

FOURTH EPISODE. Poor Little Runaway Bride!

CHAPTER I. SHANKS' M'GEE, carrying one soiled newspaper for a bluff and collecting money for the newboys' home as another bluff, suddenly paused in his absorbing attempt to whistle through a broken tooth as he saw coming up the dingy side street toward the Hotel Daniel a beautiful young girl. She was turning to look backward over her shoulder at every few steps.



Gilbert Blye and Tommy.

up to the corner. He flattened his already flat nose against the broad plate glass window of the modest Hotel Daniel. The beautiful young girl concealed all that she could of her timidity as she walked through the door with what she thought to be a strictly business-like manner. Seven men who had been morbidly eyeing their respective cuspidors immediately straightened up and looked their handsomest. One of them looked bold, and another, a decorative Frenchman, looked debonaire.

"A room with a bath, please," she requested. The clerk, an indifferently aged man, held the register a moment while he studied the new guest of the house. "Any luggage, miss?" "The girl, disconcerted, had recourse to her only armor. Now she shyly cast up at him her great, soft, expressive eyes, and the clerk felt ashamed of himself. He swung the register around to her. "My maid will be here presently with my clothes." The voice was soft and sweet.

"Certainly, miss." And the clerk whanged a bell which sounded like a fire gong. "Front!" In response to that stentorian call a shock headed, loose limbed Irish boy jumped forward and took the key to 44. The clerk, without moving his body or his neck or his head, craned forward his eyes to watch the signature, Mrs. J. G. Day.

A moment later the black Vandyked man strolled in, looked at the register and walked into the bar. Then along came Marie with a bundle of clothes. The young woman went straight to the desk. "Mrs. Day's maid?" the clerk observed, inspecting the clothing piece by piece from under his eyelids and ringing for front and looking at the young woman and the register all at the same time. The young woman, quite evidently a maid, glanced swiftly at the register.

"Mrs. Day's?" she repeated, breathing heavily. "Y-yes!" "She's expecting you." And the clerk's eyelids flickered. "Room 44." "Marie, tell June I want her!" cried a voice.

June Warner locked the door of 44 from the inside and turned the bolt and dropped into a chair to rest. Suddenly a voice called, "It's Marie, Miss June!" and a knock was heard. June Warner opened the door of 44 in a hurry, and her eyes sparkled and she clapped her hands as she saw Marie with clothes sticking from her in all directions. "We're caught!" panted Marie. "Mr. Ned grabbed me downstairs! He made a scene!" "Where is he now?" June sat down limply.

"I don't know! All at once he threw down the clothes and ran out on the street! I don't know why!" "There he is, lady!" he shouted triumphantly, while Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavls slunk up, one on each side of the culprit. "Nab him, boys!" "Mon Dieu!" cried the culprit as the four fat paws of Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavls clapped down on his arms. The rest of the objection was an incomprehensible polyglot jumble as, shrieking his indignation, the black bearded Frenchman strove to wrench himself free.

"Is that the man you mean?" hissed Honoria. "That ain't the guy!" yelled Shanks McGee, who was willing to be kicked out now. "Gilbert Blye slunk in here after the beautiful goll and ducked into the subway when dis sport gives him the run! Gee!" "This is the hunt!" declared the clerk to one and all as strong porters and legible bell hops headed his way. "Get 'em out, Mike!"

Quite a little crowd had collected when suddenly a policeman appeared from around a corner and dispersed the mob, including Honoria. That vigorous lady had barely turned the corner, heading for the avenue, when a brilliantly lighted, luxurious limousine stopped in front of the Hotel Daniel. Shanks McGee's eyes began to stretch as he saw the occupants, and he whirled in a complete circle in his efforts to locate without the loss of a second Bill Wolf and Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavls. They were trudging up the street in single file, heads down, hands in pockets. Even Blinky Peters had lost interest in the stars. The smacking footsteps of Shanks McGee aroused them.

"Gee!" exploded Shanks. "Cripes! Gilbert Blye has doubled back wit another swell Jane! Beat it to the Daniel! And one of youse hotfoot it after the electric showcase and get the old woman! Gee!" Wolf turned a commanding eye on Tavls. "Hit 'er up!" he ordered.

Sneaky drew a long, jerking breath and pulled his belt around him, cast a despairing look up the side street to where the little electric was twinkling, took the center of the car track and began laboriously to "hit 'er up." In the meantime Gilbert Blye and Tommy Thomas had walked confidently up to the desk. The clerk went the flicker of an eyelid bent forward politely.

"Is Mrs. J. G. Day stopping here?" inquired Blye with great suavity. "No; the lady is gone." "Gone?" protested Blye and leaned forward to look over the register. "Why, she came in only about an hour or so ago. She is—" "Now, don't tell me who she is. I don't know whose wife the lady may be, and I don't want to know. She's gone!"

"Mon Dieu!" shrieked an excited voice, and Gilbert Blye found himself confronted by the decorative Frenchman. That excited individual surveyed Gilbert Blye's sleek black Vandyke and tweaked at his own and suddenly threw up both hands and began to laugh. In that same moment Sneaky Tavls caught up with the electric coupe and

CHAPTER II. NED WARNER, standing diagonally across from the Hotel Daniel, where he could watch both the front and the side entrances, saw three short, thick men come single file up the side street and stop in front of the main entrance. Shanks McGee had felt strangely listless and forlorn these past few minutes, for there was nothing inside or out. Suddenly the three short, thick detectives rounded the corner, and gee, they were slinking! The world was once more a bright and happy place for Shanks.

"Say, kid," husked the shortest and the thickest—it was none other than Bill Wolf—"have you lamped a lengthy gink around here with whittled black chinchillas?" That observant young person of the world began at the beginning, but he was so minute of detail that he had not yet reached the middle when Bill Wolf, looking through the plate glass windows of the Hotel Daniel, said "Sh!" and drew his two assistant detectives out of the range of poor Shanks McGee's quivering ears, and the three astute hounds of the law put their heads together in excited conference. Then Bill Wolf, in his best pose of a man who was waiting for somebody and didn't expect him to come, went into the hotel.

The Moore limousine drew up, and Ned went over to join the quartet. He led the way to the desk and confronted the unemotional eye of the clerk. "This is the father and mother of the young woman whose maid called here with her clothing. We do not know what name she used in registering, but I know that my wife is in this house, and if we don't get her I'll raise trouble!" "I'll produce the woman at once," the clerk agreed. "But if there's going to be a rumpus it'll have to be on the sidewalk and on the other side of the street."

He called for 44. He called again. There was no answer. The room was searched. It was empty! Sammy, the boy with the angelic

smile and the blue eyes and the white teeth, was the finest liar in the hotel. He had had a quarter and one of her compelling smiles from June and a glance from her lovely eyes, and he had run them down through the basement and out the rear servants' entrance and had told them a place to go where no one would ever find them. Gone! The six shocked searchers for the runaway bride hurried downstairs just as Honoria Blye stepped in, followed by Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavls.

"Where is he?" screamed Mrs. Blye. Bill Wolf advanced to do his happy duty. "There he is, lady!" he shouted triumphantly, while Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavls slunk up, one on each side of the culprit. "Nab him, boys!" "Mon Dieu!" cried the culprit as the four fat paws of Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavls clapped down on his arms. The rest of the objection was an incomprehensible polyglot jumble as, shrieking his indignation, the black bearded Frenchman strove to wrench himself free.

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smiled to June. The newcomer followed that smile and herself smiled at June. The little girl had been studying June frankly out of round eyes. "I like you," she said, with startling candor; then the employment agency woman laughed, and pretty Mrs. Wiles laughed. June dimpled.

"I like you, too," she acknowledged. The employment agency woman rose. "Mrs. Murdoch is listed as a governess," she observed, and June winced at her new name. How queer this all seemed! "Perhaps you would like to have a little chat."

Mrs. Wiles and June Moore Warner Justin Day Murdoch were both agreeable to that suggestion, particularly since Little Dolly Wiles had appropriated June apparently for keeps. They sat in one of the cozy corners, and when June rose she was engaged. Mrs. Wiles was a most appealing woman. All three were perfectly happy as they left the office and rode in Mrs. Wiles' victoria up Fifth avenue to one of those wide, clean streets which lead off from Central park.

A block and a half from the avenue they stopped before a new looking apartment house with an imposing entrance, and a hungry looking doorman bowed his regular bow, and a hungry looking elevator man shot them skyward. A duplex apartment. June had never seen one before, and its utility was a puzzle to her then, as it was for many a long day afterward.

After luncheon a nap for Dolly, and then a romp in the park. Roller skating. June's foot was nearly as small as Dolly's, and the child, after she had thoroughly exhausted herself, insisted that June try. It was a pretty little delect which was put on Dolly. June strapped on the skates and was timid and helpless and altogether charming until Dolly had laughed herself weak; then June suddenly straightened up and skated away like the expert that she was, whereat Dolly was more pleased than ever, and a voice from the roadway, a suave and pleasant voice, called:

"Bravo!" Gilbert Blye! He was smiling. June was confused. She whisked off the skates. "You seem to have all the accomplishments," went on Blye, stepping down from his luxurious limousine.

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snuckles. With a parting gasp he dropped off backward. "Where was June while so many people were so busy about her? In a horse cab, with Marie and the clothes, and full down near the East river, where, in full sight of all the barges and all the grimy shipping, they found a slice of a house, so narrow that it should have had a weathervane to keep it headed into the wind. It was three stories high and blackened with age, but there were geraniums and a cheerful light in the downstairs front windows. This was where the elevator boy's mother lived, and it was as clean inside as it was grimy out. She had a room to let, furnished, two rooms and a real bath, tin and considerably dented, but kept fresh painted in spotless white.

"You say you want it quiet," said she, "and my son Sammy sent you here? Well, my husband, before he died, was the most popular policeman on the force, and the whole department, darlin', is your friends."

CHAPTER III. FOR a moment June hesitated before the door of an employment agency next morning, and then she sharply beat down her reluctance. People who have made up their minds to be independent and to earn their own way in life must have no timidity. She turned the knob with sudden boldness and opened it; then she smiled at her own sensitiveness as she stood before a pleasant faced woman, in the corner of whose eyes, however, there was a veiled sharpness which June did not see.

A very pretty woman came in as June turned to go away, and with her was a little girl of great beauty. June hesitated as she heard the word "governess." The woman at the desk

walked into the house a grim jawed, hard eyed man of forty-five, on whose suit case were pasted foreign labels. "Hello, Baker!" exclaimed Wiles, with cordiality. "A little personal business." And Baker seated himself. "How's the London branch?" asked Wiles by way of making conversation. "Doing very nicely," was the curt reply, and Baker shook hands with Dolly. By and by the voices of the men rose as they became more interested in their conversation, and there floated up to June an emphatic speech of Baker's which she could not help hearing.

"You've spent it," Baker's words were clean cut. "In my absence of a year and a half you've overdrawn your account \$50,000. Fifty thousand dollars was the exact amount of your investment. That makes us quits. You'll turn over your share of the business to me immediately."

"That leaves me without a cent, without an income!" worried Wiles. He had no blame for his partner, nor was he as much crushed as he had expected to be. "I have a wife and a child, you know, Baker. I could no more refuse them anything than I could refuse bread to a starving child."

"That's the trouble." Baker's voice was not harsh. It was simply cold. "You've spoiled them. A wife should be a help to a man, and most of them would if they were given a chance. You made a toy of yours."

The next morning Mrs. Wiles came up to June. She had been crying, but there was a light in her eyes which was good to see. "I am very sorry," she said simply. "We have had a business reverse, and we shan't be able to keep you. The fact of the matter is that we don't happen to have a cent in the house. I took all of Harry's pocket money yesterday, and I spent it yesterday afternoon. I—I—that isn't quite the truth," she suddenly blurted out. "We are absolutely broke. We haven't any money at all."

It hurt June to part with them. She had liked them all, and when the little girl hung round her neck they cried together, all three—June and Mrs. Wiles and Dolly. Halfway up to the avenue June, walking along and dabbing her eyes occasionally, was confronted by some one. Blye!

"Which way?" he asked. "To the employment office," she told him, and showed him her little purse with a laugh. "It's a shame that a pretty girl like you has to worry about money." And his coal black eyes gazed down at her glowingly.

He tried to detain her. Catching her gently by the arm, he tried to urge her into his car, using all the persuasiveness of his eyes and his smile and his suave courtesy, but she was obdurate. Suddenly he jumped into his limousine and whirled away. He was at the employment agency before June reached it, and he had a cordial chat with the employment agency woman. He handed her an address and went away.

June was delighted when she secured an opening quickly and started out immediately for the place. For a moment June felt an intense dislike to the ugly looking house at the address given her and all that it might contain; then, laughing at her own fancies, she strode up the steps and rang the bell. The door swung open silently, but no one appeared. Wondering, June walked in, and the door slammed behind her. Two minutes later Gilbert Blye walked up the steps, took a key from his pocket, inserted it into the lock and smiled.

"Hello, young lady!" He held out his hand to Dolly Wiles with a familiarity permissible to the very young and to the very old of femininity, and the child took it hesitantly, with a shy upward glance at June. Her big gray eyes widened, however, as they fell on the limousine. She dropped the hand and ran forward to the machine. "What a lovely car!" she exclaimed, patting it on its smooth, swelling side. "Just the kind mother wants, but daddy says we can't afford it."

Blye laughed lightly. "Would you like a spin around the park in it," he suggested, "you and your playmate here?" And he bowed. Dolly, jumping up and down, was already tugging at the door handle, and Blye, laughing, opened it for her. Dolly gave a cry of positive joy as she saw the rich interior, and she was among the soft cushions in an instant. "You haven't much choice," he said the low voice of Blye, and he held the door open for June.

"This once." And she looked him squarely in the eye. He smiled. June was thoughtful all through that delicious twenty minutes of riding. Blye—his dark face haunted her. Another face came to her—Ned! A great wave of homesickness swept over her. They made their adieux rather hastily to Blye, for their time was a little more than up. Just before dinner was called Mr. Wiles came home, and June happened into the library. It was Dolly's favorite storeroom for toys, books and everything else. Mrs. Wiles—she called her Woolzy—was sitting on the arm of her husband's chair, her arm around his neck and his chin in the palm of her hand. With the other hand she was twisting a lock of his hair over and over her finger, and she was most distinctly and obviously wheedling him for money! His voice was low and protesting with as much sternness as a man can use when he is being charmed into docility. Woolzy Wiles was locking the money in her little inlaid desk when June next saw her.

They were going out after dinner. There was some talk about ordering a car, and it needed but one word to give Dolly a start. The luxurious limousine of the black Vandyked man was the whole of her text. She rattled on and on and on about it, and as she talked the pretty face of Mrs. Wiles grew more and more distressed. "Harry, dear," she said, "Dolly and I want a limousine! Please!" Dolly clasped her hands. "After that limousine again," he grayly commented. "Not now, Woolzy. Business is too bad." "I don't like business," she laughed. "It's a mean old thing, isn't it, Dolly? Harry, please!"

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"Get thee behind me, Woolzy!" The man still laughed, but he began to look very seriously at his charming wife. "You'd get anything out of a man." And his laugh was half vexed, altogether admiring. Pretty Mrs. Wiles accepted that compliment prettily, but June, as she slipped out of the library unobserved, was hurt for the woman, for herself, for her kind, as her face betrayed. Here it was again—the endless, almost unvarying story of the woman dependent on the man's bounty and, in this case, getting all she could out of him.

Ned and his detectives on that day were down in the neighborhood of the Hotel Daniel scouring the district inch by inch, as it were, for some trace of the runaway bride, and wherever they went a small, fat nosed boy with one soiled newspaper under his arm slithered after them, slinking from tree to tree and from doorway to doorway.

Little Dolly Wiles awoke in the night to become aware of a light in the lower floor of the duplex apartment. Daddy! He was at work in the library, as he always was late at night here recently. Dolly felt herself privileged to say good night to daddy, so she slipped out and put on her bedroom slippers and her pretty little lounging robe and tripped downstairs.

June heard her go and dressed in like fashion. Harry Wiles had his books spread out before him and a pen behind his ear. "Daddy, are you going to get mother a limousine?" "The man glanced over at his books and ran his hand across his brow. "Well, I promised mother tonight," he admitted, with reluctance, and his face grew grave. "Goody!" The little girl clapped her hands.

"But will it be a nice big limousine?" "Not an extraordinarily big one. Just a proper sized limousine for little girls like you and mother. Oh, come in, Woolzy!" Mrs. Wiles in a stunning negligee stood in the library door. "You want Dolly, of course," she said to June. "She's a born prowler, I think."

Dolly smacked her father a parting kiss. "Daddy says it won't be a big limousine, mother, but it'll have silk tassels, and it will be a limousine anyhow. May we have a red headed chauffeur and a chow dog?" "It depends on what color upholstery your mother selects," grinned her father as his pretty wife took Dolly's place on the arm of the chair. "There's only one kind of upholstery in the Beaver cars," laughed Mrs. Wiles, pinching her husband's ear. "Really, Harry, I've been wondering if it isn't a waste of money to buy as cheap a limousine as that. I'd rather wait until you can afford one that will be more substantial."

"I know your tricks," commented her husband. "Really, Woolzy, I positively cannot afford an expensive car." "Harry!" That wheedling tone echoed in June's ears as she skipped upstairs with Dolly, and she knew that the

cheap little Beaver car would not stand in front of the Wiles' door. It did not. A good car brought Mrs. Wiles home the very next day. Mrs. Ned Warner had been made tremendously thoughtful by the affairs of the little Wiles family. There was something wrong in the custom which made this condition possible. "What was it? The position of donor and recipient. Neither the man nor the woman was really to blame. It was custom. And June knew what Mrs. Wiles would not admit to herself, if she suspected it, that the man was being constantly wheedled beyond his means.

Mrs. Wiles affected even to herself that his constant resistance toward expenditure was the normal attitude of a man toward the domestic spending of money. It was the woman's business to get all she could and the man's to resist. The crash came sooner than June had expected. On the next evening after the limousine had come home there

Recent Deaths in Central Pennsylvania. Special to The Telegraph. Waynesboro.—Mrs. Lydia A. Funk, 82 years old, died at her home in South Broad street yesterday. East Cocalico.—William Binkley, 83 years old, died yesterday. Marietta.—Mrs. Margaret Tate, 81 years old, died yesterday. Newport.—Word was received here to-day of the death of the widow of the Rev. J. J. Kerr at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Slaughenaupt, of Oakmont, Pa.

SILAS W. CLARK DIES. Death of Newport Man Caused by Blood Poisoning. Special to The Telegraph. Newport, Pa., Feb. 20.—Silas Wright Clark died yesterday morning at his home in Market street, aged 57 years, from an attack of blood poisoning. Mr. Clark was born in Center township, this county, and came to Newport when a young man. He married Miss Mary Margaret Wertz, of this place, February 19, 1888. Mr. Clark's death occurred on the 27th anniversary of their marriage. He is survived by his wife and two children, Mrs. William N. Reifsnnyder, of Harrisburg, and Robert W. Clark, at home. He is also survived by Mrs. Alfred Clouser of Newport, and Mrs. Mattie Hess, Harrisburg, sisters, and R. W. Clark and Jesse Clark, Sioux City, Iowa. Mr. Clark was a member of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, at which place funeral services will be held on Monday morning, his pastor, the Rev. William C. Ney, officiating. He was a member of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, Modern Woodmen and Patriotic Order of the Sons of America.

APPEALED TO SUPREME COURT. Sunbury, Pa., Feb. 20.—Attorneys W. H. Hackenberg, of Milton, and C. R. Savigde of Sunbury, have appealed to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in the occurring company vs. the Northumberland County Gas and Electric company of Sunbury, for damages by fire alleged to have been caused by defective wiring. Judge Cummings nonsuited the case, which was for \$70,000.



Another Face Came to her. Ned!

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LICENSE FIGHT IN LANCASTER. Remonstrances Against Nineteen Places in City and County. Lancaster, Pa., Feb. 20.—Remonstrances have been filed against the renewal of licenses to nineteen hotels in Lancaster city and county, specific charges being filed against each stand. A few are said to be unnecessary, but against most of them the charge is made that the law is being violated.

W. C. T. U. RECEPTION. New Members Added to Roll at Penbrook. Penbrook, Pa., Feb. 20.—A reception was held in Wolf's Hall on Thursday evening for the new members and friends of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and an enjoyable program was rendered. Those taking part were: Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, violin and piano accom-

paniment; duet, Misses Erna Wilson and Vera Spang; violin duet, Miss Ida Richard and Jessie Parish; reading, Mrs. J. H. Bowman; ladies' quartet, Mrs. Garman, Mrs. Ludwig, Misses Reidell and Mader; violin solo, Mrs. H. R. Wetteroth. Mrs. De Gray, first vice-president of Harrisburg Union, gave an address, "A Message of Prophecy." It was a description of the celebration in Harris-

burg of the putting in force the national prohibitory amendment in 1920. The message was given in a clear and forceful manner. Mrs. O. E. Houston secured a number of members during the social hour which followed. Refreshments were served to eighty members and friends. KULP-LESLIE WEDDING. Brunnerville.—At the residence of

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Leslie yesterday their daughter, Miss Blanche Leslie, was married to Clayton H. Kulp, of Neshannock, by the Rev. A. S. Hottenstein. 437 YEARS WITH THE FIRM. Record of Ten Employees of Plant in Watertown. Watertown, Pa., Feb. 20.—The Watertown Door and Sash Company

has ten men who have been in its employ for a total of 437 years, ten who have been with the firm since their initial employment, a total of 413 years, and five who have never worked for any other firm. Another ten men have a record which totals 330 years. The plant has 250 employees. Try Telegraph Want Ads

"Runaway June" Admission . . . 10c Children . . . 5c

Runaway June. The third episode in motion pictures at the Royal Theater 3rd St. Above Cumberland Monday Evening. The great serial of Love, Hate, Revenge, Money and Mystery. George Randolph Chester featuring NORMA PHILIPS Former Mutual Girl. SEE RUNAWAY JUNE In Motion Pictures at THE VICTORIA. See the pictures and solve the mystery of the bride's disappearance. All Star Cast. Every Monday for fifteen weeks—the story by George Randolph Chester Love, Mystery, Adventure, Dollars. Monday, Feb. 22. EPISODE NO. 4. Norma Phillips Former Mutual Girl in the role of "Runaway June". Admission . . . 10c Children . . . 5c