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How Edna Mayo Wears One



© by Ira L. Hill, New York.

THIS beautiful evening wrap of blue taffeta, trimmed with sable, is one of the interesting bits of raiment in "The Strange Case of Mary Page." Designed by Lucile, cut very full and with Portia sleeves, it just naturally falls in nothing but graceful lines. Please notice how the

huge chin-chin collar takes the line of the shoulders. . . . Some charmingly gay fronted velveteens and similar fabrics have been made purely with a view to collars and cuffs.

ANNA MAY.

Our Query and Reply Department

When is the light and dark of the moon? The light of the moon is the time from new moon to full moon, and the dark of the moon is from full moon to new moon, or throughout the waning period.

Please give me some information about the United States army and navy. I should like to know how much money is expended annually to maintain our naval and military forces.

At present the United States army consists of 4,823 officers and 85,065 men, exclusive of the provisional force and the hospital corps. The navy consists of eighteen modern battleships, twenty-two older battleships, five first class cruisers, four second class cruisers, fifteen third class cruisers, thirty-one gunboats, nine monitors, sixty-eight destroyers, twenty-one torpedo boats and fifty-eight submarines. Congress appropriated in 1915 for the support of the army \$101,019,212, for forts

and fortifications \$5,027,700 and for the navy \$144,808,710.

How long has the province of Bukovina been Austrian? When, how and why did the above province become Austrian? Was it ever under Russian or Polish rule?

Bukovina was severed from Moldavia—that is, Turkey—in 1789 and united with Austria. It has never been under either Russian or Polish rule.

What is the reason that Russia wanted possession of Galicia?

Presumably Russia wanted to add that Austrian province to her territories and also to use as a strategic base from which to attack Austria proper and Hungary.

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(Continued from page 2).

not remember when I have seen a more attractive man." "He is a splendid chap," exclaimed Robin, with genuine enthusiasm. "I am very fond of Dank." She was silent for a moment. Something had failed, and she was rather glad of it. "Do you like New York?" she asked. "Immensely. I met a great many delightful people there, Miss Guile. You say you do not know the Blithers family? Mr. Blithers is a rare old bird."

"Isn't there some talk of his daughter being engaged to the Prince of Graustark?" He felt that his ears were red. "The newspapers hinted at something of the sort, I believe." He was suddenly possessed by the curious notion that he was being "pumped" by his fair companion. Indeed, a certain insistent note had crept into her voice, and her eyes were searching his with an intentness that had not appeared in them until now.

"Have you seen him?" "The prince?" "Yes. What is he like?" "I've seen pictures of him," he equivocated. "Rather nice looking, I should say."

"Of course he is like all foreign noblemen and will leap at the Blithers millions if he gets the chance. I sometimes feel sorry for the poor wretches." There was more scorn than pity in the way she said it, however, and her velvety eyes were suddenly hard and uncompromising.

He longed to defend himself, in the third person, but could not do so for very strong and obvious reasons. He allowed himself the privilege, however, of declaring that foreign noblemen are not always as black as they are painted. And then, for a very excellent reason, he contrived to change the subject by asking where she was going on the continent.

"I may go to Vienna," she said, with a smile that served to puzzle rather than to delight him. He was more than ever convinced that she was playing with him. "But pray do not look so gloomy, Mr. Schmidt, I shall not make any demands upon your time while I am there. You may?"

"I am quite sure of that," he interrupted, with his ready smile. "You see, I am a person of no consequence in Vienna, while you— Ah, well, as an American girl you will be hobnobbing with the nobility while the humble Schmidt sits afar off and marvels at the kindness of a fate that befell him in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, and yet curses the fate that makes him unworthy of the slightest notice from the aforesaid American girl. For, I daresay, Miss Guile, you, like all American girls, are ready to leap at titles."

"That really isn't fair, Mr. Schmidt," she protested, flushing. "Why should you and I quarrel over a condition that cannot apply to either of us? You are not a nobleman, and I am not a title seeking American girl. So, why all this beautiful irony?" "It only remains for me to humbly beg your pardon and to add that if you come to Vienna my every waking hour shall be devoted to the pleasure of—"

"I am sorry I mentioned it, Mr. Schmidt," she interrupted coldly. "You may rest easy, for I shall not keep you awake for a single hour. Besides, I may not go to Vienna at all."

"I am sure you would like Vienna," he said, somewhat chilled by her manner.

"I have been there with my parents, but it was a long time ago. I once saw the emperor, and often have I seen the wonderful Prince Lichtenstein."

"Have you traveled extensively in Europe?" She was smiling once more. "I don't know what you consider extensively," she said. "I was educated in Paris, I have spent innumerable winters in Rome and quite as many summers in Scotland, England, Switzerland, Germany—"

"I know who you are!" he cried out enthusiastically. To his amazement a startled expression leaped into her eyes. "You are traveling under an assumed name." She remained perfectly still, watching him with an anxious smile on her lips. "You are no other than Miss Baedeker, the well known authoress."

It seemed to him that she breathed deeply. "In that case my pseudonym should be Guile, not Guile," she cried merrily. The dimples played in her cheeks, and her eyes were dancing.

"B. stands for Baedeker, I'm sure. Baedeker Guile. If the B. isn't for Baedeker, what is it for?" "Are you asking what the B really stands for, Mr. Schmidt?" "In a roundabout way, Miss Guile," he admitted.

"My name is Bedelia," she said, with absolute sincerity. "My mother is Irish, d'ye see?" "By jove, it's worth a lot of trouble to get you to smile like that," he cried admiringly. "It is the first really honest smile you've displayed. You know how it improves you, you'd be doing it all of the time."

At this juncture the miserable Hobbs hove into sight, not figuratively, but literally. He came surging across the deck in a mad dash from one haven to another, or, more accurately, from post to post.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he gasped, finally steadying himself on wide spread legs. "There is a wireless for Mr. Totten, sir, but when I took it to 'im he said to fetch it to you, being unable to hold up 'is head."

Robin read it through, and at the end whistled softly. "Take it to Mr. Totten, Hobbs, and see if it will not serve to make him hold up his head a little."

"Very good, sir. I hope it will. Wouldn't it be wise for me to hand-announce who it is from, sir, to sort of prepare him for?" "He knows who it is from, Hobbs, so you needn't worry. It is from home, if it will interest you, Hobbs."

"Thank you, sir; it does interest me. I thought it might be from Mr. Blithers." Robin's scowl sent him scuttling away a great deal more rigidly than when he came. "Idiot!" muttered the young man, still scowling.

There was silence between the two for a few seconds. Then she spoke disinterestedly. "It is from the Mr. Blithers who has the millions and the daughter who wants to marry a prince?" "Merely a business transaction, Miss Guile," he said absently. He was thinking of Romano's message. "So it would appear."

"I beg pardon? I was—or—thinking?" "It was of no consequence, Mr. Schmidt," she said airily. He picked up the thread once more. "As a matter of fact, I've heard it said that Miss Blithers refused to marry the prince."

"Is it possible?" with fine irony. "Is he such a dreadful person as all that?" "I'm sure I don't know," murmured Robin uncomfortably. "He may be no more dreadful than she."

"Well, I hope she doesn't marry him," said Miss Guile. "So do I," said R. Schmidt, and their eyes met. After a moment she looked away, her first surrender to the mysterious something that lay deep in his.

Suddenly, and without reason, she appeared to be bored. As a matter of fact, she hid an incipient yawn behind her small gloved hand.

"I think I shall go to my room. Will you kindly unwrap me, Mr. Schmidt?" He promptly obeyed, and then assisted her to her feet, steadying her against the roll of the vessel.

"I shall pray for continuous rough weather," he announced, with as gallant a bow as could be made under the circumstances.

"Thank you," she said, and he was pleased to take it that she was not thanking him for a physical service. A few minutes later he was in his own room, and she was in hers, and



"I shall pray for continuous rough weather."

the promenade deck was as barren as the desert of Sahara. He found Count Quinnox stretched out upon his bed, attended not only by Hobbs, but also the reanimated Dank. The crumpled message lay on the floor.

"I'm glad you waited awhile," said the young lieutenant, getting up from the trunk on which he had been sitting. "If you had come any sooner you would have heard words fit only

for a soldier to hear. It really was quite appalling." "He's better now," said Hobbs, more respectfully than was his wont. It was evident that he had sustained quite a shock.

"Well, what do you think of it?" demanded the prince, pointing to the message. "Of all the confounded impudence— began the count healthily, and then uttered a mighty groan of impotence. It was clear that he could not do justice to the occasion.

Robin picked up the Marconigram and calmly smoothed out the crinkles. Then he read it aloud, very slowly and with extreme disgust in his fine young face. It was a lengthy communication from Baron Romano, the prime minister in Edelweiss:

Preliminary agreement signed before hearing Blithers had bought London, Paris, Berlin. He cables his immediate visit to G. Object now appears clear. All newspapers in Europe print despatches from America that marriage is practically arranged between R. and M. Interviews with Blithers corroborate reported engagement. Europe is amused. Editorials sarcastic. Prices of our securities advance two points on confirmation of report. We are bewildered. Also vague rumor they have eloped, but denied by B. Dawsonberg silent. What does it all mean? Wire truth to me. People are uneasy. Gourou will meet you in Paris.

In the adjoining suit Miss Guile was shaking Mrs. Gaston out of a long court and much needed sleep. The poor lady sat up and blinked feebly at the excited, starry eyed girl.

"Wake up!" cried Bedelia impatiently. "What do you think? I have a perfectly wonderful suspicion—perfectly wonderful."

"How can you be so unfeeling?" moaned the limp lady.

"Miss R. Schmidt is Prince Robin of Graustark!" cried the girl excitedly. "I am sure of it—just as sure as can be."

Mrs. Gaston's eyes were popping, not with amazement, but alarm. "Do lie down, child," she whimpered. "Marie! The sleeping powders at once! Do!"

"Oh, I'm not mad," cried the girl. "Now listen to me, and I'll tell you why I believe—yes, actually believe him to be the—"

"Marie do you hear me?" Miss Guile shook her vigorously. "Wake up! It isn't a nightmare. Now listen!"

(Continued in next issue)



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