

In Tune With the Wild

Adapted from the Sells-Mcroy Picture Play of the Same Name Featuring Kathryn Williams

By KATHLYN WILLIAMS

Illustrated With Photos From the Picture Films

And as the sun went down, Dr. Robert Wayne, bereft of reason, arrived at the entrance to a hollow mountain, a place called by the Kafirs the Caves of the Hundred Lions. As Doctor Wayne stumbled into the great cave he found water pouring from the rock wall and forming a pool—a natural sunken bath, as it were—in the rock basin in the floor of this granite mansion of nature's own architecture and fashioning. Doctor Wayne drank of the water.

A lion passed him, on its way to its lair somewhere in the rock chambers of the cave. Wayne viewed the lion curiously, without fear. Two more lions passed. Wayne stared at them blankly, without reason.

Half a dozen leopards appeared. Doctor Wayne seized one of these leopards and played with it, as a child with a kitten.

And presently night fell athwart the entrance to the cave. It was now dark where Doctor Wayne lay just within his rock house. And from sheer physical exhaustion he fell asleep.

The six leopards lay around and near him, with 12 eyes blazing like powerful lamps piercing the darkness—watchers over the silent, helpless form of the American missionary.

CHAPTER IX.

Fifteen Years After.

A bare-headed, golden-haired girl of twenty-three picked rose after rose from bushes that formed an arched trellis leading from the bungalow door to the sidewalk at the other end of the lawn.

In the library the calendar proclaimed the month to be January. Yet outside red and white roses grew in riotous luxuriance. For the place was Los Angeles, Cal., where there is no "last rose of summer."

The girl with the golden hair was Edith Wayne, now in all the splendid fulfillment of her beauty and womanhood. For 15 years had elapsed since she and her mother left British East Africa, mourning father and husband as one dead.

On their way home they had stopped in England long enough to comply with certain legal requirements whereby the fortune left to Doctor Wayne would in due time be transferred to the wife and daughter as the heirs of the missionary. They had then continued their journey—escorted by Uncle Steve and Hart—to California. And this beautiful bungalow in Los Angeles, in front of which Edith was now picking roses, had been bought with part of the money received from England. Mrs. Wayne's brother, "Uncle Steve," lived with them. And Hart could be seen even now in the "back yard" of the Wayne house performing his duties as gardener.

As Edith plucked the roses she heard a woman's voice calling:

"Good morning, Edith!"

A middle-aged woman came across the lawn. She owned the bungalow next door and since childhood had been an intimate friend of Mrs. Wayne.

"Good morning, Mrs. Morris," Edith said.

"Edith," said Mrs. Morris, "do you know you are the exact image of your mother as she was at your age—when she married Doctor Wayne?"

"So I have been told," Edith answered.

"By the way, Edith," Mrs. Morris remarked, "do you know Capt. Duncan Jones? He's a member of Troop F, the crack cavalry organization of the state."

"Capt. Duncan Jones? No, I have never met him, though I have often heard of him as a great hunter and naturalist. What of him?"

"He has gone to British East Africa. Two lieutenants of his troop are with him. They have gone to hunt big game."

"British East Africa!" exclaimed Edith. "Why, that's where my father—that's where I passed part of my childhood. I should like to meet this Captain Jones—when he returns."

Just then Uncle Steve, now gray haired, came hurrying from the house. "Edith," he said, "come inside to your mother. She's feeling bad. She is weeping over a photograph of your father. I fear she will have another of those hysterical outbursts of grief. I can do nothing with her. Come!"

Edith bade good-by to Mrs. Morris and hastened with Uncle Steve into the bungalow, carrying an immense bunch of roses. She found her mother in the library, seated in an invalid chair, clutching to her bosom a photograph of Doctor Wayne. She was weeping.

"Here, mother, this won't do!" cried Edith, doing her best to inject a cheery tone into her speech. "You must not grieve so. And—oh, yes! I've news for you—about Africa!"

Her mother looked up expectantly.

"News? Africa?" she asked with eagerness. "What is the news?"

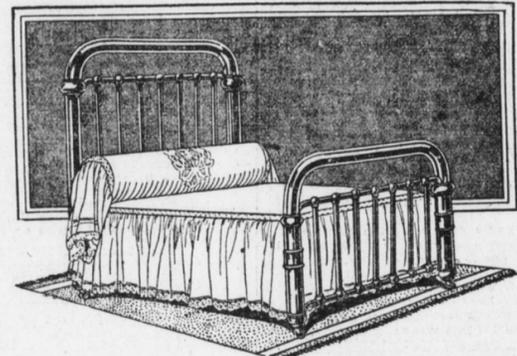
"Capt. Duncan Jones of the state cavalry, who lives here in Los Angeles, has gone to British East Africa to hunt. And when he returns, I'll find a way to meet him."

[To Be Continued.]

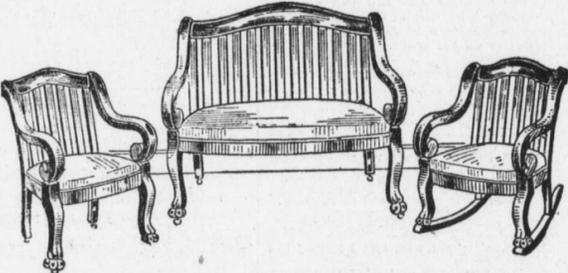
November Clearance Sale---Nov. 10 to 17---Seven Days



\$7.95
Massive Metal Bed,
Usual \$10 value



Massive metal bed, either single or double size, exactly like illustration. Sale price **\$5.95**

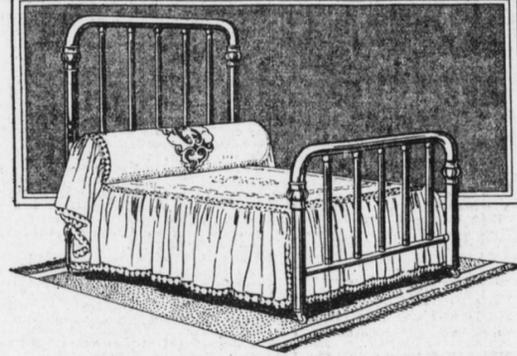


Handsome Parlor suit, consisting of three large pieces, heavy colonial arms, removable cushions; a \$50.00 value. Sale price **\$39**

Good news! Just at the time when you're thinking of the proper furnishing of the home for the Thanksgiving guests. It's a sale made necessary by the need of space for our holiday goods.

Brass Beds and Parlor Suits

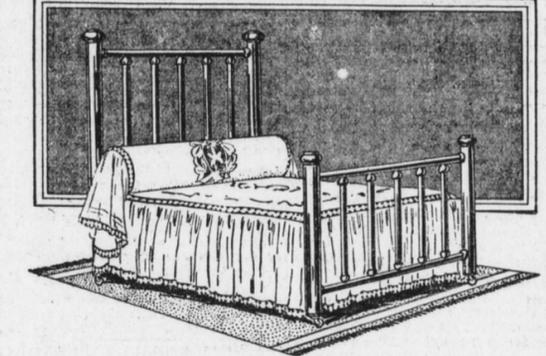
have suffered most in the tremendous price reductions. But there are things here at reduced prices for every room in the home. Dining room--bed room--living room furniture are especially priced at big savings for the NOVEMBER SALE.



Brass Bed, continuous post and finished with a guaranteed lacquer, heavy filling rods, made to sell for \$17.50. Sale price **\$12.15**



\$7.25
Usual \$9.50 Value
Continuous Post Metal Bed,



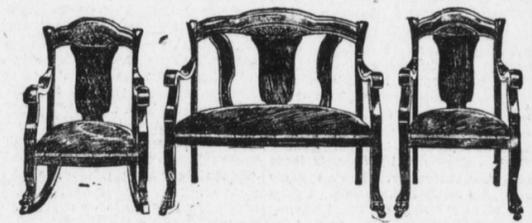
Brass Bed—bright finish, two-inch posts, ten filling rods. An excellent \$8.50 value. Sale price **\$5.75**

FLOOR COVERINGS

First shipments have arrived of Rugs and Carpets secured by our buyers at the recent large auction sale in New York. We can promise you the very lowest prices on first-class floor coverings.

- Brussels Rugs, 9x12, \$15
- Velour Rugs, 9x12 . . \$21
- Axminster Rugs, 9x12, \$18
- Wilton Rugs, 9x12 . . \$35

OTHER SIZES AT PROPORTIONATE PRICES



Parlor Suit, heavy roll frames, highly polished, green silk plush cushions, claw feet. Sale price **\$30**

VICTORY CELEBRATED

Lebanon, Pa., Nov. 9.—Republicans of Jonestown, this county, celebrated the victory at last Tuesday's elections with a big torchlight procession on Saturday evening.

John K. Light and Clark G. Long, prominent leaders of the party, acted as marshals. Over 200 young Republicans from the surrounding districts came to the town to participate in the pageant on horseback. About 500 people of the town paraded on foot, and the old Republicans who were too feeble to walk brought up the rear in hacks. In the rear of the column was a horse and cart, filled with picks, shovels, etc., from one of the workings of the State Highway Department, indicative of the vindication of the department at the elections.

PRIZES AT CORN SHOW

Hogestown, Pa., Nov. 9.—Participants in the second annual corn show held here Friday were on Saturday given their prizes and took home their exhibits. The corn show was held in the primary room of the Hogestown school building during the afternoon and evening. The exhibits were judged by W. W. Phillips, of near Kingston. Canned fruit, dried fruit, cakes baked by the pupils, fancy work, were added to the exhibits this year. Addresses were made by W. W. Phillips and J. Keiso Green, superintendent of the Cumberland county schools.

ARRESTED FIFTY TIMES

Northumberland County Man Cannot Resist Stealing Chickens
Sunbury, Pa., Nov. 9.—For the fiftieth time Michael Pock was today arrested on a chicken-stealing charge, preferred by a neighbor. Pock has spent half of his thirty years of life in the Northumberland county jail, and each time it was for stealing chickens. He confessed, and said he just couldn't resist stealing chickens. He has never been arrested for any other crime.

LIKE CARRIER PIGEONS

released from their cage fly to their destination with a message, so your printed messengers go from your office and deliver your business message to those whom you believe are likely to be interested. Prepare your message, then consult us regarding the probable cost of printing or engraving. Our facilities are ample to guarantee prompt and excellent service. Preparation of copy and illustrations if desired. Telegraph Printing

HENHOUSE FOR 1,000 LAYERS

Sunbury, Pa., Nov. 9.—A new henhouse of modern construction, which will house 1,000 layers, is being built by the Central Pennsylvania Old Fellows' Orphans' Home, near Sunbury.

HUNTER HAS LOCKJAW

Sunbury, Pa., Nov. 9.—While hunting near White Deer, Earnest Adams was accidentally shot in the arm. He was rushed to the Williamsport Hospital, where lockjaw developed, and he is now in a serious condition.

BRUMBAUGH SAYS PLATFORM STANDS

Governor-elect Reiterates His Campaign Pledges to Diners in Philadelphia City

Governor-elect Martin G. Brumbaugh reiterated his campaign pledges at a dinner tendered to him in Philadelphia on Saturday by the "Five O'Clock Club," of which he had long been a member. He was tendered a great reception and much advice. The new Governor was in good form and after some witty remarks became serious and said:

"One thing I decided when I began the campaign and that was that I would make the run for office without resorting to slander and personal abuse. I believe that I adhered to that resolution. What we must all have is an abiding love of the Commonwealth. It is not to the State's credit that its men of affairs have been besmirched with abuse in every campaign. If you could have met the people as I have in the last few months you would know them to be a splendid, loyal people. I have one request to make of you. I made certain promises during the campaign which centered in the thought that I would give to the people a clean administration. I want you to help me. If you don't, the work I have promised will be done anyhow. No one can trifle with the people. It is an age of enlightenment and anyone who does not act according to the mandates of this enlightenment will be removed."

After Dr. Brumbaugh had concluded the diners sang a song to the tune of "School Days," which ended with a reminder that Governors sometimes become Presidents. Ex-Governor Pennypacker followed with an address replete with darts of wit. Men and newspapers inimical to him came in for a share of his sarcasm. In reference to one newspaper which for years has fought him Governor Pennypacker said: "One day this paper said that Dr. Brumbaugh would be a second Pennypacker, and as soon as the people of Pennsylvania got this idea into their head they returned a splendid majority for Dr. Brumbaugh."

Many interesting incidents and heart-throbs in the life of Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh, the Governor-elect, are now coming to the surface as his friends and those who know him intimately tell of his boyhood and his later careers.

To-morrow night at Huntingdon there is to be a reception—a welcome home meeting of his neighbors, the boyhood friends of the Juniata Valley. H. H. Waite will make the address and there will be a parade of many organizations and township delegations. There will be many bands, and special trains to carry the people.

He took as his text "There was a man sent of God, whose name was John, and they say, He hath a devil." The Rev. Mr. Runyan said no man is "God-damned," but every man (if he will) may be "God-saved." "A thousand agencies, holy as the name he bears, are shot into the world's activities for the salvation of men."

He said that for the past three months all the energies of his own mind and body were enlisted for the success of this movement and that he was willing with every pastor of this city to drain the cask of human strength to its last dregs in order to have a clean city and that lost manhood and lost womanhood might be enthroned again.

He believed that Dr. Stough, like John, the forerunner of the Christ, was a God-sent man and that many condemned him because they did not understand his plan and purpose. He wondered at men who respect the Gospel who, like men starving, insist on a chemical analysis of bread before they will eat.

The Rev. Mr. Runyan wanted his church and the community with himself to reap the largest measure of success and spiritual uplift by this movement. "Cease your everlasting clack and criticism about men and things; possess your soul in peace; for if this movement be of God, 'ou cannot stop it. If it is not of God's appointment, it will fall to the ground by its own weight."

RIGHT HAND TORN OFF

Marletta, Pa., Nov. 9.—Abram Stively had his right hand torn off and the arm badly mangled yesterday afternoon by having it caught in a corn fodder machine.

DECLARES STOUGH IS NO RELIGIOUS FAKIR

Rev. Runyan Says Some Christians Must Analyze Bread Before They Eat It

"Is Dr. Stough a Good Man" was the subject of the Rev. Robert W. Runyan, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, yesterday morning before a large audience. He spoke on this topic because of some people alleging that Dr. Stough was a religious fakir and that the Rev. Mr. Runyan was not in full accord with the Stough movement.

He took as his text "There was a man sent of God, whose name was John, and they say, He hath a devil." The Rev. Mr. Runyan said no man is "God-damned," but every man (if he will) may be "God-saved." "A thousand agencies, holy as the name he bears, are shot into the world's activities for the salvation of men."

He said that for the past three months all the energies of his own mind and body were enlisted for the success of this movement and that he was willing with every pastor of this city to drain the cask of human strength to its last dregs in order to have a clean city and that lost manhood and lost womanhood might be enthroned again.

He believed that Dr. Stough, like John, the forerunner of the Christ, was a God-sent man and that many condemned him because they did not understand his plan and purpose. He wondered at men who respect the Gospel who, like men starving, insist on a chemical analysis of bread before they will eat.

The Rev. Mr. Runyan wanted his church and the community with himself to reap the largest measure of success and spiritual uplift by this movement. "Cease your everlasting clack and criticism about men and things; possess your soul in peace; for if this movement be of God, 'ou cannot stop it. If it is not of God's appointment, it will fall to the ground by its own weight."

LESSONS

Were you ever as young as I? Shall I be as old as you? Did you have lessons and won't why? Were you ever as young as I? And much rather run or play "I spy!" Than do what they made you do? Were you as ever as young as I? Shall I be as old as you? —Richard Kirk in Lippincott's

OLD MAN FALLS FROM ROOF

Columbia, Pa., Nov. 9.—Michael Thomas, aged 85 years, one of the oldest residents of the borough, fell from a second story window at his home in Lancaster avenue, and striking a stone rolled to the ground beneath, a distance of eighteen feet. The fall was broken by the roof giving way under his weight, and this alone saved him from fatal injury. When picked up the aged man was bleeding from the mouth and was found to have sustained internal injuries.

\$1,256 ON "RED LETTER DAY"

Lebanon, Pa., Nov. 9.—At the regular meeting of the Lebanon District Nurse Association, it was brought out that the recent "Red Letter Day" collections have netted the organization \$1,256.37, a sum which will go a long way to relieve suffering in the poor homes of the city and its environs during the coming winter.

EDITOR IS PRESIDENT

Columbia, Pa., Nov. 9.—Henry B. Clepper, local editor of the Daily Spy, has been chosen president of the Keystone Truck and Chemical Engine Company for the twelfth consecutive time.

THROWN FROM AUTOMOBILE

Lebanon, Pa., Nov. 9.—Clarence F. Hill, a Cumberland street merchant, was injured in a peculiar auto accident. He was enjoying a spin in a runabout with Contractor Harry Bufamoyer and L. G. Harpel, proprietor of the Lebanon art store, when a tire burst, and the shock threw Hill to the ground, although they were going at a moderate rate of speed. Hill suffered a fractured collar bone.

WEASEL PELTS REDEEMED

Sunbury, Pa., Nov. 9.—Twenty-nine weasels' pelts were redeemed by the Northumberland county commissioners in a single batch. They were killed by John Buck, of White Deer.

The Secret of a Good Figure often lies in the brassiere. Hundreds of thousands of women wear the Bien-Jolie Brassiere for the reason that they regard it as necessary as a corset. It supports the bust and back and gives the figure the youthful outline fashion desires.

are the daintiest, most serviceable garments imaginable. Only the best of materials are used—for instance, "Woolin," a flexible but resilient—permitting laundering without removal.

They come in all styles, and your local Dry Goods dealer will show them to you on request. If he does not carry them, he can easily get them for you by writing to us. Send for an illustrated booklet showing styles that are in high favor.

BENJAMIN & JOHNES
50 Warren Street Newark, N. J.

WHAT WAR MEANS TO WOMEN

"One of the most pathetic and tragic things in all history is the part that woman has been forced to play in war. Innocent of causing it, helpless to prevent it, she has always been its greatest sufferer. Its burdens, its hardships, its terrors, its heart-breaking agonies have ever fallen on her with crushing force. And when the war is over what does it mean to those women? Often the dragging out of half a lifetime or more of a wretched existence, when the sun of their hope has set, when the light of their life has been extinguished, when nothing remains but years of endless, solitary drudgery to pay the cost of the monstrous war that has impoverished their country and robbed them of all they held dear!"

Read all of Dr. Marden's Wonderful Page Story in

PICTORIAL REVIEW

FOR NOVEMBER

15c—NOW ON SALE—15c

Dives Pomeroy & Stewart

Try Telegraph Want Ads.