

THE SONG OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of the Tarzan Tales

CHAPTER II—Continued

DOUBT if there is any danger of his inheriting a taste for jungle life from his father...

smile or a show of the admiration he felt for the manly course his son had pursued...

Mr. Moore's room was next to that of his youthful charge, and it was the tutor's custom to have a look into the boy's room...

When he opened the boy's door at about half after nine, he was greatly ex-

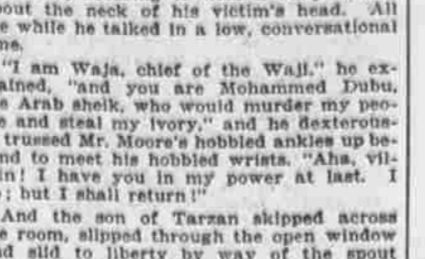


The ape gave one look at the English lord and then leaped toward him.

of his plight. Where before he had been content to sit in the shade of the tree...

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

What really is the goal of life? I'm sure I couldn't say. But I won't let that worry me. I'll have fun on the way.



He had his back against the door he could then tap upon its base, when surely he must be heard.

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...

When the time came, therefore, for the ape to return to his cage, he was met by an en-

Never had Ajax devoted so long a time to an examination of another as he did in this instance...

But 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 toe of his boot against 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...

With this he now returned to the box; but when he had threatened Ajax with it he had been able to obtain no response...

CHAPTER III. Exit Paulvitch

AS THE trainer, with raised lash, headed an instant at the entrance to the box where the boy and the ape confronted him...

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

"I shall come to see Ajax," said Akut, with a smile, and after a moment's delay he departed in the direction of a certain well-known main hall.

"Long have I looked for you, Tarzan," said Akut, "and 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 recollection that carried him far into the past...

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

"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, turned toward his son.

"Come," he said, and the two left the theatre. Neither spoke for several minutes after they had entered the limousine.

And then, briefly, and for the first time, Tarzan of the Apes told his son of his early life—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.

After the banquet Monte and Andrews went up to the hotel roof for a quiet smoke, a nightcap and a few private words.

MONTE CRISPEN (The Sequel)

A Remarkable Story of the Millionaire-Hero's Adventures in Kensington

CHAPTER XVI—Continued

THE Stanley was the sort of people who improve on acquaintance. Nothing they ever said or did hampered the nerves of Grace...

Monte got out to the Stanleys' country home exceedingly often. He liked them immensely, and Grace particularly. She typed the sort of girl a man of his position and wealth was expected to be seen with...

Yet Monte did not neglect his heart-to-heart talks with Unity Marley at the Blue Four where her brother ruled with a firm, kind authority, and had become the idol of the operatives. The mills were prospering as never before in their history...

The Countess Zeda had a niche all her own in the interest of the young millionaire. Her presence had the tang of the foreign boulevardier wafted overseas. She was ripping good to gaze upon, and a brilliant conversationalist as well...

Zeda's candor about the past transactions between his three principal lady friends, each a delightful companion, yet so different from the others.

But in these strenuous days of red blood, war news on the first page and the action-mad screen plays at the moving-picture theatre, the textile mills and the shipyard, anyhow, our tale is nearly told and a rattling fine serial is waiting to get this most valuable space. Interesting people never overstay their welcome.

Monte's year of probation under his uncle's wing was up. The lid was off for him; he could go anywhere. However, he decided to celebrate the event with a white of a banquet at the Bellaire-Blitz, given to his executives, where he outlined his future business policies in no uncertain language...

"Men," remarked the young heir when the clapping of hands that inaugurated his rising from his seat beside Craig Andrews, the lawyer, had subsided, "an effort to remain in Philadelphia, right on the job where any one of you, my friends and associates, can always find me. We are going to work together, the country that has made the best policy toward employes is —"

It was quite a long speech, much too long to give in full. If you want to read it, send round to the Crispens offices in the Montgomery Bank Building, and one of the clerks will be more than pleased to give you a copy of it; the boys have it printed for general distribution, they thought so much of it.

After the banquet Monte and Andrews went up to the hotel roof for a quiet smoke, a nightcap and a few private words. They had the drink and walked to the very spot on the edge of the roof where Crispens

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FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

A LITTLE TALK ON SHAKESPEARE

(Suggested by Essie Wyman and Alice Weed.) Dear Children—I do not know what I would do if some of our good members did not write in and suggest things for me to write about.

Today let us talk about Shakespeare. In order to get something useful from his life, we must know under what difficulties he wrote. There are very few writers who have made a great success and been wealthy.

If Shakespeare had been born in a palace he never would have been a great writer, for there must be a sadness in the work of the truly great, and sadness comes from experience.

You cannot learn sadness from books. In order to write entertainingly, one must know what the reader wants, and the average reader wants either of two things: First, a story about something or some experience through which he has passed, or, secondly, some experience which he would like to encounter.

Shakespeare knew that everybody is interested in the subject of LOVE and so he wrote mostly about that and he put in a little here and there to show that he knew what HATE is. He also knew what CONTRAST means, and that is why he swings like a pendulum from love to hate, from laughter to tears, from the sublime to the ridiculous.

And after he was through it all, somebody came along and said he did not write the plays, after all, and folks are still discussing it even to this day. Each writer tries to do one thing and do it well. Shakespeare tried and succeeded in writing interesting plays. If you want to be a writer, try to do one thing—like Shakespeare.

Form for Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club membership, including name, address, and school information.

Things to Know and Do. The girl members of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club, Cedar Grove, N. J. branch, have thought of a beautiful thing to do on Memorial Day.

Junior Baseball Scores. The Little Girl Who Danced for Poor. In a nice, cozy little room, a little girl named Doris Charlotte Merton...

FARMER SMITH'S GOAT BOOK

Billy Bumpus' First Battle. "What are you doing here?" said the little bird to Billy Bumpus one afternoon.

Billy stopped right in the middle of his counting and walked away toward his home, saying thoughtfully to himself: "This war business is getting on my nerves. All day long I'm prancing up and down, getting ready for battle, and at night my peaceful slumber is disturbed by thoughts of the battlefield."

When he reached home his wife greeted him with: "Well, my brave man, I forgot to ask you whether you were going to war in Europe or in Mexico?"

"I never thought of that," said Billy, sitting down in the easy chair and stroking his beautiful goat.

"This war business is getting on my nerves. All day long I'm prancing up and down, getting ready for battle, and at night my peaceful slumber is disturbed by thoughts of the battlefield."

At his 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.

"What is Jack?" was John Clayton's first question, and then, "Who did this?" Slowly Mr. Moore staggered to his feet. He gazed wandered about the room. Gradually he collected his wits and with a determined look on his face he returned to his room.

Branch Club News. The girl members of Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club, Cedar Grove, N. J. branch, have thought of a beautiful thing to do on Memorial Day.

Estelle Potashnick writes that her wood-bine carnations are doing famously and that she would like to correspond with leaders of other branch clubs.

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