

The SON of TARZAN

by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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THE HONORABLE MR. BAYNES MEETS THE NOW DOMESTICATED MERIEM AND FALLS IN LOVE WITH 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 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 Kovudoo, the black. Malibini kills Jensen fighting for the girl. Bwana comes to the rescue and takes her to his wife. Jack vainly seeks her in the wilds.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Meriem was all expectancy. What would these strangers be like? Would they be as nice to her as had Bwana and My Dear, or would they be like the other white folk she had known—cruel and relentless? My Dear assured her that they all were gentlefolk and that she would find them kind, considerate and honorable.

At last the visitors arrived. There were three men and two women—the wives of the two older men. The youngest member of the party was Hon. Morison Baynes, a young man of considerable wealth, who, having exhausted all the possibilities for pleasure offered by the capitals of Europe, had gladly seized upon this opportunity to turn to another continent for excitement and adventure.

Nature had favored him with a splendid physique and a handsome face and also with sufficient good judgment to appreciate that, while he might enjoy the contemplation of his superiority to the masses, there was little likelihood of the masses being equally entranced by the same cause. And so he easily maintained the reputation of being a most democratic and likable fellow, and, indeed, he was likable. Just a shade of his egotism was occasionally apparent—never sufficient to become a burden to his associates.

And this, briefly, was the Hon. Morison Baynes of luxurious European civilization. What would be the Hon. Morison Baynes of central Africa if he were difficult to guess.

Meriem at first was shy and reserved in the presence of strangers. Her benefactors had seen fit to ignore mention of her strange past, and so she passed as their ward, whose antecedents, not having been mentioned, were not to be inquired into. The guests found her sweet and unassuming, laughing, vivacious and a never-exhausted storehouse of quaint and interesting jungle lore.

The Hon. Morison Baynes found Meriem a most beautiful and charming companion. He was delighted with her from the first, particularly so, it is possible, because he had not thought to find companionship of this sort upon the African estate of his London friends. They were together a great deal, as they were the only unmarried couple in the little company.

Meriem, entirely unaccustomed to the companionship of such as Baynes, was fascinated by him. His tales of the great, gay cities with which he was familiar filled her with admiration and with wonder. If the Hon. Morison always shone to advantage in these narratives, Meriem saw in that fact but a natural consequence to his presence upon the scene of his story. Wherever Morison might be he must be a hero. So thought the girl.

With the actual presence and companionship of the young Englishman the image of Korak became less real. Where before it had been an actuality to her, she now realized that Korak was but a memory. To that memory she still was loyal. But what weight has a memory in the presence of a fascinating reality?

And presently she found the features of Korak slowly dissolving and merging into those of another, and the figure of a tanned, half-naked Tarman-gani became a khaki-clad and sturdy Englishman astride a hunting pony.

The Hon. Morison Baynes was sitting with Meriem upon the veranda one evening after the others had retired. Earlier they had been playing tennis, a game in which the Hon. Morison shone to advantage, as, in truth, he did in most all manly sports. He was telling her stories of London and Paris, of balls and banquets, of the wonderful women and their wonderful gowns, of the pleasures and pastimes of the rich and powerful.

Meriem was entranced. His tales were like fairy stories to this little jungle maid. The Hon. Morison loomed

large and wonderful and magnificent in her mind's eye. He fascinated her, and when he drew closer to her after a short silence and took her hand she thrilled as one might thrill beneath the touch of a deity—a thrill of exaltation not unmingled with fear.

He bent his lips close to her ear. "Meriem!" he whispered. "My little Meriem! May I hope to have the right to call you 'my little Meriem'?"

The girl turned wide eyes upward to his face, but it was in shadow. She trembled, but she did not draw away. The man put an arm about her and drew her closer.

"I love you!" he whispered. She did not reply. She did not know what to say. She knew nothing of love. She had never given it a thought. But she did know that it was very nice to be loved, whatever it meant. It was nice to have people kind to one. She had known so little of kindness or affection.

"Tell me," he said, "that you return my love."

His lips came steadily closer to hers. They had almost touched when a vision of Korak sprang like a miracle before her eyes. She saw Korak's face close to hers, she felt his lips against her lips, and then for the first time she guessed what love meant.

She drew away gently. "I am not sure," she said, "that I love you. Let us wait. There is plenty of time. I am too young to marry yet."



"Meriem!" He whispered. "My little Meriem!"

yet, and I am not sure that I should be happy in London or Paris. They rather frighten me."

She was not sure that she loved him! That came rather in the nature of a shock to the Hon. Morison's vanity. It seemed incredible that this little barbarian should have any doubt whatever as to the desirability of the Hon. Morison Baynes.

He glanced down at the girl's profile. It was bathed in the silvery light of the great tropic moon. She was most alluring.

Meriem rose. The vision of Korak was still before her.

"Good night," she said. "It is almost too beautiful to leave." She waved her hand in a comprehensive gesture which took in the starry heavens, the great moon, the broad, silvered plain and the dense shadows in the distance that marked the jungle. "Oh, how I love it!"

"You would love London more," he said earnestly. "And London would love you. You would be a famous beauty in any capital of Europe. You would have the world at your feet, Meriem."

"Good night," she repeated, and left him.

CHAPTER XII. A Night Ride.

Meriem and Bwana were sitting on the veranda together the following day when a horseman appeared in the distance riding across the plain toward the bungalow.

Bwana shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed out toward the oncoming rider. He was puzzled. Strangers were few in central Africa. Even the blacks for a distance of many miles in

every direction were well known to him. No white man came within a hundred miles that word of his coming did not reach Bwana long before the stranger. His every move was reported to the big Bwana—just what animals he killed and how many of each species, how he killed them, too, for Bwana would not permit the use of prussic acid or strychnine, and how he treated his "boys."

But here was evidently one who had slipped into the country unheralded. Bwana could not imagine who the approaching horseman might be.

After the manner of frontier hospitality the globe round, he met the newcomer at the gate, welcoming him even before he had dismounted. He saw a tall, well-knit man of thirty or more, blond of hair and smooth-shaven. There was a tantalizing familiarity about him that convinced Bwana that he should be able to call the visitor by name, yet he was unable to do so.

Bwana was wondering how a lone white man could have made his way through the savage, inhospitable miles that lay toward the south. As though guessing what must be passing through the other's mind, the stranger vouchsafed an explanation.

"I came down from the north to do a little trading and hunting," he said, "and got way off the beaten track. My head man, who was the only member of the safari who had ever before been in the country, took sick and died. We could find no natives to guide us, and so I simply swung back straight north. We have been living on the fruits of our guns for over a month."

"Didn't have an idea there was a white man within a thousand miles of us when we camped last night by a water hole at the edge of the plain. This morning I started out to hunt and saw the smoke from your chimney, so I sent my gun bearer back to camp with the good news and rode straight over here myself. Of course I've heard of you—everybody who comes into central Africa does—and I'd be mighty glad of permission to rest up and hunt around here for a couple of weeks."

"Certainly," replied Bwana. "Make yourself at home."

They had reached the veranda now, and Bwana was introducing the stranger to Meriem and My Dear, who had just come from the bungalow's interior.

"This is Mr. Hanson," he said, using the name the man had given him. "He is a trader who has lost his way in the jungle to the south."

My Dear and Meriem bowed their acknowledgments of the introduction. The man seemed rather ill at ease in their presence. His host attributed this to the fact that his guest was unaccustomed to the society of cultured women, and so found a pretext to extricate him quickly from his seemingly unpleasant position and lead him away to his study and the brandy and soda, which were evidently much less embarrassing to Mr. Hanson.

When the two had left them Meriem turned toward My Dear.

"It is odd," she said, "but I could almost swear that I had known Mr. Hanson in the past. It is odd, but quite impossible," and she gave the matter no further thought.

For three weeks Hanson had remained. During this time he said that his boys were resting and gaining strength after their terrible ordeals in the untracked jungles to the south, but he had not been as idle as he appeared to have been. He divided his small following into two parts, intrusting the leadership of each to men whom he believed he could trust.

One party he moved very slowly northward along the trail that connects with the great caravan routes entering the Sahara from the south. The other he ordered straight westward with orders to halt and go into permanent camp just beyond the great river which marks the natural boundary of the country that the big Bwana rightfully considers almost his own.

To his host he explained that he was moving his safari slowly toward the north—he said nothing of the party moving westward. Then one day he announced that half his boys had deserted, for a hunting party from the bungalow had come across his northerly camp, and he feared that they might have noticed the reduced numbers of his following.

And thus matters stood when one hot night Meriem, unable to sleep, rose and wandered out into the garden. The Hon. Morison had been urging his suit once more that evening, and the girl's mind was in such a turmoil that she had been unable to sleep.

Hanson, the stranger, shows unusual interest in Meriem and watches closely the movements of the girl and her new lover.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Will Not Visit "Meat Houses." In Tokyo, says Good Health, a certain class of Japanese are adopting the practice of eating meat, as they have acquired the habit of using tobacco and drinking whisky, through their desire to imitate the westerners.

Some have an idea that by flesh-eating they may be able to increase their size and vigor.

It is noticeable, however, that the Japanese women refuse to eat meat and will not visit the restaurants where meat is served, which are known as "meat houses." The Japanese women regard it improper to visit such places.

Question of Rights.

People generally understand that their rights end at the point where the other fellow's begin; but the trouble comes in determining the location of that point.—Exchange

Before the Ball

By S. B. HACKLEY

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All the way home Dorland, newly made junior partner of the Lasley Vickers company, thought of his mother's last letter.

"Alleen's been going out with Will Carey ever since you've been away," the letter said. "With Will's being so handsome, and Alleen a bit fickle, and Arabella Avery encouraging the match, the Avery ball may mean the climax of things. Really, son, I think you ought to hurry home."

His mother was so keen for his marriage to his rich partner's daughter. And Alleen—Alleen was charming. And Alleen—Alleen was charming—she believed that he loved her. At Corbin Junction Stafford Fife greeted him.

"Train's two hours late, Frank," Dorland's pleasant dark face clouded a bit. Fife laughed. "Take off that frown, Frank; you'll see her to-night, anyway. Let's go to the circus."

Twice daily for four years Mlle. Jeannette Cheromet had entered the cage of the performing lions, and Dorland had neither known nor cared. But today when he watched her moving fearlessly among the fierce beasts that at the end of the act began to growl and lunge, his face paled like one who sees his beloved in danger and is powerless to help.

"Back up, old man!" Fife laughed. "The lions are used to her. They wouldn't hurt her if she were to fall!"

"Much you know about lions, man!" a man next them exclaimed. "That girl takes her life in her hands every time she goes in that cage!"

Another half moment and mademoiselle was turning to bow her acknowledgments to the applause. Her brown eyes, clear and innocent, met Dorland's. She caught her breath and hurried out of the tent. The sawdust under her feet had turned to shining gems, the shabby canvas had become spun gold!

"She's got to have her rest after the nervous strain of her act," the manager of the show impatiently explained to Dorland. "She's got to sleep until the evening performance. And she doesn't like hangers-on!"

"But I'm not a 'hanger-on,'" objected Dorland. "I want to be properly introduced to Mlle. Cheromet."

"A reporter, eh? Well, maybe she'll give you five minutes."

Still in her spangled chiffon stage costume, mademoiselle appeared.

"I am afraid of the lions for you," Dorland found himself saying. A warm color suffused the girl's face.

"It ees for me, monsieur, you fear? It ees kind, most kind, monsieur—but they love me! The creatures have known me thees long time; they love me!"

"And so do I!" echoed Dorland's heart, "even I who have known you but an hour!"

"I wish you worked in a store or some other safe place!" he murmured. "But, monsieur," she objected, "I must have more than a clerk's money!"

When her parents had died, she explained, the great-aunt who had lands and money had taken her in, but not Lucile, the sister who had married beneath her family. And now Lucile was dead, and her crippled husband and her little children were, oh, so poor!

"My aunt and my cousins cast me off when I took the training of the lions—but it meant money, and I could not let poor Gaston and the motherless ones starve, monsieur!"

Could she see him again soon? Dorland asked when he arose to leave. She hesitated. There was little time on the road, but if monsieur were ever to be in the city in which the circus went into winter quarters, it might be possible. The managers paid her to stay there and teach the lions.

At the ball, Alleen Vickers, looking like a lily in a blue vase, beckoned to him. "I want you to show me the fish in the lake."

Along the sandied path she clung to his arm, screaming at a leaf's rustle. "I've been wanting to see the fish playing by moonlight so long, but Nora and I were afraid to come over here alone!"

Dorland listened with strange intolerance. Afraid in that flower-filled garden, by the broad light of the moon! And at that moment that other girl, as delicately tender, was exposing her delicate body in a den of lions that others might have daily breed!

A fortnight later and Dorland stood in the little parlor of Mlle. Cheromet's boarding house.

"I want you to quit showing the lions," he told her. "I am afraid for you. I love you—let me take your burdens on my shoulders, Jeannette."

She grew white. "You mean—" she breathed, "you mean, monsieur?"

"I want you to marry me, Jeannette."

Her color came back but she drew back from his outstretched arms.

"I cannot—your relatives—they would not receive me, monsieur!"

"But you love me?" persisted Dorland.

"Mais oui!" she confessed. "But love this is not itself! The true

love—et ees unselfish. I cannot take you from your people!"

"Dorland, why aren't you getting engaged to Alleen Vickers these days?" Stafford Fife asked lightly some weeks later. "It's very apparent she's only waiting for you to marry me!"

"Perhaps—" Dorland hesitated. "And who's she? The French lion tamer of the circus?" Fife hazarded jokingly.

Dorland nodded. "God—man—you hardly know her, and she—she—why, she doesn't even speak good English!" Fife stammered.

Mrs. Dorland overheard in a kind of horror. When Fife was gone she remonstrated with tears of rage.

"I wish the creature were dead!" she fumed, almost beside herself. "I wish the wild beasts might kill her—I do, indeed, then you—"

Dorland rose. "Do not trouble yourself further, mother," he said. "She'll not marry me unless you go to her and ask her to bless you in that way."

The next week Dorland went to the city again. Mademoiselle Cheromet was at the animal quarters by a sick lion's cage. She was thinner, he thought, and weary looking.

"I cannot bear it," she told him tremulously, "that you come to see me. Thees must be the last time—the very last time!"

Presently a keeper brought a young cockerel to tempt the sick beast. When he loosed it, it flew to a cage among the panthers, and Dorland thoughtlessly sprang forward to seize it.

With a cry Jeannette flung herself in front of him. He slipped to the ground with her desperate push, but she fell against the cage. Two keepers sprang to her assistance with forks and clubs, else she would have been dragged into the cage. In an anguish Dorland knelt beside her.

"Oh, love, why did you try to save me?"

She opened her eyes. "Mon ami—mon cher ami!" she whispered. "I am happy, so happy et—was—not—you. Kiss me once—for good-by."

Three hours later Dorland's mother came to the circus quarters. She had received a telegram: "It is as you wished, mother, only she's given her life to save mine."

"It was him or her, ma'am," the keeper told her. "She took death to save him."

But at the hospital they told his mother there was a chance that Mlle. Cheromet would live—to bear terrible scars on her arms and body.

At the end of the week, when the little lion trainer was able to speak to her, Dorland's mother bent over her, her eyes overflowing. "My dear—my dear," she besought her, "let me bring the minister—the priest, if you will—and let him make you my daughter today!"

"You want me?" The girl's brown eyes widened; joy shook her bandaged form. "You want me? Oh, Francis, tell them to lift me that my dear mother I may kiss. And bid the father come!"

SACRED TOOTH OF BUDDHA

Relic Held in Such Veneration That It Is Exhibited Only Once in Five Years.

To make full confession, I had not even known that the festival would fall in the year of our visit, not to speak of the very week. Of course, every lover of the East has learned that the Sacred Tooth is exhibited every five years for the adoration of the faithful, and in the interval neither prince nor millionaire can obtain a glimpse of its venerable form. Both the official head of Buddhism in Ceylon and the British representative would have to agree to any departure from this usage, so the rule is strictly observed. One instinctively asks why the relic is so sacred. The history of this so-called treasure, as narrated by the Singhalese priests, may be summarized as follows: When Buddha's body had been burned, an Arabah took an unconsumed fragment from the ashes of the funeral pyre. This was the left canine tooth, destined to become the most celebrated of the many wondrous relics of the founder of the faith. After a rather peaceful existence of about eight centuries, in the southern peninsula, it became so famous, and created such disturbance in the Brahminic community that it was surreptitiously carried to the Buddhist center in Ceylon, concealed in the tresses of the Princess Kallanga. Naturally, such a priceless possession proved the cause of international strife. Once, at least, it was carried back to the mainland of India, but was recovered by Prakrama Eshu III, to become once more the source of untold blessings.—From "The Festival of the Tooth," by F. B. R. Holleins, in Asia Magazine.

Stuck on Them, Anyhow. J. Ogden Armour, defending the meat packers, said at a dinner in Washington:

"Our opponents wouldn't say 'such hard things about us if they read our statements correctly. Our opponents misread and misunderstand. They are like the little child."

"A Sunday-school teacher asked a little child:

"What do you know about Solomon?"

"He was very fond of animals," the child replied.

"Yes? Why do you think so?" said the teacher.

"Because the Bible tells us," said the child, "that he had a hundred wives and nine hundred porcupines."

FOR SPORTS WEAR

Waist, Formerly a Smock, Is a Prime Favorite Now.

New Sweaters Placed in Blouse Class and the Masquerade Proves a Success.

The return of our victorious warriors brings renewed interest in all outdoor sports. Golf courses are alive with players, many of whom have been absent during these war years. Tennis courts are now very pretty girls in bright-colored sweaters and young lads just back from France.

There is a revival, too, notes a correspondent, of some old-fashioned sports. People have even taken to bicycle riding again. But most interesting of all is the coming back of archery, the sport that flourished in the days of "Merrie England." Everybody is learning to "string a bow." All this has given an impetus to sport clothes, and in them there is a welcome departure from the conservative tailor-made things of past seasons.

The sport waist, which formerly was a silk or linen skirt, and always tailor-made, has passed through many incarnations. Once it was born a smock, another time a batiste afghan with fluffy frills to flutter around the neck and down the front of a tubed-out sweater of bright-colored silk. I saw a Frenchy little overblouse of sheer white net masquerading as a



Coat of Old Blue Silk Is Quipped White.

sport smock. You would never have known it as net at first glance because the material was so well camouflaged. A running stitch of bright green was used to mark off its square surface in inch squares, then about every third square was darned solid with the green yarn. Around the waist went a narrow strip band of wool.

BLEND WITH SUMMER'S TINTS

Tricotee Popular for Various Reasons for Seasonable Wear in the Country.

Tricotee is used for many of the summer's country clothes. Striped gathered skirts of this material are overblouses to match, either with or without sashes. These are embroidered in angora or ribbonlike, which is a narrow silky band.

From the house of Callet comes a suit in which two different colors of tricotee are cleverly used. The upper portion of the dress is champagne color featuring the lines of the champagne overblouse, while a slate-colored skirt is girdled low on the hips with a sash also of slate. One of the long scarf collars matching the skirt is stitched across the back of the dress and allowed to fall loosely, or it may be worn wrapped around the neck as a sweater scarf.

Callet also has made a remarkable sports cape of rose-colored tricotee with a lining of pink and white and a shoulder cape like those worn by West Point cadets, and from the top of this is swung a large hood lined with silk and draped to reveal the lining in an effective way.

Headgear for Little Girls

Elaborate little bonnets or hats shown this season for the new Sheerest organdie, combined with fine valenciennes lace and ribbon and trimmed with silk flowers and blue ribbon rosettes and streamers form a bonnet which will suit the exacting mother. Some of the simple styles may be made at home but the more ornate ones require the skillful touch of the experienced liner.