

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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JACK AND AKUT FLEE THE COUNTRY AND WITHOUT MUCH TROUBLE MAKE THEIR WAY TO AFRICA

Synopsis.—A scientific expedition off the African coast rescues a human derelict, Alexis Pavlitch. He brings aboard an ape, intelligent and friendly, and reaches London. Jack, son of Lord Greystoke, the original Tarzan, has inherited a love of wild life and steals from home to see the ape, now a drawing card in a music hall. The ape makes friends with him. The ape refuses to leave Jack despite his trainer. Tarzan appears and is joyfully recognized by the ape, for Tarzan had been king of his tribe. Tarzan agrees to buy Akut, the ape, and send him back to Africa. Jack and Akut become great friends. Pavlitch is killed when he attempts murder.

CHAPTER IV.

Herr Skopp's Mystery.
The killing of the friendless old Russian by his great trained ape was a matter for newspaper comment for a few days. Lord Greystoke read of it and, while taking special care to see that the name of his son was not connected with the affair, kept himself well posted as to the police search for the author of the crime.

As was true of the general public, his chief interest in the matter centered upon the mysterious disappearance of the ape, or at least this was true until he learned several days later that the ape had been seen at the boarding school, en route for which they had seen him safely ensconced in a railway carriage.

Even then the father did not connect the disappearance of his son with the mystery surrounding the whereabouts of the ape, nor was it until a month later that careful investigation revealed the fact that the boy had left London and had been seen at the station at London and the cab driver had been found who had driven him to the address of the old Russian that Tarzan of the Apes realized that the Russian had been connected with the disappearance of the boy.

Beyond the moment that the cab driver had deposited his fare beside the curb in front of the house in which the Russian had been quartered there was no clue. No one had seen either the boy or the ape from that instant, at least no one who still lived. The proprietor of the house identified the picture of the lad as that of one who had been a frequent visitor in the room of the old man. Aside from this he knew nothing.

Add there at the door of a grimy old building in the slums of London the searchers came to a blank wall—baffled.

The day following the death of Alexis Pavlitch, a young accompanying his invalid grandmother boarded a steamer at Dover. The old lady was heavily veiled and so weakened by age and sickness, that she had to be wheeled aboard the vessel in an invalid chair.

The boy would permit no one but himself to wheel her and with his own hands assisted her from the chair to the interior of her stateroom—and that was the last that was seen of the old lady by the ship's company until the pair disembarked. The boy even insisted upon doing the work of her cabin steward, since, as he explained, his grandmother was suffering from a nervous indisposition that made the presence of strangers extremely distasteful to her.

Among the passengers there was an American named Conlon, a blacking and a crook, who was "wanted" in half a dozen of the larger cities of the United States. He had paid little attention to the boy until one day when he had seen him accidentally display a roll of banknotes. From then on Conlon cultivated the youthful Briton.

He learned easily enough that the boy was traveling alone with his invalid grandmother and that their destination was a small port on the west coast of Africa, a little below the equator; that their name was the Miller and that they had no friends in the little settlement for which they were bound. Upon the point of their purpose in visiting the place, Conlon found the boy reticent, and so he did not push the matter—he had learned all that he cared to know as it was.

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had plaited his wrists. Neither uttered a sound.

Where was the grandmother? Conlon's eyes swept the room in a single, all inclusive glance. His eyes bulged in horror at the realization of the truth which that glance revealed. In the power of what creatures of hideous mystery had he placed himself?

Frankly he fought to beat off the boy so he could turn upon the fearful thing at his back. Freeing one hand, he struck a savage blow at the lad's face.

His act seemed to unloose a thousand devils in the hairy creature, clinging to his throat. Conlon heard a low and savage snarl. It was the last thing that the American ever heard in this life. Then he was dragged backward upon the floor, a heavy body fell upon him, powerful teeth fastened themselves in his jugular, his head whirled in the sudden blackness which rites eternity.

A moment later the ape rose from his prostrate form. But Conlon did not know—he was quite dead.

The lad, horrified, sprang from the bed to lean low over the body of the man. He knew Akut had killed him in his defense, as he had killed Haulk. But here in savage Africa! far from home and friends, what would they do to him and his faithful ape?

The lad knew that the penalty of murder was death. He even knew that an accomplice might suffer the same penalty with the principal. Who was there here who would plead for them? All would be against them. It was little more than a half civilized country, and the chances were that they would drag Akut and him forth in the morning and hang them both to the nearest tree. He had read of such things being done in America, and Africa was the great west of his mother's native land.

Yes, they would both be hanged in the morning.

Last evening he had been deterred to start for home at the first opportunity to get the forgiveness of his parents for this mad adventure. Now he knew that he might never return to them. The blood of a fellow human being lay upon his hands. In his mind's eye he had long since ceased to attribute the death of Conlon to the ape. The hysteria of panic had fastened the guilt upon himself.

"Conlon!" he said in the language of the great apes. Forgetful of the fact that he wore only a thin pajama suit, he led the way to the open window. Thrusting his head out, he listened at the window.

A single tree grew a few feet from the window. A single lad sprang to its bole, clinging catlike for an instant before he clambered quietly to the ground below. Close behind him came the great ape. Two hundred yards away, a spur of the jungle ran close to the straggling town. Toward this the lad led the way.

No one saw them, and a moment later the jungle swallowed them, and John Chatter, future Lord Greystoke, passed from the eyes and the knowledge of men.

It was late the following morning that a native house man knocked upon the door of the room that had been assigned to Mrs. Billings and her grandmother. Receiving no response, he inserted his key in the lock, only to discover that another key was already there, but from the inside.

He reported the fact to Herr Skopp, the proprietor, who at once sent his boy to the second floor, where he too, receiving no reply, he bent to the keyhole in an attempt to look through into the room beyond. In so doing he was startled by the loss of his balance, which necessitated putting a pain to the floor to maintain his equilibrium.

As he did so he felt something soft and thick and wet beneath his fingers. He wiped his eyes and palm before his eyes in the dim light of the corridor and peered at it. Then he shuddered for even in the semidarkness he saw a dark stain upon his hand.

The story is complicated by the entry of Meriem, a pretty little Arabian girl, and a party called Skopp, who have designs on the child and would buy or steal her for a reward.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Room for Everybody There.
Western Siberia, between the Ural mountains and the Yenesei river, is capable, according to reliable estimates, of supporting a population of 80,000,000, or eight times the total population of the United States. Already the huge area is supporting 9,000,000 out of the 11,500,000 that form the entire population of Siberia.

Superstitions.
We must not look for absolute perfection in this class of art and, probably at this it is reasonable to expect of an honest man is that you can trust him to tell the truth except in letters of recommendation.—Olive Stanley Journal.

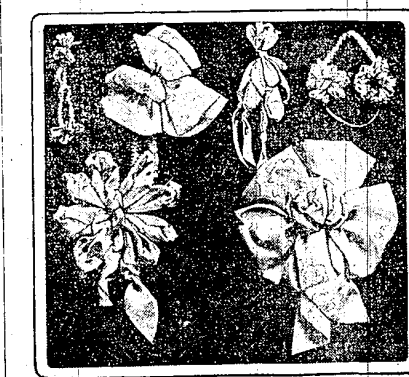
What Well Dressed Women Will Wear



Blouse of White and Colored Crepe.

The same blouse that are made for wear in the summer weather of the south will cheerfully face the snows of the black northern winter. For blouses refuse to acknowledge winter and take none of the responsibility of life is to look pretty and to be coming, and to add to our joys. They leave it to steam, heat and heavy coats to protect womanhood from the cold, and are therefore much at home anywhere.

Georgette crepe continues at the high tide of favor for dressy blouses and has even appropriated to itself some of the style features that distinguish colored blouses of crepe de chine—the shirt-bosom front for instance. A striking example of blouse called the Red Cross has made its appearance. It is very mannish, with high collar and plained skirt front. It is in fact very much like a shirt, and is not gathered in at the waistline, but depends upon the skirt belt to keep it in place. At the front of the high turn-over collar a small cross of red satin takes the place of a tie. This waist is successfully developed in white wash satin.



This Year's Ribbon Novelties.

The great day of ribbons dawns annually about a month before Christmas and the season of prosperity closes for a month or more. Up to Christmas eve everybody at the ribbon counter is frantically rushed. Even after the holidays the impetus given business makes itself apparent for some time. Every year many beautiful novelties for personal and household decoration are shown and with the ribbon for making them and they are immensely helpful in smoothing the path of the Christmas shopper. This year there is a furor for knitted bows, with shopping bags and knitted bags made of ribbons in the front of things fashionable. No self-respecting woman of today ignores entirely the call to knitting needles. Even though she never gets beyond knitting squares for quilts, she lends her moral support to the cause that makes her competent sisters so useful. Everywhere the lady goes her knitting bag is sure to go too. Many of the new, fashionable shopping bags are made of metal and satin brocades and they are mounted on French gilt or silver mountings that fasten securely like those used for leather bags. Knitting bags are supported by large rings of celluloid or glass, stimulating jade, amber, jet, tortoise-shell and other things.

Pretty things for children are shown in the picture above. The group includes blanket bows for the baby's carriage robe, hair bows for little girls, small garters for supporting the sleeves of infant's dresses and a ligature bow of narrow ribbon for young girls. The blanket bow at the left is made of wide pink satin ribbon and has eight loops, each about six inches deep. After it is knotted at the top. The allowance for the knot is three inches so each loop will require nine inches of ribbon. There are two knotted ends about twelve and sixteen inches long after they are knotted and about four inches of ribbon are needed for the knot at the heart of the bow. About three and a quarter yards will be an ample allowance.

A larger bow of wider ribbon is shown at the right with loops eight inches deep. At the heart of this bow a rosette is made of short loops each three inches deep. There is one long end. Three and three-quarters yards of pale pink broadened ribbon will make this handsome bow.

The little garters shown at the top of the picture are made by shirring narrow satin ribbon over flat elastic bands and finished with rosettes of baby ribbon. At the right of the picture a hair band for a little girl—shown at the right of the group—is made in the same way. Next it is pretty finger bow of narrow pink satin ribbon with knotted loops and ends and finally a bow for the hair of the young miss who is under the "flapper" age, that is not more than twelve. It is a butterfly bow of broadened ribbon mounted in a covered band of elastic.

Watermelons may be kept some time with a fair degree of success by sealing the end of the stem where it is cut from the vine, with wax.

Had To Give Up Was Almost Frantic With the Pain and Suffering of Kidney Complaint. Doan's Made Her Well.

Mrs. Lydia Shuster, 1833 Margaret St., Frankford, Pa., says: "A year ago I started my kidney trouble. My back began to ache and got worse and worse. My joints and ankles became swollen and painful and it felt as if needles were sticking in to them. I finally had to give up and went from bed to bed. My kidneys didn't act right and the secretions were scanty and distressing. I had awful dizzy spells when everything before me turned black; one time I couldn't see for twenty minutes. A few pains in my head set me almost frantic and I was so nervous I couldn't stand the least noise. How I suffered! Often I didn't care whether I lived or died."

"I couldn't sleep on account of the terrible pains in my back and head, nothing seemed to do me a bit of good until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. I could soon see that they were helping me; the backache stopped, my joints were relaxed and I no longer had any dizzy spells or rheumatic pains. I still take Doan's occasionally and they keep my kidneys in good health."

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HIS PAP HAD A PREMONITION

Farmer's Son Explained Why Parent Was Not Surprised When Family Party Arrived.

A family of eight, in a large automobile, equipped at a likely-looking farmhouse in the northern part of the state recently to get a drink of cold, pure water, which is believed to lurk about farmhouses, explained the Indiana News. To his surprise and evident gratification, the driver of the machine found in the farmer an old-time acquaintance, and plans were made immediately to pay the farmer's family a long-impeded visit. The automobile was put away in the barn and, after a hasty and bustling, the hard-worked farmer's wife prepared a meal adequate for the sudden increase in entertainment.

After the meal the visiting children, in fact the entire family, made free with the house and premises. The head of the visiting family noticed the farmer's oldest boy hanging dejectedly about the rear of the house just before time to do the evening chores.

"Well, sonny," said the man, "I guess your father was surprised to see me, wasn't he?"

"Well, I'd guess, for sure. But I don't think you was much surprised," answered the boy.

"Not surprised. Why, how is that? He surely didn't know we were coming, did he?"

"No, I reckon not; but surely he didn't know it would be you. But pap had been complaining all morning that he just knew something was going to happen. You see, he said, he felt just that way the day he got his leg busted."

Athletic training does not get rid of "fat" but of the excess water in the tissues of the body.



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