

A NOVEL A WEEK

—Next Week—

"LAHOMA" By John Breckenridge Ellis.

"MR. PRATT"

By Joseph Lincoln. Copyright, 1906, by A. S. Barnes & Co.

A NOVEL A WEEK

—Next Week—

"LAHOMA" By John Breckenridge Ellis.

BEGIN HERE TODAY Martin Hartley and Edward Van Brunt, two wealthy young New Yorkers, nicknamed the "heavenly twins," are bent on leading the "natural life." They lease "Horsefoot Bar," a barren island belonging to Nate Scudder, a parsimonious Yankee, rename the island "Ozone Island," and persuade Sol Pratt, neighborhood boatman, in charge as handy man, and Eureka Sparrow, seventeen, as cook.

Nearby is a fresh air camp, conducted for New York tenement children by Miss Page. Once engaged to Hartley, Miss Page is now engaged to Van Brunt. Working at the camp is James Hopper, former valet to the "twins."

Eureka's father, Washington Sparrow, insists he is a sick man. At any rate, he refuses to work. Hartley, conspiring with Scudder, who owns the house Washington lives in, the village doctor and the village minister, proposes to cure Washington of his laziness.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY (Continued From Yesterday) "Bosh!" "Twas Doctor Penrose that said it, and he stepped forward. "Bosh!" says he again. "Washy looked at him as reproachful and goody-goody as a saint.

"I forgive you for them words, doctor," says he. "I realize I ain't been able to pay my bill to you, and so I can make allowances." Then up speaks Scudder. "You'll have to stir mighty quick," says he. "I won't have

no do-nothing tramps in a house of mine. Either take this chance or out you go next Saturday, bag and baggage."

"Why, Mr. Scudder! Why, Nate! How can you talk so! Just for a little matter of rent. You don't need it. Ain't you been telling me that you had a couple of soft rich folks over to Horsefoot Bar that was paying you a good living and more, too, all by themselves."

"Shut up!" Scudder was purple. It looked to me like the invalid was having all the fun. I guess Hartley thought so too, for he says: "That's enough of this. It's plain that he doesn't intend to accept. Mr. Scudder, you have given him formal notice. Come on."

Then Washy broke down. He sniffed and half cried and wanted to know things. The work would kill him in a day or so, of course, but he didn't mind that. When he thought of his poor fatherless children...

And just then a horse and buggy come rattling into the yard. The horse was all over lather, like he'd been drove hard. Everybody looked out of the window. Sparrow looked and his face brightened up.

"Twas Lord-James that was driving the buggy, and there was a young woman with him. The young woman was Agnes Page. Agnes jumped from the step and ran to the kitchen door. The next minute she was in the room, staring solemn at all us men. And her eyes seemed to look right through a feller.

"Why, Agnes—Miss Page!" exclaimed Hartley. "Why are you here? What's the matter?" She didn't answer him. Just turned to Washy. And says she— "Am I in time, Mr. Sparrow? I didn't get your letter until nearly nine. But I hurried right over. I was so afraid I would be too late. Am I?"

The invalid looked at her. And, if he'd been the picture of misery afore, he was a whole panorama of it now. He coughed afore he answered. She shivered, kind of, at that cough, and I don't wonder. If ever there was a graveyard quickstep, Washy Sparrow's cough was it.

Agnes whirled around on us and her eyes flashed chain lightning. "Aren't you ashamed?" she says. "Great strong men, every one of you, and all banded together to torture a poor helpless invalid."

"Miss Page," stammered Hartley, "I'm sure you don't understand. We—" "I think that is exactly what I do—understand," she says. "And so, for a few dollars Mr. Sparrow is to be turned out of his home! He, a poor sick man! Oh! I can hardly believe there are such people in the world. And yet, I have had some experience."

She flashed a look at Martin as she said it. He turned white under his sunburn. "Miss Page," he said, "you do not understand. I must insist that you hear our reasons for this proceeding."

"It is not necessary," she says, cold as ice. "I have heard enough. Does Mr. Van Brunt know of this?" And just then who should walk in but van himself.

"Hello!" says he, surprised. "Eureka told me you were at the village, Martin, so Lycurgus rowed me across. One of the children said you were here. What is this, a surprise party. And Agnes, too. Am I too late for the refreshments?"

"Smiled, but nobody else did. "Edward," says the Page girl, "will you do a great favor for me?" "Yours to command, of course," he answers, puzzled.

"Will you find a boarding place for Mr. Sparrow?" "Who? Eureka's father? Why, certainly. What's the trouble? Is it time for the Sparrows to nest again? He can come over to the island with us. There's plenty of room. Hey, Martin?"

"Never mind your friend, please," says Miss Page. "If he comes will you protect him and treat him kindly? Thank you. Then that is settled. Gentlemen, I believe there is no necessity for your further inconveniencing yourselves. Your several bills will be paid."

CHAPTER XI. The White Plague. The fat was all in the fire. Hartley's scheme to help Eureka had gone to pot to see the kettle bled. Instead of setting rid of Papa Sparrow, it had fetched that old hypocrite over to eat and sleep and groan under our very

was physic, Sparrow was certain to be a well man. Next day was raw and chilly and the invalid put in the hours chasing what few patches of sunshine happened to come along. Eureka brought his meals out to him. He begged and pleaded to be let into the house, but 'twas no go. He spent that night in the tool-house, same as he had the first.

"I'm glad your lungs feel better, Pa," she says. "I thought they would. But, of course, you mustn't come in for months and months yet. I guess it's time to start in on the dyspepsia line. She took a piece of paper out of her dress waist and unfolded it. I sent a dollar to a doctor that advertised in the People's Magazine," she says. "and I got this. It's for dyspepsia, pa, and particularly nervous dyspepsia. A careful diet and plenty of exercise," she read. "We'll begin on the dieting. In severe cases patient should take nothing but hot milk. We've got plenty of milk. That's a comfort."

Her dad had been setting on th wash-bench back of the kitchen. Now he jumped up off it like 'twas red hot. "Do you have the face to tell me," he screams, "that I can't have nothing to eat but milk?"

"Doctor's orders, pa," says Eureka. "I'm going by doctor's orders, and see what they've done for your lungs already." "The Sunday of the week following was a mean day. A cold rain and considerable wind; more like October than August. The invalid set in the tool-shed with a door opened and an umbrella keeping off the rain that leaked through the cracks in the roof.

Next morning I got up early and come downstairs. 'Twas blowing hard and still raining. Eureka hadn't turned out yet. I opened the door of the kitchen and there I see a sight. In the rocking chair by the kitchen stove was Washy Sparrow, sprawled out fast asleep. His feet was on the hearth of the stove, a piece of piecrust was on the floor by his hand, his head was tipped back and his mouth wide open. And his face—oh, say! It was perfect peace and comfort.

The critter, so it turned out afterwards, had hunted around in the night till he found a cellar window unlocked. Then he'd crawled in and tip-toed up to the kitchen. "I went upstairs again and routed out the Heavenlies. I wanted 'em to see the show. We stood in the door and looked at it. Just then Eureka come along. "My soul and body!" she sings out. "No, I knew you wa'n't fit to way. And I'm going to try it."

"Cure him?" sniffs the old man. "I'm past curing, darter." Eureka come in the dining room and took a magazine out of the chest of drawers. Then she opened to a place where the leaf was turned down, and went back to the kitchen. "Consumption, Pa," she says, "ain't cured by medicine no more. Fresh air night and day is what's needed, and you don't get it here by the stove or shut up in your room. You ought to live out door. Yes, and sleep there, too."

"Sleep out door? What kind of talk is that? Be you crazy or—" "Don't screech so, Pa," says Eureka. "Listen to this. Here's a piece about consumption in this magazine. They call it the 'White Plague.' I'll read you some of it."

Washy kept yelling that he didn't want to hear no such foolishness, but his daughter spelt out different parts of the magazine piece. It told about how dangerous shut-up rooms and "confined atmospheres" was, and about what it called "open air sanitariums" and outdoor bedrooms.

"Pa," says Eureka, "I'm going to cure you or die a-trying. The old tool-house out back of the barn is just the place for you. It's full of holes and cracks, so there'll be plenty of fresh air. And I took the sofa out there this very day. You can sleep there nights and set in the sun day-times. You mustn't come in the house at all. I mean to keep you outdoor all winter, and then—"

Washy Sparrow howled. "All winter!" he screams. "The gal's gone loony! She wants to kill me and get me out of the way. sha'n't stir one step. You hear me? Not one step!" "This piece says that many patients act that way first along. 'In such cases it is often necessary to use force.' Mr. Pratt, will you 'take pa out to the tool shed?'"

"Would it? I was aching for the chance to get my hands on the little rat. I stood up and squared my shoulders. I got my fingers on the back of that consumptive's neck. He fought and hung back. Then I grabbed him by the waistband with 'other hand. He moved then, 'walking Spanish,' like the boy in the school-yard. Eureka opened the door. "Nobody can say," says she, emphatic, "that I let my pa die of consumption without trying to cure him. Come along, Mr. Pratt."

was physic, Sparrow was certain to be a well man. Next day was raw and chilly and the invalid put in the hours chasing what few patches of sunshine happened to come along. Eureka brought his meals out to him. He begged and pleaded to be let into the house, but 'twas no go. He spent that night in the tool-house, same as he had the first.

"I'm glad your lungs feel better, Pa," she says. "I thought they would. But, of course, you mustn't come in for months and months yet. I guess it's time to start in on the dyspepsia line. She took a piece of paper out of her dress waist and unfolded it. I sent a dollar to a doctor that advertised in the People's Magazine," she says. "and I got this. It's for dyspepsia, pa, and particularly nervous dyspepsia. A careful diet and plenty of exercise," she read. "We'll begin on the dieting. In severe cases patient should take nothing but hot milk. We've got plenty of milk. That's a comfort."

Her dad had been setting on th wash-bench back of the kitchen. Now he jumped up off it like 'twas red hot. "Do you have the face to tell me," he screams, "that I can't have nothing to eat but milk?"

"Doctor's orders, pa," says Eureka. "I'm going by doctor's orders, and see what they've done for your lungs already." "The Sunday of the week following was a mean day. A cold rain and considerable wind; more like October than August. The invalid set in the tool-shed with a door opened and an umbrella keeping off the rain that leaked through the cracks in the roof.

Next morning I got up early and come downstairs. 'Twas blowing hard and still raining. Eureka hadn't turned out yet. I opened the door of the kitchen and there I see a sight. In the rocking chair by the kitchen stove was Washy Sparrow, sprawled out fast asleep. His feet was on the hearth of the stove, a piece of piecrust was on the floor by his hand, his head was tipped back and his mouth wide open. And his face—oh, say! It was perfect peace and comfort.

The critter, so it turned out afterwards, had hunted around in the night till he found a cellar window unlocked. Then he'd crawled in and tip-toed up to the kitchen. "I went upstairs again and routed out the Heavenlies. I wanted 'em to see the show. We stood in the door and looked at it. Just then Eureka come along. "My soul and body!" she sings out. "No, I knew you wa'n't fit to way. And I'm going to try it."

"Cure him?" sniffs the old man. "I'm past curing, darter." Eureka come in the dining room and took a magazine out of the chest of drawers. Then she opened to a place where the leaf was turned down, and went back to the kitchen. "Consumption, Pa," she says, "ain't cured by medicine no more. Fresh air night and day is what's needed, and you don't get it here by the stove or shut up in your room. You ought to live out door. Yes, and sleep there, too."

"Sleep out door? What kind of talk is that? Be you crazy or—" "Don't screech so, Pa," says Eureka. "Listen to this. Here's a piece about consumption in this magazine. They call it the 'White Plague.' I'll read you some of it."

Washy kept yelling that he didn't want to hear no such foolishness, but his daughter spelt out different parts of the magazine piece. It told about how dangerous shut-up rooms and "confined atmospheres" was, and about what it called "open air sanitariums" and outdoor bedrooms.

"Pa," says Eureka, "I'm going to cure you or die a-trying. The old tool-house out back of the barn is just the place for you. It's full of holes and cracks, so there'll be plenty of fresh air. And I took the sofa out there this very day. You can sleep there nights and set in the sun day-times. You mustn't come in the house at all. I mean to keep you outdoor all winter, and then—"

Washy Sparrow howled. "All winter!" he screams. "The gal's gone loony! She wants to kill me and get me out of the way. sha'n't stir one step. You hear me? Not one step!" "This piece says that many patients act that way first along. 'In such cases it is often necessary to use force.' Mr. Pratt, will you 'take pa out to the tool shed?'"

"Would it? I was aching for the chance to get my hands on the little rat. I stood up and squared my shoulders. I got my fingers on the back of that consumptive's neck. He fought and hung back. Then I grabbed him by the waistband with 'other hand. He moved then, 'walking Spanish,' like the boy in the school-yard. Eureka opened the door. "Nobody can say," says she, emphatic, "that I let my pa die of consumption without trying to cure him. Come along, Mr. Pratt."

New Fall Suits For Men and Women

New Fall Suits and Coats. Just the most clever creations. Smartly tailored garments—Gabardines, Roman Stripes, Navy Serges and Broadcloths, light weight mixtures, etc.

MEN As Well As WOMEN

Should use the CREDIT PRIVILEGE which we always extend free. Get a Fall Suit while selections are complete. Have the benefit of it and pay for it in easy installments. Scores of well-to-do people buy this way of us. No one can equal us on liberal terms. Big purchases for a chain of stores makes this possible.



New York & Washington Outfitting Co.

says Washy. "I ain't coughing receipts, but I didn't think they'd work so quick. Mr. Van Brunt, pa's cured. He'll take that job at the hotel this very day; just as soon as it clears up a little." (Continued Tomorrow.)

Leading Groceries and Markets Of Tacoma

Reduce the Cost of Living

FRYE & COMPANY

offers you at their markets tomorrow the following specials:

SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1914

- Choice Fresh Dressed Hens, lb. 17c
Pot Roast, choice steer beef, 12c
Choice Shoulder Pork Roast, 15c
Choice Legs of Lamb, 14c
Choice Lamb Shoulders, 9c
Rib and Loin Lamb Chops, 15c
Fresh Pork Neck Bones, 5c
Fresh Pork Back Bones, 3c
Best Lynden Banner Brand Butter, 35c lb., 3 lbs. 95c

Our Markets Are Located as Follows:

Frye & Co., 17th and Commerce.
Washington Market—1118 and 1120 South C Street.

Look for the U. S. Purple Stamp. It signifies Purity and Quality. Our meat kept in sanitary cases in perfect condition by our cold air system.

We Give Penny Change

Tacoma Public Market 11th to 13th On D Street

HOW TO GET HERE.—If you live on the 6th avenue car line, get a transfer to South K and take the cable at 11th street, get off at 13th and D. If you live on the K street line, transfer at 13th and K. If you live on any other line in the city, get a transfer at 11th street to the cable and get off at 11th and D.

KOPF & KILMER

- 1126-28 South D St. Phone Main 4570. Free Delivery.
Our Best Washington Creamery Butter, 35c
Fresh Oregon Creamery Butter, 33c
3 lbs. for, 95c
Tillamook Cheese, 22c
SPECIAL VALUES
Our own fresh roasted coffee, 30c
3 cans Dairy Maid milk, 20c
Chile Sauce, 15c bottle for, 10c

Crescent Butter Store Stall 20

- 40c Broom for, 25c
3 cans Dairy Maid Milk, 20c
8 lbs. Italian Prunes for, 25c
Fancy Creamery Butter, 30c
Fresh Washington Creamery Butter, lb., 32c
No. 1 Soft Shell English Walnuts, lb., 20c
Fresh Roasted Coffee, lb., 20c

MIE BAKERY Saturday Special

- 2 large loaves of Bread, 15c
1124 D Street.

PURITY BUTTER STORE Stall 36

- Fresh Churned Butter, 95c
Pickling Spices. We have the best Coffee for, lb. 25c and, 30c

THE TRADE MARK BEST

We are in the Meat Business deeper every day because we offer you more than any other shop—quality, prices, free delivery and telephone conveniences. Why not trade where you get the Best for Less?

- Meat Prices—
Leg of Lamb, 15c lb.
Pot Roast Beef, 12 1/2c lb.
Shoulders of Mutton, 10c lb.
Sirloin Steak, 18c lb.
Fish Specials—
Salmon, 25c apiece.
Halibut, 12 1/2c lb.
Smelts, 15c lb., 2 lbs. 25c.
Bakery—
25c Layer Cakes, 4 varieties, 19c.
Cookies, 3 doz. 25c.
25c Kranz Cakes, 19c.
Deli-catessen—
Fancy Chow Chow in bulk, 15c pt.
Manzanilla Olives in bulk, 25c qt.
Ham Loaf, 85c lb.
Saratoga Chips, 5c pkg.
Full line Frank's Milwaukee Sausage.
Fruit—
Fancy Yakima Capitaloupe, 40c doz., 98c crate.
Fancy Yakima Peaches, 15 basket, 45c box.
Watermelons, 15c and 20c each.
Apples, 50c to 75c box, 3 lbs. 25c.
Suggestions—
There is nothing finer than our Yakima Concord Grape Juice—45c bottle 25c.
Cognet Gingerale, 2 bottles 25c.
4 cans Dairy Maid Milk, 25c. 4 to a customer.
Your Last Chance—
There is no coffee values that match ours—one trial will convince you. 25c lb. and up.
Fancy Ceylon Tea, 3 lbs. for \$1.00.
Ripe Olives, pt. cans 15c.
Butter has advanced, but not here—
Superior Brand, 25c lb.
Fine Cream, 27 1/2c lb.
Fancy Cream, 30c lb.
Blue Label Catsup, 19c bot.
Timely Specials—
Peerless Marmalade, 19c jar.
L. & P. Sauce, 25c bottle.
Look out for a big advance on imported groceries.

MEADOWMOOR DAIRY THE HOME OF QUALITY

- If quality means anything to you we can certainly please you. Fresh churned Butter, our own make, made from good pure cream right here before your eyes.
Per lb. 35c
3 lbs. for, \$1.00
Fresh Creamery Butter, 32c per lb.
3 lbs. for, 95c
Full Cream Cheese, the very best 20c lb.
Young America Cheese, lb., 20c
Ice Cream, 5c dish or cone
Per quart, 25c
Briek to take home in thermal boxes.
Fresh pasteurized milk and cream twice daily.
Full line of bakery goods.
MEADOWMOOR DAIRY STORE
908 South C Street. Tacoma Theater Bldg.

MacLean Bros. (Incorporated) "QUALITY GROCERS"

Better telephone Main 13 and order the Times to come to your home regularly. You'll get four high class novels complete, with the Times, each month

MEADOWMOOR DAIRY THE HOME OF QUALITY

- If quality means anything to you we can certainly please you. Fresh churned Butter, our own make, made from good pure cream right here before your eyes.
Per lb. 35c
3 lbs. for, \$1.00
Fresh Creamery Butter, 32c per lb.
3 lbs. for, 95c
Full Cream Cheese, the very best 20c lb.
Young America Cheese, lb., 20c
Ice Cream, 5c dish or cone
Per quart, 25c
Briek to take home in thermal boxes.
Fresh pasteurized milk and cream twice daily.
Full line of bakery goods.
MEADOWMOOR DAIRY STORE
908 South C Street. Tacoma Theater Bldg.

N.W. Grocery Co. Retail Department.

Flour has advanced slightly, but you can still buy our very best brands at less than you can purchase the cheaper kinds elsewhere.

- Our Queen Flour is made for us east of the mountains in a mill located in the blue stem wheat district and is better and whiter flour than that made in the local mills from mixed wheat.
Queen Flour, \$1.35 per sack
Per bbl., \$5.15
Shield Flour, \$1.35 per sack
Per bbl., \$5.15
Sweet Home Flour, \$1.20 per sack
Per bbl., \$4.65
These are our leading brands.

NORTHWEST GROCERY COMPANY 18th and Commerce Streets.

KODAKS Developing and Printing

If your pictures are not good we will tell you why. CENTRAL NEWS CO. 935 C St.

Large advertisement for National Service Company with multiple dollar signs and text: "DIVIDENDS WILL BE PAID TO YOU EVERY NINETY DAYS".