

Bargain Floor

Camp Supply Specials

PILLOW CASES 9c
 Empire Pillow Cases—size 42x30—have deep 4-inch hem—good quality and weight—Wednesday, extra special, each, 9c (Limit 6 to a customer)

Table Damask 45c
 The genuine Bates Table Damask, in 6 patterns, guaranteed fast colors—comes in Turkey red, and navy blue. This merchandise is not to be had in the markets now, so come early Wednesday to buy it at, 45c (Limit 10 yards to a customer—No phone orders.)

Table Napkins 5c
 15-inch Table Napkins—good full bleach—fair weight—hemmed—will wear like iron and can be used in any home—Wednesday reduced to, each 5c; DOZEN for 55c

Curtain Scrim 9c
 Full yard wide—quality is standard the world over—launders superbly—comes in ecru color only—reduced Wednesday to per yd. 9c (Limit 20 yards to a customer.)

Camp Blankets \$1.98
 Size 72x82 inches—comes in gray or tan wool nap finish—good weight—have pink or blue borders; will stand the wear of camp or summer home excellently. Wednesday reduced to, \$1.98

RECORDS for the CAMP PHONOGRAPH
 Hundreds of new Records to choose from in all the new "hits" and old-time favorites. America, I Love You. Memories. And dozens more—just what you want for the camp phonograph—can be played on any make talking machine. Take your choice at 9c

Campers Kitchen Needs

YOUR CHOICE 9c EACH

Stew Pans	Paper Table Sets	Table Knives
Pie Plates	(complete)	Table Forks
Bread Pans	Paints	All kinds of Tools
Tea Kettles	Enamels	All kinds of Hardware
Fly Swatters	Kitchen Knives	Crockery of all kinds

WE OUTFIT A CAMP COMPLETE WITH TABLE SUPPLIES FOR 6 PEOPLE FOR ONLY \$2.64
 —5th Bargain Floor.

Featuring Wednesday Bargains in GROCERIES

If you can't get here in person, Telephone your orders—our Grocery Order Desk is connected with your home by 14 Trunk Lines from 7:30 a. m. to 6 p. m. daily.

SHREDDED BISCUITS OR GRAPE NUTS reduced for Wednesday's selling only, to, per package 11c

COLD WATER STRICH—extra quality—large packages—reduced for Wednesday's selling to FOUR 25c

PACKAGES for 25c
 Olympic Wheat Hearts or Pancake Flour—large packages—Wednesday reduced to per package 22c;
 THREE PKGS. 65c

COFFEE 22c LB., 5 LBS. \$1.00
 Our famous IXL Blend—a scientific compounding of selected Guatemala Coffee—make a mild, sweet cup—bears the stamp of approval of hundreds of discriminating Tacoma coffee drinkers who purchase it every Wednesday at the specially reduced price of, 22c 5 LBS. FOR \$1.00

KARO SYRUP—Blue Label—5-lb. pails, Wednesday reduced to, per pail, 25c

GOLD DUST or CITRUS WASHING POWDER, large packages—Wednesday reduced to, per package 20c

Cut out This Coupon—It's worth Money to You!
COUPON SALE MILK, 5 CANS 25c
 No, there's no mistake about the price—this is simply a little flyer to see how many people are watching our 5th Bargain Floor ads in the Times. The Milk is the well known brand Aster brand—large size cans. None sold without this coupon—no telephone orders, mail orders or C. O. D.s. Only 1 lot to a customer with this coupon only. Aster Milk, FIVE LARGE CANS for 25c —5th Bargain Floor.

RHODES BROTHERS

Broadway at Eleventh Street

A NEW SCHEDULE VIA THE MILWAUKEE

TO WILLAPA HARBOR		TO GRAYS HARBOR	
Lv. Tacoma	5:15 p. m.	Lv. Tacoma	5:15 p. m.
Ar. Centralia	7:35 " "	Ar. Montesano	8:45 " "
Ar. Chehalis	7:45 " "	Ar. Aberdeen	9:20 " "
Ar. Raymond	9:45 " "	Ar. Hoquiam	9:40 " "
Returning		Returning	
Lv. Raymond	1:30 p. m.	Lv. Hoquiam	1:45 p. m.
Ar. Chehalis	3:35 " "	Ar. Aberdeen	2:00 " "
Ar. Centralia	3:45 " "	Ar. Montesano	2:37 " "
Ar. Tacoma	6:05 " "	Ar. Tacoma	6:05 " "

Read the Classified Ads On Page 7.

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"

By Frederick Isham. Copyrighted, 1914, by the Bobbs, Merrill Co.
 One of The Times' Novel-a-Week series—begins on Monday, ends on Saturday.
 NEXT WEEK: "PIDGIN ISLAND," BY HAROLD McGRATH

(Continued from our last issue.)
 "Well, I'll lend a hand to a poor, poverty-stricken wretch," said Miss Gerald, indulgently entering into the humor of the situation.
 "What do you mean?" With new misgivings.
 "Put them"—indicating the grip and the sticks—"in the trap," she commanded.
 Bob did. He couldn't do anything else. And then he assisted her in.
 "Thanks for timely help!" he said more blithely, as he saw her slip on her gloves and begin to gather up the reins with those firm, capable fingers. "And now—" He started as if to go.
 "Oh, you can get in, too. Why shouldn't he? There was room for two."
 "I—" Bob hesitated. A long, long drive—unbounded opportunity for chats, confidences!—and all at the beginning of his sojourn here? Dad's words—that horrid advice—burned on his brain like fire. He tried to think of some excuse for not getting in.
 "Well, why don't you get in?" Miss Gerald spoke more sharply. "Don't you want to?"
 The words came like a thunderclap, though Miss Gwendoline's voice was honey-sweet. Bob raised a tragic head. That monster, Truth!
 "No," he said.
 An instant Miss Gwendoline looked at him, the violet eyes incredulous, amused. Then they became hard like diamonds.
 "How charmingly frank!" she said. Then she drew up the reins and trailed the tip of the whip caressingly along the back of her spirited cob. It spring forward.
 At the top of the hill, instead of following the winding road, Bob started leisurely across the rolling green toward the big house whose roof could be discerned in the distance above the trees.
 At the edge of some bushes he came upon a lady—no less a personage than the better-half of the commodore himself.
 She was fair, fat and forty, or a little more. She was fooling with a white ball. She was just about to hit the little ball when Bob stepped up from behind the bushes.
 "Oh, Mr. Bennett!" He had obviously startled her.
 "The same," said Bob gloomily.
 "Just get here?" she asked.
 "Yes. Anything doing?"
 "Not much. It's been, in fact, rather slow. Mrs. Ralston says so herself. So I am at liberty to make the same remark."
 This didn't require an answer. A white ball went by them, and pretty soon another lady and a caddy loomed on their range of vision.
 "Isn't that Mrs. Clarence Van Duzen?" asked Bob.
 "Yes. She, too, poor dear, has had to desert hubby. Exactions of business! Clarence simply couldn't get away. And poor dear old Dan! So busy! Every day at the office! So pressed with business."
 "Quite so," said Bob absently. "I mean—" He stopped. He knew Dan wasn't pressed by business, and Bob couldn't utter even the suspicion of an untruth now. "Didn't exactly mean that!" he mumbled.
 The lady regarded him quickly. "You didn't happen to see Dan?" she asked.
 "Yes."
 "At his office, I suppose." Dan had written he hadn't even had time for his club; that it had been just work—work all the time.
 "No."
 "Where, then?"
 "At the club and some other places." Reluctantly.
 "Other places?" lightly. "How dreadfully ambiguous! What other places?"
 Bob began to get uneasy. "Well, we went to a cabaret or two." No special harm about that answer.
 "And then you went to still some other places?" went on the lady in that same light tone.
 "Yes," Bob had to admit.
 "One of those roof gardens, perhaps, where they have entertainments?" she suggested brightly.
 Bob acknowledged they had gone to a roof garden.
 "So you went to the roof garden—just you and Dan," purred Mrs. Dan.
 Bob didn't answer. He hoped she hadn't really put that as a question.
 "Or were you and Dan alone?" She made it a question now.
 "No."
 "Who else were along?"
 "Dickie."
 "And?"
 "Clarence."
 She gazed toward Mrs. Clarence, while a shade of anxiety appeared on Bob's face.
 "Just you four men!" Mrs. Dan resumed her purring. "Or were you all alone? No ladies along?"
 While expecting, of course, the negative direct, she was studying Bob and guessing what she could, surreptitiously, or by inference. His answer almost took her breath away.
 "Yes."
 He was sorry, but he had to say it. No way out of it! Mrs. Dan's jaw fell. What she might have said can only be conjectured, for at this moment, luckily

for Bob, there came an interruption.
 "Tete-a-tete, instead of tete-a-tete!" spoke in a jocular voice. The speaker wore ecclesiastical garments; his imposing calves were encased in episcopal gaiters. Mrs. Ralston always liked to dignify her house parties with a religious touch, and this particular bishop was very popular with her.
 "Forgive interruption," he went in, just as if Mrs. Dan, who was non-amatory, had been engaged in a furious flirtation. "I'll be hurrying on."
 "It's I who will be hurrying on!" interposed Bob quickly. "You see, I'm expected to arrive at the house," he laughed.
 "Looked as if you were having an interesting conversation," persisted the bishop waggishly. "Confess you find me de trop?" he went on, shaking a finger at Bob.
 "On the contrary," said Bob. "Has to say that," laughed the good man. He did love to poke fun at what he conceived "fun" at. "Fair fat and 40," he supposed they were positively delighted to be interrupted?
 "I was," returned Bob truthfully.
 "Ha! ha!" laughed the bishop. Bob looked at him. The bishop thought he was joking. Bob walked on.
 Miss Gwendoline Gerald was on the big veranda when he reached the house. He would have thanked her with immense contrition for having transferred his bag and clubs thither, but as he went by, that gracious, stately young lady seemed not to see him.
 Bob felt himself shrink. He managed to reach the front door without stumbling. He would go to his room at once, he told the footman. In one of the upper halls he encountered the man with the monocle. At luncheon Bob learned that the monocle man was no less personage than Lord Staunton, an English social hero, making the rounds of the American country houses.
 "I say," said this person. "What a jolly coincidence!"
 "Think so?" said Bob. He didn't find anything "jolly" about it. On another occasion, he might have noticed that the eye behind the "window-pane" was rather twinkling, but his perceptions were not particularly keen at the present time.
 In the room to which he had been assigned, Bob cast off a few garments lightly, but as he went by his shirt partly off. He wondered how Miss Gerald would look the next time he saw her?
 When he had finished dressing, he didn't find any further excuse for remaining in the room. He had to go down and he did.

CHAPTER IV.
Trivialities.
 Luncheon came and went, but nothing actually tragic happened at it. It didn't make more than a dozen remarks that failed to add to his popularity.
 Then he tangoed, but not with Miss Gwendoline Gerald. He positively dared not approach that young lady. He didn't tango because he wanted to, but because some one set a big music box going and he knew he was expected to tango. He did it beautifully and the young lady was charmed. She was a little dark thing, of the clinging variety, and Dickie had gone with her some. Her father owned properties that would go well with Dickie's—there'd been some talk of consolidation, but it had never come off.
 "You do it so well," said the little dark thing breathlessly.
 "Do I?" murmured Bob, thinking of a stately young goddess, now tangoing with another fellow.
 "Don't you adore it?" went on the little dark thing, nestling as close as was conventional and proper.
 "I might," observed Bob. He tangoed more swiftly. His thoughts were so bitter he wanted to run away from them.
 And in thus trying to run away from his thoughts Bob whirled the little dark thing quite madly. He couldn't dance ungracefully if he tried, and the little dark thing

had a soul for rhythm. The eyes of the little dark thing—her name was Dolly—sparkled, and she gazed up at Bob with the respect one of her tender and impressionable years has for a masculine whirlwind.
 "You quite sweep one off one's feet, Mr. Bennett," she managed to ejaculate.
 At that moment Miss Gwendoline passed. She caught the remark and looked at the maker of it. She noted the sparkle in the eyes. The little dark thing was a wonder with the men.
 The little dark thing would "come in" ultimately for hundreds of belching chimneys and glowing furnaces and noisy factories—quite a snug if cacophonous legacy!—and Miss Gwendoline had only that day heard rumors that Bob's governor had fallen down and hurt himself on the "street."
 Meanwhile, other eyes than Miss Gerald's were bent upon luckless Bob. Mrs. Dan and Mrs. Clarence looked as if they would like to have a word with him. He needed in keeping away from them, but he "got" in that afternoon with divers and sundry other guests of Mrs. Ralston, for the faux pas he made—that he had to make—were something dreadful.
 At last, however, he retired to his room, to change his garments for dinner. Then he descended to receive a new shock; he found out that Mrs. Ralston had assigned Mrs. Dan to him, to take in to dinner.
 Mrs. Dan jallied with Bob, displaying all the artifices of an old campaigner. Of course, she had no idea how easy it might be for her to learn all she wanted to. It was a fine tableful of people, of which they were a part. Wealth, beauty, brains and brawn were all there. Delicate orchids everywhere charmed with their hues without exuding that too obtrusive perfume of commoner flowers.
 So Mrs. Dan started on orchids with Bob. Mrs. Dan, failing to interest Bob on orchids, now took another tack. She talked plays, operas and amusements which gradually led her up to roof gardens.
 "And speaking about roof gardens," went on Mrs. Dan, looking any way save at Bob, "I believe you were telling me, only this afternoon, how you and dear Dan were finally driven to them as a last resort. Poor Dan! Men work too hard in our strenuous, bustling country, don't you think so?" She paused to take breath.
 "Don't you think men work too hard in America, Mr. Bennett?"
 "Sometimes," said Bob.
 She gave him a quick look.
 "As I told you, I adore roof gardens. But you were telling me you men were not alone. What harm!" she gurgled. "Some people," talking fast, "are so prudish. I'm sure we're not put in the world to be that. Don't you agree?"
 "Of course," said Bob absently. He didn't like the way that fellow was gazing into Miss Gwendoline's eyes. "I beg your pardon. I—I don't think I caught that."
 "We were saying there were some—ladies with you," said Mrs. Dan quickly. "You remember? You told me?" Her voice trailed off, as if it were a matter of little interest.
 "Did I?" Bob caught himself up with a jerk.
 "Of course, boys will be boys," prattled Mrs. Dan at his side, just in the least stridently. "I suppose you sat down and they just happened along and sat down, too! You couldn't very well refuse to let them, could you? Why, in Paris, doing the sights at the Jardin or the Moulin Rouge, or the Casino de Paris, every one takes it or them—these chance acquaintances—as a matter of course. Pour passer le temps! And why not?" With a shrug and in her sprightliest manner. "So the ladies in this instance, as you were saying, came right up, too, and—"
 "Yes, they came up," said Bob, reluctantly.
 "Show girls?" asked the lady quickly.

rather a ghastly joke on the commodore if Mrs. Dan wasn't such a "good fellow" as she seemed. But Bob dismissed that contingency. He was no more than a chip in a stream. The current of Mrs. Dan's questions carried him along.
 "I suppose the ponies had names? They usually do," she rattled on. "What was Dan's called?"
 "Don't know her real name."
 "Her stage name, then?"
 "Not sure of that!" Doubtfully.
 "But Dan must have called her something?" With a gay little laugh.
 "Yes." Bob hesitated. In spite of that funeral feeling, he couldn't suppress a grin. "He called her Gee-gee."
 "Gee-gee?" almost shrieked the lady. Then she laughed hard, or rather over. She was certainly a good actress. At that moment she caught Mrs. Clarence Van Duzen's eye; it was coldly questioning.
 "And the pony Clarence got, what was she called?"
 "Gid-up!" said Bob gravely.
 "Gid-up!" Again the lady almost had a paroxysm, but whether or not of mirth, who shall say. "Gee-gee and Gid-up!" Her broad bosom rose and fell.
 "Telegram, sir!" At that moment Bob heard another voice at his elbow. Across the table the man with the monocle was gazing at him curiously.
 (Continued in Our Next Issue.)

Rudolph Distker of Cosmopolis, member of grand jury that returned "night rider" case, says he refused to sit in the case. Denies he was dismissed.

Cow Butter Store
 Pacific and Jefferson.
 New churned Tacoma Creamery 27c
 2 cans Carnation 15c
 Milk 30c
 Best Butter on Earth 30c
 The Butter cannot be duplicated in Tacoma at any price.
 The Cow Butter Store management desires to thank the people of Tacoma and vicinity for growing patronage. Having had to turn down two good business propositions in California with its congenial climate to take hold of a business shot to pieces here, in less than three months we had the old reliable "Cow" once more among the solvent institutions of the city. James A. Sproule of the Cow Butter Store says that the butter business is better now than for five years.

COAL
 Renton for the Range.
 Wingate for the Furnace.
Griffin Transfer
 Main 589

APOLLO!



JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S FAMOUS PLAY
"God's Country and the Woman"
 Eight Reels
 This Is the Story That Ran a Year in the Red Book.
 The Premier Film Classic of the Season, a Blue Ribbon Vitagraph Special. Vitagraph's Supreme Effort.
 A Super-Play of the Land of Big Snows and Deep Woods, where men fight hard, shoot straight and love runs wild. Features Nell Shipman, William Duncan and George Holt.

What the New York Evening Mail Thinks of This Picture
 Exhibitors will receive a startling but pleasant surprise when they see on the regular V-L-E program this master eight-part feature. The writer believed that it is too good for regular program distribution. HE BELIEVES THAT IF THE PROPER MUSICAL SETTINGS WERE GIVEN IT, AND A LARGE ORCHESTRA WAS SUPPLIED, THE PICTURE COULD HAVE A LONG RUN AT \$2.00 PRICES IN A BROADWAY THEATER. THEATERS HAVE BEEN RENTED ON SLIGHTER PRETEXTS. It is one of the very few stories which are full enough of the right sort of material to make long films, and as directed and acted it is gripping from start to finish. In the final climax, which has been so well prepared for and which was handled in such an uncannily EFFECTIVE WAY THE SPECTATORS WERE READY TO RISE UP AND CHEER.
 SUCH MARVELOUS EXTERIORS AND SNOW SCENES AS ARE IN THIS FILM HAVE NEVER BEFORE BEEN SEEN IN A PICTURE. The film is worth while for them alone.

ADMISSION
 Matinee 10c
 After 6 p. m. 15c
APOLLO 1131-3 Broadway
 Phone Main 2270

THE MINE BOSS CARRIES THE JOYFUL NEWS TO THE BOYS

SO YOU THINK YOU'VE FOUND THE REAL TOBACCO CHEW AT LAST!

THINK IT JUDGE, I KNOW IT AND THE BOYS IN THE MINE WILL KNOW IT TOO!

TOBACCO satisfied—from a clean, small chew of W-B CUT Chewing—the Real Tobacco Chew, new cut, long shred.
 Men are glad to hear about it, and to tell it to the glad news to their friends in turn. Get a pouch and when you take your first chew remember that W-B CUT Chewing is rich tobacco. A small chew satisfies.
 *Notice how the salt brings out the rich tobacco taste!
 Made by WEYMAN-BRUTON COMPANY, 50 Union Square, New York City