The Son of Tarzan

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THE SWEDES BUY MERIEM FROM KOVUDOO, AND IN FIGHTING OVER HER, MALBIHN KILLS JENSSEN

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. He is wounded and Meriem is stolen.

CHAPTER IX.

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When Thieves Fall Out.

So the two Swedes approached the village of Kovudoo with friendly words upon their tongues and deep craft in their hearts.

Their plans were well made. There was no mention of the white prisoner. They chose to pretend that they were not aware that Kovudoo had a white prisoner. They exchanged gifts with the old chief, haggling with his plenipotentiaries over the value of what they were to receive for what they gave, as is customary and proper when one has no ulterior motives. Unwarranted generosity would have aroused suspicion.

During the palaver which followed they retailed the gossip of the villages through which they had passed, receiving in exchange such news as Kovudoo possessed. The palaver was long and tiresome, as these native ceremonies always are to Europeans. Kovudoo made no mention of his prisoner, and from his generous efforts of guides and presents seemed anxious to assure himself of the speedy departure of his guests.

It was Malbihn who, quite casually, near the close of their talk, mentioned the fact that the sheik was dead. Kovudoo evinced interest and surprise.

"You did not know it?" asked Malbihn. "That is strange. It was during the last moon. He fell from his horse when the beast stepped in a hole. The horse fell upon him. When his men came up the sheik was quite dead."

Kovudoo scratched his head. He was much disappointed. No sheik meant no ransom for the white girl.

"I know where there is a white girl," he said unexpectedly. "If you wish to buy her she may be had cheap."

Malbihn shrugged. "We have trouble enough, Kovudoo," he said, "without burdening ourselves with an old, broken down she hyena, and as for paying for one"—Malbihn snapped his fingers.

"She is young," said Kovudoo, "and good looking."

The Swedes laughed. "There are no good looking white women in the jungle, Kovudoo," said Jenssen. "You should be ashamed to try to make fun of old friends."

Kovudoo sprang to his feet. "Come," he said, "I will show you."

Malbihn and Jenssen rose to follow him, and as they did so their eyes met, and Malbihn slowly dropped one of his lids in a sly wink. Together they followed Kovudoo toward his hut. In the dim interior they discerned the figure of a woman lying bound upon a sleeping mat.

Malbihn took a single glance and turned away. "She must be a thousand years old, Kovudoo," he said as he left the hut.

"She is young!" cried the savage. "It is dark in here. You cannot see.

"Is She Not Both Young and Good Looking?" Asked Kovudoo.

Wait. I will have her brought out in the sunlight." And he commanded the two warriors who watched the girl to cut the bonds from her ankles and lead her forth for inspection.

Malbihn and Jenssen evinced no eagerness, though both were fairly bursting with it, not to see the girl, but to obtain possession of her. They cared not if she had the face of a marmoset or the figure of pot bellied Kovudoo himself. All that they wished to know was that she was the girl who had been stolen from the sheik several years before. They thought that they would recognize her for such if she were indeed the same. But even so, the testimony of the runner Kovudoo had sent to the sheik was such as to assure them that the girl was the one they had once before attempted to abduct.

As Meriem was brought forth from the darkness of the hut's interior the two men turned, with every appearance of disinterestedness, to glance at her. It was with difficulty that Malbihn suppressed an ejaculation of astonishment. The girl's beauty fairly took his breath from him. But instantly he recovered his poise and turned to Kovudoo.

"Well?" he said to the old chief.

"Is she not both young and good looking?" asked Kovudoo.

"She is not old," replied Malbihn. "But, even so, she will be a burden. We did not come from the north after wives. There are more than enough there for us."

Meriem stood looking straight at the white men. She expected nothing from them—they were to her as much enemies as the black men. She hated and feared them all. Malbihn spoke to her in Arabic.

"We are friends," he said. "Would you like to have us take you away from here?"

Slowly and dimly, as though from a great distance, recollection of the once familiar tongue returned to her.

"I should like to go free," she said, "and go back to Korak."

"You would like to go with us?" persisted Malbihn.

"No," said Meriem.

Malbihn turned to Kovudoo. "She does not wish to go with us," he said.

"You are men," returned the black. "Can you not take her by force?"

"It would only add to our troubles," replied the Swede. "No, Kovudoo, we do not wish her, though, if you wish to be rid of her, we will take her away because of our friendship for you."

Now, Kovudoo knew that he had made a sale. They wanted her. So he commenced to bargain, and in the end the person of Meriem passed from the possession of the black chieftain into that of the two Swedes in consideration of six yards of Amerikan, three empty brass cartridge shells and a shiny new jackknife from New Jersey.

And all but Meriem were more than pleased with the bargain.

Kovudoo stipulated but a single condition, and that was that the Europeans were to leave his village and take the girl with them as early the next morning as they could get started. After the sale he did not hesitate to explain his reasons for this demand. He told them of strenuous attempts of the girl's savage mate to rescue her, and suggested that the sooner they got her out of the country the more likely they were to retain possession of her.

Meriem was again bound and placed under guard, but this time in the tent of the Swedes. Malbihn talked to her, trying to persuade her to accompany them willingly. He told her that they would return her to her own village, but when he discovered that she would rather die than go back to the old sheik he assured her that they would not take her there—nor, as a matter of fact, had they any intention of so doing.

All that night Meriem lay listening for a signal from Korak. All about the jungle life moved through the darkness. To her sensitive ears came sounds that the others in the camp could not hear, sounds that she interpreted as we might interpret the speech of a friend, but not once came a single note that betokened the presence of Korak. But she knew that he would come. Nothing short of death itself could prevent her Korak from returning to her.

What delayed him, though?

When morning came again and the night had brought no succoring Korak Meriem's faith and loyalty were still unshaken, though misgivings began to assail her as to the safety of her friend. It seemed unbelievable that serious mishap could have overtaken her wonderful Korak, who daily passed unscathed through all the terrors of the jungle. Yet morning came, the morning meal was eaten, the camp broken, and the disreputable safari of the Swedes was again on the move northward with still no sign of the rescue by Korak the girl momentarily expected.

All that day they marched and the next and the next. Nor did Korak even so much as show himself to the patient little waiter moving, silent and stately, beside her hard captors.

It was on the fourth day that Meriem began definitely to give up hope. Something had happened to Korak. She knew it. He would never come now, and these men would take her away. Presently they would kill her. She would never see her Korak again.

On this day the Swedes rested, for they had marched rapidly and their men were tired. Malbihn and Jenssen had gone from camp to hunt, taking different directions.

They had been gone about an hour when the door of Meriem's tent was lifted and Malbihn entered. His look portended no good to the girl.

Out in the jungle Jenssen had brought down two bucks. His hunting had not carried him far afield, nor was he prone to permit it to do so. He was suspicious of Malbihn. The very fact that his companion had refused to accompany him and elected instead to hunt alone in another direction would not, under ordinary circumstances, have seemed fraught with sinister suggestion, but Jenssen knew Malbihn well, and so, having secured meat, he turned immediately back toward camp while his boys brought in his kill.

He had covered about half the return journey when a scream came

But at the Flash of the Explosion He Stopped.

faintly to his ears from the direction of camp. He halted to listen. It was repeated twice. Then silence.

With a muttered curse Jenssen broke into a rapid run. What a fool Malbihn was, indeed, thus to chance jeopardizing a fortune!

Further away from camp than Jenssen and upon the opposite side another heard Meriem's screams—a stranger who was not even aware of the proximity of white men other than himself, a hunter with a handful of sleek, black warriors.

He, too, listened intently for a moment. That the voice was that of a woman in distress he could not doubt, and so he also hastened at a run in the direction of the affrighted voice, but he was much farther away than Jenssen, so that the latter reached the tent first.

What the Swede found there roused no pity within his calloused heart, only anger against his fellow scoundrel. Meriem was fighting off her attacker. Malbihn was showering blows upon her.

Jenssen, streaming foul curses upon his erstwhile friend, burst into the tent. Malbihn, interrupted, dropped his victim and turned to meet Jenssen's infuriated charge.

He whipped a revolver from his hip. Jenssen, anticipating the lightning move of the other's hand, drew almost simultaneously, and both men fired at once.

Jenssen was still moving toward Malbihn at the time, but at the flash of the explosion he stopped. His revolver dropped from nerveless fingers. For a moment he staggered drunkenly. Deliberately Malbihn put two more bullets into his friend's body at close range.

Even in the midst of the excitement and her terror Meriem found herself wondering at the tenacity of life which the hit man displayed. His eyes were closed, his head dropped forward upon his breast, his hands hung limply before him. Yet still he stood there upon his feet, though he reeled horribly.

It was not until the third bullet had found its mark within his body that he lunged forward upon his face. Then Malbihn approached him and, with an oath, kicked him viciously. Then he turned once more to Meriem.

Bwana rescues Meriem and takes her home to his wife, who adopts the girl.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Too Determined.

Baker—I thought Hazard was determined to join the army?

Barker—He was; he was too determined; he was so determined that the recruiting officer ejected him for being flatfooted.—Puck.

Cooking Wins Husbands, According to Advice of Friendly Marriage Clerk

The better a woman can cook, the more chances she has of not only getting a husband, but of keeping him. Such is the statement of a Wisconsin marriage clerk, before whom thousands of couples sign the papers required in making them man and wife.

The clerk also says a poor cook has much less chances of getting a husband than one who can't cook but is willing to learn. And he says "all women can cook if they try to." He bases these conclusions on the effects of the culinary art in the game of love on inquiries he has made to thousands of brides-to-be when they appeared before him.

"I have asked many future brides if they could cook and in practically every case they stated they could, and when they said they could not, they supplemented it with the statement they were learning," he said.

That many men have been won by good cooking was stated by the Badger state marriage clerk as a common occurrence.

"Time after time a man will come for a license to wed his landlady or the one who has cooked for him. It is no uncommon thing to have them tell me what a good cook they are going to marry and even often invite me to dine with them at their new home.

"They say music hath charms in love, but it does not compare with what a good meal will do to win a man."

Equipment Necessary and Processes for Silvering Familiar Looking-Glass

There are several processes for silvering mirrors, the simplest of which, perhaps, is to provide a large flat stone table and spread upon it evenly a sheet of tinfoil without crease or blemish. This is covered uniformly to a depth of one-eighth inch with mercury. The plate of glass, perfectly cleansed of all grease and impurities, is floated in the mercury carefully so as to exclude air bubbles. It is then pressed down by loading with weights in order to press out the mercury which remains fluid. After about twenty-four hours it may be raised on its edge to harden, and should be finished in a few weeks.

Another method involves the use of a solution made as follows: Mix one ounce nitrate of silver, three ounces water, one ounce liquid ammonia and three ounces spirits of wine. Filter after solution has stood three or four hours. To every ounce of the solution add one-fourth ounce sugar dissolved in equal quantities of water and alcohol. The surface to be silvered is covered with this liquid at a temperature of 160 degrees, maintained till the deposition of silver is complete. When dry, coated surface is covered with mastic varnish.

SMILES AND SMILES

Light Literature.

"And now we shall spend an hour in my library."

"I'm agreeable."

"Which book do you prefer?"

"Just gimme a book of cigarette papers and I'll be satisfied."

Did So.

"Forty thousand muscles, eh? That's a good many."

"What of it?"

"I see the elephant's trunk is said to contain 40,000 muscles."

"Well, well! Mother Nature displayed ingenuity when she packed that trunk."

Differ Only on the Board.

"Some one has compared life to a game of chess. What do you think of that idea?"

"I don't know. Anyhow, we are something like the pieces—when shoved into the wooden box at the end of the game, king and pawn are of equal value."

Musta Fallen Among Thieves.

"I had a queer experience the other night."

"Proceed."

"Two men knocked me down and another held me up."

More Domestic Discussion.

"Kicking about a few millinery bills? Why, I could have married Wombat, who is now a millionaire. But I didn't."

"That's one big reason why he's a millionaire."

Completing His Education.

The Victim—That young fellow who had the next chair was a fine barber. Why did you send him back to the barbers' college?

The Head Barber—He was a good operator, yes; but he had an impediment in his speech, so I sent him back for a post-graduate course in conversation.

National Guard Loses Most

Suffers More Severely in War Than Regulars or National Army

Study of casualty statistics of thirty combat divisions of the American fighting forces in the war, issued by the war department and giving figures up to a recent date, sheds some light on the relative part played by the regular army, the National Guard, the National army and the marine corps in the war. The tables show those killed in action, died of wounds, missing in action or taken prisoner. Field signal battalions, ambulance companies, trains, and some other specialized branches of the service are not included, but the tabulation shows graphically the total losses of each basic section of the army.

Slightly wounded or others who were able to return to the service are not included, the figures applying only to those who were absolute losses so far as active military operations were concerned.

Figuring the percentage of loss, not according to the numbers in each section but for the total American force, it is found that the losses of the regular army were 30 per cent, the National Guard 39 per cent, the National army 27 per cent, and the marine corps 4 per cent.

The table follows:

	Killed in action.	Died of wounds.	Missing In action.	Prisoners.	Total.	P[illegible]
National Guard	11,555	4,566	5,445	1,457	23,023	[illegible]
Regulars	8,524	3,549	5,297	551	17,819	[illegible]
National army	8,023	3,207	3,890	398	15,801	[illegible]
*Marines	1,390	707	271	76	2,444	[illegible]
Totals	29,492	12,029	14,903	2,882	59,087	

*The marines are listed with the Second division of regulars.

KEEP POULTRY FREE FROM LICE

Lousy hens are not likely to prove good sitters. Lousy chicks lose vitality and die. A lousy flock is unthrifty. With poultry and eggs selling at high prices, the poultryman can well afford to apply the simple remedies which will keep his birds free from lice and mites.

The University of Missouri college of agriculture has used sodium fluoride effectively and recommends a larger use of it by poultrymen. This chemical is exceedingly poisonous to all species of chicken lice. It kills both adults and young, including the young which emerge from the eggs present at the time of treatment. One application of sodium flouride to all fowls on the farm will completely destroy all lice present.

Sodium fluoride may be applied as a dust or as a dip. One pound of the chemical will be enough to dust about one hundred hens by the pinch method. This method, developed by the United States department of agriculture, is as follows: Hold the fowl by the legs or wings with one hand while with the other hand a small pinch of the chemical is placed among the feathers next to the skin. Apply one pinch on the head, one on the neck, two on the back, one on the breast, one below the vent, one on the tail, one on either thigh, and one scattered on the underside of each wing when spread. Hold the chicken over a large shallow pan while dusting, to recover the material that might ordinarily be lost.

Only One-Fifth of Hen's Egg Is Nutritious; Much of Substance Is Water

In a hen's egg only one-fifth of the substance is nutritious. One-ninth is refuse, and the greater portion, about two-thirds, is water, according to authority.

White-shelled eggs are not so good as yellow ones, for they contain a trifle more water and less fat.

Judged by the amount of nutriment, a goose's egg is the most valuable, next in order are ducks', guinea fowls', hens', turkeys', and plovers' eggs.

Eggs contain a large quantity of sulphur, which is purifying to the blood and good for the complexion. To get the best egg you must feed your fowl on grain. And to cook it in the most digestible way you must not boil the water. Heat the water to 180 degrees and leave the egg in it for ten minutes. You will then digest every morsel. But if you boil it for three minutes no less than one-twelfth of it will fail to be digested. Thus, if you eat two eggs boiled at 212 degrees every day you waste five dozen in a year.

Yankees in France Ate Millions of Pounds of Candy and Confections

An idea of the huge amount of candy consumed by the army is given in a war department announcement. During the five months from November 11, 1918, to April 11, 1919, there were purchased for shipment to the overseas forces 39,094,375 pounds of candy, 5,350,000 packages of salted almonds and peanuts and 2,625,000 packages of popcorn confection.

There was shipped during the month of February 5,335,696 pounds of candy. This included not only candy and confections for sale in the sales commissaries, but also the amount authorized by the ration allowance. The ration allowance of candy for our troops overseas for the month of November amounted to approximately 3,000,000 pounds.

It would take a convoy of 835 three-ton trucks to carry this amount of candy.

Passed Up as a "Runt," Young Schalk Developed Into a Great Backstop

Back in 1910 Frank Navin heard of a kid catcher whose barkstopping, running and hitting were startling the habitants of a small Illinois city which had a club in a bush league.

The Tiger president immediately dispatched one of his hired manhunters to look at the player. The scout liked the catcher, but did not let his enthusiasm get the better of him because the youngster was hardly five feet five inches tall and of slight build. Who ever heard of a runt like that being able to stand up under the fire expected of major league pitchers?

In the meantime equally favorable reports were being received of another minor league catching star whose

Ray Schalk.

attracted much attention in the Texas league. The same scout looked at this catcher.

It finally came time for a showdown. Mr. Navin could get both catchers at reasonable prices, but in the meantime he agreed with the traveling representative that the kid catcher in Illinois was probably too slightly built and took the one with the Texas club, who was a big man and also looked like a valuable prospect.

The one he picked was Jack Onslow, a fair catcher but a little shy of league requirements. The one he passed up because he was a runt was Ray Schalk.

The rest is an old story. Schalk has been a star with the White Sox almost ever since and more than once has Mr. Navin holler "ouch!"

SAYINGS OF WISE MEN

A book's a book, although there's nothing in it.

A boor remains a boor, though he sleep on silken bolsters.—Danish Proverb.

I broke my leg perhaps for my good.—Spanish Proverb.

Make it a point never to complain.—Bea.

Boldness is never blind, therefore it is ill in counsel but good in execution.—Bacon.

Owls Eat Anything and Swallow All Food Whole

Owls have a peculiar method of eating. They eat everything they find, whenever they find it, and swallow it "whole works"—whole, says a writer in the Omaha World-Herald. The idea would be the same if you sat down to dinner and consumed a beefsteak, plates, napkins, tables, knives, forks and spoons. After an owl has had this conglomeration in department of the interior for a time, and it has been digested by all the nutrition there is in it, his acidisms inside permit him to digest and refuse out through his mouth in the form of a hard, round pellet.