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NOTE—This includes every woman's Suit in stock excepting only Sport Suits and some staple all-the-year-around Suits that are held on separate display racks—a wonderful chance for the woman who hasn't purchased her new summer Suit yet.

—Third Floor.

NEW NECKWEAR



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WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED several new shipments of beautiful Neckwear, which bring us some really beautiful new Georgette, Batiste, and Crepe de Chine Collars to sell at 50c each.

A Kerchief Shower at 5c

A special bargain in a fine new lot of beautiful corner embroidered, lace edge and Swiss embroidered Kerchiefs very specially reduced for Thursday's selling only at 5c Embroideries 24c Laces 10c Yd. Special purchase of beautiful 18 and 27-inch Embroidery Flouncings, ideal for undergarments, dresses, etc., Thursday special, 24c per yard.

RHODES BROTHERS Broadway at Eleventh Street

A NOVEL A WEEK. Next Week "SON OF THE WIND" By Lucia Chamberlain.

(Continued from our last issue.) Out of the channel the two boats flew, skirting the island to a beautifully pebbled beach, upon which the victors landed. "A great world, isn't it?" said Cranford, holding out his hand. "Sometimes," she answered. She accepted the hand-clasp, but she avoided his eyes. She had seen that look in other men's eyes—then it had set a burning in her cheeks, stirred an anger in her heart; now there was neither the one nor the other, only an imperceptible fading of the tan and a vague apprehension of misery to come. That night she determined to disillusion him—she would tell him the galling truth. She was not the mate for such a man as he. "I have a plan," he said, subconsciously recognizing a danger. "After lunch we'll take a jaunt over to Kingston and prowling about for melons."

She sprang up, animated. "Good! I've been wanting to see the quaint old town. And can I bring back a pair of shoe strings?" "Surely, Uncle Sam will not mind that." After lunch Lester carefully wrapped the fish in the napkins, piled the excess luggage into his boat, and set for home. Billy's boat was larger. Cranford sat with his back to the old guide and never looked at anything but the girl's exquisite face; talked without being able later to recollect one word of the conversation. "At a quarter to three the Navarre bumped into the jetty, and the two young people jumped ashore. "We shan't be gone more than an hour, Billy," said Cranford. "Get a crate of melons, if you can find any good ones."

"Ain't they a pair?" murmured the guide, addressing his mud-hook, which he cast to windward to prevent the boat banging her ribs against the jetty. Laughing and jesting, Cranford and Miss Wynne passed up the long central street of the old town. Suddenly he stopped abruptly, his gaze leveled across the street. All his boyishness disappeared. "What is it?" "A man I think I know just entered the hotel over the way. Will you please stand here a moment?" Cranford ran swiftly to the hotel and rushed into the lobby. The man was nowhere in sight. He hurried into the bar. It was deserted except for the hatless bartender, who was tucking a bill into his vestpocket. "I say," began Cranford breathlessly, "did you just now see a big man in gray flannels? Limp badly; carries a cane. Old friend of mine."

"No, sir. Nobody like that hereabouts." Cranford sought the billiard room to find only a sleepy attendant. He returned to the lobby and ran over the register. No illumination there. Yet he could have sworn he had seen Smead rise from the veranda chair and hobble into the hotel. And what was Smead doing up here? Had he thought to scrutinize the faces of the loungers he would have seen a pair of aston-

"PIDGIN ISLAND"

ishingly handsome brown eyes peering satirically over the top of a newspaper. Thus he missed a point in the game. The owner of the dark eyes stroked a scarred chin, rose and strolled into the bar, room behind which a big man in gray flannels was just emerging. "Old friend of mine, eh?" Smead limped out to the elevator, and the two went up to the former's room. "There was a woman with him," rumbled Smead. "Did you see her face?" "No. What are you going to do?" "Put Cranford where he will not bother any one till we are out of the way. I told you it the start that so long as he saw no familiar face he wouldn't suspect anything. I told you to stay in New York."

"Who's running this affair?" "I am," answered the other curtly. "I'm not going to still and see you make a hash of the game. Oh, you don't trust your dutiful son. No more do I trust you. But this is my game, and I'm going to play it out my way." Later he saw Cranford and the girl come out of a bookshop. He fled down the street after them, pausing in a doorway whenever they stopped before a window. As Cranford gave the girl his hand to the boat the young man with the scarred chin saw her face in full. Clever as he was, alert always, watchful, ironing, the unexpected sight of that face shocked him into an ejaculation. The girl turned her head. Their eyes met. "What's the matter?" asked Cranford, as she lay back weakly and closed her eyes. "I am very tired. Did you find your friend?" "I must have been mistaken," he answered diffidently. "I'll wager that old golliwopper was too much for you. Wasn't it a superb fight, though? May I come over to dinner tonight?" "Do come," she said.

CHAPTER VIII. Uncle Billy got up from the kitchen table. "F anybody wants me, I'm out 't' the bathhouse; got 't' overhaul th' dingy engine." I was rich 'd' throw th' blame loony ol' sputterer int' th' middle o' th' lake!" He worked by lantern. He had the tops of the cylinders off when Cranford came in. "Billy, do you want to make ten dollars?" "Ten? Well, now!" "I want you to take me over to Kingston right away." "Whut'n'ight?" "Yes." "Can't be done, Mr. Cranford. Do it fer nuthin' in a minute 'f I could. First place, I'm takin' th' engine apart; second place, they ain't no oil, not till t'morrow."

"No, possibly go, then?" "None. Ticklish job, anyhow, goin' over in th' dark. Smells windy. Take th' boat in th' mornin'." "Anybody else I could get?" "None. No oil anywhere. Goin' out 't' Pidgin t'morrow?" "Hang Pidgin! Mark my words, Billy, you'll get caught out there one of these days, and caught hard." "But I ain't hungry fer Pidgin!" protested Uncle Billy.

"You ought to be able to fake up some excuse." "Not with Miss Wynne." Cranford chewed the steam of his pipe. "I suppose I'll have to give up Kingston. Instead, I'll go out to the farm and give Miss Wynne a lecture and try to convince her of the real danger this time of the year. A big blow is due." "I wish you would get her out o' this Pidgin idee. I dunno whut 'tis, but seems 't' me they's sumpin' more'n fish out there." It was a mile and a half out to the farm. Cranford covered the ground with the swinging stride of a man who knew how to walk. Smead! He had really seen the man, and in turn Smead had seen him and taken to cover. Deviltry of some order was afoot. Reprisal? Were they after him? Smead was not a man to ignore. Strong, daring, resourceful, teeming with the facile cunning of the accomplished blackleg. Filled with gambler, smuggler, bookmaker at the race tracks, owner of a string of gambling houses that reached from New York to San Francisco. What had he not turned his predatory hand to?

Well, he had cut Smead's claws in one direction; his smuggling days were over. The confiscation, the heavy fine and the suspended sentence would keep him to other affairs for some years to come. Presently he saw the lights of the farm twinkling in and out of the grove of pines. His keen, roving eye discovered a white patch against the misty drab of the old dock. He crossed the ruble and shale between him and the dock almost noiselessly. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "You came along as noiseless as a cat." She made room for him on the steamer rug, and shortly four heels beat a tattoo against the piles. "I have a confession to make," he began at once. The smaller pair of heels became silent. "I'm not going to sail under false colors any longer. Up here they think I'm a lionaire, and I've never taken any trouble to disabuse their minds. Lord knows, I'm not. Work has been my portion."

"Work is good for all of us." "But you don't know what kind of work I do. It's a sneak's business. I came up here to forget it all—to rehabilitate my pride; but I saw a man today who brought it all back a thousand-fold keener." "In Kingston?" Her voice was only mildly curious; but there was thunder in her ears. "Yes. The man wasn't my friend. He's a blackleg, and if ever a man deserved hanging, it's this man Michael Smead does. You see, two weeks ago I tripped him up, spoiled his game, and I've an idea that he's up here with the thought of reprisal." He took an envelope from his pocket. "If anything should happen to me—that is, if I shouldn't turn up some morning—wire to the ad-

dress on this envelope; nothing more will be necessary. It's my man's address, and he's the chap who'll pull me out of any trouble." Their hands touched as she took the slip of paper; hers were icy cold. He waited patiently for her to speak. By and by he looked at her closely. She was watching the flash-flash of the light out of Pidgin. "Don't go to Pidgin tomorrow," he urged impulsively; "don't go out there any more. It is dangerous. No motor-boats afloat can weather these northerly, white-capped, short, choppy, smashing, and running a mile a minute." "I am not afraid; I can take care of myself. I love the danger."

"You might be the bravest woman living, but that would not be of use to you if you were caught out there." "Very well; after this week, then, I promise not to go out to Pidgin. Will that do?" "I suppose it will have to do. Ah, Diano!" "No, Mr. Cranford." She stood up quickly, and of necessity he rose also. "Just good friends. I know. The moonshine, the beauty of the night; it gets into one's head. Just friends, always." "I should lie if I told you I did not love you." "If you cannot accept my friendship upon the basis I offer it there mustn't be any more shore dinners." "It is impossible not to ask why." "I cannot marry any man, Mr. Cranford, if that will comfort you."

With dread foreboding, he said: "You are already married?" She turned her head and did not answer. He swung her hand and held it as he helped her up to the road. "Good night. I'm only an unlucky duffer. Don't worry about me. I'll get myself in hand tomorrow. Good night." Heavy-footed, she traced the path to the house, entered silently, and went to her room. She did not light the candle, but sat down by the window and stared at the twinkling lights far down the west. Reprisal? No. They should not harm one hair of his head.

CHAPTER IX. It was a long, long way back to the hotel that night. Never had the road seemed so weary. An hour ago there had been nothing in the heavens but the brilliant moon and the faded stars. Now war-clouds were flying swiftly into the face of the moon, portents of a storm. "Blow!" he said aloud. "Blow hard enough to keep her away from Pidgin." At the hotel he called for his mail and retired to his room. Opening his letters he found some forgotten club dues, an invitation to a wedding, another to a houseparty in the Adirondacks and a bundle of newspaper clippings from the watchful Warren. Odd bits of news here. The Princess Xenia has gone into bankruptcy in Paris, and the famous emerald necklace had been found to be spurious. She had tried to sell it to steady her tottering fortunes. Quite a yarn about it. The spurious stones had been at her banker's for nearly two years; they had been real and precious enough once upon a time. She had evidently known nothing about the substitution. Probably she had fallen in love with some scoundrel who had fleeced her. "No, Mr. Cranford."

A gale was blowing on the morning. A dozen big freighters hugged the breakwater, and the early boat from Kingston had to come by the foot of Long Island. Only two passengers came down her plank. "What's your plan?" "We'll go straight to Watertown and rent an automobile. In to the train with you!" "All right, Donny! Aren't we due for some fishing as a side issue?" "I'll see to that, Fagin. The idea is to come in from Watertown. Nobody has noticed us. We'll engage a guide and play no bluff. Coming from Watertown we'll keep an eye open for a deserted farmhouse. We'll rent it tomorrow and take out supplies. Then, when everything is ready, our friend from the secret service will do the disappearing act."

The man called Fagin let an admiring glance stray over the strong, handsome face of his companion. Here was a lad! The real boss, the chap who had the imagination, even if Smead took all the credit. "Donny, the Princess Xenia has gone broke," he said, looking up from his paper. "She has? Well, what of it?" "May I ask you a question?" "Not if it has anything to do with her. Fagin, put this in your pipe—my private affairs are my own. I know exactly what's on your mind, but it's none of your business."

The Princess Xenia! The paper sank slowly upon Fagin's knees and his gaze roved to the river, sparkling in the distance. He knew—he, Fagin. Half a million in emeralds had slipped through the boy's fingers last winter. He had seen those emeralds flow over the green tables—a beautiful golden rain of louis. At identically the same time the ordinary and the exceptional rogue arrived in Watertown, there stepped down from another train a slender woman, dressed in black, heavily veiled. She was in mourning for happiness. The slender figure in black conveyed nothing to the exceptional rogue; his mind was active with the exigencies of the work before him. On her part she did not look around, experienced no shock; no occult sense told her of the young man's proximity. The two men asked to be directed to the best garage. There, after some dicing, they rented a comfortable car. The affair was accomplished in short order, and the two set out for the river. Half an hour later he turned the car into a deserted lane and stopped.

From out of his suit case the young man took two new license numbers, state of Pennsylvania. These he substituted for the ones in use, and out into the main highway they sped. "You're a wonder," admitted Fagin, grinning. "What a chance to do some fancy business in buzz-wagons! Or hold up a bank messenger." CHAPTER X. Put out into the streets at the age of 5, the elder Smead had grown up like a weed, strong, hardy, unprincipled. Early in his career he had fallen in with boxers and prize fighters, and he soon became known as a great little "try-out" man. He never smoked, never drank, read a good deal, studied and corrected his speaking English. At 20, affable, winning, he made his first smoke-room trip. The intellectual veneer hoodwinked all the women aboard and nearly all the men. He became the most expert ship gambler in the business, because he worked alone. He was 24 when he put up his first gambling establishment. It made money from the start. He began to smoke and drink, circumspectly. He became a member of two or three fairly decent clubs. He was setting on. He married. She was the daughter of a rich man whose forbears had been rich when New York was known by another name. The father objected to the match. With the blind obstinacy of her sex, she ran away with Smead, and was promptly disinherited. Smead had married her with an eye to the future millions, and upon seeing them take wings, the veneer cracked. All the evil in him developed with the snifter rapidly of nightshade. His iron and fires became multifarious. He tried his hand at smuggling, not for the pecuniary gains so much as for the sporting chance it offered. The woman who married him died of a broken heart. "Well?" "Going along finely," said the doctor. "You are naturally robust."

"How long before I'll be able to throw this cane out of the window?" "Perhaps two weeks, if you are careful. No whisky. I don't think tobacco will hurt you. Good morning." (Continued in our next issue.)

Twenty thousand club women have mobilized and are now storming New York city! The occasion is the biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's clubs. From Hawaii, from the Philippines, from Porto Rico, from Panama, club women have waded their way, to add to the thousands from every state in the union. Two million club women are represented. Mrs. Wm. Grant Brown is the official hostess. President Wilson may address the women; ex-President Taft, Jane Adams and Mayor Mitchell of New York, have promised to speak.

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THIS IS OFFICIAL HOSTESS FOR THE CLUB CONVENTION



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TACOMA JUNE 7 WED. At O. W. & N. Grounds The Only Circus Coming Here This Season

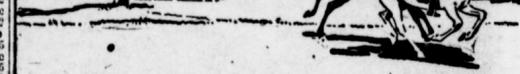


A Wonderland Under Canvas 80th Annual Tour THE JOHN ROBINSON'S SHOWS 5 Acres of Tented Features Three Big Rings Double Menagerie 51 Clowns—500 Novelties See THE MONSTER FIRE STREET PARADE Reserved Seats on Circus Day at Sherman, Clay & Co., 928-30 Broadway.

TODAY'S MARKET PRICES

Table listing various market prices including poultry, live stock, butter, eggs, and meats.

Table listing various market prices including Yakima Burbanks, Cabbage, Onions, Carrots, Lettuce, and other produce.



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