

The SON of TARZAN



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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 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 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-looking, 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 up 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



They Both Discovered the Subject of Their Conversation.

at one of the music halls. Willie Grimsby 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 new-comer.

"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 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 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



A Moment Later He Was Infinitely More Astonished.

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.)

TYPISTS MAKE BAD ERRORS

Slips Are Very Amusing in Some Instances, and Hard to Explain in Many Others.

If some lady typists can make a mistake they will, and some of their efforts are very amusing, a humorist relates. One typist produced the remark, in regard to a rather conceited man, that "his one weakness was on-ion sauce," the real word being "omniscience." Another, in an obituary of a great theologian, spoke of his belief in the "immortality of the soul." Just the omission of the "t" from "immortality" made all the difference.

Some few years ago a speaker at a meeting waxed very sympathetic over the death of the wife of a manager of the company at some fever-stricken place in West Africa, and the reporters who were afterwards getting out this speech together to save time were in a jocular mood. At the end of the pathetic oration the one who was dictating said, for a joke, and to amuse the others, "Loud Laughter," and the foolish girl, who was as much a machine as the typewriter at which she sat, actually put the words in. Moreover, they appeared in print in a financial newspaper, and a very humble apology had to be made by the editor afterwards, although any explanation of the "slip" was impossible.

Highly Valued Pen.

One of the most valuable pens in the world, and one that has been much coveted by curio hunters, is one owned in New York. It was made from a carved box in which George Washington, when a young man, kept the lenses of his surveying instruments, the wood of which formed the lid of the desk of the captain of the historic Mayflower.

BOY SCOUTS



SEA SCOUTS TRAIN ASHORE

This is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque, if not the most appealing, division of the scouting program. It has to deal with that element in the boy's life which is seldom thoroughly satisfied unless he actually runs away and goes to sea.

The program includes every phase of nautical work. It is based on a program outlined by and in charge of James A. Wilder. Mr. Wilder has had the heartiest co-operation in developing this from the high officials of the navy department.

The plan is a thoroughly working one and its promotion attracts a great



JAMES A. WILDER, Chief Sea Scout of the Sea Scouts of the Boy Scouts of America.

deal of attention. It is new and is intended to work with older scouts.

It's not, however, entirely a sea-board affair. It's so designed that an inland city can produce practically the same results.

The idea of training seamen inland is not a new thing. It has been extensively done both in Sweden and Norway for generations.

HOW SCOUTS HELPED FRANCE.

A recent statement received at national headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America by General Baden-Powell, head of the English scouts, contains the following:

"The fighting is over at last, and the scouts, whether from home or overseas, have distinguished themselves in noticeable proportion throughout the war. Among the highest, three out of General Haig's five army commanders in France are scout commissioners—Sir Herbert Plumer, Sir William Birdwood and Sir Julian Byng.

"While at Lille I heard of the pluck of a boy scout during the German occupation. No sooner had the German staff received news by wireless as to the progress of the war and events in other countries than it was at once known by all the inhabitants of Lille. 'Till the time of their departure the Germans never discovered how the news leaked out. As soon as night fell every evening this boy rigged up his wireless apparatus on the roof of his home, received all the news that was going and had it typed and communicated to his friends. The apparatus was all down and stowed away before the day dawned."

NOT EASY TO STAY A SCOUT.

Being a scout stands for service. This service may mean a sacrifice or the changing of his entire mode of living, such as the rearrangement of his studies or the giving up of amusements or things he may like best. This of course is the real scout's program of unselfish and patriotic service to his country.

In these days each scout feels that he has been called upon to make just such sacrifices and still has a debt to pay to his brother scouts and scout officials "over there."

Clock Dials for Summer.

Instead of moving the hands of the clock forward and back at the time of changing from standard to summer time, and vice versa, a plan recently proposed in England is to have clocks provided with an adjustable dial. The circular disk of the dial would be put in place by screws in curved slots, and the dial would be rotated through one hour space at the time of making the change, leaving the hands untouched.

It is claimed that this plan is especially desirable in the case of striking-clocks, the hands of which cannot be moved back. The position of the dial would also indicate whether the clock was keeping summer or normal time. The objection to this procedure, of course, is that practically everybody tells time from position of the hands, without any attention to the figures on the dial.

Not All So Harmless.

The part of Father Christmas may be easily overacted, as a certain town councilor would be the first to admit. He had been asked to take part in the annual treat to the old folk at the local workhouse. Made up as the ancient gentleman beloved of the children, he went, and for a time his pranks and antics delighted the company.

Then a scrap of conversation he chanced to overhear scarcely added to the worthy councilor's enjoyment.

"Ain't 'e enjoyin' of hisself?" remarked one aged inmate to another. "Wot a treat it is for the likes o' he! But why can't they let all the loonies out on a night like this?"

"Well," came the reply, "mebbe they ain't all so harmless as this'n."

Describes Trouble.

"Trouble," said Uncle Eben, "in a lot o' cases is only jes' a lazy man's name for hard work."