The Bee's Home Magazine Page Runaway June ReadltHere By George Randolph Choster and Lillian Choster Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Basar

She Saw the Dark, Black Vandyked Pace of Bilbert

y special arrangement for this paper a to-drama corresponding to the installto-drama corresponding to the installta of "Runaway June" may now be at the leading moving picture the
all Pilm corporation it is not only
fible to read "Runaway June" each
but also afterward to see moving
ares illustrating our story.

She sank back limply ight, 1915, by Serial Politication linto the chair.

FIFTH EPISODE.

A Woman in Trouble,

CHAPTER I .- (Continued.) Yes, it's Gwen," trembled Mrs. Perry.

"I know it's a week before my allow-

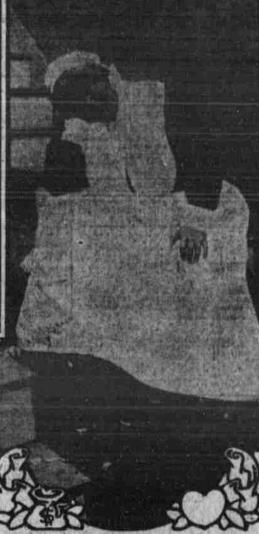
The man's voice boomed an incredulous ation over the wire; then a sharp from the room.

Why why, it's to pay bills! Yee, yes. Jack, I know I was supposed to keep them paid out of my allowance! I didn't want to tell you this until we could sit | down quietly together, only , they're down quietly together, only they're Hello. Mr. Perry Say, your wife is pressing me for payment! And the al- at 48 Kingley court gambling, and she's

going to be exposed in half an hour if ! you aren't here to pay her debts," The man at the other end of the wire apparently took a moment to grasp for reath; then the wire boomed.

guess I can stand the notoriety if you and your wife can. And, say, checks don't go. Bring cash. It's eight-fifty

June stood aghast: A gambling house!



"Cheer up," she advised. "Hubby's all

ber nervous fingers clutching to keep that quaver from her voice. "I—I hope I haven't interrupted anything important."

"Not very." The man's voice could be heard distinctly outside the phone:

"Jack"—the voice was full of pleading.

"I have to have some money!"

The frown of the yellow haired women "Here's your I. O. U., dearle: I've O. Officer Kernen held up the traffic both ways while she described the chicken pot-

The terrified little blond looked up in-

win back all that she had lost! "Thank you!" she gasped and hurried

"June hung up the receiver. She was sur-

prised to see the yellow-

haired woman put up her

across the room with a

own phone and com-

benign expression.

June moved for her hat and coat.

pointely and to help Marie across the settled firm. Eight-fifty."

Street with her empty market basket.

Two blocks up Officer Down carried her basket two blocks off his heat to where basket two blocks off his heat to where here? The woman's lip curied. pie she intended to make for dinner. All this was, first, because the Widow urged Mrs. Perry, and credulously. It was as if she had been O'Reefe's husband had been the most she turned her eyes imploringly to- given a drink of some strong stimulant, popular man on the force and, second, ward the stony, reliow-haired one. But, and she clutched eagerly at the memor-because Marie, pidin of feature though I just must have it: Eight hundred doi- andom slip. Perhaps with that she could she was had found in herself an unex-

CHAPTER II.

pected knack for pleasing policemen. In the market June's maid, compenion and protector, wandered from stall to The other woman grabbed her phone. stall, selecting her tiny purchases of "Eight-o-eight-o Garden!" she called, fruit and vegetables. She was just de-Hello! Mr. Perry, please! This is his ciding on the tremendously important stall, selecting her tiny purchases of selection of the chicken itself when suddenly an avalanche of flaming color fell upon hor, and a voice cried: "You, Marie? Wha's Miss Junie?"

Aunt Debby! Her two fat hands were

gripped on Marie's arm. "I do not know you?" she declared. "You don't know me!" Aunt Debby wheesed, her broad bosom jumping up "All right, bring the police if you want," and down. "Pon say you don't know snapped the yellow haired woman. "I me! Ain't I Debby? Ain't you Marie!" "What's the matter here?" The gruff voice of a big policeman, Officer Dowd. "I want that woman took in charge!" panted Aunt Debby, as she rolled her

> "Oh, you do!" And the officer of the aw turned on Marte an eye which was perfectly ready to be suspicious in spite distinction. "What's the charge?"

> The voice of Aunt Debby rose shrilly triumphant:

> "She done stole my pocketbook!" "Well, what's that on your arm?" And Aunt Debby's eyes dropped as she saw the stern gaze of the policeman fixed on the rusty old hand bag which gripped her thick forearm. She had forogeten that detail in her planning. "Open it up." ordered the officer, who opened it

"Well-well-well!" gulped Aunt Debby, er eyes batting. other pocketbook!"

"That's enough!" growled the officer No negro ever had two pocketbooks." The officer then dispersed the crowd that had gathered and started Marie and Aunt Debby in opposite directions.

"Jerry," she called as she climbed breathlessly to her seat by the driver, "I lone seed Marie! And whah she goes Miss Junie is."

The car was already started. To Ned's they drove, and within five minutes after Aunt Debby's excited report Ned Warner and John Moore and three long and lanky detectives were headed for the market, with Jerry and Aunt Debby up in front. At that point they scattered, and it was Ned whose inquiries after Marie led all the way to Officer Dowd.

CHAPTER III.

A heavy jawed, firm mouthed, square headed and level eyed man stopped at the door of 48 Kingsley court and rang the bell with a vigorous jerk. "Mr. Perry," he announced bluntly.

"Yes, sir," replied the impudent page girl, by no means abashed, and she threw open the parior door. "Right in here." She grinned as she switched on the lights for him and saw that he was oppressed by the fact of the drawn cur-

"Where is my wife?" he loudly de-

"In a minute." The yellow haired woman was quite calm and collected. "I Officer Grady walked over to lift his cap a domestic scrap, but I want my bill politicly and to help Marie across the settled firm. Eight-fifty." don't mind turning over a parlor to settle

"How do I know that she is guilty of gambling. How do I know that she is "Want to see her with the goods? Well,

The man's fists clinched consulaively "You'd better pass over my eight-fifty first." said the yellow haired woman. "Just a minute please." A sweet voice, place. He was equally impressed when he turned and saw the beautiful young girl who had glided through the rear door, her face full of serious purpose. "Who rang for you?" snapped the yel low haired woman, her eyes flaming with

(To Be Continued Comorrow.)



in a rich dark tete de negre velvet; the ripple movement in the skirt being accented by a cluster of mink bands.

There is nothing extreme in the street costume of the Parisienne. The fulness in this black velvet skirt has been modestly obtained by a cluster of plaits and the sombreness relieved by white caracul.

Advice to Lovelorn

Better Off Without Such Friends. Dear Miss Fairfax: I attended an affair about a week ago with a friend I have known about a year. When leaving me at my home he wished to kiss me, which I declined. The following day I called him up and he apoke very coldly to me. He promised to meet me the following evening at my place of business, but failed to do so, and I have not heard from him since.

I like this young man very much. Do you think my action toward him was proper? Also how can I regain his friend-ship?

You did exactly the right thing, Don't

kiss you and have his own way about what is the best step to take in making love to you he does not care to love the girl dearly and am love is not in vain. be friends. Any further advance toward

which I declined. The following day i called him up and he apoke very coldly to me. He promised to meet me the following evening at my place of business, but failed to do so, and I have not heard from him since.

I like this young man very much. Do you think my action toward him was proper? Also how can I regain his friendship?

Your Self-Respect Forbids This.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a hard working youth of 50 and am deeply in love with a very pretty girl of 18. Her father (she has no mother), who is quite wealthy, seems to be very fond of me waithly, seems to be very fond of me waithout his daughter's knowledge. Knowling that my aslary would not permit me to give his daughter the good times he desired her to have and still keep her in my company, he asked me if I would not accept money from him to spend on his daughter and myself.

Now I would like your advice as to rege of each other is absurd.

renewing friendship must come from nim.

He owes you an apology for not keeping you, she will be willing to accept the into give her. You would forfest her if you permitted her father to give you money to spend on her.

Dear Miss Fairfax: One month ago I met a young lady whom I have since learned to love. She told me my love is returned, but on account of her age I must wait a year before I can call on her again. This I find hard to do. Shall I wait?

What's Wrong with Marriage?

Famous Authoress Declares that the Trouble Lies with Modern Men and Women

Copyright, 1915, Star Company. By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Why the contention, the acparations the ever-increasing ratio of divorces that follow the marriages of today? In short, what is the matter with the modern mar-

the matter with modern marriage. The 'trouble' lies nodern men and And there is noth-

There is nothing

ing the matter with modern men and women, save growing pains. When the boys and girls are suf-

fering pains they

ose the charm of

early childhood and display ungraceful and awkward traits; they do not

the way of their elders. to a higher state are similarly afflicted, They have just the old-repose of acnaciqueness, and their manners and remarked by the pessimist, who feels that he race is going to the wall, that divorce

Our grandpurents regarded divorce as a diagrace. There was one divorce in their to a hundred in the present time. But that does not mean that there were ninety-nine happy marriages in those days compared to one in this epoch.

fell to their lot in marriage with a cer- marched through the land today. tain "Patient Griselda" spirit, believing Puritan fathers were merciless in their it to be woman's sphere in life to submit attitude toward a woman who made a to man'e will in all things.

If the man built large, comfortable barns for his stock and housed his horses more luxuriously than his family, if he condemned forever the erring girl, helped ompelled his wife to do her household to bring the established order of things work under the most trying conditions. vised her to be patient and make the in silent shame and sorrow.

heat of the situation. She had little opportunity to compare unthenking mothers, backed by selfish

know what to do with their hands and those days, because separation of man of notes. The misery, the destruction to feet, and their manners and attitudes are and wife left the wife with a stigma upon health and happiness, the wretchedness self-conscious. They are frequently in her forever. And rather than return to her parents' home, branded and ostra- generations through this ignorance o cised, she remained in her husband's sirl wives and mothers regarding the

To listen to the prattling of people who capted traditions, they are restless with delight in lauding the past to the detri- on these great laws of life has aided and emotions cause them to be in their own to believe that our ancestors were all way and in the way of others. It is often models of nobility, and that the men and

specimens of worthy forbears. is a modern evil, and that its frequency today proves how the human family in civilized lands has degenerated in two or three generations.

Our grandpurepts regarded divorce as a of our own times.

of our own times. duty the new woman would never have to the national conservation of vitality sprung into existence. All the one-time which lies in the ignorance of men and domestic virtues of women were taken as matter of course by the men folk.

When men are educated in early youth woman's work is in the home, and it to understand the importance of keeping

ing pains. They accepted whatever ills | prepared the way for the suffragists who misstep in the path of rectitude, and the two standards of morals, which made light of the sin of the erring youth and The slience of mothers on matters of

if he was niggardly with his money and of sex has paved a broad highway for humiliated her to the dust by making unhappy marriages, and now that women her beg for every penny she apent on are reading, thinking and observing, they her wearing apparel, and then complained dare to stand forth in the light of knowl-of her extravagance, she bore it all edge and demand cleaner, samer and without an idea of rebelling and told safer laws to protect them from the evils her troubles only to her mother, who ad- which the old-fashioned wives endured It has been the boast of senseless and

her destiny with other lives, as homes and uncomprehending fathers that the were isolated, methods of travel prim- daughters went to the marriage alter "as itive and newspapers did not lay bare ignorant and innocent in mind as new be just as sensible to hoast that a scho Even infidelity on the part of the hus-teacher went to her duties ignorant of hand was borne as best it might be in reading and writing or a musican ignorant which has gone into the second and third ing from early immature social conditions house and tried to ignore her humiliating natural laws which govern marriage and motherhood would fill volumes.

The slience of fathers toward their sor ment of the present, one would be led fure in relation to women, and the fact models of nobility, and that the men and that until within a comparatively short women of the present day are poor has been another factor in the building of

Had the old man never failed in his optimistic mind to realize the m York and other states, compels the most

their marital unbappiness more patiently and eliently in olden times because it was a too generally accepted idea that the blood pure and the body and mind that elie needed no diversion, no independent purse and no mental outlook beyond the walls of her home and the village church.

Women, especially in the days of our ancestors, had not begun to feel grow—

The type of man who held such ideas to understand the importance of keeping the place that the blood pure and the body and mind clean, in order to produce same, strong children who are mentally and physically accepted idea that the blood pure and the body and mind clean, in order to produce same, strong children who are mentally and physically accepted idea that the blood pure and the body and mind clean, in order to produce same, strong children who are mentally and physically accepted idea that the blood pure and the body and mind clean, in order to produce same, strong children who are mentally and physically accepted idea that the blood pure and the body and mind clean, in order to produce same, strong children who are mentally and physically accepted idea that the blood pure and the body and mind clean, in order to produce same, strong children who are mentally and physically accepted idea that the blood pure and the body and mind clean, in order to produce same, strong children who are mentally and physically accepted idea that the blood pure and the body and mind clean, in order to produce same, strong children who are mentally and physically accepted in the blood pure and the body and mind clean, in order to produce same, accepted the importance of keeping the blood pure and th

"Nothing to Eat but Shredded Wheat"-

and the richest man in the world could not buy anything more nutritious or more easily digested. Happy is the man or woman who has learned through stress of stringent economy the real goodness of

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