

TARZAN and the JEWELS OF OPAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

THE STORY THIS FAR Lieutenant Albert Werper, a Belgian of...

CHAPTER V At the Bungalow

FOR two days Werper sought for the party that had accompanied him from the camp to the barrier...

He could not credit the testimony of his eyes. There was no bungalow—no barns—no outhouses. The corrals, the hay-stacks—all were gone.

What could it mean? And then slowly there filtered into Werper's consciousness an explanation of the havoc that had been wrought in that peaceful valley since last his eyes had rested upon it—



Werper reached out his hand toward the little pile that Tarzan had arranged upon a piece of flat wood before him—

looked down the trail in the direction of the party had gone. Then he turned to Werper. "We will follow and slay them," he said.

There was still another reason why he did not wish to interfere with the Waziri—they were bearing the great burden of treasure in the direction he wished to borne. The further they took it the less the distance that he and Achmet Zek would have to transport it.

He argued with the ape-man, therefore, against the latter's desire to exterminate the blacks, and at last he prevailed upon Tarzan to follow them in peace, saying that he was sure they would lead them out of the forest into a rich country, teeming with game.

It was already dusk. Werper and Tarzan sat devouring some pieces of meat they had brought from their last camp. The Belgian was occupied with his plans for the immediate future. He was positive that the Waziri would pursue Achmet Zek, for he knew that Werper would follow him, and in the confusion of the fight he would be able to slip away from them.

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SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Miss O'Flage Knows How to Pick a Job



pursuit by so warlike a people as the Waziri. Werper felt that he should find the means and opportunity to push on ahead that he might warn Achmet Zek of the coming of Buried treasure.

CHAPTER IV Santa Claus Comes Home At BILLY BELGIUM'S shelter, Peggy and the reindeer crowded around the All-Seeing glasses, trying to peek within...

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE "PAUL'S ADVENTURE"

By Hattie F. Mohr

LITTLE Paul, aged four, was as disgusted with the rules for the afternoon as the birds were with their cage.

Mr. Whitehead will answer your business questions on buying, selling, advertising and employment. All your questions clearly and give you the information you need. Full answers to technical questions will be sent by mail.

Now I'll tell about that blither salesman that called on me yesterday. He was a howling swell and no mistake; he wore one of those black fuzzy-wuzzy hats, a fur-collared overcoat, patent-leather shoes and wash-leather gloves.

He pulled out a little notebook and wrote on it for a minute, then he asked in a puzzled tone: "Where did you, you are so young, learn so much about selling?"

Before I realized it I was telling him some of my experiences, to which he listened attentively, then making notes of things I said.

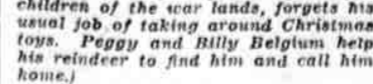
Our new subdivision at offers a remarkable opportunity to the home lover. The beauties of the country—the conveniences of the city.

Tomorrow's Complete Novelleto Crossed Wires.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY

When Santa Claus Was Lost



"Santa Claus, busy feeding hungry children of the war lands, forgets his usual job of taking around Christmas toys. Peggy and Billy Belgium help his reindeer to find him and call him home."

"Hello! Hello, everybody!" he shouted in a big voice that filled the whole room. "Hello, Priddy, Danvers, come and see! Hello, Vixen, Comet, Thunder and Lightning! Hello, all you Toys."

"Thank yourself," chuckled Santa Claus. "Thank you very much, Mr. Flint, for your courtesy to me and also for those good selling ideas you gave me."

Business Career of Peter Flint

A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

"The price, Mr. Flint, is \$10 per 1000, printed thus or in any other color you desire. Now, these are several colors in one, here he brought out a dozen blotters.

Now I'll tell about that blither salesman that called on me yesterday. He was a howling swell and no mistake; he wore one of those black fuzzy-wuzzy hats, a fur-collared overcoat, patent-leather shoes and wash-leather gloves.

Mr. Flint, I've told that you have an enviable record as a salesman. I envy you, for I've never been able to exercise those fine points of selling, which you masters of the art are so adept in.

Before I realized it I was telling him some of my experiences, to which he listened attentively, then making notes of things I said.

Our new subdivision at offers a remarkable opportunity to the home lover. The beauties of the country—the conveniences of the city.

When the time for parting comes, and the stars are growing near, And the silent evening darkens over hill and over plain.

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