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World's Greatest Authors

THE TIME MACHINE

H. G. WELLS

No.
133 15¢



COMING NEXT



THE sound of swordplay between the Montagues and the Capulets was a familiar one on the streets of Verona, for these two noble families were feuding bitterly. But out of this great hate sprang an unforgettable love — the love of Romeo, a Montague, for Juliet, a Capulet.

It was young love against old hate. Only one could triumph.

Be sure to read

ROMEO AND JULIET

by William Shakespeare

NEXT IN
CLASSICS
Illustrated

On sale at your favorite newsdealer or variety store.

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 I, your score is superior; from CLUE II—excellent; from CLUE III—very good; from CLUE IV—good; from CLUE V—fair. If after CLUE V you still cannot identify me, I suggest you read the exciting story in which I appear.

CLUE I: I was an orphan, and was raised in an English abbey until the age of twenty. It was the year 1336 when I left the abbey to go out into the world.

CLUE II: After leaving the abbey I searched for my only living relative, my brother. But I found he was a cruel man who had no love for me.

CLUE III: With two friends I joined the White Company. It was made up of a group of men pledged to war with France, England's enemy.

CLUE IV: I learned to ride and to fence in preparation for going to war. When the White Company left for France I went with them. There I took part in many exciting battles. Once I was almost killed but I managed to carry a message to the Prince of England.

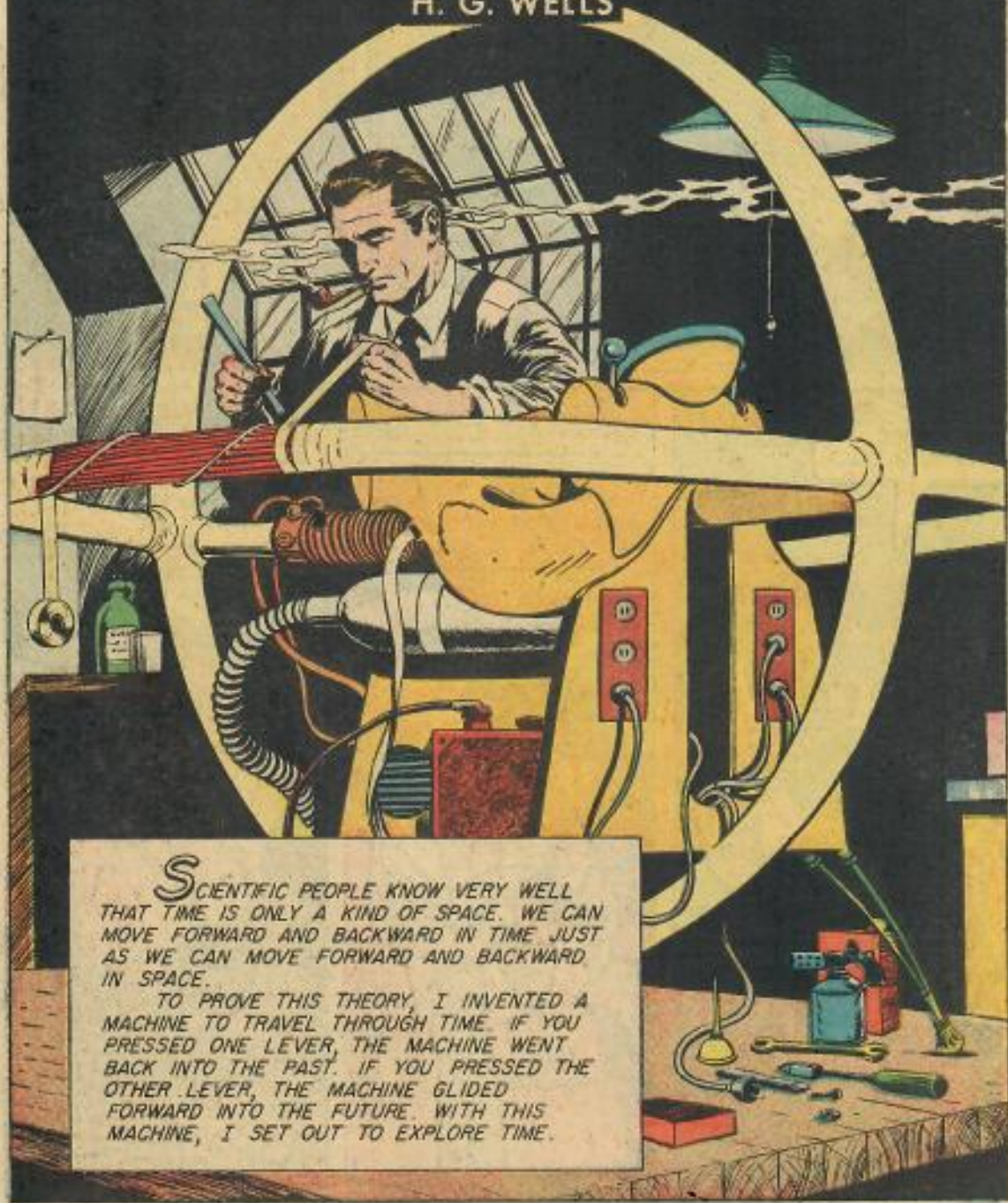
CLUE V: For this deed the Prince made me a knight. I returned to France to fight again and won many honors. The story of my adventures can be found in *The White Company* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

ALLEN ERICSON

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THE TIME MACHINE

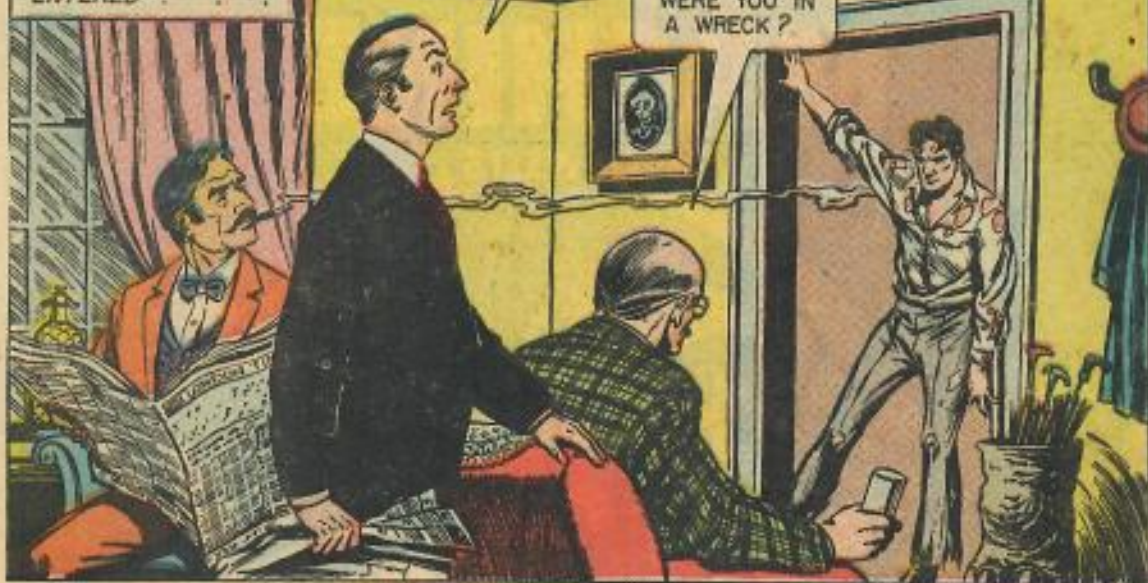
H. G. WELLS



SCIENTIFIC PEOPLE KNOW VERY WELL THAT TIME IS ONLY A KIND OF SPACE. WE CAN MOVE FORWARD AND BACKWARD IN TIME JUST AS WE CAN MOVE FORWARD AND BACKWARD IN SPACE.

TO PROVE THIS THEORY, I INVENTED A MACHINE TO TRAVEL THROUGH TIME. IF YOU PRESSED ONE LEVER, THE MACHINE WENT BACK INTO THE PAST. IF YOU PRESSED THE OTHER LEVER, THE MACHINE GLIDED FORWARD INTO THE FUTURE. WITH THIS MACHINE, I SET OUT TO EXPLORE TIME.

ONE SUMMER EVENING, TOWARD THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, SOME FRIENDS OF MINE WERE GATHERED IN MY HOME IN RICHMOND, ENGLAND. AS I ENTERED



GOOD HEAVENS, MAN! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

WERE YOU IN A WRECK?

I HAVE JUST TRAVELED THROUGH TIME.



I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU THE STORY, THOUGH MOST OF IT WILL SOUND FALSE TO YOU.



BUT IT'S TRUE, EVERY WORD OF IT. AND IF THIS WILL HELP YOU BELIEVE ME, HERE ARE TWO FLOWERS I BROUGHT BACK WITH ME.



SINCE THIS MORNING, I HAVE LIVED EIGHT DAYS IN THE FUTURE -- SUCH DAYS AS NO HUMAN BEING EVER LIVED BEFORE!



AT DAYLIGHT, I STARTED MAKING THE LAST ADJUSTMENTS ON MY TIME MACHINE.



I GAVE IT A LAST TAP, TRIED ALL THE SCREWS AGAIN, AND PUT IN A FINAL DROP OF OIL.

I GUESS IT'S READY NOW.



I CLIMBED UP, SAT IN THE SADDLE, AND TOOK THE STARTING LEVER IN MY HAND. I FELT LIKE A MAN WHO HOLDS A PISTOL TO HIS SKULL.

WHAT WILL COME NEXT?



AT FIRST, I MOVED THE ADVANCE LEVER EVER SO SLIGHTLY.

HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED?



I LOOKED AT THE CLOCK.

I HAVE MOVED AHEAD FIVE HOURS!



THEN I DREW A BREATH, SET MY TEETH, GRIPPED THE STARTING LEVER WITH BOTH HANDS AND WENT OFF INTO TIME.



DAY WENT INTO NIGHT, AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT IT WAS TOMORROW. THE CHANGE FROM NIGHT TO DAY WAS LIKE THE FLAPPING OF A GREAT BLACK WING.



THE SENSATIONS OF TIME TRAVELING WERE EXCESSIVELY UNPLEASANT. IT WAS A FEELING OF HELPLESS, HEADLONG MOTION.



I WENT ON, STILL GAINING VELOCITY. THE LANDSCAPE WAS MISTY AND VAGUE.



I ADVANCED THE RATE OF SPEED AGAIN. THE LITTLE HANDS ON THE DIALS RACED AROUND FASTER AND FASTER.



HOW EXCITING TO BE TRAVELING IN THE FUTURE! WHAT WONDERFUL ADVANCES MAN MUST HAVE MADE IN ALL THESE YEARS!



THEN I RESOLVED TO STOP. I GRABBED THE LEVER.



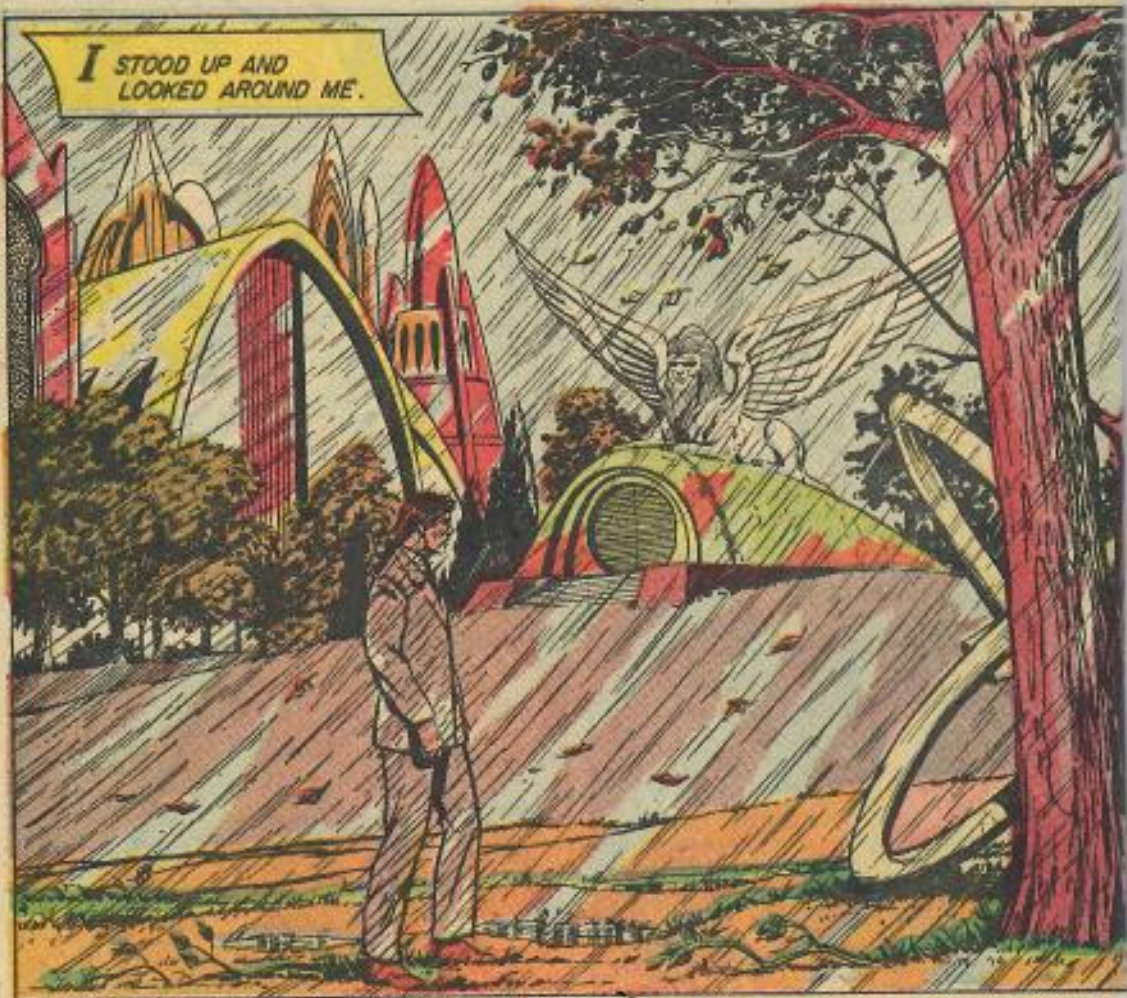
THE TIME MACHINE WENT REELING OVER.
I WAS FLUNG THROUGH THE AIR.



THERE WAS THE SOUND OF A CLAP OF
THUNDER IN MY EARS. I WAS WET
TO THE SKIN.



I STOOD UP AND
LOOKED AROUND ME.



THEN PANIC GRIPPED ME.

DO MEN STILL LIVE ON THE EARTH? WHAT ARE THEY LIKE? ARE THEY STILL HUMAN?



I TURNED FRANTICALLY TO THE TIME MACHINE.

I WILL NOT STAY HERE. I MUST GET BACK TO MY OWN TIME.



FOR THE FIRST TIME, I DISCOVERED WHAT YEAR I WAS IN.



I HAVE TRAVELED OVER 800,000 YEARS!



JUST THEN THE STORM ENDED. THE SCENE WAS LIT BY THE GLOW OF THE SUN. I REMOVED MY JACKET.



THEN I HEARD VOICES.



THE PEOPLE CAME TOWARD ME.



THEY HAD A STRANGE BUT VERY SWEET AND MUSICAL LANGUAGE.



I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU.

I HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR. THESE PEOPLE ARE SO SIMPLE AND CHILDLIKE. IS THIS WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MAN IN 800,000 YEARS?



THEIR LITTLE PINK HANDS
FELT THE TIME MACHINE.

NO! NO! KEEP AWAY!
YOU MIGHT GET HURT!



I REMOVED THE TWO
LEVERS WHICH SET
THE MACHINE IN MOTION.

NOW NO ONE CAN
USE IT BUT ME.



THEN...

YOU WANT ME TO
GO WITH YOU? YOU
WANT TO SHOW ME
TO YOUR FRIENDS,
DON'T YOU?



AS I WALKED, I REALIZED THAT
THERE WERE NO SMALL
HOUSES TO BE SEEN.

THE SINGLE HOUSE
HAS VANISHED. THESE
PEOPLE MUST LIVE IN
COMMUNITIES IN THOSE
LARGE PALACE-LIKE
BUILDINGS.



AS WE ENTERED A BUILDING, MORE OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE SURROUNDED ME.



THEY TOOK ME INTO A GREAT HALL.

I SEE. THIS IS YOUR DINING ROOM.



YES, I'LL BE GLAD TO JOIN YOU. I AM HUNGRY.



THIS IS FRUIT. THEY SEEM TO HAVE NO MEAT OR VEGETABLES.



I TRIED TO LEARN THEIR SPEECH, BUT IT WAS DIFFICULT TO LEARN FROM THEM, OR TO TEACH THEM, BECAUSE THEY WERE SO CHILD-LIKE.

I AM MAN.



I FINALLY DISCOVERED WHAT THEY CALLED THEMSELVES.

ELOI.



THAT EVENING, I WENT FOR A LONG WALK.



WHERE ARE THEIR FARMS, THEIR FACTORIES, THEIR CITIES? WHERE IS THEIR WORK DONE?

THERE WERE RUINS THAT SHOWED VANISHED CIVILIZATIONS.



I HAVE COME UPON MANKIND ON THE WANE.

AS I WANDERED ABOUT...



HOW ODD THAT WELLS STILL EXIST IN THIS STRANGE TIME.

THE ELOI DISAPPEARED BEFORE DARK. LATER...



I MUST FIND A PLACE TO SLEEP.

I FOUND THE LAWN WHERE I HAD LANDED.



IT LOOKS DIFFERENT NOW, SOMETHING IS MISSING.



MY TIME MACHINE IS GONE!

I RAN MADLY TO
THE PLACE.



I SEARCHED THE BUSHES FRANTICALLY.

HOW COULD THEY HAVE
MOVED IT? THEY ARE SO
WEAK AND CHILDISH!



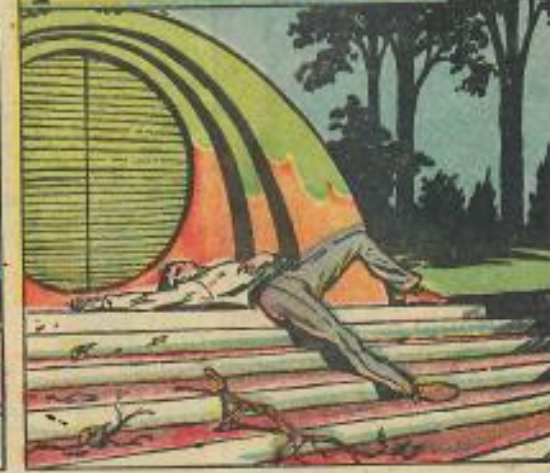
AM I TO BE TRAPPED HERE,
A STRANGE ANIMAL IN AN
UNKNOWN WORLD?



I WEPT WITH ABSOLUTE WRETCHEDNESS.



THEN, EXHAUSTED, I SLEPT.



I AWOKE IN THE FRESHNESS OF THE MORNING.



I CANNOT BELIEVE THAT THE ELOI TOOK MY TIME MACHINE. THEY HAVEN'T THE STRENGTH OR THE CUNNING.



EXAMINING THE LAWN, I FOUND UNMISTAKABLE MARKS IN THE GRASS.

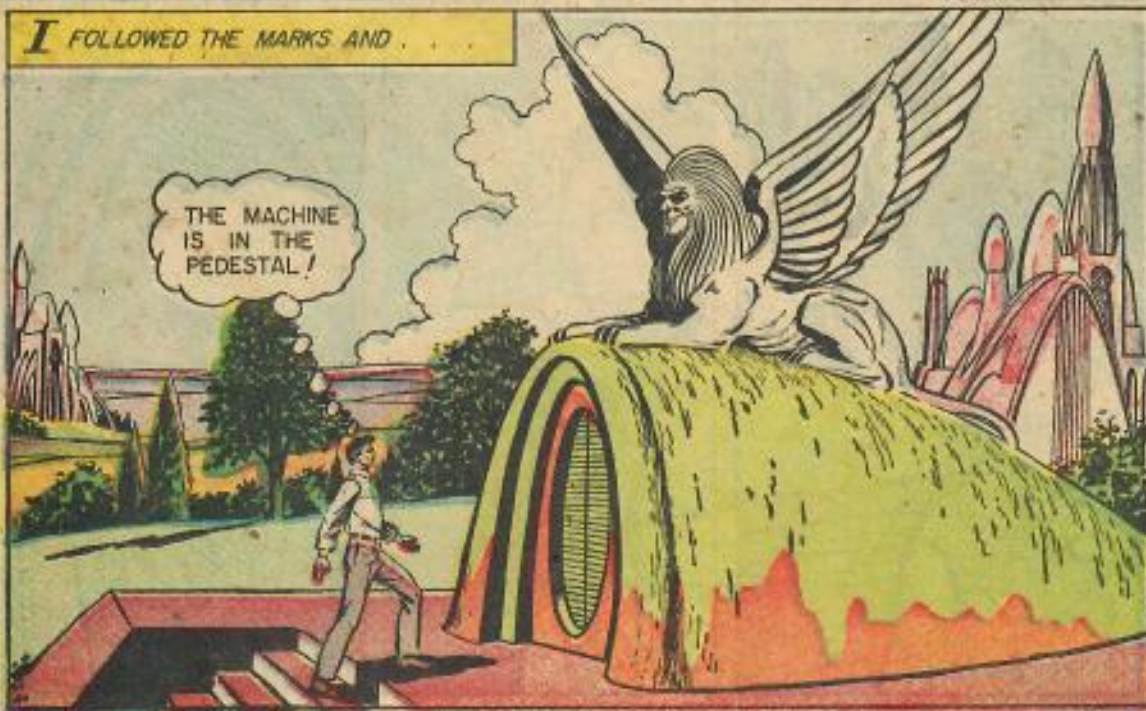


THE MACHINE WAS DRAGGED AWAY, BUT WHAT ODD FOOTPRINTS. THE ELOI COULD NOT HAVE MADE THEM.



I FOLLOWED THE MARKS AND

THE MACHINE IS IN THE PEDESTAL!





OPEN UP! GIVE ME
BACK MY TIME
MACHINE!



COME! PLEASE
HELP ME!



BUT THE ELOI WOULD NOT
COME NEAR.



THERE IS SOMETHING
ABOUT THIS THEY FEAR.



WELL, THERE IS NOTHING
I CAN DO NOW, BUT TRY
TO LEARN MORE ABOUT
THESE PEOPLE. THAT WAY
I MAY FIND OUT WHAT
IS BEHIND ALL OF THIS.



FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, I TRIED TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH THE LITTLE PEOPLE. I TALKED TO THEM AND TRIED TO LEARN THEIR WAYS.



ON LONG WALKS THROUGH THEIR LOVELY COUNTRYSIDE, I SAW NO SIGN OF PLANTING OR HARVESTING, AND NO EVIDENCE OF WORK OF ANY KIND.



I NOTICED THE ELOI'S CLOTHING WAS OF A FINE TEXTURE AND BEAUTIFULLY SEWN.



THEIR TABLES WERE ALWAYS PILED HIGH WITH FRUIT.



THEN ONE DAY



IS THIS
REALLY
A WELL?

I TRIED TO ASK THE ELOI,
BUT THEY WOULD NOT
ANSWER, AND THEY WOULD
NOT COME NEAR ME.



WHAT ARE YOU
AFRAID OF?

PEERED INTO THE
DARKNESS.



I DON'T SEE
ANY WATER.

I DROPPED A PIECE OF PAPER
INTO IT. IT WAS SUCKED
SWIFTLY OUT OF SIGHT.



THEN I HEARD A
NOISE.



IT SOUNDS LIKE THE
POUNDING OF HEAVY
MACHINES.

WHAT IS DOWN THERE? IS
IT A MINE? A FACTORY?
IS ALL THE WORK DONE
UNDERGROUND? DOES
SOMEONE LIVE DOWN THERE?



THAT NIGHT, AS I SLEPT, I HAD AN UNREAL FEELING THAT SOMETHING SURROUNDED ME.



HELP!
HELP!



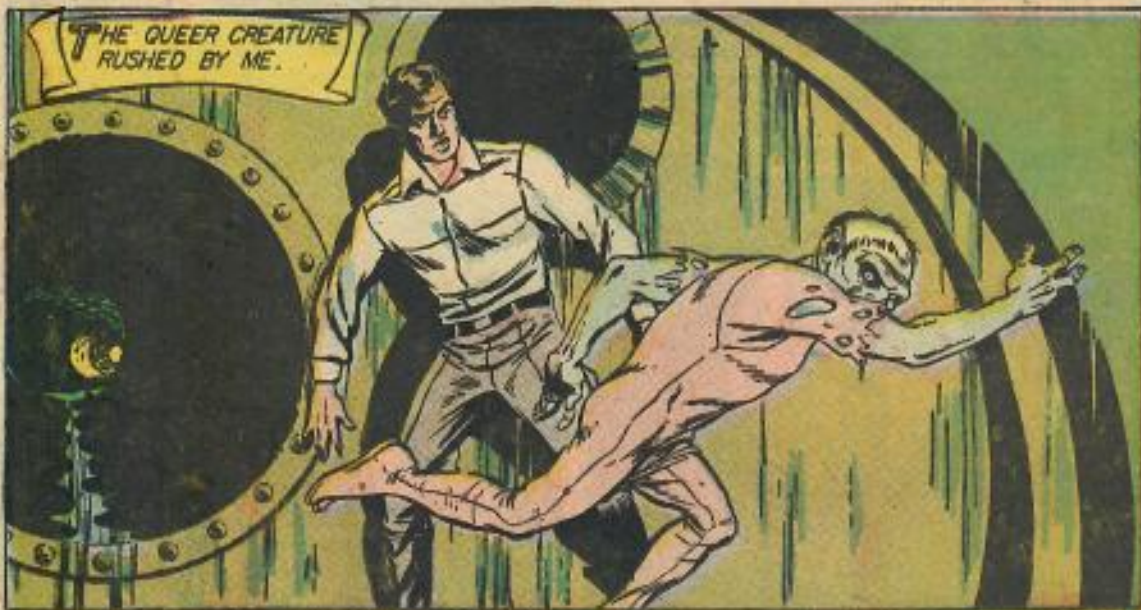
WHAT WERE THEY?
WAS IT JUST A
BAD DREAM?



THE NEXT MORNING, I EXPLORED A DARK PASSAGE IN SOME RUINS. SUDDENLY...



THE QUEER CREATURE
RUSHED BY ME.





IT LOOKED LIKE A HUMAN SPIDER AS IT CLIMBED DOWN THE WELL.



AS THE ELOI RESUMED THEIR PLAY, I REALIZED WHAT THE ANSWER WAS.

THE DESCENDANTS OF MAN HAVE BECOME TWO SPECIES--THE ELOI WHO ARE GENTLE AND HELPLESS AND THESE OTHER CREATURES WHO DWELL IN DARKNESS BENEATH THE EARTH.



THESE STRUCTURES LIKE WELLS ARE REALLY PASSAGeways FOR THESE UNDERGROUNDERS.



THOSE CREATURES I SAW WERE THESE MAN-ANIMALS.



SOMEHOW IN THEIR UNDERGROUND CIVILIZATION, THEY DO ALL OF THE WORK FOR THE WEAK, PLAYFUL ELOI.



THEN ANOTHER THOUGHT STRUCK ME.

WHY, THESE STRANGE UNDERGROUND CREATURES MUST HAVE TAKEN MY TIME MACHINE!



LATER THAT SAME DAY, I HEARD CRIES OF DISTRESS.



WHEN I CAME RUNNING, I DISCOVERED THAT ONE OF THE WOMEN WAS DROWNING.



I CARRIED HER SAFELY TO SHORE.



THE NEXT DAY, SHE CAME TO ME.

OH, NOW, YOU DON'T HAVE TO THANK ME.



WITHOUT THINKING, I PUT SOME OF THE FLOWERS IN MY POCKET TO EXAMINE LATER.



THE LITTLE WOMAN BECAME MY ONE FRIEND IN THAT FUTURE TIME. I LEARNED HER NAME.

WEENA.

WEENA.



AND I TAUGHT HER SOME WORDS.

MAN.

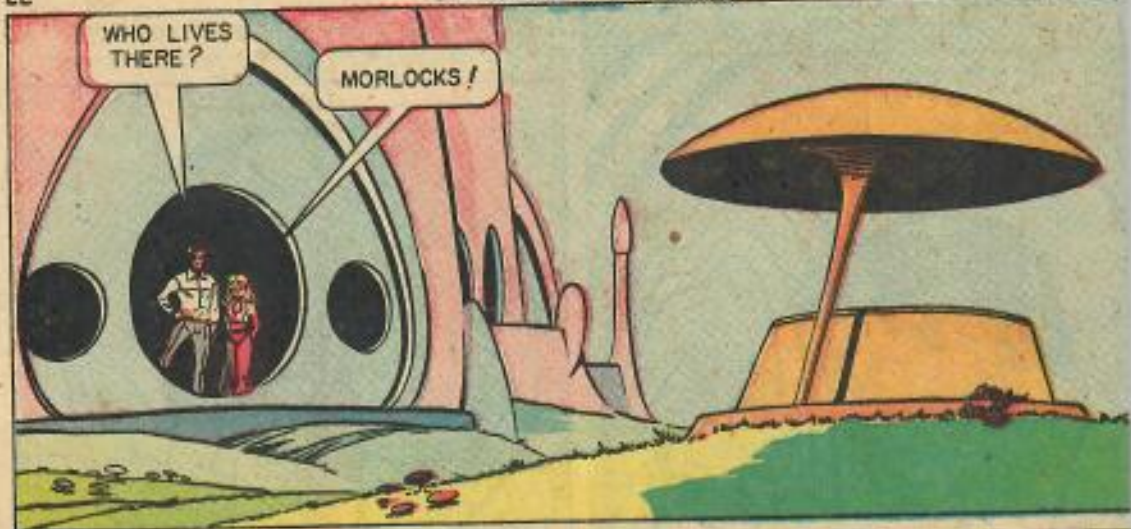
MAN.



WITH GREAT EFFORT, WE WERE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER.

ME ELOI.
ELOI VERY GOOD.





FROM WEENA, I LEARNED THAT THE ELOI LIVED IN LARGE GROUPS BECAUSE OF THEIR FEAR OF THE MORLOCKS.

MORLOCKS SEE ONLY IN DARK. WE FEAR NIGHT. MORLOCKS COME AT NIGHT. MORLOCKS EAT ELOI!





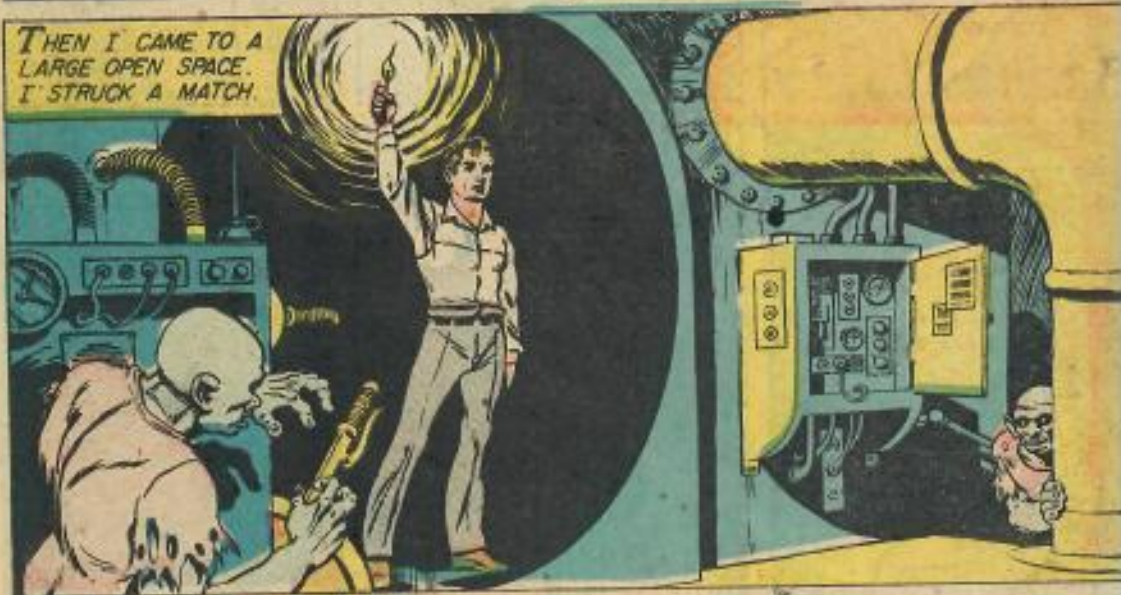
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT, THERE WAS A HORIZONTAL TUNNEL.



THE SOUND OF MACHINES GREW LOUDER AS I FELT MY WAY ALONG THE NARROW PASSAGE.



THEN I CAME TO A LARGE OPEN SPACE. I STRUCK A MATCH.



WHEN THE MATCH WENT OUT, I WAS CLUTCHED BY SEVERAL HANDS.

NO! NO! LET ME ALONE!



QUICKLY, I STRUCK ANOTHER MATCH.

THE LIGHT IS THE ONLY THING THAT KEEPS THEM BACK. BUT I HAVE ONLY FOUR MATCHES LEFT!







APPARENTLY THE MORLOCKS LET THE ELOI LIVE ABOVE THE EARTH BECAUSE THEY DON'T WANT IT. THEY HAVE LIVED IN DARKNESS SO MANY YEARS THEY NOW PREFER IT.



BUT WHO ORIGINALLY BANISHED THE MORLOCKS UNDERGROUND? WERE THE ELOI ONCE A MASTER RACE? AND ARE THE MORLOCKS NOW THE MASTERS?



WEENA DOES NOT KNOW.

I KNOW YOU DON'T KNOW, YOU SWEET, SILLY LITTLE CHILD.



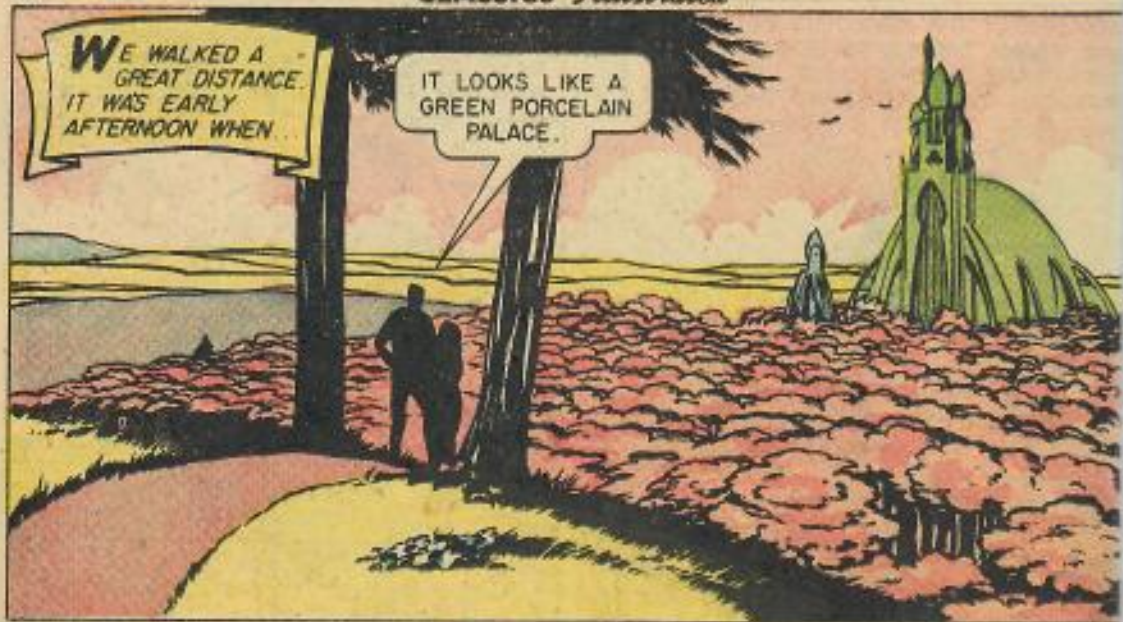
THE NEXT DAY, WEENA AND I WENT FOR A LONG WALK.

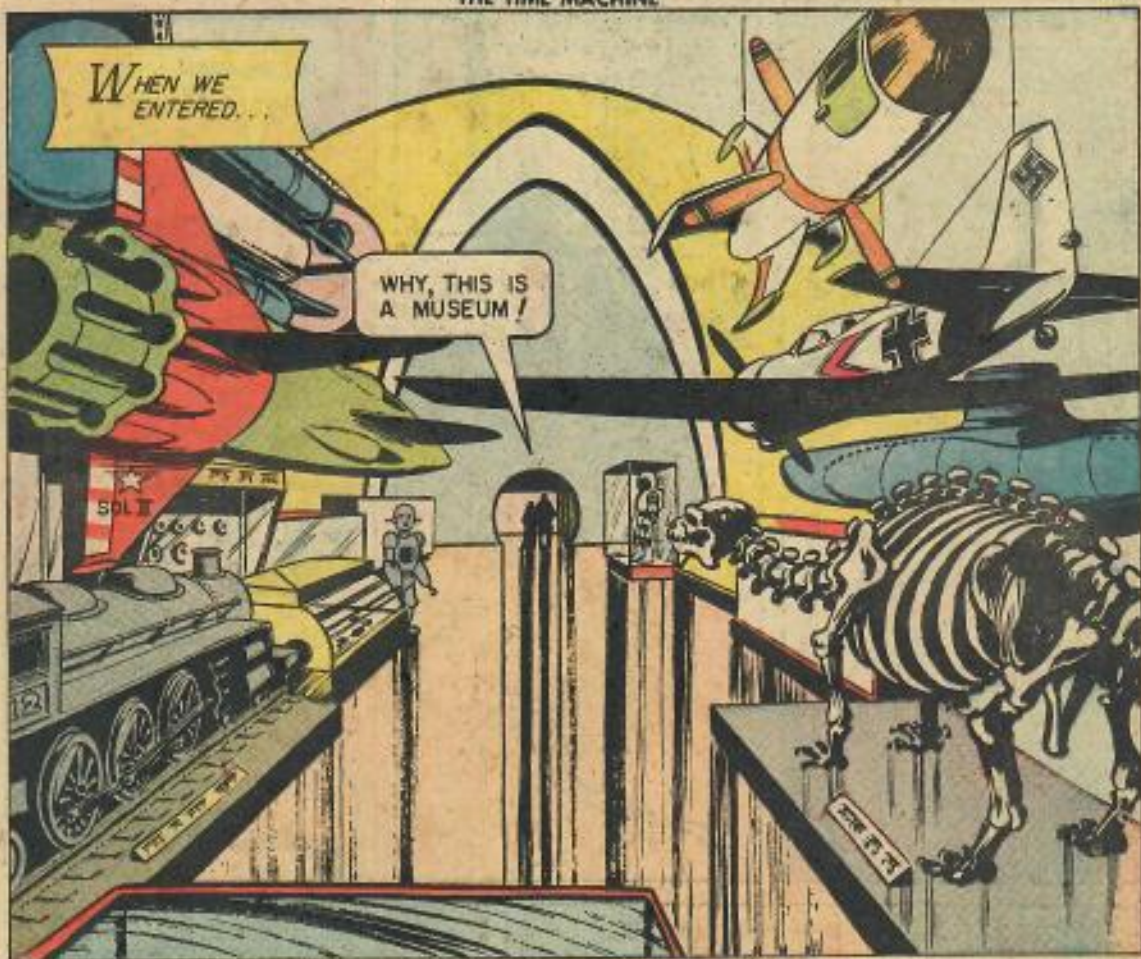
I, TOO, AM AFRAID OF THE MORLOCKS. BUT I AM NOT HELPLESS. I AM MAN. I WILL FIGHT THEM.



MATCHES ARE THE BEST WEAPON, BUT I HAVE NONE LEFT. I MUST FIND SOME OTHER WEAPON.







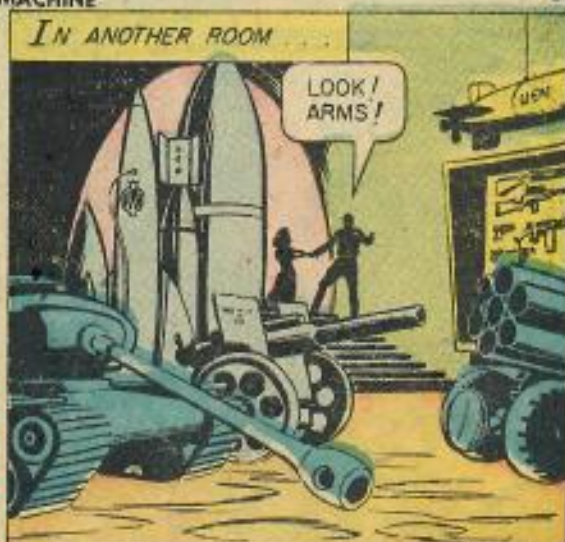


COME, WEENA. PERHAPS WE CAN FIND SOMETHING ELSE THAT WILL BE USEFUL.



IN ANOTHER ROOM

LOOK!
ARMS!



THIS RIFLE LOOKS USABLE. AND THESE CARTRIDGES ARE IN AN AIR-TIGHT CASE! WE ARE IN LUCK, WEENA.



THEN CAME A DOUBT.

WHAT IF THEY ARE DUMMIES?



I LOADED THE GUN AND PRESSED THE TRIGGER.



NO EXPLOSION CAME.



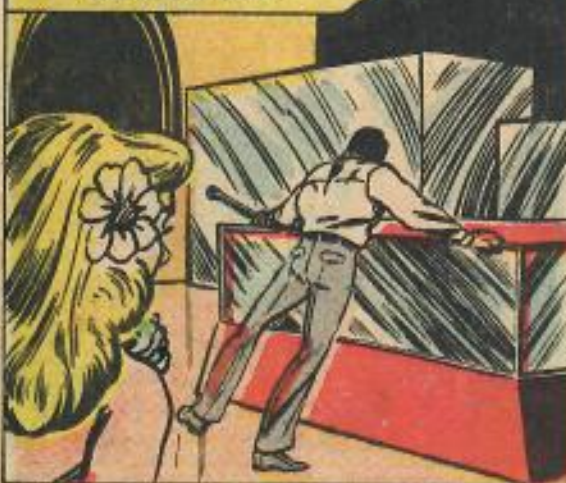
THESE CARTRIDGES ARE DUMMIES. THEY'RE NO HELP AT ALL.

WHEN WE ENTERED ANOTHER ROOM.



THIS MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GALLERY OF TECHNICAL CHEMISTRY.

I WENT EAGERLY TO EVERY UNBROKEN CASE.



THEN...



MATCHES!

EAGERLY, I TRIED ONE.



WE ARE SAVED! WE HAVE THE ONE THING THAT MAKES THE MORLOCKS HELPLESS—LIGHT.



IN ANOTHER CASE, I FOUND A JAR OF CAMPHOR.

THIS IS HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE. IT WILL MAKE AN EXCELLENT CANDLE.



IT WAS NEAR SUNSET WHEN WE LEFT THE GREEN PALACE.



COME. WE WILL GO BACK TO YOUR PEOPLE.

AS WE WENT BACK THROUGH THE FOREST, I GATHERED WOOD.



WE MAY NEED THIS TO BUILD A FIRE TO KEEP THE MORLOCKS AWAY.

IT WAS SOON FULL NIGHT.



EVEN WITH A FIRE, I WOULDN'T FEEL SAFE HERE. WE WILL RUN FOR IT THROUGH THE WOODS.



DROPPED THE FIREWOOD.

I WILL AMAZE OUR FRIENDS HERE BY LIGHTING THIS.



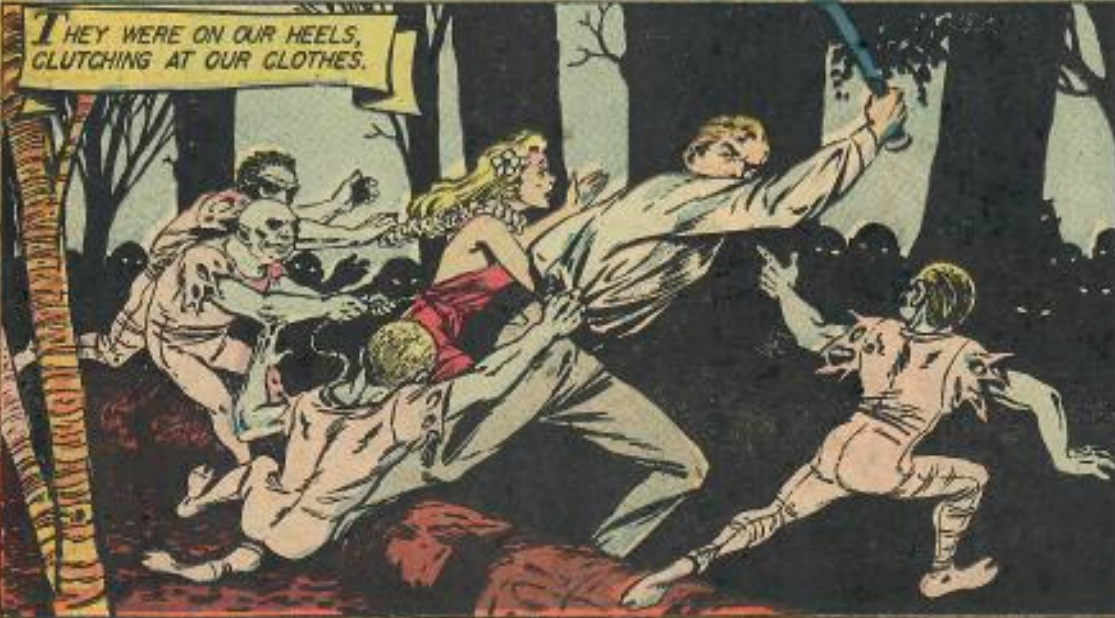
THEN WE RAN BOLDLY INTO THE WOODS.



IN A FEW MINUTES, THE MORLOCKS SURROUNDED US.



THEY WERE ON OUR HEELS, GLUTCHING AT OUR CLOTHES.







THE SMOKE MADE MY EYES HEAVY.



I WAS EXHAUSTED. I SLEPT.



I AWOKE FEELING THE MORLOCKS' HANDS UPON ME.



I ROLLED OVER AND GRABBED MY IRON LEVER.



I STRUGGLED TO MY FEET, SWINGING WITH ALL MY STRENGTH.



THE WOODS SEEMED FULL OF THEM.



THEN...

THEY ARE RUNNING AWAY! WHAT IS HAPPENING?



SUDDENLY, THE WOODS SEEMED TO GROW LIGHT.



I TURNED AROUND. THE
WHOLE FOREST WAS
AFLAME. IT WAS MY
FIRST FIRE COMING
AFTER ME.



WITH WEENA IN MY ARMS, I FLED.



ONCE, THE FLAMES OUTFLANKED ME ON MY RIGHT. I RAN TO THE LEFT.



FINALLY, I REACHED A SMALL OPEN SPACE ON A HILL.

WE ARE SAFE HERE.
THE FIRE WILL
NOT REACH US.



THE FOREST BURNED ON ALL SIDES. THE MORLOCKS, BLINDED BY THE FLAMES, WERE HELPLESS.



SEVERAL TIMES THAT NIGHT, I TRIED TO TELL MYSELF IT WAS JUST A NIGHTMARE.



BUT IT WAS NO DREAM. IT WAS REAL.



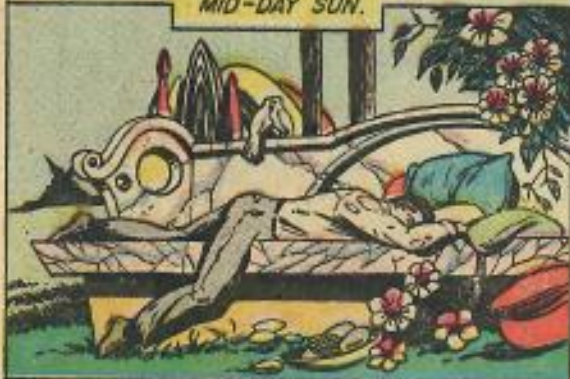
FINALLY, THE FIRE BURNED ITSELF OUT AND



I COULD NOW GET MY BEARINGS. WITH WEENA, I MADE MY WAY BACK TO THE ELOI.



AFTER THE TERROR OF THE NIGHT, I WAS EXHAUSTED. I SLEPT IN THE BRIGHT MID-DAY SUN.



I AWOKE A LITTLE BEFORE SUNSET.

I DON'T WISH TO STAY HERE. MEN HAVE BECOME TWO SPECIES -- ONE USELESS, THE OTHER TERRIBLE.



I WENT TOWARD THE PEDESTAL WHERE I KNEW THE MORLOCKS HAD DRAGGED MY TIME MACHINE.

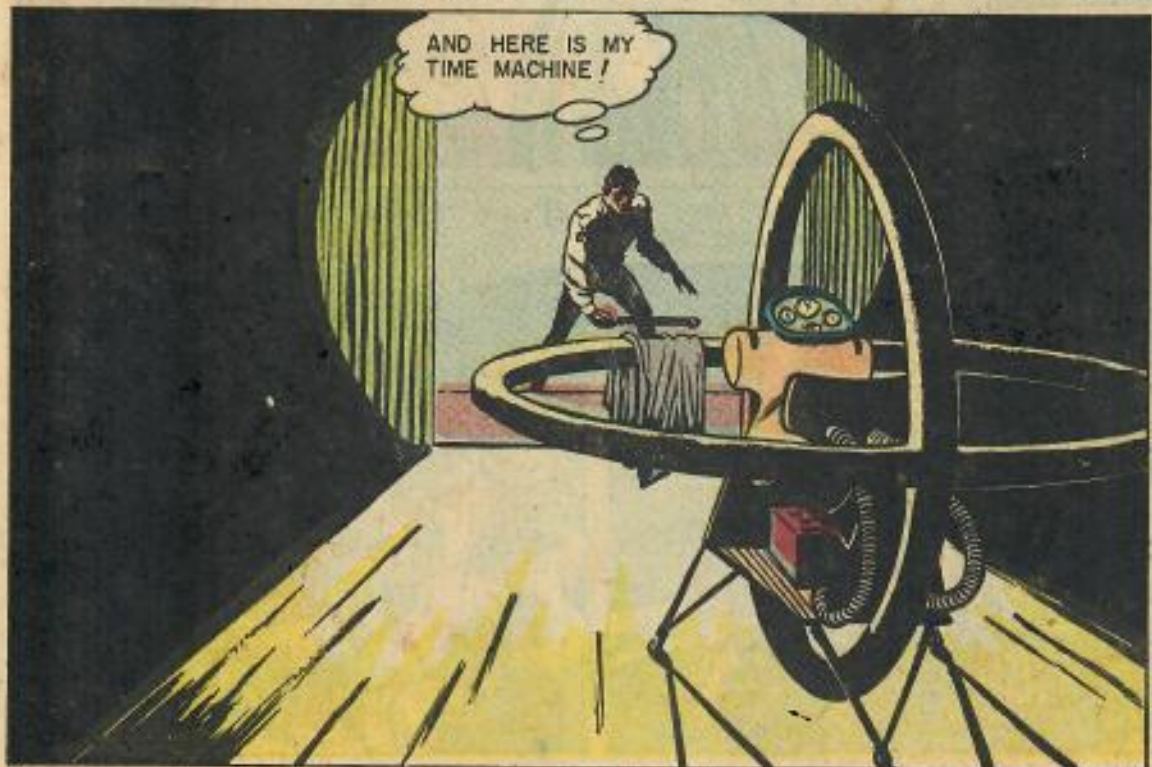
PERHAPS I CAN FORCE OPEN THE DOORS WITH THIS.



WHY, THE DOORS ARE OPEN.



AND HERE IS MY TIME MACHINE!



THIS IS TOO EASY. THE MORLOCKS
THINK THEY CAN OUTSMART ME.



I FELT IN MY POCKETS FOR THE CONTRA-
LEVERS OF THE TIME MACHINE.



THEN I STEPPED INTO
THE PEDESTAL.



AS I EXAMINED THE MACHINE, THE
DOORS OF THE PEDESTAL SLID SHUT.

I THOUGHT THAT
WOULD HAPPEN.



AGAIN, THE MORLOCKS' HANDS WERE UPON
ME. I QUICKLY FITTED THE LEVERS
ON THE MACHINE AND...



THE NEXT MOMENT, I WAS HURLING THROUGH TIME.



I CLUNG TO THE MACHINE AS IT SWAYED AND VIBRATED.



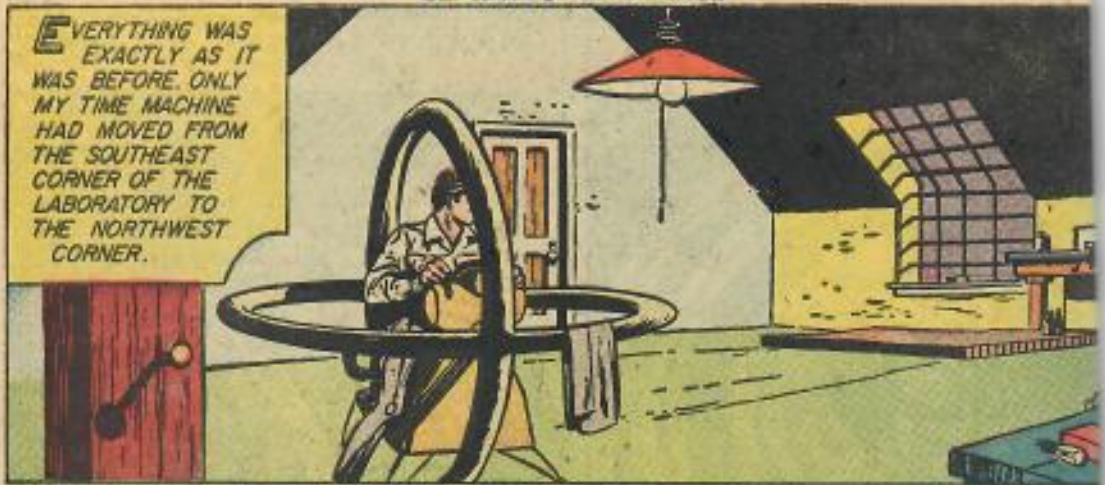
I WATCHED THE YEARS SPEED BY.



THEN I WAS BACK IN THE LABORATORY, I WAS BACK IN THE PRESENT.



EVERYTHING WAS EXACTLY AS IT WAS BEFORE. ONLY MY TIME MACHINE HAD MOVED FROM THE SOUTHEAST CORNER OF THE LABORATORY TO THE NORTHWEST CORNER.



THAT IS WHERE THE MORLOCKS MOVED IT WHEN THEY DRAGGED IT INTO THE BASE OF THE PEDESTAL.

INCREDIBLE!



INCREDIBLE? YES. TAKE IT AS A LIE, IF YOU WISH. I HARDLY BELIEVE IT MYSELF, AND YET...



ARE THOSE THE FLOWERS WEENA GAVE YOU FOR SAVING HER LIFE?

YES. I HAVE THEM TO COMFORT ME NOW.



THEY PROVE THAT EVEN WHEN MIND AND STRENGTH HAD GONE, GRATITUDE AND TENDERNESS STILL LIVED ON IN THE HEART OF MAN.



THE
END

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

H. G. WELLS

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS was born on September 21, 1866, at Bromley, Kent, England. His father owned a small shop, but later became a professional cricket player. His mother was a lady's maid.

Wells' parents were too poor to help him to much of a formal education. However, between serving as an apprentice to a draper and a chemist, the boy managed to attend the Midhurst Grammar School. He was such a good student, the master wanted to make him his assistant. Wells refused the offer and instead went to London and worked in a dry goods house.

A scholarship to the Royal College of Science led him to resume his studies. Eventually, he received a Bachelor of Science degree, with honors, from the University of London.

Biology was Wells' major interest. He planned to teach this subject, but a siege of tuberculosis led him to turn to writing. He did not, however, leave his scientific knowledge completely behind. He carried over just enough to lend authenticity to his science fiction.

Wells wrote more than 100 books. They fall into three categories: the fantastic, the realistic and the textbook. *The Time Machine*, *The War of the Worlds*, *The First Men in the Moon* and *The Shape of Things to Come* are his most famous science fiction novels. Realistic treatments of his lower middle class background can be found in *Kipps*, *Tono-Bungay* and *History of Mr. Polly*.

His most important non-fiction works are *Outline of History* and *Science of Life*. He also wrote a number of books to illustrate his



social and political beliefs.

Wells considered it an insult to have his science fiction thought of as no more than just that. He insisted that the fantasy novels, too, were written chiefly to illustrate his beliefs. He said they were never intended to be taken for reality, any more than is a "good, gripping dream."

Wells' political beliefs were varied and variable. But, basically, although he sometimes had his doubts about them, he believed in human beings. He also believed in his "unlimited right to think, criticize, discuss and suggest" how man could be better.

He tried to get this into most of his works. But today, he is most widely read for his science fiction. If what Wells had to say about man is remembered, it is because of these pseudo-science thrillers.

Wells was married twice. His second wife, Amy Catherine Robbins, was also a writer. They had two sons. The elder, George, became a scientist and with his father and Julian Huxley, wrote *Science of Life*.

In 1936, Wells wrote a mock obituary, supposedly published after his death as a forgotten old man of ninety-seven. In it he said of himself, "He was one of the most prolific of the literary hacks of his time. . . . He was a copious, repetitive essayist upon public affairs and a still more copious writer of fiction."

The obituary was wrong on several counts. Wells died on August 13, 1946, at the age of eighty. He is considered far more than just a literary hack and a repetitive essayist. And he has certainly not been forgotten.



THE STORY OF GREAT BRITAIN

PART 7: THE ELIZABETHAN AGE

ELIZABETH I, THE DAUGHTER OF HENRY VIII, CAME TO THE THRONE IN 1558, AFTER A TRAGIC EARLY LIFE.

WHEN SHE WAS THREE, HER MOTHER WAS BEHEADED.



WHEN SHE WAS IN HER TEENS, HER FAVORITE SUITOR WAS PUT TO DEATH FOR POLITICAL REASONS.



DURING THE REIGN OF HER HALF-SISTER, SHE WAS IN PRISON FOR SEVERAL YEARS.



DURING ELIZABETH'S REIGN, ENGLISHMEN SAILED THE SEAS, EXPLORED NEW LANDS AND INCREASED WORLD TRADE.

THIS IS A POTATO. IT CAME FROM THE NEW WORLD.

"WE BROUGHT BACK TWO LIVE INDIANS.



ELIZABETH'S SUBJECTS COLONIZED AMERICA.

COME ON, JOHN. JOIN US IN SETTLING THE NEW WORLD.

NOT ME. YOU WON'T LAST A YEAR IN THAT DESOLATE PLACE.



IN 1558, ELIZABETH'S NAVY DEFEATED THE GREAT SPANISH ARMADA. ENGLAND BECAME MISTRESS OF THE SEAS. SHE BECAME MORE POWERFUL AND MORE PROSPEROUS.



BECAUSE OF THE NEW PROSPERITY, MANY FARMERS BECAME RICH AS LORDS. ELIZABETH STATIONED GUARDS AT TOWN GATES TO SNIP OFF COMMONERS' RUFFS WHEN THEY WERE WIDER THAN WHAT WAS ALLOWED FOR THEIR CLASS.



ELIZABETH'S AGE IS FAMOUS FOR ITS GREAT POETRY. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE WAS THE LEADING PLAYWRIGHT OF THE DAY. MANY OF HIS PLAYS WERE PERFORMED IN THE GLOBE THEATRE.



ELIZABETH WAS A FRUGAL AND HARD-WORKING QUEEN. HER ONLY EXTRAVAGANCE WAS 3,000 ELABORATE GOWNS.

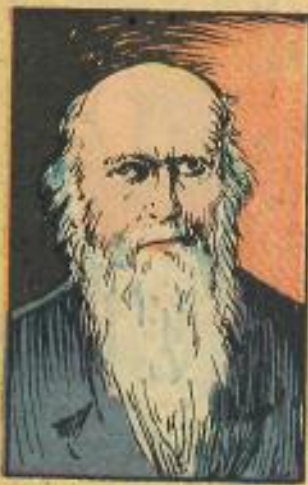


THE ELIZABETHAN AGE IS KNOWN AS THE "GOLDEN AGE" IN ENGLISH HISTORY BECAUSE OF THE GREAT PROGRESS MADE IN THE ARTS, IN TRADE AND IN EXPLORATION. UNDER ELIZABETH'S RULE, ENGLAND BECAME ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL COUNTRIES IN THE WORLD.



THIS IS THE SEVENTH OF TWELVE FEATURES ON THE HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN. IN THE NEXT ISSUE: "THE PURITAN REVOLUTION."

CHARLES DARWIN



IT MAY BE hard to believe that even in 800,000 years men can change into two such different creatures as the Morlocks and the Eloi. But it is possible, according to the theories of the famous English scientist, Charles Darwin.

Darwin, in his book, *On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection*, discusses the possibility of two distinct species emerging from one species. He calls it the *principle of divergence*. Darwin argued that this principle causes differences among breeds. These differences are barely noticeable at first, but they steadily increase, causing the breeds to become quite unlike each other in character and appearance. In the course of time, the differences become so marked that two distinct breeds emerge. It was Darwin's theory that the inferior breed would eventually disappear.

Darwin's book climaxed a lifetime of interest in science. As a child in Shrewsbury, England, where he was born in 1809, he preferred collecting shells and birds' eggs to going to school. He also liked to observe birds and insects. These activities, he said later, were the best part of his education.

After graduating from Cambridge University in 1831, Darwin was appointed naturalist aboard the *Beagle*, an exploring ship which sailed on an extended scientific expedition around the world.

He served aboard the ship without salary, and paid part of his expenses, in re-

turn for which he was allowed to keep the various collections of specimens he made during the five year voyage. After the expedition, Darwin published some of his findings in *The Naturalist's Voyage Around the World*.

In 1839, Darwin married a cousin, Emma Wedgwood. Three years later, they settled in a home southeast of London. There Darwin spent the rest of his life studying, writing and doing research.

Origin of Species, Darwin's most famous work, was published in 1859. It contained Darwin's theory of evolution. Many people believed, and still believe, that man sprang into being at one moment, when God created Adam. It was Darwin's theory that man has developed over a long period of time from other forms of life. According to Darwin, the cause of evolution was a process he called *natural selection*.

Darwin was not the first person to believe in evolution, but he was the first to investigate it deliberately, state it scientifically, and try to explain exactly how it happened. The entire edition of 1,250 copies of his controversial book was sold out on the day it was published.

Champions both of evolution and of the Bible fought bitterly over Darwin's thesis. There were many public debates. Darwin not only revolutionized biological thinking, he made the origin of man a subject for universal thought and argument.

A contemporary said of him, "Of the men of genius produced by England, few stand higher than Charles Darwin. He has done more for the extension of our knowledge than perhaps any other man living. Darwin stands first among the scientific men of the world."

Charles Darwin died on April 19, 1882. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

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