



THE CALL
by
Hapsburg Liebe
Illustrations by
Irwin Myers
Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.

SYNOPSIS.
CHAPTER I.—Young Carlie, who is the son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway station in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of idleness and dissipation. He meets "Babe", a typical mountain girl. "Babe", who is the daughter of the hill, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of the "clan", which has its headquarters in the Littlefield. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, John Moreland, by a man named Carlie. Moreland's description of Carlie causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

CHAPTER II.—Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family for whom he entertains a deep respect.
CHAPTER III.—Talking with "Babe" Littlefield next day, Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" to leave the clan, to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies spiritedly and they fight. Dale is the victor, though badly used up. He arranges with John Moreland to develop a coal mine. Moreland sends a challenge to John Moreland to meet him with following day, in battle. Moreland agrees.

CHAPTER IV.—During the night all the guns belonging to the Littlefield and the Moreland are mysteriously disappeared.
CHAPTER V.—Dale arranges to go to Cincinnati to secure money for the mining of the coal. The two clans find their weapons, which the women had hidden, and line up for battle. "Babe" is in an effort to stop the fighting, crosses the Moreland side of the river, and is accidentally shot by her father and seriously wounded.

It was altogether by accident that the Littlefield chief found his weapons. He had dropped a small coin through a crack in the floor. Babe was quick to say that she would crawl under the house and look for the coin, although she had just put on a freshly laundered blue and white calico dress. Her anxiety showed plainly in her face. Her father questioned her sharply, and she stammered in spite of herself. Ben Littlefield's suspicions were aroused. So he came out from under the cabin floor with his hands full of the steel of rifle barrels, and with the money forgotten. He placed the rifles carefully on the floor of the porch, turned and caught his daughter by the arm.

"Who hid 'em?" he demanded gruffly. "I hid 'em," was the ready answer, defiant and blither—"I, me! What're you a-goin' to do about it?" Littlefield lunged his daughter's arm from him. He was king, even as John Moreland was king. His keen eyes stared at the young woman's face as though they would pierce it.

"What made you hide 'em?" he growled. "Say, what made ye do it?" "To try and save human lives, 'at's why!" Babe answered quickly. "That's what from the city—what'll he think of us a-doin' this-away, a fightin' like crazy wildcats?"

"Ef he don't like the way we do here, he can go back home," retorted the angry mountaineer. "He ain't 'tist, is he?" Babe smiled a smile that was somehow pitiful, and turned off.

"The ain't no use in a-gargin' with you, pap," she said hopelessly. "I-I might 'nigh wish I was dead!" At that instant the gate creaked open. Babe glanced toward it and saw coming that black beast of a man, Adam Hall the Goliath, and he was armed heavily. In his hand he carried a new high-power repeating rifle, and around his great waist there was a new belt bristling with long, bright smokeless cartridges fitted with steel-jacketed bullets.

When Dale and his companion reached the cabin, Addie Moreland met them. Anxiety was breaking her heart. "Mr. Dale," she pleaded, "I want you to go down there to the river and see if there's anything ye can do to stop it afore it begins. You jest walk out bold in the open and ye won't be shot at, and I'll be obliged to ye. Oh, I know the ain't but one chance in ten thousand, but I'm a-prayin' ye'll strike that one chance!"

Dale knew that he could do nothing toward bringing peace, and he knew that John Moreland would be angry at his interfering. But he nodded and went toward the river. He didn't have the heart in him to refuse.

Then there came the keen thunder of a rifle shot. Dale halted for a moment. Between two sycamores on the nearer side of the river he saw a puff of smoke rising lazily from behind a water oak on the farther side; a Littlefield had fired first. Dale went on, moving rapidly and trying to keep himself always in plain view.

Then came a puff of white smoke and a report from one of the Moreland rifles, then shots from both sides—and the battle was on. Dale heard the nasty whine of a bullet in full flight; he heard the coarse "kzz" of a half-spent rife. He knew that he was in some danger now, and he was surprised to find that he was not frightened.

When he halted again it was on his knees behind the big white sycamore that sheltered John Moreland. "Back, are ye?" frowned the mountaineer. And with the grimness of humor, "I reckon ye had a fine, large time in Cincinnati. Yore friend Har- is was well, I hope. Git that money from him?"

"Cut that out," said Bill Dale. "It doesn't get us anywhere." A bullet threw particles of sycamore bark to his face, interrupting. John Moreland pointed to a green furrow in the side of the tree. "Ben Littlefield himself," said Moreland. "He's a-hidin' o' that water oak across thar. Don't stick yore head out!"

The mountaineer turned his gaze over Dale's shoulder, and his countenance seemed to freeze. Dale looked around quickly and saw the Littlefield, less than ten feet behind him! She had crept up through the tall grasses and weeds. In one hand she carried a white flag made of a man's handkerchief and a willow switch. She halted and sat up. "Babe!" Dale cried out. "What are you doing here?"

Babe gave him a pale smile. "Ef pap'd shoot me, s-thinkin' I was a

Littlefield. I like to spit, myself, but not when it costs women anything." The conscience-stricken hillman gave no sign that he had heard. There was silence save for the low murmur of the river and the tragic song of a bird somewhere in the branches of the big white sycamore.

CHAPTER VI.
Back Home.
Every mother's son of the footsies was numbered in the party that fled across David Moreland's mountain to intercept the next south-bound train. The old family was for the time being forgotten. Members of one clan rubbed elbows with members of the other clan, and thought nothing of it. John Moreland himself carried one end of the crude litter that held the limp form of Babe Littlefield; Bill Dale carried the other end.

Close behind the litter walked Babe's father, seeming old and broken with remorse for the thing he had done. The grief of Ben Littlefield was touching now, and Dale was a little sorry that he had spoken so bitterly to him. They reached the Halfway switch ten minutes before the arrival of the fast mail. A short passenger train was on the long siding, waiting for the south-bound to pass. Dale gave his end of the litter to Caleb Moreland, and strode up to the locomotive. The engineer sat quietly smoking in his cab.

Dale wanted the fast mail stopped, and gave his reasons. The engineer smoked and considered. It was against rules. Dale swore at rules. The engineer said he would see the conductor. He did, and the conductor stepped to the ground and began to consider.

"Better put her on my train," he said finally, "and take her to Barton's station. There's a good doctor at Barton's."

"But this is a case for a surgeon!" Dale interrupted the Bill Dale. They disagreed. The old trainman was a close friend of the doctor at Barton's station. What was the difference between a doctor and a surgeon, anyway?

Dale became angry. "You'll stop the fast mail for us," he snarled, "or we'll take your d—d red flag and hold her up long enough to put the girl aboard, and you've got to try half a second to decide which!"

The conductor was obstinate. The mountain men were too hot-headed to bear with him longer. The positions of a dozen rifles underwent a sudden change. The conductor immediately went pale and mentioned the law—but he agreed to stop the south-bound.

As he ordered his flagman up the tracks, the sound of the fast train's whistle came to their ears. The fier came to a screeching halt with sparks streaming from its wheels. Bill Dale and John Moreland passed the litter and its burden into the baggage car and followed it hastily, and Ben Littlefield climbed in after them. John Moreland leaped out of the door and ordered his son Luke to pass him his rifle, and Luke obeyed promptly.

There was a shriek from the whistle, and the brakes were released; the train began to gather momentum. A baggage-man approached John Moreland and asked why the rifle. Moreland half closed one eye, grey eye and pulled the walnut stock of his repeater.

"Oh, I jest brought it along to see at everybody has a straight deal," he drawled—"go on about yore business, mister."

The baggage-man went about his business. The conductor of the fast train was very unlike the conductor of the north-bound. When he had learned some thing of the circumstances he instructed that Dale had done exactly the right thing. He would see whether "Black Adam is hid somewhere in this meadow; go and catch him, and don't take no chance with him. Shoot him like a davg of he tries to trick ye!"

A dozen men ran to look for the rifle, but the Littlefields, still armed, came dashing across the river. Ben Littlefield threw down his rifle and knelt beside his daughter; he wrung his big hands and cursed the day that had seen him born.

Dale held her close. His face was as white as hers, and his eyes were flaming.

"Why don't you shoot all your women-folk?" he said to the Littlefield chief, and every word cut like a knife. "It's by far the simplest way; it's merciful 'f you kin. See, she's breakin' her heart over your murderous fightin' now. No, keep your hands away—yore's not fit to touch her!"

"They brought water and wet the red streak across her forehead. They did all they knew how to do to bring her back to consciousness, but, except for her beating pulse and her breathing, she remained as one dead. Hours passed, leaden hours, and her condition was unchanged.

Dale beckoned to John Moreland, who had just returned from having seen Adam Hall caught, disarmed, and imprisoned in an old tobacco barn. Moreland hastened to Dale, the new master.

"When does the next south-bound train pass the Halfway switch?" Dale wanted to know. Moreland looked toward the sun. "We could make it, all right, but it's a fast train, and it don't never stop at the switch."

"Then we'll hold it up," declared the new master in a voice of iron. "This is a case for a surgeon. Get a blanket and two poles and make a litter." John Moreland hastened away obediently. Dale turned to Ben Littlefield, who sat in a motionless heap beside the still figure of his daughter.

"It's hours ago," he said accusingly, "that this poor girl told me she'd be glad to give her life to stop your fighting, and now, perhaps, she's done it! You're a brute,

whispered to me that you had brought her, and said that I would find you here. So here I am, Bill, and I want the story."

"I'll phone it in, and then I'll give ye some news." The story mustn't be published, Bobby said. "For one reason or another, it might take a hand—you see, there's a better way to take care of that feud. And I am of the opinion that the girl wouldn't like the publicity. Suppose you forget all about it, Bobby?"

McLaurin was disappointed, he kept well to himself. "She will have to undergo an operation," he told Dale. "The bone there is broken in slightly, making a compression; she will doubtless be unconscious until the pressure is relieved. But she has fine chances for a quick and entire recovery, with a good surgeon on the job. There's not much ground for worry."

Dale was glad. They were all glad. Ben Littlefield laughed nervously in his sudden joy. He went down to his knees beside his daughter, took up one of her limp hands and stroked it in a way that was pitiful.

When he arose he spoke cordially to Moreland. But Moreland didn't reply. He still looked upon his old enemy with contempt. McLaurin was leaving the train at the next town of importance, and he would wire Doctor Braemer to meet them with an ambulance, if Dale wished.

"If you please," said Dale. They reached the city shortly before midnight, and were promptly met by the surgeon. Braemer took charge of the patient, put her into his ambulance and hurried her to his private hospital. Bill Dale and the two clan chiefs followed to headquarters. The Littlefield had never before seen an ambulance; but they asked no questions about it, and the only word of comment was this, from John Moreland: "I'd like the smell."

Ever so long before ready for the operation, and Babe received surgical aid without delay. The two mountaineers and Dale waited in another room. Dale had dressed John Moreland to unload his rifle, both chamber and magazine. Babe's father paced the floor anxiously now and then. Moreland sat like a stone, with his empty rifle between his knees, and watched his old enemy.

It seemed a long time before Braemer came to them and told them smilingly that it was all over and that the girl was then coming under the influence of the ether. She would be all right soon, he was reasonably certain. No, they'd better not see her just then, but perhaps they could see her some time during the afternoon of the following day.

Dale escorted his two companions to a modest hotel and then put them in a room that had but one bed. Thus throwing them together in a strange land, he hoped to do something toward making their friends feel that they were not forgotten. Then Dale went to another room, undressed and went to bed.

It may be noted, parenthetically, that when John Moreland and Ben Littlefield quickly reached a wordy agreement not to sleep together, they divided the pillows and linens evenly, tore the old coverlet exactly in two, and slept on the floor.

When Dale went down to the following morning all arrangements were made. The young fellow sprang from a chair and hastened up to him.

"By George, Bobby!" Dale exclaimed, as they began to shake hands. "How did you know I was here, Bobby? Your boasted nose for news was good!"

"The word last night that a mountain man had been brought to Barton's station, and I smelled a rat. I hurried over to get the story. I had just left, and Braemer's men know about it. It was too after the operation, they said, for me to see me; then one of the nurses

traced me to me that you had brought her, and said that I would find you here. So here I am, Bill, and I want the story."

"I'll phone it in, and then I'll give ye some news." The story mustn't be published, Bobby said. "For one reason or another, it might take a hand—you see, there's a better way to take care of that feud. And I am of the opinion that the girl wouldn't like the publicity. Suppose you forget all about it, Bobby?"

McLaurin was disappointed, he kept well to himself. "She will have to undergo an operation," he told Dale. "The bone there is broken in slightly, making a compression; she will doubtless be unconscious until the pressure is relieved. But she has fine chances for a quick and entire recovery, with a good surgeon on the job. There's not much ground for worry."

Dale was glad. They were all glad. Ben Littlefield laughed nervously in his sudden joy. He went down to his knees beside his daughter, took up one of her limp hands and stroked it in a way that was pitiful.

When he arose he spoke cordially to Moreland. But Moreland didn't reply. He still looked upon his old enemy with contempt. McLaurin was leaving the train at the next town of importance, and he would wire Doctor Braemer to meet them with an ambulance, if Dale wished.

"If you please," said Dale. They reached the city shortly before midnight, and were promptly met by the surgeon. Braemer took charge of the patient, put her into his ambulance and hurried her to his private hospital. Bill Dale and the two clan chiefs followed to headquarters. The Littlefield had never before seen an ambulance; but they asked no questions about it, and the only word of comment was this, from John Moreland: "I'd like the smell."

Ever so long before ready for the operation, and Babe received surgical aid without delay. The two mountaineers and Dale waited in another room. Dale had dressed John Moreland to unload his rifle, both chamber and magazine. Babe's father paced the floor anxiously now and then. Moreland sat like a stone, with his empty rifle between his knees, and watched his old enemy.

It seemed a long time before Braemer came to them and told them smilingly that it was all over and that the girl was then coming under the influence of the ether. She would be all right soon, he was reasonably certain. No, they'd better not see her just then, but perhaps they could see her some time during the afternoon of the following day.

Dale escorted his two companions to a modest hotel and then put them in a room that had but one bed. Thus throwing them together in a strange land, he hoped to do something toward making their friends feel that they were not forgotten. Then Dale went to another room, undressed and went to bed.

It may be noted, parenthetically, that when John Moreland and Ben Littlefield quickly reached a wordy agreement not to sleep together, they divided the pillows and linens evenly, tore the old coverlet exactly in two, and slept on the floor.

When Dale went down to the following morning all arrangements were made. The young fellow sprang from a chair and hastened up to him.

FIDELIS REALTY CORPORATION
Real Estate and Insurance Brokers
Fire Automobile Marine and Life Insurance
For the Best and Quickest Results List with Us.
WE HAVE A CLIENT FOR YOUR PROPERTY
OFFICE—HOTEL ST. MARY'S BUILDING
LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Partial Payment Plan
for the purchase of
INVESTMENT SECURITIES
DIVIDENDS ON STOCKS, INTEREST ON BONDS CREDITED TO YOUR ACCOUNT FROM THE TIME OF YOUR FIRST PAYMENT.
BOOKLET ON REQUEST.
Liberty Bonds
All Issues, Large or Small
W. B. HIBBS & COMPANY
Hibbs Building
723 Fifteenth St. Washington, D. C.
MEMBERS: Washington Stock Exchange, New York Cotton Exchange, Chicago Board of Trade

WESTERN MARYLAND COLLEGE
WESTMINSTER, MD.
REV. A. NORMAN WARD, D. D., President
For Young Men and Young Women in Separate Departments.
Fifty-Fifth Year Begins September 20, 1921
ADMISSION: Graduates from approved four-year High Schools admitted without conditions. Fifteen units required.
CURRICULUM up to date. Eight courses leading to A. B. degree grouped under the major: English, History, or Political Science, Mathematics, or Physics, Chemistry or Biology, Latin or Greek, Modern Languages, Education, Home Economics (four years). Courses which prepare for Law, Theology, Medicine, Engineering may be elected. Special courses in Speech, Voice, and Piano. Military Training, U. S. T. C.
EQUIPMENT complete. Thirty-acre campus; a new athletic field; college farm; modern buildings; comfortable living accommodations; laboratories; library; gymnasium; power and heating plant.
LOCATION unexcelled. 1000 feet above the sea in the highlands of Maryland. Pure air, pure water, charming scenery. Thirty miles from Baltimore.
BOARD AND TUITION, \$350
SCHOLARSHIPS: The charge for tuition is \$100. Until August 15th, Tuition Scholarships good for one year's regular tuition, at any time during the next twenty years and transferrable, will be sold in any number for \$50 each.
RESPECTS FOR 1921-22 ON APPLICATION.

St. Mary's Auto & Implement Co., Inc.
International Harvester
McCormick Deering
Tractors
FARM MACHINERY REPAIRS
Gas Oils Accessories
Carbon Burned Tires Vulcanized
EXPERT REPAIRING FREE AIR
Swift's Fertilizers
On hand at all times.
OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS
PRESIDENT: J. O. CUMMINGS
VICE-PRESIDENT: D. L. JOHNSON
SECRETARY: F. B. HODGSON
TREASURER: A. M. RAY

E. VOIGT
Manufacturing Jeweler
725 7th St., N. W., - - Washington, D. C.
OUR GOODS ARE FULLY GUARANTEED.
Everybody has some friend whom they wish to make happy. It may be Mother or Father, Sister or Brother. It may be a Wife or it may be a Sweetheart—and often Themselves.
Our stock of Jewelry and Bric-a-Brac is complete. Each piece has been carefully selected and we feel satisfied that a visit from you will bear us out that we have as fine a selection as can be found anywhere. Any article that you may select will be laid aside and delivered when wanted.

WATCHES DIAMONDS EMBLEMS
RINGS SILVERWARE CLOCKS
BRONZES PRAYER BOOKS MEDALS.
MONUMENTS & TOMBSTONES
T. A. SULLIVAN
3061 M St. N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.
Harry M. Jones, Agent, - - Leonardtown, Md.

Three Parties To A Telephone Call
It is always well to remember that good telephone service does not depend entirely upon the operator.
There are two other persons involved—the person calling and the person answering—and over their movements the operator has no control. She may do her part very efficiently, but unless the others co-operate, the best results will not be had.
It is not the fault of the operator, for instance, if the calling party, relying on his memory, recalls for a wrong number or hangs up his receiver in the middle of a conversation. Neither is it the fault of the operator if the called party fails to answer promptly or is already engaged in conversation with another person.
Good telephone operating is brought about by co-operation on the part of the party calling, the operator and the party called.
The Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Company
R. G. Hunt, District Manager