

The Son of Tarzan

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THE SWEDES BUY MERIEM FROM KOVODOO, AND IN FIGHTING OVER HER, MALBIHN KILLS JENSSON

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.

CHAPTER IX.

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When Thieves Fall Out.

So the two Swedes approached the village of Kovudoo with friendly words upon their tongues and deep craft in their hearts.

Their plans were well made. There was no mention of the white prisoner. They chose to pretend that they were not aware that Kovudoo had a white prisoner. They exchanged gifts with the old chief, haggling with his plenipotentiaries over the value of what they were to receive for what they gave, as is customary and proper when one has no ulterior motives. Unwarranted generosity would have aroused suspicion.

During the palaver which followed they retailed the gossip of the villages through which they had passed, receiving in exchange such news as Kovudoo possessed. The palaver was long and tiresome, as these native ceremonies always are to Europeans. Kovudoo made no mention of his prisoner, and from his generous efforts of guides and presents seemed anxious to assure himself of the speedy departure of his guests.

It was Malbihn who, quite casually, near the close of their talk, mentioned the fact that the sheik was dead. Kovudoo evinced interest and surprise.

"You did not know it?" asked Malbihn. "That is strange. It was during the last moon. He fell from his horse when the beast stepped in a hole. The horse fell upon him. When his men came up the sheik was quite dead."

Kovudoo scratched his head. He was much disappointed. No sheik meant no ransom for the white girl.

"I know where there is a white girl," he said unexpectedly. "If you wish to buy her she may be had cheap."

Malbihn shrugged. "We have trouble enough, Kovudoo," he said, "without burdening ourselves with an old, broken-down sheik and as for paying for one"—Malbihn snapped his fingers.

"She is young," said Kovudoo, "and good looking."

The Swedes laughed. "There are no good looking white women in the jun-



"Is She Not Both Young and Good Looking?" Asked Kovudoo.

gle, Kovudoo," said Jenssen. "You should be ashamed to try to make fun of old friends."

Kovudoo sprang to his feet. "Come," he said, "I will show you."

Malbihn and Jenssen rose to follow him, and as they did so their eyes met, and Malbihn slowly dropped one of his lids in a sly wink. Together they followed Kovudoo toward his hut. In the dim interior they discerned the figure of a woman lying bound upon a sleeping mat.

Malbihn took a single glance and turned away. "She must be a thousand years old, Kovudoo," he said as he left the hut.

"She is young!" cried the savage. "It is dark in here. You cannot see. Wait. I will have her brought out in the sunlight." And he commanded the two warriors who watched the girl to cut the bonds from her ankles and lead her forth for inspection.

Malbihn and Jenssen evinced no eagerness, though both were fairly bursting with it, not to see the girl, but to obtain possession of her. They cared not if she had the face of a marmoset or the figure of pot bellied Kovudoo himself. All that they wished to know was that she was the girl who had been stolen from the sheik several years before. They thought that they would recognize her for such if she were indeed the same. But even so, the testimony of the runner Kovudoo had sent to the sheik was such as to assure them that the girl was the one they had once before attempted to abduct.

As Meriem was brought forth from the darkness of the hut's interior the two men turned, with every appearance of disinterestedness, to glance at her. It was with difficulty that Malbihn suppressed an ejaculation of astonishment. The girl's beauty fairly took his breath from him. But instantly he recovered his poise and turned to Kovudoo.

"Well?" he said to the old chief. "Is she not both young and good looking?" asked Kovudoo.

"She is not old," replied Malbihn. "But, even so, she will be a burden. We did not come from the north after wives. There are more than enough there for us."

Meriem stood looking straight at the white men. She expected nothing from them—they were to her as much enemies as the black men. She hated and feared them all. Malbihn spoke to her in Arabic.

"We are friends," he said. "Would you like to have us take you away from here?"

Slowly and dimly, as though from a great distance, recollection of the once familiar tongue returned to her.

"I should like to go free," she said, "and go back to Korak."

"You would like to go with us?" persisted Malbihn.

"No," said Meriem.

Malbihn turned to Kovudoo. "She does not wish to go with us," he said. "You are men," returned the black.

"Can you not take her by force?"

"It would only add to our troubles," replied the Swede. "No, Kovudoo, we do not wish her, though, if you wish to be rid of her, we will take her away because of our friendship for you."

Now, Kovudoo knew that he had made a sale. They wanted her. So he commenced to bargain, and in the end the person of Meriem passed from the possession of the black chieftain into that of the two Swedes in consideration of six yards of American, three empty brass cartridge shells and a shiny new jackknife from New Jersey. And all but Meriem were more than pleased with the bargain.

Kovudoo stipulated but a single condition, and that was that the Europeans were to leave his village and take the girl with them as early the next morning as they could get started. After the sale he did not hesitate to explain his reasons for this demand. He told them of strenuous attempts of the girl's savage mate to rescue her, and suggested that the sooner they got her out of the country the more likely they were to retain possession of her.

Meriem was again bound and placed under guard, but this time in the tent of the Swedes. Malbihn talked to her, trying to persuade her to accompany them willingly. He told her that they would return her to her own village, but when he discovered that she would rather die than go back to the old sheik he assured her that they would not take her there—nor, as a matter of fact, had they any intention of so doing.

All that night Meriem lay listening for a signal from Korak. All about the jungle life moved through the darkness. To her sensitive ears came sounds that the others in the camp could not hear, sounds that she interpreted as we might interpret the speech of a friend, but not once came a single note that betokened the presence of Korak. But she knew that he would come. Nothing short of death itself could prevent her Korak from returning to her.

What delayed him, though?

When morning came again and the night had brought no succoring Korak Meriem's faith and loyalty were still unshaken, though misgivings began to assail her as to the safety of her friend. It seemed unbelievable that serious mishap could have overtaken her wonderful Korak, who daily passed unscathed through all the terrors of the jungle. Yet morning came, the morning meal was eaten, the camp broken, and the disreputable safari of the Swedes was again on the move northward with still no sign of the rescue by Korak the girl momentarily expected.

All that day they marched and the next and the next. Nor did Korak even so much as show himself to the patient little waiter moving, silent and stately, beside her hard captors.

It was on the fourth day that Meriem began definitely to give up hope.



But at the Flash of the Explosion He Stopped.

Something had happened to Korak. She knew it. He would never come now, and these men would take her away. Presently they would kill her. She would never see her Korak again.

On this day the Swedes rested, for they had marched rapidly and their men were tired. Malbihn and Jenssen had gone from camp to hunt, taking different directions.

They had been gone about an hour when the door of Meriem's tent was lifted and Malbihn entered. His look portended no good to the girl.

Out in the jungle Jenssen had brought down two bucks. His hunting had not carried him far afield, nor was he prone to permit it to do so. He was suspicious of Malbihn. The very fact that his companion had refused to accompany him and elected instead to hunt alone in another direction would not, under ordinary circumstances, have seemed fraught with sinister suggestion, but Jenssen knew Malbihn well, and so, having secured meat, he turned immediately back toward camp while his boys brought in his kill.

He had covered about half the return journey when a scream came faintly to his ears from the direction of camp. He halted to listen. It was repeated twice. Then silence.

With a muttered curse Jenssen broke into a rapid run. What a fool Malbihn was, indeed, thus to chance jeopardizing a fortune!

Further away from camp than Jenssen and upon the opposite side another heard Meriem's screams—a stranger who was not even aware of the proximity of white men other than himself, a hunter with a handful of sleek, black warriors.

He, too, listened intently for a moment. That the voice was that of a woman in distress he could not doubt, and so he also hastened to a run in the direction of the affrighted voice, but he was much farther away than Jenssen, so that the latter reached the tent first.

What the Swede found there roused no pity within his calloused heart, only anger against his fellow scoundrel. Meriem was fighting off her attacker. Malbihn was showering blows upon her.

Jenssen, streaming foul curses upon his erstwhile friend, burst into the tent. Malbihn, interrupted, dropped

his victim and turned to meet Jenssen's infuriated charge.

He whipped a revolver from his hip. Jenssen, anticipating the lightning move of the other's hand, drew almost simultaneously, and both men fired at once.

Jenssen was still moving toward Malbihn at the time, but at the flash of the explosion he stopped. His revolver dropped from nerveless fingers. For a moment he staggered drunkenly. Deliberately Malbihn put two more bullets into his friend's body at close range.

Even in the midst of the excitement and her terror Meriem found herself wondering at the tenacity of life which the hit man displayed. His eyes were closed, his head dropped forward upon his breast, his hands hung limply before him. Yet still he stood there upon his feet, though he reeled horribly.

It was not until the third bullet had found its mark within his body that he lunged forward upon his face. Then Malbihn approached him and, with an oath, kicked him viciously. Then he turned once more to Meriem.

Bwana rescues Meriem and takes her home to his wife, who adopts the girl.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SACRIFICES OF ARMY DOCTOR

Home Practice and Other Advantages Relinquished to Serve Country During the War.

One-fifth of the total number of physicians in the United States will have to enroll for military duty if this war continues for another year, observes Leslie's Weekly. All but a small percentage of them must enroll voluntarily. All but a small percentage of them have families to support and these and others are wholly dependent on the income of the head of the house for this support. The physician from 35 to 45 years of age, the age of greatest usefulness for military service, is at that critical period of his professional and financial development that two years of forced absence is liable to affect disastrously his whole career.

The change means, if there is no independent income, sacrificing of insurance, lapsing of the mortgage, withdrawing of children from school, a complete change of method of living, and great risk of returning after the war with a lucrative practice divided among the stay-at-homes. A law has recently been introduced in the senate by Senator Owen which provides an increased rank for medical officers of the reserve corps, that will in some way meet the financial burden of the volunteer doctor and will furnish him a rank equal to the dignity of his civil position.

How to Keep Your Friends.

It is almost impossible to be genuinely friendly with a person who insists on being too close to you, on knowing all your thoughts, feelings and affairs, and on claiming your time and attention on the excuse of affection alone.

The bonds of true friendship must be easy and its demands must be for something real and vital. The woman who calls on you perpetually because she has taken a sudden fancy to you is a blind and selfish egotist, in a mild way. Her calls may interrupt your work and bore you intensely, but if you are a polite and courteous person you bear with her until she directs her attention elsewhere. She will probably tell the new friend that you are "very unresponsive." Some women clutch at every new acquaintance and then complain that they have so few friends. The reason is that friendship is not built on trivialities and whims, but by giving such valuable things as true consideration, real interest and manifesting a decent reserve as to the other person's confidence and nonconfidings. —Woman's Home Companion.

Press Gang at Church.

The cursory examinations which many recruits allege they received in the earlier days of the war were far greater tests of endurance and stamina than the recruit of 50 years ago was wont to receive. In those days, if a man could count all his limbs and had sufficient teeth to enable him to crunch the hard army biscuits and salt beef, or bite off the end of a cartridge before putting it into his old Brown Bess, he was certain of being accepted.

In earlier times, however, there was no pretense at medical examination at all. When Queen Elizabeth resolved to assist in raising the siege of Calais in 1596, the lord mayor and aldermen of London received instructions to raise a thousand men for this service, and on Easter Sunday they proceeded to several churches with their constables, fastened the doors, and selected from the congregation the number of men required. Without any medical examination they were equipped and sent to Dover. —The Bits.

Van Eyck Born in 1386.

Jan Van Eyck, who is by some believed to have invented oil painting, was born in the year 1386.



ROAD BUILDING

ATTENTION TO EARTH ROADS
Authority on Highway Construction Likes Concrete, but Favors More Care of Lanes.

"More attention has got to be paid to the earth roads if the coming bond elections are to go over." This is the opinion of E. L. Stevens, inventor and road expert. Mr. Stevens is, perhaps, one of the most unique characters in the road-building world. A graduate civil engineer, he felt the tremendous need for the perfection and development of the road system of America. He stepped out from the promising channels of the regular engineering profession and went down almost below the level of ordinary men to study road building, says Rocky Mountain News. He has made road building and maintenance his life work and is now, probably, as well qualified as any man



Sand-Clay Road Well Cared For.

to tell the methods for the proper up-building of the nation's highway system.

For a number of years Mr. Stevens has been highway commissioner for the Estes Park highway. This piece of road work in itself is a testimony to his ideals. He is also the inventor of the Stevens improved road drag, one of the simplest and most efficient road machines on the American market.

Mr. Stevens believes in concrete highways and prepared boulevards, but he also believes that the earth road, which comprises more than 80 per cent of the country's highways, is of no less importance. "A concrete highway isn't going to do a farmer much good if he has got to haul his load three miles through hub-deep mud before he gets to it," is Mr. Stevens' attitude.

The farmer is the man who is going to pay for most of the country roads, and although concrete roads are needed where the traffic is sufficiently heavy the earth roads that feed the concrete road must be kept up.

As an inventor of road machinery, a road engineer, a road supervisor and a road worker for his practicalities and the life dream of better roads as his idealism, Mr. Stevens is ably qualified to judge highway problems.

UTAH TO SPEND \$8,000,000

Part of Money Is to Be Spent for Improvements on Arrowhead Trail to California.

The state of Utah has decided to spend about \$8,000,000 on roads in the next two years, with an expenditure this year of about \$2,000,000. Some of the Utah millions, which are made up of state and federal funds, are going to be used on the development of the Arrowhead trail, which is tributary to all parts of southern California, from San Diego and Imperial valley on the south to Fresno and San Luis Obispo on the north.

\$300,000,000 FOR HIGHWAYS

Sum Which If Capitalized at 5 Per Cent Would Represent Investment of \$6,000,000,000.

Government road officials estimate that road construction and maintenance in the United States involve an annual outlay of over \$300,000,000, a sum, which, if capitalized at 5 per cent, would represent an investment of \$6,000,000,000. There has never been a nation-wide traffic census to show either the direction or volume of traffic over these highways.