

WILSON WILL BE NAMED

By Gilson Gardner
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 1.—President Wilson's determination to abandon his presidential primary project will not affect his chances of nomination.

As things are now shaping themselves, he will be the nominee of the democratic party and will have an even chance of election against a divided opposition.

The absence of the presidential primary will leave the road clear for William Barnes and his associates in their plan to put over a reactionary candidate of the Myron T. Herrick or Boies Penrose type.

This, of course, shuts the door to any suggestion of compromise or of amalgamation with the progressives and in all probability will result in the nomination of a progressive party candidate, and the division of the progressive and reactionary votes about as they divided during the campaign last November.

As President Wilson said in his speech at Indianapolis the independent voters of the country have the say in deciding between the two old parties, and in this case the progressive holds the balance of power and may elect Wilson or by voting directly for Wilson.

He will not, of course, vote for a candidate of reaction.

CANAL TO OPEN GREAT STRETCH OF WATERWAY

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 1.—The dedication of The Dalles-Celilo canal of the Columbia river, Ore., set for May 5, will mark the opening of a continuous free waterway from the Pacific ocean inland 479 miles to Lewiston, Idaho, on the Snake river, and 450 miles to Priest Rapids, on the Columbia.

The completion of the canal is deemed of such importance that citizens of the Pacific Northwest States have prepared a series of celebrations running through the entire week of May 3-8, including special programs at Lewiston, Pasco, Kennewick, Walla Walla, Wallula, Pendleton, Umatilla, Maryhill, Goldendale, The Dalles, Big Eddy, Kalama, Vancouver, Portland and Astoria.

Local Drama and Vaudeville

Tacoma Theater—Dark tonight. Coming soon, "Everywoman," and Rose Stahl in "A Perfect Lady."
Pantages Theater—"The Serpent of the Nile," dancing spectacle; Nicholson's Musicians; "The Claim Agent"; Jimmy Green; Grace LaBell.
Empress Theater—"Cabria," big movie spectacle, all week matinees and nights. Next week "45 Minutes From Broadway."

Pantages Actress Posed For Pictures on Two-Dollar Bills



Miss Rosa Marston, leading woman in "The Claim Agent," at the Pantages this week.

Were you ever fortunate enough to possess a \$2 bill—a silver certificate of the series of 1896? And did you ever ask yourself who the graceful young woman were who are posed for the symbolic figures on the bill?

One young woman posed for three of those pictures. It may be you have seen a portfolio of Sarony's living pictures. This great artist, now dead, was the pioneer in posing for art photography and the greatest of its exponents. It is in his collection of living pictures that he has posed a cupid, one of the most attractive of all his subjects, a particularly graceful figure of a child.

"Candy Shop"

The next attraction at the Tacoma theater will be the tuneful musical comedy "The Candy Shop," which comes next Sunday night. The same company seen here before, headed by Rock and Fulton and including Oscar Ragland, Daphne Pollard, Ted Burns, Bessie Franklin, Ida Gold and a large beauty chorus will be seen again. The seat sale for the engagement will start next Saturday.

The young woman on the \$2 bill and the child cupid are the same person. They were both posed by Miss Rosa Marston, leading woman in the delightful comedy-drama, "The Claim Agent," on this week's Pantages bill.

Throughout her stage career Miss Marston has been sought as a model for works of art. Her pose for the \$2 bills was the most famous, and has given her a world-wide advertisement that few actresses can claim.

MISS GILMAN TO LECTURE

"War and World Hope," will be discussed tomorrow evening by Miss Charlotte Gilman, a widely known writer on ethical and economic subjects, at the Temple of Music.

Miss Gilman first came into prominence through her book, "Woman and Economics," the originality and force of which brought her considerable of a reputation.

Her lecture is under the auspices of the Gilman circle, and the net proceeds will be devoted to the club house fund.

"SEA WOLF" LONDON'S MASTERPIECE

READ THRILLING NOVEL
New York, Grosset & Dunlap, publishers; Copyright by Jack London, by the Century Co., by the McMillan Co.

BY JACK LONDON.
(Continued from Yesterday.)

Here were no seals whatever. The boat's stem touched the hard shingle. I sprang out, extending my hand to Maud. The next moment she was beside me. As my fingers released hers, she clutched for my arm hastily. At the same moment I swayed, as about to fall to the sand. This was the startling effect of the cessation of motion. We had been so long upon the moving, rocking sea that the stable land was a shock to us. We expected the beach to lift up this way and that, and the rocky walls to swing back and forth like the sides of a ship; and when we braced ourselves, automatically, for these various expected movements, their non-occurrence quite overcame our equilibrium.

"I really must sit down," Maud said, with a nervous laugh and a dizzy gesture, and forthwith she sat down on the sand.

I attended to making the boat secure and joined her. Thus we landed on Endeavor island, as we came to it, landlock from long custom of the sea.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Fool!" I cried aloud in my vexation.

I had unloaded the boat and carried its contents high up on the beach, where I had set about making a camp. There was driftwood, though not much, on the beach, and the sight of a coffee tin I had taken from the Ghost'sarder had given me the idea of a fire.

"Blithering idiot!" I was continuing.

But Maud said, "Tut, tut," in gentle reproval, and then asked why I was a blithering idiot.

"No matches," I groaned. "Not a match did I bring. And now we shall have no hot coffee, soup, tea, or anything!"

"Wasn't it—er—Cruso who rubbed sticks together?" she drawled.

"But I have read the personal narrative of a score of shipwrecked men who tried, and tried in vain," I answered. "I remember Winters, a newspaper fellow with an Alaskan and Siberian reputation. Met him at the Bibelot once, and he was telling us how he attempted to make a fire with a couple of sticks. It was most amusing. He told it infinitely, but it was the story of failure. I remember his conclusion, his black eyes flashing as he said, 'Gentlemen, the South Sea islander may do it, the Malay may do it, but my word it is beyond the white man.'"

"Oh, well, we've managed so far without it," she said cheerfully. "And there's no reason

why we cannot still manage without it."

"But think of the coffee!" I cried. "It's good coffee, too. I know. I took it from Larsen's private stores. And look at that good wood."

I confess, I wanted the coffee badly; and I learned, not long afterward, that the berry was likewise a little weakness of Maud's. Besides, we had been so long on a cold diet that we were numb inside as well as out. Anything warm would have been gratifying. But I complained no more, and set about making a tent of the sail for Maud.

I had looked upon it as a simple task, what of the oars, mast, boom, and sprit, to say nothing of plenty of lines. But as I was wittily experienced, and as every detail was an experiment and every successful detail an invention, they were well gone before her shelter was accomplished. And then, that night, it rained, and she was flooded out and driven back into the boat.

The next morning, I dug a shallow ditch around the tent, and, an hour later, a sudden gust of wind, whipping over the rocky wall behind us, picked up the tent and smashed it down on the sand thirty yards away.

Maud laughed at my crestfallen expression, and I said, "As soon as the wind abates I intend going in the boat to explore the island. There must be a station somewhere, and men. And ships must visit the station. Some government must protect all these seals. But I wish to have you comfortable before I start."

"I should like to go with you," was all she said.

"It would be better if you remained here. You have had enough of hardship. It is a miracle that you have survived. And it won't be comfortable in the boat, rowing and sailing in this rainy weather. What you need is rest, and I should like you to remain and get it."

Something suspiciously akin to moistness dimmed her beautiful eyes before she dropped them and partly turned away her head.

"I should prefer going with you," she said in a low voice, in which there was just a hint of appeal.

"I might be able to help you a—"

"They got away," I said cheerfully. "You are a sinking at the heart and seemed to divine the presence of bleached bones somewhere on that beach."

I did not wish Maud's spirits to be dampened by such a find, so I turned seaward again with our boat and skirted the northeastern point of the island. There were no beaches on the southern shore, and by early afternoon we rounded the black promontory and completed the circumnavigation of the island. I estimated its circumference at twenty-five miles, its width as varying from two to five miles; while my most conservative calculation placed on its beaches two hundred thousand seals. The island was highest at its extreme southwestern point, the headlands and backbone diminishing regularly until the northeastern portion was only a few feet above the sea. With the exception of our little cove, the other beaches sloped gently back for a distance of half mile or so, into what I might call rocky meadows, with here and there patches of moss and tundra grass. Here the seals hauled out, and the old bulls guarded their harems, while the young bulls hauled out by themselves.

This brief description is all that Endeavor island merits. Damp and soggy where it was not sharp and rocky, buffeted by storm winds and lashed by the sea, with the air continually a-tremble with the bellowing of two hundred thousand amphibians, it was a melancholy and miserable sojourning place.

Maud, who had prepared me for disappointment, and who had been brightly and vivacious all day, broke down as we landed in our own little cove. She strove bravely to hide it from me, but while I was kindling another fire I knew she was stifling her sobs in the blankets under the sail-tent.

It was my turn to be cheerful, and I played the part to the best of my ability, and with such success that I brought the laughter back into her dear eyes and song on her lips; for she sang to me before she went to an early bed. It was the first time I had heard her sing, and I lay by the fire, listening and transported, for she was nothing if not an artist in everything she did, and her voice, though not strong, was wonderfully sweet and expressive.

I still slept in the boat, and I lay awake long that night, gazing up at the first stars I had seen in many nights and pondering the situation. Responsibility of this sort was a new thing to me. Wolf Larsen had been quite right. I had stood on my father's legs. My lawyers and agents had taken care of my money for me. I had had no responsibilities at all. Then, on the Ghost I had learned to be responsible for myself. And now, for the first time in my life, I found myself responsible for someone else. And it was a responsibility of the most serious kind.

as we consumed our supply of canned goods, we accumulated quite an imposing array of cooking vessels.

I boiled the water, but it was Maud who made the coffee. And how good it was! My contribution was sealed beef fried with crumbled sea-biscuit and water. The breakfast was a success, and we sat about the fire much longer than enterprising explorers should have done, sipping the hot black coffee and talking over our situation.

I was confident that we should find a station in some one of the coves, for I knew that the rookeries of Bering Sea were thus guarded; but Maud advanced the theory,—to prepare me for disappointment, I do believe, if disappointment were to come,—that we had discovered an unknown rookery. She was in very good spirits, however, and made quite merry in accepting my plight as a grave one.

"If you are right," I said, "then we must prepare to winter here. Our food will not last, but there are the seals. They go away in the fall, so I must soon begin to lay in a supply of meat. Then there will be huts to build and driftwood to gather. Also, we shall try out seal fat for lighting purposes. Altogether, we'll have our hands full if we find the island uninhabited. Which we shall not, I know."

But she was right. We sailed with the beam wind along the shore, searching the coves with our glasses and landing occasionally, without finding a sign of human life. Yet we learned that we were not the first who had landed on Endeavor island. High up on the beach of the second cove from ours, we discovered the splintered wreck of a boat,—a sealer's boat, for the rowlocks were bound in sennit, a gun-rack was on the starboard side of the bow, and in white letters was faintly visible the No. 2. The boat had lain there for a long time, for it was half filled with sand, and the splintered wood had that weather-worn appearance due to long exposure to the elements. In the sternsheets I found a rusty ten-gauge shotgun and a sailor's sheath-knife broken short across and so rusted as to be almost unrecognizable.

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THE PEOPLES STORE

THIRD SEMI-ANNUAL TIE SALE

YOUR BEST CHANCE TO PURCHASE A HANDSOME TIE FOR EASTER



1,500 New 1915 Four-in-Hand Cravats, Values 50c, 75c and \$1.00

Fine Imported Silks, plain colors, candy stripes, polo dots and Persian effects; grenadines, basket weaves; all new and beautiful open end ties with linings made a trifle longer to keep the tie in perfect shape.

Choice 45c

ON SALE FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

BARGAIN SQUARE

GENUINE LEATHER BAGS

Regular and Pannier Handles—Actual \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50 Values

Seal Grain, Walrus Grain, Pin Seal Grain, Angora Goat, Crepe Seal, Morocco Leather—All fitted with coin purses and a number of vanity fittings. They are lined in colored moire silk and genuine leather nickel gilt and gunmetal frames. Regular and Pannier handles. On Bargain Square, choice. 95c

world—the one small woman, as I loved to think of her.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

WHOLESALE QUOTATIONS

Selling Prices to Retailers For Butter, Eggs and Cheese

Cheese—Washington, 16c; Tillamook, 15c @ 17c.

Eggs—Fresh ranch, 20 @ 22c; Butter—Washington creamery, 29 @ 30c; California, 27 @ 28c.

Wholesale Meat Prices.

Fresh Meats—Steers, 11 1/2 @ 12c; cows, 11 1/2 @ 12c; hogs, trimmed sides, 15c; ewes, 13c; mutton, wethers, 12 1/2c; lamb, 16c; veal, dressed, 9 @ 11c.

Prices Paid Producers For Meats, Butter, Eggs, Poultry

Livestock—Cows, 5 @ 6c; calves 3 @ 4c; hogs, 7 1/2c; sheep, 4 @ 5c; lambs, 8c; dressed hogs, 10c.

Butter and Eggs—Ranch butter, 27 @ 28c; strictly fresh ranch eggs, 18 @ 19c.

Poultry—chickens, dressed, 10 @ 11c; ducks, 12c; squabs, 2 @ 2.25; chickens, live, 9 @ 10c.

Prices Paid Wholesale Dealers For Vegetables, Fruits

Fruits—Native apples, 75 @ 81c; Bananas, 4 1/2c lb. Jap oranges, box, 75c. Oranges, Navel, \$2 @ 2.25. Lemons, \$3 @ 3.50. Grape fruit, \$3.50 box. Call grape fruit, \$2.50 box. Persimmons, 10c lb. Pomegranates, \$2 box. Spanish Malaga grapes, \$7.50 bag. Pineapples, \$2.50 doz. California strawberries, \$3 box.

Vegetables—Onions, box, \$2; Ore. yellow, cwt., \$1.50. Head lettuce, Call., \$2.25 per crate; leaf lettuce, \$1. Yarkman turnips, \$1.25; rutabagas, \$1.75 sack; carrots, \$1.25. Potatoes, Nettle Gem, \$2.50 ton. Idaho, \$27 a ton. Cabbage, \$2 cwt. Oregon cauliflower, \$2.25 cr. Walla Walla spinach, \$1.10 box. Chill peppers, \$1.25 lb. Wax beans, 3c. Pumpkins, 1 1/2c. Ore. cider, 25 @ 30c. Celery, \$4 @ 4.50 crate. Sprouts, 3c lb. Florida tomatoes, \$5 crate. Rhubarb, 7c lb. Sweet potatoes, cwt., \$3.50. Seed potatoes, \$4 @ 50. California radishes, 50c doz. bu. Note cucumbers, \$2.50 doz. Green peas, 1c lb. Asparagus, \$1.50 doz. Rhubarb, \$3 box.

U. S. Fighting Poster Trust

CHICAGO, April 1.—Civic clubs throughout the United States fighting the "bill board menace" may be spared the trouble of further prosecuting their municipal campaigns against the "clear view obstructions." In an anti-trust suit set for trial before Federal Judge K. M. Landis here today, U. S. District Attorney Charles F. Clynne is seeking to dissolve the American Bill Posters' association, which, he asserts, controls 40,000 alleged "eye sores" from Gotham to the Pacific.

"We hope to stop this monopoly of 'vacant lot' space," Clynne asserted in opening the case. "Opponents of the bill boards seen everywhere have not been fighting a local situation—they have bucked up against a big trust. The government hopes to stop the bill board evil at the fountain head."

Relief Ship Arrives

Dispatches tell of the arrival of the relief ship Washington at Rotterdam, Holland, with supplies for the relief of Belgians who have been injured by the war.

Resinol



will stop that itching

If you are suffering with eczema, ringworm, rash or other tormenting skin-eruption, try Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap. You will be surprised how quickly the itching stops and the skin becomes clear and healthy again.

Children Love It— Don't Deny Them

Dentists affirm its helpfulness to teeth and gums. Doctors attest its aid to appetite and digestion.

Give the kiddies all they want. Use it yourself—regularly. Keep it always on hand.

Cultivate the saving instinct with the **United Profit-Sharing Coupons** around each package, good toward high-grade merchandise.

Have you seen "Wrigley's Mother Goose"—newest jingle book—28 pages in colors?

(Here is a sample verse and illustration)

There was an old Spear-woman lived in a shoe—
For her many young hopefuls she knew what to do!
She made them most happy with WRIGLEY'S for all—
It kept them in trim at a cost very small!

The "Wrigley Spear-men" want you to see all their quaint antics in this book, free! Write for it today to

Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., 1207 Keener Bldg., Chicago

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM MINT LEAF FLAVOR

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT DOUBLE STRENGTH PEPPERMINT

UNITED PROFIT-SHARING COUPONS

"Chew it after every meal"

THIS IS ONE ON THE HOUSE

HOORAY! HOORAY!

HEY! HERE COME THE ROOF