

# Shoes That Make Good

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are the cheapest. You cannot afford to take chances on unknown, cheap brands. Our shoes have been tried out and proven to give satisfaction.



## CHILDREN'S SHOES

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repair their respective tires, but Iris Bletcher, who had indulged in a few violent sobs as a preliminary to further action, suddenly discovered the economic waste. "Here, Bobbie," she called, "get back and help Jerry and let our car go. There's room for all of us in the limousine."

Up came Mrs. Blye's auto. "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. The electric rolled away at its utmost speed.

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. Blye stood on the steps of the club and gazed after the receding car with a smile of satisfaction.

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. June gave the driver the address of a modest hotel.

Halfway to their destination June changed her mind. The modest hotel, she remembered, had a blinding 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 fluffies.

Blye was in front of his club with a gray mustached, jovial looking, pink faced man when the car returned.

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

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

"She"—

"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 dimmed memory. Up and down Blye moved, seeking in every window for some sign of the runaway bride. Suddenly his eye caught the glint of something in a vestibule. He ran up the steps. The glittering object was a buckle on a dainty little slipper, one which June's collier had carried down to the taxi for her when she had stolen her clothes and Marie from her father's house. He jotted the number of the house in a memorandum book.

### CHAPTER II.

**J**UST where one turns from the Concourse into the narrow lane of the interminable Mott street construction work the Moore limousine overtook Honoria Blye's electric. Mrs. Blye let Ned alight. She drove home. Her husband had long since preceded her. From a secret drawer of his desk he took some papers and stuffed them in his pocket; then he called the abnormally ugly Blye maid to help him with a trunk.

They were in the hall with the luggage when Honoria let herself in. She seized the situation at a glance and without a word laid hold of the trunk. But Blye, aided by Scatt, dashed away.

Ned Warner meantime had driven straight to the apartments which he and June had fitted up. He leaped rapidly through the telephone directory, called a number and delivered his message. At the other end of the wire a red faced man listened and nodded, then called in from an adjoining room three men, who by some strange coincidence were lean and long and lanky. One was smooth faced and cadaverous of cheek, and one wore a sparse, haphazard black beard trimmed to a point.

There was a knock at the door. Three detectives had come from a private agency. Ned had given them a miniature of June.

Meanwhile Mrs. Blye in the presence of the parrot was also giving instructions to detectives. She gave them a photograph of Gilbert Blye and warned them that there was to be no publicity.

June, busy with her own thoughts, presently found the dark eyes of Marie

(Continued on Page 4.)

Keep Your Bowels Open. As everyone knows, the bowels are the sewerage system of the body, and

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ED. WRIGHT, County Clerk. Bid—Wed. Sat. 8-10, to 4-8.

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## RUNAWAY JUNE

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER

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AT SHERRY'S Runs Each Wednesday and Thursday

### THIRD EPISODE. June Finds Work.

#### CHAPTER I.

**D**OWN the dark boulevard from Brynport weaved and bumped and rattled a lone taxicab, with a high powered limousine steadily gaining on it. A black Vandyked man in the limousine began to toss something out of the window as he passed the taxi at breakneck speed. He smiled as he heard a loud report like the explosion of a revolver, then another. He knocked on the driver's window, and as the car came to a stop he looked behind. The taxi had drawn up. He hastily replaced under the seat the hamper in which he had broken to bits all its porcelain and glassware. A tall, gnat girl, distinctly a maid, was out, impatiently surveying the flat tires of the taxi, when the limousine, its bright dome light suddenly flashing up, backed alongside. The black Vandyked man stepped down.

"Perhaps I can offer your passengers the use of my machine," he suggested. That relieved young woman opened the door of the taxi and poked her head inside.

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

"I suppose not," came a sweet voice from the taxi, and the face of a beautiful young girl appeared in the window. She started as she saw the black Vandyked man, Gilbert Blye! He stood hat doffed, politely waiting their acceptance.

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

June Warner slowly stepped down.

"Thank you," she managed to murmur.

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



"Perhaps I can offer the use of my machine."

ed, while the maid began to transfer from the taxi to the other car arm load after arm load of unpacked clothing.

Around the curve behind them there dashed another limousine and a runaway in time for the occupants to see Gilbert Blye assisting June into the luxurious limousine. They also saw the eight cylinder machine leap forward. Blye, unconscious that they were being pursued, as was the girl, thought that he heard a shout as they gathered speed, and he looked back in time to see first the runaway and then the limousine swerve and slow down and to hear two loud bangs. He grinned. His driver grinned. The taxi driver grinned. Then they whizzed away.

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

"Yes." And June blushed.

She felt the black eyes of Gilbert Blye fixed upon her. Could it be possible that he had followed her? Oh, no! Still, he had her address in her watch and her portrait.

"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 clenched until his nails dug into his palms. There could be no doubt now that Gilbert Blye's pursuit of Ned's wife, June, was deliberate and purposeful.

June's father strode slowly up and down, his lips compressed and his brows black. He passed Ned half a dozen times, but they did not exchange a word.

Bobbie Bletcher and the driver of the Moore limousine had sprung out to



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