

A NOVEL A WEEK

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"The Maxwell Mystery"

By Carolyn Wells.—Copyright, 1913, by J. B. Lippencott Co.

Next Week, "One Million Francs".....By Arnold Fredericks

START IT TODAY

Besides all the other good things this paper will give you each week a standard-price novel. Nothing better for evening reading.

CHAPTER I.
Concerning Opportunities.

"Peter King—please—Peter King—Peter King!"

With a telegram on his tray the bellboy traversed the crowded hotel dining room, chanting his monotonous refrain, until I managed to make him realize that I owned the above name, and persuaded him to hand over the message.

It was characteristic of the sender.

House party. Take afternoon train Saturday. Stay Tuesday. I. G.

PHILIP MAXWELL.

I was more than willing to take the designated train. Philip had a genius for arranging parties of congenial people, and moreover, the telegram assured me that at least one of my fellow guests would prove attractive. For the letters "I. G." meant nothing more nor less than that Irene Gardiner would be there.

Tho I had met this young woman only twice, she already exerted a fascination over me such as I had never before experienced. She, too, went down to Hamilton on the afternoon train. She was entirely at her ease as we pursued our journey.

"Is it a large party we're traveling toward?" I asked, as we neared Hamilton.

"I don't know," said Miss Gardiner. "Miss Maxwell invited me, and the only other guest she mentioned in her letter, beside yourself, were Mildred Leslie and the Whitings."

"You mean Mildred's sister Edith and her husband?"

"Yes, you know Edith married Tom Whiting."

"I remember Edith as a beauty, but I haven't seen Mildred since she was a youngster."

"Prepare yourself for a surprise, then; she's grown up to be the most fascinating little witch

you ever saw."

"At any rate, Philip thinks so," I said, smiling, and Miss Gardiner returned an understanding glance.

"Yes," she agreed, "but I don't think Miss Maxwell is altogether pleased. She's awfully fond of Mildred, but I think she would rather Philip should choose a different type for a wife."

"But I doubt if Philip will ask his aunt's advice in such a matter."

"Indeed he won't; nor his uncle's either. Phil's a dear fellow, but those two old people have spoiled him by humoring him too much."

Philip met us at the train. He led the way to his big touring car and bundled us into it. "You sit back, Peter," he directed, "with Mrs. Whiting and Miss Leslie, and I'll take Miss Gardiner with me. We'll run around the country a bit before we go home."

I took my seat between these two ladies, feeling that, for the next few days, at least, my lines had fallen in pleasant places.

CHAPTER II.
"Maxwell Chimneys."

"Oh, how stunning!" cried Irene Gardiner, for just then we whizzed up the driveway to the Maxwell house.

Alexander Maxwell had chosen to call his beautiful home "Maxwell Chimneys," and the place was as picturesque and unusual as its name. It had chimneys of the reddest of red brick, and these stuck up all over the roof of the many-gabled house and even presented the novel spectacle of a fire place right out on the broad front veranda.

As we neared the veranda, a cheery voice shouted "Hello," and Tom Whiting ran down the steps to meet us. Then the wide front door swung open, and the old doorway made a fitting frame for the gentle lady of the house who

stood within it.

Miss Miranda Maxwell was Philip's aunt, and, incidentally, was his devoted slave.

She and her brother Alexander had lived in the old house for many years, beloved and respected by the townspeople of Hamilton, though deemed perhaps a shade too quiet and old-fogy for the rising generation.

But this was all changed when their nephew Philip came to live with them. He had been there three years now and was a good-looking chap of about 23, who had been an orphan since childhood.

After his school and college days, his uncle had invited him to make his permanent home at Maxwell Chimneys, and Philip had accepted the invitation.

It was generally understood that he would eventually inherit the place, together with Alexander Maxwell's large fortune, and so far as social life went, he was already master of Maxwell Chimneys.

I had known Philip all through college, and had made frequent visits at Maxwell Chimneys. I was a favorite with both the old people, and I fully returned their regard.

Miss Maxwell herself showed me to my room, and as she left me at the door, she gave a motherly little pat to my shoulder, saying: "Now, Peter, dear boy, Philip's man will look after you, but if everything isn't just to your liking let me know, won't you?"

"Sure he will, Aunt Miranda," broke in Philip's gay voice, as he passed us in the hall; "look alive, now, Peter, and tog yourself for dinner at once. Drop down to the terrace as soon as you're ready."

After I was dressed, I stepped out onto the balcony through my own window, lured by the beauty of the scene before me. I stood at the balcony rail, and as I looked down I saw two people stroll-

ing along the terrace just beneath me. In the dusk, I was uncertain who they were, and then I heard Philip's clear, deep voice:

"You're a rattle-brained, butlerly-minded and extremely conceited young person," he declared, "but I have the misfortune to love you as I love life itself; so, once more, Mildred, darling, won't you marry me?"

Mildred laughed.

"Philip," she said, "I do believe that's the thousandth time you've asked me that question. Please don't do it again. My answer is—No."

"Milly," and Philip's voice took on a new tone. "I shall ask you that question just once more. Remember, dear, only once. Come, let us go back to the house."

I went downstairs and met the pair just entering the house, and then we went in to dinner.

Later on, as was the custom at Maxwell Chimneys, we all gathered on the front veranda to watch the moon rise.

This, of course, meant that Philip Maxwell should establish himself in the near vicinity of Mildred Leslie.

In her dainty white evening gown, Mildred was a picture. Gilbert Crane, a neighbor, who had strolled over, sat down beside her and began to chat in low tones, paying no attention to Philip's haughty look. Presently their attention was arrested by what Miss Maxwell was saying.

"Yes, he's coming tomorrow," she had been reading a telegram which a servant had just brought her, and as she folded it away, Mildred asked:

"Who is coming tomorrow?"

"Clarence, Earl of Clarendon," was the proud reply.

"Goodness! What a name! Is he a real live earl, and what's he coming for?"

"Yes, indeed, he's real," said Miss Maxwell, in reply to the first

question. "I was so afraid he wouldn't come that I didn't tell you I had asked him. But now you girls must make yourselves particularly charming, and give him a good time."

CHAPTER III.
Saucy Mildred.

"I'm so glad we're going to have a dance tonight," said Edith Whiting at luncheon next day.

"Oh, so am I," declared Mildred.

"Give me four Hesitations, won't you, Miss Leslie?" said I. "Why, how can you expect it?" she exclaimed. "There'll be a lot of strange men here from all the country round, and I'm going to give them all my dances. I can dance any day with you men who are staying in the house."

"Do you mean that, Miss Leslie?" exclaimed Clarendon, in such apparent consternation that everybody laughed.

"On second thought, I'll give you one apiece, all around," said Mildred, gaily.

Philip sat next her at the table. "You'll give me more than that," he said, in a low tone, "or else you needn't give me any."

"Very well," said Mildred airily, "you needn't have any. Lord Clarendon, if you care for two dances tonight, I have an extra one that has just been returned with thanks, which you may have."

That afternoon Philip and I chanced to find ourselves alone for a time. We sat in a shady corner of the veranda and he looked moody and glum. Finally he threw his cigar away, and said, frankly, "What would you do with her, Peter?"

"Do you want me to answer you seriously?" I said, "or flippantly?"

"Seriously, please."

"Then I think you'll have to teach her a lesson. You let her go too far, Philip; and you may find, when you try to curb her, you can't do it."

"I know I can't, King; she's reached that point already."

"Then begin as soon as possible. Tell her that she must either be engaged to you or not. And if she is engaged to you, she must stop flirting with the earl."

"Good heaven, Peter! is isn't the earl that bothers me. It's

DON'T FAIL TO HEAR MADAME SINCLAIRE'S LECTURE

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO TOMORROW, don't fail to hear the first of Madame Eugenie Sinclair's series of Three Lectures on Home Dress Making. These lectures will be given in the Tea Room on the Sixth Floor, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week—starting sharp at 3 p. m. each day. Tickets for the entire three lectures may be had for 50c—they are on sale now in the Notice Section on the Broadway Floor. Madame Sinclair is an artist in her line, and comes with a message that no woman who makes her own clothes or is interested in their making can afford to miss.

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A Better Blouse at \$2



JUST as with the Wirthmor—the Welworth has won a host of loyal friends—folks who have worn them and realize how vastly superior they are to all others that ordinarily sell at the same price. In the making and selling of these Blouses, the same economies have been exercised as in the making and selling of the Wirthmor and that's why the values are so very unusual.

Two dollars spent for a Welworth Blouse always buys the newest in style and utmost in value.

You cannot buy the Welworth in any other store—for we control their exclusive sale for this city.

—Third Floor.

Better Babies Hereabouts Prefer Wagner Go-Carts

AND NO WONDER, for they are the most comfortable easy-riding Go-Carts we know of—no one who has ever seen baby's hands clap with glee over the smart, clean-cut lines, and shining nickel of the new Wagner can say that a baby doesn't know a good thing when it is set before its little eyes.

And the mothers of these better babies prefer the Wagner because of its smart appearance and its easy running qualities.

Our line of Wagner Go-Carts and Sulkies includes—

A black Sulky that is semi-collapsible and has good seat and back. Priced only \$2.75.

A brown or black Sulky; collapsible and with good springs. Priced \$3.00 and \$3.25.

A brown Sulky, with spring seat and adjustable back and three-bow hood. Priced \$4.50.

A gray Sulky, full collapsible, with large bow, spring seat and three-position back. A mighty big value at \$5.00.

A gray or black Sulky, full collapsible, with heavy bow, spring seat, adjustable back, and without hood, at \$6.00. Same with hood at \$7.75.

Black Go-Cart, with good spring seat and adjustable back; a splendidly serviceable, good looking Go-Cart for only \$7.50.



Black Go-Cart, with heavy spring seat, padded back and flat steel frame, and hollow handles; light-weight. Priced \$9.00, \$9.75 and \$11.00.

Brown or black Go-Cart, with storm hood over foot, four-bow hood, large soft springs, mudguards and tubular frames. You can't equal this in any other make of Go-Cart at \$12.00.

A black or brown Go-Cart, with large bow springs, auto top, storm hood over foot, light weight frame, leatherette and mohair top, at \$13.50, \$14.50, \$15, \$16.50 and \$18.50.

—Fourth Floor.

(See the Broadway Show Windows.)

NEW AND WANTED GLOVES

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED some new shipments of Gloves that will greatly interest every woman that will take the time to visit our Glove Section in the next few days. A big shipment of the much wanted washable Chamousette Gloves, in black or white; all sizes; exceptional values at 75c a pair.

A complete assortment of the very popular Harrison reindeer fabric Gloves, in the fashionable suede finish—wash perfectly—come in all sizes—values extraordinary at \$1.00 a pair.

—Broadway Floor.

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DRAMATIC--AMUSING

First a sob then a laugh throughout the entire performance

ALL THIS WEEK

PICTOGRAPH NO. 5

GEO. ROSNER, Organist

THE COLONIAL

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some one quite different."

"Who?" I asked in astonishment, but just then we were interrupted, and I had no answer to my question. But it bothered me.

I could get no opportunity to speak to Philip again on the matter until that evening after dinner. The ladies had all gone to dress for the dance, and Philip and I chose to smoke in the rose garden. But again my intention came to nought, for Earl Clarence joined us.

It was after dark, but by the faint light of a moon which had not yet risen, we saw what seemed almost like a fairy being coming toward us. It was Mildred, and she was wrapped in a voluminous cloak of pale blue.

"Oh," she exclaimed, drawing back as she recognized us, "I thought you were the gardeners!"

"Do you want a gardener?" said I. "won't I do for one?"

"Well," and Mildred hesitated, "I was just dressing for the dance, you know, and I found I must have—simply must have some of those tiny yellow roses, that grow over there. I never dreamed I'd meet anybody!"

"It doesn't matter that you have met us, dear," said Philip, gently; "I'll cut some roses for you—which ones do you want?"

Milly was a tease; there was no doubt about it. She smiled at Philip, and then turning deliberately to the earl, said, "You're nearest to the yellow rose tree—won't you cut me some, please?"

Philip spoke no word, but stood for a moment looking at the girl he loved. Then, in a tense, unnatural voice, he said, "Clarendon, will you look after Miss Leslie?" and, turning on his heel, walked rapidly away.

"Milly," said the earl, eagerly stepping toward her.

"Lord Clarendon," she said coldly, "will you be so very kind as to pick me a few yellow roses, and let me hasten back to the house?"

He selected a charming cluster of roses and, taking his penknife from his pocket, cut them for her, and stood trimming off the thorns.

"Will you consider them a gift from me? And will you let them me?"

"Oh, no, they don't mean anything—Not anything at all—yet."

He had taken her hands and placed the spray of roses between them, and still held the two little hands, roses and all.

"Please let me go, Lord Clarendon—please!"

But he detained her a moment. "Miss Leslie," he said, and his choking voice betrayed his passion, "I won't keep you now—but tonight you will give me an opportunity, won't you, to tell you—"

"Tonight, my lord, you are to have one dance with me, you know."

"One? You promised me two!"

"Oh, I never keep dance promises!"

"But I'm sure you will! Now, which shall be the first one that I may call mine?"

"Choose for yourself, my lord," said Mildred, in her most demure way.

"Seven is a lucky number. May I have No. 7?"

"Yes, I'll have that for you," with a laughing glance over her shoulder, she ran away.

Soon after, standing in the lower hall, I watched Mildred Leslie come dancing down the stairs. She wore a short dancing gown of palest yellow chiffon, and in her shining curls nestled the tiny yellow roses. It was an unusual color for a pronounced blonde to wear, but it suited her dainty beauty, and she looked like a spring daffodil.

Of course, she was immediately surrounded by would-be partners, but Philip Maxwell was not among them.

"Sulky," said naughty Mildred, as I asked her where he was.

She finished the sixth dance with me and as we sauntered about after the music ceased, we met Philip.

"The next dance is ours," he said, looking at her in an unsmiling way.

"Indeed, it isn't!" declared Mildred, who had by no means forgotten to whom she had promised the seventh dance.

"It is," said Philip, sternly. "Come!"

"Better go," I whispered in Mildred's ear; "he's in an awful huff!"

Meekly she allowed herself to be led away, and Philip took her out on the veranda.

"Now," he said, as they passed

(Continued on Page Three.)