

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

Read It Here
See it at the Movies

Smart Paris Street Costumes
Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar



She saw the Dark, Black Vandyked Face of Gilbert Rippe.

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-illustration corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each day, but also to see the moving picture illustrating our story. (Copyright, 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.)

FIFTH EPISODE.

A Woman in Trouble.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)
"Yes, it's Gwen," trembled Mrs. Perry. Her nervous fingers clutching to keep the quaver from her voice. "I—I hope I haven't interrupted anything important."
"Not very." The man's voice could be heard distinctly through the phone.
"Jack," the voice was full of pleading. "—I have to have some money."
The crown of the yellow-haired woman deepened as she listened to the man's reply.
"I know it's a week before my allowance is due," urged Mrs. Perry, and now she turned her eyes imploringly toward the stony, yellow-haired one. "But I just must have it: Eight hundred dollars!"
The man's voice boomed an incredulous exclamation over the wire, then a sharp question.
"Why—why, it's to pay bills! Yes, 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 pressing me for payment! And the al-

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 breath; then the wire boomed.
"All right, bring the police if you want," snapped the yellow-haired woman. "I guess I can stand the notoriety if you and your wife can. And, say, checks don't go. Bring cash. It's eight-fifty now."
June stood aghast. A gambling house! 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 wheezed, her broad bosom jumping up and down. "You say you don't know me! Aunt Debby? Aunt 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 eyes.
"Oh, you do!" And the officer of the law turned on Marie an eye which was perfectly ready to be suspicious in spite of its distention. "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 forgotten that detail in her planning. "Open it up," ordered the officer, who opened it himself.
"Well—well—well!" gulped Aunt Debby, her eyes bating. "She done stole my 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 done seed Marie! And what she goes Miss June 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 parlor 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 curtains.
"Where is my wife?" he loudly demanded.
"In a minute." The yellow haired woman was quite calm and collected. "I don't mind turning over a parlor to settle a domestic scrap, but I want my bill settled firm. Eight-fifty."
"How do I know that she is guilty of gambling. How do I know that she is here?" The woman's lip curled.
"Want to see her with the goods? Well, Jackson, if you'll promise to behave I'll show her to you through a peephole."
The man's fists clinched convulsively. "You'd better pass over my eight-fifty first," said the yellow haired woman. "Just a minute please." A sweet voice, low, gentle, cultured—no such voice as the man had expected to hear in this 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 yellow-haired woman, her eyes flaming with instant resentment.
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)



Here is a characteristic Parisian street costume in a rich dark tete de negre velvet; the ripple movement in the skirt being accentuated 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

By MATRICH FAIRFAX
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 spoke very cordially 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?
You did exactly the right thing. Don't allow yourself to be bullied into allowing liberties by a young man who is showing quite plainly that if he cannot kiss you and have his own way about making love to you he does not care to be friends. Any further advance toward renewing friendship must come from him. He owes you an apology for not keeping his appointment. Be on your dignity, my dear girl. Worth-while men will like you all the better for it.
Your Self-Respect Forbids This.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a hard working youth of 30 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 and sanctions our friendship. Recently he made a rather serious proposition to me without his daughter's knowledge, knowing that my salary 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 what is the best step to take in this case as I love the girl dearly and am sure my love is not in vain. F. M. L.
If the girl you are fond of cares for you, she will be willing to accept the inexpensive attentions it is in your power to give her. You would forfeit her respect as well as your own self-respect, if you permitted her father to give you money to spend on her.
Why Not Be Friends?
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?
Why not be friends? To wait a year before seeing a girl again and to expect no change to come in an acquaintance that is based on only a month's knowledge of each other is absurd.

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 separations, the ever-increasing ratio of divorces that follow the marriages of today? In short, what is the matter with the modern marriage?
There is nothing the matter with modern marriage.
The trouble lies modern men and women, save growing pains.
When the boys and girls are suffering pains they lose the charm of early childhood and display ungraceful and awkward traits; they do not know what to do with their hands and feet, and their manners and attitudes are self-conscious. They are frequently in the way of their elders.
So the men and women who are passing from early immature social conditions to a higher state are similarly afflicted. They have lost the old repose of accepted traditions, they are restless with self-consciousness, and their manners and emotions cause them to be in their own way and in the way of others. It is often remarked by the peasants, who feel that the race is going to the wall, that divorce 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 grandparents regarded divorce as a disgrace. There was one divorce in their day 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 the epoch.
It means that men and women bore their marital unhappiness more patiently and silently in older times because it was the custom, and because they dreaded the scandal and reproach which would result if they sought freedom.
Women, especially in the days of our ancestors, had not begun to feel grow-

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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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