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RUNAWAY JUNE

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

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FIFTH EPISODE A Woman in Trouble

CHAPTER I.

THE marketing trip to the city had been one of Aunt Debby's chief joys, but today the buoyancy and the high-pitched laugh of excitement were absent.

"You'll stop at Ned's for Mr. Moore, Debby," said Mrs. Moore.

"Yassum."

Where was June? That puzzling problem filled the entire mind of Aunt Debby as by the side of the driver she spun into the city in the Moore limousine. And that puzzling problem filled the entire mind of John Moore as he sat in his office.

Where was June? Who was this mysterious Gilbert Blye? What was his power over Ned Warner's bride? What had she done with the driver who strode forth into the streets in his never-ending search for June?

At that moment the door of a strange house had slammed abruptly behind beautiful June Warner.

A blonde looking page girl inspected June impudently in the dim light of the hall, then with a significant grin left June standing there and swaggered through a door at the end of the hall. June was startled as that door opened and a blaze of light came out with the chatter of many shrill voices. In there amid wreaths of curling blue smoke, moved handsomely gowned women, and many of them nonchalantly puffed at cigarettes. At that instant the smiling Gilbert Blye's key grated in the lock.

A large yellow-haired woman came hurrying from the salon with June's employment card in her hand.

"Right this way, honey," she rasped. As June reluctantly entered the strangely furnished little room at the left, Gilbert Blye came in at the front door.

At that instant a huge, clumsy maid came tramping up from the basement with her eyes distended and her mouth open, ready for the yell of "Fire!" but before she could speak Gilbert Blye had her roughly by the arm and pushed her through a door which led to the basement, and dashed down the stairs.

The yellow-haired woman came in from the parlor presently and explained the posting into small blank books of many memorandum slips. Each slip contained the name of a woman and a sum of money. There were no slips for men but there were index cards about men. June puzzled as to what sort of business this might be.

Poor June! She was abjectly miserable. She glanced about her with growing repugnance.

Ned! Why had she run away from him?

In the gambling room the fluffy blonde who had played so feverishly staked and lost the last chip in front of her. She turned impatiently to look for the page girl. She met instead the cold, hard eye of the yellow-haired woman, who quietly motioned her. The player rose reluctantly and fright came into her face as she followed into the hall and to the little office where June had been installed.

"You've reached the limit, Mrs. Perry," announced the yellow-haired woman, turning on the unlucky one sharply as she closed the door. Here is the I. O. U. Belle brought me. I have not O. K.'d it."

"It's only for \$50," faltered Mrs. Perry.

"I wouldn't O. K. it for fifty cents," snapped the other. "I want action. You'll telephone your husband from this room."

"No, No!" The woman wrung her hands. "I'll talk to him tonight."

"I know that game," she scorned, and from June's desk she took an index card.

"Eight-o-eight-o Garden."

"No!" cried Mrs. Perry hysterically, and reached over June's shoulder to take the phone. The new secretary had made no move toward the phone. She was staring at the yellow-haired woman in astonishment. That determined person was not one to wrangle in emergencies. She snatched up the phone herself and called the number.

"Yes, it's Gwen," trembled Mrs. Perry. "Jack," the voice was full of pleading—"I have to have some money. I know it's a week before my allowance is due," urged she, and now she turned her eyes imploringly toward the stony, yellow-haired one. "But I must have it! Eight hundred dollars!"

The man's voice boomed an incredulous exclamation over the wire; then a sharp question.

"Why—why, it's to pay bills! Yes, yes, Jack, I know I was supposed to keep them paid out of my allowance! I didn't want to tell you this until we could sit down quietly together, only they're pressing me for payment."

The man's voice had interrupted her calmly, coldly. She sank back limply into her chair.

June hung up the receiver. She was surprised to see the yellow-haired woman put up her own phone and come across the room with a benign expression. "Cheer up," she advised, "honey's all right."

Mrs. Perry straightened up.

"Yes," she said and moistened her lips, "he said he'd go over those bills with me tonight."

"I heard him myself." And the yellow-haired woman grinned across at June. "Here's your I. O. U., dearie. I've O. K.'d it. You'd better go in and play awhile for your nerves."

The terrified little blond looked up incredulously. It was as if she had been given a drink of some strong stimulant, and she clutched eagerly at the memorandum slip. Perhaps with that she could win back all that she had lost!

"Thank you!" she gasped and hurried from the room.

The other woman grabbed the phone. "Eight-o-eight-o Garden!" she called.

"Hello! Mr. Perry, please. This is his wife's friend."

June moved for her hat and coat.

"Hello, Mr. Perry! Say, your wife is at 48 Kingsley Court gambling, and she's going to be exposed in half an hour if you aren't here to pay her debts."

The man at the other end of the wire

apparently took a moment to gasp for breath; then the wire boomed.

"All right, bring the police if you want," snapped the yellow-haired woman. "I guess I can stand the notoriety if you and your wife can. And, say, checks don't go. Bring cash. It's eight fifty now."

June stood aghast. A gambling house!

CHAPTER II.

IN THE market June's maid, companion and protector wandered from stall to stall, selecting her tiny purchases of fruit and vegetables.

"You, Marie! What's Miss June? I say, what's Miss June?"

Aunt Debby! Her two fat black hands were gripped on Marie's arm.

"I do not know you," she declared.

"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. 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! What's the charge?"

The voice of Aunt Debby rose shrilly triumphant.

"She done stole my pocketbook."

"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 she carried on her fat forearm.

"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?"

"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.

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.

To Ned's they drove, and within five minutes after Aunt Debby's excited report Ned Warner and John Moore and three long, 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 led all the way to Officer Dowd.

CHAPTER III.

HEAVY jawed, firm mouthed square-headed and level eyed Ned Warner stood 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.

The yellow-haired woman found him standing solidly in the center of the room facing the door.

"Where is my wife?" he loudly demanded.

"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. Eighty-five."

"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 eighty-five first," said the yellow-haired woman.

"Just a moment 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 flashed again the whole of her own vital problem—that whatever the wife has must come from her 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 this 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 astride in him a new thought.

"This angel of mercy stuff is bad for profits," rasped the voice of the yellow-haired woman.

"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. 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 penny auction game, and she's been trying to overtake it ever since."

"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.

June was putting on her hat and coat when Mrs. Perry wonderingly followed the yellow-haired woman out through the hall. 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 snake-like 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, 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 into 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. 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.

As June sped away she heard the clang of the fire engines and the hoarse shouts of the gathering crowd in front of 48 Kingsley Court.

Blye had dashed after her but he reached the street only in time to see her boarding a downtown car. He caught the next one, June hurried to the Widow O'Keefe's thoroughly protected house.

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

"Aunt Debby," "Aunt Debby!" she cried, and from then on till the wonderful chicken pot pie had been consumed the conversation flowed with never an ebb. It was good to have found a refuge like this. It seemed so far, far away from the New York that these two knew, and it was as if no one could ever find them. They were safe. Safe!

Is one ever safe? As Ned Warner stood trying vainly to extract information from Officer Dowd June's car flashed past him and he caught a brief glimpse of her.

Officer Dowd was astonished to have his particularly insistent questioner stop in the middle of a sentence, abruptly, and go dashing madly after a street car. In half a block the young man gave up that absurd chase.

The traffic thickened just beyond, so that for three or four blocks Ned was able to keep the car in sight as it stopped and started. Finally it was blocked and Ned was able to catch up with it. June was no longer among the passengers.

"There was a girl on your car wearing a fur cap and a green tassel!" breathlessly said Ned to the conductor. "Where did she leave your car?"

"On the track."

"Ned dropped off the car left to his own logic. To the east lay a tenement district of old, small houses. On the chance Ned struck east."

On a corner where a half dozen streets and alleys had staggered themselves by running into each other Ned found a human being swaying in the breeze.

"Have you seen a girl wearing a fur cap with a green tassel?"

"Well, what do you think of that?" And it stopped swaying for a moment. "A guy with black whiskers asked me the same thing!"

Blye again! Ned clenched his fist. "Did you see the girl?"

"S none of your business!" he answered with great dignity and reeled away.

And Blye! Blye, too, had passed that way! Ned chose the most direct street, the one which led to a little fountain, where another street angled sharply into it. Blye had passed that way, but had gone up another street. Now he, too, in his wandering search for the runaway bride came down toward the little fountain from the other angle.

June looked out of the window. In the gathering dusk she saw without recognizing them, the two men approaching building between them.

At the point and under the light they would meet, Gilbert Blye and Ned Warner. And the husband of June had murder in his heart.

(To be continued)

After you have read this copy of The Sentinel, pass it along to a neighbor, if you have one who doesn't take the paper and you don't wish to keep it for reference.

Administrator's Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Leroy Barrett, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Lane County, State of Oregon, his final account as such administrator of said estate and that Thursday, the 10th day of June, 1915, at the hour of 1 o'clock of said day has been fixed by the Court as the time for hearing objections to said report and the settlement thereof.

WORTH HARVEY, Administrator of the estate of Leroy Barrett, deceased.

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