

# The Amateur Gentleman

By Jeffrey Farnol

**HIGH HIDEY TODAY**  
Determined to become a gentleman, Barnabas Barry, after receiving an inheritance, sets out for London. His father, John Barry, former English champion, died fighting for King and Country, trained on his parent and Natty Bell, also a former champion, beats his father in a duel. Journeying to London, young Barry changes his surname to Roverly, meets the young Vicomt Horatio Belasco, Sir Mortimer Cleane and Lady Cleane, Master Charles with Lady Cleane and meets Sir Mortimer in a fist duel as a result of a protection ring gift. Peter, a simpleton, Peter, a former pageant as a valet, and buys a home in London.

He encounters Chichester, a rogue, who has influence over London. Barry, making his way to London, he is in the clutch of Jasper Gaunt, a money lender. He meets with Lady Cleane and her brother. The vicomt, also in love with Lady Cleane, is told that Barry's escapades have caused him to be ostracized in London society. At this time, they have a conference with Gaunt who refuses his offer to pay him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

INSTALLMENT SEVENTY-ONE  
(Continued)

It was well past noon when he beheld a certain lonely church where many a green mound and mossy headstone marked the resting-place of those that sleep awhile. Before an inn, he dismounted, and, having seen Four-legs well bestowed, and given various directions to a certain sleep-voiced ostler, he entered the inn and calling for dinner, ate it with huge relish. Now, when he had done, came the landlord to smoke a pipe with him—a red-faced man, vast of paunch and garrulous of tongue.

"Fine doin's there be up at t' great house, sir," he began.

"You mean Annerley House?"

"Ay, sir. All the quality is there—my son's a groom there an' 'e told me, so 'e did. There ain't nobody as ain't either a Markus or a Earl or a Vicomt, and as for Barry-nets, they're as thick as flies, they are—an' all to meet a little, old 'oman as don't come up to my shoulder! But then—she's a Duchess, an' that makes all the difference!"

"Yes, of course," said Barnabas.

"A little old 'oman wi' curly, as don't come no-wise near so 'igh as my shoulder! Driv up to that there very doon as you see there, in 'er great coach an' four, she did—orders the steps to be lowered—comes tapping into this 'ere very room with 'er little cane, she do-sits down in that there very chair as you're a-sittin' in, she do, fanin' 'erself with a little fan—an' calls for—now, what dy'e suppose, sir?"

"And—Lady Cleane—is she well, is she happy?"

"Why, sir, she's as 'appy as can be expected—under the circumstances."

"What circumstances?"

"Love, sir."

"Love!" exclaimed Barnabas, "why, Bo'sun—what do you mean?"

"I mean, sir, as she's fell in love at last—"

"How do you know—who with—where is she—?"

"Well, sir, I know on account o' er lowness o' sperrits—noticed it for a week or more."

"But—in love—with whom? Can I see her? Where is she? Are you sure?"

"Well, sir—I are n't quite sure, seeing as there are so many on 'em in 'er wake, but I think—and I 'ope, as it's 'is Lordship, Master Horatio."

"Ah!" said Barnabas, his frownin' brow relaxing.

"If it ain't 'em—why then it's mutiny—that's what it is, sir!"

INSTALLMENT SEVENTY-TWO  
M'UTINY?

"M' 'e see, sir," the Bo'sun went on to explain, "orders is orders, and if she don't love Master Horatio—well, she ought to."

"Why?"

"Because they was made for each other. Because they was promised to each other years ago. It were all arranged an' settled 'twixt Master Horatio's father, the earl, and Lady Cleane's guardian, the cap'n."

(To Be Continued)

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD  
By William Ferguson

**The COLOR**  
OF A FLOWER,  
OR ANY OTHER  
OBJECT, IS  
NOTHING MORE THAN  
THE COLORS  
OF THE SPECTRUM  
WHICH THE  
OBJECT WILL  
NOT ABSORB.  
A YELLOW  
FLOWER IS  
ONE WHICH  
ABSORBS ALL  
OF THE COLORS  
EXCEPT YELLOW,  
WHICH IT  
REFLECTS.

IN JAPAN,  
THE GROUND  
SINKS  
UNDER THE  
WEIGHT OF  
HEAVY RAINS.

ICE CREAM SUNDAES  
WERE SOLD ONLY ON  
SUNDAY AT THE TIME  
OF THEIR ORIGIN,  
AND THIS GAVE THEM  
THEIR NAME.

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## WASHINGTON TUBBS II



## ALLEY OOP



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD



"And Athne, the city of Ivory, of which I am a citizen, is but twenty-five miles distant through the Pass of the Warriors," Valthour explained.

"Why not start for there now?" suggested the ape-man. "It is impossible by daylight—we could not get through alive!"

AN object that absorbs all colors, and reflects none, appears to us as black. Black is therefore not a color at all, but an absence of color. Those substances which we call white absorb light only slightly, and appear to be the color of the light, that illuminates them.

NEXT—How many persons have been killed in wars since 1800?

## OUT OUR WAY

—By Ahern



—By Blosser



—By Crane



—By Hamlin



—By Martin



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