

The Amateur Gentleman

By Jeffrey Farnol

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Determining to be a gentleman, Barnabas, Bart, after receiving an inheritance of seven hundred thousand pounds, sets out for London. His champion boxer, Jasper, opposes the son, who, trained by former champion, beats his father in a fight.

J. arriving to London, young Bartie changes his surname to Beverley. He meets the captain, the Honorable Edward, and Lady Cleone, Mortimer and Gatsby, and Lady Cleone.

He falls in love with Lady Cleone and Jasper, who is sent to him due to a gesture of protection to the girl.

Barnabas employs Bart, a former employee of his, to set him up in London.

He encounters Chichester, a rogue who has a vendetta over Ronald Barrymore, brother of Lady Cleone, who is the mother of Jasper, Gatsby, a money lender.

Beverley promises Lady Cleone he will marry her.

The viscount, also in love with Lady Cleone, protests, pointing out that Bartie has no money and is not entitled to be extricated by London society.

Nevertheless, Beverley declares his intention of marrying Jasper, and Jasper, in turn, promises to marry Lady Cleone.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

INSTALLMENT SIXTY-ONE

(Continued)

"Lord, Jasper!" cried the corporal, "what is it, comrade?"

"It's gone, Dick!" he gasped, "my little reader's been stolen."

But now, even as he turned towards the door, Barnabas laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"Not stolen—lost!" said he, "and indeed, I'm not at all surprised!" Here Barnabas smiled his quick, bright smile.

"Sir—sir?" stammered Mr. Shrig.

"Oh, pal, d' ye mean—?"

"That I found it, yes," said Barnabas, "and here it is."

Mr. Shrig took his little book, opened it, closed it, thrust it into his pocket, and took it out again.

"Sir," said he, catching Barnabas by the hand, "this here little book is more to me than gold nor rubies. Sir, you are my pal—and consequent the corp's also, and this ere chaffing crib is allus open to you. And if ever you want a man at your back—I'm your man, and ven no me—there's my pal Dick, ain't there, Di—"

Mr. Shrig stopped suddenly and stood with his head to one side as one that listens. And thus, upon the stillness came the sound of one who strode along the narrow passageway outside, whistling as he went.

"Sally in Our Alley," thought Mr. Shrig.

"Yes," said Barnabas, wondering.

"'eich means as I'm wanted, ah!—and wanted, precious quick too,"

saying which, Mr. Shrig caught up his "castor," seized the nobby stick, crossed to the door, and came back again.

Right you are, Jasper," nodded

the corporal.

And sir," continued Mr. Shrig, turning towards Barnabas with the book in his hand, "you said, I think, as you'd like to see what I'd give in side o' this ere—If so be you're in side o' this mind about it, why—ere it is."

And Mr. Shrig laid the little book on the table before Barnabas. "And 't's more any time as you're passing, drop in to the 'Gun,' and drink a glass o' the Vun, and Only with Dick and me." So Mr. Shrig nodded, unlocked the door, shut it very gently behind him, and his footstep died away along the echoing passage.

Then, while the Corporal puffed at his long pipe, Barnabas opened the little book, and turning the pages haphazard presently came to one where, painfully written in a neat, round hand, he read this:

James Aston, Digbeth Andover, John Barnes, Sir Richard Brock, Thomas Beal and Tinker.

There were many such names all carefully set down in alphabetical order, and Barnabas read them through with perfunctory interest. But halfway down the list of B's his glance was suddenly arrested, his hands clenched themselves, and he grew rigid in his chair—staring wide-eyed at a certain name.

THE HISTORY OF THE HORSE
MAKES IT ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST CURIOUS ANIMALS. ITS GRADUAL CHANGE FROM A TINY MANY-TOED ANIMAL, TO ONE THAT WALKS ON THE END OF A SINGLE TOE, IS WITHOUT PARALLEL.

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THE BROWNING CAT-FROG
CLIMBS INTO A TREE AND LAYS ITS EGGS IN A NEST MADE BY GLUING LEAVES TOGETHER.

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DUCKWEED—THE SMALLEST KNOWN FLOWERING PLANT, HAS NO LEAVES! THE FLOWERS ARE BORNE ON THE LEAF-LIKE STEMS.

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MAN, because of his long association with the horse, is apt to consider this animal a very ordinary creation. Yet, he would go far to see a creature of far less strange construction. No other vertebrate animal walks on the tip of a single toe.

NEXT—What fish is known as the royal fish?

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBES II



ALLEY OOP



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD



THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



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NEXT—What fish is known as the royal fish?

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



—By Blosser



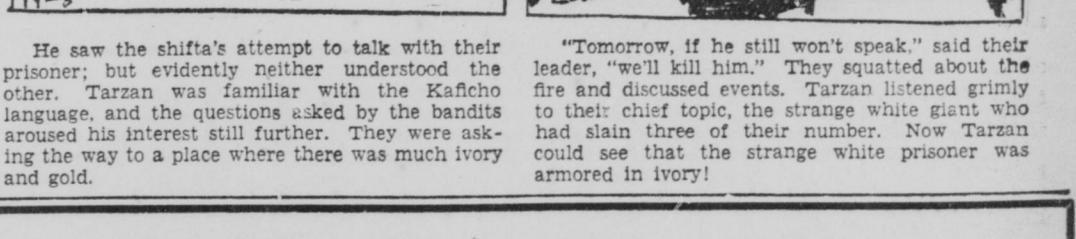
—By Crane



—By Hamlin



—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



"Tomorrow, if he still won't speak," said their leader, "we'll kill him." They squatted about the fire and discussed events. Tarzan listened grimly to their chief topic, the strange white giant who had slain three of their number. Now Tarzan could see that the strange white giant was armored in ivory.

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