THIS BEGINS THE STORY this begins the story

Lady Greystoke, wife of Taran, the ape-man, is carried off by Lieutenant Obergatz, a German officer, into the African jungle by order of the high command, in order to spite her husband, who had given the Germans much trouble during the war. They cross a morass and find themselves in a forgotten country, where wild men attack them and the woman is taken captive. Tarzan, who long thought her dead, heard of her captivity and searches for her. Carried off a second time by the assassins of a king who vainly sought to wed her, she escapes them and begins to accommodate herself to a life in the jungle.

## AND HERE IT CONTINUES

Among the treasures she had gathered bed of the stream were several pieces of volcanic glass, clear as crystal. She sought until she had found the one She sought until she had found the one in mind, which was convex. Then she hurried to the ground and gathered a little pile of powdered bark that was very dry, and some dead leaves and grasses that bad lain long in the hot sun. Near at hand she arranged a supply of dead twigs and branches—small

ply of dead twis-and large.

Vibrant with suppressed excitement
the bit of glass above the she held the bit of glass above the tinder, moving it slowly until she had focused the sun's rays upon a tiny spot. She waited breathlessly. How slow it was! Were her high hopes to be dashed in spite of all her clever planning? No! A thin thread of smoke rose gracefully into the quiet air. Presently the tinder glowed and broke suddenly into flame. Jane clasped her hands beneath her chin with a little gurgling exclamation

her hare. As quickly as might be she skinned and cleaned her kill, burying the hide and entrails. That she had learned from Tarzan. It served two purposes. One was the necessity for keeping a sanitary camp and the other the obliteration of the scent that most quickly attracts the man-eaters.

Then she ran a stick through the carcass and held it above the flames. By turning it often she prevented burning and at the same time permitted the meat to cook thoroughly all the way tree to enjoy her meal in quiet and peace. Never, thought Lady Greystoke, had aught more delicious passed her lips. She patted her spear affection-stely. It had brought her this tooth-some dainty and with it a feeling of greater confidence and safety than she had enjoyed since that frightful day when she and Obergatz had spent their last cartridge. She would never forget that day—it had seemed one hideous of frightful beast after frightful beast. They had not been long to spring upon Obergatz, who had futilely emptied his rifle into it—the last shot—his final cartridge. For an-other day they had carried the now ess rifles; but at last they had discarded them and thrown away the cumbersome bandoleers, as well. How they had managed to survive

during the ensuing week she could never quite understand, and then the hever quite understand, and cap-Ho-don had come upon them and cap-had escaped—she tured her. Obergatz had escaped-she was living it all over again. Doubtless he was dead unless he had been able to reach this side of the valley, which was quite evidently less overrun with savage beasts.

Jane's days were very full ones now, nd the daylight hours seemed all too bort in which to accomplish the many btaining of meat and for self-defense. She felt that she must have, in addition to a good spear, a knife, and bow and arrows. Possibly when these had been achieved she might seriously neider an attempt to fight her way to civilization's nearest outposts. be meantime it was necessary to n which she might feel a greater

of security by night, for she knew that there was a possibility that any alght she might receive a visit from a prowling panther, although she had as 1st seen none upon this side of the val-47. Aside from this danger she felt uparatively safe in her aerial re-The cutting of the long poles for her one occupied all of the daylight hours

that were not engaged in that were not engaged in the food. These poles she carried high into let tree and with them constructed a flooring across two stout branches, binding across two stout branches, binding to the solar together and also to the solar together together and also to the solar together and also to the solar together and also to the solar together together and also together tog ing the poles together and also to the branches with fibers from the tough arboraceous grasses that grew in pro-fusion near the stream. Similarly she built walls and a roof, the latter ball walls and a roof, the latter thatched with many layers of great saves. The fashioning of the barred dagger. She could not wait, it seemed dagger. She could not wait, it seemed for the orderly procedure of the orderly importance and consuming inter—she wanted to know at once, and The windows—there were two of when I caught her trying to slip a them—were large and the bars permanently fixed; but the door was small,
the opening just large enough to permit
to pass through easily on hands and
these, which made its variance of the bars and the bars permanently fixed; but the door was small,
the opening just large enough to permit
the opening just large enough to permit the opening just large enough to permit the opening just large enough to permit the opening just large enough to permit the opening just large enough to permit the opening just large enough to permit the opening just large enough to permit the opening just large enough to permit the opening just large enough to permit the opening just large enough to permit the opening just large enough to permit the opening just large enough to permit the opening just large enough to permit the opening just large enough to permit the which made it easier to barri-She lost count of the days that house cost her; but time was a personal type of the commodity—she had more of it as of anything else. It meant so little to keep account of it. How long the to keep account of it. How long to she and Obergatz had fled from wrath of the Negro villagers she not know and she could only roughters at the seasons. She worked the content of the reflection upon my godhood and that as a mark of my distance I should abandon them to their fate.

"I shall return to heaven at once." es at the seasons. She worked I exclaimed. completion of her little place

of refuge, and the other a desire tor such physical exhaustion at night that she would sleep through those dreaded she would sleep through those dreaded hours to a new day. As a matter of fact, the house was finished in less than a week—that is, it was made as safe as it ever would be, though regardless of how long she might occupy it she would keep on adding touches and refinements here and there.

She wont further affeld now in search

refinements here and there.

She went further afield now in search of food. So far nothing but rodents had fallen to her spear—her ambition was an antelope, since beside the flesh it would give her, and the gut for her bow, the hide would prove invaluable during the coider weather that she knew would accompany the rainy season. She had caught glimpses of these wary animals and was sure that they always crossed the stream at a certain CHAPTER XIX

Diana of the Jungle

JANE had made her first kill and she was very proud of it. It was not a very formidable animal—only a hare; but it marked an spoch in her existence. Just as in the dim past the first hunter had shaped the destines of mankind, so it seemed that this event might shape hers in some new mold. No longer was she dependent upon the wild fruits and vegetables for sustenance. Now she might command meat, the giver of the strength and endurance she would require successfully to cope with the necessities of her primitive existence.

She might

She might glimpses of these wary animals and was sure that they always crossed the stream at a certain spot above her camp. It was to this place that she went to hunt them. With the stealth and cunning of a panther she crept through the forest, circling about to get up wind from the ford, pausing often to look and listen for aught that might menace her—herself the personification of a hunted dear. Now she moved silently down upon the chosen spot. What luck! A beautiful buck stook drinking in the stream. The woman wormed her way closer. Now she lay apon her belly behind a small bush within throwing distance of the quarry. She must rise to her full height and throw her spear almost in the same instant and she must throw it with great force and perfect accuracy. command meat, the giver of the strength and endurance she would require successfully to cope with the necessities of the primitive existence.

The next step was fire. She might learn to eat raw flesh as had her lord and master, but she shrank from that, and master, but she shrank from that. The thought even was repulsive. She thrilled with the excitement of the minute, yet cool and steady were her swift muscles as she rose and cast her missile. Scarce by the width of a finger did the point strike from the spot at which it had been directed. The buck leaped high, landed upon the bank of the stream, and fell dead. Jane Clayton sprang quickly forward toward her watered for the flesh of her kill. She would grill it above glowing embers.

Jane hastened to her tree.

Among the treasures she had gathered Among the treasures she had gathered had throw her spear almost in the same instant and she must throw it with great force and perfect accuracy. She thrilled with the excitement of the minute, yet cool and steady were her swift muscles as she rose and cast her missile. Scarce by the width of a finger did the point strike from the spot at which it had been directed. The buck leaped high, landed upon the bank of the stream, and fell dead. Jane Clayton sprang quickly forward toward her kill. The stream and she must throw it with great force and perfect accuracy. She thrilled with the excitement of the minute, yet cool and steady were her swift muscles as she rose and cast her missile. Scarce by the width of a finger did the point strike from the spot at which it had been directed. The buck leaped high, landed upon the bank of the stream, and fell dead. Jane Clayton had been directed to her tree.

The next step was fire. She might have been directed as the minute, yet cool and steady were her swift muscles as she rose and cast her missile. Scarce by the width of a finger did the point strike from the excitement of the stream, and fell dead. Jane Clayton had been directed. The buck leaped high, landed upon the bank of the

ton halted in her tracks-stunged al

ton halted in her tracks—stunned, almost, by surprise. And then a strange, unkempt figure of a man stepped into view. At first she did not recognize him, but when she did instinctively she stepped back.

"Lieutenant Obergatz!" she cried.

"Can it be you?"

"It can. It is," replied the German.
"I am a strange sight, no doubt; but still it is I. Erich Obergatz. And you? You have changed, too, is it not?"

He was looking at her naked limbs and her golden breastplates, the loin and her golden breastplates, the loin cloth of jato-hide, the narness and ornaments that constitute the apparel of a Ho-den woman—the things that Ludon had dressed her in as his passion for her grew. Not Ko-tan's daughter, even, had finer trappings.

"But why are you here?" Jane insisted. "I had thought you safely among civilized men by this time, if you still lived."

still lived." he exclaimed. "I do not

of delight. She had achieved fire!

She piled on twigs and then larger branches and at last dragged a small log to the flames and pushed an end of it into the fire, which was cracking merrily. It was the sweetest sound that she had heard for many a month. But she could not wait for the mass of embers that would be required to cook her hare. As quickly as night be she and now no living man could pass that and now no living man could pass that slough of slimy mud and hungry reptiles. Have I not tried it! And the beasts that roam this accursed land! They hunt me by day and by aight."

"But how have you escaped them?"

she asked.
"I do not know," he replied gloomily. "I have fled and fled and fled. I
have remained hungry and thirsty in
tree tops for days at a time. I have
fashioned weapons—clubs and spears—
and I have learned to use them. I have ing and at the same time permitted the ment to cook thoroughly all the way through. When it was done she scampered high into the safety of her tree to enjoy her meal in quiet and pendous dangers, you and I. But tell me about yourself. If it is surprising that I live, how much more so that you still survive."

Briefly she told him and all the while she was wondering what she might do to rid herself of him. She could not conceive of a prolonged existence with him as her sole companion. Better, a thousand times better, to be alone. Never had her hatrea and contempt for him lessened through the long weeks and months of their constant companthat they were bardgued to dangers, for daily they had had encounters with ferocious creatures; but this day—she shuddered when she thought of it. And with her last cartridge she had killed a but now, there was a strange light in but now, there was a strange light in his eye that had not been constant companions that he could be of no service in returning her to civilization, she shrank from the thought of seeing him daily. And, too, she feared him. Never had she trusted him; but now, there was a strange light in his eye that had not been an analysis. black and yellow striped liou-thing with his eye that had not been there when great saber teeth just as it was about last she saw him. She could not interpret it-all she knew was that it gav her a feeling of apprehension—a name

"You lived long, then, in the city of A-lur?" he said special he said, speaking in the language of Pal-ul-don.
"You have learned this tongue?" she

"How?" 'I fell in with a band of halfpreeds," he replied, "members of a proscribed race that dwells in the rock bound gut through which the principal river of the valley empties into the morass. They are called Waz-ho-don and their village is partly made up of cave dwellings and partly or house carved from the soft rock at the foot of the diff. They are very ignorum and superstitious, and when they first saw me and realized that I had no tai and that my hands and feet were no she had concluded that this spot pre-sented as ideal a place as she could find to live until she could fashion the sented as the could fashion the could neither escape them nor defend myself, I made a bold front and succeeded in impressing them to such an extent that they conducted me to their city, which they call Bu-lur, and there they fed me and treated me with kindness. As I learned their language sought to impress them more and mor with the idea that I was a god, and I succeeded, too, until an old fellow who was something of a priest among them, or medicine-man, became jealous of my growing power. That was the beginning of the end and came near to being the end in fact. He told them that if I was a god I would not bleed if a knife was stuck into me—if I did bleed it would prove conclusively that I was not a god. Without my knowledge he arranged to stage the ordeal before the whole willess upon a cartain night. whole village upon a certain night—
it was upon one of those numerous occasions when they cat and drink to Jad - ben - Otho, their pagan deity. Under the influence of their vile liquor they would be ripe for any bloodthirsty scheme the medicine-man might evolve. One of the women told me about the plan-not with any intent to warn me of danger, but prompted merely by feminine curiosity as to whether of not I would bleed if stuck with

CONTINUED TOMORROW

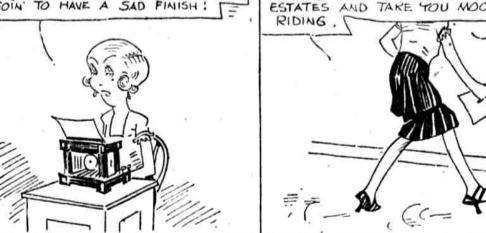
been futile to make any sort of appeal either to their intellects or their su-perstitions. There was but one ni-ternative to death, and that was flight.

THE GUMPS—The Dam Has Burst



## SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Miss O'Flage Indulges in Some Thought

GOLLY, THE WORST OF VACATIONS IS THEIR FINISH! YOU SHIFT GEARS ON A TYPEWRITER FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE A MILLION YEARS' AND THEN GET A COUPLA WEEKS OFF, WITH WHAT YGOT SAVED AFTER KEEPIN' Y'STUMICK SPARKIN FOR A YEAR YOU GET A FEW DUDS AND SMILE JUST AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW IT'S ALL GOIN' TO HAVE A SAD FINISH!



AT THE TABLE Y LEARN HISTORY AN IN IF YOUR LUCKY YOU GET AN ATTIC ROOM IN A COUNTRY BOARDING HOUSE UP WHERE PHYSICS FROM A CHATAUQUA HOUND THE SUN MAKES THE ROOF SO HET UP ON Y'RIGHT AN' GET NERVES OVER THE IT MEAR FRIES YOUR HAIR-ROOTS AND OLD LADY ON YOUR LEFT WHO LEAVES CEILING SO LOW IT MAKES YOU WALK AS HER SPOON IN HER CUP. WHEN YOU GET IF YOU LOST A MICKEL. BETWEEN SWATS SO SICK OF IT YOU'RE ALL MUDDY IN THE AT FLIES YOU LET A COUPLE OF BOOKS THINKER YOU IMAGINE YOU'D LIKE TO GET BULL YOU ABOUT THEIR RICH POPPER'S ESTATES AND TAKE YOU MOONLIGHT!



BROKE LIKE A RABBIT HOUND, YOU COME BACK AN' SIT AN' WAIT FORTY. THOUSAND YEARS TIL PAYDAY COMES ROUND: AND THE OLD CRAB IN THERE THINKS HE'S DONE YOU A FAVOR!

Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co.

By Hayward



The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says her father is really ever so much younger than his years, as she overheard the doctor say that his blood pressure was fully 50 per cent above normal.

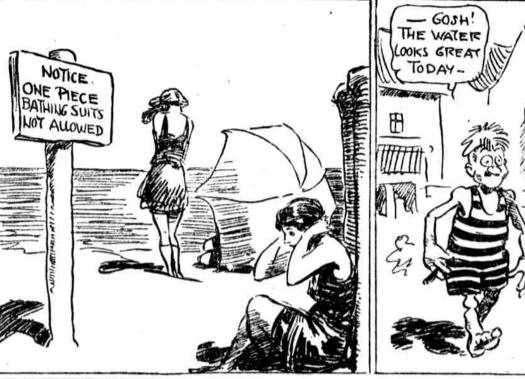


Ry DWIG I'M EATIN' SOME JUNKETT ! BAT FIR ME, THE LASPHALF O THE SEVENTH

PETEY—Rather Technical

WHOS GOIN TO

KEEP TIME,







-YES. YOU! - I'VE A

GOOD MIND TO RUN YOU IN



THE CLANCY KIDS-Evidently Timmie's Friend Doesn't Trust Him

IAM, OF

COURSE.

WHY !!!! WHY?



By Percy L. Crosby