

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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FOREWORD.

Those strange original stories "Tarzan of the Apes" and "The Return of Tarzan" captured the delighted fancy of millions of readers. Although they were full of thrills, "The Son of Tarzan" holds the reader's interest with wonderful tenacity and yields nothing to them in the line of breathless adventure. In this wonderful Tarzan story you will meet Tarzan himself, who is John Clayton, Lord Greystoke; Lady Greystoke, his wife; Alexis Paulvitch, friend of the murderer Rokoff; Akut, the gray ape, and many others, not the least of whom is Jack Clayton, the son of Tarzan.

CHAPTER I.

Paulvitch and an Ape.

The Marjorie W.'s long boat was floating down the broad Ugambi with ebb tide and current. Her crew were lazily enjoying this respite from the arduous labor of rowing upstream. Three miles below them lay the Marjorie herself, quite ready to sail so soon as they should have clambered aboard and swung the long boat to its davits.

Presently the attention of every man was drawn from his dreaming or his gossiping to the northern bank of the river. There, screaming at them in a cracked falsetto, and with skinny arms outstretched, stood a strange apparition of a man.

"Wot in thunder?" ejaculated one of the crew.

"A white man!" muttered the mate; and then: "Man the oars, boys, and we'll just pull over an' see what he wants."

When they came close to the shore they saw an emaciated creature with scant white locks, tangled and matted.

The thin, bent body was naked save for a loin cloth. Tears were rolling down the sunken, pockmarked cheeks. The man jabbered at them in a strange tongue.

"Rooshun," hazarded the mate. "Savvy English?" he called to the man.

The scarecrow did, and in that tongue, brokenly and haltingly, as though it had been many years since he had used it, he begged them to take him with them away from this awful country. Once on board the Marjorie W. the stranger told his rescuers a pitiful tale of privation, hardships and torture, extending over a period of ten years.

How he happened to have come to Africa he did not tell them, leaving them to assume that he had forgotten the incidents of his life prior to the frightful ordeals that had wrecked him mentally and physically. His name, he said, was Alexis Paulvitch.

A few scraggly, yellow-white locks had supplanted the thick dark hair that had once covered his head. His limbs were bent and twisted; he walked with a shuffling, unsteady gait, his body doubled forward. His teeth were gone—knocked out by his savage masters. Even his mentality was but a sorry mockery of what it once had been.

They took him aboard the Marjorie W., and there they fed and nursed him. He gained a little in strength, but his appearance never altered for the better—a human derelict, battered and wrecked, they had found him; a human derelict, battered and wrecked, he would remain until death claimed him. Alexis Paulvitch could easily have passed for eighty.

The Marjorie W. had been chartered by a syndicate of wealthy manufacturers, equipped with a laboratory and a staff of scientists and sent out to search for some natural product which the manufacturers who footed the bills had been importing from South America at an enormous cost. What the product was none on board the Marjorie W. knew except the scientists; nor is it of any moment to us, other than that it led the ship to a certain island off the coast of Africa after Alexis Paulvitch had been taken aboard.

The ship lay at anchor off the coast for several weeks. The monotony of life aboard her became trying for the crew. They went often ashore, and finally Paulvitch asked to accompany them—he, too, was tiring of the blighting sameness of existence upon the ship.

The island was heavily timbered. Dense jungle ran down almost to the beach. The scientists were far inland, prosecuting their search for the valuable commodity that native rumor upon the mainland had led them to believe might be found here in marketable quantity.

The ship's company fished, hunted and explored. Paulvitch shuffled up and down the beach or lay in the shade of the great trees that skirted it.

One day, as the men were gathered at a little distance, inspecting the body of a panther that had fallen to the gun of one of them who had been hunting inland, Paulvitch lay sleeping beneath his tree. He was awakened by the touch of a hand upon his shoulder.

With a start he sat up to see a huge anthropoid ape squatting at his side, inspecting him intently.

The Russian was thoroughly frightened. He glanced toward the sailors—they were a couple of hundred yards away.

Again the ape plucked at his shoulders, jabbering plaintively. Paulvitch saw no menace in the inquiring gaze or in the attitude of the beast. He got slowly to his feet. The ape rose at his side.

Half doubled, the man shuffled cautiously away toward the sailors. The ape moved with him, taking one of his arms. They had come almost to the little knot of men before they were seen, and by this time Paulvitch had become assured that the beast meant him no harm. The animal evidently was accustomed to the association of human beings.

It occurred to the Russian that the ape represented considerable and certain money value, and before they reached the sailors he had decided that he should be the one to profit by it.

When the men looked up and saw the oddly paired couple shuffling toward them they were filled with amazement and started on a run toward the two. The ape showed no sign of fear. Instead, he grasped each sailor by the shoulder and peered long and earnestly into his face. Having inspected them all, he returned to Paulvitch's side, disappointment written strongly upon his countenance and in his carriage.

The men were delighted with him. They gathered about, asking Paulvitch many questions and examining his companion. The Russian told them that



With Mighty Blows of His Open Palms He Felled One After Another.

the ape was his. Nothing further would he offer, but kept harping continually upon the same theme: "The ape is mine. The ape is mine."

Tiring of Paulvitch, one of the men essayed a pleasantry. Circling about behind the ape, he prodded the anthropoid in the back with a pin.

Like a flash the beast wheeled upon its tormentor, and in the brief instant of turning the placid, friendly animal was metamorphosed to a frenzied demon of rage.

The broad grin that had sat upon the sailor's face as he perpetrated his little joke froze to an expression of terror. He attempted to dodge the long arms that reached for him, but, failing, drew a long knife that hung at his belt.

The ape tore the weapon from the man's grasp with a single wrench and flung it to one side; then his yellow fangs were buried in the sailor's shoulder.

With sticks and knives the man's companions fell upon the beast, while Paulvitch danced around the cursing, snarling pack, mumbling and screaming pleas and threats. He saw his visions of wealth rapidly dissipating before the weapons of the sailors.

The ape, however, proved no easy victim to the superior numbers that seemed fated to overwhelm him. Rising from the sailor who had precipitated the battle, he shook his giant shoulders, freeing himself from two of the men that were clinging to his back and with mighty blows of his open palms felled one after another of his attackers, leaping hither and thither with the agility of a small monkey.

The fight had been witnessed by the captain and mate, who were just landing from the Marjorie W., and Paulvitch saw these two now running forward with drawn revolvers, while the two sailors who had brought them ashore trailed at their heels. The ape stood looking about him at the havoc he had wrought, but whether he was awaiting a renewal of the attack or was deliberating which of his foes he

should exterminate first, Paulvitch could not guess.

What he could guess, however, was that the moment the two officers came within firing distance of the beast they would put an end to him in short order unless something were done, and done quickly, to prevent.

The ape had made no move to attack the Russian, but even so, the man was none too sure of what might happen were he to interfere with the savage beast, now thoroughly aroused to rage and with the smell of new spilled blood fresh in its nostrils. For an instant he hesitated, and then again there rose before him the dreams of affluence which this great anthropoid would doubtless turn to realities once Paulvitch had landed him safely in some great metropolis like London.

The captain was shouting to him now to stand aside so he might have a shot at the animal, but instead Paulvitch shuffled to the ape's side and, though the man's hair quivered at its roots, he mastered his fear and laid hold of the animal's arm.

"Come!" he commanded, and tugged to pull the beast from among the sailors, many of whom were now sitting up in wide-eyed fright or crawling away from their conqueror upon hands and knees.

Slowly the ape permitted itself to be led to one side, nor did it show the slightest indication of a desire to harm the Russian. The captain came to a halt a few paces from the odd pair.

"Get aside!" he commanded. "I'll put that brute where he won't chew up any more able seamen!"

"It wasn't his fault, captain," pleaded Paulvitch. "Please don't shoot him. The men started—they attacked him first. You see, he's perfectly gentle—and he's mine—his mine—his mine! I won't let you kill him!" he concluded, as his half-wrecked mentality pictured anew the pleasure that money would buy in London—money that he could not hope to possess without some such windfall as the ape represented.

The captain lowered his weapon.

"The men started it, did they?" he repeated. "How about that?" and he turned toward the sailors, who had by this time picked themselves from the ground, none of them much the worse for his experience except the fellow who had been the cause of it and who would doubtless nurse a sore shoulder for a week or so.

"Simpson done it," said one of the men. "He stuck a pin into the monk from behind, and the monk got him—which served him bloomin' well right—an' he got the rest of us, too, for which I can't blame him, since we all jumped him to once."

The captain looked at Simpson, who sheepishly admitted the truth of the allegation; then he stepped over to the ape as though to discover for himself the sort of temper the beast possessed. But it was noticeable that he kept his revolver cocked and leveled as he did so.

However, he spoke soothingly to the animal, who squatted at the Russian's side, looking first at one and then another of the sailors.

As the captain approached him the ape half rose and waddled forward to meet him. Upon his countenance was the same straight, searching expression that had marked his scrutiny of each of the sailors he had first encountered. He came quite close to the officer and laid a paw upon one of the man's shoulders, studying his face intently for a long moment; then came the expression of disappointment, accompanied by what was almost a human sigh, as he turned away to peer in the same curious fashion into the faces of the mate and the two sailors who had arrived with the officers.

In each instance he sighed and passed on, returning at length to Paulvitch's side, where he squatted down once more, thereafter gazing little or no interest in any of the other men and apparently forgetful of his recent battle with them.

When the party returned aboard the Marjorie W., Paulvitch was accompanied by the ape, who seemed anxious to follow him. The captain interposed no obstacles to the arrangement, and so the great anthropoid was tacitly admitted to membership in the ship's company.

Once aboard he examined each new face minutely, evincing the same disappointment in each instance that had marked his scrutiny of the others.

The strange ape is taken to London and there meets old friends. Lord Greystoke is worried and puzzled by his son Jack's restlessness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Musk Like Radium.

Musk has certain radioactive properties that cause the odor of the perfume to be carried through the air in a very extraordinary way. The radioactive property of musk affects very strangely the natives who carry it to market. If a package of musk is held close to the body for any length of time it produces sores that are described as being similar in character to those caused by pure radium.



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THE STRANGE ANIMAL GOES TO LONDON AND THERE IS PUT ON EXHIBIT BY PAULVITCH—JACK CLAYTON BECOMES RESTLESS

Synopsis.—A scientific expedition off the African coast rescues Alexis Paulvitch. He brings aboard an ape, intelligent and friendly.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

The officers and scientists aboard often discussed the beast, but they were unable to account satisfactorily for the strange ceremony with which he greeted each new face. Had he been discovered upon the mainland or any other place than the almost unknown island that had been his home they would have concluded that he had formerly been a pet of man, but that theory was not tenable in the face of the isolation of his uninhabited island.

He seemed continually to be searching for some one, and during the first days of the return voyage from the island he was often discovered nosing about in various parts of the ship, but after he had seen and examined each face of the ship's company and explored every corner of the vessel, he lapsed into utter indifference of all about him. Even the Russian elicited only casual interest when he brought him food. At other times the ape appeared merely to tolerate him.

He never showed affection for him or for anyone else upon the Marjorie W. Nor did he at any time evince any indication of the savage temper that had marked his resentment of the attack of the sailors upon him at the time that he had come among them.

Most of his time was spent in the eye of the ship, scanning the horizon ahead, as though he were endowed with sufficient reason to know that the vessel was bound for some port where there would be other human beings to undergo his searching scrutiny. All in all, Ajax, as he had been dubbed, was considered the most remarkable and intelligent ape that anyone aboard the Marjorie W. had ever seen.

Nor was his intelligence the only remarkable attribute he owned. His stature and physique were, for an ape, awe-inspiring. That he was old was quite evident, but if his age had impaired his physical or mental powers in the slightest it was not apparent.

And so at length the Marjorie W. came to England, and there the officers and the scientists, filled with compassion for the pitiful wreck of a man they had rescued from the jungles, furnished Paulvitch with funds and bid him and Ajax Godspeed.

Upon the dock and all through the journey to London the Russian had his hands full with Ajax. Each new face of the thousands that came within the anthropoid's ken must be carefully scrutinized, much to the horror of many of his victims. But at last, falling apparently to discover whom he sought, the great ape relapsed into morbid apathy, only occasionally evincing interest in a passing face.

In London Paulvitch went directly with his prize to a famous animal trainer. This man was much impressed with Ajax, with the result that he agreed to train him for a lion's share of the profits of exhibiting him and in the meantime to provide for the keep of both the ape and his owner.

And so came Ajax to London, and there was forged another link in the chain of strange circumstances that were to affect the lives of many people.

CHAPTER II.

"To See Ajax."

Mr. Harold Moore was a bilious, countenanced, studious young man. He took himself very seriously, and his life and his work, which latter was the tutoring of the young son of Lord Greystoke, a British nobleman. He felt that his charge was not making the progress that his parents had a right to expect, and he was now conscientiously explaining this fact to the boy's mother.

"His sole interest seems to be feats of physical prowess and the reading of everything that he can get hold of relating to savage beasts and the lives and customs of uncivilized peoples. Particularly stories of animals appeal to him. He will sit for hours together poring over the work of some African explorer, and upon two occasions I have found him sitting up in bed at night reading Carl Hagenbeck's book on men and beasts."

For several minutes neither spoke. It was the boy's mother who finally broke the silence.

"It is very necessary, Mr. Moore," she said, "that you do everything in your power to discourage this tendency in Jack; he—"

But she got no further. A loud

"Whoop!" from the direction of the window brought them both to their feet.

The room was on the second floor of the house, and opposite the window to which their attention had been attracted was a large tree, a branch of which spread to within a few feet of the sill. Upon this branch they both discovered the subject of their conversation, a tall, well built boy, balancing with ease upon the bending limb and uttering loud shouts of glee as he noted the terrified expressions upon the faces of his audience.

The mother and tutor both rushed toward the window, but before they had crossed half the room the boy had leaped nimbly to the sill and entered the apartment with them.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "there's a wonderful educated ape being shown at one of the music halls. Willie Grimby saw it last night. He says it can do everything but talk. It rides a bicycle, eats with knife and fork, counts up to ten and ever so many other wonderful things. And can I go and see it too? Oh, please, mother—please let me!"

Patting the boy's cheek affectionately, the mother shook her head negatively. "No, Jack," she said; "you know I do not approve of such exhibitions."

"I don't see why not, mother," replied the boy. "All the other fellows go, and they go to the zoo, too, and you'll never let me do even that. Anybody'd think I was a girl—or a mollycoddle. Oh, father," he exclaimed as the door opened to admit a tall, gray-eyed man—"oh, father, can't I go?"

"Go where, my son?" asked the newcomer.

"He wants to go to a music hall to see a trained ape," said the mother, looking warningly at her husband.

"Who—Ajax?" questioned the man. The boy nodded.

"Well, I don't know that I blame you, my son," said the father. "I wouldn't mind seeing him myself. They say he is very wonderful and that for an anthropoid he is unusually large. Let's all go, Jane. What do you say?" He turned toward his wife.

But that lady only shook her head in a most positive manner and, turning to Mr. Moore, asked him if it was not time that he and Jack were in the study for their morning recitations. When the two had left she turned toward her husband.

It was from her husband that the boy had inherited his longing for the wild. Lord Greystoke's parents had



They Both Discovered the Subject of Their Conversation.

been set on the shore of the west coast of Africa by mutineers. After their death their infant son was stolen and mothered by an ape, and he in turn became the king of a tribe of great apes. He was known as Tarzan. After many adventures he was rescued and finally settled down in London.

"John," Lady Greystoke said, "something must be done to discourage Jack's tendency toward anything that may excite the craving for the savage life, which, I fear, he has inherited from you. You know from your own experience how strong is the call of the wild at times. You know that often it has necessitated a stern struggle on your part to resist the almost insane desire which occasionally overwhelms

you to plunge once again into the jungle life that claimed you for so many years, and at the same time you know better than any other how frightful a fate it would be for Jack were the trail to the savage jungle made either alluring or easy to him."

"I doubt if there is any danger of his inheriting a taste for jungle life from me," replied the man, "for I cannot conceive that such a thing may be transmitted from father to son. And sometimes, Jane, I think that in your solicitude for his future you go a bit too far in your restrictive measures. His love for animals—his desire, for example, to see this trained ape—is only natural in a healthy, normal boy of his age."

And John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, put an arm about his wife, laughing good-naturedly down into her upturned face before he bent his head and kissed her. Then, more seriously, he continued:

"You have never told Jack anything concerning my early life, nor have you permitted me to, and in this I think that you have made a mistake. Had I been able to tell him of the experiences of Tarzan of the Apes I could doubtless have taken much of the glamor and romance from jungle life that naturally surround it in the minds of those who have had no experience of it. He might then have profited by my experience; but now, should the jungle lust every claim him, he will have nothing to guide him but his own impulses, and I know how powerful these may be in the wrong direction at times."

But Lady Greystoke only shook her head as she had a hundred other times when the subject had claimed their attention in the past.

"No, John," she insisted. "I shall never give my consent to the implanting in Jack's mind of any suggestion



A Moment Later He Was Infinitely More Astonished.

of the savage life from which we both wish to preserve him."

Mr. Moore's room was next to that of his youthful charge, and it was the tutor's custom to have a look into the boy's each evening as the former was about to retire. This evening he was particularly careful not to neglect this duty, for he had just come from a conference with the boy's father and mother, in which it had been impressed upon him that he must exercise the greatest care to prevent Jack visiting the music hall where Ajax was being shown.

So when he opened the boy's door at about half-past nine he was greatly excited, though not entirely surprised, to find the future Lord Greystoke fully dressed for the street and about to crawl from his open bedroom window.

Mr. Moore made a rapid sprint across the apartment, but the waste of energy was unnecessary, for when the boy heard him within the chamber and realized that he had been discovered, he turned back, as though to relinquish his planned adventure.

"Where were you going?" panted the excited Mr. Moore.

"I am going to see Ajax," replied the boy quietly.

"I am astonished!" cried Mr. Moore. A moment later he was infinitely more astonished, for the boy, approaching close to him, suddenly seized him about the waist, lifted him from his feet and threw him, back downward, upon the bed, shoving his face deep into the soft pillow.

"Be quiet," admonished the victor, "or I'll choke you."

Mr. Moore struggled, but his efforts were in vain. Whatever else Tarzan of the Apes may or may not have handed down to his son, he had at least bequeathed him almost as marvelous a physique as he himself had possessed at the same age.

Kneeling upon him, Jack tore strips from a sheet and bound the man's hands behind his back. Then he rolled him over and stuffed a gag of the same material between his teeth, securing it with a strip wound about the back of his victim's head. Next he tied Mr. Moore's feet together.

Young Jack Clayton overcomes parental opposition, throttles the crabbed Mr. Moore and goes to see the performing ape, with whom he makes friends.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cruel Constable.

Country Constable (to motorist)—You have evidently been drinking to excess. There is hardly enough left in this bottle to soften my heart sufficiently to release you!—Life.