

SCARAMOUCHE

by Rafael Sabatini

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

When the peasant Mabey was shot dead while poaching on the domain of the great noble of Brittany, the MARQUIS DE LA TOUR D'AZUR, a shudder of horror went through the sensitive spirit of PHILIPPE DE VILMORIN, a young divinity student, who was a believer in the democratic doctrines which underlay the French Revolution. Philippe's determination to secure justice meets with little encouragement from his friend, ANDRE-LOUIS MOREAU, a young and brilliant lawyer, who is popularly believed to be the son of QUENTIN DE KERCADIOL, Lord of Gavrilac. Andre-Louis looks with cynicism on the new political doctrines, but agrees to accompany Philippe and put the case before the Marquis was closeted with the Lord of Gavrilac when they arrived. Philippe goes to join the two nobles and Andre-Louis talks to the young and beautiful ALINE DE KERCADIOL. He is horrified when the girl tells him that the Marquis has come to ask her uncle for her hand in marriage.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Aline drew back from Andre-Louis a little, with a frown and an upward tilt of her chin. "It surprises you?" "It disgusts me," said he, bluntly. "In fact, I don't believe it." "For a moment she put aside her visible annoyance to remove his doubts. 'I am quite serious, monsieur. There came a formal letter to my uncle this morning from M. de La Tour d'Azur, announcing the visit and its object.' "And will it suit you to be dutiful if your uncle accepts this monstrous proposal?" "Monstrous!" She bridled. "And why monstrous, if you please?" "For a score of reasons," he answered irritably. "Give me one," she challenged him. "He is forty-five at least." "But he looks no more than thirty. He is very handsome—the greatest hobo in Brittany. He will make me a great lady." "God made you that, Aline." "Come, that's better. Sometimes you can almost be polite." And she

"To be as the dust beneath the haughty feet of Madame la Marquise. I hope I shall know my place in future."

The phrase arrested her. She turned to him again, and he perceived that her eyes were shining now suspiciously. In an instant the mockery in him was quenched in contrition.

"What a beast I am, Aline!" he cried, as he advanced. "Forgive me if you can." They were standing so, confronting each other a little breathlessly, a little defiantly, when the others issued from the porch.

First came the Marquis of La Tour d'Azur, Count of Solz, Knight of the Orders of the Holy Ghost and Saint Louis, and Brigadier in the armies of the King. He was a tall, graceful man, upright and soldierly of carriage, with his head disdainfully set upon his shoulders. He was magnificently dressed in a full-skirted coat of mulberry velvet that was laced with gold. His waistcoat, of velvet, too, was of a golden apricot color; his breeches and stockings were of black silk, and his lacquered, red-heeled shoes were buckled in diamonds. His powdered hair was tied behind in a broad ribbon of watered silk; he carried a little three-cornered hat under his arm, and a gold-hilted slender dress-sword hung at his side.

He was immediately followed by M. de Kercadiol, in complete contrast. On legs of the shortest, the Lord of Gavrilac carried a body that at 45 was beginning to incline to corpulence and an enormous head containing an indifferent allotment of intelligence.

After M. de Kercadiol came M. de Vilmorin, very pale and self-contained, with tight lips and an over-cast brow.

To meet them, there stepped from the carriage a very elegant young gentleman, the Chevalier de Chabrilane, M. de La Tour d'Azur's cousin, who, whilst awaiting his return, had watched with considerable interest—his own presence unsuspected—the perambulations of Andre-

Children's Garb Has Same Lines As Adults'



ONE may be fashionable although one is less than half a dozen years old.

Are capes stylish? Susie will have one. Are side drapes quite the latest thing? She'll have those, too, and an irregular hem line just like mother's newest afternoon frock.

This doesn't mean it's fashionable for small girls to be dressed in Lilliputian copies of grownups' clothes. It is generally true, though, that clothes for little girls do follow, in their own way, the varying changes of fashion.

This cape and pretty party dress show just how successfully they do it.

The cape is for all-round wear. The dress is for dancing class and may be made of organdy.

In spite of their adherence to fashionable rules, neither garment sacrifices the simplicity that is the best taste in children's clothes.

Philippe, "to have offered me this opportunity of continuing the subject that took me so fruitlessly, as it happens, to Gavrilac."

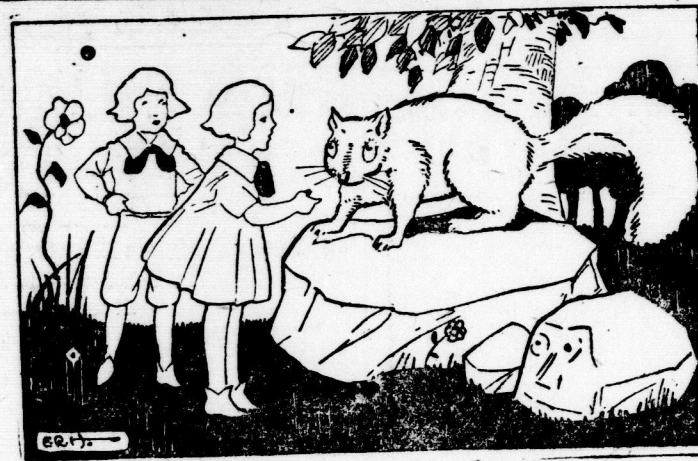
"I think," said M. de La Tour d'Azur, slowly, "that we are at cross-purposes. I asked you to come here because the Chateau de Gavrilac

was hardly a suitable place in which to carry our discussion further. But my object is connected with certain expressions that you let fall up there. It is on the subject of those expressions, monsieur, that I would hear your further—if you will honor me."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

Mr. Squirrel's Hunch Is Vain, Too

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



"What's all the trouble about?" he asked.

THE Twins hunted everywhere for Mr. Peaboddy, the lost Man-in-the-Moon.

They were asking the wood-folk when Scramble Squirrel came bounding along and was just about to shoo him up to his own front door when he stopped to listen.

"What's it all about?" he asked. "And so the whole thing had to be explained over again."

"Say," said Scramble, "I've got an idea. 'What does Mr. Peaboddy look like?'"

"And does he keep looking for something all the time?" asked Scramble excitedly.

"Deed he does," remarked Nick. "Why, Mr. Squirrel, did you see him?"

"I'm not sure," declared Scramble mysteriously. "You see," he said importantly, "I have cousins who live in the park in the city, and every once in so

often I go to visit them. If you come with me I think I can show you Mr. Peaboddy."

Away went Scramble like the wind, followed by the Twins in their magic Green Shoes.

At last they came to the city and soon reached the park.

"There," said Scramble, pointing proudly toward a still figure of white marble in the center of a smooth green lawn. In one hand the figure carried a map of the world and with the other hand he was shading his eyes as if he were looking for something very important.

"Scramble, dear," said Nancy in a kind but disappointed voice. "That's not Mr. Peaboddy. Don't you see what it says? It says, 'Columbus discovering America.'"

"Well, I declare!" said Scramble. "I shouldn't think he'd need to look so hard. It's right under his nose."

(To Be Continued.) (Copyright, 1922.)

Radio Radiations

By the Radio Editor.

AN amusing fifteen minutes was spent at a recent radio conference in the discussion of what someone cleverly termed: Radio "canary birds."

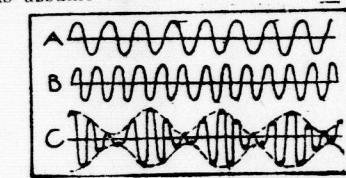
Almost everyone who has listened to broadcast programs has heard the flute-like notes which slide up and down the scale, sometimes rather weak and often very strong. Occasionally they are so annoying as to render the reception of the broadcasting impossible, particularly in those places which are at some distance from the station.

In most cases these "signals" are caused by receivers acting as miniature transmitters.

When the whistle is prolonged at the same pitch for an hour or more, it may be the result of interaction between two broadcasting stations.

Beats. In any case, the whistles are the result of beats occurring between two otherwise inaudible electro-magnetic waves.

With reference to the diagram, let us assume that Station A, which is



DIAGRAMS OF RADIO-FREQUENCY WAVES SHOWING HOW BEATS OCCUR.

transmitting on a wave length of 300 meters (sending out a wave having a frequency of 1,000,000 cycles a second) happens to reach a receiving station at the same time as a wave which is being sent out by Station B at a frequency of 1,000,500 cycles.

The effect upon the telephone receivers will be similar to that indicated in C where, it will be noticed, the current rises and falls at the

rate of 500 times a second. The wave of Station A is inaudible as is that of Station B. But the beat which occurs between the signals of both is heard. The pitch of the beat is always equal to the difference of the interacting waves.

Modern long distance telegraph receiving stations use this method for the reception of distant signals. The signal wave from the far off transmitter taken into the receiving apparatus reacts upon a locally generated wave for the production of audible beats.

The beats are produced only when the signals are coming in. When no signal is incoming, the locally generated signal energy will be unheard because its rate of variation is far above audibility.

Generators. All regenerative receivers may actually act as generators of electro-magnetic waves. The "frequencies" of the wave generated will depend upon the wave length to which the receivers are tuned. The simpler types of regenerative receivers are the worst offenders.

To gain simplicity, the antenna is usually connected directly to the sound of the electrical oscillations. The more selective and complex types of regenerative receivers, while capable of acting as transmitters, offend to a less degree.

Listeners should endeavor to avoid this effect in using their regenerative receivers. It may bother the neighbors.



Summer Cottagers

Use Keepsweet Cream this Summer And Be Independent of the Cow!

Summer cottagers, campers, motorists, yachtsmen, proprietors of summer hotels and all who go away in the summer:

HERE is the product you have longed for year after year. It's Keepsweet Cream, delicious, rich, pure cow's cream, and it will keep perfectly fresh and sweet all summer long.

It makes you independent absolutely of the uncertain local supply, and of course it is far safer, because Keepsweet Cream is pure and free of all germ life, being carefully sterilized.

Think of it! Your entire summer's supply of Cream in a small packing case! It is the solution of one of summer's most awkward and trying problems.

Keepsweet Solves the Problem

No more long tramps or trips to get your supply. No more failures to call or shortage. No more souring and spoiling.

Keepsweet solves the problem! Take Keepsweet Cream and Milk away with you in the summer and it's just as if the finest milk cows in the world were pastured at your back door.

An unfailing supply of the richest cream and milk—and, by the way, it's real, pure, natural cow's cream! There's nothing added and nothing is taken away.

Keepsweet is NOT Condensed It is Whole Liquid Cream

When you wish to use Keepsweet you simply take a can off the shelf, shake it a few times, punch two holes in the top of the can and empty the cream or

milk into a jug. Then it's all ready to pour over berries or fruit, puddings or pies, porridge or cereals, coffee, tea, etc. Once the can is opened, Keepsweet must be treated as ordinary raw cream. But so long as it is kept in the can Keepsweet will keep fresh, pure and sweet for months on end.

Keepsweet Is Delicious

It is very rich and deliciously thick and should be stirred well when used in tea, coffee, cocoa and other beverages.

When you have Keepsweet Cream on your pantry shelves you do not need to worry about souring or spoiling through terrific summer heat or thunderstorms; failure of your ice supply or shortage of your raw cream or milk supply. Keepsweet Cream should be in the pantry of every home.

Picnickers, excursionists, tourists, motorists, summer cottagers and proprietors of summer hotels: Keepsweet is ideal for your needs. Order your whole summer's supply and have the case shipped direct to your summer home.

Keepsweet Table Cream is put up in three sizes: Family size, 11 ounces net, 48 cans to the case; small size, 6 ounces net, 96 cans to the case; restaurant size, 8 pounds net, 6 cans to the case.

Grocers:—The Dominion Government has ruled that as Keepsweet Cream is "true to its name" and in nowise a condensed product, being just pure, natural cream, it is exempt from the sales tax. Your wholesaler will supply you.

DOMINION MILK CORPORATION, LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA.



Introducing Keepsweet Milk

KEEPSWEET MILK! Sister product to the now famous Keepsweet Cream. Keepsweet Milk is nothing else than pure, rich, delicious milk—cow's milk—not adulterated in any way. It's not condensed, it's not evaporated, it's not medicated.

Like the Cream, you buy Keepsweet Milk in sanitary cans. It will keep for months and months in all its freshness, sweetness and purity.

Keep Keepsweet Milk and Keepsweet Cream always in your pantry. You'll need it ever so often. And you'll love its delicious flavor.

Ask your grocer about Keepsweet Milk and Keepsweet Cream. He will supply you.

Keepsweet Table Cream



To Wear Thin Waists Or Sleeveless Dresses

(Beauty Topics)

With the aid of a delatone paste, it is an easy matter for any woman to move every trace of hair or fuzz from face, neck and arms. Enough of the powdered delatone and water mixed into a thick paste and spread the hairy surface for about two minutes, then rubbed off and the skin is smooth. This completely removes the hair, but to avoid disappointment, get the delatone in an original package and mix fresh.—Adv.

"TOMORROW AT THIS HOUR, THEN, I SHALL HAVE THE FELICITY TO WAIT UPON YOU."

moved along the terrace, Andre-Louis paced beside her.

"I can be more than that to show reason why you should not let this beast befall the beautiful thing that God has made."

She frowned, and her lips tightened. "You are speaking of my future husband," she reproved him.

"And is it so? It is settled, then? Your uncle is to agree? You are to be sold thus, lovelessly, into bondage to a man you do not now I had dreamed of better things for you, Aline."

"You are indelicate," said she, and though she frowned her eyes laughed. "My uncle will not consent to more than allow my consent to be sought. I am not to be bartered like a turk."

"You have been torturing me to amuse yourself?" he cried. "Ah, well, I forgive you out of my relief."

"Agree? You go too fast, Cousin Andre. Make the look of the gentleman. M. le Marquis does not look as if he were a dillard. It should be interesting to be wooed by him. It may be more interesting still to marry him, and I think, when all is considered, that I shall probably—very probably—decide to do so."

"Can't I help you, Aline?" he groaned.

"You are insufferable!" She was growing angry, as he saw by the deepening frown, the heightened color.

"That is because I suffer. Oh, Aline, little cousin, think well of what you do. Consider that . . ."

"I consider, monsieur, that you presume upon the kindness I have always shown you. You abuse the position of toleration in which you stand. Who are you? What are you, that you should have the insolence to take this tone with me?"

"My congratulations, mademoiselle, upon the readiness with which you begin to adapt yourself to the great role you are to play."

"Do you adapt yourself also, monsieur?" she retorted angrily, and turned her shoulder to him.

Louis and mademoiselle. Perceiving Aline, M. de La Tour d'Azur detached himself from the others, and lengthening his stride, came straight across the terrace to her.

The Marquis took the hand that mademoiselle extended to him, and bowing over it, bore it to his lips.

"Mademoiselle," he said, looking into the blue depths of her eyes, that met his gaze smilingly and untremblingly, "monsieur your uncle does me the honor to permit that I pay my homage to you. Will you, mademoiselle, do me the honor to receive me when I come tomorrow? I shall have something of great importance for your ear."

"Of importance, M. le Marquis? You almost frighten me."

"That," said he, "is very far from my design."

"You what my curiosity, monsieur; and, of course, I am a dutiful niece. It follows that I shall be honored to receive you."

"Not honored, mademoiselle; you will confer the honor. Tomorrow at this hour, then, I shall have the felicity to wait upon you."

AS they walked down the hill together, Andre-Louis was talking. He had chosen Woman as a subject for his present discourse. He claimed—quite unjustifiably—to have discovered Woman that morning; and the things he had to say of the sex were unflattering, and occasionally almost gross.

Opposite the Breton Arms—the inn and posting-house at the entrance of the village of Gavrilac—M. de Vilmorin interrupted his companion just as he was soaring to the dizzy heights of caustic invective, and Andre-Louis observed the carriage of M. de La Tour d'Azur standing before the door of the hostelry.

"I have an appointment here with M. le Marquis. He desires to hear me further in the matter," said Philippe.

Into a room on the right, rendered private to M. le Marquis for so long as he should elect to honor it, the young man was ushered by the host. A fire of logs was burning brightly at the room's far end, and by this sat now M. de La Tour d'Azur and his cousin, the Chevalier de Chabrilane.

"You oblige me by your prompt courtesy, M. de Vilmorin," said the Marquis, but in a tone so cold as to belie the politeness of his words. "A chair, I beg. Ah, Moreau?"

The chair, I beg. Ah, Moreau? The note was frigidly interrogative. "He accompanies you, monsieur?" he asked.

"If you please, M. le Marquis."

"Why not? Find yourself a seat, Moreau."

"It is good of you, monsieur," said