

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS' GREATEST STORY

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE

Begin Reading This Red-Blood Novel Today

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WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

TARZAN OF THE APES goes into Africa in search of his abducted wife. She had been sent across the border to the Congo Free State in charge of LIEUTENANT OBERGATZ and a detachment of German native troops. Tarzan saves the life of TA-DEN by killing a lion that is pursuing him, and later kills a tiger that is charging upon

OM-AT. Thus Tarzan gains the friendship of the two men. Ta-den is hairless. He has white skin and a tail. Om-at also has a tail. He is covered with black hair. Ta-den has fled from his home after a quarrel with his king.

KO-TAN, over a love affair between Ta-den and O-LO-A, the king's daughter. The king wants her to wed BU-LOT, son of MO-SAR, a mighty chief. Om-at was driven from home

ES-SAT, also a chief. Om-at is in love with PAN-AT-LEE. Es-sat finds Pan-at-lee alone in a cave and seizes her. She knocks him unconscious and flees. Es-sat reaches the cave a few minutes later. Es-sat and Om-at engage in a death struggle.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

(Continued from Yesterday) "It is a gund-bar," explained Tarzan, "a chief-battle. This fellow must be Es-sat, the chief. If Om-at kills him without assistance Om-at may become chief."

Tarzan smiled. It was the law of his own jungle—the law of the tribe Kerchak, the bull ape—the ancient law of primitive man that decided but the refining influences of civilization to introduce the hired

Es-sat's warriors. Tarzan sprang to intercept the man, but Ta-den was there ahead of him. "Back!" he called to the newcomers. "Back!" he called to the newcomers. "Back!" he called to the newcomers.

The battle upon the ledge continued with unabated ferocity, Tarzan and Ta-den having difficulty in keeping out of the way of the contestants, who tore and beat at each other with hands and feet and leaping tails. Es-sat was unarmed—Pan-at-lee had seen to that—but at Om-at's side swung a sheathed knife which he made no effort to draw.

The fellow nodded. "We will attend to you later," he said and disappeared below the edge of the ledge.

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Es-sat disappeared from the ape-man's view. Tarzan voiced a suppressed sigh or he had liked Om-at and then, with Ta-den, approached the edge and looked over. Far below, in the dim light of the coming dawn, two

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BY AHERN



EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO



ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

WHAT CHICK SAW



Star Seattle Story Book

By Mabel Cleland

Page 409 A TAHOMA LEGEND "Tell you a legend, Peggy?" Mother-dear loved the legends as much as Peggy did and Peggy knew it. "All right, I have a new one, a brand new one about our beautiful mountain, which M. H. Saylor has written in the magazine called 'Oregon Native Sons.' Mr. Saylor used to be a purser on a Puget Sound steamer, and often and often on his boat there would be an old Puyallup Indian. "The purser tried to get the old fellow to talk, for he was very old and looked as if he would have a vast store of Indian stories in his mind. "But like most of his people, he was silent and hard to talk to. But one cold day Mr. Saylor saw him shivering on the deck and gave him an overcoat, then had the cook bring him a good hot dinner. "That changed things. The Indian was cordial and kind. Mr. Saylor was his 'close tillicum,' his best friend. "One day the Indian sat gazing at the mountain so intently that Mr. Saylor asked him, 'What do you call that mountain, Rainier or Tacoma?' "The old man glared at him and, lifting his chin, said in Chinook, 'The Great Spirit placed the mountain there before ever white men came and that mountain was Tahoma.' "Later, bit by bit, he told this very old legend: "Long bygone, long ago," he said, 'men were much more powerful and much wiser than my people are now. Among them was a chief, De-ce-wal-lops, whose word was law all over the Whulge country. This great chief was in love with Tahoma, a beautiful maiden of his own people, but for reasons of state he was urged to marry Met-la-ko, a goddess who held sway over all the salmon in the Columbia river. "Tahoma spent her time in causing laughing streamlets to gush forth here and there from hillside and plain to give water to all the people and animals and growing things. "De-ce-wal-lops couldn't give up the maiden he loved, so it was decided after many moons that he should marry both." (To Be Continued)

Confessions of a Husband

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54. "THE UNITED STATES ISN'T TURKEY!"

That Sunday afternoon, as I was again taking Bobbie to the park, I encountered Edith on the street according to the half-definite appointment we had made. "Hello, George this afternoon?" I inquired. "He's home—sleep. Usually on Sunday he's so fatigued by the efforts of living thru the previous week that he is ready to sleep all day." "And where's Mr. Salt?" I asked later. "I was sorry I had no interest in him. "What do you care? Haven't you told me half a dozen times that you aren't jealous of him?" "My curiosity is purely commercial," I responded. "He called to see me on a matter of business the other day." "Did he? I knew that his return abroad had suddenly been postponed." "So he told me." "Did you like him any better when you saw him the second time?" "It seems a very shrewd business man." "Perhaps that is why George, who isn't must of one, doesn't like him." It was my turn to be blunt. "Rumor says there are other reasons," I remarked. The suggestion apparently made little impression on Edith. "Oh, I guess George is jealous," she replied carelessly, "but the United States isn't Turkey, and simply because a woman is married is no reason for shutting her up and friending her to look at other men." "I suppose not," I agreed. "You're a fine one to lecture to me anyway," she declared. "Here you have induced me to desert my husband, who is peacefully sleeping at home, and to run out on a wild spree with you and Bobbie. "And let me tell you that your son is the more dangerous of the two, because I am already madly in love with him." "Poor Bobbie! How can I warn him?" "If you were really a fond father you would step between Bobbie and me and say: 'Spare my young son; take me instead.'" "Perhaps I will if I find there is no other way to rescue him." Here Bobbie himself took a hand in the proceedings. "Bobbie walk," Bobbie said, "he kept repeating. So I lifted him out of his go-cart and permitted him to toddle along between us. "Why, Edith—" "Sally! It's been years—" "At least five. You look just the same." The stranger, a tall, coarse-featured brunet, surveyed Edith approvingly. I haven't even met your husband," she continued. "And what a beautiful child you have!" "It was a decidedly embarrassing moment for me. (To Be Continued)

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