

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER IX—Continued.

At the same instant the flaps of the tent opened silently and a tall white man stood in the aperture. Neither Meriem or Malbina saw the newcomer. The latter's back was toward him, while his body hid the stranger from Meriem's eye.

He crossed the tent quickly, stepping over Jensen's body. The first intimation Malbina had was a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

He wheeled, to face an utter stranger, a tall, black haired, gray eyed stranger, clad in khaki and pith helmet. Malbina reached for his gun again, but another hand had been quicker than his, and he saw the weapon tossed to the ground at the side of the tent—out of reach.

"What is the meaning of this?" The stranger addressed his question to Meriem in a tongue she did not understand. She shook her head and spoke in Arabic. Instantly the man changed his question to that language.

"These men are taking me away from Korak," panted the girl. "This one would have harmed me. The other, who he has just killed, tried to stop him. They were both very bad men, but this one is the worse. If my Korak were here he would kill him. I suppose you are like them, so you will not kill him."

The stranger smiled. "He deserves killing," he said. "There is no doubt of that. Once I should have killed him, but now not. I will see, though, that he does not bother you any more."

He was holding Malbina in a grasp the giant Swede could not break, though he struggled to do so, and he was holding him as easily as Malbina might have held a little child, yet Malbina was a huge man, mightily thewed. The Swede began to rage and curse. He struck at his captor, only to be twisted about and held at arm's length. Then he shouted to his boys to come and kill the stranger.

In response a dozen strange blacks entered the tent. They, too, were powerful, clean limbed men, not at all like the mangy crew that followed the Swedes.

"We have had enough foolishness," said the stranger to Malbina. "You deserve death, but I am not the law. I know now who you are. I have heard of you before. You and your friend bear a most unsavory reputation. We do not want you in our country. I shall let you go this time, but should you ever return I shall take the law into my own hands. Now, get out, and next time you see me remember who I am," and he spoke a name in the Swede's ear—a name that more effectually subdued the scoundrel than many beatings. Then he gave him a push that carried him bodily through the tent doorway, to sprawl upon the turf beyond.

"Now," he said, turning toward Meriem, "who has the key to this thing about your neck?"

The girl pointed to Jensen's body. "He carried it always," she said.

The stranger searched the clothing on the corpse until he came upon the key. A moment more Meriem was free.

"Will you let me go back to my Korak?" she asked.

"I will see that you are returned to your people," the stranger replied. "Who are they, and where is their village?"

He had been eyeing her strange, barbaric garment wondering. From her speech she was evidently an Arab girl, but he had never before seen one thus clothed.

"Who are your people? Who is Korak?" he asked again.

"Korak! Why, Korak is an ape. I have no other people. Korak and I live in the jungle alone since Aht went to the king of the apes." She had always thus pronounced Akut's name, for so it had sounded to her when first she came with Korak and the ape.

A questioning expression entered the stranger's eyes. He looked at the girl closely.

"So Korak is an ape?" he said. "And what, pray, are you?"

"I am Meriem. I also am an ape."

"M'm," was the stranger's only oral comment upon this startling announcement. But what he thought might have been partially interpreted through the pitying light that entered his eyes. He approached the girl and started to lay his hand upon her forehead. She drew back with a savage little growl. A smile touched his lips.

"You need not fear me," he said. "I shall not harm you. I only wish to discover if you have fever—if you are entirely well. If you are we will set forth in search of Korak."

CHAPTER X.

Korak's Vengeance. Meriem looked straight into the keen gray eyes. She must have found there an unquestionable assurance of the honorableness of their owner, for she permitted him to lay his palm upon her forehead and feel her pulse. Apparently she had no fever.

"How long have you been an ape?" asked the man.

"Since I was a little girl, many,

BWANA RESCUES MERIEM AND TAKES HER HOME TO HIS WIFE, WHO ADOPTS THE GIRL—SHE LONGS FOR KORAK

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. The bad Swedes buy her from Kovadoo, the black. Malbina kills Jensen fighting for the girl.

many years ago, and Korak came and took me from my father, who was beating me. Since then I have lived in the trees with Korak and Aht."

"Where in the jungle lives Korak?" asked the stranger.

Meriem pointed with a sweep of her hand that took in, generously, half the continent of Africa.

"Could you find your way back to him?"

"I do not know," she replied, "but he will find his way to me."

"Then I have a plan," said the stranger. "I live but a few marches from here. I shall take you home, where my wife will look after you and care for you until we can find Korak or Korak finds us. If he could find you here, he can find you at my village. Is it not so?"

Meriem thought that it was so, but she did not like the idea of not starting immediately back to meet Korak. On the other hand, the man had no intention of permitting this poor, insane child to wander further amid the dangers of the jungle. Whence she had come or what she had undergone he could not guess, but that her Korak and their life among the apes was but a figment of a disordered mind he could not doubt.

He knew the jungle well, and he knew that men had lived alone and naked among the savage beasts for years, but a frail and slender girl! No, it was not possible.

Together they went outside. Malbina's boys were striking camp in preparation for a hasty departure. The stranger's blacks were conversing with them. Malbina stood at a distance, angry and glowering.

The stranger approached one of his own men.

"Find out where they got this girl," he commanded.

The negro thus addressed questioned one of Malbina's followers. Presently he returned to his master.

"They bought her from old Kovadoo," he said. "That is all that this fellow will tell me. He pretends that he knows nothing more, and I think



She Buried Her Face on the Bosom of This New Friend.

that he does not. These two white men were very bad men. They did many things that their boys knew not the meanings of. It would be well, Bwana, to kill the other."

"I wish that I might, but a new law is come into this part of the jungle. It is not as it was in the old day, Mu-viri," replied the master.

The stranger remained until Malbina and his safari had disappeared into the jungle toward the north. Meriem, trusting now, stood at his side, Geeka clutched in one slim, brown hand.

They talked together, the man wondering at the faltering Arabic of the girl, but attributing it finally to her defective mentality. Could he have known that years had elapsed since she had used it until she was taken by the Swedes, he would not have wondered that she had half forgotten it.

There was yet another reason why the language of the sheik had thus readily eluded her, but of that reason she herself could not have guessed the truth any better than could the man.

He tried to persuade her to return with him to his "village," as he called it, or "dour" in Arabic, but she was insistent upon searching immediately for Korak. As a last resort he determined to take her with him by force rather than sacrifice her life to the insane hallucination which haunted her. But, being a wise man, he determined to humor her first and then attempt to lead her as he would have her go.

So when they took up their march it was in the direction of the south, though his own ranch lay almost due east.

By degrees he turned the direction of their way more and more eastward, and greatly was he pleased to note that the girl failed to discover that any change was being made.

Little by little she became more trusting. At first she had had but her intuition to guide her belief that this big Tarmangani meant her no harm, but as the days passed and she saw

that his kindness and consideration never faltered she came to compare him with her Korak and to be very fond of him, but never did her loyalty to her ape man flag.

On the fifth day they came suddenly upon a great plain, and from the edge of the forest the girl saw in the distance fenced fields and many buildings. At the sight she drew back in astonishment.

"Where are we?" she asked, pointing.

"We could not find Korak," replied the man, "and as our way led near my dour I have brought you here to wait and rest with my wife until my men can find your ape or he finds you. It is better thus, little one. You will be safer with us and you will be happier."

Meriem laughed. "The jungle," she said, "is my father and my mother. I do not fear the jungle. I love it. I should rather die than leave it forever. But your dour is close beside the jungle. You have been good to me. I will do as you wish and remain here for awhile to wait the coming of my Korak."

"Good!" said the man, and he led the way down toward the flower-covered bungalow behind which lay the barns and outhouse of a well-ordered African farm.

Meriem walked on toward the bungalow, upon the porch of which a woman, dressed in white, waved a welcome to her returning lord. There was more fear in the girl's eyes now than there had been in the presence of strange men or savage beasts. She hesitated, turning an appealing glance toward the man.

"That is my wife," he said. "She will be glad to welcome you."

The woman came down the path to meet them. The man kissed her and, turning toward Meriem, introduced them, speaking in the Arab tongue the girl understood.

"This is Meriem, my dear," he said, and told the story of the jungle waif so far as he knew it.

Meriem saw that the woman was beautiful. She saw that sweetness and goodness were stamped indelibly upon her countenance. She no longer feared her, and when her brief story had been narrated and the woman came and put her arms about her and kissed her and called her "poor little darling" something snapped in Meriem's heart.

She buried her face on the bosom of this new friend, in whose voice was the mother tone that Meriem had not heard for so many years that she had forgotten its very existence. She buried her face on the kindly bosom and wept as she had not wept before in all her life—tears of relief and joy that she could not fathom.

And so came Meriem, the savage little Mangan, out of her beloved jungle into the midst of a home of culture and refinement. Already "Bwana" and "my dear" as she first heard them called and continued to call them, were as father and mother to her.

Once her savage fears were allayed she went to the opposite extreme of trustfulness and love. Now she was willing to wait here until they found Korak or Korak found her. She did not give up that thought. Korak, her Korak, was always first.

And out in the jungle, far away, Korak, covered with wounds, stiff with clotted blood, burning with rage and sorrow, as soon as sufficient strength returned swung back upon the trail of the great baboons. He did not find them where he had last seen them nor in any of their usual haunts, but he sought them along the well-marked spoor they had left behind them, and at last he overtook them.

So Korak persuades his baboon friends to help him hunt Meriem. They raid the black village, but find no trace of her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Argentina Cattle.

The Argentina cattle industry is capable of much expansion in time of war stimulation. In the northern end of the pampas are boundless fields of grass where the cattle feed the year round. Sweet water there is in abundance, and windmills dotted over the plains keep the animals plentifully supplied. There are no better beef cattle in the world than those from Argentina, the breed being the excellent result of mixing fine Spanish blooded strains with the hardy native stock. Breeding very easily could raise the total of production materially.

Muscle of the Soul.

We do not get perfect character in our sleep. It comes to us as muscle comes, through doing things. It is the muscle of the soul.—Henry Drummond.

Orchard Information

HOW TO GROW STRAWBERRIES

They Are Most Popular of Small Fruits and Particularly Adapted to Home Garden.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Many home gardens in the eastern United States have a patch of strawberries. They are the most popular of small fruits, the most widely grown of any, and are particularly adapted to the home garden, as they ripen earlier than other cultivated fruits, and enough to supply an ordinary family can be grown on a small area.

In value the strawberry crop in the United States is surpassed among fruits only by the apple, peach and grape. The value of the crop, according to the last census, was \$125 an acre, as compared with an average value of about \$15 an acre for wheat and corn. It is a much more intensive crop than the grains and should be treated as such.

When raised in the home garden, varieties which have the best dessert quality and ripen during a long season or in succession, without reference to their ability to stand long shipments, are desired. Market gardeners also raise strawberries under intensive methods of culture, and since they are located near the markets in which their crops are sold, they are not interested primarily in the shipping quality of the varieties. Truck growers who are more interested in shipping to distant markets should give consideration to the shipping as well as the dessert quality of the varieties they grow.

In localities subject to late spring frost a site for strawberries should be somewhat elevated, as cold air settles in low places and frosts occur there more frequently than on the elevated spots. Strawberries thrive best on soil which is naturally moist, but not wet. Plants on wet soil usually make very little growth in the summer and are likely to be killed when the ground freezes in the winter. Therefore, the site chosen for strawberries should be well drained. Ordinarily a site having a gradual rather than a steep slope should be selected. By choosing different slopes it is possible to vary the period of ripening several days, as the berries having a southern exposure will ripen earlier than those located on a cooler northern slope.

Strawberries not only have a wide climatic adaptation but may be grown successfully upon almost any type of soil, from coarse sand to heavy clay, provided it is well supplied with moisture and at the same time well drained. When early fruit is desired sandy soil is often chosen, since the berries ripen somewhat earlier than on clay soil, other conditions being the same, though heavy yields can be secured on either type of soil. All soils for strawberries should be supplied with humus.

The preparation of the soil for strawberries should begin usually at least two years before the plants are to be set, or the plants should be set



Strawberry Crop Has High Value.

In soil which has received preparation in growing other cultivated crops. Newly plowed soil should not be used, because the grass roots may prove objectionable, and because of the danger of injury to the plants from white grubs. The land must also be freed of quack grass and any other seriously persistent weeds. If the soil is deficient in humus a green-manure crop, preferably a legume, should be grown, or stable manure should be applied.

Setting the plants so that the crowns are even with the surface of the ground after the soil has been packed about the roots, and making the soil very firm about the plant are important. If the soil is not properly firmed about the roots, air gets to them and they are likely to dry out, resulting in a feeble growth or none at all. Two systems of training strawberries are in general use, the hill system and the matted-row system. Under the former, the plants are set six to twenty-four inches apart in rows from three to five feet apart and the runners are allowed to fill a space a few inches on either side of the row, thus making a solid mass of plants. The Dunlap, Gandy and Aroma varieties which make a large number of runners, are rarely grown in other than matted rows.

Flower stems usually appear on strawberry plants soon after they are set.

The White House Flock



The two lambs of the White House flock which were born early in the year were named George and Martha Washington by Mrs. Wilson. George is the aloof individual on the left, while Martha, who is the same size, is shown approaching the trough. In the background is the rear of the White House.

GIVE BABY CHICKS BEST OF CARE

"A few baby chicks well taken care of will give better results than double the number that are neglected," says H. R. McLean of the Colorado Agricultural college.

"Keep the hen and chicks free from lice and in comfortable quarters, otherwise look out for losses."

"Feed the baby chicks a little feed after they are 36 to 48 hours old. More chicks are killed the first three days after hatching by overfeeding than during any other period."

"If you keep the body growing you will find no chicks with drooping wings. Skim milk that is allowed to clabber furnishes the best animal protein for the growing chick. Give it to them slightly warm and start them out on it. The lactic acid helps clear the intestinal tract and a lot of bowel trouble is avoidable by its use. If fed in connection with bread crumbs, Johnny cake or a good commercial chick feed you can give them all the milk they need without harmful results."

"Don't change from sour skimmed milk to sweet or buttermilk, but feed one kind to avoid throwing them off their feed."

"Chicks should have access to good, clean, coarse sand or the fine commercial chick grit."

Abdications in Germany Will Include Total of 278 of Royal Families

A German professor figures out that the abdication and dethronements in Germany include 278 persons. Bavaria lends, with one king, one queen, 15 princes, 16 princesses, five dukes and one duchess. Prussia has sent 33 royalties into exile, including the emperor, the empress, 20 princes and 11 princesses. Brunswick is at the bottom of the list, with only the ducal couple and their three children. The two tiny principalities of Reuss, whose area is hardly one-third hundredth part of that of Prussia, have exiled 36 royalties.

The principality of Lippe, only about 20 square miles larger than the Reuss states, had a royal family numbering 21 persons. Most extraordinary is the case of Schaumburg-Lippe, with its area of 130 square miles, where there was nearly one royal personage for every five square miles. These included the reigning prince, seventeen princes and seven princesses.

Women May Be Members of the American Legion

Women who served in various war service work, including yeomanettes, army nurses and in rifle corps girls, are eligible for membership in the American legion, the association of veterans of the world war, according to a statement issued from the national headquarters of the organization. The announcement says that so many inquiries came from women who served during the war that it was decided to issue a formal notice. Preparations are under way to form the first post of women who had worn the uniform of their country. Whether or not the yeomanettes will unite in a post with the army nurses or whether the women will join the posts formed by the service men is to be left to the discretion of the local posts.

Flat Famine Threatens N. Y. Workers' Exodus

Tenement and home building must be resumed on a large scale in New York to prevent a general exodus of workers to other parts of the country, the state reconstruction commission announced. A shortage of 100,000 apartments exists in New York City, the statement said. Only half as many plans for new buildings were filed in 1918 as for the same period two years ago, and only a third of the buildings planned have been completed.

Zoo Superintendent Finds New Husband for Mourning Widow in Alligator Family

For many weeks Cy De Vry, superintendent of the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago, watched with utmost concern the ravages of melancholia on the person and psychology of Desdemona, the brunette alligator, some time since was bereft of her husband. He succumbed to malaria.

They were inseparable and he achieved a oneness of concert rarely encountered in the domestic domain. The unalloyed bliss they enjoyed was manifest to all. It was natural that with the visit of the grim reaper to the weaker vessel, deprived at one stroke of prop and stay, should marry deeply.

But De Vry thought time would assuage her grief. In this he was in error. After a consultation he decided that but one hope remained—to obtain a new husband.

In the Florida jungles there was captured Othello, a blackman, Cupid's darts prove potent in the growling grief wearing away the widow's heart will be eradicated forever and a day.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sing
Has never died away.

And prayer is made and praise is given
By all things near and far;
The ocean harketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mist above the morning hills
Rises white as wings of prayer;
The altar curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud
Or low with sobbs of pain,
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The drooping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its stately march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

—Whitier.

Only 125 Cases of Total Blindness Among Yanks

There were only 125 cases of total blindness and fewer than 4,000 amputations in the American forces engaged in the war, it is stated by the bureau of war risk insurance in an announcement concerning the bureau's activity in supplying crippled soldiers and sailors with artificial limbs, and in otherwise caring for the wounded and disabled. Not even all of the 125 cases of total blindness cited, it is stated, have yet been declared as permanent by the medical officers in charge. Relative to amputations, denial is made, on the authority of Surgeon General Ireland and Col. Charles E. Banks, chief medical officer of the war insurance risk insurance that there were any cases in which men lost both arms, and both legs.

Cause of Bowlegs.

Bowlegs in growing children are caused by lack of milk. Walking at too early an age or too often has nothing to do with it. So declares a Pennsylvania county agriculturist. He says that scientific investigations show that all children should have milk, one quart a day at least, from the time they walk until they are full grown.