



# The SCARLET RUNNER



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.

### CHAPTER IV. The Hidden Prince.

CHRISTOPHER RACE stared at the invitation, and stared again. If it had come to him in his palmy days, he might not have been thus blankly amazed; but at best who was Christopher Race that he should be bidden to a reception at the Foreign Office, to meet the man who had just changed his name to King 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, incoherent, sometimes in Austria 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 been: "Win back Dalvania. Mirko must be King. Do not try to avenge your father's murder on the people. Most of them were innocent. It was a plot of Turkey's. But take the throne away from the alien."

This chimed with Mirko's heart's desire. But there was no money; and Dalvania—even if willing to accept him—was weak, while Turkey was 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 highly-placed friends in England, and 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 as it might seem.

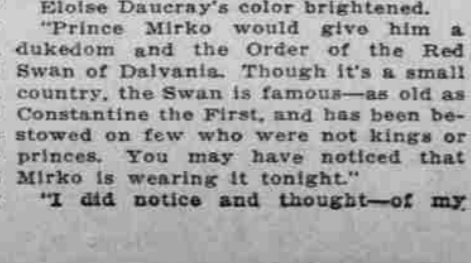
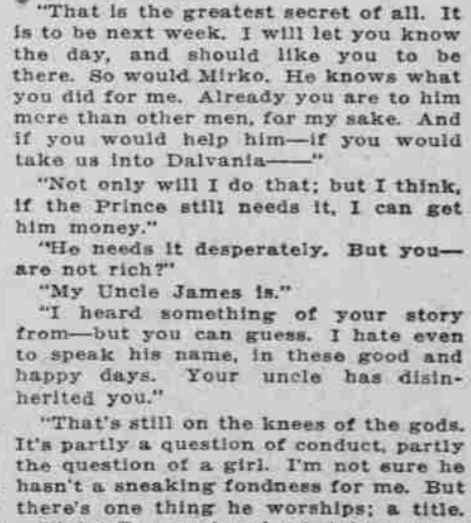
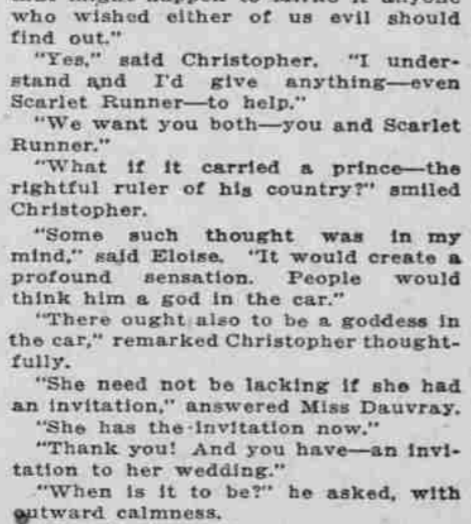
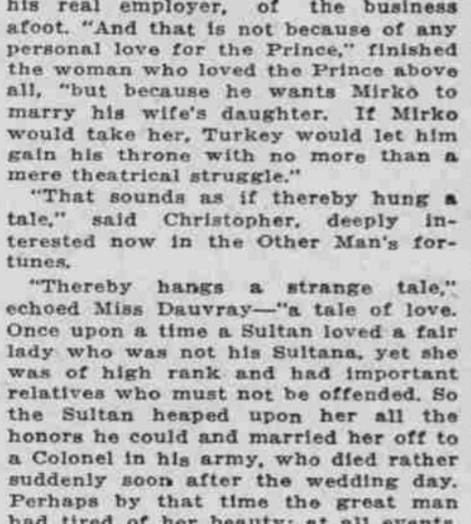
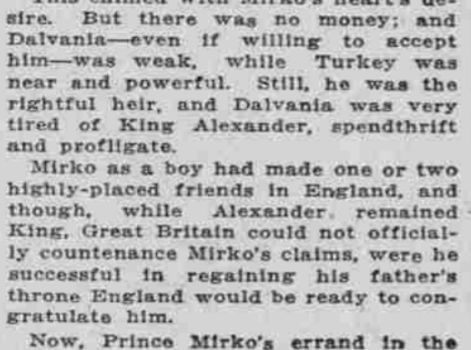
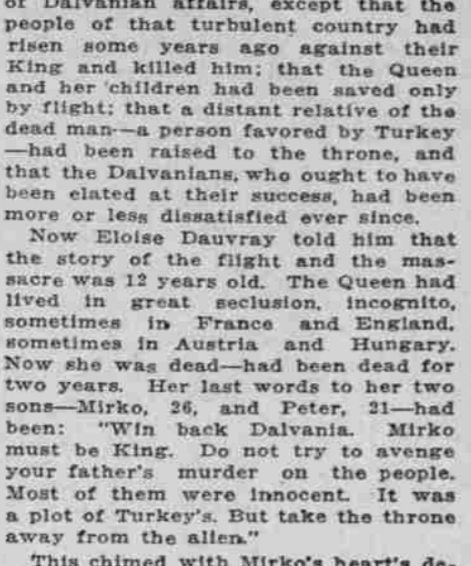
The Dalvanian Ambassador, who had just called the Prince away, had been put in his place by Turkey, like all other Dalvanian diplomats of King Alexander's day; nevertheless, he had private reasons for being at heart Mirko's friend. Damello Rudovics knew what was Mirko's mission in England; knew that he was trying to raise £20,000 pounds to buy arms and feed a small army; knew that he was inviting adventurous or rich young Englishmen to join him in a secret expedition to 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 all, "but because he wants Mirko to marry his wife's daughter. If Mirko would take the throne, would let him gain his throne with no more than a mere theatrical struggle."

"That sounds as if there hung a tale," said Christopher, deeply interested now in the Other Man's fortunes.

"Whereby hangs a strange tale," echoed Miss Dauvray—"a tale of love." Once upon a time a Sultan loved a fair lady who was not his Sultana, yet she was of high rank and had important relatives who must not be offended. So the Sultan heaped upon her all the honors and titles that were in his power, and she, who was a Colonel in his army, who died rather suddenly soon after the wedding day. Perhaps by that time the great man had tired of her beauty; at all events, when she had been long enough a widow to take a pretty little girl, he smiled upon a match between her and the new Dalvanian Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Now the girl is grown up—that is, she's 16 or 17, and you can see that, if Mirko of Dalvania would please to fall in love with her, he might be pleased to see her a Queen."

"I see," said Christopher. "The plot thickens." "It grows very thick, indeed," answered Eloise, "for Mirko won't wink of the Lady Valda-wink of it no one but me. Yet he must see 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 don't dwell upon the things that might happen to Mirko if anyone who wished either of us evil should find out."



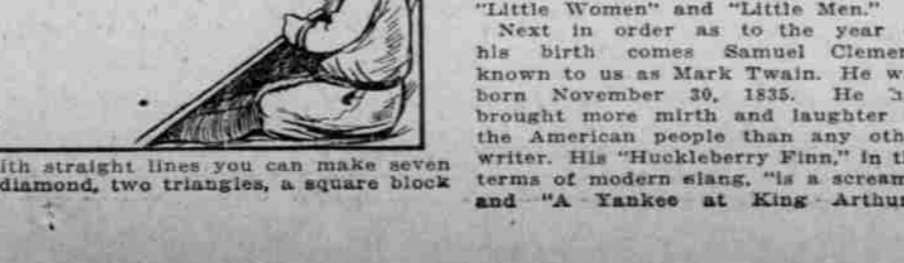
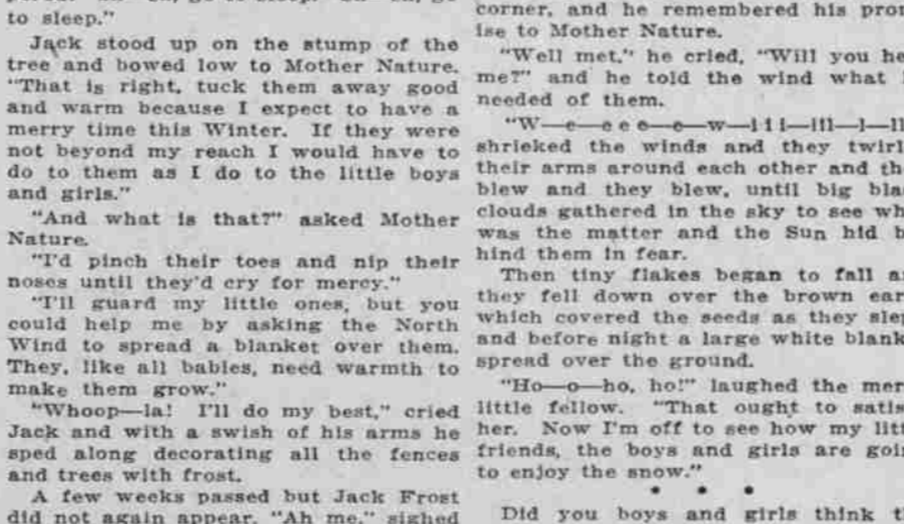
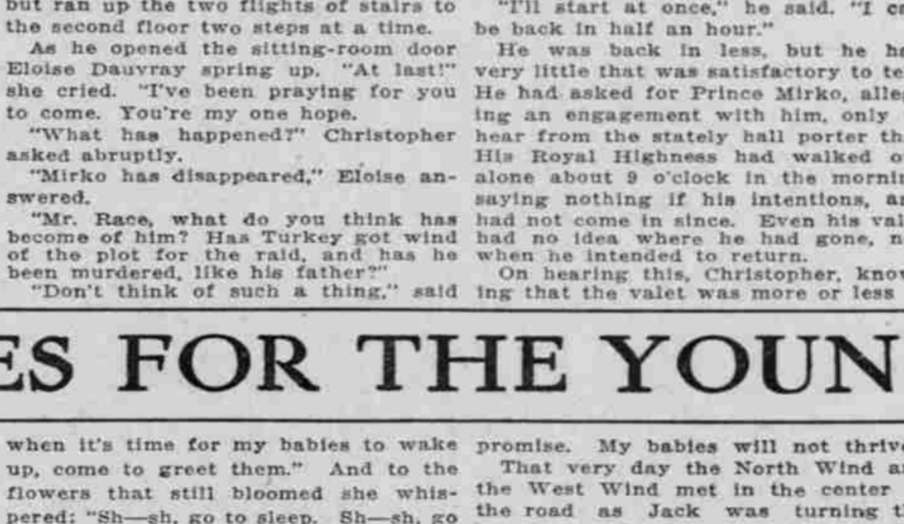
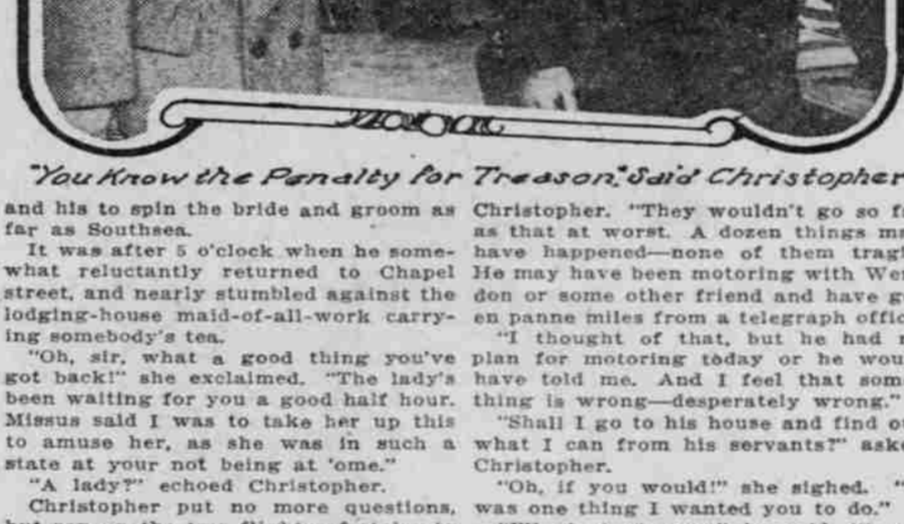
uncle. He would give ten years of his life for the Swan, and £100,000 for a dukedom, even though Dalvanian—or I don't know him. You and Prince Mirko could induce him to do it, if you would let me take you both in Scarlet Runner to Hyde Hampton, his place in Middlesex, to pay an afternoon visit."

"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 Revelstone Race with a cordial invitation for any day that suited His Royal Highness.

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, smob 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 dukedom. That could not be bestowed until Prince Mirko should become King Mirko; but the Red Swan of Dalvania, on fire with the blaze of rubies and small brilliants, was transferred from Mirko's breast to that of the dazzled old man.

On the way back to London, after this triumphant visit, Eloise told Christopher that the wedding would take place on the following Saturday. The names of "Theodore" (one of Mirko's many names) Constantine and Eloise Dauvray had been read three times in a quiet little church of South Kensington—a church where nobody would recognize either name, and all was ready. Nor need he further delay in starting for Dalvania, since old Mr. Race's thousands, added to those already subscribed, would put the Prince in funds.

Unless Christopher heard to the contrary, he was to call at the house in Regent's Park at 12 o'clock on Saturday. His car was not to accompany him, but he volunteered her services



his royal master's confidence, asked to speak with him. The man was brought, and Christopher saw him alone, behind closed doors, in a small ante-room off the hall. All the valet could tell him, however, was that the Prince had appeared somewhat disturbed when reading some letters which came by the first post. One of these he had placed under a paper-weight, and had put it in an inner pocket of his coat immediately after dressing, which he did more quickly and earlier than usual.

This letter the valet believed to be one which he had noticed because it was addressed in Prince Peter's hand, and postmarked Paris. Another letter His Royal Highness had read carefully, two or three times over; and then, ordering the fire already laid in the grate to be lighted, had burned it, watching till the paper and envelope were both entirely consumed.

Christopher decided that if he were to help Eloise Dauvray, he could begin in no better way than by learning what manner of man was the Dalvanian Ambassador to the Court of St. James. He had no friends in the diplomatic service living in England, for Max Lind was far away, but old Major Norburn, an ancient crony of James Race, had a nephew who was a clerk in the Foreign Office. Christopher went at once to the club where his uncle's friend spent his afternoons; and by a stroke of luck the budding diplomatist had called to keep an appointment with his relative. The two were on the eve of starting out, but had a few moments to spare, and young Norburn was boyish enough to be flattered by Christopher's questions, which implied inside knowledge on his part.

"Oh, if you would," she sighed. "I was one thing I wanted you to do." "I'll start at once," he said. "I can be back in half an hour."

He was back in less, but he had very little that was satisfactory to tell. He had asked for Prince Mirko, alleging an engagement with him, only to hear from the stately hall porter that His Royal Highness had walked out alone about 9 o'clock in the morning saying nothing of his intentions, and had not come in since. Even his valet had no idea where he had gone, nor when he intended to return.

On hearing this, Christopher, knowing that the valet was more or less in Court, and "Innocents Abroad" will forever remain masterpieces of originality and humor.

"What sort of girl is she?" asked Christopher. "They say beautiful, and quite a woman, though only 17. The mother's Catholic, and follows European customs worn in Europe; the girl, Valda, has been brought up in a Paris convent. Lately they've had her in London, no doubt for Mirko's inspection; but nobody seems to know whether the affair marches or not."

card, for Prince Peter, whom he had never seen. Presently he was invited to enter the library, where he had once been received by Mirko, and there stood the younger brother, a surprising likeness of the elder.

"Great heavens, sir! The day that my brother marries Valda will be the day of my death," exclaimed Peter. "I love her, she loves me. But Mirko doesn't know. He might take her without 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 the first moment I saw Valda I loved her—as it was with my brother and Miss Dauvray, and if possible to bring about a marriage with his stepdaughter."

"Certainly not," said Christopher. "But I'll tell you what might do—yesterday came a telegram from Valda, forwarded to me from this house—I don't know who could have helped her, unless her maid—begging me to come back, as she foresaw trouble. I wrote my brother I must return, wound up his affairs as well as I could, and here I am, only to find that trouble has come indeed. What shall I do? Shall I demand Mirko at the Embassy?"

"I hope so, for everyone concerned," said Christopher. "I can't take you myself, for I shall have business in London; but I'll get you a good chauffeur."

"Your business will be to release my brother," Prince Peter guessed. "That's easier said than done," Christopher said gravely. "If he's in the Embassy, it's his own Embassy, you see; there's no other power to appeal to. Turkey would defend Rudovics' place, and he would defend Rudovics' place as surely in this, as Rudovics' place sprang into the young man's mind. If Rudovics had done that—well, it would make things difficult. But, perhaps, after all, by this time Mirko had come home with a simple explanation of the mystery. Before seeing Eloise again he decided to call for the second time at Lord Wendon's house to make inquiries."

"Has His Royal Highness Prince Mirko come back?" he asked of the hall porter. "No, sir, but His Royal Highness Prince Peter has arrived from Paris," was the answer.

Christopher thought for a moment, and then scribbled a few lines on a

### You Know the Penalty for Treason, Said Christopher

and his to spin the bride and groom as far as Southsea. It was after 5 o'clock when he somewhat reluctantly returned to Chapel street, and nearly stumbled against the lodging-house maid-of-all-work carrying somebody's tea.

"Oh, sir, what a good thing you've got back!" she exclaimed. "The lady's been waiting for you a good half hour. Missus said I was to take her up this to amuse her, as she was in such a state at your not being at home."

"A lady?" echoed Christopher. Christopher put no more questions, but ran up the two flights of stairs to the second floor two steps at a time. As he opened the sitting-room door Eloise Dauvray sprang up. "At last! she cried. 'I've been praying for you to come. You're my one hope. 'What has happened?' Christopher asked abruptly. 'Mirko has disappeared,' Eloise answered.

"Mr. Race, what do you think has become of him? Has Turkey got wind of the plot for the raid, and has he been murdered, like his father?" "Don't think of such a thing," said

Christopher. "They would go so far as that at worst. A dozen things may have happened—none of them tragic. He may have been motoring with Wendon or some other friend and have got en panne miles from a telegraph office. I thought of that, but he had no plan for motoring today or he would have told me. And I feel that something is wrong—desperately wrong."

"Shall I go to his house and find out what I can from his servants?" asked Christopher. "Oh, if you would!" she sighed. "I was one thing I wanted you to do."

"I'll start at once," he said. "I can be back in half an hour." He was back in less, but he had very little that was satisfactory to tell. He had asked for Prince Mirko, alleging an engagement with him, only to hear from the stately hall porter that His Royal Highness had walked out alone about 9 o'clock in the morning saying nothing of his intentions, and had not come in since. Even his valet had no idea where he had gone, nor when he intended to return.

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## FEATURES FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

### A Merry Little Fellow

JACK FROST is a merry little fellow when the Wintry winds begin to blow. He makes little girls say: "Oh, oh, oh!" And he makes little boys say: "Ho, ho, ho!"

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 and girls."

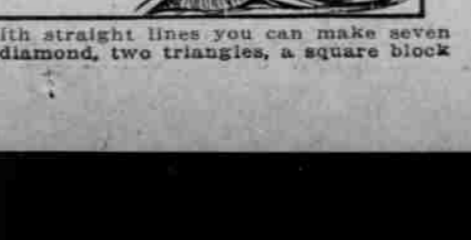
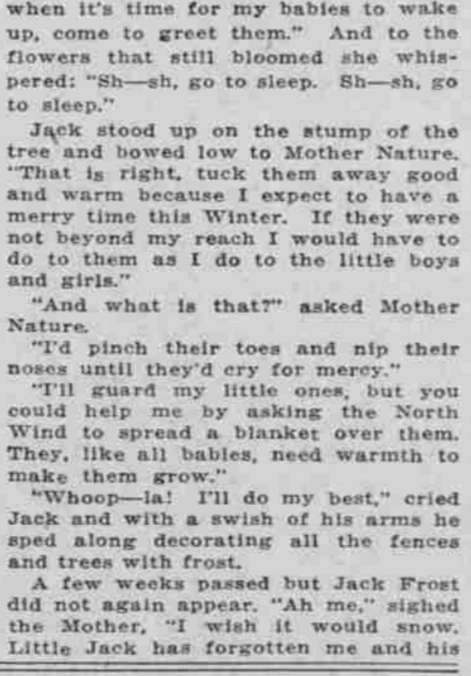
"And what is that?" asked Mother Nature. "I'd pinch their toes and nip their noses until they'd cry for mercy."

### Our Puzzle Corner

Two brothers were discussing their plans of study for the coming winter. The first decided to study em, et, i, ba, ch, ol, er, try, gy, is, o.

"HYDRA-HEADED WORDS." I am a fish of four letters. Change my head and find "to walk." Change my head and find "a dainty fabric."

NOVEMBER marks the births of three important authors whose writings have influenced the lives of many children.



### Important Birthdays

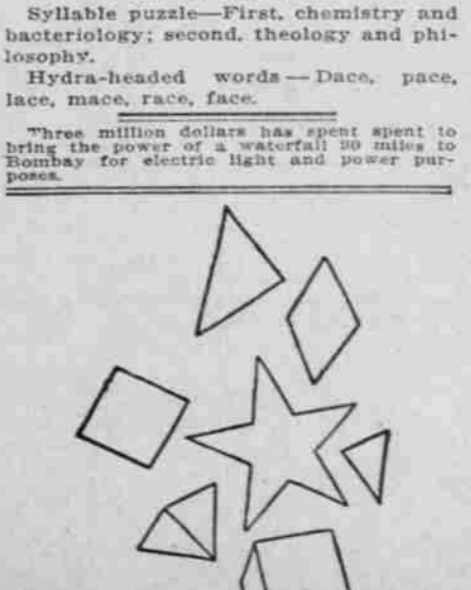
NOVEMBER marks the births of three important authors whose writings have influenced the lives of many children.

First among these is Louisa M. Alcott, who was born November 23, 1832. Alcott's stories were about children, and were written for the entertainment of young folks.

Next in order as to the year of his birth comes Samuel Clemens, known to us as Mark Twain. He was born November 30, 1835. He has brought more mirth and laughter to the American people than any other writer.

### Drawing Lesson Puzzle

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



Solution to Drawing Lesson Puzzle. (Concluded on Page 6.)

### Syllable Puzzle

Two brothers were discussing their plans of study for the coming winter. The first decided to study em, et, i, ba, ch, ol, er, try, gy, is, o.

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

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