

TARZAN'S FIRST LOVE : The First of a Series of "Jungle Tales of Tarzan," Each Complete in Itself : By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Copyright, A. C. McClure & Co. Copyright, 1919, Public Ledger Company CHAPTER I Tarzan's First Love

TEEKA, stretched at luxurious ease in the shade of the tropical forest, presented, unquestionably, a most alluring picture of young, feminine loveliness. Or at least so thought Tarzan of the Apes, who squatted upon a low-swinging branch in a nearby tree and looked down upon her.

Just to have seen him there, lolling upon the swaying bough of the jungle-forest giant, his brown skin mottled by the brilliant equatorial sunlight which percolated through the leafy canopy of green above him, his clean-lined body relaxed in graceful ease, his shapely head partly turned in contemplative absorption and his intelligent, gray eyes dreamily devouring the object of their devotion, you would have thought him the reincarnation of some demigod of old.

You would not have guessed that in infancy he had suckled at the breast of a hideous, hairy she-ape, nor that in all his conscious past since his parents had passed away in the little cabin by the land-locked harbor at the jungle's verge, he had known no other associates than the sullen bulls and the snarling coveys of the tribe of Kerchak, the great ape.

Nor could you have read the thoughts which passed through that active, healthy brain, the longings and desires and aspirations which the sight of Teeka inspired, would you have been any more inclined to give credence to the reality of the series of the ape-man's life from his thoughts alone, you could never have gleaned the truth—that he had been born of a gentle English lady and that his sire had been an English nobleman of time-honored lineage.

Lost to Tarzan of the Apes was the truth of his origin. That he was John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, with a seat in the House of Lords, he did not know, nor, knowing, would have understood. Yes, Teeka was indeed beautiful.

Of course Kala had been beautiful—one's mother is always that—but Teeka was beautiful in a way all her own, an indescribable sort of way which Tarzan was just beginning to sense in a rather vague and hazy manner.

For years had Tarzan and Teeka been play-fellows, and Teeka still continued to be playful while the young bulls of her own age were rapidly becoming surly and morose. Tarzan, in the meantime, had grown much more thoughtful, probably reasoned that his growing attachment for the young female could be easily accounted for by the fact that of the former playmates she and he alone retained any desire to frolic as of old.

But today, as he sat gazing upon her, he found himself wondering, why had she come to Teeka's form and features—something he never had done before, since none of them had sought to do with Teeka's ability to race nimbly through the lower terraces of the forest in the primitive games of tag and hide-and-go-seek which Tarzan's fertile brain evolved.

those of Taug, and as he came, his growls increased in depth and volume. Taug rose upon his short legs, bristling. His fighting fangs were bared. He, too, sidled, stiff-legged, and growled.

"Teeka is Tarzan's," said the ape-man, in the low guttural of the great anthropoids. "Teeka is Taug's," replied the bull ape.

Thakana and Nungo and Gungo, disturbed by the howlings of the two young bulls, looked up half apathetic, half interested. They were sleepy, but they sensed a fight. It would break the monotony of the humdrum jungle life they led.

Colled about his shoulders was Tarzan's long grass rope, in his hand was the hunting knife of the long-dead father he had never known. In Taug's little brain lay a great respect for the shiny bit of sharp metal which the ape-boy knew so well how to use. With it had he slain Tublat, his fierce foster father, and Bolanz, the gorilla. Taug knew these things, and so he came warily, circling about Tarzan in search of an opening. The latter, made cautious because of his lesser bulk and the inferiority of his natural armament, followed similar tactics.

For a time it seemed that the altercation would follow the way of the majority of such differences between members of the tribe and that one of them would finally lose interest and wander off to prosecute some other line of endeavor. Such might have been the end of it had the snake-bellied bull ape not drawn the attention that was being drawn to her and by the fact that these two young bulls were contemplating battle on her account.

Such a thing never before had occurred in Teeka's brief life. She had seen other bulls howling for other and older sheas, and in the depth of her wild little heart she had longed for the day when the jungle grasses would be red-dened with the blood of mortal combat for her fair sake.

So now she squatted upon her haunches and insulted both her admirers impartially. She hurled taunts at the snake, and the gorilla, and called them vile names, such as Hishab, the snake, and Dango, the hyena. She threatened to call Munga to chastise them with a stick—Munga, who was so old that she could no longer climb and so toothless that she was forced to confine her diet almost exclusively to bananas and earthworms.

The ape who were watching heard and laughed. Taug was infuriated. He made a sudden lunge for Tarzan, but the ape-boy leaped nimbly to one side, eluding him, and with the quickness of a cat wheeled and leaped back again to close quarters. His hunting knife was raised above his head as he came, and he aimed a vicious blow at Taug's neck. The ape wheeled to dodge the weapon so that the keen blade struck him but a glancing blow upon the shoulder.

The spurt of red blood brought a shrill cry of delight from Teeka. Ah, but this was something worth watching! She glared at the rustling which witnessed this evidence of her popularity. Helen of Troy was never one whit more proud than was Teeka at that moment.



The cruel talons raked the air as the rope tightened

met his eyes filled them with an expression of horror. Teeka it was who cried out in terror as she fled across a little clearing toward the tower upon the opposite side for after her leaped Sheeta, the panther, in easy, graceful bounds. Sheeta appeared to be in no hurry. His great nose was assured, since even though the ape reached the trees ahead of him she could not climb beyond his clutches before he could be upon her.

Tarzan saw that Teeka must die. He cried to Taug and the other bulls to hasten to Teeka's assistance, and at the same time he ran toward the pursuing beast, taking down his rope as he came. Tarzan knew that once the great bulls were aroused none of the jungle, not even Numa, the lion, was anxious to measure fangs with them, and that if all those of the tribe who chanced to be present today would charge, Sheeta, the great cat, would doubtless turn tail and run for his life.

Taug heard, as did the others, but no one came to Tarzan's assistance or Teeka's rescue, and Sheeta was rapidly closing up the distance between himself and his prey. The ape-boy, leaping after the panther, cried aloud to the beast in an effort to turn it from Teeka or otherwise distract its attention until the she-ape could gain the safety of the higher branches where Sheeta dare not follow.

He called the panther every opprobrious name that fell to his tongue, and he hurled taunts and epithets at the raging felix beneath him. The other members of the tribe now took up the bombardment, using such hard-shelled fruits and dead branches as came within their reach, until Sheeta, goaded to frenzy and snarling at the grass rope, finally succeeded in severing its strands. For a moment the panther stood glaring first at one of his tormentors and then at another, until, with a final snarl of rage, he turned and slunk off into the tangled mazes of the jungle.

A half hour later the tribe was again upon the ground, feeding as though naught had occurred to interrupt the somber dullness of their lives. Tarzan had recovered the greater part of his rope and was busy fashioning a new noose, while Teeka squatted close beside him, in evident token that her choice was made. Taug eyed them sullenly. Once when he came close, Teeka bared her fangs and growled at him, and Tarzan showed his canines in an ugly snarl; but Taug did not provoke a quarrel. He seemed to accept after the manner of his kind the decision of the she as an indication that he had been vanquished in his battle for her favor.

Later in the day, his rope repaired, Tarzan took to the trees in search of game. More than his fellows he required meat, and so, while they were satisfied with fruits and herbs and berries, which could be discovered without much effort upon their part, Tarzan spent considerable time hunting the game animals whose flesh alone satisfied the cravings of his stomach and furnished sustenance and strength to the mighty thews which, day by day,

Any way, Tarzan was not a real Mungai, so why should they risk their lives in an effort to protect him? And now Sheeta was almost upon the lithe, naked body, and the body was not there. Quick as was the great cat, the ape-boy was quicker. He leaped to one side almost as the panther's talons were closing upon him, and as Sheeta went hurtling to the ground beyond, Tarzan was racing for the safety of the nearest tree.

The panther recovered himself almost immediately, and, wheeling, tore after his prey, the ape-boy's rope dragging along the ground behind him. In doubling back after Tarzan, Sheeta had passed around a low bush. It was a mere nothing in the path of any jungle creature of the size and weight of Sheeta—provided it had no trailing rope dangling behind. But Sheeta was handicapped by such a rope, and as he leaped once again after Tarzan of the Apes the rope encircled the small bush, became tangled in it and brought the panther to a sudden stop. An instant later Tarzan was safe among the higher branches of a small tree into which Sheeta could not follow him.

Here he perched, hurling twigs and epithets at the raging felix beneath him. The other members of the tribe now took up the bombardment, using such hard-shelled fruits and dead branches as came within their reach, until Sheeta, goaded to frenzy and snarling at the grass rope, finally succeeded in severing its strands. For a moment the panther stood glaring first at one of his tormentors and then at another, until, with a final snarl of rage, he turned and slunk off into the tangled mazes of the jungle.

Taug eyed them sullenly. Once when he came close, Teeka bared her fangs and growled at him, and Tarzan showed his canines in an ugly snarl; but Taug did not provoke a quarrel. He seemed to accept after the manner of his kind the decision of the she as an indication that he had been vanquished in his battle for her favor.

Later in the day, his rope repaired, Tarzan took to the trees in search of game. More than his fellows he required meat, and so, while they were satisfied with fruits and herbs and berries, which could be discovered without much effort upon their part, Tarzan spent considerable time hunting the game animals whose flesh alone satisfied the cravings of his stomach and furnished sustenance and strength to the mighty thews which, day by day,

Later he came upon several of Mbonga's black warriors. He was upon the point of dropping his noose about the neck of one of them, who was a little

distance from his companions, when he became interested in the thing which occupied the savages. They were building a cage in the trail and covering it with leafy branches. When they had completed their work the structure was scarcely visible.

Tarzan wondered what the purpose of the thing might be, and why, when they had built it, they turned away and started back along the trail in the direction of their village.

It had been some time since Tarzan had visited the blacks and looked down from the high vantage point which overhung their palisade upon the activities of his enemies, from among whom had come the slayer of Kala.

Although he hated them, Tarzan derived considerable entertainment in watching them at their daily life within the village, and especially at their dances, when the fires glared against their naked bodies as they leaped and turned and twisted in mimic warfare.

It was rather in the hope of witnessing some of the kind that he now followed the savages back toward their village, but in this he was disappointed, for there was no dance that night.

Instead, from the safe concealment of his tree, Tarzan saw little groups seated about tiny fires discussing the events of the day, and in the darker corners of the village he descried isolated couples talking and laughing together, and always one of each couple was a young man and the other a young woman.

Tarzan cocked his head upon one side and thought, and before he went to sleep that night, curled in the crotch of the great tree above the village, Teeka filled his mind, and afterward she filled his dreams—she and the young black men laughing and talking with the young black women.

Taug, hunting alone, had wandered some distance from the balance of the tribe. He was making his way slowly along an elephant path when he discovered that it was blocked with undergrowth. Now Taug, come into maturity, was an evil-natured brute of an exceeding short temper. When something thwarted him, his sole idea was to overcome it by brute strength and ferocity, and so now when he found his way blocked, he tore angrily into the leafy screen and an instant later found himself within a strange lair, his progress effective and unopposed.

His most violent efforts to get through the thicket were in vain. He was biting and striking at the barrier, Taug finally worked himself into a fitful rage, but all to no avail; and at last he became convinced that he must turn back. But when he would have done so, what was his chagrin to discover that another barrier had dropped behind him, while he fought to break down the one before him? Taug was trapped. Utter exhaustion overcame him and he fought frantically for his freedom; but all for naught.

In the morning a party of blacks set out from the village of Mbonga in the direction of the trap they had constructed the previous day, while among the branches of the trees above them hovered a naked young giant filled with the curiosity of the wild things, Manu, the monkey, chattered and scolded as Tarzan passed, and though he was not afraid of the familiarity of the ape-man, he hugged closer to the little brown body of his life's companion.

Tarzan laughed as he saw it; but the laugh was followed by a sudden clouding of his face and a deep sigh. A little farther on, a gaily feathered bird strutted about before the admiring eyes of his somber-hued mate. It was Taug's mate, and he was beautiful, for he had seen them reflected in the glass surface of many a drinking pool.

The bull drew nearer. Taug, finally squatting close against her, when Tarzan returned from his hunting, a short time later it was to see Teeka contentedly scratching the back of his rival.

belong to Tarzan. I have come for you." The ape drew closer, looking him over carefully. Finally she sniffed at him, as though to make assurance doubly sure. "Where is Taug?" she asked. "The Gomangani have him," replied Tarzan. "They will kill him."

In the eyes of the she, Tarzan saw a swift expression and a troubled look of sorrow as she looked at Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her.

As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape.

As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape.

As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape.

As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape.

As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape.

As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape.

As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE GEE WHIZ!

By CHRISTINE HAYES

AGATHA WAITE lived with her Aunt Justine in a cozy little apartment on West Drive. She was so passionately fond of cats that, if the old adage were to be credited, any matrimonial hopes she might cherish were doomed from the start. To look at Agatha, however, was to doubt the adage. Agatha was certainly worth looking at, from the sunny crown of her head to the tips of her shoes. Gee Whizz was Agatha's half-grown black cat, a feline of pedigree—silky coat and golden-eyed.

Aunt Justine was a social worker. She prided herself on her efficiency, even in small matters—locking the door, for instance. She boasted that she had never forgotten to lock the door when she and Agatha went out together. But, as every one knows, pride goes before a fall, and there came a day when Aunt Justine not only forgot to lock the door, she forgot to quite close it.

He got no further. In less than time it takes to tell it an animated fluff of black fur had covered the distance from the window-seat to Mr. Dillingham's shoulder and was nestling contentedly against his cheek. It is startling to have four pounds catapult onto one's shoulder without warning. No doubt Mr. Dillingham's face expressed as much, for Agatha laughed. "That's one of my tricks," she apologized. "When you say his name like that—Gee Whizz!—he's been taught to run to your shoulder. He seems to have forgiven you the ducking," she continued sweetly, "don't you think you could forgive him the goldfish?"

John Dillingham had heard of feminine inconsistency, but he was quite unprepared for this staggering evidence of it. However, he hastened to grant the pardon Gee Whizz was interpreted as craving. "He could be trained," he added firmly, "never to touch those goldfish."

severely in character, for she was just as angry as John Dillingham. More so, perhaps, because she knew really that she had less right to be. "You horrid brute!" she stomped. "Don't you dare touch my cat—don't you dare touch him! Oh, I wish she flung over her shoulder with an angry little sob, "he had eaten every single fish you have."

"Well, upon my word," exploded Mr. John Dillingham, gazing after the pink-and-white-and-gold Fury indignantly. "Slowly the anger died out of his eyes. "Well, upon my word," he reminded thoughtfully, and grinned. "Violets, evidently failed to make any impression on Agatha, for when Mr. Dillingham passed her on the stairs next day and lifted his hat humbly she ignored him quite icily. He was not at all accustomed to being ignored. "Tough luck, old chap," he thought ruefully. "I do believe you've met the only girl, and lost her, through—a catastrophe."

Thinking it over, he decided to make one last effort at conciliation. He would call upon Aunt Justine and Agatha and Gee Whizz, and explain in person. He did so, and felt that from Aunt Justine he wrung a certain reluctant approval. Agatha was charming, but she managed withal to make the call an exceedingly difficult one for Mr. Dillingham. As that gentleman rose to go he opened his mouth to say something gracefully propitiatory, and to his chagrin found himself stammering like a schoolboy. "Well—Gee Whizz!—is there anything—"

John Dillingham had heard of feminine inconsistency, but he was quite unprepared for this staggering evidence of it. However, he hastened to grant the pardon Gee Whizz was interpreted as craving. "He could be trained," he added firmly, "never to touch those goldfish."

As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape.

As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape.

As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape.

As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape.

As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape.

As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape.

As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape.

As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape.

As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape. Taug's fate; but she came quite close to him, and against him, and Tarzan, Lord Greystoke, put his arm about her. As he did so he noticed, with a start, the strange incongruity of that smooth, brown arm against the black and hairy coat of the she-ape.