

RUNAWAY JUNE BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER

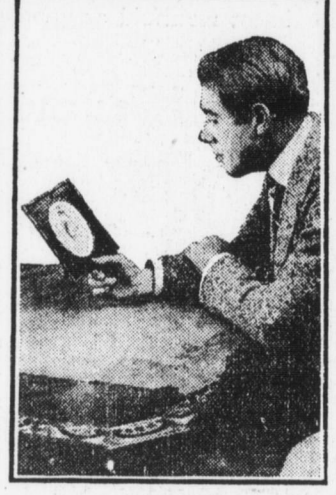


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SECOND EPISODE. In Pursuit of the Runaway Bride

CHAPTER I. THE runaway bride, who led the chase, seemed to be lucky, for the traffic opened before her like a wall. As she turned into Central park at Fifty-ninth street, safe from immediate pursuit, the black Vandyked man's car was in a snarl at Fifth-sixth.

a 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 recollection of her humiliation.



He Caught Up the Portrait and Pressed it to His Lips.

She had his card and was reaching for it when she noticed that Iris had gone to the telephone. "You mustn't telephone anybody!" the runaway bride insisted.



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.

"Oh!" gasped June as the significance of the tableau suddenly dawned upon her. Why, they were almost in the same position in which she had seen herself when she was Ned's pitiful little beggar.

"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 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 principle."

"I don't understand. She told me she lost her purse. I gave her some money, and she went to sleep with her head on my shoulder. I pilloved her more comfortably on the seat by and by and went into the smoker. I dropped in to look at her about every five minutes, and when I came back after we had passed Farnville she was gone.

CHAPTER II. AUNT DEBBY came around the corner of the Moore house in all her glory—stiff lavender dress with the red posies on it, yellow hat with the green feather, tan shoes and blue stockings.

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

"Why didn't June wire us?" puzzled father, his fists bulging in the pockets of his gay smoking jacket. "Yes, why didn't she?" Mother's voice was full of anxiety, but as she saw the untruffled expression of Iris Blethering's face she began to bridle.

and caught Ned by the arm. "Where is my girl?" "Then she isn't here?" gasped Ned. "Come inside." John Moore's voice had lost all its color.

"I don't know. June is somewhere in New York. I was in hopes you had heard from her." "We did! She telegraphed to Iris that she had lost her purse. Iris left here with it to mail it to June."

"You are holding something back!" Moore charged. "I want to know the truth!" "You have all I can tell you," declared Ned. He would not tell them about the black Vandyked man, and June was Mrs. Warner now.

"I was during this time that June 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 vestibule.

"Where's the Junie?" Mrs. Moore had pushed through ahead of the men. John Moore walked straight to Bobbie Blethering and shook an aw-inspiring finger at that young man.

"Why are you here alone?" Moore. Her husband looked over her shoulder. The letter was addressed to—Dear Daddy and Mummy—I cannot explain 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

Ned laughed at her. There was no mistaking those dainty, blue embroidered bits of white kid. "New, 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 until she came here. He is a tall, black Vandyked man, and at Farnville he was assisting June on the down train. I saw them myself through the car window talking together. I want to find Gilbert Blye! Are you hiding him too?"

CHAPTER III. MRS. 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 he was? He came to New York on an early train.

Mrs. Blye rose instantly. She sailed straight into the hall and confronted the five earnest visitors. "Did you say Mr. Blye returned on an early train?" "Yes," Ned tried not to speak curtly. "I saw him."

"I want my daughter!" blurted out John Moore, his lips squaring. "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.

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.

LADIES' AID TO GIVE SUPPER. The Ladies' Aid Society of the Camp Hill Methodist Church will hold a conundrum supper at the home of Mrs. Robert Hawbecker, Market street, Friday, February 12, between 5 and 9 o'clock.

a black eyed young woman, the most vivacious of the party, called him to task for his evening of secret scheming. "You're up to some devilment," she charged, playfully tweaking his beard. "Come and dance with me."

"Who is that woman?" One lean, long finger pointed accusingly at the vicious black eyed girl with whom Gil had been dancing. "I shall explain nothing," said Gilbert. "I'm through!"

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.

Where Now Should She Go? en window and to rush upstairs, get her maid, Marie, seize several garments and drag with her the astounded servant.

"Miss Moore!" 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.

ERIE WANTS F. A. M. MEET. Erie, Pa., is the latest city to make a bid for the 1915 annual convention of the Federation of American Motorcyclists. Boosters of Erie believe that the East is entitled to this year's meet, since most of the recent assemblies have been held in the Middle West.

REASONS GIVEN FOR DOWNFALL OF BOYS

Inmates of Huntingdon Reformatory Talk of Causes Leading to Their Imprisonment. Huntingdon, Pa., Feb. 6.—It is interesting to learn to what causes the 959 inmates admitted to Pennsylvania Industrial Reformatory here during 1913-14 attribute their downfall, as shown by the biennial report of Superintendent T. E. Patton, issued to-day.

Runaway June IN Motion Pictures AT The Royal

Third Street Above Cumberland Two reels comprising the FIRST EPISODE Monday Feb. 8th Every Monday thereafter for 15 weeks Admission 10c; Children 5c

SEE RUNAWAY JUNE

In Motion Pictures at THE VICTORIA All Star Cast

Every Monday for fifteen weeks—the story by George Randolph Chester Love, Mystery, Adventure, Dollars

For the benefit of our patrons who were unable to see the first episode last Monday, both the first and second installments will be shown on Monday, February 8 Norma Phillips Former Mutual Girl in the role of "Runaway June" Admission . . . 10c Children . . . . . 5c

"Colonial Jack," Border Pedestrian, Visits City. "Colonial Jack," who has walked more than 9,000 miles around the entire border of the United States, and visited 1,209 towns, was in Harrisburg late yesterday.

families locating lost relatives, the arrest of a murderer, an embezzler and other fugitives from justice. "Jack" is really John Aurat Krohn, from Newburyport, Mass. He has a wife and one daughter, Beatrice, dependent upon him.

Government Is Taking Census of Unemployed. With a view to getting a line on the number of unemployed men in the United States, and to help them if possible, the Department of Labor

and industry at Washington, D. C., is distributing employment blanks. It is proposed as far as possible to find work for the unemployed.

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