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CHAPTER II.
"To See Ajax."

Mr. Harold Moore was a bit of a countenance, 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.

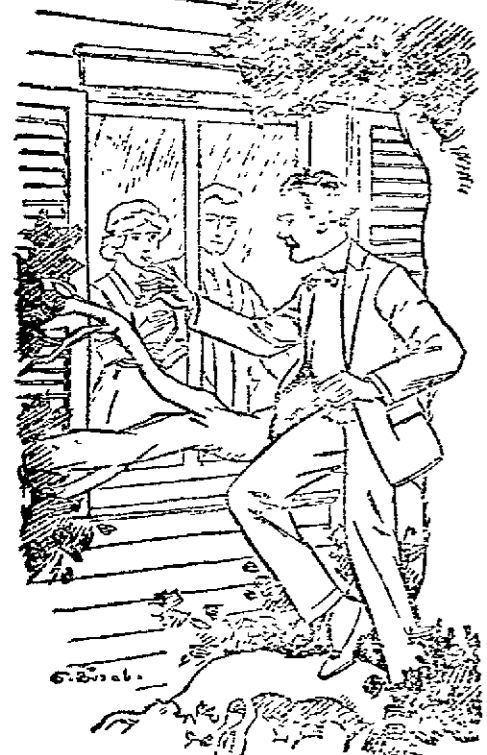
"His sole interest seems to be feats of physical prowess and the reading of everything that he can get hold of relating to savage beasts and the lives and customs of uncivilized peoples. Particularly stories of animals appeal to him. He will sit for hours together poring over the work of some African 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



They Both Discovered the Subject of Their Conversation.

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 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—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 been slain on the shore of the west coast of Africa by savages. After their death their infant son was stolen and reared 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 feel, 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 insatiable 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 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.

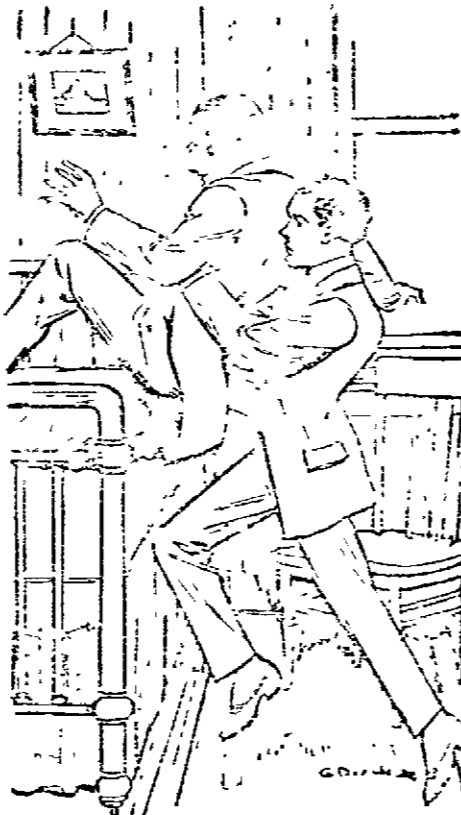
Kneeling upon him, Jack tore strips from a sheet and bound the man's hands behind his back. Then he rolled

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.

Then the son of Tarzan skipped across the room, slipped through the

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 off the bed. The pain and shock of the fall jarred him back to 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



A Moment Later He Was Infinitely More Astonished.

which he could tap the top of his foot against the floor. Thus he proceeded to do at short intervals until after what seemed a very long time, he was rewarded by hearing foot-steps 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. The knock was repeated after a moment's silence. Again Mr. Moore tapped. Would they never open 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. Receiving no reply, he turned the knob, and at the same instant a sudden recollection filled the tutor anew with terror—he had himself locked 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 swore.

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's act was commencing, and having purchased a box seat was 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 the boy's handsome, 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 explained, the man realized the effectiveness of sending him into the box with the handsome boy, who doubtless would be terror stricken by proximity to the shaggy, powerful beast.

When the 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 laughable scene of fright he was mistaken. A broad smile lighted 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 devoted so long a time to an examination of another as he did in this instance. He seemed troubled and not a little excited, jabbering and mumbling to the boy and now caressing him as the trainer had 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 Ajax 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 Ajax he was met by bared fangs and menacing growls.

The audience was delirious with joy. They cheered the ape. They cheered the boy, and they hooted and jeered

the trainer and the manager, which luckless individual had inadvertently shown 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

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for exhibition purposes in the future if not immediately subdued, the trainer hastened to his dressing room and procured a heavy whip.

With this he now returned to the box, but when he had threatened Ajax with it but once he found himself facing two infuriated enemies instead of one, for the boy leaped to his feet and, seizing a chair, stood ready at the apex of a triangle to defend his new-found friend. There was no longer a smile upon his face. In his gray eyes was an expression which gave the trainer pause, and beside him stood the giant anthropoid growling and ready.

What might have happened but for a timely interruption may only be surmised, but that the trainer would have received a severe mauling if nothing more was clearly indicated by the attitudes of the two who faced him.

It was a pale-faced houseman who rushed into the Greystoke 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 tapping and the sound of what might have been a body moving upon the floor.

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

Once he called his son's name in a loud 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 burst inward.

At its foot lay the body of the unconscious Mr. Moore, across whom it fell with a resounding thud. Through the opening leaped 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 gag and boards 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?"

Slowly Mr. Moore staggered to his feet. His gaze wandered about the room. Gradually he collected his scattered wits. The details of his recent harrowing experience returned to him.

"I tender my resignation, sir, to take effect at once," were his first words. "You do not need a tutor for your son—what he needs is a wild animal trainer."

"But where is he?" cried Lady Greystoke.

"He has gone to see Ajax."

It was with difficulty that Tarzan restrained a smile, and after satisfying himself that the tutor was more scared than injured, he ordered his closed car around and departed in the direction of a certain well-known music hall.

(Continued next week.)

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