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By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theatres.

THIRD EPISODE. June Finds Work.

CHAPTER I.

DOWN the boulevard from Brynport weaved and bumped and rattled a lone taxicab, with a high powered limousine steadily gaining on it.

"Perhaps I can offer your passengers the use of my machine," he suggested.

"There ain't anything else we can do, Miss June," she whispered.

"I suppose not," came a sweet voice from the taxi, and the face of a beautiful young girl appeared in the window.

"Thank you," she managed to murmur.

"I beg of you not to mention it. The favor is to me," Blye gallantly retorted.

"You'd better go, miss," husked the taxi driver. "This old tub'll be here tomorrow morning."

"Thank you," she managed to murmur.

"Why, you are the little runaway bride, the girl in the watch?" said Blye, leaning forward.

"Yes," and June blushed.

"You were kind enough on the train, Mr. Blye, to offer to let me buy my watch, and I'll take it now, if you please."

"I'm very sorry I haven't it with me. But I shall see you another time, I am sure." He came back from the forward seat and sat with her.

Back near the abandoned taxi there was a frantic group. Ned Warner, his face as set as if it had been chiseled from marble, stood in the center of the road with his fists clinched until his nails dug into his palms.

"You're to jump in with Mrs. Blye, Ned, and go straight on!" Iris shouted.

"Get right in! Don't waste a minute!" And she fairly shoved the grim young husband of June Warner into the seat by the side of the determined wife of the man with the black Vandyke.

At Blye's club the limousine stopped, while the black Vandyked man alighted. June smiled as she bade him good night, but she was very thoughtful nevertheless and troubled.

The limousine sped on to the address which Blye had given the driver. June studied the house earnestly. It was a smart looking building. The windows were brilliantly lighted, and in the parlor were three young ladies in rather striking evening dress.

Halfway to their destination June changed her mind. The modest hotel, she remembered, had a blazing lobby, and there was no way to pass in or out without being stared at. She gave the driver another address. Marie saw June's panic in her face. She found the little hands of June cold with nervous collapse.

"East!" she snapped to the driver. "I don't know the number. I'll tell you when we get there."

A few minutes later they stopped in front of a dingy looking building with no light in the vestibule. Marie jumped out and rang the doorbell. A woman came to the door. They exchanged a few brief words, and Marie ran down to the limousine.

"It's all right, Junie. Mrs. Boales has a nice back room for you and a cot for me."

June stepped from the car with a sigh of relief. A home of any sort was welcome now. It had been a long and exciting day.

"I know the room, Miss June," said Marie, sweeping past with her arms full of fluff.

"Where did you take her, Scatt?" Blye asked.

"She wouldn't stop at Mother Russell's," began Scatt confidentially.

"We know that," interrupted the gray mustached man, Orin Cunningham.

"There was no number on the house, boss, but I can find it."

"Drive us there," directed Blye. Down on the dingy east side street he tried earnestly to pin down Scatt's dizzied memory.

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was going to be so good to you," Marie pathetically observed. "and you ran away from him because he was. You should go back. My sister's husband beats her."

June shook her head. "Get me a newspaper, Marie," she requested.

June had a new problem to confront now. She must earn a living, and it was a subject which she had never considered except in the vague haze of romance.

Meanwhile Blye and Orin Cunningham drove to the house where Blye had first directed June.

"Send Tommy down," directed Blye, pacing the floor thoughtfully.

Scatt, storing many things in his mind, turned his swarthy face toward the window and presently saw Tommy come into the room, the vicious brunette girl whom June had seen.

"I want that gown!" she snapped. "Certainly, madam," said the saleslady.

"Tell her to take it off now," ordered the customer. "It's a charge account."

So June was unceremoniously rushed into her alcove and divested of the black velvet gown, while the charge account went up. The gown was taken away. The woman had a girl carry it to the credit department, said she had bought the gown, didn't care for it and wanted the money, \$135.

The manager of the credit department expostulated with the woman as far as diplomacy would permit. It was not unusual to have credit customers bring back goods and demand cash, but it was unusual to have it done so quickly.

The woman rejoined her friend in front of June's dressing alcove and triumphantly displayed the money. The husband of the customer came up, furious. He had been to the credit desk and discovered the deception.

It was at this moment that Blye appeared by the side of the gray mustached man, and with him was Tommy Thomas! Blye nodded his head to Cunningham and said something to Tommy. She strolled with quite evident reluctance across the floor.

"Your turn, dear," said the manager to June and frowned in the direction of the group.

"I give you everything you want," charged the man. "No woman in this town has more. You can go into any shop in New York and order what you like, and I pay your bills. Yet you graft on me!"

"You give me everything but money!" shrieked the woman. "I beg for every cent I get!"

To give on the one hand and to beg on the other! It was a striking illustration of the principle which had led June away from Ned. That the woman is and must remain an object of charity, depend upon the bounty of the man whom she marries! No matter how generous the man might be nor how penurious, the principle was the same.

"I would like to see that little white dress," he said, indicating June, who had on another frock.

"Certainly," replied the manageress. She hurried over to June and said, "Come, Therese!"

A warm hand caught June's wrist, and a voice said: "You're stunning! What's the fight about?"

"Tommy Thomas it was. The two girls stood listening. The gray mustached man rose. "If this is the sort of attention I receive in this shop I will give it no more of patronage," he declared angrily to the manageress.

Blye, smiling, saw the superintendent enter and called his attention to the gray mustached man, and the superintendent hurried over and met Orin Cunningham, whose cheeks puffed with anger.

"What is the matter?" asked the superintendent. "Matter?" blazed Cunningham. "I've been asking this saleswoman for half an hour to let me see that little white dress," he pointed to June, "and I am ignored, sir!"

The superintendent turned to the manageress. "Madam Edging, what is the trouble?"

"It's a new model," explained the manageress. "I can't get her to pay any attention to me."

"Then discharge her at once!" ordered the superintendent and turned on his heel.

Madam Edging stalked straight over to June. "You are discharged," she snapped. "Oh!" June was stunned.

"No excuses, please!" grated the manageress. "Madam!" called the vivacious Tommy Thomas, but madam only glared at her and stalked away, while June walked into her dressing alcove to know, with sympathy for all the other girls in her position, just how it feels to be discharged.

Meanwhile Tommy Thomas, the look of concern fading from her handsome countenance, hurried over and joined Orin Cunningham and Gilbert Blye. The three left the department.

to earn one's own living. She had a mingled exhilaration and depression in the contemplation of that remarkable experience.

As June peered out of her dressing alcove a middle aged man and woman paused in a vigorous argument. The woman wanted money, and the man would not give it. Then June was called and came out and paraded slowly down between the two long rows of chairs.

There were a hundred or more women and some men. Occasionally one of the women beckoned to her and made her turn and walk away and come back.

She had displayed perhaps half a dozen gowns when the middle aged man and woman obstructed her passageway as she came out of the alcove. They were still in an energetic dispute about the money. A hundred dollars the woman wanted, and she had to have it! The man finally left her.

A lady from a group where a gray mustached man with a pink face and jovial eyes was standing came over and spoke to the woman. The woman listened, her eyes following June as she walked in a beautiful black velvet dinner gown. The woman spoke to a saleslady.

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When June emerged from her dressing alcove Madam Edging was there and without a word gave her a little yellow envelope. With this in her hand June walked out into the street, saddened

with the realization that, after all, the way to independence is full of hardships and that bounty might have its advantages.

Gilbert Blye was waiting for her at the corner, suave, pleasant, smiling. She had never met a man who raised his hat with more courtly grace than he. He asked if he might walk with her a little way, and she saw no reasonable excuse to refuse him after his consideration of the morning. He sympathized with her, and he extended his walk to the door of her lodgings. He held her hand a moment overlong in parting, and the wheezing Mrs. Boales, her cold eye looking from the area window, saw him bending over her in smiling persuasion.

There were unhappy diners in New York that night. Ned Warner, afraid to leave the headquarters he had established, had his dinner brought in

by a thick thumbled waiter, who carried each course out into the hall and ate it himself, since Ned had scarcely touched it. June, her thoughts all on Ned and her father and mother, had her lonely meal in the little back bedroom with Marie to serve and to grieve over each unatended dish. John Moore and his wife, their faces gray, sat on opposite sides of the table, which had so suddenly become big, and sent back to round, black old Aunt Debby the delicacies she had prepared with such deep affection. June's collic, Bouncer, out in the shed nibbled perfunctorily at a chicken bone and rose whining at every sound. Bobbie and Iris Blething, the latter June's bosomest bosom friend, disgraced the hollow butler by omitting their salad and dessert and having their coffee right at the table.

Honoria Blye sat opposite the parrot and every time it squeaked shrieked at it to shut up. The abnormally ugly maid nearly had her head bumped for offering to remove the bird, and when during the offer she laid her hand on the cage the demon bit her finger until the blood came.

Bill Wolf, the fattest and widest of Honoria's detectives, later rang the Blye bell and bulked back to the dining room in excitement.

"Got him!" announced Bill. Gilbert Blye's wife was already on her feet.

"My hat and coat!" she shrieked to the abnormally ugly maid.

"Is she with him?" demanded Honoria.

"I don't know. My partners are watching the front and back doors. Come!"

Honoria bundled the fat, wide defective into her electric and started the machine.

"Where?" she dramatically demanded. "Riverside drive! I'll show you the place!"

"Is he still in, Blinky?" demanded Bill Wolf, tumbling out of the machine and landing right end up.

Blinky Peters was too good a detective to answer in words. He gave an upward toss of his round head and a wink of his fishlike eye and walked into the building with an air of not having seen Bill Wolf at all.

"Elth!" ordered Blinky, leaning over to whisper that magic word mysteriously into the ear of the curly haired elevator boy. The boy did not mind. He was used to all sorts. He sent up the elevator with a jerk. Out at the fifth floor. First door to the right. Now! A ring at the doorbell. Hush!

The door swung open, and immediately Bill Wolf pushed in. The others crowded after him.

"There he is, ma'am!" shouted Bill, plunging into the next room, and Honoria Blye saw in June Warner's drawing room the tall, lean, lanky detective with the sparse black beard, who was the caricature of her handsome husband! Ned Warner followed in from the reception room.

"What am I to understand by this, Mrs. Blye?" he inquired.

"You ought to know, you!" gruffly charged "Sneaky" Tavis, who had followed the others, and, whirling, he pointed at the caricature. "That's her husband!"

"Shut up!" squawked Mrs. Blye and went home.

Gilbert Blye at that time was quite far from the scene of Honoria's capture or even of Ned's wanderings. He was dining with Tommy Thomas, and a rather elderly woman, and a doll-like girl with swiftly advancing crows' feet at the corners of her eyes, and Orin Cunningham, and a heavy eyed, short haired, big man named Edwards, whom they called T. J. With the arrival of the coffee Blye told the time for a tiny gold watch, the only one he carried now.

"The runaway bride!" laughed Cunningham.

"I'm in a hurry," Blye explained, "I

old you when we came here that I had to leave at 8."

"Of course we know where you are going," Tommy challenged him.

June was sitting in her lonely little bedroom waiting for Marie, whom she had sent out to a drug store for toilet articles. Mrs. Boales suddenly knocked.

"A gentleman to see Miss Justin," she announced. "a gentleman with a black beard and a diamond ring and a gold filling in one tooth. He says it's Mr. Blye. I lit the parlor lamp for him."

June wondered what she should do. Ned Warner, riding aimlessly and disconsolately on a street car and looking out earnestly at every passerby, suddenly caught sight of one pedestrian who made his heart jump. Marie! She was jogging industriously along with a bundle under her arm and a very clear idea of direction apparent in her very speed. Ned ran after her. At the Boales door Marie heard the sound of running footsteps, turned with normal curiosity, saw Ned, let herself in at the door and closed it with a slam, snapped on the night lock and flew upstairs.

"He's coming, Miss June!" she cried. "Mr. Ned!"

Ned! June's heart leaped within her, and for a moment she was flooded with a mad impulse to run down and be folded in his arms and forgiven. No! She must be strong for her own sake and for his, for the sake of their ultimate mutual self respect and the fullness of the love which can be founded on that alone.

"Meet me at that little hotel to which we were first going," she directed Marie hastily, and, snatching her hat and coat, she hurried down the stairs and out of the back door.

June had forgotten Gilbert Blye absolutely, but he had not forgotten her. He had been requested to wait, and Mrs. Boales, having correctly guessed that June wanted the invaluable Marie present at the interview, had been kind enough to inform Blye to that effect. Blye saw June in flight and followed her.

Mrs. Boales answered a violent knocking at the door to find herself confronted by the wild eyed Ned Warner.

"Where is my wife?" he demanded. "What's her name?"

"Warner, Mrs. Ned Warner!"

"No. There's a Mr. Wompe here, but she says her husband's dead, and a Mrs. Smith. Her husband gets home every Saturday night. And—say, what's her first name?"

"June. She's here! I saw her maid just come in! Marie! Where are they?"

"That's her!" Mrs. Boales was pleased. "Some calls her Moore and some Warner and some Justin, but her name's always June. There's a black whiskered man here to see her now. Name's Blye. He's in the parlor." And she craned in at the parlor door with scarcely a shift of her position.



Gilbert Blye Was Waiting For Her at the Corner.



June Hurried Down the Stairs.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO PATRIOTIC FUND. Previously acknowledged: \$11,082.11. His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor, City, \$25; (account payment) \$100, 3rd payment; Henry Calbeck, City, \$2; Proceeds, Social Christian Endeavor Society, New Perth, per Frank McNeil, \$19; contribution from Al- berton, per John Agnew, \$449.19; Colonel F. S. Moore, City, \$25, 3rd payment, on account of \$100; W. T. Huggan, City, \$5, (March payment); M. A. Barron, City, \$4; W. E. Burke, City, \$5, (March and April payment); Percy Barlow, City, \$5; Proceeds, P. C. Social, Murray Har- bour, per M. H. Prosser, \$52.67; W. K. Rogers, City, \$30, (March, April, May payments); Bonshaw de- bating club, per J. A. McManus, \$8.50; John Williams, City, \$4 (March and April payments); Hon. B. A. McDonald, Cardigan, \$25; Rev. J. C. McMillan, Cardigan, \$10; Allan Shaw, Cardigan, \$5; George F. Dockerty, Cardigan, \$3; L. H. Dou- glas, Cardigan, \$2; P. D. Murphy, Cardigan, \$3; Malcolm McDonald, Cardigan, \$2; Geo. McEachern, Car- digan, \$1; Charles Bradley, Car- digan, \$1; A. S. McDonald, Cardigan, \$1; Robert McLaren, Cardigan, \$1; C. B. Clay, Bridgetown, \$1; Wm. Wilson, Cardigan, \$1; Michael Campbell, Cardigan, \$1; D. H. Swan, Cardigan, \$1; Donald McKenzie, Car- digan, \$4; Richard Green, Cardigan, \$1; Francis Campbell, Cardigan, \$1; Wm. Curran, Cardigan, \$1; J. A. Sterns, Bridgetown, \$3; Edwin H. Clay, Bridgetown, \$3; Stewart Hun- ter, Bridgetown, \$2; Henry A. Bur- dette, Bridgetown, \$2; Jas. A. Ste- arte, Bridgetown, \$2; John N. Mc- Leod, Bridgetown, \$2, (on account of \$5 subscription); Laughlin McKay, Bridgetown, \$1, (on account of \$5 subscription); Calvin Hunter, Bridge- town, \$1; Jas. P. Acorn, Bridge- town, \$1; Jas. McDonald, Bridge- town, \$1; H. D. McEwen, Bridge- town, \$1; E. L. Burdette, Bridge- town, \$1; Joseph Campbell, Bridge- town, \$1; A. D. Campbell, Bridge- town, \$1; D. A. McKenzie, Bridge- town, \$1; S. W. McBeth, Bridge- town, \$1; Neil McBeth, Bridgetown, \$1; W. G. Miller, Bridgetown, \$1; N. Miller, Bridgetown, \$1; Earl Jenkins, Bridgetown, \$5; W. G. McSwain, Bridgetown, \$1; D. Nicholson, Bridgetown, \$1; Jas. B. Acorn, Bridgetown, \$1; Alex. Acorn, Bridge- town, \$1; J. W. Campbell, Bridge- town, \$1; J. D. McMaster, 50c; Leo, McMaster, Bridgetown, 50c; W. S. Finlayson, Bridgetown, 50c; Walter Richards, Bridgetown, 50c; Samuel McKenzie, Bridgetown, 50c; Arthur F. Ross, Bridgetown, 50c; Jas. Tait, Jr., City, \$1, (April payment). Total subscriptions from public to date, H. W. BINNING, 9519-16MELL.

FLOODS FEARED IN GERMANY. BERLIN, April 12.—The Rivers Rhine, Moselle and Neckar and their tributaries are rising rapidly. The Mayence region is threatened with inundations.

MAKING MACHINES PAY An instrument known as a machine recorder has been recently marketed and its builders claim that it gives this much needed information and in consequence greatly reduces factory cost. The recorder has electrical connections with every machine in the factory, each machine making an individual record of its performance upon a continuous strip of paper. The record strip is divided into minutes by horizontal lines having indicating numbers at the left margin, each division of five being indicated by a heavy line and a figure. When a machine is running on productive work a recording pen draws a continuous vertical line until the machine is stopped, the strip keeps on moving, indicating the time lost between jobs. A schedule is kept of the time required for each operation in the plant, and the recorder indicates whether the machine is being operated at its full speed or cut by the length of the time consumed in the operation assigned to do it. It will also show how much time the workman consumes in removing the finished work from the machine and replacing the new.

MILK BOTTLES USED AS SAFE. An Irvington man just as he was going out one evening, bethought himself of a good-sized "wad" in his pocket-book which he did not care to carry about, as hold-ups are not infrequent in Indianapolis. Being in a hurry, he disposed of it the quickest and handiest way, which was to poke it down an empty milk bottle that stood in the kitchen sink. Then he went about his business and forgot all about the money. After he had gone his wife gathered up all the milk bottles in the house and put them with the ticket out on the front porch. Next morning, after hubby had gone to business, the wife was called to the front door by the milkman, who held in one hand enough milk tickets to last almost a year, and in the other an alluring display of the paper of the realm. He looked pleased, but at the same time puzzled and doubtful. "I ain't got no more tickets with me—maybe you'd better not take so many this time," he said; then continued cautiously. "Have you been reading anything in the papers about milk going up? Is the war going to effect prices?" The woman was bewildered and was now enlightened when she learned of the slysterious "wad" in the bottle. However, she thought she had better delay any wholesale investment in milk tickets. Finally—a telephone ring and a frantic message from hubby. "Say, did you happen to find about 50 'beans' in a milk bottle in the safe?" "Wifey put this and that together. No, I didn't happen to find any beans, but I've saved enough to supply soap for the rest of our lives. The salvage is \$5 and you're getting off cheap at that."—Indianapolis News.