TARZAN THE MIGHTY

Novelized by ARTHUR B. REEVE,
n original Serial produced by UNIVERSAL PICTURES CORPORATION, by special arrangement with
GAR RICE BURROUGHS
thor of TARZAN OF THE APES, THE CAVE GIRL, etc.

Chapter VI.
GIANT EMOTIONS
(Continued)

smiled and nodded yes. e searched the chest and e drew out a picture of eystoke in his uniform with ly crest on the photograph. he asked.

this is a man like you, answered Mary. "And ays Lord Greystoke and he crest like that carved knife!"

not interest Tarzan much Tarzan a man—he?" He his great chest. Mary "You a woman—she?" Mary smiled acquiescence. arzan's she?"

smiled, a bit fearfully, erself on tip-toe and impetu- essed her lips to his face. drew back bewildered. He his lips, a strange smile on "It is like honey that the eople hide in the trees!" he the emotions of his first

ok a step closer to Mary. sitated, frightened by the emotions she had aroused ain she raised herself on again she put her lips to Tarzan's mighty arms closed around her.

n was like a big child, Mary felt her power over et she feared his physical over her. Besides, she was he wanted rest. Slowly she him understand that she to rest alone in the hut. ew that he would not leave but would stand on guard the night. Besides there bird call if she should need Gradually she got the idea s head to leave her alone in through the night.

ide Tarzan saw the moon now ew eyes. He swung himself the trees in sheer joy of "Ho!" he roared up at the "King of the night—it is Tarzan, King of the Jungle, defies you! Come down and fight! I will conquer you, give you as a present to Tarzan's she!"

Threshing along in his delirium of love Tarzan made his way through the trees making a wide circle of the hut in the clearing.

All through the night Black John had kept Bobby a prisoner close. He knew that Bobby knew where Tarzan's lair was. But Bobby was defiant.

"No," he stuck to it tearfully, "I won't tell you where Tarzan sleeps."

"You won't!" Black John snatched down a big bull whip from the wall. "This will make you tell!"

Bobby cringed back with terror.

So it was that in the middle of the night Black John gathered four of his boldest spirits. "Tarzan has stolen the woman who would be our queen. Come with me."

Through the jungle the dark five made their way, until on the edge of the clearning they found the hut. Black John could hear Tarzan in the distance bellowing his love-defiance of the moon-god, Goru. It was an opportunity. He posted the four on guard and crossed quickly to the hut.

Mary was just about to retire on an old broken cot, had started to unfasten her scant robe when she was startled by a noise at the door opened with an unseen hand.

"Don't make a sound!" came a thick, hoarse whisper.

She recoiled in terror as Black John crept into the room confronting her menacingly.

"No ape-man shall have the woman I want!" he hissed.

"But I loathe you;" she cried bitterly, retreating from him.

Black John grinned in ugly triumph. "I have laid plans to get you out of the jungle when I have located a vast treasure I know of that will make you richer than the richest woman in the world!"

Mary shook her head. Black John sneered. "You won't?" I hold the winning card—your brother, Bobby. Young woman, be at the village before dawn—or you will never see him alive again!"

"You—monster!" gasped Mary.

Nearer could be heard Tarzan's jungle call. Horrified, Mary was weakening at the thought of Bobby.

"If he finds me here with you—" smirked Black John.

"All right. I promise. Now go quickly. Harzan is coming!"

Black John made a hasty exit, covering up his fear. Mary, filled with dread, turned to the old cot again.

She was aparently asleep when Tarzan entered, covered by an old blanket and a leopard skin she had snatched up from the floor. A moment he started at her, then reached over and touched her soft shoulder with his big hand gently. Mary, tense on the cot, was pretending to sleep. Inwardly she was full of apprehension. He reached over and picked up the leopard robe she had caught up from the floor. She did not move. Then he vanished through the door to sleep in the open with his covering.

In the morning, full of renewed energy, Tarzan swung himself down to the door of the hut and opened it. His heart stood still. Mary was not on the old cot. He called her name, searched the room, then dashed out of the hut.

Tarzan was indeed a wild man. The honey of that first kiss had turned to bitterness. The beasts and the birds of the jungle went two by two. Must Tarzan walk alone—always alone? Tarzan the mighty was swiftly turned again into the ruthless killer of the jungle. He uttered a bull ape cry, uprooted a sapling and flung it from him, as he strode along.

In the village they heard the echo of his cry. "Tarzan" the natives cried. "Tarzan is calling to his jungle people again! He comes to kill!"

In Black John's cabin Mary hugged Bobby closely to her breast and smiled. She had heard the call faintly echoing; now she heard the shouts of fear of the villagers, as they scattered. It filled her with joy. Help was coming.

Her joy was short-lived. Through the door of the cabin shouldered Black John in rage. He strode over to a small trap door in the wall. He indicated to her to go through. With Bobby clinging to her Mary obeying. The trap door slid back behind them and Black John who had quickly followed.

There beside them was a lion pit. In it snarled a ferocious specimen. Horrified Mary shrieked Tarzan's name. The lion let out a terrific roar.

Just an instant Tarzan hesitated in the village as he heard his name called. It was Mary's voice—and it came from Black John's cabin. His rage changed instantly to worry. Another moment and Tarzan leaped to the door of Black John's hut.

Again the lion roared and Mary screamed. Tarzan entered quickly. Suddenly the door slammed behind him. Black John had thrown a heavy bar. With the other hand he reached for a lever. He pulled it, opening another trap.

Snarling the lion charged through the trap as Tarzan crouched to meet the tawny leap of the infuriated beast.

Chapter VII
FLAMING HATE

Crouching with his knife ready as the lion emerged blinking from the shadows set to spring, Tarzan quickly straightened himself up to his full height, uttering a peculiar hiss. Still snarling the lion shrank back as though in subjection. He knew and feared Tarzan.

Black John had not been prepared to see the king of beasts slink away from Tarzan. But with a low order of cunning the renegade met the emergency. Under cover he rushed Mary and Bobbie into another of the huts.

Through the village reverberated the bull-ape roar of Tarzan.

"Tarzan! Tarzan!" screamed Mary, answering. "Tar—"

Black John's grimy hand over her mouth smothered Mary's cry. She broke from the renegrade, crouching back. "You thought to trap Tarzan. But even the beasts of the jungle are his best friends—and fear him!" She suddenly recollected, gave the shrill bird call.

Rampaging through the village Tarzan heard. He scattered the natives like so many leaves in the wind. From hut to hut he tore until suddenly he heard the muffled bird-call issuing from one of them. He hurled himself headlong against the thatched wall of the hut. As he crashed through, arms tensed, the fury of battle in his eyes he confronted Black John.

Whatever he might be Black John was no coward. With desperate courage he met the attack of Tarzan. But he was no match for the giant strength of the infuriated jungle king. Tarzan lifted him bodily like a log and flung him to the ground. Before the crumpled villain could even begin to get himself together Tarzan had leaped after him, planted his foot on his neck and drawn his knife prepared to dispatch him as he had hundreds of jungle enemies in winning his kingship.

(To be continued)

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—In—
"Orphan of the Sage"
"Yellow Cameo," Serial.
Chapter No. 5.
"Angel Eyes," Comedy.

Monday an dTuesday, April 29-30
Sally Oneil
—In—
"Hard Boiled"
"Papas Boy," Comedy.

Wednesday, May 1
"The Red Sword"
With
Wm. Collier Jr. and Marion Nixon.
Kino News.
' Tarzan the Mighty," Serial.
Chapter No. 6.

Thursday and Friday, May 2-3
Emil Jannings
—In—
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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

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At Warrenton, North Carolina to The Corporation Commission—At the close of business on the 27th day of March, 1929.

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	$433,051.05
United States Bonds	67,589.14
All Other Stocks and Bonds	52,492.50
Banking House	17,402.79
Furniture and Fixtures	8,652.04
Cash in Valut and Amounts Due from Approved Depository Banks	62,962.88
Checks for Clearing and Transit Items	1,331.51
Cash Items (Items Held Over 24 Hours)	10.00
Total	$643,491.91

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock Paid In	$ 20,000.00
Surplus Fund	50,000.00
Undivided Profits (Net Amount)	11,915.80
Reserved for Interest	5,500.00
Reserved for Depreciation	10,912.18
Demand Deposits Due Banks	102.95
Other Deposits Subject to Check	252,413.22
Deposits Due State of North Carolina and Any Official Thereof: Unsecured, $3,184.92	3,184.92
Demand Certificates of Deposit (Due in Less Than 30 Days)	29,699.30
Cashier's Checks Outstanding	853.14
Certified Checks Outstanding	235.00
Savings Deposits (Due on or After 30 Days)	233,675.40
Bills Payable	25,000.00
Total	$643,491.91

State of North Carolina—County of Warren, ss:

R. T. Watson, President, E. S. Allen, Director, and C. R. Rodwell, Director of the Citizens Bank, each personally appeared before me this day, and, being duly sworn, each for himself, says that the foregoing report is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 3rd day of April, 1929.

MARY E. GRANT,
Notary Public.
My commission expires September 4, 1930.

R. T. WATSON, President.
E. S. ALLEN, Director.
C. R. RODWELL, Director.

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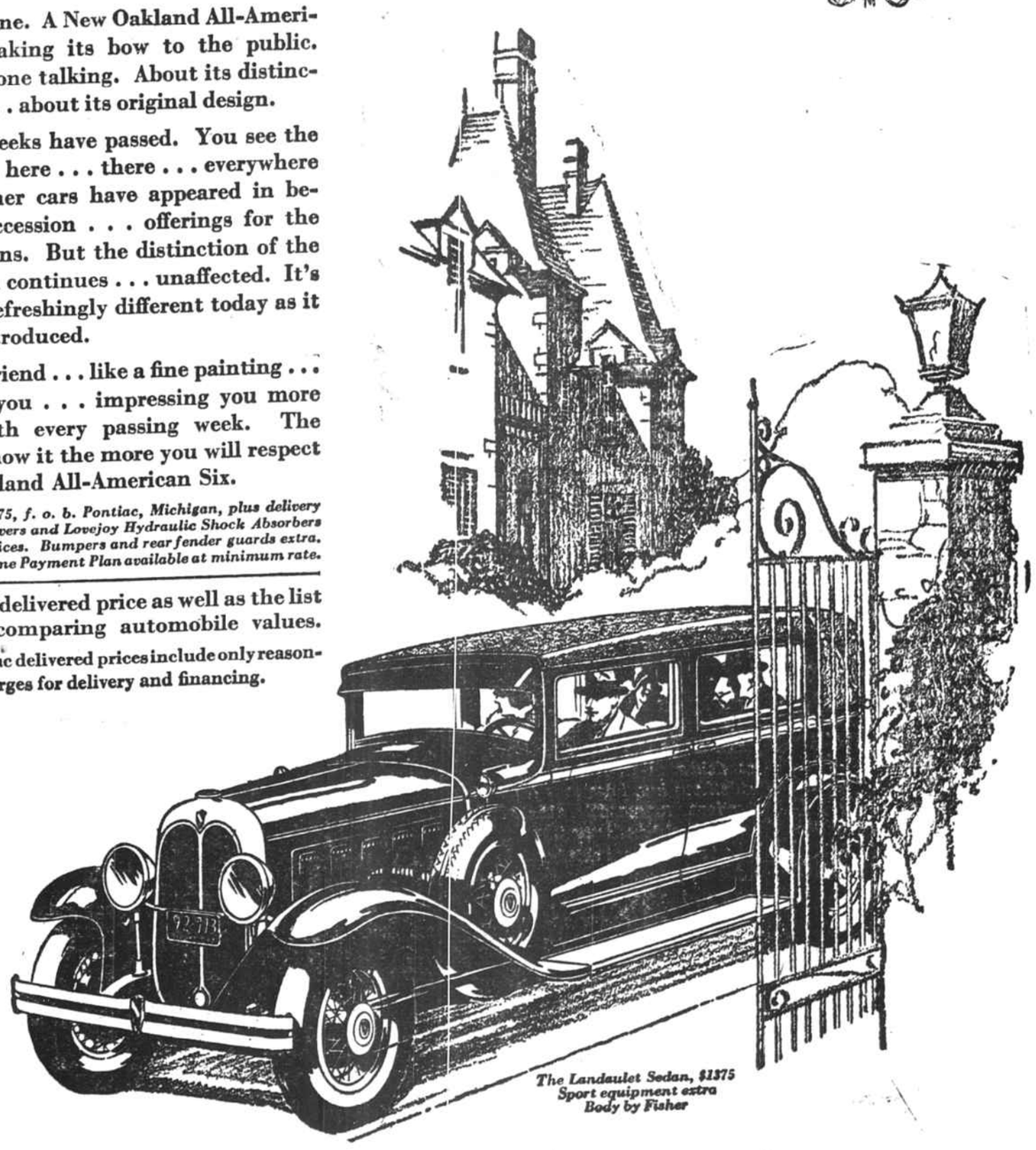

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