pies, Fancy Pastry Making.
11. Yeast Bread Making.
12. Sauces of All Kinds.
13. Soups—How to Make Them.
14. Cooking Meats.
15. Cooking Vegetables.
16. Quantity Cooking.

If you want this packet of sixteen bulletins, fill out the coupon below and send for it:

CLIP COUPON HERE

Dept. A-18, Washington Bureau The Indianapolis Times,
1322 New York avenue, Washington, D. C.

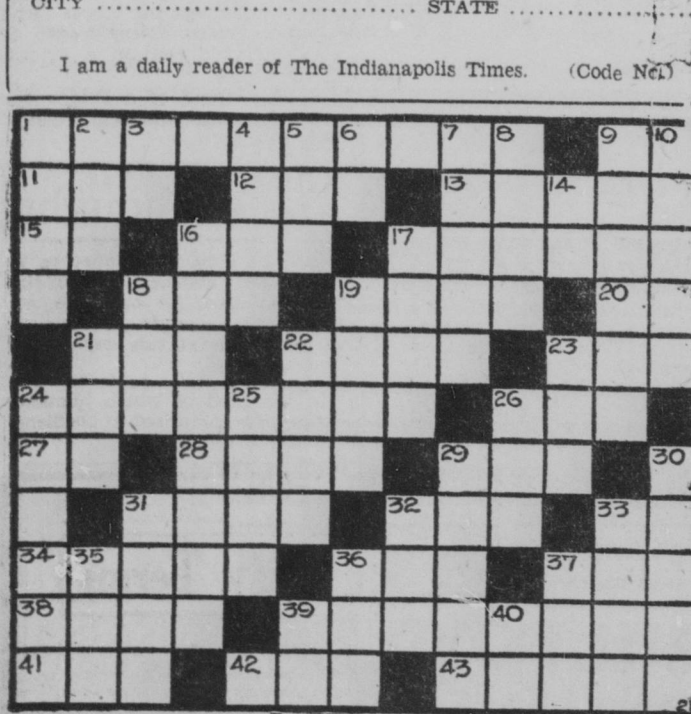
I want the packet of SIXTEEN BULLETINS ON COOKERY, and inclose herewith 50 cents in coin or loose, uncanceled United States postage stamps to cover return postage and handling costs:

NAME

STREET AND NO.

CITY STATE

I am a daily reader of The Indianapolis Times. (Code No.)



- HORIZONTAL
- 1 First U. S. president.
 - 9 To exist.
 - 11 To frost.
 - 12 Dove's call.
 - 13 Puzzler.
 - 15 Northeast.
 - 16 Period.
 - 17 Name of Washington's wife.
 - 18 Noise.
 - 19 Ship's steering apparatus.
 - 20 Subists.
 - 21 Snake.
 - 22 Channels.
 - 23 Unit.
 - 24 Native state of Washington.
 - 26 To total.
 - 27 Half an em.
 - 28 Pertaining to land ownership.
- VERTICAL
- 31 Projection of a lock.
 - 32 Ship's record.
 - 33 To rectify.
 - 34 To inherit.
 - 35 Japanese fish.
 - 36 Card game.
 - 37 Verbal.
 - 38 Washington was a — by profession?
 - 39 Negative.
 - 40 To depart.
 - 41 Gems.
 - 42 Model.
 - 43 After.
 - 44 To rub out.
 - 45 Street.
 - 46 Bias.
 - 47 Boundary.
 - 48 Bumblebee.
 - 49 To greet.
 - 50 Coal box.
 - 51 To chew upon.
 - 52 Washington's home.
 - 53 Mount —?
 - 54 Golden calf.
 - 55 Branch.
 - 56 Narrow inlet of sea.
 - 57 To pierce.
 - 58 Auricle.
 - 59 Lunar orb.
 - 60 Constellation.
 - 61 To pull hard.
 - 62 Livid.
 - 63 Therefore.
 - 64 Measure.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER
PANAMA AMULET
AGO MAR OAR
YET MERGE OAR
N HANCOCK I
EAGER HONSET
TOXIN SNAIL
SEDAN HORRIS
CO DEFORMS T
LAP RELAY ARA
ERA LEG POT
SELECT EXCEED