



# DOLLAR DAYS!

At Reliable Clothiers---Acton  
Friday & Saturday---January 30 and 31



### Dollar Day Bargains for the Men

MEN'S SUITS For Dollar Days	\$10	MEN'S PYJAMAS For Dollar Days	\$1
MEN'S SUITS For Dollar Days	\$12	MEN'S NIGHTSHIRTS For Dollar Days	\$1
MEN'S SUITS For Dollar Days	\$15	MEN'S OVERALLS For Dollar Days	\$1
MEN'S OVERCOATS For Dollar Days	\$9	MEN'S SMOCKS For Dollar Days	\$1
MEN'S OVERCOATS For Dollar Days	\$12	MEN'S WORK SHIRTS For Dollar Days	\$1
MEN'S OVERCOATS For Dollar Days	\$14	MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS For Dollar Days	\$1
Men's Long Leather Coats For Dollar Days	\$6	Men's All Wool Socks 6 Pairs on Dollar Day for	\$1
MEN'S PANTS For Dollar Days	\$1	Men's Silk and Wool Socks 4 Pairs on Dollar Day for	\$1
MEN'S PANTS For Dollar Days	\$2	Men's Leather Caps For Dollar Days	\$1
MEN'S PANTS For Dollar Days	\$3	Men's Heavy Cloth Caps For Dollar Days	\$1
Men's Fleece-Lined Underwear For Dollar Days	\$1	MEN'S HATS For Dollar Days	\$2
Men's Fleece-Lined Combinations, for Dollar Days only	\$1	Men's Umbrellas, self-openers, Dollar Days for	\$1
Men's All Wool Underwear For Dollar Days, each	\$1	MEN'S BATHROBES For Dollar Days	\$3
Men's All Wool Combinations, for Dollar Days	\$2	MEN'S SWEATERS For Dollar Days	\$2
		MEN'S SWEATERS For Dollar Days	\$3

These are days when you want Your Dollar to Go Farthest. That is Just What We are Helping You to Do in This Big Dollar Days Event. We Won't Carry Stock from One Season to the Other. Read Every Item and You Will Realize the Savings You Can Make. This is Your Last Sale Opportunity on This Stock. It Can't Last at the Prices We Offer it, and the First to Come Will be First Served. Read on.

## Friday and Saturday Just Two Days



### Dollar Day Savings for the Ladies

LADIES' COATS For Dollar Days, each	\$10
LADIES' SILK AND WOOL SWEATERS For Dollar Days, only	\$2
LADIES' JERSEY WOOL SWEATERS For Dollar Days, only	\$3
LADIES' SILK STOCKINGS For Dollar Days, per pair	\$1
LADIES' ALL WOOL STOCKINGS For Dollar Days	2 Pair for \$1
LADIES' SILK AND WOOL STOCKINGS For Dollar Days	2 Pair for \$1
LADIES' COTTON STOCKINGS For Dollar Days	6 Pair for \$1
LADIES' SILK BLOOMERS AND VESTS For Dollar Days	\$1
LADIES' SILK BRASSIERS For Dollar Days	2 for \$1
<b>The Values for the Boys on Dollar Days</b>	
BOYS' BLOOMERS For Dollar Days, per pair	\$1
BOYS' BLOOMERS For Dollar Days, per pair	\$1 1/2
BOYS' OVERALLS For Dollar Days, per pair	\$3/4
BOYS' CAPS For Dollar Days, each	\$1/2
BOYS' WINDBREAKERS For Dollar Days, each	\$1 1/2

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY ARE DOLLAR DAYS

# RELIABLE CLOTHIERS

MILL STREET, ACTON      NEXT DOOR TO CARROLL'S

YOUR DOLLAR WILL DO DOUBLE DUTY THIS WEEK

### The Free Press Short Story

## THE VOICE FROM THE DEAD

HARRIET LUMMIS SMITH

"I'm not going to give in to Mr. Craven. Father always said to hold onto that land till the railroad went through. If the project turns out as he expected, mother will be comfortably fixed for the rest of her life, and you and I won't have to worry, either."

Diantha O'Neill regarded her brother thoughtfully and for a moment did not speak. The two were strikingly alike, both tall and handsome. "You are taking quite a bit of responsibility, Morton," she said at last. "Mr. Craven seems sure that we must sell now in order to realize any profit on the property."

"Yes, I know I'm taking a good deal on myself, but to sell at the price Mr. Craven says he is offering is practically giving the land away. I'd rather take the risk, especially as father's judgment counts much more with me than Mr. Craven's."

Diantha sighed heavily. "Oh, dear! It's hard to have to decide such questions. If only father—" She left the sentence unfinished but her brother understood, and his face reflected the sadness of hers. "The eighteen months since father's boat had been discovered floating bottom upward on the waters of the bay, had not been long enough to lessen the hurt of their loss. Their mother had never rallied from the shock. At first the hope of finding her husband's body had sustained her, but as the weeks passed, and she realized that even this poor consolation was to be denied her, she had lapsed into a settled melancholy and left her room rarely."

There had been the expected difficulties attendant on the probating of the will of a man whose death could not be proved in the usual fashion. Now the courts had finally pronounced John O'Neill legally dead. The companies with which he was insured had paid the full amount of his policies, and Mr. Craven, his executor, and Diantha's guardian till she should come of age, had taken the helm. For a time matters had gone smoothly, and then he had startled Morton by suggesting the sale of a piece of land Morton's father had considered very valuable, at a price so small that

the young man could hardly believe his ears when he heard it. "Why, Mr. Craven," he protested, "you can't mean what you say. Father counted on that land to take care of mother and himself in their old age."

The executor smiled one of those distinctly superior smiles that youth invariably resents. "I know, Morton," he replied, "but your father, good business man that he was, in this case counted his chickens before they were hatched."

"You mean that the railroad's not going through? Why, only the other day I saw in the paper—"

"Oh, the road's going through, of course, Morton, but not by that route."

"How can it go by any other route?" demanded the young fellow. "Our land is right along the river, and level as a floor. Farther east and west it is hilly and rocky. Father bought on both sides of the river, for he said the road would have to take one side or the other."

"Yes, that was one of the cases where your father miscalculated. We'll try to get as much as possible out of the investment, even if the sum seems very small compared to the amount you had hoped to receive. A half loaf is better than no bread."

For a moment Morton had hesitated; then he thrust his hands into his pockets and turned on his father's executor a very determined face. "I don't think we will sell at present, Mr. Craven."

"Not sell?" The man thus confronted seemed to find the name difficult. Morton had so lately experienced in believing his ears. "Why, I tell you it's your own chance to get anything at all."

"Perhaps you're right, but I'd rather take a chance, and I think my mother will feel the same."

"I am under the impression," said Mr. Craven, with dignity, "that your mother will choose to be guided by my execution. To be quite frank, I am somewhat disappointed, Morton, to have you take this attitude."

The older man's not unnatural impression, however, regarding Mrs. O'Neill's stand was not realized, for her son had been the first to reach her ear. Though she rather doubted Morton's wisdom in setting his judgment up against a man so

much older and his father's friend, she had not been willing to go to the length of selling the land against his protest, as she had the legal right to do. Now the affair had resolved itself into a sort of endurance test between the two men. Diantha and her mother did not take sides with either, but they leaned, so it seemed to Morton, rather in Mr. Craven's direction.

More than a month had passed since first the matter had been broached and Mr. Craven was plainly becoming more and more uneasy, constantly bringing more and more pressure to bear on his young friend to induce him to yield. Although the latter was as far as ever from giving in, he was distinctly uncomfortable. When he and Diantha were alone, they invariably began to speak of the matter always in their thoughts.

It was a relief to both when the ringing of the telephone broke in on their conversation. The girl who was nearest went to answer it. "Sounds like a long distance call," she called over her shoulder to her brother. More than a minute passed before the connection was completed. Morton, who had carelessly picked up a newspaper, was startled by hearing his sister suddenly catch her breath convulsively. He turned to look at her; and then, starting to his feet, sprang to her assistance, for she seemed about to faint. As he reached her, Diantha spoke in a queer, jerky voice. "Who—who are you?" Morton could not hear the answer, but at once she uttered a suppressed scream and turned an absolutely ashen face towards him. "It's asking for you!"

"Who's asking for me?" demanded Morton, but his sister did not answer. Indeed as she moved away and dropped happily into a chair, she seemed almost beyond speech. Morton's heart was thumping as he put the receiver to his ear and said mechanically, "Hello." The next moment he staggered as though he stood on the deck of a rocking ship.

The voice that reached his ears was rich and mellow, with just a suggestion of Irish brogue, a voice in a thousand. "That you, Bud?" it asked.

"Oh!" The cry was not loud, but there was anguish in it. Morton shook like a leaf.

"Bud," the voice said, "you're making a mistake. Be guided by Mr. Craven. He is right and you're wrong."

"Dad!" gasped Morton. "Where are you? What does this mean?" Silence met the question, and then over the wire came the familiar, "Number please."

"You haven't put me off, have you, operator?" shouted the frantic lad. "I'm talking to somebody. It was a long distance call, I think." His frenzied appeals, however, failed to secure the connection he wished, though after a time Morton elicited the information that the call had come from a pay station in New

York City.

When at last Morton left the telephone and went over to sit beside his sister, he was as colorless as ash. The two pale, shaken young people regarded each other in silence for a long moment. "Morton," Diantha whispered at length through white lips, "do you think that was father's spirit?"

"The question was quite unexpected. The brother's thoughts were not running parallel with his sister's. He straightened himself with a convulsive start. "Why no. Of course not."

"Why do you say that?"

"That call came from a pay-station in New York City. He called us from there and paid the charges."

"Then he's alive," whispered the girl. The words which eighteen months before she would have shrieked with joy, she whispered now with undefined terror.

"Yes," Morton whispered back, "he's alive. He must be crazy," he added, as if to allay some dark suspicion in his mind. "What did he say to you?"

"He said, 'Who's this? But I didn't answer. I just said, 'Who are you?' and he gave a laugh and said, 'You ought to know. I want to speak to Bud.' Nobody else ever called you that."

"No," Morton took his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. "That fond, foolish little name which his father had used constantly in his young boyhood, and occasionally in these later years, brought the relief of tears."

"What did he say to you?" Diantha asked.

"He told me to be guided by Mr. Craven."

"The girl caught her breath. "Then he knows about our trouble."

"Seems so."

The two sat staring at each other, their breath coming fast. Within a few moments their world had turned upside down. Morton broke the silence, by saying, "Mother mustn't know about this."

"No," Diantha agreed. "It would kill her. It was bad enough to have father drowned, but to have him alive, and in this condition is a million times worse. She waited for her brother's unnecessary agreement and then went on: "But how did he know about you and Mr. Craven?"

"I can't imagine."

"Do you suppose Mr. Craven knows that—that father is alive?"

"It doesn't seem possible," said Morton faintly. "The horror of the affair was growing on him. 'Why, we haven't any right to that life insurance,' he exclaimed. 'If Mr. Craven knows, he's not at all afraid.'"

Diantha's thoughts swung back to her first hypothesis. "Perhaps it was father's spirit speaking, Morton. That would explain his knowing all about us."

Her brother shook his head. "No, Diantha, that isn't the solution."

"Are you going to do as he said?" Morton rose and paced the room without replying. At last he halted before his sister's chair and spoke with decision. "No. If father is within two hours of us and leaves mother to break her heart, without a word from him, he's not himself; and I shan't rely on his judgment."

"The days that followed were very hard ones for the brother and sister. Eighteen months before they had passed through an experience which they had imagined nothing in the future could equal. Now, however, they found themselves confronted with a ghastly possibility which death seemed trivial. Diantha clung desperately to the belief that her father had spoken from the world beyond. "I just can't face the other possibility," she told Morton, "that father could be alive and near and not come to us."

"It only proves he's insane," her brother said. He was having an even harder time than Diantha, for nearly every day he had a trying interview with Mr. Craven. It seemed to him that now combined with this gentleman's annoyance at his obtuseness, there was an added element of surprise, as though he had taken it for granted that something had happened which would change his young friend's attitude. Morton fought desperately against this impression, which would make the present situation unbearable to believe that Mr. Craven was in the secret which had been kept from his mother.

About a week after the mysterious telephone call Morton received a letter postmarked New York. He recognized in the signature the name of an old friend of his father's. This was somewhat surprising, but not nearly so much so as the contents of the letter, which he read with distended eyes.

"My dear Morton: Aren't you making a mistake in holding out for such a price on your land? I know your father would have been satisfied with a hundred thousand and you've refused considerable over that sum. Even a railway company objects to being engaged, my boy, as I happen to know, have reasons for urging you to close with the offer, especially as your land on the west side of the river will be enhanced in value."

"Talk this over with your mother, to whom remember me very kindly. Yours truly, Robert Craven."

Morton had taken this letter from a pile on the hall table, as he left home in the morning. Now he stopped at the office that he would not be in that day, and took the first train to New York.

A little more than two hours later he was in Mr. Craven's office and after a brief talk, the boy was taken to an official of the railroad which had, so

long promised an extension of its line along the Monroe River. An the three talked, it became apparent that Mr. Craven had been gully of bad faith. While he had urged Morton to sell for ten thousand, later advancing the sum to thirteen, he had been refusing an offer of one hundred and twenty-five thousand for the same holding. It was finally decided that all three should interview Mr. Craven next day and find out the reason for his strange behavior.

As the older man thought Morton had better stay in New York in order to be on hand if wanted, he went out to telephone Diantha not to expect him home that evening. He was wondering whether he could give his sister some hint of the result of his interview, which would not be intelligible to anyone else, and his manner was abstracted as he said to the operator, "I want to talk to Cunningham, Pennsylvania, Gray 1216."

"The girl looked up with a frown. "Why I told you to go to Number six."

Morton came out of cloudland with a start. "Why how could you?" he exclaimed. "I've just this minute come in."

The girl stared up at him. "Oh, I see," she exclaimed apologetically. "It was the other gentleman, but he called the same number."

"But I want Gray 1216, in Cunningham, Pennsylvania."

"It's the same number," insisted the girl. "The gentleman in Number six is talking there now."

"Talking to my home?" exclaimed Morton, very much awake by now. He walked down to the booth numbered six, and looked with interest through the glass door. A dark, unprepossessing man was engaged in earnest conversation therein. Morton stood waiting outside, wondering what possible connection this unattractive individual could have with his family. As finally he left the booth, the lad accented him. "May I ask why you are calling the O'Neills in Cunningham?"

"And may I ask what business that is of yours?"

The question, trivial as it was, answered Morton's inquiry. The man understood man had a voice mellow and rich, with just a hint of Irish brogue. The next move was to take him by the collar. "I'll tell what business it is of mine, you scoundrel. My name's O'Neill, and you've been pausing yourself off for my dead father. Now listen, you're straight with me and make a clean breast of everything, I'll send you to jail for this."

The man did not take long to make up his mind. Probably Morton's hand on his collar, and the flashing anger of his eyes, helped him to reach a decision. "Well, don't trouble me," he said suddenly, "and I'll tell you all you want to know. I haven't done anything to be jailed for."

"Come along with me, then, and if

you own up, I may let you off."

Morton was airt, even before his prisoner made his confession, that Mr. Craven was implicated in the affair, too, and when at length the man told his story to him and Mr. Craven, the lad's suspicion was justified. The man gave his name as George Oliver and said he was the proprietor of a small news stand not far from the Pennsylvania station. He was in conversation with a friend one day when a man passed, and suddenly as Oliver spoke, stopped and faced about. "He was as white as chalk. He stared at me as if he'd seen a ghost, and when I asked him what he wanted, he kind of gasped before he answered. Then he begged my pardon and said that my voice was so like that of a dead friend of his that it had pretty nearly bowled him over when he heard it. 'Then he went on, and I didn't expect to see him again.'"

"About six weeks ago. He came up to the stand, bought a couple of magazines, and stood talking a while with me. Finally he said 'I'd do him a favor, he would make it worth my while. He said a young fellow he was interested in was likely to make a fool of himself, and he wanted me to pass myself off for his father. He told me to call him 'Bud' and he gave me some other pointers. It looked like an easy way to make a little money. I got along first rate with you.' The little man looked at Morton and grinned reminiscently. "But today I tried the old lady and that was a different proposition."

Morton did not understand what was meant by this till the following day when he and Diantha talked the matter over. "Mother was really magnificent. When Susan came up and said New York was calling her, my blood ran cold. I said I'd answer, but mother wouldn't let me. Of course I only heard she said, but afterward she told me what was said to her. The voice began, 'Anna, it's Jack.' Mother drew herself up and said in the most by voice, 'Sir, the only Jack I am interested in cannot speak to me.' Then he began to tell her that he knew he hadn't done right, and she cut him short. 'If you are pretending to be my husband,' she said, 'let me tell you now that you are a common swindler and I shall not listen to you longer.' And she rang off."

Morton was puzzled. "Does she really number father's voice so much better than we do?"

"I asked her if it didn't sound like father's voice, and she said, 'Perhaps so, but voices are one thing and character is another. Do you think I lived with your father for twenty-three years without knowing that he was incapable of base and cowardly conduct?'"

Morton smiled ruefully. "Looks as if we might have done better to let mother into our secret, doesn't it?"

(Concluded on Page Six)