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A New Romance of the Storm Country

SYNOPSIS.
CHAPTER I.—Lonely and almost friendless, Tonibel Devon, living on a canal boat, child of a brutal father and a worn-out, discouraged mother, wanders into a Salvation army hall at Ithaca, N. Y. There she meets a young Salvation army captain, Philip MacCauley.

CHAPTER II.—Uriah Devon, Tony's father, returns to the boat from a protracted "sneeze" and announces he has arranged for Tony to marry a worthless companion of his, Reginald Brown. Mrs. Devon objects, and Uriah beats her. She intimates there is a secret connected with Tonibel.

CHAPTER III.—In clothes that Uriah has brought Tony finds a baby's picture with a notification of a reward for its return to a Doctor Pendlehaven. She goes to return the picture.

CHAPTER IV.—With the Pendlehavens, a family of wealth, live Mrs. Curtis, a cousin, her son and daughter, Katherine Curtis and Reginald Brown. Katherine is deeply in love with Philip MacCauley.

CHAPTER V.
Doctor John Has a Visitor.

After remaining hidden in the forest for some time, Tonibel stole along toward Ithaca in the gathering gloom, her heart filled with hope. To get some medicine for Edith, and to take back the picture to the father who had offered money for it, were the two things she wanted to do now. Her young mind was busy with plans for her mother. If she could find some work to do, and Edith would go with her, she would get well again.

That evening, just after dinner, Dr. John Pendlehaven was sitting in his office, his mind disturbed, his heart aching for the sick brother upstairs, and he remembered that the first three or four years after the disappearance of Paul's daughter had been spent in a frantic search. All those working on the case had finally decided that Edith Mindil, a young nurse who had cared for the child most of the time since her mother had died and was devoted to her, had left home with the baby.

He sat up suddenly, for distinctly there came to him from the wide front porch the patter of feet like the soft footpads of some stealthy night-animal. He turned his eyes on the open door that led to the porch—and then he rose. There before him stood a girl, a silent girl looking at him beseechingly—a curious demanding expression in her eyes, and she was bare-footed, too. He didn't speak, nor did he move forward. She was not a patient, that he knew, for only the rich came to him for treatment.

Suddenly she smiled and took two steps toward him. "Good evening," he managed to say.

"Paul Pendlehaven?" came in a



There Before Him Stood a Girl—a Silent Girl.

breath, and Doctor John shook his head. "Oh! I hoped you were!" was the swift reply. "I want to see the doctor."

The voice was filled with touching pathos, and the young face had grown suddenly grave.

"I'm one Doctor Pendlehaven," he said. "Won't you sit down?"

Tonibel shook her head. She couldn't sit down in all this royal splendor, she who had been used to canal boats and rough benches to sit on.

"I'm kinda mussed up," she said in excuse. "I've come to make a dicker with—with Dr. Paul Pendlehaven."

"Tell me what you want of my brother?" he said gently. "Do you want him to help you?"

"Yes, a hull lot," she responded, "a great lot. My mother's awful sick. But I can't tell how she got that way, so don't ask me. But—but I thought maybe if I brought Doctor Paul's baby back—" She paused, drew out of her blouse the picture and handed it out,

"I thought if I didn't take any money for it, he'd help me, and maybe wouldn't make me tell where I got it."

John Pendlehaven made no move to touch the little card she was holding out to him, and Tonibel came nearer. Her fingers let go their hold on the picture, and it fell to the floor. And there before the startled man's eyes, she dropped down and began to sob long bitter sobs such as John Pendlehaven had never heard from any of his own women kind.

"I want some one to help my mummy so bad," came to him from among the curls.

Then he shook himself, deep sympathy striking at him.

"Listen to me, my dear; you've done my brother the greatest favor in the world by bringing back this picture. He stooped and picked it up. "He loved it dearly; no money could have bought it."

Tonibel's eyes, filled with tears gazed up at him, and the red lips trembled.

"I don't want money," she faltered. "But my poor little mummy's sick. So I said to myself if the picture was worth cash, then maybe I could get some medicine as a change off."

"We'll go to her instantly," said Pendlehaven. "Wait until I get my hat and coat, and I'll tell my brother you brought this to him."

In a few minutes he was back, finding her standing where he had left her. Without a word they walked out into the night.

As they passed the Salvation army quarters the girl turned her head and looked at it. But she made no remark, and so rapid did she walk that Pendlehaven found himself taking long strides to keep up with her.

To say he was surprised when they turned from the boulevard road to a path leading to the west shore of the lake would be putting it lightly. But he didn't ask where they were going; somehow it made no difference to him. His strong, warm hand held the small brown one, and something in the touch of the girl's fingers made him thrill with pleasure. He found himself vowing that anything this strange child should ask of him, he'd do, no matter what it might be.

They passed over a culvert through which water, in tumbling roars, took its way down the hill. Just on the north side the girl stopped.

"Here we are to the ragged rocks," she said. "There's the boat where my mummy is. See that little light? Stand here a minute till I come back and get you."

It had suddenly occurred to Tonibel that perhaps her father might have ventured home. If so, then she must prepare him for the doctor's coming.

She went immediately to her mother and looked down upon her. The swollen lids were still closed and the wan white face brought a rush of tears to the girl's eyes.

"I've brung some one to help you darlin'," she whispered, but the woman made no move, if by chance she heard.

Clambering up the steps, Tonibel was back at the doctor's side before he scarcely

"Mummy's alone," she said. "Come on."

Pendlehaven stooped over Edith Devon, gently taking her wrist in his fingers. For some time he sat beside her, then mixing a draught, succeeded in pouring it down her throat. The weary lids didn't lift, but one thin arm came rigidly upward, then fell back limply.

"Some one struck her, eh?" asked the doctor.

"Yep," replied the girl, and that was all.

Pendlehaven didn't ask anything more. In accepting the picture he had tacitly promised not to question her. What did it matter to him how the woman had come into her present condition? He would do his utmost, his very best for the sake of the trembling child who had brought back the baby's picture which might bring a new desire to live in his brother, Paul.

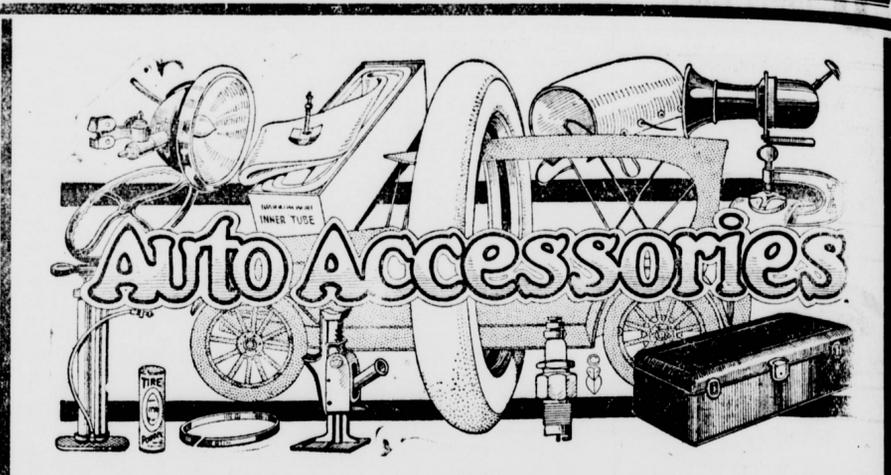
"Come outside," he said at length, rising. "I want to talk to you. She'll sleep a long time, perhaps until morning."

"She'll get well, huh?" demanded Tonibel, in a whisper.

"Surely," he responded. "Of course." The thought of her father coming home drunk flashed across the girl's mind. "I don't want you to stay if she's all right," she said with a backward bend of her head. "You said she'd get well, didn't you?" At the doctor's affirmative nod she went on: "Then I'll take you back up the hill, so you'll be safe."

"No," said Pendlehaven, firmly. "No, I won't let you. I can find my way all right, but I can't leave you like this."

Tonibel extended her hand. "I said I was going with you," she answered



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crisply. "Come on, it'll be all hours before you get home now. I ain't sayin' I would love to have you in the Dirty Mary with mummy and me, but you might get killed if you stay."

"And what about you?" demanded Pendlehaven.

"Oh, I'm used to it," she responded. "Somebody might give me a swat or two on my bean, but that won't count for nothin'!"

When they reached the boulevard, he dropped her hand.

"Now go back," he said gently, "I can find my way. Will you come tomorrow at two, and let me know how she is? Or shall I come down?"

"I'll hike to you," answered Tonibel. "If you're sure now you won't get lost, I'll run back to mummy. But—"

"I shall get home perfectly safe, child," came in quick interruption, and "Good-night. Thank you for bringing me the picture and allowing me to come to your mother."

(To Be Continued)

WEARY WILKINS APPEARS
UNITED CHURCHES NEXT
WEDNESDAY EVENING

Champion Thrift Stamp Seller Will Tell Why Americans Should Save to Be Happy.

W. A. (Weary) Wilkins of Seattle, who during the war earned the title of champion thrift stamp seller of the world, will share the program next Wednesday night at the United Churches with Dr. T. H. Simpson. "Thrift and Americanism" will be the title of Mr. Wilkins talk, and Dr. T. H. Simpson will give an illustrated

lecture on "Why there is no excuse for poverty in the United States."

In private life Mr. Wilkins is proprietor of the Pacific Bindery, 501 Collins block. Because he could not enter the army he took up the work of selling thrift stamps on downtown street corners in Seattle. He met with such signal success that when the armistice ended his stamp selling activities, he was called upon to tell the business men of Seattle how he did it. This resulted in his being called to the public schools and the churches to speak on "Thrift and Americanism," a purely gratuitous service on his part. The sobriquet 'Weary' was conferred upon him by his friends and business associates while he was selling thrift stamps. Now he is known all over the state

as 'Weary' Wilkins, the man who preaches 'Thrift and Americanism' as ardently and successfully as Billy Sunday exhorts sinners to repent.

Complimenting Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Taylor, who will leave shortly, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Filsinger and Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Gregg entertained with a card party Saturday evening at their home on Main street. Those present were Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Melcum, Mr. and Mrs. DeFore Cramblitt, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Filsinger, and Dr. and Mrs. Gregg.

Mrs. Percy Sinclair, wife of Senator Sinclair of Pacific county arrived in the city Wednesday and is registered at the Hotel Olympian.

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