

Tarzan of the Apes

by Edgar Rice Burroughs



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Tarzan thought for a long time. "Do any white men live in Africa?" he asked.

"Yes."

"We shall go there tomorrow," announced Tarzan.

Again D'Arnot smiled and shook his head.

"It is too far. We should die long before we reached them."

"Do you wish to stay here, then, forever?" asked Tarzan.

"No," said D'Arnot.

"Then we shall start tomorrow. I do not like it here longer. I should rather die than remain here."

"Well," answered D'Arnot with a shrug, "I do not know, my friend, but



For Days They Traveled.

that I also would rather die than remain here. If you go I shall go with you."

"It is settled then," said Tarzan. "I shall start for America tomorrow."

"How will you get to America without money?" asked D'Arnot.

"What is money?" inquired Tarzan. It took a long time to make him understand.

"How do men get money?" he asked at last.

"They work for it."

"Very well. I will work for it."

"No, my friend," returned D'Arnot. "you need not worry about money, nor need you work for it. I have enough for two, enough for twenty, much more than is good for one man,

and you shall have all you need if ever we reach civilization."

So on the following day they started north along the shore. Each man carried a carbine and ammunition, besides bedding and some food and cooking utensils.

The latter, seemed to Tarzan a most useless encumbrance, so he threw his away.

"But you must learn to eat cooked food, my friend," remonstrated D'Arnot. "No civilized man eat raw flesh."

"There will be time enough when I reach civilization," said Tarzan. "I do not like the things, and they only spoil the taste of good meat."

For days they traveled north, sometimes finding food in plenty and again going hungry for days.

They saw no signs of natives, nor were they molested by wild beasts. Their journey was a miracle of ease.

Tarzan asked questions and learned rapidly. D'Arnot taught him many of the refinements of civilization, even to the use of knife and fork, but sometimes Tarzan would drop them in disgust and grasp his food in his strong brown hands, tearing it with his molars like a wild beast.

Then D'Arnot would expostulate with him, saying:

"You must not eat like a brute, Tarzan, while I am trying to make a gentleman of you."

On the journey he told D'Arnot about the great chest he had seen the sailors bury and how he had dug it up and carried it to the gathering place of the apes and buried it there.

"It must be the treasure chest of Professor Porter," said D'Arnot. "It is too bad, but, of course, you did not know."

Then Tarzan recalled the letter written by Jane Porter to her friend, the one he had stolen when they first came to his cabin, and now he knew what was in the chest and what it meant to Jane Porter.

"Tomorrow we shall go back after it," he announced to D'Arnot. "You may go on toward civilization, and I will return for the treasure. I can go very much faster alone."

"I have a better plan, Tarzan," exclaimed D'Arnot. "We shall go on together to the nearest settlement, and there we will charter a boat and sail back down the coast for the treasure. That will be safer and quicker and also not require us to be separated. What do you think of that plan?"

"Very well," said Tarzan. "The treasure will be there whenever we go for it, and while I could fetch it now and catch up with you in a moon or two I shall feel safer for you to know that you are not alone on the trail."

In one of his talks with D'Arnot Tarzan mentioned Kala, his ape "mother."

"Then you knew your mother, Tar-

zan?" asked D'Arnot in surprise.

"Yes. She was a great, fine ape, larger than I and weighing twice as much."

"And you also knew your father?" asked D'Arnot.

"I did not know him. Kala told me he was a white ape and hairless like myself. I know now that he must have been a white man."

D'Arnot looked long and earnestly at his companion.

"Tarzan," he said at length, "it is impossible that the ape, Kala, was your mother. You are pure man and, I should say, the offspring of highly bred and intelligent parents. Have you not the slightest clue to your past?"

"Not the slightest," replied Tarzan.

"No writing in the cabin that might have told something of the lives of its original inmates?"

"I have read everything that was in the cabin with the exception of one book, which I know now to be written in a language other than English. Possibly you can read it."

Tarzan fished the little black diary from the bottom of his quiver and handed it to his companion.

D'Arnot glanced at the title page.

"It is the diary of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, an English nobleman, and it is written in French," he said.

D'Arnot read it aloud. Occasionally his voice broke, and he was forced to stop reading for the hopelessness that spoke between the lines.

Often he glanced at Tarzan, but the ape man sat upon his haunches like a carved image, his eyes fixed upon the ground.

Only when the little babe was mentioned did the tone of the diary alter from the habitual note of despair which had crept into it by degrees after the first two months upon the shore.

Then the passages were tinged with a sudden happiness that was even sadder than the rest.

One entry showed an almost hopeful spirit:

"Today our little boy is six months old. He has grabbed my pen in his chubby fist and with his ink begrimed little fingers has placed the seal of his tiny finger prints upon the page."

Upon the margin of the page were the partially blurred imprints of four wee fingers and the outer half of the thumb.

When D'Arnot had finished the diary the two men sat in silence for some minutes.

"Well, Tarzan of the apes, what think you?" asked D'Arnot. "Does not this little book clear up the mystery of your parentage? You are Lord Greystoke."

Tarzan shook his head.

"The book speaks of but one child," he replied. "The skeleton lay in the crib, where it died owing for nourishment, from the first time I entered the cabin with Professor Porter's party buried it, with its father and mother, beside the cabin."

A week later the two men came suddenly upon a clearing in the forest.

In the distance were several buildings surrounded by a strong palisade. Between them and the inclosure stretched a cultivated field in which a number of negroes were working.

Tarzan started straight across the field, his head high and the tropical sun beating upon his smooth, brown skin.

Behind him came D'Arnot, clothed in some garments which had been discarded at the cabin by Clayton when the officers of the French cruiser had fitted him out in more presentable fashion.

Presently one of the blacks looked up and, beholding Tarzan striding toward him, turned, shrieking, and made for the palisade.

In an instant the air was filled with cries of terror from the fleeing gardeners, but before any had reached the palisade a white man emerged from the inclosure, rifle in hand, to discover the cause of the commotion.

D'Arnot cried loudly to him:

"Do not fire! We are friends!"

"Halt, then!" was the reply.

"Stop, Tarzan!" cried D'Arnot, halting the ape man in his tracks.

"He thinks we are enemies," Tarzan dropped into a walk, and together he and D'Arnot advanced toward the white man by the gate.

The latter eyed them in puzzled bewilderment.

"What manner of men are you?" he asked in French.

"White men," replied D'Arnot. "We have been lost in the jungle for a long time."

"I am Father Constantine of the French mission here," said the other. "I am glad to welcome you."

"This is M. Tarzan, Father Constantine," replied D'Arnot, indicating the ape man, and as the priest extended his hand to Tarzan D'Arnot added, "And I am Paul d'Arnot of the French navy."

Father Constantine took the hand which Tarzan extended in imitation of the priest's act, while the latter took in the superb physique and handsome face in one quick, keen glance.

Thus came Tarzan of the apes to the first outpost of civilization.

For a week they remained there, and the ape man, keenly observant, learned much of the ways of men, while black women sewed upon white duck garments for himself and D'Arnot that they might continue their journey properly clothed.

A week more brought them to a little group of buildings at the mouth of a wide river, and there Tarzan saw many boats and was filled with the old timidity by the sight of many men.

Gradually he became accustomed to the strange noises and the odd ways of civilization, so that presently he might know that two short months before this handsome Frenchman in immaculate white ducks, who laughed and chatted with the gayest of them, had been swinging naked through primeval forests to pounce upon some unwary victim, which, raw, was to appease his savage appetite.

The knife and fork, so contemptuously flung aside a month before, Tarzan now manipulated as expertly as did the polished D'Arnot.

So apt a pupil had he been that the young Frenchman had labored assiduously to make of Tarzan a polished gentleman in so far as decency of manners and speech was concerned.

"Heaven made you a gentleman at heart, my friend," D'Arnot had said, "but we want his work to show upon the exterior also."

As soon as they had reached the little port D'Arnot had cabled his government of his safety and requested a three months' leave, which had been granted.

He also cabled his bankers for funds, and the enforced wait of a month, under which both chafed, was due to their inability to charter a vessel for the return to Tarzan's jungle after the treasure. At last, however, D'Arnot succeeded in chartering an ancient tub for the coastwise trip to Tarzan's landlocked harbor.

It was a happy morning for them both when the little vessel weighed anchor and made for the open sea.

The trip to the beach was uneventful, and the morning after they dropped anchor before the cabin Tarzan, garbed once more in his jungle regalia and carrying a spade, set out alone for the amphitheater of the apes where lay the treasure.

Late the next day he returned, bearing the great chest upon his shoulders, and at sunrise the little vessel was worked through the harbor's mouth and took up her northward journey.

Three weeks later Tarzan and D'Arnot were passengers on board a French steamer bound for Lyons, and after a few days in that city D'Arnot took Tarzan to Paris.

The ape man was anxious to proceed to America, but D'Arnot insisted that he must accompany him to Paris first, nor would he divulge the nature of the urgent necessity upon which he based his demand.

CHAPTER XX.

The Light of Civilization.

ONE of the first things which D'Arnot accomplished after their arrival was to arrange to visit a high official of the police department, an old friend of D'Arnot's. He took Tarzan with him.

Adroitly D'Arnot led the conversation from point to point until the policeman had explained to the interested Tarzan many of the methods in vogue for apprehending and identifying criminals.

Not the least interesting to Tarzan was the part played by finger prints in this fascinating science.

"But of what value are these imprints," asked Tarzan, "when after a few years the lines upon the fingers are entirely changed by the wearing out of the old tissue and the growth of new?"

"The lines never change," replied the official. "From infancy to senility the finger prints of an individual change only in size, except as injuries alter the loops and whorls. If imprints have been taken of the thumb and four



"Do finger prints show racial characteristics?"

Fingers of both hands one must needs know all entirely to escape identification."

"It is marvelous," exclaimed D'Arnot. "I wonder what the lines upon my fingers resemble."

"We can soon see," replied the police officer, and, ringing a bell, he summoned an assistant, to whom he issued a few directions.

The man left the room to return presently with a little hardwood box, which he placed on his superior's desk.

"Now," said the officer, "you shall have your finger prints in a second."

He drew from the little case a square of plate glass, a little tube of thick ink, a rubber roller and a few snowy white cards.

Squeezing a drop of ink on to the glass, he spread it back and forth with the rubber roller until the entire surface of the glass was covered with a very thin and uniform layer of ink.

"Place the four fingers of your right hand upon the glass thus," he said to D'Arnot; "now the thumb. That's right. Now place them in just the same position upon this card here; no, a little to the right. We must leave room for the thumb and the fingers of the left hand. There, that's it. Now the same with the left."

"Come, Tarzan," cried D'Arnot, "let's see what your whorls look like."

Tarzan complied readily, asking many questions of the officer during the operation.

"Do finger prints show racial characteristics?" he asked. "Could you determine, for example, solely from finger prints whether the subject was negro or Caucasian?"

"I think not," replied the officer, "though some claim that those of the negro are less complex."

"Could the finger prints of an ape be detected from those of a man?"

"Probably, because the ape's would be far simpler than those of the higher organism."

"But a cross between an ape and a man might show the characteristics of either progenitor?" continued Tarzan.

"I should think likely," responded the official. "But the science has not progressed sufficiently to render it exact enough in such matters. I should hate to trust its findings further than to differentiate between individuals."

"There it is absolutely definite. No two people born into the world probably have ever had identical lines upon all their digits."

"Does the comparison require much time or labor?" asked D'Arnot.

"Ordinarily but a few moments, if the impressions are distinct."

D'Arnot drew a little black book from his pocket and commenced turning the pages.

Tarzan looked at the book in surprise. How did D'Arnot come to have his book?

Presently D'Arnot stopped at a page on which were five tiny little smudges.

He handed the open book to the policeman.

"Are these imprints similar to mine or M. Tarzan's? Can you say that they are identical with either?"

The official drew a powerful glass from his desk and examined all three specimens carefully, making notations meanwhile upon a pad of paper.

Tarzan realized now what was the meaning of their visit to the police officer.

The answer to his life's riddle lay in these tiny marks.

With tense nerves he sat leaning forward in his chair.

Presently the police officer spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said.

Both turned toward him.

"There is evidently a great deal at stake which must hinge to a greater or lesser extent upon the absolute correctness of this comparison. I therefore ask that you leave the entire matter in my hands until our expert returns."

"I had hoped to know at once," said D'Arnot. "M. Tarzan waits for America tomorrow."

"I will promise that you can obtain him a report within five weeks," replied the officer. "What he will be I dare not say. There are reasonable hopes, yet—well, we had better leave it for M. Leblanc to solve."

A taxicab drew up before an old fashioned residence upon the outskirts of Baltimore.

A man of about forty, well built and with strong regular features, stepped out and paying the chauffeur dismissed him.

A moment later the passenger was entering the library of the old home.

"Ah, Mr. Canler!" exclaimed an old man, rising to greet him.

"Good evening, my dear professor," cried the man, extending a cordial hand.

"I have come this evening to speak with you about Jane. You know my aspirations, and you have been generous enough to approve my suit."

Professor Archimedes Q. Porter fidgeted in his armchair. The subject always made him uncomfortable. He could not understand why. Canler was a splendid match.

"But Jane," continued Canler, "I cannot understand her. She puts me off first on one ground and then another. I always have the feeling that she breathes a sigh of relief every time I bid her goodbye."

"But tut," said Professor Porter.

"Tut tut, Mr. Canler, Jane is a most obedient daughter. She will do precisely as I tell her."

"Then I can still count on your support?" asked Canler, a tone of relief marking his voice.

"Certainly, sir, certainly," exclaimed Professor Porter. "How could you doubt it?"

"There is young Clayton, you know," suggested Canler. "He has been hanging about for months. I don't know that Jane cares for him. But

(Continued in next week's issue)

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