

# The CLAN CALL

by Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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A great gladness filled Elizabeth's heart. It did not occur to her to ask how, in what manner, he was going to take care of her people; it was enough to know that he was going to take care of them. He put a father's arm lightly around her shoulders. She tried to speak, choked, and couldn't utter a



A Great Gladness Filled Elizabeth's Heart.

word. But it didn't matter. John K. Dale understood perfectly.

Then he took his arm away, faced to the right, and drew his hat rim low over his eyes. For two minutes he stood there and looked for the little old cabin down near the foot of the north end of the mountain, and he failed to find it. His mind had gone back once more to that awful night that had cut his life in twain. He remembered plainly waking in the early morning with an aching head and with the rancid taste of much dead whisky in his mouth. Remembered seeing David Moreland, with a bullet hole through and through him, lying on the floor beside him. Remembered his horror, his smothered cries of anguish, and his hurried flight.

He had wondered, he remembered, why the law made no attempt to track him down. He had not known that the mountaineer's code of honor demands that the mountaineer himself collect that which is due him.

"Tell me," he said in tones so low that Elizabeth barely heard, "where is David Moreland buried?"

He had turned, and stood facing her. She pointed to the southward.

"They buried him on the crest of the mountain a little ways, on the highest place, by the side of his wife. That was always a touchin' thing to me, that he buried his wife on the very highest point of his own mountain. You know why, don't you?"

David Moreland believed in God and a hereafter, and he believed that heaven was up. He wanted to get even his wife's ashes as close to heaven as he could.

"I'd like to go out there," John Dale said, his voice almost a whisper. "I'd like to see the place."

"I wouldn't," replied Ben Littleford's daughter. For she knew—oh, she knew.

"Yes, yes, my dear—I must see the place," declared John K. Dale, hoarsely whispering—"let's go out there."

There was never any dissolving him when he was determined, and he was determined now. It is strange that dread human thing that drew him—Elizabeth turned and started on the snowy crest of the mountain, wending her way here and there between clumps of snow-heavy laurel and ivy and under snow-heavy pines. After a quarter of an hour of this somewhat difficult traveling, the two drew up before a small inclosure made of round oaken posts and round oaken railings and handsplit and pointed oaken pillars as high as a man's shoulders, all of which were gray and weatherbeaten. Elizabeth knew the spot well. His face was very, very pale.

Before them were two snow-covered mounds bordered with the dead stalks of flowers of another year—marigolds, pretty-by-nights, zinnias. Near the two graves there grew bare-branched wild honeysuckle and red-bud, and French-leaved laurel, which in the summer time were covered with beautiful and fragrant blossoms of golden yellow, royal purple and waxen white. At the head of one mound a great, roughly-shaped slab of brown sandstone marked the last resting place of David Moreland's young wife; it had been lettered by David Moreland himself

HEAR LAYS DAVID MORELAND

THE BEST MAN GOD  
EVVER MAID  
KILLED  
BY JOHN K CARLILE  
MAY GOD  
DAM HIS  
SOLE

It was a living curse, a breathing curse—a terrible anathema. If dead David Moreland himself had arisen from the tomb and uttered it, it would not have struck John K. Dale with greater force. He grew weak, as though with a fatal sickness. He sank to his knees in the snow, and his iron-gray head fell forward to his breast. Elizabeth Littleford knelt in the snow beside him. She tried to find comforting words, for she loved him and was sorry for him, but no words would come.

There was a slight sound, the muffled breaking of a dry twig in the snow just beyond the railings in front of them. Elizabeth Littleford looked up to see the giant figure of John Moreland, whose face was white and whose eyes were filled with the fire of hate and anger, who held a rifle in his cold, bare hands. The rifle's hammer came back, and the fire trigger caught it with a faint click.

Moreland took another step forward and leveled the weapon across the railings.

"If it was any use fo' ye to pray, Carlyle," he said, and his voice was shaking and hoarse and choked, "I'd give ye time. But it ain't no use at all. Look up. Face it. Try to be a man fo' one second in yore low-down life."

Old Dale raised his head, saw David Moreland's brother, and realized all there was to realize. His eyes widened a little; then a look of relief flitted across his heavy countenance.

"Shoot and even up the score," he said bravely, and his head was high. "According to your code, it is just. And I'll be able to forget at last, at last. So shoot and settle the account."

Moreland winced perceptibly. The big, crooked finger came away from the hair-line trigger. He had never expected to hear the man whom he knew as John K. Carlyle say that which he had just said. It had never entered his mind that John K. Carlyle could be sorry.

Then the great and bitter desire for revenge rushed into his brain again, and his head went down, and his keen right eye looked along the sights and to the kneeling man's breast. His trigger finger began slowly to crook.

Until this instant Elizabeth Littleford had been as one frozen, had been as a figure carved in stone. Now she sprang to her feet and went between Moreland and his ancient enemy.

"Put 'at gun down—wait until I tell ye John Moreland, what I've got to tell ye!" she cried tensely, lapsing into the old dialect in her excitement. While Moreland stared, she went on:

"It wasn't Newton Wheatley 'at put up the money to start yore coal mine again; it was this man here! And the Alexander Crayfield Coal corporation—which has been a-payin' you two prices fo' yore coal—that was this man here! Mr. Hayes was his—his ally through it all. And he's sorry, John Moreland, this man is—so sorry that he wants to die; and can't ye see it, John Moreland?"

She caught her breath again and continued tearfully: "Oh, he don't deserve to be killed, and ef he did—you're too good a man to kill him. He's done paid—you don't know, like I do, how he's paid. You mustn't forget that. And you mustn't forget John Moreland! Yore people is saved, as David wanted 'em saved. Now d-d-don't go and s-s-spoil it all, fo' God's sake!"

The big mountaineer's eyes were wide with amazement, for Elizabeth Littleford's every word had borne the ring of truth. He was too dazed to understand her allusion to Bill Dale as his old enemy's son. The rifle came back from across the railings, and his steel-shod boot found a place in the snow beside John Moreland's foot.

Slowly John K. Dale arose and drew close to him, and then from John K. Dale's soul came pouring the pent-up anguish of remorse that had seared it through the years. The torrent of words flowed on, while the mountaineer stood rigidly regarding him with a strange light in his piercing eyes.

"I can't ask you to forgive me," Dale finished brokenly. "I don't expect forgiveness; my crime was too great. But can't you, for the sake of the boy, let me keep on trying to

atone for my sin?"

John Moreland looked long and searchingly into the face of the pleading man before him. The bitter struggle that was going on within him was mirrored on his rugged countenance. But gradually the bitterness faded; his huge frame trembled; he put a hand slowly down on the other's shoulder.

"The boy," he muttered—"Bill Dale; is he yore boy? Yore name was Carlyle then—"

"My boy, yes—my boy, Bill Dale. Carlyle is an old family name. My father was at the head of a big oil concern; he sent me down here to conquire to get a line on the Moreland vein. Maybe he thought the price would be high if it were known that he wanted it; I don't know. I—I can't remember."

Ben Littleford's daughter was watching closely, hoping against hope, praying to heaven with all her heart; and then she saw John K. Dale put his right hand up to John Moreland's



"The Boy," He Muttered—"Bill Dale; Is He Yore Boy? Yore Name Was Carlyle Then—"

hand, take it and press it—and she saw John Moreland, his bearded mouth jerking, give the answering squeeze that meant something very akin to forgiveness.

She ran out at the gate, ran up to the giant hillman and put her arms around his neck; she drew his great brown head down and kissed him on the cheek. And John Moreland let his rifle fall unnoticed to the snow, put his arms around her shoulders as though she were his own daughter, bowed his head and sobbed out a few words she did not understand.

(To be Continued.)

## SECOND GREATEST WAR HERO

Choctaw Indian Credited With This Distinction.

On a small farm in McCurtain county, thirty-five miles over rough roads from Idabel, Joseph Oklahombi, a Choctaw Indian, is hunting and fishing, raising corn and helping his neighbors at harvest time reports an Idabel, Okla., letter.

A half-dozen persons of Idabel, could be found who remembered exactly what part Oklahombi played in the world war—yet it was he who captured 171 German prisoners single-handed, and was decorated and cited by Marshal Petain of France, as the second greatest American hero that the war produced. Alvin York was ranked first.

Oklahombi, however, when questioned by Mrs. C. C. Conlan of the Oklahoma Historical society, who also is a Choctaw, saw nothing peculiar in this lack of recognition, he said. He did only his duty, he added and is now back home with his wife and baby—carrying on as his forefathers carried on. "Oklahombi is a full blood."

His name taken from the Choctaw, means in their language "man, killer," according to an interpreter. It is not directly connected with the name Oklahombi, presented to the state, which is a combination of two Choctaw words.

Oklahombi was enrolled in Company D, 141st Infantry, 26th Division as a private, 26 years old. When he enlisted he could not speak English; but that he could speak the language of warfare in fighting for his country is evidenced by the wording of the citation from General Petain, after which he received the Croix de Guerre.

"The citation reads: 'Under a violent bombardment he dashed to the attack of the enemy position covering two hundred yards through barbed wire entanglements. He rushed on machine gun nests, capturing 171 prisoners. He stormed a strongly held position containing a number of trench mortars, turned the captured guns on the enemy and held position for four days, in spite of a constant barrage of large projectiles and gas shells. He exposed his life many times to get information concerning his wounded comrades.'

Asked what he thought of the man, with a smile he replied, "Too many—but not enough shot." Mrs. Conlan said today.

Specific—Mrs. Newlywed, to grow over the telephone: "My husband and I are starting our garden this afternoon. Will you please send over one dozen green tomato plants and two bushels of sweet pickle seed?"

—Hard times make hard bargains.

## Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

TRAYS WHICH GREW.

You know how it is—if you share anything with a friend it seems to grow bigger? That is the way it is at the Hospitality hotel.

The boy and the girl adventurers looked in astonishment at the brownies with the trays. The trays were being brought in for the banquet, and they were growing larger, and the brownies seemed to be growing bigger. Even the food on the plates and on the trays was growing too. It was all most mysterious.

"Grow, grow, grow," the brownies all sang in a sing-song fashion. "Grow, grow, grow, so, so, so, for we're to have a banquet."

In another moment a great gong sounded through the hotel and there was heard a great scurrying.

It was then that the boy and the girl looked about them in the hotel. The staircases were great high, winding ones, and the floors were of beautifully polished woodwork, though they could see some scratches on the floors which looked as though there had been a dance or a ball given there recently.

Pictures hung on the walls in enormous gilt frames, and in the hallway where they stood was the biggest coat and hat rack they had ever seen with so many coats and hats hanging there they felt they could never count them all.

The great scurry had kept up. Now the trays had not grown for a few moments. But they were enormous now, and the brownies were very much larger and the food looked as if it had been prepared for many, many people.

Now the hurrying and the scurrying sounded nearer, and from all parts



"Off With the Roof."

of the great hotel the little creatures came hurrying.

"Welcome, welcome," they shouted. "The boy and the girl almost felt embarrassed that so many creatures were coming to welcome them."

The boy felt perhaps he should make some sort of a polite little speech. He thought a moment and then he said: "I do hope we haven't taken any of you away from other engagements."

"No, not a bit of it," they all began to say. "Not a bit of it. We always have had time to welcome guests. That's what we love above everything. That's why we live in the Hospitality hotel."

"Is this the only hotel of its kind?" asked the girl of a brownie who was standing right by her.

"Not exactly the only one, though there is no other just like it," said the brownie. "But I'll show you about before bedtime. Now we'll watch the banquet being made ready."

Again the great gong sounded, and once more the trays began to grow and grow until all the trays grew together and appeared like a long, long table with all sorts of food upon it. No longer were there any trays, every one was now a part of the great table, and as the table became a banquet table all the hosts and hostesses and the boy and girl and Master Thoughtfulness moved to one side. They could do this very easily, for the great hallway seemed to grow wider and wider all the time, too!

"Where have the brownies gone who held the trays?" asked the boy. He had no sooner said this than the girl added: "Why, they've disappeared. They were growing larger and larger, and then they went away entirely, but how strange we didn't see them go."

"Not strange at all," said a voice from under the long table. And there arose, rather slowly, the largest creature they had ever seen. He was fully as long as the table, and when he stood up he had to call out to a night watchman:

"Off with the roof, off with the roof, I'm standing up!"

"Yes, Night Watchman," he called, "off with the roof."

"Who are you?" asked the girl.

"And how do you do these things?" asked the boy.

"Because I'm Sir Hearty Cordiality," he answered.

Well, Wasn't He Right?

A teacher was questioning a class of boys on the subject of birds. Having received correct answers to the questions about feathers, bill, feet and wings, he put the question: "What is it a bird can do that I am unable to do?"

"Fly," was the answer he hoped to get. For several moments the boys thought, but gave no answer. At last one boy put up his hand.

"Well, my lad, what is it?"

"Lay an egg," said the boy.

## The Story of Our States

By JONATHAN BRACE

XLIV.—UTAH



The first white excursion into Utah dates back to 1540 when a party of Spaniards sent out by Coronado succeeded in penetrating to the Colorado river. There is no authentic record of further explorations until over 200 years had elapsed. In 1776 two Franciscan friars, in their attempt to find the shortest way to the Pacific, went from Santa Fe to Utah Lake. The Great Salt Lake, however, was not discovered until 1824, when James Bridges, a trapper, in wandering through this region came upon this huge, inland, salt sea.

But the real history of Utah begins with the rise of Mormon power there. Discouraged by the agitation in Illinois and Missouri, the Mormons decided to emigrate to the great West. In large caravans they traveled across the plains and in 1847 came to Salt Lake City where they settled. Here they flourished, increasing their numbers and by 1852 they reached a total in this vicinity of over 15,000. Meanwhile, in 1848, by the terms of the treaty of peace with Mexico, a huge western tract, of which Utah was a part, was ceded to the United States. As no definite government was arranged for, the control of affairs locally was for a number of years entirely in the hands of the officers of the Mormon church. They, accordingly, made up a constitution and organized under the name of the State of Deseret. This is a word taken from the Book of Mormon, and signifies, "Industry." Application was made for admission to the Union, but this was refused and the federal government instead organized the Territory of Utah in 1850. The first governor was Brigham Young, the successor of Joseph Smith and president of the Mormon church.

The attempt to do away with polygamy met with little success until in 1890 the Mormon church finally agreed not to countenance it. Meanwhile, growing antagonism between the Mormons and non-Mormons verged nearly on civil war. Finally a general amnesty was declared and after many requests Utah was accepted as the forty-fifth state of the Union in 1896.

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changed the cephalic index of the ordinary Britisher 2 per cent. The cephalic index is the ratio of the breadth of the skull to its length. Britons thus are said to be 2 per cent. more round headed than their forefathers of 200 years back.

Banner Dry State.—South Carolina, according to R. Q. Merrick, of Greenville, is one of the banner states of the union when it comes to bone dry prohibition enforcement.

Merrick reports that there is cooperation not only among all officials, state and federal, from the governor down, but the public generally is backing the officials. Merrick says 30 years of prohibition in South Carolina has convinced the courts that laxity is poor policy, and now South Carolina judges assess offenders all the law will permit. Convictions average 90 per cent.

South Carolina newspapers have been a helpful factor, hotels do not permit drinking parties, and the movies run no reels of drinking scenes.

Illicit distilling, however, continues, but, with a force of only 10 men the South Carolina prohibition director suppressed 75 stills the past month.

It is understood that the North Carolina report is not so encouraging. It is stated that 90 per cent of the papers are dry, but the booze makers are more numerous than ever.—Washington Special to the Charlotte Observer.

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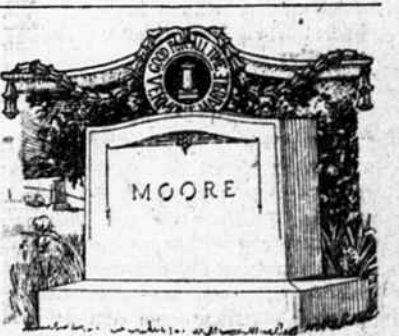
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