Dramatized and produced by the Vitagraph Company from the popular novel of the same name by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Everything you read here today you can see this week at leading motion-picture theaters in vivid motion pictures, with Earle Williams as Christopher Race and Miss Lillian Tucker as Eloise Dauvray. Next week another story and new pictures. (Copyright, 1916, by the Star Company. All foreign rights re-served.)

CHAPTER IV. The Hidden Prince.

HRISTOPHER RACE stared at the days, he might not have been thus your father's murder on the people. blankly amazed; but at best who was Most of them were innocent. It was Christopher Race that he should be a plot of Turkey's. But take the throne bidden to a reception at the Foreign away from the alien." Office, to meet royalty?

Of course, Christopher said to him- sire. of the reception he would be away in ing a fat and vulgar Australian millionaire, with his fat and vulgar millionairess, about rural England.

But there was another letter in this morning's mail and he suddenly highly-placed friends in England, and changed his mind. It covered no more though, while Alexander remained than a page, and was signed "Eloise Dauvray.

That name had rung in his cars, mysterious and sweet as the music of bells floating over the sea from a city of mirage, since the masked ball, where he had been lucky enough to serve the fair Southerner's purpose. Now his heart gave a leap as he read the summons which called him back into her life.

Her letter had no conventional be-"Since I have been a grown ginning. woman," she said, "I have known only as it might seem. two Real Men, and you are one of those two. I want you to meet the other. Something great may come of the meeting, and this time you would be with me in an adventure of which neither of us need be ashamed. As for me, I am in it deeply, heart and soul. If you will throw in your fortune with come tomorrow night to - the mine, Foreign Office reception, for which 1 will see that you have an invitation. Yours-gratelly for the past, hopefully for the future. ELOISE DAUVRAY."

No question now as to whether he would go or not go! He wanted to see Eloise Dauvray; he wanted to know why and how she needed him; he wanted to be in that adventure, whatever it might prove, because she would be in it; and though it was a drawback that he was not the only Real Man on her horizon, he wanted to find out what the other one was like.

Christopher stepped out of his car into a blaze of light and color; and indoors the luscious perfume of flowers, mingled with the thought that he was about to see Eloise Dauvray, went his head like some rich Spanish wine.

"Mr. Race," murmured a voice that no man who had heard it once could forget; and, turning, he was face to with Eloise Dauvray-an astonishingly changed Eloise Dauyray,

She had been beautiful before, but she was doubly beautiful now, with the radiant morning beauty of a girl of 18. The eyes, once clouded with mystery or tragedy, had been turned into stars

of Dalvanian affairs, except that the people of that turbulent country had risen some years ago against their King and killed him; that the Queen and her children had been saved only by flight: that a distant relative of the dead man-a person favored by Turkey -had been raised to the throne, and that the Dalvanians, who ought to have been elated at their success, had been more or less dissatisfied ever since.

Now Eloise Dauvray told him that the story of the flight and the massacre was 12 years old. The Queen had lived in great seclusion, incognito, sometimes in France and England, sometimes in Austria and Hungary. Now she was dead-had been dead for two years. Her last words to her two sons-Mirko, 26, and Peter, 21-had invitation, and stared again. If been: "Win back Dalvania. Mirko It had come to him in his palmy must be King. Do not try to avenge

This chimed with Mirko's heart's de-But there was no money; and self, he would not go. Before the day Dalvania-even if willing to accept him-was weak, while Turkey was the country with Scarlet Runner, trail- near and powerful. Still, he was the rightful heir, and Dalvania was very tired of King Alexander, spendthrift and profligate.

Mirko as a boy had made one or two though. while Alexander, remained King, Great Britain could not officially countenance Mirko's claims, were he successful in regaining his father's throne England would be ready to congratulate him.

Now, Prince Mirko's errand in the most important island of the world was to enlist sympathy for his cause among those who would lend him their money or their help in organizing a secret raid, and the adventure, so Eloise Dauvray eagerly explained to Christopher Race, was not so hopeless

The Dalvanian Ambassador, who had just called the Prince away, had been put in his place by Turkey, like all other Dalvanian diplomats of King Alexander's day; nevertheless, he had private reasons for being at heart Mirko's friend. Damiello Rudovics knew what was Mirko's mission in England; knew that he was trying to get together 100,000 pounds to buy arms and feed a small army; knew that he was inviting adventurous or

rich young Englishmen to join him secretly at the Montenegrin frontier of His Royal Highness, Dalvania, for a certain purpose; yet Rudovics was giving no hint to Turkey, his real employer, of the business afoot. "And that is not because of any personal love for the Prince," finished the woman who loved the Prince above "but because he wants Mirko to marry his wife's daughter. If Mirko would take her, Turkey would let him gain his throne with no more than a

mere theatrical struggle.' "That sounds as if thereby hung a said Christopher, deeply intale," terested now in the Other Man's fortunes.

all,

echoed Miss Dauvray-"a tale of love. fire with the blaze of rubies and small Once upon a time a Sultan loved a fair brilliants, was transferred from Mirlady who was not his Sultana, yet she ko's breast to that of the dazzled old was of high rank and had important man. relatives who must not be offended. So

the Sultan heaped upon her all the this triumphant visit, Eloise told Chrishonors he could and married her off to topher that the wedding would take a Colonel in his army, who died rather place on the following Saturday. The state at your not being at 'ome." suddenly soon after the wedding day. banns of Theodore (one of Mirko's "A lady?" echoed Christopher. suddenly soon after the wedding day. banns of Theodore (one of Mirko's Perhaps by that time the great man many names) Contacting and Weise many names) Constantinus and Eloise



uncle. He would give ten years of his life for the Swan, and £100,000 for a dukedom, even though Dalvanian-or I don't know him. You and Prince Mirko could induce him to do it, if you would let me take you both in Scarlet Runner to Hyde Hampton, his place in Middlesex, to pay an afternoon visit."

The

Prince

13

aptureo

'We will go; I can promise for Mirko," said Eloise.

He had not seen his relative for months, nor had he communicated with him since he had taken to earning his own living with Scarlet Runner. Nevertheless, his long and elaborate wire the next day was promptly answered by old James Revelsione Race with a cordial invitation for any day that suited

Old James Race was enchanted with the Prince, almost collapsing with joy at royalty's gracious praise of his picturesque Jacobean house and wonderful Dutch gardens. Such an honor had never come his way before; but, snob as the old man was at heart, he genuinely admired Mirko, and was fired by the romance of the young Prince's situation. The confidence that Mirko reposed in him he regarded as an overwhelming compliment, and hinted a suggestion for help even before the

quickly following offer of the duke-dom. That could not be bestowed until Prince Mirko should become King Mir-"Thereby hangs a strange tale," ko; but the Red Swan of Dalvania, on

On the way back to London, after

A Merry Little Fellow

to bellow.

ACK FROST is a merry little fellow

When the Wintry winds begin

HOMORO You Know the Panalty for Treason Said Christopher and his to spin the bride and groom as Christopher. "They wouldn't go so far far as Southsea. as that at worst. A dozen things may It was after 5 o'clock when he somehave happened-none of them tragic.

what reluctantly returned to Chapel He may have been motoring with Wen-street, and nearly stumbled against the don or some other friend and have got lodging-house maid-of-all-work carry- en panne miles from a telegraph office. "I thought of that, but he had no ing somebody's tea. "Oh, sir, what a good thing you've plan for motoring today or he would

got back!" she exclaimed. "The lady's have told me. And I feel that somebeen waiting for you a good half hour. thing is wrong-desperately wrong." Missus said I was to take her up this to amuse her, as she was in such a Christopher.

speak with him. The man was brought, never seen. Presently he was invited and Christopher saw him alone, behind to enter the library, where he had once closed doors, in a small ante-room off been received by Mirko, and there the hall. All the valet could tell him, stood the younger brother, a surprising however, was that the Prince had ap- likeness of the elder.

peared somewhat disturbed when readmore quickly and, earlier than usual. frankness of his suspicions

to help Eloise Dauvray, he could be- ter." gin in no better way than by learning what manner of man was the Dal-James.

were both entirely consumed.

Lind was far away, but old Major Norburn, an ancient crony of James Race, had a nephew who was a clerk in the Turkey; but the woman-who's half I demand Mirko at the Embassy?" and all poor old Rudovics' honors have been given him for her sake. Those King Alexander, and if he woren't her to send off secret telegrams, she afraid of his Turkish master would be will help smuggle you into the house. in the thick of all the plottings. Of Do you know her name course, if that romantic-looking chap, daughter, who is naturally a favored own class and ask for her at the serv-Mirko, would take a fancy to the stepprotege of Turkey, things might get ants' door. If you can get Mile. Valda uncomfortable for Alexander in Dal-

"What sort of girl is she?" asked Christopher.

"They say beautiful, and quite a man, though only 17. 'The mother's Catholic, and follows European customs when in Europe; the girl, Valda, has been brought up in a Paris convent. Lately they've had her in Lon-don, no doubt for Mirko's inspection; but nobody seems to know whether the

learned more, but the source of infor- my brother wrote? But that will bring mation was pumped dry, and he apolo- me luck." Christopher would gladly have

gized for having kept the two Nor-"Rudovica is surely in this," Christo-

what I can from his servants?" asked pher said to himself; and suddenly an don; but Fil get you a good chaufidea of what he would do in Rudovice' feur."

his royal master's confidence, asked to card, for Prince Peter, whom he had Such a face as Peter's could be trust-

ing some letters which came by the ed for loyalty, if not for prudence, and first post. One of these he had placed Eloise had said that the boy knew of under a paper-weight, and had put it the engagement. Now Christopher, in an inner pocket of his coat imme- claiming friendship with Mirko and diately after dressing, which he did Miss Dauvray, spoke with partial

This letter the valet believed to be "I believe," he said, "that somehow one which he had noticed because it the Dalvanian Ambassador has got was addressed in Prince Peter's hand, wind of the Prince's engagement, and and postmarked Paris. Another letter has tricked him, by means of a letter His Royal Highness had read care- which your brother received this mornfully, two or three times over; and ing. into calling at the Embassy. There then, ordering the fire already laid in he'll keep him, if my idea is right, until the grate to be lighted, had burned it, after the appointed wedding day, penwatching till the paper and envelope haps indefenitely, to separate him from Miss Dauvray, and if possible to bring Christopher decided that if he were about a marriage with his stepdauga-

"Great heavens, sir! The day that my brother marries Valda will be the vanian Ambassador to the Court of St. day of my death," exclaimed Peter. "I

love her-she loves me. But Mirko He had no friends in the diplomatic doesn't know. He might take her withservice living in England, for Max out dreaming that he wronged me; and Valda is so young that she would not dare thwart her stepfather. I have been with Mirko often at the Embassy and Foreign Office. Christopher went at the first moment I saw Valda I loved to the club where his uncle's her-as it was with my brother and friend spent his afternoons; and by a Miss Dauvray. I knew I had nothing stroke of luck the budding diplomatist to fear from his rivairy, so I kept my had called to keep an appointment with secret, though I knew his; for there his relative. The two were on the eve seemed no hope of marriage for me of starting out, but had a few moments until my brother's rise in fortune to spare, and young Norburn was boy. should give me something to offerish enough to be flattered by Christo- and I feared he would disapprove, as pher's questions, which implied inside we are both so young. Mirko sent me knowledge on his part. He perhaps did to Paris some days ago with a letter not know all he affected to know; but to a friend of his who is enlisting re-he described Rudovics as inordinately cruits and raising money. But yestervain, endlessly ambitious, subtle and day came a telegram from Valda, forproud of his subtletly, not bad at heart, warded to me from this house-(I don't though sufficiently unscrupulous. "His know who could have helped her, unpart is a bit above his capacity," said less her maid)-begging me to come the young man from the Foreign Of- back, as she foresaw trouble. I wrote fice, "and he'd have had no chance of my brother I must return, wound up it except through his wife. His mar- his affairs as well as I could, and here rlage was brought about to serve the I am, only to find that trouble has convenience of the powers that be in come indeed. What shall I do? Shall

"Certainly not," said Christipher, Irish-has been a beauty in her day, "But I'll tell you what you might doelope with Mfle. Valda. That would be who are 'in the know' say he despises a valuable move. If her maid helps

> "Anastasia," replied Peter. "Disguise yourself as a man of her

out of the Embassy before the day fixed for Prince Mirko's wedding with Miss Dauvray your brother's happiness as well as your own will be assured. Take the young lady to Scotland with her maid for chaperon and marry her quickly; afterwards you can do things again in proper form. If her stepfather or her mother knows nothing of your love, neither of you will be watched or suspected; you ought not to have great difficulties; and I'll lend you my motor car for the elopement."

"What! the Scarlet Runner, of which

"I hope so, for everyone concerned," burns so long from their engagement, said Christopher. "I can't take you myself, for I shall have business in Lon-

"Your business will be to release my hristopher. "Oh, if you would!" she sighed. "It place sprang into the young man's "Your business will be to relea brother," Prince Peter guessed. as one thing I wanted you to do." mind. If Rudovics had done that. "That's easier said than done

affair marches or not."

vania."

by some new happiness; and for a giddy second Christopher asked himself if it could be his presence that-But the thought broke before it fin-

ished; for he saw the Other Man, and, seeing him, knew the secret of the change in Eloise Dauvray. This man was no common man, and suddenly it was as if Christopher saw his tall figure framed in such another niche, glowing with strange jewels, unique and splendid. If there had been jealousy in Christopher's soul it must have been burnt up like chaff in the brave fire of the Other Man's eyes, as they welcomed him.

"Mr. Race," said Eloise Dauvray again, "I wanted you to come and meet Prince Mirko of Dalvania. I have told him about you.

"I am here with my grandmother." said Miss Dauvray. "You have not met her, but she is an old friend of the Foreign Secretary's wife, Prince Mirko and you and I must talk together."

They found a quiet corner, out of the way of the crowd. "Now I am going to tell you a secret." the girl went "You see how I trust you-how on. ve both trust you? For it's a secret that, if known, might spoll a plan whose success means everything to the Runner." Prince-everything, therefore, to me."

"Whatever you ask I will do," said - Christopher rashly. He was in the mood to be rash; not only for Miss Dauvray's sake, but now for the sake of the Prince as well. There was something of that extraordinary magnetism about the young man which the House of Stuart had and made use of in enlisting followers.

"You had better wait and hear first," fully. Mirko warned him. But at this moment arrived an anxious-looking gen- an invitation," answered Miss Dauvray. tleman, whose face cleared at sight of the group of three. Bowing courteously to Miss Dauvray, at whom he tation to her wedding. glanced quickly with velled curiosity. he announced in indifferent French optward calmness, that he had been searching everywhere introducing him-by special requestto a very great personage.

Eloise smiled permission to go.

"That is the Dalvanian Ambassador," she murmured, as the tall, youthful take us into Dalvania---" figure and the short, middle-aged one moved away together.

"He looks clever," said Christopher. him money. "He is clever," replied Eloise, "andwe believe-he is on our side. Not for are not rich?" me-I don't mean that, I hope and pray he knows nothing, and may guess

you what I have to tell you alone. First, glorious?

"Yes," said Christopher. "If I were a hasn't a sneaking fondness for me. But soldier I should like to fight for him." there's one thing he worships; a title.

"How strange you should say that!" Eloise Daucray's color brightened. half whispered the girl. "It is exactly "Prince Mirko would give him a what I want you to do. Will you be a dukedom and the Order of the Red 'soldier of fortune' and fight for us Swan of Dalvania. Though it's a small both? But no; it isn't fair to ask you country, the Swan is famous-as old as that until you know the whole story." Constantine the First, and has been be-So she told him the story, briefly as stowed on few who were not kings or

she could, keeping down her own ex- princes. You may have noticed that citement, which would grow with the Mirko is wearing it tonight." tale. Christopher knew little or nothing "I did notice and thought-of my and a pyramid,

had tired of her beauty; at all events, Dauvray had been read three times in when she had been long enough a a quiet little church of South Kensingwidow, with a pretty little girl, he ton-a church where nobody would smiled upon a match between the lady recognize either name, and all was now and the new Dalvanian Ambassador to ready. Nor need there be further dethe Court of St. James. Now the girl is grown up-that is, she's 16 or 17, Mr. Race's thousands, added to those and you can see that, if Mirko of Dalalready subscribed, would put the vania would please to fall in love with Prince in funds. and marry her, there would be persons who would be pleased to see her a trary, he was to call at the house in

Queen." "I see," said Christopher. "The plot thickens."

"It grows very thick, indeed," answered Eloise, "for Mirko won't think of the Lady Valda-will think of

no one but me Yet he must keep Rudovics' friendship for the present That's why our engagement has to be secret, and our marriage must be secret too. Only my grandmother knows-and you. At least, that's what I hope. I daren't dwell upon the things that might happen to Mirko if anyone

who wished either of us evil should . find out." "Yes," said Christopher. "I under-

He makes little girls say: "Oh, oh, oh!" stand and I'd give anything-even And he makes little boys say: "Ho, ho, Scarlet Runner-to help." "We want you both-you and Scarlet

"O-ooo-oh! Jack," cried Mother Nature to merry little Jack Frost, as "What if it carried a prince-the

he was rushing by one November mornrightful ruler of his country?" smiled ing. Christopher. Jack stopped in his mad flight and

"Some such thought was in my settled on the stump of a tree. "What's Nature. mind," said Eloise. "It would create a up, old mother? What's doing this profound sensation. People would cold day? think him a god in the car." "I'm putting the little baby plants

"There ought also to be a goddess in to sleep.' the car," remarked Christopher thought-"Those little things in your hand?

"She need not be lacking if she had Jack. "These are the seed cradles, the baby "She has the invitation now."

"Thank you! And you have-an invi-

house," and as she said this she gently and trees with frost. "When is it to be?" he asked, with put the little pods in the earth. Mother' Nature then called to the did not again appear. "Ah me," sighed

"That is the greatest secret of all. It swallows for his royal highness, in the hope of is to be next week. I will let you know the day, and should like you to be =

there. So would Mirko. He knows what Such a request was a command, and you did for me. Already you are to him more than other men, for my sake. And you would help him-if you would

> "Not only will I do that; but I think, if the Prince still needs it, I can get

"He needs it desperately. But you-

"My Uncle James is."

"I heard something of your story nothing until too late to interfere. I from-but you can guess. I hate even mean something of more importance to to speak his name, in these good and Dalvania than a love affair. Perhaps, happy days. Your uncle has disin-after all, it's just as well that I can tell herited you."

"That's still on the knees of the gods. thank you for coming, and-isn't he It's partly a question of conduct, partly the question of a girl. I'm not sure he

By connecting these dots properly with straight lines you can make figures. A square, a star, a diamond, two triangles, a square

questions, was one thing I wanted you to do. but ran up the two flights of stairs to "I'll start at once," he said. "I can the second floor two steps at a time. be back in half an hour."

lay in starting for Dalvania, since old to come. You're my one hope. "What has happened?" Christopher hear from the stately hall porter that house to make inquiries asked abruptly.

swered.

pered: "Sh-sh, go to sleep. Sh-sh, go

Jack stood up on the stump of the

tree and bowed low to Mother Nature.

That is right, tuck them away good

and warm because I expect to have a

merry time this Winter. If they were

not beyond my reach I would have to

do to them as I do to the little boys

noses until they'd cry for mercy."

FEATURES FOR THE YOUNG PEO

Unless Christopher heard to the conbecome of him? Has Turkey got wind of the plot for the raid, and has he been murdered, like his father?" Regent's Park at 12 o'clock on Saturday. His car was not to accompany

to sleep."

and girls."

make them grow."

him, but he volunteered her services "Don't think of such a thing," said ing that the valet was more or less in and then scribbled a few lines on a ter, horrified.

ing an engagement with him, only to

His Royal Highness had walked out "Mirko has disappeared," Eloise an- alone about 9 o'clock in the morning saying nothing if his intentions, and hall porter.

On hearing this, Christopher, know-Christopher

well, it would make things difficult. But, perhaps, after all, by this time topher said gravely. "If he's in the He was back in less, but he had Mirko had come home with a simple Embassy, it's his own Embassy, you Eloise Dauvray spring up, "At last!" very little that was satisfactory to tell, explanation of the mystery. Before see; there's no other power to appeal she cried. "I've been praying for you He had asked for Prince Mirko, alleg- seeing Eloise again he decided to call to. Turkey would defend Rudovics' to come. You're my one hope for the second time at Lord Wendon's action, if he declared that it was the only way to save a royal Prince from

"Has His Royal Highness Prince a marriage with an untitled, designing Mirke come back?" he asked of the woman. Rudovics has nothing to fear in any case. And if we learn that Prince Mirko is his prisoner, even if "No, sir, but His Royal Highness

"Mr. Race, what do you think has had not come in since. Even his valet "No, sir, but His Royal Highness Frince Barko is him, still, goodbye to become of him? Has Turkey got wind had no idea where he had gone, nor Prince Peter has arrived from Paris," we can release him, still, goodbye to his happiness." We at he happiness." "What do you mean" exclaimed Pethought for a moment,

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Pe-

"Something would certainly happen to Miss Dauvray. Their engagement known, those two would never be allowed to come together again. In way-who knows how?-they some would be separated forever. To rescue the breaking of his engagement."

"Then, the breaking of his heart.

"I have a plan," said Christopher,

"Can I help?" asked Peter.

"By seeing Anastasia, finding out the gossip of the servants' hall, if any, concerning your brother, and running off with Rudovics' stepdaughter as quickly as you can."

When Prince Peter of Dalvania and Christopher Race had sketched out Two brothers were discussing their something which faintly resembled a plans of study for the coming Winter. plan and had made arrangements con-The first decided to study em, ct, i, ba, cerning Scarlet Runner, Christopher kept his promise by going to Regent's The second decided on ol, ph, gy, phy, Park and telling Eloise all that was in

his mind. "You are right," she said, when she had heard him to the end. "That letter the valet told you Mirko burnt must Change my head and find "to walk." have been from Rudovics. No doubt he Change my head and find "a dainty asked to have It destroyed, so that have been from Rudovics. No doubt he Mirko could not be traced. He would have spoken of important news from Dalvania and hinted at mysterious reasons why Mirko should let no one know he had been bidden in such haste to the Embassy. While they have him there Syllable puzzle-First, chemistry and I may be safe enough; but once he bacteriology; second, theology and phi- escapes and they know it. I will tell you what they could do. They would Hydra-headed words -- Dace, pace, have such horrtble things published about me in the Dalvanian papers that,

for Mirko's own sake, I could never consent to be his wife. The things need not all be true, but they would - be believed, and even if Mirko would

Drawing Lesson Puzzle

DRAWING LESSON PUZZLE.

when it's time for my babies to wake promise. My babies will not thrive." Court" and "Innocents Abroad" will your brother from the Embassy-tak-That very day the North Wind and forever remain masterpleces of origi- ing it for granted he's there-means up, come to greet them." And to the flowers that still bloomed she whis- the West Wind met in the center of nality and humor.

the road as Jack was turning the Who among us does not love the corner, and he remembered his prom- memory of Robert Louis Stevenson? Have you no plan to save him?" He was born on November 13, 1850. He ise to Mother Nature.

"Well met," he cried, "Will you help wrote many beautiful stories and but it's a queer one." me?" and he told the wind what he poems, but you would know him best needed of them. for the cute children's verses, which

"W-e-e e e-e-w-lili-lil-lil" since have been set to music shricked the winds and they twirled **Our Puzzle Corner** their arms around each other and they

blew and they blew, until big black clouds gathered in the sky to see what "And what is that?" asked Mother was the matter and the Sun hid behind them in fear.

"I'd pinch their toes and nip their Then tiny flakes began to fall and they fell down over the brown earth "I'll guard my little ones, but you which covered the seeds as they slept, spread over the ground.

snow fell only for your pleasure and "Fly, little birds, fly southward, and Little Jack has forgotten me and his that the joy of skating and sledding was its main purpose? The snow is as necessary to the health of the plant as the Sun is to your growth. Think Frost spreads the ground with snow.

Change my head and find "an herb." Change my head and find "a contest."

of that next time merry little Jack losophy.

Change my head and find "front." Answers.

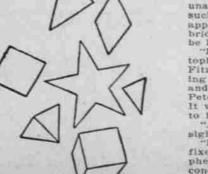
lace, mace, race, face.

Three million dollars has spent spent to bring the power of a waterfall D0 miles to Bombay for electric light and power pur-poses.

SYLLABLE PUZZLE.

"HYDRA-HEADED WORDS."

ol. er. try, gy, is, o.



unassisted he'd have influence to ge such stuff published;, and if appear first in Dalvania as Mirko's ide the people would love me and "I've thought of all that," said Chris-

give his people a queen they could not

respect, I would not let him do H.

Fitzgerald alone might try something

of the sort, but I don't believe that

topher. "It's exactly what Rudovics and Fitzgerald would do-if they did noth-ing worse. But once married to you, and the little Valda in Scotland with Peter, Rudovics' hands would be tied. It would do him more harm than good to hurt you then.

"Ah yes; if once we were married!" sighed Eloise,

"Please be ready at the time already fixed for the weeding," said Christo-pher quietly, "And have everybody else concerned in the ceremony ready, too," "What are you planning?", cried

(Concluded on Page 6.)

Important Birthdays OVEMBER marks the births of

many children. First among these is Louisa M. Al-

cott, who was born November 25, 1832.

of young folks. Little ginls, in particular, will find her books most delightful, and will find many of her heroines worthy of imitation. If you have not done so already, don't fail to read "Little Women" and "Little Men."

November 30. 1835. He 3as born terms of modern slang, "Is a scream,"

N three important authors whose writings have influenced the lives of

Alcott's stories were about children,

and were written for the entertainment

Next in order as to the year of his birth comes Samuel Clemens, known to us as Mark Twain. He was brought more mirth and laughter to the American people than any other writer. His "Huckleberry Finn," in the and "A Tankee at King Arthur's

could help me by asking the North and before night a large white blanket Wind to spread a blanket over them. th. os. o. 11, e. o. They don't look like plants!" laughed They, like all bables, need warmth to What were their plans? "Ho-o-ho, ho!" laughed the merry "Whoop-la! I'll do my best," cried little fellow. "That ought to satisfy I am a fish of four letters. plants are inside. I am now going to Jack and with a swish of his arms he her. Now I'm off to see how my little put them away into my great brown sped along decorating all the fences friends, the boys and girls are going to enjoy the snow." fabric."

. . . A few weeks passed but Jack Frost Did you boys and girls think the that were passing overhead: the Mother, "I wish it would snow,