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by special arrangement for this a photo-drama corresponding the installments of "Runaway " may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By ment made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each sek, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

## SECOND EPISODE. In Pursuit of the Runaway Bride

CHAPTER L

E runaway bride, who led the chase, seemed to be lucky, for the traffic opened before her like magic and closed behind er like a wall. As she turned into Central park at Fifty-ninth street, safe mediate pursuit, the black Vandybed man's car was in a snarl at Fifth-sixth. As he came out of that pocket he leaned forward, after a look ahead, and spoke crisply to his driver. They stopped at the Plaza hotel, and the man, hurrying up the steps, sud-denty paused. With a smile he drew from his pocket a tiny gold watch and opened it. Inside the lid was the picture of a beautiful young girl with a handsome collie. The black Vandyked man gazed at the picture for a moment in frowning meditation. It was the runaway bride.

As he entered the hotel Ned's taxi. with the fluttering white ribbons, passed and turned into the park just as June Warner turned out of it at Seventy-second street, heading for Riverside drive.

At that hour Iris Blethering sat pouring her voluble sadness into the ears of Bobbie in the Blethering home on Riverside drive. She had been school day chum and the bosom friend of June Moore, but now there was no June Moore, only a June Warner, and June Warner might become a stranger. "Rot," observed Bobbie. "How long are they going to be gone?"

"Three weeks. It's an eternity, Bobble!

"Rot." said Bobbie. "Why doesn't somebody answer that doorbell?" It had only just rung, and immedi-

ately the hollow Blethering butler came through. He did not return to announce any one, however. Instead the caller rushed straight in and threw herself into the arms of Iris.

"June!" Bobbie Blethering stood by and watched the tableau for a moment; then he went to the door and looked out. Then we can walk together hand in hand-in mutual self respect and ac-"Where's Ned?" he quite naturally inquired.

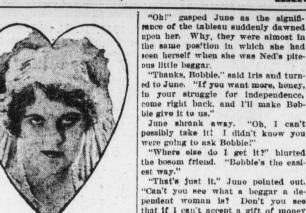
The only answer was a sob. "Junie," pleaded Iris, "where's Ned?

"I-I-I left Ned!" June wailed " ran away!" "Aw, I say!" protested Bobbie.

"What did he do, dear?" This from

two girls walked upstairs, and Iris ush-ered her still bosom friend into a cozy little guest room.





dollar in his nice, cheery way; then

he turned around and gave me \$30-in

just the same way! Don't you see?" And she shuddered with the recoilec.

tion of her humiliation. "Then I had

vigor, bound now to make them un-

derstand. "I saw myself being paid

for being a wife, as mummy pays the

servants and Ned pays his stenogra-

pher. I saw Ned giving me money as he gives it to beggars! I saw myself

"But you had no money!" said Iris.

my watch to a funny old lady." June explained. She paused to remember something-the black Vandyked man

who now had her watch. He had bought it from the old lady on the

train, so that June could some day re-

deem it. That was very nice of him.

dream,"

came back.'

to the telephone.

love

"But what do you intend to do?"

"What about Ned?" Bobbie suddenly blurted, the thought of young Warner,

alone on the train with the honeymoor

luggage, flashing on his mind. "Ned's a darling!" And June's lip

quivered. "He's an angel! But I can-

not be a burden to be carried on Ned's

back. I shall stay away from Ned un

til I achieve my own independence.

cepting from each other nothing but

for mine," June insisted firmly. "The world will not be happy until women

walk in strict equality with men, Iris,

dear." She saw by the face of het friend that cold logic was wasted. The

Meanwhile Ned Warner began to be

familiar with the bronze panther on the overhanging rock in the park and

casting back in his memory, reflected

that he must have passed it about five

But why had June married him?

and sank down by the bed sobbing.

At that moment June and Iris were

sitting in the big walnut paneled li-brary, and Bobbie wandered in. When

he saw the girls he started back. "Don't go, Bobbie!" called Iris. She

walked straight up to him and held

out her hand. "Produce!" "What's the price?" he asked.

"Oh. a hundred."

to the good.'

"It is for his happiness as well as

went on June, with more

upon her. Why, they were almost in the same position in which she had een herself when she was Ned's pite-"Thanks, Bobble," said Iris and turned to June. "If you want more, honey, in your struggle for independence, come right back, and I'll make Bob

> bie give it to us." June shrank away. "Oh, I can't possibly take it! I didn't know you were going to ask Bobble" "Where else do I get it?" blurted the bosom friend. "Bobble's the easi-

"Sit down," said Moore. "Why are you not with her?" est way. "I don't know." There was a choke in Ned's voice. "She left me on the "That's just it," June pointed out "Can't you see what a beggar a dependent woman is? Don't you see that if I can't accept a gift of money "She wouldn't do such a thing with-out good cause!" declared Mrs. Moore from my husband I can't possibly let you accept for me a gift of money from your husband? Don't be angry.

Iris, please. I'm fighting for a prine ple.'

"Oh, Mr. Thomas Rot!" exploded Bobble. "That attitude is at the bottom of the whole thing. Bobbie," argued June,

with spirit. "Because the man has supported the woman for ages he has made himself the master. That destroys the woman's self respect, and love dles." "She's a fine kid," said Bobbie heartily, "but if she's going to draw the line

always holding out my hand for charl-ty!" And she was a most pathetic liton money which has been handed from a man to a woman she'll have tle figure as she upturned her palm. "I couldn't stand it. So I threw down the \$30 and slipped off the train and to get it fresh from the mint." What will you do. June?" fretted Iris. "I got on the train anyhow and sold

"If I only had that purse mummy gave me," mused June. "She got that from your father," Bobbie was unkind enough to remind

her. "Oh, that was daddy's money," brightly replied, no trace of concern on her brow, "and it's the last I can take from them now that I'm married. Iris,

couldn't you go out to the house and say you'll send it to me?" "Just the thing:" Iris was bubbling immediately with enthusiasm. "We'll go right out now. Bobble, call the car." "You mustn't let them know I'm

here," warned June. "You mustn't let any one know! Within five minutes Iris and Bobbie in the swift little runabout were headed for Brynport. In the library June had found a picture of Ned among some other intimate photographs, and it was with constant reference to this and amid constant talking to it and onstant caressing of it that she penned

her important message: My Poor, Dear Boy-I cannot explain in a letter what happened today. When I an free, Gear Ned, I will make you under stand and forgive. You must not try to find your unhappy bride, JUNE.

CHAPTER II.

UNT DEBBY came around the corner of the Moore house in

A He Caught Up the Portrait and Press ed It to His Lips. all her glory-stiff lavender dress with the red posies on it, She had his card and was reaching for yellow hat with the green feather, tan it when she noticed that Iris had gone

shoes and blue stockings. "Howdy, Aunt Debby!" Bobbie Bleth-"You mustn't telephone anybody! ering, with his chattel beside him. the runaway bride insisted. "You swung up the drive in his fast little would be betraying my confidence."

runabout. June's parents came to the John J. Moore in the blue and tan smoking jacket which he had refused to wear until tenderness at June's approaching departure had brought him to it, and Charlotte Moore in the gray silk dress embroidered by June's ow

hands. "Come right in," heartily invited Father Moore, and Mother Moore, with soft eyes, shook Bobbie by one hand and Iris by both.

"We have only a minute to stay," began Iris, starting to talk as they went into the library. "I heard from June," Iris rattled on. Father Moore, in the parlor, came straight over. "She missed her purse," glibly went on Iris, while Bobbie eyed her with ad-

miration. "She's afraid she lost it. Did she leave it here?" "Right on that table." And Mrs Moore's eyes sparkled. She took it

from a drawer in a desk. "That girl always was careless about noney," laughed Mr. Moore as if it money," were a virtue.

Bobble glanced at Iris. She was as serene as a plate of ice cream. "I'll send it to her," offered Iris, and

HARRISBURG CONTELEGRAPH

is my girl?"

heard from her."

here with it to mail it to June.'

train-slipped away at Farnville."

"What happoned?" This sharply

"I don't understand. She told me she

lost her purse. I gave her some mon-

cy, and she went to sleep with her head on my shoulder. I pillowed her

more comfortably on the seat by and by and went into the smoker. I drop-

ped in to look at her about every five

minutes, and when I came back after

we had passed Farnville she was gone.

"How do you know she returned to New York?" demanded Moore.

"I saw her. I got off at the next sta-tion and telephoned. The station mas-

ter at Farnville reported that he saw

her getting on a down train. I took an

express and overhauled her as we came

but the others of the party, which in-

cluded a half dozen vivacious and gay-

ly gowned young women, were danc-

ing. The three men talked in low

tones, their heads bent together, and

spiring finger at that young man.

you just yet, and she won't!"

does it all mean?"

"Where's my girl?" he demanded. Bobbie slowly straightened.

crumpled bills, one partly torn.

was relief in Ned's voice.

with firm conviction.

from Moore

taxi.

ed Ned.

order the car."

sped away.

hair.

vestibule.

her room.

of it?'

and caught Ned by the arm. "Where Ncd laughed at her. There was no mistaking those dainty, blue embroid-

"Then she isn't here?" gasped Ned. "Come inside." John Moore's voice had lost all its color. He led the way into the library. "Now, what is all this about? Why are you here alone?" ered bits of white kid. "Now, I'll tell you," went on Ned. "This man, Gilbert Blye, whose name I now know for the first time, was with her from the moment she left me "I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had until she came here. He is a tall, black Vandyked man, and at Farnville he was seen assisting June on the "We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left down train. I saw them myself through the car window talking together. I want to find Gilbert Blye! Are you hiding him too?" And he "Then that's where she is!" There

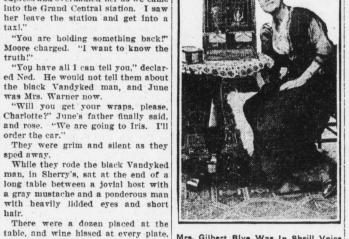
turned savagely on Iris. Bobble lounged forward. "That'll do, Ned," he warned. "Iris, call June." "Junie!" They heard Iris throwing doors open and running through house, calling June. Ned darted up the

stairs, but in the hall Iris met him with a frightened face. "She is gone!" They all searched for her then, but there was no trace of her.

## CHAPTER III.

RS. GILBERT BLYE was in shrill voiced converse with a big green parrot, which, from length and sharpness of nose and height of eye arches, might have been a sister to her. A maid announced that some one had wanted to see Mr. Blye, and, since he was not at home, would Mrs. Blye care to say where She left the money on the seat. Here it is." And he showed them the three he was? He came to New York on an

Mrs. Blye rose instantly. She sailed



Mrs. Gilbert Blye Was In Shrill Voice Converse With a Big Green Parrot.

the five earnest visitors. "Did you say Mr. Blye returned on an early train?' "Yes." Ned tried not to speak curtly.

penetration. Mrs. Blye began to wor-ry herself. Also she began to suspect. That last was her specialty. "If you will tell me the nature of your business with Mr. Blye I may be able to locate

"I want my daughter!" blurted out

"Oh!" And Mrs. Blye's voice rose. "Your daughter!" She glared at them for a moment. "Will you please wait?" she asked and sailed back through the hall. They could hear her sharp voice telephoning. She had called her hus-band's club, and they heard her ex-claim indignantly, "Where, Sherry's?" She was back, blazing. She had her hat in her hand. "He's at Sherry's!" she shrilled.

She slammed into that, turned on the lights and rolled away with as much vigor as was in the capacity of her machine. Bobbie's runabout darted after her and passed her and then came the limousine with Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Ned.

Poor June! It had been hard for her to leave those beloved voices down there in the library, but she had made up her mind very firmly that neither she nor Ned could be happy if she was always to feel that she was a chattel. She ran back to the desk for Ned's photograph, then stepped lightly out on the tiny side porch, jumped down to the little embankment and fied, as light as thistledown, along the side of the house and out at the little grocer's gate

a black eyed young woman, the most vivacious of the party, called him to task for his evening of secret schem-ing. "You're up to some devilment," she charged, playfully tweaking his beard. "Come and dance with me." "Sorry, Tommy," he told her, with that queer smile on his lips, "but I've a previous engagement." "She can wait," pouted the girl. She

dragged Blye away from the table. "Take my car, Gil!" called the gray mustached host.

"Certainly," replied Blye, and the three men exchanged a smile. "I'll "I'll dance one round with Tommy; then

I'll go. Before that round was over, however, Gilbert Blye saw an apparition in the doorway, and his face turned cold. The apparition was a tall, angular woman with a long, high nose and high arched brows, who was trying to bore

Gilbert Blye through and through with a double eyed glare of burning feroci-ty. He hurried over to his wife. She

had shrilled: "Who is that woman?" One lean, long finger pointed accusingly at the vivacious black eyed girl with whom Gil had been dancing.

"I shall explain nothing," said Gilbert. "I'm through!" He left her contemptuously, leaving

her stunned by this unexpected revolt.

As he went down the steps he heard her shrieking something after him, and he hurried. As he dashed out of the door he ran into a group who were coming in. They were the Moores, the Bletherings and Ned Warner, and he was upon them and past Shem and jumping into the luxuriously furnished racing limousine, with the little watch in his hand, before they realized that this was the man they were seeking. "There he goes!" cried Ned. "The scoundrel!"

Blye, moving rapidly away, saw the confusion and blamed his wife for the scene, for now she was in the lead of the excited group, which was rush-

ing toward him. . The house of the Moores at Brynport was dark when June arrived, the dear old house. It stood back amid the dim trees, with a dignity and beauty which she had never before thoroughly appreciated, and at the gate she hesitated as if, with no one to welcome her, she had no right here. There was a welcome, though, and a joyous one, a loud, hearty one, a se-ries of delighted barks from her dog

Bouncer The hole through which he usu ... emerged had been found and closed, but he wasted no time on that. He merely came through the window bringing a part of the sash with him,

and here he was running circles around her, leaping at her, crouching, barking at the top of his voice, doing everything in his power to show her that she was a welcome visitor at this place and in his heart at any hour of the night or day. He had known her very presence

from far back in the shed. It was the work of a minute for June to clamber through an unlocked kitch



**REASONS GIVEN FOR** DOWNFALL OF BOYS Inmates of Huntingdon Reforma-

tory Talk of Causes Leading to Their Imprisonment

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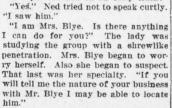
Monday, February 8

the black Vandyked man was the most silent. Finally he began to talk and grew enthusiastic, and presently he drew forth June's little gold watch. Then he flashed open the lid. All three men bent cagerly over it. They gazed upon the lovely features of the runaway bride, their faces bent close together. They clapped the black Vanhim dyked man on the shoulder. It was during this time that June John Moore, his lips squaring. Warner, sitting quietly in a corner of the library with Bobbie and Iris and

with her mother's purse still in her hand, heard a familiar voice in the "Daddy!" She dashed from her chair in a flash and went upstairs to "Where's Junie?" Mrs. Moore had pushed through ahead of the men. John Moore walked straight to Bob-

bie Blethering and shook an awe in-An electric coupe stood at the door. "Well, she's here," he said. "What "I'll tell you what of it!" said Iris. "June has decided not to see any of

begged Mrs. Moore, "what Iris took two letters from the mantel. She gave one to Ned and one to Mrs.



early train.

straight into the hall and confronted

The Black Vandyked Man.

this numbly after awhile. "Did you say he gave you money?"

"Yes." June straightened up as she recognized the difficulty which lay before her. Iris, while a warm and loyal friend, was not exactly a thoughtful person nor a sensitive one and might perhaps not understand the deep eth ical significance of what had happened. Bobbie didn't count.

"Just after the wedding breakfast mother gave me a purse, and if I had not left that on the library table at home I might not have known my predicament until it was too late. When Ned and I were on the train, however, I miss ed the purse. While I was telling Ned about it he tipped the porter

Why had she walked down the aisle of the Brynport chapel with him that Mrs. Moore smilingly put it in her morning? Perhaps the black Vandyk-ed man was married, and marriage hand "Why didn't June wire us?" puzzled

was the only road to June's freedom father, his fists bulging in the pockets He could stand this train of thoughts

of his gay smoking jacket. "Yes, why didn't she?" Mother's volce was full of anxiety, but as she no longer. He whirled up Riverside drive, past the very house where June was then talking to Iris and turned saw the unruffled expression of Iris his key in the lock of the place which was to have been home. Home! And Blethering's face she began to bridle. If Junie could wire her friend, why couldn't she wire her mother? "You have such 'slow delivery out this was his return! Here were all

the furnishings which they had bought here," promptly explained Iris. "Just what did she say?" together. Here had clustered all his dreams of happiness. It must be his task to find that man!

Iris cast her eyes to the ceiling and June was still June-and his June! He caught up the portrait and pressed egan telling off the words on her fin gers. it to his lips and held it in his arms

"Phone mother I can't find my purse Did I forget it? Extremely happy Bushels of love to all. June." Twenty minutes were all the callers could spare. They drove down the boulevard. A taxicab flashed by them, but they did not notice it. Ned War was in the taxi, and he was out and up on the porch before the ma

chine had come to a full stop. John Moore answered the bell, and he stood as if petrified when he saw his son-in-

"How did you guess my roll?" in-quired the cheerful Bobbie, dragging expression. up a handful of bills with nonchalant "Have you heard from June?" huskease, at which June smiled in spite of Id Ned.

her embarrassment. She had always been amused at the matter of fact and "Isn't she with you?" The voice of Moore was strained and tense. open way in which these two discuss-Mrs. Moore came hurrying out, her ed finances. Bobbie counted his monface ashen. "Junie!" she cried. She ran down to

ey and held back a fragment of it. "Here's your hundred, and I'm sever the taxi and peered in through the open window. She came running back

## "Why are you here alone?"

Moore. Her husband looked over her shoulder. The letter was addressed to-Dear Daddy and Mummy-I cannot ex-plain in a letter why I was compelled to leave Ned. Some day I will make you understand and forgive. Please be good to dear Ned and love YOUR LITTLE JUNIE.

"Here's the man!" shouted Ned, his voice full of sudden fury. He held a pair of gloves in one hand and a card in the other. "These are June's gloves. They were lying on the table, and this card was in them."

Where now should she go? The apartments, their home, hers and Ned's! She hurried up in that direction, but at the first corner she stopped for an instant and darted over toward Broadway. She had realized three things almost simultaneously - first that they might come out of the Blethering house at any instant and see her;

second, that she had no key and, third, that Ned might come there. It would be the most likely place for him to go in his loneliness.

In fond memory, stopping at the first dark corner, she went over each of the dear rooms, furnished just to fit her and delight her-the white and gold reception room, the white and rose drawing room, the white and black library, the white and blue bed. room, the all white kitchen. She saw Ned in every room and herself there. Now flushed and happy she was experimenting with the toy range, now they were dining together all alone. She was playfully feeding Ned, and he was seasoning the meal with stolen

kisses, walking clear around the ta-ble to get them. They were spending ble to get them. an evening of blissful companionship in the library. She suddenly held her handkerchief

to her mouth to choke back a sob. On Broadway she hailed a passing taxi. . . . . . All was sparkling at Sherry's, but electric.

ard was in them?" Gilbert Blye had taken small share in "They're my gloves?" called Iris, but the bilarity. He had risen to go when

her maid, Marie, seize several garments and drag with her the astounded servant. "Miss June! Miss June!" cried Aunt

Debby, out of breath from running, but June only waved a hand at her as the taxi swept out of the drive. A limousine had stopped in front of

the house, and a black Vandyked man had alighted.

"Miss Moore!" he called, but June's taxi rattled on. He jumped in his own car and gave the word and start. ed in swift pursuit. The two machines were still in sight

when the runabout of Bobbie and Iris dashed around the circle.

"Is June here?" called Iris. "Lawdy, no!" puffed Aunt Debby 'Dat's her goin' yonder!"

The runabout was gone with a whiz and immediately after came the family limousine trons who were unable to see

"Is June here?" called all three of the occupants at once. "She's just done gone! The gentle

man with black whiskers has just done gone! Mr. Bobbie and Miss Iris has just done gone! Whooh!" Around the corner there rolled an

electric coupe. It was brilliantly light-ed, and in it sat an angular woman with a high, long nose and high arched brows, beneath which glittered two sharp eyes. "Say!" shrilled the occupant of the

Norma Phillips Former Mutual Girl in the role of "Runaway June"

Admission . . . 10c Children . . . . .

5c

Aunt Debby, her broad hand on her stomach, pointed down the road.

"Colonial Jack," Border Dedestrian, Visits City
"Colonial Jack," who has walked more than 9,000 miles around the country is to regain his of the united states.
"Colonial Jack," who has walked more than 9,000 miles around the country is to regain his of the united states.
"Toborder of the United States," and to have track was a vife and or the yesterdag.
"Barks were received at the Harrisburg late westerdag."
"Barks were received at the laterise track, who have been the means of three
"Barks were received at the laterise track, and to help them in this age, place of residence, and the mamp of the persons he has met, and tells of the more track when the track was a track and tells of the more track, when the means of three tracks and the mark track and tells of the more track and tells of the track and tells of the more track

