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No. 119 15¢

# SOLDIERS of FORTUNE

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS



# COMING NEXT MONTH



**T**HE PROUD Terangi makes a final, desperate attempt to escape from unjust imprisonment. As the authorities draw closer, nature intervenes. The skies blacken, the tides rise, the wind snaps through the palm trees and the South Sea island of Manukura is battered by a howling hurricane.

Be sure to read

## THE HURRICANE

By Nordhoff and Hall

IN NEXT MONTH'S  
**CLASSICS**  
*Illustrated*

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## WHO AM I?

I am a well known author. Can you guess my name from the clues below? Rate your familiarity with me as follows: If you can identify me from CLUE I, your score is superior; from CLUE II—excellent; from CLUE III—very good; from CLUE IV—good; from CLUE V—fair. If after CLUE V you still cannot identify me, I suggest you read the exciting story of my adventures described below.

**CLUE I:** In 1846, as a young man of twenty-three, I made a historic journey from western Missouri to Oregon.

**CLUE II:** The purpose of this journey was to learn about the American Indian. I was not satisfied with the second-hand tales told by scouts and pioneers. I wanted to see for myself.

**CLUE III:** For the next few months, I lived with the Indians. I ate as they ate, hunted as they hunted and lived as they lived, learning their customs and their language. In this way, I came to know the Indian as fully as any man could.

**CLUE IV:** Most of my time was spent with the Dacotah, also known as the Sioux. I was with them as they prepared for war with the Snakes. But not all tribes were as friendly to me as the Dacotah. Many nights I slept uneasily out on the desert, not knowing whether to fear the animals or the human beings more.

**CLUE V:** As a result of my journey, I saw that the Indian needed the buffalo to survive, and that as the buffalo died out, the Indian would die out, also. I saw, too, the Wild West being tamed and the new trails being made by thousands of pioneers. My story, considered one of the best books on American history ever written, is called *The Oregon Trail*.

FRANCIS PARKMAN

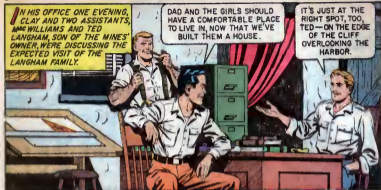
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# SOLDIERS of FORTUNE

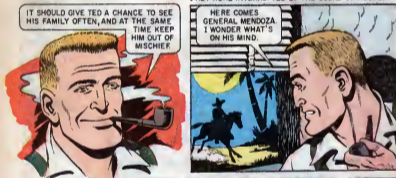
By Richard Harding Davis



**A**T THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, ROBERT CLAY, CIVIL ENGINEER AND SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, WAS SENT BY A NEW YORK FIRM TO SOUTH AMERICA WITH ORDERS TO OPEN AND OPERATE IRON MINES. CLAY SOON FOUND HIS INTERESTS -- AND HIS LIFE -- MENAGED BY A BLAZING NATIVE REVOLUTION.



THEY WERE INTERRUPTED BY THE SOUND OF HOOFS.



**C**LAY RECEIVED HIS VISITOR AND BROUGHT OUT SOME WINE AND CIGARS.

AND HOW ARE THE MINES PROGRESSING? YOU FIND MUCH GOOD IRON IN THEM, THEY TELL ME.

YES, WE HOPE TO INCREASE OUR OUTPUT TO TWENTY THOUSAND TONS A MONTH, WHEN OUR SHIPPING FACILITIES ARE IN BETTER SHAPE.



YES, MY COUNTRY ONLY GETS TEN PER CENT AS ITS SHARE OF THE PROFITS.

WELL, SIR, YOU MUST CONSIDER THAT THE MINES DID NOT REALLY EXIST UNTIL WE CAME HERE. IT WILL BE SOME TIME BEFORE WE REALIZE ANYTHING ON OUR MILLION DOLLAR INVESTMENT.



I'LL BE FRANK WITH YOU, CLAY. WE, THE OPPOSITION\*, OF WHICH I AM THE HEAD, ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH THE MANNER IN WHICH PRESIDENT ALVAREZ HAS DISPOSED OF THESE GREAT IRON DEPOSITS. IT IS A SHAMEFUL BARGAIN.

THERE IS LIABLY TO BE SOME TROUBLE OVER THIS.



\* The political party opposed to the party in power.

I SEE, GENERAL. SO YOU ARE NOT HAPPY ABOUT THE WAY THINGS HAVE BEEN GOING.

EXACTLY! I FIND THE PEOPLE COMPLAINING OF THE RAILROAD ACROSS THEIR LAND. I FIND FIFTEEN HUNDRED SOLDIERS TURNED INTO LABDRERS. I FIND THAT THESE MEN HAVE NOT BEEN PAID THEIR WAGES.

THAT HAS ALL BEEN CHANGED, GENERAL, SINCE MY ARRIVAL. THE SOLDIERS WERE NEVER PAID BY THEIR DWN GOVERNMENT. THEY ARE NOW BEING AMPLY REPAID FOR THEIR SERVICES.



GENERAL MENDOZA, LET'S GET TO THE POINT. IF I WERE TO DEPOSIT SIXTY THOUSAND OOLLARS TO YOUR ACCOUNT IN THE VALENCIA BANK, DO YOU THINK THE OPPOSITION WOULD OBJECT TO THE MINES?

I PLEOSE YOU MY WORD AS A SLDIER, THERE WOULD BE ND INTERFERE BY MY PARTY.

YOU CAN COME OUT NDW. I THINK THE GENERAL IS ABOUT TO LEAVE.



LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, GENERAL. IF YOU INTERFERE WITH OUR CONCECED RIGHTS, I'LL HAVE A MAN-DF-WAR DOWN HERE AND SHE'LL BLDW YOU ALL BACK UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS. NOW YOU CAN GO!



TWO MONTHS FROM NOW, THERE WILL BE A NEW GOVERNMENT AND A NEW PRESIDENT, AND THE MINES WILL HAVE A NEW DIRECTOR. I HAVE TRIED TO BE YOUR FRIEND, CLAY. SEE HOW YOU LIKE BEING MY ENEMY. GOODNIGHT, GENTLEMEN.



WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT, CLAY?

MENDOZA, WHO IS HEAD OF THE ARMY, TOO, HAS JUST ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION OF OVERTHROWING ALVAREZ WITHIN TWO MONTHS AND PROCLAIMING HIMSELF THE NEW PRESIDENT.



THAT'S IF ALVAREZ DOESN'T BEAT HIM TO THE PUNCH AND FULFILL HIS OWN AMBITION TO BE DICTATOR. LOOKS LIKE WE'RE SITTING ON A POWDER KEG THAT MIGHT BLOW THE MINES AND THE REST OF US TO SMITHEREENS.

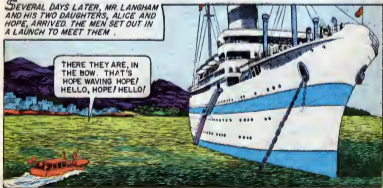


I'M COUNTING ON OUR FIFTEEN HUNDRED SOLDIER-LABORERS TO PROTECT OUR INTERESTS IN CASE OF TROUBLE. IF I COULD ONLY FIND A WAY OF SUPPLYING THEM WITH ARMS, WE'D HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM A DOZEN REVOLUTIONS.



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, MR. LANGHAM AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS, ALICE AND HOPE, ARRIVED. THE MEN SET OUT IN A LAUNCH TO MEET THEM.

THERE THEY ARE, IN THE BOW. THAT'S HOPE WAVING HELLO/ HELLO, HOPE/ HELLO!



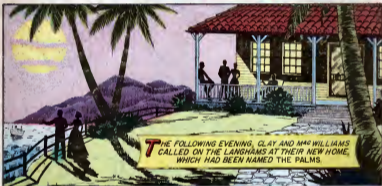
THEY LET YOUNG LANGHAM UP THE GANGWAY FIRST.



ON THE RETURN TRIP, CLAY SAT NEXT TO ALICE LANGHAM.

IT'S BEEN A YEAR SINCE I MET YOU AT OUR PARTY IN NEW YORK, HASN'T IT?

YES, MISS LANGHAM. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR VISIT.



THE FOLLOWING EVENING, CLAY AND MRS WILLIAMS CALLED ON THE LANGHAMS AT THEIR NEW HOME, WHICH HAD BEEN NAMED THE PALMS.

I SEE YOU APPRECIATE THE VIEW PROPERLY. I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULD EXCLAIM ABOUT IT AND SAY IT WAS FINE, OR CHARMING, OR SOMETHING.

AND YOU TOLD ME ONCE YOU KNEW ME SO WELL.



I DON'T KNOW YOU SO WELL NOW. YOU MUST REMEMBER, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR A YEAR.

YES, BUT YOU HADN'T SEEN ME FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS THEN. TED WROTE ME ABOUT THE WAY YOU WORK ALL DAY AT THE MINES, AND SIT UP ALL NIGHT OVER CALCULATIONS AND PLANS. BUT YOU DON'T SHOW IT.





I'M IMPATIENT TO HAVE YOU SHOW ME THE MINES. HOPE KNOWS ALL ABOUT THEM—SHE KNOWS THEIR NAMES AND EVERYTHING CONNECTED WITH THE OUTPUT OF THE ORE. TED WROTE TO US ABOUT IT.



HOPE IS A MOST ENERGETIC CHILD. WHENEVER I AM BLUE OR DOWN, SHE MAKES FUN OF ME.

WHY SHOULD YOU EVER BE BLUE?



I SUPPOSE LIFE IS SO VERY EASY FOR ME THAT I HAVE TO INVENT SOME WOES. I HOPE YOU WILL BE VERY KIND TO ME, AS YOU HAVE BEEN TO TED, AND I HOPE WE ARE GOING TO BE FRIENDS.

FRIENDS? THE DANGER LIES IN MY NOT BEING ABLE TO STOP THERE.



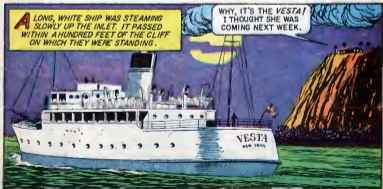
THEY WERE DISTURBED BY A SHOUT FROM TED LANGHAM.

LOOK! HERE COMES A MAN-OF-WAR, OR A YACHT. CAN YOU MAKE HER OUT, MACWILLIAMS?



A LONG, WHITE SHIP WAS STEAMING SLOWLY UP THE INLET. IT PASSED WITHIN A HUNDRED FEET OF THE CLIFF ON WHICH THEY WERE STANDING.

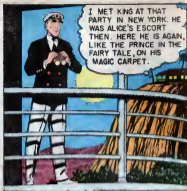
WHY, IT'S THE VESTA! I THOUGHT SHE WAS COMING NEXT WEEK.



THAT'S REGGIE KING'S YACHT. HE'S NO END OF A SPORT. WE CAN GO ALL OVER THE PLACE NOW, AND HE CAN LAND US RIGHT AT THE DOOR OF THE MINES, IF WE WANT TO.



I MET KING AT THAT PARTY IN NEW YORK. HE WAS ALICE'S ESCORT THEN. HERE HE IS AGAIN, LIKE THE PRINCE IN THE FAIRY TALE, ON HIS MAGIC CARPET.



**T**HE NEXT MORNING, CLAY CALLED FOR AN OPEN CARRIAGE AND DROVE THE NEWCOMERS AROUND THE TOWN.



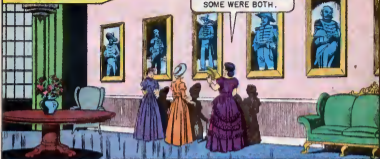
WE HAVE A FEW HOURS TO KILL BEFORE DINNER. I THINK WE COULD FILL OUT THE TIME BY MAKING A CALL ON THE PRESIDENT.



*THEY WERE RECEIVED CORDIALLY BY THE PRESIDENT AND MME. ALVAREZ.*



MME. ALVAREZ CONDUCTED THE TWO YOUNG WOMEN THROUGH THE STATE DRAWING ROOMS.



THESE ARE VICTORIOUS GENERALS AND ASSASSINATED PRESIDENTS. SOME WERE BOTH.

LATER, ON THE TERRACE, THE PRESIDENT CALLED TO A YOUNG MAN WHO WAS ADJUSTING AN ENGLISH SADDLE.



THIS IS CAPTAIN STUART OF MY HOUSEHOLD TROOPS, LATE OF THE GOROON HIGHLANDERS\*.



\*An English fighting unit.

CAPTAIN STUART TAKES CARE OF MY LIFE AND THE SAFETY OF MY HOME AND FAMILY. I TRUST HIM AS I TRUST NO OTHER MAN IN THE WORLD.



AS THEY DROVE HOME AFTER DINNER, THE CONVERSATION CENTERED ON THE ENGLISH-BORN CAPTAIN.

THAT CAPTAIN STUART—I LIKE HIM VERY MUCH.

BUT WHY IS HE DOWN HERE?



HE'S A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, MUCH LIKE HIS FRIEND, CLAY. THEY ARE BOTH NOT, UNLIKE THE KNIGHTS OF OLD, WHO RODE FORTH SEEKING ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE.



THAT NIGHT, HOPE CAME TO THE DOOR OF HER SISTER'S ROOM.

I THINK THE MEN ARE WONDERFUL. THAT FUNNY MISTER MACWILLIAMS, AND CAPTAIN STUART—ALL HE SEEMS TO TALK ABOUT IS CLAY. HE SIMPLY WORSHIPS HIM.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MISTER CLAY?

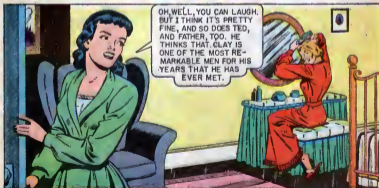


OH, HE IS A FINE MAN. CAPTAIN STUART TOLD ME CLAY HAS BEEN IN FIVE REAL WARS AND ABOUT A DOZEN LITTLE ONES, AND HE'S BUILT THOUSANDS OF MILES OF RAILROADS—AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR MADE HIM A BARON!

REALLY? ISN'T HE AFRAID SOMEONE WILL MARRY HIM FOR HIS TITLE?



OH, WELL, YOU CAN LAUGH, BUT I THINK IT'S PRETTY FINE, AND SO DOES TED, AND FATHER, TOO. HE THINKS THAT CLAY IS ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE MEN FOR HIS YEARS THAT HE HAS EVER MET.



**T**HE FOLLOWING NIGHT, AS CLAY WAS DRESSING FOR A PRESIDENTIAL BALL GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE LANGHAMS

THIS IS THE ONE YOU GOT FROM THE GERMAN EMPEROR, IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY

BELIEVE ME, OLD MAN, I WEAR THESE ONLY BECAUSE IT'S THE CUSTOM DOWN HERE. IT'S CONSIDERED AN HONOR TO YOUR HOST.



OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. PUT 'EM ON, PUT 'EM ALL ON. GIVE THE GIRLS A TREAT. NOW YOU LOOK LIKE A DRUM MAJOR.

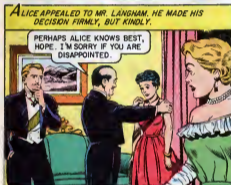
I DO NOT. I LOOK LIKE A FRENCH AMBASSADOR, AND I HARDLY UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FIND THE COURAGE TO SPEAK TO ME.

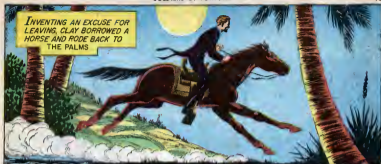


**C**LAY WENT UP THE HILL TO JOIN MISTER LANGHAM, KING AND ALICE. AS THEY WERE ABOUT TO LEAVE, HOPE APPEARED, RADIANT AND SMILING.

WHY, HOPE. WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?







WELL, IF YOU MUST SATISFY YOUR CURIOSITY, I GOT THAT MEDAL AND THAT STAR FOR SERVING IN THE NILE CAMPAIGN. THEN I WENT UP THE COAST TO ALGIERS, WHERE I TOOK SERVICE WITH THE FOREIGN LEGION.



A  
LEGIONNAIRE?

I CONTAMINATED THE LEGION FOR EIGHT MONTHS, AND THEN I WENT TO PERU, WHERE I...



OH, YOU'RE SKIPPING. HOW ABOUT THAT ONE?

THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR GAVE ME THIS. HE GIVES THEM AWAY INSTEAD OF CIGARS. HE WAS OUT OF CIGARS THE DAY I WAS THERE.



NOW YOU'RE JOKING. BUT, MISTER CLAY, DON'T YOU HAVE A PLACE YOU CAN CALL YOUR HOME?

THERE WAS A RANCH IN COLORADO THAT I USED TO CALL HOME. WHENEVER I'M IN THE STATES, I VISIT THE CEMETERY OUTSIDE THE TOWN. MY MOTHER IS BURIED THERE.



AND YOUR FATHER? IS HE THERE, TOO?

MY FATHER WAS AN ADVENTURER WHO WENT OUT TO FREE CUBA. HE WAS SHOT AGAINST A STONE WALL. WE NEVER KNEW WHERE HE WAS BURIED.







FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY YEARS, THE TEARS CAME INTO CLAY'S EYES, AND HE SAT SILENT BEFORE THE SIMPLE TOUCH OF A YOUNG GIRL'S DEEP SYMPATHY.



AN HOUR LATER, BACK IN THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE, CLAY SAW ALICE AND HER FATHER WAITING FOR THEIR CARRIAGE.



THEN HE HEARD STUART CALL TO HIM.

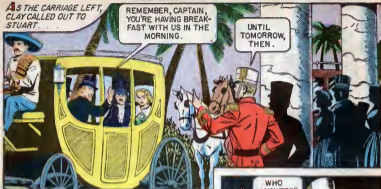
I'M IN GREAT TROUBLE, OLD MAN. I MUST SEE YOU ALONE TONIGHT. GO ON IN THE CARRIAGE, BUT GET OUT AS YOU PASS THE PLAZA BOLIVAR, AND WAIT FOR ME BY THE STATUE.



AS THE CARRIAGE LEFT,  
CLAY CALLED OUT TO  
STUART.

REMEMBER, CAPTAIN,  
YOU'RE HAVING BREAK-  
FAST WITH US IN THE  
MORNING.

UNTIL  
TOMORROW,  
THEN.



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WHO  
LIVES?

ALVAREZ.



WHO  
ANSWERS?

FREE  
MEN.



AS THE TROOPER RODE AWAY,

WHAT DOES THAT  
MEAN? DID HE TAKE  
US FOR HIGHWAYMEN?

IT IS THE CUSTOM...  
WE ARE OUT RATHER  
LATE, YOU SEE.



IF I REMEMBER  
RIGHTLY, CLAY,  
THEY GAVE A BALL  
ON THE EVE OF  
WATERLOO.

I BELIEVE  
THEY DID.

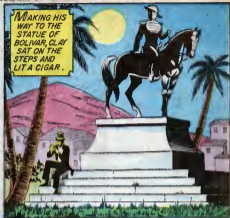


GLAY THEN STOPPED THE CARRIAGE.

I HAVE TO LEAVE YOU. DRIVE ON QUICKLY, PLEASE. I CAN EXPLAIN BETTER IN THE MORNING.



MAKING HIS WAY TO THE STATUE OF BOLIVAR, GLAY SAT ON THE STEPS AND LIT A CIGAR.



PUT OUT THAT LIGHT. I SAW IT HALF A MILE AWAY.



NOW, THEN, STUART, WHAT'S UP? IT'S NEARLY DAWN AND WE MUST HURRY.



THEY'VE BEEN PUTTING THESE STICKERS UP ALL OVER TOWN. THEY ATTACK MADAME ALVAREZ AND MYSELF, AS WELL AS LANGHAM AND THE MINES.

MENDOZA IS BEHIND THIS.



I WISH I COULD PROVE IT. BUT EVEN IF I COULD, WE ARE NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO FIGHT HIM. HIS TROOPS ARE NOW POURING INTO THE CITY FOR THE ANNUAL REVIEW.



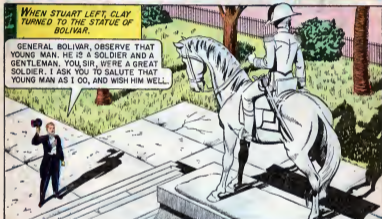
YOU CAN COUNT ON MY HELP. DON'T FORGET MY FIFTEEN HUNDRED MEN AT THE MINES. THEY'LL FIGHT FOR ME RIGHT-DOWN TO THE LAST MAN.

GOOD! I'LL CALL ON YOU IF I NEED THEM.



WHEN STUART LEFT, CLAY TURNED TO THE STATUE OF BOLIVAR.

GENERAL BOLIVAR, OBSERVE THAT YOUNG MAN. HE IS A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN. YOU, SIR, WERE A GREAT SOLDIER. I ASK YOU TO SALUTE THAT YOUNG MAN AS I GO, AND WISH HIM WELL.



AFTER THREE HOURS OF SLEEP, CLAY, WITH TED LANGHAM AND MACWILLIAMS, WENT GALLOPING OFF TO THE CITY.



AT THE MAIN RESTAURANT, CLAY SENT FOR STUART.





ALVAREZ REFUSES TO BELIEVE THERE IS DANGER OF A REVOLUTION—UNLESS IT'S THE ONE HE HIMSELF PLANS IN HIS ROLE AS DICTATOR.

WHAT NONSENSE! CAN'T HE SEE THAT THE ARMY IS WITH MENDOZA?

NO. THE VICE PRESIDENT, ROJAS, AND I WERE WITH HIM ALL MORNING. ROJAS IS WONDERFUL, CLAY. HE IS HONEST AND THE PEOPLE KNOW IT. IF THEY HAD ROJAS AS CHIEF, INSTEAD OF ALVAREZ, THINGS WOULD BE MUCH BETTER AROUND HERE.

ALVAREZ SHOWS PLUCK IN GOING TO THE ANNUAL REVIEW TOMORROW. ROJAS THINKS HE CAN HOLD HALF OF THE MEN, AND I HAVE MY FIFTY, BUT YOU CAN'T TELL WHAT ANY OF THEM WILL DO FOR A DRINK OR A DOLLAR.



I TELL YOU, CLAY, THEY'RE NOTHING BUT BANDITS IN UNIFORM, AND THEY'LL KILL FOR THE MAN WHO PAYS BEST.

THEN WHY DOESN'T ALVAREZ PAY THEM?

HE'S TRANSFERRED EVERY CENT HE HAS INTO DRAFTS ON A FOREIGN BANK—FIVE MILLION DOLLARS WORTH. AND HIS WIFE'S JEWELS ARE PACKED, READY FOR FLIGHT.

THEN HE GOES EXPECT TROUBLE.



AS THEY SPOKE, A MAN ENTERED THE RESTAURANT.



GLAY ROSE AND STRODE ACROSS THE ROOM, KEEPING HIMSELF BETWEEN THE STRANGER AND THE DOOR.

COME OVER HERE, BOYS. I WANT YOU TO MEET CAPTAIN BURKE, A MAN WHO ARRANGES REVOLUTIONS FOR A LIVING. HE SELLS FIREARMS, YOU SEE. WHENEVER THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING, YOU'LL FIND BURKE.



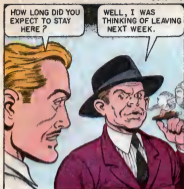
THE CAPTAIN IS HERE NOW, NO DOUBT, BRINGING SUPPLIES TO MENDOZA. HE IS GOING TO TELL US ALL HE KNOWS ABOUT THE PRESENT CRISIS.



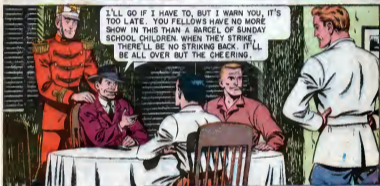
WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?

TRYING TO GET ORDERS FOR SMOKELESS POWDER, BUT THEY WON'T TOUCH IT DOWN HERE. IT DOESN'T APPEAL TO THEM.

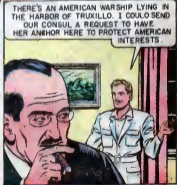




WELL, I WAS THINKING OF LEAVING NEXT WEEK.



**L**AVING MR WILLIAMS AND STUART TO LOOK AFTER THE PRISONER, CLAY AND TED RETURNED TO THE PALMS TO REPORT TO MISTER LANGHAM.



I THINK I'D RATHER NOT ASK FOR HELP UNTIL WE NEED IT.

WE'LL TRY TO GET ALONG WITHOUT HER THEN. BUT FOR THE PRESENT, YOU MUST LET ME HAVE AN ENTIRELY FREE HAND. WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT THEM NOW.



MY DOCTOR SENT ME DOWN HERE FROM A QUIET, HAPPY HOME TO FIND REST AND GET AWAY FROM EXCITEMENT. HERE I AM, WITH A CIVIL WAR LIKELY TO BREAK OUT, ENTIRELY ON MY ACCOUNT.



THE REST OF THE DAY PASSED UNEVENTFULLY FOR CLAY. AFTER DINNER, HE AND HOPE WENT OUT ONTO THE PORCH.



WHY DID YOU GO TO THE PLAZA BOLIVAR THIS MORNING AT DAY-BREAK? NO ONE WOULD TELL ME.



YOUR FATHER DOESN'T WISH YOU TO KNOW ANYTHING. BUT SINCE YOU ALREADY KNOW, I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THAT MENOZZA HAS STARTED HIS REVOLUTION.



WHY DON'T YOU STOP HIM?





MY INTERESTS LIE WITH THE MINES. I CANNOT DO ANYTHING UNTIL HE INTERFERES WITH ME OR THE MEN AT THE MINES. ALVAREZ IS THE MAN WHO SHOULD STOP HIM, BUT HE'S AFRAID HE LETS HIS WIFE FIGHT FOR HIM.



DO YOU THINK SHE IS IN DANGER?

WELL, BEING FOREIGN-BORN, SHE IS VERY UNPOPULAR. IT WOULD BE BEST IF SHE WENT AS QUIETLY AS POSSIBLE, WHEN SHE DOES GO.



**M**AG WILLIAMS AND STUART SOON CAME GALLOPING UP TO THE HOUSE.



COME. WE'VE GOT A WHOLE NIGHTS WORK CUT OUT FOR YOU. I'LL TELL YOU THE WORST OF IT FIRST.



MENDOZA HAS SENT WORD TO ALVAREZ THAT HE WANTS THE MEN AT THE MINES TO BE PRESENT AT THE REVIEW TOMORROW. HE WROTE A MOST INSOLENT LETTER.





HE ALSO SAID THAT IF YOU DID NOT LET THEM COME, HE WOULD GO OUT AND FETCH THEM HIMSELF.



INDEED! I SUPPOSE THIS GIVES ME GOOD REASON FOR GETTING INTO THIS REVOLUTION.

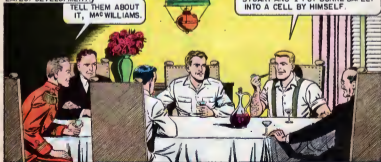


MISTER LANGHAM, IF I ONLY HAD SOME RIFLES FOR THE MEN, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO SAVE YOUR MINES TOMORROW.



THAT'S THE SECOND THING WE HAVE TO TELL YOU. MAC WILLIAMS HAS FOUND OUT WHERE BURKE HID HIS SHIPMENT OF ARMS.

MR. LANGHAM ORDERED HOPE TO JOIN HER SISTER UPSTAIRS. THEN THE MEN WENT INSIDE TO DISCUSS THIS LATEST DEVELOPMENT.



TELL THEM ABOUT IT, MAC WILLIAMS.

WELL, IT HAPPENED LIKE THIS. STUART AND I PUT BURKE SAFELY INTO A CELL BY HIMSELF.

**W**E ATE IN A CAFE ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE JAIL. AS I WAS LEAVING, I SAW ONE OF THE GUARDS COME OUT OF THE JAIL DOOR AND PEER UP AND DOWN THE STREET.



**I** STEPPED BACK INTO THE CAFE AND WATCHED HIM. HE WAS STANDING DIRECTLY UNDER THE WINDOW OF BURKE'S CELL.



**I** TOOK OUT MY GUN AND WALKED TO THE ODDR, JUST AS A BIT OF PAPER CAME FLUTTERING OUT OF BURKE'S WINDOW.



**A**S THE GUARD STAMPED HIS FOOT ON IT, I RUSHED OUT AND DEMANDED SURRENDER OF THE PAPER.



**T**HE FELLOW WAS GAME, THOUGH. HE PICKED UP THE PAPER AND STARTED TO CHEW IT.



I HIT HIM ON THE CHIN WITH MY LEFT FIST, DROPPED ON HIM WITH BOTH KNEES, AND CHOKED HIM TILL I MADE HIM SPIT OUT THE PAPER.



WE PUT HIM IN ONE OF THE CELLS. STUART HAS THE PAPER. HE'LL TELL YOU THE REST.



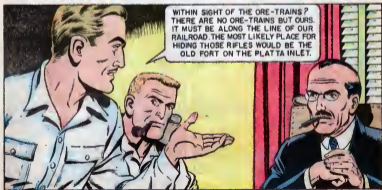
IT'S WRITTEN IN SPANISH AND IS NOT ADDRESSED TO ANYONE, BUT WAS EVIDENTLY MEANT FOR MENDOZA. IT SAYS, "I CANNOT KEEP THE APPOINTMENT, AS I HAVE BEEN ARRESTED. WE GOT ALL THE STUFF STORED AWAY BY MORNING"



"I POSTED THREE GUARDS, FOR I THINK MORE THAN THAT NUMBER MIGHT ATTRACT ATTENTION AND THEY MIGHT BE SEEN FROM THE ORE-TRAINS."



WITHIN SIGHT OF THE ORE-TRAINS? THERE ARE NO ORE-TRAINS BUT OURS. IT MUST BE ALONG THE LINE OF OUR RAILROAD. THE MOST LIKELY PLACE FOR HIDING THOSE RIFLES WOULD BE THE OLD FORT ON THE PLATTA INLET.





I'LL WIRE KIRKLAND AT THE OTHER END OF THE RAILROAD AND INSTRUCT HIM TO RUN AN ENGINE AND FREIGHT CARS TO A POINT A QUARTER OF A MILE NORTH OF THE FORT.

HAVE THE MEN GET A LOCOMOTIVE AND A PASSENGER CAR, AND WE'LL MAKE A RUN FROM THIS END.



**G**LAY DICTATED A WIRE TO KIRKLAND.

— AND BRING WITH YOU AS MANY OF THE AMERICAN WORKMEN AS YOU CAN TRUST TO KEEP SILENT.



**A**T TEN O'CLOCK, MACWILLIAMS RAN A LOCOMOTIVE WITH A SINGLE PASSENGER CAR TO A POINT WHERE TEN OF KING'S CREW WERE WAITING.



**H**ALF A MILE BELOW THE FORT, THE MEN PILED OUT.



**G**LAY LED THEM CLOSE TO THE OLD FORT AND MOTIONED THEM TO SIT DOWN.

YOU SEE WHAT'S GOING UP AHEAD. GET BACK HERE AS SOON AS YOU CAN.

AREN'T YOU GOING TO MAKE SURE FIRST THAT KIRKLAND IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FORT?



I'M SURE KIRKLAND IS THERE ALREADY. HE HAD A SHORTER RUN THAN OURS. I CAN COUNT ON HIM.



**M**ac WILLIAMS RETURNED IN TWENTY MINUTES.

THE GUNS ARE THERE, ALL RIGHT, AND THERE ARE ONLY THREE SENTRY'S GUARDING THEM. IT'S TOO EASY.



**A** FEW MINUTES LATER, THE SENTRY'S WERE CAPTURED AND PLACED UNDER GUARD. THEN THE FIREARMS WERE LOADED ON THE FLAT CARS BROUGHT BY KIRKLAND.



**A**S THE TRAINS PARTED, A RAIN OF BULLETS SPLATTERED THE LOCOMOTIVE.



SOMEONE'S CAUGHT ON. NOW, WATCH US GO!



YOU GOT LEFT, DIDN'T YOU? THANKS FOR THE RIFLES.

**B**ACK AT THE PALMS, HOPE GREETED GLAY WITH A QUIET, HAPPY SMILE.



I KNEW YOU WOULD COME BACK SAFELY.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, CLAY WROTE AN ORDER TO KIRKLAND.



*Kirkland—  
Call them  
together and point out  
to them how much  
better their conditions  
are since they entered  
the mines! Promise  
them an increase in  
wages if they remain  
faithful.*

*Clay*

THEN...

KING, HAVE YOUR YACHT READY TO PUT TO SEA AT ANY MOMENT. YOU, TED, BRING THE THREE BEST HORSES IN THE STABLE.



GET YOUR CLOTHING PACKED, READY TO BE TAKEN ABOARD THE YACHT IF NECESSARY.

DON'T YOU THINK I MIGHT SEE THE REVIEW IF I WENT ON HORSEBACK?



SEE THE REVIEW? I SHOULD SAY NOT! I DON'T EVEN APPROVE OF TED BEING THERE.



OH, THAT'S ALWAYS THE WAY. I MISS EVERYTHING. I THINK I'LL COME, ANYHOW. I'LL GO WITH THE SERVANTS, DISGUISED IN A TURBAN.







**H**E WAS FOLLOWED BY MME. ALVAREZ IN THE STATE CARRIAGE.



**W**HEN THE POPULAR VICE-PRESIDENT, ROJAS, RODE UP, HE WAS WILDLY CHEERED.





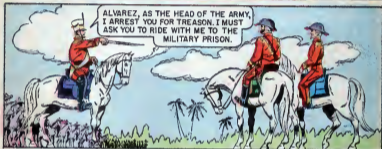
NOW ALL THE CHESSMEN  
ARE ON THE BOARD.  
THE GAME CAN BEGIN.



MENDOZA GALLOPED  
UP TO ALVAREZ  
WITH HIS SWORD IN  
SALUTE.



ALVAREZ, AS THE HEAD OF THE ARMY,  
I ARREST YOU FOR TREASON. I MUST  
ASK YOU TO RIDE WITH ME TO THE  
MILITARY PRISON.



THE RANKS OPENED AND TWO MEN  
CAUGHT AT THE REINS OF  
ALVAREZ' AND ROJAS' HORSES.



STUART, AT THE STATE CARRIAGE, SEIZED THE NEAREST HORSE BY THE REINS.



TO THE PALACE! SHOOT ANYONE WHO TRIES TO STOP YOU!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...



CLAY HAS GONE TO BRING YOUR TRAVELING CARRIAGE TO THE REAR DOOR. WE WILL SEE YOU SAFELY TO THE COAST.



HURRY! IF MENDOZA GETS HERE BEFORE MADAME ALVAREZ LEAVES, IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

AS STUART RAN UP THE MAIN STAIRWAY, HIS MEN HALTED AND STOOD HUDDLED TOGETHER IN CONFUSION





**A** VOLLEY FROM THE MEN BELOW RANG OUT AND STUART DROPPED BACK INTO THE ARMS OF HIS FRIEND.





**T**HOUGH SHAKEN WITH GRIEF, CLAY PUT STUART'S BODY ON A COUCH AND RAN TO THE AID OF THE WOMEN.

STUART'S MEN HAVE KILLED HIM. THEY ARE SUPPORTING MENDOZA. COME, WE WILL HAVE TO RUN FOR OUR LIVES.



**T**HEY REACHED THE WAITING CARRIAGE SAFELY AND BEGAN A LONG RACE TO THE SEA.



THEY KILLED STUART BEFORE HE REALLY UNDERSTOOD WHAT THEY MEANT TO DO. I WONDER IF HE KNOWS THAT HE DIED IN MY ARMS.

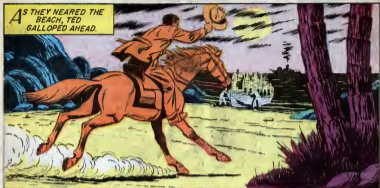


HIS WAS THE GENTLEST SOUL I EVER KNEW.

THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO SAY. WE WILL LET THAT BE HIS EPITAPH.



**A**S THEY NEARED THE BEACH, TED GALLOPED AHEAD.



THE YACHT'S HERE AND THE LONG-BOAT'S WAITING. COME ON, WE'VE BEATEN THEM AFTER ALL!

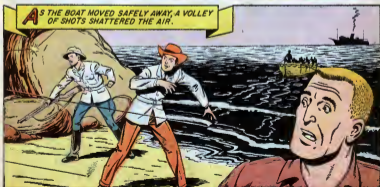


THE MEN HELPED MADAME ALVAREZ TO THE BOAT.



WE'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE, HOPE.

**A**S THE BOAT MOVED SAFELY AWAY, A VOLLEY OF SHOTS SHATTERED THE AIR.



SEEKING COVER BEHIND A ROCK, THE MEN FIRED BACK.

WE CAN'T STAY HERE. WE MUST GET BACK TO HOPE.

HOPE'S ALL RIGHT I HAVEN'T SEEN A SHOT WITHIN A HUNDRED YARDS OF HER YET.



BUT WE'RE JUST SITTING TARGETS HERE. COME, WE'LL MAKE A BREAK FOR THE CARRIAGE.



AS HE SPOKE, THEY SAW THE CARRIAGE PLUNGING TOWARD THEM AT TOP SPEED.

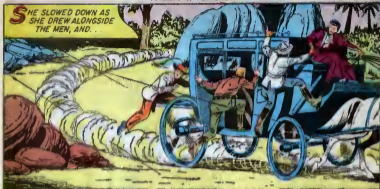
HURRAH! IT'S OUR DRIVER COMING FOR US.



THAT'S NOT OUR DRIVER. GOOD GOD! IT'S HOPE! GO BACK, HOPE! GO BACK!







A FEW MINUTES LATER, HE RAISED HER TO THE BOX BESIDE HIM.



IT WAS LATE AT NIGHT BEFORE THEY COULD GET BACK TO THE PALMS.

THE REVOLUTION IS OVER AND MENDOZA HAS PROCLAIMED HIMSELF DICTATOR. ALVAREZ HAS BEEN SHOT. THEY DON'T DARE SHOOT ROJAS, THOUGH, BECAUSE HE'S TOO POPULAR.

WITH ALVAREZ DEAD, THAT MEANS ROJAS IS NOW LEGALLY THE PRESIDENT.



WHAT DOES IT MATTER? I'VE DECIDED TO LEAVE THE MINES AND GO BACK TO AMERICA. YOU MADE A GOOD STANG, BUT THEY MADE A BETTER ONE. THE REVOLUTION IS AT AN END.

SIR, THE MEN LOYAL TO ROJAS WILL JOIN MY MEN FROM THE MINES. THE REVOLUTION IS NOT AT AN END IT HAS JUST BEGUN.



IT WAS A LITTLE AFTER SEVEN THE FOLLOWING MORNING WHEN THE COMBINED TROOPS, LED BY CLAY, ENTERED THE TOWN.



\* Long Live

THE AMERICAN CONSUL STOPPED CLAY.

MENDOZA HAS THE PALACE COMPLETELY BARRICADED AND HE HAS A CANNON COVERING THE STREET. HE'S PROBABLY WAITING FOR YOU TO GET CLOSER BEFORE HE HAS HIS MEN FIRE.



CLAY CHOSE HIS BEST RIFLEMEN.

THE THEATRE NATIONAL FACES THE PALACE FROM THE OPPOSITE CORNER OF THIS STREET. MAKE YOUR WAY TO THE ROOF AND PICK OFF THE MEN AT THE CANNON.



WHEN YOU HAVE DRIVEN THEM OFF, WE'LL CHARGE THE GATES AND HAVE IT OUT WITH THEM ON THE PALACE GROUNDS. ROJAS' MEN WILL ATTACK FROM THE REAR.



THE PICKED DETACHMENT PROCEEDED TO THE THEATRE THROUGH A SHOWER OF BULLETS FROM THE PALACE.



FROM THE ROOF, THE MEN TRAINED THEIR RIFLES ON THE PALACE AND SILENCED THE CANNON.



ONE OF CLAY'S MEN THEN FASTENED A DYNAMITE CHARGE TO THE PALACE GATE POSTS AND LIT THE FUSE.



THE SOLDIERS SCATTERED BEFORE HIM AS HE CAME LEAPING BACK.





**S**UDDENLY, MENDOZA APPEARED FROM BEHIND SOME ROCKS.



**M**ENDOZA POINTED HIS REVOLVER. THEN A SHOT RANG OUT FROM BEHIND CLAY.

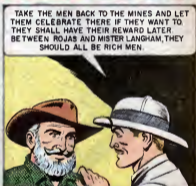
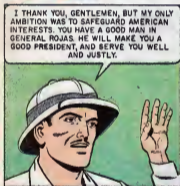


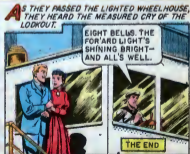
IF HE WAS SHOT WHERE HIS SASH CROSSES HIS HEART, I KNOW THE MAN WHO DID IT.



**T**HE DEATH OF MENDOZA LEFT HIS FOLLOWERS WITHOUT A LEADER AND WITHOUT A CAUSE. THEY THREW DOWN THEIR MUSKETS AND SURRENDERED.







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.

## RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

**R**ICHARD HARDING DAVIS, the most famous reporter of his generation, was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on April 18, 1864. He was plunged into a literary atmosphere from birth, since his father was the editor of a Philadelphia newspaper and his mother was one of the leading women novelists of the day.

Davis was twenty-two years old when he decided he would follow the parental pattern and live by the word. He began by working for various Philadelphia newspapers and, in 1889, had his first big story when he reported the Johnstown, Pennsylvania, flood disaster.

As time passed, Davis left the Pennsylvania area and found richer material around the country and around the world. After making an extensive tour of the western United States, he published, in 1892, *The West from a Car Window*. He spent several months of the following year on a tour of the Mediterranean and later published *The Rulers of the Mediterranean*. Other areas covered during these early years were England, France and the Canal Zone. It was during the time spent in Central and South America that Davis found material about native conditions and American influences that appears in *Soldiers of Fortune* and other of his works.

As a reporter, Davis was like the heroes of *Soldiers of Fortune*, in that he sought adventure and excitement at any cost. Within the span of a year he reported the coronation of the Czar of Russia and Queen Victoria's Jubilee in London. During his lifetime, he covered several famous wars, including the Spanish-American War, the Greco-Turkish War, the Boer War in South

Africa, the Spanish War in Cuba, the Russo-Japanese War and World War I.

His wartime observations were published in seven volumes. These were *Cuba in War Time*, *A Year from a Reporter's Notebook*, *The Cuban and Puerto Rican Campaign*, *With Both Armies in South Africa*, *Notes of a War Correspondent*, *With the Allies*, and *With the French in France and Salonica*.

Davis was an excellent reporter, because he knew a good story when he had one. But he also had a tendency to accentuate the

sensational, the startling and the dramatic. This was a feature of his journalistic writing, and of his fiction, as well.

When Davis entered the field of popular fiction, he was still being, basically, a reporter. His stories and novels were very exciting and very readable, but they did not go beyond the surface of human problems.

From 1890 on, Davis wrote and published nearly eighty short stories. He also produced seven novels,

most of which were the best sellers of their period. They had the excitement, the all-good heroes, the all-bad villains and the happy ending type of melodrama that was popular in those days. The most popular of the novels was *Soldiers of Fortune*. Other novels were *The King's Jackal*, *Captain Macklin*, *The Bar Sinister*, *Vera the Medium*, and *The White Mice*.

Davis also wrote more than twenty-five plays, most of which were highly successful. Here, too, he was primarily a popular journalist, writing vividly and well, but with an eye to what his public wanted.

Davis died suddenly at his home at Mount Kisco, New York, on April 11, 1916.





## LAWRENCE OF ARABIA



**W**HEN THOMAS EDWARD LAWRENCE was just a boy, he broke his ankle at school one day. Undismayed, he hopped onto his bicycle and pedaled home with his one good foot.

This incident reflects the coolness and the quiet courage of the boy who grew up to be the most famous, the most successful and the most honored soldier of fortune of the twentieth century.

T. E. Lawrence, also known as Lawrence of Arabia, was born in Wales, England, on August 15, 1888. He received his advanced education at Oxford University. There he became interested in archeology, the study of the remains of ancient civilizations. He spent much time studying, working and vacationing in the Middle East. Thus he acquired a knowledge of the history, geography, language and aspirations of the Arab world.

When World War I began in 1914, Lawrence volunteered for active duty, but he was rejected because he was below average in height. Instead, he was given a position as a staff captain in the geographical section of the British War Office in Egypt.

In 1916, the British Army granted Lawrence permission to go to Arabia. At that time, Arabia was under Turkish control. Turkey was an ally of Germany and therefore an enemy of England. While the Turks were busy fighting the British, the Arabs were busy fighting the Turks. It was Lawrence's aim to aid the Arab revolt and thereby weaken the Turks.

Lawrence's problem was not an easy one. The tribes of Arabia were widely scattered, ill-equipped, suspicious of outsiders and generally more used to slaughtering each other than a common enemy. Yet, Lawrence was able to win their confidence and lead them to victory.

Being greatly outnumbered, Lawrence's strategy consisted mainly of guerrilla tactics.

His major target was Turkish supplies, and his men destroyed them with lightning thrusts. During this campaign, Lawrence assumed the Arab costume, language and manners to such an extent that once, when he was captured by the Turks, he was able to convince them that he was just another Arab.

With Lawrence's aid, the Arabs won the revolt and England and her allies won the war. Lawrence received a promotion and assorted decorations.

After the war, Lawrence served with the Arab delegation to the Peace Conference. Then, hurt and embittered by what he considered the unfair treatment given the Arabs by the British at the conference, Lawrence left the army, returned his decorations, refused an offer of knighthood and other wealth and honors and went off to write an account of his campaign with the Arabs.

When the first draft of the book, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, was completed, Lawrence lost the manuscript. Undaunted, he began again, this time without the benefit of the notes taken during the fighting, which he destroyed as he finished the original draft. The book was finally published in 1926. The following year, a shorter version called *Revolt in the Desert* was printed.

Although he was busy writing, Lawrence went back to serve the British Government. For one year, he held the post of political adviser on Middle Eastern affairs. Then, in an effort to escape publicity, and the attentions of an overly-worshipful public, Lawrence changed his name to Ross and enlisted in the Royal Air Force. When his identity was discovered, he changed his name to Shaw and joined the Royal Tank Corps. Eventually, still using the name of Shaw, he rejoined the RAF.

He was discharged in March, 1935. On May 13 of that year, he was thrown off his motorcycle while trying to avoid a collision. He died of his injuries on May 19.

When Lawrence died, England mourned. Memorials were erected to him, and he was hailed and eulogized.

Said King George V, "His name will live in history."

## Stories of Early America

# THE SINKING OF THE MAINE

**T**HE harbor at Havana, Cuba, was hot, humid and very still on the night of February 15, 1898. The American battleship *Maine* lay quietly at the buoy to which she had been moored when she arrived in Havana three weeks earlier.

According to a report later published by the Lieutenant-Commander of the *Maine*, Richard Wainwright, things were peaceful aboard the ship. "The usual routine," he wrote, "had been carried out during the day, and at eight o'clock in the evening the chief engineer reported his department and the various petty officers reported their storerooms secure.

"At half-past nine, I finished writing some letters in my office and passed across to the captain's office for some mucilage, as my stamps would not stick on the envelopes. While I was standing in the office... I felt a very heavy shock, and heard the noise made by objects falling on deck. I was so much shaken up that it took an appreciable time to find the handle of the door, the door having been closed by the shock, and pull it open..."

When Wainwright finally reached the deck, he saw a scene of chilling horror. The *Maine* had been torn open by an explosion and had caught on fire. It was sinking rapidly. From the ship and the surrounding waters, the cries of the wounded and the drowning filled the air.

At the time of the explosion, there were 328 enlisted men and twenty-two officers aboard the *Maine*. The explosion hit the part of the ship in which the men were sleeping. Some 250 of the crew, and two officers, were killed immediately. Eight other men died afterward in a hospital. Only sixteen crewmen escaped injury in the blast.

The *Maine* had originally been sent to Havana to protect American interests in Cuba. Cuba was, at that time, a colony belonging to Spain. Americans, however, during the nineteenth century, had become more in-

terested in the island, and many had invested fortunes in the sugar cane industry there. Furthermore, the whole thread of American thought at that time opposed the situation whereby an Old World country, Spain, owned territory in the New World.

Reports of the Spaniards' cruel treatment of the Cubans came to the attention of the American public. This angered it even more, and the situation grew tense. A number of ace American newspaper correspondents, including Richard Harding Davis, were sent to Havana to cover the story.

Then came the sinking of the *Maine*. Its captain, Charles D. Sigsbee, immediately wired Washington, "Public opinion should be suspended until further report."

But public opinion in America was not suspended. The taut, heated situation was further inflamed by the newspapers. Publisher Joseph Pulitzer later admitted that he "rather liked the idea of war — not a big one — but one that would arouse interest and give... a chance to gauge the reflex in... circulation figures."

His competitor, William Randolph Hearst, held a similar sentiment. There is a story about Hearst which says that he immediately sent an artist to Cuba to draw pictures of the war. The artist cabled back that there was no war. Hearst wired back, "You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war."

As the public seethed, an American board of inquiry examined the wreckage of the *Maine* and reported that the explosion was caused by an exterior mine, and was not the result of negligence aboard the ship itself. The board did not place the blame for the mine. It might have been the work of Cuban terrorists who wanted to see the United States and Spain go to war with each other.

The American public, however, did not hesitate in placing the blame. On April 21, 1898, the Spanish-American War began.





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