

RUNAWAY JUNE
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AT SHERRY'S
 Runs Each Wednesday and Thursday

SYNOPSIS.

June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realize that she must be entirely dependent on him for money. She desires to be independent. June is pursued by Gilbert Blye, a wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches distractedly for June, and learning of Blye's designs, vows vengeance on him. After many adventures June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist, who uses her as a model for "The Spirit of the March." Mrs. Durban becomes jealous and drives June out. She is kidnapped by Blye and Cunningham. June is taken by Blye to the boarding house of Mrs. Russell. She escapes, gets a job sewing and engages a cheap room in a tenement.

FOURTEENTH EPISODE.
 In the Grip of Poverty.

CHAPTER I.

THE cold eyes of the dumpy landlady suddenly warmed. They had caught the glitter of a diamond.

"Wait a minute!" she called. "I think I'll take a chance on you, after all." The beautiful young girl swayed in the doorway. Mrs. Waters caught her by the arms, put down the heavy bundle under which the girl had bent and led her to a chair.

"You need a cup of tea," the landlady rattled on, and her eyes strayed cornerwise to the tapering white hand upon which glowed a sparkling solitaire. The girl also wore a bright new wedding ring!

The woman waddled away, and June opened the bundle of pants which she had brought with her and began to sew.

"Put 'em up!" the bustling landlady with a neck like a crosse cried. She lifted the garment from June's lap and tossed it aside. "You can't make a living sewing pants. A pretty girl like you ought to get a nice job in an office. Here's a cup of tea I got for you from Mrs. Parsons and a morning paper I got from Mrs. Kedzie. Drink your tea while I hunt you a job." And energetically she turned the paper inside out. My goodness! She had been about to drive away this beautiful young girl! And with that costly diamond ring on her hand and a brand new wedding ring! "I'll lend you car fare if you want it."

Within two minutes more she had her new lodger bundled out of the door and on her way "to hunt a job." Within two minutes after that a luxurious limousine had stopped in front of the new home of the runaway bride. The door opened, and a man with a white mustache sprang out, followed by a dark man with a black Vandyke. They dashed for the entrance, but a noise halted them. The sound came from the back of the car and was made by a large round lump which clustered around the spare tire. The lump was the private detective, Bill Wolf, and the face which he turned sidewise as the driver of the luxurious limousine ran back to him was covered with dust. The driver, a wide faced Italian, grinned as he saw that the involuntarily faithful sleuth was firmly attached to the tire covering by his cravat, which was entangled in a strap.

"Well, why don't you help me, you big wop?" complained the trapped detective. "Help you? Sure!" The driver jumped behind Bill Wolf and kicked him with a sound like the beating of a carpet.

"Scatt!" called the black Vandyked man, Gilbert Blye, and the grinning Scatt ran to him.

Gilbert Blye pointed up the street. There tore toward them a family car, on the front seat of which, beside the chauffeur, sat a handsome collic. June Warner's Boun-er! The black Vandyked man whispered in the ear of his driver, and the gleam of joy came into the Italian's narrow slitted eyes.

Beautiful June Warner, more appealing than ever in her plain little black dress and her fragile pallor, entered the door which was lettered "Elizabeth Sawyer—Real Estate and Investments," and found herself in the railed off reception space of a large office which was alive with the hum of energetic business. Probably a dozen other applicants for the position which June had come to seek stood in this narrow space, comparing themselves critically with each other, but the timid little newcomer had but a very short time to endure their calculating scrutiny, for the door of a private office opened and a pleasant faced woman with a line of

thought in her brow stood there, frowning over the girls with an eye of keen judgment, and popped back

A thin, stiff necked young woman came out and went directly to the beautiful girl with the plain black dress. "Will you come in?" she invited with an unexpected agreeableness, and she led the way into the very center of this web of industry.

The family car stopped at the curb with a slam, and the collic, Bouncer, was on the ground. From the car sprang the young husband of June Warner, his jaws set and his fists clinched. There followed the stern father and the gentle mother of June, her bosom friend, Iris Blethering, and Iris' husband, Bobble.

"They're in there!" called a dusty voice. It was the well known and justly famous private detective, Bill Wolf, still attached to the luxurious limousine by his strong cravat, but no one heard him. The party had rushed into the dim hallway.

June Warner's eyes brightened as she entered the private office of Elizabeth Sawyer. That pleasant featured woman sat at a desk piled high with a litter of papers. As she passed the desk June saw, standing amid the papers, the portrait of Elizabeth Sawyer, a tall, good looking man and three handsome children.

As Ned Warner rushed impetuously in from the street a figure sprang from the dim hallway. That figure was Scatt, and, closely pursued by the party from the family car, he tore across the big vacant room which occupied the ground floor and darted through a heavy iron door, and the pursuers piled in after him. It was then that the dark, handsome man with the black Vandyke slipped from his concealment beneath the stairway, sped lightly across the abandoned banking room and clanged the iron door, slipping the heavy crossbar into its place. His black eyes glowed as he heard the yell of dismay from behind those stanch doors, and he smiled.

Bill Wolf at last got his fingers un-numbed enough to open his pocket-knife, and with this he sawed off his cravat just below the knot. He galloped straight across the street with a strange, sidelong motion and, entering a saloon, slapped a quarter on the bar. "Four beers!" he husked with his dusty tongue. It was not until he had swallowed the third one that he took his nickel of change and telephoned to Honoria Blye.

A keen eyed man with bushy eyebrows came in to see Elizabeth Sawyer as June Warner sat patiently at the window. He put his hat on the corner of her desk and unbuttoned his smooth, neatly fitting overcoat.

"Well, Mrs. Sawyer, how about it?" he inquired, putting his hands on his knees.

Mrs. Sawyer had been busy sorting papers.

"I couldn't think of consolidating," she said crisply, with a shake of her head.

"Sorry." The man had laid a folded document before her. "All right, you



Elizabeth Sawyer Was a Pleasant Featured Woman.

won't consolidate." And the man's tone was regretful. "You're a very fine business woman, Mrs. Sawyer, and I don't mind admitting that you've made a real competition in our territory. How does this idea suit you?" He produced another document and spread it before her.

"I hereby agree to sell, assign and transfer the business conducted under the name of Elizabeth Sawyer to Edward Jones for the sum of —"

Again she laughed and shook her head.

"You see I left the amount blank," he insinuated.

"That's the only amount I'd accept at present," decided the woman. She passed her hand for a moment over her eyes. "You see, Mr. Jones, I've given so much to make my business a success."

To make her business a success! June Warner glowed with the mere hearing of the words. She felt more encouraged in this room than she had anywhere since she had taken her own impulsive step toward independence.

A tall, good looking man came into the room, the man of the picture on the desk. Mrs. Sawyer's hand had been pressed over her eyes. At the entrance of her husband she sprang up with an exclamation of pleasure, her face glowing, and turned to him.

the tears sprang into her eyes. How she longed for Ned! Dear Ned!

Dear Ned was in a small, dim room, lighted by one high window, across which were June's father and mother

and Bobble and Iris Blethering, and standing in the corner, with his back to the wall, was the wide featured Scatt.

Ned Warner confronted Scatt. "You're the man; I want to see you!" he declared, his voice trembling with suppressed fury. "Now, I want some information, and I'm going to have it!"

Scatt leaned comfortably into the corner.

"Will you speak, or won't you?" "Hold on, Ned!" Bobble Blethering had caught that muscular arm as it was tensely drawn back. "Let me try this fellow." And little Bobble took the lead with easy assurance. "Now, see here, old man," he said, "you like money, don't you?"

A gleam in the little narrow eyes. "Now, suppose we start bidding," went on Bobby, pleased with his prog-



Mrs. Waters Tied the Money in a Corner of Her Apron.

ress. He extracted a long black pocket-book from somewhere inside and opened it and fluttered the canary and orange colored bills and the pale green ones.

"Say \$50, say \$100, for just a bit of conversation," soothingly remarked Bobble and separated that amount, fluttering it tantalizingly before the gleaming eyes.

Scatt shifted uneasily in his corner. "For God's sake, man, can't you talk?" said stern John Moore. "You know where my daughter is."

Scatt's lines twisted and twitched, and he lowered his eyes. They all gathered close to him.

CHAPTER II.

IN the bare little room upstairs stood the well groomed Orin Cunningham, twirling his white mustache and counting some money into the hand of dumpy Mrs. Waters. Gilbert Blye stood by, his black eyes glowing. He stroked his black Vandyke with his long, lean white fingers, and he smiled a suave smile as Mrs. Waters, tying the money in a corner of her apron, pointed to the bundle of pants in the corner; then she moved the narrow washstand from in front of a door and inserted a key in the lock. She threw open the door, closed it again and gave the key to Gilbert Blye.

Gilbert Blye slipped the key in his pocket and drew forth a tiny gold watch. Mrs. Waters, standing beside him, saw in the lid the portrait of lovely June Warner. She looked up at the dark, handsome fellow and smiled significantly and touched the ring finger of her left hand and nodded her head in keen self approbation. Then she patted the little wad which was knotted in the corner of her apron. Gilbert Blye smiled his suave smile and went into the hall, where he telephoned to a vivacious brunette in her ornately decorated rooms and then to a man with thick lidded eyes and a round head, on which the short hair bristled.

In the office of Elizabeth Sawyer the tall, good looking man sat down, with a smile. Neither he nor his wife noticed or thought of the quiet little figure in the corner.

"Well, Betty, what can I do for you?" asked Sawyer cordially.

"Loan me some money, Harry."

"I'd rather give it to you," he said.

"I couldn't think of it." Mrs. Sawyer reached in her desk for a block of note blanks. "I shall need \$5,000 if you can spare it."

"Certainly."

"They both wrote at once, sitting side by side at the desk, he a check to his wife and she a thirty day note to her husband.

"You will get in trouble once in awhile, won't you, Betty?" laughed the man.

She looked at him reproachfully. "You know why."

"Yes." He nodded sympathetically and, patting the hand which lay on the edge of the desk, picked up the photograph. "The babies, Betty, you're a wonder. What man's business could stand such interruptions?"

She smiled fondly at the photograph and then at him, then from her desk drew a small blank book. She turned to a page headed "Bills Payable." There were only two entries, and now she made a third. The dates of all three were about two years apart.

"That setback in my business was Harry." And with the tip of her pencil she touched the oldest child in the photograph. "And this one was Betsy."

today's note is the baby. It has taken me a year to catch up every time."

"No business can do without the boss," agreed the man. "That applies to everything. Betty. You look busy here."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you!" she laughed. She picked up the two documents

which Edward Jones had insisted on leaving for her consideration. Her husband read them gravely and passed them back.

"Flattering," he smiled.

"Isn't it?" Her eyes brightened. They had seemed rather tired. "Of course the consolidation's absurd, but Jones would pay me a good price for an outright sale." And she pointed to the line left blank.

"I'll pay you a better, Betty."

"The reason I wouldn't sell to either of you is that I want to keep the business. I'm proud of it."

"A" right." He shook hands with her. "A bargain's a bargain."

A boy came in. She had rung for him as soon as she had the check. She indorsed it now and put it in her bank book and gave it to the boy.

"The nurse is outside with the children," the boy reported as he turned to go.

"That's so." Her brow contracted as she looked at her memorandum pad. "I gave Mary an appointment. Harry was to go to the doctor."

"Harry!" The man was instantly concerned. "Is there anything the matter with Harry?"

"He's so nervous."

The nurse came in, carrying the baby and leading a beautiful curly haired little girl, whose face was smeared with chocolate candy. The boy, a fine, hearty little fellow, came stomping in and grinned pleasantly at his father and mother, standing with his sturdy legs outstretched and his fists jammed in his pockets.

"What did the doctor say?" asked Mrs. Sawyer anxiously, and the father leaned forward to listen.

"There's nothing the matter with him," reported the nurse, with a toss of her head and she glared vindictively at the boy. She was a person with wispy hair, an upturned nose and small gray eyes and thin lips, and the lips had a sharp downward droop at the corners. "The doctor says it's temper."

"Temper!" Mrs. Sawyer half raised in her seat, and her eyes flashed with indignation, but the father laughed.

"That's a matter of training," he observed.

"Harry, come away from there, dear!" called the mother.

"Aw, go on!" grinned the boy. "Harry!"

The boy grinned engagingly.

"Harry!" The nurse's voice. It rasped like a saw file, and every one, even the quiet little figure over near the window, winced. "Didn't you hear your father and mother tell you to come away from there?" she screamed, and the boy kicked at her, his face turning scarlet, his lips pouting in an ugly square, his brows lowering viciously. The curly haired little girl rose out of the corner, where she had been contentedly playing with a discarded typewriter ribbon, and, toddling over to the nurse, kicked at her with all her small might; then, her duty performed, she toddled back to her corner.

"Mary," expostulated Mrs. Sawyer in distress, "you should not jerk the child that way. It only enrages him."

"He won't mind any other way, Mrs. Sawyer," retorted the nurse, her eyes flashing angrily. "You never see the children or you'd know how bad they are!"

"Betsy!"

"Great Scott!"

The little girl looked up at her father with a radiant smile, but as he rushed toward her she scrambled to her feet and ran, holding something behind her back. It was an ink bottle. He took it from her, and she screamed with all the strength of her lungs. The angelic looking mite was a sight to behold. Her face was sticky with brown chocolate candy, the purple stains from the typewriter ribbon were all over her white dress, and the blue ink was on her hands. She smeared some of it on her face and in her curly hair as she cried.

"My, oh, my!" half moaned Mrs. Sawyer. "Why is it that child is always so messy?"

"Dirt just comes natural to her, Mrs. Sawyer," confidently explained the nurse. Harree!" Her teeth gleamed, and she made a dash for the boy.

He was swinging on the letterpress again, and the water pan was tilting.

Bobbie was thrust aside.

He jumped to elude her, and the water spilled over a pile of mortgage blanks.

"You little demon!" screamed the nurse and made a clutch for him. Al-most he escaped, but she caught him by the collar and shook him.

"D—n it, go to blazes!" yelled the

(Continued on Page 6.)

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