

# The RETURN of TARZAN



By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman

## PROLOGUE.

Readers of "Tarzan of the Apes"—there were millions of them—have been awaiting with eagerness "The Return of Tarzan." They need no introduction to the ape-man, who was an English lord by ancestry and an inhabitant of the treetops by fate until the same fate brought him out and made him a civilized man after twenty years of life among the great apes of Africa.

His adventures, as wonderful and interesting as any set forth in words, have been the center of interest in a story that is unique in its originality.

Now we have "The Return of Tarzan," as thrilling as its forerunner. In it are told the further adventures of the splendid ape-man, who at last wins his way to the side of his true love after facing countless perils by land and sea.

Whoever read "Tarzan of the Apes" needs no invitation to peruse this story. Others are warned that after they read this sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes" they won't be satisfied until they have read that story also.

## CHAPTER XXIII. The Castaways.

CLAYTON dreamed that he was drinking his fill of water, pure, delicious draughts of fresh water. With a start he regained consciousness to find himself wet through by torrents of rain that were falling into the open boat upon his body and his upturned face. A heavy tropical shower was beating down upon them. He opened his mouth and drank. Presently he was so revived and strengthened that he was enabled to raise himself upon his hands. Across his legs lay M. Thurau. A few feet aft Jane Porter was huddled in a pitiful little heap in the bottom of the boat—she was quite still. Clayton thought that she was dead.

After infinite labor he released himself from Thurau's pinioning body and with renewed strength crawled toward the girl. He raised her head from the rough boards of the boat's bottom. There might be life in that poor, starved frame even yet. He could not quite abandon all hope, and so he seized a water-soaked rag and squeezed the precious drops between the swollen lips.

For some time there was no sign of returning animation, but at last his efforts were rewarded by a slight tremor of the half-closed lips. He chafed the thin hands and forced a few more drops of water into the parched throat. The girl opened her eyes, looking up at him for a long time before she could recall her surroundings. "Water?" she whispered. "Are we saved?"

"It is raining," he explained. "We may at least drink. Already it has revived us both." "M. Thurau?" she asked. "He did not kill you, is he dead?" "I do not know," replied Clayton. He raised his eyes from the body of the man, and as they passed above the gunwale of the boat he staggered weakly to his feet with a little cry of joy.

"Land, Jane!" he almost shouted through his cracked lips. "Thank God, land!" The girl looked, too, and there, not a hundred yards away, she saw a yellow beach, and beyond, the luxurious foliage of a tropical jungle. They set about reviving Thurau, but it required the better part of half an hour before the Russian evinced sufficient symptoms of returning consciousness to open his eyes. By this time the boat was scraping gently upon the sandy bottom.

Between the refreshing water that he had drunk and the stimulus of renewed hope, Clayton found strength to stagger through the shallow water to the shore with a line made fast to the boat's bow. This he fastened to a small tree which grew at the top of a low bank.

Next he managed to stagger and crawl toward the nearby jungle, where he had seen evidences of profusion of tropical fruit. His former experience in the jungle with Tarzan of the Apes had taught him which of the many growing things were edible, and after nearly an hour of absence he returned to the beach with a little armful of food.

For a month they lived upon the beach in comparative safety. As their strength returned the two men con-

structed a rude shelter in the branches of a tree, high enough from the ground to insure safety from the larger beasts



"Land, Jane!" he almost shouted. "Thank God, land."

of prey. By day they gathered fruits and trapped small rodents; at night they lay cowering within their frail shelter while savage denizens of the jungle made hideous hours of darkness.

They slept upon litters of jungle grasses, and for covering at night Jane Porter had only an old ulster that belonged to Clayton, the same garment that he had worn upon that memorable trip to the Wisconsin woods. Clayton had erected a frail partition of boughs to divide their arboreal shelter into two rooms, one for the girl and the other for M. Thurau and himself.

From the first the Russian had exhibited every trait of his true character—selfishness, boorishness, arrogance, cowardice. Twice had he and Clayton come to blows because of Thurau's attitude toward the girl. The existence of the Englishman and his fiancée was one continual nightmare of horror, and yet they lived on in hope of ultimate rescue.

Jane Porter's thoughts often reverted to her other experience on this savage shore. Ah, if the invincible forest god of that dead past were but with them now! She could not well refrain from comparing the scant protection afforded her by Clayton with what she might have expected had Tarzan of the Apes been for a single instant confronted by the sinister and menacing attitude of M. Thurau.

A scant five miles north of their rude shelter, all unknown to them and practically as remote as though separated by thousands of miles of impenetrable jungle, lay the snug little cabin of Tarzan of the Apes, while farther up the coast, a few miles beyond the cabin, in crude but well built shelters, lived a little party of eighteen souls—the occupants of the three boats from the Lady Alice from which Clayton's boat had become separated.

Over a smooth sea they had rowed to the mainland in less than three days. None of the horrors of shipwreck had been theirs, and, though depressed by sorrow and suffering from the shock of the catastrophe and the unaccustomed hardships of their new existence, there was none much the worse for the experience.

All were buoyed by the hope that the fourth boat had been picked up and that a thorough search of the coast would be quickly made. As all the firearms and ammunition on the yacht had been placed in Lord Tennington's boat, the party was well equipped for defense and for hunting the larger game for food.

Professor Archimedes Q. Porter was their only immediate anxiety. Fully assured in his own mind that his daughter had been picked up by a passing steamer, he gave over the last vestige of apprehension concerning her welfare to the consideration of those momentous and abstruse scientific problems which he considered the only proper food for thought in one of his erudition. His mind appeared blank to the influence of all extraneous matters.

"Never," said the exhausted M. Samuel T. Philander to Lord Tennington, "never has Professor Porter been more difficult—or I might say impossible—to manage. Why, only this morning, after I had been forced to relinquish my surveillance for a brief half hour, he was entirely missing upon my return. And,

bless me, sir, where do you imagine I discovered him? A half mile out in the ocean, sir, in one of the lifeboats rowing away for dear life. I do not know how he attained even that magnificent distance from shore, for he had but a single oar, with which he was blissfully rowing about in circles.

"When one of the sailors had taken me out to him in another boat the professor became quite indignant at my suggestion that we return at once to land. 'Why, Mr. Philander,' he said, 'I am surprised that you, sir, a man of letters yourself, should have the temerity so to interrupt the progress of science. I had about deduced from certain astronomic phenomena I have had under minute observation during the past several tropic nights an entirely new nebular hypothesis which will unquestionably startle the scientific world. I wish to consult a very excellent monograph on Laplace's hypothesis, which I understand is in a certain private collection in New York city. Your interference, Mr. Philander, will result in an irreparable delay, for I was just rowing over to obtain this pamphlet.' And it was with the greatest difficulty that I persuaded him to return to shore without resorting to force," concluded Mr. Philander.

Miss Strong and her mother were very brave under the strain of almost constant apprehension of the attacks of savage beasts, nor were they quite able to accept so readily as the others the theory that Jane, Clayton and M. Thurau had been picked up safely.

Jane Porter's Esmeralda was in a constant state of tears at the cruel fate which had separated her from her "po' lie honey." Lord Tennington's great hearted good nature never deserted him for a moment. He was still the jovial host, seeking always for the comfort and pleasure of his guests. With the men of his yacht he remained the just but firm commander. There was never any more question in the jungle than there had been on board the Lady Alice as to who was the final authority in all questions of importance and in all emergencies requiring cool and intelligent leadership.

Could this well organized and comparatively secure party of castaways have seen the ragged, fear haunted trio a few miles south of them they would scarcely have recognized in them the formerly immaculate members of the little company that had laughed and played upon the Lady Alice.

Clayton and M. Thurau were almost naked, so torn had their clothes been by the thorn bushes and tangled vegetation of the matted jungle through which they had been compelled to force their way in search of their ever more difficult food supply.

Jane Porter had, of course, not been subjected to these strenuous expeditions, but her apparel was, nevertheless, in a sad state of disrepair.

Clayton, for lack of any better occupation, had carefully saved the skin of every animal they had killed. By stretching them upon the stems of trees and diligently scraping them, he had managed to save them in a fair condition, and now that his clothes were threatening to cover his nakedness no longer, he commenced to fashion a rude garment of them, using a sharp thorn for a needle and bits of tough grass and animal tendons in lieu of thread.

The result when completed was a sleeveless garment which fell nearly to his knees. Later Thurau also found it necessary to construct a similar primitive garment, so that, with their bare legs and heavily bearded faces, they looked not unlike reincarnations of two prehistoric progenitors of the human race. Thurau acted like one.

Nearly two months of this existence had passed when the first great calamity befell them. Thurau, down with an attack of jungle fever, lay in the shelter among the branches of their tree of refuge. Clayton had been into the jungle a few hundred yards in search of food. As he returned Jane Porter walked to meet him. Behind the man, cunning and crafty, crept an old and manly lion. For three days his ancient thews and sinews had proved insufficient for the task of providing his cavernous belly with meat. At last he had found nature's weakest and most defenseless creature.

Jane saw the lion, so frozen with horror was she that she could utter no sound. The fixated and terrified gaze of her fear widened eyes spoke as plainly to Clayton as words. A quick glance behind him revealed the hopelessness of their situation. The lion was scarce thirty paces from them, and they were equally as far from the shelter. The man was armed with a stout stick—as efficacious against a hungry lion, he realized, as a toy popgun charged with a tethered cork.

"Run, Jane!" cried Clayton. "Quick! Run for the shelter!" But her paralyzed muscles refused to respond, and she stood mute and rigid, staring with ghastly countenance at the living death creeping toward them. Clayton could endure the strain no longer. Turning his back upon the beast, he buried his head in his arms and waited.

The girl looked at him in horror. Why did he not do something? If he must die, why not die like a man, bravely, beating at that terrible face with his puny stick, no matter how futile it might be? Would Tarzan of the Apes have done thus? Would he not, at least, have gone down to his death fighting heroically to the last?

Now the lion was crouching for the spring that would end their young lives beneath cruel, rending, yellow fangs. Jane Porter sank to her knees in prayer, closing her eyes to shut out the last hideous instant. Seconds dragged into minutes, long minutes into an eternity, and yet the

beast did not spring. Clayton was almost unconscious from the prolonged agony of fright. His knees trembled a moment more and he would collapse.

Jane Porter could endure it no longer. She opened her eyes. Could she be dreaming?

"William," she whispered, "look!" Clayton mastered himself sufficiently to raise his head and turn toward the lion. An ejaculation of surprise burst from his lips. At their very feet the beast lay crumpled in death. A heavy war spear protruded from the tawny hide. It had entered the great back above the right shoulder, and, passing entirely through the body, had pierced the savage heart.

Jane Porter had risen to her feet; Clayton turned back to her she staggered in weakness. He put out his arms to save her from falling, and then drew her close to him—pressing her head against his shoulder, he stooped to kiss her in thanksgiving.

Gently the girl pushed him away. "Please do not do that, William," she said. "I have lived a thousand years in the best brief moments. The last few seconds of my life have taught me that it would be hideous to attempt further to deceive myself and you, or to entertain for an instant longer the possibility of ever becoming your wife, should we regain civilization."

"Why, Jane," he cried, "what do you mean? What has our providential rescue to do with altering your feelings toward me? You are but unstrung—tomorrow you will be yourself again."

"I am more nearly myself this minute than I have been for over a year," she replied. "The thing that has just happened has again forced to my memory the fact that the bravest man that ever lived honored me with his love. Until it was too late I did not realize that I returned it, and so I sent him away. He is dead now, and I shall never marry. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," he answered, with bowed head, his face mantling with the flush of shame.

And it was the next day that the great calamity befell.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### The Treasure Vaults of Opar.

IT was quite dark before La, the high priestess, returned to the Chamber of the Dead with food and drink for Tarzan. She bore no light, feeling with her hands along the crumbling walls until she gained the chamber. Through the stone grating above a tropic moon served dimly to illuminate the interior.

"They are furious," were her first words. "Never before has a human sacrifice escaped the altar. Already fifty have gone forth to track you down. They have searched the temple, all save this single room."

"Why do they fear to come here?" he asked. "It is the Chamber of the Dead. Here the dead return to worship. See this ancient altar? It is here that the dead sacrifice the living if they find a victim here. That is the reason our people shun this chamber. Were one to enter he knows that the waiting dead would seize him for their sacrifice."

"But you?" he asked. "I am high priestess. I alone am safe from the dead. It is I who at rare intervals bring them a human sacrifice from the world above. I alone may enter here in safety. I had difficulty in eluding their vigilance but now in bringing you this morsel of food. To attempt to repeat the thing daily would be the height of folly. Come. Let us see how far we may go toward liberty before I must return."

She led him back to the chamber beneath the altar room. Here she turned into one of the several corridors leading from it. In the darkness Tarzan could not see which one. For ten



"You will be safe here until tomorrow night," she said.

minutes they groped slowly along a winding passage until at length they came to a closed door. Here he heard her fumbling with a key, and presently came the sound of a metal bolt grating against metal. The door swung in on scraping hinges, and they entered.

"You will be safe here until tomorrow night," she said. Then she went out and, closing the door, locked it behind her. Where Tarzan stood it was dark as Erebus. Not even his trained eyes could penetrate the utter blackness.

Apparently he moved forward until his outstretched hand touched a wall, then, very slowly, he traveled around the four walls of the chamber.

Apparently it was about twenty feet square. The floor was of concrete, the walls of the dry masonry, that marked the method of construction above ground. Small pieces of granite of various sizes were ingeniously laid together without mortar to construct these ancient foundations.

The first time around the walls Tarzan thought he detected a strange phenomenon for a room with four windows and but a single door. Again he crept carefully around close to the wall. No, he could not be mistaken! He paused before the center of the wall opposite the door. For a moment he stood quite motionless, then he moved a few feet to one side. Again he returned, only to move a few feet to the other side. There was no doubt of it! A distinct draft of fresh air was blowing into the chamber through the interstices of the masonry at that particular point—and nowhere else.

Tarzan tested several pieces of the granite which made up the wall at this spot and finally was rewarded by finding one which lifted out readily. It was about ten inches wide, with a face some 3 by 6 inches showing within the chamber. One by one the ape-man lifted out similarly shaped stones. The wall at this point was constructed entirely, it seemed, of these almost perfect slabs. In a short time he had removed some dozen, when he reached in to test the next layer of masonry. To his surprise he felt nothing behind the masonry he had removed, as far as his long arm could reach.

It was a matter of but a few minutes to remove enough of the wall to permit his body to pass through the aperture. Directly ahead of him he thought that he discerned a faint glow, scarcely more than a less impenetrable darkness. Cautiously he moved forward on hands and knees until at about fifteen feet, or the average thickness of the foundation walls, the floor ended abruptly in a sudden drop. As far as he could reach he felt nothing, nor could he find the bottom of the black abyss that yawned before him, though, clinging to the edge of the floor, he lowered his body into the darkness to its full length.

Finally it occurred to him to look up, and there above him he saw through a round opening a tiny circular patch of starry sky. Feeling up along the sides of the shaft as far as he could reach, the ape-man discovered that so much of the wall as he could feel converged toward the center of the shaft as it rose. This fact precluded possibility of escape in that direction.

As he sat speculating on the nature and uses of this strange passage and its terminal shaft the moon topped the opening above, letting a flood of soft, silvery light into the shadowy place. Instantly the nature of the shaft became apparent to Tarzan, for far below him he saw the shimmering surface of water. He had come upon an ancient well. But what was the purpose of the connection between the well and the dungeon in which he had been hidden?

As the moon crossed the opening of the shaft its light flooded the whole interior, and then Tarzan saw directly across from him another opening in the opposite wall. He wondered if this might not be the mouth of a passage leading to possible escape. It would be worth investigating at least, and this he determined to do.

Quickly returning to the wall he had demolished to explore what lay beyond it, he carried the stones into the passageway and replaced them from that side. The deep deposits of dust which he had noticed upon the blocks as he had first removed them from the wall had convinced him that even if the present occupants of the ancient pile should be aware of this hidden passage they had made no use of it for perhaps generations.

The wall replaced, Tarzan returned to the shaft, which was some fifteen feet wide at this point. To leap across the intervening space was a small matter to the ape-man, and a moment later he was proceeding along a narrow tunnel, moving cautiously for fear of being precipitated into another shaft such as he had just crossed.

He had advanced some hundred feet when he came to a flight of steps leading downward into the Stygian gloom. Some twenty feet below the level floor of the tunnel recommenced, and shortly afterward his progress was stopped by a heavy wooden door, which was secured by massive wooden bars upon the sides of Tarzan's approach. This the girl suggested to the ape-man that he doubtless was in a passageway leading to the outer world, for the bolts, barring progress from the opposite side, tended to substantiate this hypothesis unless it were merely a prison to which it led.

Along the tops of the bars were deep layers of dust, a further indication that the passage had lain long unused. As he pushed the massive obstacle aside its great hinges shrieked out in weird protest against this unaccustomed disturbance. For a moment Tarzan paused to listen for any responsive note which might indicate that the unusual night noise had alarmed the inmates of the temple. But as he heard nothing he advanced beyond the doorway.

Carefully feeling about, he found himself within a large chamber, along the walls of which and down the length of the floor were piled many tiers of metal ingots of an odd though uniform shape. To his groping hands they felt not unlike double headed bootjacks. The ingots were quite heavy, and but for the enormous number of them he would have been positive that they were gold. But the thought of the fabulous wealth these thousands of pounds of metal would

have represented were they in reality gold almost convinced him that they must be of some baser metal.

At the far end of the chamber he discovered another barred door and the hope was renewed that he was traversing an ancient and forgotten passageway to liberty. Beyond the door the passage ran straight as a war spear, and it soon became evident to the ape-man that it had already led him beyond the outer walls of the temple. If he but knew the direction it was leading him! If toward the west, then he must also be beyond the city's outer walls.

With increasing hopes he forged ahead as rapidly as he dared until at the end of half an hour he came to another flight of steps leading upward. At the bottom this flight was of concrete, but as he ascended his naked feet felt a sudden change in the substance they were treading. The steps of concrete had given place to steps of granite. Feeling with his hands, the ape-man discovered that these latter were evidently hewed from rock, for there was no crack to indicate a joint.

For 100 feet the steps wound spirally up, until at a sudden turning Tarzan came into a narrow cleft between two rocky walls. Above him shone the starry sky and before him a steep incline replaced the steps that had terminated at its foot. Up this pathway Tarzan hastened and at its upper end came out upon the rough top of a huge granite bowlder.

A mile away lay the ruined city of Opar, its domes and turrets bathed in the soft light of the equatorial moon. Tarzan dropped his eyes to the ingot he had brought away with him. For a moment he examined it by the moon's bright rays, then he raised his head to look out upon the ancient piles of crumbling grandeur in the distance.

"Opar," he mused, "Opar, the enchanted city of a dead and forgotten past. The city of the beauties and the beasts. City of horrors and deaths, but—city of fabulous riches." The ingot was of virgin gold.

The bowlder on which Tarzan found himself lay well out in the plain between the city and the distant cliffs he and his black warriors had scaled the morning previous. To descend its rough and precipitous face was a task of infinite labor and considerable peril even to the ape-man, but at last he felt the soft soil of the valley beneath his feet, and without a backward glance at Opar he turned his face toward the guardian cliffs and at a rapid trot set off across the valley.

The sun was just rising as he gained the summit of the flat mountain at the valley's western boundary. Far beneath him he saw smoke rising above the treetops of the forest at the base of the foothills.

"Man," he murmured. "And there were fifty who went forth to track me down. Can it be they?" Swiftly he descended the face of the cliff and, dropping into a narrow ravine which led down to the far forest, he hastened onward in the direction of the smoke. Striking the forest's edge about a quarter of a mile from the point at which the slender column arose into the still air, he took to the trees. Cautiously he approached until there suddenly burst upon his view a rude boma, in the center of which, squatted about their tiny fires, sat his fifty black Waziri. He called to them in their own tongue. "Arise, my children, and greet your king!"

With exclamations of surprise and fear the warriors leaped to their feet, scarcely knowing whether to flee or not. Then Tarzan dropped lightly from an overhanging branch into their midst. When they realized that it was indeed their chief in the flesh and no materialized spirit, they went mad with joy.

"We were onwards, oh Waziri," cried Busuli. "We ran away and left you to your fate; but when our panic was over we swore to return and save you, or at least take revenge upon your murderers. We were but now preparing to scale the heights once more and cross the desolate valley to the terrible city."

"Have you seen fifty frightful men pass down from the cliffs into this forest, my children?" asked Tarzan. "Yes, Waziri," replied Busuli. "They passed us late yesterday as we were about to turn back after you. They had no woodcraft. We heard them coming for a mile before we saw them, and as we had other business in hand we withdrew into the forest and let them pass. They were waddling rapidly along upon short legs, and now and then one would go on all fours like Boland, the gorilla. They were indeed fifty frightful men, Waziri!"

When Tarzan had related his adventures and told them of the yellow metal he had found not one demurred when he outlined a plan to return by night and bring away what they could carry of the vast treasure, and so it was that as dusk fell across the desolate valley of Opar fifty ebony warriors trailed at a smart trot over the dry and dusty ground toward the giant bowlder that loomed before the city.

If it had seemed a difficult task to descend the face of the bowlder Tarzan soon found that it would be next to impossible to get his fifty warriors to the summit. Finally the feat was accomplished by dint of herculean efforts upon the part of the ape-man. Ten spears were fastened end to end, and with one end of this remarkable chain attached to his waist Tarzan at last succeeded in reaching the summit.

Once there he drew up one of his blacks, and in this way the entire party was finally landed in safety upon the bowlder's top. Immediately Tarzan led them to the treasure chamber, where to each was allotted a load of two ingots, for each about eighty pounds.

By midnight the entire party stood once more at the foot of the bowlder, but with their heavy loads it was mid-

**Keep Your Animals Free from Flies**

Cows give less milk, horses do less work when tortured by flies. Keep your stock free from these disease breeding pests by spraying them with

**Conkey's Fly Knocker**

Gives animal immediate relief and saves you money and trouble. Does not taint milk. Inoffensive to animals.

**Try It 15 Days Money Back If It Fails**

To please you. Get a can now. Quire, 5c. Gal., \$1.00; 5 Gal., \$4.00

**WEYRICH & HADRABA**

forenoon ere they reached the summit of the cliffs. From there on the homeward journey was slow, as these proud fighting men were unaccustomed to the duties of porters. But they bore their burdens uncomplainingly and at the end of thirty days entered their own country.

Here, instead of continuing on toward the northwest and their village, Tarzan guided them almost directly west until on the morning of the thirty-third day he bade them break camp and return to their own village, leaving the gold where they had stacked it the previous night.

"And you, Waziri?" they asked. "I shall remain here for a few days, my children," he replied. "Now hasten back to your wives and children."

When they had gone Tarzan gathered up two of the ingots and, springing into a tree, ran lightly above the tangled and impenetrable mass of undergrowth for a couple of hundred yards to emerge suddenly upon a circular clearing about which the giants of the jungle forest towered like a guardian host. In the center of this natural amphitheater was a little, flat topped mound of hard earth.

(To Be Continued.)

## FOR SALE FINE CASS COUNTY FARM—1, 1/2 MILE OF MURRAY, NEB.

Fine 360-acre farm, could be divided in one 200-acre and one 160-acre farm, all located one and one-half miles of Murray, splendid soil, fine improvements, house, barn, graneries, etc. Orchard of small fruit, springs and running water, 1,600 rods of hog-tight wire fencing. This is one of the best farms in Cass county. I am advertising this farm in several Nebraska and Iowa papers and anyone interested should see me at once for I will find a buyer soon. Price \$150 per acre.

**T. H. POLLOCK,**  
Plattsmouth, Neb.  
Tel: Office, 215; Res., 1.

## STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE PLATTSMOUTH LOAN AND BUILDING ASSOCIATION.

Of Plattsmouth, Nebraska, on the 30th day of June, 1914.

CERTIFICATE No. 25

**ASSETS:**

First mortgage loans	\$144,880.00
Stock loans	2,432.11
Real estate	376.54
Cash	2,382.00
Delinquent interest, dues and fines	674.40
Taxes and insurance advanced	254.07
Total	\$148,895.02

**LIABILITIES:**

Capital stock paid up, including dividends	\$149,243.67
Reserve fund	1,750.00
Undivided profits	840.56
Total	\$151,834.23

## RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES for the year ending June 30, 1914.

**RECEIPTS**

Balance on hand July 1, 1913	\$ 1,741.05
Dues	28,382.00
Interest, premiums and fines	9,988.90
Loans repaid	19,025.35
Other receipts	254.07
Total	\$59,389.37

**EXPENDITURES**

Loans	\$28,000.00
Expenses	25,000.00
Stock purchased	25,000.00
Rolls on hand	1,946.43
Insurance and taxes advanced	225.85
Bills payable	800.00
Real estate expenses	24.48
Other expenditures	254.07
Total	\$90,425.82

STATE OF NEBRASKA, ss. I, T. M. PATTERSON, Secretary of the above named Association, do solemnly swear that the foregoing statement of the condition of said Association, is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

T. M. PATTERSON, SECRETARY.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22d day of July, 1914. VERA HART, Notary Public.  
Adopted: E. P. LUTZ, E. W. COOK, R. A. BATES, Directors.

## TEN DOLLARS A DAY

Every day you attend YORK COLLEGE adds ten dollars to your earning capacity.

COLLEGE, NORMAL, COMMERCIAL, ACADEMY, MUSIC, ART and ORATORY.

Every department fully accredited. Eighteen expert teachers. Great college spirit, strong athletic, beautiful campus, three splendid buildings. Sign no notes or contracts, but write today for free catalog.

**M. O. McLAUGHLIN, Pres.**  
YORK, NEBR.