

RUNAWAY JUNE By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

FOURTH EPISODE.

Poor Little Runaway Bride!

SHANKS' M'GEE, carrying one soiled newspaper for a bluff and collecting money for the newsboys' home as another bluff, suddenly paused in his absorbing attempt to whistle through a broken tooth as he saw coming up the dingy side street toward the Hotel Daniel a beautiful young girl. She was turning to look backward over her shoulder at every few steps.



Gilbert Blye and Tommy.

up to the corner. He flattened his already fat nose against the broad plate glass window of the modest Hotel Daniel.

The beautiful young girl concealed all that she could of her timidity as she walked through the door with what she thought to be a strictly business-like manner. Seven men who had been morbidly eyeing their respective cuspidors immediately straightened up and looked their handsomest. One of them looked bold, and another, a decorative Frenchman, looked debonair. The beautiful girl strode straight up to the desk.

"A room with a bath, please," she requested.

The clerk, an indifferently aged man, held the register a moment while he studied the new guest of the house.

"Any luggage, miss?"

The girl, disconcerted, had recourse to her only armor. Now she shyly cast up at him her great, soft, expressive eyes, and the clerk felt ashamed of himself. He swung the register around to her.

"My maid will be here presently with my clothes." The voice was soft and sweet.

"Certainly, miss." And the clerk changed a bell which sounded like a fire gong. "Front!"

In response to that stentorian call a shock headed, loose limbed Irish boy jumped forward and took the key to 44. The clerk, without moving his body or his neck or his head, craned forward his eyes to watch the signature, Mrs. J. G. Day.

A moment later the black Vandyked man strolled in, looked at the register and walked into the bar. Then along came Marie with a bundle of clothes.

The young woman went straight to the desk.

"Mrs. Day's maid?" the clerk observed, inspecting the clothing piece by piece from under his eyelids and ringing for front and looking at the young woman and the register all at the same time. The young woman, quite evidently a maid, glanced swiftly at the register.

"Mrs. Day's?" she repeated, breathing heavily. "Yes."

"She's expecting you." And the clerk's eyelids flickered. "Room 44."

"Marie, tell June I want her!" cried a voice.

"Sir," she said, "I do not know you."

June Warner locked the door of 44 from the inside and turned the bolt and dropped into a chair to rest. Suddenly a voice called, "It's Marie, Miss June!" and a knock was heard.

June Warner opened the door of 44 in a hurry, and her eyes sparkled and she clasped her hands as she saw Marie with clothes sticking from her in all directions.

"Where is he now?" June sat down limply.

"I don't know! All at once he threw down the clothes and ran out on the street! I don't know why!"

Ned Warner, attended closely by the ecstatic Shanks McGee, stood at the subway exit in a state of seethe beyond computation. Again Gilbert Blye!

Honorita Blye, exchanging spite with a green parrot, was suddenly interrupted by a caller.

"Get him!" announced the caller, who was none other than Bill Wolf.

Honorita Blye sprang up instantly. "Get my wraps!" she yelled to the abnormally ugly maid who had let Bill Wolf in.

"If we ain't, so help me!" solemnly swore Wolf.

Honorita Blye, with Bill Wolf by her side, was soon speeding downtown in her little electric coupe.

In front of Luchow's restaurant they found a fat, wide man with a cigar in the corner of his mouth and his narrow rimmed slouch hat shoved on the back of his round head and his eyes turned contemptively toward the stars.

"Certain party in, Blinky?" husked Wolf.

Blinky Peters followed them inside the busy cafe, and as they walked back toward the thirteenth street entrance a fat, wide man with his hands in his pockets came in at the rear door—Sneaky Tavish.

"There's your party!" suddenly hissed Bill Wolf and pointed to a table where a dark Vandyked German with spectacles was entertaining a healthy, red cheeked young woman with a green feather in her hat.

"You scum!" shrielled Honorita Blye to their three expert detectives and went home to her parrot.

Ned Warner stepped into the cigar store next door to the Hotel Daniel and telephoned June's home in Brynport. Mr. and Mrs. Moore were in the city at Bobbie Blethering's, the smooth, soft voice of fat, black old Aunt Debby told him.

Blethering's and the cheery voice of Bobbie. Yes, the Moores were there. And June was located? Great! Stanch Bobbie was all eagerness when Ned said he wanted the Moores and Bobbie and Iris to come down to the Hotel Daniel.

He also telephoned Honorita Blye. Her shrill voice crackled over the telephone. She had just this minute got in from a wild goose chase after a bogus Gilbert Blye, but if he had been seen at the Hotel Daniel with Ned's runaway bride she'd be right down. Honorita called up her detectives and ordered them to report at the Hotel Daniel.

Meanwhile Gilbert Blye sat in conversation with jovial looking Orin Cunningham and a usually vivacious brunette whom both men called Tommy. Triumphantly Blye held before Tommy the address in his little memorandum book "Mrs. J. G. Day, Hotel Daniel."

He motioned the girl to follow him. She sat glumly. Orin Cunningham spoke to her sharply. With a flourish she rose and followed Gilbert Blye.

CHAPTER II. NED WARNER, standing diagonally across from the Hotel Daniel, where he could watch both the front and the side entrances, saw three short, thick men come single file up the side street and stop in front of the main entrance.

Shanks McGee had felt strangely listless and forlorn these past few minutes, for there was nothing inside or out. Suddenly the three short, thick detectives rounded the corner, and, gee, they were slinking! The world was once more a bright and happy place for Shanks.

"Say, kid," husked the shortest and the thickest—it was none other than Bill Wolf—"have you lapped a lengthy gink around here with whittled black chinchillas?"

That observant young person of the world began at the beginning, but he was so minute of detail that he had not yet reached the middle when Bill Wolf, looking through the plate glass windows of the Hotel Daniel, said "Sh!" and drew his two assistant detectives out of the range of poor Shanks McGee's quivering ears, and the three astute hounds of the law put their heads together in excited conference.

smile and the blue eyes and the white teeth, was the finest liar in the hotel. He had had a quarter and one of her compelling smiles from June and a glance from her lovely eyes, and he had run them down through the basement and out the rear servants' entrance and had told them a place to go where no one would ever find them.

Gone! The six shocked observers for the runaway bride hurried downstairs just as Honorita Blye stepped in, followed by Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavish.

"Where is he?" screamed Mrs. Blye. Bill Wolf advanced to do his happy duty.

"There he is, lady!" he shouted triumphantly, while Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavish snuck up, one on each side of the culprit. "Nab him, boys!"

"Mon Dieu!" cried the culprit as the four fat paws of Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavish clapped down on his arms. The rest of the objection was an incomprehensible polyglot jumble as, shrieking his indignation, the black bearded Frenchman strove to wrench himself free.

"Is that the man you mean?" hissed Honorita.

"That ain't the guy!" yelled Shanks McGee, who was willing to be kicked out now. "Gilbert Blye slunk in here after the beautiful goll and ducked into the subway when dis sport gives him the run! Gee!"

"This is the limit!" declared the clerk to one and all as strong porters and fat bell hops headed his way. "Get 'em out, Mike!"

Quite a little crowd had collected when suddenly a policeman appeared from around a corner and dispersed the mob, including Honorita.

That vigorous lady had barely turned the corner, heading for the avenue, when a brilliantly lighted, luxurious limousine stopped in front of the Hotel Daniel. Shanks McGee's eyes began to stretch as he saw the occupants, and he whistled in a complete circle in his efforts to locate without the loss of a second Bill Wolf and Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavish. They were trudging up the street in single file, heads down, hands in pockets. Even Blinky Peters had lost interest in the stars. The smacking footsteps of Shanks McGee aroused them.

"Gee!" exploded Shanks. "Crises! Gilbert Blye has doubled back wit another swell Jane! Beat it to the Daniel! And one of youse hotfoot it after the electric showcase and get the old woman! Gee!"

Wolf turned a commanding eye on Tavish.

"Hit 'er up!" he ordered. Sneaky drew a long, jerking breath and pulled his belt around him, cast a despairing look up the side street to where the little electric was twinkling, took the center of the car track and began laboriously to "hit 'er up."

In the meantime Gilbert Blye and Tommy Thoms had walked confidently up to the desk. The clerk without the flicker of an eyelid bent forward politely.

"Is Mrs. J. G. Day stopping here?" inquired Blye with great suavity.

"No, the lady is gone."

"Gone?" protested Blye and leaned forward to look over the register.

"Why, she came in only about an hour or so ago. She is—"

"Now, don't tell me who she is. I don't know whose wife the lady may be, and I don't want to know. She's gone!"

"Mon Dieu!" shrielled an excited voice, and Gilbert Blye found himself confronted by the decorative Frenchman. That excited individual surveyed Gilbert Blye's sleek black Vandyke and tweaked at his own and suddenly threw up both hands and began to laugh.

In that same moment Sneaky Tavish caught up with the electric coupe and

knuckles. With a parting gasp he dropped off backward.

Where was June while so many people were so busy about her? In a horse cab, with Marie and the clothes, far down near the East river, where, in full sight of all the barges and all the grimy shipping, they found a slice of a house, so narrow that it should have had a wathervane to keep it headed into the wind. It was three stories high and blackened with age, but there were geraniums and a cheerful light in the downstairs front windows. This was where the elevator boy's mother lived, and it was as clean inside as it was grimy out. She had a floor to let, furnished, two rooms and a real bath, tin and considerably dented, but kept fresh painted in spotless white.

"You say you want it quiet," said she, "and my son Sammy sent you here? Well, my husband, before he died, was the most popular policeman on the force, and the whole department, darlin', is your friends."

"Hello, young lady!" He held out his hand to Dolly Wiles with a familiarity permissible to the very young and to the very old of femininity, and the child took it hesitantly, with a shy upward glance at June. Her big gray eyes widened, however, as they fell on the limousine. She dropped the hand and ran forward to the machine.

"What a lovely car!" she exclaimed, patting it on its smooth, swelling side. "Just the kind mother wants, but daddy says we can't afford it."

Blye laughed lightly. "Would you like a spin around the park in it," he suggested, "you and your playmate here?" And he bowed.

Dolly, jumping up and down, was already tugging at the door handle, and Blye, laughing, opened it for her. Dolly gave a cry of positive joy as she saw the rich interior, and she was among the soft cushions in an instant.

"You haven't much choice," said the low voice of Blye, and he held the door open for June.

"This once." And she looked him squarely in the eye. He smiled.

June was thoughtful all through that delicious twenty minutes of riding. Blye—his dark face haunted her. Another face came to her—Ned! A great wave of homesickness swept over her.

They made their adieux rather hastily to Blye, for their time was a little more than up.

Just before dinner was called Mr. Wiles came home, and June happened into the library. It was Dolly's favorite place. Mrs. Wiles—she called her Woolly—was sitting on the arm of her husband's chair, her arm around his neck and his chin in the palm of her hand. With the other hand she was twisting a lock of his hair over and over her finger, and she was most distinctly and obviously wheeling him for money! His voice was low and protesting with as much sternness as a man can use when he is being charmed into docility. Woolly Wiles was locking the money in her little inlaid desk when June next saw her.

They were going out after dinner. There was some talk about ordering a car, and it needed but one word to give Dolly a start. The luxurious limousine of the black Vandyked man was the whole of her text. She rattled on and on and on about it, and as she talked the pretty face of Mrs. Wiles grew more and more distressed.

"Harry, dear," she said, "Dolly and I want a limousine! Please!" Dolly clapped her hands.

"After that limousine again," he gayly commented. "Not now, Woolly. Business is too bad."

"I don't like business," she laughed. "It's a mean old thing, isn't it, Dolly? Harry, please!"

"Get thee behind me, Woolly!" The man still laughed, but he began to look very seriously at his charming wife. "You'd get anything out of a man."

And his laugh was half vexed, altogether admiring.

Pretty Mrs. Wiles accepted that compliment prettily, but June, as she slipped out of the library unobserved, was hurt for the woman, for herself, for her kind, as her face betrayed. Here it was again—the endless, almost unvarying story of the woman dependent on the man's bounty and, in this case, getting all she could out of him.

Ned and his detectives on that day were down in the neighborhood of the Hotel Daniel scouring the district inch by inch, as it were, for some trace of the runaway bride, and wherever they went a small, fat nosed boy with one soiled newspaper under his arm slouched after them, sinking from tree to tree and from doorway to doorway.

Little Dolly Wiles awoke in the night to become aware of a light in the lower floor of the duplex apartment. Daddy! He was at work in the library, as he always was late at night here recently. Dolly felt herself privileged to say good night to daddy, so she slipped out and put on her bedroom slippers and her pretty little lounging robe and tripped downstairs.

June heard her go and dressed in like fashion. Harry Wiles had his books spread out before him and a pen behind his ear.

"Daddy, are you going to get mother a limousine?"

The man glanced over at his books and ran his hand across his brow.

"Well, I promised mother tonight," he admitted, with reluctance, and his face grew grave.

"Goody!" The little girl clapped her hands.

"But will it be a nice big limousine?" "Not an extraordinarily big one. Just a proper sized limousine for little girls like you and mother. Oh, come in, Woolly!"

"Hello, young lady!" He held out his hand to Dolly Wiles with a familiarity permissible to the very young and to the very old of femininity, and the child took it hesitantly, with a shy upward glance at June. Her big gray eyes widened, however, as they fell on the limousine. She dropped the hand and ran forward to the machine.

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"But will it be a nice big limousine?" "Not an extraordinarily big one. Just a proper sized limousine for little girls like you and mother. Oh, come in, Woolly!"

Mrs. Wiles in a stunning negligee stood in the library door.

"You want Dolly, of course," she said to June. "She's a born prowler, I think."

cheap little Beaver car would not stand in front of the Wiles' door. It did not. A good car brought Mrs. Wiles home the very next day.

Mrs. Ned Warner had been made tremendously thoughtful by the affairs of the little Wiles family. There was something wrong in the custom which made this condition possible. What was it? The position of donor and recipient. Neither the man nor the woman was really to blame. It was custom. And June knew what Mrs. Wiles would not admit to herself, if she suspected it, that the man was being constantly wheeled beyond his means.

Mrs. Wiles affected even to herself that his constant resistance toward expenditure was the normal attitude of a man toward the domestic spending of money. It was the woman's business to get all she could and the man's to resist.

The crash came sooner than June had expected. On the next evening after the limousine had come home there



Another Face Came to her. Ned!

walked into the house a grim jawed, hard eyed man of forty-five, on whose suit case were pasted foreign labels.

"Hello, Baker!" exclaimed Wiles, with cordiality.

"A little personal business," And Baker seated himself.

"How's the London branch?" asked Wiles by way of making conversation.

"Doing very nicely," was the curt reply, and Baker shook hands with Dolly. By and by the voices of the men rose as they became more interested in their conversation, and there floated up to June an emphatic speech of Baker's which she could not help hearing.

"You've spent it!" Baker's words were clean cut. "In my absence of a year and a half you've overdrawn your account \$50,000. Fifty thousand dollars was the exact amount of your investment. That makes us quits. You'll turn over your share of the business to me immediately."

"But that leaves me without a cent, without an income!" worried Wiles. He had no blame for his partner, nor was he as much crushed as he had expected to be. "I have a wife and a child, you know, Baker. I could no more refuse them anything than I could refuse bread to a starving child."

"That's the trouble." Baker's voice was not harsh. It was simply cold. "You've spoiled them. A wife should be a help to a man, and most of them would if they were given a chance. You made a toy of yours."

The next morning Mrs. Wiles came up to June. She had been crying, but there was a light in her eyes which was good to see.

"I am very sorry," she said simply. "We have had a business reverse, and we shan't be able to keep you. The fact of the matter is that we don't happen to have a cent in the house. I took all of Harry's pocket money yesterday, and I spent it yesterday afternoon. I—I—I—that isn't quite the truth," she suddenly blurted out. "We are absolutely broke. We haven't any money at all."

It hurt June to part with them. She had liked them all, and when the little girl hung around her neck they cried together, all three—June and Mrs. Wiles and Dolly.

Halfway up to the avenue June, walking along and dabbing her eyes occasionally, was confronted by some one. Blye!

"To the employment office," she told him, and showed him her little purse with a laugh.

"It's a shame that a pretty girl like you has to worry about money." And his coal black eyes gazed down at her glowingly.

He tried to detain her. Catching her gently by the arm, he tried to urge her into his car, using all the persuasiveness of his eyes and his smile and his suave courtesy, but she was obdurate.

Suddenly he jumped into his limousine and whirled away. He was at the employment agency before June reached it, and he had a cordial chat with the employment agency woman. He handed her an address and went away.

June was delighted when she secured an opening quickly and started out immediately for the place. For a moment June felt an intense dislike to the ugly looking house at the address given her and all that it might contain; then, laughing at her own fancies, she strode up the steps and rang the bell. The door swung open silently, but no one appeared. Wondering, June walked in, and the door slammed behind her.

Two minutes later Gilbert Blye walked up the steps, took a key from his pocket, inserted it into the lock and smiled.

CANADIAN RHODES SCHOLARS WITH THE COLORS.

ST. JOHN, April 17.—According to the Rhodes Trust regulations, each Province in Canada nominates one scholar to Oxford University annually. It is interesting to note how many of the Canadian Rhodes scholars, who would in normal times be in residence in Oxford, are now serving in some capacity either in the Army or Territorials or with the Red Cross Society. The following is a list of Canadian scholars, showing the Province from which they come, the date of their election to a scholarship, and the regiment in which they are serving.

- V. K. Mason, Nova Scotia, 1914, Clearing Hospital, Canadian Expeditionary Forces.
W. M. Billman, Nova Scotia, 1913, 16th Batt. (Universities and Public Schools) Middlesex Regiment.
A. N. Carter, New Brunswick, 1913, 2nd Lieut. 8th Batt. Yorks. and Lancs. Regiment.
A. L. Collett, Prince Edward Island, 1913, 2nd Lieut. 8th Batt. Gloucester Regiment.
W. F. Dyde, Alberta, 1913, 2nd Lieut. 9th Division R. F. A.
G. L. Hagen, British Columbia, 1913, 2nd Lieut. 15th Batt. Manchester Regiment.
W. B. G. Murray, Quebec, 1913, 2nd Lieut. Highland Light Infantry.
W. Nason, Manitoba, 1913, 2nd Lieut. 11th Batt. Sherwood Foresters.
A. Ewert, Manitoba, 1912, Red Cross work on the Continent.
D. N. Hossie, Saskatchewan, 1912, 2nd Lieut. 9th Division R. F. A.
A. N. King, British Columbia, 1912, 2nd Lieut. 9th Division R. F. A.
H. T. Reid, Nova Scotia, 1912, 2nd Lieut. 9th Division R. F. A.
F. M. Smith, New Brunswick, 1912, 2nd Lieut. Lancashire Fusiliers.
H. S. Smith, Ontario, 1912, 2nd Lieut. R. F. A.

CANADIANS READY TO SERVE AS AVIATORS.

OTTAWA, April 20.—The call issued a few days ago for volunteers for a Canadian aviation corps has brought forth scores of responses from young men anxious to join the service. The school is to be located at Toronto under direction of Captain Janney, while the Canadian aviator, J. A. McCurdy is to represent the British Aero Club as examiner. The organization is directed by the British and not the Canadian authorities and young men from 19 to 23 are favoured. In no case are they to be over thirty. Following an instructional course in Toronto they will be taken to England and further drilled in aerial manoeuvres before going to the front.

FAILED TO ESCAPE FROM ST VINCENT DE PAUL PENITENTIARY.

MONTREAL, April 20.—An attempted jail delivery was narrowly averted last night at St Vincent De Paul Penitentiary, when two guards were wounded. Lucien Leclair, a convict serving fourteen years for burglary and who entered the institution a month ago, sawed through two steel bars of his cell and escaped to the corridor. He is then felled the guard with a blow from one of the iron bars and took his rifle and shot a second guard who tried to arrest him. He was overpowered a few minutes later while engaged in turning a dial that would have liberated all the prisoners in that portion of the building.

WILL REPORT FOR CANADIAN PAPERS.

LONDON, April 17.—Sir George Perley states that W. L. Griffith, secretary of the Canadian High Commissioner's office, has joined the official journalistic tour of the allies' lines not as a substitute for Sir Max Aitken, but to give the Canadian papers an authorized report of the tour. Sir Max is the eye-witness for the Canadian troops, but the British authorities, through Sir George Perley, have invited the Dominion government to send a journalist to cover the general movements. In the meantime Sir George has persuaded Mr. Griffith to undertake the duty of representing Canada on the tour now being started.

AMERICAN SHIP AND CARGO IN COURT.

LONDON, April 15.—The American steamer Jos. W. Fordney and her cargo have been thrown into the prize court at Kirkwall. The Admiralty charges that the steamer attempted to evade search while bound with a cargo of forage for Malmö, Sweden. The Fordney sailed from New York March 20th for Malmö and was taken into Kirkwall on April 8th. A British prize crew took charge of her off the Norwegian coast. The Swedish steamer Hilding, from New York, March 10, for Copenhagen, which was detained at Kirkwall on March 31 was taken to Leith on April 9. The Admiralty alleges that the vessel had copper in her cargo which was not on the manifest.

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