The SON OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of the Tarzan Tales

The trip to Africa, on the boat, is unzeenful, except that Conlon, a cross, dedes to take Jack's money. Jack hat
carsfully covered Akut's body and wheeled
him abour he had him abour he
grandmother. White ask is heping his
"grandmother." ashore als wallet, unnotied, sips into the sea.

CHAPTER IV-Continued.

other side of the salp, and, after bargaining with its owner, finally lowered his baggage and himself aboard. Once ashore, he kept out of sight of the two-story atrocity that bore the legend "Hotel" to lure unsuspecting wayfarers to its many discomforts,

It was quite dark before he ventured to enter and arrange for accommodations. In a back room upon the second floor the lad was explaining, not without considerable difficulty, to his grandmother that he had decided to return to England upon the next steamer. He was endeavoring to make it plain to the old lady that she might remain in Africa if she wished, but that for his part his conscience demanded that he return to his father and mother, who doubtless were even now suffering untold morrow because of his absence; from which it may be assumed that his parents had not been acquainted with the plans that he and the old lady had made for their ad-

venture into African wilds. Having come to a decision, the lad felt a sense of relief from the worry that had haunted him for many sleepless nights. When he closed his eyes in sleep it was to dream of a happy reunion with those at home. And as he dreamed, Fate, cruel through the dark corridor of the squalld building in which he slept—Fate in the form of the American crook, Conlon.

Cautiously the man approached the door of the lad's room. There he crouched, listening, until assured by the regular breathing of those within that both slept.

Quetty he inserted a slim skeleton key in the lock of the door. With deft fingers, long accustomed to the silent manipulation of the bars and bolts that guarded other men's property. Conlon turned the key and the knob simultaneously. Gentle pressure

"Oh" and "Ouch," and "Ouch" and "Oh."

upset than the little boy's mother.

the little boy's mother act so funny.

EVENING LEDGER:

funny, I wish he would write and tell me.

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beau-tiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY — SPREAD A LITTLE

SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name

Address

Echool I attend

The Question Box

Dear Farmer Smith-I'm going to play

the plane in school while the pupils sing

song. I might make bad mistakes. What

Do not let the difference in the piano

accompaniment from the song and violin

Branch Club News

CHARLES WEISBERG.

some of the piano part is not like the mel-

away in the barber shop.

and "Ouch."

FARMER SMITH.

shall I do?

FARMER SMITH'S

think I am going to write you a fairy story, but I am not.

GOOD-NIGHT TALK

little boys, only he had a lot of beautiful curls, which his mother used to brush

and comb, and comb and brush, while he accompanied her with such words as,

of seeing the little boy's curls that he took the little boy and had his hair cut off.

edy of the song. A violin plays, too, and what it plays is just like the tune of the drawing cases, baseball bats, etc., for prizes

Well, once upon a time there was a little boy, and he was just like other

ing the door behind him.

The moon was temporarily overcast by heavy clouds. The interior of the apartment was shrouded in gloom. Conion groped his way toward the bed.

In the far corner of the room something moved—moved with a silent stealthiness which transcended even the trained silence of the burgiar. Conion heard nothing. His attention was riveted upon the bed, in which he thought to find a young boy and his helpless invalid grandmother.

The American sought only the bankroll. If he could possess himself of this without detection, well and good; but were he to

out detection, well and good; but were he to meet resistance, he was prepared for that, too. The lad's clothes lay across a chair too. The lad's beside the bed.

The American's fingers felt swiftly through them—the pockets contained no roll of crisp, new notes. Doubtless they were beneath the pillows of the bed.

He stepped closer toward the sleeper; his hand was already half-way beneath the pillow, when the thick cloud that had obscured the moon rolled aside and the room was flooded with light. At the same instant the boy opened his eyes and looked straight into those of Conlon. The man was suddenly conscious that the boy was alone in the bed. Then he clutched for his victim's throat. victim's throat.

As the lad rose to meet him Conlon heard a low growl at his back, then he felt his wrists selzed by the boy, and realized that beneath those tapering white fingers played

He felt other hands at his throat, rough, hairy hands that reached over his shoulders from behind. He cast a terrified glance backward, and the hairs of his head backward, and the hairs of his head stiffened at the sight his eyes revealed, for grasping him from the rear was a huge,

manlike aps.

The bared fighting fangs of the anthropoid were close to his throat. The lad pinioned his wrists. Neither uttered a

Where was the grandmother? Conlon's CHAPTER IV—Continued.

SCARCELY had the boat containing the boy and the old woman started for the shors than Conion hailed a canes on the where side of the solp, and, after parginging

Frantically he fought to beat off the bo o he could turn upon the fearsome thing at his back. Freeing one hand, he struck a savage blow at the lad's face. His act seemed to unloose a thousand

devils in the hairy creature clinging to his throat. Conlon heard a low and savage snarl. It was the last thing that the American ever heard in this life. Then he was dragged backward upon the floor; a heavy body fell upon him, powerful teeth fastened themselves in his jugular, his head whirled n the sudden blackness which rims eter-

prostrate form; but Conlon did not knowhe was quite dead.

The lad, horrified, sprang from the bed

to lean low over the body of the man. knew that Akut had killed in his defense, as he had killed Michael Sabrov; but here, in savage Africa, far from home and friends, what would they do to him and his

faithful ape? The lad knew that the penalty of murder was death. He even knew that an accom at home. And as he dreamed, Fate, cruel and inexorable, crept stealthily upon him through the dark corridor of the squalid would plead for them? All would be against them. It was little more than a half-civ-ilized community, and the chances were that they would drag Akut and him forth nearest tree—he had read of such things being done in America, and Africa was worse even, and wilder than the great

FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box

Ramon Ramos is a bright, happy member

upon the door awung it slowly inward upon its hinges. The man entered the room, closing the door behind him.

The moon was temporarily overcast by an exclamation of relief he struck his palms together and turned toward his clothing upon the chair. Money would do anything: Money would save him and

He felt for the bankroll in the pocket It was not there. Slowly at first, and at last frantically, he searched through the remaining pockets of his clothing. Then he dropped upon his hands and knees and examined the floor. Lighting the lamp, he moved the bed to one side, and inch by inch felt over the auties floor. inch felt over the entire floor.

Beside the body of Conlon he hesitated, but at last he nerved himself to touch it. Rolling it over, he sought the money be-neath it. Nor was it there. He guessed that Conlon had entered their

room to rob; but he did not believe that the man had had time to possess himself of the money; however, as it was nowhere else, it must be upon the body of the dead

Jack searched the American's clothingfutilely. Again and again he went over the room, only to return each time to the corpse; but nowhere could be find the

He was half frantic with despair. What were they to do? In the morning twould be discovered and killed. For all would be discovered and killed. For all his inherited size and strength, he was, after all, only a little boy—a frightened, home-sick little boy—reasoning faultily from the meager experience of childhood. He could think of but a single glaring fact—they had killed a fellow man, and they were among savage strangers, thirsting for blood of the first victim whom fats cast. blood of the first victim whom fate cast into their clutches. This much he had gleaned from penny-dreadfuls. And they must have money!

Again he approached the corpse. time resolutely. The ape squatted in a corner, watching his young companion. The youth commenced to remove the American's clothing piece by piece, and piece by piece he examined each garment minutely. Even to the shoes he searched with painstaking care, and when the last article had been removed and scrutinized he dropped back upon the bed with dilated eyes that saw nothing in the present—only a grim tableau of the future in which two forms swung sliently from the limb of a

He sat thus for quite a while, but finally he was aroused by a noise coming from the floor below. Springing quickly to his feet, he blew out the lamp, and, crossing the floor silently, locked the door. Then he

for he had been entirely unconscious of the falling of the little package from his ocket into the sea as he clambered over he ship's side into the waiting canoe that bore him to shore.

Now he turned toward Akut "Come" he said in the language of the great apes. Forgetful of the fact that he wore only a thin pajama suit, he led the way to the open window. Thrusting his head out, he listened attentively. A single tree grew a few feet from the window. turned toward the ape, his mind made up.
Nimbly the lad sprang to its bole, clinging catlike for an instant before he clambered to the ground below. Two hundred yards away a spur of the jungle ran close to the straggling town. Toward this

in the morning and hang them both to the nearest tree—he had read of such things being done in America, and Africa was the jungle swallowed them, and John Clayton, future Lord Greystock, passed from

West of his mother's native land.
Yes, they would both be hanged in the morning!
Was there no escape? He thought in silence for a few moments, and then with

the eyes and the knowledge of men.
It was late the following morning that a native houseman knocked upon the door of the room that had been assigned to Mrs.
Billings and her grandson. Receiving no

RAINBOW CLUB



He had paid little attention to the boy until, on one occasion, he had seen him accidentally display a roll of banknotes.

ock, only to discover that another key was

already there, but from the inside.

He reported the fact to Herr Skopf, the proprietor, who at once made his way to the second floor, where he too, pounded vigorously upon the door. Receiving no reply, he bent to the keyhole in an attempt to look through into the room heyond. In so doing, being portly, he lost his balance, which necessitated putting a paim to the floor to maintain his equilibrium.

As he did so he felt something soft and hick and wet beneath his fingers. He raised his open paim before his eyes in the dim light of the corridor and peered at it. Then he shuddered, for even in the semidarkness he saw a dark red stain upon his hand. Leaping to his feet, he hurled his shoulder against the door. Herr Skopf is a heavy man-or at least he was then; I have not seen him for several years. The frail door collapsed beneath his weight, and Herr Skopf stumbled precipitately into

With money he might have bought justice; but penniless—ah, what hope could there be for stangers without money here?

But what had become of the money? He tried to recall when last he had seen it. He could not; nor, could he, would he have been able to account for its disappearance: Before him lay the greatest mystery of and her grandson were gone. The window was open. They must have disappeared through the window, for the door had been

locked from the inside. But how could the boy have carried his invalid grandmother from a second-story window to the ground? It was preposter-ous! Again Herr Skopf searched the small room. He noticed that the bed was pulled well away from the wall—why? He looked beneath it again for the third or fourth time. The two were gone; and yet his judgment told him that the old lady could not have gone without porters to carry her down as they had carried her up the previous day.

Further search but deepened the mystery. All the clothing of the two was still in the room—if they had gone then they must have been naked, or in their nightclothes! Herr Skopf shook his head; then he scratched it. He was baffled. He had never heard of Sherlock Holmes, or he would have lost no time in invoking the aid of that celebrated sleuth; for here was a real mystery. An old woman—an invalid who had to be carried from the ship to her room in the hotel—and a handsome lad, her grandson, had entered room 21 on the her grandson, had entered room 21 on the second floor of his hostelry the day before. They had had their evening meal served in their room—that was the last that had been seen of them. At 9 the following morning the corpse of a strange man had been the sole occupant of room 21. No boat had left the harbor in the mean-

time—there was not a railroad within hundreds of miles—there was no other white settlement that the two could reach under several days of arduous marching, accompanied by a well-equipped safari. They had simply vanished into thin air; for the tive he had sent to inspect the ground be-neath the open window had just returned to report that there was no sign of a foot-step there, and what sort of creatures were they who could have dropped that distance to the soft turf without leaving spoor?

Herr Skopf shuddered. Yes, it was a great mystery—there was something un-canny about the whole thing. He hated to think about it, and he creaded the coming

It was a great mystery to Herr Skopf-and doubtless still is:

CHAPTER V The Sheik's Daughter

TWO Swedes, Carl Jenssen and Sven Malbihn, after conducting several mysterious expeditions far to the south of the Sahara, turned their attention to the more

profitable business of ivery peaching.
In a great district they were already
known for their relentless cruelty and their greed for lvory. The natives feared and hated them. The European governments

esponse. he inserted his pass-key in the capture through easy avenues of escape that were unknown to those who pursued them. Their raids were sudden and swift. They selzed livery and retreated into the track-less wastes of the north before the guardians of the territory they raped could be made aware of their presence. Relentlessly they slaughtered elephants themselves as well as stealing ivory from the natives. Their following consisted of a hundred rene-gade Arabs and negro slaves—a fierce band of cutthroats.

Remember them—Carl Jenssen and Sven

Malbinn, yellow bearded Swedish giants-for you shall meet them later.

In the heart of the jungle, hidden away upon the banks of a small unexplored tributary of a large river that empties into he Atlantic not so far from the equator. lay a small heavily palisaded village. Twenty palm-thatched, beehive huts shel-tered its black population, while half a lozen goatskin tents in the centre of the clearing housed the score of Arabs who found shelter there, while by trading and raiding they collected the cargoes which their ships of the desert bore northward wice each year to the market at Timsuctu.

Playing before one of the Arab tents was a little girl of ten—a black-haired, black-eyed little girl, who, with her nutbrown skin and graceful carriage, looked every inch a daughter of the desert. Her little fingers were busily engaged in fash ioning a skirt of grasses for a much-dis-heveled doll which a kindly disposed slave had made for her aryear or two before. The head of the doll was rudely chipped from ivery, while the body was a ratskin stuffed with grass. The arms and legs were bits of wood, perforated at one end and sewn to the ratskin torso.

The doll was quite hideous, and altogether disreputable and soiled; but Meriem thought it the most beautiful and adorable thing in the whole world, which is not so strange in view of the fact that it was the only object within that world upon which she could bestow her confidences and her

Every one else with whom Meriem came in contact was, almost without exception, either indifferent to her or cruel. There was the old black hag who looked after her, for example, Mabunu, toothless, flithy, and ill-tempered.

She lost no opportunity to cuff the little girl, or even inflict minor tortures upon her, such as pinching, or, as she had twice done, searing the tender flesh with hot coals. And there was the shelk, her father. She feared him more than she did Mabunu. He often scolded her for nothing, quite habit-ually terminating his tirades by cruelly beating her until her little body was black and blue.

playing with Geeka, or decking her hall with wild flowers, or making ropes of



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a fear that was at times almost hysterical She feared the gloomy jungle, too—the cruel jungle that surrounded the little village, with chattering monkeys and screaming hirds by day and the roaring and coughing and moaning of the carnivora by night. Yes, she feared the jungle; but so much more did sne fear the sheik that many times it was in her childish head to run away out into the terrible jungle forever rather than to face longer the ever-present terror of her father. terror of her father.

As she sat there this day before the shell's goatskin tent, fashloning a skirt of grasses for Geeka, the shelk appeared, suddenly approaching. Instantly the look of happiness faded from the child's face.

She shrank aside in an attempt to scramble from the path of the leather-faced old Arab, but she was not quick enough. With a bruish kick the man sent her surrayling a bruish kick the man sent her surrayling.

Arab, but she was not quick enough. With a brutal kick the man sent her sprawling upon her face, where she lay quite still, tearless but trembling. Then, with an oath at her, the man passed into the tent. The old, black hag shook with appreciative laughter, disclosing an occasional and lone-some yellow fang.

when she was sure the shelk had gone the little girl crawled to the shady side of the tent, where she lay quite still, hugging Geeka close to her breast, her form racked at long intervals by choking sobs. She dared not cry aloud, since that would have brought the shelk upon her again. The anguish in her heart was not alone the anguish of physical pain; but that infinitely more pathetic anguish—of love denied a childish heart that yearns for love.

Little Meriem could scare recall any other existence than that of the stern cruelty of the sheik and Mabunu. Dimiy in the back of her childish memory there lurked a blurred recollection of a gentle mother; but Meriem was not sure but that even this was a dream-picture induced by her own desire for the caresses she never received, but which she lavished upon the much-loved Geeka.

Never was such a spolled child as Geeka.

Its little mother, far from fashioning her own conduct after the example set her by her father and nurse, went to the extreme of indulgence. Geeka was kissed a thousand imes a day. There was play in which Geeka was naughty, but the mother never punished. Instead, she caressed and fon-dled, her attitude influenced solely by her own pathetic desire for love.

Now, as she pressed Gecka close to her, her sobs lessened gradually until she was able to control her voice and pour out her misery into the ivory ear of her only con-

"Geeka loves Meriem," she whispered.
"Geeka loves Meriem," she whispered.
"Why does the shelk, my father, not love
"Why does the shelk, my father, to be me, too? Am I so naughty? I try to be good; but I never know why he strikes me, so I cannot tell what I have done which displeases him. Just now he kicked me and hurt me so. Geeka: but I was only sitting before the tent, making a skirt for you

grasses. She was always busy and always higher when they left her alone. No amount of cruelty appeared sufficient to crush the innate happiness and sweatness from her full little heart.

Only when the shelk was near was she quiet and subdued. Him she feared with fear has was quite dead. They be already higher that was quite dead. They be already higher that was quite dead. They be

hunters brought in the body of al advanders was quite dead. They beat his he terribly when it was brought into he lage, but el edrea did not mind. Ho onet feel the blows, for he was dead. "When I am dead, Geeka, neither shall teel the blows of Mabunu or the bloks the shelk, my father. Then shall I happy. Oh, Geeka, how I wish that I we dead!"

If Geeka contemplated a remonstrance, it was cut short by sounds of alterestical beyond the village gates. Meriem listened. With the curiosity of childhood she would have liked to run down there and learn what it was that caused the men to falls so loudly. Others of the villagers were already trooping in the direction of the stone. But Meriem did not dare. The shelk would be there, doubtless; and if he sawher it would be hut another opportunity to abuse her, so Meriem lay still and listened. Presently she heard the crowd moving up the street toward the shelk's tent. Cautiously she stuck her head around the edge of the tent. She could not resist the temptation, for the sameness of the village life If Geeks contemplated a ref

tation, for the sameness of the village was monotonous, and she craved divers

What she saw was two strangers—white men. They were alone, but as they approached she learned from the talk of the natives that currounded them that they possessed a considerable following that was camped outside the village. They were coming to palaver with the shelk.

shelk.

The old Arab met them at the entrance to his tent. His eyes narrowed wickedly when they had appraised the newcomers. They stopped before him, exchanging greetings. They had come to trade for twory, they said.

they said.

The shelk grunted. He had no lvery.

Merlem gasped. She knew that in a
nearby hut the great tusks were piled almost to the roof. She poked her head further forward to get a better view of the
strangers. How white their skins! How
yellow their great beards!

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)



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in place of money. Will some more mem-bers follow Bradley's example and send in opinions about prizes? The Autobiography of a New Member

Branch Club News

The Autobiography of a New Member I was born on July 10, 1889, in Canton, China. I lived in Canton until I was 13 years old. I eft Canton in 1902 and went to Yokohama, Japan. My father was poor and I spent four years only in school. My mother is the best woman on earth. She helps poor people by finding homes for them and comforting them. I had not had much education, but I am helped by the sermons I hear at my church here. My mother taught me to say good words and not bad ones. I have been in the United States seven years. I came here playing that they will forget all about your mistake.

Branch Club News Thelma Strayline, of Mount Afry, Pa-ina just organised a Rainbow Branch Club, which has faken for its name "The Weaver Street Rainbowa." As yet Thelma has not folk us just where the activities of her members will lin, but we expect further re-ment in the very near future. At present the little girls who belong are Ellen and Playence Greenwind, Jennie McCleary, Anne Gerke, Saruh Chanen, Eleanor Laar and Jennie Versite.

of the Methodist Episcopal Church here and attend regniarly.

I try to be good and am striving to grow better each day. My father, Yu Yet Lung, 72 years old lives in Canton, China. He is too old to work so I send him \$200 to pay his expenses. HARRY LUNG.

We feel sure our Hainbows, will be very much intercated in this member who is striving so hard to find the best in life and to live up to it. God bissa this 'big Rainbows,' who does not forget the father trade is too and to mark it.

Dear Children-Once upon a time there was a little boy, and I know you Everybody in Goatville was up early on because they had all heard that Billy Bumpus was going to make a ZEPPELIN ut of himself.

Billy Bumpus-Zeppelin

Even Albert Beck Bumble-Bee was up ree second before sunrise and had showed of course, the little boy had a papa, and one day the boy's papa got so tired seeing the little boy's curls that he took the little boy and had his hair cut off.

SNIP—just like that.

Well, suddenly the little boy was transformed from a little boy into a big conductive was excepted but no one was more.

boy, and when he got back home everybody was excited, but no one was more Turtle had started at 12 o'clock in the morning, because it would take her until 2 o'clock to reach the bluff, and Mr. Angora Oh, dear! Oh, dear! She had lost her little boy, her little darling had flown Goat had called upon Missus Goat before Billy had his breakfast and asked if it was really true that his dear, good friend, Billy really true that his dear, good friend, Billy Bumpus, was going to turn himself into a ZEPPELIN. Nevermore would she have the pleasure of brushing his long hair and un-

tangling his curls, and never again would he have the pleasure of saying, "Oh" Not only had all Goatville become exceedngly excited, but even the neighbors of the sig pond were busily engaged in getting ront seats (if we may call the edge of the And now, dear children, you may learn from this that what pleases one person doesn't please another, and to this day I do not know what it was that made

front seats (if we may call the edge of the pond front seats) under the cliff from which Billy Bumpus was to fly.

You see, every one expected him to hit the ground, while he firmly expected to fly over the tops of the trees.

The shadow of the sun, thrown by the sycamore tree, tolled the hour of two, when two huge wolves appeared on the horizon and behind them four feet and a stubby tail. P. S .- If any little boy can tell me what made the little boy's mother act so

"BILLY BUMPUS!" exclaimed Missus Ant. Slowly Mister and Missus Angora Goat accompanied him, approaching the top of the bluff, while the waiting throng held its breath. Ramon Ramos is a bright, happy member who lives in Morton. Pa. He has not been in our ranks a very great length of time, but surely he has made up for brevity of membership by activity of purpose during these last few weeks. Ramon's activity lies in so many directions that it would take up Billy approached the bluff, gave two niffs and then whispered something in

sniffs and then whispered something in these last few heeks. Ramon's activity lies in so many directions that it would take up the whole Postoffice Box to tell all about it. Let it suffice to say that he is one of our coming members. Bradley Ward is an-

coming members. Bradley Ward is an-other new member, who was willing to of the cliff, his knees shaking like leaves "I guess you better go home as fast as you can," whispered Missus Angora Goat in Billy's ear, and he needed no second RAMON RAMUS.

It upon joining. His first act was to ener-

> Baseball News Standing of the clubs in the Rainbow Batteries - Richard Polmounter, Jr., W. Jass-ner, Austin Church, T. Sweeney, A. Conley and C. Weller, Dodge Ball Scores

E M. STANTON SCHOOL THURSDAY'S GAMES. FRIDAY'S GAMES MONDAY'S GAMES.

Things to Know and Do Where is happiness and contentmen always to be found? (Sent in by Lawrence Mullen.)
 Write a 25-word description of a

deserted farm.

2. Name three things that are roullike the shape of the world. (For himself, in he Thebra Struyline.)

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