

# The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER II—Continued.

Then the son of Tarzan skipped across the room, slipped through the open window and slid to liberty by way of the spout from 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 over.

The pain and shock of the fall jolted him into a 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, so, after many failures, he managed to work himself into a position in which he could tap the top of his hot pot 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—he could not reply in any other way, as his voice was repeated after a moment's silence. Again Mr. Moore tapped. And when he never opened the door, laboriously he rolled in the direction of succor. If he could get his back against the door he could then tap upon its base, when surely he must be heard.

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 near to bursting a blood vessel in an endeavor to scream. "Come in!" through the stifling gag. After a moment the man knocked again, quite loudly, and called the boy's name. Heeding not the reply, he turned the knob, and at the same instant a sudden explosion filled the room, to the thundering of his own heart. Then he himself looked 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 music hall. He had reached that temple of mirth just as Ajax, the comedian, was introducing purchased a box seat, now leaning breathlessly over the rail, watching every move of the great ape, his eyes wide in wonder.

The trainer was not slow to note, as one of the boy's hands, eager face, and as one of Ajax's biggest hits consisted in an entry to one or more boxes during his performance, ostensibly in search of a long lost relative, as the trainer ex-



The Man Stopped as Though Paralyzed. "Akut!" He Cried.

plained, the man realized the effectiveness of sending him into the box with the handsome boy, who doubtless would be terrorized by proximity to the strong, powerful beast.

When this time came therefore for the ape to return from the wings in reply to an encore, the trainer directed its attention to the boy, who chanced to be the sole occupant of the box in which he sat.

With a spring the huge anthropoid leaped from the stage to the boy's side. But if the trainer had looked for a laugh, a broad smile lit the boy's features as he laid his hand upon the shaggy arm of his visitor. The ape, grasping the boy by either shoulder, peered long and earnestly into his face, while the latter stroked his head and talked to him in a low voice.

Never had Ajax deviated so long a time to an expression of another as he did in this instance. He seemed troubled and not a little excited, jabbering and muttering to the boy and now caressing him as the trainer had

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

**Synopsis.**—A scientific expedition of the African coast rescues Alexi Pauwisch. 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 caress 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 trainer, the period of his act having elapsed, attempted to persuade Alex 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 Alex he was met by bared fangs and menacing claws.

The audience was delighted with joy. They cheered the ape. They cheered the boy, and they hooted and jeered at the trainer and the manager, which luckless individual had inadvertently hit himself, and attempted to assist the trainer.

Finally, reduced to desperation and realizing that this show of mutiny upon the part of his valuable possession might render the animal worthless for exhibition purposes in the future if not immediately subdued, the trainer hastened to his dressing room and procured a heavy cudgel.

With this he returned to the box, but with a curse threatened Alex with the death if he should find himself facing two infuriated enemies instead of one, for the boy leaped to his feet and, selecting a chair, stood ready at the ape's side to defend his new-found friend. There was no longer a smile upon his handsome face. In his gray eyes was an expression which gave the trainer pause and made him stand the giant anthropoid and his mate at a standstill.

The picture was alluring. And then came another picture—a sweet-faced woman, still young and beautiful; friends: a home; a son. He shrugged his giant shoulders.

"It cannot be 'Akut,'" he said. "But if you would return I shall see that it is done. You could not be happy here; I may not be happy there."



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

It was a pale-faced houseman who rushed into the Graystone library to announce that he had found Jack's door locked and had been able to obtain no response to his repeated knocking other than a strange clapping at the sound of which he had heard a body moving upon the floor.

Four steps at a time John Clayton took up the stairs that led to the floor above. His wife and the servant right after him.

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pected he called his son's name in a low voice; but, receiving no reply, he launched his great weight, backed by all the undiminished power of his giant muscles, against the heavy door. With a snapping of iron hinges and a splintering of wood the obstacle yielded inward.

At its foot lay the body of the unconscious Mr. Moore, upon whom it fell with a resounding thud. Through the open doorway Tarzan, and a moment later the room was flooded with light from a half-dozen electric bulbs.

It was several minutes before the tutor was discovered, so completely had the door covered him, but finally he was dragged forth, his gasp and bonds cut away, and a liberal application of cold water hastened his recovery.

"Where is Jack?" was John Clayton's first question, and then, "Who did this?"

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"But where is he?" cried Lady Greystone. "He's gone to see Ajax."

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### CHAPTER III

#### Exit Pauwisch.

As the trainer, with raised hand, held an instant at the entrance to the box where the boy and the ape confronted him, a tall, broad-shouldered man pushed past him and entered. As his eyes went wide with astonishment, he was stopped as though turned to stone.

"Akut!" he cried.

The boy looked, bewildered, from the English lord and then turned toward his father. The trainer, with a look of alarm as he listened, turned to the Englishman, who had roamed the jungle, a naked, savage beast of prey, shook his head, hoping against hope that the lurch he was still strong in the father's breast had not been transmitted to his son.

"Father!" he exclaimed.

The ape looked, bewildered, from the English lord and then turned toward his father. The trainer, with a look of alarm as he listened, turned to the Englishman, who had roamed the jungle, a naked, savage beast of prey, shook his head, hoping against hope that the lurch he was still strong in the father's breast had not been transmitted to his son.

From the wings a hideously bent and disfigured old man watched the tableau in the box, his pocketmarked features working spasmodically in varying expressions that might have

# 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



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 execrable 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.

Invited from the danger of German conquest.

With 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, their New Year's Day, and their Easter.

But Uncle Sam's own private and personal feast day, which nobody else had a part, it had its origin in no great international calamity, but in a personal calamity which befell the American Red Cross, which stands ever back of the army and navy, helps to cure for them, and tucks on their shoulders the burden of feeding and sheltering and clothing the pliful thousands of refugees.

Back of the French Red Cross are now many French families, women, old men and little children, in numbers almost unbelievable. On October 1 the American Red Cross was caring for \$20,000 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 when the French government might have to feed them.

It was not possible for the Red Cross to provide for all these refugees, but for the French government, even if they had the means, it was. But the help given them—the portable houses in which reunited families might find shelter, the little furniture and few tools supplied them that they might begin the family life anew; the food to keep them alive and the clothing to keep them from freezing to death—such services as these have aroused in the American Red Cross a desire to help the French.

Further, the American number of celebrating the Thanksgiving of all days has never been of a nature to attract the attention of other nations, or of their citizens visiting here. On this day of all days the American has no desire to retire from public gaze, to refrain from any great public demonstration, and to give thanks in his own way and eat the meal in the privacy of his own family! The only notable seeming exception to this is the Thanksgiving of the Thirteen Colonies. Day games, football, footbal, games, etc., are no real exception. These games themselves are always amateur affairs, primarily for the students themselves, and after the game every student who can possibly get home goes into retirement with his family for the great and solemn feast.

This year has brought a change. Young Americans to the number of 20,000—or is it 30,000?—are permitted to go. If he does know—aren't we French 2,000 miles from the family? and the accustomed turkeys? Most Americans had little hope that the day could be observed at the front, but General Pershing thought otherwise.

"The boys shall have their Thanksgiving Day," said the general.

That was all, but it was enough. It showed that the general had thought it out beforehand, and that he had no mind any hindrance for the feast.

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