

TARZAN and the JEWELS OF OPAR

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

THE STORY THIS FAR
Terror-stricken, a Belgian in the Congo, John Armet Zek, an Arab, in a...

clenched until his nails dug into his palms. Above, Tarzan watched in wonderment...

for a safe return by setting forth hand-dipped by weakness. And so it was that he constructed a substantial thorn...

fect, which gave forth no sound, and with an uncanny woodcraft that rustled not a leaf or a grass-blade...

CHAPTER XI--(Continued)
WERPER had fired all but a single cartridge, when, during a lull in the fighting...

As the man disappeared from his view Tarzan dropped to the ground and commenced gathering up the mail...

One day as he hunted a pair of savage eyes discovered him from the concealment of the branches of a great tree...

To remove Mugambi's lion-cloth without awakening him was impossible, and the only detachable things were the knobstick and the pouch...



The great lion wormed closer to his intended prey

CHAPTER XI--(Continued)
WERPER had fired all but a single cartridge, when, during a lull in the fighting, he called aloud to his opponent...

As the man disappeared from his view Tarzan dropped to the ground and commenced gathering up the mail...

One day as he hunted a pair of savage eyes discovered him from the concealment of the branches of a great tree...

To remove Mugambi's lion-cloth without awakening him was impossible, and the only detachable things were the knobstick and the pouch...

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

HER IDEAL

By Helen E. Ivers

AFTER a long and boring evening, Roy G— finally said "Good-night," receiving a very chilly answer on Joy N—'s part...

They were a fine crowd, and she enjoyed herself immensely, but all were glad to rest for dinner...

At dinner, therefore, Joy was introduced to King W—, the aforesaid charming, but heart-throbbing, young man...

On the other hand, Joy herself was a beautiful, bright-eyed girl, with violet eyes and a clear, transparent complexion...

Two days before she was to go home, Joy went back to her grandmother's room, and she found her grandmother sitting up in bed...

At the end of her vacation Joy came home, her head completely enveloped in clouds. She did not notice Roy's absence...

"I came to tell you something, Miss Joy," he said. "I've been thinking about you a great deal lately..."

"I like to see you, Miss Joy," he said. "I've been thinking about you a great deal lately..."

Private Lewis made down his bed in the corner of a building that was just in the edge of what would have been No Man's Land...

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES--By Daddy

"CIRCUS MIKE, THE BULL FIGHTER"

"Peggy and Billy Belgium, called to Mexico to save Red Spot, doomed to die in a bull-fight, and that Red Spot has been pondered into such a rage that he doesn't want to be rescued..."



Boston Bull leaped forward and fastened his teeth in Senor Matador's leg

CHAPTER III
They Meet Senor Matador
"HA, SENOR BULL, is in a fine mood," spoke a voice from the opposite side of the bullpen...

"Get out of here!" yelled Senor Matador, aiming a kick at Billy Belgium. But the kick never reached Billy...

For a minute there was a wild mix-up, with Boston Bull growling and chewing and Nature goat bleating and butting...

So asked, "Just what is it you want?" "Well, it's like this, Mr. Flint. I haven't a lot of money so far in getting this prospect interested in Clearvale..."

"I know, Mr. Flint, but he's back tonight, and I guess I'll get the money tomorrow—sure—and I expect I'll get it for two lots instead of one..."

"I got suspicious and insisted on knowing the prospect's name. Bangs got on his high horse, and said that if I couldn't trust him he couldn't trust me and refused to give me his name..."

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Then an idea popped into Peggy's head. She remembered the successful meadow along the river, the free air, the loving herd, with the cows and calves calling for Father Red Spot...

"But it's too late now," he moaned. "The people must have their show and I must die to furnish it for them..."

"You can't get you get a few calves, but they don't fight fair. That's why we want to save Red Spot, whether he wants to be saved or not..."

"I know, Mr. Flint, but he's back tonight, and I guess I'll get the money tomorrow—sure—and I expect I'll get it for two lots instead of one..."

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Business Career of Peter Flint

A Story of Salesmanship by Harold Whitehead

Mr. Whitehead will answer your business questions on business, advertising and sales. Ask your questions in the column on the right and your answers will be given in the column on the left...

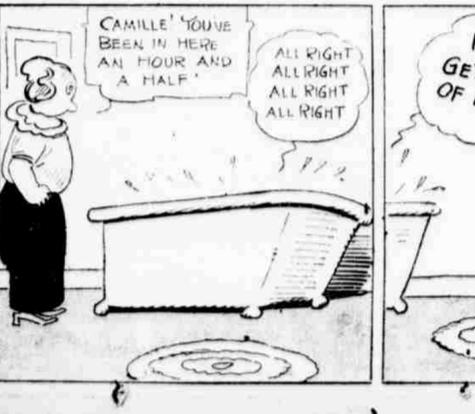
SOMEbody's STENOGRAPHER--The Worst Is Yet to Come for Pop

By...

CAMILLE 'YOUVE BEEN IN HERE AN HOUR AND A HALF'
ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT



AW IVE GOT TO GET ME SAFETY RAZOR DONT I? I CANT WAIT 'TIL MORNING TO GO TO THE LODGE TONIGHT CAN I?
POP!! GET OUT OF HERE!



EVERYDAY STUFF

An Even Break

Old Time flies on. He's going—some. The King is dead! Long live His Triteness! The Old Year's gone... The New Year's come...

MOVING PICTURE FUNNIES

TELEPHONE THE NEW YEAR!



Used Colonel for Pillow

Second Cook Osk Scholda was very weary when his regiment marched into Loup...



Never Mind the Eggs

A heavy truck, loaded with ten cases of eggs and several other cases of food for a divisional mess, rumbled along...

