

## J. J. Kelley's Family Liquor Store

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**T**ODAY we start our big bargain sale. Our time is limited. We must dispose of our stock, and have knocked the bottom out of liquor prices to do it. **THE PRICE and KNOWN QUALITY** will sell our goods. **YOUR LAST CHANCE** to buy standard merchandise at the prices we offer.

**Hundreds of Bargains—Following Are a Few**

**Genuine Pebleford Whiskey**

Per Bottle **95c**

J. J. KELLEY'S  
Special Reserve Whiskey

Regular Price \$1.50  
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**Huntington Whiskey, Full Quart, 65c**

ALL OUR BULK WHISKIES AND BRANDIES REDUCED—\$4.00 goods now \$3.00, \$3.50 goods now \$2.75, \$3.00 goods now \$2.25.  
 ALL OUR BULK WINES, PORT, SHERRY, MUSCATEL, ETC.—\$3.00 goods now \$2.00, \$2.00 goods now \$1.25, \$1.50 goods now 75¢.

**Orange Wine, Full Quart, 45c**

Out-of-Town Customers Must Send 20c Additional on Each Order to Cover Cost of Packing. We Do Not Prepay Express Charges on These Bargains.



## THE GODDESS

INTRODUCING  
**EARLE WILLIAMS as . . . Tommy Barclay**  
**ANITA STEWART as . . . The Goddess**  
 Written by **GOVERNEUR MORRIS**  
*One of the Most Notable Figures in American Literature*  
 Read the Story Here; See It on Screen at the Alhambra

The three richest men in America, fearing popular revolution, and wishing to oust an aristocratic but wealthy Professor Stilliter, famous psychologist, to kidnap a beautiful baby girl, the product of an amplexic marriage.

The child grows to womanhood in a cavern in the Adirondacks, where she is called by "angels" that it is her destiny to reform the world, teaching the people obedience and contentment.

Tom Barclay, adopted son of the chief of the money trust, meets Celestia—the goddess—just at the moment she is leaving "heaven" to reform the world. Stilliter rescues her from a hard-faced man in love with her, and they flee together.

Stilliter regains possession of Celestia and takes her to New York and to Bellevue hospital, where she is pronounced sane. Tommy, following, persuades her to leave the hospital, but Celestia, fearing she will be a burden on Tommy, escapes from him in a taxicab. The cobby woman in the crowd which gathers to hear the dispute. The woman and Celestia depart in the taxi.

The woman, Mrs. Baxter, is a procurer, who sells Celestia to Sweeter, a white-slaver, for \$500. But Celestia, still and partly touch the heart of Mrs. Baxter, and she tricks Sweeter and aids the goddess to again escape. Celestia finds refuge in the home of a poor family in the slums. Now Tommy, Stilliter, Sweeter and the police are all searching for the goddess. They employ Freddie the Ferret.

CHAPTER XIV.  
 (Copyright, 1915, by the Star Co.)

Not without difficulty Freddie collected the \$50 which Sweeter had promised him. With even more difficulty he wrote a note to Tommy Barclay and Mrs. Baxter and to O'Gorman.

He wrote: "Be at my house (and he gave an address) at a few minutes before 10 o'clock, and I'll take you to her."

"FREDDIE, THE FERRET."

"P. S.—Bring the money you promised, or I won't."

All Freddie's victims except Sweeter met in part of Freddie's house at a little before 10 o'clock. One glance at O'Gorman was enough for Sweeter. He knew that he had lost out, and he slunk off, cursing wickedly.

Freddie opened the front door and said:

"Walk in."

They walked in. Then he showed them into the parlor, and there was Celestia.

But she wouldn't go away with Tommy, and O'Gorman had no authority to take her away.

"That's up to the professor," he said.

But when Stilliter found that she was with good people and wouldn't go with Tommy he was contented to let matters rest where they were, as you shall read.

Celestia's real work had begun. Often upon the lips of the elder Douglas, and always in his heart, was the belief that Celestia was divinely inspired and of divine origin.

Mrs. Douglas and Nelly also believed that Celestia had come from heaven. Freddie, however, knew better. Friends and acquaintances of the Douglas family came to the house out of curiosity and remained to listen, to wonder. Her effect upon these simple-minded folk was extraordinary. Her word seemed to them the last word. But when they carried that word to others who had not seen her it was not so convincing always.

Stilliter, after ten minutes' talk with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas (during a short absence of Celestia), concluded that she could not be in better hands.

Stilliter reported to Barclay and the other members of the triumvirate.

"Don't hurry her any," said Barclay. "Let her doctrines spread from the house she's living in, slowly and naturally, until she has a real following. Then when we do begin to advertise her it will be more effective and cheaper."

"I'm only afraid of one thing," said Stilliter. "She is interested in that boy of yours."

"Any young man," said Barclay, grimly, "who seems to be making trouble for us will have to be sent away somewhere and kept there."

But Celestia, having begun to make converts, was engrossed in the work and had no longer the leisure, or, indeed, the wish to waste her precious time in philandering with individuals.

When Tommy had finally traced her to the Douglases she went often to see her. She appeared calmly fond of him. But she was no longer a complete stranger to the world and its ways. If he wanted to talk of their adventures together she would draw him into arguments on social questions. But where she succeeded so easily with others she failed with Tommy.

"Why, Celestia," he said, "I don't deny that you've some mysterious power over people, and that if you keep on as you are going you'll succeed in making a great, loud noise in the world. But suppose you do get what you want? Suppose that even in time you do elect a congress, a senate and a president; suppose you do get the States to amend the Constitution; suppose you do succeed in changing the whole country into a gigantic trust, what of it? Can't you see that you will be hurting the people instead of helping them? Can't you see that the men who run your great trust, my respected father among them, will become the greatest autocrats the world has ever known? Can't you see that you would simply be playing into the hands of capital?"

"I can convince anybody but you," she said. "I can't convince you, and I don't know why."

"That's too easy," said Tommy. "You don't convince anybody by logic or argument. They just naturally believe you. You've got some way of making them believe you. I think you're a sort of witch. But you can't hypnotize me, young lady, and you know it, and I know you. If there was any part of my heart and soul that didn't love you faithful and true, you'd have power over me, just as you have over Freddie, the Ferret, and old man Douglas. But there isn't not the least smallest fraction of a square inch. You can't hypnotize the man that truly loves you any more than you could hypnotize the man you truly love. That's a well-known law."

Tommy was half in earnest, half joking.

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Celestia, "and it doesn't matter. And now—"

"Please don't send me away," said Tommy. "It's the first time we've been alone in ages, and I've got millions of things to tell you and millions of other things to—well, to look at you. Celestia, do you know you are more beautiful dressed like a working girl than you were dressed as an angel?"

"Tommy," said Celestia, "you talk more nonsense than any one in the world. I'm going to the shop where Nelly works to talk with the girls."

"Well, it'll be a treat for them to look at you and hear your voice. And can I come?"

"You can come as far as the building, but you can't come in."

Nelly worked on the fifth floor of an old-fashioned firetrap belonging to the Octagon Shirt Manufacturing company.

"Won't there be a row," he asked, "if you interrupt work to make a speech, or can you make yourself heard above the sewing machines and the smell of patchwork? Or do you go from girl to girl and whisper in each one's ear?"

"I have to pay for a chance to speak to them," said Celestia, "ten dollars a minute for ten minutes."

"Look here," said Tommy. "Where do you get all your money?"

"From people who think I can use it better than they can—from people who believe in me, Tommy."

Tommy paced the narrow sidewalk like a sentry on duty. The building was so old and so full of holes that he began to be afraid he would "catch" something. He wondered if the shirts he himself wore were made in some such sweat-shop.

He looked at his watch.

"She said ten minutes," he thought, "and she's been gone fifteen."

A couple of young men entered the building. They passed under a sign which said: "Positively No Smoking." One threw aside his cigar and lit another, the other kept on smoking, and they passed out of sight up the stairs.

Tommy entered the building and stamped on the cigar butt till it was out.

"It's a flagrant violation of the rules," he thought. "It ought to be reported."

He fidgeted some more, and then he made a sudden resolution.

"I'll report those two cubs to the manager," he said.

So Tommy entered the premises of the Octagon Shirt company and began to look for the manager. Some people said he was in such and such a place, and others didn't know. But a girl who seemed to be dying of consumption said that "Mr. Grady had just stepped up to the fifth floor, where the sewing machines were, with a young lady."

At once Tommy pictured this Grady as greasy and bediamonded and hated him.

At the opposite end of a long, dark room, Celestia's lovely, earnest face seemed to shine like a light. She was speaking very softly and gently, but every word was distinctly audible even to the farthest pair of ears. It seemed to Tommy that the

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### YOUNG GIRL TO GIVE PIANO RECITAL

The Millian Keller, aged 12, one of Seattle's most accomplished pianists, will appear in a recital at the Unitarian church, Boylston ave. and Olive st., Thursday evening, Sept. 23.

Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Juon, Arensky, Rubenstein—even these masters are none too difficult for the fingers of Miss Keller to follow.

She is a pupil of A. F. Veivino, who will play second piano. She lives with her mother, Mrs. Emma Keller, at 1804 29th ave. S.

### ACCIDENT GUYS TO MET HERE

Experts on compensation acts from every part of the United States will address the National Association of Industrial Accident Boards and Commissions, when that body holds its annual meeting here Sept. 29 to October 2. Gov. Lister will welcome the visitors on the opening day. President John E. Kinnane, of Michigan, will preside.

# A Great Showing Saturday

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Where Men and Young Men alike can buy and enjoy wearing \$25.00 Suits and Overcoats at a saving of \$10.00.

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## Is Puget Sound Becoming Tropical? Salmon Run Low and Mexican Eel Shows Up

Puget sound fishermen are decidedly down-in-the-mouth these days.

There is something wrong—something queer and uncanny—with Puget sound waters this fall. The fact is, some people who have lived practically all their lives on Puget sound declare its waters are becoming tropical.

This may be a far-fetched guess, or perhaps—who knows? It is the question in the mind of W. W. Connor, former speaker of the house of representatives, whose home, in Skagit county, overlooks the Sound, and who is close to a number of fish traps.

He declares the traps have caught this summer numbers of strange fish which hitherto have been known only to the tropics, among which is the Mexican eel.

Nothin' Doin', Says Trevor

Prof. Trevor Kincaid scouts the idea, not that he doubts speaker Connor's veracity, but says he has had the experience many times of investigating reports of unfamiliar fauna found in these waters, with the invariable result that they were either brought here from some foreign port aboard a ship or that there had been a mistake at the outset in their identity.

Fishermen, however, have been discouraged because the run of Sockeye and Humpback salmon this year has proved a "flivver," which has, probably, no bearing whatever on the tropical water thing.

Salmon Run Low

Fish Commissioner Darwin states that the run of Sockeye this year is only 20 to 35 per cent of what it was four years ago. Sockeye, however, are "four-year fish," and may return in great numbers next year. Humpbacks have decreased to 40 per cent of the run two years ago.

Owing to state hatchery operations in the Columbia river, the run of Sockeye and Humpback salmon in that stream this year has been abnormally large. In fact, fishermen there are reporting the biggest pack in 10 years.

Hatcheries Do Work

"It demonstrates," said Commissioner Darwin, "what the hatchery system can do toward restoring the fish."

Darwin said the commission contemplates replenishing the waters of the Sound in the same manner.

Alaska waters have been giving up unusually large quantities of fish this summer. The pack will probably be larger than for many years past. Yet fishermen report that even some parts of the Alaska fishing grounds are little more than barren.

Commissioner Darwin's explanation of the low run of salmon in Puget sound this year is that there had been too much taken in previous years, without making any adequate provision for their further propagation. He is a strong advocate of state hatcheries.

married. It's four months old now, but it's a perfectly good license; in perfectly good working order. I fiddled her with it. That what I did."

He turned abruptly to the girl at his side.

"I don't ask you to forgive me now, Molly, not this moment I don't, not till I've made good with you by kind words and thoughtful deeds. But I do ask you to step out with me right now to the office of the nearest magistrate, and—I'll always be good to you."

Celestia stepped swiftly forward, took the girl's thin, pretty face between her two hands and kissed her.

"I know you'll be happy," she said.

And then the manager made Molly take his arm, and he led her the length of the room, looking proud and manly, and out of the door.

(To Be Continued)

Berlin charges Africans and Hindus, fighting for allies, murdered, wounded and mutilate dead.



## Footwear for Men

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