

# THE BEASTS OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

### The Ape-man is Once Again Among the Beasts of the Jungle, Yet, Though He Is Still Able to Live the Physical Life of a Primeval Animal, His Heart Now Beats With Human Emotions.

man of the Apes can help you, and you can help Tarzan of the Apes." "You cannot kill Akut," replied the other. "None is so great as Akut. Had you not killed Molak, Akut would have done so, for Akut was ready to be king. For answer the ape-man hurried himself upon the great why brutes who during the conversation had slightly relaxed his vigilance.

In the twinkling of an eye the man had seized the wrist of the great ape, and before the other could grapple with him had whirled him about and leaped upon his broad back.

Now they went together, but so well had Tarzan's plan worked out that before ever they touched the ground he had gained the same hold upon Akut which he had upon Molak.

Slowly he brought the pressure to bear, and then as in days gone by he had given Korchak the chance to surrender whom he now gave to Akut—in strength and resource—the option of living in amity with him or dying as he had just seen his savage and heretofore invincible king die.

"Ka-goda!" whispered Tarzan to the ape beneath him.

It was the same question that he had whispered to Korchak, and in the language of the apes it means broadly: "Do you surrender?"

Akut thought of the creaking sound he had heard just before Molak's thick neck had snapped, and he shuddered.

He hated to give up the kingship, though, so again he struggled to free himself; but a sudden application of the torturing pressure upon his vertebra brought an agonized "ka-goda!" from his lips.

Tarzan relaxed his grip a trifle. "You may still be king, Akut," he said. "Tarzan told you that he did not wish to be king. If any question your rights, Tarzan of the Apes will help you in your battles."

The ape-man rose, and Akut came slowly to his feet. Shaking his bullet head and growling angrily, he waddled toward his tribe, looking first at one and then at another of the larger bulls who might be expected to challenge his leadership.

But none did so; instead, they drew away as he approached, and presently the whole pack moved off into the jungle, and Tarzan was left alone once more upon the beach.

The ape-man was sore from the wounds

of this spot the hungry ape-man made his silent way.

Through the upper terrace of the tree-tops he swung with the grace and ease of a monkey. But for the heavy burden upon his heart he would have been happy in his return to the old free life of his boyhood.

Yet, even with that burden, he fell into the little habits and manners of his early life that were in reality more a part of him than the thin veneer of civilization that the past three years of his association with the white men of the outer world had spread lightly over him—a veneer that only hid the crudities of the beast that Tarzan of the Apes had been.

Could his fellow peers of the House of Lords have seen him then they would have held up their noble hands in holy horror.

Silently he crouched in the lower branches of a great forest giant that overhung the trail, his keen eyes and sensitive ears strained into the distant jungle, from which he knew his dinner would presently emerge.

Nor had he long to wait.

Scarcely had he settled himself to a comfortable position, his lithe, muscular legs drawn well up beneath him as the panther draws his hindquarters in preparation for the spring, than Bara, the deer, came daintily down to drink.

But more than Bara was coming. Behind the graceful buck came another which the deer could neither see nor scent, but whose movements were apparent to Tarzan of the Apes because of the elevated position of the ape-man's ambush.

He knew not yet exactly the nature of the thing that moved so stealthily through the jungle a few hundred yards behind the deer; but he was convinced that it was some great beast of prey stalking Bara for the selfish purpose as that which prompted him to await the fleet animal. Numa, perhaps, or Sheeta, the panther.

In any event, Tarzan could see his rear past slipping from his grasp unless Bara moved more rapidly toward the ford than at present.

Even as these thoughts passed through his mind some noise of the stalker in his rear must have come to the buck, for with a sudden start he paused for an instant, trembling in his tracks, and then with a swift bound he dashed straight for the river and Tarzan. It was his intention to see through the shallow ford and

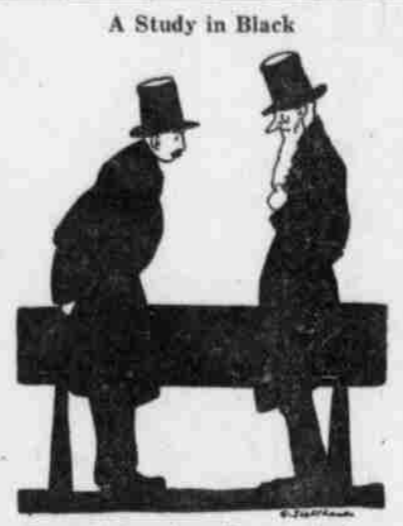
# SCRAPPLE



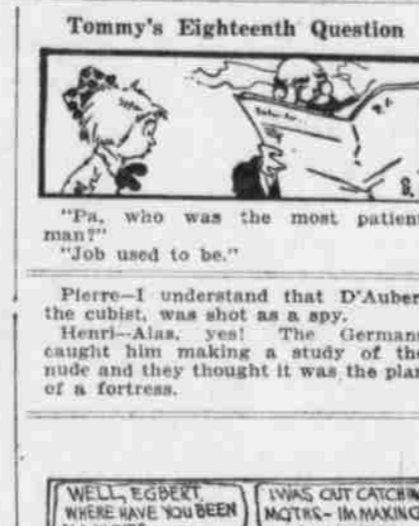
EASY! He—Could you learn to love me? She—I learned to speak Chinese. —Harvard Lampoon.



THE-PADDED CELL



A Study in Black



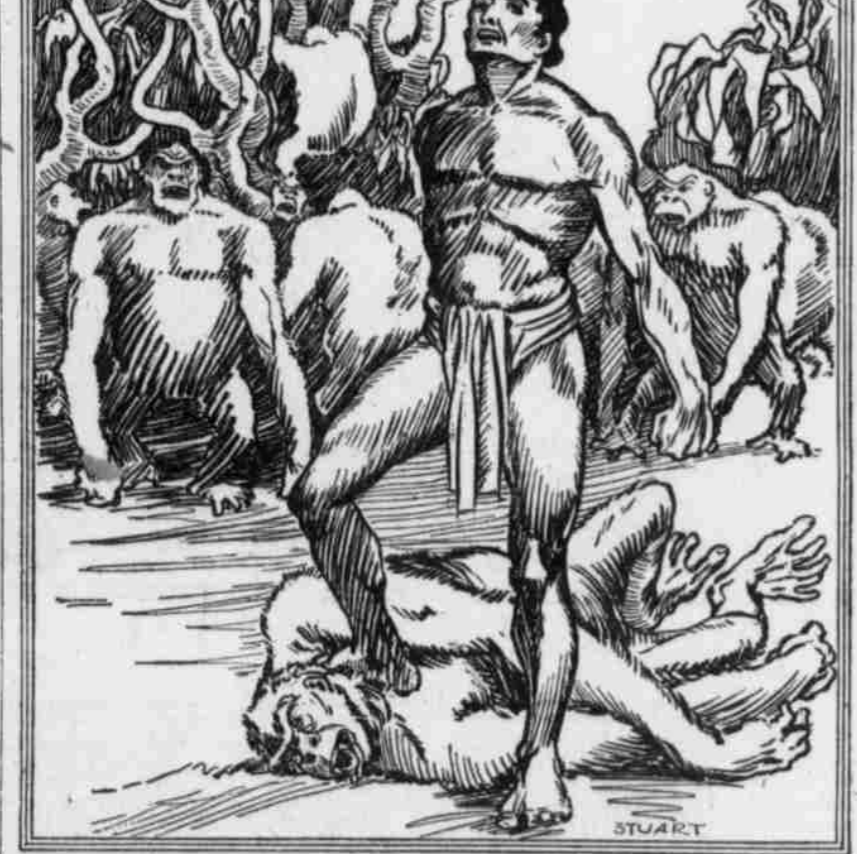
Tommy's Eighteenth Question



Hope Gone



When it comes to hard luck, I'm certainly the champion.



Across the jungle rolled the horrid notes of the victory cry

that Molak had inflicted upon him, but he was injured to physical suffering and endured it with the calm and fortitude of the wild beasts that had taught him to lead the jungle life after the manner of all those that are born to it.

His first need, he realized, was for weapons of offense and defense, for his encounter with the apes, and the distant notes of the savage voices of Numa, the lion, and Sheeta, the panther, warned him that his was to be no life of indolent ease and security.

It was but a return to the old existence of constant bloodshed and danger—the hunting and the being hunted. Grim beasts would stalk him, as they had stalked him in the past, and never would there be a moment, by savage day or by cruel night, that he might not have instant need of such crude weapons as he could fashion from the materials at hand.

Upon the shore he found an outcropping of brittle, igneous rock. By dint of much labor he managed to chip off a narrow sliver some 12 inches long by a quarter of an inch thick. One edge was quite thin for a few inches near the tip. It was the rudiment of a knife.

With it he went into the jungle, searching until he found a fallen tree of certain species of hardwood with which he was familiar. From this he cut a small, straight branch which he pointed at one end.

Then he scooped a small, round hole in the surface of the prostrate trunk. Into this he crumpled a few bits of dry bark, minutely shredded, after which he inserted the tip of his pointed stick, and the slender rod rapidly between his palms.

After a time a thin smoke rose from the little mass of timber, and a moment later the whole broke into flame. Heaping some larger twigs and sticks upon the tiny fire, Tarzan soon had quite a respectable blaze roaring in the enlarging cavity of the dead tree.

Into this he thrust the blade of his stone knife, and as it became superheated he would withdraw it, touching a spot near the thin edge with a drop of moisture. Beneath the wetted area a little flake of the glassy material would crack and scale away.

Thus, very slowly, the ape-man commenced the tedious operation of putting a thin edge upon his primitive hunting-knife.

He did not attempt to accomplish his feat all in one sitting. At first he was content to achieve a cutting edge of a couple of inches, with which he cut a long, pliable bow, a handle for his knife, a stout cudgel, and a goodly supply of arrows.

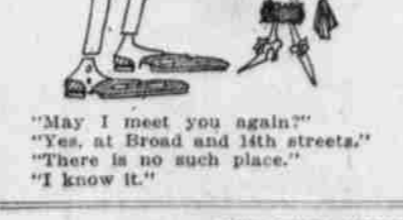
When all these things had been finished he was growing dusk, and Tarzan felt a strong desire to eat.

He had noted during the brief incursion he had made into the forest that a short distance up-stream from his tree there was a much-used watering-place.

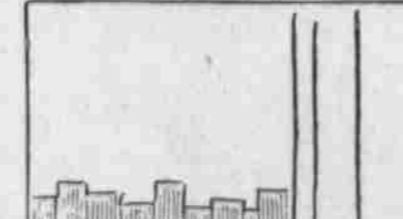
From the trampled mud of either bank, it was evident beasts of all sorts and in great numbers came to drink. To



The Retort Eloquent



First Undertaker—How is business in your city?



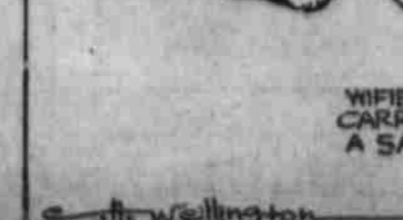
WELL, EGBERT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL NIGHT?



EGBERT, ARE YOU GOING TO HELP DRY THE DISHES?



EMMA, WILL YOU LAY OUT MY DRESS SUIT? I GOT TO READ A PAPER TO THE SOCIETY



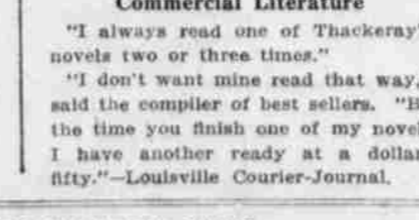
EGBERT, THE MOTHS HAVE RUINED YOUR DRESS SUIT



JUST LET ANYBODY SAY MOTHS TO ME, THAT'S ALL



I WAS OUT GETTING MOTHS—IN MAKING A COLLECTION



EGBERT, ARE YOU GOING TO HELP DRY THE DISHES?



EMMA, WILL YOU LAY OUT MY DRESS SUIT? I GOT TO READ A PAPER TO THE SOCIETY



EGBERT, THE MOTHS HAVE RUINED YOUR DRESS SUIT



JUST LET ANYBODY SAY MOTHS TO ME, THAT'S ALL



EGBERT, ARE YOU GOING TO HELP DRY THE DISHES?



EMMA, WILL YOU LAY OUT MY DRESS SUIT? I GOT TO READ A PAPER TO THE SOCIETY



Egbert Says the Moth is an Ungrateful Thing



Commercial Literature



Selfish

### —AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



WIFE'S PET THAT HE CARRIED 5 MILES IN A SACK TO LOSE.



THE MAN WHO DIDN'T SEE THE ZEPPELIN