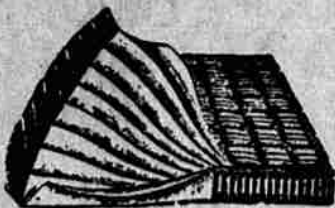


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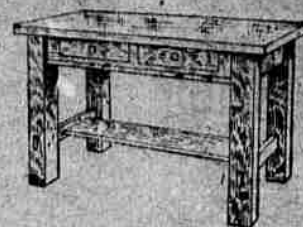


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## RUNAWAY JUNE

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER

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**AT SHERRY'S**  
Runs Each Wednesday and Thursday

### SIXTH EPISODE.

The Siege of the House of O'Keefe

#### CHAPTER I.

**A** PLATOON of the finest wheeled out of the station house and down Deshley street, their brass buttons gleaming in the light of the sunset. Opposite the little fountain of the Cupid with the chipped nose and in front of Tim Courky's saloon the platoon halted and saluted the bent and twisted Widow O'Keefe, standing on her doorstep. Had not the veteran Dan O'Keefe been the most popular man on the force? In all his life Dan had never made an arrest of his own beat or on if he could help it or made trouble for a brother officer or refused to lie for his friends.

Out of the third story window leaned a pair of gleaming gums, surrounding which was the pleasing, high cheek boned face of the one who was known solely as Marie. Sergeant Clancy stepped across to convey the time of day to the Widow O'Keefe. Sammy O'Keefe, a fine, tall boy with a curly head, came to the door and gripped the hand of Sergeant Clancy with the grip of a man.

Suddenly the red gummed young woman in the window brightened until she glinted and waved a red hand energetically. The Widow O'Keefe put twenty additional wrinkles of joyous welcome in her countenance, young Sammy O'Keefe straightened a full inch and pinked with pleasure. Sergeant Clancy and the platoon of the finest saluted and looked their rough gentlest, and the last ray of the setting sun shot across on the cracked nose Cupid and reddened him into life.

A beautiful young girl had come hurrying down from the corner, her fur cap set jauntily on her wavy brown hair and a green tassel dangling over one ear. She slackened her pace as she came in sight of all these friends and breathed a sigh of relief. She

was safe here. And as if to reassure herself she glanced back over her shoulder. That had become a habit with her of late. The look of worry swept instantly from her brow as her big eyes turned shyly up to the stalwart platoon. A friendly nod and a radiant smile for each of the big policemen, a word of inquiry for Pat Casey's little Maggie, a wave of the trimly gloved hand to Marie in the window, a sudden flash of mischief as she primly returned the salute of Sergeant Clancy, a pat on the hand of Widow O'Keefe, a touch of silvery laughter for Sammy, and she had hurried up the stairs.

"She's the sunshine of the precinct, the darlin'," declared the Widow O'Keefe.

"She's a lady!" announced Sergeant Clancy with deep conviction.

"I'll tell you somethin'." The widow inclined her head confidentially. So did Sergeant Clancy. So did Sammy. "She's hidin' from some one. God bless her!"

"Oh, is she?" And the officer of the law glanced up at the third story window. It was vacant. "Whoever it is, they're no good."

"They are not." And the Widow O'Keefe collected all her wrinkles about her lips.

"She's safe here," asserted Sergeant Clancy and, with a grin, jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward the stalwart platoon. She in the midst of her friends. Good evenin', Mrs. O'Keefe. Good evenin', Sammy."

He strode across the street. "Boys," said he, "our little friend up yonder don't want to be found. Neither does our friend Marie."

As one man the platoon glanced up at the vacant third floor window and nodded, and at the word of command they faced left and marched. Then, and not until then, Officer Morgan and Officer Toole, the pair in front, dropped out of the ranks and stood at attention while the platoon passed between them, and when the platoon had turned the corner they wheeled. Side by side they marched into Tim Courky's saloon.

"Good evenin', boys. And what can I do for you?" asked Tim Courky.

"A glass of water, Tim," said Moran.

"The same for me, Tim," said Officer Toole.

"It's a fine evenin'," said Tim Courky, and on the bar he set a large glass of foaming yellow water for Officer Moran and a small glass of rich brown water for Officer Toole.

Marie at that moment was brushing the shining hair of her beautiful young mistress, and both were happy in that occupation.

Poor, dear Ned! How June did long for him! But he must be patient, as 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 angling 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 clinched 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 upturned faces.

It was then that Officer Moran and Officer Toole bade 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 Morrisey, two blocks beyond."

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

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

That busy person scarcely looked at the man with the black Vandyk; 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 beaded over this way."

"Over this way" was at right angles to Blye's previous course. By the time he reached Traffic Officer Schmeltz Patrolman O'Malley had carried the word to that corner from Officer Toole, so that Schmeltz was prepared for the coming of Blye, and by the time Blye

got away from Schmeltz 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 Morrisey; then as Blye started off, panting, he held his side. "Oh, well, it was dull times on the beat these nights!"

The dusk had deepened into darkness when Officer Moran's palm proved not broad enough to carry away the grin from under his yellow mustache, and the grin, escaping, broadened into a huge laugh.

Blye stood it with remarkable quietness.

"It seems to me I've been furnishing a little amusement for the boys," he surmised, frowning.

"You have," laughed Moran. "It's what in Scotland they call 'chasing the gowk.' As for the girl you mentioned," and he swung his club happily, "I don't suppose one of us has ever laid eyes on her."

Blye's black eyes dwelt on Moran piercingly; then his suave smile came. "Have a cigar." And he passed over one which Officer Moran kept for Christmas.

Blye stopped smiling as he walked away, and his eyes narrowed in concentrated thought. He stroked his black Vandyk with his long, lean, white fingers. They had had their joke with him, these thick policemen. They had made him dash madly from corner to corner, over many weary blocks, but without knowing that they were doing so they had convinced him of one thing—that June lived in this vicinity and that they all knew of her.

He was passing the corners as he arrived at this uncertainty. The corners were a tangled knot of street and alley intersections where one might angle off in almost any direction and go nowhere.

Ned Warner at that moment was sending a score of detectives into this neighborhood.

Tired and half famished, Blye ate his delayed dinner in company with the vivacious brunette Tommy Thomas and the white mustached, pink faced Orin Cunningham and with a heavy, silent, thick eyelidded man who wore short cropped hair on his big round head.

Tommy and Cunningham and Blye sat for some time together after the big man had left. They were evidently planning something.

Finally all three went out and stepped into Blye's luxurious limousine. Before they had gone very far Blye, sitting by the girl, leaned toward her and began talking to her in low tones. By and by the trace of a smile came to her lips.

In a tastefully furnished drawing room a kindly looking woman held the bubbling Tommy's hand between both her own while they talked. There were both sadness and loneliness in Mrs. Villard as she drew Tommy to a seat on the couch beside her, but she had spirit, too, for she displayed a most

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(Continued on Page 7.)