

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS' GREATEST STORY

TARZAN THE TERRIBLE

(Continued From Yesterday)

There arose now the question as to what was to be done with the gruff white Tarzan and his companions remained in the city. It was with difficulty that Tarzan had prevented the savage beast from attacking all who came near it when they had first entered the camp of Ja-don in the uninhabited gorge next to the Kor-ul-ja, but during the march to Ja-tur the creature had seemed to become accustomed to the presence of the Ho-don. The latter, however, gave him no cause for annoyance since they kept as far from him as possible and when he passed the streets of the city he was viewed from the safety of lofty windows and roofs. However tractable he appeared to have become there would have been no enthusiasm attending a suggestion to turn him loose within the city. It was finally suggested that he be turned into a walled enclosure within the palace grounds and this was done, Tarzan driving him in after Jane had dismounted. More meat was thrown to him and the wretched inhabitants of the palace not even venturing to climb upon the walls to look at him.

Ja-don led Tarzan and Jane to the quarters of the Princess O-lo-a who, the moment that she beheld the ape-man, threw herself to the ground and touched her forehead to his feet. Pan-at-lee was there with her and she too seemed happy to see Tarzan-Jad-guru again. When they found that Jane was his mate they looked with almost equal awe upon her, since even the most skeptical of the warriors of Ja-don were now convinced that they were entertaining a god and a goddess within the city of Ja-tur, and that with the assistance of the power of these two, the Ho-don would soon be victorious and the old Lion-man set upon the throne of Pal-ul-don.

From O-lo-a Tarzan learned that Ja-don had returned and that they were to be united in marriage with the weird rites of their religion and in accordance with the custom of their people as soon as Tarzan came home from the battle that was to be fought at A-lur.

The recruits were now gathering at the city and it was decided that the next day Ja-don and Tarzan would return to the main body in the hidden camp and immediately under cover of night the attack should be made in force upon Lu-don's forces at A-lur. Word of this was sent to Tarzan upon the north side of Ja-don-lee, only a few miles from A-lur.

In the carrying out of these plans it was necessary to leave Jane behind in Ja-don's palace at Ja-tur, but O-lo-a and her women were with her and there were many warriors to guard them, so Tarzan bid his mate good-bye with no feelings of apprehension as to her safety, and again satiated upon the gruff made his way out of the city with Ja-don and his warriors.

At the mouth of the gorge the ape-man abandoned his huge mount since it had served its purpose and could be of no further value to him in their attack upon A-lur, which was to be made just before dawn the following day when, as he could not have been seen by the enemy, the effect of his entry to the city upon the gruff would have been totally lost. A couple of sharp blows with the spear sent the big animal lumbering and growling in the direction of the Kor-ul-ger nor was the ape-man sorry to see it depart since he had never known at what instant his short temper and insatiable appetite for flesh might turn it upon some of his companions.

Immediately upon their arrival at the gorge the march on A-lur was commenced.

CHAPTER XXIII

As night fell a warrior from the palace of Ja-tur slipped into the temple grounds. He made his way to where the lesser priests were quartered. His presence aroused no suspicion as it was not unusual for warriors to have business within the temple. He came at last to a chamber where several priests were congregated after the evening meal. The rites and ceremonies of the sacrifice had been concluded, and there was nothing more of a religious nature to make call upon their time until the rites of sunrise.

FRECKLE-FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily. Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles, while if it does give you a clear complexion, the expense is trifling. Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist, and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case. Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine, as the strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Advertisement.

Eyes Strained?

If your eyes are work-strained or tired; if your vision is dim or blurred; if it bothers you to read; if your eyes burn or itch or ache; if you wear glasses, get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets from your druggist, dissolve one in a fourth of a glass of water and use from two to four times a day to bathe the eyes. Bon-Opto has brought comfort and relief to thousands and thousands.

Bon-Opto Soothes and Heals

—Advertisement—

mitted their cruel and abhorrent acts because of the fact that these things had been the custom of the Ho-don of Pal-ul-don for countless ages, and rash indeed must have been the man who would have attempted to interfere with the priests' holy ceremonies. That Ja-don never entered the temple was well known, and that his high priest never entered the temple with their votive offerings and the sacrifices were made night and morning as in every other temple in Pal-ul-don.

The warrior knew these things, knew them better perhaps than a simple warrior should have known them. And so it was here in the temple that he looked for the aid that he sought in the carrying out of whatever design he had.

As he entered the apartment where the priests were he greeted them after the manner which was customary in Pal-ul-don, but at the same time he made a sign with his finger that might have attracted the little attention or scarcely been noticed at all by one who knew not its meaning. That there were those within the room who noticed it and interpreted it was quickly apparent, thru the fact that two of the priests stood and came close to him as he stood just within the doorway, and each of them, as he came, returned the signal that the warrior had made.

The three talked for but a moment, and then the warrior turned and left the apartment. A little later one of the priests who had talked with him left also, and shortly after that the other.

In the corridor they found the warrior waiting and led him to a little chamber which opened upon a smaller corridor just beyond where it joined the larger. Here the three remained in whispered conversation for some little time and then the warrior returned to the palace and the two priests to their quarters.

The apartments of the women of the palace at Ja-tur are all upon the same side of a long, straight corridor. Each has a single door leading into the corridor and at the opposite end several windows overlooking a garden. It was in one of these rooms that Jane slept alone. At each end of the corridor was a single sentinel, the main body of the guard being stationed in a chamber near the outer entrance to the women's quarters.

The palace slept for they kept early hours there where Ja-don ruled. The pal-don-oo of the great chieftain of the north knew no such wild orgies as had resounded thru the palace of the king at A-lur. Ja-tur was a quiet city by comparison with the capital, yet there was always a guard kept at every entrance to the chambers of Ja-don and his immediate family as well as at the gate leading into the temple and that which opened upon the city.

These guards, however, were small, consisting usually of not more than five or six warriors, one of whom remained awake while the others slept. Such were the conditions then when two warriors presented themselves, one at either end of the corridor, to the sentries who watched over the safety of Jane Clayton and the Princess O-lo-a, and each of the newcomers repeated to the sentinels the stereotyped words which announced that they were believed and these others sent to watch in their stead. Now is a warrior loath to be relieved of sentry duty. Where, under different circumstances he might ask numerous questions he is now too well satisfied to escape the monotonies of that universally hated duty. And so these sentries accepted their relief without question and hastened away to their pallets.

And then a third warrior entered the corridor and all of the newcomers came together before the door of the ape-man's slumbering mate. And it was the strange warrior who had met Ja-don and Tarzan outside the city of Ja-tur as they had approached it the previous day; and he was the same warrior who had entered the temple a short hour before, but the faces of his fellows were unfamiliar, even to one another, since it is seldom that a priest removes his hideous headdress in the presence even of his associates.

Silently they lifted the hangings that hid the interior of the room from the view of those who passed through the corridor, and stealthily slunk within. The priest removed in a far corner lay the sleeping form of Lady Greytoke. The bare feet of the intruders gave forth no sound as they crossed the stone floor toward her. A ray of moonlight entering thru a window near her revealed the beautiful contours of an arm and shoulder in cameo distinctness against the dark furry pelt beneath which she slept, and the perfect profile that was turned toward the skulking three.

But neither the beauty nor the helplessness of the sleeper aroused such sentiments of passion or pity as might stir in the breasts of normal men. To the three priests she was but a lump of clay, nor could they conceive aught of that passion which had aroused men to intrigue and to murder for possession of this beautiful American girl, and which even now was influencing the destiny of undiscovered Pal-ul-don.

Upon the floor of the chamber were numerous pellets and as the leader of the trio came close to the sleeping woman he reached down and gathered up one of the smaller of these. Standing close to her head he held the rug outstretched above her face. "Now," he whispered and simultaneously he threw the rug over the woman's head and his two fellows leaped upon her, seizing her arms and pinning her body while their leader stifled her cries with his furry pelt. Quickly and silently they bound her wrists and gagged her and during the brief time that their work required there was no sound that might have been heard by occupants of the adjoining apartments.

Jerking her roughly to her feet they attempted to force her toward a window, but she refused to walk, throwing herself instead upon the floor. They were very angry and would readily have resorted to cruelties to compel her obedience, but this they dared not do, since the wrath of Lu-don might fall heavily upon whoever mutilated his fair prize.

And so they were forced to lift and carry her bodily. Nor was the

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



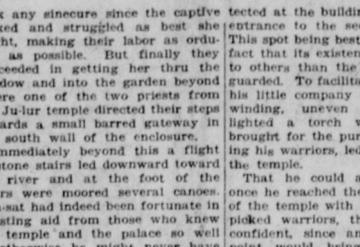
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE CRAZY QUILT



EVERETT TRUE



task any sinecure since the captive kicked and struggled as best she might, making their labor as arduous as possible. But finally they succeeded in getting her thru the window and into the garden beyond where one of the two priests from the Ja-tur temple directed their steps towards a small barred gateway in the south wall of the enclosure.

Immediately beyond this a flight of stone stairs led downward toward the river and at the foot of the stairs were moored several canoes. Pan-sat had indeed been fortunate in enlisting aid from those who knew the temple and the palace so well or otherwise he might never have escaped from Ja-tur with his captive. Placing the woman in the bottom of a light canoe Pan-sat entered it and took up the paddle. His companions unfastened the moorings and shoved the little craft out into the current of the stream. Their traitorous work completed they turned and retraced their steps toward the temple, while Pan-sat, paddling strongly with the current, was making his way down the river that would carry him to the Jad-ben-lul and A-lur.

The moon had set and the eastern horizon still gave no hint of approaching day as a long file of warriors would stealthily thru the darkness into the city of A-lur. Their plans were all laid and there seemed no likelihood of their miscarriage. A messenger had been dispatched to Ja-don whose forces lay northwest of the city. Tarzan, with a small contingent, was to enter the temple thru the secret passageway, the location of which he alone knew, while Ja-don, with the greater proportion of the warriors, was to attack the palace gates.

The ape-man, leading his little band, moved stealthily thru the winding alleys of A-lur, arriving unde-

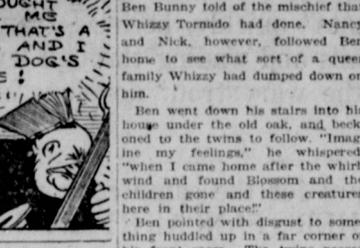
Tom Has a Nightmare



He Doesn't Know Alek!



BY CONDO



tested at the building which hid the entrance to the secret passageway. This spot being best protected by the fact that its existence was unknown to others than the priests, was unguarded. To facilitate the passage of his little company thru the narrow winding, uneven tunnel, Tarzan lighted a torch which had been brought for the purpose and preceding his warriors, led the way toward the temple.

That he could accomplish much once he reached the inner chambers of the temple with his little band of picked warriors, the ape-man was confident, since an attack at this point would bring confusion and consternation to the easily overpowered priests, and permit Tarzan to attack the palace forces in the rear at the same time that Ja-don engaged them at the palace gates while Tarzan and his forces swarmed the northern walls. Great value had been placed by Ja-don on the moral effect of the Dor-ul-Otho's mysterious appearance in the heart of the temple, and he had urged Tarzan to take every advantage of the old chieftain's belief that many of Lu-don's warriors still wavered in their allegiance between the high priest and the Dor-ul-Otho, being held to the former more by the fear which he engendered in the breasts of all his followers than by any love or loyalty they might feel toward him.

There is a Pal-ul-donian proverb setting forth a truth similar to that contained in the old Scotch adage that "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." Freely translated it might read, "He who follows the right trail sometimes reaches the wrong destination," and such apparently was the fate that lay in the footsteps of the great chieftain of the north and his god-like ally.

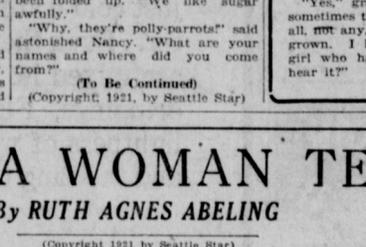
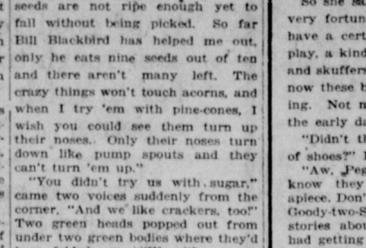
ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS



BEN BUNNY'S GUESTS



BY RUTH AGNES ABELING



He was so correct. His suit fitted perfectly. I could almost understand Lila Ames' exclamation following his kiss so short a while ago.

He was all attention. I marvelled that he could be so lightly off with one and on with the other. He was one of those womanly-wise heart-breaking men, who make the girl they are escorting the girl of their lives—for the hour.

He ordered well.

"But we were talking of cotton flowers," Philip leaned across the white cover. "If I had classed you as a cotton flower you would have been hurt—your sex pride would have been wounded. And I content," he went on lightly, "that man can make no more grievous and blighting error than to wound feminine sex pride."

"You are telling me, then, that all women, good, bad and indifferent, find a certain pride in the belief that they are a lure?" I questioned.

"Pride—yes, or you might say comfort—insurance."

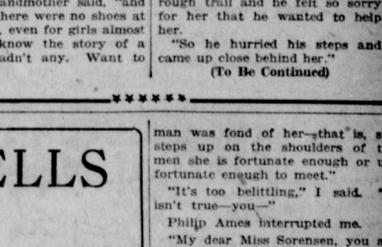
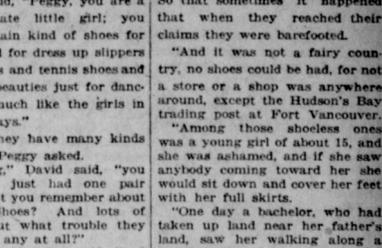
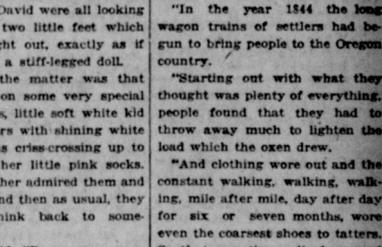
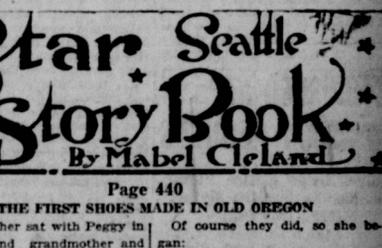
Star Seattle Story Book



THE FIRST SHOES MADE IN OLD OREGON



BY MABEL CLELAND



Grandmother sat with Peggy in her lap and grandmother and Peggy and David were all looking at Peggy's two little feet which stuck straight out, exactly as if Peggy were a stiff-legged doll.

You see the matter was that Peggy had on some very special new slippers, little soft white kid ballet slippers with shining white satin ribbons criss-crossing up to the top of her little pink socks.

Grandmother admired them and felt them, and then as usual, they made her think back to something.

So she said, "Peggy, you are a very fortunate little girl; you have a certain kind of shoes for play, a kind for dress up slippers and skuffers and tennis shoes and now these beauties just for dancing. Not much like the girls in the early days."

"Didn't they have many kinds of shoes?" Peggy asked.

"Aw, Peg," David said, "you know they just had one pair apiece. Don't you remember about Goddy-two-shoes? And lots of stories about what trouble they had getting any at all?"

"Yes," grandmother said, "and sometimes there were no shoes at all, any, even for girls almost grown. I know the story of a girl who hadn't any. Want to hear it?"

Of course they did, so she began:

"In the year 1844 the long wagon trains of settlers had begun to bring people to the Oregon country."

"Starting out with what they thought was plenty of everything, people found that they had to throw away much to lighten the load which the oxen drew."

"And clothing wore out and the constant walking, walking, walking, mile after mile, day after day for six or seven months, wore even the coarsest shoes to tatters. So that sometimes it happened that when they reached their claims they were barefooted."

"And it was not a fairy country, no shoes could be had, for not a store or a shop was anywhere around, except the Hudson's Bay trading post at Fort Vancouver."

"Among those shoeless ones was a young girl of about 15, and she was ashamed, and if she saw anybody coming toward her she would sit down and cover her feet with her full skirts."

"One day a bachelor, who had taken up land near her father's land, saw her walking along a rough trail and he felt so sorry for her that he wanted to help her."

"So he hurried his steps and came up close behind her."

(To Be Continued)

WHEN A WOMAN TELLS

By RUTH AGNES ABELING

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CHAPTER VII—I NEARLY MAKE A SCENE

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Hilga Sorensen breaks her engagement and decides "to have her fling—married or single." Her disappointed fiance directs her to an opportunity for a position as social secretary to the rich Mrs. John Ames. She applies for the place and meets Philip Ames, the brother-in-law of Mrs. John Ames, who immediately interests himself in her.

GO ON WITH STORY

Philip Ames' little car was circling back toward town. The sun was getting higher and I felt quite ready to eat.

But "the last time, the last time, the last time," kept whirling thru my brain. I resolved more firmly than ever that I should never go on a questionable adventure again.

The car stopped in front of a club, to which I had gone often as the guest of my erstwhile fiance, Tom Bradford.

"Well, eat here," Philip Ames announced. With a beautiful speed he was out of the car and opening the door for me, taking me up the stairs, thru the corridor to the dining room; handing my wraps to a check boy, drawing out my chair,

for sunflower seeds until I'm dizzy. I can't climb the stalks to get 'em, and I haven't wings to fly, and the seeds are not ripe enough yet to fall without being picked. So far Bill Blackbird has helped me out, only he eats nine seeds out of ten and there aren't many left. The crazy things won't touch acorns, and when I try 'em with pine-cones, I wish you could see them turn thru their noses. Only their noses turn down like pump spouts and they can't turn 'em up."

"You didn't try us with sugar," came two voices suddenly from the corner. "And we like crackers, too!" Two green heads popped out from under two green bodies where they'd been folded up. "We like sugar awfully."

"Why, they're polly-parrots," said astonished Nancy. "What are your names and where did you come from?"

(To Be Continued)

man was fond of her—that is, she steps up on the shoulders of the men she is fortunate enough or unfortunate enough to meet."

"It's too hitting," I said. "It isn't true—now."

Philip Ames interrupted me.

"My dear Miss Sorensen, you are just about to accept a position. How did you get it?" His voice was tantalizingly smooth.

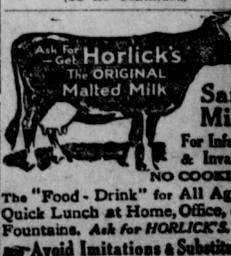
I looked around wildly. I had a sudden impulse to run away, away where I should never see Philip Ames and his meaningful smile.

"Sit still," he said, divining my impulse. His hand was over mine, firm and cool.

"Don't make a scene. I'm very very sorry, little girl."

A voice sounded behind me.

(To Be Continued)



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