

The Eerie Call

By Augustus Goodrich Sherwin

piercing the heavy blanket of noxious, cumbrous greenery.

Constance was about to leave the gruesome wreck of a home when she started, halted and turned in a flash. A creepy awesome sensation held her in momentary thrall. A strange thing had happened.

Clang—clang!

A bell had sounded forth two cracked, somber notes. Whence? Surely near at hand, for the air quivered. By whose hands? No human being was in sight.

Clang—clang!

She paused, about to hasten from the spot, so strong was the spell of uncanniness. Then she discovered that the bell must be in the belfry of the old grandery. Employed to call in the farm hands in the olden days, why had it sounded now?

She could see the slats in the belfry vibrate, in fact the whole structure shook visibly. The denuded doorway of the granary below showed no dangling rope. Her senses curdled. Then she bent her ear keenly, awake to a new manifestation.

"Help!"

The word was faint and muffled. It surely came from the belfry or its near vicinity. It was repeated.

Then a moan, low, pitiful, despairing, and then all was still.

"I mustn't be superstitious—I will be brave!" Constance told herself, but her tone quavered. Yet she approached the granary. The bell and the voice were no longer in evidence. Had it been all a superstitious delusion? She crossed to where some stairs ran up to the second floor. She mounted them till her eyes were level with the upper flooring.

"There is a rope," uttered Constance. She could see it dangling amid a heap of wreckage piled up in the center of the loft floor. The heap seemed to move. A moan issued from the heap.

"Oh, surely somebody is there!" panted Constance. "It looks as though someone climbing into the belfry had brought down a part of it upon himself. He may be dying under all that wreckage. Courage—duty! she whispered to herself and approached the motley pile.

Constance lifted board after board from the heap. She quivered as a human arm was revealed. Gently she pulled aside a heavy timber. She thrilled. Beneath, apparently unconscious, lay a bruised form. In a flash she recognized the face. It was that of the young man whose portrait she had seen in the deserted house.

Albion Russell opened his eyes. He stared askance at her. He managed to sit up. She aided as he strove to move the debris from his lower limbs.

"I fell," he said faintly, "or rather the lower part of the belfry broke with me."

Constance helped him down the stairs. He moved limply, but the color came back into his face gradually.

"I have to thank you all the days of my life," he said. "I feel still weak—if I could get to the nearest house—"

"Our own," decided Constance promptly. He was the son of the man her father regarded as his deadliest enemy, but humanity, interest, pity moved her to a signal resolution.

"I must rest," he finally said, and he sank to a fallen tree by the wayside, "whom is it I must thank?" And Constance told him her name. She noted a glad eager light come into his eyes.

"How fortunate! It is destiny!" he cried, and awakened new emotion seemed to impart strength. She sat spellbound as he narrated to her the secret of his presence.

His father was an escaped convict. Discovered by a treacherous acquaintance, he had fled the country on brief notice and had sent for his wife and son to join him. They found him in a strange dazed condition, caused by a fall on shipboard. He had died only a month since. Once only, in a flash of coherency, he had remembered the thirty thousand dollars he had hidden in the old belfry.

So Albion Russell had come to find the money. It was now in his possession and restitution of his share was made to Robert Merrill that night.

And then the mother came back to the old home. And Constance consoled her loneliness. The crime for which John Russell had suffered was proved to have been nothing worse than acquaintanceship with the real culprit. Love and peace came to the troubled mother and son at last, and Constance shared these mutual blessings.



A Creepy Awesome Sensation Held Her in Momentary Thrall.

sell. She was a lovely woman. Her husband was a reserved sort of a man, but had an anxious hunted look about him, not the shrewd cunning look some people tell of. I felt sorry for the son. He was just about your age and was doing well in college when the break came. I've often wondered what the rights of the affair was—their leaving so suddenly.

Romance, mystery, perhaps tragedy—Constance dreamed over the intricate situation. One day she and a friend strolled in the direction of the Russell place. They ventured into the overgrown garden and finally upon the broken-down porch.

"Why, the door is off its hinges," discovered Constance. "I would like to have a peep inside. Sylvia, there's some furniture and pictures on the wall."

"So there is," quavered her companion. "If it wasn't so ghastly, all the story, I'd like to see what the Russell folks left behind them. And I wonder why."

A step at a time, the timid two advanced. Finally, trembling quite, they stood within a room of the hall. A warped and moldy rug lay on the floor. "The furniture was mildewed and dusty. Some pictures on the wall still remained."

"That is Albion Russell," spoke Constance's companion, indicating a framed photograph. "That is just as he looked the last time I saw him."

The picture appealed to Constance. The face was distinctly good and handsome. She experienced a sudden access of pity for the young man, his life spoiled by the misdoings of his father.

It was a month later when the old spell of witchery, attaching the mind of Constance to the old ruined home, led her steps irresistibly in its direction. She ended a casual stroll at its broken gate. Then she walked around the house. There was something sad and forlorn in the long-neglected garden, overgrown with weeds, yet here and there a rose or a honeysuckle

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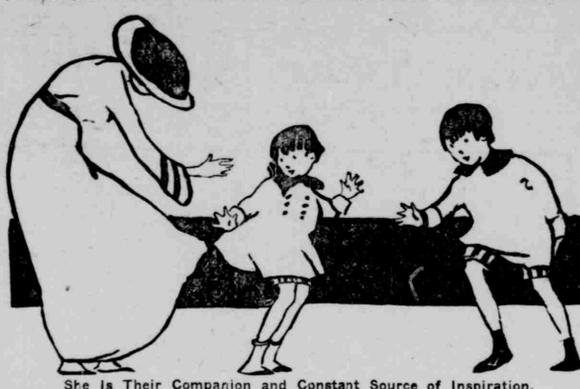
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Mother Should Have a Vacation

By SIDONIE MATZNER GRUENBERG



She is Their Companion and Constant Source of Inspiration.

HAVE you seen that woman lately—you know her name—who is so devoted to her children that she has not left them for a single day in these many years? Did you again envy and admire her devotion as you used to? Or, now that you know something more about children and about mothers, did you rather pity the children—and the mothers?

At first thought it does seem so admirable that a mother, in her conscientious devotion, should be continuously looking after the details of her children's welfare, so that they are hardly ever out of her sight. But when we consider the purpose of such devotion we may well question whether, after all, the thought and care of such mothers are wisely applied. If we were to be merely the tenders and housekeepers for our children it would be well, in the interests of the children, that we took an occasional day for resting and refreshing the spirit.

The mother who assumes her task in meek resignation may glory in her martyrdom; but she is likely to become dreadfully monotonous—which is not very good for the children. For we expect the mother to be more than a nurse or housekeeper. She is to be their companion and constant source of inspiration. This she cannot be if she allows herself to become a slave to detail and routine.

In emergencies we all know that it is possible to arrange for a hurried departure and an indefinite absence from our regular duties. With a little forethought it should be possible to arrange for a more pleasant excursion.

There Are Trades That Cure As Well as Some That Kill.

A great deal is written about trades that kill—for instance lead poisoning in the potteries, "phossy jaw" in the match factories, and so forth—but few people are aware that there are many trades which are medically recommended by the profession on hygienic grounds.

Thus, men who lay asphalt in the streets rarely suffer from a day's illness, while those employed in places where a large amount of electricity is generated enjoy a surprising abundance of vitality.

Workers in salt mines enjoy almost complete immunity from rheumatism. The healthiest occupation for all is said to be that in the American petroleum works. Here the men never suffer from sore throats, diphtheria, quinsy, or kindred ailments. Indeed, petroleum fumes are so good for the throat that it is quite common for sufferers from throat affections to "take the fumes," just as people "take the waters" at Harrogate or Bath.

A well-known tenor who was in danger of losing his voice once took on a job in one of the petroleum refining rooms as an ordinary employee, with the result that he was soon able to resume his work on the concert platform.

Which reminds us that singing is excellent for consumption. Sometimes it assists as a cure, but it is nearly always effective as a preventive.—Answers.

Lingerie Frocks Worn.

There is an effort being made to make lingerie frocks fashionable again by some of the fine dressmakers. Now that laces and embroideries are in again this seems to be the moment. Some lovely frocks are seen made of finest white batiste with heavy French embroideries in very high relief and combined with flounces of eight or ten-inch flit, or lace of the valenciennes type. The loose fenelike collar, attached to a wide shallow décolleté, and made of lace lightly wired, is generally seen on these frocks.

Organdies in High Favor.

Some of the loveliest frocks of the summer are of organdie. Organdie lends itself well to the billowy effects in fashion and yards and yards of the crisp, sheer fabric go into ruffles, flounces, puffs and shirtings for the new organdie dresses. An organdie frock for a young girl has a skirt eight yards around, tucked from hem to belt by hand; the bodice is also tucked across to match and the sleeves are little puffs with hand-hemmed ruffles. The complete effect is delightfully girlish and charming. There is youthfulness also in a second organdie frock, a model with rows of shirring around the hips. Only a slender, girlish figure could stand this very bouffant frock, with its full, gathered waist drawn down into a tiny ribbon sash. The sash is violet in color.

BABIES MUST BE MOTHERED

Have Natural Desire, Which, Not Being Gratified, Has Been Known to Cause Death.

In discussing measures directed toward the prevention of infant mortality, Dr. S. G. Moore of Huddersfield, England, a specialist in hygiene and sanitation, told the Royal College of Physicians in London of a poor mother who was taken with her triplets to a hospital, where the babies died one after another. The mother never took any interest in the babies, showed no anxiety about them, nor even grieved at their death, which led Doctor Moore to the following comment:

"When, notwithstanding everything that was being done, the last baby seemed likely to die, I said to the nurse: 'Whatever is the matter? How is it that nothing seems to answer? In a manner which showed that she had solved the problem, she replied: 'The child has never been mothered, and babies need mothering.'

"I had frequently heard similar expressions of opinion, but there was something in the circumstances, or perhaps in the tones of the nurse's voice or in her manner, which caused me to realize as I had not formerly done the importance and significance of what the nurse called 'mothering.' No doubt robust infants can survive in its absence, but, on the other hand, it is well to recognize the fact that there is an inherent instinct and appetite in the young mammal to huddle and nestle against the mother's body and to receive warmth and nourishment therefrom.

"This experience has led me to believe that in all cases these things are necessary for the well-being of infants, and that there may be certain cases where the lack of them determines the balance against the infant, even to the extent of causing its death."

Woman Cooks for Front.

Five hundred more women have been accepted by the British war office as army cooks and will soon be sent to the front to join 1,500 others who have been satisfying Tommy's appetite. These women wear khaki, live in camps and barracks, mess, draw rations and are the nearest approach the army has yet seen to Thomasina Atkins.

DAYS OF EXTRAVAGANT DRESS

Empress Eugenie, Who Boasted She Never Wore the Same Costume Twice, Has Many Imitators.

It is true that the cost of woman's dress has so increased that it is not given to the many to be as truly elegant as their grandmothers were able to be at comparatively small cost. But then, those were the days when an elaborate ball gown consisted of yards of flounces of tarlatan or some other light and uncostly material.

Empress Eugenie, it is said, never wore the same gown twice. She it was, by the way, who made Worth, the renowned Paris couturier, famous. The great luxury in those days was to wear several ball gowns during the course of a single ball. Dressing rooms were provided and the ladies retired, to reappear resplendent and as fresh as at the beginning of the evening. The gowns of the day, which were flimsy of train, and spread by crinolines, suffered much from an evening's wear; hence these wasteful ways.

There is a tale of the lovely Empress Elizabeth of Austria which recounts her appearing at a function in a white tulle gown, flounced and ample, decorated with garlands of real camellias, and changing both gown and camellias every now and then, to preserve the impression of absolute and uncrumpled freshness.—Vogue Magazine.

China Is Planting Trees.

The American commercial attaché at Peking reports that the gospel of tree planting is spreading in China, the New York Tribune states. And Arbor day, the truly great invention of the late J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska, once secretary of agriculture, has been added to the calendar of public festivals. With characteristic frugality, however, the Chinese combine the observance with their ancient one, "Ching Ming," when they visit the graves of their ancestors—corresponding a way to our Memorial day.

No country is more in need of trees than China. It has been styled the "foremost nation." In one of ex-President Roosevelt's conservation messages photographic views were printed to show the desolation of a great part of the Chinese domain, where in ancient times there had been trees and streams.

No trees, no water—that theory of forestry is rather well substantiated. And without water there can be no life. China is commonly spoken of as a densely populated country. But, in fact, the density is in a small part of the vast area, more than ninety per cent of the population occupying one-third of the land.

To restore the forests to any considerable part of China would call for persistent planting and cultivation over a long period. But a hundred or even a thousand years would not seem long to the Chinese.

Thoroughly Tested.

A candidate for aviation in France is subjected to severe tests. He is subjected to violent and unexpected shocks, such as the sudden explosion of flashlight powder, a revolver shot, or a douche of ice water and similar unpleasantnesses. A tambour registers, under these conditions, the degree to which his hand trembles. Nerver, strange to say, was about the most sensitive candidate that came before the Aviation School, and now he is the most daring and successful.

Ten Health Commandments.

1. Keep windows open day and night.
2. Do not spit.
3. Breathe through the nose by keeping the mouth shut.
4. Drink pure water.
5. Eat slowly, take well-cooked meals, and cultivate regular habits.
6. Wear loose clothing of reasonable material.
7. Take regular open-air exercises in sunshine if possible.
8. Wash whole body at least once a week.
9. Work, but do not worry.
10. Get house drains certified by sanitary authority.—Elizabeth Gregg in Health.

Costs More.

"I've tried to teach my boy the value of money."
"Good thing!"
"Well, I don't know. He used to behave for ten cents, but now he wants a quarter."—Life.