

A PRINCESS OF MARS

By Edgar Rice Burroughs
Author of Tarzan of the Apes

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GIVEN HIGH PLACE

International Honors Awarded Western Canada Products.

Proof of What Can Be Done, With Intelligence and Industry, on Good, Low-Price Land.

The 1920 International Live Stock show at Chicago was probably the best that has ever been held, and as is pointed out by a Canadian newspaper writer, the number and quality of the exhibits "indicated a new milestone on the road of progress." This year it was truly "International." The part that Canada took showed a spirit of friendliness on both sides of the line that was highly pleasing.

Six provinces of Canada were represented in varying degrees, and when the handsome share of the prizes that were carried off by our northern neighbors, achieving phenomenal success in view of tremendous competition, is considered, there is reason to hope that in the minds of these people there will grow an esteem for the International that will be helpful to both countries.

Canada won a number of championships, not the least of which was the sweepstakes carried off by Mr. J. C. Mitchell, of Dalhousie, Saskatchewan. In this award may be seen an object lesson, going to show that it is not always the man born with a silver spoon in his mouth to whom the greatest degree of success will attach.

It will be interesting to relate that Mr. Mitchell, the recipient of these great honors, came from the manufacturing city of Manchester, England, unacquainted with farming, but with the lure of the land upon him. Because he had been told of the success that followed the tiller of the soil of Western Canada, fifteen years ago he decided to make his home in Canada, and selected as a homestead the land upon which he grew the wheat that has brought him a world's championship.

It is true he had his ups and downs, but he continued and is now enjoying the fruits of his labor and the experience gained in a manner of life that was enjoyable. But he is still a simple farmer and will continue growing grains that, with the knowledge he possesses, industry that is essential, and above all, a soil and climate that are favorable, will secure many more world's championships.

Well, then, too, there was born at Stratford, Ontario, a boy named Lucas, now of man's estate. Although a town boy he always had a desire for farming. He moved to Alberta to the neighborhood of Cayley, and those who have had no idea where Cayley is will know now, for Mr. Lucas has placed it "on the map." He had some of his 49.2-lbs.-to-the-bushel oats at the International, and with 240 competitors against him he took the championship and sweepstakes. This was a notable achievement. As has been said, when he was a boy he took a liking to farming, but the greatest obstacle in the way of realization of his dreams was the practical impossibility of a man without a large amount of capital purchasing the high-priced farm lands of the settled parts in the neighborhood he lived in.

However, after leaving school he heard of the low-priced lands of Western Canada. This was his opportunity, and he embraced it. Beginning at 15 years of age with 100 acres of virgin prairie, and with no practical farming experience, he has now, by perseverance and industry, increased his holdings to nearly 1,000 acres. Such is the brief history of the man who carried off the championship for the best grown oats, and it is also an example that might well be followed by many who are struggling today against the prices received for the produce grown on high-priced land, or to those who, as was the case with Mr. Lucas, had little means but an abundance of energy and a flood of ambition. Nowhere are there offered inducements such as are offered in Western Canada.

There were 25 prizes offered in the class for hard spring wheats and 20 of them went to Western Canada.—Advertisement.

The perfect man is a terrible pest.

ASPIRIN
Name "Bayer" on Genuine

The perfect man is a terrible pest.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



Take Aspirin only as told in each package of genuine Bayer Tablets of Aspirin. Then you will be following the directions and dosage worked out by physicians during 21 years, and proved safe by millions. Take no chances with substitutes. If you see the Bayer Cross on tablets, you can take them without fear for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drugists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing Monocetate of Salicylic acid.—Adv.

Joy is a sunbeam 'twixt two clouds.

Garfield Tea, taken regularly, will correct both liver and kidney disorders.—Adv.

JOHN CARTER IS TRANSLATED TO MARS

As the ornaments were adjusted upon her beautiful figure and her collar of gold swung open in the hands of Than Kosis I raised my longsword above my head and, with the heavy hill, I shattered the glass of the great window and sprang into the midst of the astonished assemblage. With a bound I was on the steps of the platform beside Than Kosis, and as he stood riveted with surprise, I brought my longsword down upon the golden chain that would have bound Dejah Thoris to another.

Strange names these and strange ways. But it's a strange story—as well as fascinating. For the fighting lover of Dejah Thoris is John Carter of Virginia, U. S. A., Earth, and she is a Princess of Mars.

The author? None other than Edgar Rice Burroughs, who gave us "Tarzan of the Apes." That's enough.

FOREWORD.

To the Reader of this Work:

In submitting Captain Carter's strange manuscript to you in book form, I believe that a few words relative to this remarkable personality will be of interest.

My first recollection of Captain Carter is of the few months he spent at my father's home in Virginia, just prior to the opening of the Civil war. I was then a child of but five years, yet I well remember the tall, dark, smooth-faced, athletic man whom I called Uncle Jack.

He seemed always to be laughing; and he entered into the sports of the children with the same hearty good fellowship he displayed toward those pastimes in which the men and women of his own age indulged; or he would sit for an hour at a time entertaining my old grandmother with stories of his strange, wild life in all parts of the world. We all loved him, and our slaves fairly worshipped the ground he trod.

He was a splendid specimen of manhood, standing a good two inches over six feet, broad of shoulder and narrow of hip, with the carriage of the trained fighting man. His features were regular and clear cut, his hair black and closely cropped, while his eyes were of a steel gray, reflecting a strong and loyal character, filled with fire and initiative.

When the war broke out he left us, nor did I see him again for some fifteen or sixteen years. When he returned I have seen him sit for hours gazing off into space, his face set in a look of wistful longing and hopeless misery; and at night he would sit thus looking up into the heavens, at what I did not know until I read his manuscript years afterward.

He remained with us for about a year and then went to New York, where he purchased a little place on the Hudson, where I visited him.

He told me at this time that if anything should happen to him he wished me to take charge of his estate, and he gave me a key to a compartment in the safe which stood in his study, telling me I would find his will there and some personal instructions which he had me pledge myself to carry out with absolute fidelity.

After I had retired for the night I have seen him from my window standing in the moonlight on the brink of the bluff overlooking the Hudson with his arms stretched out to the heavens as though in appeal.

Several months after I had returned home from my last visit, the first of March, 1896, I think, I received a telegram from him asking me to come to him at once.

I arrived at the little station, about a mile from his grounds, and the liverly man told me he had some very bad news for me; the Captain had been found dead shortly after daylight that very morning by the watchman attached to an adjoining property.

For some reason this news did not surprise me, but I hurried out to his place as quickly as possible.

The watchman who had discovered him related the few details connected with the finding of the body. It lay, he said, stretched full length in the snow with the arms outstretched above the head toward the edge of the bluff, and when he showed me the spot it flashed upon me that it was the identical one where I had seen him on those other nights, with his arms raised in supplication to the skies.

Left alone in the study, I opened the safe and withdrew the contents of the drawer in which he had told me I would find my instructions. He directed that I remove his body to Virginia without embalming, and that he be laid in an open coffin within a tomb which he previously had had constructed and which, as I later learned, was well ventilated. His further instructions related to this manuscript which I was to retain sealed and unread, just as I found it, for eleven years; nor was I to divulge its contents until twenty-one years after his death.

A strange feature about the tomb, where his body still lies, is that the massive door is equipped with a single, huge gold-plated spring lock

which can be opened only from the inside.

Yours very sincerely,

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.

CHAPTER I.

On the Arizona Hills—The Escape of the Dead.

I do not know why I should fear death, I who have died twice and am still alive; but yet I have the same horror of it as you who have never died, and it is because of this terror of death, I believe, that I am so convinced of my mortality.

And because of this conviction I have determined to write down the story of the interesting periods of my life and of my death. I cannot explain the phenomena; I can only set down here in the words of an ordinary soldier of fortune a chronicle of the strange events that befell me during the ten years that my dead body lay undiscovered in an Arizona cave.

My name is John Carter; I am better known as Captain Jack Carter of Virginia. At the close of the Civil war I found myself possessed of several hundred thousand dollars (Confederate) and a captain's commission in the cavalry arm of an army which no longer existed. Masterless, penniless, and with my only means of livelihood, fighting, gone, I determined to work my way to the Southwest and attempt to retrieve my fallen fortunes in a search for gold.

I spent nearly a year prospecting in company with another Confederate officer, Captain James K. Powell of Richmond. We were extremely fortunate, for late in the winter of 1895, after many hardships and privations, we located the most remarkable gold-bearing quartz vein that our wildest dreams had ever pictured.

As our equipment was crude in the extreme we decided that one of us must return to civilization, purchase the necessary machinery and return with a sufficient force of men properly to work the mine.

As Powell was familiar with the country, as well as with the mechanical requirements of mining we determined that it would be best for him to make the trip.

On March 3, 1896, Powell and I packed his provisions on two of our burros, and bidding me good-by he mounted his horse, and started down the mountainside toward the valley, across which led the first stage of his journey.

I could see him and his little pack animals picking their way down the mountainside toward the valley, and all during the morning I would catch occasional glimpses of them as they topped a hog back or came out upon a level plateau. My last sight of Powell was about three in the afternoon as he entered the shadows of the range on the opposite side of the valley.

Some hours afterward I happened to glance casually across the valley and was much surprised to note three little dots in about the same place I had last seen my friend and his two pack animals. I am not given to needless worrying, but the more I tried to convince myself that all was well with Powell, and that the dots I had seen on his trail were antelope or wild horses, the less I was able to assure myself.

Powell, I knew, was well armed and, further, an experienced Indian fighter; but I too had lived and fought for years among the Sioux in the North, and I knew that his chances were small against a party of cunning trailing Apaches. Finally I could endure the suspense no longer, and, arming myself with two Colt revolvers and a carbine, I strapped two belts of cartridges about me and catching my saddle horse, started down the trail taken by Powell in the morning.

Close upon dusk, I discovered the point where other tracks joined those of Powell. They were the tracks of unshod ponies, three of them, and the ponies had been galloping.

I followed rapidly until, about midnight, I reached the water hole where Powell had expected to camp.

I was interested to note that the tracks of the pursuing horsemen, for such I was now convinced they must be, continued after Powell with only a brief stop at the hole for water; and always at the same rate of speed as his.

I was positive now that the trailers were Apaches and that they wished to capture Powell alive for the fiendish pleasure of the torture, so I urged my horse onward at a most dangerous pace, hoping against hope that I would catch up with the red rascals before they attacked him.

I had forged ahead for perhaps a mile or more, and had passed through a narrow, overhanging gorge just before entering suddenly upon the tableland, and the sight which met my eyes filled me with consternation and dismay.

The little stretch of level land was white with Indian tepees, and there were probably half a thousand red warriors clustered around some object near the center of the camp. I was, of course, positive that Powell was the attraction, but whether I thought or acted first I do not know, but within an instant from the moment the scene broke upon my view I had whipped out my revolvers and was charging down upon the entire army of warriors, shooting rapidly, and whooping at the top of my lungs. Single handed, I could not have pursued better tactics, for the red men, convinced by sudden surprise that not less than a regiment of regulars was upon them, turned and fled in every direction for their bows, arrows and rifles.

The view which their hurried routing disclosed filled me with apprehension and with rage. Under the clear rays of the Arizona moon lay Powell, his body fairly bristling with the arrows of the braves. That he was already dead I could not but be convinced, and yet I would have saved his body from mutilation at the hands of the Apaches as quickly as I would have saved the man himself from death.

Riding close to him I reached down from the saddle, and grasping his cartridge belt drew him up across the withers of my mount. To return by the way I had come would be more hazardous than to continue across the plateau, so, putting spurs to my poor beast, I made a dash for the opening to the pass which I could distinguish on the far side of the tableland.

The Indians had by this time discovered that I was alone and I was pursued with imprecations, arrows, and rifle balls. The fact that I was a rather rapidly moving target saved me from the various deadly projectiles of the enemy and permitted me to reach the shadows of the surrounding peaks before an orderly pursuit could be organized.

My horse was traveling practically unguided, as I knew that I had probably less knowledge of the exact location of the trail to the pass than he, and thus it happened that he entered a defile which led to the summit of the range and not to the pass which I had hoped would carry me to the valley and to safety.

My first knowledge that I was on the wrong trail came when I heard



"I Started Toward the Opening of the Cave, Only to Reel Drunkenly Against a Side Wall."

the yells of the pursuing savages suddenly grow fainter and fainter far off to my left.

I drew rein on a little level promontory overlooking the trail below and to my left, and saw the party of pursuing savages disappearing around the point of a neighboring peak.

I knew the Indians would soon discover that they were on the wrong trail and that the search for me would be renewed in the right direction as soon as they located my tracks.

I had followed the trail for perhaps a hundred yards when a sharp turn to the right brought me to the mouth of a large cave. The opening was about four feet in height and three to four feet wide, and at this opening the trail ended.

Dismounting, I laid Powell upon the ground, but the most painstaking examination failed to reveal the faintest spark of life.

Leaving the body where it lay on the ledge I crept into the cave to reconnoiter. I found a large chamber, possibly a hundred feet in diameter and thirty or forty feet in height; a smooth and well-worn floor, and many other evidences that the cave had, at some remote period, been inhabited.

As I was continuing my examination I commenced to feel a pleasant drowsiness creeping over me which I attributed to the fatigue of my long and strenuous ride, and the reaction from the excitement of the fight and the pursuit.

I soon became so drowsy that I could scarcely resist the strong desire to throw myself on the floor of the cave for a few moments' rest, but I knew that this would never do, as it would mean certain death at the hands of my red friends, who might be upon me at any moment. With an effort I started toward the opening of the cave only to reel drunkenly against a side wall, and from there slip prone upon the floor.

A sense of delicious dreaminess overcame me, my muscles relaxed, and I was on the point of giving way to my desire to sleep when the sound of approaching horses reached my ears. I attempted to spring to my feet but was horrified to discover that my muscles refused to respond to my will. I was now thoroughly awake, but as unable to move a muscle as though turned to stone. It was then, for the first time, that I noticed a slight vapor filling the cave. There also came to my nostrils a faintly pungent odor, and I could only assume that I had been overcome by some poisonous gas, but why I should retain my mental faculties and yet be unable to move I could not fathom.

The noise of the approaching horses had ceased, and I judged the Indians were creeping stealthily upon me along the little ledge which led to my living tomb.

I had not long to wait before a stealthy sound apprised me of their nearness, and then a war-bonneted, paint-streaked face was thrust cautiously around the shoulder of the cliff, and savage eyes looked into mine.

The fellow, instead of approaching, merely stood and stared; his eyes bulging and his jaw dropped. And then another savage face appeared, and a third and fourth and fifth, craning their necks over the shoulders of their fellows whom they could not pass upon the narrow ledge. Each face was the picture of awe and fear, but for what reason I did not know, nor did I learn until ten years later.

Suddenly a low but distant moaning sound issued from the recesses of the cave behind me, and, as it reached the ears of the Indians, they turned and fled in terror, panic stricken. Their wild cries echoed in the canyon for a short time, and then all was still once more.

The sound which had frightened them was not repeated, but it had been sufficient as it was to start me speculating on the possible horror which lurked in the shadows at my back.

Several times I thought I heard faint sounds behind me as of some body moving cautiously, but eventually even these ceased, and I was left to the contemplation of my position without interruption.

Until possibly midnight all was silence, the silence of the dead; then, suddenly, the awful moan of the morning broke upon my startled ears, and there came again from the black shadows the sound of a moving thing, and a faint rustling as of dead leaves. The shock to my already overstrained nervous system was terrible in the extreme, and with a superhuman effort I strove to break my awful bonds. Then something gave, there was a momentary feeling of nausea, a sharp click as of the snapping of a steel wire, and I stood with my back against the wall of the cave, facing my unknown foe.

And then the moonlight flooded the cave, and there before me lay my own body as it had been lying all these hours, with the eyes staring toward the open ledge and the hands resting limply upon the ground. I looked first at my lifeless clay there upon the floor of the cave and then down at myself in utter bewilderment; for there I lay clothed, and yet here I stood, but naked as at the minute of my birth.

My first thought, was, Is this then death! Have I indeed passed over forever into that other life! But I could not well believe this, as I could feel my heart pounding against my ribs from the exertion of my efforts to release myself from the anesthesia which had held me.

Again was I suddenly recalled to my immediate surroundings by a repetition of the weird moan from the depths of the cave. Naked and unarmed as I was, I had no desire to face the unseen thing which menaced me.

I leaped quickly through the opening into the starlight of a clear Arizona night. The crisp, fresh moun-

tain air outside the cave acted as an immediate tonic and I felt new life and new courage coursing through me. Pausing upon the brink of the ledge I upbraided myself for what now seemed to me wholly unwarranted apprehension. My better judgment, when permitted the direction of clear and logical reasoning, convinced me that the noises I had heard must have resulted from purely natural and harmless causes; probably the conformation of the cave was such that a slight breeze had caused the sounds I heard.

As I stood meditating, I turned my gaze to the heavens, where the myriad stars formed a gorgeous and fitting canopy for the wonders of the earthly scene. My attention was quickly riveted by a large red star close to the horizon. As I gazed upon it I felt a spell of overpowering fascination—it was Mars, the god of war, and for



"For There I Lay Clothed, and Yet Here I Stood, but Naked as at the Minute of My Birth."

me, the fighting man, it had always held the power of irresistible enchantment. As I gazed at it on that fargone night it seemed to call across the unthinkable void, to lure me to it, to draw me as the lodestone attracts a particle of iron.

My longing was beyond the power of opposition; I closed my eyes, stretched out my arms toward the god of my vocation and felt myself drawn with the suddenness of thought through the trackless immensity of space. There was an instant of extreme cold and utter darkness.

CHAPTER II.

My Advent on Mars.

I opened my eyes upon a strange and weird landscape. I knew that I was on Mars; not once did I question either my sanity or my wakefulness.

It was midday, the sun was shining full upon me and the heat of it was rather intense upon my naked body, yet no greater than would have been true under similar conditions on an Arizona desert.

A little to my left, perhaps a hundred yards, appeared a low, walled enclosure about four feet in height. No water, and no other vegetation than moss was in evidence, and as I was somewhat thirsty I determined to do a little exploring.

Springing to my feet I received my first Martian surprise, for the effort, which on Earth would have brought me standing upright, carried me into the Martian air to the height of about three yards. I alighted softly upon the ground, however, without appreciable shock or jar. Now commenced a series of evolutions which even then seemed ludicrous in the extreme. My muscles, perfectly attuned and accustomed to the force of gravity on Earth, played the mischief with me in attempting for the first time to cope with the lesser gravitation and lower air pressure on Mars.

I was determined, however, to explore the low structure which was the only evidence of habitation in sight, and so I hit upon the unique plan of reverting to first principles in locomotion, creeping. I did fairly well at this and in a few moments had reached the low, encircling wall of the enclosure. I cautiously gained my feet and peered over the top upon the strangest sight it had ever been given me to see.

John wins laughter and applause.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Some politicians live anywhere but in the hearts of their countrymen.