JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

r, and Mrs. Jones Wister Host and Hostess at Dance Tonight for Their Two Granddaughters. Navy Yard Dance Series Begin

TICH entertaining will be done tonight for the debbies who are to attend the dance which will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Jones Wister for their grandaters, Anne Walker Meirs and Marie Louise Faries. The latter is the child ... Wister's eldest daughter, Miss Mary Weightman, who married Dr. Randolph some twenty years ago. She died leaving several children, and Doctor se's sister, Miss Anna Hamill Faries, has helped her brother in the management

MISS MAUD MORRISON WIGGINS

Who was one of the aids at the ball given at the Bellevue-Stratford last week by the Philadelphia Auxiliary Association of Southern Industrial Schools

whose engagement has just been announced.

Mrs. J. R. Kidder, of East Penn street,

Mrs. J. Frank Delaplaine, of Hortter

Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson, of 3598

Miss Eleanor Edmonds, of Wayne avenue

and Upsal street, gave a small bridge party yesterday afternoon in honor of Miss Mar-

Mr and Mrs. Harry Ansell of the

Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. John Biakeley, Mrs. David T. Young, Mr. Barclay Lex and Mr. Isaac Loeb Straus, of Baltimers.

Mrs. Edgar Howard, of 5 Linden lane

last week for the border to spend a fort-

night at El Paso. Their husbands are mem-bers of the Troop.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Boyd have taken

apartments at the Rittenhouse, where they will spend the winter

Miss Mary Lippincott, of Rabbit Hill. has left for Chicago, Ili, where she will spend a fortnight as the guest of Miss Blatchford and will attend the debutante

tea Mrs. Paul Blatchford will give in honor of her granddaughter, Miss Bliss

Mr. and Mrs. William Kirkpatrick, of

Friends of Mr. Louis R. Dutton, of Wash-

eration for appendicitis and has returned

Mrs. Boulton Earnshaw, of Montgomery avenue, Chestnut Hill, left yesterday for Atlantic City to spend several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Daroff, of 1813 North Thirty-third street, will give a din-ner tomorrow at their home in honor of the recently announced betrothal of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth R. Daroff, to Mr. Albert B. Voice, of New York. Covers will be half for forty.

The N. T. P. Club of North Philadelphia will hold its Thanksgiving dance Decem-ber 1 at the Helfield Country Club. The receiving party includes Miss Jano McCon-

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

RAD IT OCCUPAND BEGINTLY

be laid for forty.

place last Saturday afternoon.

street, Germantown, will give two bridge parties on December 13 and 14.

his home and the hering of his chilen since. Anne ra's mother is Mrs. hard Waln Meirs, was Miss Anne htman, a second hter of Mrs. Win-Mrs. Wlater heryou know, was Sabina d'Invila sister of Mrs. Levick. She ried Mr. William ightman, son of the Mr. William ehtman (of untold ith), and a number years after his h married Mr. ies Wister, who was widower with two ghters, the present William Barclay Mrs. Arthur Mason ester. Besides Faries and Mrs. m. Mrs. Wister had other Weightman ghters, Miss Bertha, married a New ork man; Miss who married k Strawbridge; Miss hel, who is Mrs. Ned enson, and Miss ertha, who is now s. Billie Fuller.

Well, all I can say this, any of you who mber the popularof the Weightman when they came it and who know of continued popularty of these young mans, will not be dispointed in their chitren, for on all sides I

sear the same things; that Anne and at the opera last evening in honor of Miss starle Louise are among the sweetest and Dorothy Dobson and Mr. S. Weir Lewis, st exquisitely polite buds of the seaen. As a second-year girl said to me: They are such little ladies!" and sad to my, very often no matter what background of family or position some of our ands may have, there are some who have ot been exactly celebrated for their man-

There are to be quite a number of diners tonight before the dance, which, by the way, is to be held in the Ritz-Carlton. Dr. and Mrs. Lewis Brinton will enterfain at that hotel for Elizabeth, and the Tom Ridgeways will give a dinner at their Pine street house for Elizabeth Fox, who is a cousin of Mrs. Ridgeway, Gainor Baird will be given a dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Franklin McCrea Wirgman, when their guests will include the little cousins, Mary Ashhurst and Frances Leiper, Susanne Elliot, Katherine Putnam, Mary Brooke, Lois Jackson, Billie Wright, Edmund Purves, Jim Merritt, Jr., Morris Merritt, Henry Pemberton and Morris

Tonight will see the first of the series of Navy Yard dances in the sail loft. who have gone to these parties know what good times we've had, he'm Arms, will entertain at dinner tonight at the Germantown Cricket Club. Their guests will be Mr. and Mrs. Bernarde de H. A number of dinners will precede the

dance, among them one given by Captain Robert Lee Russell, U. S. N., and Mrs. Russell, when covers will be laid for twenty guests. Captain of the Yard Luby and Mrs. Luby will have twelve guests and Paymaster Elliott Moorman, U. S. N., will give a dinner on board the battleship Ohio. His guests will be Dr. and Mrs. Alexis du Pont Smith, Miss Dorothy Smith, Lieutenant John de Roode, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. de Roode, and Miss Inez Posey, of Washington. Paymaster Thomas Cochran, U. S. N., and Mrs. Cochran, of 2518 South Lambert street, will have Miss Gorton, of Corning. N. Y.; Mr. John I. Payne, U. S. N., and Mrs. Payne as their guests.

Lieutenant Commander William H. Allen and Mrs. Allen will also entertain at dinner, and on the transport Beale Lieutenant Charles T. Blackburn, U. S. N., and Mrs. Blackburn will dine ten guests. These affairs are usually great fun and there is nothing to indicate any other tonight than fun pure and NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Warden, of Redgute, School House lane, Germantown, will give a dinner-dance on Friday night of this week in honor of Miss Gainor Owen Baird, one of the season's most popular Substantes. Among the guests will be lies Anne Walker Meirs, Miss Elizabeth Norris Brock, Miss Dorothy Emilen New-sold, Miss Emily Price Welsh, Miss Mar-Miss Emily Price Welsh, Miss Ballis and t Winsor Harris, Miss Pauline Denckla, Lisa Norris, Miss Maria Frazer, Miss aboth C. Miller, Miss Meta Janney, Alice Janney, Miss Edith Earle, Mr. Potter, Mr. Graham Roberta, Mr. Mason, Mr. Warden McLean, Mr. iam McLean, Mr. Albert Kennedy, Mr. Deth Kennedy and Mr. John Geary. neth Kennedy and Mr. John Geary.

Mrs. George Lewis Justice has issued Rvitations for a small tea at her country-place at St. Davids on Wednesday, Decem-ber 6, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Ed-mund da Forest Curtis.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Norman Henry, of 1906 Spruce street, are being congratulated on the birth of a sen this morning. Mrs. Henry was Miss Mary K. Gibson.

At the dance which will be given on isoday evening. December 12, in the lircom of the Germantown Cricket Club the board of women visitors of the Germantown Hespital, the receiving line will inde Mrs. Alexander W. Wister, Mrs. lear Butler, Mrs. Charles Fenroso Kelth & Miss Maris Logan. Mrs. Baltar Mare, Mrs. Alexander Wister, Jr., and m. Theodore Brown will give dinners fore the dance.

liss Molly Bords, formerly of this city, sow making her home in Paris, sailed Saturday on the Rochambeau. While his city Miss Bords was the quiest of R. H. Bayard Bowle, of 1716 Walnut 5, and of Mrs. John Markos, of 1820 as street.

The Regal Club will hold an informal unacription dance at the Hotel Walton

A quiet wedding will be solemnized to-morrow morning at 3 o'clock at the Cathe-drai, when Miss Eleanore Boles will become the bride of Mr. Lawrence L. Kelly, of this city. The Rev. Joseph O'Hara will offi-ciate. The bride will be attended by Miss Alys Mullen, and Mr. John McCool, of Pottstown, will act as best man. A wedding breakfast will follow at the Bellevue-Stratford. After a trip to Washington Mr. and Mrs. Kelly will live at \$128 Westminster avenue until the early spring.

Weddings

CUNNINGHAM-MCCLOSKEY The marriage of Miss Irene Marie Mc-Choskey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William McCloskey, of 1607 North Sixth atreet, and Mr. Joseph A. Cumingham, also of this city, took place this morning at 10 o'clock at the Church of the Immaculate Concep-tion. Miss McCloskey, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of white satin trimmed with point lace, and she carried a bouquet of orchids and liltes of the valley. Miss Marguerite McCloskey. of the valley. Miss Marguerite McCloskey, a sister of the bride, was maid of honor and wore turquoise blue taffeta trimmed in gold. Her hat was of gold lace and French flowers. The bridesmards included Miss Agnes Moylan, Miss Regina McCormick, Miss Mary Hookey and Miss Agnes Mc-Veigh. They were yellow taffeta frocks trimmed with brown tulle. Master Richard McCloskey was page.

McCloskey was page.

A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents. After a wedding trip Mr. and Mra. Cunningham will be at home at 5126 North Broad street.

McCULLOUGH-BROWN A quiet but pretty wedding will take place today at 5 o'clock at St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic Church, at Twenty-third and Berks streets, when Miss Cecelia Agnes

and Berks streets, when Miss Cecelia Agnes Brown, of 1431 Turner street, will become the bride of Mr. John Jeseph Mct.ullough, of 1712 North Twenty-ninth street. Miss Brown will be attended by Miss Marie Katherine Carmody as bridesmaid, and Mr. McCullough will have Mr. Warren Cassidy as best man. A small reception will follow at the home of the bride. They will to Washington on their wedding trip.

CARUSO'S THRILL STILL THE SAME

Great Audience Hears Tenor as Samson in Revival of St. Saens's Opera

At the beginning of a review is a good At the beginning of a review is a good place to mention next week's opera. It will be "Lohengrin," with Urius, Rappold, Goritz and Ober. Even with so popular a work and such a good "paper" cast, it is doubtful if the house will be any larger than last night's, which crowded box and galicry and deepened the line of standers to the point of impassability. Caruse and cash are still synonymous.

The bill was St. Saen's "Somson et Dallia," which was one of the many fresh

Germantown, has issued cards for a tea on Saturday, December 2, from 4 until 6 o'clock, to meet Mrs. Edward Lawrence Pugh. Inclosed also are cards from Mrs. Prederick Clifton Vall to meet Mrs. Louis Richardson Vall. The card of Miss Helen M. Pugh is also inclosed. Dallla." which was one of the many fresh Dallia." which was one of the many fresh things of interest to the good account of Oscar Hammerstein in the days of his reign. He gave it with a fine company, headed by the long-absent Dalmores, the now dead Gerville-Reache and the reliable Dufrance. Later Doria sang the role of the seducing valley-woman of Sorek. With that let his tory stop and impressions start. One of these last evening was to the effect that the mighty Caruso has lost none of his cunning. Some of his woral resource he undoubtedly has mislaid, but he knows how Chestnut street, will give a theater party and supper at the Bellevue-Stratford on Friday, December 23, to meet Miss Margawith the hand as well as the full He still can husband those round. ociferous, yellow tones of his, only to pour them out in product profusion when the occasion demands, startling dis detractors and delighting his admirers, as in the duet with Dallia in the second act. At the close of that ecstatic duet he selzed a great audience and thrilled it with the old Caruso fervor. jorie Thomas, whose engagement to Mr. J. Nevin Pomeroy, of Chambersburg, Pa., was recently announced. Friends of Mr. Lincoln Sharpless, of Hatherton, Chaiten Hills, will be glad to

Mme. Homer, the Dalila, got a strangely apathetic reception. Perhaps that was due in part to the fact that she has done better acting, though not better singing, in other roles. At first she was obviously a comely and respectable person, becoming hear that he is recuperating rapidly after his recent operation for appendicitis, and was able to return to his home yesterday. other roles. At first she was obviously a comely and respectable person, becoming with the addition of her purple robe and the growl of the storm, more of the temptress. But the malignance of the spirit, rather than the malignance of the flesh, is more in her line. She is more Ortrud than the Rose of Sharon. To praise her singing too much, in the face of its opuletice, its warmth, its beauty of production, is as impossible as to praise her impersonation, both highly and justly. Merion; Mrs. John P. Hollingsworth, of Devon, and Mrs. Clarence Clark, 3d, left ion, both highly and justly

She was in the midst of some excellent slayers. Even Mr. Caruso, who is not amous for his subtlety, made a more subdued and suggestive figure of the son of Manoah than one would have expected. An ingenious make-up aided him somewhat, and he was not whelly incredible.

An ingenious make-up aided him somewhat, and he was not wholly incredible, even in the temple scene, in which he sang with dramatic power. There were earlier moments when he was out of voice. Right adroitly did he shield that fact.

For real histrionism one had to turn to Mr. de Luca, who was the high priest. Breaking no tradition, he proved that tradition may be ennobled as well as degraded. The portrait was authentic, with a touch of biblical severity, which came into sharp Easton, Pa., spont the week-end as the guests of Mrs. Kirkpatrick's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Wells, at Wayne, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick came on to The portrait was authentic, with a touch of biblical severity, which came into sharp contrast in the ballet, led by the lively and pretty Rosina Galli—a ballet replete with bright, hot color, but with little design scenically. The smash-up occurred with prompt success, after the child, Samson's guide, was fortunately out of harm's path. attend the wedding of Miss Katharine Ver-ner and Mr. Channing Daniel, which took ington lane, Jenkintown, will be glad to hear that he is recuperating from his recent op-

Fortunately, because that child was a sym-pathetic and plausible little actor. As to "Samson' itself, it is still a rousing and splendiferous opera. If it is not the impressive lyric music we once imagined. It may be because French music of the seven-ties is not now taken so heavily. There was heaviness in Mr. Polacco's conducting. Mr. and Mrs. George C. Scott, of 114 Highland avenue, Cynwyd, announce the en-gagement of their daughter, Miss Ruth Luties Scott, to Mr. William Casper Pierce, of Miford, Del. Miss Scott is the niece of Mr. John R. K. Scott.

What's Doing Tonight

Lecture on interior decoration, by Summe oblinson, under auspices of University Exim on Society Central Y. M. C. A. 1421 Arc rest: S o clock. Temperance concert, Grand Orange Ludge of many lyanta, Scottish Rite Hall; Silb o'clock Twentiath anniversary banquet, Entshis of humbus, Hotel Adelphia: 7:30 o'clock. Hazaar for benefit of Catholic Musiciary, Lecture by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, Indian poet, Academy of Music.

Florence Nightingale Ledge, Daughters of St. Gaorge, Quartet Hall.

Sarvivors of Fire Zonaves, Fifth and Chest-nut streets.

Smirtelly, Edds Polic Co.

"Don't just know, yet. It's a fact, though: they're certainly savages. Two tribes, one with torches, one with drums. Two different kinds, I guess. And they're

marked:
"They're up around Central Park now,
the drums are, don't you think so? How
far do you make that?"
"Close on to two miles. Come, let's be

fully along by the windows overlooking Madison Forest, by the door leading into the suite of offices, and by the stair-head that gave access to the fifth floor.

Then he blew out the light again.
"Two revolvers, one shotgun, and one rifle, all told," said he. "All magazine arms. I guess that'll hold them for a white, if it comes down to brass tacks! How's your nerve, Beatrice?"
"Never better!" she whispered, from the dark. He saw the dim white blur that indicated her face, and it was very dear to him, all of a sudden—dearer, far, than he had ever realized.

that, will you?"
Again they listened.
Louder now the drums sounded, duil.

"Maybe they'll pass by?" whispered Beatrice.

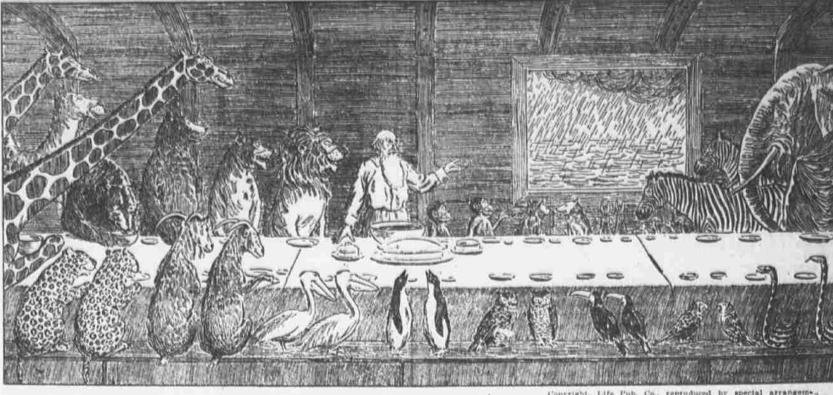
"It's Madison Forest they're alming at!" returned the engineer. "See there!"

He pointed to westward.

There, far off along the forest lane of Fourteenth street, a sudden gleam of light flashed out among the trees, vanished, reappeared, was joined by two, ten, a hundred others. And now the whole approach to Madison Forest by several streets began to sparkle with these feux-foliets, weaving and flickering unsteadily toward the square.

Here, there, everywhere through the dense manes of foliage, the watchers could aiready see a dim and moving mass, fit-fully illuminated by torches that now burned steady, now flared into red and smoky tourbillons of flame in the night-

THANKSGIVING IN THE ARK



THE VACANT WORLD

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND Copyright, 1916, by Frank A. Munuey Company

heaven!"

beings alive on earth. Stern is intented feat, thefore Storn leaves for a more extended expedition the following day no gives lieatrice a revolver. Storn flaures that he and the girl have "sleep" at least 1000 years. He then sets up a wireless outfit in a terrate effort to discover if there are any other human beings left on the does discover to the sets of the ludged flaure to the tudged flaure tudged flaure to the tudged flaure tu

CHAPTER XVI THE GATHERING OF THE HORDES claimed the girl, taking a quick breath.

coming in here to parley or fight or some-thing. Regular powwow on hand. Trouble ahead, whichever side wins!"

"That depends. Maybe we'll be able to lie hidden here till this thing blows over whatever it may be. If not, and if they cut off our water supply, well."

He ended with a kind of growl. The sound gave Beatrice a strange sensation. She kept a moment's silence, then remarked:

from one wall to the other. By this il-lumination, very dim yet adequate, he minutely examined all their firearms.

minutely examined all their nearms.

He loaded every one to capacity and made sure all were in working order. Then he satisfied himself that the supply of cartridges was ample. These he laid carefully along by the windows overlooking by the descriptions.

he had ever realized.

"Good little girl" he exclaimed, giving her the rifle. A moment his hand pressed hers. Then with a quick intake of the breath, he strode over to the window and once more listened. She followed.

"Much nearer, now!" judged he. "Hear that, will you?"

Actuary now the the hammering of a fever pulse inside a sick man's skull. A stull, confused hum, a noise as of a swarming mass of bees, drifted down-wind.

"Maybe they'll pass by" whispered

wind.

"Like monster glow-worms, crawling among the trees!" the girl exclaimed. "We could mow them down from here already! God grant we sha'n't have to fight!"

"S.h.h.h.! Walt and see what's up!"

Now, from the other horde, coming from the north, sounds of warlike preparation were growing ever louder.

With quicker beats the insistent tomtoms throbbed their rhythmic melancholy rune, hollow and dissonant. Then all at once the drums ceased; and through the night air drifted a minor chant; a wail that

once the drums ceased; and through the night air drifted a minor chant; a wail that rose, fell, died, and came again, lagging as many strange voices joined it.

And from the square below a shrill, high-pitched, half-animal cry responded. Creeping shudders chilled the fiesh along the engineer's backbone.

"What I pieed, now," thought he, "is about a hundred pounds of high-grade dynamite, or a gellon of nitroglycerin. Better still, a dozen capsules of my own invention, my 'Pulverite'.

"I guess that would settle things mighty quick. It would be the joker in this game, all right! Well, why not make some? With what chemicals I've got left, couldn't I work up a half-pint? Bottled in glass fasks, I guess it would turn the trick on em!"

"Why, they took black!" suddenly inter-rupled the girl. "See there—and there?" She pointed toward the spring, Stern new intering shadows in the dark. Then through an upuning, he got a blurred in-

One even dashed against the building, neer, at length, drawing Beatrice away thing, to earth.

Stern, with a word of hot anger, fingered his revolver. But Beatrice laid her hand

"Not yet?" begged she.
He glanced down at her, where she stood
beside him at the empty embrasure of the
window. The dim light from the vast and empty overarch of sky, powdered with a wonder of stars, showed him the vague outline of her face. Wierful and pale she was, yet very brave. Through Stern welled a sudden tenderness. "Black—yes, blue-black! They seem so, anyhow. And—why, did you see the size of them? No bigger than apen! Good

a sudden tenderness.

He put his arm around her and for a moment her head lay on his breast.

But only a moment.

For, all at once, a snarling cry rang through the wood, and, with a northward surge of the torchbearers, a confused tumuit of shrieks, howls, simian chatterings and dull blows, the battle joined between those like a dream-horde of hideous creatures seen in a nightmare, the torch-bearers had spread all through the forest at the base of the Metropolitan. spring and even to Fifth avenue the mob extended, here thick, there thin, without order or coherence—a shifting, murniuring, formless, seemingly planless congeries of dull brutality.

How long it lasted, what its meaning, its "Seems as though malformed human members, black and bestial, had been flung details, the watchers could not tell. Im-at random into a ghastly kaleidoscope, turned by a madman!" whispered Stern. gloom, broken only by an occasional pale

THEIR FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER



Eve: You may no . like my apple pie, but I'm thankful you can't brag about the kind your mother used to make

pression of a hand holding a torch. He saw a body, half-human.

The glimpse vanished, but he had seen

Involuntarily he shuddered. For now,

fascinated horror. · Up, up to the watch ,n rose a steady droning hum; and from the northward, ever louder, ever clearer, came now the war song of the attacking party. The drums began again suddenly. A high-pitched, screaming laugh echoed and died among the woods beyond the ruins of Twenty-eighth street.

street.

Still in through the western approaches of the square more and more lights kept straggling. Thicker and still more thick grew the press below. Now that torch glow was strong enough to cast its lurid reflections on the vacant-staring wrecks of windows and of walls, gaping like the shattered skulls of a civilization which was no more. To the nostrils of the man and woman upfloated an acrid, pitchy smell. And birds, dislodged from sleep, began to zigzag about, aimlessly, with frightened cries.

The girl answering nothing peered out in gleam of moonlight through the drifting cloud-rack, to judge the fortunes of this bird, cheeping forlornly, fluttered above the primitive war.

> They knew not the point at issue nor yet the tide of victory or loss. Only they knew that back and forth the torches flared, the war-drums boomed and rattled, the yelling, slaughtering, demoniac hordes surged in a swirl of bestial murder lust. And so time passed, and fewer grew

the drums, yet the torches flared on; and as the first gray dawn went fingering up the sky there came a break, a flight, a nerciless pursuit.

saw things that ran and shricked and were cut down—saw things there in the forest that died even as they killed, and mingled the howl of triumph with the bub-bling gasp of dissolution.

"Ugh! A beast war" shuddered the engl-

She yielded, waking as it were from the

horrid fascination that had held her spell-bound. Down she sat on her bed of furs, covered her eyes with her hands and for a while remained quite motiopless. Stern watched her. And again his hand sought the revolver butt.

the revolver butt.

"I ought to have waded into that bunch long ago," thought he. "We both ought to have. What it's all about, who could reli? But it's an outrage against the night theelf, against the world, even dead though it be. If it hadn't been for wasting good

ammunition for nothing —."

A curious, guttural whine down there in the forest attracted his attention. Over to the window he strode and once again peered down.

peered down.

A change had come upon the scene, a midden, radical change. No more the sounds of combat rose, but now a dull, conciamant murmur as of victory and preparation for some ghastly rite.

Already in the center of the wood, hard by the spring, a little fire had been lighted. Even as Stern looked, dim, moving figures heaped on wood. The engineer saw whirling droves of sparks spiral upward; he

ing droves of sparks spiral upward; he saw dense smoke, followed by a larger

And, grouped around this, already some hundreds of the now paling torches cast their livid glare. Off to one side he could just distinguish

Off to one side he could just distinguish what seemed to be a group engaged in some activity, but what this might be he could not determine. Yet all at once a scream of pain burst out therefrom, and then a gasping cry that ended quickly and did not come again.

Another shriek and still a third, and now into the leaping flames some dark, misshapen things were flung and a great shout arose.

shout arose.

Then rose also a shrill, singsong whine, and suddenly drums roared, now with a

and suddenly drums roared, now with a different cadence.

"Hark" said the engineer. "The torchmen must have exterminated the other bunch and got possession of the drums. They're using 'em themselves—and badly."

By the firelight vague shapes came and went, their shadows grotesquely fung against the leafy screens. The figures quickened their paces and their gentures, then suddenly, with cries, fung themselves into wild activity. And all about the firestern saw a wheeling, circling, eddying mob of black and frightful shapes.

"The swine!" he breathed. "Wait—wait till I make a pint or two of Pulverite!"

mob of black and frightful shapes.
"The swine" he breathed. "Wait—wait
till I make a pint or two of Pulverite"
Even as he spoke the concourse grew
quiet with expectancy. A silence fell upon
the forest. Something was being led forward toward the fire—something for which
the others all made way.

The wind freshened. With it increased
the volume of smoke. Another frightened

Came a sharp clicking sound, a quick souffe, a grunt, then slience once more. And all at buce the drums crashed, and the dance began again, madder, more obscency hideous than ever.

"Voodoof" guiped Stern. "Obeah-work!

And-and the quicker I get my Pulverite to working the better."

Undecaded no longer, determined now on a course of definite action without further delay, the engineer turned back into the delay, the engineer turned back into this room. Upon his forehead stood a cold and prickling sweat of horror and disgust. But to his lips he forced a smile as in the half light of the red and windy dawn he drew close to Beatrice.

Then all at once, to his unspeakable relief, he saw the girl was sleeping.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

Give the Children **Bread That Strengthens**

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Only the finest of rye flours are used in this new, delicious rye bread. The appetizing, nutty flavor is found only in this supremely good loaf. Wunderbar Rye,

made by a special patented process, will keep moist and fresh. Your grocer has it. Get the loaf with the label, Maileon Wunderbar Rye. That means it is pure.

The Best Rye Bread in the World