

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

## OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

## 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 Sarian myself. But, and he turned to the cadavous one, "you are right. You have named a torture infinitely worse than any that I could conceive."

"Thus it is ordered," said The Old. "To separate palace documents of release or escape."

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 Sarian—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 then 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 Stellar, even in the face of her appeal to him to take his own life—"I shall not die of my own hand."

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

## 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 human is shocked by indigestion! The pleasures inherent in good food, well prepared and tastefully served, are among the oldest and soundest measures of the human race. Our Washington Bureau has ready for you a selection of sixteen of its 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.

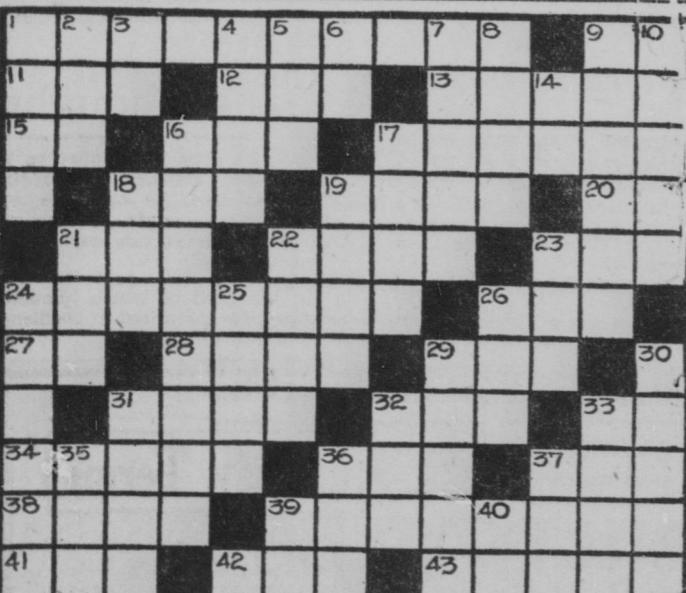
I want the packet of SIXTEEN BULLETINS ON COOKERY, and inclose herewith 50 cents in coin or loose, uncancelled United States postage stamps to cover return postage and handling costs:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET AND NO. \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

I am a daily reader of The Indianapolis Times. (Code No. 1)



**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 Subsists.
- 21 Snake.
- 22 Channels.
- 23 Unit.
- 24 Native state of Washington.
- 25 To total.
- 26 Half an em.
- 27 Pertaining to land owner-ship?

**YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS**

- PANAMA AMULET
- AGO MAR OAR
- YET MERGE ORA
- N HANCOCK !
- EAGER HONSET
- TOXIN SNAIL
- SEDAN H ORRIS
- O DEFORMS T
- LAP RELAY ARA
- ERA LEG POT
- SELECT EXCEED

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 the present. And he must keep the silence, and the solitude that surrounded him. And he must keep 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 had a 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 moments.

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 pleasant day dreams until sleep claimed him.

But his awakening! As consciousness slowly returned, it was accompanied by a scene of horror, the cause of which gradually filled to his aching sensibilities.

A cold, slimy 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 with his foot touched another of those horrid things. He slipped and fell and, falling, his body encountered others—cold, clammy, wriggling.

Scrambling to his feet he re-traced 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, caldron of venomous hisses.

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

This was no dream, as he had at first hoped, but a 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.

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 serious thought.

It 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.

WASHING TUBES II

PROVES INVENTION IS FAKE!

WAR MINISTER DELIBERATELY TRIES TO EXPLODE T.N. IN WASH. CELL.

TO WASH'S AMAZEMENT, NOTHING HAPPENS AS THE INVENTION FAILS TO WORK.

WASHING TUBES II

UNPREDICTABLE

WASHING TUBES II

WASHING TUBES II