The VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.
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The visitor was accordingly admitted to the great man's presence and favored with an official handshake of great heartiness. "I've been hoping to have this pleasure for quite some time, Poundstone," Buck announced easily as he disposed of his hat and overcoat on an adjacent chair. Buck's alert blue eyes opened wide in sympathy with his genial mouth, to deluge Mayor Poundstone with a smile that was friendly, guileless, confidential and singularly delightful. Mr. Ogilvy was a man possessed of tremendous personal magnetism when he chose to exert it, and that smile was ever the opening gun of his magnetic bombardment, for it was a smile that always had the effect of making the observer desire to behold it again—of disarming suspicion and establishing confidence.

"Glad you did—mighty glad," the mayor cried heartily. "I have read your articles of incorporation, Mr. Ogilvy. You will recall that they were published in the Sequoia Sentinel. It strikes me—"

"Then you know exactly what we purpose doing, and any further explanation would be superfluous," Buck interrupted amiably, glad to dispose of the matter so promptly. Again he favored the mayor with his bright smile, and the latter, now fully convinced that here was a young man of vast emprise whom it behooved him to receive in a whole-hearted and public-spirited manner, nodded vigorous approval.

"Well, that being the case, Mr. Ogilvy," he continued, "what can we Sequoians do to make you happy?"

"Why, to begin with, Mr. Poundstone, you might accept my solemn assurances that despite the skepticism which for some unknown reason appears to shroud our enterprise in the minds of some people, we have incor-

"What Can We Sequoians Do to Make You Happy?"

porated a railroad company for the purpose of building a railroad. The only thing that can possibly interfere with the project will be the declination of the city council to grant us a franchise to run our line through the city to tidewater. And I am glad to have your assurance that the city council will not drop a cold chisel in the cogs of the wheels of progress."

Mr. Poundstone had given no such assurance, but for some reason he did not feel equal to the task of contradicting this pleasant fellow. Ogilvy continued: "At the proper time we shall apply for the franchise. It will then be time enough to discuss it. In the meantime the N. C. O. plans a public dedicatory ceremony at the first breaking of ground, and I would be greatly honored, Mr. Mayor, if you would consent to turn the first shovelful of earth and deliver the address of welcome upon that occasion."

The mayor swelled like a Thanksgiving turkey. "The honor will be mine," he corrected his visitor.

"Thank you so much, sir. Well, that's another worry off my mind." With the tact of a prime minister Buck then spoke of the magic effect the building of such a line would have upon the growth of Sequoia. Sequoia, he felt convinced, was destined to become a city of at least a hundred thousand inhabitants; he rhapsodized over the progressive spirit of the community and with a wave of his hand studded the waters of Humboldt bay with the masts of the world's shipping. Suddenly he checked himself, glanced at his watch, apologized for consuming so much of His Honor's valuable time, expressed himself felicitated at knowing the Mayor, gracefully expressed his appreciation for the encouragement given his enterprise and departed.

Half an hour later the Mayor's telephone-bell rang. Buck Ogilvy was on the line. "I beg your pardon for bothering you with my affairs twice in the same day Mr. Mayor," he announced deprecatingly, "but the fact is, a condition has just arisen which necessitates the immediate employment of an attorney. The job is not a very important one and almost any lawyer would do, but in view of the fact that we must, sooner or later, employ an attorney to look after our interests locally, it occurred to me that I might as well make the selection of a permanent attorney now. I am a stranger in this city Mr. Poundstone. Would it be imposing on your consideration if I asked you to recommend such a person?"

"Why, not at all, not at all! Delighted to help you, Mr. Ogilvy. Let me see now. Cadman & Banes, with offices in the Knights of Pythias Temple, would be just the people, although there is Rodney McKendrick, in the Chamber of Commerce building—a splendid fellow, Mr. Ogilvy, and most desirable. And if I may be pardoned a dash of paternal ego, there is my son Henry Poundstone, junior. While Henry is a young man, his career in the law has been most gratifying, although he hasn't had as broad an experience as the others I mentioned, and perhaps your choice had better lie between Cadman & Banes and Rodney McKendrick."

"Thank you a thousand times," Mr. Ogilvy murmured, and hung up. "We thought so, Buck, we thought so," he soliloquized. "Yes, Cadman & Banes or Rodney McKendrick may do, but Lord have mercy on the corporate soul of the N. C. O. if I fail to retain Henry Poundstone, junior. What a wise plan it is to look up the relatives of a public official! Well! Forward, men, follow me—to Henry's office."

Henry Poundstone, junior, proved to be the sole inhabitant of one rather bare office in the Cardigan block. Buck had fully resolved to give him a retainer of a thousand dollars, or even more, if he asked for it, but after one look at Henry he cut the appropriation to two hundred and fifty dollars. Young Mr. Poundstone was blonde and frail, with large round spectacles, rabbit teeth, and the swiftly receding chin of the terrapin. Moreover, he was in such a flutter of anticipation over the arrival of a client that Buck deduced two things—to-wit, that the Mayor had telephoned Henry he was apt to have a client, and that as a result of this miracle, Henry was in no fit state to discuss the sordid subject of fees and retainers. Ergo, Mr. Ogilvy decided to obviate such discussion now or in the future. He handed Henry a check for two hundred and fifty dollars, which he wrote out on the spot, and with his bright winning smile remarked: "Now, Mr. Poundstone, we will proceed to business. That retainer isn't a large one, I admit, but neither is the job I have for you today. Later, if need of your services on a larger scale should develop, we shall of course expect to make a new arrangement whereby you will receive the customary retainer of all of our corporation attorneys. I trust that is satisfactory."

"Eminently so," gasped the young

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ed gleam of importance in his pale eyes as he rushed into his father's office in the city hall.

"By jinks, Dad," he exulted. "I've hooked a fish at last—and he a whopper. Read this," and he thrust a yellow telegraph-form under the Mayor's nose. The latter adjusted his glasses and read:

"Imperative building operations commence immediately. Local skepticism injurious and delays dangerous. We must show good faith to our New York friends. J. P. M. insists upon knowing promptly where we stand with Sequoia city council. See them immediately and secure temporary franchise, if possible, to enable us to cross Water street at B street and build out Front street. If your judgment indicates no hold-up on permanent franchise, commence active operations immediately upon acquisition of permanent franchise.

"HOCKLEY."

This telegram, as the Mayor observed, had been filed at San Francisco subsequent to Ogilvy's visit to him that afternoon.

"Ah-h-h!" breathed His Honor. "That accounts for his failure to bring the matter up at our interview. Upon his return to the hotel he found this telegram—and got busy at once. By Jupiter, this looks like business. Henry, how did you come into possession of this telegram?"

"It must have been mixed up in the documents Ogilvy left with me. I found it on my desk when I was sorting out the papers, and in my capacity of attorney for the N. C. O. I had no hesitancy in reading it."

"Well, I do declare! Wonder who Hockley is."

"Hockley doesn't matter," young Henry declared triumphantly, "although I'd bet a hat he's one of those heavy-weight Wall street fellows and one of J. P. M.'s vice-presidents, probably. J. P. M., of course, is the man behind."

"Who the devil is J. P. M.?"

Henry smiled tolerantly upon his ignorant parent. "Well, how may J. Pierpont Morgan do for a guess?" he queried.

"Hell's bells and panther-tracks!" Mayor Poundstone started as if snake-bitten. "I should say you have hooked a big fish. Boy, you've landed a whale! Did Ogilvy say anything about future business?"

"He did. Said if I proved satisfactory, he would probably take me on and pay the customary retainer given all of their corporation attorneys."

"Well, by golly, he'd better take you on! I had a notion that chap Ogilvy

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but you're the first genuine comet I have seen in the legal firmament. Do you mind telling me exactly how you procured this franchise—and why you procured it without explicit orders from me?"

Henry did his best to look puzzled. "Why," he said, "you left that telegram with me, and I concluded that you regarded it as self-explanatory or else had forgotten to mention it. I knew you were busy, and I didn't want to bother you with details, so I just went ahead and filled that order for you. Anything wrong about that?"

"Certainly not. It's perfectly wonderful. But how did you put it over?"

Henry smirked. "My dad's the engineer," he said bluntly. "If thirty days

"You're the First Genuine Comet."

ain't enough time, see me and I'll get you thirty days more. And in the meantime nobody knows a thing about this little deal. I figured Colonel Pennington might try to block you at that crossing, so I—"

Buck Ogilvy extended his hand in benediction and let it drop on Henry Poundstone's thin shoulder.

"My dear Poundstone," he said earnestly, "I am not a man to forget clever work. At the proper time I shall—" He smiled his radiant smile. "You understand, of course, that I am speaking for myself and can make you no firm promises. However—" He

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He asked for the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company in San Francisco.

"Concluded his conversation at 3:32 and proceeded to the city hall, entering the mayor's office at 3:43 and emerging at 4:10. He then returned to the Hotel Sequoia and sat in the lobby until handed a telegram at 4:40; whereupon he entered the telephone booth and talked to someone, emerging at 4:43 to go to his room. He returned at 4:46 and hurried to the law office of Henry Poundstone, Jr., in the Cardigan block. He was with Poundstone until 4:59, when he returned leisurely to the Hotel Sequoia, carrying a small leather grip. He also had this grip when he entered Poundstone's office.

"Arrived at the hotel at 5:03 and went to his room. At 6:45 he entered a public automobile in front of the hotel and was driven to No. 846 Elm street. The brunette young lady who works in the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company's office emerged presently and entered the car, which then proceeded to No. 38 Redwood boulevard, where the brunette young lady alighted and entered the house. She returned at seven sharp, accompanied by a young lady whom she introduced to O. All three were then driven to the Canton restaurant at 432 Third street. At 7:15 Bryce Cardigan entered the restaurant and was escorted by the waiter to the table occupied by O. and party.

"At 9:30 entire party left restaurant and entered a Napier car driven by a half-breed Indian whom the second young lady hailed as George. O. and the brunette young lady were dropped at 846 Elm street while Cardigan and the other young lady proceeded directly to No. 38 Redwood boulevard. After aiding the lady to alight, Cardigan talked with her a few minutes at the gate, then bade her good-night.

"Upon returning to Hotel Sequoia, found O. in hotel bar. Saw him to bed at 10 sharp."

Needless to relate, this report had a most amazing effect upon Colonel Pennington, and when at length he could recover his mental equilibrium, he set about quite calmly to analyze the report, with the result that he promptly arrived at the following conclusion:

(1) His niece Shirley Sumner was not to be trusted in so far as young Bryce Cardigan was concerned. Despite her assumption of hostility toward the fellow since that memorable day in Pennington's woods, the Colonel was now fully convinced that she had made her peace with him and had been the recipient of his secret attentions right along.

...

Laurel Creek spur! Oh, what a blithering idiot I have been! However, it's not too late yet. Poundstone is coming over to dinner Thursday night, and I'll wring the swine dry before he leaves the house. And as for those rails Cardigan managed to hornswoggle me out of—"

He seized the telephone and fairly shouted to his exchange operator to get his woods foreman, Jules Rondeau, on the line.

"That you, Rondeau?" he shouted when the big French Canadian responded. "Pennington talking. What has young Cardigan done about those rails I sold him from the abandoned spur up Laurel creek?"

"He have two flat-cars upon ze spur now. Dose woodsgang of hees she tear up dose rails from ze head of ze spur and load in ze flat-cars."

"See to it, Rondeau, that they do not leave until I give the word. Understand? Tell them the switch-engine is in the shop for repairs or is busy at other work—anything that will stall him off and delay delivery."

"Suppose Bryce Cardigan, he comes around and say, 'Why?'" Rondeau queried cautiously.

"Kill him," the Colonel retorted coolly. "It strikes me you and the Black Minorca are rather slow playing even with young Cardigan."

Rondeau grunted. "I theeak mebbe so you kill heem yourself, boss," he replied enigmatically, and hung up.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"You Kill Hem Yourself, Boss."

Tobacco Not Wasted Now.

In former times all tobacco confiscated by the English customs authorities was destroyed by burning in a furnace called the king's pipe. Nowadays all such tobacco, as well as that which is returned as unusable for smoking, is sold to manufacturing chemists, who turn it into sheep dip, insecticides for the use of gardeners, and the like.

Common Fault.

"King Charles I was not a man who knew how to meet an emergency, was he?"

"No; he lost his head at the critical moment."

Not Pure Reading Matter.

"How to lie when asleep," runs a newspaper headline. The space would be better filled persuading people to tell the truth while awake.—Boston Transcript.

Daily Thought.

Not what has happened to myself today, but what has happened to others through me—that should be my thought.

Foolish Oversensitiveness.

A great deal of discomfort arises from oversensitiveness about what people may say about you or your actions. Many unhappy persons seem to imagine that they are in an amphitheater, with the assembled world as spectators, whereas they are playing to empty benches all the while.

No Harm Done.

Morals will creep into business. Here's a sign in the window saying, "Good men's shoes." — Savannah News.

TO CLEAN GUNBARRELS.

Chemically pure and strong nitric acid will dissolve the lead in a gunbarrel, and will not injure the metal of the barrel unless the acid becomes diluted with a little water. To remove the acid, pour all of it out and wipe the gun dry with a rag soaked in olive or cottonseed oil. Do not get the acid on the hands or clothes. If by chance this happens it should be washed off immediately with water and then some weak alkali.

Deep Sea Bolshevists

The habit of attacking and endeavoring to overthrow venerable and other institutions is not consigned to human outlaws. One of the most persistent and ingenious of nature's iconoclasts is a marine worm, commonly known as the shipworm, which swarms in certain waters, especially on the coasts of East Africa. It apparently resents the introduction of wood into its domain, and whenever it comes across a ship, wharf, or pier formed of this material, it takes at once direct action. Its method is to bore into the timber, following the trend of the grain, and whenever it encounters a knot it makes a slight ... the erection, whatever it may be, is rapidly undermined. It is stated that a wooden viaduct which was erected across the arm of the sea which connects Mombasa with the mainland was practically destroyed by these vermin of the deep.

Mean Brute.

"Your wife does a lot of entertaining, doesn't she?" remarked Mrs. Naybor. "Yes," growled Mr. Gabb. "If she isn't entertaining company, she's entertaining suspicions."

Women Celebrate the Victory of Suffrage

Unfurling the suffrage flag at the headquarters of the National Woman's party in Washington was the occasion for a joyous demonstration by party workers. Miss Alice Paul, chairman, is on the balcony. The flag has 36 stars, the last added representing Tennessee.

German Works Run By State

Economic Bureau Looks After Electric, Steel and Aluminum Plants.

BUT EXTENSION IS DELAYED

Nationalization of Coal Mines May Have to Wait Change in Makeup of Reichstag—Holding Company Formed.

Washington.—Since the conclusion of the Spa conference, at which Germany agreed to increase its coal output in order to bring the deliveries to France up to approximately 2,000,000 tons per month, there has been renewed agitation among the miners for the nationalization of the mining industry in the hope that better working conditions and pay may be obtained under such a condition than with the mines owned and operated by Hugo Stinnes and his few associate coal barons. Other sections of German industrial life are also likely to be ultimately run by the state, although it will probably be necessary for the German people to elect a more radical reichstag to effect these changes, as the present cabinet is not pledged to any great extension of the principle of public ownership and operation.

In the meantime, however, as the result of earlier agitation for government control and operation of the leading industries, the national economic bureau of the German treasury department has quite a few important government-controlled industrial plants to look after, according to a ...

output of 100,000 kilowatts and, besides running the nitrogen plant, supplies current to the Berlin Electric works, and will shortly extend this supply of energy to Leipsic and the province of Saxony. The Central German Power Works company comprises the central power station at Senftenberg, formerly belonging to the Aluminum works, Lauta, with an output of 60,000 kilowatts; and the Niederlausitzer Power plant, near Spremberg, with adjacent lignite mines, and with an output of 20,000 kilowatts. Up to the present the electric energy developed by these two plants has been utilized in the manufacture of aluminum and nitrogen. In the future it will also be employed to supply electricity for the surrounding industrial districts.

The East Prussia central station, which was recently erected to provide the province of East Prussia with electric power, is controlled, as also is the Alz works, Munich, which was formed in 1918, in conjunction with the Dr. Wacker Alexander company, for electrochemical manufacturing, to utilize the water power of the lower Alz. The output is, roughly, 20,000 kilowatts. The Wurttemberg Rural Electric company was reorganized in 1919 to enable the state, with the consent of the Wurttemberg government, to take a dominant interest in the supply of electricity to the province of Wurttemberg.

Great efforts were made during the war to put the manufacture of aluminum on a firm footing, in order to make Germany independent of foreign supplies. Plants were erected and the manufacture started at Horrem, Bitterfeld and Rummelsburg, each factory having an output of 3,000 tons of aluminum per annum. In 1916 the Erft...

... features of this undertaking are that the mines producing the ore are in close proximity to the smelting and rolling plant, and that, situated as they are in central Germany, they have an advantage over the competing works in Westphalia in placing their output in adjacent districts. In prewar days their yearly output of ore amounted to 1,000,000 tons.

The Bavarian Lloyd Shipping company in Regensburg with a capital of ... marks, a large portion of which belongs to the state, is also represented on the board of the Government Holding company. The Bavarian Lloyd held a commanding position in transport work on the Danube and neighboring rivers, but lost the greater part of its vessels at the end of the war. Negotiations are, however, proceeding between the different government departments and others interested to put the company once more on a commercial footing. The German ship-salvage company "Vulin," Berlin, with a capital of 5,000,000 marks, was originally formed to carry out work in connection with the salvage of transports and other shipping in the Baltic. The company was not very successful owing to the unsuitable methods of salvage adopted. It is now proposed to divert the company's activities to towage and lighterage work.

According to a resolution adopted by the German Metal Economic league, reported by the Wolff Telegraph Bureau, the export of 50 per cent of all pig metals coming from German mines during May, June, July and August, is to be permitted. No limit is placed upon the export of all partly manufactured metal products, provided they are not sold at prices under the domestic rates. German manufacturers may import raw metals, if they do not pay more than the standard prices in the world market. German export prices on semi-manufactured iron and steel products have been materially lowered during the last few months, Bar iron selling at 6,[illegible] marks in April has been cut to 4,[illegible] marks per ton for export to Holland and Switzerland and to 3,[illegible] to Denmark, the latter being the same as the domestic rate in Germany. The iron industry is protesting against further payment of export duties.

BLAME DISASTER TO CARL

Austrian Collapse Charged to Emperor's Conflicting War Orders, Says Commission.

... During this period, it was said, the emperor consulted no one on the matter.

"We must ask," the report says, "whether the emperor and his advisers were not guided by the fear of the army flooding back on Vienna rather than by any other circumstances. It may be, perhaps, not by express intention but rather subconsciously, that the desire prevailed with more than one of these men that the troops had better not return home at all."

Airplanes for the Rifle Meet

This is one of the two airplanes which the United States army air service has sent to Camp Perry, Ohio, to participate in the national rifle meet. This will provide the world's first competitive aerial shooting match. Every form of offense and defense developed by airplanes in warfare will be demonstrated under competitive conditions.

Separated for 41 Years, Then Kiss and Make Up

MONEY PROBLEM IS UNSOLVED

German Reichsbank Director Says Nobody Can Predict When Improvement May Be Expected.

The bank statement showed that the paper in circulation July 15 totaled 53,447,000,000 marks. This was a decline of 198,000,000 marks as compared with the previous week.

"We shall certainly do all in our power to prevent further undue inflation of currency," he said. "As for Germany, there are only two ways ...

... frugal habits alone is an improvement in the paper money situation expectable."

Mules as Innocent Bystanders.

Pineville, Ky.—Two moonshiner bands met on the roadway at night. Each thought the other was a revenue outfit. In the shooting which followed ...

HELD DEAD, RETURNS RICH

PAUL DARDÉ: a New Rodin?

The Faun

Paul Dardé

Eternal Pain

Portrait of Tolstoi

THE world of art has a new sensation in Paul Dardé ...

CONDENSED CLASSICS

TRILBY

By GEORGE DU MAURIER

Condensation by Alice G. Crosier

George Louis Palmella Busson Du Maurier was born in Paris in 1834, and died in England in 1896. His father, a naturalized British subject, was the son of emigres, who had left France during the Reign of Terror and settled in London.

In "Peter Ibbetson," the first of the three books which won Du Maurier, late in life, a reputation as novelist, almost as great as he had enjoyed as artist and humorist for more than a generation, the author depicts his own singularly happy childhood.

He was brought to London when three or four years old, but vague memories of this period were suddenly exchanged, one beautiful day in June, for the charming realities of a French garden, and an "old yellow house with green shutters and mansard roofs of slate." Here at Passy, with his "gay and jovial father and his young English mother," the boy spent seven years of sweet, priceless home life.

The year 1856 found him in Paris, in the Latin Quarter, a student of "the core of the art world" of which in "Trilby" he produced a fascinating, idealistic picture, with both pen and pencil.

A CHARMING studio, in the Latin quarter of Paris, sheltered "Three Musketeers of the Brush;" Talbot Wynne, or Taffy, a big, fair, blue-eyed young Yorkshireman ...

Trilby, that's my name, Trilby O'Ferrall."

Yes this was Trilby of the studios, artists' model, taking her noonday rest. She sat down upon the model throne to eat her luncheon and listen to the music.

When Svengali had brought the music to a close, Trilby remarked it was not very gay, and offered to sing a song which she knew, and in English, whereat she sang "Ben Bolt," and finished amid an embarrassing silence; for her hearers did not know whether it was intended seriously or in fun; such a volume of sound ensued that it flooded the studio, but without melody or music of any kind, in fact as if the singer were tone-deaf as indeed she was.

With her charm and goodfellowship, Trilby won the hearts of the Three Musketeers, Billie's most of all, and it was Billie for whom she felt the deepest affection. She cooked for them at times, mended their clothing, listened to their music and the wonderful talks of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." At other times she criticised their work; in fact, was quite "one of them."

A climax came one day when Billie, visiting another studio, discovered Trilby posing for the "altogether." He was so shocked that he was awakened to the fact of his great love for Trilby, and rushing home to his friends, declared that he was going to Barbizon to paint the forest and that he wanted to be alone.

Trilby, too, saw matters in a different light, and after much self-examination and struggle, decided that she would pose no more, but would earn her living as a fine laundress, with an old friend who had a laundry and was doing well. Poor Trilby was certainly one of the frail ones but through ignorance, rather than wrong intent; now she saw her mistake and with her love for Billie there came a new feeling, a dawning self-respect.

Nineteen times Billie asked Trilby to marry him, but she always refused, feeling herself unworthy. Then one Christmas night he asked her the twentieth time, "Will you marry me? If not I leave Paris in the morning never to return," and Trilby, fearing to lose him out of her life, finally answered "Yes."

Billie's mother, hearing of the intended marriage, journeyed to Paris ...

GREAT VICTORY WON BY POLES

Victorious Troops Sever the Soviet Line of Communication by Rail

MANY PRISONERS ARE TAKEN

Kovel Is Taken In Surprise Attack—Many Guns and Other War Material Captured—Delegates Go To Conference.

Warsaw.—The Lithuanians and the Poles are again engaged in hostilities, it is announced in a Polish official statement. Fighting has been resumed between the two forces in the Suwalki sector, near the German border.

The statement also announces that Kovel, in Volhynia, has been occupied by the Poles, who took 3,000 prisoners, captured 36 guns and a large quantity of war material, which included four locomotives, three airplanes and 300 cars.

The loss of Kovel deprives the Bolsheviki of railway communication between the Pinsk district and the southern front. Kovel was a junction point for six railroads and three of these lines are brought within the Polish area of control by its capture.

The Lithuanian fighting was brought on through a surprise attack on the Poles, which forced them to withdraw from Seyny. The reports indicate that the Lithuanians are advancing in the direction of Augustowo.

A military decree has been issued calling up five new classes which is estimated to bring into service more than 200,000 men. The classes called are from 1889 to 1885, inclusive.

The Polish delegation appointed to conduct peace negotiations with Soviet Russia left Warsaw on a special train for Danzig, where its members will board British torpedo boat destroyers for conveyance to riga, in which city the conference is to be held.

FOUR MEN ESCAPE FROM JAIL

GETTING BACK TO "NORMALCY"

Senator Harding's Appeal for Return of the "Old Times" Analyzed.

PLEA FOR SPECIAL INTERESTS

Reactionary Candidate Voices the Wishes of Those Who Forced His Nomination—Voters Know Democrats Restored People's Rule.

Senator Harding has been saying in his speeches that he "wants to get back to normalcy," and Governor Coolidge professes to wish for a restoration of "old times."

These gentlemen are the candidates of the "Old Guard," and must therefore voice the wishes of the "Old Guard." The "normalcy" of "old times" Senator Harding wishes to get back to must be that of the good old golden Mark Hanna days, when an "Old Guard's" campaign fund exceeded $16,000,000; when a price was paid for elections; when employees at great industrial plants were told by their superintendents, the agents of special interests, that unless they voted as they (the representatives of special interests) wished them to vote, their jobs would be closed to them on the day following the election; they were the days when corporation taskmasters wrung immense dividends from the very blood of women and children employed in unregulated "sweatshops."

On the other hand in the days of "normalcy," in the "old times," there was no federal reserve system; panics were as frequent as the seasons, and national bank failures occurred on an average of one every three weeks; there was no farm loan system; small farmers were the victims of mortgage bank pirates and tenancy was the curse of the land; there was no federal aid in road building, and every farmer paid a "mud tax;" there was no merchant marine; there was none of the many beneficent legislative enactments of the last two Democratic administrations, which wrested the ...

SPURNS HARDING AS REACTIONARY

Harold L. Ickes, Progressive Leader, Refuses to Support Candidate.

SAYS "UNWORTHY AND UNFIT"

Republican Nominee Condemned for Standing for Boss Control—Has Mark Hanna Conception of Party—Worse Than a Stand-Patter.

Harold L. Ickes, one of the organizers of the Progressive party in Illinois, who was an Illinois delegate-at-large to the convention which nominated Senator Harding for president and voted against making the nomination unanimous, announced that he could not support Harding.

"Holding as I do that my duties and obligations as a citizen are paramount to my duties and obligations as a party man, I have concluded to support the Democratic national ticket in this campaign," said Mr. Ickes in a signed statement. "I shall continue to affiliate with the Republican party, but I cannot in good conscience support for president a candidate who was not the real choice of his party and whom I regard as unworthy and unfit to be the chief executive of this nation by the tests of ability, public policies, official record and independence of character."

Mr. Ickes declared the primaries showed that the Republican party did not want Harding as its candidate, and that his nomination was "a distinct shock to the progressive thought of the country."

"Senator Harding had an opportunity to repair the bad impression that his nomination created and his play-acting in the McKinley role kept alive by a clear-cut and ringing speech of acceptance that would have lined him up squarely as a forward-looking, progressively-minded man," Mr. Ickes continued. "But once more he failed signally. His speech shows that he is ...

Water in the Sky

Cleaning a Clock

WHERE CHINESE WOMEN RULE.

THE WIND DECIDES.