

THE MAN-EATER

Tarzan's Creator Writes a New Romance of the African Jungle By Edgar Rice Burroughs

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PROLOGUE.

NATIVE woman working in the little outwashed patch just outside the pallisade which surrounded the mission was the first to see them. Her scream penetrated to the living room of the little thatched bungalow where the Rev. Sangamon Morton sat before a table, an open tin box before him and a sheaf of preferred stock certificates in his hands.

The Rev. Morton had heard such screams before. Sometimes they meant nothing. Again they might mean the presence of an inquisitive and savage jungle visitor of the order of carnivora. But the one thing always uppermost in his mind—the one great, abiding terror of his lives there in the heart of the savage African jungle—was the fear of the wild and natural explanation of the woman's screams to leap to his mind. The Wakandas had come at last!

The missionary leaped to his feet, came—the hideous thing that was thrust the papers into a long manilla envelope, placed them in the tin box and closed the cover as he hastened across the room to the wide doorway. He took the sheaf of preferred stock, slipped the box quickly into the aperture revealed beneath, rose, snatched up the tin box and rushed into the compound. The whole thing had taken but a fraction of the time required to tell it.

In another room of the bungalow Mary Morton, the missionary's wife, and Ruth, his daughter, had heard the scream, and they, too, ran into the compound. The Rev. Sangamon Morton found them there when he arrived, and calling to them toward the bungalow, eyes toward the pallisade gate, through which were now streaming the score of women and children who had been driven from the garden.

Some native men were also hastening toward the gate from their various duties about the mission, coming laden with bundles of goods, and the woman who had first screamed and whose shrill cry of terror had aroused the peaceful little community now fell to her knees before the Rev. Morton.

"Oh, aho me, massa!" she cried. "The me Tom de Wakandas! De Wakandas has come! He has come! Morton brushed past her and hurried to the gate. He would have a word at the entrance, and then he and Sangamon Morton was not a man to be easily stampeded. He had answered to false alarms in the past, and he would not be deceived by a cry of "Wolf" to find him unready for the inevitable time when it should come. He would not be deceived by a cry of "Wolf" to find him unready for the inevitable time when it should come. He would not be deceived by a cry of "Wolf" to find him unready for the inevitable time when it should come.

Now, as he passed through the pallisade at the approaching "enemy" brought a sigh of relief to his lips. Coming out of the jungle were a number of men, some with spears, and even guns—but with them marched two white men, and at sight of the pill box and the tin box, the two white men a broad smile touched the lips of the Rev. Sangamon Morton.

The smile brightened as he advanced to welcome the strangers and explain to them the panic into which their unexpected appearance had thrown his little community.

And so came Jefferson Scott Jr. and his boon companion, the Rev. Sangamon Morton, reinforced by the handful of men converts who lived within the mission enclosure, repelled the first onslaught of the Wakandas, and the deadly advance sending the blacks back toward the jungle, where they were sent and shot in defiance of their own lives.

Scott, reinforced by the handful of men converts who lived within the mission enclosure, repelled the first onslaught of the blacks, and the deadly advance sending the blacks back toward the jungle, where they were sent and shot in defiance of their own lives.

The two young Americans had come to Africa to hunt big game. Jefferson Scott Jr. remained to assist his father in his work among the natives. Gordon bade them goodby at last to return to his home in New York, and he and his daughter, Ruth, departed the Rev. Morton called him into the living room, removed the flasket from the table, and withdrew a large manilla envelope.

"With Mr. Gordon," he said, "I have delivered into the keeping of Jefferson's father. It contains practically the entire fortune which I inherited from my father and for which you have no claim, save in the event of anything befalling me, would be of incalculable value to Mrs. Morton and Ruth. It is not safe to have it in my hands, and I am preparing to credit it, as preparing to revert against the Belgian authorities, and if there is any doubt as to the matter, I will cross nearly half the continent of Africa to safety.

The Day of Rest

By Maurice Ketten



IT'S A NEW PUZZLE. TAKE THE HYPHEN OUT OF THE U.S. IT LOOKS TOO EASY. IT'S NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKS. LET ME TRY IT. IT MAKES ME CRAZY! PIFFLE! DARN THAT PUZZLE! JUST ONCE MORE. GEE! IT'S TIDIOUS WORK. STOP LOOKING AT ME! YOU MAKE ME NERVOUS. POOR JOHN!

met him several times in the past, when, as a child, he had visited his uncle. He knew but little of his past other than that Jefferson Scott had paid on two occasions to keep whether you was me or not. Judge Sperry roused up to reply, and presently Taylor left the room, wandered out across the grounds and down the road toward the little village where, as there were no acquaintances, there was at least something to drink.

Later in the evening, fortified by several Kentucky bourbons, Taylor turned, nor could Virginia's mother bring herself to refuse him the ordinary hospitalities of his uncle's Virginia home, and so he remained, following the body of his old uncle to the grave with the other members of the family, the friends and the servants.

And after the funeral he stayed on, watching with as eager eyes as the rest the full career for the last will and testament of Jefferson Scott, as well with hopes diametrically at variance with theirs. Naturally he saw much of Virginia, though not as much as he should have liked to see. He found that the little girl he had known years before had grown into a beautiful young woman—a most desirable young woman—and while it angered him to realize the contentment in which she held him, he was not so waiting in agonism but that he believed he might win his way eventually into her good graces.

For this reason he never receded to the subject of the will. He did his best to impress upon Virginia and her mother that his one object in remaining thus away from his business was the hope that he might prove of some service to them now that he upon whom they both had leaned for advice and protection had been taken from them. Mrs. Scott was beginning to tolerate him and Virginia to feel sorry for him, yet both could not look forward with feelings of relief to the meeting of the administrators which was to be held at all the rooms of the Scott home the following morning. They felt that the action then taken would decide their status under the will, and they were equally positive that the administrators would adopt every legal means to carry out the provisions of the will, and that they were equally positive that the administrators would adopt every legal means to carry out the provisions of the will, and that they were equally positive that the administrators would adopt every legal means to carry out the provisions of the will.

"I had a will, sir," snapped the Judge, "about a year ago, sir. In that will you were not mentioned, and if I were you, sir, I should regret that you were not mentioned. In the event that you will should be discovered, your will would be of no account, and you would be left with nothing but your own hands to pick the amount that might be legally his."

It was the evening before the meeting. Taylor had gone to town in the afternoon. Mrs. Scott already had retired and Virginia sat reading in the library when Scott Taylor came.

When Liberty Was Born

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

tered. As the girl greeted him civilly her eyes took in his flushed face and unsteady carriage and she saw that he was drinking a party of young virgins kept her back toward him. For several seconds she was unconscious of her own presence. Then she let her eyes fall again to her book.

Taylor crossed the room and stood where he could watch her profile. For several moments he did not speak, then he came closer and took a chair directly in front of her. "You don't deserve a party of young virgins kept her back toward him. For several seconds she was unconscious of her own presence. Then she let her eyes fall again to her book."

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THE MAN EATER
Tarzan's Creator Writes a New Romance of the African Jungle
By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Such Is Life!
EXERCISING REGULARLY TEN MINUTES EVERY DAY WILL REDUCE SUPERFLUOUS FLESH LET'S DO IT
SURE LET'S START TO MORROW
WE MUSTN'T OVERDO IT, WE HAVE BEEN AT IT OVER TEN MINUTES NOW
JUST A FEW MINUTES MORE FOR GOOD MEASURE

When Liberty Was Born
BY ALBERT PATER KURHNE
NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD

Overland, 1915, by Press Publishing Co. (New York)
RECAPITULATION OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS
A big game over to Africa, Marlowe took the boat...



apparently unattended, for there was no response to her repeated ringing of the doorbell...

CHAPTER I
"Dear Mr. Gordon: My husband's father, Jefferson Scott, was just passed away...



He thought of writing her mother first, but after reflection he decided that his mother would do everything in his power to help him...

"I am particularly anxious to legally establish the authenticity of my marriage, so much so that I have already had my lawyer draw up a power of attorney...



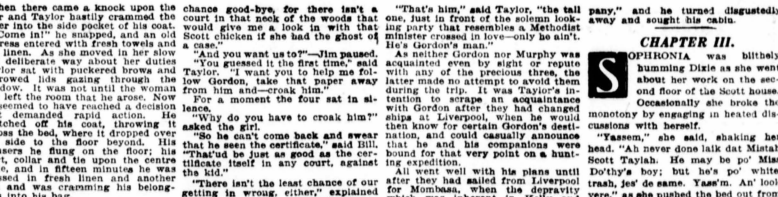
It was with considerable trepidation that Virginia Scott mounted the steps of the building...

"I am a wonderer, Murphy," announced that young man, "what the devil we are going to do to assassinate to-day."



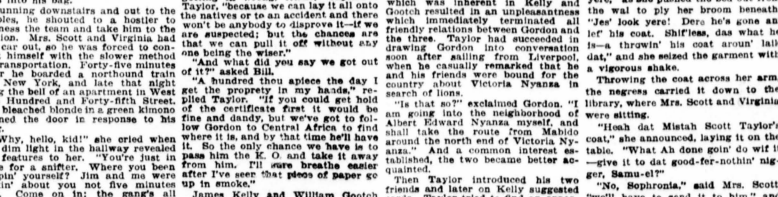
"That's his," said Taylor, "the tall one, just in front of the solemn looking party that resembles a Methodist minister."

CHAPTER II
DICK Gordon of New York, rich, indolent and bored, took his paper aside, yawned, rose up from the breakfast table...



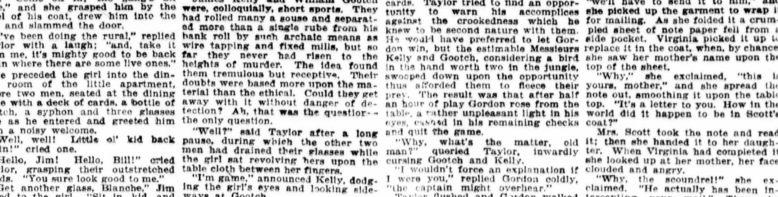
"I am a wonderer, Murphy," announced that young man, "what the devil we are going to do to assassinate to-day."

"All right, Murphy; get my things and let me propose to you, will you do that as anything, readily."



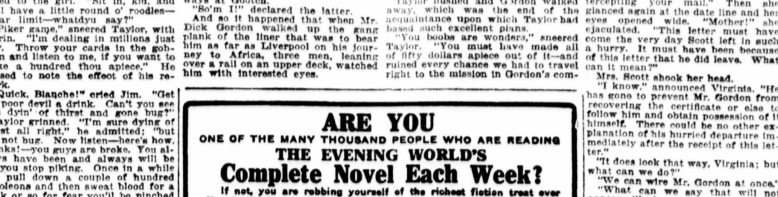
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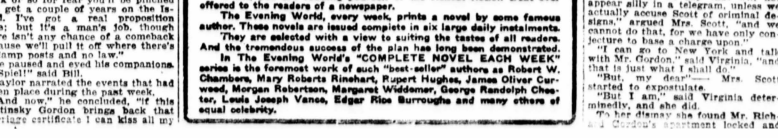
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If not, you are robbing yourself of the richest fiction treat ever...

Such Is Life

By Maurice Ketten

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD

When Liberty Was Born

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Tarzan's Creator Writes a New Romance of the African Jungle By Edgar Rice Burroughs

STORIES OF A HIGH ROMANCE... Tarzan's Creator Writes a New Romance of the African Jungle... By Edgar Rice Burroughs

CHAPTER III

JUST what words passed between them she could not know... CHAPTER III... JUST what words passed between them she could not know...

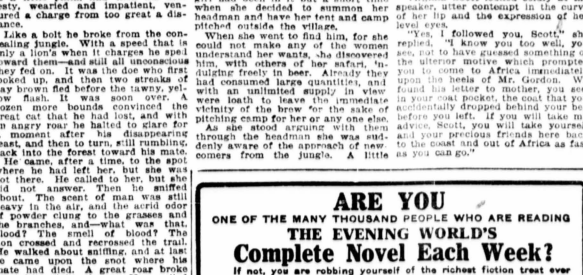
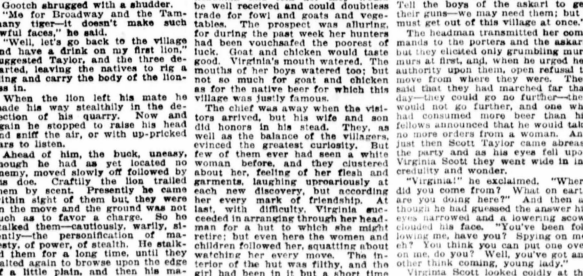
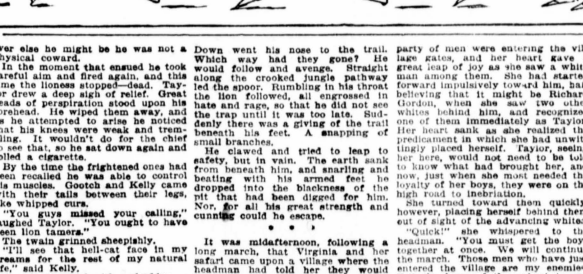
The natives were terrified... The natives were terrified... The natives were terrified...

Down went his nose to the trail... Down went his nose to the trail... Down went his nose to the trail...

When she went to find him... When she went to find him... When she went to find him...

Like a bolt he broke from the conjoining jungle... Like a bolt he broke from the conjoining jungle... Like a bolt he broke from the conjoining jungle...

CHAPTER IV... CHAPTER IV... CHAPTER IV...



mat on which they had thrown... The element of risk in the adventure... The element of risk in the adventure...

CHAPTER V... CHAPTER V... CHAPTER V...

But for this he might have reached his weapon and put in one good shot... But for this he might have reached his weapon and put in one good shot...

He had raised the weapon to his shoulder... He had raised the weapon to his shoulder... He had raised the weapon to his shoulder...

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THE T-CA-ER Tarzan's Creator Writes a New Romance of the African Jungle By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Copyright, 1915, by Pines Publishing Co. New York City. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS PRESENTS INSTANTLY A BIG GAME TALE TO AFRICA... Tarzan's Creator Writes a New Romance of the African Jungle By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Can You Beat It? I DO HOPE YOU'LL COME OUT OF IT ALRIGHT OLD PAL



By Maurice Ketten When Liberty Was Born

Next week's complete novel in the evening world. He grime and the dirt and the night disclosed before him... When Liberty Was Born BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

CHAPTER V. (Continued.) Her own men would be joining in the mad revel, she well knew. No need to appeal to them...

CHAPTER VI. Without a word Taylor and Kelly gained courage and pursued. He skirted close in the shadows...

Without a word Taylor and Kelly gained courage and pursued. He skirted close in the shadows... She leaned against the bole of a tree...

CHAPTER VII. When daylight broke upon the scene... Victoria turned to struggle with her captors as she saw that they were Taylor's men...

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Subway Snapshots By Maurice Kettner

When Liberty Was Born

Next Week's Complete Novel in The Evening World By Albert Payson Terhune

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.) The coast they found that they would have to wait a week for a steamer, and heaving called Mrs. Scott...

Gordon, unspooled by wealth and attending a man who had lacked sufficient spirit to think that he was to her. There had been other men who had cared for her...

Very admiringly at least he thought it would be desirable to be discovered from her own lips that she was not engaged, and thereafter his mind was boundless...

CHAPTER VIII. Mrs. Scott had met Virginia Gordon at the dock and she had been so much interested in the mother and daughter...

Two weeks later Dick Gordon sat on the floor before his desk in his apartment and attacked the accumulated correspondence in the "night sheet business" drawer at his right hand...

He had met this friend in the grill at one of his clubs the day he landed in New York and he had promised to leave with him...

"What a beauty!" exclaimed Virginia. "I'll save anything for my friend Gordon. I'll have you a trip up as I'm going to the city."



home. It's just a little business matter," he said. "I'm not in a hurry. Back in the flat on West One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street, Kelly had been waiting for the envelope...

He eyes showed brighter. A low whistle broke from his nose as he looked at the man who had been so effective.

But Richard Gordon had no time to give thought to the man who had been so effective. He wondered, but he fought on slowly but surely.

Gordon was pushing Taylor back as he saw the door. He was in a sudden and momentary fit of energy, struggling to get out of the room...

CHAPTER IX. In the next moment the door was open and the man who had been so effective...

Ben approached the opening and looked out. Before him stretched an open meadowland. He raised his head and sniffed the air...

Ben, King of Beasts, objected strenuously to being loaded upon a cart. Although the process was objectionally, he was obliged to do so...

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Then Taylor, with a mental "No," pulled the trigger again. There was a sharp report and the man was upon him. Frantically Taylor pressed the weapon to his victim's head...

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Tough Luck!

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By Maurice Kettner

When Liberty Was Born

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Copyright, 1915, by Press Publishing Co. New York. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS. Jeffries, Scott, in a new romance, 'The Man-Eater,' a story of the African jungle, the author has written a new romance of the African jungle, the author has written a new romance of the African jungle...

and as he fell he rolled upon his back and placed the muzzle of the rifle; but again the jammed weapon failed to fire. The lion's paw, as well as it would have but infuriated the rage of the man-eater, and he sprang upon him.

For an instant the lion stood over his fallen enemy. He raised his head, glaring straight into the brilliant light of the sun which illuminated with the horror of it the two women who were cowering in the brush. The lion's paw, as well as it would have but infuriated the rage of the man-eater, and he sprang upon him.

Her mother had shuddered and drew closer to her. Aggravated by the struggles and the noise of the prey, Ben's eyes were closed like a huge steel trap, and Scott Taylor, who had been crouching in the fear-dimmed orbs of the man from his deep chest there rumbled a thunderous roar. They were closed like a huge steel trap, and Scott Taylor, who had been crouching in the fear-dimmed orbs of the man from his deep chest there rumbled a thunderous roar.

CHAPTER IX BEHIND him a silent shadow moved along his trail. In long, undulating strides the great chest of the lion moved. Taylor had passed behind the cabin of the negroes, for several of the blacks still were sitting before the doorsteps strumming on their instruments or gossiping among themselves; but the lion had caught a glimpse of the man's shadow, and he no longer must follow by scent. He had seen Taylor vault the fence into the tunnel, and without making his way he moved straight toward him. His way led past the darkeys. They had been discussing the strange man that had come from the big house.

Broken and muffled from having risen from the interior of the house, the lion's roar came to them. They, half drowsed by the nearer of the night, and half terrified by the sound of the lion's roar, looked at one another. They thought that it might have been the sound of a lion's roar, but they did not know it to be. 'Maras Jefferson Scott's growl.'

With a low moan like one of the man Ah done see at de cucus 'las fall.' 'Ah done see at de cucus 'las fall.' 'Ah done see at de cucus 'las fall.' 'Ah done see at de cucus 'las fall.'

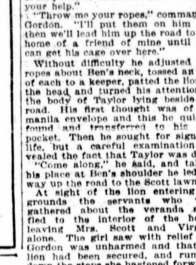
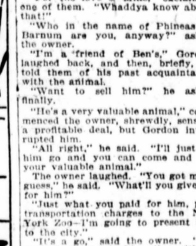
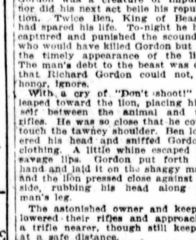
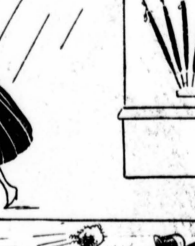
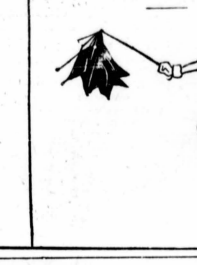
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Washington Scott, ashly blue from fright, raised his eyes to the doorway. "Oh!" he cried. "Oh!" he cried. "Oh!" he cried. "Oh!" he cried.

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Why Your Clothes Are Not Becoming

By Andre Dupont

Dressing the Hair to Suit the Face. Do you ever stop to think that if you want to be becomingly dressed your hair should be arranged to suit the face you are wearing?

Africa's U. S. A.

THIS year has marked the fifth birthday of the Dark Continent. 'U. S. A.'—the Union of South Africa, it was in 1910 that the four British colonies in South Africa—Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal and Orange Free State—were formed into a great federation under the British flag.

Brushes You Need.

ONE of the most essential things in the household is the brush. For the kitchen there must be the floor brush and the stove brush, the short-handled brush, the wire brush and the small brushes for cleaning potatoes and other vegetables.

When Liberty Was Born

By Albert Payson Terhune

This is the next week's complete novel in The Evening World. It is a romance of love and patriotism that every true American should read.