

# An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

By The Baroness Orczy

WNU Service

## STORY FROM THE START

The Scarlet Pimpernel, known during the French revolution as the most intrepid adventurer in Europe, is an Englishman. At a house party given by Sir Percy Blakeney the latest adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel, the rescue of the Tournon-d'Agenays, is being related by Sir Andrew Froulkes. The Scarlet Pimpernel is really Sir Percy Blakeney, popular London dandy. The failure of Lauszet, revolutionary chief of the section in which the Scarlet Pimpernel has been operating, to prevent the escape of the Tournon-d'Agenays brings the condemnation of the government upon him. He causes the arrest of the Desseze family on a charge of treason. Lauszet announces that the prisoners are to be taken to Paris under a feeble escort, hoping to lure the Scarlet Pimpernel into an attack on the coach.

## Chapter IV—Continued

"Now," he said very earnestly to him, "you know just what you are going to do? You realize the importance of the mission which is being entrusted to you?"

The officer nodded in reply. He was a young man and ambitious. The task which had been allotted to him had fired his enthusiasm. Indeed, in these days, the capture of that elusive English spy known as the Scarlet Pimpernel was a goal for which every young officer of gendarmerie was wont to strive; not only because of the substantial monetary reward in prospect, but because of the glory attached to the destruction of so bitter an enemy of revolutionary France.

"I will tell you, citizen," the young man said to Chauvelin, "how I have finally laid my plans, and you shall tell me if you approve. About a kilometer and a half before the road emerges out of the wood, the ground rises gradually, and there are one or two sharp bends in the road until it reaches the crest of the hill. That part of the forest is very lonely, and at a point just before the ground begins to rise I intend to push my mount on for a meter or two ahead of the time, and pretend to examine the leaders of the team. After a while I will call 'halt' and make as if I thought there was something wrong with the traces. The driver is such a tout that he and I will embark on a long argument as to what he should do to remedy the defect, and in the course of the argument I will contrive to slip a small piece of flint which I have in my pocket under the hoof of one of the coach horses."

"You don't think one of your men will see you doing that—and perhaps wonder?"

"Oh, I can be careful. It is done in a moment. Then we shall get on the road again, and five minutes later that same coach horse will be dead lame. Another halt for examination, this time near the crest of the hill. The tout of a driver will never discover what is amiss. I shall make as if the hurt was serious, and set myself the task of tending it. I thought then, subject to your approval, of ordering the troopers to dismount. I have provided them with good wine and certain special rations in their knapsacks. At a word from me they will rest by the roadside, seemingly heedless and unconcerned, but really very wide awake and keen on the scent. The diligence will be at a standstill, with doors shut and curtains closely drawn, but the six men whom we have stowed inside the coach are keen on their work, well armed and, like hungry wolves, eager to get their teeth into the enemies of France. They will be on the alert, their hands on their pistols, ready to spring up and out of the coach at the first sign of an attack. Now, what think you of that setting, citizen?" The young officer concluded "for luring the English spies into a fight? Their methods are usually furtive, but this time they will have to meet us in a hand-to-hand combat, and, if they fall into our trap, I know that we can deal with them."

"I can but pronounce your plan admirable, citizen captain," Chauvelin replied approvingly. "You have my best wishes for your success. In the mean time, citizen captain, I will be anxiously waiting for news. We'll make a start soon after you, and strike the bridge path through the forest. This gives us a short cut which will bring us to Ebone just in time to hear you news. If you have been attacked send me a courier thither as soon as you have the English spies securely bound and gagged inside your coach."

"I'll not fall you, citizen," the young captain rejoined eagerly.

Lauszet, who had stood by, anxious and silent, whilst this colloquy was going on, shrugged his shoulders with a show of philosophy.

"And at worst," he said, "if that meddling Scarlet Pimpernel should think prudence the better part of valor, if he should scent a trap and carefully avoid it, we would always have the satisfaction of sending the Desseze family to the guillotine."

"The English spies," Chauvelin rejoined dryly, "will not scent a trap, nor will they give up the attempt to rescue the Desseze family. This is just a case to rouse their ire against us, and if it prove successful, one to flatter their vanity and redound to their credit in their own country. No," he went on thoughtfully, "I have no fear that the Scarlet Pimpernel will evade us this time. He will attack, I know. The only question is, when he does are we sufficiently prepared to defeat him?"

"With the half-dozen excellent men whom I have picked up here in Mantes," the young officer retorted, "I shall have nine under my command, and we are prepared for the attack. It is the English spies who will be surprised, we who will hold the advantage, even as to numbers, for the Scarlet Pimpernel can only work with two or three followers, and we shall outnumber them three to one."

"Then good luck attend you, citizen captain," Chauvelin said at last. "You are in a fair way of rendering your country a signal service; see that you let not fame and fortune evade you in the end. Remember that you will have to deal with one of the most astute as well as most daring of adventurers of our times, who has baffled men that were cleverer and at least as ambitious as yourself. Stay," the Terrorist added, and placed his thin, claw-like hand as if in warning on the other man's arm. "It is impossible, even for me who knows him as he is and who has seen him in scores of disguises, to give you any accurate description of his personality; but one thing you can bear in mind is that he is tall above the average; tall, even for an Englishman, and his height is the one thing about him that he cannot disguise. So beware of every man who is taller than yourself, citizen captain, however innocent he may appear, take the precaution to detain him. Mistrust every tall man, for one of them is of a surety the Scarlet Pimpernel."

He finally reminded the young captain to send him a courier with the welcome news as soon as possible. "Citizen Lauszet and I," he concluded, "will ride by the bridge path and await you at Ebone. I shall be devoured with anxiety until I hear from you."

The men were not nervous, not at first. They were merely excited, knowing what awaited them, both during the journey and afterward by way of reward. If they were successful there would be for every man engaged in the undertaking a sufficiency to provide for himself and his family for the rest of his life. The capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel! Half a dozen magic words in truth, and they had spurred Citizen Captain Raffet and his squad with boundless enthusiasm. They felt no discomfort either from tearing wind or driving rain. With eyes fixed before them they rode on, striving to pierce the mist-laden distance where the enemy of France was even now lurking, intent on that adventure which would be his last.

It was long past five o'clock when the diligence with its escort reached the edge of the forest. What little daylight there had been all afternoon was already beginning to wane; the sky was of a leaden color, heavily laden with rain clouds, save way behind in the west, where a few fiery, crimson streaks cut through the clouds like sharp incisions, there, where the setting sun still lingered in the autumn sky.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Nature Will Out

The gods were once disputing whether it was possible for a living being to change its nature. Jupiter said "Yes," but Venus said "No." So, to try the question, Jupiter turned a cat into a maiden, and gave her to a young man for a wife. The wedding was duly performed, and the young couple sat down to the wedding feast. "See," said Jupiter to Venus, "how becomingly she behaves. Who could tell that yesterday she was but a cat? Surely her nature is changed."

"Wait a minute," replied Venus, and let loose a mouse into the room. No sooner did the bride see this than she jumped up from her seat and tried to pounce upon the mouse. "Ah, you see," said Venus, "nature will out."—Aesop.

## Only One Requirement Insisted On for Book

The affable salesman in New York book stores are seldom surprised at any request—the public demand being what it is. But one of them reports that the other day he had a request from a dignified little old lady that—to use his own words—"knocked him for a row of bookshelves."

"I want a book—any kind of a book—with a jacket that is green, with red in it," the little old lady said. She insisted it could be a cook book or one about the home life of the bee or

# The SANDMAN STORY

## ABOUT THE LUCKY DUCK

"QUACK, quack, quack-quack," said Mrs. Duck. "I never knew how lucky I was until yesterday."

"I always thought I was a busy duck. But I'm not nearly so busy as little Sadie is."

"One of Sadie's friends came around to see her yesterday and she said: 'Come on, Sadie, come on out and play.'"

"But Sadie called back and said: 'I can't come for an hour, anyway. I've the beds to make and I promised to help wash the dishes.'"

"Well, I thought to myself, I'm a lucky duck. I don't have to make beds and I don't have to wash dishes."

"Of course I would have a nice place to wash them in, here in the

brook, and I could use pleasant weeds as dish rags, but still I'm glad I don't bother with all such things."

"I agree with you, quack, quack-quack," said Miss Duck.

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Duck. "It is so much simpler to have no dishes at all, but just eat as one goes along."

"Now, when a cow is taken to some other place and has to go in a wagon and then on a train in a stupid small place, after having been in the lovely meadow, I say to myself: 'Poor cow. You've known better days.'"

"I've seen the trains go by the station at the far end of my brook."

"And I've thought to myself how lucky I was, not to be a cow. Thank it's much nicer to live in a brook than anywhere else—even than in a palace."

"Of course, Bessie, the farmer's old horse, is very lucky. You know Bessie is quite old and doesn't have to



"Then It Is Much Nicer to Live in a Brook."

work any more. She has been retired. Bessie is allowed to wander anywhere she likes around the farm.

"She is a wonderful horse, for she goes down the paths and the walks, but never steps on the lawn or the grass anywhere except in the meadow."

"The farmer adores her and all the members of the farmer's family adore her."

"But, just the same, I think I'm a very lucky duck. It gives me delight to think how lucky I am."

"Now, I must go down to see Miss White Duck at the end of the pond."

"I said I'd have a drink of brook water and a bite of bug with her this afternoon. Were you invited?"

"Yes, yes, indeed," said Miss Duck. "I'd almost forgotten. I was so interested in what you were saying."

"Ah, you flatter me, but it is most delightful, too. Well, I suppose we must be off."

So the two ducks started for the end of the pond and there Miss White Duck was waiting for them.

"Quack, quack, good-afternoon, Duck ladies," she said.

"Good-afternoon, quack, quack," said Mrs. Duck.

"Good-afternoon, quack, quack," said Miss Duck.

"Horrid weather we've been having lately, quack, quack, is it not so?" said Miss White Duck.

"Terrible," said Mrs. Duck. "Quack, quack, terrible."

"Horrible, quack, quack, horrible," said Miss Duck.

"And yet, come to think of it, it hasn't been so very bad," said Miss White Duck.

"No, come to think of it, it might have been much worse, quack, quack," said Mrs. Duck.

"True," said Miss Duck. "Quack, quack, it might have really been bad."

They had their brook water and several insects apiece, and after they had chattered some more about the water and the insects Mrs. Duck said she'd have to be getting home to her family.

"Such a lovely time as I've had; thank you so much, dear Miss White Duck."

"I, too, have had a beautiful time," said Miss Duck.

And Miss White Duck said: "Quack, quack, it has been such a pleasure to see you both. Do call soon again. Just drop in any time. Any time at all."

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Duck, as she reached her special home section, "it is my delight that I am a duck. I have such a ducky time, quack, quack."

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## How It Started

By JEAN NEWTON

### "CUT-THROAT"

TO BE a cut-throat one need not necessarily cut throats. Nowadays the term is used to describe treachery of any kind, whether or not this is accompanied by physical violence. It is the sense of treachery rather than the particular medium by which it is carried out that we mean to express when we refer to some one as a "cut-throat." However, it is in its literal sense that the term had its origin.

Coined by that great master of words, Will Shakespeare, the word is over three thousand years old, its earliest recorded use is found in Macbeth, said to have been written in 1606, in the following context: The murderer enters who has been commissioned by Macbeth to put Banquo out of the way. Macbeth asks, "Is he dispatched?" to which the murderer replies: "My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him." Then Macbeth says: "Thou art the best of 'the cut-throats!"

(Copyright.)

## SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"A girl sometimes does get credit for looking smart, if her tailor isn't."

## MIGHT HAVE WALKED



First Comedian—"Did he fall in love?" Second Comedian—"No, she eased him in so gently he didn't know he was in till it was too late."

## Why We Do What We Do

By M. K. THOMSON, Ph. D.

### WHY WE ENJOY THE COMICS

IF WE do not enjoy the comic strips in the daily newspapers, there is something wrong with us. We should consult a doctor at once. Comics serve a very useful purpose in the lives of busy people.

We like comics because they are so deliciously absurd. A little shaver no bigger than a minute is forever making wise cracks. Some poor devil is in hot water all the time.

The comics reveal to us the absurdity of taking life too seriously. We recognize in them certain fundamental truths that apply to our own lives. These comics are really caricatures. We see ourselves and our neighbors. We get a big kick out of picturing some awkward friend of ours in the predicament of the comic actor. We enjoy sympathizing with ourselves in the perpetual hard-luck role. The very exaggerations bring out these traits all the more forcibly.

Most of the comics involve a story. The story part is in itself fascinating. It arouses our curiosity. We are anxious to know what happens next in the love episodes of our mock hero, the extent of hard luck he may have or how he is coming out with his ridiculous business adventure.

The great celebrities of the more popular comics are better known than many historical characters. If we should run into any of them on the street we would recognize them at once.

The comics furnish a real outlet for what they are—a lot of nonsense mixed up with a great deal of homely truth, a caricature of our mistreated selves and our ridiculous neighbors, a little relaxation in the midst of a busy day with its cares and worries, and all the too sober realities.

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## Tea Drinking

In Russia it is customary to place a lump of sugar in the mouth and let tea trickle through it. A newly married couple in Burma exchange a mixture of tea leaves steeped in oil on their wedding day as an omen of matrimonial bliss. In Japan every artisan or laborer going to work takes his rice box of lacquered wood, a kettle, a tea caddy, a teapot, a cup and his chop sticks.

## Glad She Did

Miss Forty Years—Do you remember when I was twenty-one and you wanted to marry me and I refused? Former Admirer—Yes; that is the sweetest memory of my life.—Die Lustige Kluge.

## We Moderns

"Why, when I was your age I thought nothing of a 10-mile walk every morning."

"Well, I don't think much of it, either."

## Davey Lee



Cute little Davey Lee, now four years of age, and starring in "Sunny Boy," his third appearance in the "movies," soon is to appear in another vitaphone picture, "Say It With Songs," in which he will play opposite Al Johnson. His other pictures were, first, "The Singing Fowl," second, "Frozer River," with Rin-Tin-Tin. Davey has fine seal-brown hair, perfect teeth, blue eyes shaded by long brown lashes.

## For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

### RESPECT FOR LAW

When the street light is set at the red color instinctively the average motorist wishes it were green and in the absence of any apparent danger of being caught some will take the chance and drive past the danger signal. This may be regarded as only a slight offense but when practiced in more dangerous situations may prove perilous to human life and property.

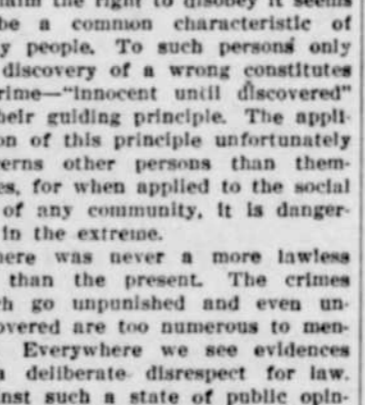
What moral right permit his train to pass a red light signal, or the pilot of a ship to disregard the light house signals? By no possible argument can be claim the moral or legal right to place in jeopardy human life entrusted to his care.

This tendency to disregard law or to claim the right to disobey it seems to be a common characteristic of many people. To such persons only the discovery of a wrong constitutes a crime—"innocent until discovered" is their guiding principle. The application of this principle unfortunately concerns other persons than themselves, for when applied to the social life of any community, it is dangerous in the extreme.

There was never a more lawless age than the present. The crimes which go unpunished and even undiscovered are too numerous to mention. Everywhere we see evidences of a deliberate disrespect for law. Against such a state of public opinion have gone forth, from both pen and press, many strong protests; but none more vigorous and denunciatory than the words of President Hoover in an address to the Associated Press. President Hoover said that the present disrespect for law is "the dominant issue before the American people"; that "obedience to law is vital to the preservation of our institutions and that the real problem is to awaken the moral sense." In other words, President Hoover recognizes that obedience to law is fundamentally a moral problem and no citizen has the moral right to refuse this respect and obedience. Mr. Hoover also emphasized the point that if law can only be upheld by police enforcement the future of our democracy is in serious peril. Obedience to law then becomes a duty as well as a privilege of citizenship, for it is true of society as it is true of an individual—obedience is liberty, disobedience is slavery.

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## HAPPY THE WORLD IS & THE REST IS MICE



(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## Germany Given Credit for Idea of Bookplate

A bookplate is a typographical or pictorial label, used to denote the ownership of a book. Bookplates are considered to have had their origin in Germany, though an unsupported claim has been made that they were used in Japan in the Tenth century, and certain small clay tablets are believed to have performed in Babylonia and Assyria an office similar to that of the bookplate of today. The earliest printed bookplate we know today was used about 1480. From Germany the use of the bookplate spread to France and finally to all continental countries. The bookplates first used in America were of English make, brought over by the wealthy colonists. They possess great interest as memorials of the old families, but the plates engraved by the hands of our first American engravers, Nathaniel Hurd and Paul Revere of Boston, Amos Doolittle of Connecticut and Alexander Anderson, easily surpass them in value. The earliest date of an American bookplate by an American engraver is 1740, one the Thomas Dering plate engraved by Hurd.

Dainty white dresses for baby or daughter made beautiful by Russ Ball Blue. Your Grocer has it.—Adv.

## Fire Can Not Smolder Long on Ocean Liners

The captain on a modern liner can look into a cabinet and tell at a glance whether fire has broken out, and also in what part of the vessel. Go into the hold of any properly equipped ship and light a cigar; in less than five minutes the captain on the bridge can tell where you are smoking. In the captain's cabinet is a series of glass-fronted tubes, one for each hold, through which air is constantly flowing. Ordinarily you can see nothing—all is black; but with the faintest trace of smoke from the hold there suddenly appears against this black background a thin, quivering thread of blue. For within the tube is a shielded bulb of brilliant light. As long as the air current is pure there is nothing to illuminate; but the moment a wisp of smoke flows through, the light rays make it show up against the black background like a meteor.

## Carrot in Disrepute

Popularity of the carrot had not dawned in 1838 when William A. Alcott wrote a cook book, for he warns against use of this vegetable except in very small quantities. The tomato, he gives a very bad bill of health, and he deplores the fact that "at the present time, especially among the fashionable, there is an increasing tendency to regard the potato as somewhat vulgar." Bread, he declares, is sharing the same fate and is tolerated only as a sort of penance.—Detroit News.

## World's Largest Locomotives

Two of the largest locomotives in the world are being built in Manchester, England, for South Africa. They are 90 feet long, weigh 220 tons each, will cost nearly \$150,000.

## Mighty Monarch of the Air

TUNE IN... Majestic Theatre of the Air over Columbia and American Broadcasting Systems every Sunday night, 9 to 10 Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Headquarters of the Stage and Screen.

## Model 92

Power Detection and the new 45 tubes plus four tuned stages of radio frequency. Absolutely no hum and no oscillation at any wave length. Automatic sensitivity control gives uniform range and power all over the dial. Improved Majestic Super-Dynamic Speaker. Heavy, sturdy Majestic power unit, with positive voltage limiter. Exclusive period cabinet of American Walnut. Doors of matched built-in with overlays on doors and interior panel of genuine imported Australian lacquer. Scratch-resistant plate, knobs and door. Beautifully finished in genuine silver. \$179.50 silver.

## It May Be Urgent



## When your Children Cry for It

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## Fletcher's CASTORIA

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