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Jack London

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WHITE FANG

Illustrated by
ALEX. A. BLUM

By JACK LONDON



WHITE FANG



KICHE

IT WAS IN THE FERRECY WILDERNESS THAT WAS ALASKA IN 1890 THAT HE WAS BORN. HERE IN THE CROOKED NORTH HE LEARNED THE LAW OF THE WILD. THE LAW OF MEAT - EAT OR BE EATEN!

HIS EXPERIENCES WITH THE MAN-GODS DID NOT BREED LOVE ONLY RESPECT FOR BRUTAL POWER. THEN A MAN RESCUED HIM FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH AND SHOWED HIM KINDNESS AND WHITE FANG DID NOT UNDERSTAND!



WEEDON
SCOTT
AND
COLLIE



GRAY BEAVER



"BEAUTY" SMITH



CROSS THE BITTER, BARREN, FROZEN WASTES OF THE NORTH-LAND, THE PACK RAN, BUT IT WAS NOT THE COLD THAT MATTERED. IT WAS THE HUNGER, THE FIERCE HUNGER, THE FORCE THAT SENT THE WOLF-PACK ON THE CEASELESS PROM, THE TRAIL OF MEAT!



THE SHARP, QUICK SENSES OF THE SHE-WOLF THAT LED THE PACK WERE THE FIRST TO PICK UP THE SCENT OF THE MEAT TRAIL, WITH A LOW GROWL, RUMBLING IN HER THROAT, SHE SIGNALLED THE OTHERS TO HALT, TO BIDE THEIR TIME SILENTLY.



LONG BEFORE NIGHTFALL, WHICH CAME BY FOUR IN THE AFTERNOON, THE MEN HAD STOPPED AND SETTLED IN THEIR CAMP.

SEEMS FOOLISH US RISKIN' OUR SKINS TOIT THE BODY OF LORD ALFRED T' FORT McBURRY, LORD ALFRED'S DEAD. THE WOLVES CAN'T HURT HIM, BILL! BUT US!

I RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, HENRY! AN US WITH ONLY THREE SHELLS OF AMMUNITION! WELL, KEEP THAT FIRE BLAZIN'!



THE DOGS, THEIR WEARINESS FROM THE DAY'S EXERTION EXCEEDED ONLY BY THEIR HUNGER, CROWDED THEIR FEEDER. THE SHE-WOLF, LESS TARD OF WAIN THAN THE PACK WAS, CREEPT CLOSER AND CLOSER TO... FOOD!



THERE YOU ARE, YOU DOGS! A FISH FOR EACH OF YOU. UH... HEY!! WHAT THE SAM MILL!

WHAT'S GITTIN' INTO YOU, BILL? WHY YOU YELPIN' THAT-A-WAY?



I'LL BE CAD-BLASTED! THAT CRITTER CAME SMACK UP AN TOOK THE FISH RIGHT OUT A MY HAND!



TWINT NATURAL, SOMENOW, THAT THERE WOLF NOT BEM AFRAID OF A CAMPFIRE!

THE MEN LITTLE REALIZED THE TRUE CLAWING OF THE SHE-WOLF EVEN THEN. THAT NIGHT WHILE THEY SLEPT, THE SHE-WOLF APPEARED ONCE MORE...



GRR-R!!
GRR-R!!



WHEN THE SHE-WOLF HAD DEVORED THE HUSKY PUP FROM THE CAMPFIRE, SHE TURNED SUDDENLY



AND THE PACK WITH BARED FANGS, MOVED IN FOR THE KILL!



IT WAS STILL BLACK AS NIGHT EVEN THOUGH IT WAS ALREADY SIX O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, WHEN THE MEN DISCOVERED THEIR LOSS.

SO CRAFTY WAS THE SHE-WOLF THAT AS THE DAYS PASSES, SO ALSO DID TWO MORE OF THE DOGS - INTO THE FANGS OF THE HUNGRY PACK. NOW THERE WERE BUT THREE DOGS LEFT!

DAD BLAST IT HENRY, PATTY'S GONE! GONE. DO YOU HEAR?

THAT SHE-WOLF! BUT PATTY ALWAYS WAS A GOOD DOG!

I'M GOIN' TO GET THAT SHE-WOLF! IF I HAVE TO USE THE WHOLE THREE OF OUR SHELLS!

YOU SO EASY, BILL! THOSE THREE SHELLS'LL MEAN NOTHING AT ALL IF YOU GET IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT WOLF-PACK!



BILL'S RESILANCE KEPT THE PACK AT A DISTANCE FOR AWHILE. BUT WITH TIME'S PASSING, THE HUNGER OF THE FAMISHED BEASTS GREW SHARPER. THEN ONE DAY, THE SLED OVERTURNED, REVEALING THE UNHARNESSED OF THE DOGS, AND SUDDENLY, IN BROAD DAYLIGHT...

DAD BROT THAT SHE WOLF! SHE'S LEADIN' ONE-BAR OFF! I'LL GET 'ER SOON AS I UNPACK THIS RIFLE!

GO EASY, BILL! DON'T GET IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACK! THERE'LL BE NOthin' I CAN DO FOR YOU IF YOU DO!



DON'T WORRY! I'LL SPOT MY SHOTS! THAT SHE-CRITTER WON'T GET ANY MORE OF OUR DOGS IF I CAN HELP IT!



BUT IN HIS EAGERNESS TO KILL THE SHE-WOLF, BILL WENT BEYOND THE LIMITS OF SAFETY. BEFORE HE COULD REALIZE IT, HE WAS AT THE MERCY OF THE HUNGRY MARAUDERS.

AH-HA!! HENRY! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! HENRY!



THOUGH HE HAD NOT HEARD BILL'S VOICE, HENRY COULD NOT MISTAKE THE SOUND OF THREE FIRED SHOTS, OR THE GREAT OUTCRY OF SNARLS AND YELPS, AND ONE-BAR'S YELL OF PAN AND TERROR. AT LAST, IN A READY MANNER, HE FASTENED THE DOGS TO THE SLED AND PASSED A ROPE OVER HIS OWN SHOULDERS. NO NEED FOR HIM TO GO AND SEE HOW IT HAPPENED...

FROM THAT MOMENT ON, HENRY WAS NOT DESTINED TO ENJOY A SINGLE MEAL OR A SINGLE NIGHT'S REST, FOR EVER HAUNTING HIS MOVEMENTS WAS THE PACK—FERCE, RELENTLESS...



AS THE DAYS PASSED, THE TASK OF STAYING ALIVE AND OUT OF THE CLUTCHES OF THE PACK GREW INCREASINGLY MORE COMPLICATED. HALF THE DAYLIGHT HAD TO BE SPENT IN CUTTING WOOD FOR THE NIGHT'S FIRE, ALL THE NIGHT IN KEEPING IT BLAZING.



TAKE THAT, YOU BLASTED CRITTERS!

BUT LATEST THE WEARINESS BECAME TOO GREAT FOR HIM TO CARE. BUILDING A RING OF FIRE ABOUT HIM, HENRY DROPPED TO THE SNOW, WHILE THE FRIGHTENED REMAINING TWO HUMBERS HUDDLED NEAR HIM.



SLEEP! GOT TO HAVE SLEEP!

THE HUNGER-STARVED WOLVES, FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF THE SHE-WOLF, APPROACHED, SLUNG-ING EVER CLOSER TO THE KILL...



THEN WITH A SNARL, THE SHE-WOLF LEAPED ACROSS THE FLAME, BIDDING THE PACK TO DO LIKEWISE...



SUDDENLY THE SHE-WOLF STOOD ALERT, YEAHEE, STOPPING THE ATTACK, HER KEEN SENSES PICKING UP A WARNING OF APPROACHING DANGER!



TOO BAD YOU HAVE TO FIRE HIGH TO SCARE THOSE KILLERS OFF! I'D LIKE TO PUT A SLUG IN EACH AND EVERY ONE OF 'EM!



THE HUNGRY PACK'S HOPES FOR MEAT WAS SPOILED BY THE ARRIVAL OF MEN FROM FORT AUGURY. THE WOLVES TOOK TO THE TRAIL AGAIN, THEIR SITUATION WAS DESPERATE; THEY WERE MORE LIKE SKELETONS THAN WOLVES.



THEY RAN MANY MILES THAT DAY AND NIGHT. THE NEXT DAY FOUND THEM STILL RUNNING. NO LIFE STIRRED... THEY ALONE MOVED THROUGH THE VAST INERTNESS. THEN THE SHE-WOLF STOPPED, ALERT TO A NEW SCENT IN THE AIR...



IT WAS A BIG BULL MOOSE. HERE WAS MEAT, LIFE, AND IT WAS GUARDED BY NO MYSTERIOUS FIRES OR RAINING BIDDLES OF FLAME...



THEY PLAY HOOPS AND PALMATED ANTLERS THEY KNEW, AND THEY FLUNG THEIR CUSTOMARY PATIENCE AND CAUTION TO THE WINDS.



IT WAS A BRIEF, FIERCE FIGHT THE BIG BULL, BESET ON EVERY SIDE RIPPED THE WOLVES OPEN OR SPLIT THEIR SKULLS WITH HIS GREAT HOOPS, BUT HE WAS FAREDOOMED. HE WENT DOWN WITH THE SHE-WOLF BRAVELY AT HIS THROAT...



THE HUNNE WAS OVER NOW IN THE COUNTRY OF SAGE. THE WOLF PACK SPLIT UP THERE REMAINED ONLY FOUR. THE SHE-WOLF THE GREAT GRAY LEADER THE ONE-EYED ONE AND THE AMBITIOUS THREE-YEAR-OLD...



THOUGH THE GRIZZLED OLD ONE WAS FITTED AGAINST YOUTH AND vigor, HE HAD LEARNED WISDOM. THE BATTLE BEGAN FAIRLY, BUT SOON THE BIG GRAY WOLF JOINED THE ELDER...

THE THREE MALES WERE SOLICITOUS OF THE SHE-WOLF BUT WERE ALL FEROCIOUS TOWARD ONE ANOTHER. THE THREE-YEAR-OLD GREW TOO AMBITIOUS IN HIS FEROCIOUSNESS...



HAVING FINISHED OFF THE THREE-YEAR-OLD THE BIG GRAY TURNED HIS HEAD TO LICK HIS SHOULDER WOUNDS. THE OLD ONE HAD NOT LOST AN EYE WITHOUT LEARNING VALUABLE EXPERIENCE. SEEING THE BIG GRAY WOLF'S NECK EXPOSED...



HE DARTED LOW AND CLOSED WITH HIS FANGS AND ALL THE WHILE THE SHE-WOLF SAT ON HER HINDQUARTERS AND SMILED. SHE WAS MADE GLAD IN VAGUE WAYS BY THE BATTLE, FOR THIS WAS THE LOVE-MAKING OF THE WILD - TRAGEDY ONLY FOR THOSE WHO DIED BUT ACHIEVEMENT FOR THE VICTOR!



FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE SHE-WOLF MET ONE-EYE IN A KINDLY MANNER SHE SNIFFED NOSES WITH HIM, AND EVEN CONDESCENDED TO PLAY WITH HIM. FORGOTTEN WERE THE WOUNDING BITE'S AND THE LOVE-TALE RED-WRITTEN IN THE SNOW.



ON TIME, ONE-EYE AND THE SHE-WOLF FOUND A LAIR. THEN ON A DAY THE OLD WOLF WAS HUNTING FOOD, FIVE SMALL CUBS WERE BORN TO THE SHE-WOLF.



WHEN ONE-EYE RETURNED, HE NOTICED A NEW NOTE IN THE SHE-WOLF'S WARNING SNAEL. IT WAS A JEALOUS NOTE AND ONE-EYE WAS CAREFUL TO KEEP A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE FROM THE LITTLE BUNDLES OF LIFE THAT MADE WHIFFERING NOISES. HE DID NOT QUESTION THE PRESENCE OF THE CUBS. HE FELT AN IMPULSE THAT HAD COME DOWN TO HIM FROM ALL THE FATHERS OF WOLVES. IT WAS FOR HIM TO GO OFF ON THE MEAT TRAIL TO PROVIDE FOR HIS NEW-BORN FAMILY...



...AND HE RETURNED TO THE LAIR WITH HIS PRIZE, KNOWING INSTINCTIVELY THAT THE SHE-WOLF WOULD TURN HER MUZZLE TO HIM AND LICK HIS NECK, EVEN THOUGH IN DOING SO, SHE WOULD NOT LET HIM NEAR HER BROOD.



LIKE MOST CREATURES OF THE WILD, THE CUBS EXPERIENCED FEARING. AND ONE BY ONE, ALL OF THEM DIED, EXCEPT THE CUB WITH THE TASTE OF BIRD LIKE HIS MOTHER. WHEN, ONE DAY, ONE-EYE FAILED TO RETURN, THE SHE-WOLF PUSHED THE CUB DEEP INTO THE LAIR...



THE WENT FORTH HERSELF TO FORAGE FOR FOOD. SHE DID NOT STOP TO REASON WHY IT WAS THAT ONE-EYE DID NOT COME BACK, FOR IN THE WILD, LIFE MUST BE MET EACH DAY AS IT HAPPENS...



WHILE ON THE PROWL, SHE CAME UPON ONE-EYE'S CARCASS OUTSIDE THE LAIR. THERE WERE SIGNS OF A TERRIBLE BATTLE...



WHITE FANG

THE SHE-WOLF KNEW THE LYNN FOR THE FIERCE FIGHTER IT WAS, AND THEREAFTER KEPT CLEAR OF THE LYNN'S LAIR, BUT THERE CAME A TIME WHEN FOOD FOR HER OWN CUB WAS SCARCER THAN THE SHE-WOLF SHARED THE LYNN'S LAIR IN THE ROCKS AND BUILT A LYNN KITTEN.



IN THE WILD GROWTH IS SOMETHING THAT BRINGS WITH IT BOTH FEAR AND DESIRE. FEAR MAKES WILD THINGS CAUTIOUS, DESIRE MAKES THEM MOVE FORWARD, SO THE CUB, THOUGH FEARFUL ONE DAY VENTURED OUT OF THE LAIR.



IT WAS NOT EASY GOING OUT INTO THE WORLD. THERE WERE MANY MISTAKES TO MAKE, MANY THINGS TO LEARN. ALMOST AT ONCE, THE CUB HAD AN EXPERIENCE HE CAME UPON A NEST OF PHARMISIAN CROWS IN THE BRUSH...



SUDDENLY, A FEATHERED WHEEL WHIRLED IN THE FORM OF A PHARMISIAN HEN WAS UPON HIM. HE BECAME FRIGHTENED AND CONFUSED.



THE CUB WAS ON THE TRAIL OF MEAT FOR THE FIRST TIME AND HE THRILLED IN IT, FORGETTING FEAR. THEN A TERRIBLE SOMETHING CAME OUT OF THE SKY AND CAUGHT THE PHARMISIAN HEN IN ITS TALONS. THE CUB DID NOT KNOW THE HAWK, AND HE FLED, ONCE MORE KNOWING FEAR.



THE CUB HAD NEVER BEFORE WORKED SO HARD AND HE WAS TIRED. HE WANTED HIS MOTHER. HE WAS SPRAWLING ALONG, TRYING TO FIND THE WAY HOME, WHEN HE CAME UPON A BEAR AND HER CUBS ONE.



THERE WAS SOMETHING SMALL THAT HE COULD HANDLE, BUT THE CUB HAD TO LEARN A LESSON. THE BEAR'S TEETH BARK HOME.



SUDDENLY, THE SHE-WOLF CAME BURSTING IN ON THE SCENE. SHE HAD SOUGHT OUT THE CUB. THE WEASEL, SENSING THE DANGER, DROPPED TO THE GROUND, READY TO ATTACK.



THE VICIOUS WEASEL MISJUDGED JUST ENOUGH. SHE CAUGHT THE SHE-WOLF'S JAW INSTEAD OF HER THROAT.



THE SHE-WOLF FLURTED HER HEAD LIKE THE SNAP OF A WHIP, BREAKING THE WEASEL'S HOLD, FLINGING HER HIGH IN THE AIR.



IN THE LIGHT OF THE LAIR'S ENTRANCE CROUCHED THE LYNX MOTHER, WHOSE LAIR THE SHE-WOLF HAD DESPOILED. IT WAS TO BE A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

THE CUB'S DEVELOPMENT WAS RAPID. HE VENTURED FROM THE LAIR OFTEN AND BEGAN TO FEEL A GROWING POWER. THEN, ONE DAY IN THE LAIR, WHEN HE HAD BEEN DOZING BESIDE HIS MOTHER, HE HEARD HER SNARL MORE TERRIBLY THAN HE EVER HAD BEFORE...



WHITE FANG

THERE WAS TREMENDOUS SNARLING, SPITTING, AND SCREECHING, THE TWO ANIMALS THRASHED ABOUT, THE LYNX RIPPING AND TEARING WITH HER CLAWS AND USING HER SHARP TEETH AS WELL, WHILE THE SHE-WOLF USED HER TEETH ALONE. ONCE THE CUB SPRANG IN AND BARK HIS TEETH INTO THE HIND LEG OF THE LYNX...



ONCE, WHEN THE TWO SAVAGE ANIMALS SEPARATED, THE LYNX LASHED OUT AT THE CUB AND SENT HIM HURTLING AGAINST THE WALL...

KI-YI-YU!



BUT LAST, THE FANGS OF THE SHE-WOLF BARK DEEP INTO THE THROAT OF THE LYNX...



...AND THEN IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE THE LYNX WAS DEAD. THE SHE-WOLF NUZZLED THE CUB, LICKED HIS WOUNDED SHOULDER...



BUT THE SHE-WOLF WAS VERY WEAK AND VERY SICK, ALL OF A DAY AND A NIGHT, SHE LAY BY HER DEAD FOE'S SIDE, SCARCELY BREATHING...



EXCEPT FOR WATER, THE SHE-WOLF NEVER LEFT HER LAIR ALL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.



THEY DEVOURED THE LYNX, THEN WENT ON SHORT FORAYS IN SEARCH OF FOOD, AFTER WHICH, THEY BASKED LONG HOURS IN THE SUN, GAINING STRENGTH TO BEGIN LIFE ANEW.



THE CUB GREW STRONGER EACH DAY AND NOW HE ACCOMPANIED HIS MOTHER ON THE MEAT-TRAIL. HE WAS LEARNING FAST AND ONE LAW BECAME IMPRESSED ON HIS MIND, THE LAW OF MEAT, WHICH IN ITSELF MEANT, EAT OR BE EATEN!



THERE CAME A TIME WHEN THE CUB EXPERIENCED THE STRANGEST HAPPENING IN HIS LIFE THUS FAR. HE HAD BEEN PROWLING ALL THE NIGHT BEFORE IN SEARCH OF MEAT, NOW HE SET OFF ALONE FROM THE LAIR TO DRINK AT THE STREAM.



PERHAPS HE WAS CARELESS FOR THE TRAIL TO THE STREAM WAS THOROUGHLY FAMILIAR, BUT SUDDENLY HE WAS IN THE MIST OF ANIMALS HE DID NOT KNOW, THEY DID NOT GROWL, NOR SHOW THEIR FANGS, YET HE FEARED THEM...



EVERY INSTINCT OF THE CUB'S NATURE WOULD HAVE IMPULSED HIM TO DASH WILDLY AWAY, HAD THERE NOT SUDDENLY AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, ARISEN IN HIM ANOTHER AND COUNTER-INSTINCT HE WAS BEATEN TO MOVELESSNESS BY A GREAT AWE OF THESE NEW ANIMALS.





WHEN SUDDENLY THE REAR OF THE CUB LEAPED UP FOR AT THAT MOMENT, THE SHE-WOLF SPRANG SNAGGING THROUGH THE BRUSH NOW HE WOULD BE SAFE!



THE CUB WAS CONFUSED. HE SAW HIS MOTHER, THE FEARLESS ONE CRUCHING DOWN TILL HER BELLY TOUCHED THE GROUND, HUMPING, WAGGING HER TAIL, MAKING PEACE SIGNS. THE CUB WAS APPALLED.



IT IS A YEAR SINCE RICHE RAN AWAY SHE'S BEEN LIVING WITH THE WOLVES, THE LITTLE FIGHTING ONE IS HER CUB.



IT IS YOUR RIGHT, GRAY BEAVER, TO OWN THEM.

THE MAN-ANIMALS WERE GODS TO WHITE FANG. THEY WALKED UPRIGHT AND HAD MUCH POWER OVER THINGS THAT MOVED, AND EVEN THINGS THAT DID NOT MOVE. THE MAN-GODS COULD DIRECT...



FOR GRAY BEAR WAS NOW TING A LENGTH OF BARKHIDE ABOUT KICK'S NECK AND KICK WAS NOT PROTESTING. AND THEN PART OF THE BARKHIDE WENT AROUND A TREE, SUCH THINGS COULD NOT HAPPEN BY THEMSELVES, BUT ONLY IN THE HANDS OF THE MAN-GODS...



THERE WERE OTHER YOUNG DOGS IN CAMP, AMONG WHICH LIP-LIP WAS THE NEAREST TO WHITE FANG'S SIZE. FOR THE FIRST TIME, WHITE FANG MET OTHER ANIMALS LIKE HIMSELF. HE MADE FRIENDLY OVERTURES...

BUT LIP-LIP WAS UNFRIENDLY. HATE WOULD GROW BETWEEN THE TWO...



LIP-LIP WAS SO EAGER TO SINK HIS FANGS ONCE MORE INTO THE NEW CUB, HE CAST CAUTION TO THE WINDS WITH DISASTEROUS EFFECT...



IT BECAME CLEAR EACH DAY TO LIVE WITH THE MAN-GODS. NO LONGER DID HE HAVE TO HUNT FOR FOOD, AND THE MAN-GODS HAD POWER OVER ALL THINGS WHICH ALWAYS GAVE HIM GREAT AWES...

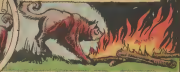


WHITE FANG: "COME!"

WHITE FANG OBEYED GRAY BEAVER AND WENT TO HIM IN FRONT OF THE MAN-GOD WHO SOMETHING WHITE FANG DID NOT KNOW. IT WAS BRIGHT AND RED. WHITE FANG WAS ATTRACTED BY IT...



WHITE FANG APPROACHED THE FIRE WITH GREAT INTEREST AND PUT HIS NOSE IN IT AND LAPPED IT WITH HIS TONGUE. GRAY BEAVER WAS CHUCKLING, AND THE SOUND WAS NOT OF ANGER...



FOR A MOMENT HE WAS PARALYZED. THE UNKNOWN THAT BURST AMONG THE RED STICKS CLUTCHED HIS NOSE. THEN HE SCRAMBLED BACKWARD.



HOWE-HE-HE!



HO-HE!
HO-HE!
HO-HE!

THEN SHAMS CAME TO HIM, HE KNEW LAUGHTER AND THE MEANING OF IT. IT IS NOT GIVEN TO US TO UNDERSTAND HOW SOME ANIMALS KNOW WHEN THEY'RE BEING LAUGHED AT. BUT IT WAS THIS SAME WAY THAT WHITE FANG KNEW IT. AND EVER AFTER, HE WAS TO HATE BEING LAUGHED AT...



LIP LIP ENJOYED BULLDOZING THE CUB BECAUSE LIP LIP ALWAYS WON. WHENEVER WHITE FANGS STERKED FROM HIS MOTHER, LIP LIP WAS UPON HIM, AND LEADING THE OTHER PUPPIES IN THE CAMP TO THE ATTACK...



WHITE FANGS WAS NEVER COVERED, HOWEVER. ALTHOUGH HE WAS ALWAYS DEFEATED HIS SPIRIT REMAINED UNBROKEN...



YET THE DEFEATS HAD A BAD EFFECT ON WHITE FANG'S TEMPER. HE BECAME MORE AND MORE SAVAGE, MALIGNANT MOROSE...



HE SOUGHT OPPORTUNITY AND BRANGING A FOULISH ENOUGH PUPPY THAT HAD BEEN OF PURRIS ABOUT THE CAMP AND IT BECAME HIS NATURE TO TEAR HIS FANGS INTO ANY ONE OF THE PACK HE CHASED ALONG EXCEPT OF COURSE LIP LIP FOR LIP LIP WAS STRONGER AND OLDER THAN WHITE FANGS AND WHITE FANGS WAS AFRAID OF HIM



WHITE FANGS BECAME CRAFTY, DENIED HIS SHARE OF MEAT FROM THAT ALLOTTED TO THE PUPPIES. HE SOON LEARNED TO STEAL...



WHITE FANG

IN THE WILD, THE TIME OF A MOTHER WITH HER YOUNG IS SHORT. UNDER THE DOMINATION OF MAN, IT IS EVEN SHORTER. THIS IT WAS WITH WHITE FANG. GRAY BEAVER WAS IN DEBT TO THREE EAGLES, WHO WERE GOING AWAY ON A TRIP TO THE GREAT SAGE LAKE.

HERE IS PAYMENT IN FULL FOR DEBT, THREE EAGLES, A STRIP OF CLOTH, A BEARSKIN, TWENTY CARTRIDGES AND KICHE.



WHILE FANG SAW HIS MOTHER BEING TAKEN ABOARD THREE EAGLES' CANOE AND TRIED TO FOLLOW HER, A BLOW FROM THREE EAGLES KNOCKED HIM BACKWARD TO THE LAND...



GO BACK!
GO BACK!

KI-CHI!

WHITE FANG!
COME BACK! COME
BACK HERE, YOU
WHITE FANG!



THE CANOE SAILED OFF, WHITE FANG SPRAWLED INTO THE WATER AND SHAM AFTER IT, DEAR TO THE CRIES OF GRAY BEAVER TO RETURN...



DEAR THE CUB WAS GIVEN TO A MAN-ANIMAL'S COMMAND. HE WAS SHOWING A GOD, THE MAN-SOO, SUCH HAS HIS TERROR AT LOSING HIS MOTHER.



KI-CHI
YI-CHI!
KI-CHI!

GRAY BEAVER'S WRATH WAS TERRIBLE; LIKEWISE WAS WHITE FANG'S FRIGHT. HE WAS BEATEN BY THE INDIAN UNTIL HE WAS BRUISED AND BORN IN ALL HIS SMALL BODY. HE HAD LEARNED THAT NEVER, NO MATTER WHAT THE CIRCUMSTANCES, MUST HE DISOBEY THE MAN-SOO...



WHITE RANG HAD NEVER ANDEN LOVE ONLY TOLERANCE OR HATE TOLERATION BY GRAY BEAVER. HATE BY THE OTHER DOGS THE HATE OF THE OTHER DOGS LED BY LI-LIP MADE HIM MORE RESOURCEFUL SWIFTER AND STRONGER THAN THE OTHERS.

THE TOLERATION BY GRAY BEAVER WAS NOT ENOUGH TO BRING THE WOLF-DOG BLINDLY TO THE CAMP. NOW IT WAS BREAKING UP IN PREPARATION FOR MOVING INTO THE FALL HUNTING COUNTRY.



WHITE DELIBERATELY, WHITE RANG DETERMINED TO STAY BEHIND HE WAITED HIS CHANCE TO SLURP OUT OF CAMP TO THE WOODS. HERE IN THE STREAM HE MET HIS TRAIL.



HE CRAWLED INTO THE HEART OF A DENDE THICKET AND WAITED THE TIME PASSED HE SLEPT INTERMITTENTLY FOR HOURS. THEN HE WAS AWAKENED BY GRAY BEAVER'S CALLING HIM BY NAME.

WHITE RANG RESISTED THE DESIRE TO JOIN GRAY BEAVER WHOSE VOICE EQUALLY DIED AWAY. HEARDY GAVE UP WITH COLD AND EXHAUSTION. SUDDENLY HE BECAME AWARE OF HIS LONELINESS HE BOSS WUNDO HERE THERE WAS NO MEAT AND FISH TO BE THROWN TO HIM HIS BONDAGE HAD SOFTENED HIM.



WITH THE DAYLIGHT HE RAN ENTIRELY EXHAUSTED. HE WOULD EVEN HAVE MELCOWED LI-LIP AND THE WHOLE SWARMLING, 2. COWARDLY PACK. HE HAD SEEN THE INDIANS GETTING OFF IN CANOES SO HE FOLLOWED THE RIVER.



ALL DAY HE RAN HE DID NOT REST HE SEEMED TO BE MADE TO RUN FOREVER HIS HORN LIKE BODY IGNORED FATIGUE AND EVEN AFTER FATIGUE CALLED HIS HEART-THROAT OF EXHAUSTION BRASHED HIM TO DRIVE ONWARD NOW THE SNOW FLEW NEAR THE END OF THAT DAY DRAG THE CAMPBAGS THEN WITH A JOYOUS BOUND HE RETURNED TO THE MAN-BOSS



WHITE FANG EXPECTED A BEATING HE CAME CRASHING AND CAROLING INTO THE PRESENT AT LAST HE LAY BESIDE HIS MASTER INTO BRUCE'S POSSESSION HE NOW SURRENDERED HIMSELF GRAY BEAVER DID NOT STRIKE HIM BUT OFFERED HIM A PIECE OF FALLOUT



SO YOU CAME BACK, WHITE FANG!

ANIMAL FAT

AND SO WHITE FANG UNDER GOOD A COVENANT BETWEEN HIMSELF AND GRAY BEAVER IN EXCHANGE FOR ABSOLUTE OBEDIENCE TO HIS MASTER HE WOULD RECEIVE FOOD AND MAN JUSTICE SO IT WAS WHEN THE SNOW CAME



WITH YOUNG DOGS LEARN DRIVE SLED, MIT-SAH IN SOON!

I WILL LEARN FAST, YOU WILL SOON SEE

LEAD-DOG OF THE PACK WAS LIP-LIP DID NOT HELP HIS STANDINGS WITH THE OTHER DOGS, FOR LIP-LIP WAS FAVORED WITH MEAT FROM MIT-SAH, AND ALL DAY LIP-LIP WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM THE OTHERS



RUSH! RUSH!

AND IF, FOR AN INSTANT, LIP-LIP SHOULD SLOW IN HIS FORWARD MOVEMENT, THE DOG BEHIND HIM WOULD REWARD HIM AT ONCE OF THE JEALOUS HATE ALL THE OTHERS HAD FOR THE LEAD-DOG

BUT WHITE FANG TOOK KINDLY TO THE WORK HE HAD TRAVELED A GREATER DISTANCE THAN THE OTHER DOGS WHOULDING HIMSELF TO THE RULE OF THE DOGS AND HE HAD LEARNED WISELY THOROUGHLY THE FUTILITY OF OPPOSING THEIR WILL



THE MONTHS PASSED, SUMMER CAME AGAIN. WHITE FANG'S STRENGTH DEVELOPED BY LONG HOURS ON THE TRAIL. THEN, ONE DAY IN MIDSUMMER, HE MET KICHE, HIS MOTHER.



HE REMEMBERED HER VIVIDLY, WHICH IS MORE THAN COULD BE SAID FOR THE MOTHER. HIS APPROACH WAS JOYOUS, LIKE THE BUBBLING OF A WELLSPRING. BUT KICHE'S EARS OPENED HIS SHOULDERS.



INSTINCT DID NOT ALLOW WHITE FANG TO HARK FEMALE OF HIS KIND. HE TURNED AWAY. ALL THE OLD MEMORIES OF HER DROVE OUT FOREVER. HE NO LONGER HAD NEED OF HIS MOTHER...



IN THE THIRD YEAR OF HIS LIFE, ONCE MORE FAMINE CAME TO THE MACKENZIE RIVER. FISH FAILED IN SUMMER, CARIBOU FORGOT THEIR ACCUSTOMED TRACK IN WINTER. FOOD DISAPPEARED ALMOST ENTIRELY. IT WAS THEN THAT WHITE FANG ROARED THE ACCO-

THE WEAPOON ANIMALS DIED. THE STRONG SURVIVED ONLY BY THE MEREST CHANCE IN THAT TIME OF DESPERATION. WHITE FANG'S WILD NEED HAD STOOD BY HIM. HE EVEN WENT SO FAR AS TO ROB GRAY BEAVER'S RABBIT



AND CHASE SMALL GAME THAT IN OTHER TIMES HE WOULD NOT HAVE DARED TO DO...



IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE FURRING, HE MET LIP-LIP WHO HAD LIKEWISE TAKEN TO THE WOODS, ROUNDING A CORNER FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS, THEY CAME FACE-TO-FACE



LIP-LIP GROWLED, AND AT THAT MOMENT, WHITE FANG MOVED IN...



WITH LIP-LIP DEAD ON THE GROUND, WHITE FANG RAN OFF



NOT LONG AFTER HIS KILLING OF LIP-LIP, WHITE FANG CAME TO THE FOREST WHERE A NARROW STRETCH OF LAND SLOPED DOWN TO THE WACKENDE. HE STOOD, SNIFFING THE AIR SMELLS, AND RECOGNIZED FAMILIAR CAMP ODORS...





LOOK! WHITE FANG IS BACK! WHITE FANG IS BACK!

POLO-KOOOH
AS GRAY BEAVER'S
SQUAW GREETED
WHITE FANG WITH
A FISH IN HER
HAND...



COME, WHITE
FANG! EAT FISH!
EAT FISH NOW!

HERE ONCE MORE
WAS FOOD THE
CANINE WAS GONE
GRAY BEAVER WAS
NOT THERE, BUT GRAY
BEAVER'S SON AND
SQUAW WERE THERE.
WHITE FANG CURLED
UP CONTENTEDLY BE-
FORE THE FIRE TO
AMIT HIS MASTER'S
COMING...



HAD THERE BEEN IN WHITE FANG'S NATURE
ANY POSSIBILITY OF HIS EVER COMING TO
FRATERNIZE WITH HIS KIND, SUCH A POSSI-
BILITY WAS DESTROYED WHEN HE WAS ANCE
LEADER OF THE SLED TEAM. THE DOGS
HATED HIM AND HE, IN TURN, HATED THEM...



WHITE FANG

IT WAS THE YEAR 1898 AND GRAY BEAVER HAD HEARD OF THE GOLD RUSH. HE CAME TO THE YUKON WITH SEVERAL SALES OF FURS, WHICH HE HOPED TO TRADE FOR GOLD...



GRAY BEAVER'S WILDEST DREAM HAD NOT EXCEEDED A HUNDRED PERCENT PROFIT. HE MADE A THOUSAND PERCENT AND LIKE A TRUE INDIAN HE SETTLED DOWN TO TRADE CAREFULLY AND SLOWLY. IF IT TOOK ALL WINTER TO DISPOSE OF HIS GOODS...

GRAY BEAVER, YOU'RE A THIEF, BUT I'LL HAVE TO BUY WHAT YOU WANT OR PRESIDE TO DEATH.

YOU THINK FURS, WE TAKE GOLD, WE NO NEED FURS, YOU NO NEED GOLD!



DURING THE MONTHS THAT RAGED, A STEAMER LOCKED UP ONCE A WEEK TO LET OFF PASSENGERS.



HERE AT THE LANDINGS, MEN BOULDER-ARIVE, SOME FROM THE BACK OF THE EARTH. MANY OF THEM HAD THEIR OWN DOGS...



THESE WERE SOFT, HELPLESS DOGS IN THE EYES OF WHITE FANG. THEY WERE WEAK, AND IN THE WILF, IT WAS HIS PROVINCE TO KILL THE WEAK...



30 WITH A BLIND FURY HE SPRANG UPON THEM, SLASHING THEM WITH HIS KNIVES LEAVING THEM DYING ON THE GROUND ...



BUT HE HAD UNDERSTOOD THE WHITE GOD'S SWORN AND THE WHITE GOD HAD MADE GRAY BEAVER PAY FOR THE DOGS HE HAD KILLED THAT MADE GRAY BEAVER VERY ANGRY



AFTER THE BEATING, WHITE KANG RESORTED TO CUNNING. HE STILL HAD THE FUN OF CHASING THE BEAVERLINGS THAT CAME WITH THE WHITE GODS, BUT JUST BEFORE THE STRIKE HE WEARED KANG AND LET THE PACK FINISH OFF THE HELPLESS DOGS.

IN THAT WAY WHITE KANG HAD HIS FUN, NET LEFT THE MATED PACK TO RECEIVE THE PUNISHMENT OF THE OUTRAGED GODS



THE MAN AT THE LANDINGS OF NEWCOMERS PARTICULARLY ENJOINED THE VICIOUS ESCAPADES OF THE PACK DOGS AS WAS BEAUTY SWITH SO CALLED IN REVERENCE OF HIS UGLY CHARACTER AS MUCH AS HIS PHYSICAL APPEARANCE



WHITE FANG



AM I SEEN YOU LEAD OR
IN DOGSBONE YOU? YEAH, A
SMART HEY! SO EASY
THERE! OUT THAT OUT!

I SURE WOULD LIKE
THAT THESE DOGS! I
SURE WOULD! I THINK
I'LL SEE THAT INDIAN
WIDDING HIM.



PAY BIG PRICE,
INDIAN YOU SELL
ME DOG.

ME NO SELLUM HE
GOT PLENTY GOLD HIM
GOOD DOG HE KILL
OTHER DOGS, KILL
WAN, LIKE
NOGOUTOOS

OVER!



A GRAY BEAVER WALKED PROUDLY
AWAY A SLY LOOK STOLE OVER
BEAUTY SMITH'S CRUEL FACE

MAYBE I KNOW
A WAY TO FIX YOU
INDIAN MAYBE I DO



BEAUTY SMITH KNEW INDIANS, HE CALLED ON
GRAY BEAVER, THE FIRST OF MANY WITS...

I GOT A PRESENT
FOR YOU, GRAY
BEAVER. LOOK!

ME NO SELL
WHITE FANG!

BEAUTY SMITH HAD GUESSED CORRECTLY. THE WHISKEY AFFECTED GRAY BEAVER ALMOST AT ONCE. SMITH LEFT THE INDIAN IN A DEEP STUPOR.



DO YOU WANT
SELL THE DOG, OK,
INDIAN?...
WE'LL SEE!

AS "BEAUTY" SMITH LEFT THE CABIN, WHITE RANG, CURLED UP JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR, RAISED HIS HEAD AND SNARLED. SOME UNUSUAL SENSE TOLD THE DOG THIS MAN WAS EVIL...



ALL RIGHT NOW!
GUST, HOO! I AIN'T
TOUCHED YOU!

SOME OF THE POTENCIES OF WHISKEY IS THE BREEDING OF THIRST. GRAY BEAVER GOT THE THIRST HE BEGAN TO DRINK MORE AND MORE. HE WOULD GO TO ANY LENGTH TO OBTAIN IT. HIS MONEY DIVIDED AND EVENTUALLY WAS GONE...



YOU GIVE
WHISKEY, HE
PAYUM, PRETTY
SOON...

NO MONEY,
NOWHERE -
INDIAN



HOW ABOUT IT, GRAY
BEAVER? YOU GIVE ME
WHITE RANG, YOU GET
PLENTY BOTTLES
OF WHISKEY.

THE INDIAN THOUGHT A LONG WHILE, BUT IN THE END, THE THIRST FOR WHISKEY WON...



YOU KETCHUM
DOG, YOU TAKE
UM ALL RIGHT!

WHITE FANG

THAT NIGHT, SMITH WENT TO GET WHITE FANG. AS HE APPROACHED, WHITE FANG SHARLED VIOLENTLY. BUT THE EVIL ONE APPROACHED HOLDING A LEASH AND A CLUB. SUDDENLY, WHITE FANG SPRANG AT SMITH.



FOOL OF A DOG! BLAME FOOL OF A DOG!



WHITE FANG WAS HELPLESS AGAINST THE CLUB IN THE HANDS OF THE CURIOUS, MAD WHITE-GOD AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE BLOWS RAINED DOWN. IT WAS THE WORST BEATING WHITE FANG HAD EVER RECEIVED. THEN SMITH LED HIM AWAY..



AT THE PLACE WHERE HE LIVED, "BEAUTY" SMITH LEFT THE DOG SECURELY TIED AND WENT TO BED. WHITE FANG WAITED AN HOUR, THEN HE APPLIED HIS TEETH TO THE THING AND IN THE SPACE OF TEN SECONDS, HE WAS FREE..



WISDOM TOLD WHITE FANG NOT TO RETURN TO GRAY BEAKER. BUT IN HIS NATURE WAS SOMETHING DEEPER THAN WISDOM. THAT WAS FIDELITY, EVEN TO THE MAN WHO ALREADY HAD BETRAYED HIM.





I FROM ALL RIGHT, YOU NO COME BACK AGAIN!

LATER SAMMY CAME AND TOOK WHITE FANG BACK. THIS TIME THERE WAS NO ESCAPE UNDER THE TURTLEAGE OF THE HAD GOD WHITE FANG BECAME A BEAST. HE WAS KEPT IN A CAGE, TREATED WITH PETTY TORTURES, POKED, LAUGHED AT AND IN HIS FRIENDLY MOMENTS, MEN CAME TO WATCH HIM...



LOOK AT HIM! LOOK AT HIM! HELL, WILL ANY DOG OR MAN HANGERS THINK HE WENT?



GOT A DOG'LL TEAR YOUR APART, GOT A HUNDRED DOLLARS T'BACK UP IF NOT TOO

I'LL TAKE IT! PUT UP YOUR MONEY!



THE NEXT DAY THE DOOR TO THE CASE WAS OPENED WIDE AND A HUGE DOG WAS PUSHED INSIDE...

WE'LL SEE, SMITH, WHETHER THIS BEAST OF YOURS CAN STAND UP AGAINST A MASTIFF!

WE'LL SEE, ALL RIGHT,

THE SIZE AND FERCE ASPECT OF THE INTRUDER DID NOT DETER WHITE FANG HERE WAS SOMETHING ON WHICH HE COULD BREAK HIS HATE. HE LEAPED IN WITH A FLASH OF FANGS THAT RIPPED DOWN THE SIDE OF THE MASTIFF'S NECK...



Few minutes later, the mastiff was dragged from the cage.



PAY ME! PAY ME! THIS IS WONDERFUL, I KNOW THAT DOG'D MAKE MONEY FOR ME!

WHITE FANG

WHITE FANG CAME TO LOOK FORWARD EAGERLY TO THE GATHERING OF MEN AROUND HIS PEN. IT MEANT A FIGHT, NOW THE ONLY WAY HE KNEW OF ESCAPING THE LIFE THAT WAS IN HIM. TIME AFTER TIME, HE WAS MATCHED UNEVENLY AND CRUELLY...



SEE THAT? SEE THAT? HE CAN HANDLE TWO DOGS AS WELL AS ONE!

ONCE HE WAS MATCHED WITH A FULL-CROWN WOLF IT WAS A TERRIBLE BATTLE BUT IN THE END, WHITE FANG SLEW THE WOLF AS HE SLEW ALL OTHER ADVERSARIES.



SO FAR DID THE FAME OF WHITE FANG SPREAD THAT MEN CAME AND PAID ADMISION FOR THE RIGHT TO LOOK AT HIM



STEP UP! KEEP IN LINE! PAY AS YOU ENTER!

I'M TOM KEENAN, SMITH, I GOT A DOG! PUT YOURS OUT-A BUSINESS FOR GOOD. GOT A THOUSAND IN GOLD (BUT I'LL PUT UP TOO!



I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT, KEENAN! I RECKON I COULD USE A THOUSAND, ALL RIGHT!

THE FIGHT WAS TO BE CARRIED ON IN THE WOODS A FEW MILES FROM TOWN. TRANSPORTATION TAKING PLACE IN THE NIGHT TO ESCAPE THE MOUNTED POLICE GO IN THE GRAY OF THE MORNING OF THE DAY OF THE FIGHT. TOM KEENAN - BROUGHT HIS CHALLENGER.

HO-HO-HO! HA-HA-HA! SO THAT'S WHAT'S GONNA RIP AN' DOG APART! HO-HO! HA-HA!



BETTER DO YOUR LAUGHING AFTER YOU'VE PUT UP YOUR MONEY!

GO TO IT, CHEROKEE!
GET IN THERE!
SIC 'EM!



THIS WAS A NEW KIND OF ENEMY FOR WHITE FANG. THE BULLDOG SEEMED HARDLY WORTH HIS EFFORTS. THE SMALL SQUAT ANIMAL WAS ONE OF THE WEAKTHINGS TO BE FINISHED OFF IN A HURRY...



WHITE FANG WAS A STREAM OF LIGHTNING, SLAMMING THE BULLDOG TO PIECES. YET THE BULL STOOD HIS GROUND STUBBORNLY. AT LAST, WHITE FANG TRIED TO OVERTURN CHEROKEE...



BUT WHITE FANG'S SHOULDER WAS TOO HIGH HE STRUCK WITH SUCH FORCE THAT HIS MOMENTUM CARRIED HIM ACROSS THE OTHER'S BODY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS FIGHTING HISTORY. WHITE FANG LOST HIS FOOTING. HE WAS ON HIS FEET IN AN INSTANT, BUT IN THAT INSTANT, CHEROKEE'S TEETH HAD CLOSED ON HIS THROAT...



WHITE FANG

WHITE FANG SNARLED AND SHOOK AND CLAWED, BUT THE BULLDOG HELD FAST.



"BEAUTY" SMITH BOSSAN LAUGHING AT THE DOG TO INCREASE HIS ANGER...



"HA-HA-HA!"
"HA-HA-HA!"
"SOME DOG YOU ARE!"
"HA-HA-HA!"

IN A FRENZY WHITE FANG SHOOK AND SNARLED, BUT THE BULLDOG KEPT HIS TEETH CLOSED TIGHT. HE COULD NOT BE SHAKEN FREE. FINALLY, PHYSICAL WEAKNESS BROUGHT WHITE FANG OVER ON HIS SIDE. IT LOOKED LIKE THE END...



"HOORAY! LOOK AT THAT! DO I WIN THE BET, SMITH? DO I?"

"WELL WHITE FANG AIN'T DEAD YET! WAIT AN' SEE!"



NO ONE HAD THE CROWD BEGAN THAT THEY HAD NOT NOTICED THE ARRIVAL OF TWO NEWCOMERS...

"GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU BEASTS! DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GET AWAY WITH THAT?"





WHITE FANG

WESDON SCOTT LIFTED WHITE FANG IN HIS ARMS AND WITH MATT AND BOB RUSHER, WALKED AWAY...

SCOTT'S ONE OF THEM CRACK-A-JACK MINING EXPERTS. HE'S IN WITH ALL THE BIG BUCKS. LUCKY IF HE DON'T HAVE SOME AN' KEEPMAN PULLED IN.



WESDON SCOTT AND MATT TOOK THE DOG TO SCOTT'S CABIN, WHERE BECAUSE OF WHITE FANG'S VITALITY THE ANIMAL SOON BECAME WELL, BUT MAKING FRIENDS WAS NOT SO EASY...



COME ON, BOY! TAKE IT EASY!

OWWWW!



OUCH!

IT'S HOPELESS, MR. SCOTT! HE'S A WOLF AND THERE'S NO TAKING HIM. BEST I SHOOT HIM AND BE DONE WITH IT.

NO, MATT! WAIT I PUT MY OWN HAND IN DANGER. IT WAS MY FAULT WE'VE GOT TO DO ONE THAT BOB ADVISES. LOOK WHAT HE'S BEEN THROUGH.



BUT PATIENCE AND KINDNESS ON THE PART OF WESDON SCOTT AT LAST HAD ITS EFFECT AND IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR WHITE FANG--THE END OF THE OLD LIFE AND THE BEGINNING OF A NEW.

AND LIKE WITH THE NEW LOVE MASTER BECAME A THING OF BEAUTY. WHITE FANG, HAD NEVER EXPERIENCED THEM ONE NIGHT AS HE LAY CURLED UP AT THE DOOR.



GRRO! GRRO!



INSIDE THE CABIN

GOOD NIGHT!
WHAT IS THAT
NOISE?

SOUNDS LIKE
WHITE FANG'S
CAUSING TROUBLE
TO SOMEONE!



SO IT'S YOU, BART? COME TO
STEAL WHITE FANG, BART? WELL, I
GUESS YOU GOT HIM, NOT QUITE
THE WAY YOU FIGURED!

LEAVE GO,
PLEASE! I WON'T
EVER DO
NOTHIN'
MORE!

AS THE PASSED, WHITE FANG'S DEVOTION TO HIS MASTER GREW BOUNDLESS. THEN THERE CAME A DAY OF PARTING. WHITE FANG GAINED THE COMING CALAMITY EVEN BEFORE THERE WAS TANGIBLE EVIDENCE OF IT...



I BELIEVE THAT DOG'S ON
TO YOU, MR. SCOTT. TOO BAD
YOU CAN'T TAKE HIM
WITH YOU.

IT WOULD BE CRUEL,
MATT, TO TAKE HIM
TO CALIFORNIA TO LIVE
AND HE'LL GET THE
BEST OF CARE
FROM YOU.

HE'LL BE SAFE
HERE, MATT, AND
IT WON'T BE LONG
BEFORE HE'LL HAVE
FORGOTTEN ALL
ABOUT ME.

I AIN'T
AT ALL SURE
ABOUT THAT,
HE'S POWER-
FUL FOND
OF YOU.



WHITE FANG WAS BROKEN HEARTED FOR A LONG WHILE HE KNOWLED HIS MESSY. THEN HE HEARD THE WHISTLE OF THE AURORA, THE RIVER BOAT. SOMEHOW, DEEP INSIDE, HE KNEW IT HAD TO GO WITH HIS MASTER. AND THEN...

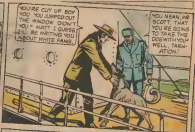


WELL, GOOD-
BYE, MATT. WRITE
ME ABOUT
WHITE FANG.

SURE WILL, MR.
SCOTT. I GUESS
WELL, FOR HEAVEN'S
SAKE—LOOK!



WELL, I'LL BE



YOU'RE OUT UP SON YOU JUMPED OUT THE WINDOW DIDN'T YOU? HATT I GUESS I'LL BE WAITING YOU ABOUT WHITE FANG.

YOU MEAN, MR SCOTT, THAT YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE THE DOG WITH YOU WELL, TAK-ATION!

WHITE FANG LANDED FROM THE STEAMER IN SAN FRANCISCO HE WAS APPALLED BY THE HUGE CASINGS OF STONE THERE, BUT A SHORT TRAIN RIDE BROUGHT HIM IN THE COUNTRY QUICKER. SUDDENLY HE SAW WHAT HE TOOK TO BE A HOSTILE ACT TOWARDS HIS MASTER.



MOTHER! DAD!

MY SON! MY SON!

Sublimation

THE NEXT MOMENT, WEDSON SCOTT HAD TORN LOOSE FROM HIS FATHER'S EMBRACE FOR WHITE FANG HAD BECOME A SHARING, RAGING DEMON.

DOWN, WHITE FANG, DOWN! IT'S ALL RIGHT, MOTHER. HE THOUGHT YOU WERE HARSHING!

PERHAPS I MAY BE PERMITTED TO LOVE MY SON WHEN HIS DOG'S NOT AROUND!



THEY DROVE TO THE SCOTT ESTATE AND THEN AS THEY WERE GETTING OUT,

WHERE'S THAT DOG OF YOURS, SON? I THOUGHT HE WAS FOLLOWING THE CARRIAGE.

HEEN THAT'S PUNNY HE SELDOM STRAYS FROM ME



HARDLY HAD WHITE FANG FOLLOWED THE CARRIAGE ONTO THE GROUNDS THAN HE WAS SET UPON BY COLLIE, THE SCOTT'S FEMALE SHEEP-DOG; AND RECOGNIZING A FEMALE INSTINCTIVELY MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO ATTACK HER. HE TRIED TO OUTFRISK HER, BUT SHE WAS IN AN ANGLED CIRCLE AND COULD BLOCK HIM MORE EASILY. THE MASTER'S CARRIAGE HAD DISAPPEARED SO THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO...



...HE USED THE OLD FIGHTING TRICK OF KNOCKING HER WITH HIS SHOULDER. WHITE FANG HAD CLEARED THE SHEEP-DOG, BUT IN SIGHT OF THE HOUSE, HE WAS MET BY DICK, THE HUGE DEER-HOUND. THIS WAS A HALE AND HE BARED HIS TEETH IN AN UGLY SNARL...



HE SPRANG SHIFTLY AND STRAIGHT, AND WOULD HAVE LAID THE DEER-HOUND'S THROAT OPEN, HAD NOT COLLIE, AT THAT MOMENT, RUSHED IN UPON THE SCENE. SHE PLAYED ON HIM THE VERY TRICK HE HAD PLAYED ON HER.



DOWN! DOWN, WHITE FANG! DOWN, BOY!

THE FAMILY WAS SKEPTICAL OF WHITE FANG. THEY DID NOT TRUST THIS CREATURE OF THE WILD.



GOODNESS, DEAR! THIS BEAST FRIGHTENS ME!

HE WILL SOON TO BE A STANCH FRIEND ALICE. HE IS AMONG STRANGERS AND MUST LEARN.

BY THE SAME TOKEN, WHITE FANG JACORED THE FAMILY, BECAUSE THEY WERE HIS MASTER'S POSSESSIONS. HE DID NOT HARM THEM, BUT HE DID NOT LIKE THEM.



DADDY! WHITE FANG WILL NOT PLAY WITH US!

GIVE HIM TIME, CHILDREN. HE IS NOT QUICK AT MAKING FRIENDS. HE HAS KNOWN TOO MANY ENEMIES ALL HIS LIFE.

WHITE FANG

THE MONTHS WENT BY. WHITE FANG LIVED FAT, PROSPEROUS AND HAPPY, THOUGH UNDERSTANDINGLY. THE MASTER BOKE HORSEBACK A GREAT DEAL AND THE DOG LOVED RUNNING WITH THE MASTER'S HORSE. ONE DAY IN THE FIELDS

COME ON, OLD BOY! LET'S TAKE THIS HURDLE!



WHITE FANG, MY LEG IS BROKEN! GO HOME! GO HOME!



WHITE FANG REACHED THE HOUSE AND FOUND THE FAMILY ASSEMBLED ON THE PORCH. HE HAD TO MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND IT WAS A CHALLENGE TO HIS INTELLIGENCE, AND TO HIS LOVE FOR HIS MASTER.

SOOCHNESS! GET DOWN! I DECLARE THE DOG MAKES ME NERVOUS!

PERHAPS... PERHAPS - DO YOU SUPPOSE WEDDON IS IN TROUBLE?

WEDDON!



YES, INDEED IT CERTAINLY SEEMS LIKE HE IS TRYING TO LEAD US TO WEDDON. SEE? THERE IS HIS HORSE!



DARLING I'M SO GRATEFUL TO WHITE FANG! I SHALL NEVER SPEAK ILL OF HIM AGAIN!

HE'S THE SALT OF THE EARTH, THAT DOGS!



IT TOOK TIME FOR THE LEG TO HEAL, AND DURING THAT TIME, WHITE FANG STAYED CONSTANTLY BESIDE HIS MASTER. AT LAST, WEDDON SCOTT WAS ABLE TO GET ABOUT

I HAVE A NEW RESPECT FOR HIM, WEDDON, IF ALL HAVE, OTHERWISE I MIGHT BE INCLINED TO FEEL JEALOUS OF HIM



SOME MONTHS LATER, A CHAPTER IN WHITE FANG'S LIFE WAS IN THE MAKING. JIM HALL WAS TO HELP WRITE IT. JIM HALL, DEPRICATE CONVICT...



FRISCO NEWS

JAILBREAK AT SAN QUENTIN

Jim Hall, Depricate Convict, Escapes Kills Guard

MY DEAR, IT WAS YOU, WAS IT NOT, WHO SENTENCED JIM HALL TO PRISON FOR LIFE? AND... OH...

YES I KNOW. HE SWORE TO GET ME BUT DON'T WORRY, DEAR. HE SWORE UNDER THE PRESSURE OF EMOTION.



WHITE FANG

IT WAS WHITE FANG'S CUSTOM TO SLEEP ON THE SCOTT PORCH BUT MR. SCOTT DID NOT KNOW THE SECRET BETWEEN WHITE FANG AND MRS. SCOTT.



EACH NIGHT ALICE SCOTT LET WHITE FANG INSIDE TO SLEEP IN THE HALLWAY, AND EACH MORNING, LET HIM OUT BEFORE THE HOUSEHOLD WAS AWAKE.



IT WAS SOME TIME AFTER WE HAD BEEN LET IN THAT PARTICULAR NIGHT THAT HE HEARD UNUSUAL SOUNDS, A LOW GROWL HOVERED IN HIS THOUGHT AND THEN DIED ABRUPTLY AS HIS NERVES TENSED.



AT THE APPROACH OF THE STRANGE WHITE MAN WHO WENT TOWARD THE STAIRS, WHITE FANG STOOD CROUCHED TO SPRING. HE DID NOT MAKE ANY OUTCRY. IT WAS NOT HIS WAY.



THE STAIRCASE LED TO THE LOVE-MASTER AND HIS DEAREST POSSESSIONS. WHEN THE STRANGER'S FOOT RAN TO THE FIRST STEP, WHITE FANG STRUCK!



THE SUDDEN BLOW OF THE SUIVARE CAUSED WHITE FANG TO LOOSEN HIS GRIP MOMENTARILY...





WHITE FANG, AT THE CONVICT'S THROAT, GOT TWO MORE BULLETS IN HIS SIDE..



WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT IS IT, BOY?



GOOD HEAVENS! WHITE EANS HAS STOPPED A BURGLAR! AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S DONE FOR, TOO



IT IS JIM WALL! HE WAS COMING TO GET ME! WHITE EANS KILLED HIM!

I'LL CALL THE VETERINARIAN FOR WHITE EANS THEN I'LL PHONE FOR THE POLICE

YES DOCTOR YOU'VE GOT TO GET HERE FAST! THE DOG IS BARELY BREATHING!



VETERINARIAN ARRIVED AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME AS THE POLICE. MRS. DON SCOTT FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO SPEAK OF ANYTHING BUT WHITE EANS

I'LL WRITE UP THE WHITE EANS STORY FIRST. I'VE GOT TO GET THE VETERINARIAN'S REPORT



LOSS OF BLOOD THREE HOURS IN HIM. HE HADN'T A CHANCE IN A THOUSAND. NOT IN TEN THOUSAND

OH

WHITE FANG

WE WILL SPARE ABSOLUTELY NO EXPENSE. DOCTOR, GET WHAT-EVER HELP YOU NEED. WHATEVER CONSULTATION.



THE DOCTOR ORDERED AN IMMEDIATE OPERATION TO EXTRACT THE BULLETS AND SET THE BROKEN HIND LEG.



TO THINK OF THE THINGS I SAID ABOUT HIM! OH, WESDON.

DON'T FEEL THAT WAY, WHITE FANG KNEW AND THE THREE PEOPLE HE TAUGHT HIM, HE HAS BEEN HAPPY HERE WITH YOU... AND US...



WELL, THE OPERATION WAS SUCCESSFUL. NO OTHER DOG COULD HAVE STOOD THAT AND LIVED. I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHITE FANG, DO YOU? THANK HEAVENS HE'LL PULL THROUGH!



THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN WESDON SCOTT WAS TOLD WHITE FANG COULD GO HOME. TOGETHER THEY WALKED ACROSS THE LAWN TOWARD THE HOUSE...



WHITE FANG!

WHITE FANG!



HE'LL NEED LOTS OF REST AND FOOD, WEDDON, AND YOU MAY BE SURE HE'LL GET PLENTY OF NURSING!

LOOK AT HIM, NIZZLE! HE'S SO GLAD TO GET HOME.



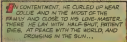
IN TIME, ALL THE OLD WOUNDS HEALED AND WERE FORGOTTEN, BOTH TO BODY AND DOG-SOUL. AND NOW THAT HE HAD BECOME A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, COLLIE NO LONGER HATED HIM, IN FACT, SHE SEEMED TO BE MORE AND MORE ATTRACTED TO HIM.



HE WAS KIND OVER A DOHAN OF HIS OWN SOON HE LOOKED DOWN PROUDLY ON THE LITTER OF LITTLE PUPS, WHILE COLLIE, TRUE TO HER HERITAGE, GROWLED A WARNING THAT HE'D BETTER KEEP HIS DISTANCE.



SOON THEY WERE ALL TOGETHER AGAIN AND HAPPINESS MADE WELL TO FOLLOW WHITEFANG'S STEPS THE REST OF HIS LIFE...



IN CONTENTMENT, HE CURLED UP NEAR COLLIE AND IN THE MIST OF THE FAMILY AND CLOSE TO HIS LOVE-MASTER, THERE HE LAH WITH HALF-SHUT, FATIGUED EYES, AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD AND DROWNING IN THE SUN...



The End

NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ THE CLASSICS Illustrated EDITION, DON'T MISS THE ADDED ENJOYMENT OF READING THE ORIGINAL, OBTAINABLE AT YOUR SCHOOL OR PUBLIC LIBRARY.

JACK LONDON

THE rugged, yet artistic, prose of Jack London has thrilled millions upon millions. In the pages of his fiction, men live and breathe the breath of life, act with their feelings, through his pages, animal beasts stalk the woods in a manner that makes the reader hear the deep-throated growl of the Wild, in all his works, the wind bites the cold frozen, the rain drenches Jack London is real. He wrote what he saw, what he experienced, what he felt. And the reader likewise feels the things Jack London felt.

He did not shade his meanings with delicacy of expression. His words stand out boldly against the background of their settings. That is because Jack London loved the things he wrote. He had the lust for living, the passion for telling the truth as he understood the truth. Fiction poured from his pen in a hot stream of vivid, imaginative expression.

His very poverty in the beginning set the stage for the power of his descriptions. So poor was his childhood that he did not go beyond grammar school. He learned life on the pier along the waterfronts, worked there as a newspaper delivery boy, and pin setter in a bowling alley. Later, these experiences came to life for his readers.

London was born on January 12, 1874, at San Francisco, California, and it was seemingly inevitable that the lad with such a vivid imagination one day would sail out in the ships that left the harbor for the strange out-of-the-way places of the world. From the age of fifteen to eighteen, he wandered around the world as seaman, trader and hobo. But something gawwed inside that gave him no peace. Somehow, he knew he must put on paper the

things he had seen. Somehow, he must describe the world as he saw it, describe men as he knew them.

His experiences in Alaska during the gold rush about the turn of the century gave him the basis for his *White Fang* and *The Call of the Wild*. These two books and *The Sea Wolf*, a story of rugged sea life as vivid as his stories of the Wilds of the North, are probably

his best known and most widely read productions. Yet he was most prolific, turning out hundreds of short stories, articles, poems and novels in his comparatively short life. He lived only forty years, forty action-packed, burning years.

It could not have been, hoped that a man who so gave himself to life and to his art would not suffer the consequences of his own consuming fire. During the peak of his career, Jack London was the most highly paid, widely read living literary figure. He made tremendous sums of money. But he had made his fame by giving unstintingly of himself, of his living experiences; in a like manner, he gave generously of his wealth. It all caught up with him toward the end. Much of his money was gone, he knew not where, his health suffered, his nerves gave way.

During the last year of his life, sleep became almost impossible, waking was a nightmare. His soul was worn out, tortured, and on the night of November 23, 1916, he died of uremic poisoning.

He died a martyr to his craft and to truth as he knew it. And so much has he given of himself on the pages of his books, that even though he died, he did not die. Today he lives through his books more vividly than ever.



HISTORY OF U. S. COINS

How the phrase

"IN GOD WE TRUST"

came to be on the coins of the United States

THE REV. WATKINSON was troubled. In his small parish at Ridleyville, Pennsylvania, he brooded over the low ebb of Union fortunes after Fort Sumter and Bull Run. He deplored the godlessness of a nation seven months in civil war.

One cheerless November day in 1861 he sat down at the antique desk in his rectory and wrote a letter of singular eloquence to the Secretary of the Treasury.

"One fact touching our currency has hitherto been seriously overlooked," he wrote. "I mean the recognition of the Almighty God in some form in our coins.

"What if our Republic were now shattered beyond reconstruction? Would not the antiquaries of succeeding centuries rightly reason from our past that we were a heathen nation?"

Proposing a motto on the theme of *God, Liberty, Law*, he concluded, "This would relieve us from the ignominy of heathenism. This would place us openly under the Divine protection we have personally claimed. From my heart I have felt our national shame in disowning God as not the least of our present national disasters."

The Secretary of the Treasury was Salmon P. Chase, one of Lincoln's ablest cabinet members. Later he was to become Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and it was in his honor that the Chase National Bank of the City of New York was named in 1877.

The Secretary, deep in problems of war financing, read this letter from the Rev. M. R. Watkinson and



recognized the merit of his plea. Within a week he had dispatched a note to the Director of the Mint in Philadelphia, James Pollock.

"No nation can be strong except in the strength of God," the note read, echoing the sentiments of the clergyman, "or safe except in His defense. The trust of our people in God should be declared on our national coins.

"You will cause a device to be prepared without unnecessary delay with a motto expressing in the fewest and tersest words possible this national recognition."

The Director of the Mint acted quickly on the Secretary's order. Before the year was out a bronze pattern for a \$10 gold piece with the motto *God, our Trust* had been submitted. Shortly thereafter, *Our Country; our God* was suggested. But it was not until 1864 that *In God we Trust* first appeared on a United States coin, a two-cent piece. Salmon P. Chase himself had proposed this inscription.

Today this motto has the ring of timelessness, as though it had been given on tablets of stone to the founding fathers of a republic conceived in a deep religious spirit. Yet until 1864 our country's moneys bore only practical and mundane Yankee slogans. The terse injunction *Mind your Business* on the Fugio Cent, first coin issued by the United States, illustrates the temper of those times.

Since then many issues of all our coins have borne this simple affirmation of a nation's faith, *In God we Trust*.



FAMOUS OPERAS DIE FLEDERMAUS (THE BAT)

By Johann Strauss

DIE FLEDERMAUS is a comic opera assumed to take place in gay Vienna during the latter part of the 19th Century.

The opera opens as Herr von Eisenstein has been sentenced to serve five days in the local prison for having insulted a town official.

Von Eisenstein's friend, Dr. Falke, has seized an opportunity to settle an old score with him. It seems that von Eisenstein had once forced Dr. Falke to walk home from a party in broad daylight dressed in the costume of a bat ("Fledermaus").

The opportunity for revenge comes with von Eisenstein's sentencing Prince Orloffsky, an eccentric young Russian, to give a ball. Dr. Falke persuades von Eisenstein to ignore his prison sentence and accompany him to the ball. This will cause von Eisenstein more trouble. To make his revenge complete, Dr. Falke has seen to it that invitations were sent to von Eisenstein's wife, Rosalinde, and to Adele, Rosalinde's maid. Von Eisenstein, of course, doesn't know that Rosalinde will be at the ball. Rosalinde, knowing that von Eisenstein will be there, decides to go in disguise so as to flirt with her unsuspecting husband.

Soon after von Eisenstein and Dr. Falke leave, Rosalinde is visited by an old admirer, Alfred. He makes himself quite comfortable and dons von Eisenstein's dressing gown.

This is how he is found by Frank, the Warden of the prison, who has come to arrest von Eisenstein. Believing Alfred to be his prisoner, Frank drags him off to prison still wearing von Eisenstein's dressing gown. Alfred does not reveal his true identity in order to save Rosalinde embarrassment.

Some time later, Rosalinde arrives at Prince Orloffsky's, where the ball is in full swing. Rosalinde, of course, is masked. Adele is also there, dressed in one of Rosalinde's gowns and

Frank, the Warden, is also present. Both of them have assumed false personalities. . . . Adele as a lady of refinement and Frank as a Chevalier. They are attracted to each other and remain together as partners for the evening.

Rosalinde purposely flirts with her husband who responds to her wiles. During the course of the evening, she deftly takes his watch from his pocket. Thus she keeps as evidence with which to later accuse him of being unfaithful to her. The evening passes quickly in singing, dancing and general merriment.

The next morning, Rosalinde's maid, Adele, comes to the prison to ask von Eisenstein to pardon her for having worn Rosalinde's dress to the ball. She is amazed to find that Frank, her Chevalier of the previous night, is in truth the Prison Warden and heedless to say, he is just as amazed to find her to be really a lady's maid.

Von Eisenstein, disguised as a notary, appears at the prison with the intention of giving himself up. He is surprised to learn that someone else, having been mistaken for himself, had already been arrested.

Alfred, not recognizing von Eisenstein, tells him how he actually became a prisoner in place of von Eisenstein. When Rosalinde makes her appearance at the prison to see Alfred, the situation really becomes hilarious. Accusation follows accusation until Rosalinde produces von Eisenstein's watch. This, of course, puts him on the defensive as it proves him guilty of flirting with, to him, a strange woman.

He begs Rosalinde to forgive him and after much persuasion, she does. Frank is called and the case of mistaken identity is cleared up. And as the curtain falls to end the opera, von Eisenstein remains in prison to serve out his sentence.



PIONEERS OF SCIENCE

JOHANNES KEPLER

Discoverer of the Laws of the Motions of Planets

JOHANNES KEPLER was born December 27, 1571, at Weil Germany. He had an unhappy childhood. His parents could not get along for his father was a restless, wandering adventurer and his mother the spoiled daughter of the town's mayor.

After his father had run away, and his mother had become deracinate, Kepler was taken out of public school and put to work on the fields. However, the local ministers realized that the lad had a brilliant mind and at the age of 13, had Johannes sent to Adelberg to study for the ministry. At 17, Kepler took an entrance examination for the University of Tübingen and passed with great honors.

Here, Kepler became interested in Astronomy through the efforts of his first teacher, Michael Maestlin. He gave up the study for the ministry and majored in astronomy. He wrote a treatise on the relation of the sun and the planets which brought him wide renown and a job in Prague as assistant to the great astronomer, Tycho Brahe.

When Brahe died in 1601, Kepler was appointed royal astronomer. Among his duties were those of prophecy and horoscope readings for the superstitious king. But Kepler was strong enough to tell the king that these evils prophesied might some day happen but he could not guarantee they would.

Kepler studied the human eye and the effects of rays of light (particularly those of the stars and planets) upon it. He gave the world the first true theory of vision (how we see). Kepler also wrote of the moon's effects on the tides.

Next Kepler made an intensive study of the planet Mars. Here, he was aided by the gift



of one of Galileo's telescopes and in 1609, he published a treatise putting Mars in its proper place in the solar system.

Then came Kepler's truly great gift to science. The sun and not the earth was the center, and the nine planets (together with their satellites, meteors, etc.) traveled in elliptical orbits (or paths) around it. These planets—Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto—

revolve at varying distances away from the sun.

He explained that the planets nearest the sun have the shortest orbits (circular path around the sun). For example it takes Mercury, which is closest to the sun, 88 days to make an elliptical orbit; it takes the Earth 365 days, but it takes Pluto about 234 years. This law, stated in Kepler's scientific language, is as follows: Every planet travels in an ellipse with the sun as one of its foci.

Kepler also stated that if we were able to draw a line from the center of the sun to the center of the Earth, or to the center of any other planet, this imaginary line would always travel across the same amount of space, or area, in the same amount of time. By this, Kepler meant that each planet's distance away from the sun never changes, nor does the speed with which it revolves around the sun. This fact is called the law of equal areas.

These laws which Kepler gave to the world are the basis of modern day astronomy. Who knows how long this wonderful and important science would have remained in the dark ages of superstition and prophecy were it not for the brilliant mind of Johannes Kepler—who went to his eternal resting place November 15, 1630, just a month short of his 59th birthday.



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