

The Big Two-Day Housewares Sale

IT IS JUST ANOTHER ONE of those famous Rhodes Economy events that never fails to attract the attention of hundreds of thrifty housewives hereabouts. Read the list carefully—some exceptionally interesting economies are involved.

Household Tools

A sale of inexpensive household tools—that are always wanted around the home.

- 13-inch Screw Drivers, special15c
- Putty Knives, special8c
- Glass Cutters, special8c
- Sargent Levels, special39c
- Polished Wood Hammers, special39c
- Kindling Ax, special69c
- Planes, special49c
- Cross Cut Saws, special39c
- Long-handled Ax, special39c
- Combination Pliers39c

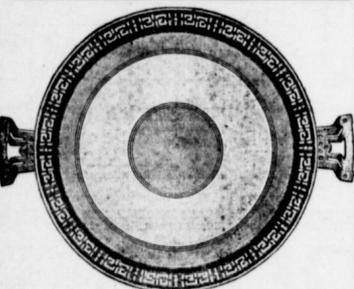
O-Cedar Mop and Polish

Every housewife knows the O-Cedar Mop and Polish—the Mop that polishes all kinds of floors, gets into the corners and all those hard-to-get-at places—the Polish that cleans furniture, pianos, automobiles and carriages, and that is the very best on the market for renewing any mop—it gives a hard, dry luster. Very specially priced during this Housewares Sale.



- 4-oz. bottle O-Cedar Polish17c
- 12-oz. bottle O-Cedar Polish39c
- Small size O-Cedar Triangle Mop 59c

Final Close-Out Sale of Service Trays, 100 Styles



Includes about 100 different styles in square, oblong and round shapes. Nickel-plated, specially priced 39c, 69c, 89c and up to \$3.98 each. Mahogany Frame Trays, specially priced at ONE-FOURTH TO ONE-HALF OFF. Brass Trays specially priced at exactly HALF PRICE. —Fourth Floor.

Miscellaneous Housew' Greatly Reduced Prices

- Tin Sink Strainer, special at 17c
- Tin Dish Pans, special17c
- Tin Pie Pans—extra heavy; special at17c
- Tin Clean Up Cake Pans; special at8c
- Tin Wash Basins, special at7c
- Tin Bread Pans, special at8c
- Japanned Mail Boxes, special at19c
- Japanned Coat Hooks, spec. doz. 7c
- Aluminum House Numbers, special, at each3c
- Wood Roller Towel Rack, special at17c
- Wire Broom or Toaster, special12c
- Mother's Ironing Wax, special at7c
- Gray Enamelled Stew Kettle; about 2-quart size; special at21c
- Kitchen Knives, special at25c
- Gray Enamelled Berlin Stew Pan; about 3 quarts; special39c
- Gray Enamelled Bread Pans, special at19c
- Gray Enamelled Dippers, special at8c
- Gray enameled Muffin Pans, special27c
- Gray Enamelled 6-qt. Milk Pans, special 15c
- Paring Knives, special at11c

Ever-ready Flashlights, Tungsten Battery, 98c



Equipped with high-efficiency Tungsten Battery; a two-cell nickel case Flashlight that is guaranteed to give service reasonably expected of it. Very special 98c —Fourth Floor.

Pictorial Review Patterns

Rhodes Brothers

Pictorial Review Patterns

In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

Autos Will Don Spring Hoods for Big Parade

Timely togs are the thing in Tacoma this wee. It's "Dress Up Week." Wednesday is the big day. Then the city's old men, young men, maidens and elderly ladies will flash out in the very latest in up-to-dateness. Tacoma will match its new spring bonnet, and everybody's going to have a hand in the adorning. The Commercial club bureau which is directing the dressmaking has invited everyone to join in. Store windows will be decked out in their most attractive tog-

gery. It will be "Dress Up Week" for the autos, too. They will don their spring hoods and line up for a parade at noon on the big day. At 11:30 Wednesday the autos will form in line on a street, extending south from 8th st. The parade will start sharply at noon. Two motorcycle policemen will be there to see that none of the ranks are broken. Nearly all the auto dealers have agreed to take part in the parade. All private cars—if they look new and shiny and springlike—will be welcome to join the show.

MERCURY 100 IN ARIZONA TOWN

YUMA, March 13.—The thermometer reached 100 degrees yesterday. Only once before has this mark been reached in March.

BELLBOY NOW IS CLUB BOOKKEEPER
R. L. Johnston, Commercial club bell boy, steps into the shoes of F. E. Hibler as bookkeeper of the club, a position left vacant by the resignation of the latter.

LOCAL SHIPPERS GET HUGE ORDER

The Dennett Milling Co. of this city recently received a large order for flour to be shipped immediately to Anchorage, Alaska, the terminus of the Alaska railroad.

"AN OUTSIDER"

By Louis Joseph Vance.—Copyright, Frank A. Munsey Co. NEXT WEEK, "THE MAXWELL MYSTERY" BY CAROLYN WELLS.

CHAPTER I. Anarchy

"WHAT YOU gonna have?" To this inquiry the patron made no response; head bent, she pored sedulously over the magazine. The waitress renewed her demand. "Say, listen: what you want?" "White satin, velled with point d'Angleterre," Miss Manvers replied, distinctly. Pardonably startled, the waitress demanded with the rising inflection: "Wha-a-at?" "The court train," Miss Manvers pursued in abstraction, "is dotted with bouquets of orange blossoms."

She checked herself suddenly. "Ham-and, please," she said. "Plate of ham-and. Cawty?" "Yes, iced coffee and"—Miss Manvers hesitated briefly—"and a napoleon." The waitress withdrew. For the next few moments the customer neglected the fashion magazine which she had found on the seat of the chair next her own. She stared blankly at the spotted bill of fare. She was deeply intrigued by the mystery of human frailty, as exemplified by her reckless extravagance in ordering that superfluous bit of pastry. Miss Manvers' purse contained a quarter of a dollar; being precisely the sum of her entire fortune. Her ham and bean soup cost 15 cents, the coffee and the napoleon 5 cents each. She would be penniless when she had paid her score.

In due course Miss Manvers delivered at the desk of the blonde cashier, and, penniless, wandered forth into the brutal sunshine. She went slowly, wearily, as suited a judge. The burning air beat up into her downcast face from the sun-baked stones that scorched thru the soles of her shoddy shoes. A few doors north of Lexington ave. she climbed weather-beaten steps to a brownstone entrance, and addressed herself to three long flights of naked stairs. She gained at the top an open double door which sported a simple rectangle of cardboard advertising the tenancy of (in engraved script) Miss Lucy Spode, (in pencil) M. A. Warden, and (in pencil, a scrawl) Manvers.

Near the windows, on the end of a box couch, a young woman was perched, thin shoulders rounded over the ink-stained drawingboard resting on her knees. She interrupted, she looked up with a start and cried in a voice of the Southern borb: "My land, Sally! What time is it?" "In the act of unpinning her hat Miss Manvers paused to consult an alarm clock on an adjacent shelf. "Twenty past three," she reported, sententiously. The artist busily scratched once more. "Scold me," she explained, "coming home so early!" Sally removed her collar with a wrench. "Got a date?" "Sure; with Sammy—4 o'clock," announced Lucy Spode. "Where's Mary Warden?" "Lyric Hall—rehearsing." "Lucky Mary!"

The artist looked up in astonishment. "Lucky!" she protested; "dancing till she's ready to drop. In this awful heat, and no pay for rehearsal!" "All the same," Sally contended, "she's got some chance. She's an understudy, and her principal might fall ill—or something. That's better than mauling a man you don't care for—which you are likely to do—or clerking at Huckster's for \$7 a week."

"Something's happened to you to-day, Sally. What is it? You haven't been—"

"Fired again? Not exactly. Just laid off indefinitely—that's all. With good luck I may get my job back next September."

"Oh, but honey!" Lucy explained, crossing to drop a hand on Sally's shoulder, "I am sorry!" "Of course you are," Sally returned stonily. "But you needn't be. I'm not going to let this make things any harder for you and Mary Warden."

"Don't be silly, Lucy! You know you're welcome!" "Of course I do. All the same, I'm not taking any more. I was laid off last Saturday. I didn't say anything, but I've been looking for something else ever since—and this is Wednesday, and I'm thru."

"Well, well," said the other indulgently, "have it your own way. What are you going to steal first? A diamond sunburst? But if I stop here listening to you, I'll be late for Sammy. So I'm off." Pausing in the doorway, she looked back with just a trace of doubt coloring her regard. "Promise to do nothing rash before I come home."

"Promises made for keeps are specifically prohibited by article nine of the Social Pirate's letters. But I don't mind telling you the chances are you'll find me on the roof when you get back, unless this heat lets up. I'm going up now; this place is simply suffocating!" But her smile grew dim as she resigned herself to an evening whose loneliness promised to be unbroken. After a time she rose and moved languidly out into the hall, from which an iron ladder led up thru a scuttle to the roof, the refuge and retreat of the studio's tenants on those breathless, interminable summer nights when their quarters were unendurably stuffy. Here they

CHAPTER II. Burglary

She awakened in a sharp panic. Without the least warning the atmosphere quaked with a terrific shock of thunder, and the down-pour became heavier. The girl sprang from her chair and groped her way to the scuttle. It was closed. Somebody, presumably the janitor, had shut it against the impending storm without troubling to make sure there was no one on the roof. Half stunned and wholly terrified, the girl dashed the rain from her eyes and strove to recollect her wits, and grapple sanely with her plight.

It was a bare chance that a scuttle on some one of the adjacent roofs might be, at least, not fastened down. Fighting the buffeting wind, the scouring rain, and her panic-fright, she gained the scuttle of the roof to the west, but found it immovable. Panting, even sobbing a little in her terror, she scrambled on thru a sort of nightmarish progress to the next roof, and on and on to the next and the next.

She couldn't have said how many roofs she had crossed, when at length she discovered a scuttle that was actually ajar, and without pause to wonder at this circumstance, or what might be her reception, she swung down into that hospitable black hole, and by mischance dislodged the iron arm supporting the cover.

It fell with a bang and a click, and Sally barely escaped crushed fingers by releasing the rim and tumbling incontinently to the floor. She stood in what at first seemed unrelieved darkness—but for glimpses revealed by the incessant flash and flare of lightning—at one end of a short hallway, by the rail of a staircase wall. Three or four doors opened upon this hall; but she detected no sign of any movement in the shadows, and heard no sound.

Then step by timid step, she descended to the next floor, which she found devoted to three hand-somely appointed bedchambers, also empty. And slowly, as her courage served, another flight took her down to a story given over wholly to two bedchambers with bath, dressing rooms, and boudoirs adjoining, all very luxurious to a hasty survey.

Below this again was an entrance hall, giving access to a drawing room, a library, and, at the back of the house, a dining room. And finally the basement proved to be as deserted as any room above. It required, however, only a moment's sober thought, once satisfied she was alone, to suggest as one reasonable solution to the puzzle that the owners had fled next to the week-end, leaving the establishment in care of untrustworthy servants, who had promptly elected to seek their own pleasure elsewhere.

Content with this theory, Sally chose one of the windows of the servants' dining room from which to spy out stealthily, first remarking that the house was near the Park ave. corner, finally a policeman sheltered in the tradesman's entrance of the dwelling across the way.

At this last disquieting discovery Sally retreated expeditiously from the window, for the first time realizing that her presence in that house, however innocent, wouldn't be easy to explain to one of a policeman's incredulous idiosyncrasies.

But nobody knew; it was only 6:30 by the clock in the kitchen; it was reasonably improbable that the faithless servants would come back much before midnight; and she need only wait for the storm to pass to return across the roofs.

None the less it was quite without definite design that Sally retraced her way to that suite of rooms in the second story which seemed to be the quarters of the mistress of the establishment.

And when the girl pursued her investigations to the point of opening closed doors she found clothes presses containing a wardrobe to cope with every imaginable emergency—frocks to ravish any woman's heart. Her heart ached with a reawakened sense of the cruel unfairness of life. Her flesh crept with the touch of her rain-soaked clothing. And in her thoughts temptation stirred like a whispering serpent.

CHAPTER III. Blackmail

There was a breathless instant while the combination of knobs, bolts and locks defied her importunate fingers, but Sally was tempted. Then the door suddenly yielded; the door slammed behind her with a crash that threatened its glass; and her panic-winged heels carried the young woman well round the corner and into Park ave. before she appreciated how interesting her tempestuous flight would be apt to seem to a peg-top policeman.

But a covert glance aside brought prompt reassurance; the policeman was just then busy on the far side of the avenue, hectoring humility into the heart of an unhappy taxicab operator.

But the police were bound to learn of the affair all too soon; her part in it was as certain to become known; too late she was reminded that the name "Manvers" indelibly identified every garment abandoned in the bathroom! Before morning, certainly, before midnight, probably, Sarah Manvers would be the quarry of a clamorous hue and cry.

Appalled, she hurried on aimlessly, with many a furtive glance over shoulder, with as many queering roundabout for refuge or resource. With the start of one suddenly delivered from dream-haunted sleep, she found herself arrived at 42nd st. For several moments she remained at a complete standstill here on the corner, blindly surveying the splendid facade of Grand Central station.

Now, as she lingered on the corner, people were passing her continually on their way over to the terminal; and one of these presently caught her attention. Sally caught her breath sharply. The man was Blue Serge, the same Blue Serge who owed his life to Sally Manvers!

The man moved smartly on again, with every indication of one spurred on by an urgent errand—but went no more alone. Now a pertinacious shadow dogged him into the railway station, even to the platform gates that were rudely slammed in his face.

Blue Serge strode back into the waiting room, and when a minute later he addressed himself to the Pullman bureau, Sally was still his shadow. "I've just missed the 11:10 for Boston," she heard him explain, as he displayed tickets on the marble ledge, "and, of course, I'm out my berth reservation. Can you give me a lower on the midnight express?"

"Nothing left on the midnight." "Well, then, perhaps you can fix me up for the Owl train?" "Owl train? De luxe room or ordinary stateroom—all I got left." "Good enough. I'll take—"

Apparently this neared its culmination. To he had gone down face forward, Blue Serge had contrived to turn over on his back, in which position he now lay, still

CHAPTER IV. The Search

struggling, but helpless, beneath the boot of his assailant—a burly, black-visaged second—so straddled the chest of his prey, a knee pinning down either arm, one hand gripping Blue Serge's throat, the other striving with purpose undoubtedly murderous to get possession of the short Roman sword.

At this strange thing happened—strangest of all to Sally. For she, who never in her life had touched firearm or viewed scene of violence more desperate than a schoolboy squabble, discovered herself standing in the head of the heavy villain the automatic pistol that had rested there.

Simultaneously she was aware of the sound of her own voice, crying: "Stop! Drop that sword and put up your hands!" The stout assassin started back and turned up to the amazing apparition of her a ludicrous mask of astonishment. Then slowly he elevated two grimy hands.

"Get up!" she snapped. "No—keep your hands in sight! Now stand back—to the wall! Quick!" The rogue obeyed, keeping his hands level with his ears. Still holding the pistol ready, the girl shifted her glance to Blue Serge. He had picked himself up, and now stood surveying his ally with a regard which wavered between amaze and admiration, suspicion and surprise. Catching her inquiring eye, he bowed jerkily.

"And now," Blue Serge suggested, "by your leave—"

Drawing near the girl, he held out his hand for the pistol, and to her own surprise she surrendered it, suddenly conscious that he was rapidly assuming command of the situation.

And incontinently, as the he had taken away all her courage, together with that nickel-plated symbol, she started back, almost cringing in a panic of sadly jangled nerves.

Once he had disarmed her, Blue Serge transferred his interest exclusively to his late assailant. He stepped over, poked the pistol's nose significantly into the folds of the ruffian's neck, and slapped smartly his two hip pockets; in consequence of which singular performance he thrust a hand beneath the tail of the fellow's coat and brought away a bulging revolver of heavy caliber.

And then he stepped back, smiling, with a sidelong glance of triumph for Sally's benefit—a glance that spent itself on emptiness.

YOU'RE BILIOUS! CLEAN LIVER AND BOWELS TONIGHT

Don't stay headachy, sick, or have bad breath and sour stomach. Wake up feeling fine! Best laxative for men, women and children.



Enjoy life! Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, breath offensive, and stomach sour. Don't stay bilious, sick, headachy, constipated and full of cold. Why don't you get a box of Cascarets from the drug store and eat one or two tonight and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. You will wake up feeling fit and fine. Cascarets never gripe or sicken like salts, pills and calomel. They act so gently that you hardly realize you have taken a cathartic. Mothers should give Cascarets to their feeble children—a whole Cascaret at any time—they act thorough and are harmless.

TODAY'S MARKET PRICES

WHAT PRODUCERS GET

POULTRY

- Hens15c
- Ducks14c
- Geese13c
- Squabs12c

LIVESTOCK

- Cows1.25
- Heifers1.20
- Dressed veal1.10
- Steers1.05
- Butcher calves1.00
- Lamb1.00
- Ewes1.00

BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE

- Fresh ranch eggs22c
- Washington cheese21c
- Tillamook21c
- Cucumbers, cwt1.25
- Swiss dom.28c
- Cream, brics28c

WHOLESALE MEATS

- Cows1.10
- Heifers1.10
- Mutton, wethers1.10
- Hogs, sides, cwt1.10
- Dressed hogs, buying1.10
- Steal beef1.10
- Ewe's1.10
- Lamb1.10
- Whole hog1.10

VEGETABLES

- Potatoes, white1.25
- White vegetable, ton1.25
- Cabbage, cwt1.10
- Brussels sprouts, lb1.10
- Onions, cwt1.10
- Carrots1.10
- Sweet potatoes, cwt1.10
- Letuce, hearts, cwt1.10
- Celery, crate1.10
- Radishes, doz bunches1.10
- Rutabagas, cwt1.10
- Strawberry rhubarb, box1.10
- Leaf Letuce, crate1.10
- Florida green peppers1.10
- Cauliflower, cwt1.10
- Hubbard squash1.10
- Spinach, retail, lb1.10
- Butter beans, cwt1.10
- Parsley, doz1.10
- Florida tomatoes, crate1.10
- Chickpeas, retail, 2 for1.10
- Beets, sack1.10
- Parsnips sack1.10

FRUIT

- Oranges1.10
- Lemons1.10
- Japs1.10
- Bananas, lb1.10
- Apples1.10
- Grape fruit, Florida, box1.10
- Fresh figs, box1.10

FLOUR

- Amoco1.10
- Pyramid1.10
- Yanona1.10
- Whole wheat, bbl1.10
- Drifted Snow1.10
- Olympic1.10
- Right Light1.10
- Occident1.10
- Graham, bbl1.10

HAY AND GRAIN

- Wheat, ton1.10
- Winter wheat1.10
- Corn1.10
- Barley1.10
- Mixed timothy1.10
- Oats, car1.10
- Barley, car1.10
- Middling1.10
- Shorts1.10
- Timothy1.10
- Alfalfa1.10
- Roiled oats1.10
- Hops, 1915 crop1.10
- Hops, 1916 contracts1.10

WARNING!

The man or woman who falls or refuses to examine the prices on our stock of groceries willfully throws their money away. Open Saturday, Feb. 19. PACIFIC GROCETERIA 1816 Pacific Ave.

NOTICE

REGISTRATION BOOKS CLOSED MARCH 14, 1916.

The books for the registration of voters for the General Municipal Elections to be held on the 4th and 18th of April, 1916, will close at midnight on March 14, 1916.

W. D. NICKERS, City Clerk. March 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 1916.

Resinol

stops itching and burning

There is immediate relief for skins itching, burning and disfigured by eczema, ringworm, or similar tormenting skin-trouble, in a warm bath with Resinol Soap and a simple application of Resinol Ointment. The soothing, healing Resinol medication usually stops itching instantly, and unless the trouble is due to some serious internal disorder, soon clears away all trace of eruption, even in severe and stubborn cases where other treatments have had little or no effect. You need never hesitate to use the Resinol treatment. It is a doctor's prescription that has been used by other physicians for over twenty years in the care of skin affections. It contains absolutely nothing that could injure the tenderest skin.

Prove it at our expense

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap are sold by all druggists, but for samples free, write to Dept. 11-7, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

If you haven't been getting The Times regularly, call Main 12 and tell the circulation department to begin delivering it right away. This novel will be completed Saturday night, and another one will start next Monday.