

What the sugar speculating sharks  
Prices are coming down and spirits  
are going up.  
The civil war in China acts like a  
tempest in a teapot.  
Sugar came down in time to save the  
reputation of peach cobbler.  
When summer lingers in the ample  
lap of autumn nobody objects.  
The more a woman has to be happy  
about the less she is satisfied.

Of course honeymooning couples will  
vote as one, but for which one?  
Lots of women who take men "for  
better" find it really was for worse.  
In the fall a June groom's efforts  
turn to thoughts of getting some cool.  
What goes up must come down—  
let us hope on the profiteer's crown!  
Of course, you will experience no  
benefit from price cuts unless you buy.  
Perhaps the reason Nero added  
while Rome burned was that he had a  
bet up on it.  
With prices coming down, the balance  
is preserved by hopes of prosper-  
ity going up.  
A bandit doesn't care because the  
days are getting shorter. The nights  
are getting longer.  
That carry-your-lunch plan prob-  
ably will outlast the overall fad and is  
far more sensible.  
Clothes from paper present a ray  
of hope to the man whose last suit  
has grown that thin.

A girl is anxious to be given in mar-  
riage and a woman is glad she isn't.  
E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.  
Cathart is a local disease greatly in-  
creased by conditions.  
Some people prune their poor rela-  
tives by cutting their poor rela-  
tives.

A French scientist claims to have  
discovered the secret of rejuvenating  
old men by grafting into their bodies  
interstitial glands taken from monkeys.  
But why should a French rejuvenator  
want to make monkeys out of the old  
men?  
Starvation is said to be impending  
in Russia this winter. This is the  
pass to which its soviet government  
is bringing the devoted country, and  
which ought to open the eyes of the  
people of their government's utter in-  
competence and unpatriotism.

Less than one per cent of 24,000,000  
men registered under the selective  
service act during the war has been  
charged up to desertion. This is a  
fine record for the American fighting  
spirit.  
If psychic methods of foretelling so-  
cial disturbances are reliable, there  
should be no delay in adding a depart-  
ment of telepathy to the equipment of  
the government.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.  
—19—  
"I suppose so," she answered, "al-  
though I think until very recently that  
it was those sixteen townships of  
red cedar—that crown grant in  
British Columbia in which you induced  
me to invest four hundred thousand  
dollars. You will remember that you  
purchased that timber for me from the  
Caribou Timber company, Limited. You  
said it was an unparalleled invest-  
ment. Quite recently I learned—no  
matter how—that you were the prin-  
cipal owner of the Caribou Timber com-  
pany, Limited! Smart as you are,  
somebody swindled you with that red  
cedar. It was a wonderful stand of  
timber—so read the cruiser's report—  
but fifty per cent of it, despite its  
green and flourishing appearance, is  
hollow-butted! And the remaining  
fifty per cent of sound timber cannot  
be logged unless the rotten timber is  
legged also and gotten out of the way.  
And I am informed that logging it  
spells bankruptcy."  
She gazed at him steadily, but with-  
out malice; his face crimsoned and  
then paled; presently his glance  
sought the carpet. While he struggled  
to formulate a verbal defense against  
her accusation Shirley continued:  
"You had erected a huge sawmill  
and built and equipped a logging road  
before you discovered you had been  
swindled. So, in order to save as  
much as possible from the wreck, you  
decided to unload your white elephant  
on somebody else. I was the readiest  
victim. You were the executor of my  
father's estate—you were my guardian  
and financial adviser, and so you found  
it very, very easy to swindle me!"  
"I had my back to the wall," he  
quavered. "I was desperate—and it  
wasn't at all the bad investment you  
have been told it is. You had the money  
—more money than you knew what to  
do with—and with the proceeds of the  
sale of those cedar lands, I knew I  
could make an investment in California  
redwood and more than retrieve my  
fortunes—make big money for both  
of us."  
"You might have borrowed the money  
from me. You know I have never hesi-  
tated to join in your enterprises."  
"This was too big a deal for you,  
Shirley. I had vision. I could see in-  
calculable riches in this redwood em-  
pire, but it was a tremendous gamble  
and required twenty millions to swing  
it at the very start. I dreamed of the  
control of California redwood; and if  
you will stand by me, Shirley, I shall  
make my dream come true—and half  
of it shall be yours. It has always  
been my intention to buy back from  
you secretly and at a nice profit to you  
that Caribou red cedar, and with the  
acquisition of the Cardigan properties  
I would have been in position to do  
so. Why, that Cardigan tract in the  
San Hedrin which we buy in with-  
in a year for half a million, is worth  
five millions at least. And by that  
time, I feel certain—in fact, I know—  
the Northern Pacific will commence  
building in from the south, from Wil-  
lits."  
"I shall—" he began, but he paused  
abruptly, as if he had suddenly re-  
membered that tact and not pugnacity  
was the requirement for the handling  
of this ticklish situation.  
She silenced him with a disdainful  
gesture. "You shall not smash the  
Cardigans," she declared firmly. "You  
are devoid of mercy, of a sense of  
sportsmanship. Now, then, Uncle  
Seth, listen to me: You have twenty-  
four hours in which to make up  
your mind whether to accept my  
ultimatum or refuse it. If you re-  
fuse, I shall prosecute you for fraud  
and a betrayal of trust as my father's  
executor on that red cedar timber  
deal."  
He brightened a trifle. "I'm afraid  
that would be a long, hard row to hoe,  
my dear, and of course, I shall have to  
defend myself."  
"In addition," the girl went on qui-  
etly, "the county grand jury shall be  
furnished with a stenographic report  
of your conversation of Thursday  
night with Mayor Poundstone. That  
will not be a long, hard row to hoe,  
Uncle Seth, for in addition to the  
stenographer, I have another reliable  
witness, Judge Moore. Your casual  
disposal of my sedan as a bribe to the  
mayor will be hard to explain and  
rather amusing, in view of the fact  
that Bryce Cardigan managed to fright-  
en Mr. Poundstone into returning the  
sedan while you were away. And if  
that is not sufficient for my purpose,  
I have the sworn confession of the  
Black Minors that you gave him five  
hundred dollars to kill Bryce Cardigan.  
Your words boss, Rondeau, will also  
swear that you approached him with a  
propensity to do away with Bryce  
Cardigan. I think, therefore, that you  
will readily see how impossible a sit-  
uation you have managed to create  
and will not disagree with me when I  
suggest that it would be better for you  
to leave this country."  
His face had gone gray and hag-  
gard. "I can't," he murmured. "I  
can't leave this great business now.  
Your own interests in the company  
reader such a course unthinkable.  
Without my hand at the helm, things  
will go to smash."

# THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE  
Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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## CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

—19—

"I'll risk that. I want to get rid of  
that worthless red cedar timber; so I  
think you had better buy it back from  
me at the same figures at which you  
sold it to me."  
"But I haven't the money and I  
can't borrow it. I—"  
"I will have the equivalent in stock  
of the Laguna Grande Lumber com-  
pany. You will call on Judge Moore  
to complete the transaction and leave  
with him your resignation as president  
of the Laguna Grande Lumber com-  
pany."

The Colonel raised his glance and  
bent it upon her in cold appraisal.  
She met it with firmness, and the  
thought came to him: "She is a Pen-  
nington!" And hope died out in his  
heart. He began pleading in maudlin  
fashion for mercy, for compromise.  
But the girl was obdurate.  
"I am showing you more mercy than  
you deserve—you to whom mercy was  
ever a sign of weakness, of vacillation.  
There is a gulf between us, Uncle  
Seth—a gulf which for a long time  
I have dimly sensed and which, be-  
cause of my recent discoveries, has  
widened until it can no longer be  
bridged."

He wrung his hands in desperation  
and slid to his knees before her; with  
hypocritical endearments he strove to  
take her hand, but she drew away from  
him. "Don't touch me," she cried  
sharply and with a breaking note in  
her voice. "You planned to kill Bryce  
Cardigan! And for that—and that  
alone—I shall never forgive you."

She fled from the office, leaving him  
cringing and grovelling on the floor.  
"There will be no directors' meeting,  
Mr. Sexton," she informed the man-  
ager as she passed through the general  
office. "It is postponed."  
That trying interview had wrenched  
Shirley's soul to a degree that left her  
faint and weak. She at once set out  
on a long drive, in the hope that be-  
fore she turned homeward again she  
might regain something of her cus-  
tomary composure.

Presently the asphalt-paved  
street gave way to a dirt road and  
terminated abruptly at the boundaries  
of a field that sloped gently upward  
—a field studded with huge black red-  
wood stumps showing dimly  
through coronets of young redwoods  
that grew riotously around the base  
of the departed parent trees. From  
the fringe of the thicket thus formed,  
the terminus of an old skid-road  
showed and a signboard, freshly paint-  
ed, pointed the way to the Valley of  
the Giants.

Shirley had not intended to come  
here, but now that she had arrived,  
it occurred to her that it was here  
she wanted to come. Parking her car  
by the side of the road, she alighted  
and proceeded up the old skid, now  
newly plankled and with the encroach-  
ing forestation cut away so that the  
daylight might enter from above. On  
over the gentle divide she went and  
down toward the amphitheater where  
the primeval giants grew. And as  
she approached it, the sound that is  
silence in the redwoods—the thunder-  
ous diapason of the centuries—wove  
its spell upon her; quickly, impercep-  
tibly there faded from her mind the

memory of that grovelling Thing  
she had left behind in the mill-office, and  
in its place there came a subtle peace,  
a feeling of awe, of wonder—such a  
feeling, indeed, as must come to one  
in the realization that man is distant  
but God is near.  
A cluster of wild orchids pendent  
from the great fungus-covered roots  
of a giant challenged her attention.  
She gathered them. Farther on, in  
a spot where a shaft of sunlight fell,  
she plucked an armful of golden Cal-  
ifornia poppies and flaming rhododen-  
dren, and with her delicate burden  
she came at length to the giant-guard-  
ed clearing where the halo of sunlight  
fell upon the grave of Bryce Cardigan's  
mother. There were red roses  
as it a couple of dozen, at least, and

these she rearranged in order to make  
room for her own offering.  
"Poor dear!" she murmured aud-  
ibly. "God didn't spare you for much  
happiness, did he?"  
A voice, deep, resonant, kindly,  
spoke a few feet away. "Who is it?"  
Shirley, startled, turned swiftly.  
Seated across the little amphitheater  
in a lumberjack's easy-chair fashioned  
from an old barrel, John Cardigan sat,  
his sightless gaze bent upon her. "Who  
is it?" he repeated.  
"Shirley Sumner," she answered.  
"You do not know me, Mr. Cardigan."  
"No," replied he, "I do not. That  
is a name I have heard, however. You  
are Seth Pennington's niece. Is some-  
one with you?"  
"I am quite alone, Mr. Cardigan."  
"And why did you come here alone?"  
he queried.  
"—I wanted to think."  
"You mean you wanted to think  
clearly, my dear. Ah, yes, this is the  
place for thoughts." He was silent  
a moment. Then: "You were think-  
ing aloud, Miss Shirley Sumner. I  
heard you. You said: 'Poor dear! God  
didn't spare you for much happi-  
ness, did he?' Then you knew—  
about her being here."

"Yes, sir. Some ten years ago,  
when I was a very little girl, I met  
your son Bryce. He gave me a ride  
on his Indian pony, and we came here.  
So I remember."  
"Well, I declare! Ten years ago,  
eh? You've met, eh? You've met  
Bryce since his return to Sequoia, I  
believe. He's quite a fellow now."  
"He is indeed."  
John Cardigan nodded sagely. "So  
that's why you thought aloud," he re-  
marked impersonally. "Bryce told you  
about her. You are right, Miss Shir-  
ley Sumner. God didn't give her  
much time for happiness—just three  
years; but oh, such wonderful years!  
Such wonderful years!  
"It was mighty fine of you to bring  
flowers," he announced presently. "I  
appreciate that. I wish I could see  
you. You must be a dear, nice, thought-  
ful girl. Won't you sit down and talk  
to me?"  
"I should be glad to," she answered,  
and seated herself on the brown car-  
pet of redwood twigs close to his  
chair.  
"So you came up here to do a lit-  
tle clear thinking," he continued in  
his deliberate, amiable tones. "Do  
you come here often?"  
"This is the third time in ten years,"  
she answered. "I feel that I have  
no business to intrude here. This is  
your shrine, and strangers should not  
profane it."  
"I think I should have resented the  
presence of any other person, Miss  
Sumner. I resented you—until you  
spoke."  
"I'm glad you said that, Mr. Cardigan.  
It sets me at ease."  
"I hadn't been up here for nearly  
two years until recently. You see I  
—I don't own the Valley of the Giants  
any more."  
"Indeed. To whom have you sold  
it?"  
"I do not know, Miss Sumner. I had  
to sell; there was no other way out  
of the jam Bryce and I were in; so  
I sacrificed my sentiment for my boy.  
However, the new owner has been  
wonderfully kind and thoughtful. She  
reorganized that old skid-road so even  
an old blind duffer like me can find  
his way in and out without getting  
lost—and she had this easy-chair made  
for me. I have told Judge Moore, who  
represents the unknown owner, to ex-  
tend my thanks to his client. But  
words are so empty, Shirley Sumner.  
If that new owner could only under-  
stand how grateful I am—how pro-  
foundly her courtesy touches me—"  
"Her courtesy?" Shirley echoed.  
"Did a woman buy the Giants?"  
He smiled down at her. "Why,  
certainly. Who but a woman—and a  
dear, kind, thoughtful woman—would  
have thought to have this chair made  
and brought up here for me?"  
Fell a long silence between them;  
then John Cardigan's trembling hand  
went groping out toward the girl's.  
"Why, how stupid of me not to have  
guessed it immediately!" he said.  
"You are the new owner. My dear  
child, if the silent prayers of a very  
unhappy old man will bring God's  
blessing on you—there, there, girl! I  
didn't intend to make you weep. What  
a tender heart it is, to be sure!"  
She took his great toll-worn hand,  
and her hot tears fell on it, for his  
gentleness, his benignity, had touch-  
ed her deeply. "Oh, you must not tell  
anybody! You mustn't," she cried.  
He put his hand on her shoulder as  
she knelt before him. "Good land of  
love, girl, what made you do it? Why  
should a girl like you give a hundred  
thousand for my Valley of the Giants?  
Were you—hesitatingly—your 'uncle's  
agent'?"  
"No, I bought it myself—with my  
own money. My uncle doesn't know I  
am the new owner. You see, he want-  
ed it for nothing."  
"Ah, yes, I suspected as much a  
long time ago. Your uncle is the  
modern type of business man. Not  
very much of an idealist, I'm afraid.  
But tell me why you decided to thwart  
the plans of your relative."

"I knew it hurt you terribly to sell  
your Giants; they were dear to you  
for sentimental reasons. I understood,  
also, why you were forced to sell; so  
I—well, I decided the Giants would be  
safer in my possession than in your  
uncle's. In all probability he would  
have logged this valley for the sake  
of the clear seventy-two-inch boards  
he could get from these trees."  
"That does not explain satisfactor-  
ily, to me, why you took sides with a  
stranger against your own kin," John  
Cardigan persisted. "There must be  
a deeper and more potent reason,  
Miss Shirley Sumner."  
"Well," Shirley made answer, glad  
he could not see the flush of confusion  
and embarrassment that crimsoned  
her cheek, "when I came to Sequoia  
last May, your son and I met, quite  
accidentally. The stage to Sequoia  
had already gone, and he was gracious  
enough to invite me to make the jour-  
ney in his car. Then we recalled hav-  
ing met as children, and presently I  
gathered from his conversation that he  
and his John-partner, as he called you,  
were very dear to each other. I was  
witness to your meeting that night—  
I saw him take you in his big arms  
and hold you tight because you'd—  
gone blind while he was away having  
a good time. And you hadn't told  
him! I thought that was brave of  
you; and later, when Bryce and Moira  
McTavish told me about you—how  
kind you were, how you felt your  
responsibility toward your employees  
and the community—well, I just  
couldn't help a leaning toward John-  
partner and John-partner's boy, be-  
cause the boy was so fine and true to  
his father's ideals."  
"Ah, he's a man. He is indeed," old  
John Cardigan murmured proudly. "I  
dare say you'll never get to know him  
intimately, but if you should—"  
"I know him intimately," she cor-  
rected him. "He saved my life the  
day the log-train ran away. And that  
was another reason. I owed him a  
debt, and so did my uncle; but Uncle  
wouldn't pay his share, and I had to  
pay for him."  
"Wonderful," murmured John Cardigan,  
"wonderful! But still you haven't  
told me why you paid a hundred  
thousand dollars for the Giants when  
you could have bought them for fifty  
thousand. You had a woman's reason,  
I dare say, and women always reason  
from the heart, never the head. How-  
ever, if you do not care to tell me, I  
shall not insist. Perhaps I have ap-  
peared unduly inquisitive."  
"I would rather not tell you," she  
answered.  
"A gentle, prescient smile fringed his  
old mouth; he wagged his leonine head  
as if to say: "Why should I ask,  
when I know?" Fell again a restful  
silence. Then:  
"Am I allowed one guess, Miss  
Shirley Sumner?"  
"Yes, but you would never guess the  
reason."  
"I am a very wise old man. When  
one sits in the dark, one sees much  
that was hidden from him in the full  
glare of the light. My son is proud,  
manly, independent, and the soul of  
honor. He needed a hundred thousand  
dollars; you knew it. Probably your  
uncle informed you. You wanted to  
loan him some money, but—you  
couldn't. You feared to offend him by  
proffering it; had you proffered it,  
he would have declined it. So you  
bought my Valley of the Giants at a  
preposterous price and kept your  
action a secret." And he patted her  
hand gently, as if to silence any denial,  
while far down the skid-road a voice—  
a half-trained baritone—floated faintly  
to them through the forest. Some-  
body was singing—or rather chanting  
—a singularly tuneless refrain, wild  
and barbaric.  
"What is that?" Shirley cried.  
"That is my son, coming to fetch  
his old daddy home," replied John  
Cardigan. "That thing he's howling is  
an Indian war-song or paean of  
triumph—something his nurse taught  
him when he wore pinafores. If you'll  
excuse me, Miss Shirley Sumner, I'll  
leave you now. I generally contrive  
to meet him on the trail."  
He bade her good-bye and started  
down the trail, his stick tapping  
against the old-logging-cable stretched  
from tree to tree beside the trail and  
marking it.  
Shirley was tremendously relieved.  
She did not wish to meet Bryce Cardigan  
to-day, and she was distinctly  
grateful to John Cardigan for his nice  
consideration in sparing her an inter-  
view. She seated herself in the lum-  
ber-jack's easy-chair so lately vacated,  
and chid in hand gave herself up to  
meditation on this extraordinary old  
man and his extraordinary son.  
A couple of hundred yards down the  
trail Bryce met his father. "Hello,  
John Cardigan!" he called. "What do  
you mean by skallyhooting through  
these woods without a pilot? Eh? Explain  
your reckless conduct."  
"You great overgrown duffer," his  
father retorted affectionately, "I  
thought you'd never come." He reach-  
ed into his pocket for a handkerchief,  
but failed to find it and searched  
through another pocket and still  
another. "By grave, son," he remark-

edly he was on one knee beside her;  
with the amazing confidence that had  
always distinguished him in her eyes  
his big left arm went around her, and  
when her hands went to her face he  
drew them gently away.  
"I've waited too long, sweetheart,"  
he murmured. "Thank God, I can tell  
you at last all the things that have  
been accumulating in my heart. I love  
you, Shirley. I've loved you from that  
first day we met at the station, and  
all these months of strife and repression  
have merely served to make me  
love you the more. Perhaps you have  
been all the dearer to me because you  
seemed so hopelessly unattainable."  
He drew her head down to his  
breast; his great hand patted her hot  
cheek; his honest brown eyes gazed  
earnestly, wistfully into hers. "I love  
you," he whispered. "All that I have—  
all that I am—all that I hope for—I  
offer to you, Shirley Sumner; and in  
the shrine of my heart I shall hold you  
sacred while life shall last. You are  
not indifferent to me, dear. I know  
you're not; but tell me—answer me—"  
Her violet eyes were uplifted to his,  
and in them he read the answer to his  
cry. "Ah, may I?" he murmured, and  
kissed her.  
"Oh, my dear, impulsive, gentle big  
sweetheart," she whispered—and then  
her arms went around his neck, and  
the fullness of her happiness found  
vent in tears he did not seek to have  
her repress. In the safe haven of his  
arms she rested; and there, quite  
without effort or distress, she managed  
to convey to him something more than  
an inkling of the thoughts that were  
wont to come to her whenever they  
met.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Emaciated Bride Considered Beautiful.  
Javanese marriage customs include  
a period of religious instruction for  
both the bride and the groom. The  
young man starts his instruction by  
paying daily visits to the priest of  
the village, and learning all the com-  
plicated phrases which he will have  
to utter on the day of his wedding.  
The pupil is placed in a tank of cold  
water and stays there submerged up  
to his chin while the priest bends over  
him and reads the Koran, the perfor-  
mance taking place in front of the  
church.  
The girl begins her preparations  
for the great day by several weeks of  
semi-starvation during which time she  
takes only sufficient rice and hot wa-  
ter to sustain life. Because of this  
hunger strike enforced by custom, she  
loses considerable weight, an emaci-  
ated bride being considered a thing  
of beauty on the island of Java.—De-  
troit News.

of presently. "I do believe I left my  
silk handkerchief—the one Moira  
gave me, for my last birthday—up  
yonder. I wouldn't lose that handker-  
chief for a farm. Skip along and find  
it for me, son. I'll wait for you here.  
Don't hurry."  
"I'll be back in a pig's whispert," his  
son replied, and started briskly up  
the trail, while his father leaned  
against a madrone tree and smiled his  
prescient little smile.  
Bryce's brisk step on the carpet of  
withered brown twigs aroused Shirley  
from her reverie. When she looked up  
he was standing in the center of the  
little amphitheater gazing at her.  
"You—you!" she stammered, and  
rose as if to flee from him.  
"The governor sent me back to look  
for his handkerchief, Shirley," he ex-  
plained. "He didn't tell me you were  
here. Guess he didn't hear you." He  
advanced smilingly toward her. "I'm  
tremendously glad to see you today,  
Shirley," he said, and paused beside  
her. "Fate has been singularly kind  
to me. Indeed I've been pondering all  
day as to just how I was to arrange a  
private and confidential little chat  
with you, without calling upon you at  
your uncle's house."  
"I don't feel like chatting today,"  
she answered a little drearily—and  
then he noted her wet lashes. In-

stantly he was on one knee beside her;  
with the amazing confidence that had  
always distinguished him in her eyes  
his big left arm went around her, and  
when her hands went to her face he  
drew them gently away.  
"I've waited too long, sweetheart,"  
he murmured. "Thank God, I can tell  
you at last all the things that have  
been accumulating in my heart. I love  
you, Shirley. I've loved you from that  
first day we met at the station, and  
all these months of strife and repression  
have merely served to make me  
love you the more. Perhaps you have  
been all the dearer to me because you  
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He drew her head down to his  
breast; his great hand patted her hot  
cheek; his honest brown eyes gazed  
earnestly, wistfully into hers. "I love  
you," he whispered. "All that I have—  
all that I am—all that I hope for—I  
offer to you, Shirley Sumner; and in  
the shrine of my heart I shall hold you  
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