

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester.

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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 off 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 glistened 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 tch and pinked with pleasure. Ser-

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 had 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 Vandylke 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 Morrissey, two blocks beyond."

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

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

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

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



"It's a fine evenin'."

Sergeant Clancy and the platoon of the finest saluted and looked their rough gentleness, 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

demonstrator; Friday, March 12, Thurston Liddick, Lewistown.

Snyder County—T. C. Foster, demonstrator; Monday, March 8, W. G. Snyder, Beavertown; Wednesday, March 10, W. W. Bruner, Paxtonville.

Union County—T. C. Foster, demonstrator; Friday, March 12, Colonel W. R. Folmer, W. Milton.

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Juniata County—J. S. Hochlander, demonstrator; Monday, March 8, Thad. Musser, McAllisterville; Wednesday, March 10, S. A. Robinson, Port Royal.

Lancaster County—E. C. Bowers, demonstrator; Monday, March 8, Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown; Wednesday, March 10, C. B. Snyder, Ephrata, Route 1; Friday, March 12, Dr. J. E. Hostetter, Gap, Route 1.

York County—E. F. Peirce, demonstrator; Monday, March 8, Albert Shorb, Hanover, Route 2.

Adams County—E. F. Peirce, demonstrator; Wednesday, March 10, D. Clarence Jacobs, Gettysburg, Route 5.

Newspapers Voice Public Demand for Repeal of Full Crew Laws

Public sentiment, as expressed by the newspapers, overwhelmingly favors the repeal of the Full Crew—"excess man crew"—Laws.

On February 14th, the railroads of Pennsylvania and New Jersey frankly and fearlessly submitted to the Court of Public Opinion the reason why these laws, which unnecessarily burden the people, should be repealed.

On this presentation of facts newspapers have taken position. Editorials to the number of 199 have so far come to the attention of the Railroads' Executive Committee. These group the newspapers on the proposition as follows:

For Repeal	162
Against Repeal	10
Neutral	27

Following are excerpts from various newspapers:

Honest Proposition

Here is a perfectly fair and honest proposition that ought to receive the attention of the Legislature, and no doubt the great majority of the legislators are perfectly willing to consider it.—*Evening Times, Trenton.*

Deprives Others of Jobs

The entire act is based upon a false economic principle—that work can be made by legislative edict. To make a job for one man where there is no service to perform means depriving another man of a job where service under normal conditions is needed.—*Herald, Waynesboro, Pa.*

Public Mightily Interested

In the last analysis the public pays the bill, and the public is, therefore, mightily interested in the present attack on the Full Crew bill.—*Gazette and Bulletin, Williamsboro, Pa.*

Worse Than Useless

The Full Crew Law is one of the pieces of legislative folly for which the people are now paying in the form of advanced freight and passenger rates. It compels the railroads to pay men whom they do not need, men who are worse than useless because their idleness is demoralizing to the whole working force.—*National Stockman and Farmer, Pittsburgh.*

For Future Good

The course now being pursued by the railroads should eliminate forever the mischief-making elements which are responsible for the full crew impositions.—*Morris County Press, Morristown, N. J.*

Railroads Congratulated

Undoubtedly this is a good move and one for which the Pennsylvania and its associate companies should be congratulated.—*National Labor Tribune, Pittsburgh.*

Unnecessary Men

From no source does it seem to be successfully maintained that all of the men now employed on trains are necessary to safety in operation.—*Leader, Johnstown.*

Wipe the Law Off

A vigorous, common sense argument is that presented in behalf of the railroads endeavoring to secure a repeal of the Full Crew Law. The measure should be promptly wiped from the statute books.—*Record, Summit, N. J.*

Repeal Fully Warranted

It would seem as if the action to be taken in the attempt to repeal the so-called "Full Crew" Law was fully warranted.—*Dispatch, Erie.*

Fifth Wheel Men

These men are of no more use than a fifth wheel to a coach. Their presence on the trains is in no way helpful. It is rather detrimental than otherwise to the efficiency of the service.—*Sunday Dispatch, Philadelphia.*

People Favor Repeal

The railroads—not always right—are absolutely right in asking for the repeal of the Full Crew Law, and we believe the people of the State will favor the action taken by the railroads.—*Independent, Collegeville, Pa.*

Economically Unsound

The Full Crew Law is economically unsound. It provides for employment and payment of men who perform no useful function.—*Tribune, New York.*

By repeal of the Full Crew Laws there is no purpose to lay off men whose services are necessary to adequately man trains. Let that be understood. The object is merely to eliminate men for whom there is no real work and for whom jobs exist only by edict of law.

The railroads believe that the people will join in this fight for repeal of laws which put unnecessary burdens upon the public. They ask all citizens to help by communicating in person, by letter or otherwise with their elected representatives at Harrisburg and Trenton. This should be done now.

SAMUEL REA, President, Pennsylvania Railroad

DANIEL WILLARD, President, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad

THEODORE VOORHEES, President, Philadelphia and Reading Railway

R. L. O'DONNELL, Chairman, Executive Committee, Associated Railroads of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, 721 Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia.

Can You Play the Piano?

A PIANO is always a fascination—particularly to the person who loves music, but is not a musician; that is a trained musician. Can you play the piano? How often, though, do you sit down and "pick out" with one finger the melody of some composition of which you are fond, and always turn away with a suppressed wish that you could play? You are the one for whom the Player-Piano—

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ORCHARD WORK IN NEARBY COUNTIES

Dr. Surface Has Included Dauphin, Cumberland and Others in Next Week's List

State orchard demonstrations which will begin in seventeen counties of Pennsylvania next Monday are scheduled to be continued in twenty-eight others in the second week of March, according to the schedule issued today by State Zoologist H. A. Surface. All of these demonstrations will be held in the afternoons and will take place, rain or shine, says the zoologist.

The schedules include:

Dauphin County—S. W. Kerr, demonstrator; Wednesday, March 10, A. M. Hoffman, Enterline; Friday, March 12, Middletown Orphanage, Middletown.

Cumberland County—E. F. Pierce, Arthur Rea, Newville.

Mifflin County—J. S. Hochlander, demonstrator; Friday, March 12, G.

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(To be continued Wednesday.)