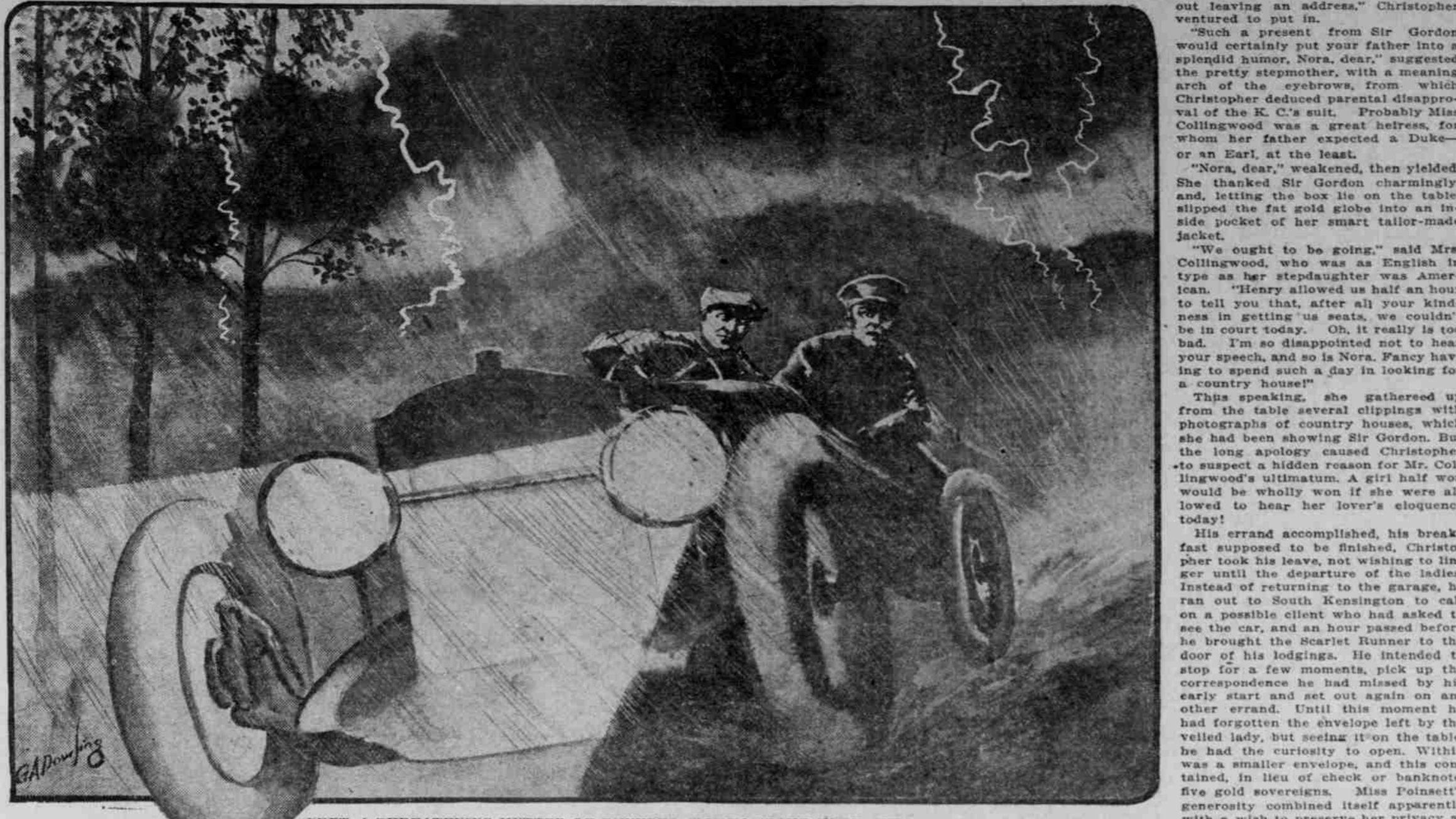


# The SCARLET RUNNER

Dramatized and produced by the Vitaphone Company from the popular novel of the same name, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Everything you read here today you can see on the screen in motion-picture theaters in vivid motion pictures with Earle Williams as Christopher Race and Miss Adelaide Kelly as Nora Collingwood. Next week another story and new pictures. Copyright, 1916, by the Star Company. All foreign rights reserved.



NEXT, A THREATENING MUTTER OF THUNDER, WHICH BROKE IN AN EXPLOSION OF RAGE AT THE END, AND A CATARACT OF WATER STREAMED DOWN.

CHAPTER II  
The Nuremberg Watch.  
CHRISTOPHER had had a hard run with his motor the day before, so he lay late in bed drinking his morning tea and reading the morning paper. The Mendell poisoning case soon absorbed him—as was the situation all over England at this hour.

This morning there were portraits of young Lady Mendell, accused of poisoning her elderly husband; of the celebrated K. C., who was her counsel; of Miss Mendell, the sister-in-law, a philanthropist and witness for the prosecution, and Miss Mendell's secretary. But it was not the face of the young woman (once popular, now notorious) which engaged Christopher's attention; it was the strong profile of Sir Gordon Race, his distant cousin, engaged for the defense. The amateur chauffeur was privately proud of the fact of his being to stand by the brilliant K. C., who had received a baronetcy as a tribute of royal and national admiration.

"If anyone can get her off it will be he," Christopher was saying to himself, when there came a knock at his bedroom door. "Please sir," announced the one-eyed, servile, young man of the house, "there's a lady to see you in a hurry, and she won't take 'no' for a answer, because her business is that important."

"Any name?" Christopher called out. "Miss Poinsett; and I was to say it was about your motor car and Sir Gordon Race."

Without asking further questions Christopher jumped up and into his bath. To the lady who had been asked to wait in his sitting-room appeared at the end of 20 minutes a clean-shaven and well-groomed young man. But if that young man had hoped to be rewarded for meritorious speed by a vision of beauty, he was disappointed. A plainly-dressed woman of medium height and size half rose from a chair at his entrance; and she was so closely veiled in black that he saw nothing but search vainly for her features was like being struck violently with blindness.

"Forgive my disturbing you," the veiled lady began, in a cultivated, if somewhat affected voice, "but it was necessary that I should see you early. A great deal depending upon it. I saw your advertisement last night for the first time. It gave your address, and though you invite your clients to write, not to call, I ventured to disobey. I have come to you because you must be a relation of Sir Gordon Race. It's not a common name here."

Christopher smiled and began to be a little bored, for he hated guish; and as he was something of a hero since the Dalmanian affair, he could afford to choose his clients.

"Naturally I am Sir Gordon's cousin," he said, "but Sir Gordon would not claim me, because I doubt if he'd remember me from any other member of the race of Adam."

she said. "But I may trust you not to let it drop. And you will insist on seeing Sir Gordon yourself, if you see in your name check to be certain to see you, if you mention that it is important."

A few minutes later he was spinning towards Curson street, in Scarlet Runner, and reached Sir Gordon Race's house just as another large motor car had drawn up before it. Evidently the occupants of this car were expected, for the door was opened by a footman before two ladies had time to alight.

They passed into a hall at once, but Christopher saw that they were young and pretty, one a charming girl with brilliant coloring and naturally wavy hair of a wonderful golden brown.

Instead of asking if Sir Gordon would see him, Christopher took out a card and wrote on it a request for a moment's interview, adding that he had come from Miss Poinsett, bringing a present from her which must be delivered personally.

"Please give this to Sir Gordon Race," he said with confidence; and the servant, seeing that the name on the card was the same as that of his master, invited the visitor in without hesitation. Christopher was shown into a room which seemed to be a combination of drawing-room and library.

When he had begun to grow impatient there came through a closed door the sound of laughter from the adjoining room, and an instant later the door opened for Sir Gordon Race himself.

hard, accepted the young man as a cousin, said that he remembered their meeting and invited him to stop for breakfast.

"We're cousins, and, it seems, not strangers," he went on, leading Christopher towards the open door.

"Really, you must come. There's a little mystery to be cleared up, and only you can clear it—this mystery of Miss Poinsett." By this time he had brought the young man into the breakfast room. "I have Mrs. and Miss Collingwood's permission to introduce you. They've kindly come to wish me luck for today, since they're not able to see me through it, as I hoped they might, in half an hour they're off house-hunting with their motor, instead of going into court to learn the fate of that poor little woman."

"And before we go Sir Gordon has promised that we shall see what Miss Poinsett has sent him," laughed the girl with brown-gold hair, accepting Christopher as a relative of her host.

"Also that we shall hear what Miss Poinsett is like," merrily added Mrs. Collingwood, who was too young to be other than the girl's stepmother.

Christopher glanced from one to the other, and guessed at the situation. The message written on his card had apparently caused a discussion, and he had been called in to settle it. He deduced that Miss Collingwood (evidently an American girl, accustomed to have every whim humored) was either the great man's fiancée or on the point of becoming so. Sir Gordon doubtless

wished to prove that Miss Poinsett was nothing to him, and Christopher had been summoned as an independent witness for the defense.

Christopher frankly related the story of the veiled lady's visit and added that he did not know whether she were really Miss Poinsett or a deputy of Miss Poinsett.

"To show you that neither do I know Miss Poinsett, I beg you'll open the parcel," said Sir Gordon to Miss Collingwood.

"Supposing there's a letter inside?" The girl was smiling, yet Christopher fancied that this was not quite a joke for her.

"Then you're to read it out to me," Sir Gordon answered. "And now the young man was sure that he was right in one particular; this famous K. C. of 49 was deeply in love with the girl of 20."

There was a delicious breakfast, but the host and his three guests were neglecting it. No one could think of anything save the little white parcel, whose dainty ribbons Miss Collingwood had begun half-heartedly to untie.

Mrs. Collingwood. "Just the kind of thing that my husband adores."

"This is a note with it," announced the girl, her cheeks growing pink.

"I said you were to read it," insisted Sir Gordon.

"Elizabeth Poinsett!" echoed Sir Gordon. "By Jove! That case I had forgotten."

"What a lovely present!" exclaimed Mrs. Collingwood, who was too young to be other than the girl's stepmother.

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out leaving an address." Christopher ventured to put in.

"Such a present from Sir Gordon would certainly put your father into a splendid humor, Nora, dear," suggested the pretty stepmother, with a meaning arch of the eyebrows, from which Christopher deduced parental disapproval of the K. C.'s suit.

"Nora, dear," weakened, then yielded. She thanked Sir Gordon charmingly, and letting the box lie on the table, slipped the fat gold globe into an inside pocket of her smart tailor-made jacket.

"We ought to be going," said Mrs. Collingwood, who was an English in type as her stepdaughter was American.

This speaking, she gathered up from the table several clippings with photographs of country houses, which she had been showing Sir Gordon. But the long apology caused Christopher to suspect a hidden reason for Mr. Collingwood's ultimatum. A girl half worn would be wholly won if she were allowed to hear her lover's eloquence today!

His errand accomplished, his breakfast supposed to be finished, Christopher took his leave, not wishing to linger until the departure of the ladies. Instead of returning to the garage, he rode back to South Kensington, to call on a possible client who had asked to see the car, and an hour passed before he brought the Scarlet Runner to the door of his lodgings. He intended to stop for a few moments, pick up the correspondence he had missed by his early start, and then to return on another errand. Until this moment he had forgotten the envelope left by the veiled lady, but seeing it on the table, he had the curiosity to open. Within was a smaller envelope, and this contained, in lieu of check or banknote, five gold sovereigns.

Several letters had come by post, but one, arriving by district messenger in Christopher's absence, had been laid on top of the others. Opening it, he found a note which said: "I send you this in memory of another great day in a great case; and may it bring you the good luck I wish you. Would that this old Nuremberg watch were filled with diamonds as brilliant as your own arguments; but since I have not those to give, I give my best. Of its kind this watch is perfect, as you will see by the date, and an examination of the works, which are unique. Yours, 'ELIZABETH POINSETT.'"

"Elizabeth Poinsett!" echoed Sir Gordon. "By Jove! That case I had forgotten."

"What a lovely present!" exclaimed Mrs. Collingwood, who was too young to be other than the girl's stepmother.

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## NEW FEATURES FOR THE YOUNG READERS

### SEEN FROM THE BALCONY

WHEN Robbie and Ruth heard that Big Sister was going to have a girl friend visit her for a while, they were mildly interested—because, somehow, it seemed nice to them to have another person in the house. But the friend, Elizabeth Morrow, hadn't been there 24 hours before they were, as the saying goes, "just crazy about her."

So, just before sunset, Elizabeth would take them there, seat herself upon a little stool which Robbie proudly insisted upon carrying out there for her, and show them the perfectly wonderful, wonderful things to be seen. Though they called the game "Balcony" it might just as well have been called "Sky Pictures" or "Can-you-see-what-I-see?"

"Look, my dears," Elizabeth would say, "can you see the strange old man with the heavy beard and the hook nose over there just above the big oak tree beyond the bend in the river?"



Robbie Would Look; And Ruth Would Look.

self was fascinating and each time it was different, for the clouds and trees and bushes seemed ever to assume different shapes.

"Besides, Elizabeth could tell them so many interesting things. An oak tree would suggest to her the story of the little acorn and, after years and years, the mighty oak. The sweep of the river below them meant the story of how water flows to the sea and is taken up into the clouds to fall as rain and flow to the sea again."

Clouds, scurrying across the heavens before the wind, opened up, under Elizabeth's skillful tongue, the thrilling explanation of clouds and rain. A flash of lightning, or the roll of thunder made what had long been a mystery to the children no longer such. The flight of birds southward to escape the coming winter, or a sunset, or—well, can't you imagine what many, many possibilities the interesting game of "Balcony" offers?

Only, do not get the idea that one must have a balcony to play it. Just stand at your window at dusk and look out. At first you will see nothing. Presently you will be surprised at the number of old men and queer, crawling bugs and grotesque animals and queer, queer things that you can "make out" floating along in cloud form. Try it and see—you will find it most fascinating.

### "Jest Grown" Like Topsy

AT this season of the year the average boy wishes that footballs grew on trees or vines, as the fabled golden apples that Hercules is said to have brought from the Hesperides garden. Now, if footballs did really grow on trees, the high cost of athletics would surely be reduced. How happy father would be and how he would smile!

You know the poets say that nature is a marvelous old magician, and the poets were right. Neither Hermann nor Keller could outdo masterful nature, who delivers in all kinds of things. But sometimes she seems to be almost blind and she is less successful in many respects than California's plant wizard, Luther Burbank, who made desert cactus palatable.

When nature attempted to make a football, she did a halfway job. She remembered the "ball" part, but in her hurry she overlooked the "foot" aspect. Consequently her creation is highly impractical. What she made is oblong and big, tremendously big, with short and long circumferences of 30 to 26 inches respectively. Her imitation is so soft that, although everybody calls him "ball," his first name is just common "butt!"

Nature may be all right most of the time, but not all the time, for at her door must be placed some wonderful fixtures. This is one of them, one of her failures. What small boy would wish to kick mother nature's great fake? Who would desire to reap a reward of near-suffocation from the immense cloud of spores and silky dust? Footballs may grow on the ground, but as for me and every boy that plays the gridiron game, just give us the man-made real "pigskin."

### Where You Will Find Them

- DEER TRAIL, Colorado, is for hunters bold.
- Grubtown, Pa., is for tramps quite old.
- Alto, Georgia, is for sinners rare.
- Stockville, Nevada, is for brokers fair.
- Gem, Indiana, is where jewelers trade.
- Cakes, Pennsylvania, is where pastry is made.
- Anaconda, Montana, is where snakes hide.
- Elles, Michigan, is where new-weds abide.
- Chewtown, Pa., is where gum can be bought.
- Widow, Alabama, is where widowers are caught.
- Biggers, Indiana, is where small men grow.
- Agate, Colorado, is where printers go.
- Gap, Pa., is for sleepy boys.
- Yellico, Arkansas, is for riot and noise.
- Grafta, Ohio, is where deadheads stalk.
- Stumpdown, Pa., where politicians talk.
- Modes, Iowa, Virginia, is for battles so shy.
- Antiquity, Ohio, is where old moids die.
- Weed, Cal., is where smokers congregate.
- Rut, Minnesota, is where idlers find mate.
- Peculiar, Mo., is where "different" are caught.
- Star City, Arkansas, is for actors, not slow.
- Parnassus, Pa., is where poets soar.
- Hiddelevon, Ill., is for puzzlers rare.
- Arms, Illinois, is good for the nose.
- Shoe Heel, N. C., will cover your toes.
- Depond, N. Y., is where bankers set up.
- Beeville, Indiana, is where apparitions sup.
- Doctortown, Georgia, is the physician's.
- And Mystic, Connecticut, takes care of your soul.