

10,000 PERSONS ATTEND ANNUAL OUTING OF REDMEN'S TRIBES AND FAMILIES



The photograph is of Redmen, their wives and children, who took part in the annual outing at Point Breeze Park last Saturday. They posed in the centre of the big motordrome at the resort.

THE RETURN OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS  
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Jean Tarzan, sailing from America to France, saves the Count de Coude from a trap set by two Russian spies, Nikolai Rokoff and Paulovich, and rescues the Countess Olga de Coude from the same snare. In Paris the Countess tells Tarzan that Rokoff is her brother. She confides that she fears to allow him to be prosecuted lest he reveal to the Count a youthful love affair of hers. Rokoff tricks Tarzan into visiting the Countess at a late hour. This brought together unexpectedly, Tarzan and Olga de Coude impulsively embrace each other. A full confession of Rokoff's plot is forced from him by Tarzan, who is challenged by the Count to a duel. Tarzan is chosen as weapons. The adversaries, at the dueling ground, receive instructions as to the conditions. Tarzan refuses to shoot and magnanimously confesses to greater guilt than his, as that the Count de Coude becomes his fast friend and assists him in getting a position with the foreign department of the French Government. He is sent to North Africa to discover whether a certain Lieutenant Gernold is or is not a spy. Tarzan sees a suspicious character whom he recognizes in conversation with the suspected official, in conversation with the same man while he is watching some Arab dancers. One of the dancers warns him that two men are watching for him. An Arab provokes a fight. Tarzan, through his own superhuman agility, rescues the girl and the girl's father, Tarzan restores the girl to her father, from whom she has been stolen. They start on a journey to the father's home.

up the distance that intervened between them and the intended quarry. He whispered this fact to Tarzan, for he did not wish to alarm the girl. The ape-man drew back beside him. "You will ride ahead with the others, Abdul," said Tarzan. "This is my quarrel. I shall wait at the next convenient spot and interview these fellows." "Then Abdul shall wait at thy side," replied the young Arab, nor would any threats or commands move him from his decision. "Very well, then," replied Tarzan. "Here is as good a place as we could wish. Here are rocks at the top of this hillock. We shall remain hidden here and give an account of ourselves to these gentlemen when they appear." They drew in their horses and dismounted. The others riding ahead were already out of sight in the darkness. Beyond them shone the lights of Bou Saada. Tarzan aimed his rifle from his boot and loosened his revolver in his holster. He ordered Abdul to withdraw behind the rocks with the horses, so that they should be shielded from the enemies' bullets should they fire. The young Arab pretended to do as he was bid, but when he had fastened the two animals securely to a low shrub he crept back to lie on his belly a few paces behind Tarzan. The ape-man stood erect in the middle of the road, waiting. Nor did he have long to wait. The sound of galloping horses came suddenly out of the darkness below him, and a moment later he discerned the moving blotches of lighter color against the solid background of the night. "Halt," he cried, "or we fire!" The white figures came to a sudden stop, and for a moment they were silent. Then came the sound of a whispered council, and like ghosts the phantom riders dispersed in all directions. Again the desert was silent about him, yet it was an ominous stillness that he felt. Abdul raised himself to one knee. Tarzan cocked his jungle-trained ears, and presently there came to him the sound of horses talking, quietly through the sand to the east of him, to the west, to the north, and to the south. They had been surrounded. Then a shot came from the direction in which he was looking, a bullet whirred through the air above his head, and he fired at the flash of the enemy's gun. Instantly the soundless waste was torn with the quick staccato of guns upon every hand. Abdul and Tarzan were only at the flashes they could not yet see their foemen. Presently it became evident that the attackers were circling in as they began to realize the numbers of the party which opposed them. But one came too close, for Tarzan was accustomed to using his eyes in the darkness of the jungle night, than which there is no more utter darkness this side of the grave, and with a cry of pain a saddle was emptied. "The odds are evening, Abdul," said Tarzan, with a low laugh. But they were still far too one-sided, and when the five remaining horsemen whirled at a signal and charged full upon them it looked as if there would be a sudden ending of the battle. Both Tarzan and Abdul sprang to the shelter of the rocks, that they might keep the enemy in front of them. There was a mad clatter of galloping hoofs, a volley of shots from both sides, and the Arabs withdrew to repeat the maneuver; but there were now only four against two. For a few moments they came no sound from out of the surrounding blackness. Tarzan could not tell whether the Arabs, assisted with their losses, had given up the fight, or were waiting for the sound of a new charge. But scarcely had the first gun spoken ere a dozen shots rang out behind the Arabs. There came the wild shouts of a new party to the rescue, and the sound of the feet of many horses from down the road to Bou Saada. The Arabs did not wait to learn the identity of their rescuers. With a screech

for their home in the far wilderness. The sheik had urged Tarzan to accompany him, and the girl had added her entreaties to those of her father; but, though he could not explain to them, Tarzan's duties loomed particularly large after the happenings of the last few days, so that he could not think of leaving his post for an instant. But he promised to come later if it lay within his power to do so, and they had to content themselves with that assurance. During these two days Tarzan had spent practically all his time with Kadour ben Saden and his daughter. He was keenly interested in this race of stern and dignified warriors, and embraced the opportunity which their friendship offered to learn what he could of their lives and customs. He even commenced to acquire the rudiments of their language under the pleasant tutelage of the brown-eyed girl, it was with real regret that he saw them depart, and he sat on his horse at the opening of the past as far as which he had accompanied them, gazing after the little party as long as he could catch a glimpse of them. Here were people after his own heart! Their wild, rough lives, filled with danger and hardship, appealed to this half-savage man as nothing had appealed to him in the midst of the effeminate civilization of the great cities he had visited. Here was a life that excelled even that of the jungle, for here he might have

as his casual glance wandered into the officers' dining room, Tarzan saw something which brought a look of interest to his eyes. Lieutenant Gernold was sitting there, and as Tarzan looked a white-robed Arab approaching and bending, whispered a few words into the lieutenant's ear. Then he passed on out of the building through another door. In itself the thing was nothing, but as the man had stooped to speak to the officer, Tarzan had caught sight of something which the accidental parting of the man's burmoo had revealed—he carried his left arm in a sling. CHAPTER IX. NUMA "EL ADREA." ON the same day that Kadour ben Saden rode south the diligence from the north brought Tarzan a letter from D'Arnot which had been forwarded from Sid-el-Abbes. It opened the old wound that Tarzan would have been glad to have forgotten; yet he was not sorry that D'Arnot had written, for one at least of his subjects could never cease to interest the ape-man. Here is the letter: "My Dear Jean: "Since last I wrote you I have been across to London on a matter of business. I was there but three days. The very first day I came upon an old friend of yours—quite unexpectedly—in Henrietta street. Now you never in the world would guess whom. None other than Mr. Samuel T. Philander. But it is true. I can see your look of incredulity. Nor is this all. He insisted that I return to the hotel with him, and there I found the others—Prof. Archimedes Q. Porter, Miss Porter, and that enormous black woman, Miss Porter's maid—Emerald, you will recall. What was there, Clayton came in. They are to be married soon, or rather sooner, for I rather suspect that we shall receive announcements almost before you are out of the city. I had the wedding on three different occasions. He confided that it appeared to him that she was not particularly anxious to marry Clayton at all; but this time it seems that it is quite likely to go through. "Of course they all asked after you, but I respected your wishes in the matter of your present affairs, and only spoke to them of your present affairs. "Miss Porter was especially interested in everything I had to say about you, and I asked many questions. I am afraid I took a rather unbecomingly long time in picturing your desire and resolve to go back eventually to your native jungle. I was sorry afterward, for it did seem to me that you were rather contemptible about the awful dangers to which you wished to return. 'And yet, she said, 'I do not know. There are more unhappy fates than the grim and terrible jungle presented to Monsieur Tarzan. At least his conscience will be free from remorse. And there are moments of quiet and restfulness by day, and vistas of exquisite beauty. You may find it strange that I should say it, who experienced such terrifying experiences in that frightful forest, yet at times I long to return, for I cannot but feel that the happiest moments of my life were spent there. "There was an expression of ineffable sadness on her face as she spoke, and I could not but feel that she knew that I knew her soul, and that this was her way of transmitting to you a last tender message from a heart that might still enshrine your memory, though his possession belonged to another. "Clayton appeared nervous and ill at ease while you were the subject of conversation. He wore a worried and harassed expression. Yet he was very kindly in his expressions of interest in me. I wonder if he suspects the truth about you? "Fennington came in with Clayton. They are great friends, you know. He is about to cut out upon one of his intemperate cruises in that yacht of his, and was urging the entire party to accompany him. I tried to inveigle me into it, too, thinking of circumnavigating Africa this time. I told him that his presence there would take him and some of his friends to the bottom of the open sea of these days if he didn't get it out of his head that she was a liar or a buffoon. "I returned to Paris day before yesterday, and yesterday I met the Count and Countess de Coude at the resort. They invited me to go with them. I am going down hill, but you may remember the branding of his hand during the last night of the night of the

as he ever, but a trifle subdued. I imagine that she learned a lesson through her acquaintance with you that will serve her in good stead during the balance of her life. It is fortunate for her, and for the Count as well, that it was you and not another man more sophisticated. "Had you really a court to Olga's heart I am afraid that there would have been no hope for either of you. "She asked me to tell you that Nicholas had left France. She paid him 20,000 francs to go away, and stay. She is congratulating herself that she got rid of him before he tried to carry out a threat he recently made her that he should kill you at the first opportunity. She said that she should hate to think that her brother's blood was on your hands, for she is very fond of you, and made no bones in saying so before the Count. It never for a moment seemed to occur to her that there might be any possibility of any other outcome of a meeting between you and Nicholas. The Count quite agreed with her in that. He added that it would take a regiment of Rokoffs to kill you. He has a most healthy respect for your prowess. "Have been ordered back to my ship. She sails from Havre in two days under sealed orders. If you will address me in her care the letters will find me eventually. I shall write you as soon as another opportunity presents. Your sincere friend, PAUL D'ARNOT." (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Oh, it is time I took him in hand," she whispered with a smile. For a week Fitzgerald kept strictly away from the little stenographer. Then impelled by her reproachful sadness, he called one breathless evening. "I have wanted you so much," said Alice gently. "I've great news to tell you." The man's face showed the fight he was making. "Mr. Raymond had a talk with me the other day. He says we may both take a vacation until the first of September if we care to." "Alice!" He was crushing her hands in a desperate grasp. "Don't—I cannot trust myself!" "But you can trust me, Dick," she whispered with a sob. "Not to look out for your own good," he cried. "Do you think I would not have begged you long ago to marry me, if I could have taken care of you?" "But you will be all right if you get out in the country and have a rest." "That I cannot afford, dear child. Alice, there is no use in talking—I will not drag you down like this. There are too many chances against us!" "Then," said the girl, "you have put me in an exceedingly embarrassing position!" "I do not understand," stammered the young man in bewilderment. "Well, you see Mr. Raymond seemed to think we were—had come to an understanding, you know. And I did not deny it. He said you were too valuable a man to lose, and so he suggested that we take the vacation I mentioned, beginning Saturday. I am wondering what I shall say to him when I go back Monday morning." "Girl, girl!" he cried, holding her close. "Do you realize what you are doing?" Alice smiled quietly. "But—it can't be done," said Richard after a little of his doubts returning. "We can go up to grandfather's farm in the hills, Dickie." "I won't sponge my way on your people, Alice." "No, no, dear independent boy." "And—I simply cannot afford it, myself, Alice. I will not let you go back to the office if you marry me. And I shall want you to have a comfortable home. It will take every cent I have, child." "Listen, Dick. Trust me just this once!" A week later Alice Fitzgerald surveyed the six houses on the hillside with intense satisfaction. "It is just stuff that was in the old attic, and boxes, Dickie, but I love it," she said. "And the roof doesn't leak," declared the new householder with satisfaction. "And we've wood enough in the shed for our cooking and chilly evenings for a month," he added, examining his tanned hands tenderly. "But what now, dear lady? You know I can never consent to leaving you here for six weeks. Am I to be hired out to some farmer?" "It is the most beautiful secret I've hardly been able to contain it. Come and see." To the old milk room she led him. There were crates, piles of quart baskets and some bright new tin buckets. "It's blueberries, Dickie—the woods are full of them! Just now these pastures above us are covered with the low bushes which are just ripening, and a little later the high ones will be ready. You'll find all the work you want. We will ship to Boston and New York. I arranged for some markets before we left the city. We can have old Jack to carry them to the station." "Blueberries!" gasped Richard, in astonishment. "Blueberries," laughed Alice, "from daylight until dark. Why, man, it is the way I earned my education!" "It has been a queer kind of honeymoon," observed Alice one evening as they sat on the worn doormats on their hillside. "Do you know?" she asked presently. "That we have cleared 1500? And that you are as fit as an athlete?" looking him over with extreme satisfaction. "We will come up here every vacation. It's awfully good to take a vacation in blueberry time." "Dear child!" He drew her close, his cheek against her hair. "I am extremely glad you proposed to me, Alice; it's the best thing that ever happened to me! Seriously, dear, a man doesn't know how lonely he is without a wife until he gets one. Are they all like you?" "Very much the same, Dick. Don't you believe now that I've got survive hard-ship?" "All girls are not like you," he declared, his arms around her neck. (Copyright, 1915, by McClurg, Burroughs & Co., St. Louis, Mo.)

The Daily Story  
Her Proposal

The office of the Raymond Brothers' plant was in a building on the corner of the street. The chief accountant's desk stood in the hottest corner. His thin fingers trembled a little and his pale face flushed as he hastened to join the trim little stenographer who waited for him beside her table. "I'm very sorry, but you will have to excuse me tonight," he said. "I-I have some work that must be finished." Alice Kiborne looked at him with critical tenderness. "You are not fit to work—at all!" she declared with a cheerfulness that did not conceal her anxiety. "You must not work overhours this warm weather. Come home, like a good boy!" Richard Fitzgerald clutched his self-control with grim determination. No one knew how long he had been for the tender solicitude. And yet something in her manner warned him that she did know, and that she was puzzled and wounded by his silence. At his own desk he put away his papers, saying over and over to himself: "I've got to make her understand, poor little girl. And I'd better do it now!" No refreshing breeze greeted them as they emerged from the great building, only the oppressive heat reflected from pavement and brick walls. As he wondered miserably how to carry out his determination, fate played into his hand. "Why," said Alice wonderingly, "did you see that woman who just passed us? It looked like Sadie Waite." "It is Sadie—she is working down in the silk mills," answered Fitzgerald, firmly. They have been having troubles." "Oh, what?" said the girl. "Waite gave out about a month ago. He has worked like a machine in that office for ten years, and he couldn't hold out. Now he is working in the mill to keep things going. The poor girl looks like a shadow." "I'm so sorry," Alice's voice had the sympathetic tone he loved in her. "But I am relieved, too. I thought you meant that he had had—other kinds of trouble. This is bad, you know, but nothing compared to that!" "This is bad!" declared the man, gloomily, "and it leads to all sorts of other kinds. Do you suppose love can survive such usage as that?" The girl smiled at him serenely. "Waite ought to have known better," said Fitzgerald, looking away from her and smiling. "He knew two years ago that he was going down hill. He is like me—unable to stand the close confinement, and too old to start into anything else. He ought to have loved her too well to marry her!" "Dear Miss Alice Kiborne," he that was the reason he never spoke. "Was he going down hill, too, you mentioned the branding of his hand during the last night of the night of the



"The odds are evening, Abdul," said Tarzan, with a low laugh. Kadour ben Saden shrugged his shoulders. He did not relish having been cheated out of a fight. The little battle so close to Bou Saada had drawn out a company of soldiers. Kadour and his party met them just outside the town. The officer in charge halted them to learn the significance of the shots. "A handful of marauders," replied Kadour ben Saden. "They attacked two of our number who had dropped behind, but when we returned to them the fellows were dispersed. They left two dead. None of my party was injured." This seemed to satisfy the officer, and he was taking the names of the party he captured his men on toward the scene of the skirmish to bring back the dead men for purposes of identification, if possible. A few days later, Kadour ben Saden, with his daughter and following party, returned to the scene where they had been. Kadour ben Saden had drawn out a company of soldiers. Kadour and his party met them just outside the town. The officer in charge halted them to learn the significance of the shots. "A handful of marauders," replied Kadour ben Saden. "They attacked two of our number who had dropped behind, but when we returned to them the fellows were dispersed. They left two dead. None of my party was injured." This seemed to satisfy the officer, and he was taking the names of the party he captured his men on toward the scene of the skirmish to bring back the dead men for purposes of identification, if possible. A few days later, Kadour ben Saden, with his daughter and following party, returned to the scene where they had been.