

# The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

## CHAPTER II—Continued.

Then the son of Tarzan slipped across the room, slipped through the open window and slid to liberty by the foot of an eaves trough.

Mr. Moore wriggled and struggled about the bed. He was sure that he should suffocate unless aid came quickly. In his frenzy of terror he managed to roll off the bed.

The pain and shock of the fall jolted him back to something like sane consideration of his plight. Where before he had been unable to think intelligently because of the hysterical fear that had claimed him, he now lay quietly searching for some means of escape from his dilemma.

The best that he could do was to attempt to attract attention from below; and after many failures, he managed to work himself into a position in which he could tap the top of his boot against the floor. This he proceeded to do at short intervals until, after what seemed a very long time, he was rewarded by hearing footsteps ascending the stairs, and presently a knock upon the door.

Mr. Moore tapped vigorously with his toe, but could not reply in any other way. The knock was repeated after a moment's silence. Again Mr. Moore tapped. Would they never open the door? Laboriously he rolled to the edge of the bed, and heaved himself up.

The knocking was repeated a little louder, and finally a voice called, "Mr. Jack!"

"It was one of the housemen, Mr. Moore recognized the fellow's voice. He came next to bursting a blood vessel in an endeavor to scream "Come in!" through the stifling gap. After a moment the man knocked again, quite loudly, and called the boy's name.

Receiving no reply, he turned the knob and at the same instant a sudden recollection of the tutor asked with terror—he had himself locked the door behind him when he had entered the room.

He heard the servant try the door several times, and then depart. Upon which Mr. Moore swooned.

In the meantime Jack was enjoying to the full the stolen pleasures of the male hall. He had reached that temple of mirth just as Ajax's name was commencing, and having purchased a box seat was now leaning back and watching the rill, watching every move of the great ape, his eyes wide in wonder.

The trainer was not slow to note the boy's handsome, eager face, and as one of Ajax's biggest hits consisted in an entrance or two before the main performance, ostensibly in search of a long lost relative, as the trainer explained.

He heard the servant try the door several times, and then depart. Upon which Mr. Moore swooned.

In the meantime Jack was enjoying to the full the stolen pleasures of the male hall. He had reached that temple of mirth just as Ajax's name was commencing, and having purchased a box seat was now leaning back and watching the rill, watching every move of the great ape, his eyes wide in wonder.

The trainer was not slow to note the boy's handsome, eager face, and as one of Ajax's biggest hits consisted in an entrance or two before the main performance, ostensibly in search of a long lost relative, as the trainer explained.

He heard the servant try the door several times, and then depart. Upon which Mr. Moore swooned.

In the meantime Jack was enjoying to the full the stolen pleasures of the male hall. He had reached that temple of mirth just as Ajax's name was commencing, and having purchased a box seat was now leaning back and watching the rill, watching every move of the great ape, his eyes wide in wonder.

The trainer was not slow to note the boy's handsome, eager face, and as one of Ajax's biggest hits consisted in an entrance or two before the main performance, ostensibly in search of a long lost relative, as the trainer explained.

He heard the servant try the door several times, and then depart. Upon which Mr. Moore swooned.

In the meantime Jack was enjoying to the full the stolen pleasures of the male hall. He had reached that temple of mirth just as Ajax's name was commencing, and having purchased a box seat was now leaning back and watching the rill, watching every move of the great ape, his eyes wide in wonder.

The trainer was not slow to note the boy's handsome, eager face, and as one of Ajax's biggest hits consisted in an entrance or two before the main performance, ostensibly in search of a long lost relative, as the trainer explained.

He heard the servant try the door several times, and then depart. Upon which Mr. Moore swooned.

In the meantime Jack was enjoying to the full the stolen pleasures of the male hall. He had reached that temple of mirth just as Ajax's name was commencing, and having purchased a box seat was now leaning back and watching the rill, watching every move of the great ape, his eyes wide in wonder.

The trainer was not slow to note the boy's handsome, eager face, and as one of Ajax's biggest hits consisted in an entrance or two before the main performance, ostensibly in search of a long lost relative, as the trainer explained.

## OVERCOMING PARENTAL OPPOSITION BY FORCE, JACK CLAYTON GOES TO SEE THE PERFORMING APE AND IMMEDIATELY MAKES FRIENDS WITH THE ANIMAL

Synopsis.—A scientific expedition off the African coast rescues Alexis Pavlovich. He brings aboard an ape, intelligent and friendly. Exhibited at a theater in London a few weeks later, the animal makes a hit. Jack Clayton, son of Lord Graystone, is forbidden to go and see the ape, but thwarts his parents.

never seen him across a human being before. Presently he clambered over into the box with him and snuggled down close to the boy's side.

The audience was delighted, but they were still more delighted when the boy, the period of his act having elapsed, attempted to persuade Ajax to leave the box. The ape would not budge.

The manager, becoming excited at the delay, urged the trainer to greater haste, but when the latter entered the box to drag away the reluctant Ajax he was met by barefanged jaws and menacing growls.

The audience was delighted with Jay. They cheered the ape. They cheered the boy, and they cheered and cheered at the trainer and the manager, which luckily individual had inadvertently shown himself and attempted to assist the trainer.

Finally, reduced to desperation and realizing that this show of mutiny upon the part of his valuable animal was a very long time, he was rewarded by hearing footsteps ascending the stairs, and presently a knock upon the door.

Mr. Moore tapped vigorously with his toe, but could not reply in any other way. The knock was repeated after a moment's silence. Again Mr. Moore tapped. Would they never open the door? Laboriously he rolled to the edge of the bed, and heaved himself up.

The knocking was repeated a little louder, and finally a voice called, "Mr. Jack!"

"It was one of the housemen, Mr. Moore recognized the fellow's voice. He came next to bursting a blood vessel in an endeavor to scream "Come in!" through the stifling gap. After a moment the man knocked again, quite loudly, and called the boy's name.

Receiving no reply, he turned the knob and at the same instant a sudden recollection of the tutor asked with terror—he had himself locked the door behind him when he had entered the room.

He heard the servant try the door several times, and then depart. Upon which Mr. Moore swooned.

In the meantime Jack was enjoying to the full the stolen pleasures of the male hall. He had reached that temple of mirth just as Ajax's name was commencing, and having purchased a box seat was now leaning back and watching the rill, watching every move of the great ape, his eyes wide in wonder.

The trainer was not slow to note the boy's handsome, eager face, and as one of Ajax's biggest hits consisted in an entrance or two before the main performance, ostensibly in search of a long lost relative, as the trainer explained.

He heard the servant try the door several times, and then depart. Upon which Mr. Moore swooned.

In the meantime Jack was enjoying to the full the stolen pleasures of the male hall. He had reached that temple of mirth just as Ajax's name was commencing, and having purchased a box seat was now leaning back and watching the rill, watching every move of the great ape, his eyes wide in wonder.

The trainer was not slow to note the boy's handsome, eager face, and as one of Ajax's biggest hits consisted in an entrance or two before the main performance, ostensibly in search of a long lost relative, as the trainer explained.

He heard the servant try the door several times, and then depart. Upon which Mr. Moore swooned.

In the meantime Jack was enjoying to the full the stolen pleasures of the male hall. He had reached that temple of mirth just as Ajax's name was commencing, and having purchased a box seat was now leaning back and watching the rill, watching every move of the great ape, his eyes wide in wonder.

The trainer was not slow to note the boy's handsome, eager face, and as one of Ajax's biggest hits consisted in an entrance or two before the main performance, ostensibly in search of a long lost relative, as the trainer explained.

He heard the servant try the door several times, and then depart. Upon which Mr. Moore swooned.

In the meantime Jack was enjoying to the full the stolen pleasures of the male hall. He had reached that temple of mirth just as Ajax's name was commencing, and having purchased a box seat was now leaning back and watching the rill, watching every move of the great ape, his eyes wide in wonder.

The trainer was not slow to note the boy's handsome, eager face, and as one of Ajax's biggest hits consisted in an entrance or two before the main performance, ostensibly in search of a long lost relative, as the trainer explained.

He heard the servant try the door several times, and then depart. Upon which Mr. Moore swooned.

In the meantime Jack was enjoying to the full the stolen pleasures of the male hall. He had reached that temple of mirth just as Ajax's name was commencing, and having purchased a box seat was now leaning back and watching the rill, watching every move of the great ape, his eyes wide in wonder.

The trainer was not slow to note the boy's handsome, eager face, and as one of Ajax's biggest hits consisted in an entrance or two before the main performance, ostensibly in search of a long lost relative, as the trainer explained.

He heard the servant try the door several times, and then depart. Upon which Mr. Moore swooned.

In the meantime Jack was enjoying to the full the stolen pleasures of the male hall. He had reached that temple of mirth just as Ajax's name was commencing, and having purchased a box seat was now leaning back and watching the rill, watching every move of the great ape, his eyes wide in wonder.

# What the American Thanksgiving Day Means to Suffering Europe

Our army in France will celebrate the occasion fittingly and tell their French comrades its significance. This "Yankee Feast Day" will be adopted by nations our great Red Cross organization is helping to fight starvation, disease and exposure.

by Charles Lee Bryson

FRANCE is adding a new feast day to her calendar—Thanksgiving Day. All along the front, behind the battle front where the French and British are hammering back the invading Germans, and General Pershing's boys are beginning to "go to it," all up and down their lines of communication; at all their training camps; at their naval bases and depots; wherever there are Americans in uniform—there Uncle Sam's boys will be eating turkey and cranberry sauce, and listening to sermons by their chaplains on the last Thursday of November this year.

France has never before been in close touch with this, the most characteristically American of all our holidays. Of course their Christmas, their Easter, their New Year's Day, and their various church festivals, correspond to our own. They have an equally understanding even for the Fourth of July, for it is close akin to their own Fourth of July, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille and the dawn of real liberty in France.

But Thanksgiving Day has always been Uncle Sam's own private and personal feast, in which nobody else had a part. It had its origin in no great international, nor even national, event. At first it was not even an American in scope, but was confined to the few hundreds of religious enthusiasts who fixed a day of public devotion and thanksgiving for deliverance from famine and pestilence.

Even the materials for the feast were indigenous to America. Despite his name, which would seem to indicate an oriental origin, the turkey is a native of America, and was introduced to the domain of the Sultan until imported there. The potato, which plays a minor but very important part in the feast, though later adopted by Ireland, was discovered in America.

But Thanksgiving Day has always been Uncle Sam's own private and personal feast, in which nobody else had a part. It had its origin in no great international, nor even national, event. At first it was not even an American in scope, but was confined to the few hundreds of religious enthusiasts who fixed a day of public devotion and thanksgiving for deliverance from famine and pestilence.

Even the materials for the feast were indigenous to America. Despite his name, which would seem to indicate an oriental origin, the turkey is a native of America, and was introduced to the domain of the Sultan until imported there. The potato, which plays a minor but very important part in the feast, though later adopted by Ireland, was discovered in America.

But Thanksgiving Day has always been Uncle Sam's own private and personal feast, in which nobody else had a part. It had its origin in no great international, nor even national, event. At first it was not even an American in scope, but was confined to the few hundreds of religious enthusiasts who fixed a day of public devotion and thanksgiving for deliverance from famine and pestilence.

Even the materials for the feast were indigenous to America. Despite his name, which would seem to indicate an oriental origin, the turkey is a native of America, and was introduced to the domain of the Sultan until imported there. The potato, which plays a minor but very important part in the feast, though later adopted by Ireland, was discovered in America.

But Thanksgiving Day has always been Uncle Sam's own private and personal feast, in which nobody else had a part. It had its origin in no great international, nor even national, event. At first it was not even an American in scope, but was confined to the few hundreds of religious enthusiasts who fixed a day of public devotion and thanksgiving for deliverance from famine and pestilence.

Even the materials for the feast were indigenous to America. Despite his name, which would seem to indicate an oriental origin, the turkey is a native of America, and was introduced to the domain of the Sultan until imported there. The potato, which plays a minor but very important part in the feast, though later adopted by Ireland, was discovered in America.

But Thanksgiving Day has always been Uncle Sam's own private and personal feast, in which nobody else had a part. It had its origin in no great international, nor even national, event. At first it was not even an American in scope, but was confined to the few hundreds of religious enthusiasts who fixed a day of public devotion and thanksgiving for deliverance from famine and pestilence.

Even the materials for the feast were indigenous to America. Despite his name, which would seem to indicate an oriental origin, the turkey is a native of America, and was introduced to the domain of the Sultan until imported there. The potato, which plays a minor but very important part in the feast, though later adopted by Ireland, was discovered in America.

But Thanksgiving Day has always been Uncle Sam's own private and personal feast, in which nobody else had a part. It had its origin in no great international, nor even national, event. At first it was not even an American in scope, but was confined to the few hundreds of religious enthusiasts who fixed a day of public devotion and thanksgiving for deliverance from famine and pestilence.

Even the materials for the feast were indigenous to America. Despite his name, which would seem to indicate an oriental origin, the turkey is a native of America, and was introduced to the domain of the Sultan until imported there. The potato, which plays a minor but very important part in the feast, though later adopted by Ireland, was discovered in America.

But Thanksgiving Day has always been Uncle Sam's own private and personal feast, in which nobody else had a part. It had its origin in no great international, nor even national, event. At first it was not even an American in scope, but was confined to the few hundreds of religious enthusiasts who fixed a day of public devotion and thanksgiving for deliverance from famine and pestilence.

Even the materials for the feast were indigenous to America. Despite his name, which would seem to indicate an oriental origin, the turkey is a native of America, and was introduced to the domain of the Sultan until imported there. The potato, which plays a minor but very important part in the feast, though later adopted by Ireland, was discovered in America.

But Thanksgiving Day has always been Uncle Sam's own private and personal feast, in which nobody else had a part. It had its origin in no great international, nor even national, event. At first it was not even an American in scope, but was confined to the few hundreds of religious enthusiasts who fixed a day of public devotion and thanksgiving for deliverance from famine and pestilence.

Even the materials for the feast were indigenous to America. Despite his name, which would seem to indicate an oriental origin, the turkey is a native of America, and was introduced to the domain of the Sultan until imported there. The potato, which plays a minor but very important part in the feast, though later adopted by Ireland, was discovered in America.

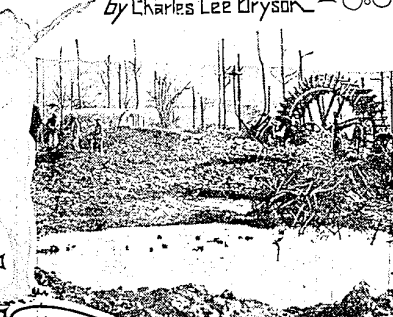
But Thanksgiving Day has always been Uncle Sam's own private and personal feast, in which nobody else had a part. It had its origin in no great international, nor even national, event. At first it was not even an American in scope, but was confined to the few hundreds of religious enthusiasts who fixed a day of public devotion and thanksgiving for deliverance from famine and pestilence.

Even the materials for the feast were indigenous to America. Despite his name, which would seem to indicate an oriental origin, the turkey is a native of America, and was introduced to the domain of the Sultan until imported there. The potato, which plays a minor but very important part in the feast, though later adopted by Ireland, was discovered in America.

But Thanksgiving Day has always been Uncle Sam's own private and personal feast, in which nobody else had a part. It had its origin in no great international, nor even national, event. At first it was not even an American in scope, but was confined to the few hundreds of religious enthusiasts who fixed a day of public devotion and thanksgiving for deliverance from famine and pestilence.

Even the materials for the feast were indigenous to America. Despite his name, which would seem to indicate an oriental origin, the turkey is a native of America, and was introduced to the domain of the Sultan until imported there. The potato, which plays a minor but very important part in the feast, though later adopted by Ireland, was discovered in America.

But Thanksgiving Day has always been Uncle Sam's own private and personal feast, in which nobody else had a part. It had its origin in no great international, nor even national, event. At first it was not even an American in scope, but was confined to the few hundreds of religious enthusiasts who fixed a day of public devotion and thanksgiving for deliverance from famine and pestilence.



This was once a picturesque mill and village beside a beautiful forest in France. The picture shows what the Germans did to it; not a house, not a tree left. The enemy soldiers are doing their best to follow the orders of their great Bismarck: "Leave them nothing but their eyes to weep with." The American Red Cross has under way gigantic plans for co-operation in rebuilding devastated sections of France, Belgium and Serbia.

livered from the danger of German conquest.

Not only in the spirit of feasting, but in the religious aspect of the holiday—especially in the religious aspect—we may expect the French to join heartily with the Americans in giving thanks, and we need not be surprised if they take Thanksgiving Day to their hearts as they have taken the American soldier, and make it their own for the rest of their national life.

Not the American army alone is giving the French reason to be thankful to that Providence which has raised up a powerful ally, but the American Red Cross, which stands ever back of the army and navy, helps to cure for them, and takes on its shoulders the burden of feeding and sheltering and clothing the pitiful thousands of refugees.

Back of the French fighting lines are now those homeless, shelterless, women, old men and little children, in numbers almost unbelievable. On October 1 the American Red Cross was caring for 824,000 of them, and more were coming at the rate of 1,000 a day through one city alone, and no one has estimated how many others. The Germans, who had held them prisoner in the lines for three years, were driving them across the lines that the French give it to me!" (quoting the book, he turned it round and round. Then, pressing it to his heart, he shouted: "Oh, make it speak to me again!" Is not this the greatest work of the mission, making the Bible speak to men?)

It is said that more than five hundred thousand sermons are preached every Sunday from texts taken from the Holy Scriptures. Any but a divine book would have been worn out ages ago, but the more the Bible is used, the better it is liked. The cry everywhere today is, "Come over and help us!" All the gates are open to the Christian soldier sent of God, carrying with him the Word of Power, preaching Christ to every creature—Christian Herald.

In the one little corner of Belgium which is free from the German heel, there also is the spirit of thanksgiving. The Belgians know nothing of the American holiday. For there has come the American Red Cross, and only a few days ago it voted \$389,500 for the relief of the Belgian refugees crowded behind their army in the little strip of soil still held by King Albert and Queen Elizabeth. This fund will be used especially to care for Belgian children, and to run a Belgian hospital for wounded soldiers, because the Belgian government hospital is now overtaxed.

For the feeding of the refugees, warehouses are built along the main roads and supplies will be sent by boat all over that corner of the little kingdom into which are huddled the helpless ones who have fled from the German invader.

Girls, too, has come to be thankful for what the American Red Cross is doing. Serbian war prisoners in Austro-German camps are on the verge of starvation, and only the Red Cross could reach them. The Serbian government has placed \$500,000 of the credit of the American Red Cross, and it has already brought 5,000 crates of food and supplies through Switzerland and Austria, to be furnished the starving prisoners.

But of all the nations the Red Cross has befriended, France is the one that has the most to be thankful for. Thanksgiving Day, and of all those peoples the French are most likely to catch the American point of view. It is a safe prediction when the French will take enthusiastically to the feast.

Is he less loving or faithful to us? He is "the same yesterday and today, yea and forever." Therefore we are to rejoice, always, not in our feelings, but in Christ. Dr. W. P. Mackay has written a needed word of warning: "I have had to do with many anxious inquirers, and I find the greatest stumbling block of all is this: They wish to be able to feel faith. Even the telephone cannot let us see a sound; it speaks to us by a sound. You might as well speak of hearing a sight as feeling faith."

How white are the fair robes of charity as she walketh amid the lowly habitations of the poor.

Charity.

How white are the fair robes of charity as she walketh amid the lowly habitations of the poor.

Charity.

How white are the fair robes of charity as she walketh amid the lowly habitations of the poor.

Charity.



Then Briefly Tarzan of the Apes Told His Son of His Early Life.

The trainer stepped forward. The ape bared his fangs, growling. "Go with him, Akut," said Tarzan of the Apes. "It will come and see you tomorrow."

The boy moved solemnly to the trainer's side. The latter, at John Clayton's request, told where they might be found. Tarzan turned toward his son.

"Come," he said, and the two left the theater. Neither spoke for several minutes after they had entered the limousine. It was the boy who broke the silence.

"The ape knew you," he said, "and you spoke together in his tongue. How did the ape know you, and how did you learn his language?"

And then, briefly and for the first time, Tarzan of the Apes told his son of his early life of his birth in the jungle, of the death of his parents and of how Kala, the great ape, had suckled and raised him from infancy almost to manhood.

He told him, too, of the dangers and the horrors of the jungle—of the great beasts that stalked one by day and night; of the perils of drought and of the catastrophic rains; of hunger, of cold, of intense heat, of nakedness and fear and suffering.

He told him of all those things that seem so horrible to the creature of civilization in the hope that the knowledge of them might expunge from the boy's mind any inherent desire for the jungle. Yet they were the very things that made the memory of the jungle what it was to Tarzan—that made up the composite jungle life he loved.

And in the telling he forgot one thing—the principal thing—that the boy at his side, listening so eagerly, was the son of Tarzan of the Apes.

After the boy had been tucked away to bed John Clayton told his wife of the events of the evening and that he had at last acquired the boy who had been the son of his jungle life. The mother, who had long foreseen that her son must some time know of those frightful years during which his father had roamed the jungle as a wild, savage beast of prey, shook her head, and said against hope that the lure she knew was still strong in the father's breast had not been transmitted to his son.

Tarzan makes an important explanation to Jack, but the talk does not have the effect hoped for by the father.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hardenwood.

Wood acquired a remarkable hardiness and toughness when it is placed in tanks and covered with quicklime which is gradually slaked with water.

## WHEN WE LOOK FOR FEELING

A Stumbling Block to the Christian Is to Work Over Inner Emotions.

Feelings are a very delightful part of our experience. But they are a very dangerous part. There are times when our fellowship with Christ flows from an overwhelming feeling of his power and presence. There are other times when we feel alone and all consciousness of his presence

feeling faith. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. So let us believe without feeling and without seeing, praising God that his perfect efficiency in meeting all our needs all the time is not dependent upon what we feel, but upon what he says—S. S. Times.

Charity.

How white are the fair robes of charity as she walketh amid the lowly habitations of the poor.

Charity.