

The VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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"My dear," said Mr. Poundstone impressively, "if you would only confine yourself to wishing, I assure you your chances for success would be infinitely brighter."

There was no mistaking this rebuff; even two cocktails were powerless to render Mrs. Poundstone obdurate. With the nicest tact in the world, she adroitly changed the subject to some tailored shirtwaists she had observed in the window of a local dry goods emporium that day, and Mrs. Poundstone subsided.

About nine o'clock, Shirley, in response to a meaningful glance from her relative, tactfully conveyed Mrs. Poundstone upstairs, leaving her uncle alone with his prey. Instantly Pennington got down to business.

"Well," he queried, apropos of nothing,



Don't Sacrifice the good leather in that upper—because the sole has worn through.

Leather is at a premium now, as we all know. It pays more than ever to see us for high-class shoe rebuilding.

"Shoe Hospital"
108 West Fifth Street
We refund postage.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE State of Washington, in and for Thurston County.

Katherine Wood, plaintiff, vs. Harrison B. Wood, defendant, No. 2114.

The State of Washington to Harrison B. Wood, defendant:

You are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the date of the first publication of this summons, to wit: within sixty days after the 25th day of April, 1920, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled court, and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, and serve a copy of your answer upon the undersigned attorney for the plaintiff at his address below stated; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the prayer of the complaint, which has been filed with the clerk of the said court.

This is an action to secure a divorce, and to have the community property of plaintiff and defendant set aside to plaintiff, and to secure the custody of the minor child of plaintiff and defendant to plaintiff, together with an allowance for the support of the said child in the sum of fifty dollars per month, said action being based upon cruelty.

GEORGE F. YANTIS, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Olympia National Bank Building, Olympia, Thurston County, Washington.

Published in the Washington Standard April 27, May 4, 11, 18, 25, June 1, 8, 1920.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE State of Washington, in and for the County of Thurston, In Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of George S. Pond, deceased, No. 2114.

Notice of Hearing of Final Account and Report and Petition for Distribution.

Notice is hereby given, that S. M. Percival, J. C. Percival and H. A. Percival have rendered and presented for settlement and filed with the clerk of the superior court of said county, and state their final account and report and petition for distribution as such administrators, and that Monday, the 21st day of June, 1920, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the court room of our superior court at Olympia, in said county, has been duly appointed by our superior court for the settlement of the final account, at which time the court is asked to settle such report, distribute the property to the heirs of persons entitled to the same and discharge the administrators.

Witness, the Hon. D. F. Wright, Judge of the said Superior Court, and the seal of said county, affixed this 24th day of May, 1920.

V. A. MILROY, County Clerk and Clerk of said Superior Court.

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Do You Need a Silo Mr. Farmer?

Perhaps it is not that you are in need of just now, but whatever it is, you may be sure your requirement will be given every consideration at the Olympia National.

We are striving to have this bank serve as financial headquarters for farmers.

Government Supervision.

Olympia National Bank

ing. "What do you hear with reference to the Northern California-Oregon railroad?"

"Oh, the usual amount of wind, Colonel. Nobody knows what to make of that outfit."

Pennington studied the end of his cigar a moment.

"Have they made any move to get a franchise?" he asked bluntly. "If they have, I suppose you would be the first man to hear about it. I don't mean to be impertinent," he added with a gracious smile, "but the fact is I noticed that windbag Ogilvy entering your office in the city hall the other afternoon, and I couldn't help wondering whether his visit was social or official."

"Social—so far as I could observe," Poundstone replied truthfully, wondering just how much Pennington knew.

"Preliminary to the official visit, I dare say."

The Colonel puffed thoughtfully for a while—for which the mayor was grateful, since it provided time in which to organize himself. Suddenly, however, Pennington turned toward his guest and fixed the latter with a serious glance.

"I hadn't anticipated discussing this matter with you, Poundstone, and you must forgive me for it; but the fact is—I might as well be frank with you—I am very greatly interested in the operation of this proposed railroad. If it is built, it will have a very distinct effect on my finances."

"In just what way?"

"Disastrous."

"I am amazed, Colonel."

"You wouldn't be if you had given the subject very close consideration. Such a road as the N. C. O. contemplates will tap about one-third of the redwood belt only, while a line built from the south will tap two-thirds of it. The remaining third can be tapped by an extension of my own logging road; when my own timber is logged out, I will want other business for my road, and if the N. C. O. parallels it, I will be left with two streaks of rust on my hands."

"Ah, I perceive. So it will, so it will!"

"You agree with me, then, Poundstone, that the N. C. O. is not designed to foster the best interests of the community. Of course you do. I take it, therefore, that when the N. C. O. applies for its franchise to run through Sequoia, neither you nor your city council will consider the proposition at all."

"I cannot, of course, speak for the city council," Poundstone began, but Pennington's cold, amused smile froze further utterance.

"Be frank with me, Poundstone. I am not a child. What I would like to know is this: will you exert every effort to block that franchise in the firm conviction that by so doing you will accomplish a laudable public service?"

Poundstone squirmed. "When I have had time to look into the matter more thoroughly—"

"Tut-tut, my dear man! Let us not straddle the issue. Business is a game, and so is politics. Neither knows any sentiment. Suppose you should favor this N. C. O. crowd in a mistaken idea that you were doing the right thing, and that subsequently numberless fellow-citizens developed the idea that you had not done your public duty. Would some of them not be likely to invoke a recall election and retire you and your city council—in disgrace?"

"I doubt if they could defeat me, Colonel."

"I have no such doubt," Pennington replied pointedly.

Poundstone looked up at him from under lowered lids. "Is that a threat?" he demanded tremulously.

"My dear fellow! Threaten my guest!" Pennington laughed patronizingly. "I am giving you advice, Poundstone—and rather good advice, it strikes me. However, while we're on the subject, I have no hesitancy in telling you that in the event of a disastrous decision on your part, I should not feel justified in supporting you."

He might, with equal frankness, have said: "I would smash you." To his guest his meaning was not obscure. Poundstone studied the pattern of the rug, and Pennington, watching him sharply, saw that the man was distressed. He resolved on a bold stroke.

"Let's not bent about the bush, Poundstone," he said with the air of a father patiently striving to induce his child to recant a lie, tell the truth, and save himself from the parental wrath. "You've been doing business with Ogilvy; I know it for a fact, and you might as well admit it."

Poundstone looked up, red and embarrassed. "If I had known—" he began.

"Certainly, certainly! I realize you acted in perfect good faith. You're like the majority of people in Sequoia. You're all so crazy for rail connection with the outside world that you jump at the first plan that seems to promise you one. Have you promised Ogilvy a franchise?"

There was no dodging that question. A denial, under the present circumstances, would be tantamount to an admission; Poundstone could not guess just how much the Colonel really knew, and it would not do to lie to him, since eventually the lie must be discovered. He resolved to "come clean."

"The city council has already granted the N. C. O. a temporary franchise," he confessed.

Pennington sprang furiously to his feet. "Damn it," he snarled, "why did you do that without consulting me?"

"Didn't know you were remotely interested." Now that the ice was broken, Poundstone felt relieved and was prepared to defend his act vigorously. "And we did not commit ourselves irrevocably," he continued. "The temporary franchise will expire in twenty-eight days—and in that time the N. C. O. cannot even get started."

"Have you any understanding as to an extension of that temporary franchise, in case the N. C. O. desires it?"

"Well, yes—not in writing, however. I gave Ogilvy to understand that if he was not ready in thirty days, an extension could readily be arranged."

"Any witnesses?"

"I am not such a fool, sir," Poundstone declared with asperity. "I had a notion—I might as well admit it—that you would have serious objection to having your tracks cut by a jump-crossing at B and Water streets." And for no reason in life except to justify himself and inculcate in Pennington an impression that the latter was dealing with a crafty and far-seeing mayor, Poundstone smiled boldly and knowingly. He leaned back nonchalantly and blew smoke at the ceiling.

"You oily rascal!" Pennington soliloquized. "You're a smarter man than I thought. You're trying to play both ends against the middle." He recalled the report of his private detective and the incident of Ogilvy's visit to young Henry Poundstone's office with a small leather bag; he was more than ever convinced that this bag had contained the bribe, in gold coin, which had been productive of that temporary franchise and the verbal understanding for its possible extension.

"Ogilvy did business with you through your son Henry," he challenged. Poundstone started violently. "How much did Henry get out of it?" Pennington continued brutally.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars retainer, and not a cent more," Poundstone protested virtuously—and truthfully.

"You're not so good a business man as I gave you credit for being," the Colonel retorted merrily. "Two hundred and fifty dollars! Oh, Lord! Poundstone, you're funny. Upon my word you're a scream." And the Colonel gave himself up to a sincerely hearty laugh. "You call it a retainer," he continued presently, "but a grand jury might call it something else. However," he went on after a slight pause.



"You're Not in Politics for Your Health."

"You're not in politics for your health; so let's get down to brass tacks. How much do you want to deny the N. C. O. not only an extension of that temporary franchise but also a permanent franchise, when they apply for it?"

Quantity production methods have placed them within the means of practically everyone at a price that includes many refinements.

"You can't tell by looking at a cat which way it's going to jump," nor by looking at a taxi what it is going to bump.

If you "can't afford it," there should never be any argument about whether you should get it.

Don't hear much about coming-out parties any more, probably because people are afraid to allow girls to come out any more than most of them already are.

Every advertiser in the Washington Standard is a friend of yours—a booster for your city and county. Patronize your friends.

fectly safe and sane proposition?"

Had a vista of paradise opened up before Poundstone, he could not have been more thrilled. He had been absolutely honest in his plea to Mrs. Poundstone that he could not afford a thirty-two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar sedan, much as he longed to oblige her and gain a greatly-to-be-desired peace. And now the price was dangling before his eyes, so to speak. At any rate it was parked in the portico—where not fifty feet distant!

For the space of a minute the mayor weighed his son's future as a corporation attorney against his own future as mayor of Sequoia—and Henry lost.

"It might be arranged, Colonel," he murmured in a low voice—the voice of shame.

"It is already arranged," the Colonel replied cheerfully. "Leave your job at the front gate and drive home in Shirley's car. I'll arrange matters with her." He laughed shortly. "It means, of course, that I'll have to telegraph to San Francisco tomorrow and buy her a later model. Thank goodness, she has a birthday tomorrow! Have a fresh cigar, mayor."

Colonel Pennington had little difficulty in explaining the deal to Shirley, who was sleepy and not at all interested. The Poundstones had bared her to extinction, and upon her uncle's assurance that she would have a new car within a week, she thanked him and for the first time retired without offering her cheek for his good-night kiss. Shortly thereafter the Colonel sought his own virtuous couch and prepared to surrender himself to the first good sleep in three weeks. He laid the flatteringunction to his soul that Bryce Cardigan had dealt him a poor hand from a magicked deck and he had played it exceedingly well. "Lucky I blocked the young beggar from getting those rails out of the Laurel Creek spur," he mused, "or he'd have had his jump-crossing in overnight—and then where the devil would I have been? Up Salt creek without a paddle—and all the courts in Christendom would avail me nothing."

He was dozing off, when a sound smote upon his ears. Instantly he was wide awake, listening intently, his head cocked on one side. The sound grew louder; evidently it was approaching Sequoia—and with a bound the Colonel sat up in bed, trembling in every limb.

Suddenly, out of the deep, rumbling diapason he heard a sharp click—then another and another. He counted them—six in all.

"A locomotive and two flat cars!" he murmured. "And they just passed over the switch leading from the main-line tracks out to my log dump. That means the train is going down Water street to the switch into Cardigan's yard. By George, they've outwitted me!"

With the agility of a boy he sprang into his clothes, raced downstairs, and leaped into Mayor Poundstone's jitney, standing in the darkness at the front gate.

(To Be Continued)

CARE WILL PROLONG LIFE OF YOUR SHOES

Footwear Requires Good Treatment or It Soon Grows Shabby—Shoes Given Proper Care Wear Twice as Long as Those Badly Treated.

When a pair of dress shoes could be bought with a 5-dollar bill most people were not greatly concerned as to how long they would wear. But now nearly everybody is taking better care of his shoes in an endeavor to prolong their usefulness.

For those who are not "shoe wise" the following advice on the care of shoes, given by clothing specialists in the United States Department of Agriculture, may prove helpful.

Walk Right to Save Shoes.

Careful poise of the body in walking prolongs the life of shoes. A careless, slipshod gait wears shoes unevenly, while an erect carriage tends to keep the soles and heels level.

Shoes, even more than most other articles of clothing, need to be aired after wearing in order to prevent the perspiration from rotting the lining. It is a good plan to keep them on shoe-trees or stuffed with tissue paper, because in this way the wrinkles are forced out and the original shape is preserved.

Wetting tends to spoil the appearance of shoes and to shorten their period of service; therefore, overshoes should be worn in bad weather.

Wet shoes should be dried slowly and carefully, for heat tends to crack the leather. It is especially important to restore the shape of wet shoes by shoetrees or paper stuffing. Even with the most careful drying, moisture tends to rot the threads with which a shoe is sewn, and "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

All types of rubber overshoes are now so expensive that they should be treated as carefully as the shoes they protect. They should be kept away from great heat, and set "right side up with care" to prevent their losing shape. They should also be washed or brushed so that the grit on them may not wear down the surface.

Rest Is Good For Them.

It is economy to keep two pairs of shoes in use and wear them on alternate days; the thorough airing on shoe trees or stuffed with paper keeps them fresher and more shapely so that each pair gives longer service. All shoes should be kept clean and well brushed. Leather shoes may be rubbed with vaseline to keep them soft, and also to keep moisture from passing quickly through the leather. Only good polishes should be used.

In using paste polishes, a brush is preferable to a cloth, as it will force the paste into all crevices. The shoes should stand a few minutes after the paste is applied; then they should be brushed with a flat, stiff brush and polished with a cloth or a buffer, a brush made of layers of clothing having a napped surface. A glove made of sheepskin with the wool on, such as is used for rubbing furniture, is also very good for polishing shoes.

White canvas shoes are usually cleaned with a commercial preparation. If water is used, no more than necessary should be applied on the shoes and they must be cleaned on shoe-trees or stuffed with paper to prevent the canvas from shrinking. If they are badly soiled they may be washed with a soap that contains whitening, dried, and if necessary treated with a commercial cleaner. All traces of the cleaner should be carefully wiped from the edges of a colored sole; otherwise the shoe will have a slovenly appearance. White suede and buckskin shoes are cleaned in much the same general way, but with special cleaners made for the purpose.

Chest or Bags Conserve Space.

Where conservation of space is not necessary, a small chest for holding shoes may be added to the furnishings of the bedroom; or shoe bags hung on the inside of the closet door are good. Pairs of bags in different colors are very useful for packing shoes when traveling; they keep the shoes from being scratched, prevent them from soiling other articles, and make it possible to sort out a particular pair quickly.

Shoe repairing has become such an art that shoes must be of very poor leather, indeed, if they will not stand repairs. Run-down heels spoil the shape of shoes and should be leveled at once. If the shoes are of good leather, well shaped, and well made, it is worth while to have full soles hand sewed on them and new heels put on when the first set wears through. Shoes thus mended will outwear those repaired with ordinary full soles, and also have a much better appearance. Brass nails in the heels make less noise than iron nails in walking. Rubber heels prevent jarring and for some persons they seem to wear longer than leather heels.

NEW FEATURES OF WAR RISK INSURANCE

Former service men are notified that a new official circular of information listed as "LD-9" and entitled "New and Liberal Features of War Risk Insurance," is now issued.

The text of this bulletin is based upon the latest amendment to the war risk act which permits payments in case of both war risk (term) and converted insurance.

The circular is printed in booklet form, illustrated by charts, and has an index by the use of which any ordinary question about government insurance may be readily answered. A copy of the booklet may be obtained by writing to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, D. C., or upon application to organizations of former service men and welfare organizations co-operating with the Bureau of war risk insurance.

Former service men whose insurance has lapsed or been canceled, and who wish to reinstate it or convert it, or to effect both these processes at the same time, are advised to secure a copy of the official form described as "LD-8." "Good Nws for All Ex-Service Men," which is a combination of information sheet and reinstatement and conversion blanks, the latter to be filled out, detached and mailed directly to the Bureau.

Regardless of how long a service man has been discharged or how long his insurance has lapsed or been canceled, he may reinstate his war risk insurance at any time before July 1, 1920, or within 18 months after his discharge, if that be a later date, and upon payment of only two monthly premiums on the amount of insurance he desires to reinstate, with a satisfactory statement of health.

POP CORN CONFESTIONS THAT NEVER GO BEGGING

Buttered and salted pop corn is delicious in itself, but bor a change try one of the following recipes for pop corn confessions. The home economics kitchen of the United States Department of Agriculture stands sponsor for them. Try them for a winter evening.

Chocolate Pop Corn.—Two teaspoons white sugar, 1/2 cup corn sirup, 2 ounces of chocolate, 1 cup water; or, 1 1/2 cups corn sirup, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1/2 teaspoon of salt, 2 ounces of chocolate.

Put the ingredients into a kettle and cook them until the sirup hardens when dropped into cold water. Pour over 4 quarts of crisp, freshly popped corn and stir well to insure the uniform coating of the kernels.

Sugared Pop Corn.

Make a sirup by boiling together teaspoons of water or 2 cups of corn sirup and 1 tablespoon of vinegar. 2 teaspoons of granulated sugar and 1 corn sirup and 1 tablespoon of vinegar. Boil until the sirup strings from the spoon or hardens when dropped into cold water. Pour over 6 quarts of freshly popped corn and stir well.

Pop Corn Balls.

1 pint of molasses or maple sirup, 1 cup of sugar or 2 cups of corn sirup, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vinegar.

Cook till the sirup hardens when dropped into cold water. Remove to back of stove and add one-half teaspoon of soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon of hot water, and then pour the hot sirup over 4 quarts of freshly popped corn, stirring till each kernel is well coated, when it can be molded into balls or into any desired form.

Darker balls may be made by using New Orleans molasses and lighter colored ones by the use of maple sirup. Any good sirup or molasses can be used.

Better service, better tires, bigger mileage. That's us. Bogg Bros., 614 East Fourth street.

THE FIRE FOOL

A fool there was and he flung a match
Even as you and I,
Carelessly down on a sun-dried patch,
Giving no heed that a fire might catch
And spread to the timber with quick dispatch,
Even as you and I.

The fool returned on his way and
found,
Even as you and I,
Ashes and embers all over the ground,
And far in the distance, with horrible sound,
The fire consuming the timber around,
Started when he went by.

The fool passed on with wondering look,
Even as you and I,
He couldn't explain the fire that took
The forest away, and dried the brook,
And left the region a place forsook;
He was a fool—that's why.

The shell of a hen's egg constitutes about 11 per cent, the yolk 32 per cent, and the white 57 per cent of the total weight of the egg.