

TANAR OF PELLUCIDAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

AUTHOR OF
"TARZAN OF THE APES"

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

"They think that they have us," said Stellara. "They believe that we shall lack here and make a run for the open sea around the end of that promontory, and they are ready to head us off."

Tanar held the boat's nose straight for the shoreline. Beyond the angry surf he could see a sandy beach, but between lay a barrier of rock upon which the waves broke, hurling their spume far into the air.

"Look!" exclaimed Stellara, as the boat raced toward the smoother of boiling water. "Look! There! Right ahead! There may be a way yet!"

"I have been watching that place," said Tanar. "I have been holding her straight for it, and if it is a break in the rocky wall we shall soon know it, and if it is not—"

The Sarien glanced back in the direction of the Korssars' boats and saw that they again were in pursuit, for by this time it must have become evident to them that their quarry was throwing itself upon the rocky shore-line in desperation rather than to risk capture by turning again toward the open sea.

Every inch of sail was spread upon the little craft, and though taut, bellowing canvas strained upon the cordage until it hummed, as the boat sped straight for the rocks dead ahead.

Tanar and Stellara crouched in the stern, the man's left arm pressing the girl protectively to his side. With grim fascination they watched the bowsprit rise and fall as it rushed straight toward what seemed must be inevitable disaster.

They were there! The sea lifted them high in the air and launched them forward upon the rocks. To the right a jagged finger of granite broke through the smother of spume. To the left the sleek, wave-worn side of a huge boulder revealed itself for an instant as they sped past. The boat crested and rasped upon a sunken rock, slid over and raced toward a sandy beach.

CONCLUSION

A story of Tanar of Pellucidar, the sending became weaker and weaker until it died out entirely, and Jason Gridley could hear no more.

He turned to me. "I think Perry had something more to say," he said. "He was trying to tell us something."

"Jason," I said, reproachfully, "didn't you tell me that the story of the inner world is perfectly himself to the scene."

TOM MOONEY TRIAL TO BE OFFERED ON STAGE

Play, "Precedent," Will Open in April at New York Theater.

By Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance

WASHINGTON, March 3.—The

Mooney trial is to be shown to the American public over the footlights.

"Precedent," a dramatization of the famous California legal scandal, is to be given its premier performance in New York's Provincetown theater the first week of April. For the first two nights the entire house has been bought out by the national Mooney defense committee and sympathizers.

Written by R. J. Golden, a St. Louis lawyer and playwright, "Precedent" conforms in all essential details to the trial of Tom Mooney in San Francisco fifteen years ago. Golden spent three years studying the case and visited San Francisco to meet the principals and orient himself to the scene.

HOME SHOW POSTER WINNERS ANNOUNCED

Beech Grove Man Receives First

Prize; 6 Given Honorable Mention.

Judges of the posters in the Annual Home Show poster contest Monday awarded first prize to Joe Platisha, 201½ Main street, Beech Grove. The winning poster and those winning honorable mention are on display at the English.

Those receiving mention are Parle Newton, Herron Art Institute; Mrs. F. Allen Graham, 5220 West Fourteenth street; Vincent T. Adams, 1512 North Pennsylvania street; Evelyn C. Mass, 6237 Central avenue; W. K. Trusty, 938 West Thirty-first street, and George W. Dudley, 714 Terrace avenue.

The Realtors' Home Show is to be held April 11 to 18 at the fairground.

Offices to be Moved
ANDERSON, Ind., March 3.—Accounting and treasury departments of the Indiana railroad will be moved from Anderson to Indianapolis and consolidated with offices in that city April 1. Heads of the departments will be retained and employees will be offered jobs at Indianapolis, officials of the company said.

STICKERS

COD IS NICE. IT LURES A CAT.

Can you recast the letters in the first sentence, COD IS NICE, and spell a common English word? Then take the letters from the second sentence and spell another English word.

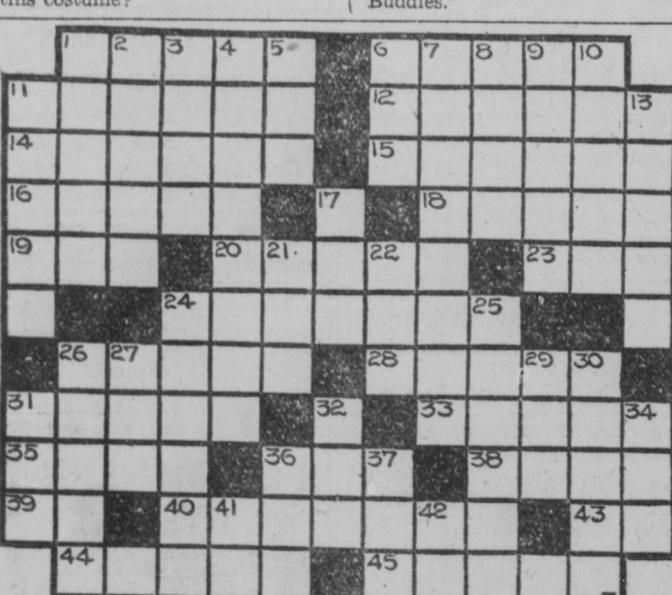
Answer for Yesterday

THE SUN IS DARTING RAYS OF GOLD UPON THE MOOR, ENCHANTING SPOT, WHOSE POPULAR HEIGHTS BY RONALD LOVED UP OPEN TO HIS SHIRTLESS COT

AND SUNDRY DEW DROPS OF AIR ARE FLYING, AYE EACH TO HIS NEST, AND EAGER MAKE AT SUCH AN HOUR ALL HASTE TO REACH THE MANSIONS REST.

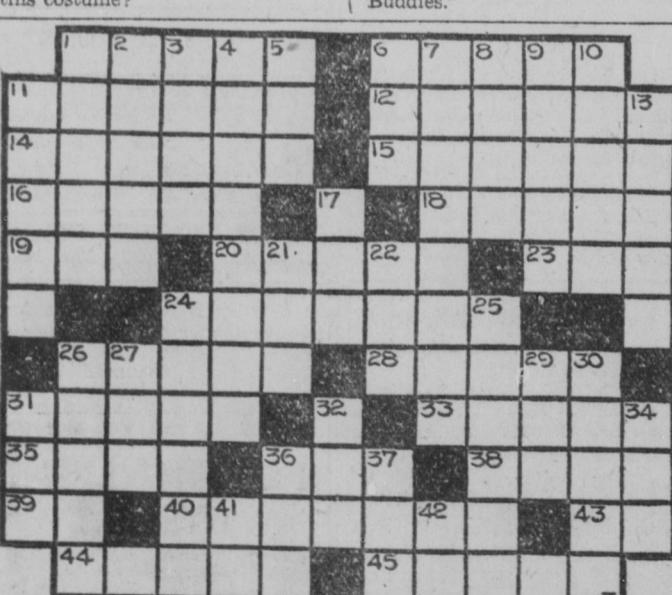
The names of the eight English poets which are buried in the above lines are GRAY, MOORE, BYRON, POPE, DRYDEN, GAY, KEATS and HEMANS, as shown by the large letters.

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER



This evening wrap is just what "Boots" needed to wear to her next dance date. Don't you think she is sure to be the belle of any party at which she appears in this costume?

If you saved all the dresses in this series of cut-outs you will have "Boots" entire spring wardrobe. "Boots" is a favorite everywhere. You can see her daily in the comic strip, "Boots and Her Buddies."



HORIZONTAL 35 Verbal.

1 Member of 36 Data.

Wicksham 38 Bird.

commission. 39 S. 3.416.

6 Woody fibers. 40 Made sure.

11 Inherent. 43 Three-toed.

12 Stonecrop. 44 Fashions.

14 Made amends. 45 Weighty.

15 Ice shoes. 46 Fashions.

16 Females. 47 Weighty.

18 Salt trees. 48 Weighty.

19 Some. 49 Weighty.

20 Gateway to 50 Weighty.

Buddhist temple.

23 Age.

24 Life estate in 51 Weighty.

deceased wife's property.

26 Young pigeon.

28 Departs as a boat.

31 Short oar.

22 Percolates.

VERTICAL Springs?

1 Band leader's 8 Gaffer.

stick. 9 Name.

2 Pygmy. 10 To leor.

3 Cows. 11 Indian title.

4 Ultimate. 13 Theme.

5 Scarlet. 17 Skill.

6 Genus of 21 Eye.

cattle. 22 Copper.

23 Submits.

26 Coarse cotton.

27 In so far as.

28 Field.

30 Jet of fine vapor.

31 Steeped morsel.

32 Antelope.

34 Snowshoe.

35 Donkey-like beast.

37 Branch.

41 Northeast.

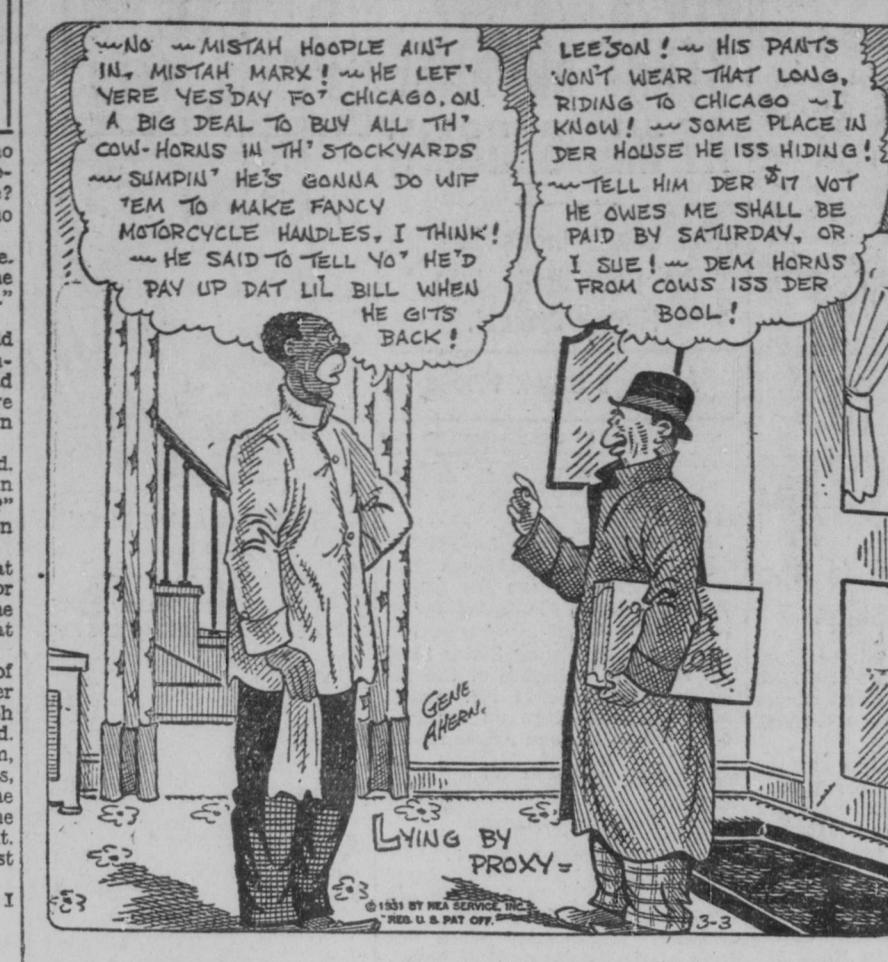
42 Each.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

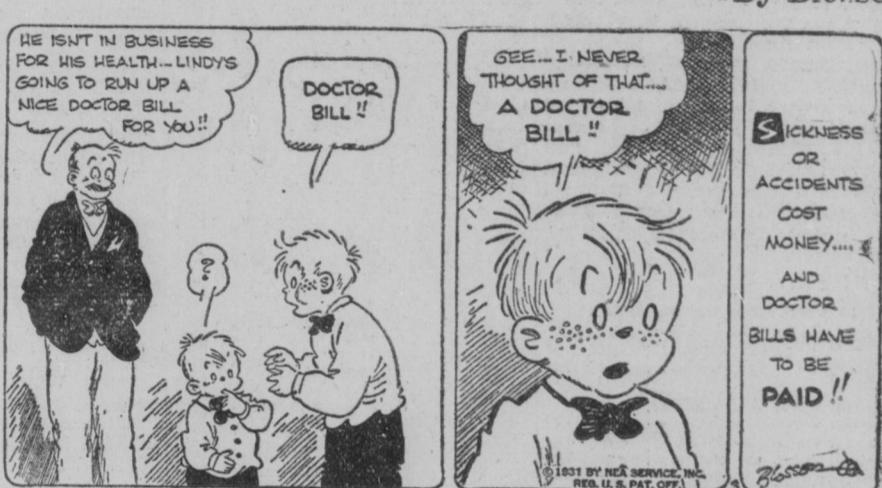
OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



WASHINGTON TUBES II

—By Crane



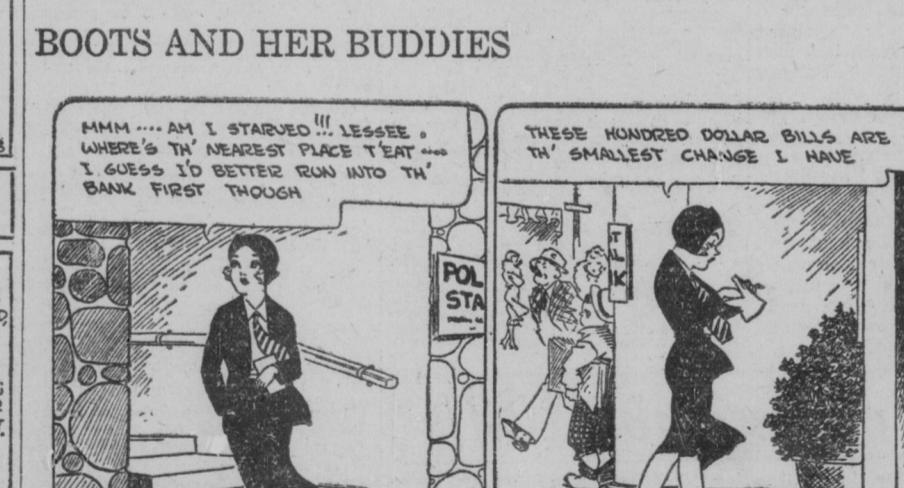
SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



TARZAN AND THE GOLDEN LION

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



She had learned much in detail concerning the fabulous wealth of the treasure vaults of Opar. Largely through the conversation of the Greystoke, since she had been their trusted servant. Unscrupulous and brazen, Flora had managed to copy maps and obtain other valuable information concerning the ruined city—stolen at various times from Lord Greystoke's private desk. Constant dreaming of this hidden fortune had aroused in her the desire for possession of enough golden ingots from Opar to make her rich for life.

The entire brilliant scheme had been Flora's. First, she had interested Kraski, her lover, in it. He then had found the other men and together, by hook and crook, they raised the necessary money to defray the cost of the expedition. Her trump card had been the successful search for a man who could impersonate Tarzan of the Apes in his own jungle. This man she had found in Esteban, a handsome, powerful and thoroughly bad Spaniard. Aside from being physically courageous, Esteban was past master of the art of acting.

Thus far there had been no hitch whatever in the whole plan. Things had progressed as smoothly. Esteban was even now carrying out his part of the plan farther away in the interior. But the unexpected always happens. Tarzan himself had dropped upon them, apparently from the heavens... Flora watched Kraski pour a portion of the液体 into one of the coffee cups... Breathless she saw the spaniard bow politely to his host. Would he suspect? Weak with suspense the girl collapsed upon her cot as outside the tent, Tarzan of the Apes drained his cup with the fatal drops.