

**CLASSICS**  
*Illustrated*

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15c

FEATURING STORIES BY THE  
WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS

**MASTER  
OF THE  
WORLD**

JULES VERNE



# Who Am I?

I am a famous literary character. Can you guess my name from the clues below? Rate your familiarity with me as follows. If you can identify me from **CLUE 1**, 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 in which I appear.

**CLUE I:** I was the only daughter of an Italian nobleman who was engaged in a terrible feud with another noble.

**CLUE II:** One night at a large ball, I met the son of my father's enemy. From the moment I saw him, I loved him. He came to me that night and told me that he loved me too.

**CLUE III:** The next day, we were married in secret by a sympathetic friar. Then, to defend his honor, my husband was forced to kill my cousin. For this,

he was banished from the city. Frantically, I sought a way to join him.

**CLUE IV:** My father, who did not know of my secret marriage to his enemy's son, insisted that I marry another man. The wedding was two days away.

**CLUE V:** Desperate, I went to the friar, who gave me strange advice. The exciting climax of my story can be found in the play by William Shakespeare which bears my husband's name and mine.

LEVIN

## COMING NEXT

In the fifteenth century, hard-fought Cossacks banded together in southern Russia. One Cossack chief, Tereh Bulba, took his sons out to fight as soon as they had finished school. His younger son fell in love with an enemy girl and, to defend her people, rode out against Tereh Bulba in battle. The two faced each other, patriot father and traitor son. Slowly the father aimed his gun. Would Tereh Bulba shoot his own son?

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**THE COSSACK CHIEF**  
By Nikolai Gogol

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of the  
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# Master of the World

JULES VERNE



I am John Brock. If I speak of myself in this story, it is because I have been deeply involved in its startling events, events among the most extraordinary this century will witness. As being inspector in the federal police, I was placed in charge of an extraordinary investigation, wherein I found myself working with many extraordinary agencies. . .

*The strange occurrences began in the western part of North Carolina, near a mountain called the Great Lyle.*

Look at the smoke! It's floating over it.

In passing near U.S. four-based runnings holds. Could it be a volcano?



*These men had been traveling near the village of Morganton.*

Could it be that close to the top of the mountain and see what it holds?

The cliffs are too steep.



*The night of April fourth, the good people of Morganton were awakened by a sudden uproar.*

The mountain is falling upon us!



*They called their neighbors, ready for the worst. From every quarter came warning voices.*

Is it an earthquake?

Is it an eruption?



*But the terrified people saw that no flames appeared above the crater, and that their houses had not crumbled beneath the shock.*

Perhaps it was only an earthquake.



**A**s four passed without another incident, they  
 turned around to observe the rocky wall of  
 the Great Circle. This time the panic was  
 unobtainable.



**A**fter that, some of the stronger men were  
 not about to sleep in this kind of light.

It could be a subtle reaction. The flames  
 are dancing, there is no fire, and the  
 flames are being sucked into a void.



**A** few ventured back. Others followed, and  
 some flames were re-occupied before the  
 break of day.



**Y**et once more, about five o'clock, from  
 beneath the edge of the mountain, a strange  
 noise swept across the air, a sort of whirring,  
 accompanied by the beating of mighty wings.  
 Had it been a great ship, perhaps the farmers  
 would have seen the passage of a mighty  
 bird of prey, some member of the class which  
 brings rain from the Great Circle, and sped away  
 toward the east.



On the fourth-fifth of April, in Washington, the head of the Federal police called me to his office.

John Stock, one you still like the man who so many occasions has proved to me both his devotion and his ability?

Well, I cannot promise success or even ability, but as to devotion, I know you, it is yours.



Are you in favor of children as well as sugar to penetrate mysteries?

I am.



Good. Doubtless you know what has happened down in the Blue Ridge Mountains, near Morganton. It is our duty to find out if these phenomena about the Great Egypt are a source of danger to the people there.

We must know, Stock, what is really of that mountain, but the present great difficulties. Everyone reports that it is impossible to solve the program of the Great Egypt.

Nothing is impossible.

Then organize an enormous party. You will be connected to the mayor of Morganton, which will cost you.



*I* looked at Marston, where I went of  
 case to the base of the mountain, Elise took  
 three days later, before the break of day  
 we set out with two guides.

Are there precipices to  
 scale, or cliffs and  
 breaks in the ridge?

I don't know. No one  
 has ever traversed  
 the Great Elys before.  
 It is said to be  
 surrounded by walls of  
 impassible cliffs.



*It's* crowded by a crowd and not very steep  
 people. There's half past eleven, we reached  
 the open border. Starting at once the ridge  
 will which forms the Great peak of the  
 Great Elys.

Upon this side, of course, the precipice is  
 insurmountable. Let us see if it is possible  
 to make our way around the base of this cliff.



*With* great difficulty, we began our climb.  
 Nowhere was there any level in the  
 formation by which we might stagger on.

A thousand devils!  
 We know no better  
 than to see what is  
 made the confounded  
 Great Elys.

There are no suspicious  
 noises now, and neither  
 smoke nor flame the  
 above it.



*Thinking* we had reached plate of the Great  
 Elys, I followed my companions lead.  
 Before long, we descended the last slopes  
 of the mountain. A former welcomed us to  
 a much needed rest.

Then you should  
 get inside?

No. I believe the Indian  
 wants only in the mountains  
 of our country folk.



*The next day, I left by train for Washington. A fortnight after my return, public opinion was attracted from the mystery of the Great Cycle by another mystery equally astounding.*

The newspaper says that an extraordinary vehicle has been seen on the route near Philadelphia, but that no one can describe it, or rightly does it pass.



It starts forward like a ball and it leaves behind no tracks or signs, no sign of any kind.

It must be run by electricity.



*The public imagination readily accepted every sort of rumor about this mysterious automobile.*

It is driven by a god.

It is driven by the devil himself.



Soon, rumor repeated its contents in other cities. Then the following occurrence was reported in the newspapers: A road was being held by the automobile club of Milwaukee.

The road forms an excellent track, about two hundred miles in length.

It ends at the borders of Lake Michigan.





The race started at eight o'clock. The excitement became intense as the motorist approached the starting line.



Suddenly, the motorist saw, there was heard a tremendous noise and something which proceeded from the motor of a flying cloud of steel!



A question passed and disappeared in an instant.

It is that original machine!

It is a devil's car with Satan driving!



The first stupor moment of surprise being passed, many people rushed to telephone to warn those further along the route. The news caused great excitement.

Let us stand on the edge of the corn field.

What next is there? The boots are on the edge of Lake Michigan. The vehicle will be forced to stop there.



**A** rumbling was heard far down the track, and the dust rose in volleys which's harsh whistlings shrieked through the air striking all in great passages to the monster.



**L**ike a shooting star, the vehicle dashed through the wire.

It will plunge into Lake Michigan!



**B**ut when it disappeared at a slight bend in the road, no trace was found of its passage.



*At this time, I was at Washington. Despite my lack of success at the Great Circle, my idea, Mr. West, received no worry.*

Do not open yourself, Brook. We cannot always be successful, even in the police force.



*I am surprised the name of the author has been able to throw any light upon the recent performance of the Detroit Automobile.*



Since the Wisconsin race, there has been no news of it.

The whole matter is extraordinary. Here is something no less so.



*It's based on a report which he had received from Boston. I cannot report by the machine and studied it with extreme attention.*

"A moving body has been appearing in the waters along the coasts of Maine, Connecticut and Massachusetts."



*"It moves with such lightning speed that the best telescopes can hardly follow it."*



*"It's only ordinary optics are held as to the nature of the object."*



*"If chance of capture, this looks like to the central harbor."*



*"One day, a first class States gambler went out to pursue the monster."*



*"A change of opinion has come about."*



## I scored in my reading.

What are you talking about, Black?

The motive power of this so-called test must be tremendous and as unknown as that of the immediate automobile which has so shocked us all.



If the mysterious chauffeur has disappeared, it is even more important to win the secret of this mysterious computer before he, too, plunges into the abyss.

It is a singular coincidence that after the disappearance of the automobile, the test came from here.



The engine of both possess a real dynamo power of locomotion. It is absolutely necessary that the police should intensify to protect the public ways of travel.



It's obvious for some time now we shall accomplish the test. Then...

Have you not observed, Black, that there is a sort of fantastic resemblance between the general appearance of his test and this automobile?

Is it possible that the two are one?



After leaving the store, I returned to my home, where I had plenty of time to consider the strange case. One day, my old servant brought me a letter.

It is from Margherita—no doubt news from the mayor.

I threw out the letter. The handwriting was odd.

Sir,

You were charged with the mission of penetrating the Great Egypt. You brought a basket and you failed now. Do not try again. The second attempt will have great consequences for you. Hand this warning, or evil fortune will overtake you.

M. A. W.

I confess that at first this letter disturbed me.

Oh, sir! Is it bad news?

A joke, without doubt.

I decided that the letter came from a joker or a mischief-maker, but that I need not worry over it. Several days passed quietly. Then

Sir, for some days I have noticed that two men seem to be spying on you in the street. They steal about a hundred papers from the house, and they follow you each time you go up the

street.

I see you have the very spirit for a detective. I must engage you as a member of our force.

Like if you like, sir, that I still have two good eyes. I say someone is spying on you.



*The few following days, there were certainly  
 got me spying on me. But then my old  
 servant kept into my room.*

But Sir! The two spies are there,  
 right in front of our window!



*I went to the police and, riding just on edge  
 of the clock, I saw two men on the pavement!*



Are you sure these  
 are the same men  
 you saw before?

Yes, sir



I will go out. If they  
 accompany me to the  
 police station, I may  
 be able to offer them  
 hospitality there.



*I took my hat, opened the door  
 and stepped into the street!  
 The two men here no longer there!*



*From that I know, as they say, it's certain that I saw them again, and I came through the water as if no experience. Then there came a new event. At a lake in Finland, fishermen captured a strange creature!*

It is a sea monster!

But how could a monster get into our lake? It left connected to any other body of water.



Perhaps someone is experimenting with a submarine.

How could it have come here? The lake is shut in on all sides by a circle of mountains.



*On the twentieth of June, the fishermen started seeing this peculiar creature with something just below the water level.*

It isn't like a rock or about this part of the lake is shallow.



*The creature, with the liver and side body broken, managed to reach the shore.*

It seems evident that a submarine boat does drift about beneath the surface of the lake.



*The creature was reported in the newspapers.*

"After the mysterious submarine came the mysterious boat. How comes the mysterious submarine. Must we conclude that the three engines are due to the genius of the same inventor, and that the three vehicles are in truth but one?"





*The idea was snatched from me! It was, but it was! The automobile was built from it first! On the morning of the twenty-seventh of June, I was summoned into the presence of Mr. West.*

Would you like to discuss the invention of this new ball machine?

I certainly would!



He has disappeared, if it is true, but he may reappear at any moment. I have advised you, West, to follow him the instant he appears. You must hold yourself ready to leave Washington at any moment!



*Returning home, I was prepared for a big blowback, the government published an official notice in every newspaper in the United States, addressed to the inventor:*

He is requested to make himself known and to name the terms upon which he will sell his invention to the United States government.



*Every great paper published within borders with that of the United States. The whole world became an excited fever from which arose the most amazing bids for the wonderful invention. But there was no response. Then a letter was found in the mailbox of the police office:*

*On board the Finest  
To the Old and New Worlds,  
I refuse absolutely and definitely  
the sum offered for my invention.  
It will remain my own, and I shall  
use it as it pleases me. With it, I  
hold control of the world. So I sign  
this letter:*

*Master of the World*

*The letter appeared in headlines in all the newspapers. I studied it carefully. Suddenly...*

It is the same handwriting as in the letter I received from Mephisto!



The man who threatened me is the commander of the Fleet. What connection is there between the placement of the Great Eagle and the performance of the forestry machine?



*I rushed to police headquarters and showed my letter to Sir Sturt.*

There can be only one explanation—the Great Eagle was the nest selected by the inventor to place his material.



But how did he get his material in there? And how did he get his machine out?

Perhaps, Sturt, the machine of this sector of the world also has wings, which permit it to take refuge in the Great Eagle.



*All that day, public excitement caused by the official letter mounted, and obviously needed some outlet. The government issued the following proclamation:*

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT  
**PROCLAMATION**

Since the commander of the *Isaac* has refused to make public his invention, and since the use he makes of his machine constitutes a public menace, the said commander of the *Isaac* is hereby placed beyond the protection of the law. Any measures taken in the effort to capture or destroy either him or his machine will be rewarded.

*Such was the situation I was all night, awaiting an order from Mr. Smith. At last I received a telephone message to come immediately.*

You have it in a nut, Smith. Where for?



Tolado: The machine has been seen in Lake Erie.

In an hour, I will be on my way.



Good! And, Smith, I now give you a firm order - succeed - this time, succeed!



**H**aving our assistants, John Hart and Sam Miller, I left for Toledo. The next morning I was gone, another thing, and we

Are we to stop in Toledo?

No, we must leave at once to reach our destination.



Is it far?

Twenty miles. The place is called Black Hawk Creek.



**H**aving left our bags at a hotel, we started on our drive.

You have taken provisions sufficient for several days.

The region is mostly the wildest in the state. We will not find an inn for our needs or a room in which to sleep.



If we are successful, the matter will not take long. Either the commander of the Terror will be surprised before he has a chance to escape, or he will take to flight, and we must gain up all hope of arresting him.



**A**s we rode along, Walter told me what he knew.

I saw the submarine in the lake ten days ago, while I was fishing on horseback through the woods.



I have only one fear, Kells. The submarine may have left the coast since your departure.

My staff leave in a few hours.



I returned yesterday, and it was in the same spot. I believe that some accident had happened, and the crew came to this lonely spot to repair it. Quite a lot of stuff was taken out of the boat and laid about on the shore.



**I**t was even in the evening when our carriage reached some woods near the shore.

Had we better stop here?

No, we had better leave the carriage deeper in the woods, where it cannot be seen. Then, as soon as it is dark, we will go down to the mouth of the creek.



**L**eaving the horses, we proceeded through the heavy woods until we reached a clearing, where we found—

My gun rest here and here almost.



The horses were unharmed and left to browse. John Hart and Bob Walker spread out a net on the grass. Finally, twilight crept into the valley.

"It's time, fellas."



When we reached the further border of the woods, before we stretched the limits of Black Foot Creek.

"I guess that's it."

"We shall see."



A few minutes sufficed to bring us to the edge of the lake. There was nothing!



Willy and I stood there, completely motionless, while John Hart and Bob Walker went along the limits of the woods seeking any trace that had been left behind. At length they returned to us.

"What did you find?"

"Nothing."



*At that moment, our attention was caught by a sudden splashing of the water, which seemed upward at the feet of the vessel.*

"It is like the wind from a vessel."



Does it come from something on the surface of the lake?

Perhaps it comes from something underneath.



*Silent, motionless, we stretched eyes and ears to pierce the profound obscurity. I began to distinguish a sort of regular throbbing.*

There is a boat coming toward us.



*It's rapidly disappeared a black mass moving through the darkness. In a few minutes, it touched some rocks which formed a sort of landing wharf.*

We must not stay here.

No, they might see us. We must hide in some crevice.



*It's still pretty dark in where the cone was toward the woods above. Wade and I crunched down in our niche in the rocks, my feet scuffing in another*

*If they had, they would see us, but we saw up there.*



*There were some slight noises from the boat. Then a rope was thrown out and seized by one of the men, who had leaped ashore*



*Some moments later, they crashed upon the cone! Two men came up the rope and went inward toward the edge of the woods.*

*What does he do?*

*Not till they return, and then—*



*My words were cut short by surprise. One of the men glanced to the left, and the light of the lantern fell full upon his face.*

*He is one of the two men who watched my descent!*





*I left my hiding place and descended the spine to the quay. The Terror lay there, quiet at the end of its cable. Two men walked to me softly, and I drove back.*

The men are returning.



*They came forward and stopped on the quay. Each carried a bundle of wood.*

Hi! Hi! Captain!

All right.



There are three!

Perhaps four, perhaps five or six.



*One of the men pulled the boat, and it drew close up to the quay.*

One more trip will bring all the bundles of wood on board the Terror.

Good. Then we will start off again at daylight.



Obviously they plan to take aboard the load of their wood, then withdraw to their rooms and go to sleep. That would be the time to surprise them, before they can defend themselves.



The man with the top hat and his companions were alerted the instant the woods were reached. He alerted our men and waited.

Look to your servants. They might well prove of service.



Five minutes passed. Suddenly, a loud noise was heard, the sound of running horses galloping furiously along the shore.

Our horses have broken camp!



At the same moment, the two men reappeared, running with all speed.

They have discovered our assignment!



*They started rapidly down the rocks toward the boat.*

Forward!



*It's impossible along the slope of the rocks to cut off their retreat. They fled off as with their hands, hitting John Kent in the leg.*



*It's dead in turn, but less successfully. The man reached the edge of the great tent, without stopping to unhook the coils, plunged overboard. In a moment, they were clinging to the stern of the "Titan."*



*Their captives, sprawling forward, died. The boat ground back.*



*Not matter how I, asking the cobbler, pulled the black mass of the boot forward alone.*

Can they cut the rope in time to escape us?



*Suddenly, the grappling-iron was firm violently from the rocks, one of its hooks caught in my belt. I was dropped forward.*



*The Tarco, driven by all the power of her wheels, darted out across Sherid Rock Creek.*



*When I came to my senses, a soft light burned the dark glass port-hole of the narrow cabin where someone had placed me. I felt no injury, only a little weakness.*

*Someone must have dropped me from the lake and unrolled me from the cabin.*



*Dropping myself from the boat, I drifted. The boat about my head rose gently, and I floated.*

*We must still be in Lake Erie.*



*There were two men in all— the one who had captured the vessel at Black Duck Creek. I approached the one at the front seat.*

*Where is the cabin?*



*Turning his back upon me, he continued to search the horizon. I stepped toward the stern, but the steerman waved me away with his hand. It only remained for me to study the coast.*

*It is made of a metal I do not recognize.*



*In the center of the oval, a hole covered the space where the engines were working regularly and almost silently.*

*They could be driven by steam or gasoline. So I tried the power in electricity, generated on board.*



*At the low tide there were sandbars forming in the channel. There were neither marks nor ripples. Toward the bow, there arose the top of a piercepost. On the sides, two sets of outboards were fitted back.*

What can they be for?

*My thoughts revolved my mind as I recalled the captain's experience on the boat.*

Can I escape? Do I want to escape without leaving anything of the Sever's secrets?

*From the other side, the boat I had so impudently snatched appeared.*

It is the other of the two men who watched my house. Well, perhaps he will at least have the politeness to answer me.

*I walked to the stern and stopped in front of him.*

Are you the captain? What do you mean to do with me?

*There was no response. Anger almost overtook me. Fortunately, I restrained myself. I went to a seat near the helmsheet of my cabin and patiently watched the boatman.*

Before the day is closed, the Sever must reach the end of Lake Erie, where the only outlet in the Niagara River. But its fate will be impossible, even to such a measure on this

*The hours passed. We were approaching  
Surtsey. At length, the submarines picked  
out the long, low destroyer.*

They are torpedo destroyers. Perhaps  
they were worried by the walls, who  
must have returned safely to Tokyo  
after I was carried off.



*Less than ten miles distant now, they  
approached in such a way as to hold the  
Toros between their fire. Our captain  
permitted them to approach still closer.  
Then he pressed a button. The Toros,  
doubling the action of her propellers,  
leaped across the surface of the lake.*

He is playing  
with them!



*A puff of smoke rose from the destroyer  
on our left. A projectile passed in front  
of the Toros.*



*At this moment, I was pushed suddenly  
into the hatchway of my cabin. I heard  
a single flash of machinery, and the  
submarine disappeared beneath the  
waters of the lake.*



*It's good steadily through the water. Steady has no waves but passes what there seemed some confusion on board. The steady-moving machinery becomes wily and irregular.*

Can there have been a fire engine which will control us in distress?



*I was not mistaken. In a moment, the three men above water. The darkness was reinforced. I saw up the ladder.*

The dark spots are still in view. They are going ahead.



*The opening of the Niagara River appeared ahead.*

It is under three dangerous waters, the man who produces himself Master of the world most noble in nature. Within half an hour, we will be at the fall.



*The two destroyers were but a few cable-lengths away. Yet the captain showed us the best anxiety.*

The destroyers cannot follow us much longer unless they need to plunge with us into the sky.





*Finally, they stopped the pursuit. Several cars in their fleet over the Tower without ability to over-keep track.*



*In another moment, we would plunge into the falls. I spring up, I started to throw myself into the water. One of the men passed me from behind.*



*Suddenly, the Jeep suddenly folded back as the sides of the machine spread out like wings, and at the moment when the Tower reached the very edge of the falls, she rose into space like this machine was of the same late automobile, first, submarine, and finally. It could move through all these elements -- earth, sea and air.*



*Half an hour later, I went into complete unconsciousness around, I believe, by some drug that had been mixed with my last meal. When I awoke, the Terror seemed completely motionless. I attempted to raise the hatchway. It was fastened.*

Am I to be kept here until the Terror begins its travels again?



*In a quarter of an hour, the hatchway was raised from above. With one bound I reached the deck.*

We are resting on the ground...



*The Terror was in the midst of a rapid descent. Above us was a fog as heavy that it obscured the top of the surrounding walls.*

It is quite odd. We must be far in the north or else high above sea level.



*This must be where the master of the world withdrew in the intervals between his journeys. Here is the garage of his automobile, the locker of his coat, the lounge of his writing*



*I raise the three men of the Terror glider and a grille in the rocks. I jumped to the ground and began to examine the machine.*

I saw wheels and turbine screws and wings, but I knew nothing of its engine, or the force that drove it.



*The next question to be solved was the location of the battery.*

Could we not be in the Great Egypt? Does it not enter the Master of the World's spirit in which he might well believe himself safe from all attacks?



*I resolved to explore the hollow. I turned toward the center, where I found fragments of burned planks and bones.*

Clearly, some intricate mechanism was destroyed here by flames. That would account for the phenomena which so troubled the people of Moorosha.



*Steps approached behind me. I turned. The captain stood by my side.*

We are the Master of the World?

Of that world to which I have already proved myself to be the most powerful of men.



You! I, Fisher--Fisher the Conqueror!



*Richard the Conqueror? Some years before, the perfect of this extraordinary machine had been printed in the newspapers. It was the master of a wonderful weapon, the Albatross!*



\*The story of Richard's early adventures is told in Verne's book, *Richard the Conqueror*.

*As to what had happened in the years since the first departure of the Albatross, I could only partly reconstruct. It had not sufficed the inventor to create a flying machine, perfect in that way. He planned to construct a machine that would transport all the elements of our*



*Probably in the workshops of his quarters at H Island, on the north of the South Pacific, workmen had constructed, one by one, the pieces of the Temp.*



*Then the Albatross must have carried these pieces to the Great Cape, where they had been put together.*



*It was not surprising that Fisher's ingenuity had been by little less appreciated to such a degree that he was presumed to involve the entire world.*

He may easily be drawn into the most violent excesses.



*I looked at the observed assembly about me in the Great Spirit.*

Possibly the Albatross was destroyed here, either by accident or design.



*The day wore away. Fisher and his men worked upon the machine, which apparently needed considerable repair. I particularly studied Fisher.*

He seems to be under the dominion of a wilful passion.



*Sometimes, I see him wonder about the gods he had thought. Often, he would stop and raise his arm toward heaven, as if in defiance of God.*

In his overwhelming pride leading him to insanity?



*Robur and his men worked for three days and then began putting their supplies aboard. It took another attempt to get to Robur.*



*Evidently my father's mind was changed by some other thought. Without answering me, without seeming to have understood me, Robur re-entered the grotto.*



*Then the other two men began to dig in the center of the hollow all that remained of their materials, empty cases and powder pans of wood which clearly must have belonged to the Albatross.*



*There was a third, Robur's chief assistant, Tom Turner, set fire to the pile. The whole mood lifted up.*



*Suddenly, I felt myself seized by the arm. Tom Turner drew me towards the door. As soon as I set foot on the deck, I was forced to descend into my cabin.*



*During that night, I was not allowed to watch the movements of the Torrey. Nevertheless, I felt that our ship had started with spirit and I heard the great wings beat with steady regularity.*

In what direction will we turn?



*At length, the first rays of daylight brightened my cabin. I peered upon the deck... of course! I came out upon the deck.*



We are alone on ocean. By the position of the sun, we are going north. Hence it is the Gulf of Mexico which lies beneath us.

*Henry, held steady along to the horizon but Peter continued his flight and in the afternoon, when we sailed down upon the surface of the sea, there was not a sign of land or other.*

The Torrey is a sea bird which can rest at will upon the waves!



The two minutes of air were spent  
 frantically. There seemed to be a storm  
 at hand, but I was compelled to re-enter my  
 berth. Five minutes later, we had submerged  
 and were slowly passing forward through  
 the water's depths.



I felt like a profound sleep. When I awoke,  
 we had not yet returned to the surface of  
 the sea. This maneuver was repeated a little  
 later, and I felt the pitching and heaving of  
 a heavy sea. When I was allowed on deck,  
 I saw that a storm was approaching.



Suddenly, the vessel was probed with  
 beams of violence. In an instant, a  
 frightful sea arose.

Why doesn't Flator change our machine  
 again into a submarine? It could find  
 security beneath the surface.



But Flator, with his eyes wide during  
 this awe, looked the storm out in the  
 face, as if it were a

It is imperative that we plunge below.  
 Perhaps Flator is indeed a demoniac  
 being, escaped from some experimental  
 world.





**A** cry escaped from his mouth and was heard amid the shouts of the crew and the wailings of the mender.

**I, Robert Fisher—the  
Master of the World!**



**H**e made a gesture which his companions understood. The great wings shot out, and the machine rose into the night of the hurricane.



**The machine soared upward amid a thousand lightning flashes, above the heads of Munko, causing destruction at every moment.**



**Robert crashed his machine into the very center of the storm. It tipped toward him. Suddenly, the Terror tumbled. Struck by lightning, she spread out as if wings and went to pieces.**



*When I came in, after having been imprisoned for many hours, a group of sailors whose work had restored me to life surprised me with the news that about 11 p.m. by my officer and an officer*

*You are on the ground below, when flying before the storm, we encountered some wreckage. You were entangled among the fragments.*



*After the storm reached her peak, I returned home. I told up all several up story*

*Now, sir, was I wrong to ever say that the Great Eye was the voice of the devil?*

*Nonsense! There was not the devil.*



*The Master of the World had disappeared forever, struck down by those thunderbolts which he had dared to leave in the regions of Man's fallen power. He and his few companions had ended their adventures content in the waters of the East.*



*No, well, he was worthy of being so.*



The End

# Jules Verne

**W**HEN Jules Verne was a young boy, he once wrote, "I want to go adventuring in strange places—places with palm leaves and red and green birds and festivity ferns taller than men growing in mysterious jungles and caverns that no one has ever explored, with rivers and sweet passages."



Verne's love of adventure caused him to run away from home when he was a boy. He paid a cabin boy on a ship to change places with him. He sailed off hoping to see all the wonderful places he had dreamed about. But his aboardship was not as exciting as he thought it would be. He had to spend most of his time below deck serving food to the crew, clearing tables and washing dishes. When the ship reached a port, his father was there to take him home. The boy was relieved.

Verne spent his childhood in Nantes, France, where he had been born on February 8, 1828. He was very imaginative and liked to amuse himself and his friends by drawing pictures and plans of things considered very strange then, such as horseless carriages driven by steam. He was also athletic and he enjoyed walking around on stilts.

Verne liked to write adventure stories and plays but did not tell his father about them because he knew he would not be pleased. His father was a very successful lawyer and he wanted his son to be a lawyer, too. When Verne was sixteen, he began to study law in his father's office.

When he was ready to take his first law examination, he went to Paris. He passed the examination and went back home. But he decided that one day he would return to Paris to live and write.

In November, 1846, he made a second trip to Paris for another law examination. The time he met Alexandre Dumas and the two men became friends. Dumas read Verne's plays and decided to produce one. This was very exciting for Verne and gave him the encouragement he needed.

Even though he passed his law examination, he wrote to his father, "I am not coming home, I am going to devote myself to literature. I may become a good writer, but I would never be anything but a poor lawyer."

Life in Paris was a struggle for Verne. In order to earn money, he gave lessons to young law students. He worked hard at his writing but did not achieve any success at first. He married in 1857 and it was difficult for him to support his wife, who was a widow with two children.

Finally, in 1853, with the publication of *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, he became famous. The book was very popular and Verne was hailed as an outstanding young author.

After that, he wrote many books including *Around the World in Eighty Days*, *From the Earth to the Moon*, *A Journey to the Center of the Earth*, *Michael Strogoff* and *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*.

Before Verne wrote a book, he read everything he could find on the subject about which he was going to write. He had a great deal of imagination, which made him a master at science fiction. He predicted the invention of the accelerometer (raft), the submarine and the electric clock, among other things.

He was honored by the French Academy and received the Legion of Honor medal for his writings. He died, prosperous and successful, in 1905.

# Who Knows?

A short story by Guy de Maupassant

**Synopsis:** The narrator, who lived all alone, hated noises in his house and evening as he was returning home late from the theater. While he waited outside, the noise grew louder and louder until at last he threw open his door and drew his revolver.

## PART II

I waited again, but not for long. I could now make out an extraordinary sound of marching on the stairs, a marching not of human feet, but of crutches, wooden crutches and iron crutches, that rang with the metallic insistence of cylinders. Suddenly, at the front door, I saw an armchair, my big easy chair, come tottering out, it went off down the drive. It was followed by others from the drawing-room, then came the sofa, wedging along like a cocoon on their stumpy legs, then all the rest of my chairs, leaping like goats, and the footstools leaping along like rabbits.

Imagine my feelings! I slipped into a clump of bushes where I crouched, my eyes fixed all the time on the procession of my furniture, for it was all on the way out, one piece after the other. My piano, my concert grand galloped past like a runaway horse, with a loud jangle of wire heads, the smaller objects, brushes, oil glass and goblets, plumed over the gravel like pith, sparkling like feathers in the moonlight. I saw my clock appear.

Suddenly all four left me. I drove myself upon it and wedged with it as one wedges with a burglar, but it went on its way insensitively, and in spite of my furious efforts, I could not even slow it up.

At last, mad with terror, I managed to

drag myself off the drive and hide again among the trees, watching the disappearance of the smallest furnished pieces that I had ever owned, whose very existence I had forgotten.

Then I heard in the distance, inside the house, a terrific noise of slamming doors. They banged from attic to cellar, and first of all the hall door crashed shut.

I ran toward town, I rang at a hotel where I was known and made up a story that I had lost my keys. I pulled the blankets up to my eyes in the bed they gave me, but I couldn't sleep. My vessel knocked at my door at seven o'clock in the morning. His face showed how disturbed he was.

"Something terrible has happened during the night, sir," he said. "All your furniture has been stolen, absolutely everything down to the smallest bit."

Somehow I was obliged to hear this. Why? I don't know. I know I could tell what I had seen, cannot it, but I within me like some ghastly secret. I replied: "Then they must be the same people who stole my keys."

The police investigation lasted five months. Nothing was found. Neither the smallest of my ornaments nor the slightest trace of the thieves was ever discovered. Good Heaven! if I told them what I know — they would invent that up not the thieves, but me.

Of course, I know how to keep my mouth shut, but I never furnished my house again. It was no good. The same thing would have happened. I never saw it again. I consulted doctors about the state of my nerves.

They suggested travel, and I took their advice.

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

# The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky

A short story by Stephen Crane

**CHAPTER I** Jack Potter, marshal of the Texas town of Yellow Sky, had just returned from San Antonio, where he was married earlier in the day. Uncomfortable because his friends knew nothing of his marriage, Potter and his bride slipped away toward his house and avoided meeting anyone.

## PART II

The California express on the Southern Railway was due at Yellow Sky in twenty-one minutes. There were six men at the bar of the Weary Gentleman saloon. One was a drummer who talked a great deal; three were Texans who did not care to talk at that time, and two were Mexican sheep-binders who did not talk as a general practice in the Weary Gentleman saloon. The bartender's dog lay on the board walk that crossed in front of the door. His head was on his paws, and he glanced drowsily here and there with the constant vigilance of a dog that is bored on occasion.

Save for the lazy drummer and his companions in the saloon, Yellow Sky was dying. A young man suddenly appeared in the open door. He cried: "Scratchy Wilcox's drunk and his horse loose with both heads!" The two Mexicans stood out down their glasses and faced out of the rear entrance of the saloon.

"Say," said the drummer mystified, "what is this?" His three companions made the introductory gesture of eloquent speech, but the young man at the door forestalled them.

"It means, my friend," he answered, as he came into the saloon, "that for the next two hours this town won't be a health resort."

The bartender went to the door and

locked and barred it, peering out of the window, he pulled in heavy wooden shutters and barred them. "But say," said the drummer, "you don't mean there is going to be a gun fight?"

"Don't know whether there'll be a fight or not," answered one man grimly; "but there'll be some shooting—some good shooting."

"Will he kill anybody? What are you going to do? What do you do in a case like that? What do you do?"

A man responded: "Why he and Jack Potter—"

"But," in chorus the other men interrupted, "Jack Potter's in San Antonio?"

"Well, who is he? What's he got to do with it?"

"Oh, he's the town marshal. He goes out and fights Scratchy when he gets an idee of these towns."

"Good!" said the drummer, rubbing his brow. "Nice job he's got!"

The voices had faded away to mere murmurs.

"You see," the bartender whispered, "this here Scratchy Wilcox is a wonder with a gun—a perfect wonder. He's about the best one of the old gang that used to hang out along the river here. He's a terror when he's drunk. When he's sober he's all right—kind of simple—wouldn't hurt a fly. But when he's drunk—what?"

Presently they heard from a distance the sound of a shot, followed by three wild yells. It instantly removed a board from the floor in the darkest saloon. There was a shuffling of feet. They looked at each other. "Here he comes," they said.

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

# Men of Action

## SOCRATES

**I**n the 5th century B.C., Athens was one of the leading cities of the ancient world. About 470 B.C., an Athenian philosopher named Socrates became well known for teaching men to think for themselves. He called himself "a pretty nice doggie" to show others he thought!



**I**n 404, Socrates risked his life to save democratic government in Athens.

Socrates, you will receive the prize of honor for saving Alcibiades.

Give my prize to Alcibiades. He has shown courage more times than I!



**I**f you are not a judge, and a soldier in the Athenian army, Socrates refused to help without complaint!

Who is that inside, Alcibiades?

That is Socrates. He marches better on the ice in bare feet than other soldiers do with shoes.



Two military units!

**A**fterward Socrates returned to Athens. There, he became a familiar figure in the special place and by the government he called questions of "everything he met"—questions about truth, death, and justice.

What is truth, Cris P?



*Intelligent young men gathered around Socrates to learn from him. One of the young men was Plato.*



*Socrates' questions revealed the ignorance of many citizens who claimed to be wise, and they became his students.*



*Many Athenians recalled occasions like dramatic demonstrations had made against Socrates in display The Gods.*



*As a result of a severe military defeat in 404 B.C., some citizens of Athens grew bitter. They took their resentment out on Socrates.*



*After a powerful politician persuaded his friend Meno to bring Socrates to trial.*





What do you say to your defense?

I am severely poor of wit, and all my life I have been out-lane of everything that I consider my best defense.



In the past my enemies have made base charges against me by now excuse. Melitus says that I rob the youth by teaching them to accept the gods.

Yes, but I say emphatically.



Do you mean, Melitus, that I believe in one god or that I am an atheist?

I mean that you are a complete atheist.



So I am guilty of not believing in the gods and yet of believing in them—but this surely is a piece of fun. You contradicted yourself in non-sensicality, Melitus, because you have nothing real of which to accuse me.





Is that your whole defense?

I have no defense to draw to your charge, Malchus; my elaborate defense is unnecessary.



Are you not ashamed of the kind of life you have led, which now is likely to cost you death?

Ashamed? As I understand it, the god ordered me to spend my life searching the world; and either now I would never disobey the god because I was afraid of death.



If the citizens of Athens were to let you go free, would you promise to stop cross-examining everyone you meet?

While I have life and strength, Malchus, I shall never alter my ways.



Is that all you have to say before the jury returns?

A word more. If you kill an man of Athens, you will injure yourselves more than you will injure me. For where will you find another guilty to arrest and persecute you?

**The joy of the hundred and one officers  
found Socrates guilty**

Socrates, you may  
prefer a lesser  
penalty than death.

Well, I say it first or last?  
I will not beg or appeal! But  
I deserve my end, or  
perhaps my penalty de-  
sired, I should be rewarded  
for being your benefactor.



Since you will  
not propose  
another penalty,  
you must die.

I am not surprised. I am a  
man like other men, a crea-  
ture of flesh and blood, but  
I would rather accept  
reproach at your hands than  
deny my mission from the god.



**In his will, Socrates instructed a  
plan of escape. A pupil,  
Apollonius, went**

Socrates, when  
I first wanted  
to hear it that  
you are being  
put to death  
secretly.

My dear  
Apollonius,  
would you  
prefer to see  
me put to  
death publicly?



**The jailer brought in the cup  
of poison. Socrates drank it!**

The hour of departure has  
arrived, my friends, and we go  
our ways. I to die, and you to  
live, which is better, the god  
only knows.



**Plus, one of Socrates' pupils,  
Apollonius, wrote, "Socrates  
was the best of our friends,  
whom I only hope left  
his secret, public, and  
best of all the way I  
have just shown."**



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