

Famous

Authors *Illustrated*

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

George
Du Maurier

La Svengali

(TRILBY)
A STUDY IN HYPNOTISM

10¢



Plus:
WILHELM TELL
THE FIRST
COMMANDOS
THE RAJAH
TAKES
THE CENSUS

No 12



FEATURED NEXT MONTH



SCARAMOUCHE

by

RAFAEL SABATINI

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10c EACH . . . See inside back cover for listings

Famous *Illustrated* AUTHORS

LaSVENGALI

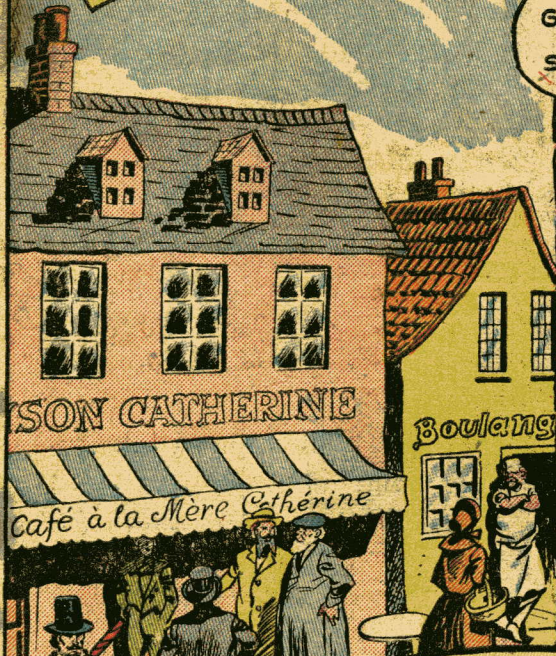
THE STORY OF **TRILBY** by GEORGE DU MAURIER

Illustrated
GUSTAV
SCHROTTER

THERE GOES YOUR FRIEND, SVENGALI!

I HOPE HE DOESN'T DECIDE TO CALL ON US!

HE WILL IF HE'S HUNGRY.



DARK DEEDS,

MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE RAN RAMPANT DURING THE EIGHTEEN-FIFTIES IN THE ARTISTS' QUARTER OF GAY AND WICKED PARIS. ITS CROOKED STREETS AND QUAIN STUDIOS WELCOMED STRANGE VISITORS FROM EVERY CORNER OF EUROPE.—

SOME WERE ARTISTS OF REAL GENIUS WORKING HARD TO IMPROVE THEIR TALENT. AMONG THESE WERE THREE YOUNG ENGLISHMEN WHOSE STUDIO DRIFTED THE GOOD AND THE BAD, THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE UGLY.

EACH OF THE THREE FRIENDS WAS UNIQUE IN TALENT AND APPEARANCE: **TAFFY**, A TALL, ATHLETIC YORKSHIREMAN; **SANDY**, A BURLY, HUMOROUS HIGHLAND SCOT; AND **BILLY**, A SMALL, SLENDER YOUTH FROM DEVON.

BUT THEN—ONE DAY INTO THEIR CAREFREE AND CHEERFUL LIVES—CAME **TRILBY** AND **SVENGALI**. FROM ONE OF THESE BILLY WAS TO LEARN THE OVERWHELMING POWER OF LOVE—AND FROM THE OTHER—A POWER, SO DEEP, SO SINISTER, SO TERRIBLE AS TO CONQUER LOVE ITSELF.



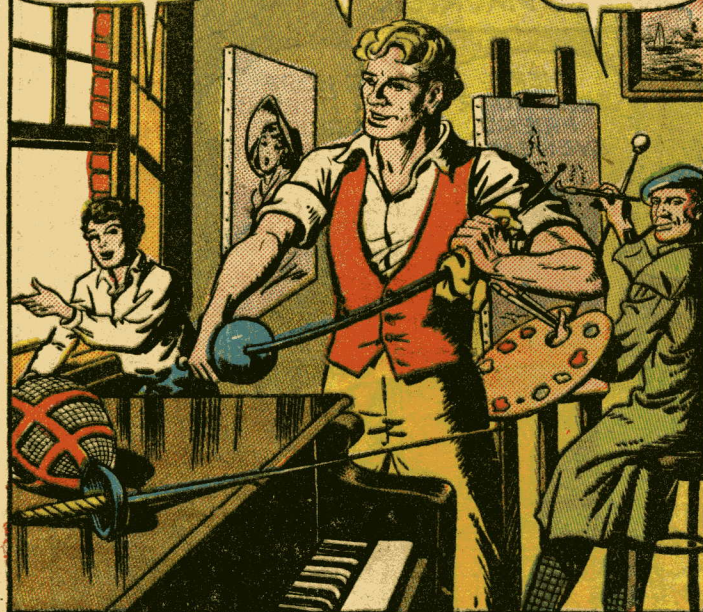
Famous **AUTHORS** Illustrated

THE THRILL OF SPRINGTIME IN PARIS IS CAUGHT BY BILLY, SANDY AND TAFFY AS BRIGHT WARM SUNSHINE POURS INTO THEIR STUDIO ONE BEAUTIFUL APRIL MORNING

ISN'T IT GLORIOUS, TAFFY? BREATHE THE SCENT OF LILAC BLOSSOMS FLOATING IN THE WINDOW! HEAR THE BIRDS SING AS THEY BUILD THEIR NESTS!

NONSENSE, BILLY. SPRINGTIME TURNS MY FANCY TOWARD GREATER EXCITEMENT THAN FLOWERS AND BIRDS. I MUST OIL THESE FOILS AGAIN. LET SANDY ANSWER YOU.

THAT I WILL MY LADDIES-- BUT 'TIS FOR YE BOTH. KEEP TO YOUR BRUSHES AND CANVASSES IF YE ASPIRE TO BECOME GREAT ARTISTS!



A SOFT BUT OMINOUS KNOCKING ON THE STUDIO DOOR DRAWS BILLY'S ATTENTION ---

WELL?!! YOU'RE NOT ASKING ME THAT I SHOULD COME IN?

WHY, ER--- YES, COME IN, SVENGALI! YOUR LOOKS STARTLED ME. THAT IS, WE WEREN'T EXPECTING YOU!



I MAY USE YOUR PIANO, NO? YOU ASKED ME TO COME PLAY FOR YOU AGAIN SOMETIME REMEMBER?



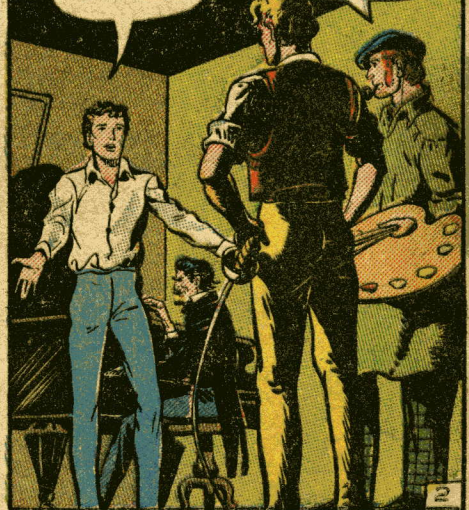
UGH! IF THERE'S ONE MAN I LOATHE IT'S THIS FAWNING BRAGGART! THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD ABOUT HIM, SOMETHING I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND.

HUSH, TAFFY! I AGREE WITH YOU, BUT YOU MUST ADMIT HE'S A GREAT MUSICIAN.



I--I DIDN'T HAVE THE NERVE TO SHUT THE DOOR IN HIS FACE. AND HIS MUSIC HAUNTS ME. HE IS A MASTER!

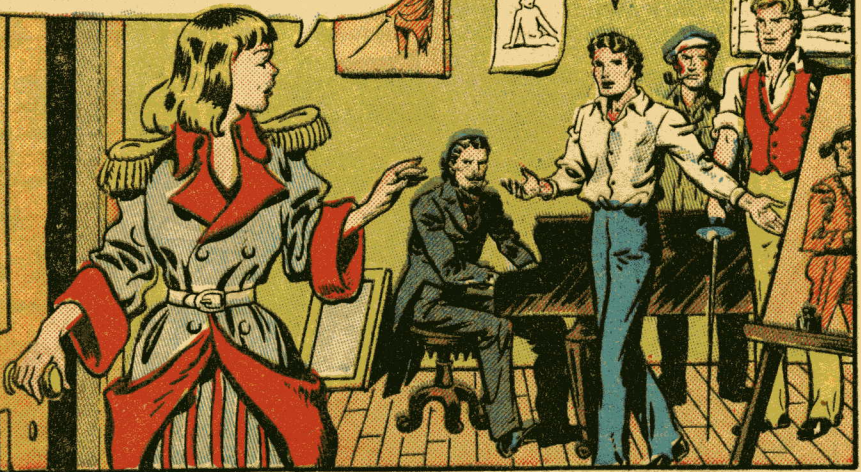
HE'S A SHREWD ONE, ALL RIGHT! HIS MUSIC REALLY CASTS A SPELL OVER A LISTENER. I WONDER--



SVENGALI'S MUSIC ATTRACTS A LOVELY STRANGER TO THE OPEN DOOR THOUGH SCARCELY SEVENTEEN SHE APPEARS OLDER IN THE CAST-OFF GARMENTS THAT ARE THE UNIQUE ATTIRE OF GIRLS WHO EARN A SCANT LIVING AS ARTIST'S MODELS IN THE LATIN QUARTER OF PARIS...

IF YOU DON'T MIND, MAY I LISTEN A BIT? HE PLAYS SO BEAUTIFULLY I COULDN'T RESIST STEPPING IN. MY NAME IS TRILBY O'FARRELL.

DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOUR COMPANY. DO COME IN!



TRILBY'S OLD COSTUME CANNOT HIDE HER SOFT AND ENCHANTING LOVELINESS. HER DELICATE FEATURES SPARKLE WITH MERRIMENT AS SHE QUICKLY MAKES FRIENDS WITH THE BOYS...

I WAS POSING FOR AN ARTIST DOWNSTAIRS WHEN I CAUGHT THE STRAINS OF HIS MUSIC. IT SEEMED TO BE CALLING ME -- ALMOST AS THOUGH AGAINST MY WILL. IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN.

NO! YOU WERE GUIDED BY THE POWER OF FATE. IT IS MOST FORTUNATE THAT YOU CAME.

AH, MA' MSELLE! I WOULD LIKE YOU TO SING FOR US.

OH, NO, NO! I COULDN'T, REALLY! I HAVE NEVER TRIED TO SING IN ALL MY LIFE!

SVENGALI'S BLACK PIERCING EYES GLEAM WITH A FANATICAL LIGHT, TIMID, ALMOST FRIGHTENED BY HIS LOOK, TRILBY STAMMERS HER CONSENT...

YOU WILL SING FOR US?

Y-YES I WILL SING FOR YOU.



Famous **AUTHORS** *Illustrated*

BUT BILLY AND HIS FRIENDS ARE ASTONISHED WHEN TRILBY SINGS OFF-KEY IN A WEAK, HIGH-PITCHED VOICE...

WHY, SHE'S COMPLETELY TONE-DEAF, SANDY! THAT'S STRANGE FOR ONE SO BEAUTIFUL. SHE CAN'T SING A NOTE!

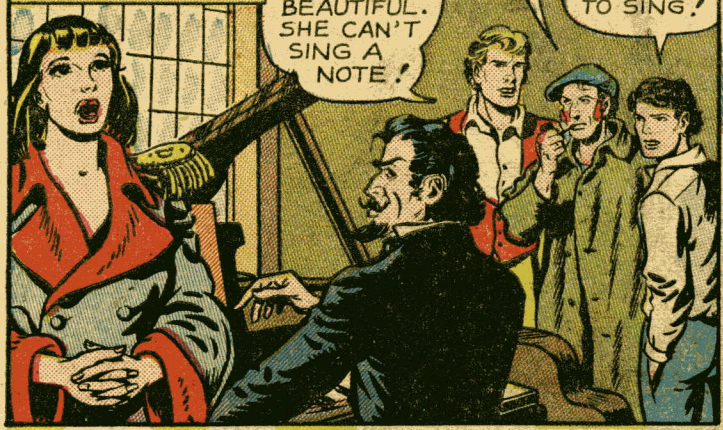
RIGHT YE ARE, LADDIE. NOW ISN'T IT A SHAME!

THE POOR LITTLE DEAR! SHE'S TRYING SO HARD TO SING!

TO THEIR AMAZEMENT, SVENGALI DOES NOT MOCK HER. WHAT SINISTER DESIGNS LURK BEHIND HIS WORDS OF APPROVAL?

VERY GOOD! IT IS JUST AS I THOUGHT.

FATE HAS PUT HER IN MY HANDS!



NEVER HAVE I HEARD A VOICE TO MATCH YOURS. IT HAS STRENGTH, BEAUTY AND PURITY OF TONE. YOU HAVE A MOST EXCEPTIONAL TALENT!

OH, YOU MUST BE JOKING M'SIEUR. I-- I AM NOT A SINGER.



BUT I ASSURE YOU MA'MSELLE I NEVER JOKE! SOME DAY YOU WILL BE FAMOUS. THE PEOPLE EVERYWHERE WILL FLOCK TO HEAR YOU!

WHY DOES HE PERSIST? WHAT IS HE GETTING AT, THE TWO-FACED SCOUNDREL?

THAT'S ENOUGH SVENGALI! YOU'RE EMBARRASSING THE POOR GIRL WITH YOUR ABSURD REMARKS!

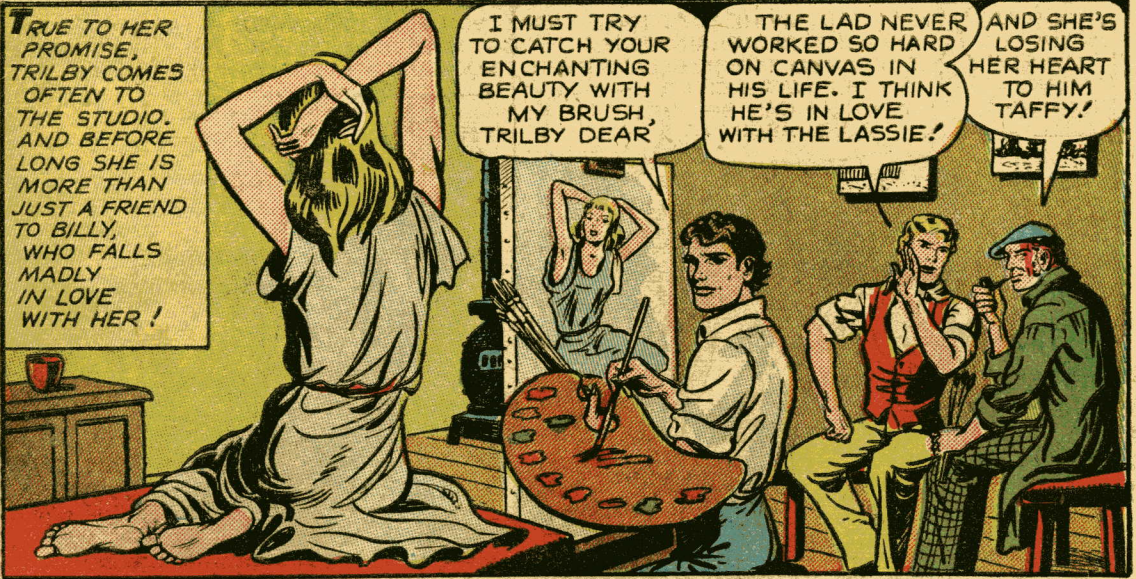
I'M SURE MISS TRILBY NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT HER VOICE, SHE HAS MANY BEAUTIFUL QUALITIES AND WINNING WAYS.

YOU MAKE ME BLUSH, M'SIEUR BILLY! YOU'RE MUCH TOO FLATTERING-- BUT I'LL STOP BY AND SEE YOU AGAIN. I PROMISE!

NOW, PLEASE! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



TRUE TO HER PROMISE, TRILBY COMES OFTEN TO THE STUDIO. AND BEFORE LONG SHE IS MORE THAN JUST A FRIEND TO BILLY, WHO FALLS MADLY IN LOVE WITH HER!



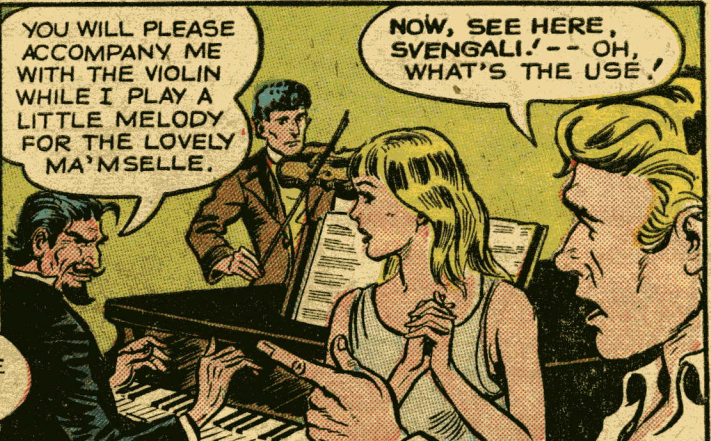
I MUST TRY TO CATCH YOUR ENCHANTING BEAUTY WITH MY BRUSH, TRILBY DEAR

THE LAD NEVER WORKED SO HARD ON CANVAS IN HIS LIFE. I THINK HE'S IN LOVE WITH THE LASSIE!

AND SHE'S LOSING HER HEART TO HIM TAFFY!

SVENGALI ALSO CONTINUES TO BE A FREQUENT THOUGH UNDESIRABLE VISITOR, AND ONE DAY HE BRINGS A FRIEND---

I WANT YOU TO MEET GECKO, M'SIEURS. MY DEVOTED ADMIRER, SERVANT AND ACCOMPANIST. HE WOULD STILL BE A PEASANT ON A FARM IF IT WERE NOT FOR HIS VIOLIN. IT WAS I WHO TAUGHT HIM ABOUT MUSIC, IS IT NOT SO, GECKO?



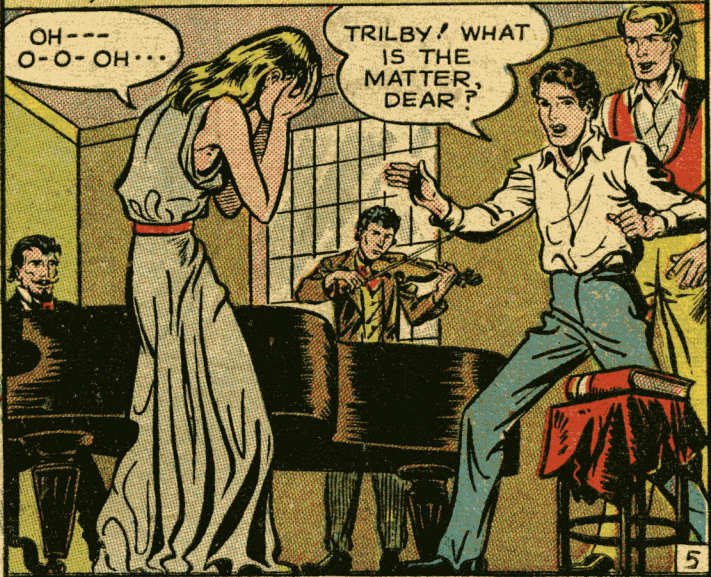
YOU WILL PLEASE ACCOMPANY ME WITH THE VIOLIN WHILE I PLAY A LITTLE MELODY FOR THE LOVELY MA'MSELLE.

NOW, SEE HERE, SVENGALI! -- OH, WHAT'S THE USE!



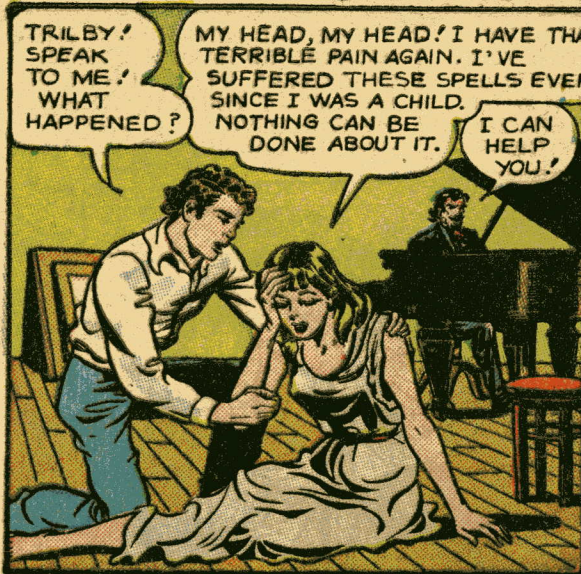
YES, MASTER! EVERYTHING I OWE TO YOU. NOTHING WOULD I BE WITHOUT YOU.

AS TRILBY LISTENS ENCHANTED BY SVENGALI'S MUSIC, SHE IS SUDDENLY SEIZED BY A FAINTING SPELL.



OH--- O-O- OH...

TRILBY! WHAT IS THE MATTER, DEAR?



TRILBY!
SPEAK
TO ME!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

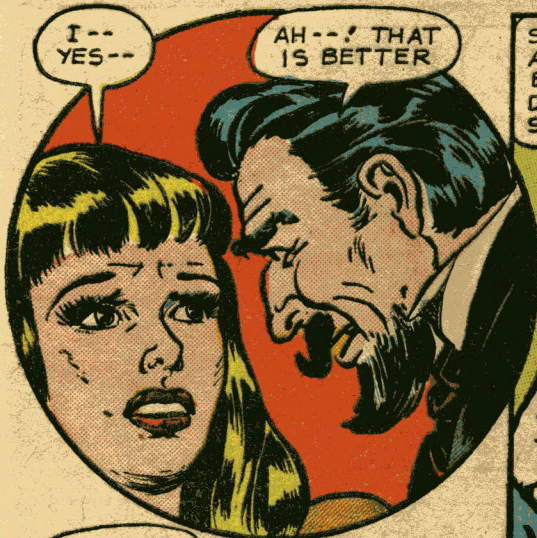
MY HEAD, MY HEAD! I HAVE THAT
TERRIBLE PAIN AGAIN. I'VE
SUFFERED THESE SPELLS EVER
SINCE I WAS A CHILD.
NOTHING CAN BE
DONE ABOUT IT.

I CAN
HELP
YOU!



YOU WILL LOOK INTO
MY EYES, TRILBY!
LOOK INTO MY EYES!

N-NO,
NO!



I--
YES--

AH--! THAT
IS BETTER



STOP! STOP IT, I SAY! HER EYES
ARE GLASSY, HER CHEST
BARELY MOVES. WHAT ARE YOU
DOING TO HER, SVENGALI?
STOP LOOKING AT HER THAT WAY!

DOING? I
AM DOING
NOTHING!
TRILBY WILL
TELL YOU.
TELL HIM
TRILBY!



NOTHING,
BILLY-- B-BUT
MY HEADACHE--
WHY, IT'S
GONE!

Famous **AUTHORS** Illustrated



YOU MADE THE PAIN LEAVE ME, M' SIEUR! HOW CAN I THANK YOU?

THE FIRST TIME I SAW YOU, I KNEW I COULD DO WONDERS FOR YOU. I WILL TEACH YOU TO SING. I WILL TEACH YOU MANY THINGS, WHICH YOU NEVER DREAMED WERE POSSIBLE.



THINK! TO BE THE GREATEST SINGER IN ALL EUROPE! TO BE POOR NO LONGER! TO HAVE THE WORLD AT YOUR FEET! ALL THAT YOU WILL HAVE THROUGH ME!

OH, NO! I COULDN'T DO THAT!



THAT'S ENOUGH, SVENGALI! YOU'RE SCARING HER WITH YOUR INSANE IDEAS!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER, SVENGALI! AND-- GET OUT OF HERE!



SVENGALI QUICKLY REGAINS HIS COMPOSURE ---

FORGIVE ME, MY DEAR FRIENDS! I WAS CARRIED AWAY BY MY EMOTIONS. - NEVER WILL IT HAPPEN AGAIN. I PROMISE! COME, GECKO, WE ARE DISTURBING THESE -- AH-- GENTLEMEN!



HE MAKES ME THINK OF A BLACK, CRAWLING SPIDER -- AND I FELT LIKE A LITTLE FLY CAUGHT IN HIS WEB!

HE'S A BAD LOT, THAT SVENGALI! SOMETHING EVIL ABOUT HIM I'M SURE. TO OVERPOWER YOU LIKE HE DID, TO RID YOU SO QUICKLY OF YOUR HEADACHE-- IT'S DANGEROUS TO HAVE HIM AROUND!

WITH THE WEIRD AND REPULSIVE SVENGALI OUT OF THE WAY, THE NEXT FEW MONTHS PASSED SERENELY-- BILLY WAS SLOWLY GAINING ARTISTIC FAME AS HIS GREAT TALENT BECAME BETTER KNOWN. -- IT IS LITTLE WONDER THAT TRILBY NOW POSES EXCLUSIVELY FOR BILLY. BECAUSE OF HIS LOVE FOR HER SHE INSPIRES HIM TO DO HIS FINEST WORK.

BILLY, I'VE JUST COME FROM THAT GALLERY ON RUE DE MONTCLARE. YOUR PAINTING OF TRILBY. -- IT'S HUNG IN THE WINDOW, WITH A GLOWING TRIBUTE BY CARRELL, THE FAMOUS ART CRITIC.

YOU SEE! I TOLD YOU TO BE PATIENT. NOW YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR CAREER WHEN YOU ASK TRILBY TO MARRY YOU.

SUCCESS! PERHAPS EVEN FAME! AND ALL BECAUSE OF TRILBY! SWEET ADORABLE TRILBY! MY TRILBY!

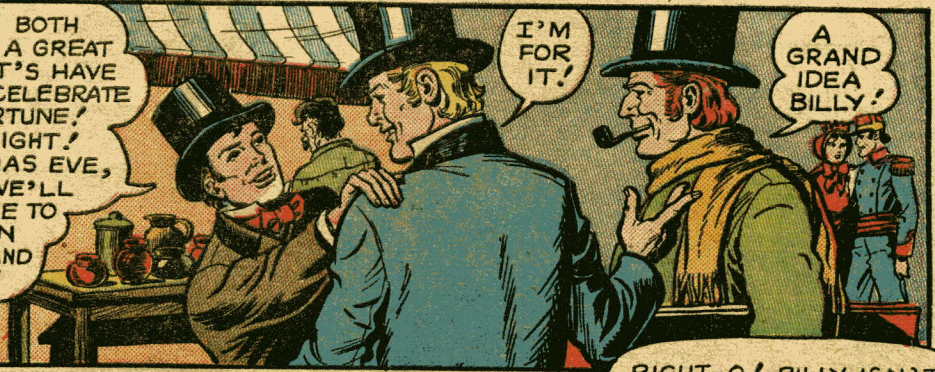
LOVE ISN'T THAT UNFAIR, IS IT, BILLY? TRILBY DESERVES SOME OF THE CREDIT-- BUT WE ENCOURAGED YOU, TOO, AND GAVE YOU PLENTY OF POINTERS!



OF COURSE! BOTH OF YOU WERE A GREAT HELP, SO LET'S HAVE A PARTY TO CELEBRATE OUR GOOD FORTUNE! TOMORROW NIGHT! IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE, YOU KNOW. WE'LL ASK EVERYONE TO COME-- EVEN SVENGALI AND GECKO!

I'M FOR IT!

A GRAND IDEA BILLY!



RIGHT-O! BILLY ISN'T FORGETTING US, NOW THAT HE'S FAMOUS!

THUS THE STUDIO IS ALIVE WITH JOY AND LAUGHTER AS THE FRIENDS OF THE THREE ARTISTS GATHER ON CHRISTMAS EVE. EVEN THE STRANGE SVENGALI CATCHES THE GAY SPIRIT AND TRIES TO BE PLEASANT AND ENTERTAINING.

ANOTHER TOAST TO BILLY!

I'VE NEVER TASTED. SO MANY DELICACIES!



AT HIS FIRST OPPORTUNITY, BILLY DRAWS THE LOVELY MODEL ASIDE...

TRILBY, DEAREST, I'VE ALREADY PROPOSED TO YOU NINETEEN TIMES. AGAIN I'M ASKING YOU TO MARRY ME. PLEASE-- WON'T YOU SAY YES?

Y- YES BILLY. BUT I'M AFRAID THERE IS TOO GREAT A DIFFERENCE IN OUR BACK- GROUND. YOU COME FROM A FINE FAMILY, AND I--

NOTHING MATTERS, TRILBY, LOVE CAN CONQUER ALL. LET'S GO BACK AND BREAK THE GOOD NEWS!

I--I HOPE EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT ALL RIGHT -- FOR YOUR SAKE, BILLY!



THE SURPRISE ANNOUNCEMENT IS GREETED BY CHEERS AND WELL-WISHES FROM ALL -- EXCEPT SVENGALI, WHO SUDDENLY REVERTS TO HIS FIENDISH MYSTICAL SELF.

YOU'RE THE LUCKIEST FELLOW IN THE WORLD BILLY!

OH, TAFFY AND I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING THIS EVERY DAY-- FOR MONTHS!

TRILBY, YOU MUST BE THRILLED TO PIECES!

I MUST SPEAK TO HER-- ALONE!



IN THE EXCITEMENT SVENGALI WHISKS TRILBY TO THE SIDE, BUT SANDY IS WITHIN EARSHOT.

BELIEVE ME, YOU HAVE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE. BUT SHOULD YOU EVER REGRET YOUR CHOICE, COME TO ME, TRILBY. I WILL DO FAR MORE FOR YOU THAN CAN THIS STUPID ENGLISHMAN!

PLEASE-- PLEASE LET ME GO!

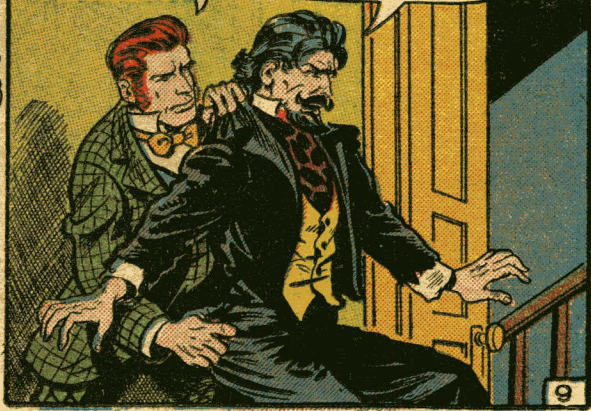
WHY, THAT--!



WITHOUT ANOTHER MOMENT'S HESITATION, SANDY SENDS THE MAN OF MYSTERY ON HIS WAY.

GET OUT! AND STAY OUT! NEVER SHOW YOUR FACE HERE AGAIN!

YOU WILL REGRET THIS NIGHT! I'LL WIN OUT IN THE END. SWINE!



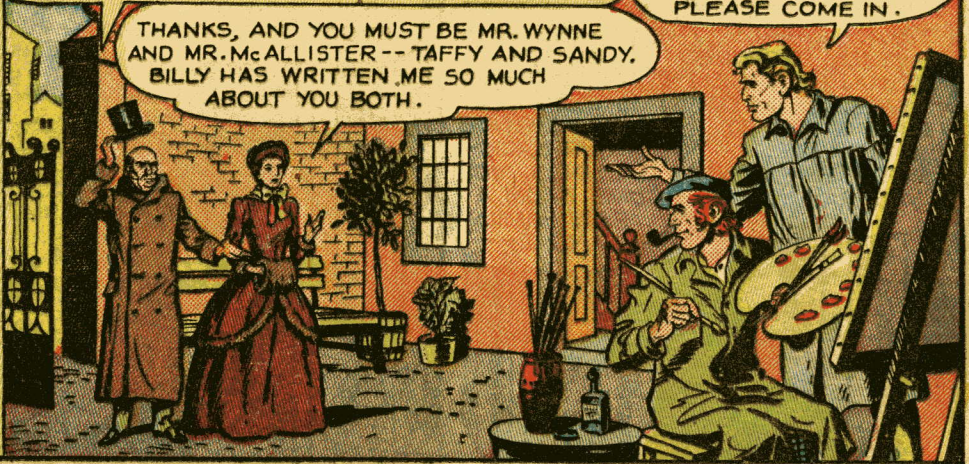
Famous **AUTHORS** *Illustrated*

BUT TRILBY AND BILLY ARE NOT DESTINED TO ENJOY THEIR HAPPINESS FOR LONG -- FOR, ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, WHILE BILLY WAS AWAY, TAFFY AND SANDY RECEIVED UNEXPECTED VISITORS.

GENTLEMEN-- I AM MR. THOMAS BAGOT -- AND THIS IS MY SISTER-IN-LAW, MRS. BAGOT.'

BILLY'S MOTHER.' AND YOU'RE HIS UNCLE ? PLEASE COME IN.

THANKS, AND YOU MUST BE MR. WYNNE AND MR. McALLISTER -- TAFFY AND SANDY. BILLY HAS WRITTEN ME SO MUCH ABOUT YOU BOTH.



AFTER A MOMENT'S EMBARRASSED SILENCE, MRS. BAGOT CAME DIRECTLY TO THE POINT.

MR. WYNNE, WE ARE TERRIBLY DISTRESSED. BILLY HAS INFORMED US OF HIS COMING MARRIAGE TO A CERTAIN MISS TRILBY O'FERRALL!

BUT IS SHE A LADY ? WHO ARE HER PARENTS ? WHAT DOES SHE DO ?

A LADY ? A - IT SO MUCH DEPENDS UPON EXACTLY WHAT YOU MEAN BY LADY. THINGS ARE SO - A - SO DIFFERENT HERE . SHE DOES NOTHING NOW -- USED TO BE A MODEL -- SHE HAS NO FAMILY --

MY WORD!

DO YOU KNOW HER ?

VERY WELL INDEED ! WE BOTH KNOW HER .

SHE'S THE MOST UNSELFISH --- THE LOVELIEST, THE MOST---



AS IF IN ANSWER TO MR. BAGOT'S HORRIFIED EXCLAMATION TRILBY CAME INTO THE STUDIO

HELLO, TAFFY-- HELLO, SANDY! HERE I AM, READY FOR---

YOU ARE MISS TRILBY O'FERRALL ?



OH-- YES--
I AM TRILBY
O'FERRALL.
AND YOU ARE
BILLY'S
MOTHER
I CAN SEE
THAT.

YOU ARE VERY,
VERY BEAUTIFUL,
MY DEAR, AND
PERHAPS THIS IS
WHY I'VE COME TO
ASK A GREAT
FAVOR OF YOU.



YOU MEAN
TO GIVE UP
BILLY!
B' BUT
I LOVE
HIM!

IF YOU MARRY HIM, YOU WILL
MOST CERTAINLY RUIN HIM. ALL
HIS WONDERFUL PROSPECTS
WILL BE GONE. YOU WILL SEPA-
RATE HIM FROM HIS FAMILY, HIS
FRIENDS, THE LIFE HE KNOWS
AND LOVES.



TRILBY'S WORLD CAME CRASHING DOWN UPON HER HEAD. SUDDENLY SHE KNEW WHAT TO DO.

I--- YOU'RE RIGHT!
I KNOW I'M NOT THE
PERSON FOR HIM! HE SWORE
TO LEAVE OFF HIS PAINTING
IF I REFUSED--- I HADN'T
THE COURAGE, YOU SEE!
IT WAS -- A-- DREADFUL
MISTAKE -- GOODBYE!



MISS
O' FERRALL!

TRILBY,
WAIT!

BUT IT WAS NO USE. TRILBY HAD GONE FOR GOOD! AFTER A MUCH-SUBDUED MRS. BAGOT AND BILLY'S UNCLE HAD LEFT, THE TWO FRIENDS RETURNED TO THE STUDIO WHERE THEY SORROWFULLY AWAITED BILLY'S RETURN.



HELLO, YOU TWO? WHY SO GLUM? WHERE'S TRILBY?



LAD-- YER MOTHER AN' UNCLE WERE HERE.

TRILBY SAW THEM--

HERE-- WITH TRILBY? THEY'VE BEEN MEDDLING! TRILBY'S RUN AWAY, HASN'T SHE? I CAN SEE IT ON YOUR FACES!



AND THEN BILLY WAS TOLD ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED.

WE TRIED TO HELP HER. WE--

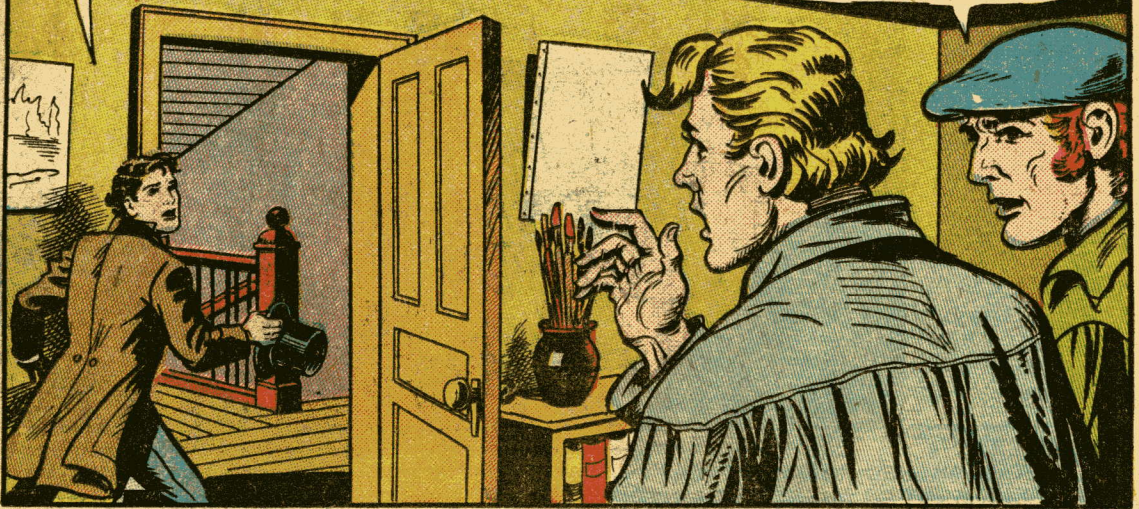
THEY OBJECTED TO HER HUMBLE STATION! I COULD EXPECT THAT OF THEM! BUT WHO CARES ABOUT THAT ROT? WHO? TELL ME-- WHO?

SHE HAS NO PLACE TO GO, NO ONE TO HELP HER! BUT WAIT! THERE'S STILL SVENGALI. GOD GRANT SHE DOESN'T GO TO HIM FOR HELP!



I MUST FIND HER! I'LL NEVER PAINT AGAIN, NOT TILL I'VE GOT HER BACK! NEVER! I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT HER!

THE LAD IS ILL! HE'S BEEN WORKING TOO HARD THESE PAST FEW WEEKS -- I FEAR FOR 'HIM!



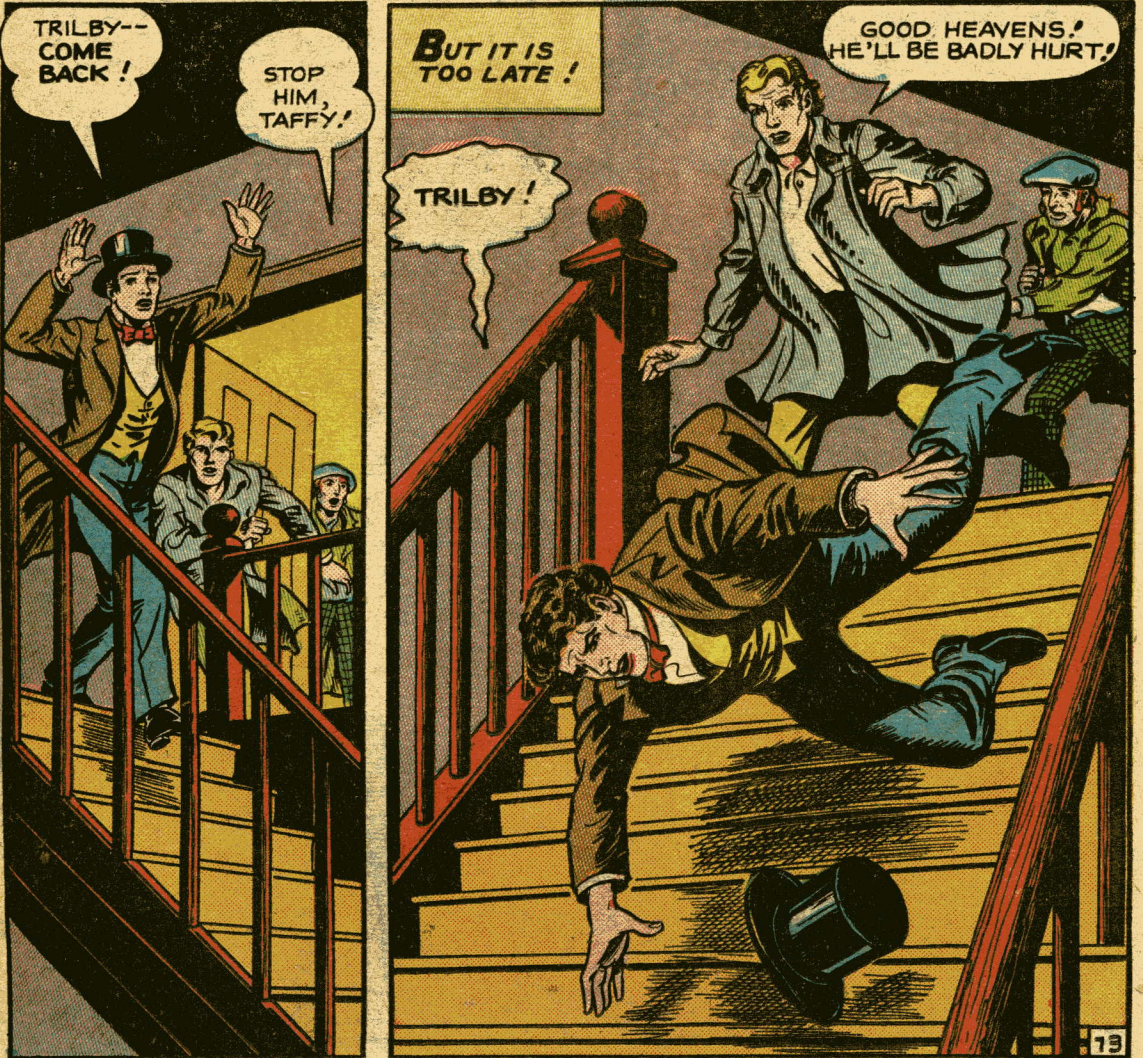
TRILBY--
COME
BACK!

STOP
HIM,
TAFFY!

**BUT IT IS
TOO LATE!**

GOOD HEAVENS!
HE'LL BE BADLY HURT!

TRILBY!



Famous AUTHORS Illustrated

BILLY WAS ILL FOR WEEKS. I MOVED TO A HOSPITAL, HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS SOON RALLIED ABOUT HIM.. BUT EVEN WHEN THE CRISIS HAD PASSED, IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT HE WAS GREATLY CHANGED.

HOW IS HE, SANDY?

WELL, HE IS READY TO LEAVE FOR ENGLAND SOON-- BUT NOT ONCE HAS HE MENTIONED TRILBY'S NAME! WHAT NEWS FROM YOU?



I HAVE SEARCHED FOR HER EVERYWHERE. I WENT TO WHERE SHE LIVED, AND ALL THEY COULD TELL ME WAS THAT SHE RECEIVED SOME MESSAGE THAT SEEMED TO UPSET HER TERRIBLY, THAT SHE RUSHED AWAY AGAIN AND HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN SINCE.

AND THAT'S NOT ALL. SVENGALI HAS DISAPPEARED -- LEFT PARIS WITHOUT A TRACE!

WHAT? MARK MY WORDS, MAN, THAT DEVIL IS UP TO NO GOOD. FIRST TRILBY-- NOW HIM! I HOPE, FOR HER SAKE, SHE'S NOT IN HIS CLUTCHES.



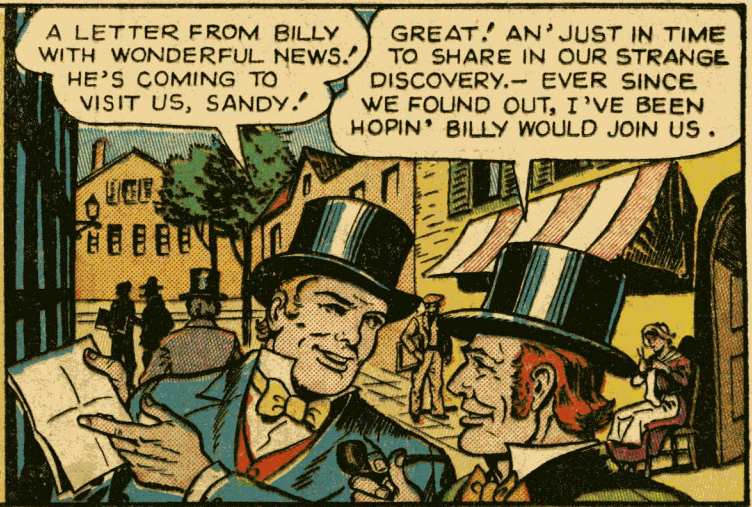
YES, BUT HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME? WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW THAT BILLY IS LEAVING PARIS? IT WILL NEVER BE THE SAME WITHOUT HIM.

AY, YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, M'LAD. PARIS WILL BE DIFFERENT WITHOUT BILLY. LET'S GO ON A PAINTING TOUR OF EUROPE -- AN' TRY TO FORGET!



PART TWO
FIVE YEARS
LATER

BILLY RECOVERS AND IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOW HE BECOMES THE MOST POPULAR YOUNG ARTIST IN LONDON. BUT FAME DOES NOT MAKE HIM FORGET HIS OLD FRIENDS, SANDY AND TAFFY, IN PARIS.



A LETTER FROM BILLY WITH WONDERFUL NEWS! HE'S COMING TO VISIT US, SANDY!

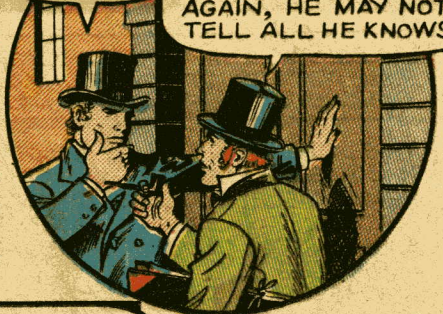
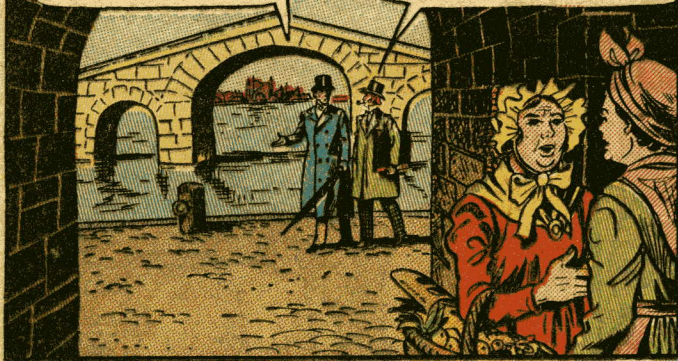
GREAT! AN' JUST IN TIME TO SHARE IN OUR STRANGE DISCOVERY.— EVER SINCE WE FOUND OUT, I'VE BEEN HOPIN' BILLY WOULD JOIN US.

HE CERTAINLY WILL BE SURPRISED. SVENGALI DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE FIVE YEARS AGO. NOT A WORD OR EVEN RUMOR ABOUT HIM IN ALL THAT TIME.

BUT NOW ALL OF A SUDDEN, WE'VE HEARD HE'S ACCLAIMED AS A GREAT MUSICIAN, AN' SOON TO APPEAR AT THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE WITH HIS OWN COMPANY.

AS MUCH AS I STILL LOATHE SVENGALI, THERE'S NO DENYING THAT THE OBNOXIOUS CHARACTER HAS TALENT.

VERRA TRUE LAD. BUT BILLY WILL BE DETERMINED TO SEE THE SCOUNDREL ON THE CHANCE THAT SVENGALI MAY BE ABLE TO TELL HIM WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LASS, TRILBY. THEN AGAIN, HE MAY NOT TELL ALL HE KNOWS.



BILLY'S ARRIVAL TWO DAYS LATER HEIGHTENS THEIR SUSPENSE OVER THE FORTH-COMING MEETING WITH SVENGALI...



'TIS GREAT TO SEE YOU, LAD! HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE BACK IN PARIS?

WONDERFUL! BUT BEST OF ALL IS JOINING YOU TWO. I'LL WAGER YOU'VE PLENTY TO TELL ME!

YOU'D NEVER GUESS THE BIG SURPRISE, BILLY. JUST WAIT TILL YOU HEAR!

Famous **AUTHORS** *Illustrated*

WHILE BILLY MAKES HIMSELF AT HOME, TAFFY AND SANDY REVEAL THE STARTLING NEWS ABOUT SVENGALI. BILLY'S INTEREST IN THE MATTER IS SO INTENSE THAT HE ALLOWS THEM TO TALK OF NOTHING ELSE ---

WE HAD NO IDEA YOU WOULD BE SO EXCITED. AFTER ALL, IT HAS BEEN FIVE YEARS.

BUT I NEVER GAVE UP HOPE THAT SOME DAY I WOULD LEARN WHAT HAPPENED TO TRILBY.

LET'S RUN OVER AND FIND OUT ALL WE CAN FROM THE MANAGER OF THE OPERA HOUSE.



YES, GENTLEMEN. SVENGALI AND HIS COMPANY WILL BEGIN THEIR ENGAGEMENT HERE TOMORROW NIGHT. - I EXPECT A GREAT SUCCESS, FOR THE LEADING SINGER DREW TREMENDOUS APPLAUSE IN VIENNA. SHE IS CALLED LA SVENGALI AND IS PRESUMED TO BE HIS WIFE.

COULD SHE BE TRILBY? I WONDER!

NO -- NEVER! SHE CAN'T BE!



OF COURSE THE THREE FRIENDS HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN TRILBY'S ONE AND ONLY ATTEMPT AT SINGING...

THIS LADY HAS A MOST REMARKABLE VOICE, THRILLING AUDIENCES WHEREVER SHE HAS BEEN HEARD.

I TELL YOU IT COULDN'T BE TRILBY!

NO DOUBT SVENGALI ABANDONED TRILBY WHEN HE FOUND THIS WOMAN WITH A FINE VOICE.

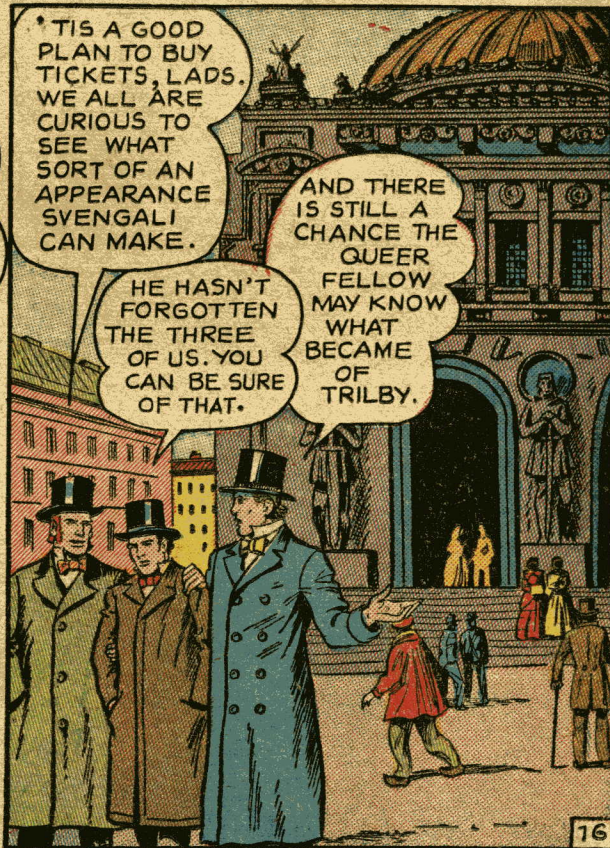
RIGHT YOU ARE, LAD. IMPOSSIBLE!



'TIS A GOOD PLAN TO BUY TICKETS, LADS. WE ALL ARE CURIOUS TO SEE WHAT SORT OF AN APPEARANCE SVENGALI CAN MAKE.

AND THERE IS STILL A CHANCE THE QUEER FELLOW MAY KNOW WHAT BECAME OF TRILBY.

HE HASN'T FORGOTTEN THE THREE OF US. YOU CAN BE SURE OF THAT.



EXCITEMENT GRIPS THE TRIO ON THE NIGHT OF SVENGALI'S PARIS PREMIERE. THEY WONDER WHAT STRANGE STROKE OF GENIUS HAS BROUGHT FAME AND FORTUNE TO THE MAN THEY HAD HELD IN COMPLETE CONTEMPT.



LOOK! THERE'S QUEER LITTLE GECKO! REMEMBER HIM?

THE VIOLINIST-- OF COURSE! HE WAS SVENGALI'S SHADOW.

NOT OF HIS OWN FREE WILL. SVENGALI HELD SOME STRANGE POWER OVER GECKO.

HOOT MON! GET A LOOK AT THE OLD BLACKGUARD NOW! FINE FEATHERS MAKE A FINE BIRD!

EXCEPT FOR THE SAME EVIL FACE, I WOULD NEVER RECOGNIZE HIM AS THE SVENGALI WE ONCE KNEW!

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS ARE DIMMED THE CURTAINS PART AND A VISION IN CRIMSON VELVET AND LACE COMES FORTH UPON THE STAGE. A HUSH FALLS OVER THE AUDIENCE AS ALL EYES ARE FIXED UPON THE BEAUTIFUL LA SVENGALI. MOST THRILLED OF ALL ARE BILLY AND HIS FRIENDS AS THEY RECOGNIZE TRILBY!



WITH HER GREY EYES LOOKING STRAIGHT AT SVENGALI, TRILBY BEGINS TO SING.- THE EFFECT IS STARTLING, MAGICAL. SHE SINGS WITHOUT EFFORT, WITH CRYSTAL PURITY, AND HOLDS THE AUDIENCE SPELLBOUND.

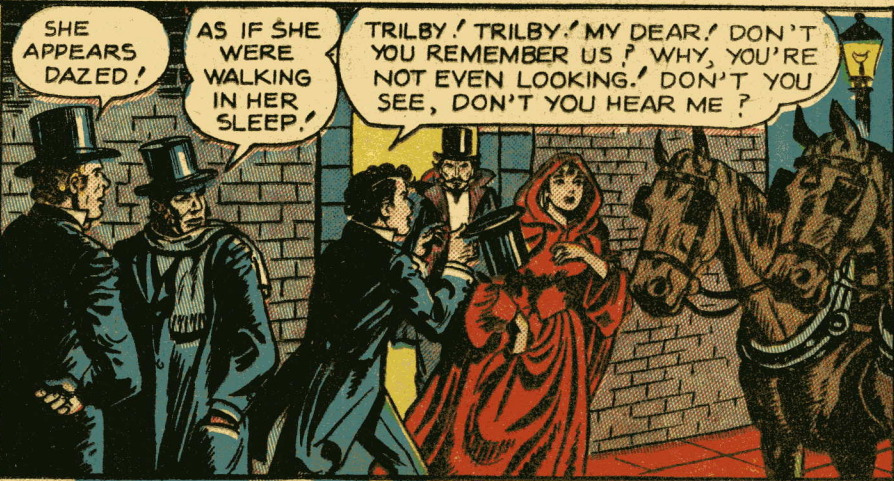
SHE IS MARVELOUS! A SENSATION! B- BUT HOW CAN THIS BE?

IT'S THE GREATEST MYSTER- I HAVE EVER KNOWN. TRILBY HAD NO VOICE -- NO VOICE AT ALL. -- NO AMOUNT OF TRAINING COULD HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THIS MIRACLE!



Famous **AUTHORS** *Illustrated*

THE TRIO SIT IMPATIENTLY THROUGH THE TWO-HOUR PERFORMANCE, NEVER FOR AN INSTANT SLACKENING IN THEIR WONDER AND AMAZEMENT. AFTER THE FINAL CURTAIN THEY SCRAMBLE OUT A SIDE EXIT TO GREET TRILBY AS SHE LEAVES BY THE STAGE DOOR.



SHE APPEARS DAZED!

AS IF SHE WERE WALKING IN HER SLEEP!

TRILBY! TRILBY! MY DEAR! DON'T YOU REMEMBER US? WHY, YOU'RE NOT EVEN LOOKING! DON'T YOU SEE, DON'T YOU HEAR ME?



AWAY WITH YOU! BEGGARLY ARTISTS! RIFFRAFF! HOW DARE YOU EVEN SPEAK TO US!

YOU-- SVENGALI! YOU'VE DONE SOMETHING AWFUL TO TRILBY-- TO HER MIND YOU-- YOU ROTTEN SCOUNDREL!

FOOL! STUPID MISERABLE FOOL! YOU'LL THINK TWICE, BEFORE STRIKING ME AGAIN!



BEFORE BILLY CAN BE HARMED TAFFY LUNGES BETWEEN THE PAIR...

PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE, YOU COWARD! DASH AFTER HER, BILLY. I'LL HOLD THIS RASCAL HERE!



AGAIN TRILBY TREATS BILLY AS THOUGH HE WERE NOT PRESENT-- AS IF SHE HEARD NOTHING.

TRILBY! WAIT A MOMENT! I BEG YOU-- FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, LISTEN TO ME!

IT'S PLAIN THE LADY DOESN'T KNOW YOU. STOP MOLESTING HER OR I'LL LET YOU FEEL MY WHIP!

FINDING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO TALK TO TRILBY, BILLY, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FRIENDS, RETURNS TO ENGLAND COMPLETELY PUZZLED BY THE TURN OF EVENTS...

WE DID THE BEST WE COULD TO REACH HER. IT WAS EVIDENT THAT SVENGALI'S INFLUENCE OVER HER IS TOO GREAT A BARRIER FOR US TO OVERCOME.

BUT I KNOW YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN UP HOPE, BILLY. - I COULD SEE IN YOUR EYES THAT YOU STILL LOVE HER.



I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND TRILBY'S WONDERFUL SINGING!

BUT YOU MUST AGREE THAT NO HUMAN POWER COULD HAVE BROUGHT SO REMARKABLE A CHANGE IN HER VOICE. IT IS UNREAL, FANTASTIC!

A MIRACLE! NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!



IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE BILLY HEARS A STARTLING BIT OF NEWS ON ONE OF HIS DAILY VISITS TO THE NEIGHBORING VILLAGE.

SVENGALI AND HIS COMPANY ARE COMING TO LONDON! THE ADVANCE NOTICES HAVE BEEN POSTED!

I HAD A FEELING THIS WOULD HAPPEN.



THIS TIME I'M DETERMINED TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF TRILBY'S VOICE, EVEN IF SHE NO LONGER CARES FOR ME.

AND MARK MY WORDS, SVENGALI WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO PREVENT US FROM LEARNING WHAT IS BEHIND IT ALL!

I FEAR THERE IS MORE TO IT THAN HER VOICE, LAD.



BUT UNKNOWN TO BILLY AND HIS FRIENDS IS A DRAMATIC INCIDENT THAT TAKES PLACE DURING THE RE-HEARSAL OF SVENGALI'S COMPANY THE NIGHT BEFORE IT'S LONDON OPENING...



HORRIBLE! GO OVER IT AGAIN-- THIS TIME AS I TOLD YOU! YOU MUST HOLD THE HIGH NOTE UNTIL I DROP MY BATON!

I--I HELD IT AS LONG AS I COULD! I CAN'T DO ANY BETTER. PLEASE-- PLEASE, DON'T!



YOU WILL OBEY ME-- ALWAYS! THIS TIME-- HOLD THAT NOTE!

Y--YES, SVENGALI. YES, I WILL DO IT. PLEASE LET ME TRY AGAIN.

GECKO, TOO, IS STRUCK FOR INTERFERING-- BUT HIS DEVOTION TO TRILBY FREES HIM FOR A MOMENT OF SVENGALI'S BANEFUL POWER!

YOU WILL NOT HARM HER-- YOU UNNATURAL FIEND! NOR WILL YOU LIVE TO STRIKE ME AGAIN!

BACK TO YOUR FIDDLE, YOU CON-TEMPTIBLE LITTLE FREAK!



LOOK OUT! GECKO HAS A KNIFE!

YOU CAN'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO! I'LL NOT STAND FOR YOUR ABUSE OF THIS POOR DEFENSELESS GIRL!

GECKO! DROP THAT KNIFE! OBEY, GECKO! OBEY!



EVEN THOUGH THE WOUND IS SLIGHT, SVENGALI COLLAPSES. BUT HIS STRANGE INFLUENCE OVER BOTH TRILBY AND GECKO IS, AGAIN ALL POWERFUL!



OH! YOU ARE HURT! LET ME HELP YOU. PLEASE-- LET ME HELP YOU!

I--I LOST MY HEAD! BUT-- BUT I JUST COULDN'T STAND SEEING HIM MISTREAT YOU!

Famous **AUTHORS** Illustrated

THE OPENING IS POSTPONED FOR A FEW NIGHTS, AND SVENGALI IS STILL UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYES OF A DOCTOR WHO HAS ADVISED HIM TO LET AN ASSISTANT CONDUCT THE CONCERT.

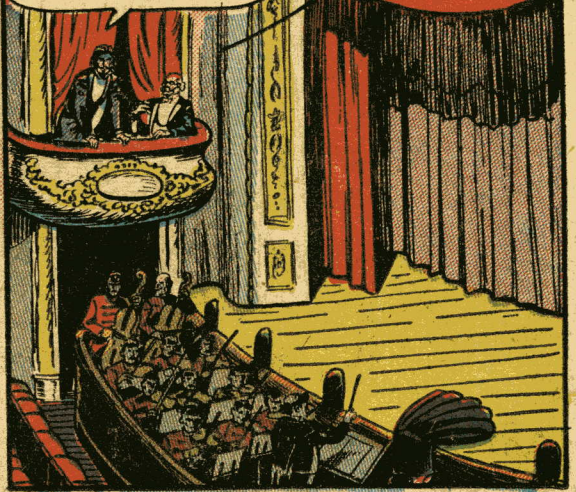
YOU WILL DO NO MORE THAN CONDUCT THE ORCHESTRA. YOU WILL ONLY PRETEND TO DIRECT MADAME SVENGALI, BUT UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES WILL YOU DRAW HER EYES AWAY FROM ME!

MAESTRO, YOU MUST BE QUIET. LET US GO TO THE BOX WHERE YOU WILL SIT!



I TRUST ALL WILL GO WELL FROM HERE, DOCTOR. - I HAVE ARRANGED CODE SIGNALS FOR MY ASSISTANT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY.

THE DOORS HAVE OPENED. PLEASE BE SEATED UNTIL THE OVERTURE MAESTRO!

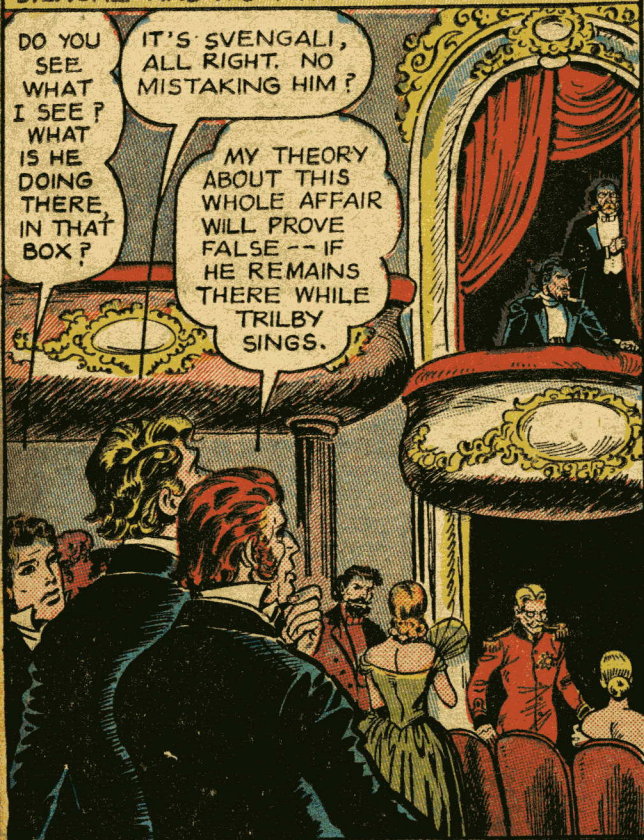


BILLY AND HIS TWO FRIENDS ARE AMONG THE FIRST IN THE RAPIDLY FILLING THEATRE. TENSE EXCITEMENT GRIPS THEM FOR THERE HAVE BEEN RUMORS OF TROUBLE BETWEEN SVENGALI AND HIS TROUPE...

DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? WHAT IS HE DOING THERE IN THAT BOX?

IT'S SVENGALI, ALL RIGHT. NO MISTAKING HIM?

MY THEORY ABOUT THIS WHOLE AFFAIR WILL PROVE FALSE -- IF HE REMAINS THERE WHILE TRILBY SINGS.



SUSPICIOUS HATRED AND A WEIRD JUMBLE OF DARK EMOTIONS FLICKER LIKE SHADOWS ACROSS SVENGALI'S DISTRUSTFUL FACE AS HIS BEADY EYES SCAN THE GAY, RESPLENDENT AUDIENCE.

THEY FLOCK TO HEAR LA SVENGALI! THEY SHALL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED. SHE WILL SING FOR ME AS I HAVE TAUGHT HER, FOR SHE CAN NEVER SING FOR ANYONE BUT ME!

HE LOVES TO FLATTER HIMSELF -- BUT THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING IN HIS BOAST. WE SHALL SEE!



Famous **AUTHORS** Illustrated

SUSPENSE MOUNTS AS THE LAST STRAINS OF THE OVERTURE FADE INTO A HALF ECHO. SUDDENLY, AN ALMOST GHOST-LIKE LA SVENGALI DRIFTS TOWARDS THE MIDDLE OF THE STAGE. SHE IS SMILING VACANTLY BUT HER EYES ARE FIXED INTENTLY UPON SVENGALI IN THE BOX.



ONE ORCHESTRAL INTRODUCTION--- THEN ANOTHER-- BUT NOT A SOUND COMES FROM LA SVENGALI'S LIPS.



HER VOICE-- IT HAS FROZEN IN HER THROAT! B- BUT I DARE NOT MAKE A SIGN TOWARD HER!

FROM HIS BOX SVENGALI'S MYSTICAL, PENETRATING EYES FASTEN LIKE LEECHES ON THE PITIFUL FIGURE OF HIS PROTEGEE.

SING, TRILBY! I COMMAND YOU-- SING! NOW-- ON THE NEXT BEAT FROM THE ORCHESTRA-- SING!

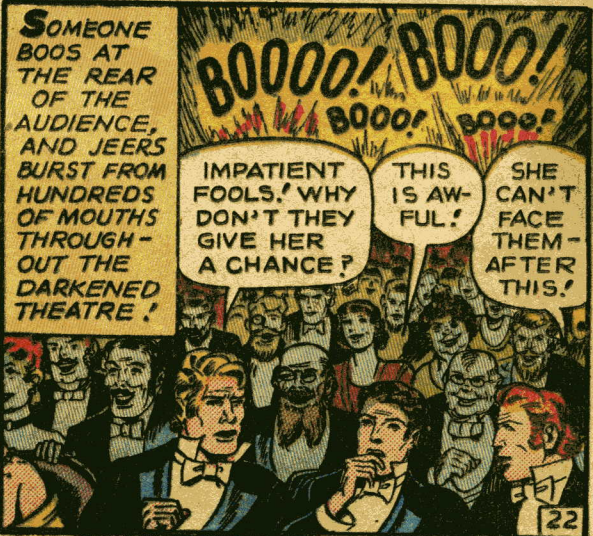


THE SITUATION GROWS SO DESPERATE WITH THE PASSING MOMENTS THAT LITTLE GECKO CAN NO LONGER RESTRAIN HIMSELF...



LOOK AT THE MAESTRO-- THE MASTER, TRILBY! SING, TRILBY! PLEASE, TRILBY-- DO NOT FAIL THE MASTER! SING!

SOMEONE BOOS AT THE REAR OF THE AUDIENCE, AND JEERS BURST FROM HUNDREDS OF MOUTHS THROUGHOUT THE DARKENED THEATRE!



BOOOO! BOOO!

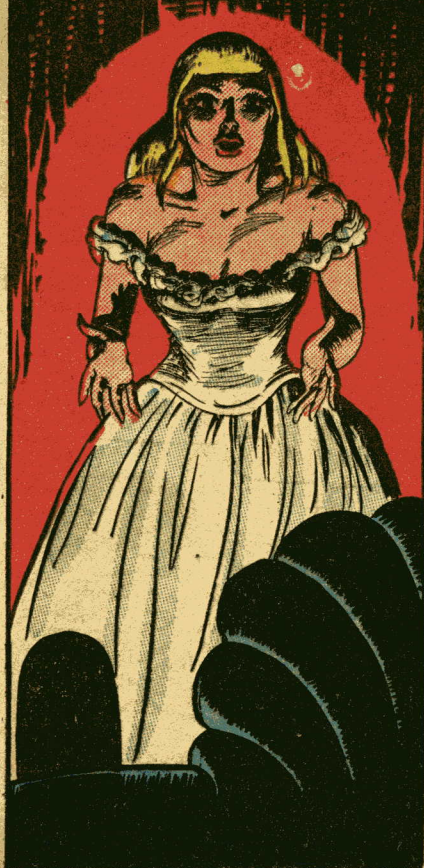
IMPATIENT FOOLS! WHY DON'T THEY GIVE HER A CHANCE?

THIS IS AWFUL!

SHE CAN'T FACE THEM-- AFTER THIS!

SHIFTING HER GAZE FROM SVENGALI'S BOX, TRILBY TRIES TO QUIET THE PANDEMONIUM THAT HAS BROKEN OUT ALL AROUND...

OH, PLEASE! WHY DO YOU JEER AT ME? I HAVE DONE NOTHING TO OFFEND YOU. I--I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHY I AM HERE.

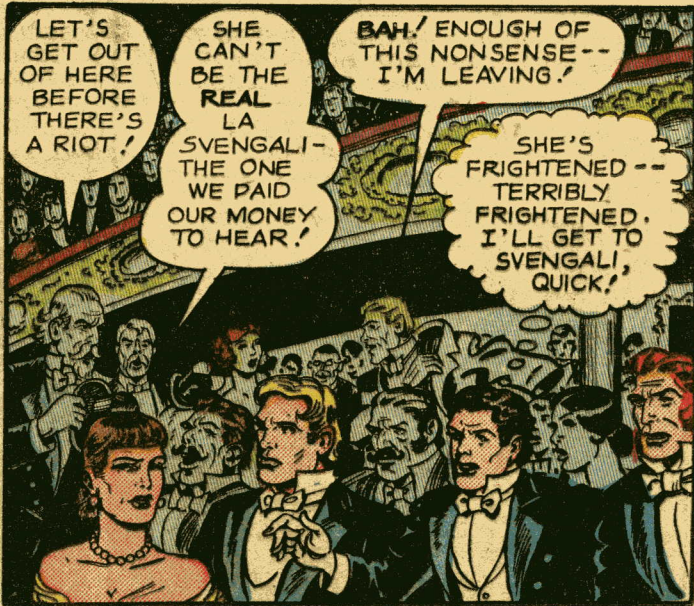


LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THERE'S A RIOT!

SHE CAN'T BE THE REAL LA SVENGALI-- THE ONE WE PAID OUR MONEY TO HEAR!

BAH! ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE-- I'M LEAVING!

SHE'S FRIGHTENED -- TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED. I'LL GET TO SVENGALI, QUICK!



AS THE STAGE MANAGER I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION, SVENGALI!

I AM AFRAID YOU HAVE ARRIVED TOO LATE FOR THAT.

HE COLLAPSED A MOMENT AFTER SHE CAME ON STAGE. THERE IS NO PULSE BEAT. I AM AFRAID HE IS DEAD!



DEAD? BUT HE CAN'T BE DEAD! THE WOUND WAS NO MORE THAN A DEEP SCRATCH! THE PERFORMANCE **MUST** GO ON-- EVEN WITHOUT HIM!

OUT WITH IT, DOCTOR! DID HE DIE FROM FOUL PLAY? IF HE WAS MURDERED---

NOTHING OF THE SORT! I HAD WARNED SVENGALI THAT HIS HEART WAS WEAK. THE EXCITEMENT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM.



Famous **AUTHORS** Illustrated

THE FRANTIC MANAGER RUSHES TO THE FOOTLIGHTS, SCREAMING HOARSELY AT THE ANGRY PEOPLE CHOKING THE AISLES.

PLEASE, EVERYBODY! QUIET PLEASE! EVERYONE WILL RECEIVE FULL REFUND ON THE ADMISSION!



GECKO'S GONE STARK, RAVING MAD!

HE IS DEAD! DEAD FOREVER! HOORAY! WE ARE FREE AT LAST! LET ME LAUGH AT HIM -- SPIT ON HIM, CURSE HIS VILE SOUL!



BILLY MOVES IN DESPERATE HASTE TO HELP THE STRICKEN TRILBY...

TRILBY! TRILBY! GOOD HEAVENS -- THE SHOCK OF SEEING SVENGALI DIE BEFORE HER EYES MAY HAVE KILLED HER TOO.



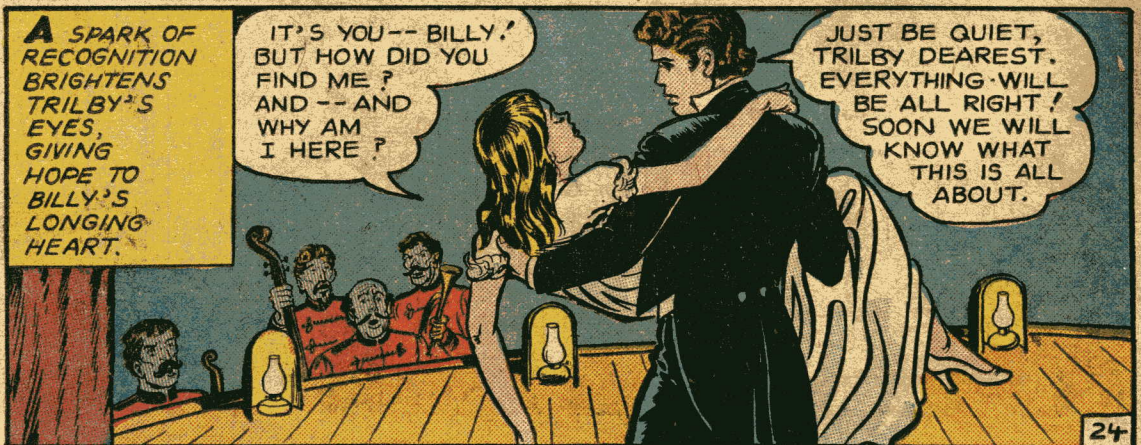
HER EYELIDS FLUTTER -- SHE IS COMING TO. WITH THAT ROGUE GONE, SHE WILL NEED ME, SHE WILL WANT ME!



A SPARK OF RECOGNITION BRIGHTENS TRILBY'S EYES, GIVING HOPE TO BILLY'S LONGING HEART.

IT'S YOU -- BILLY! BUT HOW DID YOU FIND ME? AND -- AND WHY AM I HERE?

JUST BE QUIET, TRILBY DEAREST. EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT! SOON WE WILL KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.



AFTER CARRYING TRILBY TO A DRESSING ROOM, BILLY REALIZES THAT SHE IS DESPERATELY ILL, AND THAT HER MIND IS BADLY CONFUSED...



SING? BUT I HAVE NEVER SUNG IN ALL MY LIFE! ONCE I TRIED -- IN YOUR STUDIO -- REMEMBER!

BUT DON'T YOU KNOW, TRILBY? YOU CAME HERE TO SING TONIGHT!



YOU DO REMEMBER, DON'T YOU, BILLY? AND YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN MY LOVE FOR YOU--- THE LOVE I HAVE CHERISHED EVER SINCE YOU WERE TAKEN FROM ME. TELL ME -- SAY YOU STILL LOVE ME, BILLY!

OH, DEAREST-- NEVER DOUBT THAT I LOVE YOU, ADORE YOU-- HAVE LONGED FOR YOU EVERY DAY AND NIGHT!



BELIEVE ME, BILLY-- I HAVE KNOWN NO HAPPINESS SINCE I LOST YOU. BUT IT WAS ALWAYS THAT I MUST DO AS SVENGALI TOLD ME. HE TOLD ME EVERYTHING: WHAT TO DO, WHAT TO SAY, I COULDN'T DISOBEY HIM.

IS THAT ALL YOU REMEMBER, TRILBY? THINK-- TRY TO RECALL WHAT ELSE THERE WAS.

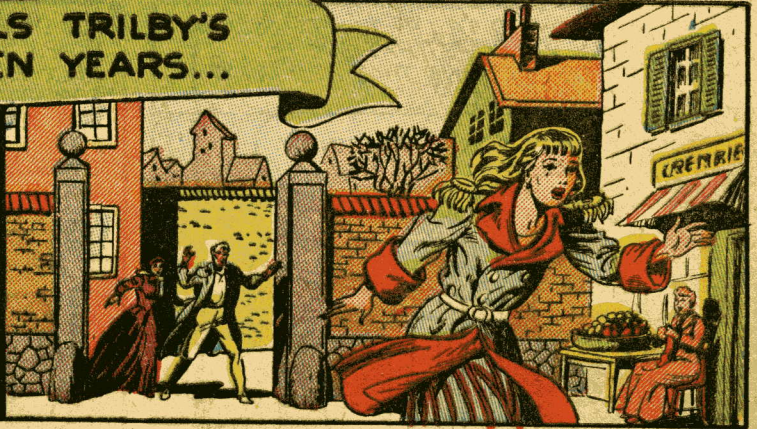


SHE IS ASLEEP, FRIENDS - I THINK I UNDERSTAND NOW. - SVENGALI POSSESSED SOME MYSTERIOUS POWER. THROUGH ITS FORCE HE WAS ABLE TO GOVERN HER WILL. BUT HOW DID ALL THIS COME ABOUT?

YOUR PARDON, SIR! NOW THAT THE MASTER IS DEAD -- I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!

**GECKO REVEALS TRILBY'S
FIVE FORGOTTEN YEARS...**

"BEFORE HER MIND WAS HALF DESTROYED SHE TOLD ME ABOUT THE DAY SHE RAN AWAY FROM YOUR STUDIO. IT WAS A MOST HEARTBREAKING INCIDENT ...



"SHE FLED TO HER GARRET ROOM WHERE MORE TERRIBLE NEWS AWAITED HER ...

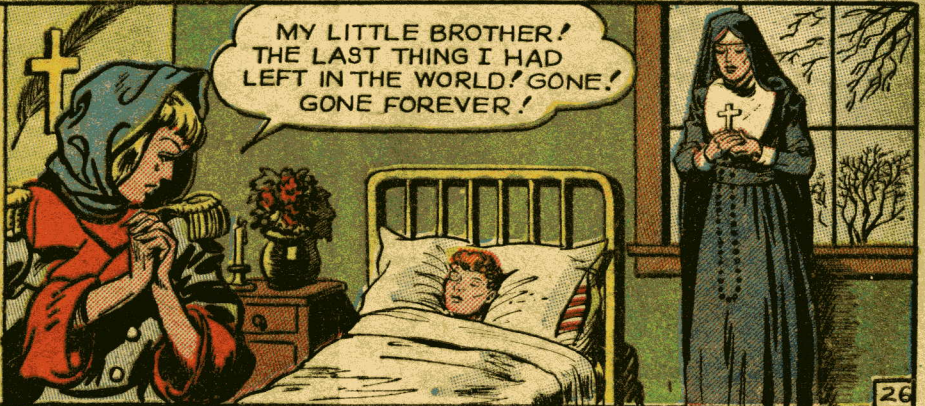
MY LITTLE BROTHER -- DYING! I MUST GO AT ONCE TO THE ORPHANAGE. PERHAPS IT IS NOT TOO LATE FOR ME TO SEE HIM.



"AND SO WITHOUT LEAVING AN ADDRESS, SHE GATHERED HER FEW BELONGINGS AND DEPARTED FOR THE BEDSIDE OF HER LITTLE BROTHER ...



"BUT POOR TRILBY'S MISSION WAS IN VAIN. THE FEVERISH FOREHEAD HAD TURNED COLD, AND HIS LIPS MADE NO REPLY TO TRILBY'S TEARFUL PLEA --



MY LITTLE BROTHER! THE LAST THING I HAD LEFT IN THE WORLD! GONE! GONE FOREVER!

" THIS SECOND SHOCK, FOLLOWING SO QUICKLY ON THE FIRST, LEFT TRILBY DESPERATE. SHE HAD TO HAVE A FRIEND, SOMEONE TO CLING TO --



PERHAPS I HAD BETTER GO AND SEE SVENGALI. HE PROMISED HE WOULD HELP ME IF I EVER FOUND MYSELF IN TROUBLE.

" AND THAT IS HOW, AS SHE TOLD ME LATER, TRILBY WALKED RIGHT INTO SVENGALI'S TRAP - EVEN THOUGH I WAS COMPLETELY UNDER HIS DREADFUL INFLUENCE, I COULD SEE THAT TRILBY WAS TIMID AND HESITANT ABOUT GIVING IN TO HIM ---



AH -- YES, MY DEAR. I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU. I KNEW YOU WOULD COME.

YOU DID? YOU REALLY DID? THEN -- IF I WON'T BE IMPOSING UPON YOU -- PERHAPS YOU CAN ADVISE ME.

YOU SEE I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. SHOULD I GO BACK TO THE STUDIOS, OR DO YOU THINK ...

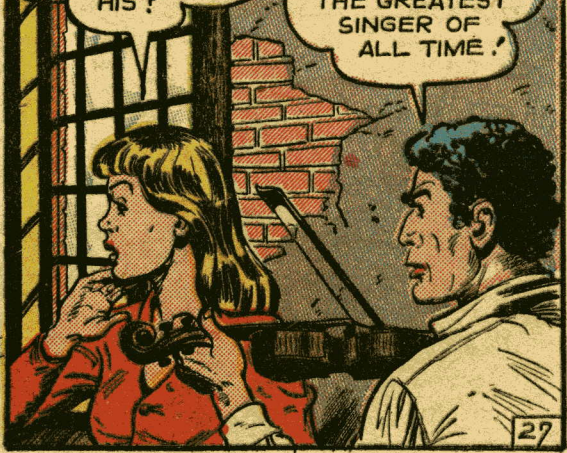
I WILL DO ALL YOUR THINKING, TRILBY, MY DEAR. LOOK AT ME. LOOK INTO MY EYES -- AND LISTEN TO ALL I HAVE TO TELL YOU!



" HE LURED HER UNDER HIS GHASTLY SPELL BY FLATTERY AND PROMISES, PAINTED IN THE BRIGHTEST COLORS. I STOOD BY HELPLESSLY, WATCHING HER WILL TO RESIST DISSOLVE UNDER THE ODIOUS POWER OF HIS EYES. THEN, LATER ...

WHY IS IT, GECKO - THAT I FEEL SO STRANGE AND NUMB WHEN SVENGALI LOOKS AT ME WITH THAT FIXED GAZE OF HIS?

YOU MUSTN'T BE AFRAID! GIVE IN TO HIS COMMANDS AND HE WILL MOLD YOU INTO A GREAT ARTIST. THE GREATEST SINGER OF ALL TIME!



THEN, GIVING WAY ENTIRELY TO SVENGALI'S DOMINATING MIND SHE BECAME SUSCEPTIBLE TO HIS EVERY SUGGESTION. SHE BEGAN TO SING -- FIRST IN THE STREETS, THEN IN SMALL CAFES. BUT IT WAS ALWAYS AS THOUGH INVISIBLE STRINGS WERE TIED TO HER VOCAL CORDS AND LINKED TO THE MASTER'S EYES--



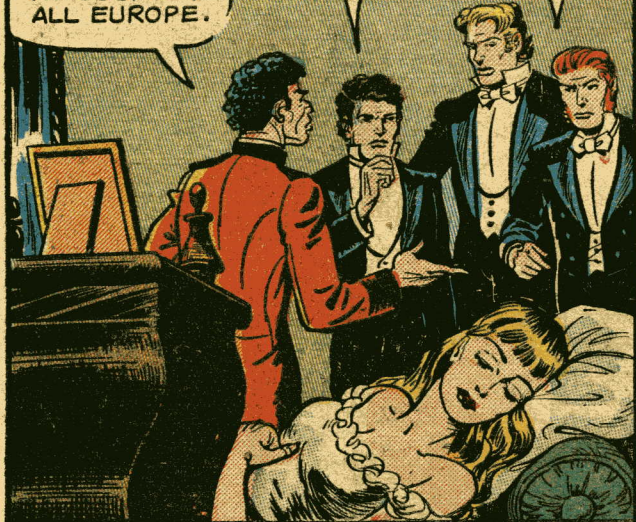
THE MORE HER WILL TO RESIST WAS DESTROYED, THE MORE MAGNIFICENT HER VOICE BECAME. FIRST, THERE WERE SMALL CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS. THEN SUDDENLY FAME THROUGHOUT ALL EUROPE.

SUCH IS THE TERRIBLE POWER OF HYPNOTISM -- AND SVENGALI MUST HAVE BEEN A MASTER OF THIS DANGEROUS ART.

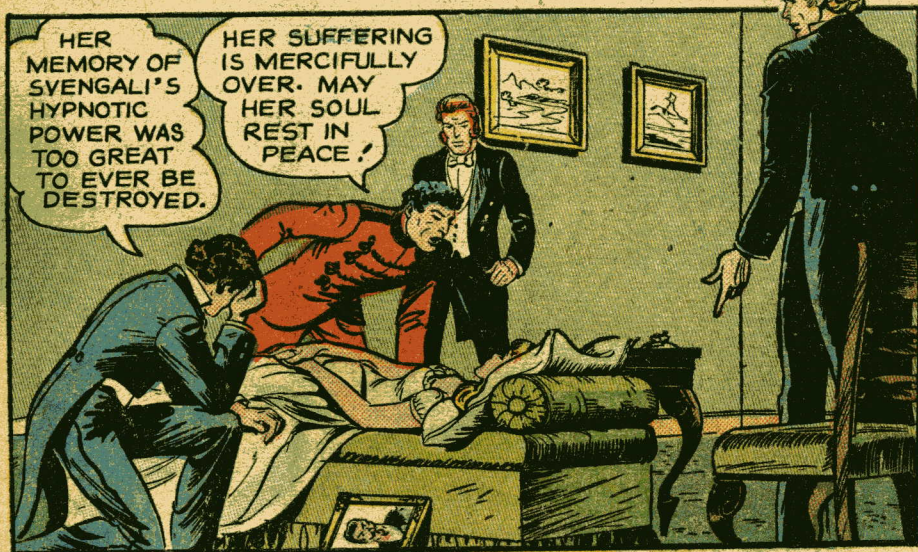
I SUSPECTED THAT HE WAS A HYPNOTIST; AND FROM THE VERY FIRST, HE KNEW THAT TRILBY WOULD BE AN EASY VICTIM.

TELL ME TRUTHFULLY, GECKO, DO YOU THINK TRILBY EVER REALLY LOVED SVENGALI -- MAYBE AT THE END -- AFTER SHE BECAME FAMOUS AND TOOK THE NAME -- LA SVENGALI?

NO, NEVER! I WAS WITH HER AT TIMES WHEN SHE ACTED LIKE HER REAL SELF. SHE OFTEN REVEALED HER HATRED, HER LOATHING OF HIM -- FOR SHE KNEW THAT HER MIND AND SOUL WERE WITHERING UNDER HIS HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE.



WHILE BILLY AND HIS FRIENDS ARE OVERCOME BY THE TERRIBLE REVELATION OF TRILBY'S FATE, SHE HAS BEEN GAZING AT A LARGE PORTRAIT OF SVENGALI WHICH THE OTHERS HAD NOT NOTICED. AGAIN IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE SHE RISES FROM HER COUCH AND A TREMBLING WAIL BURSTS FROM HER LIPS.



AND THUS, WITH THE CURTAIN OF DEATH LOWERING OVER TRILBY, ONE OF THE STRANGEST STORIES EVER TOLD IS BROUGHT TO A SAD, DEEPLY MOVING

End

The First Commandos

★ or ★

The Flowers of Begtash

Up until the end of the 15th century the Ottoman Armies suffered many defeats in their attempts to overrun all Christian Europe. It was only their fierce and intrepid cavalry that won victories for them, for their infantry — not much more than a mob — was fit for nothing but cannon fodder when it came to assaulting a well-defended position.

While the Turks were invading the Balkans, however, it became known that a Dervish (holy man), one Haji Begtash, was engaged in a curious activity. Whenever the Turks took a Christian town, Haji Begtash would gather the orphan children that were left alive, put them under his protection and take them with him to the Mosque of Adrianople.

Nobody knew why he did it or what he intended to do with them. Many people laughed at him, and one day a wit asked him if he were going to plant a garden with them. Haji Begtash stroked his beard and smiled. Thereafter he called his children the Flowers of Begtash's Garden. For many centuries that name was to live terribly and illustriously in the history of Turkey and Europe.

Growing up in companionship that was exclusively among themselves, the orphans learned to love nobody except their close comrades. Begtash taught them to endure every bodily privation. Their days were spent in severe exercises, swimming, running, riding and fighting. So, as they grew tall, there were no stronger youths in all the Turkish Empire than these — none more inspired with great courage, none more wholly devoted to their comrades.

While they had been growing up, the glory of the Turkish Army had waned, and then suddenly a new army appeared in the field. The soldiers were different altogether from the others. They wore a strange uniform, and these new soldiers carried no weapons except a sword.

Nobody had ever seen any of these soldiers before. They were all young, yet they were strangely silent. They did not mingle with other regiments, and they asked no pay. The strange youths took their swords between their teeth, swam rivers, mounted the walls, braved cascades of fire, and planted the crescent on the topmost towers of Christendom.

"Who are they?" ran the question throughout the Turkish ranks. The answer came: "They are the



Flowers of Begtash's Garden." All these years had the wise old Dervish labored quietly and patiently. From every monastery he brought "his flowers," educated by other wise men like himself under his strict rules.

All Europe trembled at the name of these "jenicheri," which meant "new soldiers." Soon through all the world they were called the Janissary, by which name they are remembered today.

For over 200 years they remained the glory of the Ottoman Empire.

Then, like all too powerful servants, they became powerful tyrants. The time came when Sultans were happy only if they saw their Janissaries eating quietly of the great camp kettles — for the Janissaries had a habit of hoisting a kettle on a tower as a sign of their dissatisfaction with something. And then no Sultan knew if his head would be on his shoulders by nightfall.

But, at last the Sultan Mahmoud became weary of trembling. One day, when the Janissaries demanded the head of his vizier, he locked all the gates of Stamboul, determined that before they were opened again either he or the Janissaries should have been annihilated.

He opened fire on them with 14 great guns landed from the war fleet. Vizier Muhammed fell on them with new troops from Asia's hinterland. Thomar Bey charged into them with soldiers who had bayonets on their guns.

Twenty thousand Janissaries fell that day in Stamboul. So passed the Flowers of Begtash's Garden.

Wilhelm Tell

by
**FRIEDRICH
VON
SCHILLER**
1759 - 1805

YEARS AGO SWITZERLAND GROANED UNDER THE RULE OF THE CRUEL AUSTRIAN GOVERNOR, HERMANN GESSLER. TO CRUSH SWISS PRIDE, GESSLER ERECTED A POLE IN A MARKET PLACE, HUNG HIS HAT UPON THE POLE, AND ORDERED ALL SWISS WHO PASSED TO SALUTE THE HAT.



SALUTE THE HAT, WILHELM TELL, OR YOU MUST PAY THE PENALTY!

I WILL NOT SALUTE!

THE CRUEL GOVERNOR OFFERS WILHELM TELL, A LEADER OF THE REBELLIOUS SWISS, A TERRIFYING CHOICE.

THEY SAY YOU ARE A GREAT HUNTER WITH THE CROSSBOW. SPLIT THIS APPLE WHICH I PLACE ON YOUR SON'S HEAD, AND I WILL SPARE YOUR LIFE.



SOLDIERS, ARREST THIS MAN!

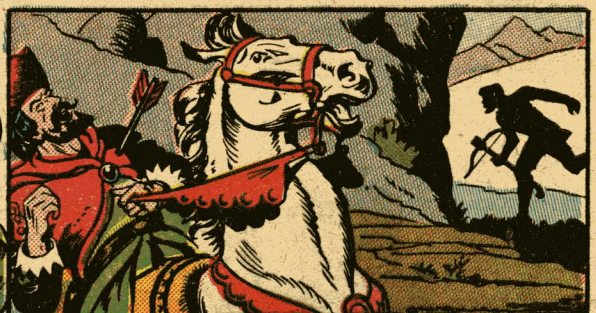
MAY THE LORD GUIDE MY ARROW!

WILHELM TELL ACCEPTS THE TYRANT'S CHALLENGE.



YOU LIED! SET ME FREE!

I PROMISED ONLY TO SPARE YOUR LIFE! PRISON IS THE PLACE FOR REBELS LIKE YOU!



BUT THIS DRAMATIC INCIDENT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END. WILHELM TELL ESCAPED, AND ON A DESERTED ROAD, IN THE SHADOW OF THE MIGHTY MOUNTAINS, THE HONEST ARCHER LET FLY A BLOW FOR FREEDOM, AND SENT GOVERNOR GESSLER TO HIS DEATH. BEFORE THE CORPSE WAS FOUND, SIGNAL FIRES BLAZED ON ALL THE MOUNTAINS AND SWITZERLAND AROSE AND CONQUERED HER AUSTRIAN RULERS.

How the RAJAH took the CENSUS

by Alfred Russel Wallace

THE CHIEF REVENUES of the Rajah of Lombok were derived from a head tax consisting of a measure of rice that had to be paid by every man, woman and child in the island. The Rajah was sure that everyone paid, but by the time the rice reached his royal store house after passing through the hands of many officials, some of it disappeared. This happened



year after year, and the Rajah noticed that his tax collectors became more and more prosperous. He was too wise to say anything, but he was too wise also to bear being cheated.

"What I need is an honest census," said the Rajah to himself. "If I knew exactly how many subjects I had, I'd know exactly how much cheating is going on."

For a week the Rajah thought hard and said little. At last he summoned all his officials, and told them that he had had a wondrous dream.



"I was visited by a spirit," said the Rajah. "He told me that a great sickness is coming upon all the earth."

When the Rajah's people heard this, they became very frightened. The Rajah continued his story.

"If we wish to be saved from the sickness, this is what we must do. Each village must send me a bundle of ordinary sewing needles — one needle for every person in the village, no more and certainly no less. Then I must have welded from the steel of these needles twelve sacred swords. When the disease strikes, a sacred sword will be sent to the village which suffers. Then the disease will cease immediately, providing that every house in the village has sent the right number of needles for the making of the sword. If the number of needles from the village was not exact, the sword will have no virtue."

And so it was that the needles were sent by the



people to the Rajah — one needle for each person. And secretly the Rajah made a count of the number of needles so he would know how many people lived under his rule.

When the time came to pay the rice tax, the Rajah compared the portions of rice to the number of needles, and this way he was able to discover which villages were short in their payments. And with gentle hints the Rajah nudged the officials and soon had payment in full.

Whenever sickness came to one of the Rajah's villages, he sent a sacred sword made from the needles. Sometimes the sickness went away, and this proved that the swords had a special power, even as the wise Rajah had claimed. Sometimes the sickness would not go away, and this proved that somebody in the village had cheated in the count of the needles and, of course, the Rajah or his sacred sword could not be blamed.

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