

The Son of Tarzan

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KORAK PERSUADES HIS BABOON FRIENDS TO HELP HIM HUNT MERIEM—THEY RAID BLACK VILLAGE BUT GET NO TRACE OF HER

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 Kovudoo, the black. Malibhn kills Jensen fighting for the girl. Bwana comes to the rescue and takes her to his wife.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

He persuaded them to aid him in rescuing Meriem and attacking the village of Kovudoo, calling to mind how he had saved their king. And so they came, upon the second day, to the village of Kovudoo. It was mid-afternoon. The village was sunk in the quiet of the great equatorial sun heat. The mighty herd traveled quietly now. Beneath the thousands of padded feet the forest gave forth no greater sound than might have been produced by the increased southing of a stronger breeze through the leafy branches of the trees.

Korak was in the lead. Close beside the village they halted until the stragglers had closed up. Now utter silence reigned.

The king of the baboons was anxious to revenge himself upon Kovudoo, and so the band was quickly organized. Korak, creeping stealthily, entered the tree that overhung the palisade. He glanced behind him. The pack was close upon his heels. The time had come. He had warned them continuously during the long march that no harm must befall the white woman ape who lay a prisoner within the village. All others were their legitimate prey.

Then, raising his face toward the sky, he gave voice to a single cry. It was the signal.

In response 3,000 hairy bulls leaped screaming and barking into the village of the terrified blacks. Warriors poured from every hut. Mothers gathered their babies in their arms and fled toward the gates as they saw the horrid horde pouring into the village street. Kovudoo marshaled his fighting men about him and, leaping and yelling to arouse their courage, offered a bristling spear-tipped front to the charging horde.

Korak, as he had led the march, led the charge. The blacks were struck with horror and dismay at the sight of this white-skinned youth at the head of a pack of hideous baboons.

For an instant they held their ground, hurling their spears once at the advancing multitude. But before they could fit arrows to their bows they wavered, gave and turned in terrified rout. Into their ranks, upon their backs, sinking strong fangs into the muscles of their necks, sprang the baboons, and first among them, most ferocious, most bloodthirsty, most terrible, was Korak, the Killer.

At the village gates, through which the blacks poured in panic, Korak left them to the tender mercies of his allies and turned himself eagerly toward the hut in which Meriem had been a prisoner.

It was empty. One after another the filthy interiors revealed the same disheartening fact—Meriem was in none of them. That she had not been taken by the blacks in their flight from the village Korak knew, for he had watched carefully for glimpse of her among the fugitives.

To the mind of the ape man, knowing as he did the proclivities of the savages, there was but a single explanation—Meriem had been killed and eaten. With the conviction that Meriem was dead, there surged through Korak's brain a wave of blood-red rage against those he believed to be her murderers. In the distance he could hear the snarling of the baboons mixed with the screams of their victims, and toward this he made his way.

In the distance Kovudoo was gathering his scattered tribesmen and taking account of injuries and losses. His people were panic-stricken. Nothing could prevail upon them to remain longer in this country. They would not even return to the village for their

belongings. Instead they insisted upon continuing their flight until they had put many miles between themselves and the stamping ground of the white demon whose hordes had so bitterly attacked them.

And thus it befell that Korak drove from their homes the only people who might have aided him in a search for Meriem and cut off the only connecting link between him and her from whomsoever might come in search of him from the dour of the kindly Bwana who had befriended his little jungle sweetheart.

It was a sour and savage Korak who bid farewell to his baboon allies upon the following morning. They wished him to accompany them, but the ape man had no heart for society. Jungle life had encouraged taciturnity in him. His sorrow had deepened this to a sullen moroseness that could not brook even the savage companionship of the ill-natured baboons.

Brooding and despondent, he took his solitary way into the deepest jungle. He moved along the ground when he knew that Numa was abroad and hungry. He took to the same trees that harbored Sheeta, the panther. He



He Wound His Trunk About the Ape Man's Body.

courted death in a hundred ways and a hundred forms. His mind was ever occupied with reminiscences of Meriem and the happy years that they had spent together.

He realized now to the full what she had meant to him. The sweet face, the fanned, supple little body, the bright smile that always had welcomed his return from the hunt, haunted him continually.

Inaction soon threatened him with madness. He must be on the go. He must fill his days with labor and excitement that he might forget—that night might find him so exhausted that he should sleep in blessed unconsciousness of his misery until a new day had come.

Had he guessed that by any possibility Meriem might still live he would at least have had hope. His days could have been devoted to searching for her, but he believed implicitly that she was dead.

For a long year he led his solitary, roaming life. Occasionally he fell in with Akut and his tribe, hunting with them for a day or two, or he might travel to the hill country, where the baboons had come to accept him as a matter of course. But most of all was he with Tantor, the elephant—that great gray battler of the jungle, the superdreadnaught of his savage world.

The peaceful quiet of the monster bulls, the watchful solicitude of the mother cows, the awkward playfulness of the calves, rested, interested and amused Korak. The life of the huge beast took his mind temporarily from his own grief. He came to love them as he loved not even the great apes, and there was one gigantic tusker in particular of which he was very fond—the lord of the herd, a savage beast that was wont to charge a stranger upon the slightest provocation or upon no provocation whatsoever.

And to Korak this mountain of destruction was as docile and affectionate as a lapdog.

He came when Korak called. He wound his trunk about the ape man's body and lifted him to his broad neck in response to a gesture, and there would Korak lie at full length, kicking his toes affectionately into the thick hide and brushing the flies from about the tender ears of his colossal chum with a leafy branch torn by Tantor from a nearby tree.

And all the while Meriem was scarce a hundred miles away!

CHAPTER XI. A Lion and a Lamb.

To Meriem, in her new home, the days passed quickly. At first she was all anxiety to be off into the jungle searching for her Korak.

Bwana, as she insisted upon calling her benefactor, dissuaded her from making the attempt at once by dispatching a head man with a party of blacks to Kovudoo's village, with instructions to learn from the old savage how he came into possession of the white girl and as much of her antecedents as might be culled from the black chieftain. Bwana particularly charged his head man with the duty of questioning Kovudoo relative to the strange character whom the girl called Korak and of searching for the ape man if he found the slightest evidence upon which to ground a belief in the existence of such an individual.

The white man's wife, whom Meriem had christened "My Dear" from having first heard her thus addressed by Bwana, took not only a deep interest in the little jungle wail because of her forlorn and friendless state, but grew to love her as well for her sunny disposition and natural charm of temperament. And Meriem, similarly impressed by like attributes in the gentle, cultured woman, reciprocated the other's regard and affection.

And so the days flew by while Meriem waited the return of the head man and his party from the country of Kovudoo. They were short days, for into them were crowded many hours of insidious instruction of the unlettered child by the lonely woman.

She commenced at once to teach the girl English without forcing it upon her as a task. She varied the instruction with lessons in sewing and deportment, nor once did she let Meriem guess that it was not all play. Nor was this difficult, since the girl was avid to learn.

Then there were pretty dresses to be made to take the place of the single leopard skin, and in this she found the child as responsive and enthusiastic as any civilized miss of her acquaintance.

A month passed before the head man returned, a month that had transformed the savage, little, half-naked Mangani into a daintily frocked girl of at least outward civilization. Meriem had progressed rapidly with the intricacies of the English language, for Bwana and My Dear persistently refused to speak Arabic from the time they had decided that Meriem must learn English, which had been a day or two after her introduction into their home.

But, docile as Meriem was in these matters, there was one thing that she insisted on during her entire stay with the kind white folk, and that was her personal freedom to make excursions into the jungle, attired very much as she had been when with Korak, whenever she chose. Bwana and My Dear got used in time to finding her room empty and to have her turn up hours later, flushed and radiant, after a wild romp through the trees and jungle.

Thus it was that, despite the civilized boots she wore and the confining feminine garb, the soles of her hard little feet and the palms of her capable hands remained exceedingly serviceable, nor did her grace and agility suffer.

The report of the head man plunged Meriem into a period of despondency, for he had found the village of Kovudoo deserted, nor, search as he would, could he discover a single native anywhere in the vicinity. For some time he had camped near the village, spending the days in a systematic search of the environs for traces of Meriem's

Korak. But in this quest, too, he had failed. He had seen neither apes nor ape man.

Meriem at first insisted upon setting forth herself in search of Korak, but Bwana prevailed upon her to wait. He would go, he assured her, as soon as he could find the time, and at last Meriem consented to abide by his wishes. But it was months before she ceased to mope almost hourly for her Korak.

It was about this time that a runner brought a letter that, when she learned the contents, filled Meriem with excitement. Visitors were coming! A number of English ladies and gentlemen had accepted My Dear's invitation to spend a month of hunting and exploring with them.

The Honorable Mr. Baynes meets Meriem and falls in love with her. She is threatened with an old danger in a new guise.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW MATCH FIGURES IN WAR

Scarcity of Brimstone-Headed Sticks Results in Special Controller Being Named in England.

No commodity has had more adventures than the match. The announcement of the appointment of a special controller all to itself is a fitting climax to a checkered history, says the Manchester Guardian. In the memory of our grandparents the cumbersome "Prometheans" that sought to displace flint and steel were a high-priced luxury impossible to the poor.

In the memory of our fathers Henry George, for one, condemned the match as one of the articles that were "too cheap." He had in mind, of course, the sweating and the poisoning of workers that for too long went to the making of cheap matches.

Yet the popular insistence on cheap matches turned out of office a British chancellor of the exchequer and coined an immortal epigram; and the superiority of the matches that can normally be bought in this country over the flimsy, lifeless, expensive sorts sold across the channel under government control has given the free-trader one of his most homely and incontestable arguments. The British match must now suffer control.

Such matches as there are will be fairly apportioned at fixed prices. We do not doubt that there will be enough to go round, for, faced with a famine in some districts and with loose matches at 30 for a penny in others, people have already begun to make that economy in consumption which, with no greater sacrifice than a little care, might easily save a half of the matches burned.

Dyes and Worms.

In order to determine the action of dyes when taken into the system, N. A. Cobb of the United States department of agriculture, selected for experiments the tiny worms called nematodes. It is well known that certain of the aniline dyes have peculiar affinities for certain sorts of living cells, observes a chemist, so Mr. Cobb tried various dyes on these worms and watched their action under a microscope. He found that different organs received different dyes, so that he was able to tint the internal apparatus of the nematodes in several colors and thus watch them clearly under his microscope. And he discovered some strange facts, not the least of which is that the dyestuffs undergo a chemical action in the creature's body to such an extent that you can never tell what color your dye will produce until you have tried it. Another fact of great importance is that he has found that different granules of the same cell absorb different dyes and manifestly perform different roles.

Women as Jockeys.

Since jockeys from the race courses in England have gone, almost to a man, to the firing line, women have professed themselves as eager to take their places. Some already are trained for the purpose, among them not a few who, in more prosperous and less belligerent days, rode to hounds over English fields and meadows. Many of these, confident in their riding ability and skill, have petitioned the stewards of England's governing jockey club—the arbiters of the turf—to grant them jockeys' licenses. Recent reports bore the information that the stewards are giving the petition serious consideration and that there is strong probability of their granting it.

The White Sea.

The White sea in northwestern Russia is a branch of the Arctic ocean extending into the provinces of Archangel. The sea is about 100 miles wide between the Kaninskain and Kola peninsulas, but it narrows to less than 50 farther south, widens again and forms three gulfs—the Kandalak gulf, that of Archangel, and that into which the River Dwina falls, and that into which the River Onega falls. The sea-route into the White sea was discovered in 1553 by Richard Chancellor, a daring English sailor, who was brought up in the household of the father of the famous Sir Philip Sidney.

SHORTAGE OF SUGAR-BEET SEED IN 1921

American Producers Urged to Grow Supply for Their Needs.

Situation Considered Serious Because of Lack in Europe Compared With Former Years—Prices in Netherlands High.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

That there is likely to be a serious shortage of sugar-beet seed for the spring of 1921 unless arrangements are made immediately by beet-sugar companies in the United States for their planting requirements in that year is indicated by recent cablegrams from a representative of the United States department of agriculture in the Netherlands, taken in connection with information regarding stocks on hand and contemplated plantings for seed in this country. The situation for 1921 is serious, because of the shortage of sugar-beet seed in Europe as compared with former years, and because of the increased activity in beet-sugar production in European countries, which will probably require a large part of the European beet seed on hand and of the European production this year and next.

The present indications are that there is sufficient sugar-beet seed now in the hands of the beet-sugar companies in the United States to take care of the entire acreage to be planted to sugar beets in 1919. The most recent information in regard to the sugar-beet seed supply for 1920 indi-



Harvesting Sugar-Beet Seed.

cates that there is at present a shortage of from 25,000 to 40,000 bags. This is being met through importations in order to provide sufficient seed for a normal planting next year.

Dutch growers and dealers are unable to book further orders for 1919 seed and orders for 1920 delivery must be received by them quickly. At the present time surplus stocks in the Netherlands are selling at 1.3 florins a kilogram (approximately 25 cents a pound) and up, though some dealers are holding for from 2 to 2.5 florins a kilogram (approximately 35 to 45 cents a pound).

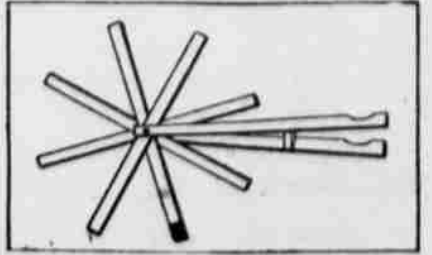
It is possible that subsequent information may modify the situation somewhat, but department of agriculture officials believe every effort should be made to produce in this country during 1919, and especially in 1920, all the good quality sugar-beet seed possible.

USEFUL TO MEASURE FENCES

Contrivance Made of Strips Bolted Together in Shape of Wheel—Count Revolutions.

The accompanying illustration shows a contrivance that is handy for ascertaining the number of rods of fence you need or to find how many acres are in a field.

Bolt together four 3/4 by 2-inch strips so as to make a wheel, says a writer in Indiana Farmers' Guide. Make the strips long enough so that they will



For Use in Measuring Fences.

measure even feet in one revolution, or if preferred, a half rod. Various forms of tallying are used, but painting one end of a spoke is very practical. It is easy to count the revolutions as the painted end comes round, while following as one follows a cultivator, the handles being fastened together by a small strip. The number of revolutions times the number of feet a revolution gives the distance.