



JACK SEES THE PRETTY LITTLE ARABIAN GIRL BADLY MISTREATED BY THE SHEIK AND RESCUES HER

Synopsis.—A scientific expedition off the African coast rescues a human derelict, Alexis Paulvitch. He brings aboard an ape, intelligent and friendly, and reaches London. Jack, son of Lord Greystoke, the original Tarzan, has inherited a love of wild life and steals from home to see the ape, now a drawing card in a music hall. The ape makes friends with him. The ape refuses to leave Jack despite his trainer. Tarzan appears and is joyfully recognized by the ape, for Tarzan had been king of his tribe. Tarzan agrees to buy Akut, the ape, and send him back to Africa. Jack and Akut become great friends. Paulvitch is killed when he attempts murder. A thief tries to kill Jack, but is killed by Akut. They flee together to the jungle and take up life. Jack is repulsed by both white and black men.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

A year had passed since the white men had fired upon the lad and driven him back into the jungle to take up his search for the only remaining creatures to whom he might look for companionship—the great apes. For months the two had wandered eastward, deeper and deeper into the jungle.

The year had done much for the boy—turning his already mighty muscles to the use of steel, developing his woodcraft to a point where it verged upon the uncanny, perfecting his arboreal instincts and training him in the use of both natural and artificial weapons of offense and defense.

He had become at last a creature of marvelous physical powers and mental cunning. He was still but a boy, yet so great was his strength that the powerful anthropoid with which he often engaged in mimic battles was no match for him. Akut had taught him to fight as the bull ape fights, nor ever was there a teacher better fitted to instruct in the savage warfare of primordial man or a pupil better equipped to profit by the lessons of a master.

As the two searched for a band of the almost extinct species of ape to which Akut belonged they lived upon the best the jungle afforded. Antelope and zebra fell to the boy's spear or were dragged down by the two powerful beasts of prey, who leaped upon them from some overhanging limb or from the ambush of the undergrowth beside the trail to the water hole or the ford.

Akut and Jack, now called Korak in the ape language, were moving slowly down the wind, and warily, because the advantage was with whatever beast might chance to be hunting ahead of them, where their scent spoor was being borne by the light breeze. Suddenly the two halted simultaneously. Two heads were cocked upon one side. Like creatures hewn from solid rock they stood immovable, listening. Not a muscle quivered.

For several seconds they remained thus. Then Korak advanced cautiously a few yards and leaped nimbly into a tree. Akut followed close upon his heels. Neither had made a sound that would have been appreciable to human ears at a dozen paces.

Stopping often to listen, they crept forward through the trees. That both



And Then the Killer Paused.

were greatly puzzled by what appeared from the questioning looks they cast at one another from time to time.

Finally the lad caught a glimpse of a palisade a hundred yards ahead and beyond it the tops of some goat skin tents and a number of thatched huts. His lip curled in a savage snarl. Blacks! How he hated them! He signed to Akut to remain where he was while he advanced to reconnoiter.

He heard a voice beyond the palisade, and toward that he made his way. A great tree overhanging the inclosure at the very point from which the voice came. Into this Korak crept.

His spear was ready in his hand. His ears told him of the proximity of a human being. All that his eyes re-

him his target; then, lightning-like, the missile would fly to its goal.

With raised spear he crept among the branches of the tree, glaring downward in search of the owner of the voice which rose to him from below.

At last he saw a human back. The spear hand flew to the limit of the throwing position to gather the force that would send the iron shod missile completely through the body of the unconscious victim. And then the Killer paused. He leaned forward a little to get a better view of the target.

He lowered his spear cautiously that it might make no noise by scraping against foliage or branches. Quietly he crouched in a comfortable position along a great limb, and there he lay with wide eyes, looking down in wonder upon the creature he had crept upon to kill—looking down upon a little girl, a little nut brown maiden.

Korak wondered what the girl would do were he to drop suddenly from the tree to her side. Most likely she would scream and run away. Then would come the men of the village with spears and guns and set upon him. They would either kill him or drive him away.

A lump rose in the boy's throat. He craved the companionship of his own kind, though he hardly realized how greatly. He would have liked to slip down beside her, though he knew from the words he had overheard that she spoke a language with which he was unfamiliar.

At last he hit upon a plan. He would attract her attention and reassure her by a smiling greeting from a greater distance. Silently he wormed his way back into the tree. It was his intention to hail her from beyond the palisade, giving her the feeling of security which he imagined the stout barricade would afford.

He had scarcely left his position in the tree when his attention was attracted by a considerable noise upon the opposite side of the village. By moving a little he could see the gate at the far end of the main street.

A number of men, women and children were running toward it. It swung open, revealing the head of a caravan upon the opposite side. It trooped in motly organization—black slaves and dark hued Arabs of the northern deserts; cursing camel drivers urging on their vicious charges; overburdened donkeys, waving sadly pendulous ears while they endured with stoic patience the brutalities of their masters; goats, sheep and horses.

Into the village they all trooped behind a tall, sour old man, who rode, without greetings to those who shrank from his path, directly to a large goat-skin tent in the center of the village.

Here he spoke to a wrinkled black hag.

Korak from his vantage point could see it all. He saw the old man asking questions of the black woman, and then he saw the latter point in the direction of the tree beneath which the little girl played.

A grim smile curved the thin, cruel lips of the Arab. The child essayed to crawl away, but before she could get out of reach the old man kicked her brutally, sending her sprawling upon the grass. Then he followed her up to seize and strike her as was his custom.

Above them in the tree a beast crouched where a moment before had been a boy—a beast with dilating nostrils and bared fangs—a beast that trembled with rage.

The sheik was stooping to reach for the girl when the Killer dropped to the ground at his side. His spear was still in his left hand, but he had forgotten it. Instead his right fist was clinched, and the sheik took a backward step, astonished by the sudden materialization of this strange apparition apparently out of a clear sky, the heavy fist landed full upon his mouth, backed by the weight of the young giant and the terrific power of his more than human muscles.

Bleeding and senseless, the sheik sank to earth. Korak turned toward the child. She had regained her feet and stood, wide eyed and frightened, looking first up into his face and then

horror struck at the recumbent figure of the sheik. In an involuntary gesture of protection the Killer threw an arm about the girl's shoulders and stood waiting for the Arab to regain consciousness. For a moment they remained thus, then the girl spoke.

"When he regains his senses he will kill me," she said in Arabic.

Korak could not understand her. He shook his head, speaking to her first in English and then in the language of the apes. But neither of these were intelligible to her.

She leaned forward and touched the hilt of the long knife that the Arab wore. Then she raised her clasped hand above her head and drove an imaginary blade into her breast above her heart.

Korak understood. The old man would kill her.

The girl came to his side again and stood there trembling. She did not fear him. Why should she? He had saved her from a terrible beating at the hands of the sheik. Never in her memory had another so befriended her. She looked up into his face. It was a boyish, handsome face, nut brown like her own. She admired the spotted leopard skin that circled his lithe body from one shoulder to his knees.

And Korak looked at the girl. He had always held girls in a species of contempt. Boys who associated with them were, in his estimation, mollycoddles. He wondered what he should do.

He stood for several minutes buried in thought. The girl watched his face, wondering what was passing in his mind. She, too, was thinking of the future.

She feared to remain and suffer the vengeance of the sheik. There was no one in all the world to whom she might turn other than this half naked stranger who had dropped miraculously from the clouds to save her from one of the sheik's accustomed beatings. Would her new friend leave her now? Wistfully she gazed at his intent face. She moved a little closer to him, laying a slim, brown hand upon his arm.

The contact awakened the lad from his absorption. He looked down at her, and then his arm went about her shoulders once more, for he saw tears upon her lashes.

"Come," he said, "the jungle is kinder than man. You shall live in the jungle, and Korak and Akut will protect you."

She did not understand his words, but the pressure of his arm drawing her away from the prostrate Arab and the tears were quite intelligible. One little arm crept about his waist, and together they walked toward the palisade.

Beneath the great tree that had harbored Korak while he watched the girl at play he lifted her in his arms and, throwing her lightly across his shoulders, leaped nimbly into the lower branches.

And so Meriem entered the jungle with Korak, trusting, in her childish innocence, the stranger who had befriended her and perhaps influenced in her belief in him by that strange intuitive power possessed by woman.

The two had gone but a short distance from the village when the girl spied the huge proportions of the great Akut. With a half stifled scream she clung more closely to Korak and pointed fearfully toward the ape.

Akut, thinking that the Killer was returning with a prisoner, came growling toward them. A little girl aroused no more sympathy in the beast's heart than would a full grown bull ape. She was a stranger and therefore to be killed. He bared his yellow fangs as he approached, and to his surprise the Killer bared his likewise, but he bared them at Akut and snarled menacingly.

"Ah," thought Akut, "the Killer has taken a mate!" And so, obedient to the tribal laws of his kind, he left them alone, become suddenly absorbed in a fuzzy caterpillar of peculiarly succulent appearance.

The larva disposed of, he glanced from the corner of an eye at Korak. The youth had deposited his burden upon a large limb, where she clung desperately to keep from falling.

"She will accompany us," said Korak to Akut, jerking a thumb in the direction of the girl. "Do not harm her. We will protect her."

Akut shrugged. To be burdened by the young of man was in no way to his liking. He could see from her evident fright at her position on the branch and from the terrified glances she cast in his direction that she was hopelessly unfit.

By all the ethics of Akut's training and inheritance the unfit should be eliminated, but if the Killer wished this she there was nothing to be done about it but to tolerate her.

Meriem spent an evening and a night of unmitigated terror.

Naturally, after they travel together for a while, a love affair develops between Jack and Meriem. Then comes trouble.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Varieties of Oysters.

We do not distinguish many different kinds of oysters when we eat them, and yet there are, it is said, between 350 and 400 varieties of oysters in the world. Among the smallest known is that which the people of England, France and Germany usually eat—the oysters dug in the neighborhood of Ostend, in Belgium. The largest oysters are those of the Pacific ocean and the Philippine Islands. Ordinary oysters of choice varieties, transplanted from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific, have been found to develop into great size, but to lose their flavor to such an extent that they became scarcely eatable.

BLACK AND WHITE

Vogue Launched by French Makers Still in Favor.

Afternoon Dress of White Crepe de Chine Heavily Embroidered in Front With Black Wool.

The imported gowns from that dear Paris are not pretty as to line and design—not even the most enthusiastic admirer of French creations can endorse over the very short skirts and those over the very short look sleeves and the rather bunched look most of them seem to have—but they are decidedly interesting and, more than that, even they are different from anything we see hereabouts.

Now, for instance, says a fashion writer, comes a white silk jersey evening gown, and from Doucet. It is a charming thing with long lines so very graceful that it is distinctly novel.

While it is true most of the imported models seem to be rather bunched, it is also to be noted that they all more or less are of the one-piece or chemise type of dress. This particular evening gown is an excellent example, as it has nothing to break the long lines except a wide sash going twice around the waist and looping just at the hip on one side. The ends are finished with a heavy silken fringe and about halfway up the skirt are looped strands of white beads punctuated with large flat jet sequins. The yoke of the bodice is ornamented with the same sort of beads and jet so placed that they fall over the shoulders and thus form the sleeves, as there are no others. It is difficult to describe a frock of this sort for the reason that it is far lovelier to see than it is to read about.

All last year the French makers were busy launching a vogue of black and white, and the combination is still highly favored, as I find it exploited pleasingly in a Lanvin afternoon dress of white crepe de chine heavily embroidered in the front with black wool. This dress has the queer skirt distinguishing a number of French gowns by being so much longer in front than in the back and also by having most of the fullness gathered in the front. A black sash goes around the waist and falls quite to the hem in the back.

Indeed, the sash is an important thing on every gown, as it appears in many unusual and interesting arrangements, sometimes placed high up under the arms and crossed in the front and again in the back, where it loops between the shoulderblades and then falls the length of the entire frock. In this instance the sash is not more than four inches wide and appears on a light satin frock made with the simplicity of a little girl's school dress, falling long and straight from the shoulders, with only the little crossed sashes at the bust and in the back to hold in the fullness. The sleeves are very short, just the length we would call awkward, as they stop far short of the elbow.

ROSE SILK AND LACE VEST



This is a most charming vest of rose silk and lace. Many are the accessories for midday's spring wardrobe and the vest is decidedly popular among the number.

GINGHAM AND MUSLIN LINING

Materials for Inner Finish of Coats and Capes Afford New and Improved Idea.

We hear of satin capes shown at the Paris openings that were lined with a soft pile fabric like duvetyne. These must add materially to the warmth of the garment, notes a fashion writer.

And have you heard of gingham linings? This is a new idea, but after all, why would not gingham make as good a lining for a summer cape or coat as satin or peau de cygne or chiffon?

Who would ever have dared to use unbleached muslin for the lining of coats and capes? No one in the world but one of the smartest of Paris dress-makers. Apparently this is merely a bit of daring, and not done in an effort toward economy, for the unbleached fabric is used to line the most gorgeous and luxurious of garments.

Organdie and English Prints.

Some of the newest French blouses are of organdie trimmed in English prints, a cotton fabric printed in calico designs.

Cincinnati Reds Get Two in One When Slim Sallee Is Taken From New York

Sometimes when a ball club signs some particular player it really gets the equivalent of two athletes by a simple mathematical process, adding one man to its own roster and removing one from some other club—moving one who has been special poison to the team. For instance, the signing by the Cincinnati Reds of Slim Sallee. In acquiring Sal the Reds get a good left-hander—one of the best of them all in his day, and



Slim Sallee.

with probably another good season in his composition. But, besides adding a southpaw to the club, the Reds remove from the New York team a man who was arsenic and prussic acid to the Cincinnati club—a pitcher who could always beat Cincinnati and was sure to take at least five or six games away from the Reds each summer.

Mother's Cook Book.

The art of cooking cannot be learned out of a book any more than the art of swimming or the art of painting. The best teacher is practice; the best guide sentiment.

Seasonable Food for the Family.
A hearty breakfast or any other meal well served with a few well-prepared dishes is of far more value to the family than the mere food as nutrition; a good meal has a moral influence which we often fail to appreciate.

Fillet of Beef With Vegetables.
Wipe a three-pound fillet of beef and brown in a hot frying pan in hot drippings; when the entire surface is seared over, turn occasionally, cooking for thirty minutes. Remove the meat to a serving dish and garnish with a cupful each of cooked peas and carrots, the carrots cut in fancy shapes and well seasoned; add one-half pound of mushrooms sautéed in a little butter for five minutes and serve with

Mushroom Sauce.
Take one-fourth of a cupful of fat, add five tablespoonsful of flour and stir until well browned; add a cupful of soup stock, a third of a cupful of mushroom liquor and half a pound of mushrooms cut in pieces and cooked in butter five minutes. Season with salt, pepper and just before serving add a little more of the fat left from the frying pan. To obtain mushroom liquor cook the stems of the mushrooms in cold water to cover and reduce to a third of a cup.

Apricot Shortcake.
Prepare a rich biscuit dough, roll out rather thin, butter and place in two layers with the butter between. When the cake is baked it will split easily. Cover the shortcake when baked with stewed and slightly thickened apricots and juice. A little butter spread on the cake adds to its flavor.

Rice With Bananas.
Peel and scrape three ripe bananas and mash them until creamy, adding a few drops of lemon juice. Stir this lightly into cold, cooked rice and serve with sweetened cream. This is a dessert especially liked by the little people.

Savory Toast.
Chicken gravy poured over buttered toast makes a nice supper dish or good for luncheon. Served with a crisp salad and a cup of cocoa one has a fine meal.
Another dish similar to the above is a white sauce with chopped hard cooked eggs, poured over toast. The eggs may be leftovers from breakfast.

Date Salad.
Arrange stoned dates cut in quarters on lettuce with a small spoonful of mayonnaise in the center, with the dates forming rays like the petals of a flower. This is a salad which the children will be allowed to eat.

Nellie Maxwell

POTATO INSECTS VERY INJURIOUS

Colorado Beetle Is Sure to Exact Heavy Toll if Close Watch Is Not Kept.

HARMFUL TO GARDEN CROPS

Attacks Eggplant, Tomato, Ground Cherry and Other Plants—Blister Beetle Feeds Upon All Forms of Garden Truck.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

If careful watch is not kept, the Colorado potato beetle is certain to exact a heavy toll. This beetle and its "slugs" are so well known that no description is necessary here.

The range of this pest covers a large portion of the United States, but it is not found extensively or in especially injurious numbers near the Rocky mountains. It abounds from New England and Canada to Florida, westward to Texas, and in the northern Pacific region, where it has become troublesome only recently. Both the "slugs" (the young, or larvae), and the beetles (adults) feed upon the potato plants. After passing the winter in the ground, the beetles usually appear at about the same time as the potato plants, lay their eggs, and continue feeding. They often destroy small areas, especially those grown for garden purposes. When the "slugs" of the first crop begin their work they usually finish up that begun by the overwintered beetles, leaving only bare stems, which become dry and black. After exhausting the potato, the beetles attack eggplant and other plants of the potato family, including tomato, ground cherry, jimson weed, and related weeds. In the most northern range of this insect there is probably only one generation a year, but two generations and a partial third occur southward.

Ducks, guineas, and other domestic fowls eat the beetles and larvae, as also do snakes, toads, and skunks, which frequently gorge on them. As arsenate of lead is the best remedy, as applied as advised under "Lead Arsenate."

Blister Beetles.
Blister beetles are next in importance to the Colorado potato beetle as potato insects. They are slender, some



Colorado Potato Beetle and "Slugs" or Larvae, at Work.

what soft bodied, of various colors, and feed upon all forms of garden truck, appearing to prefer potatoes, following with beans, peas, and related crops, beets, cabbages, squashes and others. When occurring on the potato, they are sometimes called the "old-fashioned potato bugs."

Lead arsenate is the best remedy prepared and applied as directed for the Colorado potato beetle, but drugging and burning also are useful.

BOOST GIVEN SHEEP RAISING

Organization Formed in Louisiana to Interest Farmers in Breeding Better Animals.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The 25 sheep-extension men of the United States department of agriculture now working in co-operative extension projects with state extension forces will be under the supervision of G. H. Bedell, who was formerly county agent of Green county, Pennsylvania. Mr. Bedell has been appointed specialist in sheep husbandry and began his work in the federal department March 17. The work of the department's extension men in Louisiana is illustrative of what these men are doing in many parts of the country to improve the sheep industry. He assisted in bringing the sheep of that state together at a meeting of live stock raisers, which resulted in the organization of the Louisiana Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association. The purpose of this organization is to interest farmers in raising more and better sheep, to unite them in their fight against sheep killing dogs.