



# Gan Waga and Marzipan of the Japes

*A Splendid, Humorous Adventure Story,  
Introducing Many Old Favourites.*

By **SIDNEY DREW**

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## THE FIRST CHAPTER

### Worcester Sauce!

**I**n the fierce glare of the sunshine the yacht might have been built of mother-of-pearl.

She was painted a dazzling white from stem to stern. Within pistol shot to port and starboard the unruffled sea was as blue as a starling's egg; but where the yacht lay at anchor the water was stained a dingy brown. Her nose pointed towards the mouth of the Sanuli river, an unpleasant locality, famous for its moist heat, mud, mangroves, ravenous mosquitos, and malaria. From the deck of the ocean-going steam yacht Valissa the shore looked a green, enticing place.

"Something at last, by honey!" grunted Mr. Thomas Prout.

Prout was nominally the captain of the yacht, but only the deck hands addressed him by that title. Her owner was Ferrers Lord, the famous millionaire. Prout removed his yachting-cap and rubbed his shining bald head with a silk handkerchief. His friend, Mr. Benjamin Maddock, who had been snoring in a deck-chair awoke and began to take notice.

A dirty little petrol-launch came briskly down the streak of yellow water towards the yacht, and a tall negro who was standing in

her bows, heaved something aboard that fell on her deck with a thud and a bounce. Circling the Valissa, the launch made back for the river, leaving a stench of bad petrol and a coconut-shell wrapped in matting behind her.

"I reckon it's the postman, Ben," said Prout, as he used his knife on the matting. "And about time, too, by honey!"

The coconut shell came apart in two halves. It contained a sheet of paper. Prout read the message slowly.

"His esteem and glorious highness, Prince Ching Lung of Kwai-hal give me to inform that to-night you have the high honour to receive his illustrious greatness. Also, to receive the esteem Gan Waga of the becoming countenance. Likewise to receive the great chief Marzipan, who accompany. For these tremendous honours I thereby instruct you to dress ship and deliver the salute of twenty-one guns in default thereof your nappers shall go off.—(Signed) CHU SAN PONG, secretary."

Prout grinned, and handed this curious missive to Maddock. There was no mention of Ferrers Lord in it, but that did not surprise them, for the millionaire's movements were usually mysterious and unaccountable. They had received a wireless message to anchor off the Sanuli river, and went there. Ferrers

Lord's men never asked questions, they merely obeyed.

"The sauce of it," said Bos'n Maddock, chuckling. "So that fat Eskimo has got to be the esteem Gan-Waga of the beaming countenance now, has he? Souse me, I'll punch that beaming countenance a few times when I get near it, and if we don't dress ship and fire twenty-one guns off go our nappers. Tremendous honours, what? I must put on my thickest sea-boots and kick that little yellow rat, Chu San Pong, good and hard. This letter, Tom, my lad, is a full-sized insult."

Across the sunlit deck, clad in white from the crown of his cap to his pipe-clayed shoes, came Mr. Barry O'Rooney. Maddock passed the letter over to him. The last of the O'Rooneys, late of Ballyunion Castle, took the cigar from his lips.

"Phwat, phwat, phwat?" Barry grinned widely. "Bedad, Oi can see us dhressin' ship. Tremenjus honours, is it? We live and learn. Dhress ship for ould Ching and that oily blubberboiter, is ut? Fan me a bit afore Oi faint. And who's this grate chafe Marzipan? Phwat's Marzipan ut all, ut all? Isn't ut some swate sthuff you ate?"

"Almond paste and sugar," said Prout. "They give those nigger chief any old name. There'll be no dressing ship, by honey, and no salute. It's a sight too warm for that. Why don't you write 'em a poem of welcome, Barry, and read it to 'em. That'll kill 'em stiff."

Barry was a gifted poet, but men with dull minds like Prout and Maddock could not be expected to appreciate the beauties of his compositions. Though they frequently fell out, the three sea-dogs were the staunchest friends in the world. They had not met Ching Lung and Gan Waga the Eskimo for several months, and they were only too eager to welcome them. It was another matter to dress ship and fire a salute.

"I only hope this 'ere Marzipan ain't another freak the prince has gone and dug up, souse me," said Benjamin Maddock. "That tallow-eatin' Eskimo is freak enough to keep anybody busy. There she fizzes. Somebody's talking to us."

He looked up at the wireless. Presently the operator came up and gave Prout the message.

"From the chief, boys," he said. "We've got to pick up Ching Lung and then make for Bomdua. That's better than hanging about, anyhow."

The afternoon wore on, hot and breezeless. As the blue of the sky began to pale the yacht swung round lazily to meet the in-going tide.

With tropical swiftness the light faded out and the cloudless sky blazed with stars.

"If they don't show up afore we get the land breeze, I'll back off a knot or two, by honey," said Prout. "There are too many fever microbes in that breeze to suit me. They're sure to turn up, for I never knowed the prince say a thing and not do it. Ain't that a light?"

Low down towards the shadowy coast a twinkling light appeared. Then through the quiet night came the splashing sound of paddles. A long, low canoe approached the yacht. A cheer rang out. Five minutes later Prout was shaking hands with Prince Ching Lung.

"Here we are againses and all merry and brightfulness!" gurgled a familiar voice, the voice of Gan Waga, the Eskimo. "How yo' was, hunk, my butterful boys? How olds Tommy Sprouts and Ben Maddocks, and Barry O'Loonatics? Dears, dears, dears! Yo' morer uglifuls than evers, hunk? Where Marzipan? I hope we nots drops him overboards. Oh, there yo' wases. Mind the steps, Marzy, olds ducksy."

"Wha-a-a-a-a—" gasped Prout.

Maddock and Barry O'Rooney said something very like it. The canoe had backed clear. With goggling eyes the three sea-dogs gazed at the great chief Marzipan. The chief wore an old tall hat, an old striped football jersey, and a pair of blue football knickers. His hands and feet were bare and very hairy.

Gan Waga's mouth was not a small one, but Marzipan could give him inches. Gan's nose was a mere button, but the newcomer had no nose at all to speak of. He was smoking a clay pipe and carrying a portmanteau.

"Prout perspires, Maddock perspires, and

O'Rooney perspires, Marzy dears," said Gan Waga. "They yo' relations, Marzy."

"Souise me, if it ain't an ape!"

Marzipan put down the portmanteau, showed a set of teeth like the key-board of a grand piano, lifted his ancient hat with a flourish, and extended a hairy paw to Mr. Thomas Prout.

"Go-oo-oo-oo-ooo!" he remarked pleasantly. "Goo-goo-ooo!"

"Shake hands with the gentleman, Tom," said Ching Lung. "He's quite friendly and harmless. We bought him from a nigger, and we've been amusing ourselves by educating him. We haven't managed to teach him to talk, but that's about the only thing he can't do."

Prout shook hands with the stranger rather gingerly. He had never seen an ape like it before. The face was parchment-coloured and almost devoid of hair. There was plenty of hair on the animal's head, as red as a beetroot, neatly brushed and parted in the middle. He was a big fellow, nearly five feet tall, and he kept himself erect. There was doubt and distrust in the eyes of Prout, Maddock, and Barry O'Rooney.

"Oi could have put up wid the ape av the Prince had lost the blubberboiter, Ben," muttered Barry. "Bedad, Oi don't loike ut! Is this a gentleman's yacht, or is it a zoo? Look at the ugly baste! Oi can see throuble, bhoy, and av ut wasn't so far, Oi'd walk home!"

Gan Waga waddled below, followed by Marzipan, and Prout climbed to the bridge. Presently the anchor-chain was clanking through the hawse-hole. Ching Lung went into his cabin with a sigh of relief, and luxuriated in a hot bath. A knock sounded at the door.

"Don't yo' be too longness, Chingy, old dears!" said Gan Waga, through the key-hole. "Dinner ready in twenty minutes."

The pampered Eskimo did exactly what he liked with Ching Lung's belongings. He helped himself to one of the Chinese prince's cigars, and then opened a wardrobe. There were a good many garments hanging there. Gan, who disliked the heat, had come aboard very scantily clad; now he was wearing a

suit of thin silk pyjamas. He ran his fingers through his oily jet-black hair and waddled out with a bundle of clothing on his arm. Ching Lung uttered another sigh of relief and content as he emerged from the bathroom to put on a dress-suit.

He had asked Prout, Maddock, and O'Rooney to dine with him. It would have been waste of breath to have invited Gan Waga. Gan did exactly what he chose. He was in awe of nobody except Ferrers Lord, and it was only on the rarest occasions that even the millionaire reprimanded him.

The Valissa was heading southwards over a calm, waveless sea when Ching Lung entered the beautiful dining-saloon. His three guests were there before him, sipping sherry and bitters. It was perfectly well understood that the prince, as one of the millionaire's oldest friends, had to be treated exactly as if he owned the yacht.

"What's the move now, Prout?" asked Ching Lung. "Have you had any orders from the chief?"

"Bomdua, sir," said Prout. "We got the wireless soon after your message was shied aboard."

"And if we didn't dress ship and fire a salute, our nappers was to some off, souise me!" added Mr. Benjamin Maddock.

"That's the sort of stuff Chu San Pong would write," said the prince, smiling. "Unlike you rascals my secretary respects me!"

In his dress-suit, Ching Lung, who had long ago discarded his pig-tail, looked more like a European than a Chinaman. In his opinions and habits he was thoroughly British. As they sat down, someone tapped at the closed door, and the steward opened it.

"Wow!" he yelled, and jumped back, his hair standing on end. "Wha—wha—oooh—O! Wharrisit?"

It was only Marzipan. The ape stood in the doorway, bowing. He was clad in one of Ching Lung's evening-dress suits. It was not a bad fit, either, though rather tight across the chest; for the prince was slim of build. The effect was rather spoiled by a pair of hairy feet, for it is not fashionable to go bare-footed when wearing evening-dress.

Marzipan was leaning gracefully on Gan Waga's arm.

"Don't he look butterfuls, Chingy?" grinned Gan Waga. "I 'fraid the old dears get cold feets, 'cos I couldn't find no bootses big 'nuff to fits him. Ho, ho, hoo! Dears, dears, dears! I t'ink I laugh soonness, Chingy. Come in, Marzy, and have yo' dinners!"

"Bedad, they're twins!" said Barry O'Rooney. "Av Oi didn't know the blubber-boiter by his pyjamas, Oi couldn't tell t'other

f r o m  
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"U t ' s  
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O i ' l l t h r o t -  
t l e u t !"

"And I'll help you, by honey!" said Prout. "Shift the beast out of this and chain it up. You're gorilla enough wi'out two of 'em!"

Still, it was impossible not to laugh. Marzipan stood bowing politely. The steward, who had not seen the ape before, had seized a champagne bottle by the neck, in order to club the animal over the head with it if it attempted to attack him.

"Get out!" roared Prout, Barry, and Maddock, with one voice.

They leapt to their feet, and as Gan Waga saw them coming with a rush, he thought it wiser to go out than be thrown out. He pulled the ape back and closed the door. Marzipan grunted and gurgled, and the fat Eskimo rubbed his head.

"They an awfulness bad-temper lot, Marzy!" he sighed. "They gotted no manners, old dears. I frightful hungriness. Yo' never minds. Ho, ho, hoo! This a bit of butterful joys, hunk? Have a goes at that

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b a c k ."

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T h e s t e w -  
a r d l o o k -  
e d o u t  
c a u t i o u s l y



Marzipan clutched his dress shirt with two hairy paws and gave a howl of agony. Then, with a six-foot leap, he landed in the centre of the dining-table. (See

page 166.)

at Prout's bidding. He did not see the ape.

"They've gone, sir," he said, and proceeded to fill the soup-plates from the tureen and hand them round.

At that moment, with his teeth dug into a melon, Marzipan noticed something that excited his curiosity. It was a large silver cruet filled with many cut-glass bottles. The ape hurled the melon away, took out one of the bottles, and removed the stopper. He was educated enough to know that bottles



## THE SECOND CHAPTER

### The Return of the Lost One

often contained nice things to drink like lemonade, cider, and limejuice. Marzipan took a long pull.

It was the first time he had ever tasted Worcester sauce, and this happened to be a particularly hot brand. It burnt his inside like a draught of molten lead. Marzipan clutched his dress shirt with both his hairy paws and uttered a shriek of agony. Then a weird red-headed apparition in a dress-suit came bounding into the dining-room, howling. A six-foot leap landed the ape into the very centre of the dining-table. Still howling, he rolled over amid a clatter of china and glass, and a jingle of knives and forks.

Prout got the contents of the soup-tureen, but luckily the soup was not hot enough to scald. Ching Lung, Maddock, and O'Rooney dived under the table just as the ape rolled off.

Howling almost as loudly as the ape, the terrified steward bolted. He put his foot on the melon, skated forward on one leg, and dived headlong into Gan Waga, who was just returning. With great violence Gan tumbled backwards.

Gan did not see the reason why he should be knocked down for nothing at all, so he took the steward's head under his arm, and was about to use his knuckles, when a hairy foot planted on his face floored him again.

It was the foot of Marzipan in full flight. Gan lay where he had fallen, trying to think it out.

Prince Ching Lung crawled out from beneath the table, and gazed at the ruins. Prout, with soup in his hair and his nice white uniform soaked and stained, was dancing a war-dance in the middle of the saloon. From beneath the tablecloth appeared the heads of Mr. Barry O'Ronny and Mr. Benjamin Maddock, who had escaped without any very serious damage.

"Why did Oi lave swate Ballybunion and come to say?" said Barry. "Bedad, here's ould Tom larin' a new jazz dance, Ben. Go ut, Tom! I towld ye go ut Tom, not go away. Where are ye off to in such a hurry, swate youth?"

"To get a gun, by honey, and shoot that ape!" roared Mr. Thomas Prout.

It is quite probable that if Marzipan had been discovered at the time, a bullet would have put an end to his promising career. An ape can be pardoned for a good deal of queer conduct, but only a mad ape could have acted as Marzipan had acted, and a mad ape is as dangerous as a mad tiger. But Marzipan could not be found. They searched high and low. Gan Waga had a large and sore bump on his head, but he sorrowed not for the bump but for his pet. The discovery of the broken bottle of Worcester sauce gave Ching Lung an idea of what had happened. Half a pint of Worcester sauce taken internally was enough to upset the manners of the most gentle-hearted ape that ever cracked a nut or climbed a tree.

"I'm afraid the poor beggar has gone overboard," he said. "Marzipan wasn't used to hot drinks like that."

"Bedad, ut must hav given the insect a bad thirst av he dived over the side to quench that same thirst wid cowl salt wather," said Barry. "Don't look so weary and tired, Gan. When we get ashure ye can put up a tombstone to his mim'ry, and troth Oi'll write a lovely epitaph to carve on ut. Oi'll do ut now whoile the poetic mood is on me. Howld tight, for here goes:

"Here lies an ape, poor Marzipan,  
And sad we morn his loss.  
His loife he did throttle out of a bottle  
Of extrhay sthrong Worcester soss.  
At laste he'd be buried in this same grave,  
Av he hadn't gone fishin' beneath the  
wave."

It was so sad and touching that Prout, who had changed his soupy uniform, laid his head on Maddock's shoulder and sobbed heart-brokenly.

"Beautiful, souse me!" said Maddock, with tears in his voice. "I'm a strong man, Barry, but don't give us any more like it, or you'll be wanting a tombstone yourself after I've hit you. I know the grief you feel, Tom, but don't snivel down the back of my neck, or there'll be three tombstones on order. He

was a fine ape, but thoughtless, or he wouldn't have gone off wi' the prince's dress-suit. What wi' the broken crockery and the bill to pay, sweet Marzipan has left a lot of little things behind him."

Like Gan Waga, Ching Lung was really sorry. He did not blame the three mariners for making fun of Marzipan's tragic end, for they had not known the ape. It was not a very romantic end to die through a bottle of Worcester sauce. Ching Lung put some arnica on the Eskimo's bump, and Gan Waga made his way down to the cold-storage room. In that dim and chilly place, with only one electric lamp burning, and ghostly sides of beef and carcasses of mutton surrounding him, Gan sat down on a block of ice and sang a lament in Eskimo. It was the sad song of a baby seal that came out of a hole in the frozen northern sea to play, not noticing that a polar bear was peeping round an adjacent iceberg. As Gan crooned it in the tongue of his fatherland the first few lines sounded something like this :

"Skogok quigx moshniffgy swant snonox, Blaffgonx ook noggixwog chunk Soggnorf washniffbloff swanx."

Even when he only crooned Gan's voice resembled a dinner service and a few dozen tin tea-trays falling down an iron staircase. Luckily there was no one to hear. A side of mutton dropped from its hook with a thump when the Eskimo started the second verse. But the singing did Gan Waga good. He

dined off a couple of tallow candles and felt at home on the cold slab. And there he fell asleep.

The Valissa churned steadily on her way. As the dinner had proved a fiasco, Barry O'Rooney and Maddock decided to pay Mossoo Limpot a friendly call. Monsieur Limpot was the chef who cooked only for the saloon. He was a tall, bony Frenchman, with a pointed beard and fierce moustaches. He was rather excitable, but he had done very creditable things in the Great War. He had a very nice galley, covered with white glazed



Marzipan gave one nimble bound and his hairy paws caught the top of the dresser—and it broke clean away. An avalanche of plates, dishes, jellies, and tins followed him to the floor. (See page 169.)

tiles and electric cooking-stoves. He was warming himself and reading an out-of-date French newspaper when they looked in.

"Good-evenin', chef," said Maddock. "It smells cosy and comfortable in here, souse me. Cleanest and snuggest place on the ship, ain't it, Barry?"

"Sure ut reminds me of the ould kitchen at swate ould Ballybunion Castle, me choildhood's

home," said Barry. "That was the place to ate your dinner off the flure. And how's yourself, chef darlint? Phwat a handsome man he is, Ben! D'ye see the flashin' oies of him and the brawny chist? Faith, av Oi could grow a set o' whiskers loike that Oi—Oi'd—well, Oi'd take prussic acid," he added in an undertone.

"Vat you vant, zen?" asked the chef suspiciously. "You get nozzing, so I tell you. Nozzing, nozzing is vat you get. Go away!"

"Tut, tut!" said the bos'n. "Just a bit of cold beef and a pickle or so, and a bottle of beer, chef. We're starving, souse me, and

that Eskimo done it. Didn't you know Gan Waga had busted up our dinner?"

"Ah, ze Eskimo, yes," said Mossou Limpot, with a gleam in his black eyes. "Yes, yes, ze Eskimo he vill bust anysing. I haf made ze vow, ze oath so terrible that it shall be broke nevaire. I, Jules Jean Jacques Simon Dujardin Limpot, solemn and terrific zat he shall die, zat abominable Eskimo. Again I svaire to keel Gan Waga so—like zat, zat, z-z-zat!"

Mossoo Limpot clenched his hands on an imaginary throat and squeezed and jerked. Then he hurled the owner of the imaginary throat to the floor, placed his foot on the imaginary chest of his fallen foe, and snapped his fingers triumphantly. He did not seem very fond of Gan Waga.

"Fineloy said, chef," grinned Barry O'Rooney. "Ye niver swore a betther swear. May Tom and me be there to see the good wurk done and to lind a hand av nadeful. Faith, ut will be a noble dade, a grand dade. Tell us whin and we'll be round in toime for the early durs. There niver was such a spalpeen. He make loife a noightmare. When Oi think phwat we've suffered through that baste, ut's loike an awful dhrame."

The chef had also suffered. Gan Waga had a habit of raiding the galley. It was practically useless to complain. Ben Maddock winked at Barry O'Rooney. The chef disappeared into a little room behind, and returned with two plates of beef, a jar of pickles, and two bottles of beer.

"Oi always towld you he had a good heart, Ben," said Barry. "Whin the Iskimo said to Prout that the chef was a mane rascal Oi denoied ut. When the blubberboiter said he wasn't fit company for an ould walrus that had been dead a month, I denoied that, too, didn't Oi?"

"That's true, souse me, you did deny it," said Maddock. "You stuck up for him and said he was, and you never said a truer word."

Then they both sniggered. Quite unaware of the true meaning of Barry's denial, the chef beamed and shook hands with him.

"Bon," said Mossou. "For zat you steek up for me I give you after some of ze cheese and celery. Ar-r-r! Vicked Eskimo! He come vaire nobody is permeet. Voleur!"

T'ief! He come in my galley and steal. I tweak ze snob nose of him. I give him terrible blows wiz my foot—ze hard kick. I shall learn ze box and blow ze nose of him wiz my fist. Ar-r-r-r! I keel Gan Waga twice or four times, ze fat vash-out."

It was very nice beef. Barry and the bos'n exchanged further winks. They did not think Gan Waga's life was in any great peril. The Eskimo, when the weather was warm, usually slept in a bath of cold water. Ching Lung glanced into several bathrooms, but failing to find Gan Waga, he took a turn on deck and then went below to his cabin.

"It's a pity about that ape," he thought. "We might have made a lot of him. Fancy committing suicide, all on account of an overdose of Worcester sauce! Poor old Marzipan! It can't be nice stuff to drink as a beverage."

Ching Lung turned in, and so did others whose luck permitted it. Down below in the coal bunkers Marzipan the ape was feeling a good deal better. After rolling about in the coal to relieve his anguish, he had snuggled down to sleep. When he awoke, he remembered Gan Waga.

Marzipan liked Ching Lung, but he was devoted to the Eskimo. He crawled over the coal, becoming dirtier than ever, and climbed an iron ladder. He may have guessed what he looked like, for he was not anxious to encounter any strangers. He crawled along on all fours, nosing at the closed cabin doors like a dog. Smelling something good, he opened a door. By accident his paw touched an electric switch. As yet Marzipan knew nothing about electric switches. He jumped up in alarm as a bright light shone out, revealing the empty galley.

Nothing alarming happened, and as the appetising smell came from that direction, the ape went in. Following the seductive scent he went further. It was darker in the room behind. There was a tall dresser there, shining with plates and trays and metal dishes. The smell seemed to come from the very top of the dresser. Whatever it was he wanted it badly, and meant to have it.

Marzipan the ape gave one nimble bound and his hairy paws caught the top of the dresser. The ape was a fair weight, a good

deal too weighty for the shelf. It broke clean away. As he fell, Marzipan made a grab at the second shelf and tore it out by the roots, so to speak. There was a succession of bangs and crashes. The ape stood on his head, and an avalanche of plates, dishes, jellies, cold roast fowls, bags of flour, and tins rained down upon him. Then came a tin of pepper, and as it struck the floor the lid came off.

Marzipan thought it was time to leave. If he had been wise he would have left before the arrival of the pepper. He got a strong whiff of it. Then Marzipan got up and began to dance and sneeze. Voices were shouting, but he was too busy with his own affairs to bother about voices. He was performing somersaults and filling the air with squeals and sneezes when Monsieur Limpot burst into the galley.

"Ar-r-r-r!" shrieked the chef, his hair on end. "I am mad. Vat is eet I see? No, eet is not zaire. I dream ze awful zing. Ar-r-r-r! Help!"

It was a very unpleasant thing even to dream. Marzipan was half coal-dust and half flour. He did not mind the coal-dust or the flour a little bit, but he objected to the pepper. Craving for human aid and sympathy he flung his arms round the chef.

"Ar-r-r-r! I am murdaire! I am keel! Ze vild bogey-man haf— Help! I die! Murdaire!" he shrieked. "Come queek or I expire. Ar-r-r-r!"

The first arrivals were Barry O'Rooney and Maddock, bare-footed and in their pyjamas. Marzipan was waltzing the chef merrily round the galley. As Ching Lung had assured them that the presumably dead ape was playful but thoroughly harmless, Maddock and Barry stood still, roaring with laughter. The chef broke free and clutched a frying-pan. He smote the ape, making the coal-dust and flour fly from the tails of Ching Lung's frock coat. It was a hefty smite. Marzipan did not want another like it, so he made for the door head-long and Barry O'Rooney and Maddock got nimbly out of the way.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed the bos'n. "Ware ape! The wild man of Berneo has got loose, souse me. 'Ware ape! And they said he was only playful, Barry! Ho, ho, ho,

ho! Who said he was overboard? Here they come, mum! Ha, ha, ha! Gone to ground, ain't he?"

Seeing the enraged cook tearing after him with the frying-pan and a couple of sailors barring his way, Marzipan seemed to be in for a bad time. But the ape's luck had changed. At that moment Gan Waga, in his pyjamas, pushed his way between the two sailors and, with a gleeful squeal, the ape hurled himself into the arms of the Eskimo. It was a dirty embrace, but Gan Waga did not care. With the light of battle in his eye and the frying-pan in his hand, M'sieu Limpot rushed on. He thought of his ruined galley, and saw his foes at his mercy. Just in the nick of time a cabin door opened and Ching Lung stepped out.

"Hello!" said the prince, "what's all this row about? Don't be in such a desperate hurry, Limpot. Where are you chasing to?"

The chef pulled up, his whiskers bristling.

"Oh, Chingy, he ain't drowned!" shouted Gan Waga joyfully. "It's my butterfuls old Marzy! Where yo' been, my old lovelifuls?"

"Go-oo-oo-oo-ooo!" gurgled the ape. "A-a-atishoo! Gra-atish-gra-oo-oo! At-at-gratishoo!"

"I'm glad he's turned up," said Ching Lung. "Uncuddle, you two, and let's have a squint at you."

There was a roar of laughter as the Eskimo and the ape drew apart. The only person who did not laugh was M'sieu Limpot.

"Poor old Marzy," sighed Gan Waga. "He caught an awful badness cold, Chingy. I tink he better have a plaster-mustard on his chest. Ooh, yo' badful, badful boys, Marzy! How yo' get so dirtiness, hunk? See the mess yo' make of my niceful pymjamas."

"Ar-r-r! Vat you mean, your niceness pyjamas, yes?" screamed the cook. "See ze mess he make of my nice galley. Eet is destroy, eet is ruin as if ze bomb fall brum-brum-bang! I keel you both, murdaire you both. Again I take ze big svaire zat I slay Gan Vaga. Ah, voleur-tief! You and ze ape is two apes. Brr! I hate you, so zaire!"

"Oh, cut it out, souse me!" said Maddock. "Look here, Gan, my lad, if you let that hairy insect run loose on me, I'll do a bit of killing."



"Bedad, and don't forget to send for me and help in the good wurrk, darlint!" said Barry O'Rooney. "Oi've not kilt an Iskimo for ages, but Oi'm ready and willin'. And thrue enough the playful monsther has made a bit of a mess of Mossoo's galley, sir," he added to Ching Lung. "Av he take's a few more joy-roides of the koind we'll be mighty short of crockery, Oi'm thinkin'. He's a raal terror on ut."

Gan Waga led Marzipan away and the chef went back to his galley. With folded arms and gloomy eyes he surveyed the wreckage.

"Ut's a crooil thing, a monstherous thing, Ben," said Barry, winking at the bos'n. "Woild Iskimos and woilder bastes rampagin' the yacht. Av ye could look into me heart, Ben, yo'd see ut filled wid tears. Oi could cry for the poor chef. I could e-c-croy!"

The chef turned his head sharply. He saw no sign of tears, but only two broad and cruel grins. He opened a drawer and took a meat knife about eighteen inches in length and three inches in breadth. When he flourished it, Barry and Maddock left him to his sorrows.

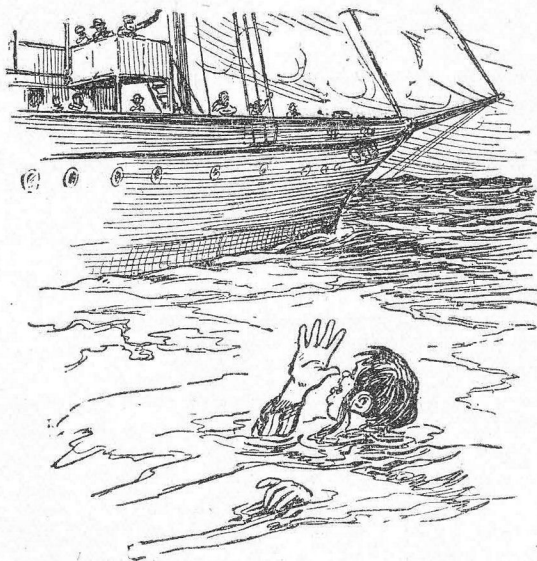
### THE THIRD CHAPTER

#### Gan Waga Goes a Little Too Far!

A BREAKDOWN in the engine-room caused some delay. Ching Lung advised Gan Waga to keep Marzipan out of mischief, for breaking crockery at such a pace was an expensive business. Marzipan had got over his fright. He was a most intelligent and

docile beast, and seemed to understand every word the Eskimo said to him. Gan took him on deck for an occasional airing, but he spent most of his time in a spare cabin. Gan Waga allowed no one to go in there except the prince. Those who passed the cabin frequently heard roars of mirth. Gan Waga was educating his queer pet, and as the ape was quite willing to be educated it was an easy matter.

"Ho, ho, hoo! I tink he be able to read and writes soonful, Chingy," chuckled the Eskimo, as he carefully locked the cabin door. "Looks."



Gan Waga put his thumb to his nose and spread his fingers out. "By honey, he's getting worse!" gulped Prout. (See page 171.)

He withdrew the key, and Ching Lung put his eye to the keyhole. He saw Marzipan gravely perusing a newspaper as he sat in an easy chair. Gan had obtained a pair of boots from one of the sailors that fitted Marzipan. It had been rather difficult at first to persuade the ape to wear them. Marzipan did not object to clothes, but he had a habit of getting rid of the boots the moment the Eskimo turned his back. Gan was very patient and patience

always wins, as the saying goes.

"He's a queer sort of fossil, Gan, but I warn you to look out," said Ching Lung. "I don't know what the chief will say about it. He's your property, my sleek and plump one, and I'm not going to take the responsibility. That, dear blubber-biter, is right up to you!"

"I not knows what ponserbility is, Chingy," said Gan Waga. "I don't tink I never tasted none. My merry old Marzy, he alrightness. Don't yo' tells the chief he busted the crockeries. And he nevers meant to, Chingy. Yo' bust crockeries ifs yo' swallers Worcester

sauce and gotted hot pepper ups yo' noses. I look after my butterfuls olds Marzy. Ho, ho, hoo! I watches that alls the times, Chingy."

Smoking a couple of cigars at once—for he had expensive tastes—Gan Waga strolled on deck. A fresh breeze was blowing. He climbed to the bridge, his pyjamas fluttering in the breeze. Mr. Thomas Prout looked at the Eskimo out of the corner of his eye. He was fond of Gan Waga, although Gan had caused him considerable pain and grief at different times. Prout ordered him off the bridge.

"My dears Thomas," said Gan Waga, "ifs yo' speak to me in that tone of voices, I biffs yo' a big hard one on the nose. Yo' gotted a swell heads, and it will be a swelder heads ifs yo' not carefulness. Yo' tink its yo' merry old ships, hunks? Tommy, yo' was mis-taken."

"It don't matter who's ship it is, by honey, but I don't want you messing about up here, so hop it briskly, you tallow factory," said Prout.

Gan Waga could not read a word or write a line, but he took a notebook and lead-pencil out of the pocket of his pyjama-jacket.

"I puts that down and reports yo' to the chief fo' insultants," he said, making some spidery remarks in the book. "Ifs the chief don't sacks yo', I will. Yo' a mostful impertinents feller, Tom Prout. How dare yo'? Say another word and I make yo' stops the ship."

"Rats!" said Prout.

The next moment he regretted it. He made a mad clutch at the Eskimo, but was just too late. Prout snatched up the megaphone.

"Stop him!" he yelled frantically. "Stop that crazy Eskimo. Stop, you lubbers, can't you? Grab the idiot!"

Gan Waga was far too quick. Several men made a rush at him. He gained the side, placed his thumb, and went headlong overboard.

If Prout had not been bald already, he would probably have torn off all his hair. A plunge over the side of a fast moving boat was mere child's play to Gan Waga. As a swimmer he was peerless, a human seal. He rose far astern, bobbing up and down on the waves, and when Prout looked at him through

his binoculars Gan, like the little vulgar boy in the poem, put his thumb to his nose and spread his fingers out. And Prout, almost foaming at the mouth, was compelled to stop the ship.

Gan Waga came churning along. When he climbed on deck he was still smoking his two cigars. How the Eskimo managed to keep a cigar alight after a plunge and a long swim in a choppy sea was a secret he had only divulged to Ching Lung.

Prout gulped down his rage, and said nothing at all to Gan Waga. If he had said what he wanted to say, Gan might have gone over again, and kept them waiting an hour.

"By honey, he's getting worse!" he confided to Barry O'Rooney. "This sort of game is past a joke. It's the first time he's done it, but the fat heathen could do it three or four times a day, just to make us wild. It's the wickedest trick of the lot."

"Phwat d'ye mane?" said Barry. "Tom, me bhoy, you're skipper of this boat, and on the high sea the skipper's wurd is law. Av he does ut again, clap him in irons. The Chief will back ye up. Ut's preventin' the safe navigation of the vessel and delayin' the voyage. Kid the blubberboiter to do ut twice, and thin into irons wid him. Oi can see wan glame of joy in a darrk wurld. Kid him, Tommy—kid him."

"By honey, I will, Barry," said Prout, grasping the Irishman's hand. "I'll show the fat grampus who's boss. Let him come this way."

Barry winked, and went to look for the Eskimo. He discovered Gan Waga in the fo'c'sle galley. Gan never ventured into the saloon galley while Mossoo was about, but in the fo'c'sle he was made welcome.

Gan was regaling himself with one of his favourite dishes—sardines and marmalade, with a dash of vinegar and a spoonful of treacle to improve the flavour.

"Cheerio, ye haythen monsther, how goes ut?" said Barry genially. "Prout tells me ye had a bit of a rumpus on the bridge. Bedad, ye mustn't take the laste bit o' notice of Tom Prout, Gan. He says things he doesn't mane, and he's sorry next minute. Pace is a lovely thing, Gan. Ut's so easy made. In the

swate days of me youth at Ballybunion Oi've seen me Uncle Diinnis fight for two solid hours hammer an' tongs, and then shake hands and make ut up. Two minutes later, when they got breath enough, they were at ut. Oi mane, ut's a beautiful thing, bhoy, to live in quiet and friendship. Ould Tom is willing to put out the glad hand. He's disthressed is Tom. A big heart he's got, big and tendher. He's pining and griev-ing, Gan. Go to him, and sure he'll apologise for the angry wurrd he put on ye."

Gan Waga drank the few drops of oil that remained in the tin, wiped his fingers on his hair, and blinked his little beady eyes. His shiny, olive-brown face was the picture of innocence, but the Eskimo was not quite as innocent as he looked.

"Old Tommy Sprouts not orders me about, Barry," he said. "He a very rudeness man."

"But don't I kape tellin' ye he's just longin' to apologise," persisted the man from Ballybunion.

Gan Waga was suspicious, but he chuckled to himself. He had discovered a method of keeping Prout on thorns every time the yacht was moving, provided, of course, that the owner of the vessel was not on board. He had merely to threaten to go over the side, and hold up the Valissa, to make the skipper go down on his hands and knees to him. It was a brilliant idea altogether.

"I tink about it, Barry," said the Eskimo. "I nots take no sauceness from Tommy Prout. I gotted old Tommy by the neck. Ho, ho, hoo!"

Still Gan was suspicious. It was very unlike Prout to suffer from heartache over a few hot words, and it was equally unlike Prout to want to apologise to anyone.

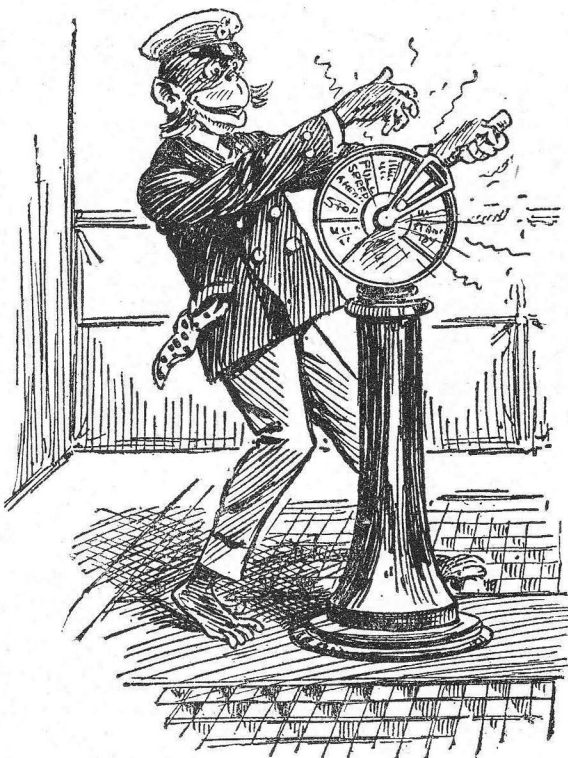
Gan waddled off in quest of Ching Lung.

The prince was in the writing-room dictating letters to his yellow-faced secretary, Chu San Pong. Ching Lung listened to what Gan had to say as he smoked a cigarette.

"Fattest," he said, "if you don't smell a rat here, the long and dreary hours I have spent on your education have been utterly wasted. This is an attempt either to pull your leg, or pull your ear. It was very wrong of you to stop the yacht, a waste of time, coal, and money, not to mention the wear and tear of machinery and the damage to Prout's temper. I have warned you; it's my busy day, so clear out!"

Barry O'Rooney, who had been doing a little scouting, joined Prout and Ben Maddox on the bridge.

"Ut won't wash, Tommy," said Barry, shaking his head. "That yellow freak is gettin' as woide as a mothor-charabanc crammed wid chimpanzees. Oi did me best. Oi described ye as sheddin' tears and fadin' away wid remorse, and towld him ye were just down to



The ape was jamming the lever about, signalling everything marked on the dial at terrific speed. (See page 174.)

sink on your knees and beg his pardon. He's gone to the prince, and ye may bet that the prince will put the lid on ut."

"Souise me, look at that!" said Maddock. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Across the deck came Marzipan, in a reefer suit with brass buttons. On his head was a yachting cap that was rather too small for him, for the ape took a large size in hats. Under his arm was tucked a large brass telescope, and in his mouth was a briar pipe.

Marzipan paused and put the telescope to his eye to survey the distant horizon. Then he turned to the bridge and walked up, not too easily, for the ape still found his boots rather a hindrance.

"Gar-oo-oo-ooo!" said Marzipan, offering Prout a huge hairy paw in a most amicable way. "Goo!"

"Goo!" said Prout, accepting the paw. "How goes it, old bean? You've got a kind face, but a bit of sand-papering would improve it, by honey! You get more like Gan Waga every minute. How's your father, and the family at home?"

"He sames to miss 'em," grinned Barry. "Oi notice a homesick expression in his roight ear. Cheer up, Marzipan, and bedad Oi'll buy ye a ha'pirt of nuts ye won't be able to crack when we get to the next ironmonger's shop."

"It would do him a sight more good if you cut out the nuts and bought a good, heavy spanner, and clouted him over the head with it," said Maddock.

The ape grinned as if he understood the remarks and was highly amused. Once more he put the telescope to his eye.

"By honey, I never see such a thing," said Prout admiringly. "If he ain't human he's quite as human as that tallow-chewing Eskimo anyhow, by honey. Marze, you precious old tin of condensed milk, I forgive you for spilling that soup over me."

Marzipan saluted and descended to the deck to the great delight of the grinning crew. Finding a deck-chain, he sat down, and taking a book from his pocket, he opened it and began to study its pages. Presently along came a grinning steward with a tray, a bottle of lemonade and a glass. He placed a table

before the ape and poured out the lemonade. Marzipan unbuttoned his reefer jacket, put a hairy thumb and forefinger into his waistcoat pocket, and presented the steward with a shilling.

"Well, if that don't cap everything, souise me," said the amazed bos'n. "That's a knock-out, that is. I wouldn't have believed it."

Prout bawled an order to the amused seamen who had gathered round that sent them scuttling away.

"Whisht!" said Barry, staring at Marzipan. "Is ut an ape ut all, ut all, or is ut some big bluff that the Prince is springing on us? Oi'll make sure."

The same thought was in the minds of Prout and Maddock, for Marzipan was so grotesquely human. Barry sat down opposite Marzipan and had a good stare at him. In the bright sunlight the cleverest theatrical make-up could not have evaded detection. Marzipan was an ape without a doubt, not some ape-like negro dressed up for the occasion as Barry had suspected. Marzipan looked up.

"If I had a face like your's, Barry," he remarked, "I'd have it tanned and use it for soleing and heeling my boots. It's a horrid face."

Barry O'Rooney was so startled that he jumped out of his chair. Then, as he saw Prince Ching Lung leaning over the rail, apparently deeply interested watching the sea, he grinned. He was well aware of Ching Lung's ability as a ventriloquist, and he knew it was the prince not the ape who had made the rude statement about his face. Then Gan Waga came waddling along, wearing a wide grin.

"Butterfuls," he gurgled, seeing Ching Lung. "Everyting merry and brightness. Now I find out what olds Tommy mean by spologies."

With Ching Lung there to protect him, Gan felt that he was perfectly secure. Sticking out his chest he climbed to the bridge.

"Tommy," he said, "I the most good-naturedness chaps in the world. You not be rudeness to me no morer, hunk?"

Prout's eyes glittered. He took the pipe



from his mouth and gazed thoughtfully at Gan Waga.

"Olds Barry say peace a loveliful ting," went on Gan Waga. "I not want to hurts yo', Tommy, that's why I not biff yo' when yo' was so rudeness. I killed lotses and lotses of men fo' less than that. Yo' go on yo' handses and kneeses, and spologise and I forgive yo', Tommy."

Prout's mouth worked queerly as if he had swallowed some vinegar and did not like the flavour of it.

"I wants to be kindness, Tommy, so I lets yo' off lights," said Gan Waga, while O'Rooney and Maddock grinned, "only I not stands rudfulness. Yo' go on yo' marrer bones and say, 'Beautiful Gan Waga, I was a fatheads to nimsulk yo'. I am a silly ass, and if yo' was to kick me it would serves me rightness. I begs yo' pardon, and won't do it no morer, so please, Gan, don't punches me on the noses.' Say that, Tommy."

"Yes, yes, for the sake of pace, grovel and do say ut, Tom," pleaded Barry O'Rooney. "Oi cun see violence in his gooseberry oie. Don't anger him, and let him hit ye, Tom, for if he lays you out who's to navigate the ship? On me own knees Oi implore ye to say ut, Tom."

"Me too, souse me," said Maddock. "Say it, Tom, before the terrible heathen does you some awful injury. Say it—say it; I'm terrified."

Barry and the bos'n sunk on their knees and held up supplicating hands to Prout. Prudence told Gan Waga to bolt, but the nearness of Ching Lung, on whose protection he relied, gave the Eskimo confidence. Out shot Prout's hand and he took Gan Waga by the lobe of the ear. Gan howled "Ow! Hellups! Leggo! Chingy!" as Prout dragged him round by his ample ear and administered a kick that sent Gan Waga rolling down the ladder to the deck. Gan picked himself up, shook his fist at the laughing mariners on the bridge, and went merrily overboard.

"Got him at last, by honey," chuckled Prout, as he signalled to the engine-room. "I'll give that candle-eater apologise, my boys!"

Gan Waga was angry and hurt. He rose and

floated on his back like a cork, wishing that he had taken Ching Lung's warning. The yacht seemed a long way off, but a trifle like that did not trouble Gan Waga. He was determined to teach Prout a lesson by staying where he was for an hour or so. They could not go without him, and it was useless to lower a boat and chase him. It would have taken a whole flotilla of boats to catch him, for he could swim like an otter and dive like a cormorant. So Gan Waga chanted the song of the baby seal, closed his eyes, and, rocked in the cradle of the deep, he sank into slumber knowing that he was perfectly secure, and that he would awaken at the first splash of an oar or crack of a rowlock.

"Bit of a nuisance, Prout," said Ching Lung. "I think the blubberbiter means to play us a dance this time."

Prout had come down from the bridge, followed by Maddock and Barry O'Rooney.

"By honey, it will be the last dance he'll play us this trip," said Prout. "At this rate we'll never make Bomdua in a month. What the——"

Prout broke off with a yell as the propeller began to churn the water. He gazed open-mouthed at the bridge. Someone had taken on his job, and that person was Marzipan. He was on the bridge. He had signalled full-speed ahead, and now the ape was jamming the lever about signalling everything marked on the dial at terrific speed. As Prout made for the bridge the head engineer rushed up from below, his face purple with fury. He had brought a big spanner with him, and was thirsting for somebody's blood.

Prout made no bones about it. He did not attempt to argue the point with Marzipan, or attempt to show him that it was impossible to run a boat as you crank up a motor-car that has no self-starter. He took the astonished Marzipan by the neck and one leg, and pitched him over the weather-screen. Fortunately for Marzipan, and unfortunately for another person, the angry engineer was below. Marzipan clasped him as he fell. The engineer was a strong man as well as an angry one. He locked an arm about the ape's neck, and was about to hit, when he saw the ape's face. It was his first glimpse of Marzipan. His



Marzipan pounced on the waiter, and, picking the man up in his powerful arms, dumped him in the fountain among the startled goldfish. (See page 180.)

arm relaxed and he reeled back. If the ape's face had scared the engineer, the engineer's face had also frightened Marzipan. The ape squealed, looked round wildly, made one tremendous leap, and vanished head first into the gaping mouth of a ventilator. And as he dropped into the unknown, Marzipan uttered another anguished wail.

Marzipan alighted in the stokehold. He did not stay there long, for nasty, black-faced men, armed with fire-bars, chased him out of it. The engineer stormed. He threatened to kill the ape, until Prout pointed out that

Marzipan was the property of Gan Waga, and that it was Gan Waga's fault for jumping overboard instead of looking after the animal. Then the engineer vowed to kill Gan Waga in about a dozen different ways, all equally slow and painful, and Maddock and Barry shook him warmly by the hand and promised their assistance.

For a good hour they fumed and kicked their heels. At last Gan Waga awoke and yawned. A seagull who had taken him either to be a harmless corpse or a floating log, had perched on his chest to preen its feathers. Gan said,

"Boo!" and the startled bird winged away.

"If I wasn't so hungrefuls I'd stop longerer," thought the Eskimo, as he rolled over and began to swim. "Ho, ho, ho, hoo! Olds Tommy he tink twiceness 'fore he grab my car next times. He, he, hee! I putted the wind ups Tommy Sprouts. I gotted Tommy. Every times he nastiness, overboards I go. Oh, Misters Gan, yo' a funny, funny man, and old Tommy Prout's got the wind ups."

Gan Waga climbed aboard grinning, squeezed the water out of his hair, and gave himself a shake.

"I awfuls sarry to keep yo' waitings," he said, "only I had to go and see a winkles about a pin. Ha, ha, ha! All merry and brightnes, hunk?"

"Clap him in irons!" said Prout. "I'll do all the pinning, my fat winkle, by honey. I will collar the mutineer and shove him below!"

Two brawny sailors pounced on the Eskimo and pinioned his arms. In an instant a pair of handcuffs were locked on his wrists. Gan had never suffered such an indignity as this before. He howled and kicked. A second later he was flat on his back, with a sailor sitting on his chest, while another sailor fixed the leg-irons. Prout and O'Rooney, being hard-hearted wretches, held their sides and roared, and M'sieu Limpot, who had come up to see the fun, danced in delight. The prisoner turned frantically to Ching Lung, but the prince only spread out his hands hopelessly.

"I can't help it, Esquimoses," he said. "Prout's our captain and boss of the ship. If you will play the giddy ox and the festive goat, you must take the consequences. They used to hang chaps for less than you've done in the old days. It's rank mutiny, and now you've got it!"

Wailing and protesting, the unhappy Eskimo was lifted and carried below.

"Boys," said Barry O'Rooney, "this is the happiest day of me loife. No more do Oi regret that Oi left Ballybunion, the swate home of me childhood, to face the perils of the angry say. And there are other hearts this day that throb wid bliss loike moine. Ut's worth a poem, bedad, ut is, but Oi'd leave that for a minute. Here's Mossoo wid happiness and delight bubbling out of him all over, avin out of his

whiskers. Mossoo has charge of the saloon champagne. He's a generous man, and doesn't have to pay for the woine 'Tres bong! Toot sweet! Napoo! Allez!"

They trooped down to the saloon galley in the wake of the beaming chef. The champagne popped, and they clinked glasses.

"Here's to a mouldy Iskimo, Who really thought he owned the show; But now we've clapped him into clink, He'll do another sort of think.

So our bold skipper's health we'll drink." Said Barry O'Rooney.

"Ar-r-r! Zat vas fine poetry," said M'sieu Limpot. "Ve drink ze health of ze brave skippaire. A bas Gan Vaga! Vive Skippaire Prout!"

"Abah what, souse me?" asked Maddock. "What d'ye mean abah and veeve? What are you chuntering about?"

"And what you mean chuntaire, yes?" demanded the chef. "I chuntaire nevaire. I say a bas Gan Vaga and vive Prout. It mean down vit ze Eskimo, and long life to ze captain. And vat is zis chuntaire? Who chuntaire? If it is rudeness to me I blow your nose!"

"Drink up and don't argue the point," said Prout. "By honey, I caught the blubberbiter bending that time. Now I'll turn in for a spell."

Mr. Thomas Prout went yawning to his cabin, undressed, drew the cover over the port-hole to shut out the light, and proceeded to get into his bunk. A violent prod in the chest hurled him back. Prout switched on the electric light. His bunk already had a tenant. Slumbering there, with the yachting cap over one eye, and dreaming, perhaps, of the lost joys of his native forests, lay Marzipan the ape.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER

### In Trouble and Out Of It.

THEY were raising the palm fringed island of Bomdua when Mr. Barry O'Rooney came on deck with a paper in his hand, and a grin on his face.

"Bedad, Tom!" he said, "whin Oi read it over to him, he fairly screamed and howled.



As Marzipan and Gan Waga careered down the street the people rushed from their seats to see the race, whilst from behind came loud cries: "Stop 'em! Stop thieves!" (See page 182.)

Oi never see a woilder Eskimo. Oi explained that av he didn't soign the apology, he'd have to sthay where he was till we got to Bomdua. Oi didn't tell him we were roight atop of ut, and Oi guess the poor haythin thinks ut a few thousand miles away. Anyhow, there's his cross, and that greasy mark at the bottom is his thumb print done in butter."

Prout grinned in turn as he read the apology, to which Gan Waga had so reluctantly affixed his mark and seal.

"I'm an oily Eskimo, and Mr. Prout is a perfect gentleman. I deserve more than the punishment he gave me. I'm just a common blubber-eater, and very ignorant. I apologise to Mr. Prout. I think him very handsome. I promise to take my hat off to him. I will try and imitate his refined ways, and not eat

jam with my fingers. I also think Mr. O'Rooney and Mr. Maddock very nice gentlemen, and will raise my hat to them, too."

"A bit of a tough mouthful to swallow, by honey!" chuckled Prout. "Poor Gan! If he can really bring himself to think that you and Prout are very nice gentlemen, he must have softening of the brain. Well, tell them to let him out. We've always got this against him, anyhow, and if ever we want to see a demented Eskimo loop the loop, we've only got to fetch this along and read him a line or two of it."

Marzipan, after been thrown out of Prout's cabin, had been sharing Gan Waga's brief captivity. The moment they were let out, Gan Waga and his pet made for Ching Lung. The prince was in the saloon, yawning over a



book. Gan came in, his little black eyes rolling with indignation.

The Eskimo had a splendid memory. Word for word he repeated the apology as read over to him by Barry O'Rooney.

"Haves I gotted to do all that awfulness, Chingy?" he asked. "I got tiredness of being locked up. I shoots myself sooner than do its, Chingy."

Ching Lung was tremendously amused, but he assumed an air of extreme gravity.

"My corpulent friend," he said, "this requires thought. You have affixed your hand and seal to this document, but there is a legal saying that the law compels no person to do what is impossible. As it is impossible for you to consider Prout very handsome and a perfect gentleman, that portion is not binding. That applies also to O'Rooney and Maddock. As for being an oily Eskimo, a common blubber-eater and very ignorant, that's not true, so it doesn't matter. Where you've caught yourself is about promising to imitate Prout. That isn't serious, for you have only pledged yourself to try. So that's that. Now we come to the really serious part of the contract. You've promised to raise your hat to the bounders, and not to eat jam with your fingers. You don't pledge yourself to try to take your hat off, but to take it off. Same with the jam. It's jolly serious, Wag-tail."

"You don't mean I—I gotted to do it?" asked the Eskimo desperately. "I soonerer suicide myself, Chingy. Have I gotted to do it, Chingy?"

"A promise is a promise, and every gentleman keeps his promise," said Ching Lung. "You've signed it, you know. I'm afraid there's no hope."

Gan Waga leaned his head on Marzipan's shoulder and moaned. Feeling that his friend and master was in sorrow, Marzipan gently chewed Gan's ear.

"I nots breaks my promises, fo' I wants to be a gentleman, Chingy," sighed the Eskimo, "but I suicide myself soonerer than take off my hats to those rascalnesses. And jam tastes rotten out of a spoon, Chingy. I tried, I run away with Marzy. I nevers take off my hats—nevers."

"Are you certain it said hat, Gan? You're sure it was your hat you had to take off?"

"That rightness, Chingy," replied the dismal Eskimo. "I remember quite plainness."

"Then we've got the beauties walloped first time," chuckled the prince, smacking Gan Waga on the shoulder. "Don't wear a hat, my son, wear a cap or else go bare-headed, and you've got 'em beat to a frazzle. It's hat you're to raise to the wretches, a cap doesn't count, got me?"

"Ho, ho, hoo! Oh, my wonderfulness, Chingy, yo' gotted all the brains," cried Gan Waga, grinning from ear-tip to ear-tip. "That butterfuls. Yo' hear that, Marzy? Ho, ho, hoo! Tink again, Chingy. I hates jam out of a spoons, Chingy, and I promise not to eats him with my fingers, old dears."

"Then eat it with your thumbs, old scout, and the agreement is busted," said Ching Lung. "Do the little Jack Horner dodge on them. You remember the diminutive Jack and his Christmas pie. He put in his thumb and he pulled out a plumb, lucky boy. Do likewise with the jam, Gan, but don't tell 'em you got the tip from me. And about that ape. You'd better make him look pretty for the chief, and I'll help you."

As yet there was no harbour at Bomdua deep enough to berth a ship of the Valissa's tonnage, so Prout dropped anchor in the roadstead. Ferrers Lord was developing the island. There was valuable deposits of tin, and the beautiful island was already producing magnificent crops of cocoa, sugar-cane, copra and bananas. With his wealth and his energy, Ferrers Lord could almost work miracles. At the head of the azure bay, a town—Lordstown—had sprung up with cafés, hotels, picture-halls, electric tramways, and one of the most beautiful parks in the world.

Prout, Barry O'Rooney, and Maddock went ashore in the steam pinnace. About an hour later a motor-launch put off from the Valissa. The yacht possessed what as yet Lordstown did not possess, a little theatre of its own. Ching Lung and Gan Waga had been looking over the costumes and properties and that is why they were rather late. The launch ran briskly between the small shipping and busy dredgers, and landed its passengers on the

sunny quay. Ching Lung looked very cool, and very smart in his well-tailored suit of white duck and panama hat. The loungers stared. Behind him came Gan Waga also in white, but bare-footed. The Eskimo wanted some protection from the sun. A cap was useless, and as he was afraid of meeting Prout and company he would not risk wearing a hat, so he wore a large lampshade of pink silk instead.

But the gentleman who came last was the climax. His flannel trousers were dazzling white and creased almost finely enough to shave with. His waistcoat was a brilliant yellow with a flowing tie to match. Buckskin boots with pearl buttons adorned his feet and a white top hat adorned his head. In his left eye was a monocle, in his left hand was a cane, and from his pink cheeks flowed straw-coloured side whiskers.

As this magnificent nut walked up the street with a curious rolling gait, a little crowd of cheering natives followed. The cheers grew louder as the gorgeous stranger raised his top hat and his tomato-hued hair caught the sunshine. His hair absolutely twinkled.

"Our friend Marzipan is creating quite a sensation, Gan," said Ching Lung. "Here's a motor-car coming. I hope he won't scare it and make it shy."

"Now looks heres, Marzy, old ducks," said Gan Waga over his shoulder. "Yo' just keeps up stiff on yo' bootses. If yo' go on all fourses and dirty yo' niceful new gloves, I'll give you a real hard smack. He, ho, hoo! I tink they take him fo' the king of the Callible Islands, Chingy."

Europeans as well and natives stopped and stared. The Europeans looked round to see where the men with the cinema-cameras were, fancying that a film was being taken. Ching Lung paused and clicked open his cigarette case. Marzipan hampered by his gloves could not extract a cigarette, so the prince put one in his mouth, and lighted it for him. And so they approached the Royal Café, where marble topped tables were set in the open and a fountain was playing amid the sheltering palms to cool the air.

"By the way, Marzy, dear boy," said Ching Lung, "would you like to treat us to a whisky-and-soda or some old refresher like that?"

"Gro-oo-oo," replied the willing Marzipan.

"I don't know any drink of that name, but we'll try a few," said Ching Lung. "Hallo, Gan, look at that bunch of rebels."

Barry O'Rooney, Prout and Maddock, wearing broad grins, were seated at another table. Quick-witted Barry saw the trick at once.

"Bedad, we're bilked," he said.

"That oily Eskimo won't lift his hat to us. D'ye see phwat the cunnin' spalpeen is yearin' in place for hat? The prince must have put him up to ut, bad luck to him for spoilin' a joke. But the ould ape is foine. Did ye ever see a betther get-up?"

Marzipan's conduct was just as elegant as his appearance. He sipped his lemonade like a gentleman, and attracted all eyes. They had rouged his parchment-coloured face, and though he could not be termed handsome by any stretch of imagination, he was certainly stylish. He absolutely fascinated the negro



Followed by Rupert Thurston, Ferrers Lord stepped aboard the ship and raised his hand to the brim of his hat in response to the salutes of his men. (See page 182.)

waiter, and the waiter caused it. Ching Lung had placed a little heap of cigarettes on the table, and having smoked the one the prince had given him, Marzipan helped himself to another. The attentive waiter whipped out a match-box and struck a light. As he held the match to the tip of Marzipan's cigarette an unexpected puff of wind came and blew Marzipan's side-whiskers across the flame.

It is not at all a pleasant thing to have one's side whiskers ablaze, though people who wear such things deserve no better fate. Marzipan was hot and hurt. As his straw-coloured whiskers burst into flame and he felt the heat, Marzipan lost his temper as well as his cheek ornament.

Marzipan uttered his battle-cry, a weird, ear-splitting yell, and bounded from his seat. Gan Waga made a frenzied clutch at him, but Marzipan's elbow prodded him in the ear so violently that the Eskimo rolled off his chair. Then Marzipan pounced on the terrified waiter. Picking the man up in his powerful arms and holding him high above his head, the ape took three leaps forward and dumped the negro into the fountain among the startled gold-fish amid yells of laughter.

The ape had spilled a good deal of water, but he had not spilled his eye-glass. Looking as dignified as he could with half his whiskers gone, he walked back to the table and jerked Gan Waga to his feet by the collar. The spluttering waiter rolled out of the fountain and bolted.

"I tink we ought to go, Chingy, old dears," said Gan Waga anxiously. "There'll be a rowse, Chingy. Yo' hurted muchness, Marze, old ducks."

Marzipan patted his cheek and said "Gra-oo-oo-oo!" which was not a very enlightening answer.

"I'm not going till I've finished my drink, dear child," said Ching Lung. "Here comes the boss. It's not likely there'll be a row in Lordstown, but if there is I know who'll get hurt. Those three grinning idiots over there will help us out."

The proprietor of the cafe came hurrying out, followed by his moist waiter. He was a fat, mottled man with a red moustache who looked like a Hun and spoke like a Hun. He

was really a Dutchman, for there was no room in Bomdua for Germans.

"Vod is dis, vod is dis?" he shouted "Vod you mean dot you drow into der vater mine vaider? Ad vonce, dell me vod you mean?"

"There's no good talking that sort of English to that gentleman, for he doesn't understand it," said Ching Lung, keeping a warning gaze on the ape. "In fact, he doesn't speak English. And what does your waiter mean by burning my friend's whiskers off?"

"Dot vas ein accidend and if it vas nod ein accidend you haf no righd to assauld my vaider," said the proprietor. "Vor der loss of his viskers he could glaim damadges. Berhabs he vould ged vourpence. Ged oud of my gafe. I kill nod haf you in mine gafe. Go away."

Anticipating trouble, Prout, Maddox and O'Rodney left their seats. To their momentary surprise Ching Lung beckoned to Gan Waga and walked away.

"I see how it is, by honey," said Prout. "If we'd been anywhere else Ching Lung wouldn't have stood any insolence from that bounder. You see we're on Bomdua, and the whole island belongs to the chief. He doesn't want a row here. It wouldn't do, for they'd soon find out who he was."

In a quieter street Ching Lung removed Marzipan's remaining side whiskers to level things up.

"It's no good lecturing him about his bad conduct, for you can't blame him for getting a bit ratty," said Ching Lung. "I never wore any whiskers, but if I did and somebody cremated half of them, I'd get ratty myself. If we hadn't been just where we are I'd have put that Dutchman in his own fountain."

"I nots like old Marzy so muchness now," said Gan Waga. "He's spoiled without his whiskers, Chingy. Nevers minds, Marzy, we'll get you a fresh set, butterful bright blues with pink tips, and yo' looks a treats. Where we go nows, hunk, Chingy?"

Ching Lung pointed up hill to a white house that was half hidden among trees. It was Ferrers Lord's residence when he visited the island. They patched up Marzipan's damaged beauty with some rouge the prince had brought with him in case of accident.

"They following us up, Chingy, Tommy and the rest of the lunatics," said Gan Waga, with a backward glance. "I don't think we'd better go."

"Why not?"

"P'raps someting happens to make old Marzy go off the deep-ends again, Chingy," said the Eskimo anxiously. "And ifs he wented off the deep-ends a lots and the chief saw him—oh, Chingy, it would be norrible ifs the chief wouldn't let me keeps the old pets and sent him to the Zoo."

"Sensible notion that," said Ching Lung. "I've got to see the chief, anyhow. He isn't half-trained yet, and he might go potty. Take him back, then, and shove him on board."

So Ching Lung kept the uphill track. He had certain reports to make to his friend, Ferrers Lord, concerning his trip up the Sanuli river. Gan Waga turned back. After what he had done to the negro, Gan was not quite sure that Marzipan might not break out in a fresh place, and even to the wayward Eskimo the millionaire's word was law. It was much safer to keep the ape on the yacht until his training was complete.

"Bow-wow! Are you taking your little brother home again, Gan?" said Maddock. "And where and oh where did you get that handsome hat?"

"Yo' minds yo' own silliness interferences," said Gan Waga. "Ho, ho, hoo! What yo' tink of Marzy now, hunk? You see him swat that waiters, hunk?"

"We admire him, bedad," said Barry O'Rooney. "He looks years younger since ye had him shaved. Are ye going right back?"

"Chingy tink's it better and me too," said the Eskimo. "We afraids old Marzy start a freshness stunt and make the chief angryful, that's whys."

"Anyhow, he's a daisy," said Prout. "By honey, I've took a fancy to the insect. When his whiskers were afire you ought to have put that thing you're wearing on your head on him and he'd have looked the proper goods. Sail ahead, boys, or we'll miss lunch, and I could eat the hind leg of a stone camel."

So far Marzipan had kept himself proudly erect. but suddenly he sighted a large green

beetle that was crawling across the road. It was evidently a tasty morsel, for the ape flopped down on all fours to seize it and popped it into his mouth. Gan Waga himself had queer ideas in the matter of eatables, but he had never sampled beetles, and he gave a shudder as he heard the ape crunching up his capture.

"Yo' gotted to stops this sort of ting, Marzy," he said severely. "Yo' nevers be a gentleman while yo' crawls on all fours and eats beetles. Ugh. It most horridness. Yo' be a very good boys till we gotted aboard and then I gives yo' someting niceness."

Marzipan seemed to have had almost enough of it for one day. It was with great difficulty than Gan persuaded him not to take off his boots. However, he did persuade him to retain his footgear for a little while longer, and they went on again arm-in-arm. They were nearing the café when a gentleman, who wore a pith helmet and smoked glasses, stopped them. He had a gold watch in his hand, and was peering at it.

"I beg your pardon," he said, addressing Marzipan, "but I'm afraid I omitted to wind up my watch last night. Can you tell me what time it is?"

Marzipan did not know what a watch was, but he liked the colour of it, and thought it might be good to eat. To the horror of Gan Waga, Marzipan snatched the watch and crammed it into his mouth. There was a sound of breaking glass and bending metal.

"Now, yo' dones it!" yelled Gan Waga, as the ape spat out the unpleasant mouthful. "Ohmi, Ohmi! Run! Run, Marzy, run!"

Over ice and snow Gan Waga was swiftness itself, but he was not very speedy on land. If fear did not actually lend him wings, it made him do his utmost. The gentleman was so near-sighted that he had not seen the ruins of his fifty-guinea repeater fall, nor did he hear it, owing to Gan Waga's yell. He knew he had been robbed, or thought so, and that the daylight robbers were running away with their booty.

"Thieves! Fire! Murder! Stop thief!" he shrieked, dancing on his own watch. "Stop 'em! Thieves! Stop thief!"

The people seated at the tables of the res-



taurant saw an amazing sight. They saw a fat, bare-headed gentleman, with a lampshade for a hat, tearing down the street as if trying to beat all records for people of his weight. But this was nothing, though remarkable enough in itself, considering that the thermometer stood over ninety degrees in the shade. Behind the man with the lampshade came a gentleman in a white suit, white trousers, white button boots, white tall hat, and yellow waistcoat and gloves, who, further, wore a monocle in his eye. This amazing person was cantering along on all fours. He was a good distance behind lampshade, for Marzipan had had to stop to pull a piece of broken glass out of his molars, but he was travelling so easily that he looked a certain winner unless the course was a short one. Evidently it was some wager, and people rushed from their seats to watch. Under the lampshade Gan Waga's tallowy black hair was bristling, and it took a good deal to make those thick, well-oiled locks do anything of the kind. Gan had recently had one visit to the clink, and he did not want another.

A noisy motor-lorry, grinding its way up the hill, had deadened the shouts of the short-sighted man, but as he came puffing along, bawling people began to realise that it was not a race for a wager, but a case of highway robbery. With the perspiration streaming from him, Gan Waga turned his head. He saw a mob of people and half a dozen dogs in hot pursuit. It looked a tremendous distance to the bay. He was almost breathless. Marzipan, who did not know what it was all about, but did know that his boots hurt his feet, sat down, wrenched the buttons away, pulled his boots off, and flung them away with a chuckle of glee. Then he loped after Gan Waga.

"Stop thieves! Stop 'em!" rang the shouts. "Knock 'em down! Bowl 'em over! Stop thieves!"

The Eskimo got rid of the lampshade. Thinking he had dropped it by accident, and might not like to lose it, Marzipan picked it up and put it on over his own hat, which, in some unexplainable way, still clung to his head.

"Bad 'nuff awfuls!" moaned Gan Waga.

"I can't run much more. Ohmi! Oh, dears, dears, dears! I'm beat. Murders!"

Gan Waga felt inclined to faint as ten or a dozen men, mostly negroes, dashed out of a side street, attracted by the shouts. It was all over now, for their retreat to the launch was cut off. Utterly beaten by the heat and lack of breath Gan Waga gave in, and flopped down on his back in the middle of the road. Yells of triumph greeted his fall. Gan looked up with haggard eyes, and saw the ape bending over him.

"Boats, boats, Marzy!" he gasped. "I beated, Marzy. They gotted me, but don't, let them getted yo' or they put yo' in the Zoo, old ducks."

The ape blinked his eyes. There was a curious, shamed look in them. The ape realised one thing: that these shouting people who were racing towards them meant no good to his master. He bared his great teeth, and uttered a vicious snarl as if prepared to show fight. In his wild forest days he had learnt that a single ape could fight a single ape, or even two, but that to attempt to battle against numbers meant death.

He lifted Gan Waga in his arms, and gave one shrill cry of hate and defiance. He was ahead of the crowd from the café, but the negroes were barring the way. They made a rush, and then Marzipan gathered his great, iron-hard muscles under him, and began to leap.

Gan Waga might have been a feather pillow in his arms. He swerved in and out with tremendous bounds. In vain the yelling negroes attempted to get a grip on him. He went round them or flashed past them. They raced after him, and some of them could run, but the enormous kangaroo leaps of Marzipan of the apes quietly left them behind. On the very edge of the quay he dropped Gan Waga. The motor-launch was there, the pilot sitting in the stern, smoking his pipe. They were saved.

As the steam pinnace came out of the bay, the crew of the ss. Valissa manned ship. Ferrers Lord, the owner, stepped aboard, a tall, clean-shaven man, with iron-grey hair. He raised his hand to his hat brim in response to the salute of his men, and then went below

with Ching Lung and his friend Rupert Thurston. Thurston lingered to speak to an acquaintance. The next moment he met another acquaintance in the shape of Gan Waga. With a squeal of joy the Eskimo fell upon Thurston and hugged him.

"Oh, Ruperts, my old preciousness! I is so gladness to see yo'!" cried Gan Waga gleefully. "Where yo' been all this longful times, hunk?"

"Knocking about, old chap, and doing things," said Thurston, with a laugh. "You do look fine, Gan. What have you been doing? What was that shemozzle in the town this afternoon? Everybody's talking about it, and I know you were in it, for somebody described you to me, and there's only one Gan Waga alive, thank goodness. Who stole the gentleman's watch?"

"Nobody never stoles nobody's watch, Ruperts," he said. "We left him his silly old watch. He asks the times and said his watch stops, so Marzipan put it in his mouths to try and starts it fo' him. He my tame ape, Ruperts. P'r'aps Marzy did chew it ups a bit, but he too honestful to steals anyting that's not good to eats. He gotted his watch, so what he grumbings about, hunk? What he— Oo-er! Helps!"

The shuddering Eskimo was gone like a flash. He had seen a sight that froze his blood, the owner of the watch himself. Gan Waga locked himself in a bathroom and got into the bath. He lay there in the cold water imagining horrible things, and trying to smoke one of Ching Lung's five-shilling cigars, but the cigar had no fragrance for the Eskimo on this occasion, but tasted like burning sawdust.

Time wore on, but nothing awful happened. Gan Waga dropped off to sleep in his curious bed, and was awakened by a bang at the door.

Gan Waga imagined it was the police at last, and sat up, quaking. To his intense relief, he heard Ching Lung's voice through the keyhole.

"Shift out of this quick, Gan," said Ching Lung. "Make yourself look pretty, and dress up Marzipan. We left some togs out for him on the table in your cabin. Those were nice goings on in the town the moment my back was turned, weren't they? Keep your pecker up, old son. When the steward comes for you

bring the ape along. You both deserve twelve months' hard labour, but if you're lucky you may save your skins yet."

At dinner in the saloon there was a good deal of laughter. Mr. Grimton, who managed one of Ferrers Lord's estates, related as well as he could the story of his lost watch, and Thurston caused roars of mirth by describing the flight of Gan Waga and his ape.

"I wasn't lucky enough to see it all," said Thurston, "but the way that ape got through the niggers was a caution. The beggar would make a fine Rugby player."

"We'll see the fellow," said Ferrers Lord. "I suppose I shall have to replace your watch, though I don't feel that I am responsible."

"You'll get precious little out of Gan Waga, Mr. Grimton," said Ching Lung, nodding to the steward.

"Unless you boil him down for oil," added Thurston. "You might get your money back that way."

The door opened, and Marzipan the ape stood bowing on the threshold. Ching Lung had found him another dress-suit. Marzipan lifted his opera-hat and walked into the saloon.

He put up his monocle to survey the guests, and then, as if by instinct, he knew who was master there. He extended his hand to Ferrers Lord.

"Gra-oo-oo-ooo!" said Marzipan.

"I'm sure I'm charmed to meet you," said the millionaire.

Marzipan hesitated, and fixed his eyes on Ching Lung. The prince made a quick gesture. For an instant the ape was at a loss. Then he put his paw into his pocket, took out a handsome gold watch and chain, and placed it before Mr. Grimton.

"You may come in, Gan Waga," said Ferrers Lord, who had seen the Eskimo peeping nervously round the door, "and you may keep your ape."

"It's almost a shame to call him an ape; he's a human sort of beggar," said Ching Lung. "And he's such a comical card, too, that we'll alter it a bit. Marzipan, old bean, you are no longer Marzipan of the Apes, but Marzipan of the Japes."

THE END