

# The Son of Tarzan

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### Korak and Meriem.

For many months the strange life of the three went on unmarked by any unusual occurrences—at least without any occurrences that seemed unusual to the youth or the ape—but to the little girl it was a constant nightmare of horrors for days and weeks until she, too, became accustomed to gazing into the eyeless sockets of death and to the feel of the icy wind of his shroudlime mantle.

Slowly she learned the rudiments of the only common medium of thought exchange which her companions possessed—the language of the great apes. More quickly she perfected herself in jungle craft, so that the time soon came when she was an important factor in the chase, watching while the others slept or helping them to trace the spoor of whatever prey they might be stalking.

Akut accepted her on a footing which bordered upon equality when it was necessary for them to come into close contact, but for the most part he avoided her. The youth always was kind to her, and if there were many occasions upon which he felt the burden of her presence he hid it from her.

Finding that the night damp and chill caused her discomfort and even suffering, Korak constructed a tight little shelter high among the swaying branches of a giant tree. Here little Meriem slept in comparative warmth and safety, while the Killer and the ape perched upon nearby branches, the former always before the entrance to the lofty domicile, where he best could guard its inmate from the dangers of arboreal enemies.

After the construction of the shelter the activities of the three became localized. They ranged less widely, for there was always the necessity of returning to their own tree at nightfall.

A river flowed near by. Game and fruit were plentiful, as were fish also. Existence had settled down to the daily humdrum of the wild—the search for food and the sleeping upon full bellies. They looked no further ahead than today.

If the youth thought of his past and of those who longed for him in the distant metropolis it was in a detached and impersonal sort of way, as though that other life belonged to another creature than himself. He had given up hope of returning to civilization, for, since his various rebuffs at the hands of those to whom he had looked for friendship, he had wandered so far inland as to realize that he was completely lost in the mazes of the jungle.

Then, too, since the coming of Meriem he had found in her that one thing which he had most missed before in his savage jungle life—human companionship.

The little girl idolized him, as she might have idolized an indulgent brother had she had one. Love was a thing unknown to either. But as the youth neared manhood it was inevitable that it should come to him, as it did to every other savage jungle male.

As Meriem became proficient in their common language the pleasures of their companionship grew correspondingly, for now they could converse, and, aided by the mental powers of their human heritage, they amplified the restricted vocabulary of the apes until talking was transformed from a task into an enjoyable pastime.

When Korak hunted Meriem usually accompanied him, for she had learned the fine art of silence when silence was desirable. She could pass through the branches of the great trees now with all the agility and stealth of the Killer himself. Great heights no longer appalled her. She swung from limb to limb, or she raced through the mighty branches, sure footed, lithe and fearless. Korak was very proud of her, and even old Akut granted in approval where before he had growled in contempt.

A distant village of blacks had furnished her with a mantle of fur and feathers, with copper ornaments and weapons, for Korak would not permit her to go unarmed or unversed in the use of the weapons he stole for her. A light spear and a long knife were her weapons of offense or defense.

Her body, rounding into the fullness of an early maturity, followed the lines of a Greek goddess, but there the similarity ceased, for her face was beautiful.

As she grew more accustomed to the jungle and the ways of its wild denizens, fear left her. As time wore on she even hunted alone when Korak and Akut were prowling at a great distance, as they were sometimes forced to do when game was scarce in their immediate vicinity. Upon these occasions she usually confined her endeavors to the smaller animals, though sometimes she brought down a deer and once even Horta, the boar, a great tusker that might have made even Sheeta think twice before attacking him.

After Korak had left the village of the blacks following his last thieving expedition the screams of women and

## NATURALLY, AFTER THEY TRAVEL TOGETHER AWHILE, LOVE DEVELOPS BETWEEN JACK AND MERIEM

**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 and 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 rescues an Arabian girl and takes her into the forest.

children had brought the warriors in from the forest and the river. Great was the excitement and hot was the rage of the men when they learned that the white devil had again entered their homes, frightened their women and stolen arrows and ornaments and food.

Even their superstitious fear of this weird creature who hunted with a huge bull ape was overcome in their desire to wreak vengeance upon him and rid themselves for good and all of the menace of his presence in the jungle.

And so it was that a score of the fleetest and most doughty warriors of the tribe set out in pursuit of Korak and Akut but a few minutes after they had left the scene of the Killer's many depredations.

The little party of warriors was led by Kovudoo, the chief, a middle aged savage of exceptional cunning and bravery. It was he who first came within sight of the quarry which they had followed for hours by the mysterious methods of their almost uncanny powers of observation, intuition and even scent.

The white youth and the white maid stood alone in the jungle when they were discovered by Kovudoo's band. Akut had been made king of his ape tribe, and Korak, to Akut's sorrow, had left him to dwell with Meriem in the jungle. One of Kovudoo's men leaned close to the ear of his chief.

"Look!" he whispered and pointed to something that dangled at the girl's side. "When my brother and I were slaves in the village of the sheik my brother made that thing for the sheik's little daughter. She played with it all ways and called it after my brother, whose name is Geeka. Just before we escaped some one came and struck down the sheik, stealing his daughter away. If this is she the sheik will pay you well for her return."

Korak's arm had gone around the shoulders of Meriem. And then from behind him broke a hideous bedlam of savage war cries, and a score of shrieking blacks were upon them.

Korak turned to give battle. Meriem with her own light spear stood by his



A Score of Shrieking Blacks Were Upon Them.

side. An avalanche of barbed missiles flew about them. One pierced Korak's shoulder, another his leg, and he went down.

Meriem was unscathed for the blacks had intentionally spared her. Now they rushed forward to finish Korak and make good the girl's capture. But as they came there came also from another point in the jungle the great Akut and at his heels the huge bulls of his new kingdom.

Snarling and roaring, they rushed upon the black warriors when they saw the mischief they had already wrought. Kovudoo, realizing the danger of coming to close quarters with these mighty ape men, seized Meriem and called upon his warriors to retreat.

For a time the apes followed them, and several of the blacks were badly mauled and one killed before they succeeded in escaping. Nor would they have got off thus easily had Akut not been more concerned with the condition of the wounded Korak than with the fate of the girl, upon whom he had always looked as more or less of an interloper and an unquestioned burden.

Korak lay bleeding and unconscious when Akut reached his side. The great ape tore the heavy spears from his flesh, licked the wounds and then carried his friend to the lofty shelter that Korak had constructed for Meriem. Further than this the brute could do nothing. Nature must accomplish the rest unaided or Korak must die.

He did not die, however. For days he lay helpless with fever, while Akut and the apes hunted close by that they might protect him from such birds and beasts as might reach his lofty retreat.

Occasionally Akut brought him juicy fruits which helped to slake his thirst and allay his fever, and little by little his powerful constitution overcame the effects of the spear thrusts. The wounds healed and his strength returned.

All during his rational moments as he had lain upon the soft furs which lined Meriem's nest he had suffered more acutely from fears for Meriem than from the pain of his own wounds. For her he must live; for her he must regain his strength that he might set out in search of her. But it was many a day before strength returned to him.

Meriem, bound and under heavy guard in Kovudoo's own hut, had no doubt but that Korak would come back and still less that he would easily free her.

So now as she lay waiting for him she dreamed of him and of all that he meant to her. She compared him with the sheik, her father, and at the thought of the stern, grizzled old Arab she shuddered. Even the savage blacks had been less harsh to her than he.

Not understanding their tongue, she could not guess what purpose they had in keeping her a prisoner. She knew that man ate man, and she had expected to be eaten, but she had been with them for some time now, and no harm had befallen her.

She did not know that a runner had been dispatched to the distant village of the sheik to barter with him for a ransom. She did not know, nor did Kovudoo, that the runner had never reached his destination; that he had fallen in with the safari of Jensen and Malbinn and with the talkativeness of a native had unfolded his whole mission to the black servants of the two Swedes.

These had not been long in retelling the matter to their masters, and the result was that when the runner left their camp to continue his journey he had scarce passed from sight before there came the report of a rifle, and he rolled lifeless into the underbrush with a bullet hole in his back.

A few moments later Malbinn stroled back into the encampment, where he went to some pains to let it be known that he had had a shot at a fine buck and missed. The Swedes knew that their men hated them and that an overt act against Kovudoo would quickly be carried to the chief at the first opportunity. Nor were they sufficiently strong in either guns or loyal followers to risk antagonizing the wily old chief.

The next day the Swedes set out for Kovudoo's village, bent on securing possession of the person of the white girl whom Kovudoo's runner had told them lay captive in the chief's village. How they were to accomplish their end they did not know. Force was out of the question, though they would not have hesitated to use it had they possessed it.

In former years they had marched roughshod over enormous areas, taking toll by brute force even when kindness or diplomacy would have accomplished more. But now they were in bad straits—so bad that they had not shown their true colors scarce twice in a year, and then only when they came upon an isolated weak village.

Kovudoo was not of these, and, though his village was in a way remote from the more populous district to the north, his power was such that he maintained an acknowledged suzerainty over the thin thread of villages which connected him with the savage lords to the north.

To have antagonized him would have spelled ruin for the Swedes. It would have meant that they might never reach civilization by the northern route. To the west the village of the sheik lay directly in their path, barring them effectually. To the east the trail was unknown to them, and to the south there was no trail.

The Swedes buy Meriem from Kovudoo, and in fighting over her Malbinn kills Jensen.

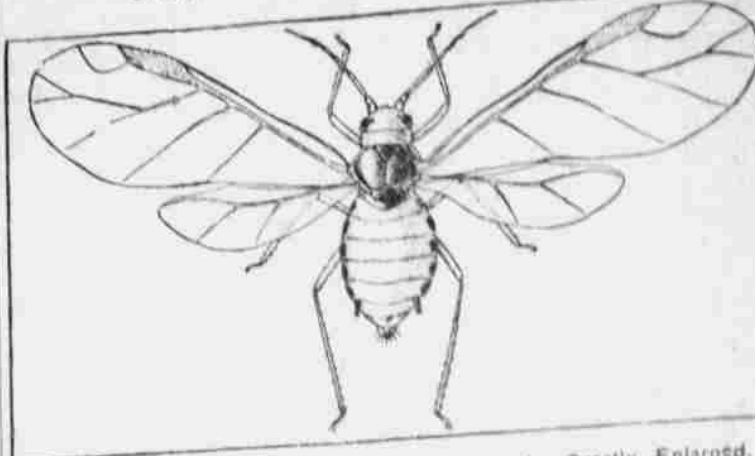
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Superstitions About Salt.

It is a curious fact that, from the earliest times, many superstitions have clung about the use of salt. There is much evidence in Holy Writ for ceremonial uses of it. The Moslem law commands that every oblation of meat offered shall be seasoned with salt, a command that is given, with variations, in various books of the Bible, such as Leviticus 2:13 and Ezekiel 16:4. In the old days salt was put into a child's mouth in baptism, and in some countries to this day the custom is followed of throwing a pinch of it into holy water to ward off the evil spirit.

If a baby had the appetite of a young potato beetle it would eat from fifty to a hundred pounds of food every 24 hours.

## CULTURAL PRACTICES AND REPELLENTS THAT WILL CONTROL CORN ROOT-APHIS



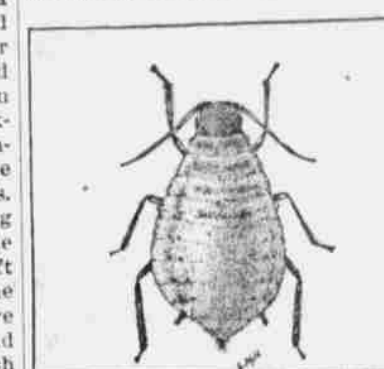
The Corn Root-Aphis—Winged, Viviparous Female—Greatly Enlarged.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The corn root-aphis attacks the roots of corn throughout the states east of the Rocky mountains, especially in those states within the main corn belt of the country, but also in the South Atlantic states. Since it passes almost its entire life underground, its presence frequently is not suspected. It is a small, stout, soft-bodied, whitish-looking insect and may be discovered in infested fields by pulling up the unhealthy corn plant and closely examining the roots and surrounding soil. This kind of aphid depends entirely upon the services of a small brown ant, sometimes called the corn-field ant, in order to secure its food and the means of surviving the winter, and the presence of an unusual number of brown ants in cornfields may indicate an infestation of the corn root-aphis.

The eggs of the insect are laid by a wingless female aphid which develops only in the fall of the year. The ants carry the aphid eggs into their nests, caring for them all winter long, and in the spring when the eggs hatch the young aphids are carried out and placed in contact with the roots of certain wild plants such as smartweed. If corn is then planted in such infested places, the ants transfer the aphids to the roots of the

corn plants, where they continue to live upon the sap, thereby robbing the corn of its nourishment and often causing a heavy loss to the crop.



The Corn Root-Aphis—Egg-Laying Female.

corn plants, where they continue to live upon the sap, thereby robbing the corn of its nourishment and often causing a heavy loss to the crop.

### Cultural Practices.

Stir the soil thoroughly previous to planting. The object of this procedure is to disturb the ant colonies and scatter and kill the aphids so as to enable the plants to make a substantial growth before the ant and aphid colonies can become re-established, and also to prevent the growth of weeds upon which the aphids live, making it necessary for the ants to carry the surviving aphids to new fields. If infested fields are to be replanted to corn, plow them to a depth

of 6½ or 7 inches in the spring after March 15. Follow this with three or four diskings to a depth of 4 or 5 inches with a 16- or 20-inch disk, the number of diskings and the intervals between them varying according to the length of the period between plowing and planting. When it is necessary to replant early injured corn, plow the field deeply and thoroughly and then give three or four deep diskings at intervals of two or three days. These practices necessarily involve additional labor, but they prevent root-aphis injury and also put the field in much better physical condition. Plowing in the fall before the ant colonies go below the plow line is sometimes as useful as spring plowing, but if warm weather follows, the ants may reconstruct their nests and reassemble the aphids so that replowing in spring will be necessary; but whether the field be plowed in the fall or spring, the spring diskings are essential.

Early fall diskings in fields damaged by the root aphid that season, is a good practice from the standpoint of community control as well as for the personal benefit derived, because the plowing disturbs the ant colonies, kills many of the aphids, and destroys the weeds upon which they live, and disk-ing prevents the reestablishment of ants and prevents the growth of weeds, resulting in a significant reduction in the number of aphid eggs to carry the insect through the winter.

### Repellents for Aphids.

Where it is impossible to practice one of the foregoing measures, repellents may be used to advantage. The object is to repel the ants by the use of an odorous substance offensive to them, thus preventing them from colonizing the aphids on the corn roots or driving them from the treated field. These materials destroy neither the ants nor the aphids but tend to drive away the ants, the presence of which is essential to the life of the aphids. Oil of tansy, tincture of asafetida, oil of sassafras, anise oil, kerosene, and oil of lemon are useful for this purpose, one of these materials being mixed with a chemical fertilizer, such as bone meal, and applied by means of a planter equipped with a fertilizer attachment. They should not be applied directly to the seed, as such treatment may injure it, especially if the season be wet. One-fourth of a pound of oil of tansy should be diluted with two quarts of alcohol and one quart of water, two pints of asafetida should be diluted with one and a half gallons of water, and either repellent thus diluted should be added to 100 pounds of bone meal, this amount being sufficient for an acre.

### BETTER HOG CHOLERA SERUM

Under Federal Supervision Production Has Increased and Quality Has Been Improved.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Less than 1 per cent of hog cholera serum manufactured under federal supervision during the last year was found to be unfit for use and its sale prevented by federal officials. Of 271,402,539 cubic centimeters of serum made in licensed establishments, 2,488,061 was declared unfit. Corresponding figures for last year were 238,801,279 cubic centimeters of serum produced and 5,036,875, or more than 2 per cent, was unfit and likewise withheld from market.

This comparison shows that federal supervision has increased the production of serum for combating hog cholera in the United States and has improved the quality. Serum declared unfit is not, however, necessarily injurious; it is frequently condemned merely for lack of potency. Hog cholera virus used simultaneously with serum is subject to similar control.

In its supervision of hog cholera serum and virus manufacture the bureau of animal industry prevents either product of doubtful quality from leaving the establishment in which it is made. A knowledge of this policy by swine raisers of the United States, it is believed, will cause more herds to be vaccinated and result in greatly reduced losses from hog cholera.

### PROPER SOIL FOR TOMATOES

Land Should Be Neither Too Rich Nor Very Poor—Cotton or Corn Land Favored.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Good tomato land is neither extremely rich nor very poor, but just such land as would grow extra good corn or cotton. Land that was manured heavily the previous year will generally grow good tomatoes.

### SMUDGE SAVES POTATO CROP

"Smoke Screen" Successfully Applied to Field of Tubers in Hardin County, Ohio.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A member of the farm bureau in Hardin county, Ohio, saved a 20-acre field of late potatoes from frost last fall by the use of a smudge. The potatoes had made practically no growth during July and August because of dry weather, but were maturing in good shape when, on the night of September 21, the temperature dropped below the freezing point. Preparations had been made for just such an emergency. Baled straw had been placed in readiness, and at 10:30 that night the fires were started. It was found that a heavy smoke could be made by using wet straw after the flame had been applied. Fires were kept burning in 102 places, and it is estimated that ten tons of straw were used. The entire field was kept covered with smoke, and after the sun had been up a few hours the following day it was plain that the potatoes had been saved. The potatoes remained green until October 1. Other foliage, not completely covered with smoke, was killed by the frost.

### TO PREVENT INSECT INJURY

Add Arsenate of Lead to Bordeaux Mixture—Use Care in Making and Applying Material.

Simple Bordeaux mixture will not kill insects. In order to prevent insect injury add arsenate of lead at the rate of two pounds to each fifty gallons of Bordeaux (or ten pounds to the 250-gallon tank). Great care should be used when making and applying Bordeaux mixture. Do not spray trees with it during damp, foggy weather or during a rainy period; for it is likely to cause burning of the leaves and russeting of the fruit. At such a time lime-sulphur solution may be substituted for Bordeaux.

## CREATION OF BLACK MALINES



Very plain but attractive is the model of black malines and Spanish fold-over edge of brim veiling the eyes. Diamond-shaped medallions and blue ostrich are arranged on brim and crown.

## GRACEFUL FOLDS OF CAPES

Clingy Lightness of Serge, Satin, Wool Jersey or Tricotine Supplains Winter Materials.

The spring maid is all wrapped up in capes as voluminously as her predecessor, Madame Winter. No matter how she tries she can't seem to get out from under the graceful folds. The only difference between the winter and spring models is that those folds have dwindled from the heavy richness of fur, velours and doveys to the spring-like clingy lightness of serge, wool jersey or tricotine.

If we follow old Omar's admonition and fling our winter garment of a cape in the fires of spring it will only be to don another exactly similar in cut and style.

Of course the spring cape has some new and novel touches to keep them up to date, such as embroidery, ornamentation, scarf collars ending in swishing tassels, patch pockets and button excrecences jutting out in a nobby design.

A perfect jewel of a model is a pearl-gray jersey with a deep soft collar edged in a wide band of black silk braid. The wide braid also makes the slashes for the arms and a wide lining of orange and black checks board satin shows here and underlaid when the wind blows.

A smart draped cape of black tulle has one of the deep soft collars which is edged with a wide fringe of long narrow tulle ribbon loops, and also the bottom of the cape. The lining of this distinctive model is vivid apple-green silk crepe, truthfully sprinkled with cherry polka dots and plum-hued dashes.

Almost all of the cape findings strike such a gay, joyous and riotous note that they seem to indicate the real inner nature of their fair wearers.

## BLOUSE WITH PEPLUM FRONT

Model Christened "Bibette" and Occasionally Is Known as the "Apron" Blouse.

Among the very interesting blouses developed this spring the models with peplum fronts are increasingly popular. This type of blouse came in style last fall, when it was christened the "Bibette." It is known either as the "Bibette" blouse or the "Apron" blouse.

Most of the models developed on this line fasten either in the back or at the side, as a straight-front fastening would mar the effect sought; but great individuality is possible in designing such a blouse, as it may be tailored and severe or very dressy and feminine, according to choice.

When worn with a dark suit a blouse in light or bright color, with long front section, appears to much better advantage when the suit coat is on than when it is removed, as the normal waistline at back and sides and the panel or apron front give the figure rather inauspicious lines. But American women are being converted to the French idea in wearing suits, and really is a woman seen with her suit removed, except at luncheon or the like. At such times the blouse may be easily part of a once-piece frock, as for the actual observer is able to tell.

## KITCHEN SHOULD BE CHEERFUL

Workshop of the Home in Which Majority of Housewives Spend Most of Their Time.

The average woman does not think of her home as a mirror, but that is exactly the relation to herself in which it stands. Of course, it is but natural that a woman spends a goodly portion of her energy upon her living and dining rooms.

Yet the kitchen, as the workshop of the house, is the room in which most housekeepers spend most of their working hours, and therefore it should be the lightest, airiest and most cheerful one in the home. But how often is it not!

Harmony of color plays an important role in making interiors attractive, and one pretty combination for the kitchen is to have the walls finished in a light green and the floor finished in a darker shade of the same color.