chalance, but the gir's keep ear determined at least a little of the emotion that stroubling him. She kept a moment a altowable the quivering lights drew on and steadily, slowly, like a boat of fireflex the bosom of the night.

"Why don't you get the telescope, and nee?" she asked, at length. "No use. It isn't a night-glass, Couldn't see a thing."

"But anyhow, these lights mean mea-don't they?"
"Naturally. But until we know what kind, we're better off right where we are. I'm willing to welcome the coming guest, all right, if he's peaceful. Otherwise, it's powder and ball, hot water, stones and

things for him?"

The girl stared a moment at the engineer while this new idea took root within her

brain.

"You—you don't mean," she faitered at last, "that these may be—savages?"

He started at the word. "What makes you think that?" he parried, striving to spare her all needless alarm.

She pondered a moment, while the fire-dots, like a shoat of swimming stars, draw slowly nearer, nearer the Manhattan shore. "Tell me, are they savages?"

"How do I know?"

"It's easy enough to see you've got an opinion about it. You think they're savages, don't you?"

"I think it's very possible."

"And if so—what then?"

"And if so—what then?"

"What then? Why, in case they aren't mighty nice and kind, there'll be a hot time in the old town, that's all. And some-body'll get hurt. It won't be us!"

Another pregnant silence, while the night wind stirred her hair and wafted the warm

# JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

#### Two Debutante Affairs to Be Held This Evening. Large Subscription Dance at Merion Club. Various Matters of Interest

MISS HUBERTA MAY ALEXANDER

Miss Alexander is the daughter of Mr. and

Mrs. J. A. Dunkel, of 6146 Spruce street. Her

engagement to Mr. Edward Carlisle Bernhard

was recently announced

DEBUTANTE parties are the order of to give people what they like. There are the day, and two will be given this to be a number of dinners before the evening: Emily Welsh will be one guest dance, among those who will entertain of honor and Elizabeth Gribbel another. being Miss Esther Lloyd, of Devon, and Emily Welsh's brother-in-law and sister, the Logan MacCoys, of Overbrook. Miss Mr. and Mrs. Louis Madeira, 3d, will be Lloyd will entertain at the club, while host and hostess at a theater party and Mr. and Mrs. MacCoy's dinner will be supper. Mrs. Madeira was Maris Weish, given at their home. There are to be

you know. and made her debut three seasons ago. married Louis Madeira, who is the second son of Percy Madeira and his first wife, who was Marie Marie, a little more than a year ago. Both Maris and Emily are daughters of Welsh, their mother havtheir father's

the late Sam ing married Mr. T. Henry Dixon some years after death. Emily is very good looking and has been having a very good time. Through her stepfathershe is connected with Dorothy Newbold, and on the Welsh side of the family is closely related to Maria

Frazer, so. always attends her cousin's, as well as som. the 'numerous other debutante affairs which have been given all through this very gay season. Mr. and Mrs. Dixon will give a dinner-dance in the Rose Gardens of the Bellevue-Stratford on December 12 in her honor. The second debutante party tonight

will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hooper, of Germantown, at the Huntingdon Valley Country Club, in honor of Elizabeth Gribbel, who was introduced at a large tea given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gribbel, last month at their wonderful country place on the Reading. The affair will be on the order of a dance and supper, and the guests will include members of the debutante and younger dancing men set.

There is great excitement in Haverford over the dance which will be given tonight at the Merion Cricket Club for the benefit of the Sunnyside Day Nursery. Persons who do not want to do anything else for charity-that is, persons who have not the time to make Fair things and sell chances, and so on-can always find an evening to dance, so a good many of our the pool to get cooled off. The men wise woman managers of these nurseries | would have to wear ruffles round their and other charities have decided, the best | ankles. I'm thinking. thing to do to make charity affairs pay is

Personals

Mrs. Edward B. Mears, of 1818 De Lancy place, has issued invitations for a small tea on Tuesday, December 5, to meet her daughter, Miss Frances Mears.

Miss Mears has been spending the last few years with her brother at their ranch at Jackson's Hole, Wyo., and is expected to return to this city today to spend the winter with her parents.

Mrs. Joseph M. Gazzam, of 265 South Nineteenth street, has issued cards for a the dansant on Thursday, December 25, to meet Miss Elizabeth Boyd and Miss Bar-

Mrs. Theodore Brown, of Oak road and School House lane, Germantown, will en-fertain at dinner before the dance to be given in December in the ballroom of the Germantown Cricket Club for the benefit of the Germantown Hospital.

Miss Clarissa Townley Chase, of 2032 Pine street, gave a tea this afternoon in honor of Miss Susan Lynah Bruce, whose marriage to Mr. Samuel H. Chase will take place of Language. place on January 6.

Mrs. L. Webster Fox, who entertained this afternoon at tea in honor of the mem-bers of the Plastic Club, was assisted in receiving by Miss Florence W. Fulton, president of the club, and Miss Beatrice Fox.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Paul Brown, of 1523 begust street, are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter, Edith Corlies Brown. Mrs. Brown was Miss Edith Cor-les Houston, of Chestnut Hill, before her marriage.

Thaukegiving week brings with it much gayety, and among other attractive enter-tainments will be a dinner-dance at the Germantown Cricket Club tomorrow night. Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Tunnell, of Walnut lane, will entertain in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mingle, of New York. Their guests will include Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Bosler, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wiener and Dr. and Mrs. J. Edwin Sweet, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bromley will dine with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bishop. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ansell, of the Creahelm Arms, will entertain ten guests, and Mr. and Mrs. Carol Grace, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Banss, Miss Margaret Tattersfield, Miss Helen Rodgers, Mr. Finletter, Mr. William Rodgers, Mr. Thomas Grace and Miss Anne Thompson. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Descon, Mr. and Mrs. Ely Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Honry Kenderdine, Mr. and Mrs. James Andrews and Mrs. German Andrews and Mrs. Carol Edwinters.

Friends of Mrs. Warner G. Earnshaw, of East Johnson street, will be giad to hear that she is recovering from an operation for appendicitis. Mrs. Earnshaw has gone to Atlantic City for a fortnight.

Mrs. Maurice C. Burton, of West Coulter airest, Germantown, will spend Thanks-giving in Lakewood

Mrs. H. B. Curran, of the Fairfax, Ger-manfown, is at the St. Charles Hotel, At-lantic City, for the holidays.

and Mrs. Edward Powell, of 1332 Fifteenth street, will give a dinner-tonight in the North Gardens of fallews-Stratford, in hour of their ter Miss Ruth Fovell. Among these

their names I do not just now recall.

The girls from Balticame up with the hockey team were e n t e rtained over the week - end, many of them n.t. homes of the members of the Philadelphia team

several staying with the Tenneys at H averford and several Boyds, while others were put up at Montgomery Inn, Bryn Mawr. Among the

Haltimore team were Ruth and Anne Martin, Edna and Mary Parlett, Rebeccs Ober. Mary Worthington, Vera Price Helen Har

girls on the

you see, besides her own parties, she lan, Alice Stellenwenk and Virginia Ran-

Many Philadelphians who go to the North Shore in the summer will be particularly interested to hear that Mrs. W. Henry Brown, of Pittsburgh, is building a private swimming pool de luxe, which will cost \$60,000, at Beverly Farms. I can't think in such figures! Can you? Just imagine spending all that to keep

I hear also Mrs. Brown purchased the Mantell property two years ago. Those of you who are familiar with Beverly will be sure to know where it is, and will look forward to having the pool finished

It is to be salt water taken from the good old ocean about a quarter of a mile

The nicest part of the whole affair is that the pool can be covered and will be used for dancing parties, so the gay old dance will still be de rigueur.

One person has suggested combining the parties, dancing first in very proper bathing costumes, and then plunging into

NANCY WYNNE.

Fowler, of Boston; Miss Martha Hoar Miss Evelyn Vandegrift and Miss Ada Mc

Daniels, of this city.

The engagement of Miss Powell to Mr.
J. Reynolds Pierpoint, of this city, was an-nounced today at a luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Poweil at the Overbrook Golf

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Everitt, of 4518 North Thirteeth street, will entermin at dinner this evening in honor of Miss Edna



Copyright, Life Pub. Co. HER HEART "They think I'm here for life."

M. Wilser and Mr. W. R. Remento, whose engagement was recently announced.

Mrs. Oscar Voelker, of 2338 Tioga street has issued invitations for a luncheon and 580 on Wednesday, December 6, at 1 o'clock, at her home. Among the members who will be present are Mrs. John Allen, Mrs. Frank Barrett. Mrs. Benjamin Foster, Mrs. El-wood Wicks, Mrs. Howard Kleinseider, Mrs. Haug, Mrs. Edward Davis, Mrs. Reception to Bishop McDevitt, La Salle Colsentarry Haug, Mrs. Edward Davis, Mrs. W. C. T. U. of West Philadelphia, Mantua senheim, Mrs. I. Blair, Mrs. Charles Zink, Bahlst Church, Fortisth street and Pairmount avenus, 7:30 o'clock.

Mrs. William Whitcomb, Mrs. Schaffer and

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Marsden and their saughter, Miss Koral M. Marsden, are spending the winter at the Rittenhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Schilsky, of 404 Queen lane, Germantown, will give a reception tomorrow evening, the twentieth anni versary of their marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bergman, of New-ark, N. J., announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Blanche Bergman, to Mr. Manuel Korn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Korn, of this city

The Tloga Fortnightly Dancing Class will hold its second meeting next Saturday ovening at 8:30 o'clock in Tloga Hall. This class, which was organized by Mrs. Oscar Voelker and Miss Adele Huet, will also meet on the evenings of December 18 and December 20. Among the members are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Painter, Mr. Oscar Voelker, Mr. Julian Huet, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Buckhargt, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Guckes, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Barras, Mr. and Mrs. Haverstick, Mr. and Mrs. F. Theobald, Mr. and Mrs. John Bartram, Mr. and Mrs. Haverstick, Mr. and Mrs. Weber, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Miss Moore, Mrs. Charles Foster, Mr. L. Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. D. Foster, Mr. Voss, Miss Anna Bardsley, Mr. and Mrs. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. John Allen, Mr. and Mrs. A. Adams and Dr. and Mrs. L. W. Strong.

The Young Girls' Hebrew Society for Charity will hold its second annual dance on Thursday evening, December 28, at Mar-tel's Academy, 1710 North Broad street.

The Senior Auxiliary of the Jewish Shell tering Home is preparing for the Hawalian festival and dance to be given on Thursday evening at Apollo Hall, 1728 North Broad

The following members are active in working for auccess: Miss Pearl Cohen. Miss Bessie Dietch, Miss Minerya Susner. Miss Cella Schwanenfeld, Miss Rae Mosko-Miss Cella Schwanenfeld, Miss Rae Mosko-witz, Miss Reba Schirliss, Miss Elsie Sus-mer, Miss Ida Heifond, Miss Rose Lunker, Miss Rosalyne Coane, Miss Gerber, Miss Lipshutz, Miss Keller, Miss Frances Coane, Miss Rae Coane, Mr. Jack Riceman, Mr. Samuel Weintraub, Dr. Herman Coane, Mr. D. Paul, Mr. Carl Schwartz and Mr. H. Kanner.

#### WATER COLOR ARTISTS GET ACADEMY AWARDS

Charles Graffy, Philip L. Hale, Dodge McKnight and Blanche Greer Carry Off Prizes

The jury of selection for the fourteenth annual water color exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which will remain open until December 10, met yesterday for the award of the various prizes. The jury consisted of the following: W. J. Aylward, Blanche Dillaye, John J. Dull, Elizabeth Shippen, Green Elliott, Hayley Lever and Everett L. Warner. The prizes were awarded as follows: The first, Charles M. Lea prize of \$300, to Charles Graffy, of Philadelphia; the second, Charles M. Lea prize of \$150, to Philip L. Hale, of Boston; the Philadelphia water color prize of \$200, to Dodge MacKnight, of East Sandwich, Mass.; the Beck prize of \$100, to

Blanche Greer, of Philadelphia.

The Charles M. Lea prizes, which are new prizes this year, are awarded, through the generosity of Charles M. Les, to the best and second best drawings in the exhibition. The jury of artists makes the award and may withhold either or both prizes, if, in its judgment, no drawing is of sufficient merit. Drawings eligible for competition must deal with the human figure, either singly or in composition, and be executed in black and white by pen, pencil, or hard crayon; but not in chalk or charceal; and the awards to be based upon the precision, accuracy of delineation, proportion, detail, implicity and picture quality.

Graffy, who won the prize, is, of course, well known as the leading scuiptor in the city, and his graceful line drawings of the human figure have been features of the Academy exhibitions the last few years. Hale is an instructor at the Academy of the Fine Arts, as is Graffy, and is one of the best known of the Boston painters, with medals and honors to his credit, which is also true of Graffy. Dodge MacKnight, who gets the prize first awarded to Alice Schille, the Columbus water colorist, has a group of strong pictures in the exhibition which are a feature of the south corridor, while Blanche Greer, in the same corridor, has a number of clever "pen and inks" of has a number of ciever pen and mas of a highly original character. The Beck prize has been previously awarded to Joseph Lindon Smith, Henry McCarter, Elizabeth Shippen Green, Maxfield Parrish, Ernest L. Blumenschein, N. C. Wyeth, Jessie Willcox Smith, W. J. Aylward, Jules Guerie and Thornton Cakley. Guerin and Thornton Oakley.

#### MINISTERS' BIRTHDAY KEPT

Knights Templars and Ladies Honor Rev. and Mrs. Wilson

More than one hundred persons attended a dinner and reception last night cele-brating the fiftieth birthday anniversary of the Rev. John (I. Wilson, former paster of the Union Methodist Church, Twentieth and Diamond streets, a brother to William H. Wilson, Director of Public Safety.

The affair, which was held at the home of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, 3454 North Twenty-third street, was given by the members of the Mary Commandery, No. 38, Knights Templar. Mr. Wilson has been active in that lodge for many years.

Accompanied by their wives and women friends, the members of the Mary Commandery gathered at the dinner and extended their best winhes and congratulations to the ciergyman, who was eulogized by the many speakers. Edward Roberts was toastmaster. was toastmaster.

#### What's Doing Tonight

Schaff carnival, Horticultural Hall.

### THE SILVER LINING



Optimist-Thank goodness, I won't have to carve that turkey, anyway.



ing toil, the miserable flasco was madden-

"Look !" suddenly exclaimed the engineer

arm. "What is it?" exclaimed he.

Copyright, Life Pub. Co.

WHAT JOHNNY DREAMED THE NIGHT AFTER HIS THANKSGIVING DINNER

oward the Hudson.

## THE VACANT WORLD

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

Copyright, 1916, by Frank A. Munsey Company

HEATRICE KENDRICK, a stenographer, slowly regains consciousness and opens hereyes upon a scene of utter devastation and ruin. The office in the Metropolitan Ruiding, New York, where she had sai at the typewriter when she suddenly felt asleep, is now nothing but ruin. Only superstructure, brick walls and floors and piles of dust and nowdered wyeckage romain. Beatrice's hair reaches to her ankles.

ALLAN STERN, her employer, one of the city's greatest engineers in the undetermined past, comes to life also in the laboratory. At each movement more of his decomposed ciching fails. He has a great shock of hair and long beard.

When Beatrice and Alles.

When Beatrice and Alles a trully recover their stitution. The same city is a great forest, with wrests of the subsergators protructorest, with wrests of the control of the cont

they clothe themselves and stock their larder.

Later Stern discovers a spring near the building, thus assuring a constant supply of frees water. While on his way to a remains of a hardware store, where a se-cures revolvers, guns, ammunition and sher useful articles, the finds that there are other human beings alive on earth Starn is in the first indication that there are other human beings alive on earth Starn is inforce Stern leaves for a more extended expedition the following day he gives Bea-trice a revolver. Stern figures that he said the girl have "slept" at least 1000 years. He then sets up a wireless outfit in a des-perate effort to discover if there are any other human beings left on earth.

CHAPTER XIV-(Continued) WELL," suddenly laughed Stern, with a strange accent in his voice, "well then, there goes for the operator in the Elife; Tower, eh?"

Again he glanced keenly in the failing light at the apparatus there before him.
"She'll do, I guess," judged he, slipping on the rusted head-receiver. He laid his hand upon the key and tried a few tentative dots and dashes.

Breathless, the girl watched, daring no longer to question him. In the dielectric, the green sparks and spurts of living flame began to crackle and to hiss like living spirits of an unknown power.

spirits of an unknown power.

Stern, feeling again harnessed to his touch the life-force of the world that once had been, exulted with a wild emotion. Yet, science worshiper that he was something of reverent awe tinged the keen triumph. A strange gleam dwelt within his eyes; and through his lips the breath came quick as he durp his very being into the supreme as he flung his very being into the supreme

He reached for the ondometer. Carefully, slowly, he "tuned up" the wavelengths; up, up to 5000 meters, then back again; he ran the whole gamut of the wire-

again; he ran the whole gamut of the wireless scale.

Out, ever out into the thickening gloom, across the void and vacancy of the dead world, he flung his lightnings in a wild appeal. His face grew hard and cager.

"Anything? Any answer?" asked Reatrice, laying a hand upon his shoulder—a hand that trembled.

He shook his head in negation. Again he switched the roaring current on; again he huried out into ether his cry of warning and distress, of hope, of invitation—the last lone call of man to man—of the last New Yorker to any other human being who, by the merest chance, might possibly hear him in the wreck of other cities, other lands. "S. O. S.!" crackled the green flame.

"S. O. S. S. O. S.!"

Thus came nisht, fully, as they waited, as they called and listened; as together there in that tiny structure on the roof of the tremendous ruin they swept the heavens and the earth with their wild call—in vain.

Half an hour passed and still the engineer, grim as death, whirled the chained lightnings out and away.

"Nothing yet?" cried Beatrice at last, unable to keep silence any longer. "Are you quite sure you can—

The question was not finished.

"Nothing yet?" cried Beatrice at the able to keep silence any longer. "Are you quite sure you can—

The question was not finished.
For suddenly, far down below them, as though buried in the entrails of the earth, shuddered a stifled, booming roar. Through every rotten beam and fiber the vast wreek of the building vibrated. Some wall or other, somewhere, crumbled and went crashing down with a long, deep droning thunder that ended in a silding diminuendo of noise.

"The boiler!" shouted Stern.
Off he flung the headpiece. He leaped up; he seised the girl.
Out of the place he dragged her. She ocreamed as a huge weight from high aloft on the tower smashed bellowing through the roof, and with a shower of stones ripped its way down through the rubbish of the drors believ as easily as a built would pierce a newspaper.

The crash sent them recoiling. The whole roof shook and trembled like honeycombed ice in a spring thaw.

Down below something rumbled, jarred and came to rest.

Down below something rumbled, jarred and came to rest.

Both of them expected nothing but that the entire atructure would collapse like a card house and shatter down its ruins that would be their death.

But though it swayed and quivered, as in the grasp of an earthquake, it held.

Hern circled Beatrice with his arm.

"Courage, now! Standy, now steady!" cried he. The grinding, the booming of down-hurled stones and walls died away; the schoes cassed. A wind-whipped cloud of steam and smoke burst up, familie, beyond the edge of the roof. It bellied away, dim in the night, upon the stiff northerly breess.

breese.

"Pire?" ventured the girl.
"No! Nothing to burn. But come, come; ist's get out o' this anyhow. There's nothing doing any more. All through! Too much risk staying up here now."

Silent and delected, they made their cautious way over the shaken roof. They walked with the greatest circumspection to avoid failing through some new hole or freshly opened crevases.

To Stern, especially, this accident was bitter. After nearly a fortnight's exhaust-

black expanse of waters, a hundred, a thousand little points of light were moving.

PORTENTS OF WAR STERN and Beatrice stood there a few seconds at the foot of the ladder, speechless; utterly at a loss for any words to voice the turmoil of confused thoughts awakened by this inexplicable apparition.

pointing. A vast gaping canon of blackness opened at their very feet—a yawning gash forty feet long and ten or twelve broad, with roughly jagged edges, leading down into unfathomed depths below.

Stern gazed at it, puzzied, a moment, then peered up into the darkness above.
"H-m!" said he. "One of the half-ton hands of the big clock up there has just taken a drop, that's all. One drop too much, I call it. Now if we—or our rooms— Stern glanced down at her, an inscru-table expression on his face, which had grown hard and set and ugly. His lips had just happened to be underneath? Some

They circled the opening and approached the tower wall. Stern picked up the rough ladder, which had been shaken down from its place, and once more set it to the win-dow through which they were to enter. gnawed leg bone, cracked open so the marrow could be sucked out, all gashed with But even as Beatrice put her foot on the first rung, she started with a cry. Stern felt the grip of her trembling hand on his

volver. "So, then," he areered at himself, "we're "Look! Look!"
Immobile with astonishment and fear, she stood pointing out and away, to westward. up against it, after all? And all my calculations about the world being swept clear, sere so much punk? Well, well, this is interesting Oh. I see it coming, all right—

But the girl interrupted his ugly thought There, very far away and very small, yet as he stood there straining his eyes out learly visible in swarms upon the inkynto the dark

nee people again? Can you imagine it?"
"Hardly."
"Why, what's the matter? You—speak

"Come! Let's signal them with a fire

rm in burning eagerness.
"Let's go!" Go—at once! This minute!"
But he restrained her.
"You don't really think that would be

'Why not?"

ought to make quite sure, you understand. Sure that they—they're really civilized, you

"Oh, you're counting on that, are you?
Well, that's a big assumption. It won't do.
No, we've got to go slow in this game. Got
to wait. Wait, and see. Easy does it!"
He tried to speak boldly and with non-

to himself; but no sound escaped them.
Then, quite suddenly, he laughed a mirth-less laugh. To him vividly flashed back the memory of the flint spearhead and the

Instinctively he reached for his re-

Stern's eyes followed her hand. He tried to cry out, but only stammered ome broken, unintelligible thing. good and plenty-and soon!"

as though you weren't saved!"
"I didn't mean to. It's—just surprise, I

quite prudent, do you?" asked he lust yet?"

wind stirred her hair and wafted the warm feminine perfume of her to his nostrila. Stern took a long, deep breath. A sort of dizziness crept over him, as from a glass of wine on an empty stomach. The call of woman strove to master him, but he repelled it. And, watching the creeping lights, he spoke; spoke to himself as much as to the girl; spoke, lest he think too much. "There's a chance, a mere possibility," said he, "that those boats canoes, coracles or whatever they may be, belong to white people, far descendants of the few suppositious survivors of the cataciysm. There's

CHAPTER XV

gers the tears of joy began to flow.
"Saved—oh, we're saved!" cried she.
"There are people—and they're coming for

noved, as though he were saying something

savage tooth marks.

A certain creepy sensation began to deelop along his spine. He felt a prickling on the nape of his neck, as the hair stirred

"How splendid! How glorious!" cried she. "Only to think that we're going to

from the tower top. I'll help carry wood. Let's hurry down and run and meet them!" Highly excited, the girl had got to her feet again, and now clutched the engineer's

"Why, can't you see? We-that is, there no way to tell-"
"But they're coming to save us, can't you see? Somehow, somewhere, they must have caught that signal! And shall we wait, and perhaps let them lose us, after all?" "Certainly not. But first we—why, we

"But they must be, to have read the

people, far descendants of the few supposed to the survivors of the cataclysm. There's some slight chance that these people may be civilized, or partly so.

"Why they're coming across the Hudson, at this time o' night, with what object and to what place, we can't even guess. All we can do is wait and watch and—be ready for anything." But all at once the girl, with a wordless cry, sank on her knees beside the vast looming bulk of the tower. She covered her face with both hands and through her finfor anything."

for anything."

For some quarter of an hour neither spoke. Then at last, said Stern:

"See, now! The lights seem to be winking out. The cances must have come close in toward the shore of the island. They're being masked behind the trees. The people—whoever they are—will be landing direct-"And then?"

"And then?"
"Wait and see!"
They resigned themselves to patience.
Now, far in the east, dim over the flat
and dreaty ruins of Long Island, the sky
began to sliver through a thin veil of cirrus
cloud. A pallid moon was rising. Far becloud. A pallid moon was rising. Far be-low a breeze stirred the tree fronds in Madison Forest. A bat staggered drunk-enly about the tower, then reeled away into the gloom; and high aloft an owl ut-tered its melancholy plaint. Beatrice shuddered.
"They'll be here pretty soon!" whispered
he. "Hadn't we better go down and get

our guns? In case—"
"Time enough," he answered. "Wait a while." "Hark! What's that?" she exclaimed

suddenly, holding her breath.
Off to northward, dull, muffled, all but inaudible, they both heard a rhythmic pulsing, strangely barbaric.
"Heavens!" ejaculated Stern. "Wardrums! Tom-toms, as I live!"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

COLLINGSWOOD CLUB

GAINS 140 MEMBERS Teams Send Indicators on Big Dials Moving in 15-Day Booster

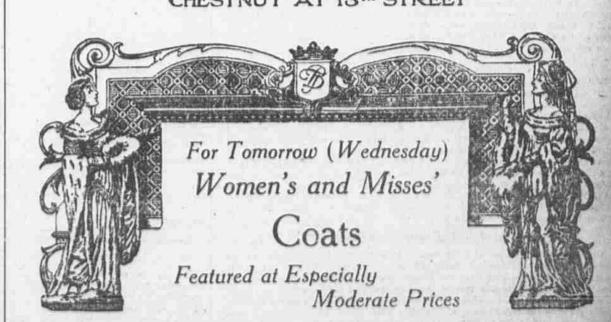
Campaign COLLINGSWOOD, N. J., Nov. 28.—One hundred and forty members. That was the total last night when the ten teams made their first report on the campaign here for the newly organized "All-Collingswood Club." Piedges of 125 more before the and of the week were announced with a large number of persons still unseen and some

of the teams unreported. of the teams unreported.

Following the fully other teams reported by telephone, indicating an additional membership of close to twenty-five signed and paid. The big dials at 741 Haddon avenue and at Collings and Richey avenues, req-orded their first marks in the fifteen-day orded their first marks in the fifteen-day bettle which is intended as a boost for Collingswood aside from the social and athletic features offered by the club, which is organized as a general country club. The next meeting of the teams will be held tomorrow night, when full reports will be received for the first time from the western section of the town.

# BONWIT TELLER & CO.

The Specialty Shop of Originations CHESTNUT AT 18TH STREET



Belted and straight models in imported mixtures, zibelines and cheviots, some full lined and others interlined.

Special 18.75

Practical, smart velour finish coats with velvet collar; loose graceful 25.00 models; large buttons.

Loose belted velour and Bolivia coats in green, plum, Burgundy, brown 39.50 and rubber gray.

Coats of velour in long straight silhouettes; large sailor collars of fur: 49.50 emphasizing new features in pockets.

WOMEN'S DEPT, 2ND FLOOR MISSES DEFT, ITH FLOOR