

RETURN OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

AUTHOR OF "TARZAN OF THE APES"

The Daily Story

Abducting Samuel

"Samuel," said Edmondson severely, "have you run away from home again?"

"No," said Samuel in infantile surprise. His adventure was yet young and he was not minded to be returned to parental discipline.

Edmondson regarded the small boy severely. "It is evident that you have been without the assistance of a nurse," he said with what was intended to be a pained voice, but in which the laugh would break.

"I know Ananias," Samuel hastened to explain. "It was he who took me to school the afternoon I licked Dicky Briggs for stealing my white mouse."

"I regret that you should identify a great moral lesson by so immoral an event," laughed Edmondson. "It is not necessary, however, to remind you that Ananias was a person in whom the truth was not, and he was burned up."

"But all boys are punished with severity," declared Edmondson. "I think, Samuel, that you have departed from the straight and narrow path of truth-telling. I am going to telephone your sister and see if your statement is fully correct."

With a wild cry Samuel turned and fled. His flight was unavailing. Time had been when Edmondson had gained his varsity letter in the epirints, and it was a short time before he had to evade return that was little short of uncanny.



Edmondson regarded the small boy severely.

"Now he was quick to perceive the situation and a series of ingenious questions soon established the fact that Edmondson was a strange man who had several times made him presents of candy and who had forced him into the cab and had tried to stifle his cries."

"Could the well-organized and comparatively secure party of outcasts have been the ragged, fear-hunted throng of a few miles south of them they would scarcely have recognized in them the formerly immaculate members of the little company that had laughed and played upon the Lady Alice."

Clayton and Monsieur Thurau were almost naked, so torn had their clothes been by the thorn bushes and tangled which they had to force their way through in search of their ever more difficult food supply.

Jane Porter had, of course not been subjected to these strenuous expeditions, but her apparel was, nevertheless, in a sad state of disrepair.

Clayton, for lack of any better occupation, had carefully saved the skin of every animal they had killed. By stretching them upon the stems of trees, and diligently scraping them, he had managed to save them in a fair condition, and now his clothes were threatening to cover his nakedness no longer.

The result when completed was a sleeveless garment which fell nearly to his knees. As it was made up of numerous small pelts had different colors and wonderful appearance, which, together with the vile stench which permeated it, rendered it anything other than a desirable addition to a wardrobe.

Then Thurau also found it necessary to construct similar primitive garment, so that, with their bare legs and heavily bearded faces, they looked not unlike reincarnations of two prehistoric progenitors of the human race. Thurau acted like one.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

Deaths

ANHEER.—On Aug. 8, 1915, FRANK ALBERT, son of Frank and Annie, aged 10 years, died of typhoid fever at his residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

BAFEO.—On August 8, 1915, J. J. BAFEO, aged 18 years, died of typhoid fever at his residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

BARBER.—On August 8, 1915, ELIJAH BARBER, in his 88th year, died of heart failure at his residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

BREWER.—On August 8, 1915, GEORGE BREWER, aged 72 years, died of heart failure at his residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

BURTON.—On August 8, 1915, GEORGE BURTON, aged 65 years, died of heart failure at his residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

CALDWELL.—On August 8, 1915, JOHN CALDWELL, aged 68 years, died of heart failure at his residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

CAMPBELL.—On August 8, 1915, THOMAS CAMPBELL, aged 75 years, died of heart failure at his residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

CROWL.—On August 8, 1915, SARAH CROWL, aged 85 years, died of heart failure at her residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

DEAL.—On August 8, 1915, JOSEPH C. DEAL, aged 65 years, died of heart failure at his residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

DEVLIN.—On August 8, 1915, JOHN DEVLIN, aged 70 years, died of heart failure at his residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

DOUGLAS.—On August 8, 1915, ADELAIDE DOUGLAS, aged 60 years, died of heart failure at her residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

DUPE.—On August 8, 1915, JEANETTE DUPE, aged 55 years, died of heart failure at her residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

ECKHOLD.—On August 8, 1915, MARGARET ECKHOLD, aged 70 years, died of heart failure at her residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

FITZ.—On August 8, 1915, EDITH FITZ, aged 60 years, died of heart failure at her residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

FURNESS.—On August 8, 1915, MARGARET FURNESS, aged 75 years, died of heart failure at her residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

GARTLAND.—On August 8, 1915, ALICE GARTLAND, aged 65 years, died of heart failure at her residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

GAUSS.—On August 8, 1915, GEORGINA GAUSS, aged 70 years, died of heart failure at her residence, 1300 E. 12th st., on Thursday, at 10 o'clock. Interment private.

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DON'T "KICK" IF YOU NEGLECT TO REGISTER

Churchmen Organize to Emphasize the Necessity of Qualifying as Voters.

"Mr. Independent Voter, churchman, complacent stay-at-home, or whoever you are, don't kick about Philadelphia's political condition if you don't vote."

"Register on Thursday, September 2. You must register on September 2, the only two other registration days are September 7 and 14."

"Every Citizen Register League," an organization of churchmen with headquarters in the Hale Building. The league has been founded and its work will be vigorously conducted by leaders of religious organizations in all sections of the city, who have realized the import of 106,000 eligible voters failing to cast a ballot at the last election.

"Many of those 106,000 voters who disqualified themselves by failing to register were undoubtedly church members," said William H. Wallace, a member of the newly formed league, today. Mr. Wallace is chairman of the evangelistic and extension committee of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip.

"It is not proper for church members who neglect their duty, by remaining away from the polls, to criticize the political status of the municipality or complain against corruption. It is up to them to get out and register and vote as they talk. Probably their apathy in the past has been due to a lack of the proper sort of appeal. Now we are determined that the proper appeal shall be made in all sections of Philadelphia."

The Executive Committee of the new league consists of William M. Goodson, president of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip; John Walton, president of the County Sunday School Association; the Rev. Samuel Z. Batten, secretary of the Baptist Brotherhood; Henry Walton, secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and the Rev. George G. Doney, Allan Sutherland, Clarence D. Antrim, William H. Wallace, Albert P. Higgins and the Rev. R. Howard Taylor, all associated in church organizations.

OBITUARIES

GEORGE FITCH

Noted Humorous Writer Succumbs to Appendicitis.

BERKELEY, Cal., Aug. 10.—George Fitch, famous as a humorous writer, died at a sanatorium here yesterday following an operation for appendicitis performed on Sunday.

Mr. Fitch was a native of Galva, Ill. He studied at the University of Chicago and in 1897 he took up newspaper work in Galva, Ill. Later he was connected with various papers in Illinois and Iowa.

In 1901 he went to Peoria as managing editor and feature writer for the Peoria Transcript, to which capacity he gained a wide reputation. He later resigned from the Transcript to devote his time entirely to magazine work.

Mr. Fitch was elected a Representative to the Illinois Legislature in November, 1912, and served one term. He served a term as president of the American Press Editors' Association. He leaves a widow and three daughters.

George W. Brenner
George W. Brenner, head of the tobacco firm of Louis Brenner, 308 1/2 North 12th street, died yesterday, at Wernerville, Pa. He was 72 years old, and had been ill a long time. He is survived by a widow, two sons and three daughters. The funeral will be from the home, 1024 Spring Garden street. Arrangements by the funeral home.

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CHAPTER XX—(Continued)

"With some reason the women have not reverted to savagery so rapidly as the men. It may be because only the lower types of men remained here at the close of the great catastrophe, while the temples were filled with the noblest daughters of the race, its strain has remained clearer than the rest because for countless ages my foremothers were high priestesses—the sacred office descended from mother to daughter. Our husbands are chosen for us from the noblest in the land. The most perfect man, mentally and physically, is selected to be the husband of the high priestess."

"From what I saw of the gentlemen above," said Tarzan, with a grin, "there should be little trouble in choosing from among them."

"The girl looked at him quizzically for a moment. "Do not be desecrating," she said. "They are very holy men—they are priests."

"Then there are others who are better to look upon?" he asked. "The others are all more ugly than the priests," she replied.

Tarzan shuddered at her fate, for even in this dim light of the vault he was impressed by her beauty. "But how about myself?" he asked suddenly. "Are you going to lead me to them?"

"You have been chosen by The Fleming God as his own," she answered solemnly. "Not even I have the power to save you—these things are decreed. But do not be afraid that they will find you. You are no less for you. It will be no easy matter—I will require days; but I think I can lead you beyond the walls. Come, they will look here for me presently, and if they find us together we shall both be lost—they would kill me did they think that I had proved false to my god."

"You must not take the risk, then," he said quickly. "I will return to the temple, and if I can find my way to freedom there will be no suspicion thrown upon you."

But she would not have it so, and finally persuaded him to follow her, saying that they had already remained in the vault too long to prevent suspicion from falling upon her even if they returned to the temple.

"I will hide you, and then return alone," she said, "telling them that I was lonely and inconsolable after you killed Tarzan, and that I do not know whether you escaped."

And so she led him through winding corridors of gloom, until finally they came to a small chamber into which a little light filtered through a stone grating in the ceiling.

"This is the Chamber of the Dead," she said. "None will think of searching here for you—they would not dare. I will return after it is dark. By that time I may have found a plan to effect your escape."

She was gone, and Tarzan of the Apes was left alone in the Chamber of the Dead, beneath the long-dead city of Opar.

THE CASTAWAYS

CLAYTON dreamed that he was drinking his fill of water, pure, delightful drafts of fresh water. With a start he gained consciousness to find himself wet through by torrents of rain that were falling upon his body and his upturned face. A heavy tropical shower was beating down upon them. He opened his mouth and drank. Presently he was so revived and strengthened that he was enabled to raise his head and look around. Across his legs lay Monsieur Thurau. A few feet off Jane Porter was huddled in a pitiful little heap in the bottom of the boat—she was quite still. Clayton knew that she was dead.

After infinite labor he released himself from Thurau's pliant body, and with renewed strength crawled toward the girl. He raised her head from the rough boards of the boat's interior. There might be life in that poor, starved frame even yet. He could not quite abandon all hope, and so he seized a water-soaked rag and squeezed the precious drops between the swollen lips of the hissing thing. It had but a few short days before glowed with the resplendent life of happy youth and glorious beauty.

For some time there was no sign of returning animation, but at last his efforts were rewarded by a slight tremor of the half-closed lips. He chafed the thin hands, and forced a few more drops of water into the parched throat. The girl opened her eyes, looking up at him for a long time before she could recall her surroundings.

"Water?" she whispered. "Are we saved?" "It is raining," he explained. "We may as well drink. Already it has revived us both."

"Monsieur Thurau?" she asked. "He did not kill you, he is dead?" "I do not know," replied Clayton. "If he lives and this rain revives him—"

But he stopped there, remembering too late that he must not add further to the horrors which the girl already had endured.

GET-RICH-QUICK-WALSINGFORD

WHAT'S DE MATTAN SHRIMP IS YER DOWN ON YER LUCK - DOES YER NEED ER HELPIN HAN? IF SO, SHOUT-

AH GOT TER GIT A HUNDRED BONES - DATS WHAT

AH RECKON AH BETTAH SALLY FOYM AN SEE WHAT DAT SHRIMP AM UP TER - HE DO QIB ME A PAIN.

AH SAY SHRIMP, HEAR COMES ER MILLION DOLLARS WOFF OIB QOOSE FLESH - ITS EASY MONEY WE GIT - BE HUNDRED AN MANY MO BESIDES



By KEMBLE
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SHRIMP'S FRIEND ENGINEERS A SURPRISE

DAD BING! HE DONE KNOCK DE BOSS ON DE BEAN

SHRIMP'S FRIEND ENGINEERS A SURPRISE



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