

WE MAINTAIN AN EXTENSIVE NEW YORK ORGANIZATION TO INSURE OCCASIONS LIKE THIS COMING OUR WAY—

# A CAPTURE

## OF WOMEN'S HIGH GRADE SKIRTS

SPORT, STREET, AND SEMI-DRESSY MODELS ON SALE WAY BELOW THEIR USUAL PRICES

THESE SKIRTS were offered our New York office by a house that makes nothing at all but choice, expensive things. There were over 600 in the original lot. The price was right but there were too many of them and of course some were much more desirable than others. Finally the representative of this house said "Your people are one of my best accounts—you give me lots of business in a regular way and when I have any concessions to make I feel like giving you the very best deal possible—if you can't use the entire lot pick out what you can use and AT THE SAME PRICE." Which we very quickly did and here they are—250 of the handsomest Skirts you ever saw—take your choice of them at only \$4.95 each.

Materials are gabardines, serges, checks, stripes, broken plaids, repps, corduroys, twills, tweeds, worsteds, checks and stripes in great variety. There is an exceptionally strong selection of Sport and Tailored models.

Colors are navy, twilight black, rookie, gray, tan, gold, rose, coral, brown, and many handsome combinations of colors.

These Skirts are superbly made. The details are capably done. There are sizes for all—and colors and patterns, and styles too. See the representative showing in the Broadway Show Windows—better still be here tomorrow morning sharp at 9 o'clock and secure your choice of the entire 250.

Wonderful values—your choice



**\$4.95**

—Third Floor.

## SALE OF SILVER PLATED WARE

WONDERFUL SALE STARTING tomorrow of excellent attractive Silver Plated Ware affording wide choice in both the "Paragon," which is an attractive French gray in a floral pattern, and the Oneida Community par plate Monroe pattern which is a bright finish. Every article included in this sale is warranted for 10 years.

- |                                      |     |                 |     |
|--------------------------------------|-----|-----------------|-----|
| Round Bowl Soup Spoons, set of 3 for | 50c | Bouillon Spoons | 15c |
| Dinner Forks, set of 3 for           | 50c | Coffee Spoons   | 15c |
| Tea Spoons                           | 15c | Sugar Spoons    | 15c |
| Grape Fruit Spoons                   | 15c | Ice Cream Forks | 15c |
| Butter Spreaders                     | 15c | Gravy Ladles    | 50c |
| Individual Salad Forks               | 15c | Berry Spoons    | 50c |
|                                      |     | Pie Knives      | 50c |

—Broadway Floor.

## Camera Outfits Half Price

A GROUP of Camera Outfits, Cameras and odds and ends of Supplies that have become somewhat shop worn—Developing Trays, Tripods, Plate Holders, Brownie Cameras—the amateur photographer will find much to interest him in this sale lot—1-2 Price

## RHODES BROTHERS BROADWAY AT ELEVENTH

BROADWAY SALES BOOTH "A"

## SEASONABLE HOSIERY

WOMEN'S SILK LISLE STOCKINGS in black, white, pink, tan, champagne, lavender, sky blue and gray—reduced for this day's selling to, pair 25c

Women's Silk Fiber Boot Stockings in black or white—a very superior value at, per pair 25c

Women's Silk Lisle Stockings in white with black stripes—also in the popular clock effects. These Stockings are very specially reduced for tomorrow's selling at, pair 25c

Women's Rhodessa Silk Lisle Stockings in black, white, pink, sky blue, tan and gray—a full fashioned Hosiery with high spliced heel and double sole—very specially reduced at, per pair 35c; THREE PAIRS for \$1.00

Women's Silk Fiber Boot Stockings—have all the luster of the pure silk, but will wear better—come in black, white, sky blue and champagne—exceptional values at, per pair 35c; THREE PAIRS for \$1.00

# "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.)

The commodore swore softly but affectively. Clarence and Dickie murmured something too.

"See here," said the commodore, "what's the situation? We never dreamed, of course, that you would come here. Have you been talking with Mrs. Dan and Mrs. Clarence? Dickie's been conjuring all kinds of awful things you might have told them, if they cornered you and you got that truth-telling stunt going. Maybe you would have thought it a capital way to turn the tables on us poor chaps?"

"No," said Bob, "I couldn't have done that, of course, owing to the conditions." And he related what had happened to bring him there.

"Let's get down to brass tacks," said Dickie, "and learn if our worst apprehensions are realized. There's a girl down here I think a lot of and I'd like to know if, by any chance, any conversation you may have had with her turned on me. I allude to Miss Dolly."

"I really haven't said anything to Miss Dolly about you," said Bob to Dickie. "Your name hasn't been mentioned between us."

"But what about us?" whispered the commodore sibilantly. "Have you talked with Mrs. Clarence or Mrs. Dan to any great extent?"

"I haven't had hardly a word with Mrs. Clarence," answered Bob, whereupon Clarence began to "throw out his chest."

The commodore shifted, uneasily, seeming to find difficulty in continuing the conversation.

"Talk much with Mrs. Dan?" he at length asked nervously.

"I did have a little conversation with Mrs. Dan," Bob was forced to reply. "Or, I should say, to be strictly truthful, rather a long conversation. You see, I took her in to dinner."

"The commodore showed signs of weakness. 'Talk about me?' he managed to ejaculate."

"Some, I'm not certain just how much."

"What—what was said?"

"I can't remember all, it's very confused. I've had a lot of conversations, you see, and most of them awfully unpleasant. I remember, though, that Mrs. Dan impressed me as a very broad-minded lady. Said she had lived in Paris, and was not a bit jealous."

"What!" Dan was breathing hard.

"Said she always wanted you to have the best kind of a time."

"Did she say that?" asked the commodore. "And you believed it? Go on." In a choked voice.

"Did you tell her about that celebration?"

"I believe it was mentioned, incidentally."

"Say I was there?" put in Clarence, quickly. He was losing that "chestiness."

"I—rather think I did. I—what is that?" Bob looked toward the window. There was a sound below at the foot of the balcony. Some one turned out the light and Bob strode to the window and looked out. "It's a dog," he said. "He's snuffing around at the foot."

"He's doing more than snuffing," observed the commodore, apprehensively, as at that moment a bark smote the air.

The dog barked again. Thereupon, a window opened and they knew that some one had been aroused.

"He's looking out. It's the monochrome," whispered Bob.

"Who's he?"

"One of Mrs. Ralston's importations. Belonged to that Anglo-English colony when she had that little emigration act in dear old London."

"Hang it, we've got to get out," whispered the commodore, nervously.

Bob rose to the occasion.

"I can let you into the hall and show you downstairs, to that side door on the other side of the house."

and they looked out. There was no sign of any living thing on lawn or garden on this side of the house.

"Out you go quickly," murmured Bob, glancing apprehensively over his shoulder.

He closed and locked the door carefully and stood there alone in the great hall. In his dressing gown. Then he sat down in a dark corner and listened. Better wait until all was quiet, he told himself, before retracing his steps to his room.

His trio of visitors must be well on their way to the village by this time, he thought. Clarence had said they had come up from the station in an automobile.

How long he sat there he did not know. Suddenly it occurred to him that he had better return to his room, and wearily he arose. Upstairs it seemed darker than it had been when he had left his room.

He had a vague idea he had left his door partly ajar, but he wasn't sure; probably he hadn't. It was now closed; or maybe a draft of air had closed it. Gropping his way in the dark for his bed, he ran against a chair. This ruffled his temper somewhat as the sharp edge had come in contact with the sensitive part of the anatomy known as the shin-bone. He felt for his bed, but it wasn't there where it ought to be. He must have got turned around coming in. His fingers ran over a dresser. Some of the articles on it seemed strange to him. And where was that confounded switch button?

At that moment some one else suddenly flooded with light. Bob started back, and as he did so, something fell from the dresser to the floor. He stared toward the bed in amazement and horror.

Some one, with the clothes drawn up about her, was sitting up. Bob wasn't the only one who had a surprise that night. The temperamental, little dark thing was peering to one, too. Above the white counterpane, she stared at Bob.

"You!" said Miss Dolly in a thrilling whisper. And then—"Pick it up, please."

Instead of picking anything up—he didn't know what—Bob was about to rush for the door, when—"Stop! Or I'll scream," exclaimed Miss Dolly. "I'll scream so loud I'll wake every one in the house."

Bob stopped. In his eyes was an agony of contrition and shame. Miss Dolly, however, seemed quite self-possessed. "Now pick it up," she repeated.

"What?" stammered Bob in a shrinking voice.

"The brooch, to be sure. Didn't you drop it?"

"?" said Bob, drawing his dressing gown closer about him. They were speaking in stage whispers.

"Of course. Wasn't it what you came for?"

"Great heavens! Do you think—?"

"Think?" said Miss Dolly. "I know."

Bob looked at her. Her face appeared elf-like, uncannily wise. His horrified glance turned quickly from it to regard a gleaming diamond and pearl brooch on the rug. "Jumping Jehoshaphat! You don't think I'm—"

"One of those thrilling society-highwaymen, or social buccaners?" said Miss Dolly. "Of course, and I'm so glad it happened like this. I wouldn't have missed it for the world. Really, I've always wanted to meet one of those popular heroes. And now to think my dream has come true! It's just like a play, isn't it?"

"It is not," replied Bob savagely. This was too much.

"See here," said Bob. "I was just wandering around—couldn't sleep—and I—came in here, quite by mistake. Thought it was my own room!" With some vehemence.

"Can't you do better than that?" asked the temperamental young thing.

"Better than what?" queried Bob ill-naturedly. He was beginning to feel real snappy.

"Invent a better whopper, I mean?"

"It isn't a whopper, and—"

"Of course," murmured Dolly. "It was you who got Mrs. Templeton Blenfield's wonderful emeralds?"

"It was not," answered Bob curtly.

"You were at that costume ball where she lost them?"

"Suppose I was?" he snapped. "And you were at Mrs. Benton Briscoe's when a tiara mysteriously disappeared?"

"Well I'm hanged!" said Bob, staring at her.

"Oh, I hope not," answered Dolly. "Are you going to 'fess up? You'd better. Maybe I won't betray you—yet. Maybe I won't at all, if you're real nice."

"Look here," said Bob desperately. "Maybe it hasn't occurred to you, but this—this isn't exactly proper. Me here, like this, and you—"

"Oh, I'm not afraid," answered Miss Dolly with wonderful assurance. "I can quite take care of myself."

that case, of course, I'd tell them the truth."

"The truth?" How he hated the word! "You mean that I—?" Glancing toward the brooch.

"Of course!" tranquilly. Bob tried to consider. He could see what would happen to him, if they were interrupted.

"Well, trot along," said Miss Dolly graciously. "By the way, Mrs. Vanderpool has a big bronze colored diamond surrounded by wonderful pink pearls."

"But I tell you I am not—"

"My! How stupid, to keep on saying that! But, of course, you must really be very clever. Society-highwaymen always are. Good night. So glad I was thinking of something else and forgot to lock the door!"

Bob went to the door and she considerably waited until he had reached it; then she put out a hand and pushed a convenient button which shut off the light.

Bob opened the door but closed it quickly again. He fancied he saw a shadow flash in the distance, but was not absolutely sure. The temperamental young thing, holding her breath, heard him now move softly but swiftly away. Then she stretched her young form luxuriously and pondered on the delicious secret that was all hers. A secret that made Bob her slave! Abjectly her slave!

CHAPTER VII. The Slave.

The next morning Miss Dolly started in training her slave without delay. She kept Bob running errands for her all morning. If Miss Gerald noticed his devotion it was not apparent, for she herself was busy with the lion hammer-thrower. That gentleman by this time had come to be Bob's pet aversion.

Meantime he heard again from his three visitors of the night before. Dickie, who was a great favorite of Mrs. Ralston's, put in an appearance, and blithely announced that he had come to spend the day.

In an aside he informed Bob that Mrs. Dan and Mrs. Clarence had lost no time in getting into communication with their lawyers the evening before and that these gentlemen in turn had sought out Dan and Clarence. What the outcome would be no one could say.

It was a very gloomy young man who acquiesced to Miss Dolly's demand that he take her fishing. And his feelings were not eased any by the causal way in which she ignored Dickie. The look on that gentleman's face boded no good for Bob, as he watched the two cross the lawn.

It was not a pleasant afternoon. The temperamental little thing proved capable of devising more methods of torture than the Spaniard's inquisition.

In the first place, Bob was desperately in love with another girl—a golden haired goddess—and he did not want to flirt with any darkhaired little gypsy, no matter how temperamental she might be. And in the second place, he had a healthy young man's decided aversion to being made a hero of—particularly a gentleman Raffles sort of hero.

Consequently, Miss Dolly and Bob parted in not the best of humors. The lady considered herself insulted. Her temperamental half reached the Borgia pitch.

It was not until after dinner that Bob saw her again to speak to her. But the minute the men left their cigars and followed the ladies out into the wide hall where there would be dancing presently, Dolly came hurrying up to him.

"Oh," she whispered with frightened eyes. "I—I told—told the monochrome man everything! And now Mrs. Vanderpool's pink pearl and bronze brooch is gone! A counterfeit has been substituted for it!"

"Whew!" whistled Bob. "And you went straight to headquarters, didn't you?"

"He came up to me on the porch after we got back this afternoon and—"

"It's quite plain," said Bob, gently. "You couldn't hold in. Don't know as I blame you much. Sorry I was so stupid this afternoon, but—"

"Where Miss Gerald was dancing with the big blonde hammer-thrower."

"They are keeping it quiet, though—about Mrs. Vanderpool's pin, I mean." Miss Dolly recalled his attention imperiously.

"You say they are keeping it very quiet about the robbery? How, then, did you come to know?"

"Eavesdropping." Samelessly. "I thought it was necessary you should know the lay of the land. But never mind the 'how.' It is sufficient that I managed to overhear Lord Stanfield say he was going to send for you. Gwendoline Gerald knows about the robbery and so does her aunt and Lord Stanfield, but it's being kept from all the other guests for the present. Even Mrs. Vanderpool doesn't know. She still thinks the brooch she is wearing is the real one, poor dear! Lord Stanfield discovered it wasn't. He asked her to let him see it. Then, he just said: 'Aw! How interesting!—that is, to her. But to Mrs. Ralston he said it was an imitation and that some guest had substituted the false brooch for the real. Mrs. Vanderpool is not to know because Lord Stanfield says the thief must not dream he is suspected. It seems Lord Stanfield anticipated things would be missing. He said he knew when Miss Gerald—gazing up at Bob adoringly—appeared on the scene, things just went."

For a few moments both were silent. Then Bob spoke: "Tango with me? That is, if you are not above tangoing with a—"

She slipped an uncertain little hand on his arm.

"It may be my last, for a long time," he said gallily. "While we live, let us live."

At the end of that dance Bob handed the temperamental little thing over to Dickie, who had managed to get himself asked for dinner, and who glowered fiercely whenever he saw Bob.

"Dan and Clarence have taken quarters in the village," he hissed as he swung Dolly away.

Bob smiled deprecatingly, and turned to look for Miss Gerald, wondering if he dared to ask so proud a lady for a dance. Not finding her, he wandered to a secluded corner of the veranda to think. He had only had time to compose himself in a lounging chair when he was aware of a gracious presence.

"Mr. Bennett," said Miss Gerald with customary directness, "are you a steep-walker?"

"No."

"Then why did you go down stairs last night after all the household had retired?"

Bob would have given a great deal not to answer that, but he had to. "I was showing some people out."

"Are you aware, Mr. Bennett, of the seriousness of your answer?"

"Yes, I know. But how did you know—that I went downstairs?"

"I thought I heard some one go down. And then I got up and you went by my door, and I looked out, ever so quietly. You went in Dolly's room and she woke up and caught you trying to take her brooch."

Bob was silent. What was the use of talking?

"Well, why don't you speak?"

"It is true I went in Miss Dolly's room, but I thought it was my room," said Bob monotonously. "It was a mistake." And Bob told how the brooch happened to fall to the floor.

Strange to say, he hadn't much confidence at that moment in the old saw that truth is mighty and will prevail. Bob gazed once more with that famished look upon Miss Gerald. He found her a joy to the eye.

"You certainly are the sweetest girl!" burst from Bob.

Miss Gerald's eyes flashed. "Isn't—isn't that rather irrelevant?" she said after a moment's pause.

"—yes, I guess it is," confessed Bob, and his head slowly fell.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

ITALIAN SHIP SUNK WASHINGTON, D. C., May 27.—Consul Skinner, at London, sent a dispatch today saying that a submarine flying the Austrian flag halted the Italian bark Sarona from Baltimore near the Balearic Island. The vessel was sunk after the crew had taken to boats.

### LEGAL NOTICES.

ORDINANCE NO. 6389.—AN ORDINANCE to vacate a portion of "Villa Park," Washington, now within the limits of the City of Tacoma.

WHEREAS, Herbert S. Griggs, Trustee, the sole owner of all that portion of Villa Park, Washington, hereinafter described, which is now within the limits of the City of Tacoma, did on the 26th day of January, 1916, petition the Council of the City of Tacoma to vacate said portion of said Villa Park, the Plat of which was filed in the office of the Auditor of Pierce County, Washington, on the 4th day of August, 1909;

WHEREAS, upon the filing and presentation of said petition, the Council of said City did by resolution fix Wednesday, the 10th day of May, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. as the time, and the Council Chamber in the City Hall in the City of Tacoma, Washington, as the place, when and where said petition would be heard and determined, said time being not less than twenty days nor more than sixty days after the adoption of said resolution; and

WHEREAS, on the adoption of said resolution the City Clerk of said City duly gave twenty (20) days' notice of the pendency of said petition by written notice set up in three of the most public places of said City, and a like notice in a conspicuous place on the portion of said Plat to be vacated, which notice contained a description of the portion of said Plat to be vacated and also contained a statement of the time and place fixed for the hearing of said petition; and

WHEREAS, at the time and place fixed the said petition was duly heard, and there being no objections thereto the said Council duly determined to grant said petition to vacate that portion of the

### LEGAL NOTICES.

Plat of Villa Park, Washington, hereinafter set forth; and WHEREAS, all steps and proceedings required by law and by resolution of the Council to vacate said portion of said Plat have been duly taken and carried out; NOW, THEREFORE,

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE CITY OF TACOMA: Section 1. That the portion of the Plat of Villa Park, Washington, now within the limits of the City of Tacoma, and described as follows:

All that part of Villa Park lying south of the south line of Thomas Street as shown on the said Plat of Villa Park, from the western boundary line of said Villa Park through to the eastern boundary thereof; and the same is hereby vacated; all in accordance with the Act of the legislature of the State of Washington, Chapter 92 of the Laws of 1903.

Passed May 24, 1916. A. V. FAWCETT, Mayor. Attest: W. D. NICKLES, City Clerk. MAY 25, 1916.

ROME, May 25.—Two Austrian aeroplanes attempted a raid on Venice, were shot down and tumbled into a swamp, it was learned today.

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