

The Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS Author of the Tarzan Tales

SYNOPSIS. The king ape escapes from Africa to London, bringing with him Akut, his son. The king ape is kept in ignorance of his father's early life in the jungle. Akut, who has been kept in ignorance of his father's early life in the jungle, escapes with Akut to Africa after the ape has been captured by a party of American crew, and the two flee into the jungle.

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 eyes leaped to their feet. Their savage little eyes sped quickly toward 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 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.

With a bound he grasped a low limb, and with the agility of a little monkey swung himself to the trunk of a tree. He did not hesitate even here, but raced on through the jungle night, bearing his burden to safety.

For a time the bull pursued; but presently, as the swifter outdistanced the slower and found themselves separated from their fellows, they abandoned the chase, standing roared and screamed until the jungle reverberated to their hideous noises.

CHAPTER X. A Rescue. It was an unhappy Korak who wandered aimlessly through the jungle the day following his inhospitable reception by the great apes.

He was watching events intently. Before Akut could guess his intention, or prevent the boy leaping to the ground directly in the path of the king, who had now succeeded in stimulating himself to a frenzy of fury.

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

For an instant the king ape had stood motionless with surprise. He had expected no such rash action upon the part of either 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 bull might be expected to come to the assistance of their king.

At the instant of contact the bull pivoted on one foot, and with all the weight of his body and the strength of his trained muscles drove a clenched fist into the bull's stomach.

With a gasping shriek the king ape collapsed, clutching at the air. The naked creature nimbly side-stepping from his grasp.

"With a roar and diemay broke from the bull apes behind the fallen king as, with murder in their savage little hearts, they rushed forward upon Korak and Akut; but the old ape was too wise to court any such unequal encounter.

To have counseled the boy to retreat now would have been futile, and Akut knew it. To delay even a second in argument would have sealed the death-warrants of them both.

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association with beasts, from whom the imitative faculty of youth had absorbed a countless number of the little mannerisms of the predatory creatures of the wild.

He bared his fangs now as naturally and upon a slight provocation as Sheets, the pander, bared his. He growled as savagely as Akut himself. When he came suddenly upon another beast, his quick crouch bore a strange resemblance to the arching of a cat's back.

In his heart of hearts he hoped to meet the king ape who had driven him from the amphitheatre. To this end he insisted upon remaining in the vicinity, but the exigencies of the perpetual search for food led them several miles further away during the day.

They were moving slowly down wind, and warily because the advantage was with whatever beast might chance to be hunting ahead of them, where their scent-posters were being borne by the light breeze.

For several seconds they remained thus; then Korak advanced cautiously a few yards and leaped nimbly into a tree. Akut followed close upon his heels, and he made a sound that would have been appreciable to human ears at a dozen paces.

Stopping often to listen, they crept forward through the trees. The king ape was greatly puzzled was apparent from the questioning looks they cast at one another from time to time.

Finally the lad caught a glimpse of a palisade a hundred yards ahead, and beyond it the tops of some goatskin tents and a number of clustered huts.

He heard a voice beyond the palisade, and toward it he bent his head, and with great trepidation he crept toward the voice from which the voice came. Into this Korak crept.

His spear was ready in his hand. His ears told him of the proximity of a human being. All that his eyes required was a single glance to show him his target. Then, lightning-like, the missile whirled to its goal.

With raised spear he crept among the branches of the tree, glancing downward in search of the owner of the voice which rose to him from below.

At last he saw a human back. The spear hand flew to the limit of the throwing or hand to gather force that would send the missile into the body of the man. And then the killer paused. He leaned forward a little to get a better view of the target.

Here he spoke to a wrinkled, black hag. The hag was ready in his hand. His ears told him of the proximity of a human being. All that his eyes required was a single glance to show him his target.

He lowered his spear cautiously that it might make no noise by scraping against foliage or branches. Quietly he crouched in a comfortable position near the tent, and there he lay with wide eyes, looking down in wonder upon the creature he had crept upon in the night.

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herald backward and forward, crowned a pliant Arab, who lay on the ground.

A softer light entered the eyes of the Killer. For a long hour that passed quietly to him, Korak lay with gaze riveted upon the playing child. Not once had he had a view of the girl's full face.

A tilt of the head as she emphasized some material admonition to the passive Geeka revealed occasionally a rounded cheek or a pliant smile. She would gaze at him with a close, almost hypnotic gaze.

Korak, forgetful of his bloody mission, permitted the fingers of his spear hand to relax a little their grasp upon the shaft of the formidable weapon. It slipped, almost falling; but the occurrence recalled the Killer to himself. It reminded him of his purpose in slitting stealthily upon the grove of the voice that had attracted his venereal attention.

He glanced at the spear, with its well-worn hair, and cruel, black, pointed tip, and he let his hand fall again to the dainty form below him. In imagination he saw the heavy weapon shooting downward.

At last he hit upon a plan. He would attract her attention and reassure her by a smiling greeting from a greater distance. He would talk to her, though he knew that she spoke a language with which he was unfamiliar.

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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. Henry M. Watts, Natalie Barnes, Dorothea Ober-tuoffer, Betty Elliot, Katherine Field, Mrs. C. W. Bispham, Miss Casey and Miss Nancy Reath. 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, not 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 her more than the single arrow garment, barely sufficient 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 why she should do so.

Could he leave her here to be abused, possibly murdered, by the villainous old Arab? No! But, on the other hand, could he attract her attention and reassure her by a smiling greeting from a greater distance.

He stood for several minutes buried in thought. The girl watched his face, wondering 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 help. She had no one to whom she could drop miraculously from the clouds to save her from the sheik's accustomed beatings.

She did not understand his words, but the pressure of his arm drawing her away from the prostrate Arab and the tent 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 with the black woman, he had been slightly across his shoulder, leaping nimbly into the lower branches. Her arms were about his neck, and from one little hand she drew a dagger, held it straight, young back.

And so Meriem entered the jungle with Korak, trusting in her childish innocence, the stranger who had befriended her; and she had no idea that she was being led by that strange intuitive power possessed by woman.

She had no conception of what the future might hold. She did not know, nor could she have guessed, the manner of life led by her protector. Possibly she pictured a distant village similar to that of the sheik in which lived other white men like the sheik.

Had it, her little heart would have palpitated with fear. Often had she wished to run away from the cruelities of the sheik and Mabuni; but 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.

At last, 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 a strange, little figure, and she was being led by that strange intuitive power possessed by woman.

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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 2,000-000 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 association, the 20,000 will be comfortably settled in New York town and on their way to hear Mrs. Percy V. Pennington, of Texas, bang the big gavel on the gavel box. Wisfully 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 you think. It will protect you, and Korak and Akut will protect you."

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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

JUST LIKE SOLDIERS

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 rise—because others do—it is not at attention."

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 come. He only said to me this morning after this drill, "I could do better work with your company if you ladies were only men. In that case, when you do wrong 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 see 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.

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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 to 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 printerman, 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.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY—"Be wise today; 'tis madness to defer."—Night Thoughts.

THE LAND OF PURPLE DREAMS

By Farmer Smith. You understand that this is not a new dream. I am telling you about it, for it is a new 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 had a very good dream, 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 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 into a purple Dove, which sat on the limb of a tree nearby and sang in the sweetest of voices: "Words, Willie, you must know. The words are Land of Dreams you go. Words are thoughts, and thoughts are things—"

Just speak a word and it has wings!" Willie was so amazed 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— "How?" he exclaimed Willie.

At this a Blue Jay flew up and sat beside the purple Dove and sang: "Tommy does, Willie do. For I must sing a song that is new. My song is gay, my life is sunny; 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? Fray, you may smile, instead of frown, You MAY stay here and be an Owl."

For the first time in Willie's life he stopped thinking. He just couldn't think, he had no more to say about it. Suddenly he felt something tickling his nose, and looking up he saw his mother bending over him. He looked around for the Purple Dove, the Blue Jay and the Owl, but they were gone.

"Well, my precious, where have you been?" "To the Land of Purple Dreams," answered Willie.

But he did not tell his Mother about the Dove, the Blue Jay or the Owl. That was his secret. Let it be yours until you see what happened a few nights afterwards!

FARMER SMITH. EVENING LEDGER: I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY—SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name: Address: Age: School I attend:

Things to know and do: 1. Make three words from the three letters N, W, O. 2. Make a motto of two words from: "And I persevere." 3. What word is there which, when you take from it the letter W, you have the amount of money you want