

Serial Stories and Notes About Great Players of the Film World

RUNAWAY

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the instalments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the Star Theatre. By arrangements made with the Mutual Film Corporation, it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also to attend to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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FOURTH EPISODE.
Poor Little Runaway Bride!

CHAPTER I.

"Shanks" McGee, carrying one soiled newspaper for a bluff and collecting money for the New Yorks' Hints 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.

Oh, gee! A man was following her! And he was dodging along from tree to tree and from doorway to doorway, and every time he saw the girl look back he ducked! The man had black whiskers, whittled down to a fine point just under his chin, and he carried himself with the ease which only a thorough scoundrel can acquire. Shanks McGee stood petrified, then took a long, deep breath and hurried 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 businesslike

manner. Seven men who had been morbidly eying their respective cuspidors immediately straightened up and looked at her. One of them looked at her with a look of intense interest. The beautiful girl strode straight up to the desk. "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?"

"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 siren.

"Front!"

In response to that stentorian call a shock-headed, loose-limbed Irish boy jumped forward and took the key to the 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 strode 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!"

"We're caught!" panted Marie. "Mr. Ned grabbed me downstairs! He made a scene!"

"Where is he now?" June sat down simply.

"I don't know! All at once he threw down the clothes and ran out on the street! I don't know why!"

Ned Warner, attended closely by the ecstatic Shanks McGee, stood at the subway exit in the rear of the hotel, beyond computation. Again Gilbert Bye! Honoria Bye, exchanging spite with a green parrot, was suddenly interrupted by a caller.

"Got him!" announced the caller, who was none other than Bill Wolf.

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"Get my wraps!" she yelled to the abnormally ugly maid who had the Bill Wolf in.

"Mr. Wolf, you fooled me once. Are you sure you have found Gilbert Bye?"

"If we ain't, so help me!" solemnly swore Wolf.

Honoria Bye, with Bill Wolf by her side, was soon speeding downtown in her little electric coupe. In front of Lucio's restaurant, where a fat, wide man with a cigar in the corner of his mouth and his narrow-rimmed slouch hat shoved on the back of his round head and his eyes turned contemptuously toward the stars.

"Certain party in, Blinky?" husked Wolf.

Blinky Peters followed them inside the busy cafe, and as they walked back toward the Thirteenth street entrance a flat wide man with his hands in his pockets came in at the rear door.

"There's your party!" suddenly hissed Bill Wolf and pointed to a table where a dark, Vandyked German with spectacles was entering, rug a healthy, red-cheeked young woman with a green feather in her hat.

"You scum!" shrieked Honoria Bye to her three exasperated detectives and went home to her parrot.

Ned Warner stepped into the cigar store next door to the Hotel Daniel and telephoned June's home in Bryn Mawr. Mr. and Mrs. Moore were in the city at Bobbie Blithers's, the smooth, soft voice of fat, black, old Aunt Debby told him.

"Blithers's and the cheery voice of Bobbie. Yes, the Moores were there. And June was located? Great! Stanch Bobbie was all right when Ned said he wanted the Moores and Bobbie and Iris to come down to the Hotel Daniel.

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Meanwhile Gilbert Bye sat in conversation with jovial-looking Orin Cunningham and a usually vivacious brunette whom both men called Tommy. Triumphantantly Bye held before Tommy the address in his little memorandum book, "Mrs. J. G. Day, Hotel Daniel." He mentioned the girl to follow him. She sat grimly. Orin Cunningham spoke to her sharply. With a flourish she rose and followed Gilbert Bye.

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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 quartette. He led the way to the desk and confronted the indignant eye of the clerk.

"This is the father and mother of the young woman whose maid called here with her clothes. 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 I'll have to be on the sidewalk and on the other side of the street!"

He called for 44. He called again.

"She's expecting you." And the clerk's eyelids flickered. "Room 44."

"Marie, tell June I want her!" cried a voice.

"Sir," she said, "I do not know you."

"Why—er—Ned Warner?"

"Now you lead me to June!"

"Sir, how dare you?" Marie said and turned appealingly to the clerk.

"These are my wife's clothes!" declared the young man. "She's here. I want her!"

"What's her name?" the clerk demanded.

"Mrs. Ned Warner!"

"June Moore?"

"Oh, come off!" observed the clerk. "If I let you go through the directory you may as well give this girl back her clothes and goodnight!"

"This thing has gone far enough, Marie!" hotly stated the young man. At that moment his voice stopped.

Out of the bar had strolled elegantly the pride of Shanks McGee, the man with the black Vandyk, and he was neatly 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.

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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 white teeth, was an incoherent. He 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 of 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 Bye stepped in, followed by Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavis.

"Where is he?" shrieked Mrs. Bye. Bill Wolf advanced to do his happy duty.

"There he is, lady!" he shouted triumphantly while Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavis slunk up, one on each side of the door.

"Nah, nah, boys!"

"Mon Dieu!" cried the culprit as the four fat paws of Blinky Peters and Sneaky Tavis clapped down on his arms.

The rest of the searchers began to look at the culprit with a look of intense interest. He was a preposterous polychrome jumble, as shrieking indignation, the black-bearded Frenchman strove to wrench himself free.

"Is that the man you meant?" hissed Honoria.

"That ain't the guy!" yelled Shanks McGee, who had been waiting for the ticket window and, glancing across the lobby and going out of the door, paying but a scant tribute of curiosity to the knot in front of the desk.

More the young man with the clothes saw him, the young man nearly upon Marie on his way to the door.

A porter stopped him to get June's maid. Ned was delayed at the ticket window and, glancing across the station, saw Bye going uptown on an express.

June Warner locked the door of 44 from inside and turned the bolt and dropped it 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.

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"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.

"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. Wiles 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 suggest that they call on June since little Dolly Wiles had appropriated June apparently for keeps. They sat in one of the cozy corners, and when June rose she was escorted to one of those wide, clean streets which lead off from Central Park.

June was considerably impressed by the Wiles apartment and after lunch she took Dolly for a roller skating lesson in the park. Suddenly a voice from the roadway called:

"Bravo! How do you do?" It was Gilbert Bye, who stepped out of a limousine car.

"Hello, young lady!" He held out his hand to Dolly Wiles with a familiarity permissible to the young and to the very old of femininity, and the child took it hesitantly, with a shy upward glance at June. Her big grey 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."

Bye 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 Bye, 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," said the low voice of Bye, 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. Bye—his dark face haunted her. Another face came to her—Ned! A great wave of homesickness swept over her.

They made their adieu rather hastily to Bye, 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. Dolly 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 wheeling 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. Woolly 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 gaily commented. "Not now, Woolly. Business is too bad."

"I don't like business," she laughed. "It's a mean old thing, isn't it, Dolly? Harry, please!"

"Get thee behind me, Woolly!" 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-veiled, at another 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.

Again in the evening June heard Mrs. Wiles and Dolly pleading for a limousine, and next day a car costing several thousand dollars stood before the door.

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 wheeled beyond his means.

The crash came sooner than June had expected. On the next evening after the limousine had come home there walked into the house a grim-faced man.

"Cures Sallow Skin, Headache, Languor and Tiredness."

You don't need to be told how you feel—blue, sort of sickish, poor appetite, vague pains, tired in the morning. This condition is common at this season.

Fortunately there is prompt relief in Dr. Hamilton's Pills which immediately relieve the system of all poisons and disease-producing matter. Thousands have been so utterly depressed, so worn out as to be dependent, but Dr. Hamilton's Pills always cured them. "I can speak feelingly on the power of Dr. Hamilton's Pills," writes C. T. Fearman, of Kingston. "Last spring my blood was thin and weak. I was terribly run down, had awful headaches and a gnawing, empty feeling about my stomach. I couldn't sleep or work until I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they did me a world of good." At all dealers in 25-cent boxes.

then she smiled at her own sensitive-ness 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 smiled to June. The newcomer followed that smile and herself smiled at June. The little girl had been studying June frankly out of round grey eyes. Now she, too, smiled and, walking over, took June's hand.

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