THE CLAN CALL

By HAPSBURG LIEBE

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"LONESOME."

SYNOPSIS.—Young Carlyle Wilmer arrives at Hollow Tree, Ind., to take a weekly coat contract. John C. Dale, secretary of the Hallway Textile, Inc., agrees to this, after abandoning a life of no home-and-mother existence. Patricia Clarkering, at the office—determined to make his own way in life. He meets Patricia, who is secretary to Mr. Whoolsey, president of the mill, takes him to John Mcmeekin's home, where he is chief of the Clan Dale. Mcmeekin is at feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Mcmeekin, years ago by Jim Littleford, for which he was arrested. Carlyle Dale believes the man was his father. Dale is also told that Littleford Mcmeekin's father was "Black Alec" Littleford. Bill Littleford is a giant. Dale whips the bully. He arranges for Littleford's daughter Lucy to be sent abroad. Littleford sends a challenge to John Mcmeekin to meet him with rifles. Mcmeekin tells Dale to take charge for battle. A Littleford fires the first shot. In an effort to stop the fighting, Dale walks between the lines of fire, and is shot—but not killed. He is taken to her father and seriously wounded. The fight ceases. Littleford dies and in the city. Littleford's daughter Lucy, who recently hurt, Dale meets an old friend, Bobby McLaurin, who has married Patricia Clarkering. Dale is invited to their home. Patricia Mcmeekin and Dale are engaged. Dale goes to the city to raise funds to develop the coal.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"Too needn't," broke in the embittered Bill Dale. "I'll get the secret from Jonnie without difficulty. I'll pay the debt myself. Why, I've had a great many years in which to try to make mistakes, and you haven't done anything. You might have helped the Mcmeekins without their even knowing that it was you—especially as they seem to have known you by another name—and that's the only way you could have helped them. Here you have one reason why I cannot accept assistance from you, dear, even for her! The Mcmeekins couldn't have accepted it, and I won't, either."

He nodded to McLaurin, who had entered the lower veranda step in order that he might not overhear, and turned and walked away. McLaurin followed, and soon overtook him.

Bill Dale stopped suddenly and faced back to his father.

"Remember that Bobby gets his house and lot!"

"Yes," replied John K. Dale, "Bobby gets his house and lot."

He went sadly toward the mansion that seemed to him now a good deal like a tomb. Young Dale touched his friend on the arm.

"Tell me, what did mother say? I know it's going to hurt, but—tell me."

"She was sitting beside an open window in the library," said Mr. McLaurin. "I told her that you would be the guest of honor at the party. She like to see you, and asked what she hadn't been to see. Then we opened a book that she had been reading and I pulled out a pocket and looked at it.

"'Who did you say was at the gate, Mr. McLaurin?' she asked.

"'Your son Carlyle,' I answered.

"'Mr. McLaurin,' she said to me coldly, 'I want you never to forget this: To me Jonnie is my only person on earth as Carlyle Dale.'

They went downstairs in silence.

CHAPTER VII.

Lonesome.

When John Mcmeekin and Pen Littleford had finished their breakfast there in the dining room of the Dale mansion, they drank the water from their fingerbowls, threatened to throw the waiter who mirkered, and tossed the cigars to the lobby.

To Littleford the minutes dragged wretchedly. Finally he told Mcmeekin in a sentence filled with double negatives, that he couldn't stand the place no longer, and proposed that they set out at once for Doctor Brunner's hospital. The hotel manager overheard some of the one-sided conversation as he phoned the surgeon and learned that the young woman was not seriously, which information he passed on to the mirkering waiter.

Ben Littleford was quiet for five minutes or more. Then he again proposed to John Mcmeekin that they go to the hospital to see Dale. Mcmeekin refused flatly, and Littleford in his refusal with an unmistakable look of contempt.

"You're as restless as a flea in a box town," he told his old enemy, and with that he walked away.

A few minutes later Ben Littleford stole out unnoticed by his neighbor from the Big Pine, and went to the hotel and to the street. Mcmeekin heard it and followed Littleford cautiously, and observed that the latter was going into another livery—Littleford was headed straight for the hospital.

They walked for two hours, ill-at-ease. Mcmeekin had assumed his attitude of one who has had the gastric liability of an irresponsible person thrust upon him. But soon he self-assured somewhat.

"I shore calc'l understand, Ben," he drawled, "that you kin't stand to hear it to live here."

"I wonder," Littleford said absent-mindedly, as though he had not heard. "what Bill has done without him, and if it hasn't changed him some? He used to be a good sport."

"I wasn't, Littleford said absent-mindedly, as though he had not heard.

"What Bill has done without him, and if it hasn't changed him some? He used to be a good sport."

"I wasn't bum. It was feud."

"It was feud."

"It was is—"

"Don't ye reckon," fared John Mcmeekin, "that I know a dang sight more'n I me it? It was feud!"

They had halted in the middle of a stream of pedestrians. A policeman crowded his way to them.

"Move on!" he growled.

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Bill Dale was at that moment entering the lobby of the Hoosier's with Robert McKenzie at his side. Dale had just told McKenzie that he meant to go to Chartreuil to borrow money from his wealthy friend Harris. Then McKenzie, who considered himself the saved him from a duel, interrupted.

"You haven't got to borrow money from Harris. I'll lend you all you need."

Bill Dale looked at him coldly.

"Certainly she's going to make it," went on Robert McKenzie. "She's all you want to see you."

Dale drew a chair up close to the table and sat down. Bobby sprawled out on the other side. He put a hand uncertainly over toward him. Dale took it in his. He saw that it was a delicate one, soft and unaccustomed to labor.

"Glad to see you, Dale," he told her quickly. "Why do you think you've been long to do, Dale?"

He giggled at him. "Why, I don't think I'm a-goin' to die," she said. "I'm a-goin' to live, Bill Dale. I'm glad I feel like I could walk fifty miles right now!"

"But I heard you tell your father a-goin' any more," she continued. "I believe I heard done it, don't you, Jonnie?"

Dale was relieved. "I do. Is there anything you want, Babe? If there is I'll get it for you if it's in the universe."

"The universe?" she repeated inquiringly. "What's the universe, Bill Dale? Something to eat?"

"The world, the sun, the moon, and the stars."

She smiled at him again. "No," she said, "the sun's another. I want the universe I need done it, don't you, Jonnie?"

"No," I thought, as they said for

Babe Littleford's fingers held tightly in his. "It was me that sent for you."

She turned her face the other way. "I was so lonesome, Bill Dale!"

Robert McKenzie's wife, Patricia, visited Dale twice daily, and a friend of his thought that was none the less warm for the unique spring up quickly between them. Patricia declared to her husband that Dale was a wonderful man—whom she was already calling Bill—and that he was the same being Bobby had known in the old days. Bobby, soon in the bungalow, Patricia told, and was really needed company because Bobby's was away so much.

Dale developed little Mrs. McKenzie's offer as soon as Bill Dale convinced her that she wouldn't be interfering in the affairs of charity. The bill price's first to that one must pay for what he gets—and it's probably the first love God laid down for old Adam in Eden. Ben Littleford seemed bewildered and blue when they left the hotel for the arrangement, but he voiced no objection. Dale, however, insisted on a loan of a hundred dollars, and on finally to give it to the nurse in charge, which he did. Elizabeth Littleford, after a moment's hesitation, accepted gratefully.

"I ain't, even God knows," she said, as she whispered to Patricia, "but I'm sorry!"

Dale was sure now that he had found a home, and he was grateful for that she cared for him. But he was not happy in his new life. He was not unconscious. He had known all along that he was going to be seduced—and a woman's tastes, he knew, might change with time. And he wanted her to have the luxury of knowledge of knowledge of his class. If she couldn't love him with a lasting love, he didn't want her to love him at all.

So he did not, he never thought of Jimmy Payne.

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He turned and led the way through a long corridor and to a sunny white room where Janet Littleford lay with

"I Was a Tryin' to Skeer Him Out of Fightin' Any More," She Interrupted.

a bandage about her temples. Ben Littleford went to his knees at his daughter's bedside; he was slowly stroking his big, rough hands and begging piteously to be forgiven.

Dale walked softly out of the room, and left Ben Littleford alone with his child.

"I am very well, gentlemen, thank you," she said, as they entered.

He shook their hands heartily. "The luncheon gave us your message yesterday," he said, at still smiling, "and we were delighted to learn that the young woman was out of danger. I trust that you are all in good health, gentlemen."

They assured him that they were. Mcmeekin turned to introduce Bill Dale and the missing man. From the moment that Major Bradley gripped Dale's hand they were friends.

"Mighty glad to know you, sir," Major Bradley said, as he stood by the bedside, bearing a great deal of pain. "I've been wanting to meet the Doc. They seem to think there's nobody but him in the world—Bill Dale this, Bill Dale that. It was Bill Dale's where Bill Dale whipped Black Adam, where Bill Dale was when Bill Dale was standing when such-and-such happened; or, if Bill Dale wasn't there, he'd just been there!"

"Ah-hah-hah!" sluggishly laughed by Hick, who stood leaning on the foot of his rifle. "Bill Dale in all right, major; ye've shore got my word for that."

The others laughed. Then John Mcmeekin said they'd better be moving, or they'd be late for dinner.

When they had put a hundred yards of David Mcmeekin's mountain behind them, the old herdsman tugged shyly at Dale's sleeve and whispered:

"Let us fall behind a little. I want to speak with you privately."

They began to lag, and soon there were a dozen of several rods between them and the others.

Dale heard through Addie Mcmeekin," began Bradley, his friendly hand on the younger man's arm, "about you and what you're planning to do for the Mcmeekin. I tell you, sir, I thanked heaven for your coming; and you may count on me to help in any way I can. The Mcmeekins are quite friendly to me now, though up to the middle of last summer they didn't like me any more'n they did because I made Ben Littleford's cabin my home."

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Louvain Library as It Will Appear When Completed

The new library for Louvain university, for which Mr. Murray Butler of New York laid the foundation stone, as it will appear when completed. Thirty-three nations have contributed to the rebuilding of the famous library destroyed by the Germans.

Reclaim Arid Areas of West

Legislation Proposed to Spend $250,000,000 to Open up Unproductive Land.

NATION IS TO BE REPAID

World Place at Disposal of Settlers What May Become Most Fertile Soil in the United States Will Thrive On Irrigated Lands.

Washington.—New legislation is before congress providing a comprehensive plan for opening up to mankind the arid lands of the west.

Nearly 200,000,000 acres remain unimproved in the nineteen public land states—more than all the productive lands of Germany and the United Kingdom combined. This impressive total includes many millions of acres that only require water and soil solutions to make the whole area blossom like the rose. Some of the most fertile soil in the United States, when water is applied to it, is found in the arid regions.

The bill provides for the reclamation projects proper—gross returns of ownership lands—the sum of about $70,000,000.

"The Salt River valley in Arizona illustrates one of the possibilities of irrigation development, based on the federal reclamation act," says a report of the Maricopa county, surrounding the city of Phoenix, Ariz., has increased approximately 5,000 and that of Maricopa county 80,000. An increase in the value of property in the county was $9,000,000.

"In 1920, the population of Phoenix had reached 29,000. Outside of the city nearly 50,000, while the taxable value of property in the county was assessed at $10,000,000, or more than two times what it was in 1910. The reclamation act was passed. These results are due mainly to irrigation development opened up by the act. Without it, it is certain that country was distinctly arid, with very little taxable property for any cultivation.

"The water supply product five or ten years ago was alfalfa, coupling with dairying. Though there were many gardens and some fruits raised and shipped, alfalfa was the great feed grain, but the most important staple was alfalfa as a money crop.

"In the value of the crops was $5,934,000. The value of the manufactured articles used on that project was $1,250,000. In other words the product in 1919 they purchased more than they manufactured.

Prefers Prison Here to Russia

Jefferson City, Mo.—Eddie Miller Missouri expressly prefers prison to the soviet republic of Russia, from Washington stated that Attorney General Daugherty would not recommend her release from the Missouri penitentiary, where she is serving a sentence for violation of espionage act, if Miss Miller should express a desire to deportation to Russia. Miss Diemer declared she would rather remain in prison than be returned the statement two or three times.

Saves 22 Children.

Omaha.—Mrs. Earl M. Downey, 41, gives credit for her life to a newsboy, second child. Mrs. Downey, a nurse, was in a burning building when 22 children were rescued. Mrs. Downey's first husband she had 20 children by two years ago he died and she married a man 20 years her junior and since then 20 children have been born to them.

Six U. S. Soldiers On Rhine Killed

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Bank President Shot.

Dodge Center, Minn.—D. T. Rosse president of the First National Bank of Dodge Center, was shot and fatally killed in the bank by a man presumed to be a robber. The assailant was captured just outside of town.

Crackaman Proves It.

Kansas City, Mo.—Lawyers were a little skeptical of 19-year-old Leonard Crackaman's boast of his prowess as a burglar until he opened police headquarters safe in record time, as a demonstration.

Eighteen Men Injured on Railroad

Neuhaven, Ky., O.—Eighteen members of a truck crew of the Pittsburg & West Virginia railroad, were injured, six seriously, when a motor handcar and two trailers on which they were riding collided with a disabled freight train two miles east of Mingo Junction, while operating the freight train on account of fog. The injured were taken to the Ohio penitentiary and virtually demolished the motor and trailers.

Boy's Tea Valued at $8,000

Butler—A newsie's big toe is worth $8,000, according to a suit filed in court to claim, filed in Common Pleas Court here. Frederick Lewis, 12-year-old, while the boy was selling papers in front of a theater, he stepped on an iron grating which covers a gutter. The grating tipped and the boy's foot fell. Several persons stepped on it, and in descending one edge of the grating fell on the lad's face, cutting it badly. Lewis, through his father, filed suit, asking $1,000 for himself and $4,000 for the boy.

The Bishop's Boys.

The first bishop of North Carolina, John Stark Ravenscroft, generally spoke of the clergy under him as if they were his own children, and Mr. Marshall Delancey Haywood in his book, "Lives of the Bishops of North Carolina," says that Bishop Ravenscroft loved them like children, and was loved in return as a father is loved. "I wouldn't give my fourteen boys for your whole diocese!" was his jovial declaration to a doctor of a fashionable church in New York.

TEN KILLED IN OIL EXPLOSIONS

Nine Others Frightfully Injured in Simultaneous Blasts at Point Breeze Plant

SIX MEN ARE STILL MISSING

Blazing Fuel Hurled 125 Feet in Air, Covering Earth With Blanket of Flames—Fire Is Stayed Five in a Month's Time.

Philadelphia.—Ten men are known to be dead, nine are frightfully injured, and many more or less seriously burned as the result of the simultaneous explosion of three immense oil stills in the plant of the Atlantic Refining Company, Point Breeze, here. Five persons lost their lives in a similar catastrophe August 22, but the company has erected a line of six stillions.

The exploding stills hurled blazing fuel from their tops, 125 feet above the ground, covering the earth with a blanket of fire. Still tenders, firemen and repairmen are among the victims. The explosion was caused by a leak in a pipe connecting a still with a receiving tank. The leak was first discovered by a fireman, who gave the alarm. Laborers ran from the scene in all directions, but before they could get to safety the flames had enveloped them.

Many of the bodies of the victims were unidentified because of the intense heat to which they were subjected, but they are charred and black in place view of the firemen.

Many are fearfully suffocated and burned. Efforts by firemen and employees to prevent it from spreading to other buildings and reservoir of crude oil surrounding those which exploded.

Nothing remains of the exploded stills but twisted masses of metal and crumbled bricks and masonry.

BUILDERS RETURN TO WORK

Craftsmen Influenced to Obey Law by Refusal of Court Rehearing

Chicago—Faith in the integrity of the Chicago building industry returned to the minds of Judge K. M. Landis, according to a statement made by him. Practically all other unions voted to go back to work.

The two building employers' organizations have agreed that they will employ non-union men only when union men refuse to work at once.

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Orenery Animal Is Reported for Sale

Greenda, Miss.—The tax supervisors of Grenada county have reduced the assessment on W. W. Whitaker's mule from $1,200 to $200. The value was placed on the animal by the board after having refused to grant Mr. Whitaker relief.

The assessing title mule to the value of $200 I was entirely satisfied with the county. I had no desire to have placed him at his value," Mr. Whitaker said in explaining the action of the board. "I am entirely satisfied with the county. I had no desire to have placed him at his value of $1,200. I was satisfied with the valuing values, could not have appraised $10.

"I hereby make this proposal to any member of the board, to any other citizen of Grenada county, that I will give $20 and take the mule, and may the good Lord be with them. I never was more beyond the hope of my business than the prospect of the honorable members of supervisors, make the offer seriously, and I will be glad to have a distinction to Grenada county, whether he be the grandupper a mule of industry."

Reclamation Projects Proposed for Western States

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NEW NATIONAL PARK WONDER

Red Snow With Taste of Watermelons Amazes Party of Tourists in Rocky Mountain Park.

Washington.—Add sliced-red snow, with the taste of watermelons, to the wonders of America's national parks. A party of tourists in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, on the continental divide in the Rocky Mountain park, found the red snow, tourists have seen the colored snow and have asked why they see red.

The rays of the setting sun reddening on the snow at about twilight has been blamed by those who have declared the crimes of the day, but these snows do not disappear at night, and some does not disappear at all. Botanists and other study organisms, that the snow's color is caused by a microscopic plant, or protococcus nivalis is the name of this microscopic bulletin, which has the characteristics of both the plant and animal kingdoms.

Another explanation of the snow is more romantic. A quartet of tourists, on the north side of the streaks that are known as red lakes have found explanations when placed on the tongue.

Red lakes, the tourists declared, refused to have come from the arctic regions, where it has been found the past. Scientists believe that its color is caused by pigment blown from the North by prevailing Chinook winds.

HE STICKS TO HIS "BUDDIE"

Former Service Man Takes Up Collection and Saves Ex-Comrade From Jail Term.

Bayonne, N. J.—That "buddies" of the battlefield stick together after they have become comrades of civil life was illustrated to a courtroom filled with interested spectators here recently.

Michael Zaranka of this city, ever-

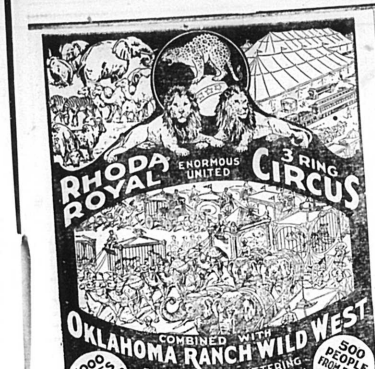
seas service man, charged with a minor offense, was about to go to jail for 30 days in default of payment of a $25 fine. Joseph Ivak, in the courtroom crowd, recognized the young prisoner as a man with whom he had served in the campaign in France. Taking his hat, Ivak started a collection in court.

There he went out and made a house-to-house canvass which netted him enough to pay the fine and costs. He carried Zaranka's receipt for payment and released the soldier, who declared if he was his first and last time before the law.

Rock men are members of the American Legion here and they moved together in Company B, Two Hundred and Twenty-fifth infantry.

Another Vision Dispelled.

"Wouldn't you like to see an old-fashioned picnic spoon with a chrome on it?" asked a salesman. "No, it would be too untrue to life. Everybody seems to think that in order to be happy he must move into town."



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DOG'S GREAT LOVE

Death Could Not Separate Rags From His Master.

With the Man He Worshiped Gone, Life Had No Charms for His Dumb Companion, and He Quickly Followed.

A professional man in a New Jersey town was the owner of a three terrier named Rags, which was remarkably intelligent dog, the New York Times stated. He had been presented regularly to the city. Rags became a familiar figure on the streets and always accompanied him. He appeared to be a dog of no fixed habits and would visit it was only after he had been seen at one of his favorite bones. Rags was the constant companion for the man, and when his spirits revived it was the dog that was the first to notice it.

When the train bearing John Dale arrived in a stop, Rags would be there to meet him. Rags would be there to meet him. Rags would be there to meet him.