## TARZAN OF THE APES

#### The Thrilling Adventures of a Primeval Man and an American Girl

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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John Clayton, Lord Greyetoke, embaran rith the young wite on the berkenting twoling for lieitah west Arries, where he is assisted a communic position, suttling reads set also John and Alice Clayton are to assist the communication of the communication of the communication of the communication of the clay-

Asbots.

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so attachs her and recultures her so that
lowes her rund. A child is born in the
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of the arms.

ay no the apes.
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Tarran, defending the molecrape who
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teris of his own Aind. Making
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lifers of their own number. Then,
to a sign, written laberlowsky, anhis presence he departs. The
ers, and a white girl, are on an
or of some sort. They are pursied
ten.

planting his presence, he departs. The white men, and a white girl, are on an expedition of some sort. They are pursued by the sign.

Targan, saves the life of John Clayton, who has succeeded to the title of Lord Groyntoke. Professor, Porter and his secretary, members of the party, set lock in the forest. dans, forest, set lock in the forest. dans, forest, and the secretary, members of the party, set lock in the maid, hide in farrance and the lost men. The sations, was product the party, desert and return in the second of the lost men. The sations, was product the party, desert and return in follows Clayton and sees him encounters, lion, as the lion crowness for a spring Terran seeds an arrow into the light dank. Then he kills the lion with his kaife. Clayton realizes the identity of Terran as King of the Apes and thanks him in English. Clayton follows Targan's guidance listo the forest. Suddenly he hears a muffled shot, in the hut the two women crouch tearfully, hearing a heavy budy brush against the side of the cabin.

A lien breaks half through a lattice, Miss Porter free, hits, but does not kill the lion, who renews the attack. As the long stress in and Targan heaving the man and the women wondering.

Threan receives Professor Porter and Mr. Philander from a lion and starts to lead there back to follow.

CHAPTER XVI—(Continued).

CHAPTER XVI-(Continued). Again he beckoned to them; but still they stood in argument.

Presently the aperman lost patience with their stupid innorance. He grasped the frightened Mr. Philinder by the shoulder, and before that worthy gentle-man knew whether he was being killed or merely malmed for life. Tarsan had tied end of his rope securely about Mr.

Tut, tut, Mr. Philander," remonstrated Professor Porter: "it is most unbesseming in you to submit to such indignities."

But scarcely were the words out of his mouth ere he, too, had been seized and securely bound by the neck with the same

rops. Then Targan set off toward the north, leading the now thoroughly frightened professor and his secretary. In deathly silence they proceed for what seemed hours to the two tired and hope-less old men; but presently as they top-

ped a little rise of ground they were over-joyed to see the cabin lying before them, not a hundred yards distant. Here Tarzan released them, and, pointing toward the little building, vanished into the jungle beside them.

"Most remarkable, most remarkable!" gasped the professor. "But you see, Mr. Philander, that I was quite right, as usual; and but for your stubborn wilful-ness we should have escaped a series of most humiliating, not to say dangerous accidents. Pray allow yourself to he guided by a more mature and practical mind hereafter when in need of wise

relieved at the hanny outcome of their

relieved at the hancy outcome of their adventure to take umbrage at the professor's cruel fling. Instead he grasped his friend's arm and hastened him forward in the direction of the cabin.

It was a much-relieved party of castaways that found itself once more united. Dawn discovered them still recounting their various adventures, and speculating upon the identity of the strange guardian awful shore."

Before sailing," said Professor Porter. "I had purposed requesting them to leave the treasure with us, as I shall be a rulned man if that is jost."

Jane Porter looked at her father saily. "Never mind, dear," she said. "It wouldn't have done any good, because it is solely for the treasure that they killed their officers and landed us upon this awful shore."

"Tut. tut. child, tut. tut!" replied Proand protector they had found on this

Esmeralda was positive that it was none other than an angel of the Lord, sent down especially to watch over them. "Had you seen him devour the raw meat of the Hon, Esmeralds," laughed Clayton

would have thought him a very "You would he material arisel." 'Ah doan know nuffin' 'bout dat, Marse Clayton," rejoined Esmeralda; "but Ah 'apecs de Lawd clean fergot to gib him any matches. He sent him down in sech

a hurry to look after we-all. An' he suttingly cain't cook nuffin' thout matches "There was nothing heavenly about his voice," said Jane Porter, with a little shudder at recollection of the awful roar which had followed the killing of the

lioness.
"Nor did it precisely comport with my preconceived ideas of the dignity of divine messengers," remarked Professor the ab-gentleman tied Porter, "when the ah gentleman tied two highly respectable and erudite schol-ars neck to neck and dragged them ars neck to neck and dragged them through the jungle as though they had

## CHAPTER XVII.

As it was now quite light, the party, none of whom had eaten or slept since

mone of whom had eaten or slept since the previous morning, began to bestir themselves to prepare food.

The mulineese of the Arrow had landed a small supply of dried means, canned souns and vegetables, crackers, flour, tes and coffee for the five they had marconed, and these were hurriedly drawn upon to satisfy the craving of long-famished appetites.

The next task was to make the cabin habitable, and to this end it was decided to at once remove the grussome relies of the tragedy which had taken place there on some bygons day.

of the tragedy which had taken place there on some bygone day.

Professor Porter and Mr. Philander were deeply interested in examining the akeletons. The two larger, they stated, had belonged to a male and female of one of the higher white races.

The smallest skeleton was given but passing attention, as its location, in the criti, left no doubt as to its having been the infant oftening of this unhappy counts.

As they were preparing the skeleton of the man for hurial Clayton discovered a massive ring which had evidently amiraled the man's finger at the time of his death, for one of the slender bonce of the hald slift lay within the golden bamble.

Finance it up to examine it. Clayton gave a cry of natunichment, for the ring being the creat of the house of Grey-

at the name time Jane Porter althousered the books to the suppoured, and, on opening to the figural of one of Germ also the name, John Clayton, Landon, in a second book which she turrisally examined was the single mane, Gray-state.

why Mr. Chayton," she gried, "what this mean? He's aby the cames of mis of your own penals in these backs."

And here," he replied gravely, "to the great rine of the house of Greyatoles, which has herr lost since my under John clarities the archor were lowered; down clarities, the ferroer Land Specialists, distributed by the ferroer Land Specialists, distributed by the second land so it a great chapt has been by the second first these distributes. A post was lowered and to it a great chapt was placed. Then a dozen sations

things being here, in this savage African Jungie?" exclaimed the girl.
"There is but one way to account for it. Miss Porter," said Clayton. "The late Lord Greyatoke was not drowned, see died here in this cabin and this poor thing upon the floor is all that is mortal or him."

"Then this must have been Lady Greystoke," said Jane Porter reverently, in-dicating the poor mass of bones upon the

'The beautiful Lady Alice," replied "The beautiful Lady Alice," replied Clayton, "of whose many virtues and remarkable personal charms I often have heard my mother and father speak. Poor, unhappy lady," he murmured eadly.

With deep reverence and solemnity the bodies of the late Lord and Lady Greystoke were buried beside their little African cabin, and between them was placed the line akelston of the baby of Kala.

the tiny skeleton of the baby of Kala As Mr. Philander was placing the frail bones of the infant in a bit of sail cloth, he examined the skull minutely. Then

he called Professor Porter to his side and the two argued in low tones for acycral minutes. Most remarkable, most remarkable,"

said Professor Porter.
"Bless me," said Mr. Philander, "we must acquaint Mr. Clayton with our dis-"Tut, tut Mr. Philander, tut, tut!" remonstrated Professor Archimedes Q. Porter, "Let the dead past bury its

And so the white-haired old man re-peated the burial service over this strange grave, while his four compan-ions stood with bowed and uncovered

heads about him. From the trees Targan of the Aper watched the solemn ceremony; but most of all he watched the sweet face and graceful figure of Jane Porter.

graceful figure of Jane Porter.

In his savage, untutored breast new emotions were eithring. He could not futhom them. He wondered why he felt so great an interest in these people-why he had gone to such pains to save the three men. But he did not wonder why he had torn Sabor from the tender flesh of the strange girl.

Surely the men were stupid and ridiculous and cowardly. Even Manu, the monkey, was more intelligent than they, if these were creatures of his own kind

if these were creatures of his own kind he was doubtful if his past pride in blood was warranted.

But the girl, ah—that was a different matter. He did not reason here. He knew that she was created to be protected, and that he was created to protect her.

He wondered why they had dug a great hole in the ground merely to hury dry these were creatures of his own kind

hole in the ground merely to bury dry bones. Surely there was no sense in that; no one wanted to steal dry bones. Had there been meat upon them he could have understood, for thus alone might one keep his meat from Dango, the hyena, and the other robbers of the

jungle. When the grave had been filled with arth the little party turned back earth the little party turned back toward the cabin, and Esmeralda, still weeping coplously for the two she had never heard of before today, and who had been dead 20 years, chanced to glance toward the harbor. Instantly her tears ceased.

tears ceased. "Look at dem low down white trash out dere!" she shrilled, pointing toward the Arrow. "They-all's a desecratin" us, right yere on dis yere perverted lains."

And, sure enough, the Arrow was being worked toward the open sea, slowly, through the harbor's entrance.

"They promised to leave us firearms and ammunition," said Clayton. "The merciless beasts!"

"It is the work of that fellow they call Silpes, I am sure," said Jane Porter.

"King was a scoundrel, but he had a little sense of humanity. If they had not killed him I know that he would have seen that we were properly provided for before they left us to our fate."

"I restret that they did not visit us before sailing," said Professor Porter. "I had purposed requesting them.

"Tut, tut, child, tut, tut!" replied Pro-essor Porter. "You are a good child, out inexperienced in practical matters," and Professor Porter turned and walked slowly away toward the jungle, his hands clasped beneath his long coattalls

hands classed beneath his long coattails and his syes bent upon the ground.

His daughter watched him with a pathetic smile upon her lips, and then turning to Mr. Philander she whispered:

"Please don't let him wander off again as he did yesterday. We depend upon you, you know, to keep a close watch upon him."

"He becomes more difficult to handle

"He becomes more difficult to handle each day," replied Mr. Philander, with a sigh and a shake of his head. "I presume he is now off to report to the directors of the Zoo that one of their lions was at large last night. Oh, Misa Jane, you don't know what I have to contend with."

"Yes. I do, Mr. Philander; but while we all love him, you alone are best fitted to manage him; for, regardless of what he may say to you, he respects your great learning, and, therefore, has immense confidence in your judgment. The poor dear cannot differentiate between erudition and wisdom."

Mr. Philander, with a mildly pursued expression on his face, turned to pursue Professor Porter, and in his mind he was revolving the question of whether he should feel compilmented or aggrisved at Miss Porter's rather back-handed compilment. Yes, I do, Mr. Philander; but while we

Tarzan had seen the consternation deration had seen the consternation de-picted upon the faces of the little group as they witnessed the departure of the Arrow; so, as the ship was a wonderful novelty to him in addition, he determined to hasten out to the pdint of land at the north of the harbor's mouth and obtain a pearer view of the boat, as well as to learn, if possible, the direction of its fight.

Swinging through the trees with great speed, he reached the point but a moment after the ship had passed out of the harbor, so that he obtained an excellent view of the wonders of this strange, float-ing house.

ing house.

There were some 20 men running hither and thither about the deck, pulling and hauling on ropes.

and thither about the deck, pulling and bauling on ropes.

A light land breeze was blowing and the ship had been worked through the harbor's mouth under scant sall, but now that they had cleared the point every available shred of canvas was being spread that she might stand out to sea as handily as possible.

Tarran watched the graceful movements of the ship in rapt admiration and longed to be aboard her. Presently his keen eyes caught the faintest suspicion of smoke on the far northern horizon, and he wondered over the cause of such a thing out on the great water.

At about the same time the look-out on the Arrow must have discerned it, for in a few minutes Tarran may the sails being shifted and shortened. The ship came about and presently he knew that she was hearing back toward land.

A man at the bow was constantly heaving into the sea a 100c to the cut of which a suskil object was fusioned. Tarran wondered what the purpose of this action might be.

At last the ship came up directly into the side that and on the side that and one of the sea of the

bent to the oars and pulled rapidly toward the point where Tarsan crouched in the branches of a tree.

In the stern of the boat, as it drew nearer, Tarsan saw the rat-faced man. It was but a few minutes later that the boat touched the beach. The men jumped out and lifted the great chest to the sand. They were on the north side of the point so that their presence was convealed from those at the cabin. The men argued angrily for a moment.

The men argued angrily for a moment. Then the rat-faced one, with several companions, arcended the low bluff on which stood the tree that concealed Tar-They looked about for several min-

aced railor, indicating a spot beneath Targan's tree "It is as good as any," replied one of his companions. "If they catch us with the tressure aboard it will all be confis-cated anyway. We might as well bury

the strange actions of these peculiar Men were indeed more foolish and me

cruel than the beasts of the jungle! How fortunate was he who lived in the peace and security of the great forest! Targan wondered what the chest they had buried contained. If they did not want it why did they not merely throw

it into the water? That would have been much easier. Ah, he thought, but they do want it They have hidden it here because they intend returning for it later.

Tarsan dropped to the ground and commenced to examine the earth about the excavation. He was localing to see if these creatures had dropped anything which he might like to own. Boon he discovered a spade hidden by the underbrush which they had laid upon the Erave.
He selzed it and attempted to use it as

It here on the chance that some of us he had seen the sailors do. It was



TARZAN SET OFF TOWARD THE NORTH, LEADING THE NOW THOROUGHLY FRIGHTENED PROFESSOR AND HIS SECRETARY

but he persevered until he had partially

uncovered the body. This he dragged

slung to his back by a piece of rope, carried it off into the densest part of the

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

escape the gallows to come back awkward work and hurt his bare feet, and enjoy it sater."

The rat-faced one new called to the men who had remained at the boat, and

they came slowly up the bank carrying picks and shovels, "Hurry, you!" cried Snipes.
"Stow it," retorted one of the men. In a surly tone. "You're no admiral, you shrimp."

"I'm Cap'n here, though, I'll have to understand, you swab," shrieked Snipes, with a volley of frightful caths. "Steady, boys," cautioned one of the men who had not spoken before. "It sin't goin' to get us nothing by fightin' amongst ourselves."

"Right enough," replied the sallor who had resented Snipes' autocratic tones; "but by the same token it ain't a-goin to get nobody nothin' to put on airs in this bloomin' company, neither."

"You fellows dig here," said Snipes, indicating a spot beneath the tree, "And while you're diggin' Peter kin be a-makin' of a map of the location, so's we kin find it again. You, Tom, and Bill, take a couple more down and fetch up the chest." up the chest."

Wot are you a-goin to do?" asked he of the previous altercation. "Just boss?"
"Ht busy there," growled Snipes. "You didn't think your Cap'n was a-goin' to dig with a shovel, did you?"

The men all looked up angrily. None of them liked Snipes, and his disagree-able show of authority since he had murdered King, the real head and ring-leader of the mutineers; had only added fuel to the flames of hatred

'Do you mean to say that you don't ntend to take a shovel and lend a hand with this work? Your shoulder's not hurted so all-fired bad as that," said Tarrant, the sailor who had before spoken.
"Not by a —— sight," replied Snipes. fingering the butt of his revolver nerv-

ously. "Then, by God," replied Tarrant, "if you won't take a shovel you'll take a

above his head, and, with a mighty blow, burled the point in Snipes' brain.

For a moment the men stood silently looking at the result of their fellow's grim humor. Then one of them spoke. 'Served the skunk jolly well right," he

One of the others commenced to ply his one of the others commenced to ply his pick to the ground. The soil was noft and he threw aside the pick and grasped a shovel; then the others joined him. There was no further comment on the killing, but the men worked in a better frame of mind than they had since Shipes had assumed command.

When they had a trench of ample size.

When they had a trench of ample size o bury the chest, Tarrant suggested that hey enlarge it and inter Snipes' body a top of the chest.

"It might 'elp foot any as 'appened to be diggin' 'ereabouts," he explained. The others saw the cunning of the suggestion, and so the trench was lengthened to accommodate the corpse, and in the centre a desper hole was excavated for the box, which was first wrapped in sail cloth and then lowered to its place, which brought its top about a foot below the bottom of the grave. Earth was shoveled in and tramped down about the chest until the bottom of the grave showed level and uniform

Two of the men rolled the rat-faced corpse unceremoniously into the grave, after first stripping it of its weapons and various other articles which the several members of the party coveted for

heir own. They then filled the grave with earth and tramped upon it until it would hold

The balance of the loose earth was thrown far and wide, and a mass of dead undergrowth spread in as natural manner as possible over the new-made grave to obliterate all signs of the ground having been disturbed.

Their work done the sailors returned to the small boat and pulled off rapidly toward the Arrow.

to the small boat and pulsed on rapidly toward the Arrow.

The breeze had increased considerably, and as the smoke upon the horizon was now plainly discernible in considerable volume, the mutineers lost no time in setting under full sail and bearing away toward the sauthwest. oward the southwest

Tarzan, an interested spectator of all that had taken place, ant speculating on

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## MAD SUICIDE'S WIDOW, WOUNDED BY HIM, DIES

Double Funeral at Home of Man Crazed by Two Children's Deaths.

The death of Mrs. Stella Craig at the Hahnemann Hospital completed the grim ragedy started yesterday when her hustragedy started yesterday when her husband. Samuel Craig, shot her through the head and then ended his own life with a builet when his mind was deranged as the result of the deaths of their two children. Mrs. Craig died late last night. A double funeral will be field at the resultnoe. IZ Wood street, where the shooting occurred, Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Lens Murphy, mother of the dead woman, who was the first to reach the third-floor room following the shooting is on the yeige of prostration as a result. on the verge of prostration as a result f the shock. The shooling occurred shortly after

noon yesterday. Craig, who worked in the delivery department of a Market street department store, had finished his luncheon. He went to their apartment in the third floor and called his wife. A moment later Mrs. Murphy and two of

her daughters heard the shots.

It is now believed Craig directed his wife's attention away from him just before he shot her. Apparently he did not have the nerve to face her and pull the trigger. Police summoned by the relatives found the woman still breathing. Physicians at the hospital, however, realized immediately that she could not recover. Craig had died instantly when the built seen through his brain. He the bullet went through his brain. He had put the muzzle of the revolver into his mouth and pulled the trigger.

#### TESTATOR WAS DRUGGED

Says Philadelphia Lawyer, Fighting For Share of Dead Uncle's \$100,000. Drugs were administered to Thomas ranklin Smith before he signed his will, coording to J. Stanley Smith, a lawyer. of \$320 Overbrook avenue, who is in Rochester, N. Y., contesting the testa-ment, which leaves the bulk of the \$100,-600 estate to Rosa Sands, another relative.

The decodent was Smith's uncle.

The elder Smith, who died in St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, April T, signed the instruction of the died in the presence of Dr. Walter Callahan, who was in attendance, and Judge Murphy, of the Rochester Municipal Court. He was induced to sign it while under the influence of drugs, Smith contends. His uncle's counsel, Charles H. Balley, refused to draw the will, because the pa-tient was not mentally capable of realiz-ing what he was doing, the contestant says. At a preliminary hearing yesterday the contest was continued until June 11.

#### MAN 110 YEARS OLD DIES

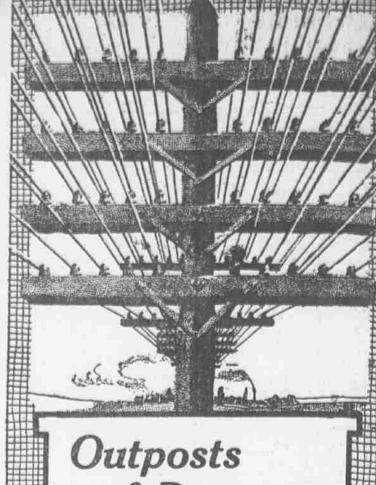
Home Inmate Was Called Oldest Resident of City.

uncovered the body. This he dragged from the grave and laid to one side.

Then he continued digging until he had unearthed the chest. This also he dragged to the side of the corpse. Then he filled in the smaller hole below the grave, replaced the body and the earth around and above it; covered it over with underbrush and returned to the chest.

Four saliors had sweated beneath the burden of its weight—Taran of the Apes picked it up as though it had been an empty packing case, and with the spade slung to his back by a piece of rope, dent of City.

Isaac White, who recently celebrated his 119th birthday, and is said to be the oldest resident in this city, died yesterday at the Jewish Sheltering Home for the Homeless and Aged, 215 South 12 street. He was admitted as an inmate when the institution was founded 17 years ago. White, who was born at Smils, Russia, came to this country early in his youth. An expert dancer, he taught the various steps to the poor children living in the southern section of the city. He is believed to be survived by two daughters. The funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon from the Sheltering Home.



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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

# The Military and Naval Defences of the United States

## What They Are—What They Should Be

By WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

THE attention of the whole country is now more sharply focused upon our Military and Naval Establishments than at any time since the Spanish-American War. There has been much loose, vague and ill-considered criticism of our army and navy. Few authorities have discussed our military preparedness as ably as does Former President Taft in this authoritative paper. Mr. Taft's keen analysis and constructive criticism are based upon his executive experience and upon his exact knowledge of the Nation's needs.

## Other Features in This Number

Bad Bill Bobo, by George Pattullo; The Views of Mr. Wu, a snappy interview by Samuel G. Blythe; The Unknown Masterpiece, a surprising musical story by Frederick Irving Anderson; Made in America, an out-of-door paper by Emerson Hough; and other contributions by L. B. Yates, Ring W. Lardner, Edwin Lefevre and Roger W. Babson.

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