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THE STRANGE ANIMAL GOES TO LONDON AND THERE IS PUT ON EXHIBITION BY PAULVITCH—JACK CLAYTON BECOMES RESTLESS

Synopsis—A scientific expedition off the African coast rescues Alexis Paulvitch. He brings aboard an ape, intelligent and friendly.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

The officers had been aboard of the vessel, but they were unable to account satisfactorily for the strange ceremony with which he greeted each new face. But he had been discovered upon the mainland of any other place than the almost unknown island that had been his home they would have concluded that he had formerly been a pet of man, but that theory was not tenable in the face of the isolation of his uninhabited island.

He seemed continually to be searching for some one, and during the first days of the return voyage from the island he was often discovered peering about in various parts of the ship, but after he had seen and examined each face of the ship's company and explored every corner of the vessel, he inquired into the indifference of all about him. Even the Russian elicited only casual interest when he brought him food. At other times the ape appeared merely to tolerate him.

He never showed affection for him or for anyone else upon the Marjorie W. Nor did he at any time evince any indication of the savage temper that had marked his resentment of the attack of the sailors upon him at the time that he had come among them.

Most of his time was spent in the eyes of the ship, scanning the horizon ahead, as though he were endowed with sufficient reason to know that the vessel was bound for some port where there would be other human beings to undergo his searching scrutiny. All in all, Ajax, as he had been dubbed, was considered the most remarkable and intelligent ape that anyone aboard the Marjorie W. had ever seen.

Nor was his intelligence the only remarkable attribute he owned. His stature and physique were, for an ape, that of a giant. That he was old was quite evident, but if his age had impaired his physical or mental powers in the slightest it was not apparent.

And so at length the Marjorie W. came to England, and there the officers and the scientists, aided with compassion for the pitiful wreck of a man they had rescued from the jungles, furnished Paulvitch with funds and bid him and Ajax Goodspeed.

Upon the dock and all through the journey to London the Russian had his hands full with Ajax. Each new face of the thousands that came within the anthropoid's ken must be carefully scrutinized, much to the horror of many of his victims. But at last, falling apparently to discover when he sought the great ape relaxed into morbid indifference, only occasionally evincing interest in a passing face.

In London Paulvitch went directly with his prize to a famous animal trainer. This man was much impressed with Ajax, with the result that he agreed to train him for a lion's share of the profits of exhibiting him and in the meantime to provide for the keep of both the ape and his owner.

And so came Ajax to London, and there was forged another link in the chain of strange circumstances that were to affect the lives of many people.

CHAPTER II.

"To See Ajax."

Mr. Harold Moore was a bilious, countenanced, studious young man. He took himself very seriously, and his life and his work, which latter was the tutoring of the young son of Lord Greytroke, a British nobleman. He felt that his charge was not making the progress that his parents had a right to expect, and he was now conscientiously explaining this fact to the boy's mother.

"His sole interest seems to be feats of physical prowess and the reading of everything that he can get his hands on, relating to savage beasts and the lives and customs of uncivilized peoples. Particularly stories of animals appeal to him. He will sit for hours together poring over the work of some African explorer, and upon two occasions I have found him sitting up in bed at night reading Carl Hagenbeck's book on men and beasts."

For several minutes neither spoke, was the boy's mother who finally broke the silence.

"It is very necessary, Mr. Moore," she said, "that you do everything in your power to discourage this tendency in Jack; he—"

But she got no further. A loud

"Whoop!" from the direction of the window brought them both to their feet.

The room was on the second floor of the house, and opposite the window to which their attention had been attracted was a large tree, a branch of which spread to within a few feet of the sill. Upon this branch they both discovered the subject of their conversation, a tall, well built boy, balancing with ease upon the bending limb and uttering loud shouts of glee as he tottered terrified expressions upon the faces of his audience.

The mother and tutor both rushed toward the window, but before they had crossed half the room the boy had leaped nimbly to the sill and entered the apartment with them.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "there's a wonderful educated ape being shown up one of the music halls. Willie Grimshaw saw it last night. He says it can do everything but talk. It rides a bicycle, eats with knife and fork, counts up to ten and even can do other wonderful things. And when I go and see it too? Oh, please, mother—please let me!"

Patting the boy's cheek affectionately, the mother shook her head negatively. "No, Jack," she said; "you know I do not approve of such exhibitions."

"I don't see why not, mother," replied the boy. "All the other fellows go, and they go to the zoo, too, and you'll never let me do even that. Anybody think I was a girl or—or a mollycoddle. Oh, father, he exclaimed, the door opened to admit a tall, gray-haired man—"oh, father, can't I go?"

"Go where, my son?" asked the newcomer.

"He wants to go to a music hall to see a trained ape," said the mother, looking warningly at her husband.

"Who—Ajax?" questioned the man.

The boy nodded.

"Well, I don't know that I blame you, my son," said the father. "I wouldn't mind seeing him myself. They say he is very wonderful and that for an anthropoid he is unusually large. Let's all go. Jane, what do you say?" He turned toward his wife.

But that lady only shook her head in a most positive manner and, turning to Mr. Moore, asked him if it was not time that he and Jack were in the study for their morning recitations.

When the two had left she turned toward her husband.

It was from her husband that the boy had inherited his longing for the wild. Lord Greytroke's parents had

been set on the shore of the west coast of Africa by mutineers. After their death their infant son was stolen and mothered by an ape, and he in turn became the king of a tribe of great apes.

He was known as Tarzan. After many adventures he was rescued and finally settled down in London.

"John," Lady Greytroke said, "something must be done to discourage Jack's tendency toward anything that may excite the craving for the savage life which, I fear, he has inherited from his father."

You know from your own experience how strong is the call of the wild at times. You know that often it has been necessary to struggle on your part to resist the almost insistent desire which occasionally overwhelms

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you to plunge once again into the life that claimed you for so many years, and at the same time you know better than any other how fearful a fate it would be for Jack were the trail to the savage jungle made either alluring or easy to him.

"I doubt if there is any danger of his inheriting a taste for jungle life from me," replied the man, "for I cannot conceive that such a thing may be transmitted from father to son. And sometimes, Jane, I think that in your solicitude for his future you go a bit too far in your restrictive measures. His love for animals—his desire, for example, to see this trained ape—is only natural in a healthy, normal boy of his age."

And John Clayton, Lord Greytroke, got an arm about his wife, laughing good-naturedly down into her upturned face before he bent his head and kissed her. Then, more seriously, he continued:

"You have never told Jack anything concerning my early life, nor have you permitted me to, and in this I think that you have made a mistake. Had I been able to tell him of the experiences of Tarzan of the Apes I could doubtless have taken much of the glamour and romance from jungle life that naturally surround it in the minds of those who have had no experience of it. He might then have profited by my experience; but now, should the jungle lust ever claim him, he will have nothing to guide him but his own impulses, and I know how powerful these may be in the wrong direction at times."

But Lady Greytroke only shook her head as she had a hundred other times when the subject had claimed their attention in the past.

"No, John," she insisted, "I shall never give my consent to the implausible in Jack's mind of any suggestion."



A Moment Later He Was Infinitely More Astonished.

of the savage life to which we both wish to preserve him."

Mr. Moore's room was next to that of his youthful charge, and it was a custom to buy a look into the boy's each evening as the former was about to retire. This evening he was particularly careful not to neglect this duty, for he had just seen from a conference with the boy's father and mother, in which it had been impressed upon him that he must exercise the greatest care to prevent Jack visiting the music hall where Ajax was being shown.

So when he opened the boy's door at about half-past nine he was greatly excited, though not entirely surprised, to find the future Lord Greytroke fully dressed for the street and about to crawl from his open bedroom window.

Mr. Moore made a rapid sprint across the apartment, but the waste of energy was unnecessary, for when the boy heard him within the chamber and realized that he had been discovered, he turned back, as though to relinquish his planned adventure.

"Where were you going?" panted the excited Mr. Moore.

"I am going to see Ajax," replied the boy quietly.

"I am astonished!" cried Mr. Moore. A moment later he was infinitely more astonished, for the boy, approaching close to him, suddenly seized him about the waist, lifted him from his feet and threw him, back downward, upon the bed, showing his face deep into the soft pillow.

"Be quiet," admonished the victor, "or I'll choke you."

Mr. Moore struggled, but his efforts were in vain. Whatever else Tarzan of the Apes may or may not have handed down to his son, he had at least bequeathed him almost as marvelous a physique as he himself had possessed at the same age.

Kneeling upon him, Jack tore strips from a sheet and bound the man's hands behind his back. Then he rolled him over and stuffed a gag of the same material between his teeth, securing it with a strip wound about the back of his victim's head. Next he tied Mr. Moore's feet together.

Young Jack Clayton overcomes parental opposition, overcomes the crabbed Mr. Moore and goes to see the performing ape, with whom he makes friends.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Cruel Constable. Country Constable (to motorist)—You have evidently been drinking to excess. There is hardly enough left in this bottle to soften my heart sufficiently to release you!—Life.

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