

# THE TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS  
Author of the Tarzan Tales

**SYNOPSIS.**—The story of the adventures of the young man who escapes from Africa to London, bringing with him Akut, a lion cub, who has been kept in the jungle since the day he was born. The story is told from the point of view of the young man, who is now a famous explorer and hunter.

**CHAPTER IX—Continued.**  
"Come!" he whispered. "Come slowly. Follow me. Do as Akut does."

Then he advanced slowly through the trees until he stood upon a bough overhanging one side of the amphitheatre. Here he stood in silence for a moment. Then he uttered a low growl.

Instantly a score of apes leaped to their feet. Their savage little eyes sped quickly around the periphery of the clearing. The king ape was the first to see the two figures upon the branch. He gave voice to an ominous growl. Then he took a few lumbering steps in the direction of the intruders.

He was still, imparting a jerky motion to his gait. Behind him pressed a number of large bulls.

He stopped just a little before he came beneath the two—just far enough to be beyond their spring. Wary king! Here he stood rocking himself to and fro upon his short legs, baring his fangs in a grin.

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well, then, I shall go, but before I go I shall show you that the son of Tarzan is not afraid of your king or your queen!"

For an instant the king ape had stood motionless with surprise. He had expected no such rash action upon the part of either of the intruders. Akut was equally surprised. Now he shouted excitedly for Korak to come back, for he knew that in the sacred arena the other bulls might be expected to come to the assistance of their king.

At the instant of contact the king ape leaped to his feet. He was still, imparting a jerky motion to his gait. Behind him pressed a number of large bulls.

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## PENNSYLVANIA'S DELEGATION AT SECOND CHEVY CHASE CAMP



Left to right, standing, are Misses Sarah Parks, Caroline Baird, Caroline English, Alice Logan, Mrs. Channing Way, Ellen Newbold, Mrs. Archibald Hubbard, Mrs. M. Watts, Natalie Barnes, Dorothea Oberbauer, Betty Elliot, Katherine Field, Mrs. C. W. Bishop, Miss Casey and Miss Nancy Rath. Seated, Josephine Foster, Georgene Butler, Susanne Levick, Catherine Lennig, Elizabeth Dercum, Mrs. Carl Williams, Louise Rawle, Marion Sharpless, Marion Grant.

of the long knife that the Arab wore. Then she raised her clasped hand above her head and drove an imaginary blade into her breast above her heart.

Korak understood. The old man would kill her.

The girl came to his side again and stood there trembling. She did not fear him. Why should she? He had saved her from a terrible beating at the hands of the sheik.

Never in her memory had another so befriended her. She looked up into his face. It was a boyish, handsome face, nut-brown like her own. She admired the spotted leopard skin that circled his lithe body from one shoulder to his neck.

The metal anklets and armlets adorning him aroused her envy. Always had she coveted something of the kind, but never had she permitted herself more than the lightest cotton garment that barely sufficed to cover her nakedness. No furs or silks or jewelry had there ever been for little Meriem.

And Korak looked at the girl. He had always held girls in a species of contempt. Boys who associated with them were, in his estimation, molluscoids. He wondered what she would do.

Could he leave her here to be abused, possibly murdered, by the villainous old Arab? No. But, on the other hand, could he let her go? He had saved her from a terrible beating at the hands of the sheik.

What could he accomplish burdened by a weak and frightened girl? She would scream at her own shadow when the moon came out upon the jungle night and the great beasts roamed, moaning and roaring, through the darkness.

He stood for several minutes buried in thought. The girl watched his face, fearing what was passing in his mind. She, too, was thinking of the future.

She feared to remain and suffer the vengeance of the sheik. There was no one in all the world to whom she might turn for aid. She was alone, and she was afraid.

She looked at the girl. He had always held girls in a species of contempt. Boys who associated with them were, in his estimation, molluscoids. He wondered what she would do.

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## 20,000 WOMEN INVADE NEW YORK FOR MEETING OF FEDERATED CLUBS

Boy Scouts Receive Visitors and Escort Them to Hotels—Sessions of Convention Begin Tomorrow

MAY CLASH OVER DRESS

NEW YORK, May 22.—An army of 20,000 women, mobilized from the ranks of 2,000 clubwomen in every State and possession of the United States, began the invasion of Manhattan today for the opening of the 13th biennial convention of the Federated Women's Clubs of America in the Seventh Regiment armory here tomorrow.

As the squads, companies, regiments and battalions of handsomely gowned femininity troop along the platforms from the long trains pulling into Grand Central, Pennsylvania Station and Hudson Terminal, from California, Florida, Maine and other parts of the country, they are taken in hand by Boy Scouts in khaki, who see them safely "delivered" to their appointed places. Other scouts go around afterward and give them printed and oral instructions about getting here and there in New York. Still other scouts look after their luggage.

Thanks to these aids and the hard working arrangements committee, under the direction of Mrs. North McLean, of the New York club, the 20,000 will be comfortably settled in New York town and on their way to hear Mrs. Percy V. Penney, of Texas, bang the big gavel on the "leave her now" Wastfully she gazed at his intent face. She moved a little closer to him, laying a slim, brown hand upon his arm.

The contact awakened the lad from his absorption. He looked down at her, and then his arm went about her shoulders once more, for he saw tears upon her lashes.

"Come," he said, "the jungle is kinder than this. Only live in the jungle, and Korak and Akut will protect you."

She did not understand his words, but the pressure of his arm drawing her away from the prostrate Arab and the tents was quite intelligible. One little arm crept about his waist, and together they walked toward the palisade.

Beneath the great tree that had harbored Korak while he watched the girl at play, she watched him as he sat and thought. He was a boyish, handsome face, nut-brown like her own. She admired the spotted leopard skin that circled his lithe body from one shoulder to his neck.

And so Meriem entered the jungle with Korak, trusting in her childish innocence, the stranger who had befriended her, and he made himself known to the old man who might be permitted to come to the village occasionally as a friend. It would be worth trying. He was telling his daughter, then he would make his presence known with signs of peace.

The Arab was striding softly toward the girl. In a moment he would be beside her, and then how surprised and delighted she would be! Korak's eyes sparkled in anticipation—and she stood there, her face pale, her heart beating.

Had it, her little heart would have palpitated with fear. Often had she wished to run away from her cruel master, the Arab, and the dangers of the jungle had always deterred her.

The two had gone but a short distance from the village when the girl spied the huge proportions of the great Akut. With a half-stifled scream she clung more closely to Korak, and pointed fearfully toward the ape.

And, thinking that the Killer was returning with a prisoner, came growling toward them—a little girl aroused no more sympathy in the beast's heart than would a full-grown bull ape. She was old Meriem, the savage, primeval life of a jungle-beast had not occurred to her.

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## CHEVY CHASE GIRLS STIRRED BY THE SPIRIT OF REAL PATRIOTISM

"Rookie," Impressed by Week in Camp, Writes of Its Value in Arousing Love of Country

CHEVY CHASE, Md., May 22.

Dear Molly: One week in camp enables me fairly well to judge, and I must say it certainly is the finest thing to arouse the love of country and implant in the minds of all these future mothers the necessity of military training, both in boys and girls.

General George Barnett was telling us one-tenth of the applications for the marine corps failed in their physical examination; he also said that one-tenth of the youths of America were physically weak. More athletics should be taught, coupled with military training. He finished by saying: "The national spirit is not alive, few recognize our national anthem, and when they do sing it, it is not at all sincere."

The sergeant in charge of my company is stationed here at the marine barracks. He is a German by birth and a dandy drill master. Like the other sergeant, he was ordered to report at the service camp; he hated to do it, but was obliged to obey orders. He only said to me this morning after drill, "I could do better work with this company if you ladies were only men. In that case, when you do wrong over and over again, I could say things which would make you remember."

Poor soul, I think he has the patience of Job. Only once have I seen him show annoyance. This morning he stamped his foot and snapped his fingers. I don't blame him, for it seems impossible for some women to be taught their right and their left hand one mistake throws the whole company out.

We are now learning square movements, and what a mess we do! I even showed annoyance. This morning he stamped his foot and snapped his fingers. I don't blame him, for it seems impossible for some women to be taught their right and their left hand one mistake throws the whole company out.

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## FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY  
Dearest Children—I have had a talk with myself and have asked myself to ask yourself (of course, that's YOU) what you yourself think of this:

Some of our dear members have sent in poems and quotations asking us to print them. It seems to me it would be a good idea to print each day A THOUGHT. There are times when we are like an automobile. We STAND STILL waiting for some one or something to TURN THE CRANK and START US.

I want to tell you frankly that there are times when I spend a cent or five cents or even more to get something which will HELP me. Our minds need a change and sometimes that change comes when we meet a friend or when we see something in a newspaper which changes our thoughts. This is called diverting our thoughts.

Of course, I can easily look up a line or two for every day, but it would be ever so much better if you could put a quotation or two on a postal card and send the card to me. Always put the name of the author on your card and if you can think of something yourself, that will be still better.

We all need something to push us forward in the battle of life. We pick up a newspaper and read about the daring things which the soldiers are doing in Europe every day, and yet there are things being done daily by children which are twice as brave as those done by soldiers or any one else for that matter.

Conquer a bad habit and you have done as much as any army that ever fought.

What a great thing it would be if some one of our 50,000 members were discouraged and was helped by reading a quotation sent in by one of our members.

Let us all be helpful. Tell me where you think the THOUGHT ought to go. In our talks or where? I will show your letters to the kind printer, who then puts my words together so that he may know what I am talking about and then we will all be helping one another.

By the way, let me know how you like MY thought for today. I will put your name on your thought—credit where credit is due ALWAYS.

FARMER SMITH,  
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

## THE LAND OF PURPLE DREAMS

By Farmer Smith

You understand that this is not a new dream I am telling you about. It is a night dream I was telling you about a few nights ago, and Willie Wide-Awake is the one who is dreaming, not you nor I.

Well, the Good Dream Fairy and Willie Wide-Awake had been talking over the radio and had said "Howdy" to Jupiter, when they came to the most beautiful sight Willie had ever seen. The air was purple instead of blue, and the stars were like diamonds, and the flowers were all white, so that every thing Willie could see was either white or purple.

"Oh!" was all Willie could say, but as soon as he said it he was in the land of purple. Willie, Willie, you must know. Words are thoughts, and thoughts are things—

Just speak a word and it has wings! Willie was so sure that he could do nothing but sit still and look at the purple Dove. At length he ventured to speak once more, and all he said was a tiny sentence—but, see what happened! Willie said: "How funny!"

At this the Blue Jay flew up and sat beside the purple Dove and sang: "Tommy does, Willie do. For I must sing and sing and sing. My song is gay—my life is sunny; and so please don't say again—'How funny!'"

Willie was so surprised he couldn't speak, but his little mind was busy all the time, and he was thinking "How I should love to live here all the time. I am sure I should never get tired of it."

You must remember Willie hadn't said a word this time. However, a cute little Owl flew up on the limb of the tree and sat beside the Blue Jay. He put his head on one side and sang:

"To wit, to wit! How do you do? Pray, do not smile, instead of frown. You MAY stay here and be an Owl."

## THE CHEERFUL HERB

I don't care what the future brings Or what advantages I lack; I'm so in love with life today That I'll run down my back, I'll run down my back, I'll run down my back.

MARK "DOLLY MADISON DAY" Women Democrats Hold Luncheon in Honor of Anniversary

Members of the Women's Democratic Club observed "Dolly Madison Day" today with a luncheon at the Rittenhouse Club.

## SPECIAL BUTTER SALE

GOLD SEAL BUTTER

Continued Three Days

Hy-Lo Butter, 33c lb.

Ca-Ro Butter, 30c lb.