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THE STRANGE ANIMAL GOES TO LONDON AND THERE IS PUT ON EXHIBIT 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 and scientists aboard often discussed the beast, but they were unable to account satisfactorily for the strange ceremony with which he greeted each new face. Had he been discovered upon the mainland or 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 nosing 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 lapsed into utter 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 eye 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, awe-inspiring. 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, filled with compassion for the pitiful wreck of a man they had rescued from the jungles, furnished Paulvitch with funds and bid him and Ajax Godspeed.

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 whom he sought, the great ape relapsed into morbid apathy, 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 Greystoke, 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 hold of 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 in bed at night reading Carl Hagenbeck's book on men and beasts.

For several minutes neither spoke. It 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 noted the 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 at one of the music halls. Willie Grimby 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 ever so many other wonderful things. And can 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'd think I was a girl or—a mollycoddle. Oh, father," he exclaimed as the door opened to admit a tall, gray-eyed 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 Greystoke's parents had



They Both Discovered the Subject of Their Conversation.

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 Greystoke 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 you. You know from your own experience how strong is the call of the wild at times. You know that often it has necessitated a stern struggle on your part to resist the almost insane desire which occasionally overwhelms

you to plunge once again into the jungle life that claimed you for so many years, and at the same time you know better than any other how frightful 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 Greystoke, put 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 glamor 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 every 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 Greystoke 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 implanting in Jack's mind of any suggestion



A Moment Later He Was Infinitely More Astonished.

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

Mr. Moore's room was next to that of his youthful charge, and it was the tutor's custom to have 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 come 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 Greystoke 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, shoving 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, throttles 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.

IMPORTANT TASK IN GETTING GOOD SEED

Plentiful Supply of Germinable Corn Is Assured.

Drought Reduced Quality of Grain Sorghum and Broom-Corn—Treatment of Seed Grain Is Urged to Prevent Disease.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A generally favorable marketing season last year has insured a plentiful supply of germinable seed corn. In some cases drought reduced the quality of grain sorghum and broom-corn seed, and germination tests are urged for those sections. Flax production was short in eastern Montana and western North Dakota, where a large portion of the flax average is grown, but, since seed grown in that section is more likely to be free from weed seeds and flax diseases than seed



Good Seed Corn.

grown farther east, Montana and North Dakota farmers are urged to make every effort to obtain good seed in their own localities. The department of agriculture is locating good seed supplies in North Dakota, Montana and Minnesota and making their location known to those wishing to purchase.

The treatment of seed grain to prevent fungous diseases is pointed out as probably the most important work in connection with spring sowing in 1919.

ATTENTION TO SETTING HENS

Nests Must Be Kept Free From Mites—Crude Petroleum Spray May Injure Eggs.

Great care should be taken to keep nests occupied by setting hens free from mites. It is hard to work effectively against the mites when many hens are brooding, and in the form of crude petroleum sprays, used freely about the house at that time, may soil the eggs and prevent successful hatching. Infested quarters, therefore, should be treated thoroughly before hens are set, so as to start them in nests which are absolutely clean. Beneath the straw of the nest a layer of lime and sulphur will tend to prevent mite breeding, and the entire nest may be dusted occasionally with pyrethrum. Broken eggs and the straw soiled by them should be removed promptly, as they tend to attract mites.

ROTATE TO PREVENT DISEASE

Allments Increase in Activity When Same Crops Are Grown Yearly on the Same Soil.

Practically every farm crop is attacked by some disease which increases in activity when the same crops are grown year after year on the same soil. Root rot becomes more prevalent when corn follows corn. Stunt in corn is intensified with continuous culture. Potatoes are often attacked by several plant diseases if they are grown on the same soil two or more years in succession. With proper crop rotation the diseases do not have the same host plant for two successive years, which prevents them from gaining a headway.

DESIRABLE SOIL FOR GARDEN

Mellow Loams Retain Moisture and Supply Plantfood Conducive to Larger Yields.

A mellow loam soil is highly desirable for best results in gardening. Such soils retain moisture and supply plantfood solution in such a way that they are conducive to satisfactory growth and fruitful yield of vegetables.

WATER REQUIRED FOR DUCKS

For First Two Weeks Supply for Drinking Is All That Is Necessary—Keep Panful in Coop.

Ducks only require enough water for drinking purposes the first two weeks. Keep a shallow panful in your feeding coop every time you feed them. This is very important, as they eat a little of the dough, then run to the water pan so as to wash it down.

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HOW TO AVOID BACKACHE AND NERVOUSNESS
Told by Mrs. Lynch From Own Experience.

Providence, R. I.—"I was all down in health, was nervous, had aches, my head ached all the time. I was tired and had no ambition for anything. I had a number of headaches which did me no good. One day I read about E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for other women, so I bought it. My nervousness and backaches disappeared. I gained weight and feel fine, so I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman suffering as I was."—Mrs. ABIGAIL LYNCH, 100 Plain St., Providence, R. I.

Backache and nervousness are warning signs of a functional disturbance of the system, which often indicates an unhealthy condition which often develops into a more serious ailment.

Women in this condition should continue to drag along without help until they are completely worn out. Profit by Mrs. Lynch's experience. Try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—and for special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Great Political Truth.
Half a dozen men control every city, three or four men control every country town, two or three men control every country neighborhood. It is the natural law and no system of government will change it.—Topeka Capital.

Sport.
Said the near cynic, "When a man is alluded to as a poor fish he may be sure that somebody is making game of him."

Hurrah! How's This
Cincinnati authority says corns dry up and lift out with fingers.

Nope, They Won't Do.
Said the facetious fellow: "Married people are fond of each other pet names, but when they hear 'em use Fido and Tabby!"

Uncle Eben.
"De truth ain't allus easy to say, Uncle Eben. 'A man times say sumpin' in half a minute he can't explain in five years."

Bad Boy!
Jessie came into the house with a dead bird in her hand. When in her eyes she said: "Oh, I see the poor birdie; there was a boy outside and he gunned it."

No Charmer, This!
Furthermore, why do they call it a car-splitting whistle? A car-splitting understanding of a siren is that people don't try to get away from Galveston News.