

# RUNAWAY JUNE

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

LATEST FROM THEATRES

## FIFTH EPISODE

### A Woman in Trouble.

#### CHAPTER I.

**F**AT old black Aunt Debby was dressed in her best marketing clothes, the green percale with the big yellow flowers, and the little blue hat with the nodding red poppies was set far forward on her kinkless wig. The marketing trip to the city had been one of Aunt Debby's chief joys, but today the buoyancy and the high pitched laugh of excitement were absent.

"You'll stop at Ned's for Mr. Moore, Debby," said Mrs. Moore.

"Yassum," Aunt Debby stole a glance at June's portrait on the wall. "You—you ain't heard nothin' yet of Miss June?"

At the sound of that name Bouncer rose instantly, head up, ears perked, tall wagging, eyes eager, mouth open. He was at the window with his paws on the sill and ready to bark. He whined instead and dropped his paws to the floor.

Where was June? That puzzling problem filled the entire mind of Aunt Debby as by the side of the driver she



Today the Buoyancy and High Pitched Laugh Were Absent.

spun into the city in the Moore limousine. And that puzzling problem filled the entire mind of John Moore as he sat in his office.

Where was June? A dozen private detectives were scouring the city of New York for her, and they reported to a stern faced young man who sat in the lonely apartments which June and he had fitted up to be their nest, his only companion a miniature of his lovely bride.

Where was June? Who was this mysterious Gilbert Blye? What was his power over Ned Warner's bride? Ned seized his hat and strode forth into the streets in his never ending search for June.

At that moment the door of a strange house had slammed abruptly behind beautiful June Warner. And Gilbert Blye had furnished this address to June's employment agency.

A blonde looking page girl inspected June impudently in the dim light of the hall, then with a significant grin left June standing there and swaggered through a door at the end of the hall. June was startled as that door opened and a blaze of light came out with the chatter of many shrill voices. In there, amid wreaths of curling blue smoke, moved handsomely gowned women, and many of them nonchalantly puffed at cigarettes. At that instant the smiling Gilbert Blye's key grated in the lock.

A large yellow haired woman came hurrying from the salon with June's employment agency card in her hand.

"Right this way, honey," she rasped in a voice to which the honey was foreign, and she led the way to a small side room at the left of the salon. As June reluctantly entered the strangely furnished little room at the left Gilbert Blye came in at the front door.

With a smile upon his lips and glinting in his dark eyes he hurried straight back toward the little room in which stood June, now alone and frightened.

At that instant a huge, clumsy maid came tumbling up from the basement, followed by a puff of yellow smoke. With her eyes distended and her mouth open, ready for the yell of "Fire!" she rushed to the door of the salon, but before she could reach it Gilbert Blye had her roughly by the arm and pushed her through the door which led to the basement. He stood staring at the smoke which came curling ominously through that opening, glanced again toward June's room and dashed down the stairs.

That was a strangely furnished little room in which June found herself. There were two desks and a filing cabinet and some office chairs, but there were a luxurious couch and fancy hangings, a soft rug and pink paneled walls and ceiling. It was all incongruous. And the work-it was never too. The yellow haired woman came in from the parlor presently and

explained the posting into small blank books of many memorandum slips. Each slip contained the name of a woman and a sum of money. There were no slips for men, but there were index cards about men. June puzzled as to what sort of business this might be.

The page girl swished in with one of the memorandum slips. The yellow head, whose face was puffy and more highly colored than was wholesome, took the slip, looked at the name on it, frowned, shook her head and went out with the girl. She entered the salon and stood surveying the scene with cold abstraction. Around a long table sat the women whom June had seen. They all had cards in front of them and stacks of playing chips, and a raw-boned woman sitting on a higher chair than the rest was dealing. The yellow haired woman fixed her attention on the gambler next to the dealer. She was a stuffy blond with a feverish glitter in her eyes, and she was bent so intently upon the fall of the cards that she did not notice the door open and close.

Poor June! She glanced about her with growing repugnance. She was abjectly miserable, and suddenly she was sobbing.

Ned! Why had she run away from him?

In the gambling room the stuffy blond who had played so feverishly staked and lost the last chip in front of her. She turned impatiently to look for the page girl. She met instead the cold, hard eye of the yellow haired woman, who quietly motioned her. The player rose reluctantly, and right came into her face as she followed into the hall and to the little office where June had been installed.

"You've reached the limit, Mrs. Perry," announced the yellow haired woman, turning on the unlucky one sharply as she closed the door. Here is the I. O. U. Belle brought to me. I have not O. K.'d it.

"It's only for \$50," faltered Mrs. Perry.

"I wouldn't O. K. it for 50 cents," snapped the other. "Now, I want action. You'll telephone your husband from this room."

"No, no!" The woman wrung her hands. "I'll talk to him tonight!"

"I know that game," she scorned, and from June's desk she took an index card.

"Eight-o-eight-o Garden," she told the new secretary. "Ask for Mr. Perry, and say that his wife wishes to speak with him."

"No!" cried Mrs. Perry hysterically, and reached over June's shoulder to take the phone. The new secretary had made no move toward the phone. She was staring at the yellow haired woman in astonishment. That determined person was not one to wrangle in emergencies. She snatched up the phone herself and called the number.

"You women think I'm a mark," she scornfully stated to Mrs. Perry while she waited. "You'd sting me for a thousand dollars rather than sting your husband for it. See this card?" She held it out. It contained the name of Jackson W. Perry, his business address, his home address, his financial rating, probable income, clubs and telephone numbers. And the unfortunate Mrs. Perry seemed to shrink into hopeless despair as she realized the implacable organization against which she had pitted herself. "Mr. Perry, please," The yellow haired woman's voice had undergone a complete change. It was very pleasant of inflection, though it rasped. "His wife wishes to speak with him."

She handed over the telephone, and June, seeing Mrs. Perry's unsteadiness, rose and compassionately gave the woman her chair. The yellow haired one walked calmly over to her own desk and took up the extension phone.

June looked at her hat and coat. She seemed quite bewildered. She could not quite understand what this was all about, but she did know that it was all unpleasant and heartless and degrading. She was starting to go when something on Mrs. Perry's face touched her sympathies and held her.

"Yes, it's Gwen," trembled Mrs. Perry, her nervous fingers clutching desperately to keep the quaver from her voice. "I—I hope I haven't interrupted anything important."

"Not very." The man's voice could be heard distinctly outside the phone.

"Jack"—the voice was full of pleading—"I—I have to have some money."

The frown of the yellow haired woman deepened as she listened to the man's reply.

"I know it's a week before my allowance is due," urged Mrs. Perry, and now she turned her eyes imploringly toward the stony, yellow haired one.

"But I just must have it! Eight hundred dollars!"

The man's voice boomed an incredulous exclamation over the wire; then a sharp question.

"Why—why, it's to pay bills! Yes, yes, Jack, I know I was supposed to keep them paid out of my allowance! I didn't want to tell you this until we could sit down quietly together, only they're pressing me for payment! And the allowance isn't enough, Jackson! Yes, I know you've raised it—oh!"

The man's heavy voice had interrupted her calmly, coldly. She sank back limply in the chair.

June hung up the receiver. She was surprised to see the yellow haired woman put up her own phone and come across the room with a benign expression.

"Cheer up," she advised. "Hubby's all right."

Mrs. Perry straightened up.

"Yes," she said and moistened her lips. "he said that he'd go over those bills with me tonight."

"I heard him myself." And the yellow haired woman grinned across at June. "Here's your I. O. U., dearie. I've O. K.'d it. You better go in and play awhile for your nerves."

The terrified little blond looked up incredulously. It was as if she had been given a drink of some strong stimulant, and she clutched eagerly at the memorandum slip. Perhaps with that she could win back all that she had lost!

"Thank you!" she gasped and hurried from the room.

The other woman grabbed her phone. "Eight-o-eight-o Garden!" she called. "Hello! Mr. Perry, please. This is his wife's friend."

June moved for her hat and coat.

"Hello, Mr. Perry! Say, your wife is at 48 Kingsley court gambling, and she's going to be exposed in half an hour if you aren't here to pay her debts."

The man at the other end of the wire apparently took a moment to gasp for breath; then the wire boomed.

"All right, bring the police if you want," snapped the yellow haired woman. "I guess I can stand the notoriety if you and your wife can. And, say, checks don't go. Bring cash. It's eight-fifty now."

June stood aghast. A gambling house!

#### CHAPTER II.

**O**N the corner near Mrs. O'Keefe's home Officer Grady walked over to lift his cap politely and to help Marie across the street with her empty market basket. Two blocks up Officer Dowd carried her basket two blocks off his beat to where Officer Keran held up the traffic both ways while she described the chicken potpie she intended to make for dinner. All this was, first, because the Widow O'Keefe's husband had been the most popular man on the force and, second, because Marie, plain of feature though she was, had found herself an unexpected knack for pleasing policemen.

In the market June's maid, companion and protector wandered from stall to stall, selecting her tiny purchases of fruit and vegetables. She was just deciding on the tremendously important selection of the chicken itself when suddenly an avalanche of flaming color fell upon her and a voice cried:

"You, Marie? What's Miss June? I say, what's Miss June?"

Aunt Debby! Her two fat black hands were gripped on Marie's arm. A crowd began to gather immediately. Marie straightened herself stiffly.

"I do not know you!" she declared. "You don't know me!" Aunt Debby wheezed, her broad bosom jumping up and down. "You say you don't know me! Ain't I Debby? Ain't you Marie?"

Marie with a sudden jerk freed herself from that earnest grasp and would have been far down the street had it not been for the thickening crowd. Aunt Debby, plunging forward with unbelievable agility, threw both arms around her.

"What's the matter here?" The gruff voice of a big policeman.

"I want that woman took in charge!" panted Aunt Debby, and she rolled her eyes.

"Oh, you do!" And the officer of the law turned on Marie an eye which was perfectly ready to be suspicious in spite of its disinclination. "What's the charge?"

The voice of Aunt Debby rose shrilly triumphant.

"She done stole my pocketbook!"

It was Marie's turn to look astounded.

"Oh, she did! When? Here in the market?"

"Yes, sir, she did. Right up yah at the chicken stand!"

"Well, what's that on your arm?" And Aunt Debby's eyes dropped as she saw the stern gaze of the policeman fixed on the rusty old hand bag which

the woman's lip curled.

"Want to see her with the goods? Well, Jackson, if you'll promise to believe I'll show her to you through a peephole."

The man's fists clinched convulsively. "You'd better pass over my eight-fifty first," said the yellow haired woman.

"Just a minute, please." A sweet voice, low, gentle, cultured—no such voice as the man had expected to hear in this place. He was equally impressed when he turned and saw the beautiful young girl who had glided through the rear door, her face full of serious purpose.

"Who rang for you?" snapped the yellow haired woman, her eyes flaming with instant resentment.

"I stayed in this house for no other reason than to see Mr. Perry," announced June, with no trace of timidity about her.

"What do you know about this?"

"Mrs. Perry is in deep trouble and needs your help."

"She had no reason to be in trouble. I give my wife an ample allowance." The man turned from June.

"You give it." Across June's mind there flashed again the whole of her own vital problem—that whatever the wife has must come from the husband in the nature of charity. She saw herself again as the piteous little beggar before Ned, whom she loved, and she saw Mrs. Perry in that same attitude before this stern husband. "What right have you to call it a gift?"

The man stopped and turned to June with a puzzled brow. She had set astr in him a new thought. She had set "This angel of mercy stuff is bad for profits," rasped the voice of the yellow haired woman. "But I can't overlook a chance like this. I give your kind, Jackson Perry. You give your wife an allowance that covers everything but emergencies. You figure the plumber to come in four times a year, and if he comes in four she loses. If she has a mad passion to treat a few of her friends to ice cream sodas she has to wait till next month's allowance day. If she ever saved \$25 you'd reduce her pay. I'll bet this poor little wife of yours got into trouble through

gripped her thick forearm. She had forgotten that detail in her planning. "Open it up," ordered the officer, who opened it himself. It had bills and silver in it, Aunt Debby's reading spectacles and her farsighted ones, some peppermint lozenges, brunette face powder and a tea biscuit.

"Well—well—well!" gulped Aunt Debby, her eyes batting. "She done stole my other pocketbook!"

"That's enough!" growled the officer. "No negro ever had two pocketbooks. What have you got to say, miss?" And he was quite respectful to Marie.

"I don't know her, Mr. Officer," smiled Marie.

"You, Marie," screamed Aunt Debby, "you say you don't know me?"

"Go on about your business," ordered the big policeman.

"I don't leave this spot without that girl!" declared Aunt Debby, planting her fists on her hips and spreading her feet apart. Then the outraged majesty of the law asserted itself.

"Hey, Billy! Call the wagon!" it yelled.

"Please don't arrest her!" begged Marie.

She was too late; the wagon had been called.

"Sorry, miss," said the officer who had first interfered, "but this party went too far." And he turned to help toss the culprit in.

"Oh, Mr. Dowd!" The voice of Marie was suddenly bright and care free.

The three policemen who had been assisting Aunt Debby turned quickly as Officer Dowd pushed smilingly through the crowd to the side of Marie.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired. Marie whispered her explanation.

"Let the smoke go, boys," requested Officer Dowd carelessly. "It's all a mistake."

"Now you hike!" ordered the policeman and gave Aunt Debby a poke in the ribs.

Slowly she waddled to the chicken market, where she found her basket intact in the stall of the poultryman, and slowly she walked up a block to the adjacent avenue, where stood the Moore limousine.

"Jerry," she called as she climbed breathlessly to her seat by the driver. "I done seed Marie! And what she goes Miss June is!"

The car was already started.

"Where?" asked Jerry, all quivering eagerness.

Aunt Debby's eyes rolled. She could talk no more, but she made a circular motion with her hand, and Jerry understood.

There seemed to be small profit in circulating, and after a few minutes of this tedious process Aunt Debby, who seemed to be tremendously prolific of ideas today, said:

"Mistah Ned!"

To Ned's they drove, and within five minutes after Aunt Debby's excited report Ned Warner and John Moore and three long and lanky detectives were headed for the market, with Jerry and Aunt Debby up in front. At that point they scattered, and it was Ned whose inquiries after Marie led all the way to Officer Dowd.

#### CHAPTER III.

**A** HEAVY jawed, firm mouthed, square headed and level eyed man stopped at the door of 48 Kingsley court and rang the bell with a vigorous jerk.

"Mr. Perry," he announced bluntly.

"Yes, sir," replied the impudent page girl, by no means abashed, and she threw open the parlor door. "Right in here." She grinned as she switched on the lights for him and saw that he was oppressed by the fact of the drawn curtains.

The yellow haired woman found him standing solidly in the center of the room, facing the door.

"Where is my wife?" he loudly demanded.

"Don't bark at me!" snapped the yellow haired woman.

The man abated none of its intensity as he repeated his demand.

"In a minute." The yellow haired woman was quite calm and collected.

"I don't mind turning over a parlor to settle a domestic scrap, but I want my bill settled first. Eight-fifty."

"How do I know that she is guilty of gambling? How do I know that she is here?"

The woman's lip curled.

"Want to see her with the goods? Well, Jackson, if you'll promise to believe I'll show her to you through a peephole."

The man's fists clinched convulsively. "You'd better pass over my eight-fifty first," said the yellow haired woman.

"Ready with that fire?" she yelled.

"It's ready, all right," replied the page girl, bursting out of the basement door, and with her came a tremendous cloud of smoke. It poured into the hall and into the salon. The page girl was choking with it. "They fooled the first one, and the boss has been fighting ever since, trying to keep the shack from burning down."

June rushed out through the hall.

"Not that way!" called the page girl. "The cops are at the door! Wait for the firemen!"

The explanation of that was slow in coming to June. When the yellow haired woman sent for a husband she had always to fear the police, and the only way to foil a raid was to confuse it with a fire.

Thoroughly frightened, June turned back toward the salon, and as she passed the basement door she saw coming up through the rolling yellow smoke the dark, black vandyked face of Gilbert Blye!

"This way!" called the yellow haired woman and with a jerk of a tasseled curtain cord drew aside the great yellow hangings of the salon windows, which ran to the floor.

The terrified woman threw open the windows in an instant and were out on the latticed balcony, down the steps and through the yard to the walled park fronting on the other side.

As June sped away she heard the clout of the fire engines and the hoarse shouts of the gathering crowd in front of 48 Kingsley court.

Blye had dashed after her, but he reached the street only in time to see her boarding a downtown car. He caught the next one.

All unconscious that she was pursued and grown careless by her three days of safety in the Widow O'Keefe's thoroughly protected house, June alighted at her usual corner and hur-

ling \$2 in a friendly penny auction game, and she's been trying to overtake it ever since.

A gentle hand was laid on the man's arm.

"You will help her?" The low, sweet voice was full of more than appeal; it was full of trust and confidence.

There was a slight convulsive heaving of Perry's shoulders, but that was all. He drew out a pocketbook and counted some money into the yellow haired woman's hand.

"Now, bring Gwen to me," he said, and his voice had no harshness, his eyes no sternness, his smile no bitterness.

With moist eyes June hurried from the room. She was glad that she had stayed here, glad that she had come, very glad indeed, but now she was in



She Saw the Dark, Black Vandyked Face of Gilbert Blye.

a hurry to go! The yellow haired woman overtook her in the hall, and she patted June on the shoulder.

"You're all right, Peachie," she approved, "but remember this, the fixer gets the blisters."

June was putting on her hat and coat when Mrs. Perry wonderingly followed the yellow haired woman through the hall. It was yellow headed regular plan of campaign to confront people without previous explanation. It saved wear and tear on the nerves.

A moment later there was a shriek, and as June came to the door Mrs. Perry, her eyes wild and her hair flying, came rushing back through the hall. She had gone only as far as the parlor door and at the first sight of her husband had run, overwhelmed with unreasoning terror. Back into the salon Mrs. Perry fled and to her place next the dealer. With snakelike swiftness she jerked open the money drawer beneath the dealer's card box and snatched from it the shining revolver which she had so often seen there.

There was an instant's commotion, shrieks of fright, an overturning of chairs, as with a wild cry the woman swiftly raised the revolver to her temple. Before she could press the trigger, however, June's strong young arm had thrown up the woman's wrist, and the bullet which would have ended Mrs. Perry's life went into the ceiling.

June looked at the woman, and the call came from his heart. He had feared that she was dead, but she opened her eyes as he took her in his arms, and there in the midst of that frantic commotion their lips met in the kiss of a new betrothal.

The yellow haired woman had waited only to see Perry clasp his wife in his arms; then, leaving wide the salon door, she rushed toward the basement door.

"Ready with that fire?" she yelled.

"It's ready, all right," replied the page girl, bursting out of the basement door, and with her came a tremendous cloud of smoke. It poured into the hall and into the salon. The page girl was choking with it. "They fooled the first one, and the boss has been fighting ever since, trying to keep the shack from burning down."

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she must. They would be far, far happier when, earning her own living, she could go to him independently, exchanging love for love, not love for charity.

Ned Warner at that moment was approaching the little cracked Cupid of the fountain, and as he came down smiling Duck alley his mind was in a whirl of savage fury. Gilbert Blye! Everywhere that Ned or his detectives had found a trace of June they had found a trace of Blye. Even now the scoundrel was in this vicinity searching, as Ned was, for June. Or was he following to join her? Ned Warner clenched his fists, and his face blackened with passion.

And Blye? He was only a few rods away. He was coming down diagonal Deshley street, and he was at about the same distance from the corner of Tim Courky's saloon as was Ned on Duck alley. From her third story window of the O'Keefe house June happened to glance out. In the gathering dusk she saw the two figures steadily approaching the corner, where they would meet under the light; then as Ned Warner's deadly clutch gripped around the throat of Gilbert Blye she would be able to recognize their up-turned faces.

It was then that Officer Moran and Officer Toole made a pleasant evening to Tim Courky and strode side by side out of the door in the point of the wedge just as Ned Warner and Gilbert Blye approached the light. Ned Warner with murder in his heart and Gilbert Blye all unconscious of his peril, and Officer Moran turned left, and Officer Toole turned right.

"Have you seen a girl wearing a fur cap with a green tassel?" asked Ned Warner and Gilbert Blye almost simultaneously of Officer Moran and Officer Toole.

"I did," Officer Moran replied. "She was here only a few minutes ago and dropped a letter in a box."

"Does she live down this way?" asked Ned.

"Never saw her before," Officer Moran impressed Ned's features on his memory. "I think she took an uptown car."

He hurried away.

Officer Toole was not quite so quick in his mind, because he was more elaborate. He held a thick forefinger in the deep dimple of his chin.

"A girl with a fur cap and a green tassel over one ear," he repeated, making the normal gesture for the tassel, as the black vandyked man had done. "Oh, yes, a girl with a green tassel over one ear! Yes, there was a girl with a red tassel over her ear playin' shiny here this mornin', but she was a little girl, Pat Casey's Maggie. And there was a girl with a blue tassel down here yesterday workin' for an orphan's benefit." All this by way of assembling his mind while he studied Gilbert Blye whisker by whisker. "But the girl with the green tassel—rather a small young lady, roundlike, and a pretty face, with a smile!"

"Yes!" Blye was all eagerness.

"Well, I don't know anything about her myself, but I think I saw such a girl askin' a question of Officer Morrissey, two blocks beyond."

Blye looked up the street to where, against the hill, Officer Morrissey stood, gaunt and stiff, handling his tangle of dray traffic.

"Thank you." And Blye struck out for Officer Morrissey.

That busy person scarcely looked at the man with the black vandyke; just one roll of his gray eye.

"No."

"Oh! Mr. Blye was very much disappointed. "The officer below said that he had seen such a girl talking to you."

"Yes, I remember. She asked me the time of day, and she headed over this way."

"Over this way?" was at right angles to Blye's previous course. By the time

he reached Traffic Officer Schmetz's Patrolman O'Malley had carried the word to that corner from Officer Toole, so that Schmetz was prepared for the coming of Blye, and by the time Blye got away from Schmetz the word was all through the district.

"Have you seen a girl wearing a fur cap with a green tassel over one ear?" Gilbert Blye had asked this question of fourteen policemen. Something struck him as familiar in the way this one held a thick forefinger in the deep dimple of his chin. It was Officer Toole again.

"Sure," said Officer Toole, with remarkable promptness. "She went by here not a minute ago. Right that way." And he pointed up the hill toward Officer Morrissey; then as Blye started off, panting, he held his side

### NEW YORK HIPPODROME.

The New York Hippodrome still continues the policy of unique and diversified entertainment which was first established seven weeks ago and which has since been presented with really extraordinary success.

This week a complete change of programme is being revealed on the tremendous stage of the "world's largest playhouse." The permanent operatic organization assisted by the symphony orchestra and the large chorus, is presenting what Stage Director Temple calls a "costume musical."

The waltz themes from upwards of a dozen of the most popular light operas produced in the last quarter century are being sung in costume. These include the famous waltzes from "The Merry Widow," "The Purple Heart," "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," "The Beggar Student," "The Pirates of Penzance" and a number of others. Strauss' famous "The Beautiful Blue Danube" will also be rendered.

A new series of illustrated fountains has been arranged and the facilities of the great tank are being tested nightly in the presentation of a beautiful water spectacle. The symphony orchestra renders a programme of classical and popular music and there are solos by several of the operatic singers.

The motion picture part of the programme includes the projection of a stirring dramatic feature photo-play entitled "When It Strikes Home" made from a scenario written by Charles K. Harris, the popular song writer. It tells the story of the unique reverence of a discarded wife and its features Miss Grace Washburn, the famous stage beauty. There is also being shown a Charles Chaplin comedy and the Mutual Weekly Review of current events.

The management of the New York Hippodrome is particularly anxious to emphasize the fact that the entertainment now being offered there is not a mere "picture show," but a spectacular show of Hippodrome proportions with motion pictures de luxe as an added feature. Such feature pictures as are shown are presented for the first time anyway and are projected under the most spectacular auspices possible.

Announcement will be made tomorrow of the play which is to follow "Common Clay."

The New York had her lifeboats all swung out on leaving Liverpool, on account of the presence of submarines in the Irish Channel, Captain Roberts said, but he did not sight any.

OTTAWA, April 28.—The important announcement was made at noon today by Major-General Hughes that the third and fourth Canadian contingents will be mobilized at the earliest possible moment.

The troops in training at different divisional points in the various provinces will now proceed to camps for additional training as follows: Nova Scotia, Aldershot; New Brunswick, Sussex; Quebec, Valcartier; Ontario, Kingston, Niagara Falls and London; Manitoba and Saskatchewan, at Scowell; Alberta and British Columbia, cavalry, at Calgary; British Columbia troops other than cavalry at