

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester.
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"At Last, My Love!"

CHAPTER A

AT the moment that Blye met June Ned Warner was springing up the stairs, his jaws set and his fists clinched.

It was thus that Ned Warner had, after all his weary pursuit, found his bride-in the presence of Gilbert Blye! Behind Ned came the runaway June Warner's stern faced father and gentle faced mother; came Iris Blithering, June's bosom friend; Bobbie Blithering, husband of Iris; came Marie, June's high cheek boned maid, with her friend and admirer, Officer Dowd; came fat old black Aunt Debby, panting and out of breath and shrieking for her Miss June; came that handsome and energetic collier, Bouncer, leaping and barking and encouraging the excitement with all his canine might.

For only an instant Ned Warner stood nonplused before the door of the room; then he seized a chair, and, striding to the door, he swung the chair, while the others of the little throng, which had piled in after him, fell back.

Beyond the door the dark, handsome man with the black Vandike had led the beautiful little runaway bride to a heavy man with thick lidded eyes and a round head bristling with short hair. He sat in a chair, and in his hands was money. He rose as June was led up to him, and into her hands he thrust the money. Then he smiled at her, while Gilbert Blye stepped back, saucily smiling and stroking his black Vandike with his long, lean white fingers.

June shrank from the fat hands which were about to be clasped upon her shoulders and from that wide, thick smile upon the face of the heavy man and, laughing nervously, turned to Gilbert Blye, who bent his dark handsome head above her and spoke to her in his low voice.

Crash!
The door splintered and gave way and through it burst the wild eyed Ned Warner, his jaw set and his fists clinched. For a second he stood bewildered by the strange light which flooded this large room; then, with an oath, he sprang for the black Vandike man. He clutched his fingers around the throat and, with a savage roar, bore Gilbert Blye to the floor. The runaway bride uttered shriek after shriek.

At the door downstairs there stopped an electric coupe, driven by a sharp featured woman with a long nose and high arched brows. She jumped out, and from the dim hallway there came a short, thick man with a short, thick stub of a cigar in one corner of his mouth. It was the well known and justly famous private detective, Bill Wolf.

"Got him, Mrs. Blye!" he triumphantly husked. "Your husband is right upstairs—with the girl!"

"The viper!" hissed Honoria Blye and dashed into the dim hallway.

Bill Wolf caught her as she started up the stairs.

"Not so fast, madam!" he called and laid hold of her arm. "This way, please."

"But my husband! The girl, June!"

"They're here all right, and they can't get away. Here's your pictures, ma'am, and here's your bill."

He handed her a large roll of paper and two photographs, one of Gilbert Blye and one of June Warner.

Upstairs there was a scene of wild confusion. The runaway bride, her mother, Iris Blithering and the vivacious Tommy Thomas were screaming in hysteria, while the heavy man with the thick eyelids and the man with the white mustache and Bobbie Blithering and half a dozen other men rushed upon the fiercely struggling men on the floor.

"My husband!" shrieked June. "My husband!" And she ran around and around the excited pack of scrambling

men, followed by the leaping, barking Bouncer.

Into this tumultuous scene there rushed Marie and Officer Dowd and fat old black Aunt Debby just as Bobbie by main strength dragged from Gilbert Blye the maddened assailant who had sprung upon him.

Gilbert Blye rose feeling of his throat, and for a moment he contemplated Ned Warner with dazed bewilderment; then a flush of anger came into his cheeks, and his black eyes blazed.

"Let him go!" he yelled, and, thrusting the heavy Edwards out of his way, he made a mad rush for the man who had attempted to strangle him.

It was huge Officer Dowd who this time jumped in between the two furious combatants and, with the aid of half a dozen young men, prevented the desperate encounter which would have ensued.

"My husband!" sobbed June and tried to throw herself upon him, but he turned from her. "Ned! Mr. Blye!"

A hand was laid upon Ned's arm—Iris Blithering's. She had forced her way through the excited throng.

"Why, Ned?" she called, shaking his arm and looking at the eyes from which the light of reason seemed to have fled. "Ned, listen to me. It's Iris! Don't you see? This is a motion picture studio!"

They all had to repeat it again and again before they could reach his dazed intelligence. He had seen but two objects in all this huge room, crowded with its moving picture machines, its properties, its scenery, its banks of stage lights, and those two objects had been his runaway bride and Gilbert Blye.

June! She stood now supported by her father and mother, her large, lustrous eyes turned appealingly on Ned, waiting the moment when she dared approach him again.

"Don't you understand, Ned?" she frantically cried. "Won't you understand? It's a motion picture play!"

Slowly he turned his glassy eyes in her direction. He comprehended at last, but there was no softening in his face, for there still stood the dark, handsome Gilbert Blye. Ned made a sudden lunge for his enemy, but Officer Dowd, watching him narrowly, stopped him.

"You have been with that man ever since you left me!" savagely charged Ned, turning suddenly toward the trembling June and shaking his finger at her.

In the abandoned bank room below Bill Wolf stood near a dusty window with Honoria Blye and rolled out before her a bill, yards long, covering all the separate items of his sleuthing on the trail of Gilbert Blye and June Warner.

"Go over the list, ma'am, item by item," confidently invited the faithful detective. "You'll find them correct. And here's a check on your own bank, all ready and made out for you to sign, and here's a fountain pen, ma'am."

Honoria Blye took the long list and began to check it off, item by item. In the studio above a score of indignant eyes turned on Ned Warner, and there was a loud chorus of protest as he pointed accusingly at his unhappy runaway bride.

"What do you mean?" demanded the cold, stern voice of Gilbert Blye, and he advanced, his black eyes glowing. "This girl has done no wrong!"

They all talked at once, and they all talked indignantly at Ned Warner—Tommy Thomas, the white mustached Orin Cunningham, the round headed Edwards, Marie, Officer Dowd, Bobbie and Iris Blithering and all the camera men and members of the Blye Stock company. According to them, June Warner was the sweetest and best little wife any man dared wish for, and if Ned Warner chose to criticize her in any way he would have to answer her every person here, including fat old black Aunt Debby, who breast-straight up to him, waddling her voluminous self defiantly from side to side.

"Looky hyah, you, Mr. Ned!" she fared, and Bouncer, who had been rushing around the separated bride and groom, stopped to bark ferociously up at Ned. "Ain't that Marie been with our honey ever since she done come an' got her clothes? Ain't you got no gumption? Why, looky hyah, if you say a word about our Miss June I'll jest about squash you!"

Iris and Father and Mother Moore bent forward eagerly toward Ned, and all smiled reassuringly. Then father Moore turned to June.

"My daughter," he said, "come home."

Mother and daughter wept in each other's arms.

CHAPTER II.

"NED!" It was a pathetic little figure which turned appealingly to the scowling young man. Her big eyes were full of tears. "It was all a mistake, dear!"

She choked back her tears, and there was a tense silence, in which Ned Warner stood with cold eyes and folded arms waiting.

"Oh, Ned, can't I make you see and understand?" And there was a piteous wistfulness about her. "We were all so happy on that day of our wedding, so happy as we started on our honeymoon trip! And when we stood alone in the Pullman drawing room, surrounded by our white ribboned baggage, there seemed to be no cloud in our sky!"

See Runaway June in motion pictures every Monday at the Victoria Theater. The pictures each week portray the episode published in the Telegraph the week previous.—Advertisement.

Runaway June will be shown in motion pictures every Monday at the Royal Theater, Third street above Cumberland. Be sure to see them.—Advertisement.

[To be continued.]

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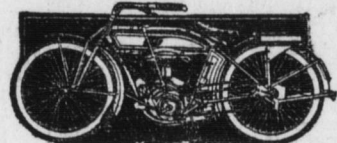
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AMUSEMENTS

"THE GIRL FROM UTAH"

Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cavitt with their companies in "The Girl From Utah" will open at the Majestic, Wednesday evening, May 12. The play, which has been termed the absolute high tide of musical entertainment in America, Charles Frohman has assembled these famous musical comedy stars in a single organization for this season only and has utilized as the entertainment in which to display their combined talents one of the famous London Gaiety shows, "The Girl From Utah." Its sweeping success at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, was followed by an equal triumph at the Chicago Theater, Chicago. The music is by Paul Rubens, with American numbers by Jerome Kern, while the book is by James F. Tanner. In addition to the three stars the cast includes Venita Fitzgibbon, Renee Reed, the great American Wharton and Walter Gilbert.—Advertisement.

"RUNAWAY JUNE" AT THE VICTORIA TODAY

To-day we present the fourteen-episode of George Randolph Chester's remarkable serial, entitled "Runaway June," and as there is only one more episode to follow to-day's offering part of the mystery begins to clear itself. The interesting story is founded on the idea that a woman loses her independence when she marries and that she becomes in a sense an abject beggar. "June" runs away from her husband for this reason and her many exciting adventures and the mysteriousness of her surroundings are shown in a very fascinating manner. To-morrow we present F. McGrew Wills' distinctive photo creation, in five parts, called "The Quest," in which one of America's most beautiful actresses, Margareta Fischer, is featured, and who is supported by a cast of such capable players as Henry Pallard, Jr., Singleton, Robyn Adair and others. This great Mutual masterpiece is a production of realism and romance. "Washed on Mabel," a screaming Keystone comedy, will also be shown to-morrow.—Advertisement.

AT THE REGENT

No greater attraction has ever been arranged for this city than that which will be shown at the Regent Theater to-day and to-morrow. "The Dancing Girl," the world-renowned drama by Henry Arthur Jones, is in itself a wonderful feature, but along with the production comes the announcement that the Regent has secured the services of Miss Reed, is to be "the girl." Miss Reed's splendid, emotional acting in "The Typhoon" and "The Yellow Ticket" stamp her as well adapted to the role of the beautiful Drusilla, the demure little village maiden and the notorious belle of London Bohemia. "The Dancing Girl" is a big production, and several hundred feet of film are used in its production. Supporting Miss Reed, too, is an able cast. In addition for to-day, "Tam, Heavens! Due" "The Sisters Solace" and "The Phantom Thief" will be shown.—Advertisement.

"SIDLAND" AT THE COLONIAL

One of those acts that always makes a hit in Harrisburg, a group of clever

TELEGRAPH CITY BEAUTIFUL CONTEST

To MISS M. W. BUEHLER, 232 North Second Street, Harrisburg, Pa. Outdoor Department, Civic Club of Harrisburg.

Please enroll me in the "City Beautiful" Garden Prize Contest announced by ex-Postmaster E. J. Stackpole on behalf of the Telegraph through the Civic Club of Harrisburg, as a competitor for

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juvenile actors and actresses, come to the Colonial Theater to-day for a three-day stay. "A White's "Kidland" contains nearly a dozen romping boys and girls. There is no doubt but what this act will attract large crowds to the Colonial. On the same bill will be Murray K. Hill, "the five-cent barber"; Walker and Hill, in a skit called "The Only Girl," and Laird and Thompson, two very pretty girls in a dainty offering with songs. The Colonial has also just made an arrangement with the manufacturers to keep the house supplied with Charles K. Chaplin's comedies, and one of these will be a feature the first three days this week.—Advertisement.

TWO GREAT FILMS AT THE PALACE

Gypsy life in this, the Spring time, has an appeal to us all. We are all gypsies at heart when the winter snows melt away and the wanderlust is in the air. Rosemary Theyby who, with Harry Myers and Brinsley Shaw, enacts a leading role in "Playing With Fire," a two-reel society drama, makes an ideal gypsy. Of dark complexion and Latin features, Miss Theyby ideally personifies the gypsy queen, Marja, in the drama, "Playing With Fire," which came out in this way: Harry Myers, Brinsley Shaw and Rosemary Theyby, the principals in "Playing With Fire," were automobiling in Long Island recently when they came upon a band of gypsies camping in a wood through which the road passed. Miss Theyby at once saw the picturesque possibilities in the band of Roumanian nomads and a quick return was made to New York for a camera. The gypsies, for a substantial consideration, quickly entered into the spirit of the photoplay, and composing her scenario on the spot, Miss Theyby, with her cameraman's assistance, soon had several hundred feet of film finished. Miss Theyby exchanged her own clothes for those worn by the "queen" of the gypsy band and called forth admiring comment from the "king" of the wandering crew in her make-up. In addition there will be shown to-day and Tuesday the latest Espenay release by Charlie Chaplin, "By the Sea." Judging from his past films this new one promises great entertainment.—Advertisement.

DONKEY GAVE HIM THE LIE

I remember quite well the great pains I took in the preparation of my first sermon. I committed it carefully to memory and was a letter perfect when the time came for its delivery. It was preached to a small congregation of farmers and their workfolk. It was a beautiful summer's day, when all the windows and doors were wide open and my subject was on the "Silence of God." I remember I spoke of the wonderful silence of God in the Bible, and how silently he governed his great world, how our human ears could not hear the noise which this world or the planets and stars made in their progress through space, and how God governed our souls so silently. I remember quite well how impressive I thought I was when I said and on this beautiful day we hear no sound"—and the deep silence was broken by the deep braying of a donkey, who brayed sonorously, twice.—The Rev. Arthur Lowndes, D. D., in the Christian Herald.

WHAT A REVIVAL IS

The word "revival" is often given a meaning which primarily does not belong to it. Many emphasize the conversion of sinners as the essential element in revival work; but that is the secondary meaning of the word. Essentially, "revival" means the quickening of God's people. You cannot revive a dead man. The unregenerate sinner is spiritually dead. He must be born again. Now, you may revive a partially drowned body, or a partially frozen body. The regenerate soul's life often weakens and wanes, until the flame almost flickers out. But if there be the least spark of life left, it can be fanned into a flame; and like the apparently dead cinder in the smithy's forge, that spark will touch others and kindle a flame that will enthrone a church, a city, or even a nation. A revival of religion, then, must logically begin with the church. Such is the divine order.—The Christian Herald.

ADVERTISING PARCEL POST BY WINDOW DISPLAY

A novel and effective method of advertising the U. S. Parcel Post was devised by the postmaster of Canon City, Colo. The post office has a large show window, and in this were placed a great variety of articles that could be or had been shipped by parcel post. The list included boxes of apples, sacks of flour, hams, rocking chairs, shovels, and many other commodities the sending of which by parcel post would not ordinarily occur to most people. Each was properly wrapped, tagged, and addressed, and placards showed the weight and the cost of postage to different points. One result has been a large increase in the parcel post business at Canon City. A picture of the exhibit appears in the May Popular Mechanics Magazine.

WOMAN KILLED IN AUTO

Special to The Telegraph Philadelphia, May 3.—Miss Vela Delaney, 35 years old, of 5556 Market street, a probation officer and social worker attached to the Municipal Court here, is dead. Her neck was broken when she was thrown from the rear seat of an automobile and her head struck the hard roadway. Three other persons were hurt.

88, WALKS TWO MILES TO PREACH

Special to The Telegraph Pittsburgh, May 3.—Showing no signs of weariness, the Rev. Albert Vogel, 98, preached last evening in the Carrick Methodist Episcopal Church, after a walk of two miles from the home of a friend.



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