

The Amateur Gentleman

By Jeffrey Farnol

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Determined to become a gentleman, Barnabas Bateese, a young man of fortune, sets out for London. He is the son of a wealthy family, and his father, Lord Bateese, is a member of the House of Lords. Barnabas is a very handsome young man, and he is very popular with the ladies. He is a very good horseman, and he is a very good shot. He is a very good dancer, and he is a very good singer. He is a very good all-around gentleman.

Continuing to London, young Barnabas Bateese, a young man of fortune, sets out for London. He is the son of a wealthy family, and his father, Lord Bateese, is a member of the House of Lords. Barnabas is a very handsome young man, and he is very popular with the ladies. He is a very good horseman, and he is a very good shot. He is a very good dancer, and he is a very good singer. He is a very good all-around gentleman.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

INSTALLMENT SEVENTY-SEVEN (Continued)

"Your grace honors me!" said Cleone, her eyes demure, but with a smile at the corner of her red mouth.

"And I congratulate you. I was a great success—in my day. Ah me! I remember seeing you—an hour after you were born. You were very pink, Cleone, and as bald as—I am, without my wig. No—pray sit still. Mr. Beverley isn't looking at you, and he was just as bald, once, I expect—and will be again, I hope. Even at that early age you pouted at me, Cleone, and I liked you for it. You are pouting now, Miss! To-day Mr. Beverley frowns at me, and I like him for it—besides, he's very handsome when he frowns, don't you think, Cleone?"

"Madam—" began Barnabas, with an angry look.

"Ah now you're going to quarrel with me—well, there's the major—I shall go. If you must quarrel with some one—try Cleone, she's young, and I think, a match for you. Oh, major! Major Piper, may lend your arm and protection to a poor, old, defenseless woman."

So saying, the duchess rose, and the major, bowing gallantly gave her the limb she demanded, and went off with her, "haw-ing" in his best and most ponderous manner.

BARNABAS sat, chin in hand, staring at the ground, half expecting that Cleone would rise and leave him. But no! My lady sat leaning back in her chair, her head carelessly averted, but watching him from the corners of her eyes. A sly look it was, a searching, critical look, that took close heed to all things, as—the fit and excellence of his clothes; the unconscious grace of his attitude; the useful droop of his lips—a long, inquisitive look, a look wholly feminine.

"So you meant to buy me, sir—as you would a horse or dog?"

"No," said Barnabas, without looking up, and speaking almost humbly.

It would have been the same thing, sir," she continued, a little more haughtily in consequence. "You would have put upon me an obligation I could never, never have hoped to repay?"

"Yes, I see my error now," said Barnabas, his head sinking lower. "I acted for the best, but I am a fool, and a clumsy one it seems. I meant only to serve you, to fulfill the mission you gave me, and I bungled—because I am—very ignorant. If you can forgive me, do so."

Now this humility was new in him, and because of this, and because she was a woman, she became straightway more exacting, and questioned him again.

"But why—why did you do it?"

"You asked me to save your brother, and I could see no other way—"

"How so? Please explain."

"I mean to free him from the

(To Be Continued)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



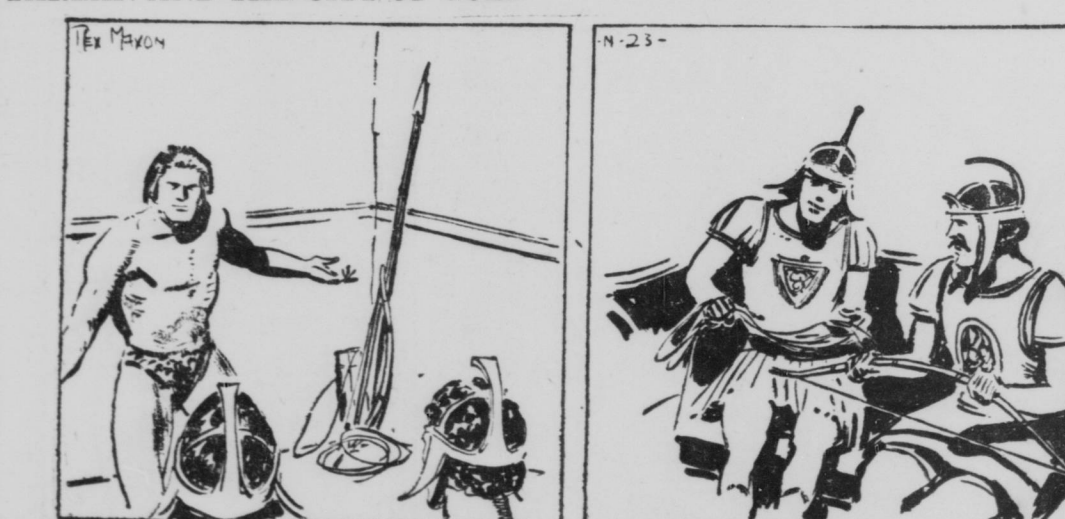
ALLEY OOP



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



TARZAN AND THE CITY OF GOLD



OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY



ENJOY

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM

5¢

AND WORTH IT!

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

IN THE UNITED STATES, A BILLION IS A THOUSAND MILLIONS — 1,000,000,000, AND A TRILLION IS A THOUSAND BILLIONS — 1,000,000,000,000.

IN ENGLAND AND GERMANY, A BILLION IS A MILLION MILLIONS — 1,000,000,000,000, AND A TRILLION IS A MILLION BILLIONS — 1,000,000,000,000,000.

THE WHITE BIRCH HAS BEEN DESIGNATED OFFICIALLY AS MOTHER'S TREE, TO HONOR MOTHERHOOD ALL OVER THE WORLD.

FLOATING ISLANDS OF GRASS

ARE A COMMON SIGHT IN THE AMAZON RIVER OF SOUTH AMERICA.

THE first tree planted to honor a mother was set out by Solan Parkes, on the shores of Lake Antietam, near Reading, Pa., on May 13, 1923. This tree is now known as the Initial Mother's Tree. Since that time the American Forestry Association has designated the white birch as Mother's Tree.

NEXT—What cities claim to be the birthplace of the Greek poet, Homer?

Keep COOL While You Shop—Downstairs at Ayres