City Briefs

Edward Leonard, a High school student and a companion named Bert Lewis, were yesterday arrested for hunting in the city limits.

* * *

An unknown man, carrying a roll of bedding, was killed on the Northern Pacific tracks where theh county road crosses the river. He is described as being about 50 years of age, of dark hair mixed with gray and a gray mustache. He is five feet five inches in height and weighs 180 pounds.

* * *

C. A. Peter and his wife Elizabeth, will be tried in Justice Graham's court next Tuesday and Wednesday. Peter and his wife are accused of practicing medicine without having passed the required state examination.

* * *

J. W. Reese is in the St. Joseph's hospital suffering from injuries which he received last Saturday by being struck by the fender of the Great Northern train at the Pacific avenue crossing.

* * *

As the result of a push car running down hill backward, Tom Marjiro is in the St. Joseph's hospital suffering from a fractured bone in the right arm. The accident occurred Saturday in a logging camp near Buckley.

* * *

The Olympia & Tacoma Navigation Co.'s steamer, the Nisqually, which is being built at Quartermaster Harbor, will be equipped at the expense of $12,000 with Tacoma made engines and machinery by the Phoenix Engineering Co. The steamer is expected to be completed about May 1, at the total cost of $50,000.

* * *

In order to observe the seventh anniversary of the Tacoma Seamen's institute, an open house and interesting program will be given Thursday evening. All citizens who are interested in the institute are invited to be present.

ONLY WOMAN WHO RAN FOR PRESIDENT IS 80 TODAY.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD

Most recent photograph (taken this year) of the aged woman cuffrage leader.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24. — Surrounded by friends, Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, candidate for president on the Equal Rights party's ticket for president in 1884 and 1888, is celebrating her eightieth birthday today. Letters and telegrams of congratulation from all over the country are reaching Mrs. Lockwood's home in F street NW.

Although her years now number four score, Mrs. Lockwood continues her law practice before the United States courts, and her enthusiasm in behalf of women's suffrage is unabated. She is president of the Woman's National Press association.

MORTALITY NOTES

Andrew J. West, who died in one of the local hospitals yesterday, was an old civil war veteran and a member of the G. A. R. He was 63 years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Healy mourn the death of their year-old son. He died at the family residence yesterday.

Mrs. Adelaide Lawrence, a prominent member of the W. C. T. U., died in one of the local hospitals Saturday.

See the blindfolded clock at the Donnelly Billiard Room. ***

The Tacoma Times Want Ad Offer.

On next Friday and Saturday the Times will give away tickets to the Grand theater with every Want Ad amounting to 25c or over that is handed in over the counter of our office, at 768 Commerce street.

The Times will give you a ticket that may be used during any night next week.

The "Train Rapide," Now Held Up By France's Great Railroad Strike, is Some Shakes of a Flier

A FRENCH EXPRESS TRAIN.

The French "trains rapides," as they are called, can hold their own with the crack British and American trains.

The French railway system is no slouch of a system. Even when compared with our crack American lines the French lines show up well. Of course their "restaurant cars" don't quite equal ours in point of service, and their "wagons lits" don't class with our Pullman sleeping cars, but for ordinary service they can show us a thing or two.

You can get trains oftener on the average French road than you can in this country and you are pretty certain to be on time at your destination. The French roads of late have been running express trains, or "trains rapides," as they call them, that outstrip the best of the crack English expresses and are fast enough to give the American used to Yankee limited trains all the speed that he can desire.

THE DANGER TRAIL

By James Oliver Curwood

(Copyright, 1910, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

"Now!" she cried. "Now!" and at that signal Howland's arms were seized from behind, and in another instant he was struggling feebly in the grip of powerful arms which had fastened themselves about him like wire cable, and the cry that rose to his lips was throttled by a hand over his mouth. For an instant he caught a glimpse of the girl's white face as she stood in the trail; then strong hands pulled him back, while others bound his wrists and still others held his legs. Everything had passed in a few seconds. Helplessly bound and gagged, he lay on his back in the snow, listening to the low voices that came faintly to him from beyond the bushes. He could understand nothing that they said—and yet he was sure that he recognized among them the voice of Meleese.

The voices became fainter; he heard retreating footsteps, and at last they died away entirely through a rift in the trees straight above him the white, cold stars of the night gleamed down on him, and Howalnd stared up at them fixedly until they seemed to be hopping and dancing about in the skies. He wanted to swear—yell—fight. In these moments that he lay on his back in the freezing snow a million demons were born in his blood. The girl had betrayed him again! This time he could find no excuse—no pardon for her. She had accepted his love—had allowed him to kiss her, to hold her in his arms—while beneath that hypocrisy she had plotted his downfall a second time. Deliberately she had given the signal for attack, and now—

He heard again the quick, running step that he had recognized on the trail. The bushes behind him parted, and in the white starlight Meleese fell on her knees at his side, her glorious face bending over him in a grief that he had never seen in it before, her eyes shining on him with a great love. Without speaking she lifted his head in the hollow of her arm and crushed her own down against it, kissing him, and softly sobbing his name.

"Good-by," he heard her breathe. "Good-by—good-by—"

He struggled to cry out as she lowered his head back on the snow, to free his hands, to hold her with him—but he saw her face only once more, bending over him; felt the warm pressure of her lips to his forehead, and then again he could hear her footsteps hurrying away through the forest.

CHAPTER X

A Race Into the North.

That Meleese loved him, that she had taken his head in her arms, and had kissed him, was the one consuming thought in Howland's brain for many minutes after she had left him bound and gagged on the snow. That she had made no effort to free him did not at first strike him as significant. He still felt the sweet, warm touch of her lips, the pressure of her arms, the smothering softness of her hair. It was not until he again heard approaching sounds that he returned once more to a full consciousness of the mysterious thing that had happened. He heard first of all the creaking of a toboggan on the hard crust, then the pattering of dogs' feet, and after that the voices of men. The sounds stopped on the trail a dozen feet away from him.

With a strange thrill he recognized Croisset's voice.

"You must be sure that you make no mistake," he heard the half-breed say. "Go to the waterfall at the head of the lake and heave down a big rock where the ice is open and the water boiling. Track up the snow with a pair of M'seur Howland's high-heeled boots and leave his hat tangled in the bushes. Then tell the superintendent that he stepped on the stone and that it rolled down and toppled him into the chasm. They could never find his body—and they will send down for a new engineer in place of the lost M'seur."

Stupefied with horror, Howland strained his ears to catch the rest of the cold-blooded scheme which he was overhearing, but the voices grew lower and he understood no more that was said until Croisset, coming nearer, called out:

"Help me with the M'seur before you go, Jackpine. He is a dead weight with all those rawhides about him."

As coolly as though he were not more than a chunk of stovewood, Croisset and the Indian came through the bushes, seized him by the head and feet, carried him out into the trail and laid him lengthwise on the sledge.

"I hope you have not caught cold lying in the snow, M'seur," said Croisset, bolstering up the engineer's head and shoulders and covering him with heavy furs. "We should have been back sooner, but it was impossible. Hoo-la, Woonga!" he called softly to his lead-dog. "Get up there, you wolf-hound!"

As the sledge started, with Croisset running close to the leader, Howland heard the low snapping of a whip behind him and another voice urging on other dogs. With an effort that almost dislocated his neck he twisted himself so he could look back of him. A hundred yards away he discerned a second team following in his trail; he saw a shadowy figure running at the head of the dogs, but what there was on the sledge, or what it meant, he could not see or surmise. Mile after mile the two sledges continued without a stop. Croisset did not turn his head; no word fell from his lips, except an occasional signal to the dogs. The trail had turned now straight into the North, and soon Howland could make out no sign of it, but knew only that they were twisting through the most open places in the forests, and that the play of the Polar lights was never over his left shoulder or his right, but always in his face.

They had traveled for several hours when Croisset gave a sudden shrill shout to the rearmost sledge and halted his own. The dogs fell in a panting group on the snow, and while they were resting the half-breed relieved his prisoner of the soft buckskin that had been used as a gag.

"It will be perfectly safe for you to talk now, M'seur, and to shout as loudly as you please," he said. "After I have looked into your pockets I will free your hands so that you can smoke. Are you comfortable?"

"Comfortable—be damned!" were the first words that fell from Howland's lips, and his blood boiled at the sociable way in which Croisset grinned down into his face. "So you're in it, too, eh?—and that lying girl—"

The smile left Croisset's face.

"Do you mean Meleese, M'seur Howland?"

"Yes."

Croisset leaned down with his black eyes gleaming like coals.

"Do you know what I would do if I was her, M'seur?" he said in a low voice, and yet one filled with a threat which stilled the words of passion which the engineer was on the point of uttering. "Do you know what I would do I would kill you—kill you inch by inch—torture you. That is what I would do."

"For God's sake, Croisset, tell me why—why—"

Croisset had found Howland's pistol and freed his hands, and the engineer stretched them out entreatingly.

"I would give my life for that girl, Croisset. I told her so back there, and she came to me when I was in the snow and—" He caught himself, adding to what he had left incomplete. "There is a mistake, Croisset. I am not the man they want to kill!"

Croisset was smiling at him again.

"Smoke—and think, M'seur. It is impossible for me to tell you why you should be dead—but you ought to know, unless your memory is shorter than a child's."

He went to the dogs, stirring them up with the cracking of his whip, and when Howland turned to look back he saw a bright flare of light where the other sledge had stopped. A man's voice came from the farther gloom, calling to Croisset in French.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

The Market

RETAIL PRICES.

Meats.

Round steak, 12½c; lion, 17c; portorhouse, 20c; pot roast, 10c; mutton steak, 12½c; chops, 15c; pork steak, 18c; chops, 20c; ham, 20c; liver, 5c; veal chops, 18c; stew, 10c; chickens, hens, 23c; springs, 25c.

Vegetables.

White potatoes, $1.25 sack; sweet potatoes, 7 lbs. for 25c; onions, 2½c lb; cabbage, 5c head; tomatoes, 5c lb; squashes, 2½c lb; pumpkins ,3c lb; green corn, 20c dozen; celery, 5c; cauliflower, 5c lb; lettuce, hot house, 5c head.

Fruits.

Apples, 85c to $1.25 box; pears, $1.25; oranges, 35c to 40c; bananas, 25c to 35c doz.; huckleberries, 7½c lb; pineapples, 40c apiece.

Dairy Products.

Eggs, 38c doz.; cream cheese, 20c; cottage, 15c; swiss imported, 35c; domestic, 25c; butter, 35c to 40c lb.

Fish.

Halibut, 7c lb; salmon, 4c and 7c; smelts, 6c; black cod, 7c; salmon trout, 16c; rock cod, 10c lb; clams, $2.50 a sack; eastern oysters, $1.25 to $2 a hundred; scrimps, 15c; crabs, $1.25 to $2 a doz.

HAS SUGGESTIONS FOR PROTECTION FROM FIRES

(By United Press Leased Wire.)

OLYMPIA, Oct. 24.—R. E. Benedict, supervisor of the Olympia national forest reserve, in his report for the year outlines a plan for protection of the forests in the future which calls for the erection of 269 miles of telephone wires to connect all the cabins of forest rangers with each other and with the cities. With this method of communication it is believed help can be summoned at the start of fires and they can be checked before doing serious damage.

DEBS COMING

Eugene V. Debs, four times candidate for president on the socialist ticket and recognized as the most eloquent socialist orator in the country, will speak in Germania hall to the people of Tacoma Tuesday evening, October 25, at 8:15.

The socialists are making an especial effort to get votes for their congressional candidate.

HIGHWAYMAN IS CONVICTED

C. C. Brach was Saturday convicted of highway robbery by a jury. The eleven men of the jury remained out for almost a day waiting for one man to struggle with his conscience. Theodore Rush who was convicted the day before and his companion Brach, held up an old man named Chas. Willard last labor day at Buckley, relieving him of about $25.

Reaching the Top

in any calling of life, demands a vigorous body and a keen brain. Without health there is no success. But Electric Bitters is the greatest Health Builder the world has ever known. It compels perfect action of stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, purifies and enriches the blood, tones and invigorates the whole system and enables you to stand the wear and tear of your daily work. "After months of suffering from Kidney Trouble," writes W. M. Sherman, of Cushing, Me., "three bottles of Electric Bitters made me feel like a new man." 50c at Ryner Malstrom's.

Mr. Wedell Foss, formerly with the Foss Boat House Co., desires to announce that he has taken offices with Louis I. Lefebvre, at Suite 217-18-19 Bankers' Trust building, for the general practice of the law. ***

How the Czar Really Looks

This is the best portrait ever printed of Czar Nicholas of Russia. Like most really "best' 'portraits, this one is a snapshot photograph taken at a royal picnic by somebody who was a member of the party. The man on the right is the grand duke of Hesse.

Mother Jones in Anger and Tears Welcomes Revolution

"This nation, which started out to be the greatest in the world, is nothing now but an oligarchy—controlled by a few," says Mother Jones, the "stormy petrel of the labor unions," and the beloved friend of the coal miners and their families. Continuing she told the representative of The Times, "You can count on your fingers the men who have this country in their absolute grasp. They can precipitate a panic; they can scare or starve us all into submission, but they will not for long, according to my notion.

"For although they give us sops whenever they think we are asserting a little independence, we will not always be fooled.

Mother Jones.

Some day we will have the courage to rise up and strike back at these great "giants" of industry, and then we will see that they weren't giants after all — they only seemed so because we were on our knees and they towered above us.

"They have driven us to it and when the time comes we will suare aurselves with them. Some people think it would be wrong to have any bloodshed. Is it any worse to kill a few men qquickly than it is for a few men to kill the rest of us slowly "

Mother Jones is on her way to see her beloved miners in the coal regions of western Pennsylvania, to which she was called by the terrible sufferings of the striking miners in the Greensburg district, who, with their families, are living in tents and subsisting on bread and water.

She had just left the Illinois fields, where the miners have returned to work after having gained a great victory after an all summer strike.

"It was two weeks ago, down in a little mining town in Illinois," she added. "I was standing beside the bed of a young woman who had been working in the company's warehouse since she was old enough to escape the law for minors. Her baby had just been born. It was her first. It should have been a fine, beautiful child. Instead, its first movement was to loll its tongue out in terrible hunger and stretch its puny little body out as though it had been working to a point of exhaustion. I turned to the doctor and said, 'That baby was worked out before it was born. And it was starved, too.'

"'Yes, mother,' he replied, 'they are nearly all that way around here. The mothers work right up to the day before they are born.'

"And that is the reason," Mother oJnes flashed out between tears, "I am doing all I can do to change the terrible conditions here in America. It is for the sake of the children—the yet unborn children."

MOTHER JONES SAYINGS

This country is as unjustly ruled by wealth as Portugal was by its aristocratic despots.

If the present conditions are allowed to continue, America will be far worse off a few years hence than Portugal ever was.

If the present undercurrent of social unrest is not stayed a terrible revolution will sweep this country within five years. It is coming faster than we even dare suspect.

This country is on the brink of just such a condition that brought about the fall of Rome. The children are reflecting the terrible slave conditions under which they are produced. Not one child in 5,000 is born optimistic. They are defeated by their inheritance before they start in to live.

WE ALL KNOW

That there is no doubt that real estate is the very best investment for small savings. It is bound to grow into money. More fortunes are accumulated in the rise of real estate than all other causes combined. Many excellent opportunities for investment are offered The Times readers in the Real Estate column of The Times under "Want" pages today. Why not inspect some of these properties tomorrow?

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$5 GLASSES FOR $1

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Chicago Dentists

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Opp. 12th st. Both Phones.
OPEN EVENINGS

Sherman-Clay & Co.

Cordially invite you to visit their beautiful warerooms to hear the wonderful Victor Talking Machine and see their excellent line of Pianos. A visit incurs no obligation to buy.

Wanted—Boys to sell papers on the most prominent corners of the city. Good pay. Apply to Mr. Perkins. Tacoma Times, or phone A1733-Main 733. ***

Sincerity Clothes

If you expect more than money's worth, we don't expect you in. We deal in clothes, not promises.

We can deliver a satisfactory suit or overcoat with a Sincerity Label, and the label guarantees that the garment delivers satisfaction.

We don't claim what we can't guarantee. For instance, an overcoat for $00 which will look the same next spring as it does this morning.

A suit for $00 which will hold its shape and its fit until you're tired of it. You can't lose anything by looking over Sincerity Clothes, and you may by overlooking them.

A size for every age. A little bit better, not a little bit more.

$15 to $25

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TEETH

THE ELECTRO DENTAL PARLORS do the best dental work in the city and at most moderate prices. Painless extracting a specialty.

WE GIVE GAS

Examinations and Estimates Free. All Work Guaranteed.

Painless extracting	50c
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