

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'Agénay family, is being related by Sir Andrew Ffolkes. The Scarlet Pimpernel is really Sir Percy Blakeney, popular London dandy.

CHAPTER II—Continued

And so, in his difficulty, Citizen Lauzet sent an urgent message to his friend Chauvelli, to come at once to Mantes, if possible—a request which delighted Chauvelli and with which he forthwith complied. And thus, three days after the sensational rescue of the Tournon-d'Agénay family, those two men—Lauzet and Chauvelli—both intent on the capture of one of the most bitter enemies of the revolution, were sitting together in the office of the rural commissariat at Mantes. Lauzet had quickly put his friend in possession of the facts connected with that impudent escapade, and Chauvelli, over an excellent glass of wine, had put his undoubted gifts and subtle brain at the service of the official.

"Now, listen to me, my dear Lauzet," he said after a prolonged silence, during which the chief of section had been able to trace on his friend's face the inner workings of a master mind concentrated on one all-engrossing object, "listen to me. I need not tell you, I think, that I have had some experience of that audacious Scarlet Pimpernel and his gang; popular rumor will have told you that. It will also have told you, no doubt, that in all my endeavors for the capture of that detestable spy I was invariably foiled by persistent ill luck on the one side, and the man's boundless impudence on the other. It is because I failed to lay the audacious rascal by the heels that you see me now, a disgraced and disappointed man, after half a lifetime devoted to the service of my country. But, in the lexicon of our glorious revolution, my good Lauzet, there is no such word as fail; and many there are who deem me lucky because my head still happens to be on my shoulders, after certain episodes at Calais, Boulogne or Paris, of which you have, I doubt not, heard more than one garbled version."

Lauzet nodded his bald head in sympathy. He also passed a moist, hot finger around the turn of his cravat. This allusion to failure in connection with the desired capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel had started an unpleasant train of thought.

"I've only told you all this, my good Lauzet," Chauvelli went on, with a sarcastic curl of his thin lips, "in order to make you realize the value which, in spite of my avowed failures, the committee of public safety still set upon my advice. They have disgraced me, it is true, but only outwardly. And this they have only done in order to leave me a wider scope for my activities, particularly in connection with the tracking down of spies. As an actual member of the committee I was obviously an important personage whose every movement was in the public eye; now as an outwardly obscure agent I come and go in secret. I can lay plans. I can help and I can advise without arousing attention. Above all, I can remain the guiding hand, prepared to use such fearless patriots as you are yourself, in the great cause which we all have at heart, the bringing to justice of a band of English spies, together with their elusive chief, the Scarlet Pimpernel."

"Well spoken, friend Chauvelli," Citizen Lauzet rejoined, with a tone of perplexity in his husky voice, "and, believe me, it was because I had a true inkling of what you've just said that, in my anxiety, I begged you to come and give me the benefit of your experience. Now, tell me," he went on eagerly, "how do you advise me to proceed?"

Chauvelli, before he replied to this direct question, had another drink of wine. Then he smacked his lips, set down his glass, and finally said with slow deliberation, "To begin with, my good Lauzet, try to rethink yourself of some family in your district whose position, shall we say, approaches most nearly to that of the éminent Tournon-d'Agénays before their arrest. That family should consist of at least one woman or, better still, one or two young children, or even an old man or an imbecile. Anything, in fact, to arouse specially that old-fashioned weakness which, for want of a better word, we will call sympathy."

"That kind of brood swarms in every district. All you have to do is to open your eyes. Anyway, having settled on a family, which will become our tool for the object we have in

view, you will order a summary perquisition to be made by your gendarmes in their house. You will cause the head of the family to be brought before you and you will interrogate him first, and detain him under suspicion. A second perquisition will then not come amiss; in fact, you will have it bruited all over the neighborhood that this particular family has been denounced as 'suspect' and that their arrest and subsequent trial in Paris, on a charge of treason, is only a matter of days. You understand?"

"I do," Lauzet replied, in a tone that sounded decidedly perplexed and unconvinced. "But—"

"There is no but about it," Chauvelli retorted brusquely. "You have asked my help and I give you my orders. All you have to do is to obey—and not to argue. Is that clear?"

"Quite, quite clear, my good friend," Lauzet hastened to assure him. "In fact, I already have some one in my mind."

"Which is all to the good," Chauvelli broke in curtly. "On the balance of your zeal your reward will presently be weighed. Now listen further to me. Having followed my instructions as to perquisitions and so on, you will arrange as sensational an arrest of this family as you can. The more it is talked about in the neighborhood the better for our purpose. You understand?"

"I do, I do," Lauzet said eagerly. "I see your whole scheme now. You want to induce the English spies to exert themselves on behalf of this family, so that—"

"Exactly! Therefore, the more sympathy you can evoke for them the better; a pretty girl, an invalid, a cripple; anything like that will rouse the so-called chivalry of those spies. Then, having effected your arrest, you arrange to convey the family to Paris."

"And do so, apparently under rather feeble escort, say, not more than four men."

"Not more than four men, remember," Chauvelli reiterated with slow emphasis, "as visible escort."

"I understand."

"Instead of the usual chaise for conveying your prisoners to Paris, you will use the local diligence and, having disposed of the prisoners inside the vehicle, you will have it further packed with half a dozen or more picked men from your local gendarmes, armed with pistols; and you will take a leaf out of the Scarlet Pimpernel's own book, because that half dozen picked men will be disguised as other aristos in distress, women, cripples, old men, or what you will. You can then go even a little further in your trickery and arrange a breakdown for your diligence in the loneliest bit of road in the forest of Mezerles, and choose the twilight for your mise-en-scène. Then—"

But Lauzet could no longer restrain his enthusiasm.

"Oh, then! I see it all!" he exclaimed eagerly. "The band of English spies will have been on the watch for the diligence. They will attack it, thinking that it is but feebly guarded. But this time we shall be ready for them and—"

But suddenly his enthusiasm failed. His round, fat face lost its glow of excitement and his small, round eyes stared in comic perplexity at his friend.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AGAIN WORLD NET QUEEN



Helen Willis.

Wimbledon, England.—Miss Helen Willis maintained her position as queen of the tennis world by winning the English women's singles for the third consecutive year. She defeated her fellow Californian, Miss Helen Jacobs, 6-1, 6-2, in the first all-American final in the history of the British tennis championships.

24 LIVES LOST AS RAMMED SUB SINKS

Craft Had Been Maneuvering Off the Irish Coast.

London.—Steaming through the Irish sea with the rest of the fleet, which had been maneuvering off the Irish coast, a little 500-ton submarine, H-47, collided with a giant 1,080-ton submarine, the T-12, and went to the bottom carrying with it all but two of the crew.

The point where the two submarines collided is 20 miles northwest of Fishguard, where the water is 324 feet deep, probably too far down for divers to work successfully, though salvage ships were rushed to the spot of the disaster.

The total number of men lost was announced as 24. The submarine's regular full complement is 23, of whom two were saved—Lieut. R. J. Gardner, commanding officer, and Sidney Cleyburne, telegraph operator. Charles Edward Bull, leading signal man, and Arthur Sampson, seaman, died of injuries.

It was one of the worst disasters in British submarine history. It is No. 14 of peace time submarine losses. Only three previous accidents involved greater loss of life, those of the M-1 in 1925, when 68 were killed; of the H-42 in 1922, when 26 lives were lost, and of the H-5 in 1921, when the death toll was 57.

The H-47 was built on the model of the American constructed ships in the British dockyard of Beardmore in 1918. Its displacement when it was submerged was 500 tons and its speed 13 knots at the surface and 10½ submerged. Its armament consisted of four 21-inch torpedo tubes and no guns.

Mexico Executes Bandit Who Murdered Americans

Mexico City.—The War department announced the capture and execution at El Zaun in Guanajuato of Jose Padron, one of the leaders of the rebel band that kidnaped and killed Joseph M. Underwood and C. C. Aistrophe, American mining officials, last February.

WASHINGTON BRIEFS

Ernest I. Lewis, chairman of the Interstate Commerce commission, disclosed that a general investigation into the grain freight rate situation is under active consideration by the commission.

The Press Wireline, Inc., was organized by a group of newspaper publishers here to use the 20 transoceanic channels set aside by the Federal Radio commission for use of the American press.

Representatives of 50 nations will gather in Warsaw, Poland, October 4, to discuss the unification of aeronautical laws by mutual agreement, the Department of Commerce has announced.

Confronted with mounting deficits in the postal service, which reached \$137,000,000 in the fiscal year just closed, President Hoover has resolved to see if the Post-Office department can be made self-sustaining.

A \$4,000 automobile, paid for by 10-cent contributions from every R. F. D. carrier in the country, has been purchased for John W. Phillip, former Dallas (Texas) postmaster, recently sworn in as fourth assistant postmaster general.

Willis Sells Auto Interests
Toledo, Ohio.—In a deal reported to involve approximately \$25,000,000, John N. Willis, pioneer automobile manufacturer, has sold most of his personal interest in the Willis-Overland company.

Danish Baptist Church Head Dead
Cedar Falls, Iowa.—Andrew E. Lunn, fifty-four, president of the National Association of Danish Baptist churches, died of heart disease in his home here.

25 NATIONS OPPOSE U. S. TARIFF RATES

Total of 38 Documents in Hands of Committee.

Washington.—President Hoover, at a recent conference with senate Republican leaders, advised that the yardstick of "adequate protection" be applied to the tariff bill framed in the house. Senator Watson, Indiana, and Senator Reed, Pennsylvania, afterward said the President favors a "sane and sensible" tariff bill, but they would not attempt to say what that would mean as far as the pending tariff measure was concerned.

Washington.—The protests of many foreign governments, or made by such governments' representatives in behalf of foreign commercial interests, were summarized by Senator Reed Smoot, chairman of the senate finance committee, dealing with the new United States tariff schedule. Twenty-five countries, including possessions, are represented in the protests, although the number of documents totals thirty-eight.

All manner of subjects are covered in the objections, ranging from textiles, plate glass, and cement, to tin cans and cashew nuts. Although the protests generally are framed in careful and diplomatic language, there runs through all of them a note of warning to the effect that undue tariff burdens will react against American trade abroad. There are occasional intimations of reprisals or of tariff war.

The protest from the Austrian government, through the Austrian minister, Edgar Prochnik, presents the possibility of a tariff war.

The Spanish government's protest contains a threat to denounce the existing modus vivendi. The Spanish communication, dated April 20, is signed by the Spanish premier, Primo de Rivera, under his title of Marquis de Estella, and as minister for foreign affairs. It was transmitted through the American ambassador at Madrid. Specifically, it protests against increases in cork, olives, grapes, onions and dried fruit, as well as sanitary regulations which would affect Spanish products.

It is pointed out by the Spanish premier that not only is the trade balance unfavorable to Spain, but that the situation is aggravated by a series of restrictive measures and impediments on the part of the American government. Under the circumstances, it is stated that "it is difficult for his majesty's government to fall to take into consideration the importunities it is receiving, not only from especially interested quarters, but from Spanish public opinion in general," and that it might find itself obliged to proceed to the denunciation of the existing modus vivendi.

Besides this, the Spanish embassy in several communications, objects to increases in rates and says the proposed increase is so great that Spanish products in some cases will be shut completely out of the American market.

Senator Smoot, after giving out a digest of the communications from abroad, minimized their importance. He declared they were not as numerous as on previous occasions when the tariff was revised and were "mild" in comparison with previous ones. Intimations were also made by Republicans on the finance committee that the foreign protests would not be permitted to have great weight in the fixing of the tariff rates.

Maine-Rome Flyers Are Welcomed by Italians

Rome.—The long desire of the Italian nation that some transatlantic aviator would achieve Rome as goal was finally gratified when the United States Bellanca monoplane, Pathfinder, with Roger Q. Williams and Lewis A. Yancey aboard, landed on Litorio flying field just at the outskirts of the city.

They reached the Eternal City 50 hours after their hop from Old Orchard, Maine. They are estimated to have flown about 4,700 miles. They completed the 800-mile hop to Rome from Santander, Spain, where they were forced down when they ran short of gasoline, in ten hours twenty-five minutes.

Ambassador Henry P. Fletcher delegated the counselor of the embassy, Alexander C. Kirk, to greet the airmen in the name of the American government. Commander Patrick N. L. Beltinger, air attaché, Capt. Ralston S. Holmes, naval attaché, and Maj. James L. Collins, military attaché, were also among the waiting throngs.

Fight Michigan Cigarette Tax
Lansing, Mich.—Petitions for a referendum on the new Michigan cigarette tax of 2 cents a package are arriving at the capitol. The referendum requires 67,000 names.

Cliff Woodbury Quits Racing
Altoona, Pa.—Cliff Woodbury, seriously injured at the Altoona speedway in the crash that killed Ray Keech, left the hospital and announced that he was through with automobile racing.

60-Story Tower for Chicago
Chicago.—A building permit was issued for the construction of a 60-story tower skyscraper for John F. Cunee at Michigan avenue and Randolph street.

HOW TO LIVE LONGER

By JOHN CLARENCE FUNK

BACK TO THE WOODS

TO SEE hundreds of children romping in the sun, their little brown bodies, except for loin cloths, exposed to its rays, is to see something magnificent. Added to the sheer joy of viewing such an appealing and aboriginal sight is the knowledge that a few months prior to that time this very company of care-free and happy children were pale, thin and marked for tuberculosis. It is a sight not easily forgotten.

For those who rely too much on cosmetics for color and on stimulants for vitality, such an experience is indeed a decided rebuke. The lesson is unmistakably powerful. One cannot be impressed with the potency of regular sleeping hours, good food, outdoor air, recreation and the sun's rays.

However, it is scarcely to be expected that the average adult, no matter how much impressed by the sanatorium regime, will in consequence rush to the mountains, divest himself of clothing, tan himself a chocolate color, sleep and eat regularly and otherwise seriously go in for the best that nature has to offer. That would be asking too much. One does not engage in such luxuries unless perchance one happens to be tuberculous!

Be that as it may, while the nationwide movement for better children has been in progress for some years there have sprung up during the same period hundreds of camps all over the country in vacation localities where the well child, girl or boy, can safely and profitably, spend a few weeks or a few months living on the back-to-nature plan. And a great idea it is!

More and more, parents as well as health authorities, are realizing the tremendous possibilities for robust energy and the development of reserve power that are offered by the summer camp.

There is little excuse, if any, to deprive your child of the advantages of such an institution. Camps exist for all pocketbooks, and even for children whose parents lack them. Whether the camp is a highly restricted one in the northern woods or whether it is beside the small brook just outside of town, really makes little difference provided that the elements of sanitary, physical and moral safety are present.

Pills and tonics are all very well in their place but a systematic outdoor life for the children during the summer months will do much to make them unnecessary.

Get the camp fever. If you can't go don't keep the children home on that account. Let nature make friends with them. Back to the woods for the youngsters! You, too, if you can arrange it.

A USELESS ANTIQUE

NOT so many years ago many homes, more especially in the farm and village districts, could always be counted upon to possess at least two reference books—the dictionary and the "doctor book." The possession of reference works and other volumes is usually a superficial indication at least of culture. But the "medicine book" is an outstanding exception. It is an indication of ignorance and egotism. If used it may even develop into a calamity.

There is of course some excuse for people who live miles remote from medical aid to have something nearby upon which they feel they can rely in case of an unexpected emergency. And it must even be admitted that printed information detailing first-aid treatment for accidents and other untoward happenings of unmistakable character is not out of place.

As a matter of fact, to know what to do for a burn, a scratch, a cut, a faint, and many other minor emergencies is almost one's duty, even if surrounded by members of the medical profession. But that is one thing. And the treatment of disease by a doctor book quite another.

It therefore follows that when you or a member of your family has a pain you should not consult page 23 of the valued "doctor," but you should consult the telephone directory for your favorite or nearest physician.

Doctor books are out of date. They have always invited presumption and guess work. They have made, and still can make, many a funeral. Therefore, if you are so behind the times as to own one of them, be ashamed of yourself, wait for the first dark night, sneak it out of the house and bury it before it buries you or some other member of the family. Exit, Doctor Book.—Editor, Doctor!

(© 1925 Western Newspaper Union.)

Basket Ball
In response to the demand for an indoor sport for the winter season, the game of basket ball was invented by James Naismith, in 1892, where he was instructor in a gymnasium at Springfield, Mass.

Shakespeare in Japanese
A Tokyo professor has recently completed a translation of all of Shakespeare's writings, having spent 43 years upon the work, which is reported to be a brilliant achievement.



PIG REMARKS

"I wouldn't be a real pig if I didn't try to get everything to eat for myself, and I am a real pig," said Miss Ham.

"My name is a good pig name, too. It's an aristocratic, stylish name. At least I think so!"

"There is nothing ordinary about me. No, indeed! I am Miss Ham of the famous Pig family, famous for centuries and centuries for their greediness—the clever dears."

"Greediness isn't supposed to be clever," said Brother Bacon, "but at the same time I am in favor of it."

"What do you mean by centuries and centuries?" asked Master Pink Pig. "Has it anything to do with food?"

"Is it something to eat by any chance?"

Now Master Pink Pig was very young and he didn't know the meaning of anything but hunger. He always was so hungry. No matter how much he ate he always wanted to eat more.

"No, Master Pink Pig," said Miss Ham, "centuries mean a great, long time. What I meant to say was that there had been pigs in the world for so long a time I can hardly tell myself how long!"

"In fact I couldn't think back that long, for I'm not good at arithmetic."



"I Am Miss Ham."

Pigs aren't especially good at lessons. We're too lazy. And why should we study?

"For no special reason, I say."

"There are pigs who are being taught to keep clean," said Brother Bacon.

"Yes," agreed Sammy Sausage, "I've heard about that, too. They say there is no reason why pigs shouldn't be clean, and so they're trying to bring them up like little boys and girls, mainly they have clean faces—extremely foolish things, and nice, neat feet—utterly absurd."

"They say that pigs simply need to be taught, and so I suppose they are having a sort of school for them. I'm glad I don't have to go to it."

"So are we all," squealed all the pigs in the pig pen, and those who were wandering around a great muddy patch.

"Ah," said Grandfather Porky. "It was never like that in my day. They never talked of schools for pigs or of keeping clean."

"Ah, me; ah, my; oh mercy, gracious sakes! The pigs of this day aren't like the pigs of my day."

"A regular grandfatherly speech," said Sammy Sausage.

"But we are like you, grandfather," squealed Brother Bacon.

"Don't you want to go to school?" asked Grandfather Porky.

"No, indeed," said the pigs in the pig pen.

"Then you all do take after your old Grandfather Porky and are pigs after his old pig heart."

"That's fine, simply fine."

"Let's give a party to celebrate it and every pig in the pen will try to make as much of a pig of himself as possible."

"The one who does the best in this way will receive a prize."

"A splendid idea," squealed all the pigs.

"We'll have it soon, never fear," said Grandfather Porky. "And I'll give the prize—unless I decide to eat it myself!"

Looked Like Tomorrow.

Little Jack's mother had been out for the afternoon and when she came home she exchanged her street dress for a house dress. Jack, aged two and one-half, said: "Why for you put on that dress? You look like tomorrow morning."

Only Scared

Three-year-old Ruby Lou, following her mother, fell down the back steps. Her mother rushed to her and pleaded her up. For a minute she screamed with fright, then suddenly she stopped crying and said, soberly: "Mussers, are I hurt?"

Puffed Up!

Jimmy—Rising nicely, ain't he ma? Mother—Jimmy! What on earth have you been doing to Fido? Jimmy—He's just 'er three yeast cakes and drank a pan of sour milk.

His Pa's a Hatcherman

Teacher—Give me the past, present and future tense of the verb lay. Johnny—Past tense lay, present tense set, future tense hatch.



WHEN damp days, sudden changes in weather, or exposure to a draft makes joints ache, there is always quick relief in Bayer Aspirin. It makes short work of headaches or any little pain. Just as effective in the more serious suffering from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism or lumbago. No ache or pain is ever too deep-seated for Bayer Aspirin to relieve, and it does not affect the heart. All druggists, with proven directions for various uses which many people have found invaluable in the relief of pain.



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocloacetic Acid of Salicylic Acid

Servant Problem's Beginning

Bishop E. D. Mouzon told a story in an address in Nashville.

"A little girl," he began, "came home from her first visit to Sunday school in a very happy mood."

"Oh, mama," she said, "it was so lovely. A lady told us about a gentleman named Adam and a lady named Eve who lived in a lovely garden, and oh, they were so happy there till the servant came."

POISON IVY

Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not satisfied. All dealers.

The Answer

Candidate's Supporter (gradually winking up)—So, I ask you, how much longer are you going to put up with this bunkum?

Chairman (sotto voice)—You've got exactly another five minutes, Mr. Woolfe.—Passing Show.

Where Pretzel "Flourishes"

The Pennsylvania Dutch brought the pretzel to America, and it still enjoys its greatest popularity in Pennsylvania and near-by states.

Where "Q" Got Name

The name of the letter Q comes from the French queue, meaning a tail, as the letter O with a tail.

Use Russ Ball Blue in your laundry. Tiny rust spots may come from inferior Bluing. Ask Grocers.—Adv.

Covers Many Species

The term "Spanish bayonet" is applied to any one of various species of Yucca with sword-shaped leaves.

It takes a live fish to swim upstream, but any old dead one can float down.

Despair doth strike as deep a furrow in the brain as mischief or remorse.—Barry Cornwall.

Success without honesty is failure.



OLD FOLKS SAY DR. CALDWELL WAS RIGHT

The basis of treating sickness has not changed since Dr. Caldwell left Medical College in 1875, nor since he placed on the market the laxative prescription he had used in his practice.

He treated constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a combination of senna and other mild herbs, with pepsin.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with strong drugs?

A bottle will last several months, and all can use it. It is pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. Elderly people find it ideal. All drug stores have the generous bottles, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. B.B., Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.