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No. 8

WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE

**HAMLET**

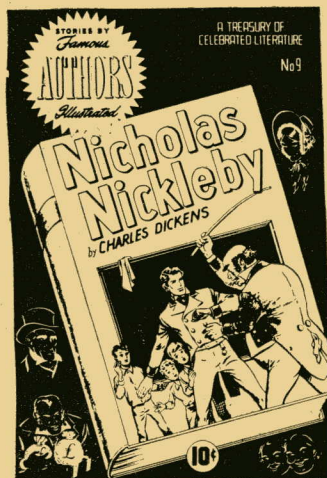


KRIEGER

**10¢**

Adapted from  
The ORIGINAL TEXT  
for EASY and  
ENJOYABLE  
READING!

# COMING NEXT MONTH



## NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

by

Charles Dickens

Many critics regard NICHOLAS NICKLEBY as the most exciting and melodramatic of all Dicken's novels, and certainly the story portrays more than its share of the knaves and villainy of nineteenth century London.

Its characters have become world-famous; such as Ralph Nickleby, the money-mad uncle; Wackford Squeers, brutal head master of Dotheboys Boarding School. On the better side, there is, of course, the youthful Nicholas, himself; his lovely sister, Kate; and the benevolent Cheeryble brothers.



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PART  
I

# HAMLET

by  
WILLIAM  
SHAKESPEARE

Adapted from the  
**ORIGINAL TEXT** for  
**EASY and ENJOYABLE**  
READING.

HAMLET, PRINCE AND HEIR TO THE THRONE OF DENMARK, WAS CALLED HOME FROM HIS STUDIES IN GERMANY BY THE STRANGE AND SUDDEN DEATH OF HIS FATHER, THE KING. ON HIS RETURN TO THE DANISH ROYAL CASTLE AT ELSINORE, HAMLET WAS SHOCKED TO FIND THAT HIS MOTHER, GERTRUDE, THE QUEEN, HAD WAITED ONLY A FEW WEEKS AFTER HER HUSBAND'S DEATH BEFORE SHE MARRIED AGAIN, THIS TIME TO CLAUDIUS, THE DEAD KING'S BROTHER AND HAMLET'S UNCLE. BY THIS MARRIAGE, CLAUDIUS WAS ABLE TO SEIZE THE THRONE WHICH RIGHTFULLY BELONGED TO HAMLET.

PRINCE HAMLET WAS DEEPLY GRIEVED BY HIS FATHER'S DEATH AND EQUALLY BITTER OVER HIS MOTHER'S HASTY REMARRIAGE TO HIS UNCLE. HE BROODED CONSTANTLY OVER THE STRANGE EVENTS WHICH HAD OCCURRED DURING HIS ABSENCE, AND SUSPICION THAT ALL WAS NOT AS IT APPEARED SOON BEGAN TO TAKE POSSESSION OF HIS MIND.

THE STORY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK, OPENS AT MIDNIGHT AS THE GUARD IS CHANGED OUTSIDE THE PALACE OF ELSINORE.

GOODNIGHT, FRANCISCO.  
IF YOU DO MEET HORATIO  
AND MARCELLUS, THE  
COMPANIONS OF MY  
WATCH, BID THEM MAKE  
HASTE TO JOIN ME!

I THINK I HEAR  
THEM NOW. **STAND  
HO!** WHO'S THERE?

ADAPTED BY DANA E. DUTCH  
ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY KIEFER

HO! BERNARDO! WELL, HAS THE STRANGE THING APPEARED AGAIN TONIGHT? HORATIO DOUBTS THE DREADED SPECTRE ALREADY SEEN TWICE BY US.

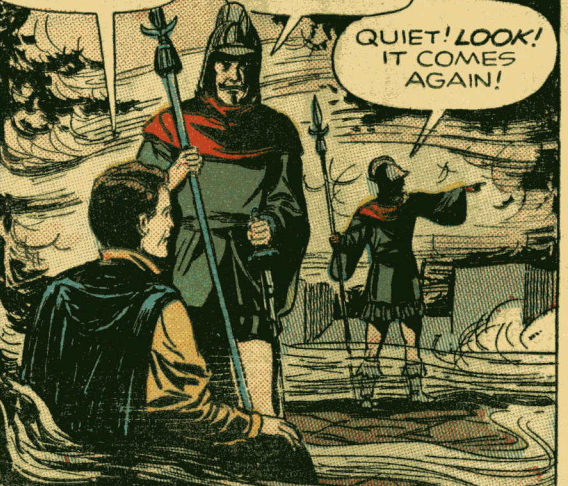
'TIS ALL IMAGINATION! IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN, I WAGER!



BUT ANYWAY, SIT DOWN AND TELL US MORE ABOUT IT.

BELIEVE ME, HORATIO... LAST NIGHT WHEN MARCELLUS AND I WERE...

QUIET! LOOK! IT COMES AGAIN!



IT'S THE SAME DREAD FIGURE! HOW MUCH IT RESEMBLES THE DEAD KING, HAMLET'S FATHER.

EXACTLY LIKE HIM! IT CHILLS ME WITH FEAR AND WONDER!

QUESTION IT, HORATIO.



SPEAK! WHO ARE YOU THAT WALKS AT MIDNIGHT IN THE HELMET AND ARMOR OF OUR DEAD KING?

SEE! IT STALKS AWAY!

IT IS OFFENDED!



IT'S GONE! WE DID WRONG TO SPEAK SO HARSHLY.

DID YOU NOTE THAT WHEN IT WAS ABOUT TO SPEAK, THE COCK CROWED.

WE MUST REPORT THIS TO YOUNG PRINCE HAMLET! FOR UPON MY LIFE, THE GHOST WILL SURELY SPEAK TO HIM.



**N**EXT MORNING KING CLAUDIUS AND HIS NEWLY WEDDED WIFE HOLD COUNCIL. PRINCE HAMLET IS OBLIGED TO BE PRESENT BUT STILL OPENLY MOURNS HIS FATHER'S DEATH.



**T**HE NEW KING IS A SHREWD AND WILY MONARCH AND HAS ALREADY WON THE CONFIDENCE OF THE COURT BY HIS SEEMINGLY GRACIOUS MANNER.

**A**FTER DISPATCHING COURIERS ON A MISSION OF STATE, HIS ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO THE MELANCHOLY FIGURE OF HIS NEPHEW, HAMLET...

'TIS SWEET AND COMMENDABLE IN YOUR NATURE, HAMLET, TO MOURN YOUR FATHER. BUT YOU MUST KNOW THAT HE, TOO, LOST HIS FATHER, AND THAT, IN TURN, HIS FATHER BEFORE HIM, TO PERSEVERE TOO LONG IN SORROW BECOMES UNMANLY GRIEF.

GOOD HAMLET, CAST OFF YOUR MOURNING FOR AWHILE. DO NOT FOREVER SEEK YOUR NOBLE FATHER IN THE DUST.



I SHALL DO MY BEST TO OBEY YOU, MOTHER.

'TIS A LOVING AND FAIR REPLY AND PLEASURES ME GREATLY, MADAM. BUT COME NOW, HAMLET PREFERS TO BE ALONE.



**W**HEN THE KING AND QUEEN HAVE GONE, HAMLET'S PENT-UP EMOTIONS ARE SUDDENLY UNLEASHED!

OH, THAT THIS TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH OF MINE WOULD MELT AND RELEASE MY SOUL FROM BODY. OH, GOD! HOW WEARY, STALE, FLAT AND UNPROFITABLE SEEM TO ME ALL THE PURPOSES OF THIS WORLD. THAT IT SHOULD COME TO THIS! MY FATHER, BUT A FEW WEEKS DEAD. SO EXCELLENT A KING, SO LOVING TO MY MOTHER THAT HE WOULD NOT PERMIT THE WINDS OF HEAVEN TO TOUCH HER FACE TOO ROUGHLY. AND YET, WITHIN A MONTH, MY MOTHER MARRIED TO MY UNCLE. FRAILTY, THY NAME IS WOMAN. WITHIN A LITTLE MONTH, EVEN BEFORE THOSE SHOES WERE OLD WITH WHICH SHE FOLLOWED MY POOR FATHER'S BODY TO THE GRAVE SHE MARRIED. IT IS NOT NOW AND NEVER CAN BE RIGHT, BUT THOUGH IT BREAKS MY HEART, I AM FORCED TO HOLD MY TONGUE!



**HORATO**, HAMLET'S BOYHOOD FRIEND, APPEARS WITH THE TWO OFFICERS OF THE GUARD.

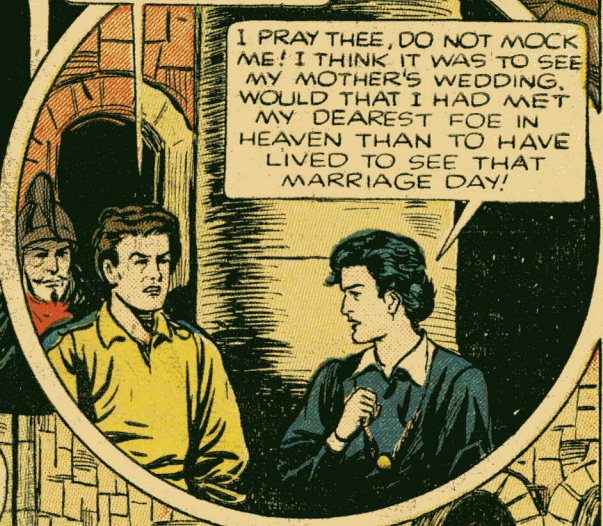


HAIL TO YOUR LORDSHIP!

HORATIO, HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU! WHAT HAS BROUGHT YOU BACK TO DENMARK!

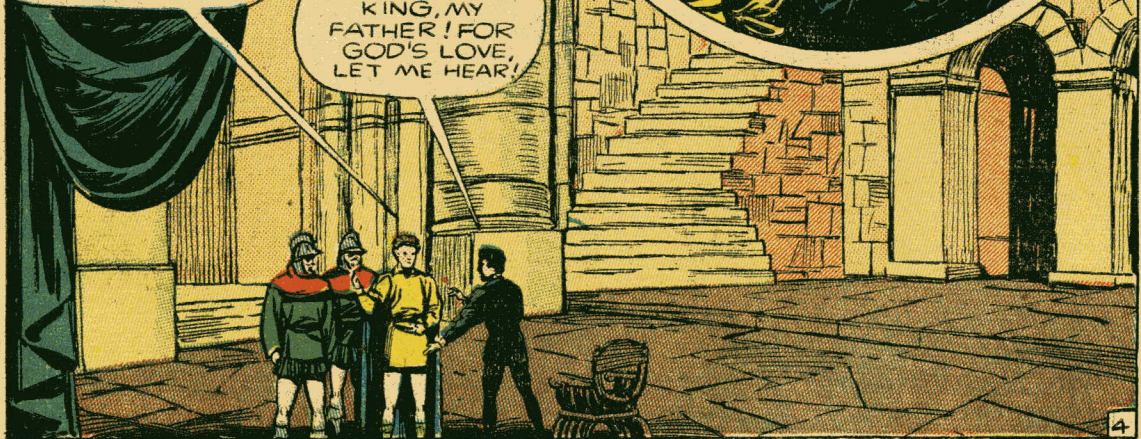
MY LORD, I CAME TO ATTEND YOUR FATHER'S FUNERAL.

I PRAY THEE, DO NOT MOCK ME! I THINK IT WAS TO SEE MY MOTHER'S WEDDING, WOULD THAT I HAD MET MY DEAREST FOE IN HEAVEN THAN TO HAVE LIVED TO SEE THAT MARRIAGE DAY!

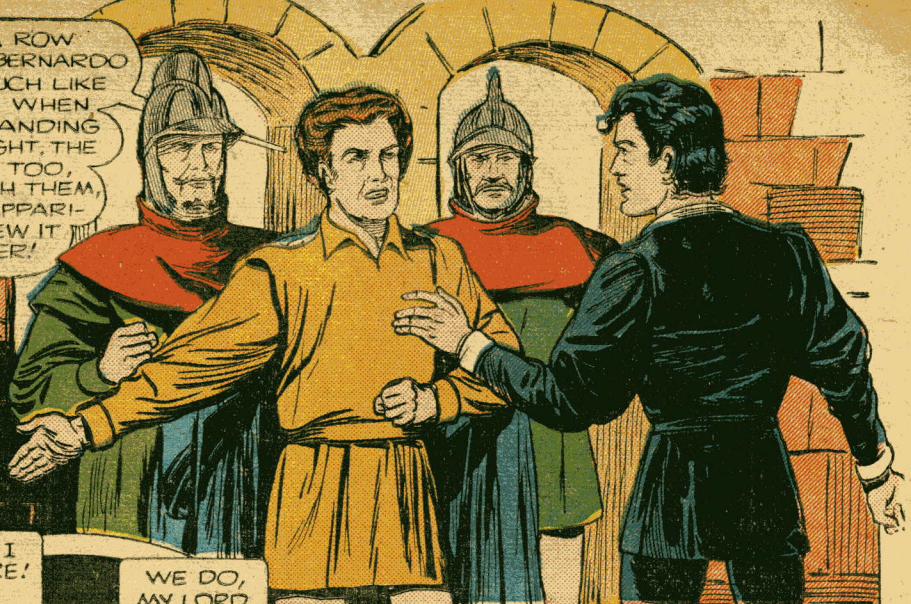


I SAW YOUR FATHER BUT ONCE WHILE HE STILL LIVED, BUT UPON MY OATH AND THE WITNESS OF THE OFFICERS, I MUST REPORT THIS MARVEL TO YOU! LAST NIGHT I SAW YOUR FATHER AGAIN!

SAW **WHO!** THE KING, MY FATHER! FOR GOD'S LOVE, LET ME HEAR!

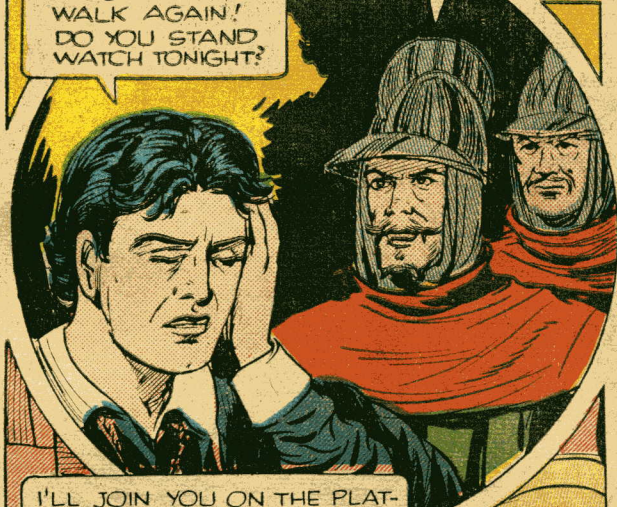


TWO NIGHTS IN A ROW MARCELLUS AND BERNARDO SAW A FIGURE MUCH LIKE OUR DEAD KING WHEN THEY WERE STANDING WATCH AT MIDNIGHT. THE THIRD NIGHT, I, TOO, KEPT WATCH WITH THEM, AND WHEN THE APPARITION CAME, I KNEW IT WAS YOUR FATHER!



I WOULD THAT I HAD BEEN THERE! PERHAPS THIS SPECTRE WILL WALK AGAIN! DO YOU STAND WATCH TONIGHT?

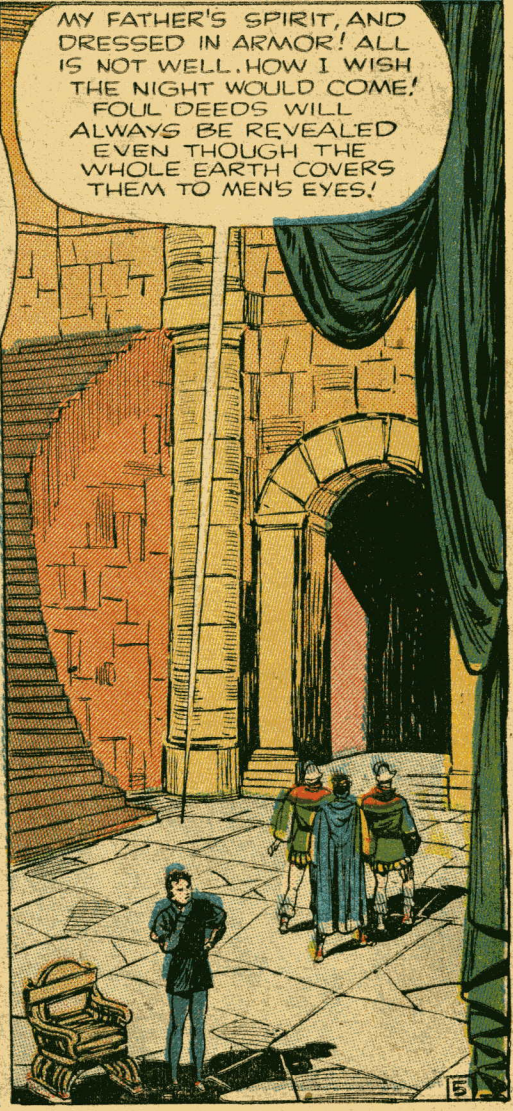
WE DO, MY LORD.



MY FATHER'S SPIRIT, AND DRESSED IN ARMOR! ALL IS NOT WELL. HOW I WISH THE NIGHT WOULD COME! FOUL DEEDS WILL ALWAYS BE REVEALED EVEN THOUGH THE WHOLE EARTH COVERS THEM TO MEN'S EYES!

I'LL JOIN YOU ON THE PLATFORM TONIGHT, IF IT ASSUMES MY NOBLE FATHER'S IMAGE, THEN, THOUGH HELL ITSELF SHOULD BID ME HOLD MY PEACE, I'LL SPEAK TO IT. BUT I PRAY YOU... SINCE YOU HAVE TOLD NO ONE OF THIS, SAY NOTHING ABOUT IT NOW!

MY DUTY TO YOUR HONOR!



**S**HORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT, HAMLET JOINS THE WATCH OF HORATIO AND MARCELLUS IN THE HOPE OF SEEING HIS FATHER'S GHOST...

LOOK, NOW, MY LORD! IT COMES AND BECKONS YOU TO GO AWAY WITH IT.



YOU SHALL NOT GO, MY LORD!

WHY SHOULD I FEAR, AND SINCE IT IS ITSELF IMMORTAL HOW CAN IT HARM MY SOUL? UNHAND ME!

**HAMLET!** YOU CANNOT GO FORTH TO MEET IT ALONE!

**W**ITH A SAVAGE TWIST, HAMLET BREAKS LOOSE FROM HIS FRIENDS AND FOLLOWS AS THE GHOST DRAWS UP A LONELY STRETCH OF THE PLATFORM...

SOMETHING IS ROTTEN IN THE STATE OF DENMARK!

WHERE DO YOU LEAD ME? **SPEAK!** I'LL GO NO FURTHER!



I WILL. THE HOUR IS NEAR WHEN I MUST RETURN TO THE SULPHUROUS, TORMENTING FLAMES OF PURGATORY. I AM THY FATHER'S SPIRIT, DOOMED FOR A CERTAIN TERM TO WALK THE NIGHT, AND FOR THE DAY CONFINED TO FAST IN FIRES TILL THE FOUL SINS DONE IN MY DAYS OF LIFE ARE BURNED AND PURGED AWAY. O, LISTEN, IF YOU DID EVER LOVE THY DEAD FATHER...

O, GOD! I DID!



THEN REVENGE MY FOUL AND MOST UNNATURAL MURDER!

**MURDER!** MAKE HASTE TO TELL ME SO THAT I MAY SWEEP TO THY REVENGE!



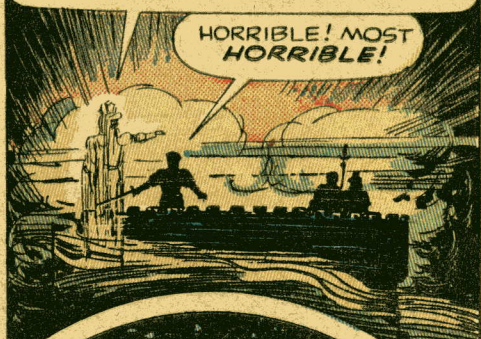


IT WAS REPORTED THAT A SERPENT STUNG ME WHILE I WAS SLEEPING IN MY ORCHARD. BY THIS FALSEHOOD OF MY DEATH, DENMARK SUFFERS... FOR THE SERPENT THAT TOOK YOUR FATHER'S LIFE NOW WEARS HIS CROWN!



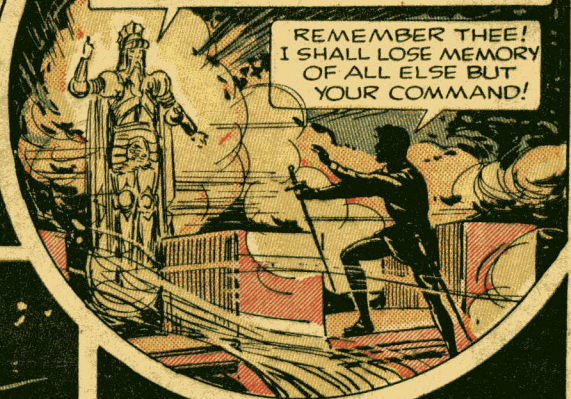
MY UNCLE!

THE DAWN COMES, AND I MUST SPEAK QUICKLY... WHILE I WAS ASLEEP IN MY ORCHARD YOUR UNCLE STOLE UPON ME AND POURED A VIAL OF HEBONA INTO MY EAR. SWIFT AS QUICKSILVER, THE POISON TOOK DEADLY EFFECT. THUS, BY MY BROTHER'S HAND, I WAS ROBBED OF LIFE, OF CROWN AND MY QUEEN!



HORRIBLE! MOST HORRIBLE!

WHICH EVER WAY YOU CARRY OUT YOUR REVENGE... TURN NOT YOUR HAND AGAINST YOUR MOTHER! LET HER PUNISHMENT BE LEFT TO HEAVEN ALONE! SO NOW, FAREWELL... THE DAWN APPEARS. ADIEU, ADIEU, HAMLET... REMEMBER ME...



REMEMBER THEE! I SHALL LOSE MEMORY OF ALL ELSE BUT YOUR COMMAND!

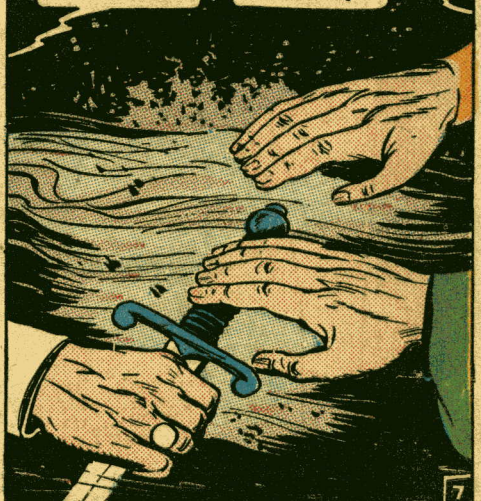
WHAT WORD WAS GIVEN YOU BY THE GHOST, MY LORD? TELL US!

NEWS TERRIBLE INDEED... BUT I MUST KEEP IT TO MYSELF! NEVER SPEAK OF WHAT YOU SAW HERE TONIGHT, HORATIO!



SWEAR TO IT ON MY SWORD, GENTLEMEN!

AYE, MY LORD... WE DO IN FAITH!



# HAMLET

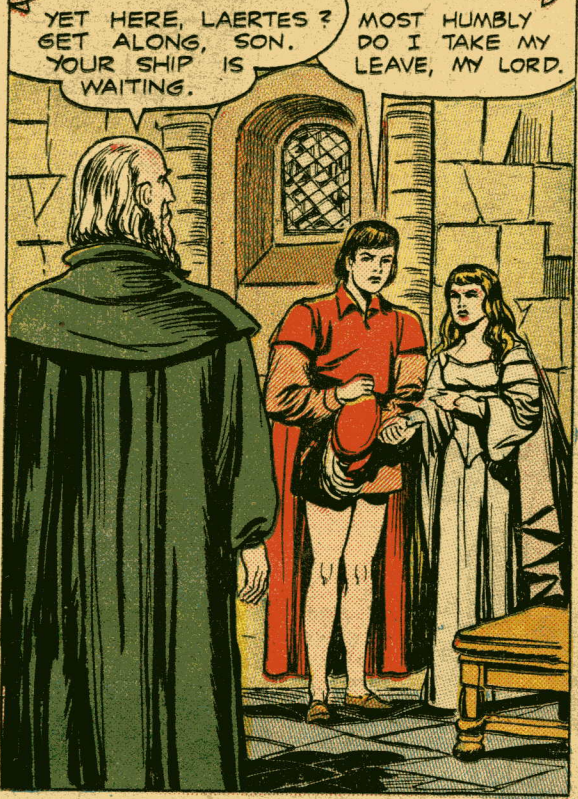
## PART II

**H**AMLET REALIZES THAT HE MUST HAVE POSITIVE PROOF THAT KING CLAUDIUS HAS MURDERED HIS FATHER. CONSEQUENTLY, HE DECIDES TO PRETEND INSANITY IN ORDER THAT HE MAY NOT BETRAY HIS TRUE FEELINGS AS HE SEEKS MORE EVIDENCE.

**H**OWEVER, HE IS DEEPLY IN LOVE WITH OPHELIA, DAUGHTER OF POLONIUS, HIS UNCLE'S LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND PRIVATE SPY. DIFFICULT AS IT IS TO DO, HE KNOWS THAT HE MUST NOW APPEAR TO HAVE LOST ALL AFFECTION FOR OPHELIA AND TO TRY TO DESTROY THE LOVE SHE BEARS FOR HIM.



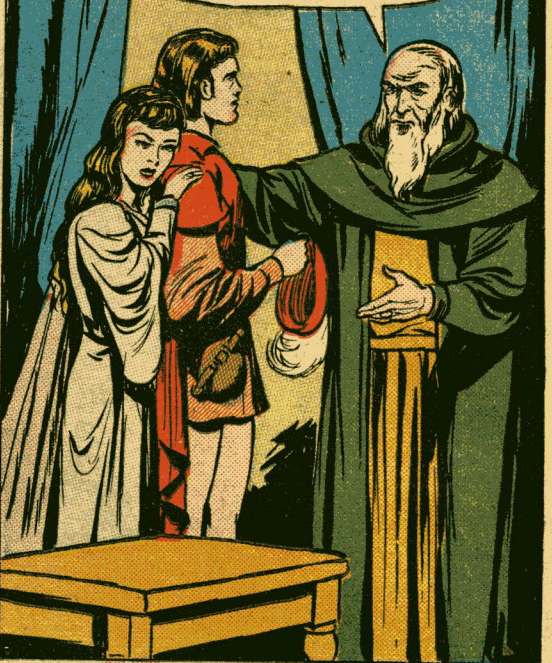
**A** FEW DAYS LATER, LAERTES, THE BROTHER OF OPHELIA, IS ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR FRANCE. THEIR FATHER, POLONIUS, GIVES THE YOUNG MAN SOME PARTING ADVICE.



YET HERE, LAERTES? GET ALONG, SON. YOUR SHIP IS WAITING.

MOST HUMBLY DO I TAKE MY LEAVE, MY LORD.

MY BLESSING WITH THEE, AND THIS ADVICE FOR YOU TO CHERISH. BE THOU FAMILIAR, BUT BY NO MEANS VULGAR. THOSE FRIENDS THAT YOU ARE SURE OF, GRAPPLE THEM TO YOU WITH HOOPS OF STEEL, BUT DO NOT OFFER THY HAND AT ONCE TO EACH NEW, UNTRIED COMPANION. BEWARE OF ENTRANCE TO A QUARREL, BUT ONCE IN, BE SURE THAT THOSE OPPOSED BEWARE OF THEE.



GIVE EVERY MAN THY EAR, BUT FEW THY CONFIDENCE. TAKE EACH MAN'S OPINION, BUT RESERVE YOUR JUDGEMENT TO YOURSELF. DRESS AS WELL AS YOU CAN AFFORD FOR APPAREL OFT PROCLAIMS THE MAN. NEITHER A BORROWER NOR A LENDER BE, BECAUSE A LOAN LOSES BOTH ITSELF AND FRIEND, AND BORROWING DESTROYS THRIFT.



THIS ABOVE ALL: TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE. AND IT MUST FOLLOW, AS THE NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN. AGAIN MY BLESSING WITH THEE.



FAREWELL, FATHER. FAREWELL, MY DEAR OPHELIA.

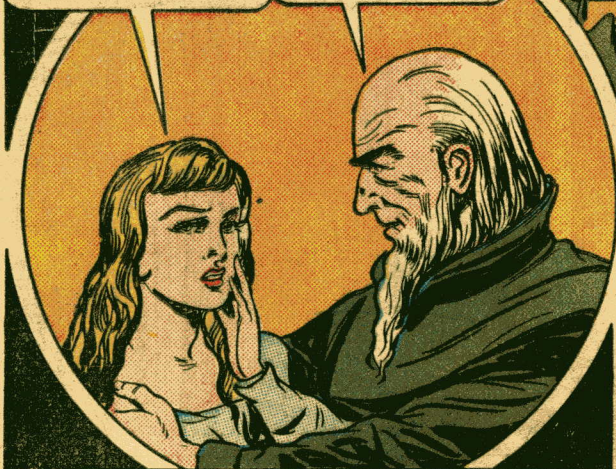
**A**LL THE COURT IS PUZZLED ABOUT THE CAUSE OF HAMLET'S APPARENT INSANITY AND POLONIUS IS COMPLETELY LED ASTRAY. HE THINKS IT IS BECAUSE OPHELIA HAS REJECTED HAMLET'S LOVE.

WHAT WAS IT, OPHELIA, THAT LAERTES HAS SAID TO YOU BEFORE HE LEFT ?

HE HAS WARNED ME AGAINST THE LORD HAMLET.

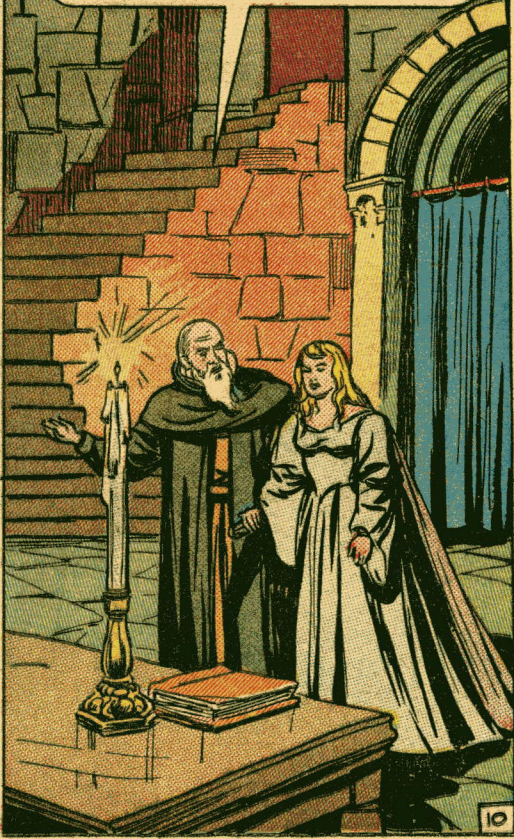
FATHER, FATHER, I HAVE BEEN SO FRIGHTENED.

WITH WHAT, IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN ?



THINK NOTHING OF IT, CHILD. IT'S JUST AS I SUSPECTED. HE IS MAD ONLY FROM HIS LOVE FOR YOU. COME, WE WILL SEEK THE KING AND TELL HIM WHY IT IS THAT HAMLET ACTS SO STRANGELY.

MY LORD, ONLY YESTERDAY, AS I WAS SEWING IN MY ROOM, HAMLET BURST IN UPON ME, WILD EYED AND WITH HIS CLOTHES ALL RUFFLED. HE GRASPED ME ROUGHLY AND BABBLLED LIKE ONE WHO HAD LOST HIS MIND. THEN THIS MORNING HE SENT ME A MOST FOND LETTER AS IF HE HAD SUDDEN REPENTANCE FOR THE CRUEL THINGS HE'D SAID TO ME.



**T**HE KING NOW SUSPECTS THAT HAMLET'S MELANCHOLY IS CAUSED BY SOMETHING MORE THAN HIS FATHER'S DEATH.

LOOK HERE, MY LORD. I HAVE SURELY FOUND THE CAUSE OF HAMLET'S LUNACY. YOUR NOBLE SON IS TRULY SICK FROM LOVE. MY DAUGHTER HAS GIVEN ME THIS LETTER FROM HIM WRITTEN TO HER AFTER A MOST STRANGE INTERVIEW.

LET US HEAR IT, POLONIUS.

"TO THE CELESTIAL OF MY SOUL'S IDOL, THE MOST BEAUTIFIED OPHELIA.

Doubt that the stars are  
fire,  
doubt that the sun doth  
move,  
doubt truth to be a liar,  
but never doubt my love.

Oh, dear Ophelia, I love  
thee best. O most best,  
believe me. But now,  
farewell forever.

Thine,  
*Hamlet*

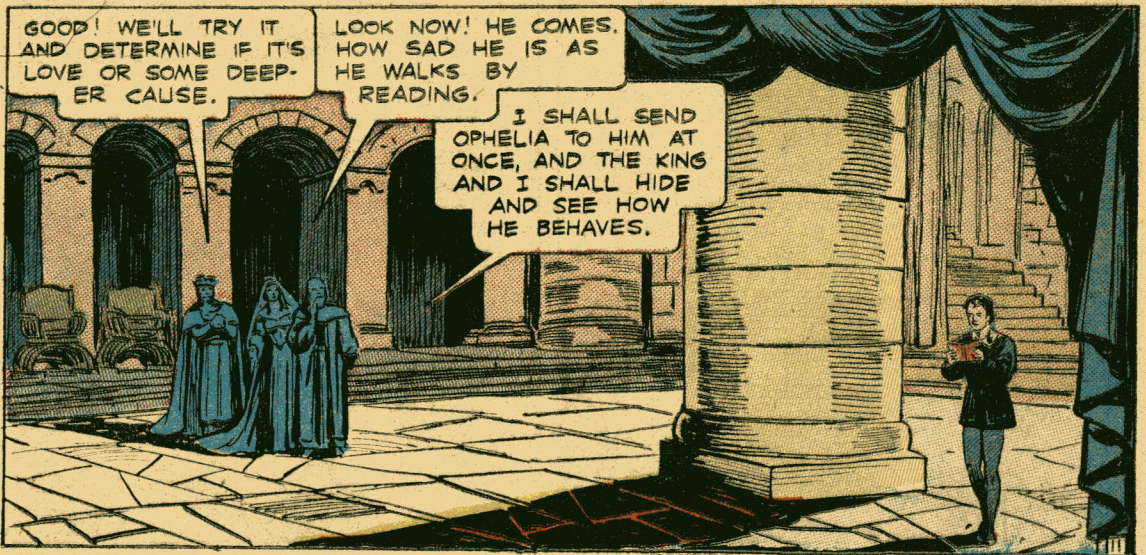
I'M NOT SO SURE THIS AFFAIR OF HEART IS HIS ONLY TROUBLE. HOW CAN WE FIND OUT MORE, POLONIUS?

HMM! WELL, SOMETIMES HE WALKS ALONE IN THE LOBBY FOR HOURS AT A TIME. I'LL LEAD MY DAUGHTER THERE AT SUCH A TIME, AND WE'LL EAVESDROP FROM BEHIND THE CURTAINS.

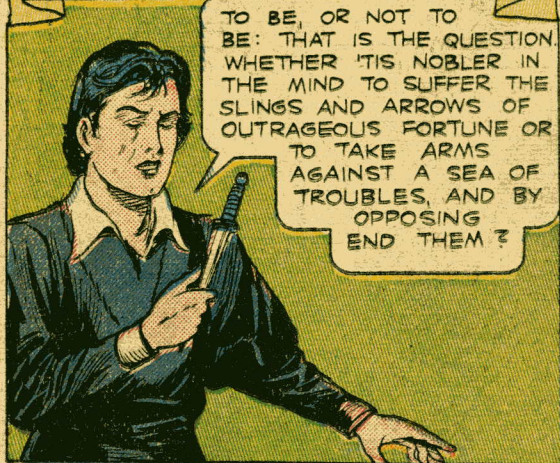
GOOD! WE'LL TRY IT AND DETERMINE IF IT'S LOVE OR SOME DEEPER CAUSE.

LOOK NOW! HE COMES. HOW SAD HE IS AS HE WALKS BY READING.

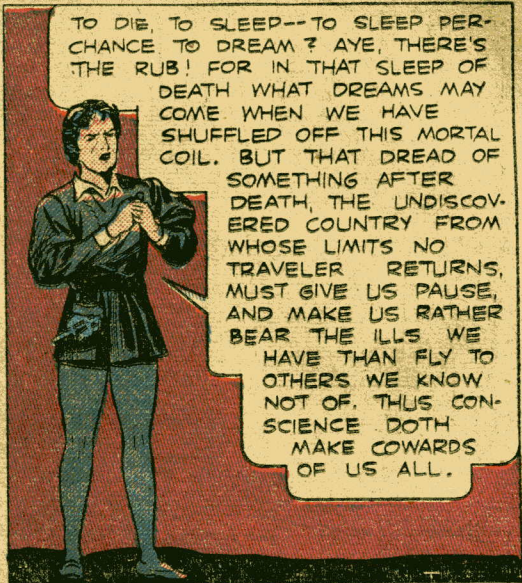
I SHALL SEND OPHELIA TO HIM AT ONCE, AND THE KING AND I SHALL HIDE AND SEE HOW HE BEHAVES.



**H**AMLET IS SO DISTRESSED BY GRIEF THAT HE THINKS OF SUICIDE AND FAILS TO SEE OPHELIA AS HE ENTERS THE GREAT HALL...

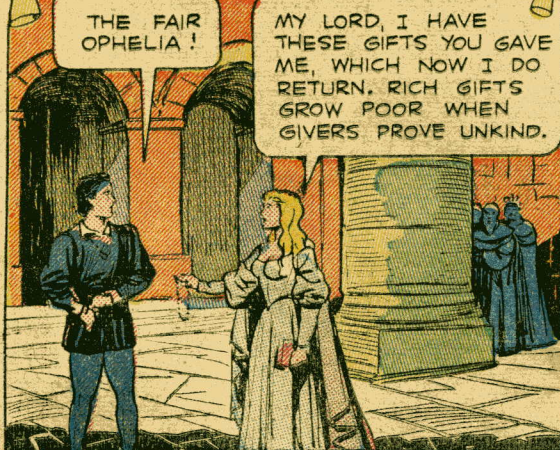


TO BE, OR NOT TO BE: THAT IS THE QUESTION WHETHER 'TIS NOBLER IN THE MIND TO SUFFER THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE OR TO TAKE ARMS AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLES, AND BY OPPOSING END THEM?



TO DIE, TO SLEEP--TO SLEEP PER-CHANCE TO DREAM? AYE, THERE'S THE RUB! FOR IN THAT SLEEP OF DEATH WHAT DREAMS MAY COME WHEN WE HAVE SHUFFLED OFF THIS MORTAL COIL. BUT THAT DREAD OF SOMETHING AFTER DEATH, THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY FROM WHOSE LIMITS NO TRAVELER RETURNS, MUST GIVE US PAUSE, AND MAKE US RATHER BEAR THE ILLS WE HAVE THAN FLY TO OTHERS WE KNOW NOT OF. THIS CONSCIENCE DOETH MAKE COWARDS OF US ALL.

**B**REAKING OFF HIS MORBID THOUGHTS, HAMLET IS SURPRISED BY THE APPEARANCE OF THE GIRL HE LOVES...



THE FAIR OPHELIA!

MY LORD, I HAVE THESE GIFTS YOU GAVE ME, WHICH NOW I DO RETURN. RICH GIFTS GROW POOR WHEN GIVERS PROVE UNKIND.

**H**AMLET REMEMBERS THAT HE MUST APPEAR TO SPURN OPHELIA. AND ALL THE WHILE POLONIUS AND THE KING ARE LISTENING BEHIND THE CURTAINS...

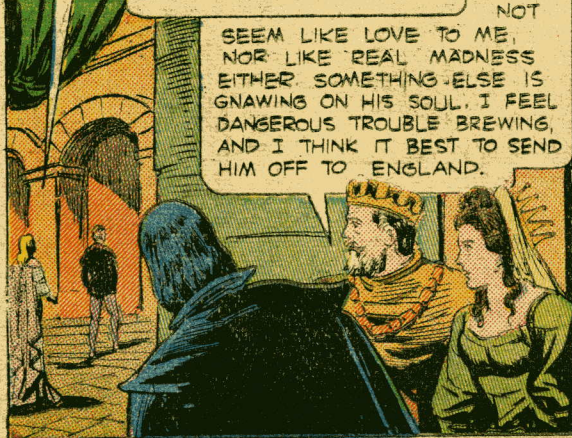
YOU THINK I LOVED YOU ONCE? WELL, I DID NOT! I DO ADMIT MYSELF DISHONEST AND A KNAVE-- BUT 'TIS TRUE, I NEVER LOVED YOU. IF THIS KNOW-



LEDGE BREAKS YOUR HEART-- GET THEE TO A CONVENT.

LORD HAMLET! YOU--YOU DECEIVED ME!

O, HEAVENLY POWERS, RESTORE POOR HAMLET TO HIS SENSES. SO SCHOLARLY, SO NOBLE, BUT ALAS, NOW ALL IS GONE. O, WOE IS ME TO HAVE SEEN WHAT I HAVE SEEN.



THAT DOES NOT SEEM LIKE LOVE TO ME, NOR LIKE REAL MADNESS EITHER. SOMETHING ELSE IS GNAWING ON HIS SOUL. I FEEL DANGEROUS TROUBLE BREWING, AND I THINK IT BEST TO SEND HIM OFF TO ENGLAND.

FIRST, LET HIS MOTHER, THE QUEEN, TRY TO DRAW OUT HIS SECRET. I SHALL HIDE IN HER CHAMBER WHERE I CAN HEAR WHAT HE REVEALS.



IT SHALL BE SO, POLONIUS. BUT I FEAR THERE MAY BE METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

# HAMLET

PART III

## HAMLET SETS A TRAP FOR THE KING

**A** FEW DAYS AFTER HIS ILL TREATMENT OF OPHELIA HAMLET RECEIVES SOME WELCOME NEWS FROM HIS FRIENDS, GUILDENSTERN AND ROSENCRANTZ.

MY HONORED LORD.

MY EXCELLENT GOOD FRIENDS. HOW DOST THOU GUILDENSTERN? AH, ROSENCRANTZ. GOOD LADS, HOW DO YE BOTH?

A TROOP OF STROLLING PLAYERS APPROACH THE CASTLE AND COME HITHER FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT.

THEY ARE THE SAME ACTORS YOU WERE SO PLEASED WITH IN THE CITY. YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH ALL THEIR PLAYS.

LET THEM COME IN.

LET THEM COME IN.

WELCOME, PLAYERS! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU ALL AGAIN!

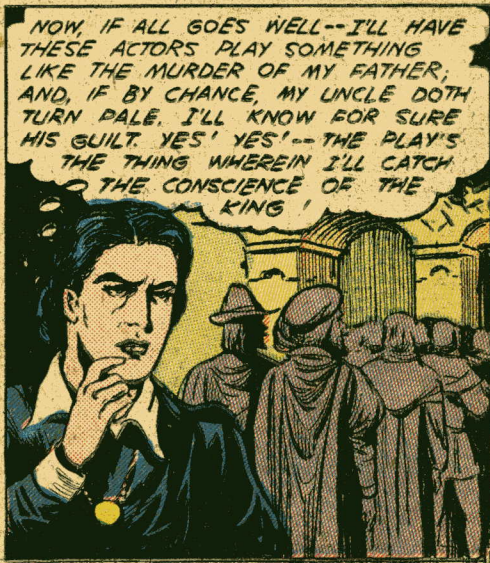
I KNOW HOW I CAN USE THESE ACTORS FOR MY OWN PURPOSE! THE ONE WHO PLAYS THE KING IN THE PLAY SHALL GET MY SPECIAL INSTRUCTION.



CAN YOU LEARN A DOZEN OR SO NEW LINES I'LL GIVE YOU, AND INSERT THEM INTO YOUR PLAY THAT'S CALLED "THE MURDER OF GONZAGO?"

AYE, MY LORD WE'LL GIVE THAT PLAY TOMORROW NIGHT.

NOW, IF ALL GOES WELL--I'LL HAVE THESE ACTORS PLAY SOMETHING LIKE THE MURDER OF MY FATHER, AND, IF BY CHANCE, MY UNCLE DOTH TURN PALE, I'LL KNOW FOR SURE HIS GUILT. YES! YES!--THE PLAY'S THE THING WHEREIN I'LL CATCH THE CONSCIENCE OF THE KING!



**T**HE NEXT NIGHT BEFORE THE COURT ASSEMBLES TO WATCH THE PLAYERS...

LISTEN, HORATIO, FOR YOU I TRUST: THERE IS A PLAY TONIGHT BEFORE THE KING WHICH PICTURES THAT WHICH I HAVE TOLD YOU OF MY FATHER'S DEATH. OBSERVE MY UNCLE CAREFULLY. HE MAY BETRAY HIS GUILT.

I'LL WATCH, MY LORD. GET YOU READY, I HEAR THE KING AND QUEEN APPROACHING.



**H**AMLET HIDES HIS ANXIETY BEHIND A JOVIAL MOOD AND THUS DISARMS THE KING'S SUSPICION FOR THE MOMENT...

THERE NOW, GERTRUDE! BE OF GOOD CHEER. HAMLET COMES TO GREET US!

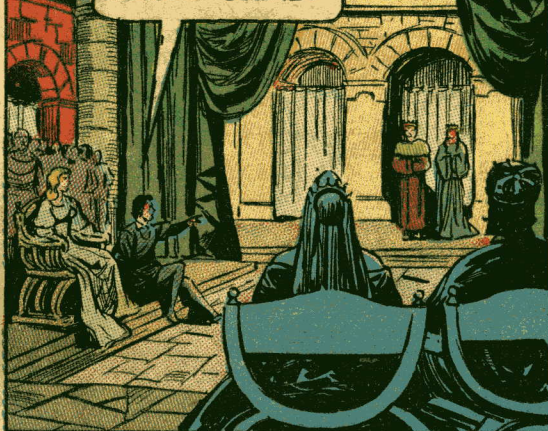


MY GOOD HAMLET, SIT BY ME!

NO, MOTHER. I'D RATHER BE WITH THE SWEET OPHELIA.



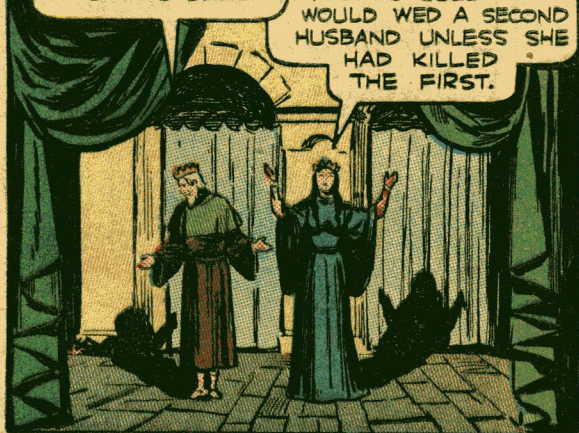
HUSH, NOW! THE PLAY IS ABOUT TO START. A KING AND A QUEEN ARE THE LEADING CHARACTERS. BUT A VILLIAN WILL APPEAR IN THE SECOND SCENE.



FAITH, I FEAR I SOON SHALL DIE, MY LOVE, LEAVING YOU TO REIGN ALONE. THEN YOU MUST FIND ANOTHER HUSBAND.

SAY NO MORE! ANOTHER LOVE WOULD BE TREASON TO

YOU. NO QUEEN WOULD WED A SECOND HUSBAND UNLESS SHE HAD KILLED THE FIRST.



YOU SAY THAT IN THE PASSION OF THE MOMENT, BUT WHEN I AM DEAD, YOUR THOUGHTS OF ME WILL DIE!

NEVER! I'D SOONER STARVE OR DWELL IN DARKNESS. IF EVER I BE YOUR WIDOW, I STILL SHALL BE YOUR WIFE!





**I**MPATIENTLY HAMLET SEEKS OUT THE EFFECT OF THE PLAY'S FIRST SCENE ON THE KING AND HIS MOTHER...

WELL, MADAM! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE PLAY?

I THINK THE QUEEN PROTESTS TOO MUCH.



**I**N THE SECOND SCENE, HAMLET'S HANDIWORK COMES TO LIGHT...

MY THOUGHTS ARE BLACK, HANDS APT, DRUGS FIT AND TIME RIGHT! RANK MIXTURE OF MID-NIGHT WEEDS, WORK YOUR FATAL MAGIC UPON THE KING!



LIGHT! GIVE US LIGHT! AWAY WITH THIS!

WHAT? FRIGHTENED ONLY BY A PLAY?

THAT TRIPPED THE KING, HORATIO! I'LL WAGER A THOUSAND DUCATS I AM RIGHT.

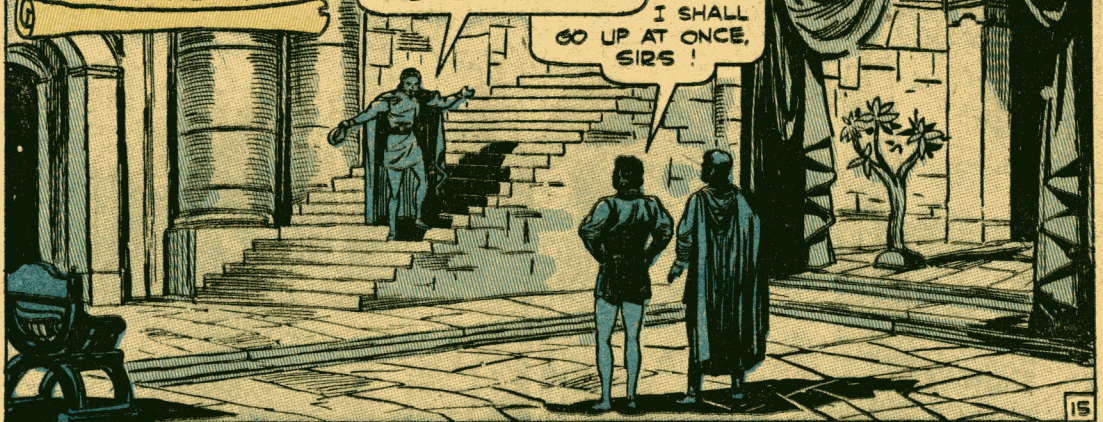
DID'ST SEE HIM SHUDDER ON THE TALK OF POISONING?



**A** SHORT WHILE LATER GULDENSTERN AND ROSENCRANTZ RUSH DOWN FROM THE KING'S CHAMBER...

HIS MAJESTY RETIRED TO HIS CHAMBER IN AN ANGRY MOOD, MY LORD, AND THE QUEEN IS MUCH DISTRESSED AND WISHES MOST EARNESTLY TO SEE YOU PRIVATELY.

I SHALL GO UP AT ONCE, SIR!



**A**FTER INSTRUCTING HAMLET TO GO TO THE QUEEN, GUILDENSTERN AND ROSENCRANTZ HASTEN BACK TO THE KING FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS...

IT'S NOT SAFE TO HAVE HAMLET AROUND! I'M SENDING BOTH OF YOU ALONG WITH HIM TO ENGLAND. MAKE READY TO SAIL AT ONCE.

AS YOU WISH, MY LORD!



HAMLET'S ON HIS WAY TO THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER, MY LORD! I SHALL CONCEAL MY PERSON BEHIND THE CURTAINED WALL. I'LL WAGER SHE'LL WORM THE TRUTH FROM HIM. BEFORE YOU GO TO BED I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I HEAR.

THANKS, MY DEAR POLONIUS.



**B**ELIEVING HIMSELF ALONE ONCE MORE THE KING IS OVERCOME BY HIS TROUBLED CONSCIENCE AND TURNS TO PRAYER. FOR THE FIRST TIME HAMLET FINDS HIM ALONE AND UNGUARDED.

MY OFFENSE SMELLS TO HEAVEN! THE CURSE OF CAIN, A BROTHER'S MURDER! O, WHAT FORM OF PRAYER CAN SERVE ME?



**J**UST AS HAMLET IS ABOUT TO GAIN HIS HARD-SOUGHT REVENGE, A SUDDEN THOUGHT RESTRAINS HIM!

NO! NOT WHILE HE PRAYS FOR THEN HIS SOUL WILL FLY TO HEAVEN. I'LL DO IT WHEN HE'S CAROUSING, CURSING OR IN SOME OTHER ACT THAT HOLDS NO PROMISE OF SALVATION.

MY WORDS FLY UP, MY THOUGHTS REMAIN BELOW. WORDS WITHOUT THOUGHTS NEVER TO HEAVEN GO.

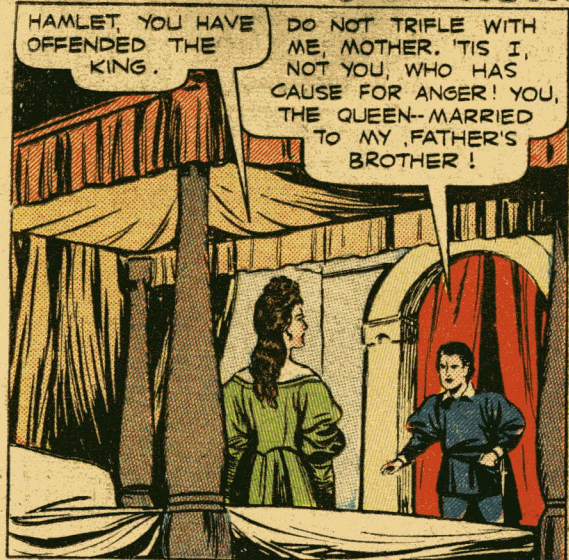


**E**VEN WHILE HAMLET SPARES THE KING'S LIFE... POLONIUS CONSPIRES WITH THE QUEEN.

TELL HAMLET HIS PRANKS HAVE GONE TOO FAR. BE STERN WITH HIM AND MAKE HIM SPEAK THE TRUTH.

I'LL NOT FAIL. HIDE NOW, POLONIUS. I HEAR HIM COMING!





HAMLET, YOU HAVE OFFENDED THE KING.

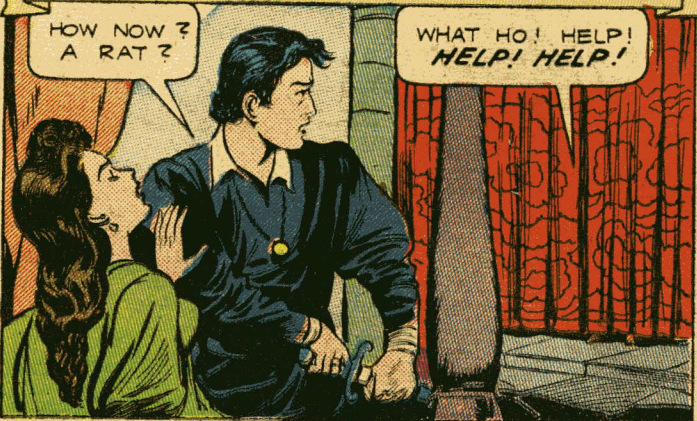
DO NOT TRIFLE WITH ME, MOTHER. 'TIS I, NOT YOU, WHO HAS CAUSE FOR ANGER! YOU, THE QUEEN-MARRIED TO MY FATHER'S BROTHER!



SIT THERE, AND DON'T DARE MOVE! 'TIS TIME I BARED YOUR INMOST SECRETS AND SEE HOW THEY SHALL SHAME YOU!

WHAT WILL YOU DO TO ME, HAMLET? YOU WILL NOT MURDER ME? O, HELP, HELP!

**P**OLONIUS ECHOS THE QUEEN'S CRY FOR HELP AND HAMLET, THINKING IT IS THE KING WHO IS IN HIDING, DECIDES THE MOMENT FOR VENGEANCE IS AT HAND.



HOW NOW? A RAT?

WHAT HO! HELP! HELP! HELP!



SO NOW! AT LAST, DEAD FOR A DUCAT! DEAD!



O, WHAT A RASH AND BLOODY DEED IS THIS!

ALMOST AS BAD, GOOD MOTHER, AS KILLING YOUR HUSBAND AND MARRYING HIS BROTHER! AH, POLONIUS, THOU WRETCHED, RASH, INTRUDING FOOL, FAREWELL, I TOOK THEE FOR THE KING.



SIT YOU DOWN! LEAVE OFF WRINGING YOUR HANDS THAT I MAY WRING YOUR HEART IF IT'S NOT TOO HARDENED AGAINST ALL SENSE AND DECENCY!

WHAT HAVE I DONE, HAMLET, THAT YOU SHOULD TREAT ME SO?

**S**UDDENLY HAMLET BRINGS FORTH TWO MINIATURES--ONE OF HIS FATHER AND THE OTHER OF HIS UNCLE...

COMPARE THESE PICTURES! THIS ONE WITH ALMOST SAINTLY FEATURES WAS YOUR HUSBAND. AND HERE, LIKE A MILDEWED EAR, IS YOUR PRESENT HUSBAND, A KING OF SHREDS AND PATCHES!

SAY NO MORE, HAMLET! I SEE NOW THE BLACK SPOTS ON MY SOUL. NO MORE, HAMLET-- I BEG YOU.



LOOK AT THIS MURDERER, THIS CUT PURSE! HE'S NOT A TWENTIETH PART OF WHAT MY FATHER WAS!

STOP, HAMLET! YOUR WORDS LIKE DAGGERS PIERCE MY EARS.



TAKE COMFORT, MOTHER.

ALAS! HOW CAN YOU LOOK AND TALK TO VACANT AIR, POOR HAMLET?



**S**UDDENLY, THE GHOSTLY FIGURE OF HAMLET'S FATHER APPEARS AGAIN. BUT THE QUEEN CAN NEITHER SEE NOR HEAR THE SPECTRE TO WHOM HAMLET SPEAKS.

WHAT WOULD YOUR GRACIOUS FIGURE? DO YOU COME TO CHIDE ME FOR MY DELAY IN ACTING ON YOUR COMMAND? SPEAK TO ME!

I COME TO SHARPEN YOUR COURAGE AGAINST THE KING. BUT SPARE YOUR MOTHER, HAMLET. SEE HOW SHE FIGHTS TO SAVE HER SOUL, AND YOU MUST HELP HER.



I TALK TO HIM, TO HIM! LOOK THERE, MOTHER! MY FATHER, DRESSED AS WHEN HE LIVED-- AND NOW HE LEAVES US!

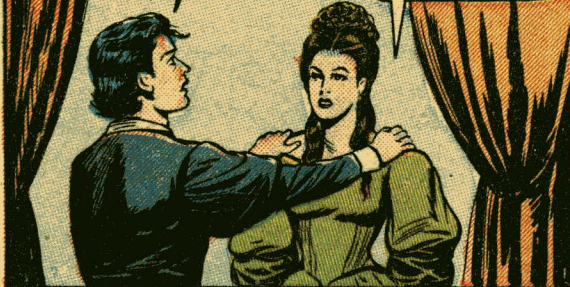
I SEE NOTHING BUT OURSELVES.

ALAS! 'TIS TRUE. HE'S LOST HIS MIND!



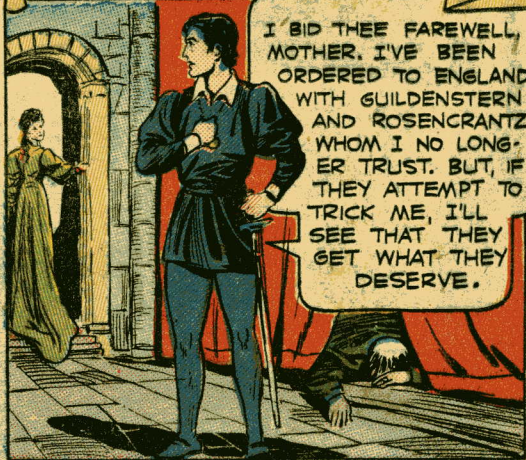
DEAR MOTHER, I HAVE BEEN CRUEL BUT ONLY TO BE KIND. CONFESS YOUR SINS TO HEAVEN, REPENT WHAT'S PAST AND NO MORE BE WIFE TO THIS VILE KING. NOR LET HIM KNOW THE SECRET THINGS WE'VE SAID.

NO--NEVER! I HAVE NO LIFE TO BREATHE A WORD OF WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME!



THE QUEEN IS NOW THOROUGHLY REPENTANT AND PROMISES TO PRETEND THAT HAMLET IS REALLY INSANE.

I BID THEE FAREWELL, MOTHER, I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO ENGLAND WITH GUILDENSTERN AND ROSENCRANTZ--WHOM I NO LONGER TRUST. BUT, IF THEY ATTEMPT TO TRICK ME, I'LL SEE THAT THEY GET WHAT THEY DESERVE.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER IN THE KING'S CHAMBER...

HAMLET IS TRULY MAD. IN A FIT OF RAGE HE HAS JUST NOW KILLED POOR OLD POLONIUS WHO WAS HIDING BEHIND MY CURTAIN!

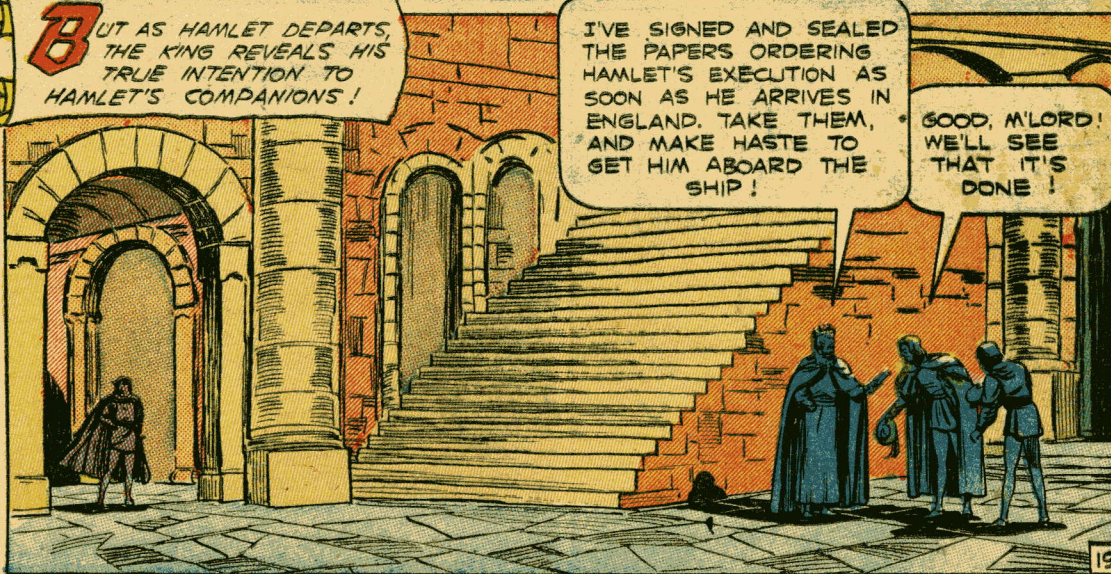
I FEARED SOME SUCH DEED AS THIS; AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN I, HAD I BEEN THERE INSTEAD. WE'LL HAVE NO PEACE UNTIL HAMLET'S SAFE AT SEA.



BUT AS HAMLET DEPARTS, THE KING REVEALS HIS TRUE INTENTION TO HAMLET'S COMPANIONS!

I'VE SIGNED AND SEALED THE PAPERS ORDERING HAMLET'S EXECUTION AS SOON AS HE ARRIVES IN ENGLAND. TAKE THEM, AND MAKE HASTE TO GET HIM ABOARD THE SHIP!

GOOD, M'LORD! WE'LL SEE THAT IT'S DONE!



# HAMLET

## PART IV

VENGEANCE TO GOD ALONE BELONGS

**A** FEW DAYS AFTER HAMLET'S DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND, HIS FRIEND, HORATIO, REPORTS TO THE QUEEN THAT OPHELIA'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR IS CAUSING GOSSIP.

SHE BABBLER STRANGE THINGS AND SPEAKS HALF TRUTHS THAT PUT DANGEROUS THOUGHTS INTO OTHERS' MINDS. 'TWERE GOOD IF YOU SPOKE TO HER YOUR MAJESTY.

I MUST, OF COURSE, HORATIO. LET HER COME TO THE GREAT HALL.



**O** PHELIA'S MIND HAS BEEN AFFECTED BY HER FATHER'S DEATH AT THE HANDS OF HAMLET WHOM SHE STILL LOVES DEEPLY, AND SHE WANDERS ABOUT TALKING AND SINGING TO HERSELF, NOTICING NO ONE.

THEY SAY THE OWL WAS A BAKER'S DAUGHTER! LORD! WE KNOW WHAT WE ARE, BUT NOT WHAT WE MAY BE!

ALAS! LOOK AT HER, MY LORD!



THE DEATH OF POLONIUS HAS UNHINGED HER MIND!

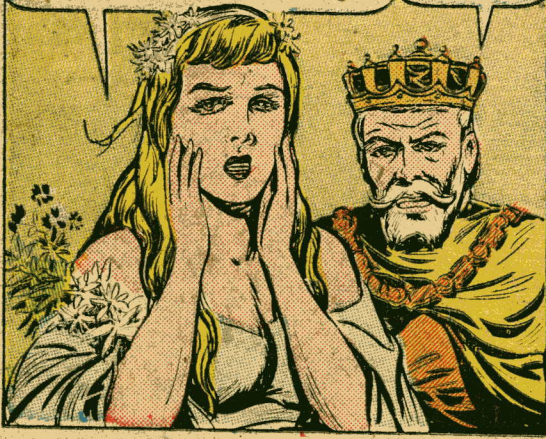
SAY YOU? OH, NO-- HEAR MY SONG!

HE IS DEAD AND GONE, LADY, HE IS DEAD AND GONE. AT HIS HEAD A GREEN-GRASS TURF, AT HIS HEELS A STONE



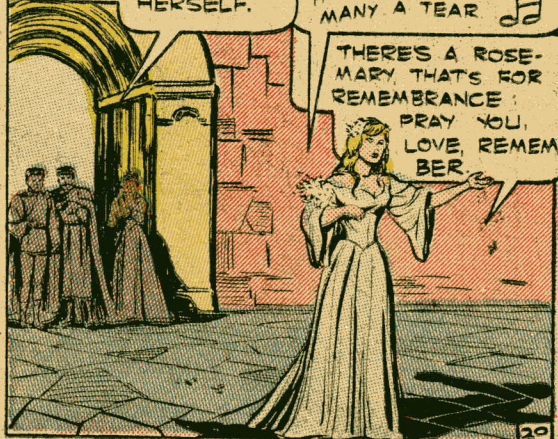
OPHELIA! SPEAK TO US! ARE YOU WELL?

OPHELIA! SPEAK TO US! ARE YOU WELL?



FOLLOW HER, HORATIO, AND WATCH HER VERY CLOSELY! SHE MIGHT WELL DO HARM TO HERSELF.

THEY BORE HIM BARE-FACED ON THE BIER HEY NON NONNY, NONNY, HEY NONNY AND ON HIS GRAVE RAINS MANY A TEAR

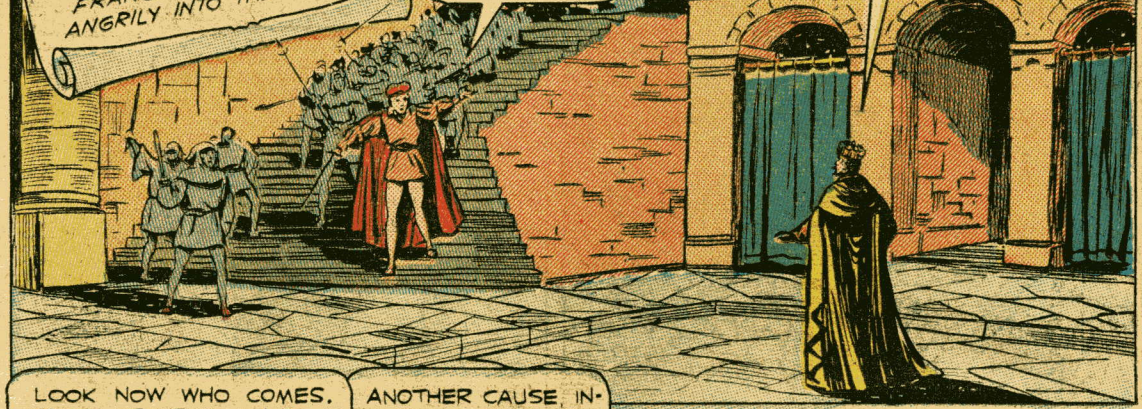


THERE'S A ROSE-MARY THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE: PRAY YOU, LOVE, REMEMBER.

**T**HE SAME DAY LAERTES, HAVING HEARD OF HIS FATHER'S MYSTERIOUS DEATH, RETURNS FROM FRANCE AND BURSTS ANGRILY INTO THE CASTLE.

WHO IS IT THAT'S SLAIN POLONIUS? LET COME WHAT MAY, I'LL HAVE MY JUST REVENGE FOR MY POOR FATHER'S DEATH.

YES, DEAD, LAERTES-BUT NOT BY MY HAND! BE PATIENT. DISMISS THIS MOB AND YOU SHALL HEAR THE TRUTH.



LOOK NOW WHO COMES. GOOD HEAVENS, MY POOR SISTER, OPHELIA, HAS LOST HER MIND!

ANOTHER CAUSE, IN-DEED, FOR YOUR REVENGE. WE'LL WORK TOGETHER TO FULFILL YOUR LUST FOR VENGEANCE.

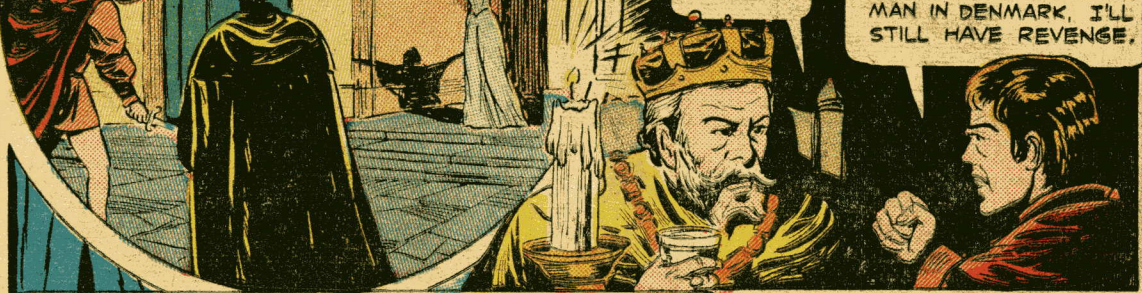
**L**ATER THE KING, PRETENDING TO SHARE LAERTES' SORROW, SCHEMES TO MAKE HIM HAMLET'S DEADLY ENEMY.



HAMLET NOT ONLY KILLED YOUR FATHER AND DROVE YOUR SISTER INSANE BUT CONSPIRED AGAINST MY ROYAL PERSON. BUT I MUST WITHHOLD JUST PUNISHMENT BECAUSE OF THE LOVE HIS MOTHER BEARS HIM.

THOUGH HE BE THE BEST LOVED

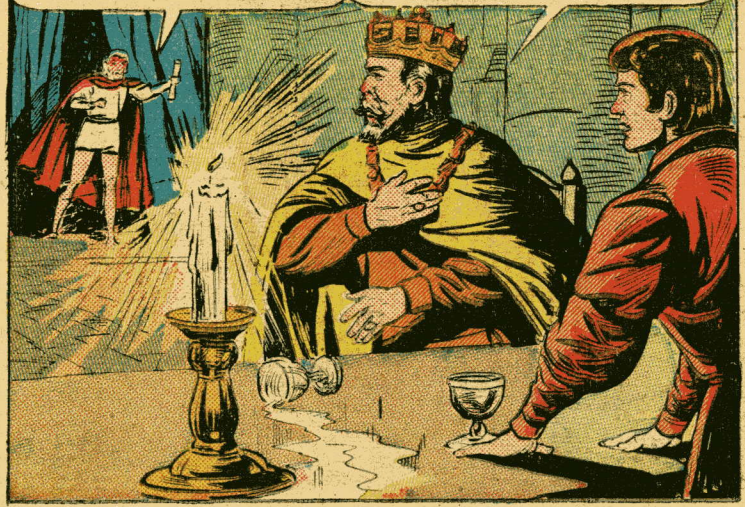
MAN IN DENMARK, I'LL STILL HAVE REVENGE.



A LETTER, YOUR MAJESTY, FROM LORD HAMLET!

**WHAT?** HOW CAN THIS BE? HAND IT HERE, QUICKLY!

"HIGH AND MIGHTY-BY THIS YOU'LL KNOW I'M BACK IN DENMARK. TOMORROW I SHALL SEE YOU AND RECOUNT THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF MY SUDDEN AND STRANGE RE-TURN. HAMLET."



LET HIM COME. I'M READY FOR HIM!

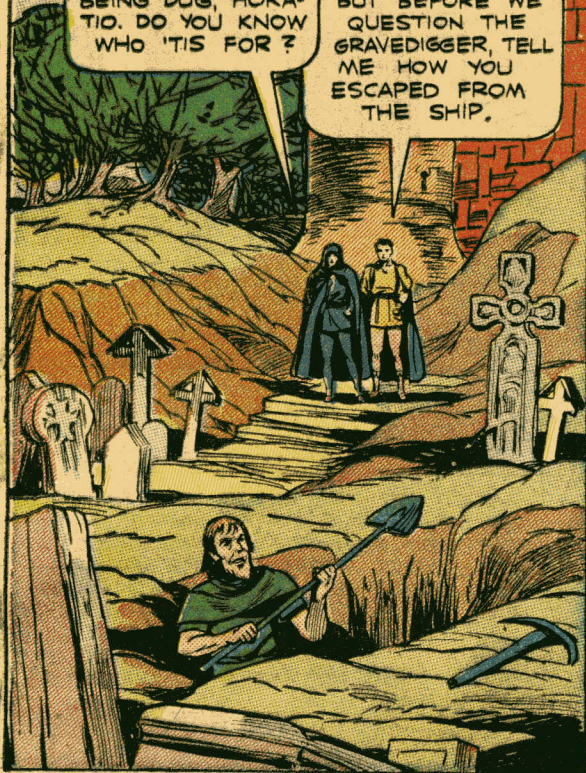


Famous AUTHORS Illustrated

TRUE TO HIS WORD, THE NEXT DAY HAMLET RETURNS SECRETLY TO ELSINORE, BUT FIRST GOES TO A GRAVEYARD FOR A QUIET TALK WITH HIS FRIEND, HORATIO.

A NEW GRAVE IS BEING DUG, HORATIO. DO YOU KNOW WHO 'TIS FOR?

I'VE NOT HEARD, BUT BEFORE WE QUESTION THE GRAVEDIGGER, TELL ME HOW YOU ESCAPED FROM THE SHIP.



WHILE ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN SLEPT, I STOLE INTO THEIR CABIN AND TOOK THE SEALED AND SECRET ORDERS GIVEN THEM BY THE KING.

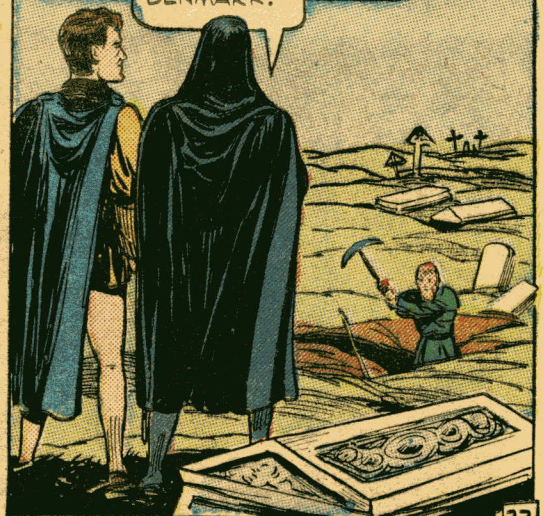
BUT WHEN THEY AWOKE AND MISSED THE PAPERS?



I CARRIED ON MY PERSON MY FATHER'S COPY OF THE ROYAL SEAL. AFTER DESTROYING MY OWN DEATH WARRANT, I FORGED ORDERS DIRECTING THE EXECUTION OF ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN AND PUT THESE WHERE THE OTHERS HAD BEEN!

A JUST REWARD FOR THE TRAITORS, BUT WORD OF THEIR DEATH IN ENGLAND WILL SOON REACH THE KING.

I ESCAPED THE SHIP WHEN A PIRATE CRAFT O'ERTOOK US. LUCKILY A SQUALL PARTED THE VESSELS AS SOON AS I HAD LEAPED ABOARD THE SEA ROVERS' SHIP. I PRETENDED TO BE A FUGITIVE, AND NOT KNOWING OTHERWISE, THE PIRATES PUT ME ASHORE IN DENMARK.







FOR WHAT MAN ARE YOU DIGGING THIS GRAVE, MY GOOD MAN ?

FOR ONE THAT WAS A WOMAN-- BUT REST HER SOUL SHE'S DEAD !



LET ME SEE IT.

AND THIS SKULL HAS LAID IN THE EARTH A DOZEN YEARS; 'T WAS YORICK'S, THE KING'S JESTER.

ALAS ! POOR YORICK, I KNEW HIM, HORATIO. A FELLOW OF INFINITE JEST, OF MOST EXCELLENT FANCY. WHEN I WAS A CHILD HE BORE ME ON HIS BACK A THOUSAND TIMES. AND NOW HOW LOATHSOME WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM APPEARS.

HERE HUNG THOSE LIPS I'VE KISSED I KNOW NOT HOW OFTEN ! WHERE BE YOUR JOKES NOW ? YOUR FUN-MAKING ? YOUR SONGS ? YOUR FLASHES OF MERRIMENT THAT WERE WONT TO SET THE TABLE IN A ROAR ? BUT NOW, NO ONE TO SHARE YOUR GRINNING FACE ! TELL ME, HORATIO--DO YOU THINK CAESAR'S SKULL LOOKED LIKE THIS ?



EVEN SO, MY LORD, EVEN SO !

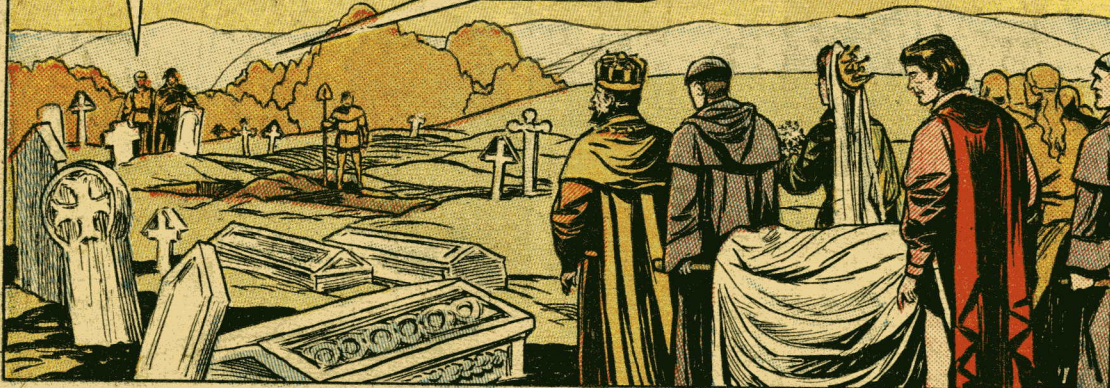
AFTER DEATH TO WHAT BASE USES WE MAY RETURN, HORATIO. OUR IMAGINATIONS COULD FOLLOW THE NOBLE DUST OF CAESAR TILL IT BECOMES MERELY MUD, PATCHING A WALL TO KEEP OUT THE WINTER'S COLD.



Famous **AUTHORS** Illustrated

QUIET! HERE COME THE KING AND QUEEN FOLLOWING THE BODY OF THE LADY WHO'S TO BE BURIED. THE LACK OF CEREMONY SHOWS THAT THE UNFORTUNATE ONE WAS PERHAPS A SUICIDE.

LET US DRAW BEHIND THE STONES AND WATCH, HORATIO. BUT SEE, THE CHIEF MOURNER IS LAERTES, A VERY NOBLE YOUTH.



WHAT? NO PRAYERS OR OTHER CEREMONY? THEN HOLD OFF THE EARTH UNTIL I HAVE CAUGHT HER IN MY ARMS ONCE MORE.

I REGRET IT, BUT THE MANNER OF YOUR SISTER'S

DEATH BY DROWNING WAS DOUBTFUL, LAERTES. T'WOULD PROFANE THE SERVICE OF THE DEAD TO SING A REQUIEM O'ER HER.



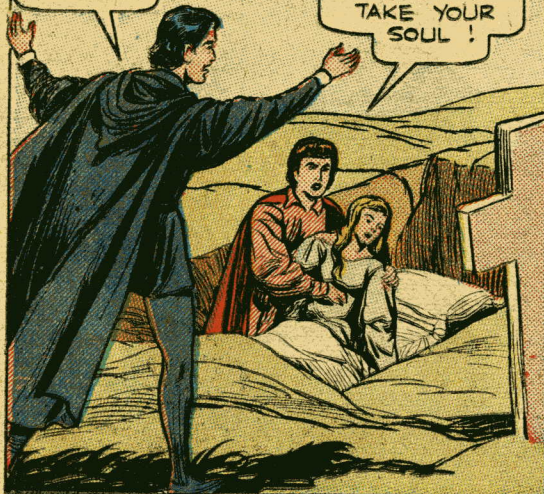
WHAT! 'TIS THE FAIR OPHELIA?

SWEETS TO THE SWEET! I HOPED YOU'D HAVE BEEN MY DEAR SON HAMLET'S WIFE.



THIS IS I, HAMLET THE DANE, HE THAT LOVED OPHELIA.

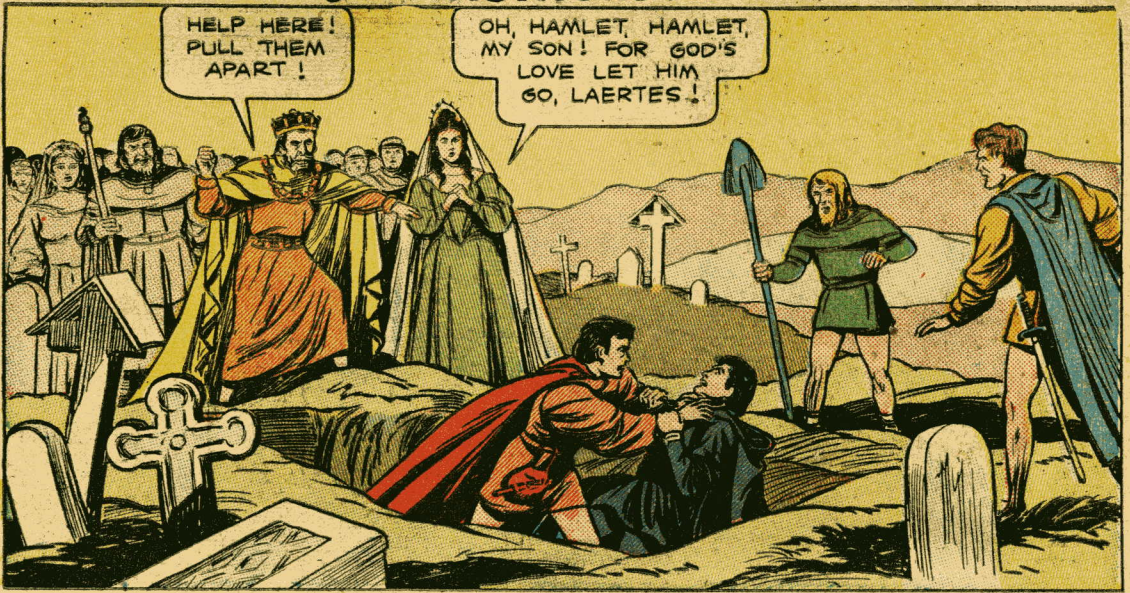
THE DEVIL TAKE YOUR SOUL!



I'LL CHOKE THE LIFE FROM HIM WHO BROUGHT HER TO THIS SAD END.

FORTY THOUSAND BROTHERS WITH ALL THEIR QUANTITY OF LOVE COULD NOT MAKE UP THE SUM OF MINE!





PATIENCE, LAERTES! HE'S IN A FIT OF MADNESS BUT SOON WILL FALL INTO ONLY BROODING SILENCE.

WHAT REASON HAD YOU TO TREAT ME THUS, LAERTES? I WAS ALWAYS YOUR FRIEND-- BUT ALAS! IT DOES NO LONGER MATTER. THE CAT WILL MEW, AND DOG WILL HAVE HIS DAY.

**T**HE KING PERSUADES LAERTES THAT HE SHOULD FIRST PRETEND TO FORGIVE HAMLET, BUT THEN ENGAGE HIM IN A FRIENDLY DUEL WHEN HE CAN BE SLAIN BY AN UNCAPPED AND POISONED RAPIER.

**H**AMLET IS MUCH DISTRESSED BY HIS QUARREL WITH LAERTES AND QUICKLY FALLS INTO THE TRAP SET FOR HIM.

I'LL SEND A MESSENGER TO HAMLET SAYING THAT YOU FORGIVE HIM EVERYTHING, AND THAT TO CELEBRATE YOUR RENEWED FRIENDSHIP YOU WILL ENTERTAIN THE COURT WITH HIM BY A FRIENDLY TEST OF SKILL WITH PRACTICE FOILS.

I HAVE A POISON FOR MY SWORD SO DEADLY, IF JOINED TO BUT ONE DROP OF BLOOD, NOTHING CAN SAVE THE THING FROM DEATH.

THE KING WILL BE PLEASED TO HEAR THAT YOU ACCEPT THE PROFFER OF LAERTES' FRIENDSHIP. HE HAS ALSO CAUSED ME TO SAY THAT HE HAS WAGERED HEAVILY THAT YOU CAN BETTER LAERTES' IN A FRIENDLY FENCING MATCH. WILL YOU ACCEPT FOR HIS MAJESTY'S PLEASURE?

THE GENTLEMAN IS WILLING. LET THE FOILS BE BROUGHT. IF THE KING HOLDS TO HIS PURPOSE, I'LL WIN FOR HIM IF I CAN.

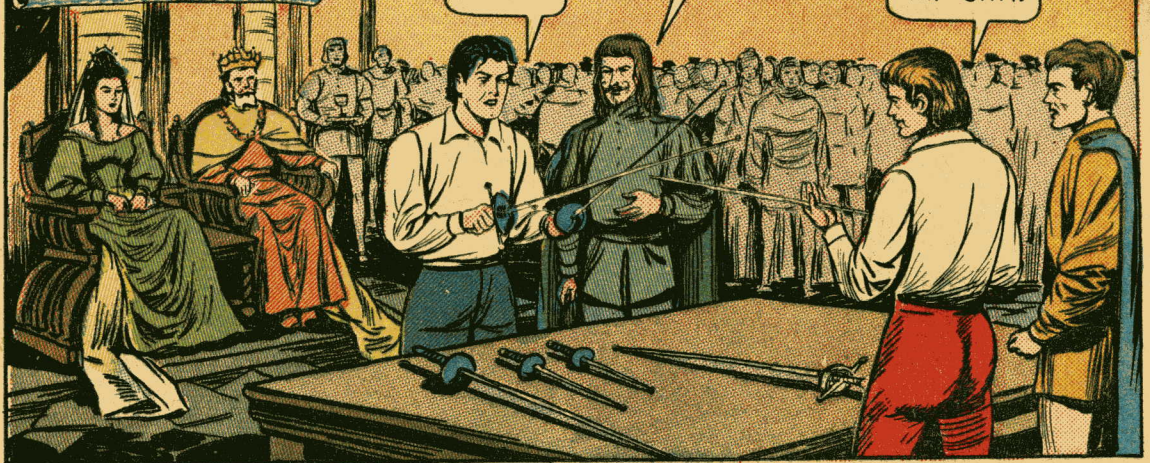


**T**HE DUEL BETWEEN HAMLET AND LAERTES.

ARE THESE FOILS ALL ALIKE, OF THE SAME LENGTH, SIR?

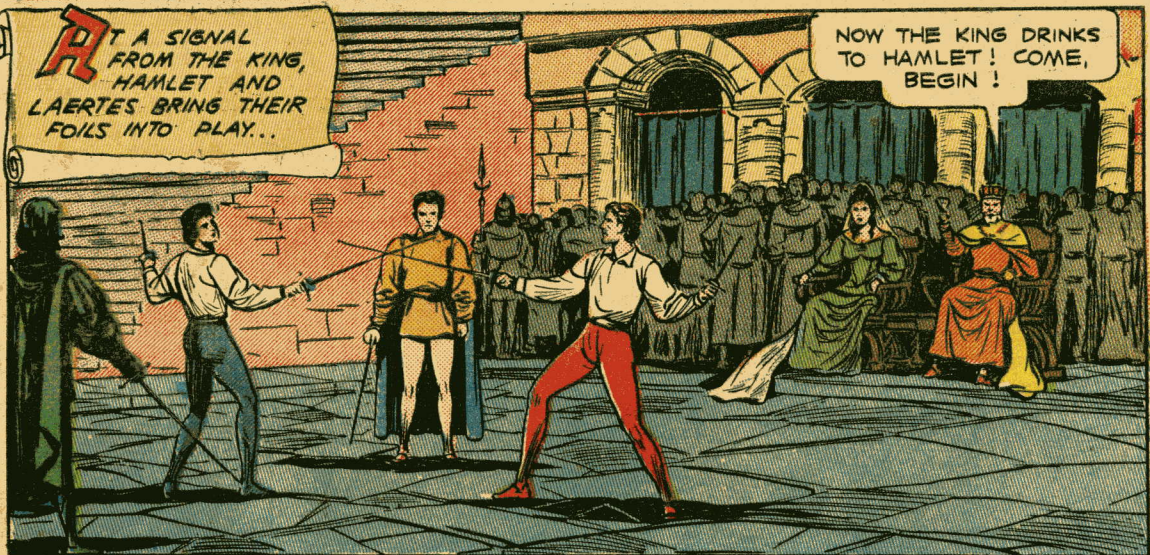
AYE, MY GOOD LORD HAMLET.

NOT THIS ONE FOR ME. I'LL TRY ONE OF MY OWN.



**A**T A SIGNAL FROM THE KING, HAMLET AND LAERTES BRING THEIR FOILS INTO PLAY...

NOW THE KING DRINKS TO HAMLET! COME, BEGIN!



**A**S HAMLET SCORES THE FIRST POINT, THE KING MAKES DOUBLY CERTAIN OF HIS NEPHEW'S DEATH BY DROPPING A DEADLY POISON INTO A WINE CUP...

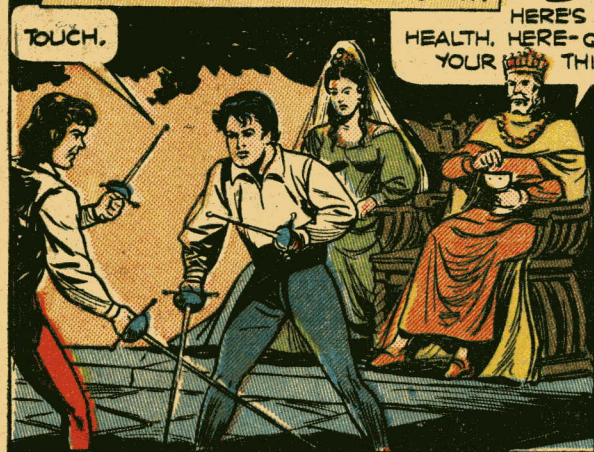
THIS POINT IS YOURS, HAMLET.

SET THE CUP ASIDE. I'LL PLAY ANOTHER BOUT FIRST.

MY HEART IS WITH YOU, HAMLET. I KNOW YOU'LL WIN!

TOUCH.

HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH. HERE-QUENCH YOUR THIRST!



Famous AUTHORS Illustrated

**T**HE QUEEN TAKES THE POISONED CUP INTENDED FOR HAMLET, AND WHEN HE AGAIN REFUSED THE DRINK SHE TASTES THE DRINK HERSELF.

**A**S THEY MEET AGAIN, LAERTES WOUNDS HAMLET WITH HIS UNTIPPED FOIL. INSTANTLY HAMLET REALIZES THAT THE MATCH IS NOT IN SPORT.

GERTRUDE, DO NOT DRINK!

IT IS THE POISONED CUP, IT IS TOO LATE.

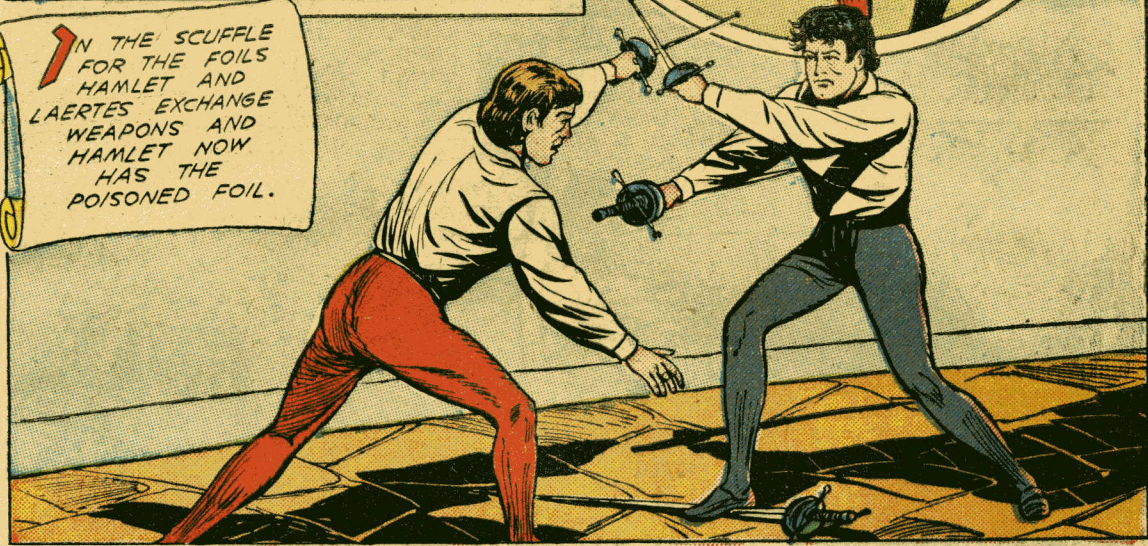
I WILL, MY LORD. I PRAY YOU PARDON ME. I DRINK TO YOUR SUCCESS, HAMLET.

I HAVE YOU NOW!

NO! COME AGAIN!



**I**N THE SCUFFLE FOR THE FOILS HAMLET AND LAERTES EXCHANGE WEAPONS AND HAMLET NOW HAS THE POISONED FOIL.



**W**ITH LIGHTNING-SWIFT CHARGE AND THRUST HAMLET WOUNDS LAERTES WITH THE UNTIPPED SWORD.

ART WOUNDED BADLY, LAERTES?

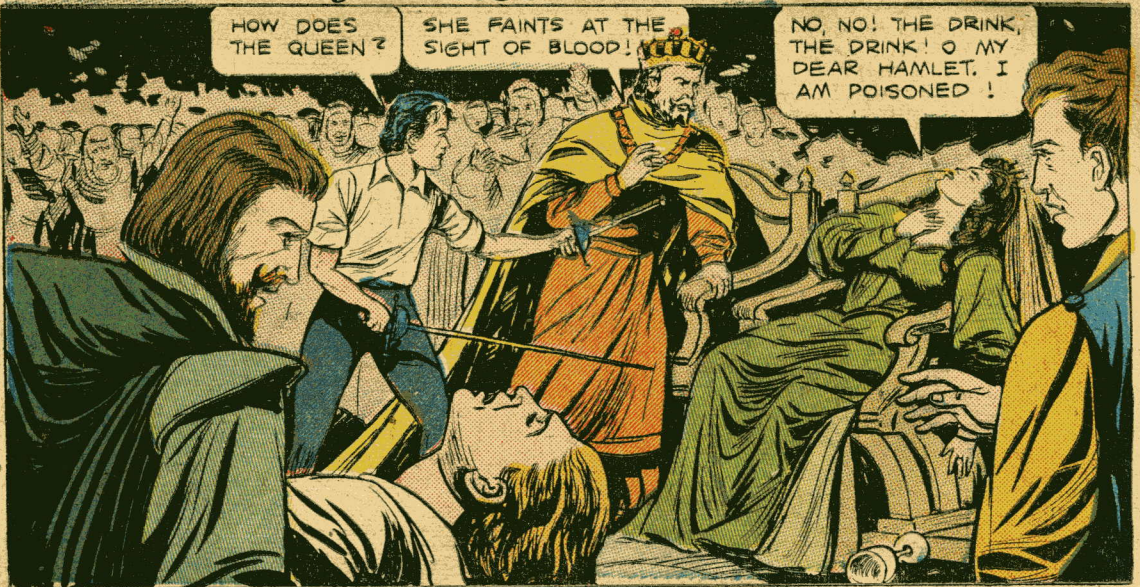
WORSE, OSRIC. I AM JUSTLY KILLED BY MY OWN TREACHERY!



HOW DOES THE QUEEN?

SHE FAINTS AT THE SIGHT OF BLOOD!

NO, NO! THE DRINK, THE DRINK! O MY DEAR HAMLET, I AM POISONED!



O VILLIANY! HO! LOCK ALL THE DOORS! TREACHERY! SEEK IT OUT!

HAMLET, HAMLET! YOU TOO WILL DIE! THE TREACHEROUS WEAPON, UNBATED AND ENVENOMED, IS IN YOUR HAND! THE KING, THE KING'S TO BLAME!

HERE, YOU MURDEROUS, DAMNED DANE! DRINK OF THIS POISON-- AND FOLLOW MY MOTHER TO HER DEATH.

HELP! DEFEND ME!

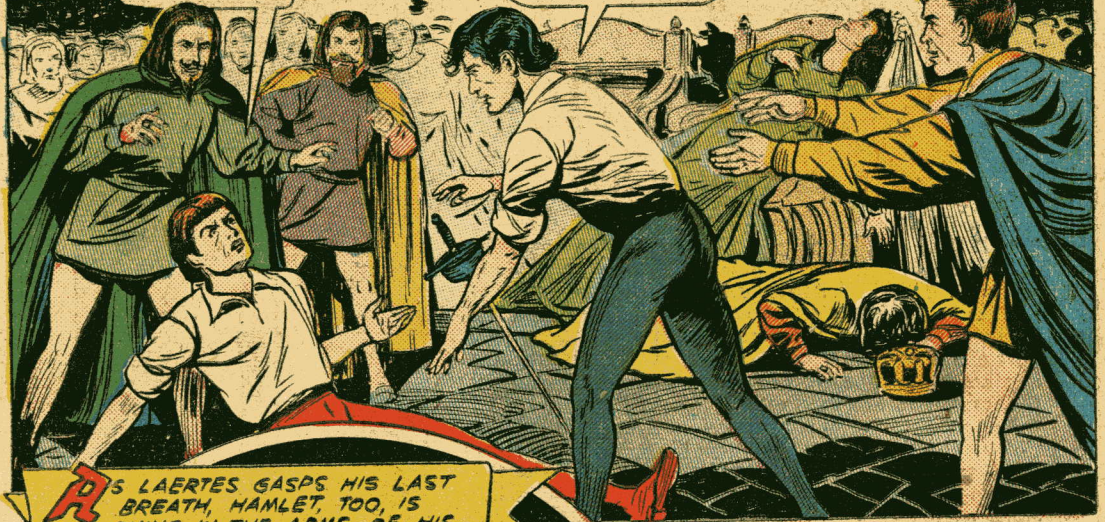


THE POINT ENVENOMED, TOO? THEN--VENOM--DO YOUR WORK!



EXCHANGE FORGIVENESS WITH ME,  
NOBLE HAMLET! MINE AND MY  
FATHER'S DEATH FALL NOT  
ON YOU, NOR YOUR DEATH  
ON ME!

HEAVEN MAKE  
ME FREE OF IT!  
AND I FOLLOW  
YOU IN DEATH,  
LAERTES.



**A**S LAERTES GASPS HIS LAST BREATH, HAMLET, TOO, IS DYING IN THE ARMS OF HIS DEAREST FRIEND...

O! I AM DYING, HORATIO,  
THE POTENT POISON FAST  
OVERCOMES ME. AS THOU  
LIVEST, REPORT ME AND  
MY CAUSE ARIGHT SO  
THAT ALL THE WORLD  
MAY KNOW THE TRUTH.  
THE REST IS  
SILENCE...

NOW CRACKS A NOBLE  
HEART. GOODNIGHT,  
SWEET PRINCE, AND  
FLIGHTS OF ANGELS  
SING THEE TO THY REST!



# The Christophers

By J. HENRY HAGGERTY

FOR four and a half years, from 1941 to 1945, the United States waged a bitter war against three nations—Germany, Japan, and Italy—which had submitted to dictators and were governed as were the tyrannies of old. In these countries every part of every person's life was regulated by the government. It was against this type of government that the United States waged and won a war.

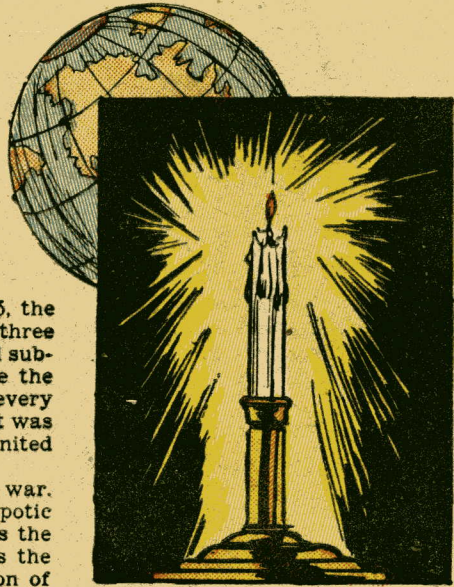
But in 1945 we began a new conflict—a cold war. This new war is likewise a struggle between despotic dictatorship and democratic government as was the war of 1941-45. Our aim in this new conflict is the same as in the preceding one—the preservation of freedom. This new war, of course, is the war to stop the spread of Communism.

One of the great leaders in this war is Fr. James Keller, a Catholic priest. He has gathered to his cause people of all faiths, who are working in various ways to stamp out the idea of totalitarianism. These fighters for freedom are trying to put back in its proper place the idea of man as an individual with in-born rights. Fr. Keller has named his group "The Christophers". The purpose of the group is simple—to restore to each person the rights given him by God. Catholics, Protestants, and Jews belong to this organization; each faith is represented, and each does a share of the work.

The points stressed by Fr. Keller are these. There are nearly one million people in the United States who are working for this nation's downfall. These enemies are intelligent, shrewd and extremely competent; they have worked their way into important fields such as education, labor organizations, government, motion pictures and radio. Once having secured a job in an important part of American life, these people strive to do all they can to weaken the pillars of freedom.

Nothing is overlooked. These enemies are not afraid of hard work. While other people are at home relaxed, these enemies are ever striving to spread Communism. Low-salaried jobs which are scorned by the ambitious American are often eagerly sought after by the Communist who realizes that thereby he will be able to work with dissatisfied groups, become their leader and direct their efforts against the nation.

The Christophers are trying to combat these radicals, by "beating them at their own game". Fr. Keller is trying to interest good Americans in the important fields of American life, in education, labor and government. The more pro-American people



*"It is better to light one candle  
than to curse the darkness"*

we have working in our government, in our educational and literary fields, the more pro-American and anti-Communist work can be accomplished.

It is not enough to sit back and worry about Communism; nor can anything be done by merely complaining and saying "I'm against Communism". The motto of the Christophers is this: "It is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness". Action must be taken, and the Christophers are acting.

The Christopher idea is not a new one. The Declaration of Independence mentioned the God-given rights of each person. The Constitution guarantees these rights. Fr. Keller and the Christophers are trying to remind Americans of these rights which will certainly be lost if they are not protected.

The Christophers do not enroll members. There are no dues to be paid, no meetings to attend. It is not difficult to become a Christopher. It is as simple as this: say to yourself, "I am a Christopher" and you thereupon become a member. All that is asked of each person is that he or she help put back into the hearts of all Americans the knowledge that they have the God-given right to act as individuals, to be themselves, not the slaves of a despotic government. That is the freedom which is threatened by Communism.

If you want to know more about the Christophers, and learn what you can do to protect your country and yourself, write Fr. Keller, c/o The Christophers, 18 East 48th Street, New York 17, New York.



# KEET CALLS FOR SKILL



WHEN Dick Shaughnessy, a 14-year-old school-boy from Boston won the second National Skeet Shooting Championship at St. Louis in 1936 with the amazing score of 248 out of 250, the popularity of this new sport zoomed among boys and girls from coast to coast.

Skeet is a game of marksmanship played around a semi-circular course. Two traps which throw clay pigeons are located forty feet apart, one on each side of the semicircle. The trap throwing "high" birds, known as the first station, is at the extreme left and for "low" birds at the right. Between them there are five other stations around the semicircle. An eighth station is in the center of a straight line closing the semicircle, midway between the high and low traps.

At first the game was played with ordinary field shotguns, but today special skeet guns are generally used. The difference between skeet and field guns is mostly in the bore, and this is especially designed in the skeet gun to obtain the right shot "pattern." Auto-loading 12-gauge guns are the most popular.

Each time a gunner cries, "Pull!" a clay pigeon is sprung and flies over the course. Two shots are fired from each station, then double shots are fired from stations 1, 2, 6 and 7, making 24 shots. To complete the round of 25 shots, an extra shot is taken after the first miss.

H. M. Jackson, Jr., of Garner, N. C., was the first man to break 25 consecutive targets. At the time he performed this feat, it was believed to be impossible. But the perfect score has been made by others since, both in championship matches and during ordinary events.

Every air force gunner of World War II knew the value of Skeet for the improvement of marksmanship. Skeet shooting taught turret gunners how to take a "lead" on a flying target. Skeet champs were used by the navy and air force as training specialists. Much credit is due them for the marksmanship developed by our aerial gunners.

All types of target shooting have always been popular, but Skeet as a healthful and exciting outdoor sport rivals all other shooting matches in popularity. While it is still probably America's youngest sport, interest in it is gaining more rapidly than in any other competitive sport. Everyone enjoys a game of skill. Skeet calls for quick coordination between the eye and trigger finger. And above all its merits, Skeet shooting is fun!

# A Curious List of EVERYDAY EXPRESSIONS

by

FRANK COLBY



WHEN a reader asked recently for the origin of the expression "to stick one's chin out," I began to think about such familiar expressions, and was very much surprised at the large number of terms in which names for parts of the human anatomy are used.

"To stick the chin out" is an expression common in prizefighting. You may have noticed in watching boxers that they invariably tuck their chins close to their necks so as to make it hard for a knockout blow to be delivered to the point of the chin. The fighter who sticks his chin out is inviting sure disaster, for his opponent invariably will take a hefty swing at it.

"To have a finger in the pie," refers, of course, to sharing the spoils, and the expression probably goes back to the days when people ate without much regard for the niceties, and did not use knives and forks in eating.

We say "I have my fingers crossed" when we wish to insure the success of some doubtful venture, and this expression grew out of the ancient belief that certain people had the evil eye and could bring about misfortune by merely looking at you. The blight, or injury, of the evil eye could be warded off by crossing the fingers.

And there are many other such expressions in the American vernacular, but perhaps the most colorful of all is the term to "turn thumbs down" on a proposition or thing or person. This is not slang. As a matter of fact, it has a classical origin in that it is traced to the great public games in ancient Rome. Some of these public spectacles

lasted as long as a hundred days, and they were usually staged in celebration of military victories or other triumphs, and the gladiatorial games were usually very brutal and bloody.

One of the most popular features was to pit as many as 100 pairs of gladiators in mortal combat. The gladiators were recruited mainly from slaves or criminals, and trained in schools for this type of combat. They wore some armor, and usually fought with shields and short swords. When a gladiator was wounded and he was at the mercy of his adversary, he lifted up his forefinger to implore the clemency of the spectators with whom was left the decision of his life or death.

If the spectators were in favor of mercy, they waved their handkerchiefs; if they decided the death of the gladiator because of his cowardice or lack of skill in the fight, they turned their thumbs downward. And this was a signal which meant his death, for his conqueror then would stab him to the heart. This is the real and historic origin of the expression, "thumbs down," which does not, as one might think, come out of the game played with little children, "Simon says thumbs up. Simon says thumbs down."



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