

Women AND THEIR Interests

"Their Married Life"

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"Warren, Mrs. Bell is coming up for lunch to-day. Do you think you can get home early?" "What for? You don't want me to entertain her, do you?" "No, dear, but Mr. Bell is coming over for her later, and I do want you to meet him. I am sure you would like each other."

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Caspian," "Blue Backle," etc.

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathe Exchange, Inc.

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With her in his arms he started up the lane—whither he knew not. Suddenly, in the distance, he saw Neal—on horseback. Welcher broke into a run toward his foster brother.

CHAPTER LIV.

A Piece of Steel.

Neal's first duty was toward Annette—his second toward Joe. He carried Joe tenderly to the side of the road and left him there, covered with green boughs. Then he lifted Annette upon his steed and set off for help.

Meantime things happened at the furnished house—the house so swiftly and violently unfurnished by its interloping tenants.

Inside the room nothing but a mass of wreckage was to be seen. But slowly, painfully, impelled by some unseen force, this mass of wreckage slowly rose. Beneath it some giant writhed and wriggled.

Finally a head appeared—the Brute's head. He looked about the room. Nothing was to be seen. He peered into the depths from which he had just emerged. Then suddenly he saw something.

Seeing—he worked away like mad. Inside of ten minutes, Inez, in a stupor, was staring at the Brute from one side of the room—Hernandez from the other.

Hernandez shook the lethargy from him. He crawled to Inez. "Up—up," he cried, tugging at her, "we have no time to lose. Come on, you beast—come on."

Seizing them both, tearing at them frantically, like mad, he sped with them toward a cluster of trees on the other side of the road.

In the midst of this dense growth he had hidden his machine. Panting with frenzy, his glance ever over his shoulder, he forced them into the car, sprang to the wheel, threw in the clutch, and was off.

It was three days later, on the high seas, that Hernandez—his other two companions well hidden in the hold—stole out of the companion way of a fruit steamer bound for the southern seas.

He glanced cautiously around a corner. The first figure that met his sight was Neal Hardin—an ensign in the navy.

"What's he doing here?" demanded Hernandez of himself. He watched warily. What he saw disturbed him.

Neal was giving orders to the captain of the ship. Hernandez looked about him. Suddenly he darted forward, stooped, and picked up something from the floor.

"What is it?" queried Inez. "A piece of steel," he said. That night, well muffled, he stole toward the compass, and concealed his piece of steel where it would do the most good—or most harm, as you prefer. No one saw him—no one knew.

But on his return, turning a corner, he ran full tilt into Ensign Neal Hardin himself. Neal sprang upon the muffled figure and tore the enveloping cloak from Hernandez's grasp.

"You," cried Neal, leaping for Hernandez, "I've got you now." They struggled like tigers, but Neal took no chances. This was no test bout. He wanted to make sure of his man. He called for help. Help came. A dozen men pounced upon Hernandez.

When he was safely chained Neal rose to his feet. "We've got him," said Neal briefly. He gave an order. "Search the ship," he said.

The ship was searched, and within the next quarter of an hour Inez and the Brute, each in the clutch of many powerful men, came into view on deck.

"Lock the woman in a cabin," commanded Neal, "and keep guard upon her day and night." All night he lay, chained heavily, solitary, in the lazaretto, working out his own salvation—not eternal, but material. And he always came to one conclusion—"I'll beat them yet."

All night the pilot puzzled his head over his compass. As dawn broke, in the crow's nest aloft, the lookout shaded his eyes with his hand—then with the same hand shaded his mouth.

"Land ho!" he cried, "land ho!" Neal heard him and hurried to the pilot's side. "Can't be Lost Isle," he exclaimed.

"Must be," said the pilot, "we're headed straight for her—straight as the crow flies, sir. But I can't understand it, either—blest if I—"

The sentence was unfinished. With a terrific shock the vessel crashed into an unseen reef—an unknown reef, for they had ventured into uncharted seas. Neal understood the danger. The shock was too terrific to be ignored. It meant a wreck—it would be a matter of minutes only before she filled.

"Man the boats," he cried, "order all on deck. Make haste." He rushed in person to Annette's door and threw it open. In person he lifted Annette and her mother into the first boat. Inez also was included. It was lowered safely. Neal turned to his crew. "Get the lazaretto prisoner," he commanded, "drag him into this boat here. Be about it now."

Hernandez, in a frenzy of fear, had been beating with his chains upon the barred door of the lazaretto. They dragged him forth, his face working with fear and rage, and bundled him into the second boat—the Brute leaping in behind. Half way down the side something happened—the gear broke. The boat dropped—its one end still held to the tackle—and plunged its human burden into the sea beneath.

Hernandez, heavy with his irons, clung to the Brute. The Brute was still a paragon of strength. With both Hernandez's hands upon his brawny shoulders—with the dragging weight of Hernandez's irons upon him, he swam, with even, steady strokes, toward the shore—swam for an hour, tirelessly, like some huge dog.

Suddenly his feet touched sand. Neal and Annette stood upon a strip of beach, staring all about them. "This," said Annette, "must be Lost Isle—and the admiral was right—it is deserted. Unless we find a Robinson Crusoe here—possibly—my father."

Neal shook his head. "I'm not sure it's Lost Isle," he commented, "and I'm not sure it's deserted. See that turn in the short line—let's round the corner and have a better look."

Around the corner, some three-quarters of a mile away, a group of naked natives clustered greedily about a fire. Above the fire something—horribly gruesome—turned and turned upon a slowly-revolving spit. Scattered about upon the ground, were human skulls.

One of the natives held up his arms, uttering guttural sounds and pointed off the shore. The whole crowd broke into a run—reached the shore and waited.

Two men staggered from the water toward the beach. The group of natives set up a yell of triumph . . . here, then, were two more human skulls—two more gruesome forms to be turned upon a spit over a hot fire. Yes, mariners were quite right. These were indeed, uncharted seas—Hernandez and the Brute were pioneers.

The Brute looked straight ahead. He placed his arm about his master's quivering shoulders and stepped up out of the sea, straight into that diabolical group of twentieth-century anthropophagi. The Brute knew no fear. The black brutes reached forth clutching hands and touched him—seized Hernandez. The Brute stretched forth a hand, seized a savage by the neck, and whirled him round and round about his head, striking the black men right and left.

Then he tossed his captive into the sea, leaving him to struggle out as best he might.

There was a wild cry among the natives—then suddenly, they prostrated themselves before the Brute.

"He has a white face—white beard," they told each other, "down, down on your faces. He is a god—our god." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

STORK LEAVES TWINS

Special to The Telegraph. New Germantown, Pa., Nov. 26.—Toboyne township's population has increased by three during the last week. First the stork visited Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Gutshall and left a little girl and then paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith and left twins, a son and daughter, their first-borns. Mrs. Smith was Miss Goldie Bistline, of this place, before her marriage.

WOMAN COMMITS SUICIDE

Special to The Telegraph. Lewistown, Pa., Nov. 26.—Mrs. Frank Glassmire was found drowned in the Kishacoquillas creek near the Walnut street bridge on Wednesday. Mr. Glassmire got up at an early hour in the morning and went to his work. After he had left home his mother found that her daughter-in-law had slipped out of the house in her nightclothes. A search resulted late in the day of the finding of the body.

THE VALUE OF TRUTH

Truth in business is just as important as truth in every-day life; truth creates confidence, establishes good-will and builds a reliability that will not be wrecked by the storms of competition. Through three generations people have learned to place reliance on the advertised words of Scott's Emulsion, because they are untarnished, unexaggerated truths about a household remedy of real and actual worth. The popularity of Scott's Emulsion is increasing as intelligence advances, because in these days of adulterations it continues to guarantee pure cod liver oil medicinally perfected with glycine and hypophosphites to build strength, improve the blood and strengthen the lungs. It is free from alcohol or opiates—a wholesome food- tonic, truthfully advertised.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 15-20

NEAL OF THE NAVY Shown in Moving Pictures. Each Wednesday and Thursday. Colonial

Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart

Look For The Pergola Booth Look For The Pergola Booth

Opening Christmas Flower Bazaar

WE are pleased to invite you to the formal opening, to-morrow, of our third annual display of artificial flowers for decorative purposes and corsage bouquets. This is by far the most elaborate showing we have ever had of beautiful blooms that rival in beauty and texture the natural flowers they imitate, and the display compares favorably in artistic setting and variety with those to be found in the specialty shops and stores in New York City.

- Corsage Bouquets in Dainty Boxes. Boutonnieres in Pretty Boxes, Decorative Flowers of Every Description. Floral Novelties and Favors. Exquisite Flowers for Table Decorations. Japanese Bamboo Covered Porcelain Vases. Nested Baskets for Flowers or Candy. Small Green and Yellow Porcelain Vases. Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart, Millinery Section, Second Floor.

See News of Toyland on Page 22 See Furniture News on Page 6

TRAINING CLASS ORGANIZED

Special to The Telegraph. New Germantown, Pa., Nov. 26.—A teachers' training class was organized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Adams on Thursday evening by electing these officers: Teacher, David C. College; secretary, Russell W. Swartz; treasurer, Dale McConnell.

SHELDON ENTERTAINED

Special to The Telegraph. Anville, Pa., Nov. 26.—Prof. and Mrs. Sheldon, the former head of the department of music at Lebanon Val-

YOUNG PEOPLE ON HIKE

Special to The Telegraph. Shiremanstown, Pa., Nov. 26.—Twenty young folks, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Warner, of Carlisle, enjoyed a moonlight hike

from this place to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Edwards at Enola. After reaching the Edwards home they indulged in games, contests, and vocal and instrumental music. Supper was served.

SHOWER FOR NEWLYWEDS

Special to The Telegraph. Shiremanstown, Pa., Nov. 26.—Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Wrightstone were tendered a miscellaneous shower at their home in Irwin street, Tuesday evening. They received many presents.

Special Dollar Boxes: Assorted Milk Chocolates Assorted Nut Chocolates Assorted Chocolates My Favorites (nut flavored chocolates) Huyler's FRESH EVERY HOUR Bonbons Chocolates Our Sales Agents in Harrisburg are F. J. Althouse Croll Kellers, 405 Market Street J. H. Boher James C. McAlister, 2nd and Calder Sts. Huyler's Cocoa, like Huyler's Candy, is supremely good

The New Labor Law The new Workmen's Compensation Act goes into effect January 1st, next. If you are an employer of labor you should be familiar with every phase of this most important piece of legislation. We are prepared to supply this act in pamphlet form with side headings for easy reference. Single copies 25c with very special prices on larger quantities. The Telegraph Printing Co. PRINTING—BINDING—DESIGNING PHOTO-ENGRAVING HARRISBURG, PENNA.

Such easy buckwheat cakes! — and so inexpensive! Just a package of Aunt Jemima's Buckwheat Cake Flour, which has the milk in powdered form mixed in it. The pure, sweet milk—already in the flour—is what gives the cakes that special deliciousness that cannot be found in any buckwheat cakes but Aunt Jemima's. No measuring, no chance of forgetting something that must go in. Simply add cold water to Aunt Jemima's Buckwheat Cake Flour, then bake quickly on a hot griddle, and you have tender, golden brown buckwheat cakes on the table in a jiffy! Beating the batter for a few seconds will make the cakes even fluffier. Have them tomorrow morning, and see what your family says. AUNT JEMIMA'S BUCKWHEAT CAKE FLOUR "Made in a minute—the milk's mixed in it" Copyright 1915