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Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester. Copyright 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.

"We were rehearsing, Mr. Warner," explained Blye quietly. "Yes, Ned!" June was crying, but though Ned saw her, he paid no attention to her.

"We were to take the actual picture the next morning in the studio, and we were working out some scenes. It may help you if I tell you that Mr. Cunningham is the pursuing villain in 'The Runaway Bride'...

Ned laughed, but there was no mirth in it. June shrank under his contemptuous gaze, and her mother patted gently the hand which lay in her arm.

"I'll swear it was not a moving picture rehearsal the night you dragged my wife out of the New York cafe and took her on board your yacht."

"You bet it wasn't!" It was the heavy T. J. Edwards, and he was bobbing his round head vigorously. "A contract is a contract. When your wife saw you she wouldn't go on board the yacht; she wouldn't finish the pictures; she couldn't do anything. My heavens, man, do you know I had already spent \$75,000 on this feature? And if this girl quit we couldn't get another one to take her place, could we? So we dragged her on board the yacht..."

Ned Warner had been sitting on the edge of a table. Now he sprang to his feet, and his eyes flamed. He caught his wife by the wrist and pulled her away from her mother.

"Here's one thing you can't explain." He dropped her wrist, and she stood swaying with half closed eyes, but there was no mercy in him. "I saw you rush from a house in a filmy stage costume."

There was a strained tensi in the group which surrounded them. John Moore started to come to his daughter, but Ned fiercely waved him back. "It was moving picture work. Very well. But tell me this—how could any girl who could not endure the humiliation of accepting money from her husband consent to appear on the street for any purpose in such a costume?"

There was a deathlike stillness among them, broken by a wild sobbing from the little runaway bride.

"Ned!" she cried. "Oh, Ned!" And she clung upon his arm. He held coldly rigid. "Forgive me! You can't know how I've suffered! You can't know how I've loathed it all! I was so mistaken, so wrong! I thought I had such a wonderful ideal. When I had achieved my independence, when I need no longer look to you for money, I was to return to you, and we were to walk hand in hand through life in that love which can be founded only upon mutual respect, which asks love for love and nothing more. I meant our love to be without a flaw. No man can understand the hurt to a woman when after marriage she becomes absolutely dependent on his charity."

"Why, Junie!" The small, mild voice of Mrs. Moore, and she stepped forward with deep concern on her gentle face. "What is all this talk about a husband's charity?" And she turned with wonder to Father Moore. "A husband makes only one gift to his wife, and that is at the altar. After that everything he has is hers, if people will only remember the marriage service. Your ring is a symbol of it. 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.'"

Gilbert Blye clutched his black Vandyke and looked at the ceiling; then he smiled suavely.

"That's a great idea! I'll work it into the feature!" But no one heard him. There was an audible snuffle from Iris Blye, and Tommy Thomas was looking intensely sentimental.

"And you, my son!" She turned with surprising severity on Ned Warner. "Have you forgotten that you promised to love, cherish and protect my daughter?"

There was a cry from the little runaway bride and a sob from Ned Warner as, oblivious to all around them, they clasped each other in a solemn embrace.

From that loving clasp the beautiful wife of Ned Warner raised a radiantly happy countenance to her mother.

"And I have no problem," she laughed, and then she cried. And Iris Blye, and Tommy Thomas sobbed together and formed a lasting friendship. And everybody was happy, including Marie and Officer Dowd, who had become conscious at the mention of the marriage service, and Aunt Debby, who was praising her Redeemer in an unconsciously audible voice, and Bouncer, who was leaping and barking indiscriminately for the benefit of everybody and anybody.

"Where are they? Where are they?" screamed a shrill voice, and Honoria Blye burst into the group.

Gilbert Blye walked serenely over to meet her.

"You may go home to your parrot, Honoria," he advised her quite happily. Then there came a cold sobberness in his black eyes. "You can't interfere with my business this time, as you have done ever since we were married, and you can no longer assume a dominance over me with your money." Suddenly the glow returned to his black eyes, and he looked to June and smiled his suave smile. "I have worked out my independence."

CHAPTER III.

HERE was a gay supper party at the New York cafe that night. The Blye Stock company entertained their departing star and her friends. Ned Warner sat beside his happy June. There seemed an extra affection tonight between Father and Mother Moore and Bobbie and Iris Blye, and Tommy Thom-

as was the gayest of the gay. The eyes of the white mustached Orin Cunningham twinkled incessantly, and heavy T. J. Edwards sat with a smile of intense satisfaction on his thick lips. The feature was finished without an accident, and the first of the films was fine. Bobbie Blye and Blye took an instant liking to one another. The old feud was entirely forgotten.

"They're good people, Ned," whispered the happy June. "And they were so good to me!"

Ned beamed down at June with delight in every inflection of her voice, in every turn of her beautiful head, in every fleeting expression of her lovely countenance, in every glance of her lustrous eyes. Quite forgotten was all the tearing strain of these past days; quite gone were all his bitterness and hate.

In her wedding gown, which she had donned once again, June was a vision of beauty.

Up rose Gilbert Blye at the head of the table. In his hand he held a small shining object. He made a wonderful speech about it, a speech full of wit and sentiment and good will and things which made everybody happy, and with an extraordinary flourish of words he presented that watch to the little runaway bride.

Amid whacking applause the little runaway bride made a blushing speech of acceptance; then there was a whis-



June Was a Vision of Beauty.

pered consultation between herself and the deserted groom, begun by a suggestion from the latter. Then up rose the beaming Ned Warner and made a manly speech, a generous speech, a speech full of heart bursting happiness, and amid great applause he presented that tiny watch to the dark, handsome, black vandyked Gilbert Blye.

Then up rose Bobbie Blye and looked at the clock and motioned to the head waiter. "Well, it's train time," he proudly announced.

Two of the party looked up in perplexity. Every one else was grinning. "Goodby, Junie, dear!" And Iris Blye, jumping from her chair, threw her arms around June's neck and sobbed happily.

"Here are your tickets, Ned," called smiling eyed Father Moore, tossing over an envelope, and at that moment the doors of the private dining room opened, and in marched Aunt Debby and Marie laden with white ribboned honeymoon luggage. June's mother was at the farewell dinner, and she smiled with Father Moore at the thought that the happy couple did not know that on the back of the Moore car which was to take them to the railroad station to finish their uncompleted honeymoon was this legend: "JUST MARRIED."

Aunt Debby led the way with the bride and groom as they started to leave.

Bouncer leaped up as the rice began to shower upon the embarrassed bride, and Mother Moore leaned far across and whispered: "Junie, dear, don't forget your purse."

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.

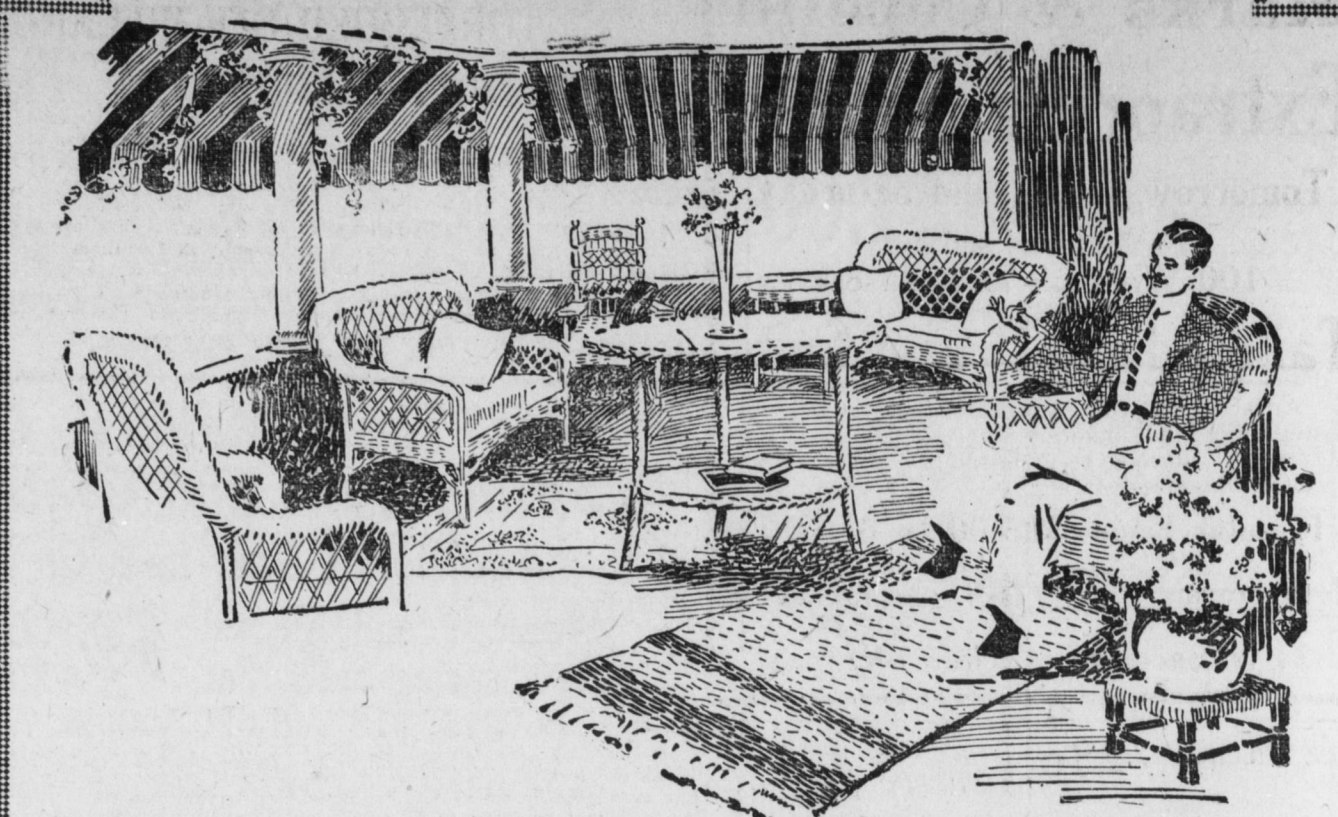
Runaway June will be shown in motion pictures every Monday at the Royal Theater, Third street above Cumberland. Be sure to see them.—Advertisement.

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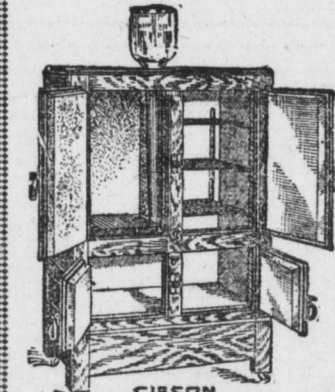


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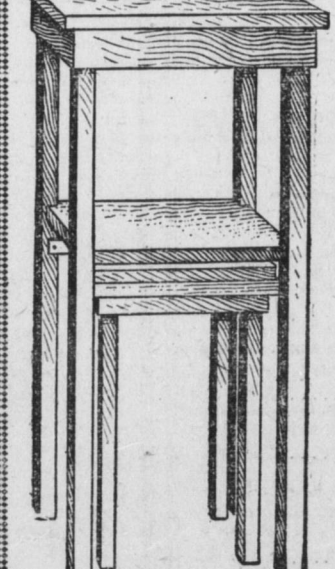


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