

5th Bargain Floor

All charged purchases tomorrow go on your June Statement, payable in July.

Silk Waists \$1.89
Beautiful New Waists in Tub Silk and crepe de chine. They come in handsome evening and other neat striped effects, smart crests and plain colors—all sizes—new selection—all unpacked—exceptional values **\$1.89**

Apron Gingham 5c
About 800 yards of fine Apron Checked Gingham—you all know the quality of this Gingham—you can buy it Wednesday only. **5c**

India Linen 9c
Fine sheer India Linen—27 inches wide—fine combed yarn and an exceptional value on sale for Wednesday only at, per yard. **9c**

Introducing to Tacoma Music Lovers the Nationally Known

Stewart Phonograph \$5.50

The Stewart is beyond question the best priced Phonograph that the world affords today. It plays all records—the highest priced—the lowest priced. Its reproduction is life-like, natural, melodious and rich. We are accepting orders subject to 30 days' free trial. The **\$5.50** Little Wonder Records—hundreds of selections—9c each.—5th Bargain Floor.

TOMORROW IS THE LAST DAY OF THE BIG MONTH-END SALE OF

GROCERIES

Remember, all goods purchased on charge accounts tomorrow go on your June statement payable in July. Be here in person, if possible; if not, use our telephone—services from 7:30 a. m. to 6 p. m.

- TOMATOES—Fancy solid pack No. 3 cans, Month End Sale reduced to TWO CANS for 25c; DOZEN CANS for **\$1.45**
- CORN—Fancy Maine style Sugar Corn, Month End Sale reduced to TWO CANS for 25c; DOZEN CANS **\$1.45**
- PINEAPPLE—Fancy Hawaiian sliced Pineapple, No. 2 1/2 cans, Month End Sale reduced to, per can **\$1.85**
- WALNUTS—Fancy No. 1 soft shell Walnuts, Month End Sale price, **90c**
- FIVE LBS. LENOX SOAP—Fine for all laundry uses, Month End Sale reduced to **25c**
- EIGHT BARS for **25c**
- PARLOR MATCHES—Boxes of 500, Month End Sale price THREE **10c**
- BOXES for **10c**
- KAHO SYRUP—Blue Label, 5-lb. pails, Month End Sale reduced to, **25c**
- COLD WATER STARCH—Highest quality, large package, Month End Sale price, FOUR PACKAGES **25c**
- MINCED CLAMS—highest quality—Month End Sale, per can 12c; per **\$1.40**
- DOZEN CANS **\$1.40**
- COFFEE, 22c LB., 5-LB. LOTS **\$1.00**

The usual Wednesday sale of our famous I X L Blend Coffee is a part of the Month End Sale this month. I X L Blend is a scientific compounding of choice Guatemala Coffee that has become a tremendous favorite since we introduced it—every Wednesday reduced to, **22c** per pound **\$1.00** 5-LB. LOTS **\$1.00**

RHODES BROTHERS

Broadway at Eleventh Street

TODAY'S MARKET PRICES

- WHEAT PRODUCERS GET
- FOULTRY
- LIVESTOCK
- WHEAT RETAILERS PAY
- BUTTER EGGS CHEESE
- WHOLESALE MEATS

- Spring lamb **FRUIT**
- Lemons **\$3.50**, 4 @ **4.50**
- Bananas, lb. **5c**
- Oranges, navel, for **\$2.50** @ **2.25**
- Grape fruit, Florida, box **\$4.50**
- Fresh figs, box **\$1.00**
- Strawberries, Kennewick **\$3.00**
- Cherries, Cal. lb. **40c**
- Gooseberries, lb. **40c**
- Oranges, Valencias **\$3.25**
- Loganberries, Cal. **\$2.50**
- VEGETABLES
- New potatoes, retail, lb. **3c** @ **4c**
- Netted Gems **\$2.25** @ **2.4**
- Yakima Burbanks **\$3.00** @ **3.2**
- Cabbage, Winninstdt **3c**
- Onions, new, crate **\$1.75** @ **2**
- Carrots **\$2.25** @ **2.4**
- Lettuce, head, crate **\$2.25**
- Radishes, local, doz bunches **10c**
- Rutabagas, cwt. **\$1.85**
- Leaf Lettuce, crate **\$1.15**
- Rhubarb, lb. **3c** @ **4c**
- Florida green peppers **25c**
- Spinach, retail, lb. **10c** @ **11.25**
- Cucumbers **10c** @ **11.25**
- Florida tomatoes, crate **\$4.00** @ **4.50**
- Artichokes, doz. **\$1.50**
- Asparagus, Walla Walla **\$1.35** @ **1.50**
- Sprouting beans, lb. **40c** @ **45c**
- Summer squash, retail, 2 lbs. **25c**
- Mexican tomatoes, lug. **11c**
- Local hot house tomatoes, lb. **20c**
- Summer squash, retail, 2 lbs. **25c**
- Brussels sprouts, lb. **10c**
- FLOUR
- Amocat **\$5.88**
- Pyramid **\$5.88**
- Whole wheat, 60 lb. **\$5.50**
- Drifted Snow **\$5.67**
- Olympic **\$5.48**
- High Flight **\$5.45**
- Occident **\$5.45**
- Keystone full wheat **\$5.45**
- Lyon's Best **\$7.30**

A NOVEL A WEEK.

Next Week
"SON OF THE WIND"
By Lucia Chamberlain.

(Continued from our last issue.)

CHAPTER IV.

"That coat of yours 'll haff t' go 't' th' tailor. Th' rain'll wear down th' wind. Ever hear a woman talk like that?"

"That's just what I meant, Billy; we've just been dreaming. I've fished up here, as you say, 20 years, and I never heard any other woman say so much in so little. And if you say she knows the game, that's enough. Born at sea. Did you hear her say that?"

Uncle Billy nodded. "It's morn' I've larned th' h'ull week. No wonder she ain't afraid of 'Pidgin' 'r 'Charity.'"

Cranford took out his pipe, and wiped it thoroughly inside and out with a bit of waste.

"Well, send Lester over to the hotel after dinner tonight. He'll find me in the billiard room."

"All right, I'll see 't' Lester."

"And tomorrow I'll go out to 'Pidgin and hook 'em right from under your old mud-scow. I'll beat a box of any cigars in the village I beat you tomorrow."

"Fifty cigars against 50 apples 'n' I'll go you."

"Don't."

A telegram awaited Cranford at the hotel desk. It was from Warren, in the code on which they had long since agreed. It announced that his rooms had been entered and papers scattered about.

He wired back: "See if small morocco note book is in secret drawer at side of my shaving dresser."

If that note book was gone, gone likewise would be his occupation; for within its covers was the whole story, from the first to the last exploit, together with his profits. Once his occupation became known publicly, good-by to many things. He knew his kind well. They would request him to resign from his clubs, and presently door after door would close in his face.

Cranford sat down to dinner with four other men, two of whom he knew to be retired business men from July to October. The other two gentlemen were from down state. They told how they spent a month's vacation into four weeks—one in June, one in July, one in August and one in September—which, if the weather behaved itself, was the finest time of the year to fish.

Talk veered to fly-casting, which was practically impossible in these big waters on account of the eternal breeze. Some one had brought in a muskallonge from Mud Island. Lots of wall-eyed pike this year.

"Can't hook 'em when they scoot like that," declared Billy.

With a free arm cast, the fresh bait struck the water 30 feet away. She was rewarded almost instantly; and then the sport began. She landed six in less than 30 minutes, all under two pounds, tender eating.

"We got him beat," commented Billy joyously. "He won't have no sech luck first day."

"What him?"

"Mr. Cranford. I bet 50 apples

"PIDGIN ISLAND"

BY HAROLD MacGRATH
Copyright by the
Frank A. Munsey Co.
A NOVEL A WEEK!

"All right, sir."

Bare Point is on the Canadian line.

Lester put on a fat, lively chub, and Cranford gave a capital cast.

"Hat!"

Cranford gave line, watched the tip of his old Leonard, and struck. He reeled in two or three feet of line, then turned and looked at Lester, who was grinning amiably.

"Can you guess what I've got?"

"Boo-goo-eye!"

Cranford laughed and reeled in and the despised rock-bass came up exactly like a tin pie-plate.

He rebaited and cast again. Presently there came a sharp tug and strain.

"Hooked himself!" exclaimed Cranford.

He straightened the rod and waited for the "break," but the break did not come.

Cranford scowled and gave the rod an impatient lift. Crack! went the top of a ten-year rod.

Cranford dropped the rod and pulled in the line by hand. Lester reached over at the proper moment and cut the leader. A fat eel wriggled back to his oozy environments.

"Pidgin!" said Cranford, disgustedly. "We'll go to 'Pidgin.'"

Uncle Billy, noting he was as close to the ledge as was necessary, gave a long, slow pull and leaned upon his oars.

She wasn't afraid of the sun; the Panama hat lay at her feet; she was getting as brown as a hazel-nut.

A bass broke hard by. He had missed his strike in his eagerness. As she started to reel in, another struck and ran away with the bait.

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50 cigars that you'd beat him on th' day's catch."

Cranford swung his hat bravely in greeting, and she waved her hand.

"What luck?" he inquired.

"Six. They're biting freely."

"Fine! I must get to work. I've got a crown to hang on to."

He threw off his coat and began casting. An hour passed, with but one strike to his credit.

Noon came.

"We'll have dinner in Sand Bay, where it's shady."

"We'll dine on 'Pidgin.'"

Uncle Billy rubbed his hands tenderly. "It'll be blazin' hot."

"I have decided."

'Pidgin island, without skeletons of millions and millions of eel-fles."

He sighed. She hailed Cranford. "How many?"

"Only one."

"I shall be glad to divide my catch with you."

"That's fine, I'm sure. I haven't tasted fresh bass in nearly two years. Are you having dinner on the island? I can go over to Sand Bay."

Since she had asked him to share the fish, she could not well ask him to go elsewhere to eat them. "You are welcome to one end of my table."

And that was enough for any man.

Cranford and Miss Wynne were gathering driftwood, while the guides prepared the fish, when suddenly he said:

"There's a power-boat heading for the island."

"Where?" she cried, clutching him by the arm.

"Coming over from Horseshoe; canopied-top; mile away, I should say."

The girl's eyes closed and she swayed.

"Why, Miss Wynne, what is the matter? Are you faint?"

"It is warm up here," she said. "I am really dizzy."

CHAPTER VI.

It never occurred to Cranford that the sight of the canopied top had thrown her off her balance.

He decided her dizziness was due

to hunger and went to see that the machinery which would assuage it was set going.

The pork was sizzling in the fryingpan, the green corn bubbling in the pot. When next he looked about for the girl he saw her standing at the end of the dock. The power-boat was only a few yards off.

Uncle Billy and Lester set off quickly toward their boats.

"What's up?" Cranford called, following.

"Game wardens!"

Lester and Uncle Billy arrived to find their boats being overhauled, the fish boxes, the hollows under stern and bow.

Friendly greetings were exchanged. The men knew each other; it was all in a day's work.

"Only the game wardens," said the girl, smiling at Cranford.

Only! His puzzlement revived. They sat down, he at one end of the table and she at the other. And they ate the finest fish in the world, tender green corn, nectarous coffee, crisp potatoes, luscious melons, and the sun and the air for seasoning.

"It was very kind of you to share these fish. If you only knew how I have longed for the taste of one! I wonder what it is that makes food taste so good out of doors?"

"Attitude of the mind," she answered as she dug into the green rind of the melon.

"I have a curious idea that perhaps you are called Diana?"

The spoon poised for a moment. "Yes, that is my name. But do not confuse me with the mythological goddess, please; I am very mortal."

She rose, spun the melon rind into the water, stooped quickly and cast a stone after it with amazing accuracy.

Another stone flew out and caught the melon on the rim, spinning it.

"What made you ask me if my name was Diana?"

"That," readily, pointing to the melon. "Who but Diana could have thrown like that?"

"Not a very brilliant invention."

Then they proceeded to scram-

ble over boulders, through the scrawny brush, to the other end of the island. After a while they sat down on a boulder of pink granite.

Adroitly they plied each other with questions—and learned nothing beyond the fact that they both called New York home.

She knew the reason for his evasions, but he could not fathom hers.

Once, while he idly tossed pebbles into the water, she scrutinized him appraisingly.

She saw a clean-cut face, a finely shaped head, a healthy body—the kind of a man she had always been looking for and always missing, somehow.

A sigh, inaudible, escaped her. Could he possibly become a companion? A second sigh, audible this time; but he did not hear it.

"Come," she said, "make Uncle Billy pay you those 50 apples, and I'll help you eat them."

"I'll do the best I know how. How long do you expect to remain here?"

"The length of a whim. I may stay a fortnight more; I may take the train tomorrow night."

It was long after 4 when they reeled in. Not a single bass all that afternoon.

CHAPTER VII.

Cranford's boat was about 20 feet beyond the girl's.

Suddenly she saw him strike and from under Uncle Billy's port oar leaped the big fellow. The surprised girl started back and, to save herself from going overboard, dropped her rod.

Fortunately, it struck the gunwale evenly and balanced. She pounced upon it, laughing.

"I couldn't have acted sillier if some one had shouted mouse!"

"Jee-hoss!-phat!" murmured Uncle Billy, as the bass cleared the water again.

He made a megaphone of his hands and shouted to Cranford: "It's him!"

Everybody was laughing excitedly and offering advice. Uncle Billy stood up and shouted, and the girl murmured "ahs!" and "ohs!" after the manner of chil-

dren witnessing fireworks.

It was 14 minutes by the girl's watch when Cranford called for the net.

The girl's palms were wet, and little beads of perspiration stood out upon her forehead. She had gone through the battle as if she herself had fought every turn and phase of it.

"Hi, Miss Wynne, reel's buz-zin'!" sang out Uncle Billy, diving for the oars.

She caught the rod just as the final turn of the reel brought the slip knot into view; 50 yards of line out!

Once chance in a hundred! She thrust the rod outward and took three or four turns of the reel. Away beyond Cranford's boat the fish broke.

Lester, realizing what had happened, came about and headed for the shore to give the girl all the play she needed.

"Mate to ours," he said to Cranford.

"A gollwhopper!" gurgled Uncle Billy. "Don't y' git fussed, Miss Wynne. He's swallowed th' hook, 'r I don't know nuthin' 'bout bass."

Lester weighed Cranford's catch and laid it tenderly in the box. Here was a fish worth mentioning. "Four and three-quarters."

But Cranford did not hear him. He was watching the girl, the girl he had always known to be somewhere, among the millions, mate for him, helpmeet in sorrow, comrade in joy, wife, young and strong and brave! scarlet-lipped, brown-eyed, lithe.

Till this spectacular moment he had not known; but now he knew that when she had entered Uncle Billy's boathouse that stormy morning but ten days ago she had also entered his life, never to go out of it.

Four times the great bass clove the water, and then he began to come in on his nose, as they say, fighting wildly every inch of the way.

The girl's throat ached, her eyes, her arms.

When the fish turned over on his side she put the net under him; but she had not the power to lift him into the boat. Uncle Billy had to bring him in. Then he hauled out his drawer-seat and poked about for the scales.

"Great Jee-hoss!-phat! Five pound, two ounces!" he announced. "I'll mount 'em both."

(Continued in our next issue.)

Can't You Help Loneliest Veteran Find Sister Lost for Fifty Years?

SILVER SPRING, Md., May 30.—"Maggie Brady, where are you? The loneliest veteran of the Civil war—your brother—wants you!" This is the cry sent out today, when veterans in all parts of the country are on parade or attending Memorial day exercises, from this little village where Bernard Brady, the baby soldier of the Civil war, lives solitary and crippled in a barren little house out on Blue Stone road.

Bernard Brady has perhaps the strangest and most tragic story of any of those which are uppermost in men's minds today. Sitting on a rough stool at the door of his cottage he told it to The Times correspondent, and asked help in the hunt for his sister, Maggie Brady.

July 4 will be the fiftieth anniversary of that hunt. Brady has given all—his youth, his limbs, his health—to his country. And all he asks in return is that his lost sister, his only near relative, be found to comfort his lonely old age.

In 1862, when he was a lad of 9—the age of our fourth grade kiddies today—little Bernard Brady marched off to war, drum sticks in hand. He was the North's Civil war baby, the youngest drummer boy who fought.

When the war ended and Brady was discharged—a piece of war's driftwood at the age of 13—he had not place to go, no friends, no home. His mother and stepfather were dead. He could not read nor write.

Except that his name was Bernard Brady, he knew practically nothing about himself.

In the next 30 years his was the weird experience of a man finding himself. Gradually he discovered what his family was, where he had been born, and in 1897 learned how old he really was! He taught himself to read and to write.

"The best I can make out," Brady said today, "I was living with my mother and stepfather at a place called Portsmouth, Va., when the war started. Right after the battle of the Monitor and Merrimac, when the Union soldiers came into Norfolk, my stepfather enlisted in the 53th Pennsylvania regiment, and had me enlisted in company C as a drummer boy.



"Drummer boy I was called, but I was sort of Jack-of-all trades for the men. Did everything from running errands to holding a candle in the tent while they

cheer and strength to the soldiers, tramping back and forth all day with pails of cold water and pots of hot coffee, while bullets zipped by and shells burst around him.

"You see, whenever things began to get hot," Brady said, "the

Bernard Brady sits all alone outside his little house at Silver Spring, Md., thinking of the days when he was a drummer boy in the Civil war and of other days when he played with his little sister, for whom he has made a 50-year search.

adjutant would say to us, 'Now you boys clear out' and he'd chase us back where the cooks were. But from there we'd carry things forward to the men behind the breastworks."

Brady's injury came years later, at Little Rock, Ark., when, delirious with typhoid, he wandered away from camp one night and was frost-bitten before he was found. One leg and half his other foot were amputated.

Brady was discharged after 18 years in the army, including service in tough Indian scraps. Soldiering was the only thing he knew how to do.

She is the only close relative left to him—if she is still alive. And if Maggie Brady is not found soon, Drummer Boy Brady may be deprived of the one reward he asks for his youthful heroism in Uncle Sam's army.