

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER II—Continued.

Then the son of Tarzan skipped across the room, slipped through the open window and slid to liberty by way of the spout from an eaves trough.

Mr. Moore wriggled and struggled about the bed. He was sure that he should suffocate unless aid came quickly. In his frenzy of terror he managed to roll off the bed.

The pain and shock of the fall jolted him back to something like sane consideration of his plight. Where before he had been unable to think intelligently because of the hysterical fear that had claimed him, he now lay quietly searching for some means of escape from his dilemma.

The best that he could do was to attempt to attract attention from below; and so, after many failures, he managed to work himself into a position in which he could tap the top of his boot against the floor. This he proceeded to do at short intervals until, after what seemed a very long time, he was rewarded by hearing footsteps ascending the stairs, and presently a knock upon the door.

Mr. Moore tapped vigorously with his toe—he could not reply in any other way. The knock was repeated after a moment's silence. Again Mr. Moore tapped. Would they never open the door? Laboriously he rolled in the direction of succor. If he could get his back against the door he could then tap upon its base, when surely he must be heard.

The knocking was repeated a little louder, and finally a voice called, "Mr. Jack!"

It was one of the housemen. Mr. Moore recognized the fellow's voice. He came near to bursting a blood vessel in an endeavor to scream "Come in!" through the stifling gag. After a moment the man knocked again, quite loudly, and called the boy's name. Receiving no reply, he turned the knob, and at the same instant a sudden recollection filled the tutor anew with terror—he had himself locked the door behind him when he had entered the room!

He heard the servant try the door several times, and then depart. Upon which Mr. Moore swooned.

In the meantime Jack was enjoying to the full the stolen pleasures of the music hall. He had reached that temple of mirth just as Ajax's act was commencing, and having purchased a box seat was now leaning breathlessly over the rail, watching every move of the great ape, his eyes wide in wonder.

The trainer was not slow to note the boy's handsome, eager face, and as one of Ajax's biggest hits consisted in an entry to one or more boxes during his



The Man Stopped as Though Turned to Stone. "Akut!" He Cried.

performance, ostensibly in search of a long lost relative, as the trainer explained, the man realized the effectiveness of sending him into the box with the handsome boy, who doubtless would be terror stricken by proximity to the shaggy, powerful beast.

When the time came therefore for the ape to return from the wings in reply to an encore, the trainer directed its attention to the boy, who chanced to be the sole occupant of the box in which he sat.

With a spring the huge anthropoid leaped from the stage to the boy's side,

OVERCOMING PARENTAL OPPOSITION BY FORCE, JACK CLAYTON GOES TO SEE THE PERFORMING APE AND IMMEDIATELY MAKES FRIENDS WITH THE ANIMAL

Synopsis.—A scientific expedition off the African coast rescues Alexis Paulvitch. He brings aboard an ape, intelligent and friendly. Exhibited at a theater in London a few weeks later, the animal makes a hit. Jack Clayton, son of Lord Greystoke, is forbidden to go and see the ape, but thwarts his parents.

But if the trainer had looked for a laughable scene of fright he was mistaken. A broad smile lighted the boy's features as he laid his hand upon the shaggy arm of his visitor. The ape, grasping the boy by either shoulder, peered long and earnestly into his face, while the latter stroked his head and talked to him in a low voice.

Never had Ajax devoted so long a time to an examination of another as he did in this instance. He seemed troubled and not a little excited, jabbering and mumbling to the boy and now caressing him as the trainer had never seen him caress a human being before. Presently he clambered over into the box with him and snuggled down close to the boy's side.

The audience was delighted, but they were still more delighted when the trainer, the period of his act having elapsed, attempted to persuade Ajax to leave the box. The ape would not budge.

The manager, becoming excited at the delay, urged the trainer to greater haste, but when the latter entered the box to drag away the reluctant Ajax he was met by bared fangs and menacing growls.

The audience was delirious with joy. They cheered the ape. They cheered the boy, and they hooted and jeered at the trainer and the manager, which luckless individual had inadvertently shown himself and attempted to assist the trainer.

Finally, reduced to desperation and realizing that this show of mutiny upon the part of his valuable possession might render the animal worthless for exhibition purposes in the future if not immediately subdued, the trainer hastened to his dressing room and procured a heavy whip.

With this he now returned to the box, but when he had threatened Ajax with it but once he found himself facing two infuriated enemies instead of one, for the boy leaped to his feet and, seizing a chair, stood ready at the ape's side to defend his new-found friend. There was no longer a smile upon his handsome face. In his gray eyes was an expression which gave the trainer pause, and beside him stood the giant anthropoid growling and ready.

What might have happened but for a timely interruption may only be surmised, but that the trainer would have received a severe mauling if nothing more was clearly indicated by the attitudes of the two who faced him.

It was a pale-faced houseman who rushed into the Greystoke library to announce that he had found Jack's door locked and had been able to obtain no response to his repeated knocking other than a strange tapping and the sound of what might have been a body moving upon the floor.

Four steps at a time John Clayton took the stairs that led to the floor above. His wife and the servant hurried after him.

Once he called his son's name in a loud voice; but, receiving no reply, he launched his great weight, backed by all the undiminished power of his giant muscles, against the heavy door. With a snapping of iron hinges and a splintering of wood the obstacle burst inward.

At its foot lay the body of the unconscious Mr. Moore, across whom it fell with a resounding thud. Through the opening leaped Tarzan, and a moment later the room was flooded with light from a half-dozen electric bulbs.

It was several minutes before the tutor was discovered, so completely had the door covered him, but finally he was dragged forth, his gag and bonds cut away and a liberal application of cold water hastened his recovery.

"Where is Jack?" was John Clay-

ton's first question, and then, "Who did this?"

Slowly Mr. Moore staggered to his feet. His gaze wandered about the room. Gradually he collected his scattered wits. The details of his recent harrowing experience returned to him.

"I tender my resignation, sir, to take effect at once," were his first words. "You do not need a tutor for your son—what he needs is a wild animal trainer."

"But where is he?" cried Lady Greystoke.

"He has gone to see Ajax."

It was with difficulty that Tarzan restrained a smile, and after satisfying himself that the tutor was more scared than injured, he ordered his closed car around and departed in the direction of a certain well-known music hall.

CHAPTER III.

Exit Paulvitch.

As the trainer, with raised lash, hesitated an instant at the entrance to the box where the boy and the ape confronted him, a tall, broad-shouldered man pushed past him and entered. As his eyes fell upon the newcomer a slight flush mounted the boy's cheeks.

"Father!" he exclaimed.

The ape gave one look at the English lord and then leaped toward him, calling out in excited jabbering. The man, his eyes going wide with astonishment, stopped as though turned to stone.

"Akut!" he cried.

The boy looked, bewildered, from the ape to his father, and from his father to the ape. The trainer's jaw dropped as he listened to what followed, for from the lips of the Englishman flowed the gutturals of an ape that were answered in kind by the huge anthropoid that now clung to him.

And from the wings a hideously bent and disfigured old man watched the tableau in the box, his pockmarked features working spasmodically in varying expressions that might have marked every sensation in the gamut from pleasure to terror.

"Long have I looked for you, Tarzan," said Akut. "Now that I have found you I shall come to your jungle and live there always."

The man stroked the beast's head. Through his mind was running rapidly a train of recollections that carried him far into the depths of the primeval African forest, where this huge, manlike beast had fought shoulder to shoulder with him in years before. He saw the black Mugambi wielding the deadly knob stick and beside them, with bared fangs and bristling whiskers, Sheeta the Terrible and, pressing close behind, savage as the savage panther, the hideous apes of Akut.

The man sighed. Strong within him surged the jungle lust that he had thought dead. Ah, if he could go back even for a brief month of it; to feel again the brush of leafy branches against his naked hide; to smell the musty rot of dead vegetation—frankincense and myrrh to the jungle-born—to sense the noiseless coming of the great carnivore upon his trail; to hunt and to be hunted; to kill!

The picture was alluring. And then came another picture—a sweet-faced woman, still young and beautiful; friends; a home; a son. He shrugged his giant shoulders.

"It cannot be, Akut," he said. "But if you would return I shall see that it is done. You could not be happy here; I may not be happy there."

The trainer stepped forward. The ape bared his fangs, growling.

"Go with him, Akut," said Tarzan of the Apes. "I will come and see you tomorrow."

The beast moved sullenly to the

trainer's side. The latter, at John Clayton's request, told where they might be found. Tarzan turned toward his son.

"Come!" he said, and the two left the theater. Neither spoke for several minutes after they had entered the limousine. It was the boy who broke the silence.

"The ape knew you," he said, "and you spoke together in the ape's tongue. How did the ape know you, and how did you learn his language?"

And then, briefly and for the first time, Tarzan of the Apes told his son of his early life—of his birth in the jungle, of the death of his parents and of how Kala, the great she ape, had suckled and raised him from infancy almost to manhood.

He told him, too, of the dangers and the horrors of the jungle—of the great beasts that stalked one by day and by night; of the periods of drought and of the cataclysmic rains; of hunger, of cold, of intense heat, of nakedness and fear and suffering.

He told him of all those things that seem most horrible to the creature of civilization in the hope that the knowledge of them might expunge from the



Then Briefly Tarzan of the Apes Told His Son of His Early Life.

lad's mind any inherent desire for the jungle. Yet they were the very things that made the memory of the jungle what it was to Tarzan—that made up the composite jungle life he loved.

And in the telling he forgot one thing—the principal thing—that the boy at his side, listening so eagerly, was the son of Tarzan of the Apes.

After the boy had been tucked away to bed John Clayton told his wife of the events of the evening and that he had at last acquainted the boy with the facts of his jungle life. The mother, who had long foreseen that her son must some time know of those frightful years during which his father had roamed the jungle, a naked, savage beast of prey, shook her head, hoping against hope that the lure she knew was still strong in the father's breast had not been transmitted to his son.

Tarzan makes an important explanation to Jack, but the talk does not have the effect hoped for by the father.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAY USE KENTUCKY STONE

Product of Blue Grass State Believed as Good and Cheap as Bavarian Article.

It is believed that after the war in over lithographic stone quarried in Kentucky may be put on the market as cheaply as the Bavarian stone which has been the principal source of supply for a long time. Small quantities of the Kentucky stone have been sold already, but the high cost of labor in this country and the difficulty of working the stone have kept it out of serious competition with the foreign product.

The European stone occurs in thin layers, which require little but planing and polishing after being removed from the quarry. The American stone is in beds from three to ten feet thick and must be sawed into thin layers before it is ready for use.

The Bavarian quarries have been worked so long that vast piles of waste have accumulated that must be moved from time to time, thus adding to the cost of production. The American quarries have found a market for the crushed refuse from their quarries, and this by-product helps reduce the cost.

The better grades of lithographic stone bring five to six cents a pound for slabs ten by twelve inches and the poorer grades a cent and a half a pound.

Going Up.

A device that enables a man to climb a steel cable to which it is attached by turning a bicycle pedal has been patented by a California inventor.

Hardening Wood.

Wood-acquires a remarkable hardness and toughness when it is placed in tanks and covered with quicklime, which is gradually slaked with water.

FAIR DEAL PROMISED WHEAT CONSUMERS

Price Guaranty Does Not Mean Extortion, Says Barnes.

EUROPE'S NEEDS BIG

Little Use May Be Made of Billion-Dollar Fund Provided for Financing U. S. Crop.

New York.—Despite maintenance of the government guaranteed price in the face of an American wheat crop which probably will break all records, domestic consumers will not pay more for the product during the coming year than the rates concurrently accepted from foreign buyers, Julius H. Barnes, newly appointed federal wheat director, declared in a statement Tuesday outlining the policies of his administration.

Mr. Barnes termed unsound any governmental scheme of artificial subsidizing and thought it quite possible, with the greater part of Europe looking to America for food and the crop prospects of the allied countries even poorer than last year, that little inroad, except of a temporary nature, would be made on the billion-dollar fund provided by congress to carry out the farmers' guarantee of \$2.26 a bushel.

However, should there be a surplus of wheat, he said, the national treasury would be protected as far as possible in making good the difference between the guaranteed and market rates by determination of a world price for the sale of the surplus. At present the world price exceeds the government price. How much of the federal appropriation would be expended, the director said, would depend on the harvest, as would also the government policy in buying and selling portions of the crop. Until facts concerning the 1919 yield are more generally known, he added, no definite plan of operation could be intelligently adopted.

In relation to federal acquisition of wheat, which he predicted would be on an extensive scale in enforcing the farmers' guaranty, particularly if world prices should be lower than the government prices, effective June 1, 1920, Mr. Barnes said three plans were under consideration: Direct dealing with the farmers, which would bring the director into contact with 1,000,000 persons; purchasing through the country grain exchanges, which would necessitate keeping 20,000 accounts, and buying through the mills, which would reduce the number of clients to 7000.

As to sale of government acquired stocks the director said that congress, with a clear conception of the difficulties of the coming year, had delegated to the president large powers and discretion which would be at the service of the wheat administration. The sale policy, he said, would be decided by factors developing within the season and the license power would be used, if necessary, to control trade practices so as to assure proper reflection of the guaranteed price reaching all classes of producers.

Air Celebration Planned.

Washington, D. C.—Plans for celebrating the first anniversary of the New York-Philadelphia air mail service on May 15 contemplate the use on regular flights of the same six planes which inaugurated the service and which to date have survived more than 11 months of flying under all sorts of weather conditions. About eight million letters, or more than 200,000 pounds of mail, have been carried in this service.

Place Goes to Virginian.

Portsmouth, Va.—Ervin Underwood, general solicitor of the Seaboard Air Line railway, has resigned and will become general solicitor of the United States railroad administration at Washington.

The World on Wheels.

According to a report by the office of public roads, which takes notice of such matters, there were 3,512,996 automobiles and motor trucks and 250,829 motorcycles registered in the United States in 1918. This is an increase of 43 per cent over the registry of cars and trucks for the previous year. The gain was greatest in the Southern states, where it reached 83 per cent. On the estimate of the present population there is now an automobile for every 29 people in the United States. On the basis of comfortable seating capacity, this makes room for one-sixth of the inhabitants, says Thomas F. Logan in Leslie's. Or, in other words, if properly apportioned, every sixth or seventh family would be found supplied. The total license revenue derived from this source for 1918 was \$25,965,370, which represents an

increase of \$7,609,659 over the receipts of the same character for the year before.

Our Army of Civil War.

During the first year of the Civil war the number of the regular army rose to 32,000. Lincoln's first call for volunteers, April 15, 1861, was for 75,000 men for three months. At the beginning of 1862 the number of volunteers in the field was about 550,000. During the next three years it was about 900,000. At the close of the war the Union army numbered 1,000,000 men. The total number of troops furnished was 2,850,000 men.

Are Not the Same.

Ambility and flabbiness, meekness and weakness, are not the same thing; excess of the former leads to the latter.