

BROADWAY SALES BOOTH C
Wirthmor Waists



The new models on sale tomorrow. Tomorrow's Wirthmor Day in cities everywhere. Just think how great their sale must be, when they are being bought (these same four splendid styles) by thrifty women throughout the entire nation.



GIRLS' CORSETS

THE RHODES CORSET SHOP specializes in first Corsets for the Growing Girl—the girl whose mother apologizes for her seeming ungainly appearance by saying that she is "just at the awkward age."

JUNE RIBBON SALE

ANOTHER OF THE IMPORTANT SALES for which many women are doubtless waiting. It brings prices which, despite a high market and uncertain conditions, are as low as we have ever known.

- RIBBONS 10c YD. Silk Hair Bow Ribbons and rich, beautiful Dresden patterns.
RIBBONS 18c YD. Large selection of fine Hair Bow Ribbons—also a large assortment of novelty floral and Dresden patterns—every yard all pure silk.
RIBBONS 24c YD. Fancy, fashionable taffeta weaves, in plain shades, including white and black—also novelty floral and Dresden weaves—a wonderful array of colorings.
RIBBONS 29c YD. Fancy moirés and corded stripes in all wanted shades—beautiful novelty Dresdens and warp prints—plain wide satins and messalines in all the fashionable shades.

NEW BELTS 50c UP

A wonderfully big assortment of new white and colored kid Belts—latest styles—large sizes—all wanted shades—covered buckles—splendid values at, each, 50c, 65c, 75c and up to \$1.50.

NEW NECKWEAR

SATURDAY'S DISPLAY of new Neckwear excels any previous attempt on the part of the Neckwear Store. Wonderfully varied displays of new and novel Neckwear are here—new Georgette Crepe Collars, new Cape Collars, wonderful filmy lace creations—Roll Collars, etc. Prices range from \$1.25 to \$4.50 each.

OSTRICH NECKPIECES

All the latest novelties in fine Ostrich Neckpieces—come in white and colors—all the newest, most fashionable creations in a good range of prices from, each, \$1.95 to \$15.00.

SEASONABLE UNDERWEAR

Women's Kaiser Swiss Ribbed Mercerized Cotton and Lisle Vests, finished in plain banded top or hand crocheted 50c. Women's extra fine Ribbed Cotton Union Suits—low neck, no sleeve, finished in banded or edge tape—all reinforced—medium sizes 50c a suit, extra sizes, a suit, 65c. Boys' White Poroskite Union Suits—high neck, short sleeve styles—all sizes from 6 to 16 years—50c. Girls' Musing Fine Ribbed Summer Weight Union Suits—Dutch neck, elbow sleeve with cuff knee—all sizes from 8 to 12 years—priced, a suit 59c.

BIG NECKWEAR SALES

225 pieces of new Neckwear, including flat collars, cape collars, roll collars, and handsome sets. These pieces come mostly in white plain and Swiss embroidered—a record of values to set in offering you this lot. Also a new selection of fine Cape Collars, Vestees, Roll Collars and Sets—come in both plain white and pretty colored pieces—daintily embroidered and plain hemstitched styles—all new and specially reduced at 19c to 49c.

RHODES BROTHERS Broadway at Eleventh Street

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

(Continued from our last issue)

It was after 3 o'clock. From the wreck in San Bay to Pidgin was a question of 20 minutes—at the most, half an hour, unless— Uncle Billy scratched his chin. Since he was going to Pidgin it was useless to look north any more. A hundred dollars.

By this time Uncle Billy was crossing the steamboat channel south of the spar buoy, Lester's boat was just nosing outside of Long Point. Cranford, intent upon watching Diana, missed Lester's frown.

His cogitations were rudely broken. He saw Lester stand up, lean against the tiller rope, and the clock careened in an abrupt half-circle.

The real danger lay not in heading for Pidgin, but in trying to land or leave. The tempest—for there was no doubt in the mind of either man that this squall would drive them without particularly grave danger; but to stop and turn was a matter of life and death.

Uncle Billy had steered down to half-power, praying under his stubby mustache that the engine would not "go back on him."

Uncle Billy, quick to appreciate that this was no time to tinker, slung out his starboard oar and pulled with both hands.

For a minute or two they dragged; then some friendly rock offered purchase, and the boat came about with her bow head-on to the wind. They were safe for a time.

"I guess I've gone 'n done it, Miss Wynne," said Uncle Billy, rubbing his bleeding knuckles. "Know what we go t' do?"

"All right, I'm t' blame. I've let a hundred dollars fool me. An' I've dragged Mr. Cranford 'n Lester int' it, too."

"PIDGIN ISLAND"

They came back to the shoal and headed for the dock. Thirty feet off shore Lester held up his hand, and both anchors went over. A short drag followed.

Without a word Diana slipped over the side and struck for the runway. One after another the men followed. Lester made the landing with but slight bruising, and helped pull in Uncle Billy.

Uncle Billy stepped outside the boat house cautiously. The wind blew with a tremendous humming noise, like some huge dynamo, and the water ran as high as when, five hours ago, they had all been dragged ashore, bruised, cut, exhausted.

He paused and reached down to rub his shin gently. In helping Cranford in he had fallen on the slippery runway and bruised a shin. Well, the poor young woman was paying for her hardness; a gash two inches long on the side of her head and an arm strained so badly that her fingers spread out crookedly.

She laughed. "She's a goddess, Billy," said Cranford. The landlady bustled the men into the hall. Miss Wynne must be put to bed at once. Half an hour later she opened the door.

"Have her off 'n hour," declared Uncle Billy, applying. "I shall be out this evening," said Cranford, approaching the sofa. "I'm going to send for the best surgeon in Watertown."

At the telegraph office the operator, upon being told who was sending the message, took scrupulous care in transmitting the correct rendition of the ten Italian words. He made Watertown repeat back the message, letter for letter. Neither he nor Watertown understood Italian; but the young woman in black understood, wept silently, packed her suit case, and left Watertown on the noon train.

CHAPTER XV. Lester appeared as usual the next morning, ready for the day's work. Eight o'clock came, but no fishermen. When an hour went down the clock, Lester began to think maybe Mr. Cranford was ill. "Go wake him up," advised the clerk.

There was no response to his knocking; gentle at first, then firmly, then irritably. He returned to the office and asked that the clerk go up and open the door. The clerk rapped soundly on the door and waited. Then he called Cranford by name. Hearing nothing, he inserted a key and opened the door. He stood transfixed, and Lester stared over his shoulder, eyes aop.

He saw her outing coat hanging from a nail. It was still heavy with water. He ought to have turned the pockets when he hung it up; the coat would have been half dry by now.

Uncle Billy was up and outside long before sunrise. He wandered aimlessly past the light. He saw the remains of a recent fire, a shore dinner fire; one he was certain neither he nor Lester had built. This was a cobble range, while he and Lester had portable stoves.

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Dianna kept absolutely quiet; and Cranford had tact enough not to ply her with questions. In the secret service like himself, and playing her woman's hand alone against as accomplished a band of rogues as ever set the Atlantic ports by the ears; and one of them her husband!

"I got t' go t' th' telegraph office, Mr. Cranford." "And hurry. Do an errand for me. I'm all in. Wire for the best surgeon in Watertown; tell him to come by auto at once; never mind trains."

At length he heard the purr of an automobile. It paused. Then came the muffled closing of a door. They had come at last. Cranford climbed out of the cistern and stood blinking in the light of a detached automobile lamp. Then he saw Hanchett and Dennison, and in the gloom of a corner, a third man.

"Cranford, we shan't waste time beating about the bush. It doesn't matter how or when you learned. We want what you took from Pidgin Island," said Hanchett. "What was it I took?"

Hanchett smiled. "You can't pass your hand up like that. Clever idea of yours to have that telegram delayed. We found it out, howeyer."

What a woman! Not a detail had escaped her. "Do you want the truth?" "As quickly as you c an give it."

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The bureau-drawers, the drawers of the washstand, the suitcases—emptied and flung carelessly aside! The mattress lay twisted over the footboard of the bed, the pillows, crushed, clothes littered the chairs and the floor. Lester was the first to move. He pushed aside the clerk, ran into the room, and looked under the bed. Then he peered into the closet. He shook his head.

"I'll hunt up Uncle Billy. Maybe he can tell something." "Do it," said the clerk, locking the door. "I'll tell the maid not to touch anything. I'll call in the sheriff."

Lester found Uncle Billy seated on a soap-bub inspecting a felt hat he held in his hands. "Billy, where's Mr. Cranford?" "I dunno, Lester. I found this hat o' his 'n th' middle o' th' road as I started out t' th' farm this mornin'."

"Did you go to the farm?" "Yes; but he wa'n't there. He left there 'bout 8 las' night. Why?" "Wasn't in his room last night, Billy; but some one else was. Everything turned upside down. 'Y don't say!' Uncle Billy got up slowly. Suddenly he shook the hat in the air. 'I know! Sumpin' t' do 't' th' dinged hundred dollars, 'r my name ain't Bill.'"

It is doubtful if Uncle Billy had ever read a novel, much less a detective story; but he knew all the earth-signs. He had gone out early that morning to inquire after Miss Wynne's health. When he picked up Cranford's hat his mind was occupied with the girl's grim earnestness out there at Pidgin, the hundred dollars; he had not, therefore, observed things. But now he had reason. He found the spot and studied the ground thoroughly.

An automobile had stopped at a backed and gone on again. Many footprints, close together, and one long slip which trailed over the lip of the road. This had been made by Cranford, for he recognized the rubber spikes of the tennis shoes. There had been a scrimmage.

Shaking his head, he plodded back to the boat-house. Mr. Cranford had been abducted. Most amazing! How should he tell Miss Wynne? Hadn't he best say nothing till she was up and about? She'd worry.

5th Bargain Floor

Fine Sheer Muslin Skirts

39c and 79c THEY ARE beautifully lace and embroidery trimmed—cut wide and full—made with dust flounce—just what you want for summer wear and they are really sensational values at 39c and 79c

Child's Shoes \$1.69 Pair

Children's Shoes, made of solid leather—broken sizes—come in patent leather, gum-metal and a few white canvas sandals—wonderful values to those who can find their youngster's sizes in the lot. Saturday choice, pair \$1.69

BOYS' SHOES \$1.98 Pair

Boys' solid leather Walton Make Shoes, in all sizes. You all know this make, but look at this new bargain! Store price, pair \$1.98

CAMP SUPPLIES

Paper Plates, two dozen 9c Meteor Paper Sets complete for 9c Tinware at 9c Hardware at 9c

TABLE PADDING, 29c YARD

54-inch white Table Padding, good weight, full bleached and extra wide, as you will note—on sale Saturday at, per yard 29c

9 to 12 Only Devonshire 15c Yard

Genuine Renfrew Devonshire Cloth—just what you want for making Children's Dresses, Wash Suits, Rompers, Women's House Dresses, Aprons, etc. Buy it Saturday, 9 to 12 only, at per yard 15c (Limit 10 yards to a customer; no phone or mail orders; none sent C. O. D.)

DIMITIES 5c YD. Beautiful Printed and Flowered Dimities—come 27 inches wide, in a great variety of pretty patterns suitable for dresses, aprons and gowns—reduced for Saturday's selling only to, per yard 5c

Saturday Will Be a Good Day To Look Over These

MEN'S 59c SHIRTS

These Shirts were made expressly for us, after our "large body" specifications, and are finished in superior manner. The soft cuff shirts are of excellent mercerized Shirtings in good stripe designs. The stiff cuff shirts also are in stripe patterns of fine count percales. Sizes 14 to 17. With the present high cost of cotton materials these Shirts would be exceedingly good value at much higher price. At 59c they are a value we believe, unrivaled anywhere.

- SUGAR: Finest pure Cane Fruit Sugar—the best the market affords—reduced Saturday to, per 10-lb. sack 87c
COFFEE: Our Rhodessa Blend—a favorite hereabouts for over 20 years—reduced every Saturday to, per pound 29c

BROADWAY SALES BOOTH E

Canned Goods Bargains

Canned Goods of all sorts have advanced materially in the past few weeks, and further advances are in prospect—we advise you to supply your needs at once—this sale affords an exceptional opportunity.

- MINCED CLAMS—Highest quality—reduced for this sale only to, per can 12c; DOZEN CANS \$1.40
CORN—Fancy Maine Cream Sugar Corn—reduced for this sale only to, TWO CANS for 25c; DOZEN CANS \$1.45
PEAS—Fancy June Sugar Peas—reduced for this sale to, per can 10c; DOZEN CANS for \$1.15
STANDARD TOMATOES—reduced for this sale to, TWO CANS for \$1.15

Fancy Oranges 34c Dozen

The Navel Orange season is about over, and the prices are higher, so we are fortunate in being able to offer 50 cases of fancy, extra large, sweet, juicy Navel Oranges, per dozen 34c

RHODES BROTHERS Broadway at Eleventh Street

Rose Festival PORTLAND \$5.80 Round Trip Ticket On Sale for June 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. NORTHERN PACIFIC RY. THE YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE Eastbound Summer Excursion Round trip fares, daily June 1 to Sept. 30, to Middle West and Eastern States and Canada. Daily Through Trains. But one change to Atlantic Seaports. To California go via S. S. "Northern Pacific" and S. S. "Great Northern," the twin "Laces," from Portland. THRU PULLMAN TO SHIPSIDE. TICKETS 925 Pacific Ave. Phone Main 128. C. E. FOSTER, G. P. A., Tacoma, Wash. A. D. CHARLTON, A. G. P. A., Portland, Ore.

this is added the fact that I should not tell you if I did. I realize, in the parlance of your particular world, you are out to do me for the crutches. Capital guesswork, wasn't it?" "What do you mean by that?" demanded Smead. "Why, he really hasn't got them, but knows who has. You're as dense as a sand-bank." For a brief space Cranford stared at the young man; then went on down the ladder. (Concluded in Our Next Issue)