

**PRINCE KARL:  
NOVELIZED  
FROM THE PLAY**

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Prince Karl: Novelized from the Play by Archibald Clavering Gunter

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**ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER**

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# PRINCE KARL

*Novelized from the Play*



BY

ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER



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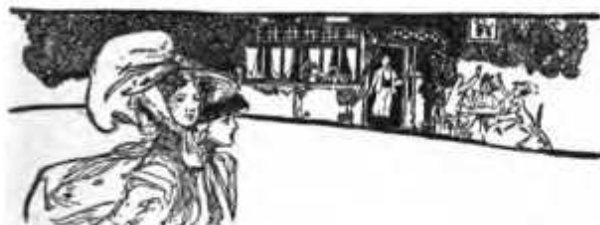
*Issued October, 1908*

PRINCE KARL

# PRINCE KARL

## PART I

### A DESPAIRING PRINCE



DISTANT strains of "Verlegenheit" float softly on the evening air as Howard Algernon Briggs, a young man decidedly and aggressively English in manner and appearance, an exaggerated specimen of what in America is called "an Anglomaniac," strolls along the little balcony of the Hotel Bellevue, Coblenz, Germany,

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gazing in an abstracted manner at the moon-lit Rhine.

"Fine gal, Alicia. Fine gal, by Jovel" he lisps, as he readjusts his monocle, lights his cigar and languidly seats himself in view of the corridor of the hotel where Markey Davis, the deaf old English proprietor, stands at the end used as the office, looking first at the register on the counter and then at the ledger on the desk, mumbling, as he takes a slip of paper from the ledger: "Five dozen oysters, thirty marks; four sweetbreads and Italian green peas, forty marks; Tuscan strawberries, one hundred marks. The Prince will have a princely bill at the Hotel Bellevue, Coblenz. It is not every hotel that has a prince on its bill of fare—I mean on its register."

The old man rubs his chubby hands



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together in glee, as he continues: "Johannesburg — Tokay Imperial—Chateau Yquem!" then calls sharply to a wizen-faced, bowlegged waiter who has just entered: "Gustavus, see that his Highness' dinner in honor of his betrothal to the rich American widow is served. The formal ceremony of marriage takes place immediately after."

As Gustavus glides out to do his master's bidding, Markey again rubs his hands in evident satisfaction as he returns to the hotel register, saying: "Ah, what a crowd of Americans are drawn to my hotel by his Highness' presence here!" and adds, as Miss Alicia Euclid Lowell, a tall and exceedingly erect young lady, comes striding up to the counter: "Here is one of them now."

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A very handsome brunette is Miss Alicia, with glossy black hair, a rich creamy complexion and very tempting red lips, although she assumes a very severe, almost masculine, air as she says to the hotel proprietor in a clear, authoritative tone: "Mr. Markey Davis, Mrs. Lowell wants her bill made out."

Mr. Davis, somewhat startled by Miss Lowell's abrupt manner and perhaps confused by the beauty of the marble-like bust and shoulders that rise from her evening gown, places his hand behind his ear, stammering: "Eh? Bill? Bill who?"

"Bill made out!" screams Alicia.  
"We leave to-night for the Tyrol."

"You leave before dinner?" asks the hotel proprietor, with concern.

"What, miss the first Prince's din-

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ner I've ever eaten?" snaps Miss Alicia. "No. I shall swallow it like a mathematical demonstration, corollaries, scholiums and all!"

"Eh, scholiums—what's that?" demands Mr. Davis. "A new dish?"

"A new dish!" laughs Alicia. "No. I was educated at Vassar College and I'm mathematical—I run our party on mathematical principles—send me your bill for Mrs. Lowell."

"Which Mrs. Lowell?" asks Davis, looking at the register, "Mrs. Priscilla Daphne Lowell or Mrs. Florence Arhnein Lowell?"

"The rich Mrs. Lowell, of course," answers the precise young lady, "and I'll see you don't rob her of a cent. I'm mathematical and can add."

As she turns toward the balcony, Davis, looking after her, mutters: "I