

# White Wash Fabrics

**BEAUTIFUL FANCY WEAVES**, suitable for waist or dress—also many plain, staple materials—are to be found in the greatest profusion.

For convenience in display and handling we have arranged five great groups of these wanted White Goods at the lowest prices hereabouts for merchandise of equal merit.

### GROUP 1—9 1/2c YARD

Barred and Striped Lawns and Dimities are the materials in this lot—a goodly variety to choose from—reduced for this June White event to, per yard, 9 1/2c

### GROUP 2—13c YARD

Includes a big lot of plain Lawns, also striped and checked flannels, materials suitable for waists, dresses, etc.—White Sale, very special, per yard, 13c

### GROUP 3—18c YARD

Plain and Rice Voiles, Flaxons in stripe and check styles—also a big group of fancy Voiles—suitable for making summer waists and dresses—White Sale specially reduced at yard, 18c

### GROUP 4—24c YARD

In this lot will be found unusually attractive plain and fancy materials for waists and dresses. Very specially reduced for the June White Sale at, per yard, 24c

### GROUP 5—42c YARD

Embraces an assortment of very fine white materials in plain and fancy effects, and they are priced very special, per yard, 42c

### LONGCLOTH

Featuring our popular grades of soft chamois finish Longcloth in the most wanted grades. Our longcloths have no stamping on the goods. Buy them by the piece and make an added saving. All are 36 inches wide, and for the June White Sale specially priced as follows—

10 1/2c Yard, or 95c for Piece of 10 Yards

12 1/2c Yard, or \$1.45 for piece of 12 Yards

14c Yard, or \$1.59 for Piece of 12 Yards

19c Yard, or \$2.15 for Piece of 12 Yards

### NAINSOOK 14c

Sheer Nainsook—fine, soft quality—yard wide—for underwear, gowns, etc. White Sale reduced price, 14c

### INDIAN HEAD

White Indian Head—looks like linen, but does not muss so readily—yard wide—June White Sale reduced price, per yard, 15c

### WHITE OUTING FLANNEL

Daisy Cloth—this popular 27-inch White Outing included in the June White Sale at a very low price, per yard, 10 1/2c

### BERKELEY CAMBRIC

The popular No. 60 Berkeley Cambric—full pieces and perfect goods—full yard wide—June White Sale price, per yard, 12 1/2c

### MERCERIZED NAINSOOKS

Fine quality mercerized Nainsook—two excellent qualities are included in the June White Sale—30-inch width—White Sale reduced price, 18c yard, or \$2 per 12-yard piece—38-inch width, 27c yard, or \$2.50 for 10-yard piece, —Eleventh Street Floor.

# TABLE LINENS

**READY FOR THE GREATEST** June Linen business in our history, with broad assortments of dependable Table Linens. The specially priced numbers included in this June White Sale are in many instances below the present market value.

Bordered Pattern Cloths with Napkins to match. These cloths and Napkins were bought months ago especially for this event, and cannot be duplicated today at anywhere near the little prices we ask for them. They are shown in a good pattern assortment. These prices—

70x72-inch Cloths, \$2.79 each

70x90-inch Cloths, \$3.49 each

70x108-inch Cloths \$4.19 each

22x22-inch Napkins \$3.79 doz.

We also include a good assortment of patterns in other qualities in various wanted sizes, priced as follows—2x2-yard size, \$2.35, \$2.75, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4.15 and up to \$5.55.

2x3 1/2 and 2x3-yard sizes at proportionate reductions. Also 2 1/2x2 1/2, 2 1/4x3 and 2x3 1/4-yard sizes. Napkins to match many of the above Cloths may be had at big savings.

### ALL-LINEN TABLE NAPKINS

Grouped for the White Sale are Table Napkins at special prices as follows—

20-inch, all-linen Napkins—good weight—many good patterns—specially reduced at, per dozen, \$2.29

Other grades at \$2.69, \$2.85, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4.15 and up to \$9.35 per dozen.

### TABLE DAMASK

Four tried and true qualities of all-linen Table Damask are specially reduced for the June White Sale, and afford very substantial savings. Prices as follows—

70-inch, \$1.15, \$1.39, \$1.49 and \$1.89 per yard. Napkins may be had to match many of these Damasks.

### MERCERIZED TABLE DAMASK SPECIAL AT 33c YARD

A good quality shown in a big array of patterns—comes 58 inches wide.

**BULLETIN**—Watch the papers as this sale progresses for additional specials that will not fail to interest you. —Eleventh Street Floor.

**RHODES BROTHERS**  
Broadway at Eleventh Street

# Yesterday's Late News

**HOT FOOT TO CARRANZA**  
EAGLE PASS, June 5.—Ishman Vasquez, Mexican vice consul at Del Rio, boiled with indignation today when he went to Mexico City to tell Carranza he did not give Sibley's expedition

permission to enter Mexico after the Glenn Springs raiders. He will confer with Carranza and attempt to disprove reports that he sanctioned Sibley's plans.

**MANY ITALIANS CAPTURED**  
VIENNA, June 5.—The capture of 5,600 Italian soldiers along the Italian front June 3 was announced in a report from military headquarters today. Three cannon, 11 machine guns and 126 mine throwers were taken.

**50 GIRLS IMPERILED**  
CHICAGO, June 5.—One fireman suffered a fractured skull, two were overcome and 50 girls employed by the Allegretti Candy company were imperiled when a fire destroyed the five story building at South Water street today.

**DAILY**  
Lv. Eatonville, 8:00 a. m.  
Lv. Tacoma, 8:00 a. m.  
1:00 p. m.  
3:00 p. m.  
**SUNDAY**  
8:00 a. m.  
3:00 p. m.  
7:00 p. m.

**TWO CAR.**  
Eatonville-Tacoma stage Karpowicz and Clay City connections.

A NOVEL A WEEK.  
Next Week  
"THE DUKE OF OBLIVION"  
By John Reed Scott.

# "SON OF THE WIND"

BY LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN  
Copyright, 1916, by  
Bobbs-Merrill Co.  
A NOVEL A WEEK!

(Continued from our last issue.) Carron awaited her at the foot of the clambering stair. His expectation had not time to shapen to impatience before she appeared, still in her brown skirt and working blouse, but with the dull cloud of her hair admirably controlled.

"Which way shall we go?" she inquired.  
"Oh, any way! You take me!" His irritations, his chafings were withdrawn.  
"Then I will take you to the spring. It is about the only thing there is to see that we will have time for."

They walked along the drive. Carron looked at Blanch and looking thought: "She certainly isn't pretty. She's less—or more." Aloud he said, "And have you lived here long?"  
"Eight years. The new house has been built since then," she mused. "Look, there are the old gate posts. They ought to have been pulled down long ago, but I am afraid I should miss them. The spring path turns off just here."

He would hardly have known it was a path. To one driving by it would look like a natural opening in the forest. Some little distance on he saw the fragments of a board hanging gray and rain-worn from a post; farther yet the thin iron legs of a chair—such a chair as one sees around cafe tables—thrust out of the drift of pine needles. Between these relics the little body of the girl swung at a quick-footing pace.

Then, a little in front of him, he saw two hand rails, all but collapsing, yet somehow clinging together, and embracing a sort of inclosure, clear of pines and perhaps 30 feet across. In the center of this Blanch Rader was standing by a circular ledge inclosing what looked to be a well.  
"This is where they used to come in the morning to drink the water," she explained.  
Carron was astonished and enlightened. "Do you mean to tell me that this was a health resort, off here at the end of creation?"  
She nodded. "The Giant Mineral Spring Hotel. Remember the tumble-down sign as you came in the gate? I supposed you knew—but, of course, mother never speaks of it. She feels so badly about it."

Carron raised interrogative eyebrows at her. "What is wrong with having a health resort?"  
"She gave him all her smile. "Nothing, if it is a real one. But you see—well, we didn't know when we bought it."  
"You—bought it?"  
"Not exactly. Father took it for a debt. A friend of his built the place. It was a very fine house at the time it was built, but it had been closed so long when we got it, it was dreadfully run down. You see, we thought we could sell it. Father thought the mineral springs would be worth something, but when we had them analyzed we found out they were just ordinary water. They had been charged with sulphur and iron." She laughed. "Think what the man said when father told him what we had found out! He said, 'Why, of course, I expected

that you would do as I did.'"  
"And Mr. Rader didn't?"  
"She shook her head. "Mother wanted to, but he wouldn't let her. She says he doesn't have the problem of running a hotel or not enough; and besides it would be good for the people to drink a lot of water even if it is—just plain. But father said he couldn't live a pretense."  
"And how about you?" Carron inquired.  
"I? Oh, I don't know. I suppose it would be hard to know all the time that you were cheating people; but the way the thing is now is rather hard on mother."

"Doesn't she— isn't it?" He was afraid he was going too far, but the idea of any one in financial straits, above all these two women, disturbed him mightily.  
"Oh, yes; we have a number of people in the summer. We do quite well enough in a business way, only if it were a health resort we should do much better."  
They were walking back toward the house now, and at the first turn in the path were met by Rader.

The scholar had come a step forward, and now tentatively lifted his voice. "Blanche?" he said. "Your mother says she is waiting for you to switch the quilts. I've been looking for you all over the hill."  
"But why didn't she blow the horn? Why should she send you? I don't believe she did," Blanch Rader objected mischievously to the scholar's diffident glance. "It is Mr. Carron who has waked you up and got you out."

"You will have to hurry, won't you?" Rader asked his daughter.  
"Don't let us detain you," Carron said.  
She gave an amused, puzzled glance, as if she thought her father's behavior a little odd.  
"Very well," she said, "then, since you're so good, I will run." She darted among the trees.  
The scholar was pulling thoughtfully on his pipe, his eyes, at intervals, making excursions to the young man's face. "He believes it," Carron reflected. "Yes, by Jove, he does!" The singular old chap, always in the clouds, his belief was not much roused! But there was the man on the road. "Try Raders," he had said. Hadn't he meant, "Try Blanche Rader?"  
Carron caught himself drifting just on the edge of credulity.

He drew a deep breath for his dive into unknown waters. He walked a little meditative half circle on the soft play floor of the forest, and came to a stop square in front of Rader. "Well!" he said with a falling inflection.  
"What is the name of that?" he asked.  
"What? Where?" She looked in all directions but the right one. It seemed odd that she, who had pointed out so many objects less remarkable, should not be on familiar terms with this one, and instinctively look in the right direction. "There," he said.  
Her head came around very slowly toward the thing his pointing indicated. "Oh!" her glance rested on it for a moment. "You mean that gap? It hasn't any name."  
"It looks as if it had," Carron

insisted. "I never saw one like it."  
"Oh, there are lots of gaps," she said vaguely.  
He let her lead him from the subject as well as from the sight. "Aren't you tired?" he asked the girl.  
"I could keep on a ll day," she said.  
"So could I, but I would so much rather sit on a cool rock under a tree and listen to your opinions of the universe."  
She laughed. "I shall have to invent them then."  
"That's easy enough. The problems of the universe are nothing to the problem of where two people are going to find some shade."  
"I know where there is some," she said.  
"And suppose she won't answer?"  
Rader shrugged, as one who would say, "Then, that will be the end of it."

The young man laughed. The thing would not end as simply as all that. If Blanche Rader would not speak—  
CHAPTER IV.  
Wild Things and Tame.

The next morning Blanche informed Carron she would have time to take him up the canyon, so he saddled the horses and they set out.  
The elusive quality in the girl fascinated him, and he found himself putting forth every effort to draw her out. She named the various peaks as they rode; sometimes with a sweep of her arm she would indicate a canyon or an old trail, giving bits of information or telling Indian legends.

Carron realized that she knew every inch of the country, rough and wild though it was, as well as every creature roaming over it. He glanced up at a great rock wall they were just rounding, and exclaimed over the sight the turn in the trail brought to view.  
They stopped their horses high on the mountain side and stood overlooking canyons and lower peaks. Just opposite a rugged outline suggested a great face topped by a helmet. But it was not this strange form on which attracted Carron's attention, but rather a little window set jewel-like in the helmet of stone. And through it shone the strange blue of the distance. He looked upon white lights and shadows, and lines of summits half seen and half imagined by the eye. In the setting of the solid wall it appeared a hundred times more bright and marvelous than with the graduated lines of distance between; nearer, yet more improbable.

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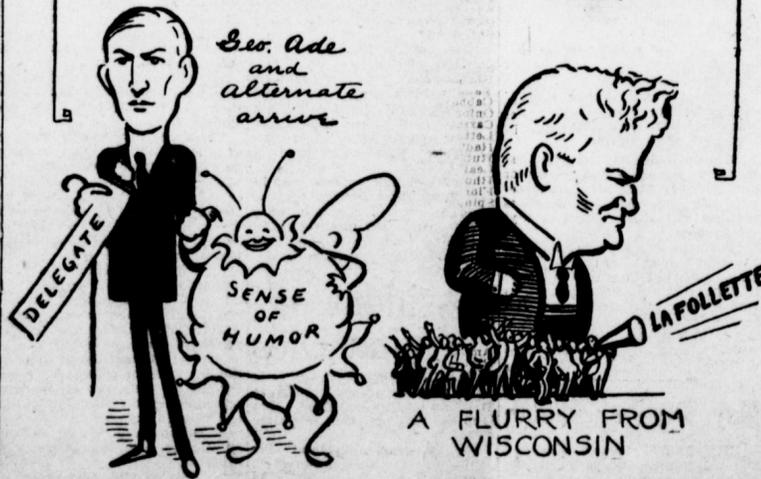
## Cow Butter Store

Pacific and Jefferson.  
Best Butter on Earth, lb. . . . . 30c  
One of the largest creamery men in the Northwest said: "We could make butter like the Cow Butter Store Butter if it were not for the competition among the creameries to get cream. To break even our over-run is 25 per cent."  
Tacoma Made Butter, lb. . . . . 27c  
Fresh from the Churn.  
See the Sign of the Cow Passed by 14 Street Car Lines.

she doesn't."  
Carron brooded sulkily and finally flung himself out of the room and went for a long walk.  
He returned to find a lit the heavy batteries of house cleaning unmasked. It seemed natural that the scholar should shut himself in with the peace of his books while the upheaval in the hotel went forward. He would have been helpless in such an emergency. But Carron was born for the handling of objects, animate or inanimate. In the first days of his arrival, while operations had been limited to the more polite business of sweeping, he had kept his distance, but it was impossible to remain aloof when two women were struggling with ladders and hammers.  
He, in spite of Mrs. Rader's objections, made himself aide-in-chief of the situation. She was most anxious to accept him in this role. She looked a t him as if he were exclusively an ornament, and at best a suspicious ornament.  
There was no argument for this attitude of mind but to take off a coat and show this self-willed creature that, if she knew what she wanted, he knew how it ought to be done. Mrs. Rader betrayed a diffidence in the situation that spoke touchingly of a woman unaccustomed to be helped. She offered her directions timidly, and once or twice he caught her looking at him as if his dexterity and his kindness were the last things she had expected of him.  
(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

Wherever there's a postoffice Uncle Sam will deliver The Times to you each day.  
If you leave town for a vacation be sure to give your new address to the Circulation Manager, Main 12.

# How Four Hopefuls Are Looking



Art Young, famous cartoonist at the Chicago convention, here sketches the expressions on the faces of four candidates—as they must look, Young says, from the talk he has heard among the delegates. None of these boys is on hand, but Weeks, LaFollette isn't in the fray in person, but he's a big storm cloud looming behind the Wisconsin and North Dakota delegates. And not all politicians are devoid of a sense of humor—as is evidenced by the fact George Ade, impresario of

# AUCTION SALE

## STARTS TOMORROW

A rare opportunity to buy high grade Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry at your own price.  
Pressing obligations force us to close out part of our stock at any price you might give in order to raise \$10,000 to satisfy our creditors. In order to raise that amount we will start an auction sale on Wednesday, June 7, at 11 a. m., of our elegant stock of Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry, which you can buy at your own price—whatever you might give.

# KAY JEWELRY CO.

1116 Pac. Ave.