

TARZAN THE MIGHTY

Novelized by ARTHUR E. REEVE,
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EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
Author of TARZAN OF THE APES, THE CAVE GIRL, etc.

Chapter V.

TANTOR TRUMPETS

Bobbie regained consciousness in the hut of Tarzan. He looked frightened at first at the strange surroundings, then seeing it was Tarzan holding him was reassured. The face of Tarzan was a study. It was a new sensation that he was experiencing, this contact with his own kind. There had dawned in him that instinct which responds to the call of humanity to protect the weak against the strong, the eternal conflict of good and evil. Tarzan was starting in with the fundamental passions, love and hate, hope and fear, courage and cowardice, virtue and vice, benevolence and malevolence.

"I want Mary," cried Bobby "take me to her." Again and again he tried to make Tarzan understand but could not.

Once he went to the door of the hut, struck out into the jungle but stopped suddenly as he caught a glimpse of Numa, the lion, snarling. Tarzan heard it, too, leaped into action, grabbing Bobby in the nick of time, glaring at Numa who slunk away.

Bobby was willing enough now to return to the hut and together they spent the night, a strange pair, this man and boy.

In the morning when Bobby discovered the old picture book the roles were reversed. Here was the child instructing the man. As picture after picture was turned up Bobby found he had an apt pupil.

First it was a picture of a boy. There was no difficulty in getting the idea over with that. Next a girl. The next idea was therefore of Mary. Tarzan himself spied a picture of an ape. But Bobby shook his head, turned the pages, found a man. Quickly they agreed on the difference. These were all new ideas to Tarzan's keen mind. He absorbed them rapidly.

But still that was not what Bobby wanted to convey. Quickly he turned the pages. Ah, there was what he wanted, fortunately. It was a picture of a girl struggling with a man. With signs and gestures Bobby tried to get over what was in his mind.

"Mary needs us! She is afraid of Black John!"

Slowly Tarzan began to get it, that there was something wrong. It had been a great day for Tarzan. Compressed into hours had been the rudiments of education that with civilized man take years, just as compressed into one sudden swift moment as he had first glimpsed Mary at the pool had been thrust upon his emotions that cover childhood, youth and manhood. Yet Tarzan was not in a whirl. The very simplicity of life in the jungle was his protection against the complexities of modern man.

For the laws of the jungle are as old and as true as the sky. Man or beast who obey prosper. They who break suffer, are punished and perish. It is the same in the jungle and the hut, the lost village and the cabin, in university and slum. Wall street and the Bowery—the game is the same; only the rules change. Fundamentals are the law of life, inexorable, universal, eternal. Tarzan had much to learn. That was superficial. He had for more to teach. That was deep. The boy

and the man were fast friends. Yet there was something supplementary, complementary that each lacked, sought. This wonderful day for each was crowned by it. It was Mary!

So it was that slowly, bit by bit, Bobby succeeded in making his jungle friend realize Mary's peril. And with Tarzan once an idea was realized it was translated into action.

It was dark now. With his grass rope in one hand, his dagger about his neck, and Bobby caught up in his arms Tarzan issued forth into the night noises and among the prowlers of his jungle.

Once they encountered Numa again. Quick as a flash in the silvery moonbeams Tarzan had looped his rope, swung up into a tree, shot out defiance and again Numa slunk away impotent before his master.

Sometimes from tree to tree, where that showed the mastery of the jungle, again along ground trail or through soft meadow they hurried along. Bobby needed not now to urge on his friend.

They were at the stockade. It was no more of an obstacle than the lines of a tennis court. Tarzan was a three-dimensional human animal. They were over it in a jiffy, Tarzan and Bobby, safe, high up in the crotch of a tree.

Such a sight Tarzan had never seen or dreamed. Excitedly Bobby explained and as he did Tarzan's eyes blazed as he got the idea, more from Black John's actions than from anything the boy could tell. It was more than Tarzan could stand. He had reached the breaking point.

He dropped suddenly, like a panther, before John and Mary. Black John released her, cowering back in utter surprise. Mary recovered herself with a rush, started back.

"It is Tarzan!" The Patriarch and the tribe took it up and echoed it, scattering in wild flight.

An instant later Mary cried out and swept Bobby safe in her arms. Together they watched, slinging.

Black John never took his eyes off Tarzan. Tarzan started slowly toward him. There was no ruse of

Black John's that could stay Tarzan now.

They grappled.

From behind trees and cabins now the Patriarch was mustering the frightened natives, arming them.

The fight was swift and short.

Tarzan flung the beaten Black John at Mary's feet.

"Oh! Look!"

In terror Mary pointed. The Patriarch and the others were closing in. Tarzan was outnumbered, a hundred to one. He turned, saw them coming. But there was no fear in his heart. He drew himself to his full height. Suddenly from his mouth issued the weirdest of sounds—the cry of the jungle! Tarzan heard it and tumbled. Taug and Teeka heard it and answered. Everywhere, throughout the jungle they heard it—and it was returned.

The Patriarch and the tribe ringed him now. Tarzan faced them. They had no stomach for the fight. But the Patriarch cursed them and gave the signal. En masse they overcame their terror and fell upon Tarzan. Mary and Bobby were swept aside. Tarzan was down fighting overwhelmed by weight of numbers pinned to the ground.

Meanwhile Black John had revived. He scrambled to his feet, grasping his spear, shouting.

The tribe heard and in an instant they had Tarzan bound to a huge stake in the enclosure, as Bobby and Mary crouched back from the crowd. Black John raised his spear at the defiant Tarzan.

Louder and louder now came the trumpeting of Tarzan the elephant. Nearer and nearer he was crashing through the jungle.

Black John smiled at the impotence of it. Tanto would be too late. Definitely Tarzan called to Tanto. There was a sudden change in Black John's countenance. Tanto was nearer than he had thought—he was at the wall, crashing it!

With a scream Mary turned her head away. Black John had heaved his huge javelin at Tarzan.

Chapter VI

GIANT EMOTIONS

Straining at his bonds with his powerful muscles knotted in tense cords Tarzan broke loose from the stake just as Black John hurled his spear.

At the same instant Tanto broke through the stockade and the natives scattered in terror. Black John seized up Bobby and fled after them as Tarzan took the swooning Mary in his arms. The huge elephant lumbering over to Tarzan and knelt. Holding the girl in his arms Tarzan mounted his back. Tanto rose and crashed out of the stockade into the jungle and safety. Always in times of trouble or

perplexity Tarzan was drawn back by a strange power to the lonely hut in the heart of the jungle. Mary opened her eyes, struggled from his arms and stood in this rude shack staring at him.

"Where am I? What happened?" she demanded.

"The witch doctor says he is God," Tarzan in his triumph was child-like. "But he and his people ran from me and Tantor. I am more mighty than Tantor. I am God!"

Mary was aghast. But she smiled, understanding the child-mind of the handsome jungle giant. "No, Tarzan—not God—but a man created by God in His own image."

Tarzan echoed, the girl's word, "Man." He strode over to the old chest, opened it, and from it he took a picture of a lovely woman. It was Lady Greystoke.

"This—man?" he asked.

Mary took it and shook her head, smiling. "No. A woman."

Tarzan was puzzled. "Woman," he repeated. "She. Like Taug's Teeka?"

(To be continued)

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Jennie Lynn Harris

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But we know the hearts of the fond parents are crying why? oh, why? Some day the silver cord will break and we shall see our Saviour face to face, then we will know and understand why, so many promising sweet buds are plucked before they mature, we will know why, we are called to weep with lashes wet.

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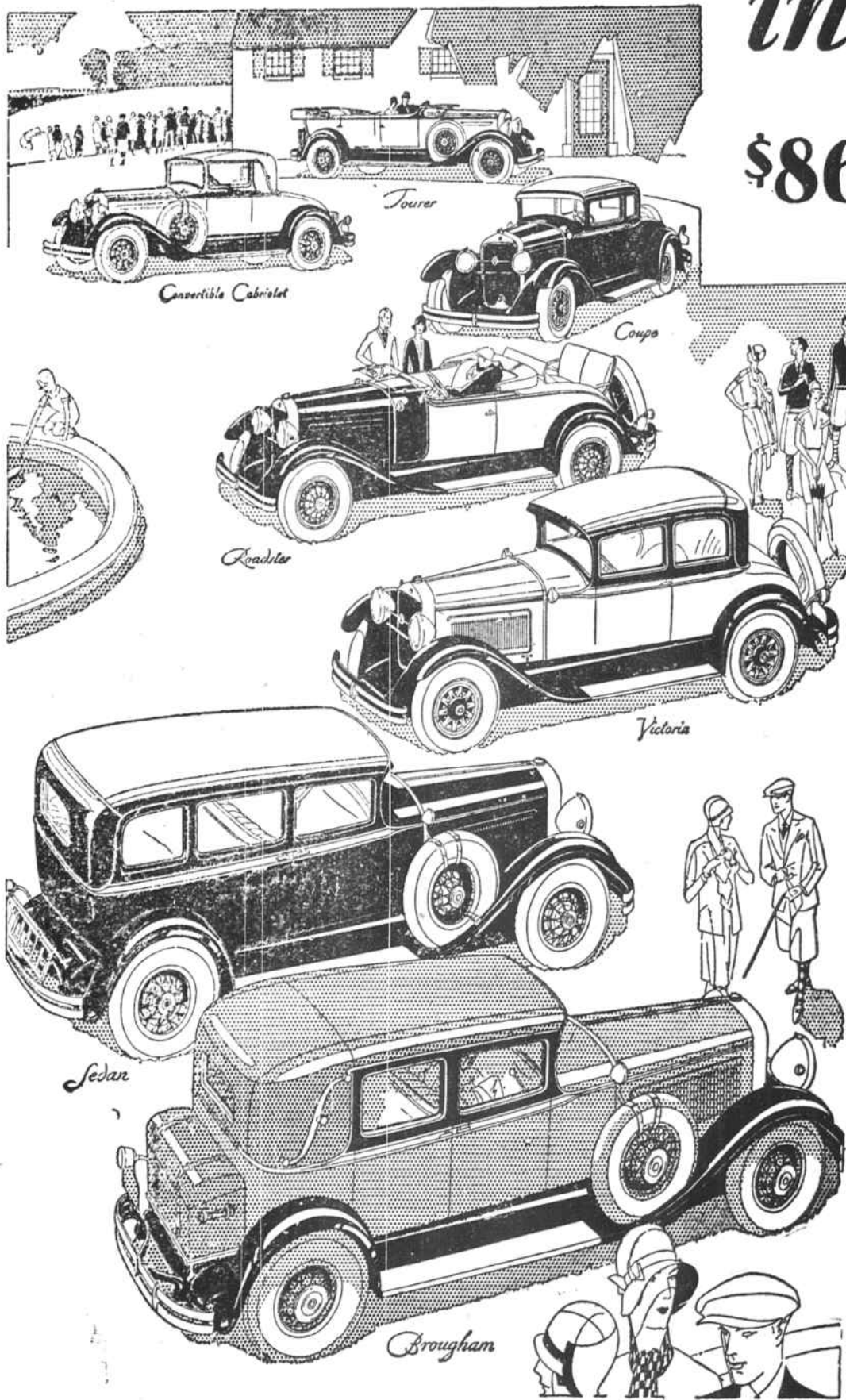
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