

The MONKEY TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS
Author of the Tarzan Tales

CHAPTER XXVII—Continued

THEN, too, had come the tantalizing fear that all might not be well with him. She upbraided herself for not thinking of that before—of letting her desire to get the wounded Merion back to the bungalow blind her to the possibilities of Korak's need of her. She had been traveling rapidly for several hours without rest when she heard ahead of her the familiar cry of a great ape calling to her. She knew that she was on the right trail and she knew that she was not to be surprised, and presently she did, breaking into sight of them as the great elephant shuffled ahead, his trunk held high and the heavy stake upon his head, holding them there with his upturned trunk.

"Korak!" cried Merion from the foliage above them. Instantly the bull swung about, lowered his burden to the ground, and trumpeting savagely, prepared to defend his comrade. The ape-man, recognizing the girl's voice, felt a sudden lump in his throat.

"Merion!" he called back to her. Happily the girl clambered to the ground and ran forward to release Korak, but she was stopped by the elephant's trunk, which trumpeted a warning.

"Go back! Go back!" cried Korak. "He will kill you!" Merion paused. "Tarzan," she called to the huge brute. "Don't you remember me? I am little Merion. I used to ride on your back back," but the elephant rumbled in his throat and shook his tusks in angry defiance.

Then Korak tried to placate him—tried to order him away, that the girl might not get so close to him; but Tarzan would not go. He saw the elephant's trunk, which held high and the heavy stake upon his head, and he would take no chances.

For an hour the girl and the man tried to find some means whereby they might circumvent the beast's ill-directed guardianship, but all to no avail. Tarzan stood his ground in grim resolve to let no one approach Korak.

Presently the man hit upon a scheme. "Pretend to go away," he called to the girl. "Keep down the trunk of the elephant. After a while I'll have him put me down, and find some pretext for sending him away. While he is gone you can slip up and cut my bonds—have you a knife?"

"Yes, I have a knife," she replied. "I'll go now—I think you may be able to fool him; but don't be too sure—Tarzan isn't cunning."

Korak smiled, for he knew that the girl was right. Presently she disappeared. The elephant listened, and raised his trunk to catch her scent. Korak commanded him to raise him to his head once more and proceed upon their way. After a moment's hesitation he did as he was bid. It was then that Korak heard the distant call of an ape.

"Akut!" he thought. "Good! Tarzan knew Akut well. He would let him approach."

Raising his voice, Korak replied to the call of the ape, but he let Tarzan move off with him through the jungle; it would do no harm to try the other plan. They had come to a clearing, and plainly Korak smiled. Here was a good place and a good excuse. He ordered Tarzan to sit down, and go and fetch him water in his trunk. The big beast deposited him upon the grass in the center of the clearing; then he stood with cocked ears and attentive trunk, searching for the slightest indication of danger.

There seemed to be none, and he moved away in the direction of the little brook

that Korak knew was some two or three hundred yards away. The ape-man could scarcely help smiling as he thought; how cleverly he had tricked his friend; but, well as he knew Tarzan, he little guessed the guile of his cunning brat. The animal ambled off across the clearing and disappeared in the jungle beyond in his great bulk, but he was not alone. The foliage that he wheeled about and came cautiously back to the edge of the clearing where he could see without being seen.

Tarzan was now, protruding from all the branches of a tree across the clearing and running swiftly toward the ape-man. Korak before he charged the Tarzangani who had attempted to attack his comrade. He would just stand there for a moment and assure himself that all was well before he continued on toward the water.

As it was well that he did! There she was, now, protruding from all the branches of a tree across the clearing and running swiftly toward the ape-man.

Korak waited. He would let her reach him, and then he would attack her. He was sure that she had no chance of escape. His little eyes blazed savagely. His tail straitened a nerve to trumpet forth his rage at the world.

Merion was almost at Korak's side when Tarzan saw the long knife in her hand, and then he broke forth from the jungle, bellowing horribly, and charged down upon the frail girl.

CHAPTER XXVIII Tarzan Returns

KORAK screamed commands to his huge protector in an effort to halt him, but all to no avail. Merion raced toward the bordering trees with all the speed that lay in her swift little feet; but Tarzan, for all his huge bulk, drove down upon her with the rapidity of an express train.

Korak lay where he could see the whole tragedy. The cold sweat broke out upon his body. His heart seemed to have stopped its beating. Merion might reach the trees before Tarzan overtook her, but even her agility would not carry her beyond the reach of that relentless trunk—which would be dragged down and tossed. Korak could picture the whole frightful scene. Then Tarzan would follow her up, going the fraill little body with his relentless tusks, or trampling it into an unrecognizable mass beneath his ponderous feet.

He was almost upon her now. Korak wanted to close his eyes, but he could not. His throat was dry and parched. Never in all his savage existence had he suffered such blighting terror—never before had he known what terror meant. A dozen more strides and the brute would seize her!

What was that? Korak's eyes started from their sockets. A strange figure had leaped from the tree the shade of which Merion already had reached—leaped beyond the girl straight into the path of the charging elephant.

It was a naked white giant. Across his shoulder a coil of rope was looped. In the hand of his right arm was a hunting knife. Otherwise he was unarmed. With naked hands he faced the maddened Tarzan.

A sharp command broke from the stranger's lips—the great beast halted in his tracks—and Merion swung herself upward into the tree to safety.

Korak breathed a sigh of relief not unmixed with wonder. He fastened his eyes upon the face of Merion's deliverer, and as recognition slowly filtered into his under-stand he went wide in incredulity and surprise. Tarzan, still rumbling angrily, stood swaying to and fro before the giant white man.

Then the latter stepped straight beneath the upraised trunk and spoke a low word of command. The great beast ceased his muttering. The savage light died from his

eyes, and as the stranger stepped forward toward Korak Tarzan trailed docilely at his heels. Merion was watching, too, and wondering. Suddenly the man turned toward her as though recollecting her presence after a moment of forgetfulness.

"Come, Merion!" he called, and then she recognized him with a gasp. "Hiwan!"

Quickly the girl dropped from the tree and ran to his side. Tarzan cocked a questioning eye at the white giant, but, receiving a warning word, let Merion approach. Together the two walked to where Korak lay, his eyes wide with wonder and filled with a pathetic appeal for forgiveness and, maybe, a glad thankfulness for the miracle that had brought these two, of all others, to his side.

"Jack!" cried the white giant, kneeling at the ape-man's side.

"Father!" came chokingly from the girl's lips. "Thank God that it was you! No one else in all the jungle could have stopped Tarzan!"

Quickly the man cut the bonds that held Korak, and as the youth struggled to his feet and threw his arms about his father, the older man raised his arms and blessed him with a pathetic appeal for forgiveness and, maybe, a glad thankfulness for the miracle that had brought these two, of all others, to his side.

"I thought," he said sternly, "that I told you to return to the farm."

Korak was looking at them wonderingly. In his heart was a great yearning to take the girl in his arms; but in time he remembered the other—the dapper young English gentleman—and that he was but a savage ape-man.

Merion looked up pleadingly into Hiwan's eyes.

"You told me," she said, in a very small voice, "that my place was beside the mill. I love," and she turned her eyes toward Korak, all filled with the wonderful light that no other man had yet seen in them, and that none other could understand.

The Killer started toward her with outstretched arms; but suddenly he fell upon one knee before her instead, and, lifting her hand to his lips, kissed it most reverently. Then he had kissed the hand of his country's queen.

A rumble from Tarzan brought the three, all jungle bred, to instant alertness. Tarzan was looking toward the trees behind them, and as their eyes followed his gaze the head and shoulders of a great ape appeared amid the foliage.

For a moment the creature eyed them, and then from its throat rose a loud scream of recognition and of joy; and a moment later the beast had leaped to the ground, followed by a score of bulls like himself, and was waddling toward them, shouting in the primordial tongue of the anthropoid: "Tarzan has returned! Tarzan, lord of the jungle!"

It was Akut, and instantly he commenced leaping and bounding about the trio, uttering hideous shrieks and moanings that indicated the most ferocious rage; but these three knew that the king of the ape was doing homage to a king greater than himself. In his wake leaped his shaggy bulls, following the most ferocious of his kind, and was waddling toward them, shouting in the primordial tongue of the anthropoid: "Tarzan has returned! Tarzan, lord of the jungle!"

Two days later the three dropped from the trees on the edge of the plain, across which they could see the smoke rising from the bungalow and the cookhouse chimneys. Tarzan of the Apes had regained his civilized clothing from the tree where he had hidden it, and as Korak refused to enter the presence of his mother in the savage half-forest that he had worn so long, and as Merion would not leave him, for fear, as she explained, that he would change his mind and run off into the jungle again, the

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I write these verses on the train
As I am coming home from work,
So when the meter gives a hitch
It's 'cause the train just gave a jerk.



YOUNGSTERS JOYOUSLY TAKE TO GARDENING IN PUBLIC PLAYGROUNDS

Caro Miller, Supervisor of the School Gardens, Tells of Methods That Make Play Time of Work

STRESS LOVE OF NATURE

Philadelphia's youngsters are slated to have the time of their lives this summer. If all the plans for their physical well-being as arranged by William A. Stecher, director of physical training work in the public schools, be carried out. There are plenty of wholesome, useful recreations for the children that will keep them off the streets. And there are skilled teachers in every branch of the swimming, playground and gardening work to see to it that they know how to play.

It sounds rather foolish to talk about teaching kiddies to play—sort of like teaching a fish to swim, but it isn't. Miss Caro Miller, who is supervisor of school gardens, can tell you, and she knows that American youngsters have yet to learn the art of playing.

"There is so much that is artificial in the lives of modern children and so little that is natural. We teach the children that recreation means theatres, and movies and parties very much as we teach ourselves. We get the youngsters to play for years before we had these things, and they played with the very things we are trying to teach them to love now—flowers and birds and garden and outdoor life."

"The home and school gardening work has been going on for the last 12 years, but it is only now that its importance in the school system is being emphasized. School hours and more playtime are the chief reasons—the youngsters must find some way to amuse themselves, and what could be more useful and more beautiful than a plot of well-trained flowers or vegetables?"

"These gardening plots are a decided factor in reducing the high cost of living. It may be a 10 by 20 plot or it may be a 20 by 20, but it belongs to the child alone, and he chooses what he wants to sow there. He gets the seeds for a cent a package, but he doesn't waste them as the untrained child does. His instructor is right there to see to it that the seeds are planted, that the soil cultivated and everything done to make the perfect garden."

"Of course, when the vegetables come up they belong to the child. If the child is raising a garden, this adds considerably to the family board. Then the home plots are supervised as well. A child can have a garden and have the advice and direction of a trained adviser. Her duty is to visit the gardens, make a weekly report on their condition, supply seeds if the child wants them and keep an eye on the whole proceeding. So, you see, the gardening system is efficient."

"The card index on Miss Miller's desk stating the name of every child, the condition of his garden and his general average shows the way in which the work is carried on. The aid of the Agricultural Bureau in Washington is a great factor in this work, Miss Miller declares.

"There are plenty of opportunities in this field, which is rapidly becoming wider," she will tell you; "the State Department is pushing agricultural work more and more every year, for it is evident that there are as many boys and girls from the city who are going to return to the rural life as there are boys in the country districts who will come to the cities. We find this is so every year. Boys follow these courses in elementary gardening and get to like it. As a result, they go to one of the big agricultural schools and become scientific farmers."

"Women who love gardening and understand how to teach it and can offer the requisite qualifications are in great demand in the rural districts. They receive good salaries—varying from \$40 a month for part of their time to \$110 a month for work seven months in the year. So you can see that the remuneration is generous. Then, too, in 1914 the Smith-Lever act provided that two-thirds of the salary of an agricultural teacher would be paid, if he or she taught scholars outside the rural life, colleges, so the payment by the State is light, indeed."

"I hope some day that gardening will be a part of vocational training. We do that now, to a certain extent, but it is not looked upon as a definite part of the curriculum in the high schools. Children from 3 years old to 9 or 10 take to gardening instinctively, but the older children can, and should, be taught to look upon it as life-work. Landscape gardening is an enviable profession, and we hope to be able to continue the education of the children to this point in the future."



MISS CARO MILLER

BLAMES "CAT" FOR CRIME

Would-be Incendiary Had Silver Bullet to Kill "Witch"

POTTSVILLE, Pa., June 15.—William R. Thomas was arrested here on a charge of attempting to burn his frame residence. Oil saturated paper was found on several floors. There is an insurance of \$1000 on the house.

Thomas says he is under the baneful influence of a "hex" or "witch cat." This

coal-black cat, he says, has haunted him in his dreams, and he has slept in the open to get away from it. When taken into custody he had an old "pepperbox" revolver, in which was a silver bullet, molded by himself, with which to kill the cat.

Fire Destroys Piano Plant

MATAWAN, N. J., June 14.—Fire destroyed last night the four-story brick building owned by the Wason Piano Company. The loss is estimated at between \$50,000 and \$60,000. Part of the building was occupied by the Synthetical Chemical Company. There were a number of explosions during the fire. This made the work of the firemen hazardous.

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FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

A SAFE AND SANE FOURTH

Dear Children—Some one has called my attention to the fact that there are more accidents in the city of Philadelphia than in New York and Chicago combined.

This being our first Fourth of July, it becomes us to sound a warning to BE CAREFUL.

We think the country is sufficiently awakened to the necessity of having a safe and sane Fourth of July, so we wish to emphasize the necessity of being careful along other lines. There are many good men and women who are looking after the welfare of children on the glorious Fourth of July and few, so few, hard and earnest workers who are trying to keep children off of railroad tracks.

During the last seven years, we are informed, there have been 25,000 children killed upon railroad tracks. While we wish to protect children ONE day in the year, would it not be a good idea to bend our energies to protect children EVERY day in the year?

Your editor knows that there is something fascinating about walking on the tracks of a railroad, but it does not seem to be the danger that threatens. Many railroads, like the Pennsylvania, are taking every precaution to safeguard the lives of children by elevating the tracks which pass through cities.

We hope those who have done so nobly in making the Fourth of July safe and sane will now turn their attention to making the earth upon which we live safe for children to walk upon.

As we are looking ahead somewhat, we hope you will write and tell us how you will spend your holiday. We want to print your answers. How can this great day of July Fourth be made enjoyable and yet SAFE?

FARMER SMITH,
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box

Goldie Manloff is another little girl who writes about on gilt ballet slippers and lets the gentle art of dancing teach her to be a little girl. Goldie Manloff is another little girl who writes about on gilt ballet slippers and lets the gentle art of dancing teach her to be a little girl. Goldie Manloff is another little girl who writes about on gilt ballet slippers and lets the gentle art of dancing teach her to be a little girl.

Case Number 3

Some Rainbow wanted to be kind and not let any one know about his or her kindness. A package of 21 beautiful postcard cards came for Case No. 3, with the name of their donor conspicuously absent. The wrapper was postmarked Wildwood. Knowing two Rainbows had generous dispositions in that locality we have our grave suspicions—BUT—we are not going to voice them. The kindly gift reached its destination, and sufficient to be to say "Thank you, many and many a time" to the little one who wishes to write silently on the "book of golden deeds."

Kindness Makes Friends

By MAY KOENIG

Once upon a time there lived a mother who had two children. One was named Thelma and the other was named Molly. Molly was generous and good and also was very selfish. One day the children went out to play as usual. While they were playing a poor lady who was very good came along. She said, "I'm very hungry, dear little girl, can you give me a piece of bread?" But Thelma said, "Go away." Then Molly said, "Stay here a minute. I'll get you a piece of bread and a glass of water." Molly went and in came out again and in her hands were a cup of coffee, a piece of bread and a glass of water. The lady was very happy and thanked her. Thelma had so friends and Molly had many.

father went on ahead to the bungalow for horse and clothes. My Dear met him at the gate, her eyes filled with questioning and sorrow, for she saw that Merion was not with him.

"Where is she?" she asked, her voice trembling. "Merion told me that she disobeyed your instructions and ran off into the jungle after you had left them. Oh, John, I cannot bear to lose her, too!" And Lady Greytrots broke down and wept, as she allowed her head upon the broad breast where so often before she had found comfort in the great tragedies of her life.

Lord Greytrots raised her head and looked down into her eyes, his own smiling and filled with the light of happiness.

"What is it, John?" she cried. "You have good news—do not keep me waiting for it."

"I want to be quite sure that you can stand hearing the best news that ever came to either of us," he said.

"Joy never kills," she cried. "You have found her—she could not bring herself to hope for the impossible."

"Where is she? Where are they?" she demanded.

"Out there at the edge of the jungle. He wouldn't come to you in his savage leopardskin and his nakedness—he sent me to fetch him civilized clothing."

She clasped her hands in ecstasy, and tried to run toward the bungalow. "Wait!" she cried over her shoulder. "I have all his little suits—I have saved them all. I will bring one to you."

Tarzan laughed and called to her to stop. "It's only clothing on the piece that will fit him," he said, "is mine—if it isn't too small for him. Your little boy has grown, Jane."

She laughed, too; she felt like laughing at everything she did or nothing. The world was all love and happiness and joy once more—the world that had been shrouded in the gloom of the great sorrow for so long. So great was her joy that for the moment she forgot the sad message that awaited Merion.

She called to Tarzan after he had ridden away to prepare her for it, but he did not look back and rode on without knowing of it himself.

And so an hour later Korak, the Killer, rode home to his mother—the mother whose image had never faded in his boyish heart—may be in her arms and they were the love and forgiveness that he pleaded for.

SAFETY FIRST LEAGUE BEGS FOR SANE FOURTH OF JULY

Governors of States Asked to Issue Proclamation

Realizing that, as a result of the strong spirit of preparedness evidenced in virtually every part of the country, the celebrations incident to this year's Independence Day will be, in all probability, the most elaborate and extensive in the nation's history, the Safety First Federation of America has issued an appeal urging the strict enforcement of regulations governing the use of fireworks, firearms and explosives.

The Governors of the States in the Union have been requested by the federation to issue a proclamation calling upon the citizens to co-operate with the officials in the enforcement of the laws.

In this manner it is hoped to obtain a "safety first" Fourth of July. A statement issued by the federation reads as follows:

"The unbounded enthusiasm of thousands who are planning to display their patriotism on this national holiday must be controlled through the efforts of the most conservative, minded and the application of prohibitive measures is of first importance, otherwise the unrestricted celebration of the too patriotically inclined are more likely to be expressed in a greater loss of human life, shattered limbs and the destruction of property by fire than ever before. A persistent public sentiment for restrictive measures is essential. But prohibitive measures alone are not sufficient to be entirely effective and some substitute for the older method of celebration, which is quiet and dignified, is needed for this year, must, therefore, be provided."

The statement further declares that no community which has done away with the old senseless way of celebrating American independence by the noise and stench of gunpowder, and incidentally by the killing or maiming of children and the burning of homes and business places, has shown any disposition to return to it.

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