

SCARAMOUCHE

by Rafael Sabatini

(Continued From Our Last Issue).

ONE morning in August the academy in the Rue du Hasard was invaded by Le Chapelier accompanied by a man of remarkable appearance, whose herculean stature and disfigured countenance seemed vaguely familiar to Andre.

Le Chapelier, whose manner was very grave, named him to Andre.

"This is M. Danton, a brother-in-law, President of the Cordeliers, of whom you will have heard."

Of course, Andre-Louis had heard of him. Who had not, by then?

Le Chapelier proceeded. "It is open war between the Third Estate and the Privileged."

"Was it every anything else?"

"Perhaps not; but it has assumed a new character. You'll have heard of the duel between Lameth and the Duc de Castries?"

"A trifling affair."

"In its results. But it might have been far other. Mirabeau is challenged and insulted now at every sitting. But he goes his way, coldly, bloodlessly, wisely. Others are not so circumspect; they meet insult with insult, blow with blow, and blood is being shed in private duels. The thing is reduced by these swordsmen of nobility to a system."

Andre-Louis nodded. He was thinking of Philippe de Vilmoren.

"Yes," he said, "it is an old trick of theirs. It is so simple and direct—like themselves. I wonder only that they didn't hit upon this system sooner."

"But they mean to make up for lost time—sacred name!" cried Danton. "Challenges are flying right and left between these bully-swordsmen, these spadassinoids, and poor devils of the robe who have never learnt to fence anything but a quill. It's just—murder."

Said Danton: "Between us we must resolve the riddle of how to extinguish M. de La Tour d'Azyr and his friends."

"Who?"

"Sharp as a pistol-shot came that question, as Danton was turning away. The tone of it brought him up short. He turned again. Le Chapelier was with him.

"I said M. de La Tour d'Azyr."

"And it is La Tour d'Azyr you desire me to kill?" asked Andre-Louis very slowly, after the manner of one whose thoughts are meanwhile pondering the subject.

"That's it," said Danton. "And a Canoe, a Head of Hair and Two Girls."

A man took two girls on the river in a canoe. Pretty girls, both of them; yet all the while the man's eyes lingered

On only one of them, On the one with the lovely hair.

There is something about a head of rich, radiant hair

That makes a man—yes, And another woman—look twice. Presently the pretty girl said to the prettier girl

With the lovely hair: "How ever do you keep your hair so wonderful and fluffy?"

With a soft laugh came the reply: "Oh, I see you have never used Dr. Du-Maurier's Hair Tonic.

Or you would not ask that question."

That Was Two Summers Ago. A few days ago both girls were married—

A double affair, you know— Both looked exquisitely pretty, and both HAD LOVELY HAIR.

Moral—Invest \$1.00 in Dr. Du-Maurier's Hair Tonic.

not a job for a prentice hand, I can assure you."

"Ah, but this alters things," said Andre-Louis, thinking aloud. "It offers a great temptation."

Le Chapelier and Danton exchanged glances, then watched him, waiting, what time he considered.

He turned to them again, and they saw that he was very pale, that his great dark eyes glowed oddly.

"There will probably be some difficulty in finding a suppliant for this poor Lagron," he said. "Our fellow-countrymen will be none so eager to offer themselves to the swords of Privilege."

"True enough," said Le Chapelier gloomily; and then, as if suddenly leaping to the thing in Andre-Louis' mind: "Andre," he cried, "Would you . . . ?"

"It is what I was considering. It would give me a legitimate place in the Assembly. If your Tour d'Azyr chooses to seek me out then, why, their blood be upon their own heads. I shall certainly do nothing to discourage them." He smiled curiously. "I am just a rascal who tries to be honest—Scaramouche always, in fact; a creature for sophistries."

CHAPTER VI

AFTER an absence of rather more than a week, M. le Marquis de La Tour d'Azyr was back in his place on the Cote Droit of the National Assembly.

"M. Andre-Louis Moreau, deputy suppliant, vice Emmanuel Lagron, deceased, for Andens in the Department of the Loire."

M. de La Tour d'Azyr shook himself out of the gloomy abstraction in which he had sat. The successor of the deputy he had slain must, in any event, be an object of grim interest to him. That interest was heightened when he heard him named, when, looking across, he recognized indeed in this Andre-Louis Moreau the young scoundrel who was continually crossing his path, continually exerting against him a deep-moving, sinister influence to make him regret that he should have spared his life that day at Gavrilac two years ago.

He looked at the young man in wonder rather than in anger, and looking at him he was filled by a vague, almost a premonitory, uneasiness.

At the very outset, the presence which in itself he conceived to be a challenge was to demonstrate itself for this in no equivocal terms.

"I come before you," Andre-Louis began, "as a deputy-suppliant to fill the place of one who was murdered some three weeks ago."

It was a challenging opening that instantly provoked an indignant outcry from the Blacks. Andre-Louis paused, and looked at them, smiling a little, a singularly self-confident young man.

The gentleman of the Right, M. le President, do not appear to like my words. But that is not surprising. The gentlemen of the Right notoriously do not like the truth."

This time there was uproar. The members of the Left roared with laughter, those of the Right thundered menacingly.

Above the general din came the voice of La Tour d'Azyr, who had half-risen from his seat: "Mountebank! This is not the theater!"

"No, monsieur, it is becoming a hunting-ground for bully-swordsmen," was the answer, and the uproar grew.

Gradually the uproar wore itself out, and diminished so that at last the President could make himself heard. Leaning forward, he gravely addressed the young man in the tribune:

"Monsieur, if you wish to be heard, let me beg of you not to be provocative in your language. And then to the others: 'Messieurs, if we are to proceed, I beg that you will restrain your feelings until the deputy-sup-

pleant has concluded his discourse."

"I shall endeavor to obey, M. le President, leaving provocation to the gentlemen of the Right. But it was necessary that I should refer to the distinguished deputy whose place I come so unworthily to fill, and it was unavoidable that I should refer to the event which has procured us this sad necessity. The deputy Lagron possessed what his opponents would call a dangerous gift of eloquence."

La Tour d'Azyr writhed at the well-known phrase—his own phrase—the phrase that he had used to explain his action in the matter of Philippe de Vilmoren, the phrase that from time to time had been cast in his teeth with such vindictive menace.

Solemnly he proceeded. "You all know how Lagron died. I trust, for the sake of those who might attempt it, that the means taken to impose sentence upon that eloquent voice will not be taken to impose silence upon mine."

There was a faint murmur of applause from the Left, a splutter of contemptuous laughter from the Right.

"Rhodomont!" a voice called to him.

He looked in the direction of that voice, proceeding from the group of spadassins amid the Blacks. Inaudibly his lips answered:

"No, my friend—Scaramouche; Scaramouche, the subtle, dangerous fellow who goes tortuously to his ends." Aloud, he resumed: "M. le President, there are some who want, it seems, not laws, but blood; I solemnly warn them that this blood will end by choking them."

Again in that phrase there was something that stirred a memory in La Tour d'Azyr. He turned in the fresh uproar to speak to his cousin Chabrilane who sat beside him.

"A daring rogue, this bastard of Gavrilac," said he.

Chabrilane looked at him with gleaming eyes, his face white with anger.

"Let him talk himself out. I don't think he will be heard again after today. Leave this to me."

Hardly could La Tour have told why, but he sank back in his seat with a sense of relief.

Meanwhile, leaving now the subject of the death of Lagron, the deputy-suppliant was speaking upon the question of under debate. His speech on the subject was very brief—that being the pretext and not the purpose for which he had ascended the tribune.

When later he was leaving the hall at the end of the sitting, with Le Chapelier at his side, he found himself densely surrounded by deputies as by a body-guard. Most of them were Bretons, who aimed at capturing him from the provocations which his own provocative words in the Assembly could not fail to bring down upon his head.

Emerging now into the open, under the great awning, those in front of him dispersed a little, and there was a moment as he reached the limit of the awning when his front was entirely uncovered. Outside the rain was falling heavily, churning the ground into thick mud.

The watchful Chabrilane had seen his chance. Rudely, violently, he thrust Andre-Louis back, as if to make room for himself under the shelter.

(Continued in Our Next Issue).

THE ADVENTURES OF JACK DAW.

A Daily Picture Story for Boys and Girls Begins Tomorrow.



WE WANT EVERY BOY AND GIRL TO MEET LITTLE JACK DAW. HE STARTS ON A LONG JOURNEY TOMORROW IN SEARCH OF HIDDEN TREASURE.



THIS IS JACK'S MOTHER AND JACK IS HER SOLE SUPPORT. IT IS FOR HER THAT HE IS GOING TO TRY AND FIND THE TREASURE GOLD.



OF COURSE JACK HAS A PET DOG. FLIP IS HIS NAME AND WHEREVER JACK GOES FLIP TRAILS ALONG. HE IS JACK'S PROTECTOR.



LITTLE MISS MARY DOESN'T KNOW JACK YET, BUT SHE SOON WILL. FOR JACK RESCUES HER IN A FRIGHTEENED, BUT HE SOON FINDS HE IS A GOOD MAN AND HIS FRIEND.



WHEN JACK FIRST MEETS THE MYSTERIOUS OLD GHOST, FOR THIS 'TOWN-DOG' WHO RULES OVER LITTLE BOYS AND HE MAKES JACK TROUBLE.



AND HERE IS ANOTHER WHO BECOMES AN ENEMY OF JACKS—THE WICKED 'DUNGEON' THAT JACK MUST PASS.



WHILE JACKO LIKES LITTLE BOYS AND LEAVES HIS FOREST HOME TO JOIN JACK ON HIS TREASURE HUNT, TOMORROW THIS TREASURE HUNT STARTS.

BY LESLIE ELTON.

Forecasts Styles Fall and Winter Will Bring

BEGIN now to get ready for your fall and winter personality.

Since gowns no longer fit the body, they simply must fit the mind. There must be a secret agreement somewhere.

Your mental attitude will determine whether you are in harmony with your clothes or if you are striking discords.

Clothes for this winter are rich, elegant and regal. To wear them properly you must look as if you felt that way, no matter what sylvan-like proportions the family wallet may have attained.

The best anti-flapper propaganda I know of is being sent over now from Paris in the form of exquisitely feminine gowns, the very latest work in beauty and luxury.

I saw some of the new Adair creations being unwrapped. Let me assure you that the talk about the longer skirt is not more idle gossip. Afternoon and evening gowns are down very near the ankles.

The fashionable hemline, however, is broken by draperies and loose panels.

Materials are very rich. Velvet was once quite splendid enough without trimming, now it is embroidered and beaded in the most gorgeous colors.

The silhouette remains practically the same. The waistline is low. While the general straight-line policy is followed, it allows all sorts of variation.

Fronts and backs are usually plain, save for embroidery or beading, but every frock has a side trimming of some sort.

The sleeveless frock is still fashionable, but is no longer in an undisputed position. There are close-fitting elbow sleeves on some frocks, and gracefully draped effects on others.

Many frocks are carried out entirely in one tone. Unrelieved red, yellow, green or flame color is most striking. Black gowns are apt to be relieved by touches of gorgeous color.

If, by any chance, you are dieting, keep up the good work. The fewer excess pounds, you have now, the less work is ahead of you.



TWO FRENCH IMPORTATIONS. LEFT, ONE OF RED GEORGETTE CREPE WITH BLACK AND WHITE BEADS IN PAISLEY DESIGN. RIGHT, A BLACK VELVET MODEL DECORATED WITH EMBROIDERY AND BEADS.

Meatless Platter Dinner

ONE peck spinach
12 new carrots
6 hard cooked eggs
2 cups white sauce
½ cup grated cheese

Wash and cook the spinach in just enough water to keep it from burning. Add to it one-eighth teaspoon baking soda. 2 teaspoons salt. Cook from 20 to 30 minutes, drain, chop and season with butter, salt and pepper. Pack into a pan or bowl, and keep hot over water until ready to serve.

Scrape the carrots. Wash and cook in a very little water until tender, adding one teaspoon salt. When carrots are tender there should not be more than a tablespoon of water in the kettle. Add two tablespoons sugar and two

tablespoons butter and cook in this syrup until slightly browned.

Cook the eggs in hot water, which does not boil, 40 minutes, shell and keep hot.

Make the white sauce, using three tablespoons butter, four tablespoons flour, one-half teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper and two cups milk. Cook until smooth and thick, add cheese and cook until cheese has melted.

On a large platter, in the center turn out the spinach. Pour around the sauce, at regular spaces place the eggs, and in between the eggs place two carrots which have been left whole. Serve some spinach, one egg, two carrots and sauce to each person. French fried potatoes are a good accompaniment. This recipe will serve five.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

How Phil Frog Stole Doctor's Pullers

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



He grabbed them in his mouth and made a big dive into Ripple Creek.

"OW, OH, OUCH," Marty Mink was yelling when Dr. Snuffles and the Twins knocked on his front door. "Doctor? C-c-come on in."

The three of them walked into Marty's muddle, halfway. Marty, you know, lives on the bank of Ripple Creek, or rather in it.

Before Nancy had time to close the door, Phil Frog put his toe in the crack.

"Hey!" he cried. "You don't mind if I come, too, do you?"

"What do you want to come for, Phil?" asked Nick. "Of course, you're safe as long as Marty has a fish-bone in his throat because he can't eat anything."

"But he hasn't had a meal for hours and hours, and the minute Dr. Snuffles pulls out the fishbone Marty will begin to look for something to eat. And he likes frogs better than anything."

Phil grinned.

"Yes, that's so," he agreed. "But I'm curious. I'd like to see how you pull out fish-bones."

"Well, come along, then," said Nick.

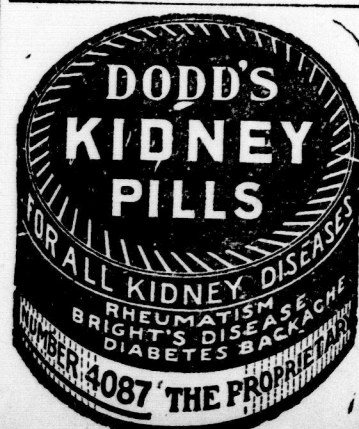
"Ow, oh, ouch," moaned Marty. Dr. Snuffles took out his pullers and was just going to pull out the

bone when Phil gave a quick jump with his strong hind legs and knocked the pullers out of the fairman's hand, grabbed them in his mouth, and made a big dive into Ripple Creek.

"I'm not going to run any risk of Mr. Mint choking on a frog bone, anyway," grinned Phil.

To Be Continued.

(Copyright, 1922.)



Just-For-Fun Sale

We Point With Pride to Our Greatest Event of the Season, Offering by Far the Best Values of the Year! The way the people of London and district have attended this great "Just For Fun Sale" is ample proof that we are offering wonderful qualities, styles and values.

No Detail Has Been Overlooked to Make This a Noteworthy Event. Come Early Tomorrow.

Special to clear Wednesday morning, about 250 pairs of Women's Low Shoes, in black, brown and gray kid leathers; all sizes in the lot. Value up to \$8.00. Just For Fun Sale price \$1.98

Ladies' White Kid Pumps, T. and T. Bell make; only a few pairs to clear. Regular \$3.00. Just For Fun Sale price \$4.95

Ladies' White Canvas Oxfords and Strap Pumps. Value up to \$3.95. Just For Fun Sale price \$1.98

Ladies' White Canvas One and Two Strap Pumps. This is a special purchase to go on sale Wednesday morning at the Just For Fun Sale price \$2.38

Men's Brown Oxfords, welted soles, recede toes. Regular \$6.00. Just For Fun Sale price \$3.19

Men's Brown Calf Lace Shoes, latest styles, welted soles; values up to \$7.50. Just For Fun Sale price \$3.98

Men's Brown Calf Lace Shoes, with saddle straps. Value \$8.50. Limited number pairs to go Wednesday. Just For Fun Sale price \$4.49

Misses' and Children's White Canvas, Two-Strap Slippers, with white enameled soles and heels. Big values. Just For Fun Sale prices:

Sizes 4 to 7½ \$1.19

Sizes 8 to 10½ \$1.39

Sizes 11 to 2 \$1.59

Children's Brown Kid, One-Strap Slippers. Values up to \$2.25. Just For Fun Sale price \$1.68

Men's High and Low Running Shoes. Wednesday morning Just For Fun Sale price \$1.38

BIG CLEARANCE OF RUNNING SHOES FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN AT SPECIAL JUST FOR FUN SALE PRICES. WATCH OUR WINDOWS DAILY FOR BARGAINS

PEOPLES SHOE STORE

131 DUNDAS STREET.

LONDON, ONTARIO

12 MARKET SQUARE.

Radio Radiations

BY THE RADIO EDITOR.

CHARGE your own radio set storage battery and save money.

To most amateurs this problem of caring for the storage battery seems more formidable than it really is.

Common practice has decreed the use of an alternating current supply for power and light purposes. This type of current is not continuous. It flows in one direction, dies out, reverses itself and then flows in the opposite direction. In the modern commercial system these reversals

usually occur from 28 to 60 times a second.

There is no ready method whereby the vacuum tube of the radio set may depend directly upon the commercial alternating current lighting system for its supply. The changes in current direction take place at a rate of speed which makes an audible tone.

These effects are of such intensity as to completely drown out even the strong incoming radio signals. Eventually, suitable appliances will be devised to make this alternating current available for use in the tube detector. But they haven't been devised yet.

Filters. Vacuum tubes may be supplied now with some success from lighting systems using "direct" or continuous current. Such systems are usually used in large buildings, hotels, and on board ship.

But to use even this source of current requires a "filtering" in order that any irregularities in its character—any minute risings and fallings—may be smoothed out before the current is ready for consumption by the tube. These filters are rather cumbersome and have not yet become popular.

Today, standard practice calls for the use of a storage battery or "accumulator." Most persons are familiar with this device because there is one on every modern automobile. And most users of the storage cells depend upon their garage men for recharging and conditioning them. That is expensive and often inconvenient.

To recharge one's own radio battery is a comparatively simple matter.

There are several economical "rectifiers" on the market. To the consistent user of the vacuum tube outfit, the device will soon pay for itself.

To recharge the battery it is only necessary to get one of these, connect it to a light socket, turn on the current, and attach a pair of "clips" to the battery.

Prices of battery chargers suitable for home use range from about \$20 to \$50.

Until more convenient methods for vacuum tube supply are perfected, the use of such rectifiers will prove most economical.

ALTERNATING CURRENT LAMP SOCKET

STORAGE BATTERY BATTERY CHARGER

"STORING" CURRENT FOR VACUUM TUBE

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