THE CLAN CALL

By HAPSBURG LIEBE

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BLACK ADAM.

Synopsis.—Young Carlyle Wilberton Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he elects to be known, son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of idle ease—and incidentally a bride, Patricia Clavering, at the altar—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe" Littleford, typical mountaineer girl. "By" Heck, a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of rich coal deposits, by a man named Carlyle. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

CHAPTER II

—2—

In the Cup.

Dale found the humble home of his mountaineer host a home in the fullest sense of the word.

At the noonday meal, he met Mrs. Moreland and the sons of the household, and they were exactly as he had pictured them. Mrs. Moreland was quiet, motherly, always smiling, as straight and real as her husband. The sons, Caleb and Luke, were as much alike as the fingers on your hands; they were tall and broad-shouldered, grey-eyed and brown-haired.

Before sundown Dale had become acquainted with the rest of the Morelands, and he liked them, every one. He was at the cabin of his host's gray old father and mother for a long time.

When supper was over John Moreland lighted the big glass lamp in the best room, and the family and their guest gathered there to spend the evening. Then the lanky moonshiner and his mother came in.

Granny Heck had the sharp features and the stooped, thin figure of a witch. She wore a faded blue bandana about her white head, and she carried a long hickory staff; there was a reed-stemmed clay pipe in her mouth, and her dark calico skirt had a tobacco pocket in it.

...found himself alone with the stalwart chief of the Morelands.

He stepped forward and put his hand on the mountaineer's shoulder.

"How a man can go down on his knees and pray for his enemies," smiled Dale, "is entirely beyond me. Do you really mean it?"

"I try hard to," Moreland said quickly. "In a-doin' that," he went on, "I go Ben Littleford one better. Ben Littleford's the bell sheep o' the people who lives acrost the river from us, people we've hated fo' years and years. Ben, he holds fambly prayers, too, every night. He'd ax the blessin' o' the Lord on the stranger onder his roof, but not on his inimies, the Morelands. Yes, I try hard to mean it, Bill Dale."

"And that other enemy," murmured Dale—and he wondered why that should bother him so much, why he should feel that vague responsibility about it—"the man who killed your brother, David—"

"I don't never pray fo' him," interrupted the mountaineer, going a little pale. "I hain't that nigh juffect. A man don't git so good 'at he axes the Almighty to bless the devil—or the rattler in the laurels, or the copperhead 'at waits onder a bush fo' the passin' o' some bare-legged child."

Dale winced, but Moreland didn't notice it. Dale let his hand fall from the other's shoulder. Moreland began to speak again:

"I didn't tell ye afore, Bill Dale. My brother David, he was the hope o' his people. He was better'n the rest of us. The one big aim o' his life was to educate us all, the benighted. Yes, we're benighted, and we know it. He meant to do it with the coal he'd found. As I've done told ye, we ain't never had the heart to sell the coal. I hope ye'll have a fine rest, Bill Dale. I ain't a-goin' to call ye 'Mister' no more, Bill Dale!"

"Don't!" smilingly said the younger man. "'Bill Dale' is right, y'know. Good-night, John Moreland!"

Dale removed his shoes and outer clothing, blew out the light, and went to bed in the best room's hand-carved black walnut fourposter.

"It sounds funny to hear a man talk o' sech little things as vi'lets," she declared. "Most o' men don't think o' nothin' but workin', huntin', fightin' and eatin'. I'm a little mad at you! I went home yeste'day—and I think I run might' nigh the whole six mile—and fixed up dinner fo' you, 'cause I onderstood you was a-comin' to our house—and you went to them low-down Morelands!"

"I beg pardon," he said contritely; "didn't know you were especially expecting me. I had business," he added, "with John Moreland."

There came to his ears from somewhere down the river the chorus of a rakish old hill song, and the voice was that of the lanky moonshiner, By Heck—

"Oh, when I die, don't-a bury me deep,
Put no tombstone at my head and feet,
Put a bear's jawbone in my right hand
On my way to the Prom-ised La-a-and,
Oh! On my way to the Promised Land!"

A few minutes later there appeared on the Moreland side of the river the singer of the rakish old song; he had a minnow pail in one hand and a white hickory rod in the other.

"Hi, thar, Bill, old boy!" he yelled. "Hi, thar, Babe! Either of ye'uns ketched anything?"

Ben Littleford's daughter held up a fish proudly. Heck slapped his thigh with his slouch hat.

"Good fo' you!" he exclaimed. "But they ain't a-bitin' jest right. The moon's wrong, and the signs is wrong, fo' fishin'."

At that instant John Moreland appeared at Heck's side. He seemed very serious about something.

"Bill Dale," he called, "come over here."

Wondering, Dale put down his rod and turned to obey. Two minutes later he stood before John Moreland.

"I jest wanted to tell ye," and the mountaineer almost closed one alert grey eye, "'at ye're purty shore to git into trouble over thar."

"I'm an able-bodied man," Dale returned smilingly.

"You shore are," frowned Moreland, "but mebbe you ain't used to durned hard fightin'."

shirt to his elbows. Then he waded into the pool. The slowly moving water was up to his waist at the halfway point, and the bottom was of hard-packed sand.

The Goliath stared unbelievingly. He was not accustomed to having his challenges thus accepted. He threw off his hat and went to meet the lithe young stranger.

Bill Dale squared himself and put up his guard. Adam Ball came on, and he was scowling wickedly.

Ball rushed, the clear water swirling in his wake, and let out with a powerful right. It was a blow to crush an ordinary man's chest in; but, to Ball's surprise, it failed to land. Dale evaded it cleverly, and at the same time sent a swift left uppercut to the other's bull-like jaw. Adam Ball muttered two wicked words and steadied himself; he had caught a tartar. A moment, and he led out again, and he missed again; but he followed it with a blow that made a red mark on Bill Dale's shoulder.

"How's that, ye pink coward?" he crowed.

"All right—how's this?"

And Dale sent on a mighty blow that rebounded dully from the giant's chest and elicited only a harsh laugh of contempt. There was little to be gained by striking a man like Adam Ball on the chest; Dale knew now that he must reach a more vulnerable spot.

Then he feinted with his left and drove his right to Ball's mouth, bringing blood. Ball roared in his blind rage and dashed toward his antagonist, resolved to get a clinch. But Dale eluded the terrible arms, although in so doing he received a blow on the temple that made him dizzy for a few seconds.

While Ball was again engaged in trying to gain the advantage of a clinch, Granny Heck made her appearance on the Moreland bank. She promptly launched her sympathies in a manner that pleased both her gaping son and the watchful and silent John Moreland.

"Hit him in the stummick, Mr. Bill!" she cried over and over. "Hit him whar he lives at!"

voice not unkind; "he ain't anyways nigh dead."

He and Sam Heck took up Dale's dripping figure and bore it away. Babe Littleford ran to higher ground, hid herself behind a clump of sassafras and watched them.

Granny Heck followed with Dale's coat and hat. She chattered all the way across the meadow—

"Now what did I tell ye, John and Sam? What did I tell ye? La, la! Wasn't it a master fight, like I said—now wasn't it?"

"Sometimes ye make me a little tired, granny-woman," Moreland remonstrated gently. "Thar ain't nothin' in forrhune-tellin'. You've jest been here fo' so long 'at you know how to jedge the future by the past. And you're a tol'able good guesser, too, I reckon."

Granny Heck flared up quickly: "Ain't nothin' in forchune-tellin'! Now don't go and fool yeself, John Moreland. You listen to me about a half minute, John. I seed more in the

The Combat Grew Hotter and Hotter

cup 'an I told Mr. Bill. I seed blood and death. I seed a big fight atwixt the Morelands and the Littlefords!"

"That's easy to guess at," John Moreland replied. "You know, o' course, 'at Black Adam will do all he can to bring trouble to us on account o' Bill Dale a-stayin' with us. And you know it ain't never onpossible to...

There Was No Reply. There Was Not Even a Change of Countenance.

Bill joins the Morelands.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CAREFULLY PREPARING POULTRY INSURES HIGHER MARKET PRICE

Preparing Poultry Under Modern Conditions for Market.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Not a day passes that inspectors employed by city, state or federal government, do not condemn food of one kind or another because it is unfit for human consumption. Sometimes this is due to deliberate adulteration, an intention to defraud the purchasers, but more often it is the result of improper packing, neglect to consider temperatures to be encountered in transporting from point of origin to destination, or failure to consider the time which must necessarily elapse before the product is likely to reach the consumers' tables.

All this entails not only great loss in money, likely to be reflected in prices demanded of the public, but also it endangers the public health, because occasionally some unworthy article slips through inspection and is served as food. Enough food products spoil every week to form a very important part of the amount needed by the people; and practically all of it might be saved through intelligence and care on the part of the producers and shippers.

After your chickens are fattened and ready to kill, it will pay you to study the methods of killing, bleeding, picking, chilling and packing described fully in bureau of chemistry circulars: 3, "How to Pick Chickens;" 52, "How to Wrap Heads"; 61, "How to Kill and Bleed Market Poultry." Issued by the Department of Agriculture, these circulars may be had by application to the division of publications. The man who hopes to succeed should know everything possible about his proposed market, and its demands.

Broilers in Demand.

Ordinarily the demand is for broil...

...which it is packed, and its condition—these are the points that make a reputation for the shipper.

Temperature to Maintain.

The temperature of chickens when they are alive is 103 degrees Fahrenheit. This must be reduced after killing to 32 degrees Fahrenheit or less before they can be packed for long hauls in refrigerator cars. The time required to chill fowls usually is about 24 hours, and the packer must be sure that the body cavity, as well as the skin and flesh, are free from heat before the birds leave the chill room. Failure to observe this requirement is responsible for much of the ill-conditioned poultry found in the public markets. The range of temperature permitted, too, is small. Below 30 degrees Fahrenheit the flesh is frosted; above 35 degrees Fahrenheit decay proceeds too rapidly to permit of long hauls to distant markets. Of course, the birds can be frozen after they are chilled, and so shipped, and this is a very excellent plan, especially if the haul is across a hot country, say the specialists in the Department of Agriculture.

Packing for Market.

It is customary to pack broilers with the breasts up, and the feet hidden. The prevailing method at present, where refrigeration is available, is to pack the chickens in small boxes holding a dozen each, but small boxes suitable for one or two chickens have recently been placed on the market. If the business is to be permanent the containers should carry the farm name, or the name of the shipper if the farm has no name. An attractive advertisement on the box has a great deal to do with marketing, a fact proved long ago to the satisfaction of...

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM tobacco makes 50 good cigarettes for 10c

New One to Her.

One of Kansas City's welfare societies provides a summer camp for children. Each child is given a thorough outing for $1 a week. Children are not accepted under the age of nine, but now and then a well-coached child gets by a few months younger. The other day a little girl with all the earmarks of seven years applied with a dollar at the camp. "How old are you?" she was asked. "Nine," replied the child glibly. "When were you eight?" This was an unexpected question. "Eight?" she stammered; "why, do you have to be eight before you are nine?"—Kansas City Star.

Fitted for the Job.

Mr. Latitat—You sent a young man to me for a job as information clerk. Is he honest enough to work for me?

Mr. Frankleigh—Just about that. But I wouldn't recommend him to anyone else.

EASY TO KILL RATS and MICE By Using the Genuine STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE
READY FOR USE—BETTER THAN TRAPS
U. S. Government buys it.

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TRUNKS Bags and Suitcases

DROPSY

ASTHMA — DR. J. D. KELLOGG'S REMEDY

KILLS PESKY BED BUGS P. D. Q.

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RADIUM: Mine To Hospital

MME. CURIE'S RADIUM
COLORADO HEADQUARTERS
TRANSPORTING ORE
WORLD'S SUPPLY
RADIUM AND CONTAINER

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN.

CONCERNING Mme. Marie Curie and her discovery of radium, her recent visit to the United States and the presentation to her by American women of a gram of radium in recognition of her services to science and humanity the reading public is sufficiently informed. Everybody knows that she was made much of by our dignitaries; that ten degrees were conferred upon her by our universities; that President Harding himself made the presentation to her in the White House with appropriate words in the presence of a brilliant gathering of notables, and that a tired and happy woman finally sailed away with her precious gram of radium stored in a mahogany case lined with steel and lead. She...

...one gram to every 500 tons. Moreover, the carnotite miner is a pocket hunter. Sometimes the ore appears on the surface and along rim rocks; then extraction is easy. More frequently the ore is found under a heavy...

...cessive fractional crystallizations of the radium chloride and, at a later stage, of the bromide, most of the radium is obtained in a salt containing over 95 per cent of pure radium bromide. By still further chemical treatment the bromide is converted into the sulphate or the chloride, and in the therapeutic use of radium these...

"Keep Them Guessing Volume"

By R. RAY BAKER

(©, 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

William Shakespeare didn't refer to Florence Davidson when he made that observation about it being easier to give advice than to act upon it.

For Florence was one of those persons that practice what they preach. Her preaching was done through the columns of the Evening Gazette, under the caption, "Advice to the Lovelorn, by Arabella Anderson." Every day, except Sunday, Florence answered questions of young women, and some young men, in regard to love affairs, preceding the replies with an article of general advice.

These articles written by Florence lately had been accumulated and published in pamphlet form under the title, "Keep Them Guessing," and these pamphlets were distributed free of charge to the readers of the Gazette who submitted the necessary coupon.

Florence was a strong advocate of "guessing" in love affairs. She argued that a young man's interest became stimulated when he found himself unable to fathom the depths of his idol's nature. "Keep them guessing; never let up until the marriage knot is tied, and don't let up then," was the gist of her advice, and many a fair reader heeded it and profited by it.

Because Florence practiced what she preached, Harvey Roberts was kept constantly on the anxious seat. He never could tell just where he stood with her. Her personality seemed never the same. She was exceedingly agreeable and sweet one day, and the next time Harvey saw her she was cold and distant. She never would admit definitely that she would marry him, but whenever he became convinced his case was hopeless she would be sure to lend him fresh encouragement by means of a few choice words of sentiment. He was "kept guessing."

Harvey did not realize that he was the constant subject of experiment for Arabella Anderson of the Gazette. Indeed, he was not aware that Florence acted in that capacity on the newspaper, although of course he knew she held some position there. Yes, Har...

...she went to a restaurant for dinner and found him dining there with the same girl who had accompanied him to the theater. This time Florence shed tears.

Well, it was all over. She had lost Harvey now, she was convinced. And it was her own fault; she knew it and admitted it. She wrote "Advice to the Lovelorn" with little heart now, because she was beginning to doubt the soundness of the policies she advocated.

Then one day Florence met Harvey on the street, and she stopped him. Her independent nature rebelled at such procedure, but she couldn't help it.

"Why don't you ever come to see me?" she asked him. "I said we ought to remain away from each other for a while, but I didn't mean forever."

Harvey appeared his same old self. "I'll see you tonight—if you haven't another engagement," he said.

Florence had no other engagement and Harvey called. He got right to business at the start.

"I love you, Florence, and I want you," he told her, "but I'm tired of never knowing where I am at. If I can't have you all to myself I won't have you at all."

"You mean—" she said very sweetly—and meekly.

"I mean that I am proposing to you again, for the last time. If you say yes, well and good. It will make me happy. If your answer is no I'll be unhappy, but I'll never bother you again. But if you accept me all this tact and diplomacy stuff of yours has got to stop. How about it?"

Florence was silent for a moment. When she spoke there were hints of tears in her eyes.

"It suits me, Harvey," she told him. "I'll marry you, and in the meantime I'm yours alone. I'll never be mean again, and I'll never keep you guessing. You can depend on me all the time."

When Harvey left her that night he was far happier than he ever had been before. He whistled a gay tune as he walked home under stars gleaming in a deep blue sky. He went to his room and sat for a long time gazing at a picture of Florence and smiling. It was a smile of triumph as well as happiness.

Before retiring he opened a drawer of his dresser and brought forth a paper-covered book.

"This Arabella Anderson has the right dope," he murmured. "Only she forgot to mention that it works both ways. Maybe she didn't know it when she wrote this 'Keep Them Guessing'...

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

by MARY GRAHAM BONNER

ORANG-UTAN.

"I'm one of the friendliest of creatures," said the Orang-Utan. "Of course, I belong to the great monkey family, and I have reddish hair and brownish skin.

"My ears are small, whereas the ears of the Chimpanzee are big and his hair is black. He came from Africa to the zoo, and I came from Borneo.

"He is a much bigger creature than I am, too. He knows a little bit more than I do, though I try to be as smart as I can be, for all of my family have been smart.

"Still, I must admit that the Chimpanzee and all of his family are as bright as can be.

"I have a good many tricks which my keeper has taught me to do, and how the boys and girls do love to see those tricks.

"In the first place, I can wear clothes, and can put some of them on and take some of them off by myself.

"Then I can eat with a knife and a fork, and several years ago I used to be the host at a party.

"Yes, sir, every afternoon in the summer time, several years ago, the zoo people used to have afternoon tea parties for us.

"We used to sit up at a table. There were about half a dozen monkeys about that table, as I remember. And we used to eat just as nicely as anybody could, with napkins about our necks and bibs for the little monkeys.

"You ought to have seen the crowds that used to come and see us! Oh, they did crowd to look at us. They used to think we were very smart, and of course we were, for the Orang-Utan family has always been bright and always will be bright.

"And it is the same with the Chimpanzee family, too.

"We don't have those afternoon tea parties now, but we may again, some time. I don't know whether we will or not.

"Of course, we get as much food as ever, but we don't sit out about a table like that as we used to, so the people could see what fine manners...

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Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicycacid.—Advertisement.

NOTHING DIFFICULT ABOUT IT

Little Matter of Tactics No Problem at All in the Mind of That Sergeant.

The squad was working out some tactical problems in the field. The scene was laid at Quantico on a particularly hot July afternoon.

Lieutenant (to sergeant)—It is presumed the enemy is advancing in the general direction of that hill. It is also presumed that your machine gun squad has been detailed to delay the enemy's advance as much as possible. Proceed to take the necessary action.

Sergeant (wiping his brow)—It is presumed that we have advanced to the sheltered side of that hill; got our machine gun into action; wiped out the enemy and returned to our original position. Will that be all for this afternoon, sir?—The Leatherneck.

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However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle...

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