The Man From the Clouds :

By J. STORER CLOUSTON

Author of "The Spy in Black," "The Lunatic at Large," etc.

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

Roger Merton, descending in a parachute from a runaway balloon, finds himself on an English island, and, by supposing he is in Germany, surprises a German spy into revealing himself. Wandering about he meets the Scollay family, man, wife, two daughters and two sons, one a half-wit, from whom he learns one Rendall owns the island. In seeking Mr. Rendall he meets a man O'Brien and a Doctor Rendall, suspicious characters, in whose home a shade is suddenly pulled down as he approaches the house, and a bedraggled old man by the roadside who asks for a "wax match." Later he is unable to identify the man and in order to solve the mystery himself plays the part of a German. Instead of finding out anything he narrowly escapes death twice, once at night when some one strikes at him in the dark, again when he is fired upon on the beach in the daytime, and succeeds in getting himself arrested. Luckily the officer in command is his cousin, to whom he tells his story and who makes an investigation.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

My Cousin's Letter

THREE weeks later I received this letter from my cousin:

"My Dear Roger—As I promised, I am sending you a chit to tell you the result of our inquiry into the Ransay mystery. Of course, you will understand that this is strictly for your own eye and mustn't be talked about.

"Well, I wanted to leave no stone unturned to get at the bottom of the affair, so we got up a pukka detective from London—a man named Bolton, said to be a first-class fellow at the job. He spent a solid week in the island and seems to have poked his nose into pretty nearly every house and spoken to pretty nearly every inhabitant from the laird down. Taking a tip from your tale, he posed as a cattle dealer (which is precisely what he looks like), and, of course, he never let on that he knew of your existence—or mine, either.

"The result of his inquiries is, firstly, nothing proved against anybody and no evidence of anything fishy going on in the place. This last point confirms my own experience, for, as I told you, I haven't yet been able to associate this particular island with any of the suspicious ongoings which undoubtedly are happening.

"Secondly, your friend O'Brien turns out to be a gentleman with a failing for liquor who was sent up by his relations in Ireland about six months ago to live under Doctor Rendall's charge, there being no pubs in Ransay—and many in the island he came from. I find that it is by no means unusual to send thirsty souls to publess isles, and beyond the fact that O'Brien came up very 'convenient' for this war and is pretty free with his tongue on the subject of England's sins and shortcomings, there is really nothing positive against the man. However, we are running no risks, and as we are God and Destiny rolled into one in these islands, we gave Mr. O'Brien his marching orders, and by this time he has presumably either secured a drink at last or his friends have shut him up in some teetotal paradise a little further from the scene of war.

"Bolton's opinion is that O'Brien was without doubt the man who fired at you, looking to the type of gentleman he is, and the fact that you ran into him immediately afterward, and especially the fact that he actually does possess an old rook rifle. He thinks he may have done it out of sheer Irish devilitry, you offering so convenient a target, just as they pot landlords in his own happy country. A man can hardly have drunk as heavily as he must have done without upsetting his brain a bit, and this theory seems to me not at all unlikely.

"Bolton thinks it hardly conceivable that O'B. can have had any deliberate idea of getting rid of you, since it is certain that he wasn't the man in oilskins you met the night you landed—or, rather, dropped. He can't have been because he doesn't know a word of German. We ought to have thought of that clue ourselves. Bolton was on to it at once and points out that it puts out of court the whole inhabitants of the island except Miss Rendall, who has a pretty good schoolgirl's knowledge of German, and her father, who has been abroad a lot and knows a bit of the language. And apart from all other considerations the man in oilskins can't have been either of them owing to their height. Miss R. is too short and Mr. R. too tall.

"Assuming therefore that you weren't a bit light-headed or anything of that kind (which, I am bound to say, Bolton thinks quite a likely explanation), the man you met must have landed from a submarine and gone away again in her. Bolton feels positive on this point and I must say I agree with him.

"The only remaining difficulty is the attack on the shore. Here Bolton takes exactly the same line as I did when I questioned you. He thinks that as you didn't actually see anybody, and as what you think you saw and heard are so vague and indefinite and so difficult to fit into any known method of murder, one can't really draw any conclusions, and he quotes various cases he has known of people who fancied they were struck or seized or fired at in the dark, when actually there was some other explanation.

"By the way, as to the old gentleman with tinted spectacles who asked for a match, Bolton made inquiries of a number of people about the old men in the island, and he even took the trouble to interview them all. None have tinted spectacles and all deny having spoken with you. I am afraid that this discovery made him a bit skeptical about some of the other incidents. However, he went into the whole thing very carefully indeed and I think we can all feel satisfied that with the departure of Mr. O'Brien the possibility of the trouble within the island has been eliminated. Of course the Lord only knows who may not land in the place by night, and they may quite possibly have squared one or two of the natives to show a light, or to keep their eyes shut, or help them in one way or another. But that's rather a different story.

"I am sorry I have nothing better to satisfy your dramatic soul, but hang it, a fellow who flies from the middle of the North Sea in a balloon and then drops through a fog and hits an island a few miles square, and afterward gets mistaken for a spy, and shot at and finally arrested, oughtn't to complain!

I did my best to look at the wounded hero

"Good luck to you. Keep out of balloons and don't part with that revolver.

"Yours ever,

J. P. N. WHITECLETT."

And there for the present—and perhaps for ever—the story ends. I sat down straight off and began to write out this full, true, and particular account of the whole adventure, partly to keep my memory of everything fresh, and partly because it strikes me as not half a bad yarn in itself. Now that I have finished the job I must say that whether or no it will convince anybody else, it makes me feel more certain than ever that more has been going on in that island than met Mr. Bolton's eye.

Professional detectives are no doubt very useful men at jobs they are accustomed to and when pitted against the ordinary criminal. But these war problems are quite new, and utterly different even from the German secret service machinations in time of peace. And the men they are opposed to are very extraordinary criminals indeed; they are a highly trained, scientific force, as much a wing of the German fighting forces as their air service or their submarines.

What chance has a man who looks like a cattle dealer against these experts, especially when he is only in action for a week and starts with the assumption that the few invaluable facts given him are mostly works of imagination? Possibly he may have fluked upon the remedy by removing O'Brien, and if the island of Ransay gives no more trouble for the rest of this war, it will certainly look as though he had. But in that case he will have been uncommon lucky, because he seems to me to have overlooked or dismissed virtually everything significant.

Take, for instance, the actual words used by my oilskin friend. They most distinctly implied that he was living on shore. Take the incident of the blind, which may perhaps have been, as John Whiteclett says, an every-day incident, but which certainly happened in the house where the one man they do suspect was living, and would certainly involve the doctor if it were not a mere accident. Look at my security while I was humbugging them by my suspicious conduct, and then the unscrupulous and quickly repeated attempts to get rid of me after two things had happened—my dropping of my accent at the Rendalls and the discovery of the parachute. Take that night on the shore when Miss Rendall escorted me armed with a pistol and her father joined her at the very place and the very time when the attack was made on me. As to its being an imaginary attack, my last doubts dissipated when I was fired at the next day.

Then as to the idea of Mr. O'Brien trying to shoot duck, or suddenly being inspired by high-spirited homicidal mania, I simply decline to accept such absurd interpretations. I am not in the least sure it was he, to begin with. I feel convinced that more than one man is in it, and which conspirator took which part, who can say on the little evidence one has?

Again, take Mr. Bolton's brilliant idea of inquiring who could speak German. How did he inquire? Probably asked them! Is he a German scholar himself? The odds are a thousand to one against it. Or take the mysterious old man with the tinted spectacles. His appearance by that roadside and subsequent disappearance into space is one of the oddest features of the case. I have no doubt at all now that the wax match inquiry was the beginning of a series of questions and answers which would have proved me a fellow conspirator if I had only known them. They probably became doubly suspicious of me from that moment and only waited to make quite sure before going all out to kill me. And yet, Bolton by coolly assuming I was a liar or a dreamer missed the entire significance of the incident.

But when it comes to asking myself honestly which people precisely I suspect, and how I propose to separate the incidents which (I freely admit) are perfectly consistent with the theory that I was genuine suspected myself, from the incidents which cannot be explained on those grounds, and work out a water-tight case against anybody in particular, I must confess that I am fairly beaten. I know that I don't want to suspect that girl, though she did treat me like a member of a lower race and scored off me badly at the end; and I do want to suspect O'Brien. By the way, was he a real drunkard? I rather begin to wonder.

And that is the very unsatisfactory end of the matter so far.

THE BOLSHEVIST

Nick Bombskivitch, a Bolshevist,
Afflicted with a mental twist,
Just loved to gabble through his hat
About the proletariat.

This world, he said, was on the bum.
Some other fellow got the plum,
While all that he got was the pip!—
So let the revolution rip!

Once sitting in his poultry yard
He owned that life was very hard.
Here sat the lowliest of men—
And there the capitalist Hen!

He waited on her day by day.
He gave her grain and chopped up hay.
He carried water; cleaned up floors;
And carried refuse out of doors.

And she, the great big hunk of cheese,
Just spent a lazy life of ease,
And for his labor good and true
Would hand to him an egg or two!

Her callousness was shocking, quite—
Nick knew that things were far from right,
So filled a nice new bomb with "soup"
And straightaway "blew" both chick and coop!

Now Nick is boss (I tell you true)
He's wondering what next to do.
It may be he'll keep very quiet
With eggs no longer in his diet.

GRIF ALEXANDER.

An Idea

I WISH I had said that I felt sure my cousin's letter was not the last of the business on Ransay. One would like to be the only correct prophet this war has produced. It was not the end by any manner of means, as I learned within two days of finishing that last chapter. I wrote it, and the two or three before it, in the convalescent hospital at Winterdean Hall, finishing it, I remember, on a Wednesday; and I picked up the scent again on the very Friday following.

I had been laid out in an insignificant North Sea scrap, but though the scrap was small the wounds were unpleasant and I was still rather glad to lie easy in a movable summerhouse on the terrace. I was well on the mend but had walked a little too far that morning and there I lay stretched half asleep in a deck chair, out of the wind and basking in the sun.

"Right! I see where he is, thank you," it said.

"Jack Whiteclett!" I said to myself.

It was always pleasant to see Jack, but at that moment a bore to be disturbed. Little did I guess how thorough and final that disturbance was going to be.

"Well, old chap," said he, "you've earned a rest and I'm going to see you're taking it."

This from Jack was subtly flattering and I did my best to look the wounded hero.

"Where did they get you?" he asked.

"In my beard," said I, "left side of the jaw. Also right ankle and a souvenir under the ribs."

"Lame?"

"Still a little, but improving."

"The beard is quite becoming," he observed.

"Look at it well then while you have the chance, for they say they'll let me shave it in a week."

"You're well on the mend then?"

"Thank the Lord."

"Then I needn't give you any more sympathy. Congratulations instead."

"On getting a bit of Blighty?"

"On getting a bit of ribbon."

I opened my eyes, for this was the first I had heard of it.

"It isn't out yet," said he, "but I believe it's to be your doom. Somebody has presumably bribed some one at the admiralty. Uncle Francis tipped me the wink. You've evidently quite made your peace there, Rover, so congratulations again."

"By the way, how long have you got?" I asked.

"A week."

I sat up in my deck chair.

"Only a week! I say this is extraordinarily good of you to come down here and see me."

"Oh, I wanted to see how heroes bear their wounds," he smiled, but I felt certain there was something more left unsaid.

"Jack, old chap, what's up? I see in your eye there's something else."

He hesitated a moment, then said:

"There was, but I'm not going to bother you with it now. I didn't know how fit you might be."

Naturally I made him go on.

"Would it worry you if I were to yarn a little about that adventure of yours in Ransay?" he asked.

"Worry me! I've been thinking of little else since I came to this restful place. In fact I've been finishing off a full, true, and particular account of the adventure. Any further news?"

His mouth grew compressed and a frown settled over his eyes.

"Nothing definite, except that the infernal island has been worrying me a lot lately. You were quite right, Roger, and I withdraw my last doubt with many apologies."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BRUNO DUKE, Solver of Business Problems

By HAROLD WHITEHEAD, Author of "The Business Career of Peter Flint," etc.

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THE PROBLEM OF GETTING COMMISSION SALESMEN TO STICK

A New Slant on an Old Problem

AFTER the wordy "passage of arms" between Bruno Duke and Feather had subsided, Brainard gave a little apologetic cough and said:

"I think your idea is a good one, Mr. Duke; we ought to have a sales employment manager. But have you any plan that will enable him to do better than the district managers?"

"Yes, Mr. Brainard, I have a plan whereby a man won't be hired until he's proved that he has stick-to-it-iveness and until he also knows the car and how to sell it."

"Impossible!" broke in Feather.

"Really, Feather," expostulated Brainard, "I—er—I must say that—er—er—tell me, Mr. Duke, how your plan would be operated?"

"My plan, in brief, is this: I suggest you advertise in the newspapers that a special course in automobile salesmanship will be given free to all acceptable applicants, on the understanding that all who complete their training satisfactorily will be given a salaried permanent position with a commission also."

"That is certainly unusual—and very interesting," Brainard said thoughtfully.

"The course of training would be absolutely free, of course, and would be given two evenings a week in some suitable room—possibly at the Y. M. C. A. or one of the local business colleges. That would enable men and women—for there is no reason why women can't sell cars as well as men, especially in such times as these—to prepare for the position and remain at their present job until the course of instruction is completed."

"I believe it's practical, don't you—er"—Brainard glanced at Feathers and added hastily. "Don't you think, Mr. Duke—I mean, how long would the training period be?"

"Six weeks; that would cover twelve class sessions—not many, but enough for our purpose."

"Humph! That would mean six weeks before we would know whether a man's any good or not," Feather said.

"Yes, Mr. Feather; but we would know it by that time in the majority of cases. At present—but why disturb you by reminding you of the present unfortunate experience in this connection.

"You will appreciate, Mr. Brainard," Duke turned to him again, "that the managers are not taken from their work to train these men. The expense of these evening lessons is a trifle compared with the present cost of between $4000 and $5000 to get a man who will stick. If a man or woman comes regularly to a class for these twelve evenings, it shows that they have persistence. If they are intelligent, the kind of questions they ask will disclose it. If they are careless or slovenly, their appearance will quickly tell us. In fact, by studying these applicants for six weeks we should get a good idea of their ability and stability."

"Suppose that after half a dozen sessions you found that some man was unfit for our work, Mr. Duke. What would you do about it?"

"At the end of the session we should tell him as kindly as possible that he doesn't seem to be suited for the work and needn't come again."

"Huh! Then he'll get as mad as a hatter!" Feather was determined to find some objections.

"In that case we would be doubly well rid of him. As a matter of fact, a man can hardly object to being dropped. He loses nothing, for he still has his old job. He has gained some knowledge of salesmanship for which he paid nothing except his time."

"That's a remarkable plan, Mr. Duke, and we'll put it on if we can find some one able to handle it."

"There's the difficulty," Feather had conceded the cleverness of the plan, "the plan's all right, but you'll never get anybody to put it over—I wouldn't."

"You are the logical one to do it, though—you ought to take the first class and train one of your managers to do it. As salesmanager, you know——"

"I couldn't do—I don't know the first thing about teaching." Feathers looked uncomfortable.

"Well, I know some one who could and who could train one of your men to do it also!"

"Who?" Feather and Brainard asked together.

I couldn't help jumping when Duke answered:

"My co-worker, Peter Flint!"

TODAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

What is an "Embargo"?

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S BUSINESS QUESTION

"Dunnage" is:

1. Loose articles of a cargo.
2. Loose material laid on the bottom of the ship's hold to raise goods and prevent injury by water.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY

"RAINBOW GOLD"

(Peggy and Billy find a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. It is taken from them by a farmer boy, from him by his father, from the father by a convict, and from the convict by Miser Jenkins.)

The End of the Gold

MISER JENKINS drove his auto as fast as it could go. He was eager to get away from the convict from whom he had taken the pot of gold. He wanted, also, to get it home quickly so that he could gloat over it. He had the gold on the floor of the car between his feet, and he could scarcely keep his eyes off the shining coins long enough to drive the machine.

Peggy and Billy, chasing after him in he toy airplane, could hear him exulting to himself.

"This gold will make me very rich," he said aloud. "With it I can get a lot of mortgages on the homes of widows and orphans. Then maybe I can take their property from them and thus grow to be immensely wealthy."

"Hear the evil he is plotting," said Peggy to Billy. "I'm sorry we found the gold, for he will use it to work harm to others."

"It seems only to cause trouble," answered Billy. "If we can get it back we will bury it again at the end of the rainbow."

"Toot! Toot!" sounded a locomotive whistle. A column of smoke spurting over the tops of the trees showed that a train was coming along a railroad which crossed the highway a short distance ahead.

"Toot! Toot!" warned the whistle again, but Miser Jenkins was so busy looking at the gold that he did not hear it.

"Gold! Gold! Dear, precious gold!" he cried out.

"Toot! Toot!" shrieked the engine. Too late Miser Jenkins looked up and saw it coming. He was so close to the tracks he could not stop. Bang! The train crashed into the auto. Out of the seat flew Miser Jenkins, and up into the air, landing astraddle of the hot engine. The auto was smashed to pieces and the coins in the pot of gold scattered right and left.

"Evil, evil in rainbow gold!" hooted Judge Owl.

When Peggy and Billy came to look for the coins they had a surprise. The gold pieces had turned into charcoal and the brass pot had become an old, black kettle.

"That's the way with rainbow gold!" hooted Judge Owl. "It looks like a million dollars while the sun is shining, but it's worthless after dark. The only good gold is that which you earn yourself."

"Let's bury it right here so it can work no more evil," said Peggy, and that is what they did.

Just as they finished, the train came puffing back, bringing Miser Jenkins and the train men to look for the gold. But though they looked and looked they didn't find it.

"Serves Miser Jenkins right for planning evil," said Peggy.

"Whir-r-r-r-r-r" went the toy airplane, and in a jiffy Peggy found herself back home and grown to her usual size. "Good-by, Princess Peggy. Come again to Birdland!" sang the birds as they hurried away to get to their nests before dark. "Good-by!" shouted Billy, buzzing away in his airplane.

"That was a beautiful rainbow tonight," said Peggy's father. "I wonder if it had a pot of gold at its end." And Peggy laughed. She knew all she wanted to know about rainbow gold.

(In the next installment will be told the amusing story of Prince Bumble.)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

GRANDMA DIXON

By HELEN PATTERSON

CAREFULLY Grandma Dixon loosened the moist earth around the roots of her famous larkspur, shook the particles of dirt from the trowel, and, standing erect, touched the tender shoots very lovingly with her fingers.

The larkspur meant more than tall blue flowers to her. It meant memories of the past; memories of the morning when a young soldier in a faded blue uniform had found her rejoicing over their first blossom. There had been four weary years of war and this, their first meeting, the larkspurs had witnessed. Since that morning the flower had occupied a pleace of honor in her garden.

"Want any help, grandma?" asked a young man looking over the garden fence. "You know, I'me great on digging."

"Bless you, Dick. Of course I know it, when I look at this garden, but there is nothing to do this morning. Thank you. Come here and tell me about your work."

"I'll come over, but there is nothing to tell. I haven't any yet."

"Do you mean to say, Richard Hawkins, that you are not going back to your old work?" asked grandma, as the young man vaulted the low fence and stood beside her.

"That's just it, grandma. Your humble servant has to find a new job. You know, the girls are doing our work so well that many firms are keeping them, and Bolton & Mason's is one of them."

"But the girls will cretainly resign when they know you are home again," said grandma. "I remember when Abner came home from the Civil War. I gave up his school I had been teaching and we were married."

"I'll bet you did," answered Richard, "but whose coming through the gate?"

"Why, bless me! if it isn't Betty," said grandma, hurrying to meet a young girl dressed in a stylish suit and a very becoming small hat. "Come on Dick, you know Betty. Why, you used to play with her when she was a tiny girl. You remember, she is the only grandchild I have."

Nothing loath, Richard followed Grandma Dixon down the garden path and was reintroduced to Betty. For a moment a pair of laughing blue eyes, the color of the larkspur, looked into his while they uttered a few commonplace remarks, and then Betty followed Grandma into the house. It was not until Richard had walked the length of the garden that he remembered, with a queer feeling, that he had seen those sam blue eyes in th girl that occupid his desk at Bolton & Mason's office.

In the meantime, Betty in the house had casually asked Grandma "When had Richard's people moved back to the old homestead?"

"They haven't moved back," answered grandma, "Richard is spending the week with me trying to recuperate from his work of the last two years."

"Was he in all of the war?" asked Betty.

"Most of it," replied grandma, "although it's little he talks about it. Just now he's all upset over not getting his old work back."

"But grandma," protested Betty, "perhaps the girl needs the money she is earning as much as he does. I know some of the girls in our office are taking care of their mothers and younger brothers and sisters."

"It may be all right for those girls to keep our returned soldiers out of a job, but what about the girls like you, Betty Dixon, that don't really need to work?" indignantly asked grandma.

"Why—grandma—you know we girls took up their work so the boys could go and fight, and we have all bought Liberty bonds and worked for the Red Cross," stammered Betty as she thought of the young man she had casually glanced at at the cement works yesterday.

"Yes, you all did your best while the war was being fought and won, but now that it's over, show your gratitude to them boys in a more substantial way than cheers. I'm ashamed of you, Betty, you, a Dixon, and not make good!"

"You won't need to be ashamed of me any longer, grandma," said Betty meekly. "I'll make good. I just hadn't thought about it before; and now I'm going to look at your tulips."

But it wasn't tulips; it was Richard that Betty found sitting disconsolately on an old seat by the lilacs. No one could resist Betty when she wanted to be extra charming and soon they were talking and laughing like children.

The next day Betty returned home and the day afterwards Richard received two letters; one was from Betty, which after reading, he kissed and put in his inside coat pocket. The other one was from Bolton & Mason, inviting him to call at their office. If it hadn't been for Betty's letter he doubted if he would have called again at the cement works, but he told grandma that night he was glad he had gone, for he had been offered work in the sales department at a big increase in salary.

"That's as it should be," said grandma, "but you mustn't stay in the city all the time, Richard. Betty finishes her work next week and she is going to spend the summer with me and I don't want her to get lonesome."

"I'll do my best for you, grandma," answered Richard, "if Miss Betty is willing."

It was at the close of the summer, on one moonlight night, that the tall blue flowers awoke from their sleep to hear a low voice say:

"Betty, I'm to be made sales manager next week and the salary is very good—and—oh, Betty, dear, I've always loved and wanted you. Won't you please say 'yes' ?"

But as Richard's arms closed around Betty the larkspur discreetly turned away and whispered:

"Did you hear that?"

"Yes," answered another sleepily, "and it reminds me of the story of another young girl and the soldier in blue."

(The next complete novelette, The Hand-Me-Down.)

NEWSPAPERS ASSAILED

Maurer Tells "Young Democracy" Press Is Menace to Liberty

James H. Maurer, president of the State Federation of Labor, told members of "The Young Democracy" last night that the press is the greatest menace to liberty in this country. With great emphasis he announced that the "newspapers of the United States are controlled by the crowned heads of Europe."

The fifty young men and women who sat scattered about in the auditorium of Grand Fraternity Hall, Sixteenth and Arch streets, did not appear to be surprised by the latter piece of information, but applauded the statement.

The second greatest menace, continued Mr. Maurer, are the moving pictures. Whether these are directed by the crowned heads of Europe he did not disclose, but he asserted that both the papers and the "movies" hand out information about the oppressed the way the oppressors want it handed out.

Mr. Maurer further stated that he has recommended to the State Federation of Labor that the working forces of Pennsylvania publish a paper of their own. This publication would not be a "propaganda sheet," he said; it would merely print the news from "the labor angle."

Mr. Maurer declared he welcomed any revolutionary measures as long as they were constructive in their results. "The people higher up must wake up," he said, "or a radical change in the form of government will result."

On June 24, the speaker announced, a conference of allied laboring interests, representing 500,000 organized Pennsylvania working men, will convene in Harrisburg for the purpose of inaugurating a political labor movement.

WAA-HOO-A IN MONKEY MEANS "DO YOU LOVE ME?"

Professor Garner Finds Talking Simian—Housing Problem Worries Chimpanzee at Zoo

"Waa-Hoo-a," said he.

"A hoo— A hoo," replied she timidly.

This is not a telephone conversation between two June sweethearts.

It's simply a chat between a chimpanzee and a chimpanzette. They sat on the limb of a tree while an approving moon sprinkled just enough light through the foliage to give a dash of romance to the scene.

Prof. R. L. Garner, widely known naturalist, who has just returned from the French Congo, discovered "talking chimpanzees" while on his search for specimens for the Smithsonian Institution.

These creatures—a cross between a chimpanzee and a gorilla—were six feet tall and weighed 200 pounds.

One night Professor Garner heard one of them exclaim, "Waa-Hoo-a;" while another, somewhat dmeure-looking, replied 'A-hoo-A-hoo."

Professor Garner then heard the animals carry on a regular conversation which sounded similar to a combination of a gurgle and the hiccoughs.

Means Where Are You

Careful investigation showed, he said, that "Waa-Hoo-a" meant "Do you love me?" or "Where are you?" and A-hoo A-hoo," when translated was, "Here I am or "I do, I do."

All of which goes to show that there are real Tarzans in the jungle who may be heard from more volubly in the future.

It isn't necessary, however, to go to the French Congo for talented chimpanzees. There is one out at the Zoo, Mimi by name, who has a vocabulary and an education which would make the apes in the Congo appear decidedly deficient.

Mimi is a subtle simian. She understands everything said to her—and more, said Superintendent C. Emerson Brown today.

Furthermore, she is progressive. Aware of the dangers of the high cost of living, she has amassed a fortune amounting to twenty-seven cents, all in pennies and nickels, which were presented to her by visitors.

As a financier Mimi can give some of our best bankers a tip or two. She doubles her money every day. How? By simply laying the pennies out before a mirror.

She looks in the mirror and beholds that she has twice as much as she thought she had. Yes, the mirror gives her pleasant reflections.

Measures Her Cage

Mimi also aspires to carpentry and other trades. Every day she measures her cage with a two-foot rule to see if the Zoo authorities are encroaching on her property. Perhaps she has heard of the scarcity of living room in West Philadelphia.

Where did she get the rule? Ask the carpenter who repaired her cell the other day? It was sticking out of his back pocket. It was trimmed with shiny brass. Mimi didn't hesitate.

The talented chimpanzee was presented to the Zoo by Dr. William H. Furness, of Wallingford, three years ago.

DOROTHY DARNIT—Hugh! Don't Tell the Mule

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By Chas. McManus