

The CLAN CALL

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

Copyright, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Young Carlyle Wilburton Dale, son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Branch, in eastern Tennessee, planning a life of ease—and incidentally a life of pleasure. He is attracted to a beautiful, blonde, and somewhat mysterious mountain girl, "Babe," a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of the clan, which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells the story of the feud, and how it was started by a man named Carversville. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" is that of a man who was his father's.

CHAPTER II—Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains deep respect.

CHAPTER III—Talking with "Babe" Littleford next day, Dale is ordered by "Babe" to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies that he will, but she says she will not let him go. He says he will not let her go either. He says he will not let her go either. He says he will not let her go either.

CHAPTER IV—During the night all the clan belonging to the Littlefords and the Morelands mysteriously disappear.

CHAPTER V—Dale arranges to go to Cartersville to secure money for the mining of the coal. The two clans find their weapons, which the women had hidden, and the men begin to fight. Dale is ordered to stop the fighting, crosses to the Littleford side, and is shot by a man named Carversville. He is shot by a man named Carversville.

CHAPTER VI—To get proper surgical aid, John Moreland, Dale Littleford, and Dale convey "Babe" unconscious, to the town. The doctors assure them she is not seriously hurt. Dale meets an old friend, Bobby McClain, who is a member of the clan. Bobby McClain is a member of the clan.

CHAPTER VII—It is arranged that Dale should be educated. Dale, refusing his father's proffered financial aid to develop the mine interests, agrees to develop the mine interests. Dale, refusing his father's proffered financial aid to develop the mine interests, agrees to develop the mine interests.

CHAPTER IX.

A Signal Victory.

The mining man Hayes, the major and John Moreland were waiting at the gate when Dale returned. He returned to the moonshiner, returned to the clan. Dale was the first to speak. He told briefly of that which had taken place at the blown-down sycamore, and at the last of it by Heck straightened proudly.

"I'm daftened of I hadn't ha' pumped him so full of lead 'at he couldn't enough o' men got around him to tote off his corpa, 'e had'n't ha' drapped the coward's gun." By Heck declared as fiercely as he could. "Cause maw she seed in the cup 'at Bill Dale was a-goin' to be a right packer friend o' mine, loof, o' I has a habit o' takin' beer o' my friends. Now that was my Uncle Bill, him what could jump a sixteen-rail fence—"

"It was a nine-rail fence, by!" impatiently cut in John Moreland. "You're done told that so much 'at it's dang high down out. Sposen you go back ther to the orchard behind o' the house and see what Cale and Luke's a-doin'; hey, by?"

Heck nodded and went toward the orchard. He knew they didn't want him to overhear what they were going to say, but it didn't offend him. It wasn't easy to offend the good-natured Heck.

Moreland turned to Dale. "Well?" Dale turned to Hayes. "We're going to begin the building of the little railroad at the earliest possible moment. And because I don't know anything about the work, I'm going to ask you to take the lead. Now, there may be some fighting, I don't want you to go into this thing blindly, you see. If you're going to withdraw at all, do it now."

"I'm not a stranger to fighting," Hayes replied smilingly. "I've been through half a dozen coal strikes, and I think you may count on me, Mr. Dale."

"Then lay out a plan for immediate action."

"I'd suggest," acquiesced Hayes, "that we send to the little town in the lowland for a supply of picks and shovels, axes and saws, hammers, drills, and explosives. In the meantime, you and I can stake out the way for the track."

It sounded businesslike, Dale thought.

Within the hour John Moreland and his son Caleb started for Cartersville on foot, and in the older man's pocket was money sufficient to buy the things that were needed.

Dale and Hayes set out for the north end of David Moreland's mountain, and each of them carried a hand-axe for making stakes.

circled; it's John that's going to be hard to bring to law. He should be home this evening, if he's had good luck, and I'll tackle him as soon as he comes."

Together they started across David Moreland's mountain, walking rapidly, with Dale leading.

Darkness came down on them when they had covered half the distance. The great hemlocks and poplars loomed spectral and gaunt in the early twilight. The almost impenetrable thickets of laurel and ivy whispered uncanny things, and their seas of pink and snowy bloom looked somehow ghostly. Now and then there was the pattering of some little animal's feet on the dry, hard leaves of bygone years. A solitary brown owl pounced on its heart in weird and melancholy cries to the night it loved. There was the faint, far-off haying of a hound, and the soft swish of a night hawk's wings.

Men from the core of civilization must feel these things of the wilderness.

Suddenly Dale drew back and stood still. In the trail ahead, standing as motionless as the trees about him, was the tall figure of a man. It was almost as though he were there to bar the trail. He told the story of the feud, and how it was started by a man named Carversville. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" is that of a man who was his father's.

The two went on slowly. The figure didn't move. Dale spoke, and the form came to life. It was by Heck; he was leaning on the muzzle of a rifle. There was a faint, far-off haying of a hound, and the soft swish of a night hawk's wings.

"I've been a-trailin' Henderson Goff all day," Heck said in guarded tones. "He's shore got them lowdown balls to believe they're already millionaires."

"I know that," said Dale. "That's not news."

"But that ain't all," By Heck went on. "Goff's got Saul Littleford, too—lock, stock, barrel and sights. He owns Saul just the same as I own my old spotted 'coon dawg Dime. Saul he gets him a job a-bein' mine boss, and what other Littlefords 'at will stick it to you a-diggin' the black diamond at two dollars a day. Astute, 'at will get you a big lot o' money when the dividin'-up time comes, says Goff."

"Much obliged to you," Dale acknowledged. "Let's go; 'bout face. By! I'm going to be a hard nut in that villainous game of Henderson Goff's."

They reached John Moreland's cabin less than an hour later. Moreland and his son had just returned from Cartersville, and Dale learned through Hayes that the two hillmen had shown good judgment and some business sense in making their purchases.

When the evening meal was over Dale drew John Moreland out to the cabin yard, where the many old-fashioned flowers made the night air sweet with their blended odors. For a moment Dale stood looking toward the very bright stars and thinking; then he told the big man at his side of Goff's plan concerning the Littlefords, and urged the making of friendship between the two clans.

"The snake!" mumbled John Moreland.

He appeared to be worried about it. He pointed his arms, walked to the gate and back to Dale without uttering another word. It was hard for him to throw down completely the hatred of years upon years. Had it been any other person than Bill Dale, a fighter after his own heart, who had asked it, he never would have even considered it; he would have said quickly: "We'll trash the Balls and the Littlefords, too!"

The younger man read something of the other's thoughts.

"With the help of the law," said he, "we might whip them all. But it would mean a great deal of bloodshed at best. The Littlefords are Babe's people, y'know. I like Babe. You

"It was a terrible thing, I know," said Dale. "It was the fortunes of war. The Littlefords have suffered the fortunes of war in exactly the same way. Come with me; let's go. I need your help; I can do very little without your help. Come, John Moreland!"

The hillman replied slowly: "Well, I'll go with ye over ther. But Ben he'll haf to make the first break at a-bein' friends, 'cause I'm purty shore I never will. As soon as I get my ball, Bill."

He went to the front porch and took from a chairpost his broad-rimmed headgear. Then the two set out.

They crossed an ex-wagon road, a sweet-scented meadow, the river by means of the blown-down sycamore, another sweet-scented meadow and another ex-wagon road, and entered the cabin yard of the Littleford chief. Here, too, many old-fashioned flowers were in bloom; a cane fish-pole, slender and white, leaned against the porch; it made Dale think of Babe.

"You wait out here," whispered Dale, with a hand on his companion's arm. "I'll go in and see if I can persuade Littleford to make the advance. I'm pretty sure I can."

He started forward when a hound rose from the stone step and growled warningly. At that Dale halted and sang out:

"Hello, Ben!"

The front door swung open, creaking on wooden hinges, and Babe's father, bareheaded and with a lamp in his hand, appeared in the doorway. He knew the voice that had summoned him.

"Come right in, Mr. Dale," he invited with the utmost cordiality. "Come right in."

"It was a terrible thing, I know," said Dale. "It was the fortunes of war. The Littlefords have suffered the fortunes of war in exactly the same way. Come with me; let's go. I need your help; I can do very little without your help. Come, John Moreland!"

The hillman replied slowly: "Well, I'll go with ye over ther. But Ben he'll haf to make the first break at a-bein' friends, 'cause I'm purty shore I never will. As soon as I get my ball, Bill."

He went to the front porch and took from a chairpost his broad-rimmed headgear. Then the two set out.

They crossed an ex-wagon road, a sweet-scented meadow, the river by means of the blown-down sycamore, another sweet-scented meadow and another ex-wagon road, and entered the cabin yard of the Littleford chief. Here, too, many old-fashioned flowers were in bloom; a cane fish-pole, slender and white, leaned against the porch; it made Dale think of Babe.

"You wait out here," whispered Dale, with a hand on his companion's arm. "I'll go in and see if I can persuade Littleford to make the advance. I'm pretty sure I can."

He started forward when a hound rose from the stone step and growled warningly. At that Dale halted and sang out:

"Hello, Ben!"

The front door swung open, creaking on wooden hinges, and Babe's father, bareheaded and with a lamp in his hand, appeared in the doorway. He knew the voice that had summoned him.

"Come right in, Mr. Dale," he invited with the utmost cordiality. "Come right in."

He scolded the dog away, and Dale entered the primitive home. He was shown into the best room, where he dropped easily into a rooney old rocker that was lined with an untanned sheepskin. Ben Littleford put the lamp on a crumpled table, drew up another chair, and sat down facing his visitor.

"I hope ye ain't jest happened over for a minute or two on business," he drawled; "I hope ye've come to spend the night w' me, anyway."

"I'm here in the interests of peace," Dale began, looking at the hillman squarely. "I want you Littlefords to be on good terms with your neighbors, the Morelands. John is out there at your gate now; he is waiting for you to ask him in and say to him: 'Let's begin anew; let's be friends, your people and my people, you and me.' You want that, don't you, Ben? Babe did, I'm sure."

Littleford frowned, jaced his big fingers together and twirled his big thumbs. Now that he was once more at home, with assurance the hillman whether it was yet too late, and turned his eyes toward his silent companion. He saw that John Moreland was looking toward the beacon star.

The voice of Ben Littleford came to them plainly because the night was so very still; he was reading from the Gospel according to Saint Mark, preparatory to his bedtime prayer. The two at the gate listened intently. The way in which the hillman's hand stumbled over the simplest words was pitiful.

The hillman closed the Good Book and placed it on the table beside him. There was the low shuffling of feet as half a dozen persons knelt at their chairs. The prayer which followed was much like John Moreland's own bedtime prayer; it had in it less of application than of thanksgiving.

And in the tail of it there were words that were like bullets to the mountaineer at the gate—

"—Bless the good man who is with

us left tonight, and all o' our kin-folks, and all o' our friends, and all o' our enemies—and specially the Morelands, Amen!"

Dale's hand came down hard on John Moreland's shoulder.

"You told me he wouldn't do it!"

The old clan leader hung his head, like a man suddenly broken. He replied not a word; he seemed amazed in speechlessness. He had been wrong in his estimate of Ben Littleford; he had tied about a man who had just asked the good Almighty to bless him. John Moreland choked a little and started toward the cabin. He walked as though half blind across the porch, and entered without knocking, and went in to Ben Littleford with his right hand outstretched.

"Le's begin anew," he said huskily. "Le's be friends, your people and my people, you and me."

Littleford arose and groped for his old-time enemy's hand, found it and grasped it in both his own.

"You're better 'an I am, John Moreland," he said—"you're a d—d sight better 'an I am."

When Dale left them, they were talking over a great bear-hunt that they had taken together a score of years before.

The moon, full and as bright as new gold, had risen just under the beacon star when Bill Dale reached the doorstep of the cabin that was home to him. He faced about. The broad green valley lay very serene and very beautiful there in the mellow light. There was no sound save for the gentle murmuring of the crystal river.

"You wonderful place," he said softly, then added: "My own country!"

(Continued Next Week.)

WHOLESALE—MAIL ORDERS—RETAIL PROMPTLY FILLED.

"Best for Home Make"

W. H. COLSTON

Distributor of All Brands of MALT and BOPS.

921 N. Y. Ave. N. W. Washington, D. C. Phone, Franklin 7397.

DEAF?

At last the ideal Ear Phone. No matter what your previous experience has been, we can help you to hear clearly with a new SILVERTONE. Phone, Call or write.

GLOBE PHONE MFG. COMPANY, Brooklyn Bldg 13th & F St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

W. H. Moore & Co.

Leaf Tobacco and Commission Merchants

307 SOUTH CHARLES ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

THE LATEST Patterns in WALL PAPER

15c a piece; Gilt, 18c a piece.

Window Shades, All Colors

38x72, 65c, 80c and \$1.25
42x90, 85c, 95c and \$1.50
42x90, \$2.50; 48x90, \$3.50;
54x90, \$3.75.

Lucas Paint, 50c a pound, Floor Stains, 65c a quart.

Thomas & Messer Co.

1015 West Baltimore Street BALTIMORE, MD.

Jud Tunkins.

Jud Tunkins says your so-called "good horse" is usually no more than a man who has sense enough to keep his mouth shut.

Handling Your Telephone Call

YOU may use the telephone only occasionally, but when that occasion arises you like to know that your call will be put through without difficulty.

In order that this may be done, there is always at your service a complete telephone system and a corps of trained employees.

The telephone that you see before you is a very small part of the telephone system—one of the finger tips, as it were. More than 60 per cent. of the telephone plant is located outside of the central office and the subscriber's premises.

Millions of dollars in telephone plant are hidden under the city streets and strung out along the country roads. When you talk over a telephone line you have thousands of dollars' worth of equipment at your exclusive service.

It is the unseen telephone plant that enables you to send your voice where you will.

The Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Company

R. G. Hunt, District Manager

DUCKLINGS NEED GOOD ATTENTION

Remove to Brooder After 24 to 36 Hours Old and Give Them First Feed.

COMFORT IS BIG ESSENTIAL

Hot-Water Pipe Systems Have Been Used Successfully for Brooding—Style of Brooder House Depends on System Used.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

After the ducklings have been confined to the incubator for 24 to 36 hours after hatching, remove them to the brooder and give them their first feed. The brooder should be operated at a temperature of about 95 degrees Fahrenheit at first and gradually reduced to 80 or 85 degrees within a week or 10 days, say poultry specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. The temperature may be reduced quite rapidly, depending on the season of the year. Keep the ducklings comfortable. When uncomfortable they will crowd together and try to get nearer the heat, but if comfortable they will spread out under the cover.

Confine Ducklings at First.

The ducklings should be confined around the brooder at first until they have learned to return to the source of the heat. In the winter green ducklings usually require heat until they are marketed, but later in the season artificial heat may be removed after two to four weeks. Cool brooder houses without any heat, or with only a few hot-water pipes on the rear walls of the building are used early in the spring for the ducklings after they are 4 to 6 weeks old.

The brooders and brooding systems used for chickens give good results in rearing ducklings. Hot-water pipe systems have probably been used more extensively by commercial duck growers. Ducklings do not require as high temperatures as chickens, and very loose brooders are generally used over the hot-water pipes.

Use Individual Brooders.

Individual brooders or hovers, holding from 25 to 100 ducklings, and coal, gasoline or distillate oil-stove brooders with a capacity varying from 200 to 500 may also be used successfully in

brooding ducklings. Both single and double brooder houses are used extensively on duck farms. In single-brooder houses 15 to 18 feet wide the aisle is usually in the rear of the house, with hovers arranged next to the aisle. Double-brooder houses are generally 25 to 30 feet wide and have a center aisle, with hovers either under or on both sides of the aisles. The aisles are usually 3 feet wide and the brooder pens 6 to 8 feet in width. From 75 to 100 ducklings are kept in each pen in the brooder house.

The style and construction of the brooder house depend on the brooding system used. If ducks are raised in warm weather, feeding sheds, the sides of which are open a foot or more above the ground, are commonly used. Brooder-house yards are from 20 to 100 feet deep, with divisions corresponding in width to the pens in the house.

FOOD MATERIAL FOR PLANTS

Nitrogen, Phosphorus, Potassium and, Less Frequently, Calcium and Sulphur Are Lacking.

Plants, like animals, must have certain definite food materials. Two of these, iron and magnesium, are present in amounts sufficient for all plants in nearly all soils. Three others, carbon, hydrogen and oxygen are taken from the air and water. They are therefore abundant. The other five may be so lacking in any given soil as to limit plant growth. These are nitrogen, phosphorus, potassium and, less frequently, calcium and sulphur.

FOLIAGE CROPS REQUIRE SUN

Lettuce, Kale and Spinach Do Fairly Well in Partial Shade—Tomatoes Need Light.

As a rule, foliage crops, such as lettuce, kale, and spinach, do fairly well in partial shade, but must have a minimum of three hours of sunshine a day. Plants that ripen fruits, such as tomatoes and eggplant, should have a minimum of five hours of sunshine each day.

Professional.

DR. B. H. CAMALIER, DENTIST, Leonardtown, Md.

A. F. KING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Leonardtown, Md.

C. HENRY CAMALIER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Leonardtown, Md.

A. Dana Hodgdon John E. T. Briscoe HODGDON & BRISCOE ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Leonardtown, Md.

DR. C. V. HAYDEN, DENTIST, Leonardtown, Md.

W. M. MEVERELL LOKER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Leonardtown, Md.

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: New York Stock Exchange, 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 about these majors: 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, R. O. 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, beautiful 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 transferable, will be sold in any number for \$25 each.

PROSPECTUS 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. OS. A. CAVAD VICE-PRESIDENT, DR. L. B. JOHNSON SECRETARY, HOMER HODGES TREASURER, J. A. MURRAY

C. B. GREENWELL, JOSEPH M. MATTINGLY, A. C. WELCH

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.