

The Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
Author of the Tarzan Tales

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued

THE Hon. Morison Baynes would never be considered a degenerate.

He was sitting one evening with Meriem upon the veranda one evening after the others had retired. Earlier they had been playing tennis—a game in which the Hon. Morison shone to advantage, as, in truth, he did in most of his manly sports. He was telling her stories of London and Paris, of balls and banquets, of the wonderful women and their wonderful gowns, of the pleasures and pastimes of the rich and powerful.

The Hon. Morison was a past master in the art of invidious boasting. His egotism was never latent or dormant—he was never crude in it, for crudeness was a plebeianism that the Hon. Morison studiously avoided; yet the impression derived by a listener to the Hon. Morison was one that was not at all calculated to detract from the glory of the house of Baynes, or from that of its representative here present.

Meriem was entranced. His tales were like fairy stories to this little jungle maid. The Hon. Morison loomed large and wonderful and magnificent in her mind's eye. He fascinated her, and when he drew closer to her after a short silence and took her hand, she thrilled as one might thrill beneath the touch of a deity—a thrill of exaltation not unmixed with fear.

"Meriem!" he whispered. "My little Meriem! May I hope to have the right to call you my little Meriem?"

The girl turned wide eyes upward to his face, but it was in shadow. She trembled, but she did not draw away. The man put an arm about her and drew her closer.

"I love you," she said. "I do not know what to say. She knew nothing of love. She had never given it a thought; but she did know that it was a thing to be loved, whatever it meant. It was nice to have people kind to one. She had known so little of kindness or affection."

"Tell me," he said, "that you return my love."

His lips came steadily closer to hers. They had almost touched when a vision of Korak sprang like a miracle before her eyes. She saw Korak's face close to hers, she felt his lips against her lips, and then for the first time she guessed what love meant.

"I am not sure," she said, "that I love you. Let us wait. There is plenty of time. I am too young to marry yet, and I am not sure that I should be in London or Paris—rather frightened."

How easily and naturally she had connected his avowal of love with the idea of marriage! The Hon. Morison perfectly understood that he had not mentioned marriage—had been particularly careful not to do so.

And then, she was not sure that she loved him! That, too, came rather in the nature of a shock to his vanity. It seemed incredible that this little barbarian should have any doubt whatever as to the desirability of the Hon. Morison Baynes.

The first flush of passion cooled, the Hon. Morison was enabled to reason more logically. The start had been a perfectly natural one, but he would be better now to wait and prepare her mind gradually for the only proposition which his exalted estate would permit him to offer her.

He glanced down at the girl's profile. It was bathed in the silvery light of the great tropic moon. The Hon. Morison Baynes wondered if it were to be a matter to "go slow." She was most alluring.

Meriem rose. The vision of Korak was still before her.

"Good night," she said. "It is almost too beautiful to leave." She waved her hand and slipped into the country unheralded.

But here was evidently one who had slipped into the country unheralded. Bwana could not imagine who the approaching horseman might be.

After the manner of frontier hospitality the globe round, he met the newcomer at the gate, welcoming him even before he had dismounted. He saw a tall, well-knit man, with a head of black hair, and a smooth shaven. There was a tantalizing familiarity about him that convinced Bwana that he should be able to call the visitor by name, yet he was unable to do so.

The newcomer was evidently of Scandinavian origin—both his appearance and accent denoted that. His manner was rough, but open. He made a good impression upon the Englishman, who was wont to accept strangers in this wild and savage country at their own valuation, asking no questions and assuming the best of them until they proved themselves undeserving of his friendship and hospitality.

"It is rather unusual that a white man comes unheralded," he said, as they walked together toward the hold into which he had suggested that the traveler might turn his pony. "My friends, the natives, keep us rather well posted."

"It is probably due to the fact that I came from the south," explained the stranger, "that you did not hear of my coming. I have seen no village for several miles."

"No, there are none to the south of us for many miles," replied Bwana. "Since Kovoudo deserted his country I rather doubt that one could find a native in that direction under two or three hundred miles."

Bwana was wondering how a lone white man could have made his way through the great untamed wilderness of the north to a little trading and hunting," he said, "and got away off the beaten track. My headman, who was the only member of the safari who had ever been in the country, took sick and died. We could find no natives to guide us, and so I simply swung back straight north. We have been living on the fruits of our guns for over a month."

"Didn't have an idea there was a white man within a thousand miles of us when we camped last night by a waterhole at the edge of the plain. This morning I started out to hunt and saw the smoke from your chimney, so I sent my gun bearer back to camp with the good news and rode straight over here. Of course, I've heard of you—everybody who comes into Central Africa does—and I'd be mighty glad of permission to rest up and hunt around here for a couple of weeks."

"Certainly," replied Bwana. "Move your camp up close to the river below my boys' camp and make yourself at home."

"They had reached the veranda now, and Bwana was introducing the stranger to Meriem and My Dear, who had just come from the bungalow's interior."

"This is Mr. Hanson," he said, using the name the man had given him. "He is a trader who has lost his way in the jungle to the south."

CHAPTER XIX A Night Ride

MERIE and Bwana were sitting on the veranda together the following day, when a horseman appeared in the distance riding across the plain toward the bungalow.

Bwana shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed intently at the oncoming rider. He was puzzled. Strangers were few in Central Africa. Even the blacks for a distance of many miles in every direction were never known to the white man.

He came within a hundred miles that word of his coming did not reach Bwana long before the stranger. His every move was reported to the big black—just what animals he killed, and how many of each species; how he killed them, too, for Bwana would not permit the use of prussic acid or strychnine; and how he treated his "boys."

Several European sportsmen had been turned back to the coast by the big Englishman's orders because of unwarranted cruelty to their black followers, and one whose name had long been heralded in civilized communities as that of a great sportsman, was driven from Africa with a charge of ill-treatment.

All the natives loved and respected him. His word was law, and he had never been law before. There was scarce a headman from coast to coast who would not heed the big Bwana's commands in preference to those of the hunters who employed them, and so it was easy to turn back any undesirable stranger—Bwana had simply to threaten to order his boys to desert him.

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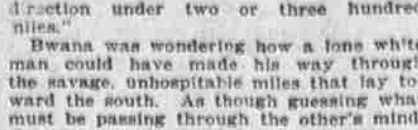
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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB I can't buy entertainment now Because of lack of money. But my, I never can be bored While ladies dress so funny!



him to the perfumed air of the garden, or that other infinitely more beautiful flower who had wandered often among the blooms beneath the great moon—the black-haired, sun-tanned Meriem?

For three weeks Hanson had remained. During this time he said that his boys were resting and gaining strength after their terrible ordeals in the untracked jungles to the south; but he had not been as idle as he appeared to have been. He divided his small following into two parties, intrusting the leadership of each to men whom he believed that he could trust.

To them he explained his plans and the rich reward that they would win from him if they carried his designs to a successful conclusion.

One party he moved very slowly northward along the trail that connects with the great caravan routes entering the Sahara from the south. The other he ordered straight westward with orders to halt and go into permanent camp just beyond the great river which marks the natural boundary of the country that the big Bwana rightfully considers almost his own.

To his host he explained that he was moving his camp slowly toward the north, and that he would be moving westward. Then, one day, he announced that half his boys had deserted for a hunting party, and that he would win from him if they carried his designs to a successful conclusion.

And this matter stood when one hot night Meriem, unable to sleep, wandered out into the garden. The Hon. Morison had been urging his suit once more that evening, and the girl's mind was in such a turmoil that she had been unable to sleep.

The wide heavens above her seemed to promise a greater freedom from doubt and questioning. Baynes had urged her to tell him that she loved him. A dozen times she thought that she might honestly give him the answer that he demanded.

Korak was fast becoming but a memory. He was dead she had come to believe; since otherwise he would have sought her out. She did not know that he had even better reason to believe her dead, and that it was because of that belief he had made no effort to find her after his raid upon the village of Kovoudo.

Behind a great flowering shrub Hanson lay gazing at the stars and waiting. He drew his hand from his pocket and looked at his watch. For what was he waiting, or for whom? He heard the girl approaching and half raised himself to greet her.

Meriem, walking slowly, approached the bush behind which the water lay. Hanson drew his hand from his pocket and looked at his watch. For what was he waiting, or for whom? He heard the girl approaching and half raised himself to greet her.

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SOLDIER COSTUMES OF OTHER DAYS



Military uniforms worn at various periods in American history exhibited at the Civic Exposition.

PREPAREDNESS LESSON CLEARLY TAUGHT AT CIVIC EXPOSITION

Display of Uniforms of "Rugged Continentals" Excites Mood of Patriotism—Lessons of American History Emphasized—This Is Stonemen's Day

Why not preparedness if it be something other than a traitor's game? That pacifist, who has been so long and so loudly given equal opportunity to present their claims? America means equal opportunity and that is all, but it also is enough; no other nation has ever brought it forth; the "impe of baseness and darkness" on one hand and the carriers of what Matthew Arnold calls "sweetness and light" on the other.

Without meaning to be, that exposition is a convincing argument for the sort of preparedness which will make it impossible for America to know defeat. It tells what America stands for; and in so telling it not only hits the pacifist a blow of might, but the commercialized cynic who would make of preparedness simply a creed for the worship and history of dollars and cents is at least "peevish" by it—"peevish" simply and not knocked out because the commercialized cynic is not influenced by an ideal of "sweetness and light" and is so much of a brute that only brute force can ever keep his thumb out of the huckster's pie.

INSPIRATION OF HISTORY. America's most inspiring history is that of its struggle against the commercialized cynic, but every step taken forward has been only at tremendous cost in human lives. The commercialized cynic, the free-borster of civilization, requires war to rid the world of his rule. And Americans of 1776 made the world's first real effective fight for economic liberty.

There had been wars before—plenty of them—wars for religious dogmas, wars of kings with kings, wars of nobles with nobles, but never a war fought on the issue that when a man is ruled by a government he has the right to say what that government shall do. "Taxation without representation" was in its time a most startling innovation as a political slogan. It meant that an individual counted more than his property. The uniform are on view at the exposition, and are some of the features of the exhibit of the Quartermaster's Department of the United States War Department. Today the romanticists run to the theatre or the "movie" which advertises a sex drama; but Eleanor Glyn, Laura Jean Libbey, George Bar, McCutcheon, Robert Chambers and the other neurotics of literature never had so wealthy a field for romance as in to be found in the birth and emancipation of a new race.

DISTORTIONS OF ROMANCE. Frizzle-headed females and putty-brained males gaze with eyes and mouth wide open and thrills running up and down their spines at a portrayal of alleged soul-seeking, and the commercialized cynic of the pen wastes rich in royalties by catering to this nervous disorder. It isn't romance by a long shot; just plain, common, ordinary, everyday superficial "mush" that calls for peace, any old sort of peace, so that the "mushing" won't be disturbed.

But look at that Pilgrim father of 1620! He "mushed" all right enough—remember Francis and John Alden—but he was also ready, even eager, to fight and die for his country—the hazy realm of hopes and ideals. He had too much self-respect to submit to injustice, so he founded a new nation dedicated to the principle that later was expressed as "taxation without representation is tyranny."

And the Revolutionary soldier did more than die for his country; he starved for it, he shivered at Valley Forge for it, took the smallpox for it. Romance? Where is there anything more thrilling or melodramatic in American history than to be found in the elements of the drama—the "low-brow" drama, with its blood and thunder, and the "high-brow" drama as well, with its psychological excursions and character studies and everything else that the "highly intellectual" refer to as essential.

If the Pilgrim Father hadn't been true to the ideal of economic liberty, there would have been no American democracy, no Philadelphia Today and Tomorrow Civic Exhibit. What nation other than America could produce such exhibits and in such a fashion.

Rev. J. F. Putnam Installed. The Rev. John F. Putnam, of St. John's, N. Y., a graduate of Rutgers Theological Seminary, New Brunswick, N. J., was ordained to the ministry and installed in the pastorate of the Fourth Reformed Church, Manayunk avenue and Martin street, Roxborough last night. The Rev. T. C. Sukow, president of the Philadelphia Classis, presided. The new minister succeeds the Rev. Isaac Ward, who has joined the forces of "Billy" Sunday.

Deputy City Treasurer Named. LEBANON, Pa., June 2.—City Treasurer I. dwin D. Sowers has announced his appointment of Ross H. Shiffer, of the 5th ward, as deputy city treasurer, to succeed Thomas G. Spangler, who has been seen for many years.

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NEW WOMANHOOD IN U. S. RESULT OF FEDERATION. MRS. PENNYBACKER SAYS

Nation With Women United Need Never Fear Internal Strife, Retiring President Declares

A CONSTRUCTIVE FORCE. NEW YORK, June 2.—Declaring that a "new womanhood is coming into life in America" and that a nation in which the women are united may never fear internal strife, Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, retiring president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, today outlined the work of the organization under her administration in the following special:

The work of the General Federation of Women's Clubs might be summed up, in short, as a united effort on the part of women of many creeds and nationalities, to inspire a higher type of citizenship, a better public spirit and a more alert social consciousness.

To accomplish this end the General Federation strives to assist and co-operate with agencies already existing in an effort to build up rather than tear down our present social structure.

It is, therefore, a great constructive force to achieve good rather than a destructive force to destroy evil, and this is true regardless of the fact that there have been many civic and ethical movements which have received their first impulse from the Federation.

The federation works through the home and the family to an extent which no other organization has ever attained. Public opinion is changed and this is true regardless of the fact that there have been many civic and ethical movements which have received their first impulse from the Federation.

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