

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER IX—Continued.

At the same instant the flaps of the tent opened silently and a tall white man stood in the aperture. Neither Meriem or Malbihn saw the newcomer. The latter's back was toward him, while his body hid the stranger from Meriem's eye.

He crossed the tent quickly, stepping over Jessen's body. The first intimation Malbihn had was a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

He wheeled, to face an utter stranger, a tall, black haired, gray eyed stranger, clad in khaki and pith helmet. Malbihn reached for his gun again, but another hand had been quicker than his, and he saw the weapon tossed to the ground at the side of the tent—out of reach.

"What is the meaning of this?" The stranger addressed his question to Meriem in a tongue she did not understand. She shook her head and spoke in Arabic. Instantly the man changed his question to that language.

"These men are taking me away from Korak," panted the girl. "This one would have harmed me. The other, who he has just killed, tried to stop him. They were both very bad men, but this one is the worse. If my Korak were here he would kill him. I suppose you are like them, so you will not kill him."

The stranger smiled. "He deserves killing," he said. "There is no doubt of that. Once I should have killed him, but now not. I will see, though, that he does not bother you any more."

He was holding Malbihn in a grasp the giant Swede could not break, though he struggled to do so, and he was holding him as easily as Malbihn might have held a little child, yet Malbihn was a huge man, mightily thewed. The Swede began to rage and curse. He struck at his captor, only to be twisted about and held at arm's length. Then he shouted to his boys to come and kill the stranger.

In response a dozen strange blacks entered the tent. They, too, were powerful, clean limbed men, not at all like the manny crew that followed the Swedes.

"We have had enough foolishness," said the stranger to Malbihn. "You deserve death, but I am not the law. I know now who you are. I have heard of you before. You and your friend bear a most unsavory reputation. We do not want you in our country. I shall let you go this time, but should you ever return I shall take the law into my own hands. Now, get out, and next time you see me remember who I am," and he spoke a name in the Swede's ear—a name that more effectually subdued the scoundrel than many beatings. Then he gave him a push that carried him bodily through the tent doorway, to sprawl upon the turf beyond.

"Now," he said, turning toward Meriem, "who has the key to this thing about your neck?"

The girl pointed to Jessen's body. "He carried it always," she said.

The stranger searched the clothing on the corpse until he came upon the key. A moment more Meriem was free.

"Will you let me go back to my Korak?" she asked.

"I will see that you are returned to your people," the stranger replied. "Who are they, and where is their village?"

He had been eyeing her strange, barbaric garment wondering. From her speech she was evidently an Arab girl, but he had never before seen one thus clothed.

"Who are your people? Who is Korak?" he asked again.

"Korak! Why, Korak is an ape. I have no other people, Korak and I live in the jungle alone since Aht went to be king of the apes." She had always thus pronounced Akut's name, for so it had sounded to her when first she came with Korak and the ape.

A questioning expression entered the stranger's eyes. He looked at the girl closely.

"So Korak is an ape?" he said. "And what, pray, are you?"

"I am Meriem. I also am an ape." "M'm," was the stranger's only oral comment upon this startling announcement. But what he thought might have been partially interpreted through the pitying light that entered his eyes. He approached the girl and started to lay his hand upon her forehead. She drew back with a savage little growl. A smile touched his lips.

"You need not fear me," he said. "I shall not harm you. I only wish to discover if you have fever—if you are

BWANA RESCUES MERIEM AND TAKES HER HOME TO HIS WIFE, WHO ADOPTS THE GIRL—SHE LONGS FOR KORAK

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 Kovodoo, the black. Malbihn kills Jessen fighting for the girl.

entirely well. If you are we will set forth in search of Korak."

CHAPTER X. Korak's Vengeance.

Meriem looked straight into the keen gray eyes. She must have found there an unquestionable assurance of the honorableness of their owner, for she permitted him to lay his palm upon her forehead and feel her pulse. Apparently she had no fever.

"How long have you been an ape?" asked the man.

"Since I was a little girl, many, many years ago, and Korak came and took me from my father, who was beating me. Since then I have lived in the trees with Korak and Aht."

"Where in the jungle lives Korak?" asked the stranger.

Meriem pointed with a sweep of her hand that took in, generously, half the continent of Africa.

"Could you find your way back to him?"

"I do not know," she replied, "but he will find his way to me."

"Then I have a plan," said the stranger. "I live but a few marches from here. I shall take you home, where my wife will look after you and care for you until we can find Korak or Korak finds us. If he could find you here, he can find you at my village. Is it not so?"

Meriem thought that it was so, but she did not like the idea of not starting immediately back to meet Korak. On the other hand, the man had no intention of permitting this poor, insane child to wander further amid the dangers of the jungle. Whence she had come or what she had undergone he could not guess, but that her Korak and their life among the apes was but a figment of a disordered mind he could not doubt.

He knew the jungle well, and he knew that men had lived alone and naked among the savage beasts for years, but a frail and slender girl! No, it was not possible.

Together they went outside. Malbihn's boys were striking camp in preparation for a hasty departure. The stranger's blacks were conversing with them. Malbihn stood at a distance, angry and glowering.

The stranger approached one of his own men.

"Find out where they got this girl," he commanded.

The negro thus addressed questioned one of Malbihn's followers. Presently he returned to his master.

"They bought her from old Kovodoo," he said. "That is all that this fellow will tell me. He pretends that he knows nothing more, and I think that he does not. These two white men were very bad men. They did many things that their boys knew not the meanings of. It would be well, Bwana, to kill the other."

"I wish that I might, but a new law is come into this part of the jungle. It is not as it was in the old day, Mu-viri," replied the master.

The stranger remained until Malbihn and his safari had disappeared into the jungle toward the north. Meriem, trusting now, stood at his side, Geeka clutched in one slim, brown hand.

They talked together, the man wondering at the faltering Arabic of the girl, but attributing it finally to her defective mentality. Could he have known that years had elapsed since she had used it until she was taken by the Swedes, he would not have wondered that she had half forgotten it.

There was yet another reason why the language of the shiek had thus readily eluded her, but of that reason she herself could not have guessed the truth any better than could the man.

He tried to persuade her to return with him to his "village," as he called it, or "dour" in Arabic, but she was insistent upon searching immediately for Korak. As a last resort he determined to take her with him by force rather than sacrifice her life to the insane hallucination which haunted her. But, being a wise man, he determined to humor her first and then attempt to lead her as he would have her go.

So when they took up their march it was in the direction of the south, though his own ranch lay almost due east.

By degrees he turned the direction of their way more and more eastward, and greatly was he pleased to note that the girl failed to discover that any change was being made.

Little by little she became more trusting. At first she had had but her intuition to guide her belief that this big Tarmangani meant her no harm, but as the days passed and she saw that his kindness and consideration never faltered she came to compare him with her Korak and to be very fond of him, but never did her loyalty to her ape man flag.

On the fifth day they came suddenly upon a great plain, and from the edge of the forest the girl saw in the distance fenced fields and many build-



She Buried Her Face on the Bosom of This New Friend.

ings. At the sight she drew back in astonishment.

"Where are we?" she asked, pointing.

"We could not find Korak," replied the man, "and as our way led near my dour I have brought you here to wait and rest with my wife until my men can find your ape or he finds you. It is better thus, little one. You will be safer with us and you will be happier."

Meriem laughed. "The jungle," she said, "is my father and my mother. I do not fear the jungle. I love it. I should rather die than leave it forever. But your dour is close beside the jungle. You have been good to me. I will do as you wish and remain here

for awhile to wait the coming of my Korak."

"Good!" said the man, and he led the way down toward the flower-covered bungalow behind which lay the barns and outhouse of a well-ordered African farm.

Meriem walked on toward the bungalow, upon the porch of which a woman, dressed in white, waved a welcome to her returning lord. There was more fear in the girl's eyes now than there had been in the presence of strange men or savage beasts. She hesitated, turning an appealing glance toward the man.

"That is my wife," he said. "She will be glad to welcome you."

The woman came down the path to meet them. The man kissed her and, turning toward Meriem, introduced them, speaking in the Arab tongue the girl understood.

"This is Meriem, my dear," he said, and told the story of the jungle wail so far as he knew it.

Meriem saw that the woman was beautiful. She saw that sweetness and goodness were stamped indelibly upon her countenance. She no longer feared her, and when her brief story had been narrated and the woman came and put her arms about her and kissed her and called her "poor little darling" something snapped in Meriem's heart.

She buried her face on the bosom of this new friend, in whose voice was the mother tone that Meriem had not heard for so many years that she had forgotten its very existence. She buried her face on the kindly bosom and wept as she had not wept before in all her life—tears of relief and joy that she could not fathom.

And so came Meriem, the savage little Mangani, out of her beloved jungle into the midst of a home of culture and refinement. Already "Bwana" and "my dear," as she first heard them called and continued to call them, were as father and mother to her.

Once her savage fears were allayed she went to the opposite extreme of trustfulness and love. Now she was willing to wait here until they found Korak or Korak found her. She did not give up that thought. Korak, her Korak, was always first.

And out in the jungle, far away, Korak, covered with wounds, stiff with clotted blood, burning with rage and sorrow, as soon as sufficient strength returned swung back upon the trail of the great baboons. He did not find them where he had last seen them nor in any of their usual haunts, but he sought them along the well-marked spoor they had left behind them, and at last he overtook them.

So Korak persuades his baboon friends to help him hunt Meriem. They raid the black village, but find no trace of her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

UNEARTHLY WAS THIS MUSIC

German Publication Reprimanded by Press Agent for Mistranslation of Adjective "Heavenly."

The censorship of foreign language publications by the post office department won't be at all offensive to one of the musical comedies which recently opened in New York. And if the censorship can extend to the point of gathering altogether a certain German periodical, then the press agent will be even stronger for the government.

His antipathy dates back to the hand-painted account of the opening of his play, which he wrote and sent out some twelve hours before the curtain was raised on the premiere. However, his description of the charms of the chorus, the plot, the scenery and the personnel of the audience didn't suffer on account of anything like that.

On the question of the beauty of the music he was especially grandiloquent, and when he called up the German editorial offices the next morning he felt that his grievance was just. But there they told him he had used a part of his own copy, without changing a single word, merely translating it into German.

"Oh, you did!" raved the young press agent, and his voice instinctively told that he was tearing his hair. "I wrote that the music was heavenly—and your blamed translation made it say that the 'music was unearthly!'"

Knew Teddy by His Teeth.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt has objected at all times to being referred to as a one-time president; but that only by facial adornments is he known in some sections may be even worse. It was at a church, where he was on the program, that an elderly woman approached the doorman and asked if "that there man" was going to speak. "What man?" asked the attendant. "I can't remember his name," was the reply, "but it's the chap I always thought would make a good advertisement for a dentist. He's got wonderful teeth, and always shows them." "Yes," answered the doorman, "he's going to speak."

What a Railroad Did.

Let me cite one instance of what the building of a railroad has meant, writes B. C. Forbes in Leslie's. Montana had always been regarded as a grazing state until A. J. Earling, president of the St. Paul railroad, while traveling over the state by horseback, spent a night at a ranch and noticed a bumper field of wheat next morning. The owner confided that he had raised similar yields for over ten years without one bad crop, but had not gone in for wheat raising on a large scale because he was 60 miles from the nearest railroad. Mr. Earling's peregrinations convinced him that, although there had scarcely been a furrow plowed in the whole Judith Basin at that time, it could be developed into one of the greatest wheat-growing sections in the world. Last year, thanks to the St. Paul's railroad building, the Judith Basin, extending some 200 miles east and west and 160 miles north and south, produced the greatest part of the 22,000,000 bushels of wheat grown in Montana, as well as a large part of the 62,000,000 bushels of all grain marketed by Montana, placing it among the foremost grain-growing states.

Whale Meat Is Used.

"Whale meat is a Creole," is the new offering on a San Francisco hotel menu. The portions are large and juicy, delightfully seasoned, and cost 75 cents each. The new food has come to stay, according to the hotel experts. It is a war-time food resource of the United States that has been overlooked. Many tried it and pronounced it good. The whale meat is supplied by a sea products company, which has bought property at Moss Landing and will establish a packing house there. The meat resembles beef in appearance, texture and flavor. There is no fishy taste about it.

Freshwater Eels.

Freshwater eels are said to be very clean feeders; they are sometimes seen cropping the leaves of watercress and other aquatic plants as they float about in the water; but they are immense devourers of spawn of all kinds of fish.

BOY SCOUTS

KNOW SCOUTS' "UNCLE DAN"

On one of the warm days last winter when National Scout Commissioner Daniel Carter Beard was on the way to take the train to a big scout celebration in New York state, he was delayed for some time in Hoboken.

The air being close and the scout commissioner being dressed in full uniform, he stepped outside in the street to obtain a little fresh air. Unconsciously drawing himself up and expanding his lungs several times he made quite an imposing figure and was not aware that he was drawing a crowd of youngsters.

Lowering his chin after a full inhalation he discovered about twenty typical little street arabs around him. When they observed his gaze directed upon them, two of them suddenly stepped forward and saluted with military vigor.

"Uncle Dan" was amused, and thinking that they probably took him for some military officer, he said rather gruffly but amusedly, "Who do you think you are saluting?" One of them came back with the words, "The Chief." "Chief who?" said Mr. Beard. "Ah, you is Dan Beard—we know you." It is hard for the idol of boydom to rove into any circle high or low where he is not immediately recognized.

RED CROSS AIDS SEA SCOUTS.

In order that all the older boys in the sea scouts of the Boy Scouts of America may be thoroughly grounded in life-saving and the kind of swimming necessary to help another in the water, the First Aid division of the American Red Cross in Washington has detailed Field Agent W. E. Longfellow to co-operate.

He is at the national headquarters of the scouts in New York, and working with Chief Sea Scout James A. Wilder, whose scouting experiences in the South seas makes him a mine of information and source of inspiration to scout leaders all over the world.

Commodore Longfellow has been in Red Cross service for five years and has just completed a tour of army posts and navy stations along the eastern coast, teaching Red Cross life-saving methods for water and land emergencies. More than 120,000 fighting men and civilians came under his instruction during the last year.

In the sea scouts, a boy who cannot swim and do life-saving cannot graduate from shore to rowboat activities; so that life-saving ability is one of the foundations of the sea scout training which the scout movement is offering the boys of America.

SCOUT TRAINING IS ENOUGH.

The state of New York, through its military training commission, is willing to recognize scout training as equivalent to the requirements of the military training law where the leadership is adequate and it can be established that the members of the troop actually receive the training made possible by the boy scout program.

Under no circumstances will the Boy Scouts of America permit the enrollment of boys as members of a troop merely for the purpose of seeking exemption from the provisions of the military training law.

As is made clear in the letter of the Boy Scouts of America to the military training commission, the primary motive in asking for the special arrangement by the commission was to conserve for the leadership in the Boy Scouts of America those scouts sixteen years of age and over who were needed as patrol leaders, expert instructors and assistant scoutmasters, and who could not in many cases maintain membership in two organizations.

BIG BOOST FOR SCOUTS.

National headquarters received a letter recently from Gen. S. M. Foote, United States army, in which he says: "I have looked through the boy scout handbook and read a great part of it. One regret follows me all through the book, and that is that there was no boy scout movement when I was a boy. I shall keep the handbook as a book of reference for my own information."

Would that every man of high character who feels that regret should interest himself as General Foote is doing in making the boy scout movement known to more boys.

General Foote met many youths in the middle West unable to join the boy scouts, or as scouts were unable to go forward with their program because their leaders had gone to war.

Their leaders have now returned from war, as have thousands of men who should be scoutmasters.