

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Crouched close to the great ape in the crotch of a tree, the boy had shivered through an almost sleepless night. His light pajamas had been but little protection from the chill dampness of the jungle, and only that side of him which was pressed against the warm body of his shaggy companion approximated comfort. And so he welcomed the rising sun with its promise of warmth as well as light—the blessed sun, dispeller of physical and mental ills.

He shook Akut into wakefulness. "Come," he said, "I am cold and hungry. We will search for food out there in the sunlight," and he pointed to an open plain, dotted with stunted trees and strewn with jagged rock.

The boy slid to the ground as he spoke, but the ape first looked carefully about, sniffing the morning air. Then, satisfied that no danger lurked near, he descended slowly to the ground beside the boy.

"Nuna and Nabor, his mate, feast upon those who descend first and look afterward, while those who look first and descend afterward live to feast themselves." Thus the old ape imparted to the son of Tarzan the boy's first lesson in jungle lore.

Side by side they set off across the rough plain, for the boy wished first to be warm. The ape showed him the best places to dig for rodents and worms, but the lad only gazed at the thought of devouring the repulsive things. Some eggs they found, and these he sucked raw, as also he ate roots and tubers which Akut unearthed.

That night the son of Tarzan was colder than he ever had been in all his life. The pajama trousers were not very heavy, but they were much heavier than nothing. And the next day he roasted in the hot sun, for again their way led much across wide and treeless plains.

It was still in the boy's mind to travel to the south and circle back to the coast in search of another outpost of civilization. He had said nothing of this plan to Akut, for he knew that the old ape would look with displeasure upon any suggestion that savored of separation.

For a month the two wandered on, the boy learning rapidly the laws of the jungle; his muscles adapting themselves to the new mode of life that had been thrust upon them. The thews of the sire had been transmitted to the son—it needed only the hardening of use to develop them.

One day as they were moving slowly along beside a river they came unexpectedly upon a native village. Some children were playing beside the water.

The boy's heart leaped within his breast at sight of them. For more than a month he had seen no human being. What if these were naked savages? What if their skins were black? Were they not creatures fashioned in the mold of their Maker as was he? They were his brothers and sisters! He started toward them.

With a low warning Akut laid a hand upon his arm to hold him back. The boy shook himself free and, with a shout of greeting, ran forward toward the ebony players.

The sound of his voice brought every head erect. Wide eyes viewed him for an instant, and then, with screams of terror, the children turned and fled toward the village. At their heels ran their mothers, and from the village gate, in response to the alarm, came a score of warriors, hastily snatched spears and shields ready in their hands.

At sight of the consternation he had wrought the boy halted. The glad smile faded from his face as with wild shouts and menacing gestures the warriors ran toward him. Akut was calling to him from behind to turn and flee; that the blacks would kill him.

With a low snarl, quite similar to that of a baffled beast, he turned and ran into the jungle. There was Akut awaiting him in a tree. The ape urged him to hasten in flight, for the wise old anthropoid knew that they two, naked and unarmed, were no match for the sneaky black warriors who would doubtless make some sort of search for them through the jungle.

But a new power moved the son of Tarzan. He had come with a boy's glad and open heart to offer his friendship to these people who were human beings like himself. He had been met with suspicion and spears. They had not even listened to him. Rage and hatred consumed him.

They made a detour about the hos-

JACK LEARNS TO HIS GREAT DISTRESS THAT HE CANNOT MINGLE WITH EITHER WHITE OR BLACK MEN

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. The ape 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.

the village and resumed their journey toward the coast.

All the while Jack's training went on under the guidance of Akut. Yet, though the boy loved the jungle, he had not let his selfish desires outweigh the sense of duty that had brought him to a realization of the moral wrong which lay beneath the adventurous escapade that had brought him to Africa. His love of father and mother was strong within him, too strong to permit unalloyed happiness which was undoubtedly causing them days of sorrow.

And so he held tight to his determination to find a port upon the coast where he might communicate with them and receive funds for his return to London. There he felt sure that he could now persuade his parents to let him spend at least a portion of his time upon those African estates which from little careless remarks dropped at home he knew his father possessed.

That would be something—better at least than a lifetime of the cramped and cloying restrictions of civilization.

And so he was rather contented than otherwise as he made his way in the direction of the coast, for, while he enjoyed the liberty and the savage pleasures of the wild, his conscience was at the same time clear, for he knew that he was doing all that lay in his power to return to his parents. He looked forward, too, to meeting white men again—creatures of his own kind, for there had been many occasions upon which he had longed for other companionship than that of the old ape.

And at last the much dreamed of moment came. They were passing through a tangled forest when the boy's sharp eyes discovered from the lower branches the



Both the White Men Were Wielding Heavy Whips Brutally.

traveling an old but well marked spoor—a spoor that set his heart to leaping—the spoor of man, of white men, for among the prints of naked feet were the well defined outlines of European made boots.

The trail, which marked the passage of a good sized company, pointed north at right angles to the course the boy and the ape were taking toward the coast.

Doubtless these white men knew the nearest coast settlement. They might even be headed for it now. At any rate, it would be worth while overtaking them, even if only for the pleasure of meeting again creatures of his own kind.

The boy was in the lead, excitement and anticipation carrying him ahead of his companion. And it was the boy who first saw the rear guard of the caravan and the white men he had been so anxious to overtake.

Stumbling along the tangled trail of those ahead a dozen heavily laden blacks who, from fatigue or sickness, had dropped behind were being prodded by the black soldiers of the rear guard, kicked when they fell and then roughly jerked to their feet and hustled onward. On either side walked a giant white man, whose heavy blond beard almost obliterated their countenances.

The boy's lips formed a glad cry of salutation as his eyes first discovered

the whites—a cry that was never uttered, for almost immediately he witnessed that which turned his happiness to anger as he saw that both the white men were wielding heavy whips brutally upon the naked backs of the poor devils staggering along beneath loads that would have overtaxed the strength and endurance of strong men at the beginning of a new day.

Every now and then the rear guard and the white men cast apprehensive glances rearward, as though momentarily expecting the materialization of some long expected danger from that quarter. The boy had paused after his first sight of the caravan and now was following slowly in the wake of the sordid, brutal spectacle.

Presently Akut came up with him. To the beast there was less of horror in the sight than to the lad, yet even the great ape growled beneath his breath at useless torture being inflicted upon the helpless slaves.

He looked at the boy. Now that he had caught up with the creatures of his own kind, why was it that he did not rush forward and greet them? He put the question to his companion.

"They are fiends," muttered the boy. "I would not travel with such as they, for if I did I should set upon them and kill them the first time they beat their people as they are beating them now. But," he added after a moment's thought, "I can ask them the whereabouts of the nearest port, and then, Akut, we can leave them."

The ape made no reply, and the boy swung to the ground and started at a brisk walk toward the safari. He was a hundred yards away, perhaps, when one of the whites caught sight of him.

The man gave a shout of alarm, instantly leveling his rifle upon the boy and firing. The bullet struck just in front of its mark, scattering turf and fallen leaves against the lad's legs. A second later the other white and the black soldiers of the rear guard were firing hysterically at him.

Jack leaped behind a tree, unhit. Days of panic ridden flight through the jungle had filled Carl Janssen and Sven Malblin with jangling nerves and their native boys with unreasonable terror. Every new note from behind sounded to their frightened ears the coming of the sheik and his blood-thirsty followers.

When, after conquering their nervousness, the rear guard advanced upon the enemy's position to investigate they found nothing, for Akut and the boy had retreated out of range of the unfriendly guns.

SAVES MONEY FOR THE ARMY

Indiana Mess Sergeant Feeds His Men for Less Than Twenty-five Cents Each a Day.

How an inexperienced man can feed government troops and save money on the job is being demonstrated at Camp Taylor by Lucas Lincoln of this city, says the Indianapolis News. Lincoln is mess sergeant of the Forty-second company, Eleventh battalion. He was one of the first drafted men to go from here, having volunteered out of his regular order of obligation. He is a son of a furniture manufacturer here, and is married.

In a letter home, Lincoln tells how he is feeding 145 men for less than 25 cents each a day. He says the food is well cooked, and that the men have plenty. A sample menu, inclosed in the letter, shows how Lincoln made a saving of \$17.89 on the government's food allowance for the three meals scheduled.

For breakfast the men had hamburger steak, biscuits and syrup, hashed brown potatoes and coffee. The dinner menu was vegetable soup, macaroni and cheese, bread and hot tea, and peach cobbler. For supper the men had boiled ham, mashed potatoes, bread and syrup, tea and stewed prunes.

Easily Explained.

"Your friend was suspected of being a counterfeiter or a bank robber when he tried to get a \$1,000 bill changed."

"So he was, but he soon straightened matters out."

"What did he do?"

"Proved he was a motion picture star and seldom got a bill of smaller denomination in his week's salary."

On a Roller.

A list of telephone numbers that can be fastened to an instrument and which is manipulated like a shade on a spring roller has been patented.

Jack was disheartened and sad. He had not entirely recovered from the depressing effect of the unfriendly reception he had received at the hands of the blacks, and now he had found an even more hostile one accorded him by men of his own color.

"The lesser beasts flee from me in terror," he murmured half to himself; the greater beasts are ready to tear me to pieces at sight. Black men would kill me with their spears or arrows. And now white men, my own kind, have fired upon and driven me away.

"Are all the creatures of the world my enemies? Has the son of Tarzan no friend other than Akut?"

The old ape drew closer to the boy. "There are the great apes," he said. "They only will be the friends of Akut's friend. Only the great apes will welcome the son of Tarzan. You have seen that men want nothing of you. Let us go now and continue our search for the great apes—our people."

CHAPTER VII.

A Rescue.

A year had passed since the two Swedes had been driven in terror from the savage country where the sheik held sway. Little Meriem still played with her doll Geeka, lavishing all her childish love upon the now almost hopeless ruin of what had never, even in its palmiest days, possessed even a slight degree of loveliness.

The sheik had been away for a long time, conducting a caravan of ivory, skins and rubber far into the north. The interim had been one of great peace for Meriem. It is true that Mabunu had still been with her, to pinch or beat her as the mood seized the villainous old hag, but Mabunu was only one. When the sheik was there also there were two of them, and the sheik was stronger and more brutal even than Mabunu.

Little Meriem often wondered why the grim old man hated her so. It is true that he was cruel and unjust to all with whom he came in contact, but to Meriem he reserved his greatest cruelties, his most studied injustices.

As the little girl studied she prattled continuously to her companion, propped in a sitting position with a couple of twigs. She was totally absorbed in Geeka—so much so that she did not note the gentle swaying of the branches of the tree above her as they bent to the body of a creature that had entered them stealthily from the jungle.

In happy ignorance the little girl played on, while from above two steady eyes looked down upon her, unblinking, unwavering. There was none other than the little girl in this part of the village, which had been almost deserted since the sheik had left long months before upon his journey toward the north.

And out in the jungle, an hour's march from the village, the sheik was leading his returning caravan homeward.

Jack sees the pretty little Arabian girl cruelly mistreated and he rescues her from the brutal attack.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Internal Combustion Engine.

The Diesel engine is an internal combustion engine which runs on crude oil and the lowest grades of fuel oil. It burns cheaper fuel and less of it than a gasoline engine. Its construction is heavier, but more simple, as it requires neither magneto nor carburetor, positive ignition and burning of the fuel without explosions being obtained from heat of great intensity, generated by compression of the air between the piston and the cylinder head and the liquid fuel being atomized and sprayed into the heated air in the combustion chamber under great pressure. It is claimed that the Diesel engine converts into available mechanical energy a greater percentage of the power represented by the heat contained in the fuel consumed than any other form of engine yet produced.

Terrible.

"My dear, you mustn't let anybody read that letter from Cousin George at the front. I'm surprised that he'd write such things."

"What's the matter with his letter? It's mighty interesting."

"Some parts of it are, but his confessions of his disgraceful conduct are dreadful. I wouldn't for the world have anyone know of his doings."

"I don't get you at all."

"You don't? Didn't you read that part of his letter where he says he was out with a British tank last night, and they rolled all over the place?"

Original "Green Room."

The original "green room" is said to have been painted green in order to relieve the eyes of actors dazzled by the glare of the footlights.

Loss From Fire.

Apart from the thousands of lives destroyed by fire, this country sustains an annual loss from this cause of at least \$300,000,000.

Orchard Information

POISON FOR JAPANESE BUGS

Campaign of Eradication Being Waged Against Beetle in New Jersey—Injures Foliage.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The Japanese beetle, a small insect that attacks a great variety of plants, has become established over an area of approximately 10,000 acres near Riverton, N. J. The United States department of agriculture, in co-operation with the New Jersey department of agriculture, is waging a campaign of eradication, or if eradication is impossible, of such control as to hold the insect within a limited territory.

The mature beetle feeds on the leaves of orchard trees and ornamental plants as well as a number of annual plants. It shows a fondness for flowering plants, and is particularly destructive to roses. However, it is not fastidious in its tastes. It feeds voraciously on the foliage of smart weed.

In the control campaign poison belts have been established, one immediately outside the infested area and others at intervals farther back, somewhat like a defensive system of trenches in human warfare. The foliage of all vegetation in these belts is poisoned. Hand picking is resorted to, and the insects are collected by bushels.

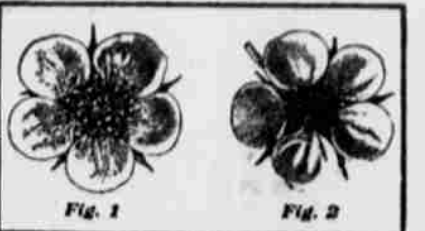
The larva is a white grub that feeds on the roots of living plants and to some extent on decaying vegetation. The destruction of larvae in the soil is undertaken by the use of insecticides and by plowing operations.

The great danger of the spread of the insect is in shipments of sweet corn. The beetle burrows into the ear and detection is difficult. All sweet corn shipped out of the infested area must undergo inspection, and any that is infested cannot be shipped but must be canned or otherwise disposed of.

HOME GARDEN STRAWBERRIES

Varieties Having High Quality Should Be Given Preference—Get Some "Perfect."

In selecting varieties of strawberries for the home garden those having high quality should have preference, and a group of varieties which will give the longest possible ripening period should be selected, says Farm Journal. In deciding which to plant be sure to get some "perfect" (Fig. 1) varieties—that is, varieties which have both stamens and pistils in the blossom. The "imperfect" (Fig. 2) varieties have the pistils and not the stamens, and will not produce fruit unless fertilized by pollen from other plants having both stamens and pistils. The



Perfect and Imperfect Varieties.

common method of arranging the varieties where the imperfects are planted is to plant one row of the perfect variety, then two of the imperfect, and so on.

BILLING UP APPLE ORCHARD

Smaller Growing Trees, Such as Peach or Plum, May Be Placed There Temporarily.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

It is possible to plant between apple trees, when set 32 feet apart, smaller growing trees, such as the peach or plum, placing one between each two trees in the row, as well as planting a row in the center of the spaces between the tree rows. This is a temporary arrangement, however, since the apple trees will eventually need all the space. Before crowding begins the interplanted trees should be removed.

VARIETIES OF FRUIT SOILS

Best to Avoid Light, Sandy Land and Heavy Clays—Latter Are Difficult to Manage.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Most fruits can be grown on a great variety of soils, but where possible it is better to avoid light, sandy soils, and heavy clays. The latter are often difficult to manage in the intensive way necessary for the best success with fruit, while the light soils are likely to be affected by the extremes of heat, cold and drought.