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No. 52

The HOUSE of the SEVEN GABLES

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

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THE HOUSE SEVEN GABLES



HALF-WAY DOWN A BY-STREET OF A NEW ENGLAND TOWN, STANDS A RUSTY WOODEN HOUSE, WITH SEVEN ACUTELY PEAKED GABLES, FACING TOWARDS VARIOUS POINTS OF THE COMPASS, AND A HUGE CLUSTERED CHIMNEY IN THE MIDDLE. THE STREET IS PYNCHON STREET; THE HOUSE IS THE OLD PYNCHON HOUSE; AND AN ELM-TREE, OF WIDE CIRCUMFERENCE, ROOTED BEFORE THE DOOR, IS FAMILIAR TO EVERY TOWN-BORN CHILD BY THE TITLE OF THE PYNCHON ELM.

SYNCHON STREET FORMERLY BORE THE HUMBLER NAME OF MAULE'S LANE, FROM THE NAME OF THE ORIGINAL OCCUPANT OF THE SOIL, MATTHEW MAULE



AFTER SOME THIRTY YEARS, THE SITE COVERED BY MAULE'S RUDY HOVEL HAD BECOME EXCEEDINGLY DESIRABLE IN THE EYES OF A PROMINENT AND POWERFUL PERSONAGE



Colonel Pynchon wants my land

MATTHEW MAULE WAS STUBBORN IN DEFENSE OF HIS SOIL FOR SEVERAL YEARS, HE SUCCEEDED IN PROTECTING THE ACRE OR TWO WHICH HE HAD KEEN OUT OF THE PRIMAL FOREST



ONE NIGHT MAULE WAS ACCUSED AND SOON AFTER CONVICTED OF WITCHCRAFT AND SENTENCED TO BE HANGED...



God will give him blood to drink!

ON THE DAY OF HIS EXECUTION MAULE PLACED A CURSE ON COLONEL PYNCHON...



AFTER MAULE'S DEATH, COLONEL PYNCHON TOOK OVER HIS PROPERTY AND ERECTED A FAMILY MANSION. WHEN THE HOUSE WAS COMPLETED HE INVITED ALL THE TOWNSPEOPLE TO BE HIS GUESTS...



FLOOR CLASSES, AS WELL AS THEIR BET-TERS, THROUGED THE HOUSE



JUST WITHIN THE ENTRANCE STOOD TWO SERVING-MEN HOSPITABLE ALIKE TO ALL BUT STILL WITH A REGARD TO THE HIGH OR LOW DEGREE OF EACH.



THIS CIRCUMSTANCE AWAKENED A DISPLEASURE IN A FEW OF THE VISITORS. COLONEL PYNCHON OUGHT TO HAVE STOOD IN HIS OWN HALL AND OFFERED THE FIRST WELCOME TO SO MANY EMINENT VISITORS.





The Lieutenant-Governor!



where is your master?

He remains in his study. He does not wish to be disturbed.



Do not you see, fellow, that this is no less a man than the Lieutenant-Governor's summer Colonel Pyncheon at once!

No, please your worship, my masters' orders were exceedingly strict.

Let who will open yonder door, I care not though the Governor's voice bid me!

Rooh, pooh! I will take the matter into my own hands this time the Colonel came forth to greet his friends.

THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR MADE THE NEW PANELS OF THE DOOR ECHO WITH A LOUD KNOCK. THERE WAS NO RESPONSE.





Seeing that our host sets us the good example of forgetting ceremony, I'll follow if a-side, too, and have free to intrude on his privacy!



THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR TIED THE DOOR WHICH YELDED TO HIS HAND AND WAS FLUNG WIDE OPEN BY A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND THAT PASSED AS THOUGH A LOUD BISHOP THROUGHT OUT THE NEW HOUSE...



HERE SEATED IN HIS CHAIR, COLONEL PYNCHON WAS ROUND REAR!



God hath given him blood to drink!



COLONEL PYNCHON'S SON CAME INTO A RICH ESTATE, INCLUDING A CLAIM THROUGH AN INDIAN DEED, CONFIRMED THROUGH A GRANT OF THE GENERAL COURT TO A WAST AND AS YET UNEXPLORED TRACT OF EASTERN LANDS. THESE POSSESSIONS, IN THE STATE OF MAINE, WERE MORE EXTENSIVE THAN MANY A DUKEDOM.

When the pathless forest that covers this province gives a place to human culture, it will be the source of incalculable wealth to the Pynchon blood!



AS FAR AS THE PROSPECTIVE TERRITORY WAS CONCERNED, THE COLONEL DIED TOO SOON, HIS SON LACKED THE FATHER'S EMINENT POSITION AS WELL AS THE TALENT AND FORCE OF CHARACTER TO ACHIEVE IT. THE JUSTICE OF THE CLAIM WAS NOT APPARENT AFTER THE COLONEL'S DEATH, SOME LINK HAD SLIPPED OUT OF THE EVIDENCE, NOT TO BE FOUND.



IN THE COURSE OF TIME, THE TERRITORY WAS PARTLY BE GRANTED TO MORE FAVORED INDIVIDUALS.

AND PARTLY CLEARED AND OCCUPIED BY ACTUAL SETTLERS WHO WOULD HAVE LAUGHED AT THE IDEA OF PYNCHON'S TITLE TO THE LANDS WHICH THEY OR THEIR FATHERS HAD WRESTED FROM WILD NATURE BY THEIR OWN STURDY TOIL.



THEIR CLAIM ON THE EASTERN LANDS BECAME AN ABLURD DELUSION OF FAMILY IMPORTANCE, CHERISHED BY EACH GENERATION OF PYNCHONS. IT CAUSED THE POOREST MEMBER TO FEEL AS IF HE INHERITED A KIND OF NOBILITY AND MIGHT YET COME INTO THE POSSESSION OF PRINCELY WEALTH TO SUPPORT IT.

PYNCHON GRANT

FROM FATHER TO SON, THE PYNCHONS CLUNG TO THE ANCESTRAL HOUSE, OF THEIR LEGAL TENURE, THERE COULD BE NO QUESTION; BUT OLD MATTHEW MAULE TROD DOWNWARD FROM HIS OWN AGE TO A FAR LATER ONE, PLANTING A HEAVY FOOTSTEP ON THE CONSCIENCE OF THE PYNCHONS...



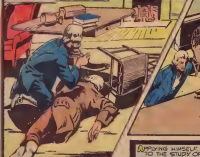
WHILE MANY OF THE TOWN-FOLKS KEPT SAYING...

HE HOGS MAULE'S BLOOD TO DRINK!

URING THE REVOLUTION, THE PYNCHON OF THAT TIME, ADOPING THE ROYAL SIDE, BECAME A REFUGEE; BUT REPENTED AND MADE HIS REAPPEARANCE JUST IN TIME TO PRESERVE THE HOUSE FROM CONSCICATION.



FOR THE LAST SEVENTY YEARS, THE MOST NOTED EVENT IN THE PYNCHION ANNAALS HAD BEEN THE HEAVIEST CALAMITY THAT EVER BEFELL THE RACE: NO LESS THAN THE VIOLENT DEATH OF ONE MEMBER OF THE FAMILY BY THE CRIMINAL ACT OF ANOTHER.



Clifford Pyncheon
: sentence you to
perpetual
imprisonment.



APPLYING HIMSELF, IN EARLY MANHOOD TO THE STUDY OF LAW, JAFFREY PYNCHION ATTAINED THE VERY DESIRABLE TITLE OF JUDGE.

THE PYNCHION ESTATE PASSED TO THE NEXT LEGAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PYNCHION FAMILY, JAFFREY PYNCHION, COUSIN OF THE YOUNG MAN JAILED FOR HIS UNCLE'S MURDER.



JUDGE PYNCHION HAD BUILT HIMSELF A COUNTRY SEAT WITHIN A FEW MILES OF HIS NATIVE TOWN AND THERE SPENT SUCH PORTIONS OF HIS TIME AS COULD BE SPARED FROM HIS PUBLIC SERVICE.



THESE WERE FEW OTHER PYNCHONS LEFT... THE JUDGE'S SON WHO TRAVELLED IN EUROPE... AND A COUSIN, CLIFFORD WHO WAS SERVING THIRTY YEARS IN PRISON FOR THE MURDER OF AN UNCLE...



THEN THERE WAS THE PRISONER'S SISTER, HEPSEBAH, WHO OCCUPIED THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES IN WHICH SHE HAD A LIFE ESTATE. WRETCHEDLY POOR, SHE SEEMED TO MAKE IT HER CHOICE TO REMAIN SO INASMUCH AS THE JUDGE HAD OFFERED HER ALL THE COMFORTS OF LIFE.



THE LAST AND YOUNGEST PYNCHON WAS A LITTLE COUNTRY GIRL OF SEVENTEEN, NAMED ROSIE.



FOR ALMOST TWO CENTURIES, THE PYNCHONS OCCUPIED THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES. THE STREET IN WHICH IT REARED ITS VENERABLE PEAKS HAS LONG CEASED TO BE A FASHIONABLE QUARTER OF TOWN: SO THAT, THOUGH THE OLD BUILDING WAS SURROUNDED BY MODERN HABITATIONS, THEY WERE MOSTLY SMALL, BUILT ENTIRELY OF WOOD AND TYPICAL OF THE MOST 'FLOPPING' UNIFORMITY OF COMMON LIFE.



MISS BAH PYCHON, AN OLD MAID, LIVED ALONE IN THE HOUSE, EXCEPT FOR MR HOLGRAVE, A YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER, WHO RENTED A ROOM.

SHE TOOK DOWN AND LOOKED AT A MINIATURE PAINTING...



"My poor Clifford!"



PAINTING OF HER BROTHER, WHO HAD SPENT THIRTY YEARS IN PRISON...



"How miserably cross-I look!"





MEPZIBAH DESCENDED TO THE BASEMENT STORY OF THE GABLE FRONTING ON THE STREET, WHERE AN UNWORTHY ANCESTOR, NEARLY A CENTURY BEFORE HAD FITTED UP A SHOP AND WHICH HAD BEEN CLOSED THESE MANY YEARS...

IN THE HALF OPEN TILL, THERE LINGEERED A BASE SIX-PENCE, WORTH NEITHER MORE NOR LESS THAN THE HEREDITARY PRIDE WHICH HAD HERE BEEN PUT TO SHAME



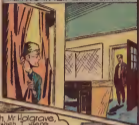
Still in the same condition as when my brother and I used to play football and - look here!



MEPZIBAH SET TO WORK TO CLEAN UP THE SHOP WHICH SHE WAS GOING TO REOPEN...

A FEW DAYS LATER, HEPRIZAH WAS STARTLED BY THE TINKLING ALARM OF THE STORE BELL. ITS RING SET HER EVERY NERVE IN VIBRATION. THE CRISIS WAS UPON HER...

SHE AROUSED HERSELF AND ENTERED THE SHOP. SHE WAS PALE, WILD SCOWLING. ANY ORDINARY CUSTOMER WOULD HAVE TURNED HIS BACK AND FLED. YET THERE WAS NOTHING FERCE IN HEPRIZAH'S HEART AGAINST THE WORLD OR ONE INDIVIDUAL. SHE WISHED THEM ALL WELL, BUT SHE WISHED TOO, THAT SHE HERSELF WERE DONE WITH THEM AND IN HER QUIET GRAVE.



So dear Miss Pyncheon, I merely look it to offer my best wishes and services, if needed!

Ah, Mr. Holgrave, I wish I were dead and in the old family-tomb! I am too old—too hopeless!



Oh believe me, Miss Heprizah, these feelings will not trouble you long. They are unavoidable at the moment, standing as you are on the outer verge of your long seclusion!



I look upon this as one of the fortunate days of your life. The lifeblood has been chafing in your veins since you set sail for the world. Henceforth you will have the sense of healthy and natural effort for a purpose.



And of lending your strength to the united struggle of mankind. This is success!



It is natural enough that you should have ideas like these. You are a young man seeking your fortune. But I was born a lady and have always lived like one, no matter what narrowness of means.

But I was not born a gentleman, so you will hardly expect me to sympathize with your ideas. These notions of gentlemen and lady had a meaning in past history. Now, they imply not privilege, but restriction!



These are new notions. I shall never understand them.

We will cease to speak of them. I will leave you to feel whether it is not better to be a true woman than a lady.



SOMETIME LATER, HEPZIBAH WAS CONFRONTED BY HER FIRST STRANGER...



"Well, my child, what did you wish?"

"That Jim Crow in the window. The one that has not a broken foot."

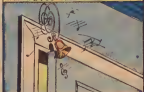


HEPZIBAH WAS SOBERASH AT THE SIGHT OF THE COPPER COIN IT SEEMED SUCH PITIFUL MEANNESS TO TAKE THE CHILD'S MONEY.

HEPZIBAH HAD JUST PLACED ANOTHER JIM CROW IN THE WINDOW AND WAS THINKING OF THE HOPELESSNESS OF HER SITUATION WHEN THE DOORBELL TINKLED AGAIN.



"No matter for the cent you are welcome to Jim Crow."



THE FIRST COIN.

"Where is the cent?"

"I want that other Jim Crow in the window."

CUSTOMERS CAME IN AS THE AFTERNOON ADVANCED, BUT RATHER SPARINGLY.

A cent shop and no more! That will never do who ever heard of such a thing! Your loaf will never rise no more than mine will today! You had better shut up shop at once!

Perhaps, I had.

I never was so frightened in my life. She's a real old wiven. She says little to be sure, but if you could only see the mischief in her eyes.

That's that!



JUDGE JAFFREY FINCHCOCK MINUTELY SURVEYED HEPZIBAH'S LITTLE ARRANGEMENT OF TOYS AND COMMODITIES IN THE SHOP WINDOW. AT FIRST, IT SEEMED TO CAUSE HIM EXCEEDING DISPLEASURE...



...AND YET, THE VERY NEXT MOMENT, HE SMILED!

THAT EVENING, HEPTZIBAH WAS VISITED BY HER ONLY FRIEND OUTSIDE OF HOLGRAVE, AN OLD MAN CALLED UNCLE VENNER...

"So, you have really begun trade? Well, I am glad to see if young people should never live idle in the world, nor old ones, neither, unless the rheumatiz gets hold of them, it has given me warning already."



"In two or three years longer, I shall think of putting aside business and retiring to my farm, that is, yonder the great Brick House, you know—the workhouse most folk call it."



"But I mean to do my work first, and go there to be idle and enjoy myself. And I'm glad to see you beginning to do your work."

"Thank you, Uncle Venner. It is time for me to begin work, indeed? Or, to speak the truth, I have just begun when I ought to be giving it up!"



"Oh, never say that, Miss Heptzibah. You are a young woman yet, it seems just a little while since I saw you playing about the door of the old house. You always had a grave kind of air, when you were only the height of my knee."



"I met your cousin, the judge, ten minutes ago, and in my old trousers, as you see, he raised his hat to me. At fifty rate, he bowed and smiled."

"My cousin Jeffrey is thought to have a pleasant smile."



But now, Miss Hepzibah, if an old man may be so bold to ask, why don't Judge Pyncheon, with his great means, tell his cousin to shut up her little shop at once? It's for your credit to be doing something, but it's not for the judge's credit to let you!

We won't talk of this, if you please, Uncle Venner. I ought to say, however, that if I choose to earn my bread, it's not his fault!

Whether will my cousin deserve the blame should I, by and by find it convenient to retire with you to your farm!

Upon my word, Hepzibah, I doubt whether I've ever been so comfortable as I mean to be at my farm. But you—you're a young woman yet—you need never go there! I'm sure something'll turn up!

my farm. But you—you're a young woman yet—you need never go there! I'm sure something'll turn up!

Give no credit! Never take paper money and the silver on the four pound weight!

Shove back all English half-pence! Kilt socks! Brew your own yeast and ginger-beer!

Put on a bright face for your customers, smile pleasantly as you hand them what they ask for.

SUDDENLY, UNCLE VENNER ASKS ABOUT HER BROTHER, CUPFORD'S RETURN FROM PRISON...

When do you expect him home?

Whom do you mean?

Ah, you don't love to talk about it. Well, we'll say no more, though word or ill's all over town!

UNCLE VENNER'S FRYING QUESTION HAD UPSET HEPZIBAH.



FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY HEAR HEPZIBAH ADJUSTED HERSELF TO AN UNUSUALLY CREDITABLE AS A SHOPKEEPER THAN IN HER EARLIER EFFORTS.

You said me ginger for scotch stuff

You gave me bits for needles

I asked for a dozen candles and you gave me gingerbread



HEPZIBAH WAS SO OCCUPIED WITH THOUGHTS OF THE VISITOR SHE EXPECTED THAT SHE MADE COUNTLESS MISTAKES AGAINST HERSELF IN COUNTING CHANGE THE WHOLE DAY'S PROCEEDS WERE HALF A DOZEN COPPERS.



LATER THAT NIGHT HEPZIBAH HEARD AN OMNIBUS COME TO A STOP BEFORE THE HOUSE. HER HEART WAS IN HER MOUTH. WAS SHE TO MEET HIM NOW?



FINALLY, THE DAY'S LAST CUSTOMER... DEPARTED AND HEPZIBAH WAS ALONE TO THINK ABOUT CLIFFORD.



She's coming here

Who can it be? The girl must have mistaken the house



INSTEAD OF THE MAN SHE WAS EXPECTING, SHE SAW A GIRL STEPPING OFF THE OMNIBUS

Can it be Phoebe? It must be little Phoebe—and there's a look of her father about her too! But what does she want here? She must have a night's lodging, but tomorrow the child shall go back to her mother.



She can stay only one night. If Edward were to find her here it might disturb him!



THE NEXT MORNING...

Cousin Phoebe, I really can't see my way clear to keep you with me.

Dear cousin, I cannot tell how it will be. BUT I really think we may suit one another much better than you suppose.

This house of mine is but a melancholy place for a young person. As for myself, you see what I am—a dismal and lonesome old woman whose temper is not the best.



You will find me a cheerful little body and I mean to earn my bread. You know I have not been brought up a Pyncheon. A girl learns much in a New England village.

Ah! Phoebe, your knowledge would do but little for you here! It is a wretched thought that you should tinge away your young days in a place like this.

Those cheeks would not be so rosy after a month or two. See how pale I am! These old houses are unwholesome for the lungs.

There is the garden—I should keep myself healthy in the open air!



And, after all, child, it's not for me to say who'll be a guest here. Its master is coming.

Do you mean Judge Pyncheon?





Judge Pyncheon! He will hardly cross the threshold while I live! No, no! But, Phoebe, you shall see him!



It is handsome! It is as sweet as a man's face ought to be, who is it, Cousin Hepzibah?

How do you like the face?



Did you never hear of our lord Pyncheon?

Never! I thought there were no Pyncheons left, except yourself and our cousin, Jaffrey. And yet I seem to have heard the name from my father, has he not been long dead?



well, well, child, perhaps he has, but in old houses like this, dead people are apt to come back again. We shall see.

Aunt, Cousin Phoebe, since I offer all that I've said, your courage doesn't fail you, we'll not part so soon, you're welcome, for the present, to such a home as I can offer you.



HEPZIBAH WAS AMUSED AT THE REVERENCE WITH WHICH PHOEBE ADAPTED HERSELF TO THE HOUSE AND ITS APPLIANCES.

What a nice little housewife you are! Are you as good at your work as at washing cups?

Not quite, BUT I was school-mistress in our district last summer and might have been still.



THE SHOP BELL RANG SHARPLY. HEZ-
ZIBAH SET DOWN HER CUP WITH A
LOOK OF DESPAIR. SHE FELT UNPRAK-
-TICALLY DISOBLIGED TO CONFRONT A
CUSTOMER.

DO NOT TROUBLE YOURSELF,
DEAR COUSIN! I'M SHOP-
-KEEPER TODAY.

YOU CHILD
WHAT CAN
A LITTLE
COUNTRY-GIRL
KNOW OF
SUCH
MATTERS?



PHOEBE'S NA-
-TIVE TRUTH AND
-FRIENDLINESS
SOON CHANGED
THE ATMOSPHERE
OF THE SHOP.

I WASN'T
-TROUBLED MY YARN

WASN'T
-THAT WELL
-DONE?



AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY

WE MUST REVIEW OUR STOCK
-COUNT, AND WE MUST
-CONTINUE TO GET A PECK
-OF RUSTY APPLES. BUT,
-DEAR HEZZIBAH, WHAT
-AN ENORMOUS
-HEAP OF COPPER.

UNCLE VERNER
-WAS THERE EX-
-ACTLY A MINUTE
-WHEN SHE
-TAKES
-OFFER?

WELL DONE!
-HERE'S A GIRL
-THAT WON'T END
-OF MY YARN.



I'VE DONE ALL THE SHOPPING FOR
-THE FAMILY AT OUR VILLAGE STORE.
-AND I'VE HAD A TABLE LOT OF TAIR
-I MADE BETTER SALES THAN ANYONE
-*TIS A KNACK THAT COMES, I SUP-
-POSE, WITH ONE'S MOTHER'S BLOOD.



HEZZIBAH ACKNOWLEDGED PHOEBE'S
-SUPERIOR GIFTS AS SHOP-KEEPER.
-SHE CONSENTED TO PHOEBE MAKING
-YEAST BREAD, THE GINGER BEER, AND
-BAKING THE CAKES.

NICELY DONE
-INDEED CHILD
-I COULDN'T
-HAVE DONE
-BETTER MYSELF.



I DON'T BELIEVE
-THERE EVER WAS IT
-WAS NEVER MY LUCK TO
-SEE HER LIKE AMONG
-THEM.



ONE EVENING, PHOEBE WAS IN THE GARDEN UN-AWARE THAT MR. HOL-GRAVE THE BOARDER WAS WATCHING...

Here, you old little chicken, here are some crumbs for you

That little lowl polvst you a high compliment



Those chickens in the coop too seem very friendly. They're known me much longer, but never honor me with any familiarity. Miss Hepzibah will say that the tows know you to be a Pyncheon!

The secret is I have learned how to talk with chickens

Ah but these hens of aristocratic lineage would scorn to understand the vulgar language of a barn-yard fowl. I think they recognize the Pyncheon tone. For you are a Pyncheon!

My name is Phoebe Pyncheon



I didn't know Miss Hepzibah's garden was under another person's care!

I am Mr. Holgrave. I care for the garden only. My sober occupation is with a lighter material in art. I make pictures out of sunshine.

A daguerre-type likeness, do you mean?

Permit me to show you...



* 19th century photographic process



...like pictures of
...may sort-they're
...so hard and stem

Most of my like-
nesses do look
unamiable- but
the reason is because
the originals are so.
Here's a likeness
I've taken over
and over again

And still with
no better re-
sult yet, the ori-
gin wears an
other expression

I know the
face for its
stern eye has
been following
me about all
day!



It's my Puntan ancestor
who hangs in the parlor.
You've found a way to co-
py the portrait and have
given him a rugged coat
and clavat.

I assure you
this is a modern
face-one you'll
probably meet!



The remarkable part is that the
original wears to the world's eye
an exceedingly pleasant counte-
nance. The sun tells us quite an-
other story: the man is sly, hard,
subtle and cold as ice!

I don't want
to see it, it's
like the old
... portrait!



INSTEAD OF A RESPONSE FROM HER, ZIBAH, PHOEBE SEEMED TO HEAR AN UNKNOWN VOICE. IT WAS STRANGELY INDISTINCT, HOWEVER, AND LESS LIKE ARTICULATE WORDS THAN AN UNSHAPED SOUND.



Next morning Phoebe observed a tremor in Hepzibah's frame. She knew not what to make of it. Hepzibah had said nothing on the return of her brother from thirty years of prison life.

Bear with me, child, for truly my heart is full to the brim.



Dearest cousin, tell me what's hopped.

Hush, hush—he's coming. Let him see you first, for you are young and rosy. He always liked bright faces! And mine is old now and the tears not dry.



Draw the curtain so the shadow falls on his side of the table. Let there be sunshine too. Her's red little enough.



Pray don't look so! you really frighten me! Is something awful going to happen?

Hush! Be cheerful. Whatever may happen, be nothing but cheerful!



Dear child, this is our cousin Phoebe. She's come from the country to stay with us a while. Arthur's only child, you know.

Phoebe? Ah, I forget! No matter! She's welcome!





Heavens! Why do you keep that picture on the wall? I've told you it's the evil genius of the house. Take it down at once!

Dear Clifford, you know it cannot be!



Good heavens, what's the disturbance in the house? what can it be?

I wish I could keep it from your ears! The house is our shop bell. Run, Phoebe, see who is there!



I can't bear it! It mustn't stare into my face!

Yes, Clifford, the picture shall be covered!



This very day, remember?

Why should we live in this dismal house? Why not go to Mr. Rugg's? He'll say we are too poor Ruggish.

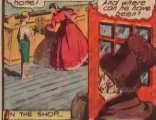


Shop bell?

Yes, we're very poor Clifford!

Mother wants to know how Old Maid Pyncheon's brother does. Folks say he's home!

My cousin Hepzibah's brother? Her brother? And where can he have been?



IN THE SHOP.

If that case we must be better acquainted for you are my own kinswoman likewise. Is it possible you are Phoebe Pyncheon?

Yes, yes!

But perhaps you wish to speak with my cousin? Shall I call her?



I was not aware Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon had commenced business under such favorable conditions. You are her assistant, I suppose?

I certainly am I am her cousin!



Just a moment. You're nervous? What's disturbed you - or am I? No wonder - to be an inmate with such a guest may well startle an innocent young girl!

There is only a poor gentle man whom I believe to be my cousin's brother.



I'm afraid he's not quite sound in mind but so mild and quiet that a mother might trust her baby with him.





ONE AFTERNOON, PHOEBE AND HOUSETRAVE GO STROLLING...

"This old Pyncheon House ought to be purified with fire!"

"Then, why do you live in it?"

"I dwell in it so I may know better how to hate it. By the way, did you ever hear the story of Maule?"

"Indeed? Cousin Phoebe thinks all the Pyncheon calamities began with it. Do you?"

"I do! It's been proven by the facts of the famine among kindred, merry death, suspicion, disgrace!"



"Forgive me, but I don't think of you as one of them!"

"You speak unceremoniously of my kin."

EVERY CALAMITY TO THE GENERATIONS OF PYNCHONS SEEM TO HAVE BEEN SAID BY THE CURSE OF MAULE...



I'll never be so merry as before I knew my cousins. I've grown a lot older in this little time.

You've lost nothing, Phoebe. Our first youth's of no value; we are never conscious of it until it's gone!



I've told you a secret I hardly knew until I gave it utterance. Think of this when the truth becomes clear to you!

Let us return. Cousin may need me!



But sometimes there is a second youth; it gushes out of heart's joy or being in love.

I don't understand you!

Whatever joy exists in the house will vanish when you leave!

Mr. Holgrave I am sometimes puzzled to know whether you wish my cousins well or ill!



Miss Hepzibah tells me you return to the country today!

Yes, but only for a little while!



I don't wish to help or hinder. I only try to comprehend the drama which, for almost two hundred years, has been dragging over this very ground.

There is a conviction within me that the end draws nigh and I pledge myself to lend whatever aid I can.

Speak more plainly. How can you see people in distress without helping? You talk as if this old house were a theatre.



You seem to look at Hepzibah and Clifford's misfortunes, and those of generations before them, as a tragedy to be played exclusively for your amusement.

You are severe.

And what can you mean the end is drawing near? If you know of any new troubles hanging over my poor relations, tell me and I'll not leave them.

Forgive me, Phoebe. I'm somewhat of a mystic, the tendency's in my blood!



You hold something back.

No secrets but my own. I can perceive the Judge still watches Cliff and in whose hut he had so large a share. His motives are a mystery to me.

Yet you spoke as if misfortune were impending.

That was because I am morbid. I can't help fancying that Destiny is arranging its fifth act for a catastrophe.

You puzzle me more than ever!

Then let's part as friends or if not, before you hate me! YOU, who love everybody else in the world.

Goodbye! I shall be angry—and should be sorry to have you think so. Goodbye!

LATER, JUDGE PYNCHON PAYS A VISIT TO THE HOUSE ...

I couldn't rest, Cousin Hepzibah, until I asked whether I can aid towards Clifford's comfort or your own!

You can do nothing. Clifford has every comfort of which his situation admits.



Why insultate him from all sympathy and kindness? Let me see Clifford!

You can't. He's kept his bed since yesterday!

Is he ill? I must see him! what if he should die?

He's in no danger of death, unless he be persecuted to death by the same man who attempted it long ago.



How unchristian is this bitterness against me. Do you think, it's caused me no pain? Ah, you little know me, Cousin Hepzibah!

In the name of Heaven, stop this loathsome pretense of affection for your victim. You hate him! Say so!

It's time to have done with this.



I intend seeing Clifford before I leave. Do you think his release is a triumph over me? I set him free!

I'll never believe it. He owed his dungeon to you.

I set him free, and I came here to decide whether he shall retain his freedom. It will depend on himself.

Never—it would drive him mad!



Listen, and I'll explain my reasons for insisting on this interview. When Uncle Joffrey died, thirty years ago, his estate fell far short of its estimated value. He was thought very rich. It was one of his eccentricities, however..

To conceal the amount of his property, under other names than his own, he will bequeathed his entire property to me, except a life interest in this house to yourself.



Do you seek to deprive us of that?



No, no! But of the estate, not one-third was apparent after his death. I believe Clifford can give me a clue to the recovery of the remainder.

Impossible. You deceive yourself!



It is as certain as that I stand here! Clifford told me so himself.

You are dreaming, Cousin Jeffrey!

I do not belong to the dreaming class of men.



Clifford, if he chooses, can tell me where to find Uncle Jeffrey's missing property?

But why would he hide it for so long?



He considered me the cause of his disgrace. But now the moment has come when he must give up his secret.

What if he refuses? What if he has no knowledge of such wealth?

Since his return, I've watched his conduct. Thousands benefited him, a week ago, on the point of flinging himself into the street.



The alternative is his confinement to an asylum!

You can't mean it!



Should my cousin refuse me the information, I'll consider it the only needed jot of evidence to convince me of his insanity!

You're diseased—not Clifford you are old. Are you not rich enough for the time you've left?

You're doing what your ancestor did, and sending down to your posterity the curse inherited from him.

I told you I am determined Clifford must give up the secret.



Clifford has no secret.

We'll see! Summon Clifford!

Time flies! Bid Clifford come to me!



He's gone now—but this interview may drive him insane!

Clifford shall I come in!



Clifford is gone!
Help, Jaffrey! Some
harm will come to him.



I tell you, Jaffrey, my
brother is not in his
chamber! You must
help me seek him.



SUDDENLY, CLIFFORD APPEARED...

Be quiet
Clifford! For
Heaven's sake,
be quiet!



Let him be quiet! What can he
do better! As for us,
Hezibah, we can
do as we please now! The
weight is gone!

Oh!



What's to
become
of us?

We stay too long!
Leave the house to
Jaffrey! He'll take
good
care
of it!



HALF AN HOUR, BY THE JUDGE'S RECKONING, WAS TO SUFFICE FOR HIS INTERVIEW WITH CLIFFORD. WHY, JUDGE, ITS ALMOST TWO HOURS BY YOUR OWN ACCURATE CHRONOMETER'S TIME, ALL AT ONCE, APPEARS TO HAVE BECOME A MATTER OF NO IMPORTANCE.



WATCH

WAS THE JUDGE FORGOTTEN ALL HIS BUSINESS OF THE DAY? THOUGH THE MINUTES FLED BY, THE LIFELESS JUDGE WOULD KEEP NO MORE APPOINTMENTS.



HAD THE CURSE OF HALLE BERN AT WORK AGAIN?

Now, Judge, look at your watch now—it's ten minutes of the dinner hour. Most important dinner you ever ate. You may rise up from the fable, virtually governor of Massachusetts!



TWO DAYS LATER, PHOEBE RETURNED TO FIND HOLGRAVE THE ONLY OCCUPANT OF THE HOUSE...

What's happened? Why is the house deserted? Where are Hepzibah and Clifford?

We are alone in the house.

You're strong, Phoebe, you must be strong and wise, for I am all astray and need your counsel. It may be you can suggest the one right thing to do.

Tell me - this mystery terrifies me!

MRS. HOLGRAVE EXHIBITED THE PHOTOGRAPH OF JUDGE PYNCHON WHICH HE HAD SHOWN EARLIER.

DO YOU remember this?

It's Judge Pyncheon. What has this to do with Hepzibah and Clifford?

Here is the same face, taken within this last half-hour I had just finished it when I heard you at the door.

This is death! Judge Pyncheon dead!

Clifford and Hepzibah have vanished! A feeling I can't describe impelled me into this part of the house where I discovered the lifeless body of Judge Pyncheon.

Why haven't you called in witnesses? It is terrible to be here alone!

How unfortunate that Clifford and Hepzibah should have disappeared had they but called in witnesses.

How could any good come from what is so dreadful?

Because this mode of death has been common with the Pyncheon family for generations, usually attacking individuals about the Judge's time of life and generally from some mental crisis.

Old Maule's curse was founded on a knowledge of this. Now, there's an exact similarity in the death of the Judge and of Clifford's uncle, thirty years ago.

WOLGRAVE EXPLAINED HOW THE JUDGE HAD ARRANGED FALSE EVIDENCE TO CONVICT CLIFFORD OF HIS UNCLE'S MURDER. THE JUDGE'S DEATH, IN THE SAME WAY, WILL PROVE CLIFFORD'S INNOCENCE.

But Clifford's flight hurts everything. If we could only bring them back before the death is discovered.

We might hide this a moment longer. Clifford is innocent.

In all our life, there can never come a moment like this. Phoebe, is it all terror? Are you conscious of no joy as I am?

It seems a sin to think of joy now.

Could you but know Phoebe, how it was with me the hour before you came. But you crossed the threshold, and the black moment became a blissful one. I love you!

You've many thoughts I can't understand, I, too, have such tendencies I do not have scope enough to make you happy.

You're my only possibility of happiness. I have no faith in it, except as you bestow it on me.

And then—I'm afraid you'll lead me out of my quiet path. You'll make me strive to follow you where it is pathless.

Ah, Phoebe! It will be far otherwise than as you forbode. Do you love me?

You know I love you!

Mark, someone's at the street-door!

Now, let us meet the world. NO doubt, the Judges visit and the flight of Hepzibah and Clifford is about to lead to an investigation of the premises.

THE FOOTSTEPS WERE NOT OF STRANGERS—IT WAS HEPIZBAH AND CLIFFORD RETURNING ...

Can it be?

It is they!

Thank Heavens, my brother, we are at home.

Yes, you've done well to bring me back! Stay! That parlor door's open. I can't pass by it. Let me go and rest in the arbor where I used to be so happy with little Phoebe.

WITH ALL HER MIGHT, HEPIZBAH HAD STAGGERED ON BENEATH THE BURDEN OF GRIEF AND RESPONSIBILITY NOW CLIFFORD APPEARED THE STRONGER OF THE TWO ...

Phoebe!

It is our own little Phoebe! Ah! and Holgrave with her.

WEEK LATER, NEWS IS RECEIVED THAT THE JUDGE'S SON HAD DIED OF CHOLERA. THIS MAKES HEPTZIBAH AND CLIFFORD HEIRS TO THE JUDGE'S ESTATE.

You are very rich, Miss Heptzibah.

I don't believe it!



That picture? Whenever I look at it, there is an old dreamy recollection haunting me. What could this dream have been?

Perhaps, I can't recall it.



See! There's very little chance that anyone, unacquainted with the secret, would ever touch this spring.



A secret spring! I remember now! I discovered it one afternoon while dreaming about the house. But the mystery escapes me.

This is the deed to the Eastward territory that the Pyncheons sought in vain while it was valuable; now, it is worthless!



How come you to know the secret?

I am a descendant of the old wizard, Matthew Maule. The son of Maule, while building this house, took the opportunity to construct that recess, and hide away the Indian deed. Thus the Pyncheons bartered their Eastern territory for Maule's garden.



Come with us, Uncle Verner! I want you always near my chair!



THE FAMILY MADE PLANS TO MOVE TO THE JUDGE'S COUNTRY-SEAT.

Uncle Verner, never talk about your farm, again! There's a new cottage in our garden and were going to fit it up for you.

If you speak to a young man as to an old one, he'd lose his heart in a minute.



UNCLE VERNER WAS TO FOLLOW IN A FEW DAYS. THE OTHERS CHATTED AND LAUGHED AND HELD ZIBAH AND CLIFFORD BADE A FINAL FAREWELL TO THE ABODE OF THEIR FOREFATHERS, WITH NO MORE EMOTION THAN IF THEY WERE TO RETURN FOR TEA.



THE MYSTERY OF THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES WAS FINALLY CLEARED... AND WITH IT THE LIVES OF THE LAST REMAINING PYNCHONS. CLIFFORD WAS CLEARED OF THE CRIME FOR WHICH HE HAD PAID SO DEARLY AND HE AND HIS DEVOTED SISTER WERE FREE TO LEAD A HAPPY LIFE.

The End

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE did not have to delve very deeply into his imagination for the 'plot' of **THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES**. He had only to look into his family's history for the story of Judge John Hathorne, his great, great grandfather—one of the presiding judges in the infamous Salem trials for witchcraft.

It was said that Judge John's family had been cursed by two of his victims, Rebecca Nurse and Philip English. The daughter of Philip English was supposed to have married one of John Hathorne's sons. If this were true, then the blood of curser and accursed had mingled in the second generation. This situation is reminiscent of **THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES**; also, like the Pyncheons of Hawthorne's classic, the fortunes of Judge John's family declined steadily for eighty-seven years. This period separated the death of the Salem judge and the birth, in 1804, of Nathaniel who later changed the family name to Hawthorne.

When Nathaniel was four years old, his father, a sea captain, died of yellow fever. The widowed mother returned to her family with her three small children.

While playing ball, when he was about nine, Nathaniel incurred an injury to his foot which kept him at home for almost



four years. During this time reading became his sole recreation—such authors as Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Thomson, Bunyan and others.

With the end of the War of 1812, Nathaniel's mother moved her little family to Maine. It was here that Nathaniel developed his habits

of solitude. It was here, as he said in later years, "that I ran quite wild, and would, I doubt not, have willingly run wild till this time [forty years later], fishing all day or shooting; but reading a good deal, too, especially in Shakespeare and **THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS** and any poetry or light books within my reach".

When seventeen, Nathaniel went to Bowdoin College, where he met two young men who were to be his life-long friends, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Franklin Pierce, future President of the United States.

With his first published novel, **FANSHAWE**, and its failure to sell, Hawthorne began his study of early New England, and started short story writing. In 1837, Hawthorne published a little volume called **TWICE TOLD TALES**. It did not make much of a stir, but it sold, and has continued selling year after year.

Hawthorne died in May, 1864, one of the outstanding figures in New England's 'Golden Age of Literature'.



PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS

ON THE WALLS of a church on one of the islands of the Caribbean Sea is a marble tablet that bears a pathetic inscription to a young soldier who "Escaping the dangers of his profession, particularly those of the Siege of New Orleans and the ever-memorable Battle of Waterloo, was cut off, when on the eve of promotion, by the yellow fever, after only five days' illness".

It was yellow fever that drove Count Ferdinand de Lesseps and the French from their work of building the canal at Panama. Yellow fever was at the time common in all parts of the world and many thousands of people died from the dread disease.

When William Gorgas, a young medical student at Bellevue Medical College in New York, was refused an appointment to the military academy at West Point, he entered the army's medical corps, rising to become Surgeon-General of the United States Army. The fateful turn of events was to prove not only a blessing to his country but to the world at large.

William Crawford Gorgas was born in Mobile, Alabama, October 3, 1854. The boy was only seven years old when he saw his home desolated by the Civil War. In company with his mother, he fled from his home; remained in Richmond in its days of terror; saw the city in flames and made his way to Baltimore, hungry, poorly clad and wishing every inch of him that he were old enough to fight.

Following an eventful childhood, Gorgas was graduated from the University of the South in 1875 at the age of twenty-one with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He went to New York where he entered Bellevue Hospital

Medical College where for two years he was an interne, gaining practical experience in hospital work. At 26, he gained his long-coveted appointment as surgeon in the U. S. Army.



When a yellow fever epidemic broke out at Fort Brown, Texas, and over two thousand soldiers became sick with the disease, Surgeon Gorgas was sent, not to care for yellow fever patients but to set other physicians free for that duty. By an unexplained impulse, the young surgeon deliberately disobeyed orders and

dissected the body of a patient who had died from the disease.

Surgeon Gorgas was detected and placed at once in the yellow fever wards. While caring for yellow fever patients, he contracted the disease and all but died from it. Because of that illness, Gorgas gained immunity from the disease and was free to be with the patients as much as he desired.

He was sent, under orders from superiors, to every army post where there were cases of yellow fever.

Promoted to the rank of major surgeon, he turned his attention to the causes of, and the elimination of, yellow fever. His first great step in this direction was achieved at Havana, Cuba, a city long infested with the dreaded plague. Intense research having proven that the disease was spread by a type of mosquito known by the scientific term of "anopheles", he attacked the mosquito in its breeding places, finally achieving success, giving new life to Havana and new hope to mankind.

His greatest accomplishment was his successful battle against the disease in the Canal Zone, thus saving many days and untold thousands of lives in the digging of the Panama Canal. More active than any of his men, Dr. Gorgas was always an inspiration to those under his command.

Promoted to the rank of major-general, he continued his work and great honors showered upon him from all parts of the world. He died in London in 1920, at the age of sixty-six.



DOG HEROES "THE SPOTS — ONE TO FOUR"

This is the story of a family of Fox Terriers, called the Spots. Originally there were two of them, One Spot and Two Spot. Their master was a fifty year old negro called Old Tom.

Old Tom eked out a precarious living by cleaning windows, running errands, and doing odd jobs for the poor people on New York's East Side. He lived in empty cellars of the tenement buildings with his two dogs.

No one knew where Old Tom came from. But, the children in the neighborhood liked to talk to him, and to pet his friendly dogs. For Old Tom always had a friendly word and a smile for everyone, and his dogs were just as friendly as he.

They would follow him wherever he went; or they would wait patiently in the cellar whenever he had some work to do. Whenever there was something to eat, they shared the food. When there was nothing, they all went hungry. But they were always happy, for there was a deep love between them.

A litter of puppies came, six smart and pretty baby terriers. But the times were very bad, and as much as he hated to do it, Old Tom had to get rid of four of them. Only a brother and sister were left and Old Tom called them Three Spot and Four Spot.

Old Tom tried even harder, if that were possible, to get work, as now there were two more mouths to feed. There was very, very little work, for the year was not a prosperous one and Old Tom kept talking more and more of the little food he had for himself to give to



his dogs.

The children of the neighborhood noticed that Old Tom kept getting thinner and thinner, and didn't see him and his dogs as often as before.

One day Old Tom slowly came down the cellar stairs. He tottered over to an old orange box that he used for a chair. One Spot and Two Spot came over and he freely patted their heads. The puppies, who were now four weeks old, followed their parents, and Old Tom gently picked them up, kissed them and put them back on the floor. Then Old Tom did a strange thing. He toppled from the box and lay on the floor with One and Two Spot, standing by his side, guarding him.

Later, a policeman, making the rounds, had occasion to go down Old Tom's cellar. He saw Old Tom dead.

The dogs were taken to the S.P.C.A. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals) shelter to be tested for rabies. Meanwhile, the story of their devotion to their master got into all the papers, and after it was proven the dogs were not rabid, offers of adoption came in by the scores.

Soon after, Three Spot died, in spite of the loving care of the people at the shelter. More offers came in to take the remaining three terriers.

Old Tom would have been happy to know that his three loving dogs were taken by a wealthy family and that their days of hardship were over. He would have said that they had earned a life of happiness.



FAMOUS OPERAS

RIGOLETTO

by Giuseppe Verdi

THE Duke of Mantua is a wild and wicked youth who loves every pretty woman he meets. Aided by Rigoletto, his ugly bumpbacked jester, he forever seeks new ways of amusing himself at the expense of others. The Duke carries his adventures too far by betraying the young daughter of Count Monterone, a wealthy and powerful nobleman. When the Count complains of this to the Duke, the jester avengingly mocks the old man's grief. In a wave of blind rage, Monterone hurls a terrible curse upon Rigoletto for the part he played in the affair.

Now, this wicked jester has one good quality, his great love for his lovely daughter Gilda, whom he brings up carefully, shielding her from the wickedness of the world. Meanwhile, the Duke has discovered Gilda, and gains her love under the assumed name of a poor student. Gualtier Maldf, Gilda tells her father nothing about her lover. Rigoletto urges Gilda's maid to guard his beloved child carefully, but when he leaves the house, the "student" enters.

Rigoletto returns to the palace where a group of masked nobles tell him about a plan to kidnap a girl of whom the Duke is very fond. This is just the sort of evil fun Rigoletto most enjoys. He dons a mask and scurries after them. Unknown to him and the nobles, it is his own daughter he is going to kidnap. After the wicked deed is accomplished and he has discovered the terrible thing he has done, he rushes off to the palace to get revenge on the heartless Duke.

When the courtiers discover that Gilda is Rigoletto's cherished daughter, they retire in confusion and embarrassment. Gilda implores her father to pardon the Duke whom she loves dearly, but Rigoletto, determined to have vengeance, hires Sparafucile, an assassin, to stab the Duke.

As part of the murder plot, Sparafucile lures the Duke into his inn. There the assassin's sister, Maddalena, falls in love with the handsome Duke and begs her brother to spare him. They decide that if another person comes to the inn before midnight, he and not the Duke will be murdered. The Duke proceeds to while away the hours by making love to Maddalena.

Rigoletto has finally persuaded Gilda to fly from the Duke's sickle love, but before she leaves, he tells her to go to the inn so she may see proof of her lover's inconstancy and thus be cured of her love for him. Dressed as a man, she goes to the inn and hearing the plot of Sparafucile and his sister decides to save her lover's life. When she enters the inn, she is immediately murdered.

A sack with her body in it is given to Rigoletto, who heads down to the river to dispose of the corpse. As he drags the sack along the street, he suddenly hears the Duke's voice singing a love song. Terrified, he rips open the sack and gaves in horror upon his daughter. With an awful cry, the miserable man clasps the dead girl in his arms.

The Monterone curse has been fulfilled!



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