THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

Copyright by Peter B. Kyne

"CRAZY—LIKE A FOX."

Synopsis.—Pioneer in the California redwood region, John Cardigan, at forty-seven, is the leading citizen of Sequoia, owner of mills, ships and many acres of timber, a widower after three years of married life, and father of two-day old Bryce Cardigan. The redwood, with its cousin the sequoia, is the oldest and biggest thing on earth. It grows nowhere but in California. Most of the redwoods have gone; those remaining are apparently doomed to the ax and saw. The sequoias are safe to future generations in Sequoia and Yosemite National parks. The "Save the Redwoods League" has been organized with the purpose of establishing a Redwoods National park.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

—2—

Of all their adventures together, however, those which occurred on their frequent excursions up to the Valley of the Giants impressed themselves imperishably upon Bryce's memory. How well he remembered their first trip, when, seated astride his father's shoulders with his sturdy little legs around Cardigan's neck and his chubby little hands clasping the old man's ears, they had gone up [illegible] ed [illegible] and into the [illegible] ness of the forest [illegible]

[illegible]

"Hello, Little Boy."

crowning misfortune was adding insult to injury. He rose and cautiously approached the fence with the intention of pinching the impudent stranger, suddenly and surreptitiously, and sending her away weeping. As his hand crept between the palings on its wicked mission, the little miss looked at him in friendly fashion and queried:

"What's your name?"

Bryce's hand hesitated. "Bryce Cardigan," he answered gruffly.

"I'm Shirley Sumner," she ventured. "Let's be friends."

"When did you come to live in Sequoia?" he demanded.

"I don't live here. I'm just visiting here with my aunt and uncle. We're

[illegible]

Do you want Midget? I'll give her to you."

Between sobs Shirley confessed that the prospect of parting with him and her Midget was provocative of her woe. This staggered Bryce and pleased him immensely. And at parting she kissed him good-bye, reiterating her opinion that he was the nicest, kindest boy she had ever met or hoped to meet.

When Shirley and her uncle and aunt boarded the steamer for San Francisco, Bryce stood disconsolate on the dock and waved to Shirley until he could no longer discern her on the deck. He thought of his elfin companion very frequently for a week, and he lost his appetite, very much to Mrs. Tully's concern. Then the steelhead trout began to run in Eel river, and the sweetest event that can occur in any boy's existence—the sudden awakening to the wonder and beauty of life so poignantly realized in his first love-affair—was lost sight of by Bryce. In a month he had forgotten the incident; in six months he had forgotten Shirley Sumner.

CHAPTER III.

Throughout the happy years of Bryce's boyhood his father continued to enlarge and improve his sawmill,

[illegible]

"I Dinna See How I'm to Keep the Mill Runnin'!"

[illegible]

doesn't matter, son. You will still be logging there fifty years from now. And when the railroad people come to you for a right of way, my boy, give it to them. Don't charge them a cent. It has always been my policy to encourage the development of this county, and I want you to be a forward-looking, public-spirited citizen. That's why I'm sending you East to college. You've been born and raised in this town, and you must see more of the world. Listen to me, son. You're only a boy, and you can't understand everything I tell you, but some day understanding will come to you. You mustn't fail the people who work for you—who are dependent upon your strength and brains and enterprise to furnish them with an opportunity for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. When you are the boss of Cardigan's mill, you must keep the wheels turning; you must never shut down the mill or the logging-camps in dull times just to avoid a loss you can stand better than your employees."

His hard, trembling old hand closed over the boy's. "I want you to be a brave and honorable man," he concluded.

True to his word, when John Cardigan finished his logging in his old, original holdings adjacent to Sequoia and Bill Henderson's Squaw creek

[illegible]

CHAPTER IV.

[illegible]

over Humboldt bar to the broad Pacific. With the ebb tide some of them came back, while others, caught in cross-currents, bobbed about the bay all night and finally beached at widely scattered points. Out of the fifteen million feet of logs less than three million were salvaged, and this task in itself was an expensive operation.

John Cardigan received the news calmly. He turned from the manager and walked away through his logged-over lands, across the little divide and down into the quarter-section of green timber he had told McTavish not to cut. Once in the Valley of the Giants, he followed a well-worn footpath to the little amphitheater, and where the sunlight filtered through like a halo and fell on a plain little white marble monument, he paused and sat down on the now almost decayed sugar-pine windfall.

"I've come for a little comfort, sweetheart," he murmured to her who slept beneath the stone. Then he leaned back against a redwood tree, removed his hat, and closed his eyes, holding his great gray head the while a little to one side in a listening attitude. Long he sat there, a great, time-bitten devotee at the shrine of his comfort; and presently the harried look left his strong, kind face and was replaced by a little prescient

[illegible]

into Red Bluff and slid to a grinding halt, Bryce Cardigan saw that the Highest Living Authority had descended from the train also. He had elected to designate her thus in the absence of any information anent her Christian and family names, and for the further reason that quite obviously she was a very superior person.

Bryce Cardigan comes home to his blind father.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HONOR CLAIMED BY WELSH

Writer Asserts Natives of That Country Were the First White People in America.

In an amazingly interesting old book, published by the author, John Williams, Vale street, Denbigh, Wales, in 1856 entitled "Ancient and Modern Denbigh," there appears the following tale bit of information:

"In A. D. 1169, Madozap Owen Gwynedd, and his followers, are said to have left the Vale of Clwyd (In North Wales), and to have reached America 300 years before Columbus discovered that vast continent. Returning next year, they took many more with them, and are said to have founded a tribe of Welsh American Indians."

England had been conquered by the Normans in the previous century, and the sons of the great barons William the Conqueror had brought with him from France were taking possession by force of the conquered kingdom as they could. They were not always successful in their little individual wars, and a good many Saxon earls and squires held their own against them. Especially did the Normans have a bad time trying to oust the ancient Britons from their property in Wales. It was not until 1283 that David, last king of the old British empire, was defeated, and King Arthur's royal crown was taken by the Norman-English, as was the Welsh relic "croes enydd" made of the true cross and inclosed in gold and silver, embossed with jewels by St. Helena, the British princess through whom it may be said that the Norman-English became Christian.

The author fails to quote the documentary evidence of the discovery of America by the Welsh.

First Telephone Inventor.

The earliest form of telephone is probably that in which the sounds of the voices are transmitted over a stretched string or wire and this form is said to have been used by the Chinese ages ago, it being impossible to give the name of the inventor. Alexander Graham Bell, born in Edinburgh, Scotland, but then resident in the United States, invented the electric telephone at Boston about the same time as Elisha Gray in Chicago, but Bell was granted priority.

Other Men's Affairs.

"Every man should mind his own business," remarked the severely industrious citizen.

"But what are you going to do," protested Senator Sorghum, "when you've got a whole lot of constituents, every one of whom thinks his business is your business!"

Silk for Consistent Hindus.

Muga silk is a product of Assam. Eri silk comes from caterpillars which feed on the castor oil plant. It is of great value in India, because it is the only silk that can be spun from cocoons without killing the insects in the cocoons, and it is therefore the only silk that can be worn by a strict Hindu.

GOOD HIGHWAYS ASSIST FARMER

Vast Road-Building Program Now Under Way Throughout Whole United States.

POOR ROADS ADD BIG TOLL

Projects Have Been Approved Calling for Federal Aid to Amount of $110,840,773—Important Factor in Buying and Selling.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The highway is coming into its own in America.

Neglected, abused, undervalued, subjected to cheap remedies for decades, at last the country road is being accorded the treatment it deserves. At a cost of hundreds of millions, the United States is rapidly overcoming the economic handicap which highway neglect has so long entailed.

This stupendous movement, the scope of which the public even now does not fully comprehend, is founded on sound business considerations. Good roads pay. If they did not, the nation would not now be constructing and planning them on an unprecedented scale. [illegible]

Paying the Price of False Highway Economy.

[illegible] a toll far in excess of the expense of adequate improvement.

Unprecedented Road Program.

This is a lesson cities as well as rural districts are learning. [illegible] At the close of last year, [illegible] had been approved calling for federal aid to the amount of $110,840,773, a sum which indicates [illegible] The [illegible] federal funds available to aid the states in their road-building program up to July 1, 1920, will be [illegible] and this total is exceeded by the combined expenditures of states, [illegible] and municipalities.

Better Roads, Better Business.

The business considerations back of these vast investments are not far to seek. Better roads mean cheaper and quicker hauling. It has been estimated, for example, that on a level, muddy earth road the amount which one horse [illegible] ordinary wagon va-

Where Ton-Mile Costs Are Low.

ries from nothing to a maximum of 800 pounds; on a smooth, dry earth road, from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds; on a gravel road in bad condition, from 1,000 to 1,700 pounds; on a gravel road in good condition, about 3,300 pounds; on a macadam road, from 2,000 to 5,000 pounds; on a brick road, from 5,000 to 8,000 pounds.

If the speed of travel is the same on all of these surfaces, the horse will haul on a good macadam road from three to five times as many miles a day as upon a moderately muddy earth road. Assuming that one horse is capable of a certain fixed amount a day, then, with a given load, his effective radius of travel from that point on a macadam road is from three to five times the radius of travel from that

[illegible]

ey to the extent of $2,000 a square mile of wheat area, so that roads could be improved to effect a saving on wheat hauling equal to that cited above, and at the same time, effect a corresponding saving in each of the other crops.

The lowering of distribution costs, it is now recognized, is one of the most important problems in reducing living costs. While business is seeking for more economical methods of handling goods, the farmers have not been neglecting other phases of this problem. On the prices at which he sells, all other prices must depend. Good roads, enabling him to get his products to the market at materially reduced cost, are among the big factors in more economical distribution.

Give Brood Sow a Chance.

A good mother with good litters should be given every opportunity to properly suckle her pigs, and this will depend upon the care, feed and attention given her during the suckling period.

Purebreds and Scrubs.

Quite a percentage of men who raised grade cattle the last year lost money, but the percentage of men who raised purebred cattle and lost money was small.

RURAL HAULING PROFITABLE

Many Farmers, Whose Trucks Are Not Filled to Capacity, Help Out Their Neighbors.

Many of the motortrucks on farms adjacent to large cities are not loaded to full capacity on their trips to the city. Few farmers have their business so arranged as to permit the use of the truck to its maximum capacity regularly. Many such farmers, according to the United States department of agriculture, have gradually begun to haul a part or all of their neighbors' products to market, and in some cases this practice has led to the establishment of a regular route. Some farmers have been enabled to purchase trucks, because their own business, coupled with that of their neighbors', has been sufficient to warrant such an investment.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

Sweet clover is winning on merit.

• • •

Head lettuce does best in cool, moist weather.

• • •

Humus makes the soil more mellow and granular.

• • •

The shining hoe is the best badge of the good gardener.

• • •

Plant plenty of celery and late cabbage for all season's use.

• • •

Trees grow; they grow in height, in volume, in value, and in quality.

• • •

Cultivation of soy beans as a factor in solving the stock food problem is urged.

• • •

The easiest, cheapest and most satisfactory way to prevent soil drifting is to sow a field every year to tame grass.

• • •

Ergot is a fungus growth on the shady side of corn stalk leaves and sometimes on the underside of maize leaves.

• • •

If stable manure is reinforced with 50 pounds acid phosphate to the ton its crop producing value is just about doubled.

• • •

Paths and roads about the farmstead not only should be as few as possible but should be kept out of sight so far as feasible, say specialists of the United States department of agriculture.