

TARZAN OF THE APES

The Thrilling Adventures of a Primeval Man and an American Girl

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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SYNOPSIS

John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, embarks with his young wife on the barkentine ship... Tarzan, the son of a lion and a human, is introduced...

...to be permitted to roam at large from its cage. I shall most certainly report this outrageous breach of ethics to the directors of the adjacent zoological garden...

...squatting with his back to the stem of the tree, watching them with mingled curiosity and amusement.

"I am deeply pained, Mr. Philander, that you should have evinced such a paucity of manly courage in the presence of one of the lower orders, and by your crass timidity have caused me to exert myself to such an unbecoming degree in order that I might resume my discourse."

"Quite right, Professor," agreed Mr. Philander, "and the sooner it is done the better. Let us start now."

"I forgot nothing as yet, Professor Archimedes Q. Porter, but I do wish, sir, I am tottering on the verge of forgetfulness as to your exalted position in the world of science, and your gay hair."

Mr. Philander lifted his other eye out of the mud, and gazed in speechless rage at Professor Porter. Then he attempted to rise; nor could there have been any more surprised than he when his efforts were immediately crowned with marked success.

He was still bursting with rage, however, at the cruel injustice of Professor Porter's insinuation, and was on the point of rendering a tart rejoinder when his eyes fell upon a strange figure standing a few paces away, scrutinizing them intently.

"Thank God, Professor," whispered Mr. Philander, fervently, "you are not dead, then?"

"I do not know with accuracy as yet," cautioned Professor Porter, "I do not know with accuracy as yet."

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POLICE COURT CHRONICLES

If you want to get followers get a bag of potatoes with a hole in it. Then walk along any main street where there are lots of boys with initiative and a basket...

Mr. Philander had recovered his shiny silk hat, which he had brushed carefully upon the sleeve of his coat and replaced upon his head. When he saw Mr. Philander pointing to something behind him he turned to behold a giant, naked but for a loin cloth and a few metal ornaments, standing motionless before him.

"Good evening, sir!" said the professor, lifting his hat. "I think the giant motioned them to follow him, and set off up the beach in the direction from which they had recently come."

"I think it the part of discretion to follow him," said Mr. Philander. "Tut, tut, Mr. Philander," returned the professor, "a short time since you were advancing most logical argument in substantiation of your theory that camp lay directly south of us. I was skeptical, but you finally convinced me; so now I am positive that toward the south we must travel to reach our friends. Therefore I shall continue south."

after the peace of the neighborhood in the vicinity of Greer and Diamond streets. He was walking along complacently, expressing silent gratification at the general order on his bailiwick when his thoughts were disturbed by crashing glass and cries of "murder." The sounds came from the home of Joseph Bruce. A flying pan and a bottle of milk followed closely by a sugar bowl and a big dinner plate...

There she poured out a pathetic tale about her poor little babe, who was suffering from the lack of proper treatment, and all the hope was on the verge of tears when Meehan arrived with her husband. Bruce was amazed to hear that he had a suffering infant at home, and immediately declared his wife's tale was a dream. Husband and wife then expressed their opinions of each other and their argument became so complicated that they were put in cells to cool off.

There are many happy families along the beat of Policeman Meehan, who looks



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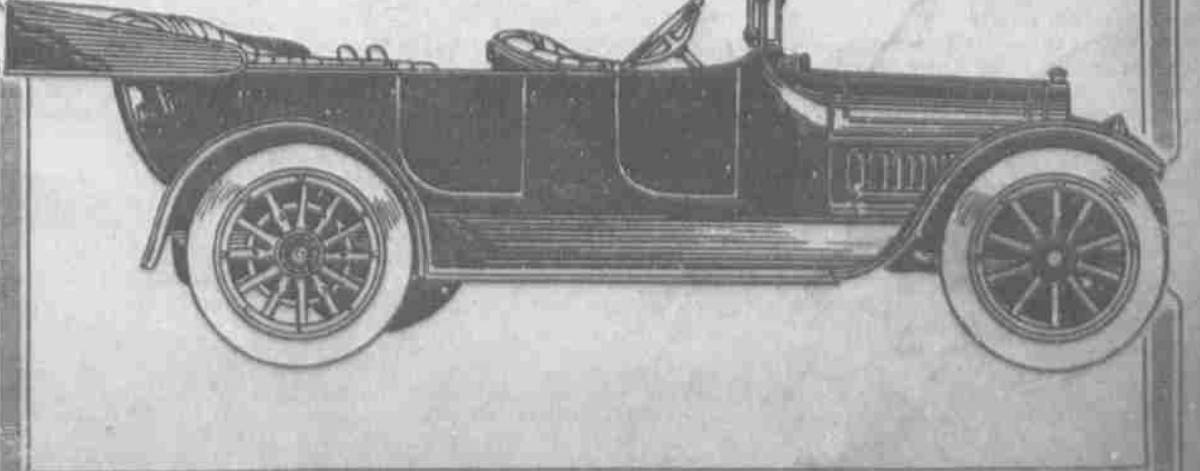
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N. B.—We're all going out together on a special train that leaves here Saturday, June 19th. Fine chance to get well acquainted en route.

"MOST REMARKABLE"

The two turned to see Esmeralda sitting upright upon the floor, her great eyes rolling from side to side as though she could not believe their testimony as to her whereabouts.

The lioness shriek, as Jane Porter had been about to put a bullet into poor Esmeralda, had saved the black's life, for the little start the girl gave had turned the muzzle of the revolver to one side, and the bullet had passed harmlessly into the floor.

And now, for Jane Porter, the reaction came, and she threw herself upon the bench, screaming with hysterical laughter. Several miles south of the cabin, upon a strip of sandy beach, stood two old men, arguing.

Before them stretched the broad Atlantic; at their backs the Dark Continent; close around them loomed the impenetrable blackness of the jungle.

Savage beasts roared and growled; noises, hideous and weird, assailed their ears. They had wandered for miles in search of their camp; but always in the wrong direction. They were as hopelessly lost as though they suddenly had been transported to another world.

At such a time indeed must every fiber of their combined intellects have been concentrated upon the vital question of the minute—the life-and-death question to them of retracing their steps to camp.

Samuel T. Philander was speaking. "But, my dear professor," he was saying, "I still maintain that but for the victories of Ferdinand and Isabella over the eighteenth-century Moors in Spain the world would be today a thousand years in advance of where we now find ourselves."

"Tut, tut, dear Mr. Philander," interrupted Professor Porter; "their religion positively precluded the possibilities you suggest. Mohammedanism was, is, and always will be, a blight on that scientific progress which has marked..."

"Bless me! Professor," interjected Mr. Philander, who had turned his gaze toward the jungle, "there seems to be some approaching."

Professor Archimedes Q. Porter turned in the direction indicated by the near-sighted Mr. Philander.

"Tut, tut, Mr. Philander," he chided. "How often must I urge you to seek that absolute concentration of your mental faculties which alone may permit you to bring to bear the highest powers of intellectuality upon the momentous problems which naturally fall to the lot of great minds? And now I find you guilty of a most flagrant breach of courtesy in interrupting my learned discourse to call attention to a mere quadruped of the genus Fella. As I was saying, Mr..."

"Heavens, Professor, a lion!" cried Mr. Philander, straining his weak eyes toward the dim figure outlined against the dark tropical underbrush.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Philander, if you insist upon employing slang in your discourse. But as I was saying..."

"Bless me, Professor," again interrupted Mr. Philander; "permit me to suggest that doubtless the Moors who were conquered in the sixteenth century will continue in that most regrettable condition for the time being at least, even though we postpone discussion of that world calamity until we may attain the enchanted view of you Fella carnivores, which chance proverbially is credited with being..."

In the meantime the lion had approached with quiet dignity its within ten paces of the two men, where he stood intently watching them.