

TANAR OF PELLUCIDAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

AUTHOR OF "TARZAN OF THE APES"

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

UPWARD through the darkness Tanar went. Pausing now and then to grope about with his hands, he found that the tree trunk ran up the center of a narrow, circular shaft. He climbed slowly upward and at a distance of about thirty feet above the floor of the tunnel, he heard a faint sound. Feeling upward with one hand, he discovered that the tree was set in mortar in the ceiling above him.

This could not be the end! What reason could there be for a tunnel and a shaft that led nowhere? He groped through the darkness in all directions with his hand and he was rewarded by finding an opening in the side of the shaft about six feet below the ceiling.

Quitting the bole of the tree, he climbed into the opening. The wall of the shaft, and here he found himself in another tunnel, lower and narrower than that at the base of the shaft. It was dark still, so that he was compelled to advance slowly and with great caution.

He advanced but a short distance when the tunnel turned abruptly to the right, and ahead of him, beyond the turn, he saw a ray of light! A condemned man snatched from the jaws of death could not have greeted salvation with more joyousness than Tanar of Pellucidar greeted this first slender ray of daylight that he had seen for a seeming eternity.

He shone dimly through a tiny crevice, but it was light, the light of heaven that he never had expected to behold again.

Enraptured, he walked slowly toward it, and as he reached it his hand came in contact with two rough, unpainted boards that blocked his way. It was through a tiny crack between two of these boards that the light was filtering.

As dim as the light was, it hurt his eyes, so long unaccustomed to light of any kind. But by turning them away so that the light did not shine directly into them, he finally became accustomed to it. When he did, he discovered that as small as the aperture was through which the light came, it let in sufficient to dispel the utter darkness of the interior of the tunnel, and he also discovered that he could discern objects.

He could see the stone walls on either side of the tunnel, and by looking closely he could see the boards that formed the obstacle that barred his further progress. And as he examined them he discovered that at one side there was something that resembled a latch, an invention of which he had been entirely ignorant before he had come aboard the Korsar ship upon which he had been made prisoner.

He clinched his ear to the door

and listened, but he heard no sound. Then very carefully he examined the latch, experimenting with it until he discovered how to operate it. Steadying his nerves, he pushed gently upon the rough plank.

As they swung away from him slowly a flood of light rushed into the first narrow crack, and Tanar covered his eyes with his hands and turned away, realizing that he must become accustomed to this light slowly.

With closed eyes he listened at the crack, but could hear nothing. And then with utmost care he started to accustom his eyes to the light, but it was long before he could stand the full glare that came through even this tiny crack.

When he could stand the light without pain, he opened the door a little farther and looked out. Just beyond the door lay a fairly large room, in which wicker hampers, iron and earthen receptacles and bundles sewed up in hides littered the floor and were piled high against the walls. Everything seemed covered with dust and cobwebs and there was no sign of a human being about.

Pushing the door open still further, Tanar stepped from the tunnel into the apartment. Everywhere the room was a litter of bundles and packages, with articles of clothing strewn about, together with various fittings for ships, tales of hides and numerous weapons.

For a moment Tanar stood with his hand still on the open door and as he started to step into the room his hand stuck for an instant where he had grasped the rough boards. Looking at his fingers to ascertain the cause, he discovered that they were covered with sticky pitch.

When he tried to r's the pitch off, he found that it was almost impossible to do so. As he moved around the room examining the contents, everything that he touched with his hand stuck to it—it was annoying, but unavoidable.

An inspection of the room revealed several windows along one side and a door at one end. The door was equipped with a latch similar to that on the door through which he just had passed. Lifting the latch, Tanar pushed the door slightly ajar and before him he saw a long corridor, with doors opening from it.

As he looked, a Korsar came from one of the doorways and, turning, walked down the corridor away from him. A moment later, a woman emerged from another doorway, and then he saw other people at the far end of the corridor. Quickly Tanar of Pellucidar closed and latched the door. Here was no avenue of escape. For with his smooth face and his naked body, he would be recognized and

seized the instant that he stepped from the room. But Tanar was far from being overwhelmed by discouragement.

Turning back once more into the room, he searched it carefully for some other avenue of escape. He went to the windows and found that they overlooked the garden of The Cid, but there were many people there, too.

Seating himself upon a bale of hide, Tanar gave himself over to contemplation of his predicament, and as he studied the matter his eyes fell upon some of the loose clothing strewn about the room.

There he saw the shorts and shirts of Korsars, the gay sashes and head handkerchiefs, the wide-topped boots, and with a half smile upon his lips he gathered such of them as he required, shook the dust from them and clothed himself after the manner of a Korsar.

He needed no mirror, though, to know that his smooth face would betray him. He selected pistols, a dirk and a cut-throat razor, and no powder nor balls for his firearms. Thus arrayed and armed, he surveyed himself as best he might without a mirror. "If I could keep my back toward all Korsars," he mused, "I might escape with ease, for I warrant I look as much like one of them from the rear, but unless I can grow bushy whiskers I shall not receive any one."

(To Be Continued.)

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In Legislature 50 Years Ago

The traffic problem, as presented by horse-drawn vehicles fifty years ago, was one which caused deep concern in the 1881 legislature. Senator R. C. Bell, Ft. Wayne, argued that the nine-foot gravel roads were inadequate for the rapidly increasing amount of traffic and he introduced a measure providing that the gravel be spread twelve feet wide.

His bill presented other radical changes in the road system. He proposed that the township trustees be made the road superintendents and that they be paid \$2 a day instead of \$2.50 for each day they worked on the road.

It provided further that the trustee might appoint a roadmaster to maintain highways, but the appointee could not be a kin to the trustee.

MARTIN STYER DIES AT AGE OF 76 YEARS

Funeral Services Will Be Held at Flanner & Buchanan Mortuary. Funeral services for Martin R. Styer, 76, of 4013 Byram avenue, who died Monday at Methodist hospital, were to be held at 2 this afternoon at the Flanner & Buchanan mortuary. Burial will be in Crown Hill cemetery.

Mr. Styer had been general manager of Klee & Coleman forty-seven years. He is survived by the widow, a brother, Dalton Styer, and a sister, Mrs. Pearl McCready, all of Indianapolis.

For applying decorative stripes to automobiles, a machine has been invented in which a wheel revolves in a receptacle for paint, the flow of which is controlled by a valve with a thumb.

STICKERS

123456789

Here are the numbers from 1 to 9. By dropping one of the numbers and multiplying the rest by a certain number, between 1 and 9, the product will be composed of all figures once. Can you discover what number should be dropped and what number should be used for multiplying?

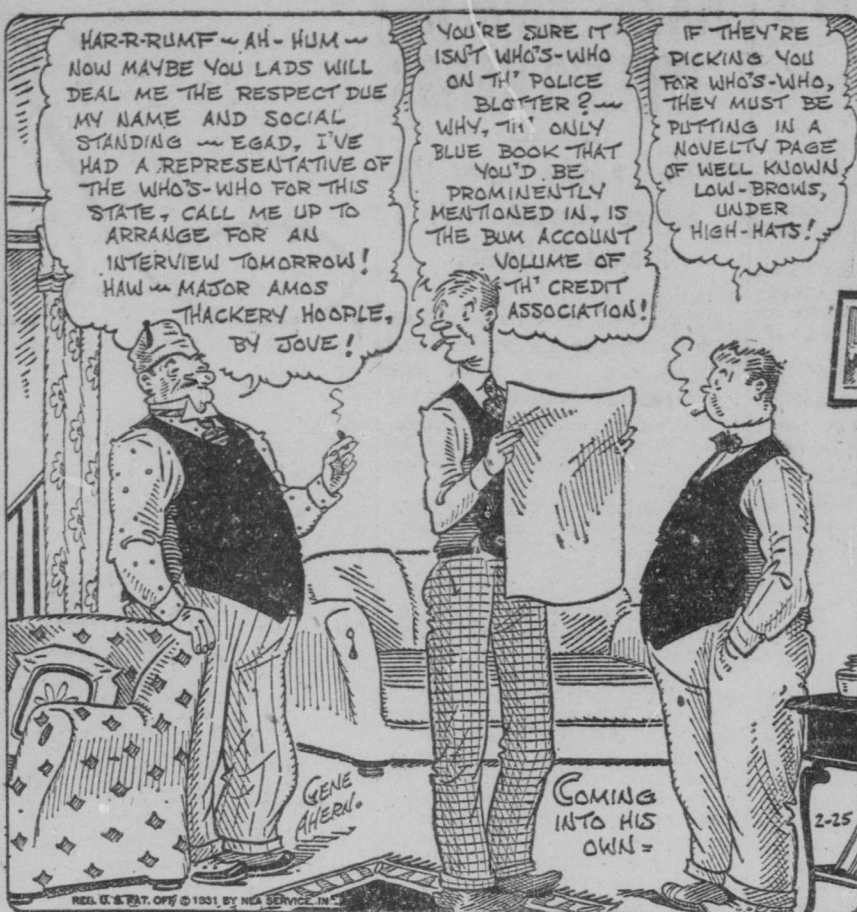
Answer for Yesterday

B I Y R A O V L L Y E
A C K G W R E E N
R C A T E H I G U E
M E B R O I N K L
R A B W N P U B
D R E D R P L E

By starting at the square in the lower left hand corner and following the line indicated, the names of twelve colors may be traced. Each color is contained in three squares, as follows: drab, red, pink, purple, blue, green, yellow, white, gray, black, carmine and brown.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern OUT OUR WAY



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBES II



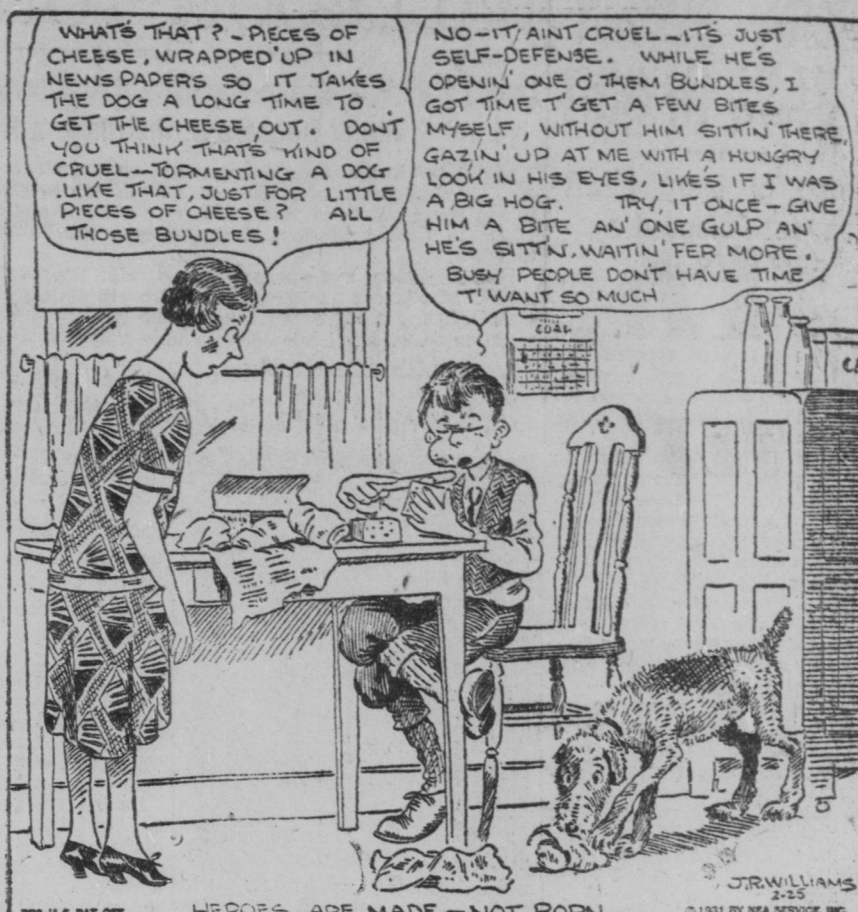
SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION



By Blosser



By Crane



By Small



By Martin



By Edgar Rice Burroughs

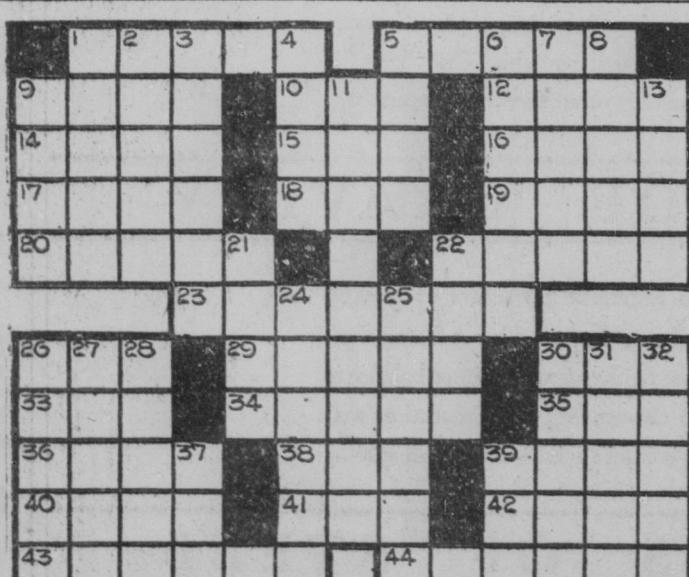


Shopping Suit for 'Boots'



Aren't you anxious to see how "Boots," heroine of the comic strip, "Boots and Her Buddies," is going to look in this new coat suit? If you will cut out the costume

above, you'll find it fits the figure of "Boots" published the other day. The little tabs on the sleeves and skirt fold down to hold the costume in place. Color the suit, if you wish.



- HORIZONTAL
- 1 Silent.
- 5 Apportioned as cards.
- 9 Large sax horn.
- 10 Epoch.
- 12 Rational.
- 14 Astrigent.
- 15 Male.
- 16 Thought.
- 17 Ascent.
- 18 To handle.
- 19 Pork.
- 20 Musical drama.
- 22 Dough.
- 23 Storehouse for military equipment.
- 26 Soft mass.
- 29 Slackening bar on a loom.
- 30 Donkey-like animal.
- 33 Wing.
- 34 Pulpit block.
- 35 Simpleton.
- 36 To exhaust.
- 38 Witticism.
- 39 Fixed routine of study.
- 40 Opposite of odd.
- 41 Unit.
- 42 Melody.
- 43 To blush.
- 44 One who rules during the minority of the king.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER
PORTORICO
VALUE IDOLS
DIVIDE MERITS
EVADE V ANVIL
PAN READS ERA
SAC CLIMB HOP
IRATE D ABORE
TIRADE ALATED
DARER NAILS
TEDIOUSLY