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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

FOURTH EPISODE. Poor Little Runaway Bride!

CHAPTER I. 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. Oh, gee! A man was following her! And he was dodging along from tree to tree and from doorway to doorway, and every time he saw the girl look back he ducked! The man had black whiskers, whittled down to a fine point just under his chin, and he carried himself with the ease which only a thorough scoundrel can acquire. Shanks McGee stood perturbed, then took a long, deep breath and hurried



Gilbert Blye and Tommy. up to the corner. He flattened his already flat 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 eying their respective cuspidors immediately straightened up and looked their handsomest. One of them looked bold, and another, a decorative Frenchman, looked debonaire. 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 whanged 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. "Y-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." "Why—er— Ned stammered; then he grabbed the clothes from the maid's arms. "Now you lead me to June!" "Sir, how dare you?" Marie said and turned appealingly to the clerk. "These are my wife's clothes!" declared the young man. "She's here. I want her!" "What's her name?" the clerk demanded. "Mrs. Ned Warner!" "Not here." "June Moore!" "Oh, come off!" observed the clerk. "If I let you go through the directory you may hit it. Give this girl back her clothes, and good night!" "This thing has gone far enough. Marie!" hotly stated the young man. At that moment his voice stopped. Out of the bar had strolled elegantly the pride of Shanks McGee, the man with the black Vandyke, and he was neatly nibbling a piece of cheese. He was across the lobby and going out of the door, paying but a scant tribute of curiosity to the knot in front of the desk, before the young man with the clothes saw him. The young man nearly upset Marie on his way to the door. A porter stopped him to get June's clothes. Ned was then delayed at the ticket window and, glancing across the station, saw Blye going uptown on an express. 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 clapped her hands as she saw Marie with clothes sticking from her in all directions. "We're caught!" panted Marie. "Mr. Ned grabbed me downstairs! He made a scene!" "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? Honoria Blye, exchanging spite with a green parrot, was suddenly interrupted by a caller. "Got him!" announced the caller, who was none other than Bill Wolf. Honoria Blye sprang up instantly. "Get my wraps!" she yelled to the abnormally ugly maid who had let Bill Wolf in. "Mr. Wolf, you fooled me once. Are you sure you have found Gilbert Blye?" "If we ain't, so help me!" solemnly swore Wolf. Honoria 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 Tavis. "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!" shrieked Honoria Blye to her 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 Honoria 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. Honoria 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 founce 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

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formed her, strangling for breath and pulling his arms out of the car. "I say, what do you want?" insisted Honoria. Sneaky pointed backward with his thumb. "Your hub-hub-hub-husband!" he husked, sucking in all the air in the car. "Daniel!" And again he pointed backward with his thumb. Honoria Blye without a word grabbed her cut glass flower vase and cracked her expert detective on the 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 weathervane 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." (To Be Continued Tomorrow.) High Grade Job Printing costs no more than the other kind.—Observer.

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