

Bargain Floor

JUST 144 ALUMINUM SAUCE PANS, Pictured



SPECIAL AT 30c

We have just 144 of these 2-quart Aluminum Sauce Pans as pictured above. Frankly we don't know how the makers can produce so good an aluminum utensil as this for so small a price when the cost of sheet aluminum is so extremely high. But that is neither here nor there, nor is the fact that we aren't making any money on the item ourselves—this is merely one of those little treats which the Bargain Store hands its patrons from time to time. Better come early—there are only 144 of these Pans—so we're going to limit the sale to 2 to a customer. No phone orders, mail orders or C. O. Ds. While they last Wednesday, special **30c** (See Broadway Window Display Tonight.) —5th Bargain Floor.

Domestics Specialized

Toweling, Bedspreads, Table Damask, and Long Cloth at Special Prices.

UNBLEACHED TOWELING—a fine quality—greatly reduced Wednesday at, **9c**
WEARWELL BEDSPREADS—size 78x88 inches—Wednesday, very special, each **\$1.69**

DAMASK—Hates guaranteed fast Damask Wednesday, very special, reduced at, per yard, **49c**
LONG CLOTH—English Long Cloth—10 yard bolts—greatly reduced Wednesday at, per bolt, **95c**

Kiddies Wash Dresses

39c EACH; 3 FOR \$1.00
Handsome, well made Dresses—made of excellent quality materials—come in handsome patterns and good colors. They are new models, nicely trimmed and well made. All sizes from 6 to 14 years, reduced Wednesday to, each **39c**
THREE FOR \$1.00.

Children's Knit Combinations

AGES 2 TO 12 YEARS, SPECIAL 29c
WOMEN'S SUITS, SPECIAL \$11.95
These Suits are well tailored—materials are good—styles right up to the minute; and while they last they are very specially reduced at, each **\$11.95**
The celebrated Rockburn Alcohol Lamp—just what you need for camp or traveling—Wednesday special **29c**

GROCERY BARGAINS

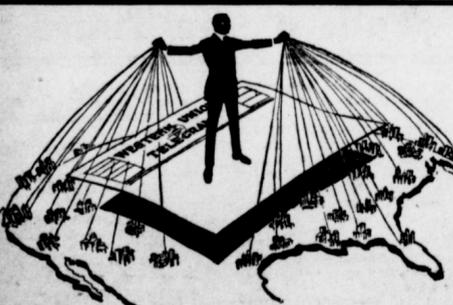
PHONE ORDERS 7:30 A. M. TO 6 P. M.
SHREDDED BISCUITS OR GRAPE NUTS, reduced Wednesday to, per package, **11c**
OLYMPIC WHEAT HEARTS OR PANCAKE FLOUR—large package—reduced Wednesday to, per package, **22c**
THREE PACKAGES 65c
KARO SYRUP—Blue Label—5-lb. pails—reduced Wednesday to, per pail, **25c**

CRYSTAL WHITE SOAP—large bars—reduced Wednesday to, **30c**
BARS FOR EIGHT 30c
GOLD DUST OR CITRUS WASHING POWDER—large packages—reduced Wednesday to, per package, **20c**
5-lb. pails—reduced 25c

COFFEE 22c LB.—5 LBS. \$1.00
Every Wednesday more people buy our famous IXL Blend Coffee, and it's no wonder, for it's one of the finest blends we know of at any price—at the Wednesday price it is nothing short of sensational. It's a scientific blend of choice Guatemala Coffees—a mild, sweet cupper—on sale every Wednesday at, per pound **22c**—in FIVE POUND lots **\$1.00** —5th Bargain Floor.

Rhodes Brothers

In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment



Control

To direct each unit of his army in the field, to execute a quick attack at any point, a play of strategy or sudden shift of tactics, the business general who uses

WESTERN UNION is everywhere at once
THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

BY JOHN REED SCOTT
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"The Duke of Oblivion"

(Continued from our last issue)
The walls towered so far above us, it was as if some Titan had cleft the passage with his club. The light was dim; almost there was none, indeed, save far upward where the blue of the sky shone—bluer by reason of the gloom from which we looked.
We crept along—the way was not over 12 feet wide, some places less, and it constantly curved and twisted, until we had lost all notion of direction.
Then we rounded a sharp turn; and both of us leaped to our feet with a warning cry. Right before us, scarcely 30 feet away, the stream passed into a tunnel and the open passage ended, instantly the engineer reversed; the boat came to a stand, and Hatch let go the anchor.
"Stop your engine a moment, Snyder," Brinsmade ordered. "Now, all keep perfect still!"
The silence was of the tomb.
Brinsmade tossed a match overboard. It floated slowly toward the tunnel. He nodded to Snyder, and the engine resumed its measured beat.
"There was no sound of falling water," said he; "and the current is moderate. I'm going to try it. Hatch, how much rope is there aboard?"
"I'll see, sir!" said Hatch.
"What are you thinking of doing?" I asked.
"Of swimming down the tunnel," Brinsmade answered. "The rope is to insure my return."
"Don't be a fool!" said I impatiently.
"I'm trying not to be," said he. "You forget that I'm a very fair swimmer—and that you can yank me back with the rope whenever I signal, or you have a mind to yank. Well?"—as the boatswain finished his measuring and looked up.
"There are about 300 feet here, sir," replied Hatch.
Brinsmade kicked off his white shoes, and got out of his clothes. "Knot the rope around under my arms," he ordered the boatswain. "Now listen!—Pay out the rope so it doesn't drag on me any more than absolutely necessary. If I signal by sharp jerks, haul in. If I don't signal for some time, you signal me by jerks. If I'm all right, I'll answer by three jerks—if I don't answer, haul in. Remember, three jerks by me at any time means cease hauling. You understand, Dick?"
And dropping over the side, Brinsmade swam quietly into the tunnel and out of sight.
"I took out my watch. . . . One minute passed—two—five—ten."
"Something's the matter," said I.
Hatch signaled. I bent over the rope watching. There was no response!
"Haul in!" I ordered.
As his hand sprang to obey, Brinsmade emerged from the tunnel, swimming easily. The next moment he was alongside and on board.
"I had a bully swim," said he, as Hatch freed him from the rope. "And what's of more import, I've been through the passage, and into as pretty a little harbor as you ever saw. A reverse curve in the tunnel explains why we couldn't see light."
"Then we can go through with the launch?" I asked.
"Sure—as soon as I get back into my clothes."
It was not so dark in the tunnel as it appeared from the outside. We made the first turn readily enough, the second turn was not over 50 feet from the exit. In a moment it was passed, and we came into a tiny harbor, as pretty and as placid as any one can imagine.
It was semi-circular in form, with a gently shelving beach of hard sand running back 50 yards or so to the line of giant Celba and the towering Coyal palm.
We went slowly along the harbor front, sounding for a place to land—and finding none. At last, we anchored as close in as possible, and prepared to go ashore.
"How deep is it here, Hatch?"
"Not too deep for Connor and me to carry you and Mr. Cardigan on our shoulders," Hatch answered.
"Can you do it?"
"Easily, sir."
"Good! Come on then, Connor," said Brinsmade.
And he, sitting on Connor's shoulders, and I on Hatch's, were quickly landed on the beach; Snyder, with a rifle apiece and our automobiles we set out on the inspection.
"Hum!" said Brinsmade, eyeing the forest fringe ahead. "This is not a tropical jungle—where's the undergrowth?"
It was true. The rank vegetation was missing; there were only the trees, thick set and huge, shrouded in hanging moss and vines—beyond which the eye could not penetrate.
We had landed at one side of the harbor. Now Hatch suddenly pointed to the far side.
"There is a path yonder, sir," he said.
"Then steer for it," Brinsmade replied. "A path it is, as we neared it; and well used. . . . Thunder, Dick, it's a stone walk!"
The moss and vines swept the walk, the stones of which were over three feet square, laid diamond-shaped and fitted together as accurately as a mosaic.
"What do you make of this, Brinsmade?" I asked, indicating the walk.

"The work of the Mayas, I fancy," he replied. "There may be more of it on the island."
"Perhaps," said I, "we shall find some of the Mayas, too."
"I doubt it," said he, "but we'll have a look. I promise very fair for discovery."
We pulled aside the moss and vines—and there, straight before us, a hundred or so yards away, rose a great Maya pyramid. I recognized it at once from pictures I had seen of the ancient ruins of Yucatan.
The pyramid, like many of the Maya remains, was of hewn stone and built in steps, terminating in a board, flat top. The walk was clean of vegetation, and the forest around was free of undergrowth, though bushes of jasmine, acaia, hibiscus and magnificent orchids were on every hand.
"The place is certainly inhabited," Brinsmade insisted; "yet were is everybody—or anybody?"
In another moment, we reached the corner of the pyramid—and came face to face with two lovely young women—in somewhat primitive attire; a sleeveless blouse, a short skirt of linen reaching to the knees, and sandals. Their legs and arms were bare; their hair was plaited and wound around their heads.
At sight of us they stopped short—amazement, mingled with incredulity, in their faces—faces as white as our own.
"Good morning, mademoiselles!" Brinsmade said. "We are very sorry if we have startled you."
"You are English, sir?" faltered one.
"We are Americans," Brinsmade answered.
"America is a colony of England?" she asked, with charming inquisitiveness.
"America was once a colony of England," Fred explained. "It isn't now; it's independent."
"Mademoiselle also speaks English," I observed.
"We are English, sir," then she smiled—she was a brunette, her companion was chestnut-haired and blue-eyed.
"You came in a boat by the underground passage?" the chestnut-haired one asked—breathlessly, I thought—looking at me.
"We did," said I. "We could find no other way."
"You disobeyed the ancient law!" she exclaimed.
"You had best go back quickly—before you are seen," the brunette advised.
"Why?" I asked.
"Because," said the chestnut-haired, "the penalty is death."
"Death for the stranger who comes in, or for the inhabitant who attempts to go out?" I smiled.
"I cannot say about the stranger who comes in; I never heard of such a case; but I can answer for the inhabitants. It is an even forbidden to any but the Duke's own family to go beyond the line of trees that borders the beach."
"You speak of the Duke," said I. "Who is he?"
"Our ruler," the brunette explained.
"And you are his daughters?"
"We are his nieces," the chestnut-haired smiled. "The Lady Elizabeth," with a nod toward the brunette. "I am Lady Edith."
Brinsmade and I bowed low; the young women curtsied laughingly.
"There are no kings nor dukes, no titles of nobility with us," I explained. "America is a republic. Permit me to present Mr. Frederick Brinsmade and Mr. Richard Cardigan of New York."
Whereat there was more curtsying and bowing.
"Good-bye!" said the Lady Edith.
"You will go now?" said Lady Elizabeth.
"I'm very well satisfied here," Brinsmade answered.
"We implore you to go!" Lady Edith echoed. "Some one may come at any moment—the Duke himself even."
"And then what?" Brinsmade asked. "The Duke is not such an unreasonable chap as to invoke the law on us, who have no intent to violate it?"
"Duke Albert is old and irascible; he may regard it as his duty to enforce the law with strict impartiality."
"In that event, you would best not be seen with us," said I. "There may be some punishment for conversing with forbidden guests."
"We will go around the pyramid the other way," Brinsmade appended—and facing about he strode around the corner. I went along.
"Let's return to the boat?" I asked.
"Presently, my dear Richard. We must first see the Duke."
Just then two men sauntered around the corner and stopped—staring!
They also were clad in linen garments; a sleeveless doublet, and a tartan-like skirt reaching midway between hip and knee; the arms and legs were bare, sandals covered the feet. They wore wide-brimmed panama hats; turned down in front.
One was a man in the fifties, inclined to stoutness. The other, evidently the Duke from his air of authority, was slender and considerably older; both were of average size, with close cropped beards and long sweeping moustaches.
"His nibs!" exclaimed Brinsmade.
"Who's the other?" I asked.
"His chief executioner—looking for us." He swept off his cap with a grand flourish. I followed suit, minus the flourish.
"Good morning, sirs," said he.

"May I ask the name of this island?"
The younger removed his hat; the other did not—and it was he who replied:
"This is the island of Oblivion," said he slowly. "Who are you, and whence come you?"
"We are travelers and citizens of the United States on a voyage through the West Indies," Brinsmade answered. "We sighted this island, which is not on the chart, and we stopped to investigate."
"This island is not on the chart, you say?"
"It is not!"
"You see, Beauchamp," said he to his companion; "it is as we have thought. How deep is the fog, sirs, where you came through?"
"Possibly half a mile," said Brinsmade.
"And beyond?"
"Other islands of the West Indies, the Atlantic ocean, and some 3000 miles away, England."
"The man's face lit up."
"England 3000 miles away! You hear, Beauchamp, you hear?"
"I hear, my Lord," the other answered. "England, however, does not interest me now; I'm too old for transplanting—and, saving your pardon, we of the island have been lost for too many generations to go back, even if we could."
"Tut, tut, James! who said we thought of going back?" the Duke replied. "I'm satisfied with my island; and so, I think, are my people." He turned to us. "You, sirs, are the first strangers that Oblivion has seen since our ancestors came here in 1799."
"Has no one gone back to England in all that time?" I asked.
"Neither there nor elsewhere," he replied. "An oblivion is sworn never to leave the island? We will be glad to have you accompany us to our residence, messieurs; there we can talk more at our ease. The steps on the east side of the pyramid are the ones we use."
"We shall be delighted!" said Brinsmade.
I threw a glance over my shoulder to insure that Hatch and Connor were on the job.
The steps on the east side were about two feet high, in fine repair, and fairly easy of ascent. The summit was at least three hundred feet square. I am not familiar with Maya customs, further than that the pyramids constituted a temple having the vestibule and sanctuary on its top. The Oblivion Englishmen, however, had transformed it into a royal residence for the reigning Duke; its height making every breeze available, and shade was provided by roofs of woven grass.
The Duke led the way to one corner, where a number of Chippendale chairs were scattered around a table, and motioned us to a place. Scarcely were we seated when a servant appeared with a flagon and goblets of silver and served us with a drink—which Brinsmade and I instantly recognized as Vino de Coyal, commonly called Chicha in the West Indies.
"If you won't consider it an impertinence," said Brinsmade, "I should like to know how a Royal Duke of England ever happened to come to this remote island—and the reason for the name Oblivion."
"Certainly, sir!" responded the Duke. "Duke William, my great-grandfather, was cousin-german to his Majesty of England. He had been grievously misused by his royal cousin and his government; and after duly protesting and receiving no redress, he embarked his household, with their wives and families, on three merchant vessels purchased for the occasion, and set sail for the West Indies, to seek some remote and isolated island that had not yet been taken up by any nation. Why he chose the West Indies, no one knows.
"In due course, he came upon the bank of a fog; he penetrated it, found this island, investigated the underground passage, and landed. Then he burned the vessels, issuing an edict declaring it a capital offense for anyone to attempt to depart the island. And from that day until this, Oblivion has never had a visitor from the outside world. The fog has been sufficient protection, it seems. And that reminds me, I have not had the politeness to ask your names."
I told him our names and residences; adding that New York was the metropolis of the Western hemisphere, and the second largest city in the world. Then we arose to go.
The Duke held out his hand and smiled. "Come back tomorrow and dine with us at 1 o'clock, and bring your wives along."
"We are not married," said I.
"What!" said he. "You both are certainly over thirty!"
"We admit the impeachment!" I smiled.
"We have a compulsory marriage law in Oblivion," he remarked. "However, since you are not married, come along—with such of your companions and attendants as you wish."
"We can bring my sister and her cousin?" said Brinsmade.
"They are our only companions," "Admirable!" the Duke exclaimed. "The Duchess and I shall be delighted to receive them." He accompanied us to the stairway. "Oh, stay a moment!"—as two women appeared on the stairway; "I wish to present you to my nieces, the Lady Edith and the Lady Elizabeth. My dears," as the two girls got to the head of the stairs, "let me present Mr. Cardigan and Mr.

Brinsmade—from the other world."
They stimulated astonishment wonderfully well.
And so the Duke took it for he waved them on, with the remark:
"You will see Mr. Cardigan and Mr. Brinsmade at dinner tomorrow, also the ladies of their party."
Then he stood at the head of the stairs until we reached the foot, and waved us a farewell as we turned away.
CHAPTER IV.
The Return.
The next day at noon, with an escort of four seamen under command of Hatch, we set out in the launch to accept the Duke's invitation.
The matter of arms was a somewhat delicate question. Brinsmade was for going without rifles—the men simply taking their automatics. I was strenuously opposed. It ended in a compromise—in my favor. The men carried their rifles and automatics; Brinsmade and I carried only automatics, in addition, and quite unknown to anyone, I took the two tiny Colts we had for the women, and put them in my hip pockets—in event of need.
Somehow, I could not get rid of the idea that this was to be an unfortunate dinner party for everyone concerned. If I had had my way, we would have been steaming northward in the Buccaneer. Instead of into the underground passage in the launch. When we shot out into the inland harbor the girls gave an exclamation of delight.
"Perfectly lovely!"
But whereas at our advent it was deserted, now it was prepared for our coming.
On the beach, Beauchamp met us, bowed over Justine's and Rosalind's hands and greeted us with English cordiality. Then offering his arm to Justine he escorted us to the carpet, through the veil of roses and vines.
There we had a surprise—Lady Elizabeth and Lady Edith awaited us.
They were attired as when we had first seen them; only their garments now were of blue linen.
"How do you do!" said Lady Edith, holding out her hand to me.
All the while she was furtively eyeing Rosalind's attire; contrasting it with her own. I took it. Suddenly a bit of a blush suffused her face and neck. Modesty had been aroused.
It was all in an instant. The next, she had put her arm through Rosalind's and the two went gaily on, chatting as though they had known each other for years.
Lady Elizabeth had taken charge of Justine, Beauchamp came back to Brinsmade and me. (Continued in Our Next Issue.)

BELIEVES HE HAS SECRET OF MAKING THE ANILINE DYES



Louis Eilken, chemist, and his son, Louis Eilken, Jr.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 13.—Business men in San Francisco are enthusiastic in their belief that the long and carefully guarded German secret of making aniline dyes has been discovered by a chemist here.
Just as such things are told in fiction, the man who is credited with the solution of the perplexing dye puzzle was found struggling with poverty and experimenting with meager supplies in his efforts to reach a definite result.
Louis H. Eilken, who lives in a tiny apartment with his wife and baby son, is the man.
He claims to have solved the mystery of the formulas which have baffled the other chemists of the world, and which have constituted the foundation of the great German dyeing industry, one of the most important commercial assets of the Teutonic empire.
Eilken is a native of Germany and worked for years in a dye factory there, where 8000 men were employed.
Since he came to San Francisco he has performed the most of his experiments in his cramped living quarters.
When he was first interested by business men now interested in his work and aiding him financially he was mixing dyes in a test tube with one hand holding his baby son in his other arm.
The low ceiling of his laboratory is seared by chemicals and the smoke of many explosions during his experiments.
"I used a pair of white socks I had for my first test of the dyes," smiled Eilken.
In his laboratory he now has an ample array of test tubes containing dyes of almost every hue.
To prove the value of his discovery he poured a few drops from each tube into a basin of water, producing a vivid liquid. He dipped a white towel into the mixture and brought it out a variety-colored fabric.
"If this were silk or a woolen cloth," Eilken said, "each one of these colors would hold fast against light and water, and any alkaline solution, such as soap. It is cotton, thought, so it would be necessary to use some mordant, such as tannic acid or stannic chloride, to make the colors fast."
Thus far the chemist has succeeded in producing 18 colors. He has an indelible black dye, which is fast against both light and alkali, two shades of yellow, orange red, red, two scarlets, two other shades of red, two violets, two blues and two greens.
Other colors he promises will be produced rapidly.
The war, with its blockade upon the exportation of German products, has caused the price of aniline dyes in this country to increase from less than a dollar to something like \$90 a pound.
Eilken says his process is even cheaper than that used by the Germans, as his dyes can be manufactured and sold for 55 or 60 cents a pound.

TODAY'S MARKET PRICES

WHAT PRODUCERS GET
POULTRY
Hens, live, light, 10@12c
Hens, live, heavy, 15@16c
Ducks, live, 10@12c
1916 springs, live, 22@24c
Squabs, live, doz, 4.00
LIVESTOCK
Cows, 4.25@4.75
Dressed hogs, 10@12c
Dressed veal, 8@10c
Hogs, 10@12c
Lamb, 10@12c
Ewes, 10@12c
Pigs, 10@12c
WHAT RETAILERS PAY
BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE
Fresh ranch eggs, 24@25c
Washington cheese, 19c
Tillamook, 20c
Wash. creamery butter, 28@29c
Swiss 40m, 28c
Cream brick cheese, 22c
WHOLESALE MEATS
Helfers, 10c
Mutton, wethers, 11@12c
Hogs, sides, 16@17c
Dressed hogs, 10c
Steer beef, 10@11c
Ewes, 10@11c
Spring lamb, 10@11c
FRUIT
Lemons, \$3.50@4
Bananas, Hawaii, 2.50@3.25
Cherries, Oregon, lb., 17@20c
Gooseberries, lb., 3@3.50c
Oranges, Valencias, \$2.25
Loganberries, Cal., crate, \$2.50
Apricots, crate, \$1.75
Blackberries, crate, \$1.15@1.25
Cantaloupes, crate, \$3.50@4
Pineapples, \$1.50@2
Strawberries, doz., \$2@2.50
Plums, \$1.75
VEGETABLES
New potatoes, lb., 3c
Netted Gems, \$31@32
Yakima Burbanks, \$20@22
Cabbage, Winningsdale, 3@4c
Onions, new, Cal., sack, \$2.50
Carrots, sack, \$2.50
Lettuce, head, \$2.25
Radishes, local, doz. bunches, 30c
Rutabaga, cwt., \$1.65
Leaf Lettuce, crate, \$1.25

The Bank of California

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