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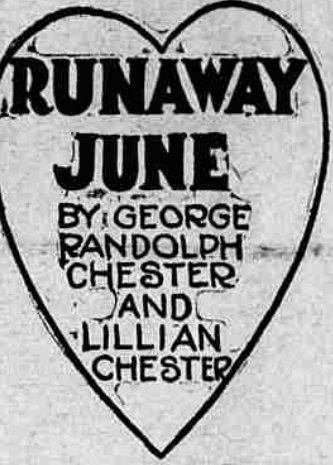
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AT SHERRY'S  
Runs Each Wednesday and Thursday

### CHAPTER III.

**J**UNE bustled quite cheerfully about her toilet the next morning and chose a little dark gray suit as being the least conspicuous, for now she was to be a working girl.

Suddenly there was a wheezing and a rustling at the door and a scuffling as if some one were bending to listen at the keyhole, a silence and then a knock. It was Mrs. Boales.

"There's a young lady to see you, Miss—Miss—"

"Justin," snapped Marie, who had given that name by a brilliant flash of intellect.

"Yes, Mary," wheezed Mrs. Boales.

"That wasn't the name the young lady gave. First she said Moore, and then she said Warner, and then she said that Justin was right, she guessed, but she said 'June' every time, and she brought this slipper. Is it yours?"

"Who is the young lady?" asked June.

"Miss Thomas, Miss—ma'am." Mrs. Boales' constantly roving eye came to rest on the sofa and the plain gold band on June's finger. "She said she came to see you about a position."

June cast down her eyes in troubled thought. Blye—he had said he would send some one for her in the morning. Was there no evading the man's kindness? How had he— Absurd! Of course he had got her address from the driver of the car. She went down the stairs in worried concern, but in the doorway of the parlor she stopped in astonishment as she saw her caller. For a moment the two beautiful young women stood studying each other in admiration; then the brunette swept forward with a gracious smile.

Later June called up the stairs, "I'll be back some time this afternoon, Ma-

ria." Then June went out with Tommy Thomas!

Honoraria Blye, sitting at her parlor window and exchanging the thoughts of the morning with her green feathered familiar spirit, saw looting across from her house a long, lean, lanky man with a sparse black beard. Presently the doorbell rang, and one of the wide, low detectives came in with an air of great exhaustion.

"Nothing doing, ma'am," he reported. "Blinky Peters and I watched your husband's club all the time. Sneaky Tavis has shadowed Warner's apartments, and I'm to go let him get some sleep."

"Are you sure my husband and that girl haven't left the city?" she asked. "They didn't go on any regular railroad station," stated Bill Wolf, with conviction.

Ned Warner at about the same time received a report of similar discouragement from the long, lean, lanky detective. There had been found no trace of June Warner nor of Blye.

Without thought of detectives, but keeping a watchful eye lest she should see Ned or her parents, June went boldly forth. She was thoughtful as Tommy Thomas ushered her into a waiting hansom, for this friend of Gilbert Blye's was expensively gowned and seemed to live in unusual freedom.

In one of the big department stores June was taken up to the managersess of the French salon; then Tommy went away, and presently June, whose face and figure, carriage and manner, had been grimly inspected and approved, was being instructed in the art of parading in a gown and of displaying the proper degree of elegant insolence to impress customers.

A sleepy looking colored maid came in, and some girls brought in gowns shrouded in white bags.

"The canary, Maud," ordered the managersess, poking her head between the curtains, and the sleepy colored maid slowly took down the bag containing the canary evening frock.

"What is your first name, child?"

"June," answered that young lady.

"Your name here will be Therese," added the managersess. "You haven't done this before, have you?"

"No." June's voice was faint and weak. She had a queer feeling in her stomach, and her eyes began to widen again as she studied an appalling array of cosmetics.

"Never mind. I'll be in and make you up."

At last June was to know how it felt 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 over 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.

"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. However, she was a good customer, and her bills were always paid.

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. A little group quickly formed around the middle aged husband and wife.

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 managersess 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.

The gray mustached man called the managersess.

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

"Certainly," replied the managersess. 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 managersess.

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 managersess. "Madam Effing, what is the trouble?"

"It's a new model," explained the managersess. "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 Effing stalked straight over to June.

"You are discharged!" she snapped.

"Oh!" June was stunned.

"No excuses, please!" grated the managersess.

"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.

Meantime 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.

When June emerged from her dressing alcove Madam Effing 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 dinners in New York that night. Ned Warner, afraid

to leave the headquarters he had established, had his dinner brought



Gilbert Blye Was Waiting For Her at the Corner.

by a thick thumbed 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 untasted 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 colle, Bouncer, out in the shed nibbled perfunctorily at a chicken bone and rose whining at every sound. Bobbie and Iris Blethering, 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. Honoraria 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 Honoraria'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 Honoraria.

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

Honoraria bundled the fat, wide detective into her electric and started the machine.

"Where?" she majestically 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.

"Fifth!" 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 Honoraria 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 Honoraria'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 crow's feet at the corners of her eyes, and Orin Cunningham, and a heavy lidded, short haired, big man named Edwards, whom they called T. J. With the arrival of the coffee Blye told the time from a tiny gold watch, the only one he carried now.

"The runaway bride!" laughed Cunningham.

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

# Professional Directory

## FRATERNAL ORDERS.

A. F. & A. M.—La Grande Lodge No. 41, A. F. & A. M. holds regular meetings first and third Saturday at 7:30 p. m. Cordial welcome to all Masons.  
J. J. BROUGHTON, W. M.  
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B. P. O. E.—La Grande Lodge No. 438 Meets each Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Elk's club, corner of Depot street and Washington avenue. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.  
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KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Red Cross Lodge No. 27 meet every Monday night in Castle hall (K. of P. hall). A Pythian welcome to all visiting Knights.  
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T. H. CRAWFORD; ROBT. S. EAKIN CRAWFORD & EAKIN—Attorneys at law. Practice in all the courts of the state and United States. Office West-Jacobson building, La Grande, Ore., rooms 9-10.

R. J. GREEN—Attorney at Law Rooms 9-10, Sommer Bldg., La Grande, Ore. Practices in all state and Federal courts.

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