

### Father Who Is Not Interested in Morals of His Child?

Children a good example by GOING TO CHURCH SUNDAY. The man of the home who bravely braves for women folk as he lies in the day in some ungodly way not only in-le, boastful words are heard by the little children are impressionable, and they quickly point.

HER WHO IS NOT INTERESTED IN THE? AND WHERE WILL THE CHILD BE RIGHTEOUSNESS IF NOT IN THE HOUSE OF A FATHER WHO IS A REGULAR AT- IS MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY SER- REACHED. IF YOU THINK YOU ARE TOO THOUGHT, IF YOU ARE SURE THAT THE IS ARE DRY, IF YOU MUST FOREGO AN BER SUNDAY, MAKE A SACRIFICE FOR YOUR LITTLE GIRL'S SAKE.

When you were a child and how you watched off to church on the Sabbath. Of course wanced then as it is today. But many of really are recessions. In many places, thought, the name of God doesn't obtain in you were a child. There is no denying has deteriorated in many of the so called

only darkness. Where is the scientist or ight to compare with God? Churches are re you will hear the word of God. They owing.

ance by GOING TO CHURCH Sunday. next Sunday!

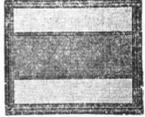
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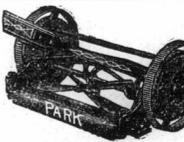
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## THE RETURN OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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"You will find lion hunting more exciting than gazelle shooting," remarked Captain Gerard, "and more dangerous."

"Even gazelle shooting has its dangers," replied Tarzan, "especially when one goes alone. I found it so today. I also found that, while the gazelle is the most timid of animals, it is not the most cowardly."

Tarzan saw a dull red creep up from beneath Gernols' collar. He was satisfied and quickly changed the subject. When the column rode south from Bou Saada the next morning there were half a dozen Arabs bringing up the rear.

"They accompany us on the road for companionship," said Gerard. Tarzan had learned enough about Arab character since he had been in Algeria to know that this was no real motive, for the Arab is never overfond of the companionship of strangers, and especially of French soldiers.

He was convinced that there were hired assassins on his trail, nor was he in great doubt but that Rokoff was at the bottom of the plot. Whether it was to be revenge or was in some way connected with his mission in the Gernols affair he could not determine. If the latter, and it seemed probable since the evidence he had had that Gernols suspected him, then he had two rather powerful enemies to contend with.

After camping at Djelfa for two days the column moved to the southwest, from whence word had come that the marauders were operating against the tribes whose dwellings were situated at the foot of the mountains.

The little band of Arabs who had accompanied them from Bou Saada disappeared suddenly the very night that orders had been given to prepare for the morrow's march from Djelfa. Tarzan had seen Gernols in conversation with one of them some half hour after Captain Gerard had issued his instructions relative to the new move. Only Gernols and Tarzan knew the direction of the proposed march.

Late that afternoon they went into camp at a little oasis in which the dome of a sheik whose flocks were being stolen and whose herdsmen were being killed. Tarzan, who by this time, with the assistance of Abdul, had picked up quite a smattering of Arabic, questioned one of the younger Arabs. No, he had seen no party of six horsemen riding from the direction of Djelfa. There were other oases scattered about. Possibly they had been journeying to one of these.

Early the next morning Captain Gerard split his command in two, giving Lieutenant Gernols command of one party, while he headed the other. They were to scour the mountains upon opposite sides of the plain.

"And with which detachment will M. Tarzan ride?" asked the captain. "Or maybe it is that monsieur does not care to hunt marauders?"

"Oh, I shall be delighted to go," Tar-

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- good between meals
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YOU TOO! YOU TOO! YOU TOO! YOU TOO! YOU TOO! YOU TOO!

WHAT ROSIE SAW AT THE MOVIES

DOH! LISTEN TO BEAUTIFUL DEEP BASS VOICES! ONLY MY IDEAL MAN!

EACH LETTER BEHOLD! P E U H H L

COULD HAVE SAID TO EACH OTHER HERE, MY SOUL IS YOURS! I CAN GET YOU CHARMED ALREADY, OH! MY HEART! I SIMPLY!

HE-AR-ET IN ABSENCE WE-R-RUNG

MUST GO IN AND TELL HIM THAT HIS MELLOW BASS VOICE WON MY HEART, FINE! MAYBE.

WHY, MY DEAR GIRL, THERE WAS NO MAN SINGING HERE. IT WAS ME! I'M KNOWN ON STAGE AS 'CLEO' THE ONLY WOMAN WITH A PERFECT BASS VOICE!

EDITOR'S NOTE: "OH-H-H! BASS!"

zan hastened to explain. He was wondering what excuse he could make to accompany Gernols. His embarrassment was short lived and was relieved from a most unexpected source. It was Gernols himself who spoke.

"If my captain will forego the pleasure of M. Tarzan's company for this once I shall esteem it an honor indeed to have monsieur ride with me today," he said, nor was his tone lacking in cordiality—in fact, Tarzan imagined that he had overdone it a trifle.

And so it was that Lieutenant Gernols and Tarzan rode off side by side at the head of the little detachment of sphibs. Gernols' cordiality was short lived. No sooner had they ridden out of sight of Captain Gerard and his men than he lapsed once more into his accustomed taciturnity. As they advanced the ground became rougher. Steadily it ascended toward the mountains, into which they fled through narrow canyon close to noon. By the side of a little rivulet Gernols called the mid-day halt. Here the men prepared and ate their frugal meal and refilled their canteens.

After an hour's rest they advanced again along the canyon until they presently came to a little valley, from which several rocky gorges diverged. "We shall separate here," Gernols said, "several riding into each of these gorges." And then he commenced to detail his various squads and issue instructions to the noncommissioned officers who were to command them. When he had done he turned to Tarzan. "Monsieur will be so good as to remain here until we return."

Tarzan demurred, but the officer cut him short. "There may be fighting for one of these sections," he said, "and troops cannot be embarrassed by civilian noncombatants during action." A moment later Tarzan found himself alone in the midst of a desolate mountain fastness.

The sun was hot, so he sought the shelter of a nearby tree, where he tethered his horse and sat down upon the ground to smoke. Inwardly he swore at Gernols for the trick he had played upon him. A mean little revenge, thought Tarzan, and then suddenly it occurred to him that the man would not be such a fool as to antagonize him through a trivial annoyance of so petty a description. There must be something deeper than this behind it. With the thought he arose and removed his rifle from its boot. He looked to its bolts and saw that the magazine was full. Then he inspected his revolver. After this preliminary pro-

caution he scanned the surrounding heights and the mouths of the several gorges—he was determined that he should not be caught napping.

The sun sank lower and lower, yet there was no sign of returning sphibs. At last the valley was submerged in shadow. Tarzan was too proud to go back to camp until he had given the detachment ample time to return to the valley, which he thought was to have been their rendezvous. With the closing in of night he felt safer from attack, for he was at home in the dark, and he felt asleep, with his back against the tree.

He must have slept for several hours, for when he was suddenly awakened by the frightened snorting and plunging of his horse the moon was shining full upon the little valley, and there, not ten paces before him, stood the grim cause of the terror of his mount.

Superb, majestic, his graceful tail extended and quivering, and his two eyes of fire riveted full upon his prey, stood Numa, el adrea, the black lion. A little thrill of joy tingled through Tarzan's nerves. It was like meeting an old friend after years of separation. For a moment he sat rigid to enjoy the magnificent spectacle of this lord of the wilderness.

But now Numa was crouching for the spring. Very slowly Tarzan raised his gun to his shoulder. He had never killed a large animal with a gun in all his life. Heretofore he had depended upon his spear, his poisoned arrows, his rope, his knife or his bare hands. Instinctively he wished that he had his arrows and his knife. He should have felt surer with them.

Numa was lying quite flat upon the ground now, presenting only his head. Tarzan would have preferred to fire a little from one side, for he knew what terrific damage the lion could do if he lived two minutes or even a minute after he was hit. The horse stood trembling in terror at Tarzan's back. The ape-man took a cautious step to one side. Numa but followed him with his eyes. Another step he took and then another. Numa had not moved. Now he could aim at a point between the eye and the ear.

His finger tightened upon the trigger, and as he fired Numa sprang. At the same instant the terrified horse made a last frantic effort to escape. The tether parted, and he went careening down the canyon toward the desert.

No ordinary man could have escaped these frightful claws when Numa sprang from so short a distance. But Tarzan was no ordinary man. From earliest childhood his muscles had been trained by the fierce exigencies of his existence to act with the rapidity of thought. As quick as was el adrea Tarzan of the Apes was quicker, and so the great beast crashed against a tree, where he had expected to feel the soft flesh of man, while Tarzan, a couple of paces to the right, pumped another bullet into him that brought him, clawing and roaring, to his side.

(To be continued.)

"Pa, what is mediocrity?" "Something your mother makes summer dresses out of, I think."

Both Come Back "You know what a boomerang is, don't you, Johnnie? No, ma'am. Why, a boomerang is something you throw out and after a little while it turns and comes back. "Please ma'am it's something" like the prodigal son, ain't it? —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Worker. "So you worked your way through college? Your father must be proud of you." "Not much! He's the man I work-ed."

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### Content That Men Tire of Their Wives Before Women Tire of Their Husbands

Why do men tire first in all affairs of the heart? Why do men fall out of love with women before women fall out of love with them? Why does a man weary of a woman before she does of him? Why does domesticity so soon get on a man's nerves, while a woman can find it sweeter and sweeter every day for fifty years?

Men do, you know, says Dorothy Dix. They tire first in the love game and the marriage game, and there's no use in denying it.

It's the women who bring the breach of promise suits against men who have gotten cold feet and heart failure even before the wedding day. Even when a woman does break her engagement to marry a man, nine times out of ten it is because he has forced her to do it.

Why this is thus is a problem that is up to the psychologists to solve. Certainly, to the average observer, the average woman is quite as good looking and interesting and attractive as the average man. Also it is undoubtedly true that the average woman takes ten times as much trouble, both before and after marriage, to please a man as he does to please her.

Think of how their poor heads ache with four pounds of assorted false hair pinned on it, because some unadmired fluff tresses! Think how uncomfortably their poor faces are, all beset with paint and cream complexion! Think of how their poor feet ache squeezed up in shoes two sizes too small, and perched up on French heels because men admire little tootsie wootsies! Think of the tortures they undergo from straight fronts and starvation because men admire slim and willowy figures!

Would any man put himself to all this trouble and pain to try to please a woman? Would any man do without his wanted to eat or drink because it made him fat, and therefore less attractive to women?

It is undeniably true that men get tired of love-making before women do. The real reason every engaged man hurries up his wedding day is because he wants to get out of the soft talk, and the suddenness with which he drops the billing and cooing after the marriage ceremony gives a woman the jar of her life. Her sweet tooth aches for more verbal confectionery. She still wants to have her hand held, and to be told she's the most beautiful and most wonderful darling creature on earth, but the man is nauseated with the bombons of courtship, and wants to get back to the plain roast beef and potatoes of everyday life. There is no other one thing on earth more pathetic than this—that a woman can go on being a bride to the longest day of her life, while the bridegroom wears of his sentimental robe before ever he is out of the church.

The husbands tire of their wives before their wives do of them is also too sadly true. This sad state of affairs is proven by the fact that nearly every middle aged woman is doing all sorts of stunts to keep herself looking young and attractive so that she may retain her husband's affection but you never hear of any middle-aged man making any effort to keep himself youthful and romantic-looking to his wife.

Yet, isn't a bay-windowed, bald-headed, heavy-jowled, middle-aged man just as little alluring as a stout, grizzled, middle-aged woman? And wouldn't you think there would be

just as little of the halo of romance remaining about the one as the other? Yet the woman is dead afraid that her husband will tire of her and off with some young and charming girl, but it never occurs to the man that his wife will weary of him and turn her fancy toward some broad-shouldered, lithe, upstanding youth.

In the majority of homes the wife has a much wider conversational range than the husband; she is interested in far more things than he is, and is more entertaining.

It would seem, therefore, that if either one of the two would be bored in their conjugal companionship it would be she and not he. This, however, is not the case. It is the man who wearies first.

And when either the husband or wife dies, it is the woman who is oftenest faithful to the memory of the loved and lost. The world is full of widows, but there are very few widowers, because a man seldom stays a widower.

All of which goes to show that men constitute the fickle sex.

### Both Come Back

"You know what a boomerang is, don't you, Johnnie? No, ma'am. Why, a boomerang is something you throw out and after a little while it turns and comes back. "Please ma'am it's something" like the prodigal son, ain't it? —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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