GOOD DRAMATIC ATTRACTIONS NEXT YEAR

According to local theater managers the bookings for first class attractions for next year will be much larger than this past season. Included in the list of attractions that are to come to Tacoma next season will be James T. Powers, Eddie Foy, Jefferson de Angeles, Lulu Glaser, Blanche Ring, Sothern and Marlowe, Frank Daniels, Marie Dressler, Bertha Kalish, Mme. Olly, Mme. Nazimova, Mary Mannering, Bertha Galland, Maxine Elliott, John Mason, William Faversham, Florence Roberts, Lew Dockstader, Bert Williams, Marie Tempest, Viola Allan, Wilton Lackaye, Walker Whiteside, Dustan Farnum, Bessie Abbott, Mabel Hite, May Irwin, Gertrude Elliott, DeWolff Hopper, Marie Cahill, Leslie Carter, Max Figman, Sarah Bernhardt, Forbes Robertson, Lawrence Irving and Mabel Hackney, Sam Bernard, "The Chocolate Soldier," "The City," "The Lottery Man," "Lulu's Husband," "The Midnight Sons," "The Jolly Bachelors," "The Kissing Girl," and "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

PRINTERS ELECT PRESIDENT TOMORROW

Members of Tacoma Typographical union will tomorrow cast their ballots in the annual election of the officers of the international body.

James M. Lynch, now president of the union, is a candidate for re-election. He lives in Indianapolis and has been instrumental in working many reforms that have worked to the advantage of union printers—notably winning a universal eight-hour day and a high standard of wages. The union has a membership of 51,000 members. William M. Reilly of Texas is a candidate for president against Mr. Lynch.

O. D. Gaff will be elected as the local delegate to the international convention, which meets in Minneapolis in August. Mr. Gaff has no opposition for the office.

AT THE GRAND.

The Trocadero quartet is the big hit of the Grand program of vaudeville this week. Kara, a European juggler, is the feature of the bill, and his work is distinguished for its clean-cut successful work. Kara works fast and performs a lot of juggling tricks new to Tacoma theater-goers. The motion pictures complete a very satisfactory bill.

AT THE PANTAGES.

Daphne Pollard repeats former triumphs at Pantages this week. Her dainty singing and dancing act was very well received yesterday. Others on the bill are the Harper-Smith trio, colored singers; Three Flying Valentines; Keogh and Francis, sketch artists; Four Musical Cates and the motion pictures.

SUICIDE JUMPS FROM 13TH STORY

(By United Press Leased Wire.)

CHICAGO, May 17.—J. Y. Reyerson, prominent Chicago business man, once western tennis champion, jumped from the 13th story of the chamber of commerce building and was instantly killed last night. Supposed financial difficulties are thought to be the cause.

STONE DECLARES REGULARS ARE WHIPPED

(By United Press Leased Wire.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 17.—Democratic Senator Stone of Missouri yesterday made a half humorous speech declaring the regulars had been whipped by the insurgents, and that henceforth the insurgents would be the regulars and the regulars will have to cool their heels outside with democrats and other plain people, while the insurgents bask in the sunshine of official favor. He says the railway bill was the undoing of the regulars.

WANT POST OFFICE SUB-STATION

The Sunset Improvement club wants a sub-station of the postoffice out in that part of town. A request was made of the postoffice department a year ago but no relief was granted. This morning a letter was sent to the mayor asking that the city take it up and bring pressure to bear on Postmaster Votaw to get him to recommend the proposition to the postal authorities.

The city will refer the matter to the postmaster for action.

WOMAN ADMITS SHOOTING HER HUSBAND

(By United Press Leased Wire.)

CHIPPEWA FALLS, Wis., May 17.—Mrs. J. A. Sunderland, who disappeared after the shooting of her husband Saturday night, was found wandering in the woods yesterday. She told the officers she had shot him after he had beaten her and swore at her mother.

COLD WAVE HITS SOUTH DAKOTA

(By United Press Leased Wire.)

DEADWOOD, S. D., May 17.—Heavy snow fell in the Black Hills yesterday and falling temperature froze practically all the vegetation in this section.

STORK FAMILY BUSY AT HOME

STORKS GUARDING $150 WORTH OF EGGS.

CINCINNATI, O., May 16.—Eggs are going up. They are worth $75 each. That is the figure storks' eggs are quoted at by the keeper of the Cincinnati zoo. Mrs. Stork is sitting upon two eggs, which she laid this spring, but she was not able to get the baby storks to the zoo in time for the census man to count them.

The superintendent of the zoo declares that after Roosevelt went to Africa "the storks sort of laid back on their oars", so to speak, and it was not until Col. Teddy emerged from the jungles with the statement that "there aren't enough babies born," that Mr. and Mrs. Stork began building their nest in a stump of a tree.

As you will notice in the picture, the head of the family remains on guard to defend his mate from thieves, photographers and race suicide advocates.

I. O. O. F. NOTICE

All members of East Tacoma I. O. O. F., No. 89, and all visiting Odd Fellows, are requested to attend the funeral of our departed brother, Geo. Knoell, from Mellinger's undertaking parlors, Wednesday, May 18, at 2 o'clock p. m.

C. C. PITCHER, N. G.

ELUSIVE ISABEL

By Jacques Futrelle

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VI.

Revelations.

Some vague, indefinable shadow darkened Miss Thorne's clear, blue-gray eyes, in sharp contrast to the glow of radiant health in her cheeks, as she stepped from an automobile in front of the Venezuelan legation, and ran lightly up the steps. A liveried servant opened the door.

"A gentleman is waiting for you, Madam," he announced. "His card is here on the—"

"I was expecting him," she interrupted. "Which room, please?"

"The blue room, Madame."

Miss Thorne passed along the hallway which led to a suite of small drawing-rooms opening on a garden in the rear, pushed aside the portieres, and entered.

"I'm sorry I've kept you—" she began, and then, in a tone of surprise: "I beg your pardon."

A gentleman rose and bowed gravely.

"I am Mr. Grimm of the Secret Service," he informed her with frank courtesy. "I am afraid you were expecting someone else; I handed my card to the footman."

For an instant the blue-gray eyes opened wide in astonishment, and then some quick, subtle change swept over Miss Thorne's face. She smiled graciously and motioned him to a seat.

"This is quite a different meeting from the one Senorita Rodriguez had planned, isn't it?" she asked.

There was a taunting curve on her scarlet lips; the shadow passed from her eyes; her slim, white hands lay idle in her lap. Mr. Grimm regarded her reflectively. There was a determination of steel back of this charming exterior; there was an indomitable will, a keen brain, and all of a woman's intuition to reckon with. She was silent, with a questioning upward slant of her arched brows.

"I am not mistaken in assuming that you are a secret agent of the Italian government, am I?" he queried finally.

"No," she responded readily.

"In that event I may speak with perfect frankness?" he went on. "It would be as useless as it would be absurd to approach the matter in any other manner?" It was a quesiton.

Miss Thorne was still smiling, but again the vague, indefinabl shadow, momentarily lifted, darkened her eyes.

"You may be frank, of course," she said pleasantly. "Please go on."

"Senor Alvarez was shot at the German Embassy Ball last night," Mr. Grimm told her.

Miss Thorne nodded, as if in wonder.

"Did you, or did you not, shoot him?"

It was quite casual. She received the question without change of countenance, but involuntarily she caught her breath. It might have been a sigh of relief.

"Why do you come to me with such a query?" she asked in turn.

"I beg your pardon," interposed Mr. Grimm steadily. "Did you or did you not, shoot him?"

"No, of course I didn't shoot him," was the reply. If there was any emotion in the tone it was merely impatience. "Why do you come to me?" she repeated.

"Why do I come to you?" Mr. Grimm echoed the question, while his listless eyes rested on her face. "I will be absolutely frank, as I feel sure you would be under the same circumstances." He paused a moment; she nodded. "Well, immediately after the shooting you ran along the hallway with a revolver in your hand; you ran down the steps into the kitchen, and out through the back door, where you entered an automobile. That is not conjecture; it is susceptible of proof by eye witnesses."

Miss Thorne rose suddenly with a queer, helpless little gesture of her arms, and walked to the window. She stood there for a long time with her hands clasped behind her back.

"That brings us to another question," Mr. Grimm continued mercilessly. "If you did not shoot Senor Alvarez, do you know who did?"

There was another long pause.

"I want to believe you, Miss Thorne," he supplemented.

She turned quickly with something of defiance in her attitude.

"Yes, I know," she said slowly. "It were useless to deny it."

"Who was it?"

"I won't tell you."

Mr. Grimm leaned forward in his chair, and spoke earnestly.

"Understand, please, that by that answer you assume equal guilt with the person who actually did the shooting," he explained. "If you adhere to it you compel me to regard you as an accomplice." His questioning took a different line. "Will you explain how the revolver came into your possession?"

"Oh, I—I picked it up in the hallway there," she replied vaguely.

"I want to believe you, Miss Thorne," Mr. Grimm said again.

"You may. I picked it up in the hallway," she repeated. "I saw it lying there and picked it up."

"Why that, instead of giving an alarm?"

"No alarm was necessary. The shot itself was an alarm."

"Then why," Mr. Grimm persisted coldly, "did you run along the hallway and escape by way of the kitchen? If you did not do the shooting, why the necessity of escape, carrying the revolver?"

There was that in the blue-gray eyes which brought Mr. Grimm to his feet. His hands gripped each other cruelly; his tone was calm as always.

"Why did you take the revolver?" he asked.

Miss Thorne's head drooped forward a little, and she was silent.

"There are only two possibilities, of course," he went on. "First, that you, in spite of your denial, did the shooting."

"I did not!" The words fairly burst from her tightly closed lips.

"Or that you knew the revolver, and took it to save the person, man or woman, who fired the shot. I will assume, for the moment, that this is correct. Where is the revolver?"

From the adjoining room there came a slight noise, a faint breath of sound; or it might have been an echo of silence. Their eyes were fixed each upon the others unwaveringly, with not a flicker to indicate that either had heard. After a moment Miss Thorne returned to her chair and sat down.

"It's rather a singular situation, isn't it, Mr. Grimm?" she inquired irrelevantly. "You, Mr. Grimm of the Secret Service of the United States; I, Isabel Thorne, a secret agent of Italy, together here, one accusing the other of a crime, and perhaps with good reason."

"Where is the revolver?" Mr. Grimm insisted.

"If you were anyone else but you! I could not afford to be frank with you and—"

"If you had been anyone else but you I shouldhave placed you under arrest when I entered the room."

She smiled, and inclined her head.

"I understand," she said pleasantly. "For the reason that you are Mr. Grimm of the Secret Service I shall tell you the truth. I did take the revolver because I knew who had fired the shot. Believe me when I tell you that that person did not act with my knowledge or consent. You do believe that? You do?" She was pleading, eager to convince him.

After a while Mr. Grimm nodded.

"The revolver is beyond your reach and shall remain so," she resumed. "According to your laws I suppose I am an accomplice. That is my misfortune. It will in no way alter my determination to keep silent. If I am arrested I can't help it." She studied his face with hopeful eyes. "Am I to be arrested?"

"Where is the paper that was taken from Senor Alvarez immediately after he was shot?" Mr. Grimm queried.

"I don't know," she replied frankly.

"As I understand it, then, the motive for the shooting was to obtain possession of that paper? For your government?"

"The individual who shot Senor Alvarez did obtain the papers, yes. And now, please, am I to be arrested?"

"And just what was the purpose, may I inquire, of the message you telegraphed with your fan in the ball-room?"

"You read that?" exclaimed Miss Thorne in mock astonishment. "You read that?"

"And the man who read that message? Perhaps he shot the senor?"

"Perhaps," she taunted.

For a long time Mr. Grimm stood staring at her, staring, She, too, rose, and faced him quietly.

"Am I to be arrested?" she asked again.

"Why do you make me do it?" he demanded.

"That is my affair."

Mr. Grimm laid a hand upon her arm, a hand that had never known nervousness. A moment longer he stared, and then:

"Madam, you are my prisoner for the attempted murder of Senor Alvarez!"

The rings on the draperies behind him clicked sharply, and the draperies parted. Mr. Grimm stood motionless, with his hand on Miss Thorne's arm.

"You were inquiring a moment ago for a revolver," came in a man's voice. "Here it is!"

Mr. Grimm found himself inspecting the weapon from the barrel end. After a moment his glance shifted to the blazing eyes of the man who held it—a young man, rather slight, with clean-cut, aristocratic features, and of the pronounced Italian type.

"My God!" The words came from Miss Thorne's lips almost in a scream. "Don't—!"

"I did make some inquiries about a revolver, yes," Mr. Grimm interrupted quietly. "Is this the one?"

He raised his hand quite casually, and his fingers closed like steel around the weapon. Behind his back Miss Thorne made some quick emphatic gesture, and the newcomer released the revolver.

"I shall ask you, please, to free Miss Thorne," he requested courteously. "I shot Senor Alvarez. I, too, am a secret agent of the Italian government, willing and able to defend myself. Miss Thorne has told the truth; she had nothing whatever to do with it. She took the weapon and escaped because it was mine. Here is the paper that was taken from Senor Alvarez," and he offered a sealed envelope. "I have read it; it is not what I expected. You may return it to Senor Alvarez with my compliments."

After a moment Mr. Grimm's hand fell away from Miss Thorne's arm, and he regarded the newcomer with an interest in which admiration, even, played a part.

"Your name?" he asked finally.

"Pietro Petrozinni," was the ready reply. "As I say, I accept all responsibility."

A few minutes later Mr. Grimm and his prisoner passed out of the legation side by side, and strolled down the street together, in amicable conversation. Half an hour later Senor Alvarez identified Pietro Petrozinni as the man who shot him; and the maid servant expressed a belief that he was the man who slammed the door in her face.

VII.

The Signal.

"And the original question remains unanswered," remarked Mr. Campbell.

"The original question?" Mr. Grimm.

"Where is Prince Benedetto d'Abruzzi, the secret envoy?" his chief reminded him.

"I wonder!" mused the young man.

"If the Latin compact is signed in the United States—?"

"The Latin compact will not be signed in the United States," Mr. Grimm interrupted. And then, after a moment. "Have we received any further reports on Miss Thorne? I mean reports from our foreign agents?"

The chief shook his head.

"Inevitably, by some act or word, she will lead us to the prince," declared Mr. Grimm, "and the moment he is known to us everything becomes plain sailing. We know she is a secret agent—I expected a denial, but she was quite frank about it. And I had no intention whatever of placing her under arrest. I knew someone was in the adjoining room because of a slight noise in there, and I knew she knew it. She raised her voice a little, obviously for the benefit of whoever was there. From that point everything I said and did was to compel that person, whoever it was, to show himself."

His chief nodded, understandingly. Mr. Grimm was silent for a little, then went on:

"The last possibility in my mind at the moment," he confessed, "was that the person in there was the man who shot Senor Alvarez. Frankly I had half an idea that—that it might be the prince in person." Suddenly his mood changed: "And now our lady of mystery may come and go as she likes because I know, even if a dozen of our men have ransacked Washington in vain for the prince, she will inevitably lead us to him. And that reminds me: I should like to borrow Blair, and Hastings, and Johnson. Please plant them so they may keep constant watch on Miss Thorne. Let them report to you, and, wherever I am, I will reach you over the 'phone."

"By the way, what was in that sealed packet that was taken from Senor Alvarez?" Campbell inquired curiously.

"It had something to do with some railroad franchises," responded Mr. Grimm as he rose. "I sealed it again and returned it to the senor. Evidently it was not what Signor Petrozinni expected to find—in fact, he admitted it wasn't what he was looking for."

For a little while the two men gazed thoughtfully, each into the eyes of the other, then Mr. Grimm entered his private office, where he sat for an hour with his immaculate boots on his desk, thinking. A world-war—he had been thrust forward by his government to prevent it—subtle blue-gray eyes—His Highness, Prince Benedetto d'Abruzzi—a haunting smile and scarlet lips.

At about the moment he rose to go out, Miss Thorne, closely veiled, left the Venezuelan legation and walked rapidly down the street to a corner, where, without a word, she entered a waiting automobile. The wheels spun and the car leaped forward. For a mile or more it wound aimlessly in and out, occasionally bisecting its own path; finally Miss Thorne leaned forward and touched the chauffeur on the arm.

"Now!" she said.

The car straightened out into a street of stately residences and scuttled along until the placid bosom of the Potomac came into view; beside that for a few minutes, then over the bridge to the Virginia side, in the dilapidated little city of Alexandria. The car did not slacken its speed, but wound in and out through dingy streets, past tumble-down negro huts, for half an hour before it came to a standstill in front of an old brick mansion.

"This is number ninety-seven," the chauffeur announced.

Miss Thorne entered the house with a key and was gone for ten minutes, perhaps. She was readjusting her veil when she came out and stepped into the car silently. Again it moved forward, on to the end of the dingy street, and finally into the open country. Three, four, five miles, perhaps, out the old Baltimore Road, and again the car stopped, this time in front of an ancient colonial farmhouse.

Outwardly the place seemed to be deserted. The blinds, battered and stripped of paint by wind and rain, were all closed, and one corner of the small veranda had crumbled away from age and neglect. A narrow path, strewn with pine needles, led tortuously up to the door. In the rear of the house, rising from an old barn, a thin pole with a cup-like attachment at the apex, thrust its point into the open above the dense, odorous pines. It appeared to be a wireless mast. Miss Thorne passed around the house, and entered the barn.

A man came forward and kissed her—a thin, little man of indeterminate age—drying his hands on a piece of cotton waste. His face was pale with the pallor of one who knows little outdoor life, his eyes deep-set and a-glitter with some feverish inward fire, and the thin lips were pressed together in a sharp line. Behind him was a long bench on which were scattered tools of various sorts, fantastically shaped chemical apparatus, two or three electric batteries of odd sizes, and ranged along one end of it, in a row, were a score or more metal spheroids, a shade larger than a one-pound shell. From somewhere in the rear came the clatter of a small gasoline engine, and still farther away was an electric dynamo.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

A Few Money Savers For Wednesday Shoppers

The Sale of Women's Suits Continued

Tomorrow we will endeavor to give better values than ever. New numbers have been added to the lots which gives you a wide range of styles to choose from. Come and see these suits that everybody is talking about.

$30.00 Suits are now marked $13.98
$25.00 Suits are now marked $10.98
$35.00 Suits are now marked $17.98
$25.00 Long Pongee Coats $10.98

Just 10 left. They won't last long.

Linen Special

Thousands of pieces of mill ends of Table Linen just arrived. Values to 85c. Tomorrow special, yard 25c

Millinery Special

A big buy of Women's Trimmed Hats at manufacturers' clean out price enables us to sell hats valued up to $17.50 for $4.98

Granite Ware

300 pieces of the best grade Triple Coated Enameled Ware on sale tomorrow at the following reductions:
45c 2-quart Sauce Pan, with lid 21c
55c 3-quart Kettle, with lid 27c
69 3-quart Stew Kettle, with lid 29c

600 Pieces Glassware

Consisting of Olive Dishes, Sugar Bowls, Berry Dishes, Celery Dishes, etc., values to 75c, tomorrow, each 4c

McCormack Bros.

On Pacific Avenue at 15th Street

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BRISTOW GARAGE, 751 Tacoma Ave., A4180

An Extra Good Quality of Sprinkling Hose

Nothing looks better than to have the lawn nice and green. An hour or so a day will produce this effect. If you are in need of good garden hose, we have it, and at the right price.

Cotton hose, not the department store kind, the better 8 1-2c, 10c, 12c a foot.

Rubber hose, 10c, 15c, 18c a foot.

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Sanitary Plumbing, Hot Air Furnaces, Galvanized Iron Cornice and Sky Lights, Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Work, Tar and Gravel Roofing.
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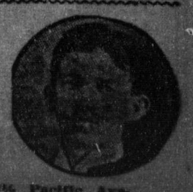

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