



Prince Ching Lung and Gan Waga go ashore!

THE FIRST CHAPTER

The Menagerie Man

“WELL,” remarked Mr. Benjamin Maddock, holding out a big red hand, “if it ain’t you, Widdler, it’s your ghost or twin brother, souse me!”

It was not Mr. Widdler’s ghost or twin brother, but Mr. Widdler himself. He was a hairy man of sea-faring aspect, with pale-blue eyes and a husky voice.

The two met on the quay at Pebblecombe. In the bay that shone sapphire-blue in the sunlight lay Maddock’s ship, the beautiful sea going steam-yacht “Lord of the Deep.” From the depths of his wiry beard Mr. Widdler grunted a welcome and grasped Maddock’s hand.

Down the hilly main street of Pebblecombe, carrying a bundle of letters which he had just obtained from the post-office, came Mr. Thomas Prout, who navigated the yacht for her millionaire owner, Ferrers Lord. Maddock hailed him.

“Why, if it ain’t old Widdler!” cried the steersman. “By honey, I’d know them whiskers a mile away. You look younger than ever and twice as beautiful, my lad. Last time

Upsetting Things!

An Amusing, Complete Story of Gan Waga, the Wily Eskimo, and his Companions of the Yacht, “Lord of the Deep.”

By SIDNEY DREW

(Illustrated by W. READING)

we struck you was up the Amazon, wasn’t it? What’s your line now? Have you chucked the menagerie trade and took on a respectable business?”

In a husky voice Mr. Widdler explained that he had wrecked his old steamer. No longer did he go tramping around strange waters of remote parts of the globe picking up cargoes of wild beasts, snakes and reptiles to sell to zoological societies and showmen. For the time being he had retired on his laurels and the insurance money paid out by the underwriters. He accepted his cigar from Prout, and though it was a long cigar, it was almost lost in the depths of his beard when he put it in his mouth. How he managed to light it without setting himself on fire was quite surprising.

“I’ve anchored down for a bit,” he said. “I got a ’ouse back there. Trade ain’t good just now, so it don’t matter. Next season I shall get another ship and start again. Snakes will be on the boom, and it’s snakes I’ll be arter principal. I’m bookin’ orders now, so if you’d like a nice anaconda you’d better let me put you down. I’ll do you a twenty-foot anaconda, strong and lively, at a pound a foot, and thirty bob a foot extra all over twenty.”

"Sorry, but we've given up keeping pets," said Maddock, the yacht's bos'un. "We've got a wild Eskimo aboard we'd like to give you a pound an inch to take away and sell to some menagerie. Souse me, Bill, but I'm real glad to see you again and no error. Come along aboard, and we'll treat you."

Mr. Widdler accompanied them to the end of the wooden jetty where a motor-launch awaited them. As they neared the yacht Prout slowed down to point out to their guest an object of interest that was slowly floating past on the lazy tide. Little of it was visible above water except its toes and face. In the mouth that formed a very necessary and important portion of the face was a cigar. From the nostrils of a very insignificant snub-nose came two trickles of blue smoke.

"That's him, souse me," said the bos'un; "that's the

Eskimo. He's asleep, I reckon, for the insect can keep on smoking even when he's asleep. Easy, Tom. Creep up close and I'll give him a prod wi' the boat-hook. If you'll kidnap that, Bill, and shove it in a zoo, we'll have a whip-round for you, my lad, and I'll head the list wi' my life's savings. Now watch me give him a jab, and hear him squeal!"

Maddock reversed the boat-hook and prodded. He nearly went overboard, for the boat-hook struck nothing more solid than blue salt water, for the wily Eskimo had dived.

He shot up on the other side of the launch, and as the bos'un recovered his balance perilously, a wad of wet seaweed hit him on the back of the neck.

"How yo' likes that stuffs, Ben, old dears?" crowed the Eskimo, his white teeth flashing in a wide grin. "Ho, ho, ho! I not so sleepiness as yo' think. Dears, dears! Who yo' gotted now? Who the jolliness old boy with the whiskers, Tommy? Where yo' dig ups that funny freaks, hunk?"

"Here, you get out of it and don't be rude, souse me, blubber-biter!" roared Maddock, scooping the seaweed out of his collar. "I only wish I'd got a harpoon, souse me!"

To the astonishment of Mr. Widdler, the Eskimo replaced the cigar in his mouth. It was still alight. After taking a few whiffs, he put his thumb to his snub-

nose, spread out his brown fingers, and then sank from sight beneath the blue, unruffled waters of Pebblecombe Bay.

"He ain't human, that Eskimo ain't!" said Prout. "He ought to have been a fish. What are you squirming about, Maddock? Does something tickle?"

"There's some beastly clammy thing down my back, and I don't know whether it's a baby crab or a starfish!" growled the bos'un, writhing. "I'd like to poison that blubber-biter, souse me! Don't you take no notice of



"That's him, souse me," said the bos'un; "that's the Eskimo. He's asleep, I reckon." (See this page)

what he said about your whiskers, Widdler! He's so ignorant he don't know any better."

"And this being a free country, I reckon a man is allowed to wear any pattern in whiskers he likes," said Prout. "Catch that bit of string, Widdler."

A rope was thrown, and having handed in the letters, Prout joined the bos'un and their guest in their little snugger known as the booby-hutch. Here they provided their guest with liquid refreshment and a cigar. Five minutes later Gan Waga, the Eskimo, climbed aboard, squeezed the water out of his hair and out of his suit of striped pyjamas, and waddled below. He opened the door of the booby-hutch, and beamed in through the clouds of tobacco-smoke.

"Get out!" bel-lowed Prout and Maddock with one voice.

"Oh, don't be so rudeness, old beans!" said the Eskimo. "I not stay longfuls. I not help myself, Tommy; really I not. I just gotted to look at those whiskers again, they so love-lifuls. What make them grows like that, Tommy?"

Would they comes like it again ifs yo' cutted them offs?"

"Look here, my lad," said Prout, clenching his fist. "I can stand a lot, by honey, but not too much. Widdler is a pal and a visitor, and I won't have him insulted by any blubber-eating savage like you. Haven't you got any manners or decency? Out of this, you cannibal; or I'll fire you out with a bump!"

"Stow it, messmate; stow it!" said Mr. Widdler, huskily. "They're like children, these chaps are, nat'rally curious, and I takes no offence. To ease your mind, my lad, I grows these 'ere whiskers because if I didn't

I'd spend half my time shaving and busting razors. Razors being expensive, I lets 'em grow more for cheapness than ornament. You ain't no oil-painting yourself, my lad, and I've had a gorilla or two pass through my hands in the way of business that were a sight better-looking and heaps more intelligent," he added, reaching for the siphon of soda-water to temper the grog Maddock had just poured out for him. "I've been collecting sich critters all my life. If you've lost your dad or any of your brothers, p'r'ps I could trace 'em for you. It would be just lovely to see 'em jumping round their cages with joy when they set eyes on you and recognised it was you. It would make 'em more happier than giving 'em a bun apiece."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed Prout and Maddock.

At this broad suggestion that his relatives belonged to the monkey race, and were spending their mortal existence in cages for the entertainment of the public, Gan Waga took no offence. He bestowed a beaming smile on Mr. Widdler, and added a few gurg-

ling chuckles to the mirth of Prout and the bos'un.

"Yo' a very funny mans," he said. "Yo' make us all laughs. I not mean to be rudeness now yo' tells me why yo' grow whiskers like that. If razors no goodness—ho, ho, hoo!—why yo' not trys gunpowder, and blow them off, and soak them in petrol and set them alights, hunk? I give yo' a can of petrol."

"You got a speck of black on your nose, my fat lad," said Mr. Widdler. "As I don't suppose you carry a handkerchief, let me get it off for you."

Mr. Widdler closed one blue eye to find the



Mr. Widdler closed one eye to find the exact range, and pressed down the top of the siphon. It was an excellent shot; for Mr. Widdler was dead on his target. (See page 196)

exact range, and pressed down the lever of the siphon. It was an excellent shot, for Mr. Widdler was dead on his target, and there was a fine pressure of gas in the siphon. Before the deluge of soda-water that took him squarely in the face, Gan Waga reeled out of the booby-hutch, and Prout shut and bolted the door. They grinned hugely as they heard the Eskimo gasping and spluttering outside.

"And that's that," said the bos'n. "You washed that microbe out, anyhow. He wasn't trying to be rude, souse me, only to be funny, and that's where he missed, souse me. What were we talking about afore the insect floated in? Shaking a leg ashore, and going up to your place, wasn't it? We could get leave easy, couldn't we, Tom?"

"Easy as eating jelly," answered Prout, nodding. "We sha'n't shift out of Pebblecombe afore Wednesday, when the owner is due to come aboard. Anyhow, we'll not be far away, and, if they want us sooner, they can fetch us. Better take Barry O'Rooney along, too, or he'll never forgive us. I'll go up and ask Mr. Thurston."

Rupert Thurston, who was in charge of the yacht during her owner's absence, raised no objection when Prout asked for leave for himself, Maddock, and O'Rooney.

"I'm well rid of the three of you," he said, smiling. "I'm not sure whether I ought to let you run loose without a keeper, but be as good and careful as you can."

THE SECOND CHAPTER

Over the Top!

His Imperial Highness Prince Ching Lung was having his head shampooed by the yacht's barber when Gan Waga discovered him. His jet-black hair was hidden by a creamy lather, into which the barber was digging his fingers. The Eskimo took a sip out of a bottle of scented hair-oil, and seemed to like the flavour of it. He could take such little liberties when the prince was about. The barber glared but said nothing. Had Ching Lung not been there, he would have chased the Eskimo out with a razor.

"That a very niceness flavours, Chingy," said Gan Waga, smacking his lips. "I gotted something to tell yo', my precious old packet.

Prout and Maddock have brought a pal aboard. His name Widdler, Chingy, and yo' never see such a hairy chaps and such whiskers. He a most rudness johnny, too. He say my relations all monkeys, and he gotted them shut up in cages. And he squirted water-sodas over me out of a siphon when I not expecting it."

"He may be a truthful man, but I don't like his manners," said Ching Lung. "Widdler, eh? Oh, yes, I remember that handsome youth. Two lovely black eyes, and a set of whiskers like a frayed doormat. He used to run a sort of rusty Noah's Ark, and collect wild animals. So he told you your relations were baboons, did he?"

"I think he said they were grillers, Chingy."

"Gorillas, not grillers, my dear Gan," corrected the prince. "As he is rather an authority on the subject, he may be perfectly—I mean he's had a lot to do with monkeys, you see, and it's not wise to contradict an expert. Have you anything to tell me?"

"Lotses Chingy," said the Eskimo. "Barry O'Rooney and Tommy Prouts and Ben Maddock gotted leave from Rupert, and goned ashore with old bristly face. He busted his ship, and he got a house in Pebblecombe. I found outs about it from Joe the carpenters. He called Amazon Villains, Chingy."

"Amazon Villa more probably," said Ching Lung, as the barber towelled his head. "Widdler did most of his animal-snatching and snake-chasing up the Amazon. Most interesting, of course; but what has it to do with me? Why shouldn't the boys have a day off, and spend it ashore with their friend, whiskers or no whiskers?"

"Yo' means yo' lets a chaps squirt water-sodas over me and call me a griller, and not do nothings, Chingy?" asked the Eskimo, in pained surprise. "I thought yo' so fondness of me. Yo' not helps me to get my owns back, hunk? Yo' let old whiskers insult me, and not punches him on the noses or nothings at all, hunk?"

"I would, my son," said the prince. "You are quite old enough and fit enough to look after yourself. Now, I happen to know for a fact that you were rude to Mr. Widdler. You attempted to be jocose about his

whiskers. As I have frequently told you to make personal remarks is not wit, but the sign of a low and vulgar mind."

"Then you not seen his whiskers, Chingy," said Gan Waga. "Ho, ho, hoo! They too loveliful! Yo' must see them, Chingy, old dears. We go ashore and call at Amazon Villains, hunk? Do be a jolly old sports, and say 'Yes,' Chingy? Yo' be sorry all yo' lifes if yo' miss those butterful whiskers."

"I'll think about it," said Ching Lung.

The sun was setting, and Pebblecombe Bay

had changed from sapphire blue to burnished gold when Prince Ching Lung and Gan Waga walked down the jetty. The Eskimo had wished to come in his pyjamas and bare feet, but as Ching Lung did not wish to create a sensation, he had persuaded Gan to don a respectable suit and a pair of boots. He had not asked Gan Waga to put on a tall hat belonging to Rupert Thurston. This was the Eskimo's own

idea. The hat was several sizes too small. Half-way up the High Street it fell off, and, Gan Waga, who was waddling along at the prince's heels, trod on it and split the brim. This little misfortune did not add much to the beauty of the hat, but it fitted much more comfortably and did not fall off again.

A man with a red nose and earrings in his equally red ears gave Ching Ling the information he asked for.

"Bill Widdler's, gov'nor, eh?" he said.

"Bear round to the left at the top. There's a brick wall round it wi' broken bottles on it." He looked at Gan Waga and grinned as he added: "I don't think it's no use takin' that up there to sell to Bill. He's got all the stock he wants, and ain't trading. A pal o' mine tried to sell him a monkey last week, but there was nothin' doin'. Nice little chap it was, wi' a green coat and a curly tail, not so big as the fellow you've got 'ere, but a good 'un. Wish you luck."

As the red-nosed man winked and walked

away, Gan Waga gazed after his retreating figure doubtfully.

"What he mean, hunk, Chingy?" he asked. "What he talking abouts?"

"Possibly the poor fellow is very short-sighted," said Ching Lung, hiding a smile. "It's getting dark, too, you know, but he seemed to take you for a monkey. Anyhow, don't be nervous about it, for I have no intention of offering to sell

you to Mr. Widdler, so put your hat on straight. You have too much ear showing through it on the starboard side."

In the deepening dusk they reached the brick wall surrounding Mr. William Widdler's abode. If Widdler had emptied all the bottles whose spiked remains decorated the top of the wall, he must have been a very thirsty man. Presently they came to a green door with a small grating let into it, and "Amazon Villa" painted beneath the grating



The seals were on those haddocks like a couple of starving cats on a herring. Away came everything on the table, over went Mr. Widdler and his chair with a mighty crash, to be buried under the ruins. (See page 200)

in gold letters. Ching Lung peeped through. In the gloom he made out a small yard containing a number of strongly built and bulky packing cases that were evidently used by Widdler for the transport of livestock. There was a bell, and Ching Lung rang it.

"Ahoy!" cried the familiar voice of Mr. Thomas Prout. "Somebody waiting to come aboard, Widdler. Chuck being nice to each other and see who it is."

Across the gloomy yard came Mr. Widdler himself, stripped to the waist except for a singlet. He had some difficulty in opening the door, owing to the fact that he was wearing a pair of boxing-gloves. He peered at Ching Lung, recognised him, and opened the door wide.

"Come right in, sir, and welcome!" cried Mr. Widdler. "I'm just having a bit of an up-and-a-downer with my friend, Mr. O'Rooney. Maddock's cooking supper, so if you'll stop and take a bite, I'll be delighted. Come on, sir, and you—you get out!"

Mr. Widdler, as Gan Waga was preparing to follow the prince, gave the Eskimo a business-like jab on the nose. Gan Waga retreated a couple of yards, merely because he couldn't help himself. The gate shut with a clang and locked itself. To his rage and anguish, Gan Waga found himself alone and basely deserted in the cold and puddley road, with the shades of night falling fast around him, and several stars that were not real ones dancing brightly in front of his eyes.

He was not very much hurt, for there was plenty of padding in the glove. His feelings pained him a good deal more than his nose. It was awful to think that Ching Lung, whom he trusted and adored, should have treated him in this shabby and despicable way. Across the gloomy yard came sounds of mocking laughter. A pleasant fragrance floated across it also, the appetising fragrance of bacon, sausages, and tomatoes being fried.

Gan Waga inspected the wall, and took a walk round it. He discovered that Amazon Villa was built on the cliff. At the back of the house, thirty feet below, was the sea. Unfortunately for Gan Waga the wall, with its terrifying array of bottle-glass on top, was built up to the very edge of the cliff. Then

he stumbled over a plank. With the plank, which happened to be a long one, he prodded at the glass till he had cleared a space about two feet long. Leaning the plank against the wall, he climbed up it and looked over. It was a two-storeyed house with a small lawn in front of it. In the centre of the lawn was a pond, surrounded by an iron railing. A cheerful light streamed from the lower windows of the house. Barry O'Rooney, after thumping Mr. Widdler with the boxing-gloves, was now thumping Mr. Widdler's piano. Barry's voice was raised in song, and when he came to the chorus the others roared it lustily.

"Blo-ow, blo-ow, blow-ow a man down,
We're sailing out of Sydney town;
So give me some time to blow a man down—
Blo-o-o-o-oo-ow!"

Gan Waga lowered himself into Mr. Widdler's garden, and crept towards the window as Barry O'Rooney shut the piano. Prout, Maddock, Widdler, and the faithless Ching Lung, were already seated at the supper table. Into the cheerful little room came Maddock, bearing a mighty dish of rashers, sausages, mutton-cutlets, tomatoes, and fried potatoes, which he deposited in front of Mr. Widdler, whose whiskers seemed to bristle with joy at the sight of it.

"Ben, bhoy," said Barry O'Rooney, tucking a serviette under his chin, "ut's the very king of cooks that's yourself. Bedad, ut's iligant. Look at the lovely way he's browned thim spuds. Don't give me too much at wance, Widdler, for Oi'm thrying to kape down my weight. Not more than five sausages, three or four cutlets, and seven or eight rashers. Sure, it was a noble deed to push that greedy Iskimo out, for he'd have wanted the lot."

Gan Waga removed his flattened little nose from the window pane as he heard a splash and a curious grunt. He looked over the railings into the little pond. There was a ripple in the dark water. In the gloom he saw four gleaming eyes watching him unwinkingly. Gan Waga chuckled as he opened the iron gate, for he had found friends. The moon came from between a cloud, flooding pond and garden with light.

He waded into the pond and sat down, hooking his arms round a couple of seals, and talking to them in a low, gurgling voice and in a strange tongue. Whatever the language was, Mr. Widdler's tame seals seemed to understand it. When Gan Waga emerged dripping from the pond, the animals flip-flapped after him.

In Mr. Widdler's dining-room they were talking and laughing very much. Gan Waga found the back door, and it was unfastened.

A candle was burning in the kitchen. Gan Waga picked up the seals and dumped them down on the kitchen table. Then he nosed about till, in the scullery, he found a tub with a wooden lid on. When he lifted the lid a smell of stale fish hit him with such force that it would have stunned a person with a less sensitive nose.

The seals were where he had left them. He winked at them as he crept past with an ancient haddock in each hand. Gan had purloined the seal's breakfast, but he did not intend to rob them, but to give them supper instead. He cut away the blind cord of the passage window and crawled along the passage on hands and knees, dragging the haddocks after him by the ends.

"If poor old Gan Waga hasn't gone back to the yacht in disgust, I think I'll fetch him in, Widdler, if you don't mind," he heard Ching Lung say.

"Bless your life, sir, I ain't bearing no malice," said Mr. Widdler. "If I took notice of all the remarks passed about my whiskers, I'd be kept busy all the twenty-four hours of the day. Fetch him in, by all means, sir. If there ain't enough to eat we can easy cook some more. Shall I fetch him, sir?"

"By honey, after the biff you gave him, I'd take a pole-axe with me!" grinned Prout. "If he's still outside he'll go for you bald-headed the minute he sees you."



Gan Waga threw his arms above his head, and with the two seals dived into the sea. (See page 200)

Ching Lung rose. In the dimly lighted passage he discovered Gan Waga. He also discovered the smell. Ching Lung said not a word. He merely clutched his nose, opened the door, and staggered out into the fresh air. Onward swept the Eskimo. He emerged unseen behind Mr. Widdler's chair. Luckily for the Eskimo, the scent of sausages and rashers camouflaged the odour of

fish to some extent. Gan tied his big perfumed haddocks to the ends of the table-cloth and edged away.

"Whad's the gabe, Gad?" whispered the prince, putting his head round the door and still holding his nose. "Whad are you doing, you fad rasgal?"

Gan Waga vanished into the kitchen and emerged staggering under the weight of his two docile friends, the seals. He put them down side by side within a yard of the sitting-room door. Then he made a sign that the

sagacious animals understood. They hunched themselves together and went at a gallop.

"Yo-icks! Tally-hoos! Snatch them, old dears! Swat 'em, my butterfals! Pull hardness, old beans!" roared Gan Waga. "Brings them backness! Backs! Backs!"

The seals were on those haddocks like a couple of starving cats on a herring. Snatching the fish they swung round. The haddocks were tied on. Away came the table-cloth, plates, dishes, knives, and forks, glasses and bottles. Over went Mr. Widdler and his chair with a mighty crash, to be buried under the ruins. He kept bobbing up like some weird ghost, with the table-cloth wrapped round him, till the fish came away from the cords.

"Souse me, it's that mad Eskimo up to his tricks!" shouted Maddock. "He's let them seals out. After him and get his scalp!"

"Ho, ho, hoo, hoo!" laughed Gan Waga, holding his sides. "Yo' squirts waters-soda over me, again, hunk, and calls my relations grillers? Dears, dears! Don't make me laughs. Good-bye! I think I go now, fo' yo' too commonness peoples fo' me. Yo' muchful too low and vulgarness. Ob, ha, ha, haah! Ob, dears!"

Gan Waga whistled. Maddock leapt over the table, but before he could reach Gan Waga, he and the seals were outside. Maddock tugged in vain at the door, for to make the Eskimo's escape sure, Ching Lung had borrowed the key and locked the door on the outside. Recovering from the shock, O'Rooney hauled out Mr. Widdler.

"Wha—wha— Who done it? Tell me who done it?" howled Mr. Widdler, wild-eyed and gasping. "Show me who done it, and I'll— Who done it? Wha—where is it?"

"Calm down, calm down, by honey," said Prout. "We're done, that's what."

"You can bet the prince is in the swindle, too, for they've locked the door on us," said Maddock. "Chance an eye, Barry, and see what they're up to."

"Pwhat d'ye mane, chance an oie?" growled Barry O'Rooney. "Chance wan of your own, darlint! An' if the blubber-boiter slings a brick through the window Oi'm not a bit anxious to stop at wid my face. Oi moight want my face lather, bhoy, and Oi loike ut widout any dents or bumps."

There was little risk of Gan Waga doing anything so careless or dangerous as that, but long experience had taught the mariners that when Prince Ching Lung was aiding and abetting the Eskimo in one of his japes, it was as well to use discretion. Led by Mr. Widdler, they made a rush for the kitchen door. This, too, was locked, and they beat back to the dining-room. Mr. Widdler looked out of the window, and as no bricks came, the others also looked out.

Gan Waga was leaning against the railings of the pond, smoking a cigar. Beside him were the seals, one of them wearing Thurston's badly damaged hat. A bright moon shone down on the little garden and the placid sea. As Gan saw the faces at the window, especially the wrathful one of Mr. Widdler with his whiskers all bristling, he grinned and kissed his hand. The seals shook their flippers, and if ever seals laughed those two creatures did.

"Careful, Billy, careful, by honey!" cried Prout, as Mr. Widdler threw up the window. "Careful, my lad, or something nasty will happen to you."

Mr. Widdler flung caution to the winds. As he jumped through the window, Gan Waga gave another whistle and made across the lawn, and after Gan Waga, with their swift though clumsy lollop, went the two seals. But there was no escape, for beyond the low wall the cliff fell sheer to the deep waters of Pebblecombe Bay thirty feet below.

"Gotcher," said Mr. Widdler. "I'll give you smashing my crockery and letting loose my performing seals, my fat lad. I'll set about you in some style, I will."

Gan Waga mounted the low wall, the seals scrambling up after him, and, turning, blew another kiss to Mr. Widdler. Then, with a last whistle, he threw his arms above his head and dived. Three sullen splashes came echoing upwards. Gan Waga and the seals had gone. Perhaps Gan Waga had told them that they were going back to liberty and the open sea, and that is why they laughed.

And as Gan Waga's worldly wealth consisted of one threepenny-bit and a trouser-button, of course Ching Lung had to pay for the missing seals.



A JONES
23