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— a Summer day  
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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

ON the way to Mrs. O'Keefe's home Officer Dowd walked over to get his gun pointed 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 Kernan held up the traffic both ways while she described the chicken people 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 in 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 Junnie? I say, what's Miss Junnie?"

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?"

"Yas, sir, she did. Right up byah 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



While She Described the Chicken Potpie.

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 Junnie 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:

"Mistab 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.

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 behave I'll show her to you through a peephole."

The man's fists clenched 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 astrife in him a new thought.

"This angel of mercy stuff is bad for profits," rasped the voice of the yellow head. "But I can't overlook a chance like this. I know your kind, Jackson Perry. You give your wife an allowance that covers everything but emergencies. You figure the plumber to come in three 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 first got into trouble through

losing \$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

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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 head's 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.

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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 hurried down the cross street. At an irregular corner, where half a dozen dingy streets and alleys plunged together and, apparently dizzied by the impact, wandered angularly and aimlessly off, June met on a narrow crossing a being fairly giggling with alcohol. Her heart popped into her throat, and she was about to turn back, for she would have died rather than to have brushed clothes with the object, when the creature, catching sight of her, immediately stepped far over into the mud, jerked off his battered cap and with it made a courtesy so sweepingly that he was unable to rise up for five minutes afterward.

That was enough for one day, and June ran down the street, past the little fountain, into the sanctuary of the Widow O'Keefe's house, up the two flights of stairs and dropped into the wicker chair.

"Slippers," was all she said.

Marie was on her knees in an instant, showing every gum.

"Aunt Debby!" she cried, and from then on until long after the wonderful chicken potpie had been consumed the conversation flowed with never an ebb.

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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 hurried down the cross street. At an irregular corner, where half a dozen dingy streets and alleys plunged together and, apparently dizzied by the impact, wandered angularly and aimlessly off, June met on a narrow crossing a being fairly giggling with alcohol. Her heart popped into her throat, and she was about to turn back, for she would have died rather than to have brushed clothes with the object, when the creature, catching sight of her, immediately stepped far over into the mud, jerked off his battered cap and with it made a courtesy so sweepingly that he was unable to rise up for five minutes afterward.

That was enough for one day, and June ran down the street, past the little fountain, into the sanctuary of the Widow O'Keefe's house, up the two flights of stairs and dropped into the wicker chair.

"Slippers," was all she said.

Marie was on her knees in an instant, showing every gum.

"Aunt Debby!" she cried, and from then on until long after the wonderful chicken potpie had been consumed the conversation flowed with never an ebb.

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.

Jackson Perry came bursting through the door and found June in the midst of the pandemonium, with the limp Mrs. Perry in her arms.

"Gwen!" cried the man, 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."

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 frontier on the other side.

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