

An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

By the BARONESS ORCZY

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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'Agenay, is being related by Sir Andrew Froulkes.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"And that was when the gallant Scarlet Pimpernel interposed?" Lady Alicia put in with a sigh. "He knew M. le Tournon-d'Agenay and his family were being taken to Paris."

"I believe he had had an inkling of what was in the wind some time before the arrest. It is wonderful how closely he is always in touch with those who one day may need his help. But I believe that at the last moment plans had to be formulated in a hurry. Fortunately, chance on this occasion chose to favor those plans. Day had broken without a gleam of sunshine; a thin drizzle was falling, and there was a sharp head wind on, which fretted the horses and forced the driver to keep his head down, with his broad-brimmed hat pulled well over his eyes. Nature, as you see, was helping all she could. One can imagine the surprise attack. Vague forms loomed suddenly out of the mist and the sharp report of a pistol, twice in quick succession. The horses, sweating and panting, fell into a foot-pace, dragging the heavy coach up the steep incline, through the squealing mud of the road, and came to a violent and sudden halt on the crest of the hill at the first report. At the second they reared and plunged wildly.

"The whole thing was, I am assured, a matter of a couple of minutes. It was surprise and swiftness that won the upper hand, for the rescue party was outnumbered three to one. Had there been the slightest hesitation, the slightest slackening of quick action, the attack would of a certainty have failed. But during those few minutes of confusion, and under cover of the mist and the vague grayness of the morning the Scarlet Pimpernel and his followers, down on their knees in the squelching mud were not merely fighting, you understand? No! They were chiefly engaged in cutting the saddle girths under the bellies of eight fidgity and plunging horses, and cracking their pistols in order to keep up the confusion. Not an easy task, you will admit, though 'tis a form of attack well known in the East, so I understand.

"At any rate, those had been the chief orders, and they had to be carried out. For my part, I imagine that superstitious terror had upset the nerves of that small squad of revolutionary guard. Hemmed in by the thickest on either side of the road, the men had not sufficient elbow room for a good fight. No man likes being attacked by a foe whom he cannot well see, and in the melee that ensued the men were hindered from using their somewhat clumsy sabers too freely for fear of injuring their comrades' mounts, if not their own; and all they could do was to strive to calm their horses and through the din, to hear the words of command uttered by their lieutenant.

"And all the while," Sir Andrew went on, amidst breathless silence on the part of his hearers, "I pray you picture to yourselves the confusion; the cracking of pistols, the horses snorting, the lieutenant shouting, the prisoners screaming. Then, at a given moment, the Scarlet Pimpernel scrambled up the box seat of the chaise. As no doubt all of you ladies know by now, he has the most wonderful hand with horses. In one instant he had snatched the reins out of the bewildered Jehu's hands, and, with word of mouth and click of tongue, had soothed the poor beasts' nerves. And sudden he gave the order, 'Ca va!' which was the signal agreed on between himself and his followers. For then it meant a scramble for cover under the veil of mist and rain, whilst he, the gallant chief, whipped up the team, which plunged down the road now at breakneck speed.

"Of course, the guard, and, above all, the lieutenant, grasped the situation soon enough, and immediately gave chase. But they were not trick riders, any of them, and with severed saddle girths could not go far. Be that as it may, the Scarlet Pimpernel drove his team without a halt as far as Molay, where he had arranged for relays. Once well away from the immediate influence of Paris, with all its terrors and tyrannical measures, the means of escape for the prisoners became comparatively easy, thanks primarily to the indomitable pluck of their rescuer and also to a long purse.

"The story is exactly as I had it from Madame la Comtesse de Tournon-d'Agenay, whose sole sorrow, now that she and those she loves are safe at last in England, is that she never once caught a glimpse of her rescuer. He proved as elusive to her as to all of us, and we find ourselves repeating the delightful doggerel invented on that evasive personage by our prince of dandies, Sir Percy Blakeney."

"Marvelous!" "Enchanting!" "Pitiful!" "I nearly fainted with excitement, my dear!" These were some of the ejaculations uttered by dainty, well-riggered lips, while the men, more

or less, were silent, pondering, vaguely longing to shake the enigmatical hero once, at least, by the hand.

His highness was questioning Sir Andrew Froulkes more closely about certain details connected with the story. It was softly whispered, and not for the first time, either, that his highness could, if he would, solve the riddle of the identity of that mysterious Scarlet Pimpernel.

And the whisperers were correct, since his highness was one of the few who knew that Sir Percy Blakeney was the Scarlet Pimpernel, who, with his little band of romantic adventurers—of whom Sir Andrew Froulkes was one—was devoting himself to saving from undeserved death victims of the Reign of Terror in France.

Dainty, sweet, and generous, as usual, Lady Froulkes had edged up to Lady Blakeney, and the two young wives of such gallant men held one another for one instant closely by the hand, a token of mutual understanding, of pride and of happiness.

Then Lady Froulkes looked in dainty puzzlement about her. "Sir Percy!" she exclaimed. "Where is Sir Percy?"

And the call was like the chirruping of birds on a sunny spring morning. It stilled all further chattering for the moment.

"Where is Sir Percy?" And silence alone echoed, "Where?"

Until a real material sound came in response. A long-drawn-out sound that caused the ladies to snigger and the men to laugh. It was the sound of a loud and prolonged snore. The groups of gay society butterflies, men and women, parted, disclosing the alcove at the further end of the room, where, on the sofa, with handsome head resting against rose-colored cushions, Sir Percy Blakeney was fast asleep.

CHAPTER II

Citizen Lauzet

But in Paris the news of the evasion of the ci-devant Comte et Comtesse de Tournon-d'Agenay with their son and two daughters was received in a different spirit. Members of the committees of public safety and of general security, both official and unofficial, professional and amateur, were more irate than they cared to admit.

Citizen Lauzet, chief of section in the rural division of the department Seine et Oise, was most particularly worried by the incident, which, it must be remembered, occurred in his district. The hand of the well-known English spy, known throughout France as the League of the Scarlet Pimpernel, could obviously be traced in the daring and impudent attack on an armed escort, and the subsequent driving of the chaise through three hundred kilometers of country where only shameless bribery and unparalleled audacity could have saved them from being traced, followed, and brought to justice.

Citizen Lauzet, a faithful servant of the state, felt that the situation was altogether beyond his capacity for dealing with; those English spies were so different to the ordinary traitors and aristos whom one suspected, arrested, and sent to the guillotine all in the turn of a hand. But how was one to deal with men whom one had never seen and was never likely to see, if rumor spoke correctly? Citizen Lauzet scratched his bald pate and perplexed freely in his endeavor to find a solution to his difficulty, but he found none.

It was in the midst of his perturbations that he behelthimself of his friend, Armand Chauvelin. Now, Lauzet was quite aware of the fact that that same friend of his was under a cloud just now; that he had lost that high position he once held on the committee of public safety, for reasons which had never been made public. Nevertheless, Lauzet had reasons for knowing that in the matter of tracking down spies Armand Chauvelin had few, if any, equals; and he also knew that for some unexplained cause Chauvelin would give several years of his life, and everything he possessed in the world, to get his long, thin fingers round the throat of that enigmatical personage known as the Scarlet Pimpernel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Sound-Proof Room Has Been Developed

Henry Bernstein, French playwright, hired a builder to build him a sound-proof room in his apartment. The room cost 175,000 francs and failed to be sound-proof, so Bernstein sued the builder and recovered 37,000 francs damages.

Publisher Horace Stokes, discussing the case, said:

"Writers are always looking in vain for sound-proof rooms. You remember the sound-proof room that Carlyle built on top of his little house in Chelsea. It wasn't sound-proof at all."

"Carlyle couldn't sleep in his Chelsea home on account of a rooster in a neighbor's garden. At last, worn out, a nervous wreck, he went to the neighbor and said:

"For the love of heaven kill that rooster of yours, or it will kill me. Look at my bloodshot eyes and shaking hands. The bird crows all night and I never get a wink of sleep any more."

"No, no, Mr. Carlyle," said the neighbor, "it don't—it can't crow all night."

"Perhaps not," said Carlyle, "but when it isn't crowing I hear there, breathless and tense, waiting for it to begin again."

LAST TO SIGN PACT



Hirohito.

Tokyo.—The Japanese emperor has signed the Kellogg antiwar pact, which becomes effective as soon as Japan's ratification, the last among the signatory nations, is deposited at Washington.

WILL DEMAND NAVAL PARITY WITH G. B.

Hoover's Plan When Reduction Conference Is Held.

Washington.—Naval parity between the United States and Great Britain will be one of the major objects sought by the Hoover administration when the next naval reduction conference is held, Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson disclosed. Mr. Stimson defended the doctrine of naval parity as a preventive of war and declared that when the navies of two nations are of equal strength the danger of war is minimized.

"The doctrine of parity," Mr. Stimson said, "in my opinion is of very great importance as a means of determining not how two nations are to shoot at each other, but as a means of helping them to agree not to shoot at each other."

"The first step which people take when they are going to shoot at each other is to try to outbuild each other in the shape of navies. The minute they agree not to outbuild each other, they are taking one of the longest steps possible towards not having a war. That is why we are laying stress on the doctrine of parity."

The Coolidge administration stressed the necessity of equality in naval strength between this country and Great Britain above virtually all other factors.

The present administration has placed much stress on the necessity of effecting a real cut in naval strength, in the interests of peace and economy.

Secretary Stimson's statement was interpreted as indicating that the President is desirous of making it clear that the United States will insist on parity when the next conference is held.

Slayings Increase as Death Chair Lies Idle

Chicago.—As the infliction of capital punishment falls off, murderers increase in Chicago and Cook county, Col. Henry Barrett Chamberlin, director of the Chicago crime commission, said, as he revealed statistics showing 173 murders in the city and county during the first six months of 1920.

"The homicide record for the six months is about at par," Colonel Chamberlin said. "Away back in 1919 there were 170 murders during the first six months of the year. Then Chicago suddenly woke up and juries started inflicting the death penalty. During the next two years, 1920 and '21, there were respectively only 80 and 87 killings."

"During 1920 and '21 eighteen men were hanged in the county jail for murder. That tells the story," he said.

Eight Grape Firms in \$30,000,000 Enterprise

Los Angeles.—Los Angeles has been selected as the "home office" of a new \$30,000,000 enterprise.

This announcement was made by Secondo Guasti, Jr., its president, who also disclosed the existence of a merger controlling more than 85 per cent of the country's grape products business—under the name of Fruit Industries, Inc.

According to the announcement, Guasti, head of the Italian Vineyard company, owners of the largest vineyard in the world at Guasti, Calif., has merged that concern with seven other outstanding enterprises in the grape products manufacturing field.

The eight merging firms are said to comprise the oldest and most widely known wine manufacturers in the country.

Zeppelin Gets New Type Clutches Friedrichshafen, Germany.—A new type of clutch is being installed in the motors of the Graf Zeppelin to obviate trouble such as was encountered on the last attempt to fly to the United States.

\$275,000 Zionist Fund Raised Detroit.—A fund of \$275,000 for reconstruction work in Palestine has been raised, the Zionist Organization of America announced at its thirty-second annual convention.

BRITAIN TO DESERT RHINELAND SECTION

Army Order Calls Off Summer Maneuvers.

London.—A speedy evacuation of the Rhineland by Great Britain, whether France and Belgium withdraw their troops or not, seems envisaged by orders transmitted to the Rhine army headquarters at Wiesbaden ordering the abandonment of the regular summer maneuvers.

The evacuation, mooted for some time, is understood likely to occur soon, and when it was learned the troops were ordered not to go under canvas for the regular summer training which has been part of the army of occupation's regular program for more than ten years that they have been stationed in the Rhineland, it was immediately considered the government's plans for withdrawing the soldiers was far advanced.

An attempt will be made, it is said, to set a record for speed and thoroughness in accomplishing the evacuation. An enormous amount of work is involved. In Wiesbaden alone the contents of more than 1,000 buildings occupied by the British must be inventoried and claims for compensation filed before the troops leave.

Barracks, billets and public buildings in other parts of the 20-mile bridgehead radius must receive like attention. It is the intention of the army to avoid a repetition of some of the unpleasant features of the evacuation of Cologne.

A full division is to be moved, consisting of six infantry battalions, a brigade of field artillery, a regiment of cavalry, a section of the tank corps, engineers, signaling service, royal army service corps, royal army ordnance corps, medical and nursing staffs, four hospitals, and the division's work shop.

Berlin.—Rhineland newspapers have published various news items indicating that the allies are actively preparing an early evacuation of the second zone. They state their belief that a move has already been started to free the Coblenz district of foreign troops, and claim that two French regiments have received their marching orders to return home before the harsh winter weather sets in.

Simultaneous news from London that the English government has countermanded fall maneuvers in the Rhineland is taken not as evidence of the MacDonald cabinet's good will, but as corroborating the rumored evacuation plans.

Official circles here deny the accuracy of the Cologne report that occupation authorities have given consent to the Germans to build three new bridges over the Rhine, but acknowledge that negotiations to this effect are proceeding satisfactorily. The refusal of the allies to sanction additional facilities for crossing the Rhine have been one of the German indictments against the allies' Rhineland policy.

Bobby Jones Wins Open Golf Title Third Time

Mamaroneck, N. Y.—Bobby Jones made sure his position as king of American golfers, if clinching were necessary, by a crushing defeat of Al Espinosa, of Chicago, in the play-off of the national open championship. It was the third time Jones has won this title and few links honors remain for him to win except the amateur crown again in California in September to equal Chick Evans' feat of winning both national championships in the same year.

Jones defeated Espinosa, 141 to 184, for the 36-hole play-off, and did it by playing brilliant golf.

Jones' margin of victory, 23 strokes, was one of the most decisive surpluses of strokes that any winner of the classic ever has run up.

Round Trip, Coast-Coast Flight Made in 37 Hours

Roosevelt Field, L. I.—Capt. Frank M. Hawks landed here in his Lockheed air express, breaking the transcontinental record for the second time in as many days and establishing a new round trip record between the two coast lines of the United States.

He made the east bound trip in 17 hours 38 minutes, as against his previous time of 18 hours 21 minutes and 39 seconds, made February 4.

Captain Hawks flew from New York to Los Angeles in 19 hours 10 minutes and 32 seconds, setting a new record. The previous time was 24 hours 51 minutes.

Dustin Farnum Is Dead

New York.—Dustin Farnum, stage and film star, died of a kidney ailment in the Post Graduate hospital. He was fifty-three years old. A decade ago his popularity as hero in many Western motion pictures was at its height.

Would Salvage \$7,000,000 From Sea Brest, France.—The \$5,000,000 in gold and \$2,000,000 in silver aboard the Peninsular Orient liner Egypt when she sank seven years ago is the object of a search by Italian salvage tugs.

Next Anti-Saloon League Meet Washington.—Detroit has been chosen as the site for the next biennial convention of the Anti-Saloon league, which will begin January 15, 1920.

HOW TO LIVE LONGER

By JOHN CLARENCE FUNK

FALSE ECONOMY

THRIFT is a splendid thing but when it reaches the point of miserliness it ceases to be a virtue. One of its most peculiar manifestations is the practice of keeping down blinds to "save the rugs." In the rural districts of some sections of the country the whole house will be shut up tight, summer and winter, "so that the carpets won't fade." Many city matrons in lesser degree are guilty of the same conduct.

Prisons of former years were both dark and damp; and they consequently not only confined those unfortunate enough to be sent to them, but killed them with disease. However, in these days of enlightenment even many jails are reasonably light, and get plenty of fresh air. Why then, emulate the penal practices of past years by saving the colors in rugs and carpets?

Germs are cowardly things. They love the dark and thrive in it. They are equally attached to dust. Conversely, they flee from sunlight, fresh air and cleanliness.

Physicians realize the fundamental fact that an abundance of sunlight is essential for normal development and the maintenance of a good physical condition. Drawn blinds bar it altogether.

While in many latitudes it becomes impossible in the winter time to keep the windows constantly open during the day, this need not be so during the late spring, summer and early fall. One thing is certain, winter will not keep out the sunshine if you are willing to let it in.

One step farther is required, however; window glass filters out the most beneficial portion of the sun's rays. It becomes necessary therefore, not only to let in light but to permit the sunshine to enter direct. In severe weather a few minutes is enough. In mild seasons one cannot have too much of it. Therefore, raise all blinds, and keep them up; then throw open the windows and let in the sunshine and fresh air. Better a little dust and faded colors than disease.

Be thrifty. But don't let thrift in this connection get the better of you. If you do, you will be a miser—perhaps a sick one. And you even may turn into a dead one!

A VICIOUS PEST

THE fly is one of the dirtiest insects in existence. It is a pity that it presents such an inoffensive appearance and that it lacks a stinger. If it were ugly and aggressive humanity's indifference to it would immediately change into opposing its dangerous activity. But that is where the trouble lies. The harm that it does is accomplished so slyly that the average individual is likely to become careless regarding this pest, especially if he happens to live in the country.

True, there is a great difference between the house of former days full of flies fresh from the barnyard and the comparatively flyless farmhouse of today. However, much still needs to be accomplished before this enemy to life has been laid low.

Typhoid fever is a disease of filth and uncleanness. It is invariably contracted by taking food, water or milk which has been infected by typhoid fever germs. And it is right here that the innocent looking fly becomes such a powerful and deadly emissary.

This insect instinctively hunts unprotected cess pools and in this manner collects germs on its feet which it later deposits on food by the simple process of walking on it. Outside conveniences should therefore always be efficiently protected.

It is not always possible, especially on farms, to remove the barnyard products that are such a favorite haunt for the fly; but even there a certain amount of sanitary care and the efficient screening of one's house will diminish the hazard from that source.

Moreover, there is absolutely no excuse for anybody to maintain any fly-attracting spots in the immediate neighborhood of their dwelling. Exposed garbage and other filth magnetic to the fly should not be tolerated.

As to food (and this applies to city and rural folk equally) thoroughly wash uncooked foods such as lettuce, celery and endives. This mechanical process may remove fever infecting germs deposited by flies in the process of marketing this produce.

To conclude, the best kind of fly for human beings is a dead one. Do not tolerate conditions that breed and don't give him quarter if he invades your home. Swat—and live!

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The Self-Sufficiency Age

An obstinate, ungovernable self-sufficiency plainly points out to us that state of imperfect maturity at which the graceful levity of youth is lost and the solidity of experience not yet acquired.—Junius.

Camera Long Known

The camera, it is believed, was invented by Giovanni Battista della Porta in the sixteenth century, though the principle was actually known before.

Albania Today



A Typical Albanian.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

EUROPE'S newest king is building a new palace in one of Europe's newest capitals. The king is Zog I (formerly Zogu) of Albania, who stepped to his throne from the President's chair last September; and his million-dollar palace is rising in Tirana which became the seat of government after the World war, when it was decided that the former capital, Durazzo, on the coast, was too exposed.

Until this move was made Tirana was as little known as the rest of Albania is today. Boat loads of tourists drifted down the Albanian coast, stopping now and then at some picturesque island, or at a coastal village.

At Durazzo, they took one glance at the impassable roads to the interior and another glance at the springless ox-carts and donkeys which were then the only Albanian taxis. Then most of them decided to see Tirana when conditions were improved.

The capital has changed, however, since President Zogu established government headquarters there in 1925. Bus service on the new road from Tirana to Durazzo brings increasing numbers of travelers and the once quiet little Moslem city is making splendid progress.

The mosque, domes and minarets that once dominated the city's sky line are being encroached upon by modern government buildings and legations of foreign governments who recognize Albanian sovereignty. Hotels are also poking their upper stories above the red roofs of old Tirana's mud-walled structures, and new avenues, parks and public gardens have been laid out for the enjoyment of the city's inhabitants and guests.

Market Place of Tirana.

The Tirana market place is one of the few spots in the city that has not been disturbed by the newcomers and there, among the vegetables and fruits piled on the cobbles, roam folk of the surrounding mountains and valleys, apparently unmoved by the changes taking place in their capital.

Both the Ghegs of the north and the Tosks of the south crowd the aisles. Mingling with the lively throngs, one sees a bewhiskered Moslem holy man whose somber robes sharply contrast with the flaming colors of the natives' garments. The Ghegs, three-fourths of whom are Moslems, can be singled out from the rest of the crowd by their gray half-size fezzes which resemble the aluminum lids which keep pancakes warm on American restaurant tables. They also wear loose-fitting, sleeveless, buttonless jackets, tight-fitting trousers and homemade sandals of ox-hide.

The Tosks are less conservative than their northern compatriots. They like ornamentation, and their costumes are colorful. There may be enough silver and gold in their regalia to pay a first-class passage from Durazzo to New York.

The Albanians are a rugged, primitive mountain people who, it has been said, "occasionally d' from ordinary disease, but more often from differences of opinion." They are classed along with the French, Portuguese and Walloons as members of the Greco-Latin branch of the Aryan race. Their mountain life has fostered a passionate love of independence and they cling to their language and their customs with a vigorous tenacity, even when groups are transplanted to other lands.

The name of the Albanians, meaning "people of the snow-land," has been fastened upon them by their neighbors; they call themselves "Skipeetar," or mountaineers. One important tribe, the Catholic Mirdites, bitterly oppose the settlement of any Mohammedans in their vicinity.

What Visitors Buy and See.

Tirana is in the west central part of Albania, 26 miles inland from Durazzo, the country's principal port. Until the outbreak of the World war the only well-paved highway in the country linked these two cities.

The visitor to Tirana can acquire as souvenirs specimens of locally-made brass work, distinctive and beautiful embroideries, done by the Tirana women and sold by them in the market places, and whether a smoker or not, he will wish to take along one of the oddly and intricately carved pipes. The city covers a larger area than its 15,000 or so inhabitants would seem to need, judged by our standards. Yet one would have a difficult time convincing a Tiranian, with his cottage and garden, that a more vertical mode of living, in crowded apartments, would be more civilized. Once one strolls beyond the bounds of Tirana, however, he will encounter mud houses, and the "simple life" to an extreme degree.

An Albanian family is sufficient unto itself. Except for the trading in a few cities—in Scutari, Korytza and Argiro-castro, besides those already mentioned—there is no semblance of an economic system.

A woman in a country district works hard, but she is not mere drudge. She makes bread of maize and cooks it over an open hearth fire. The remaining wood ashes she uses in place of soap. She weaves woolen cloth and plait black braid for the garments she makes of it.

Before the Christian era, the ancestors of the present Albanians occupied practically the whole of the peninsula north of Greece, to the Danube. They are, in fact, the remnants of the oldest race in eastern Europe. The conquest and pillaging of the region by Rome did not displace these early inhabitants; but when the Slavs burst southward into the peninsula in the seventh century A. D., only those who lived in or fled to Albania kept their blood and customs unaltered by the newcomers.

Their History One of Struggles. It has been the fate of the Albanians to struggle constantly against some powerful neighbor. First it was Imperial Rome, next the Slavs, then Turkey. When Turkish power waned, Albania found Austria coveting her lands. Just before the World war, Austria had succeeded in placing a Germanic prince on the throne of the newly created Albanian state; but this arrangement did not last long. Since the World war Albania has found herself between two forces. On the east and north Yugoslavia has advanced her frontiers to Albania, and eyes her territory with interest; on the west, Italy, separated only by the narrowest part of the Adriatic, has shown a desire to control Albania.

The eastern frontier of Albania, where Italy has charged, the Yugoslavs have been making preparations of a supposedly military character, is much less isolated today than before the World war. Then the region had just been liberated from Turkey and had been little developed. Monastir, second among the cities of Turkish Macedonia, had rail connections only southward to Saloniki, the metropolis. Now a line also extends northward connecting with the trunk railway into old Serbia.

The region about the two large lakes, Ohrida and Presba, midway of the present Albanian-Yugoslav line, was also isolated. Now a new railway from Uskub and the heart of Yugoslavia beyond reaches down to the city of Ohrida on the lake. This lake country of the Yugo-Slavian borderland has both geographic and historic interest. The claim has been put forth for Ohrida that it is "the clearest lake in the world." Fish may be plainly seen swimming about at a depth of 60 feet or more. Dense chestnut forests cover the slopes of the hills surrounding the lake.