

Wool Dress Skirts



WONDERFULLY SMART and stylish Skirts for every occasion. They come in plain colors, shepherd plaids, large stripes and other handsome plaid effects. Particularly in demand are the Sports skirts in light colors—much wanted for outing wear. These are shown in about twenty different full flare models. Prices range \$4.95, \$6.75, \$9.95, \$12.50 and \$15.00.

WASH SKIRTS AT \$1.00 UP

They come in all obtainable materials in plain colors and numberless striped effects range from small pin stripes to stripes two inches wide. Prices vary from \$1.00 to \$6.95.

BEAUTIFUL SILK SKIRTS

Come in taffeta and jersey silks, in both plain and striped effects, in drape and full flare models. Prices range \$13, \$17.50 and \$19.50 each.

KHAKI OUTING APPAREL

Khaki Skirts—divided or pedestrian styles—\$2.50 and \$2.75 a garment. Khaki Jackets in all sizes at \$2.95. This Khaki apparel is just the thing you want for mountain climbing and outing and camp wear.

SILK PETTICOATS — EXCEPTIONAL VALUES \$2.95 TO \$12.50

They are made of first-class silks—some with Jersey silk tops. They come in all the wanted colors—white, rose, coral, pink, twilight, navy, Copenhagen, seafoam, green, wine, plum, violet, ivory, pink, gray and black—both plain colors and changeables—stripes and plaids. They have the new style of flounces and frillings. They have fitted tops, and most of them silk underlays. They are carefully fitted and ample in proportions. They are exceptionally well made. In a word, they are the finest Petticoat values at \$2.95 to \$12.50 to be found in Tacoma. —Third Floor.

FLAGS AND BUNTING

LET OLD GLORY FLY from every home and place of business.

"I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO MY FLAG AND TO THE REPUBLIC FOR WHICH IT STANDS—ONE NATION, INDIVISIBLE, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL."



are nicely hemmed—no raw edges—mounted on staffs and with gilt ornaments. Warranted fast colors—
8x12—5c each or 50c a dozen
12x18—8c each or 80c a dozen
24x36—25c each or \$2.00 a dozen
32x48—45c each or \$4.75 a dozen

Unmounted American Flags, very artistic, bright in color, and when suspended can hardly be distinguished from genuine silk flags. They are made from an extra quality of cotton, have sewed stars and stripes, stars sewed on both sides. They have canvas headings with brass grommets—colors fast.
Size 3x5 \$1.25 each
Size 4x6 \$1.75 each
Size 5x8 \$2.00 each
Size 6x9 \$2.50 each
Size 6x10 \$3.25 each
Size 8x12 \$4.00 each

One Week Sale of

Mattresses and Springs

40-lb. Mattress of pure white cotton covered with fancy art ticking. This sale, special \$6.85
45-lb. Mattress of pure white felted cotton covered with heavy art ticking. This sale, special \$8.90
50-lb. Mattress of best long fiber white felted cotton covered with fine art ticking. This sale, special \$9.65
Wood frame woven wire Springs for wood or metal beds; reduced for this sale to \$2.35, \$3 and \$4.25
Metal Frame Sagsless Springs made by the Simmons Manufacturing Co. and warranted to be satisfactory in every respect—special for this sale at \$5.25, \$5.50, \$5.75 and \$6.95

Furniture on Your Own Terms—In Reason Come in, look through our magnificent stocks, pick out the piece or pieces, or complete outfit that you need, require—decide how you can best arrange to pay for it, even fixing yourself the amount you can pay at the time of purchase and the amounts per week or month—tell us—if your plan is at all within the bounds of good business we will accept it. What more could anyone do? Investigate at once. —Fourth Floor.

Rhodes Brothers

In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

By George Randolph Chester, Copyrighted.

"A TALE OF RED ROSES"

(Continued from our last issue.) Sledge cut short the incoherent hysteria by picking up Bob by the neck, returning to the door, and booming into the night: "Mike!"

A squat man, who looked so much like Bob, even to a patched eye, that they could have been taken for twins, emerged from the darkness, hugged Bob to his bosom like a brother, and hurried away.

"Why didn't Mike take them both away?" whispered Fern. "You poor girl!"

"I'm not," denied Molly, fiercely. "I said this morning that I'd like to see Bob, and, of course, Mr. Sledge brought him. The only trouble is, he's so quick."

"He's instantaneous," corrected Fern.

"You have to admire it," laughed Molly, and turned to introduce him to her friends.

In that process, she firmly intended to make him the center of things, and to see that he had a good time. He relieved her of that burden, however, for after moving through the introductions with a cordial ease which not only delighted but surprised her, until she was reminded that he had been introduced to more notable than she would probably ever see, he quietly disappeared into Marley's den, and smoked black cigars in calm comfort, leaving the young people to enjoy their hilarity without the damper of his presence.

Molly, mindful of her duties as hostess, dropped in occasionally to see that he was satisfied. On one of her visits, after answering in the affirmative her inquiry if he was all right, he rose from his comfortable nest in the big leather chair.

"I suppose we eat," he guessed. "I think you'd call it bluff," she laughingly returned.

"I get you," he replied. "Mostly decorations. Souvenirs?"

"The usual."

"Hand 'em these," and he thrust into her hands two bundles of small envelopes; red ones and white ones.

"—get you," she smiled, flushing as she wondered whether her adoption of his phrase was flattery or ridicule. "Red ones in honor of the roses, are for girls; and the white ones for the boys. What are they?"

"Aw, nothing much," he diffidently replied. "Season tickets for grand opera week in the red ones, and for the Athletic club fights in the white ones. Admit two. Is it all right?"

"Is it all right? It's glorious!" she assured him, with shining eyes.

Delighted with this unmatchable novelty, Molly was herself placing the red and white envelopes at the covers in the dining-room, when Bert Glider found her there.

"Molly, you're carrying this Sledge joke too far!" he hotly charged. "Molly—" and he advanced toward her.

The symptoms were unmistakable. Molly, having rounded the end of the table, slipped out through the pantry door, and landed her remaining envelopes to the intellectual-looking butler.

At ten-thirty, coincident with the finishing of the ice cream, the tinkle of guitars brought the happy company to its feet and before it had gained the front porch mellow Ethiopian voices were softly intoning "Annie Laurie." Instantly the young people grouped themselves to their best liked friends, while, from the moonlit sward, there rolled up the liquid harmony.

"Oh, Molly, you're a dear!" whispered Jessie Peters, in an ecstasy of delight.

Molly pressed the arm which had slipped under hers, and glanced in the direction of Sledge. She felt him to be guilty of this surprise, and she wondered vaguely if he could have dictated the program.

She dismissed that idea as impossible when the singers swung into "My Old Kentucky Home," and followed with "The Soldier's Farewell," but she puzzled again when the leader, after looking up at Sledge, consulted a list, and began on a swift succession of way-down-South melodies. A short program of this, and then the voices stopped, and the seductive instrumental strains of "The Blue Danube" waltz set the balmy air quivering.

In two seconds, the wide Marley porch was a tangle of laughing, whirling figures. Molly danced with Bert, and forgot her annoyance. He was the best dancer in the city; her natural partner!

At eleven-thirty the earth split open in the wide stretch of vacant land across the street, and ejected into the sky, with a loud, unearthly noise, a tremendous assortment of fiery meteors, mostly red.

Through it all Sledge stood as immovable and as impassive as if he had been glued to the spot and frozen. But when Molly slipped in to wrap up some cake for Baby Peters, Sledge, who seemingly saw nothing, followed her.

"Well, is your party a hit?" he anxiously inquired.

"It's a scream," she said, unable to control her laughter.

"Really, Mr. Sledge, I have you to thank for the most extravagantly joyous occasion at which I have ever had the good fortune to preside."

"We'll open her another notch next time," he confidently promised her. "Molly, marry me."

"Oh, it's impossible!" she blurted. "Really, I'm sorry, Mr. Sledge, but I didn't mean it to go this far. I don't mean that—that is—well—I don't know what I mean. You've been so good, and I do appreciate it so, but it is impossible! I simply couldn't. Don't you see?"

"You'll come around to it." "I bet I don't!" she blazed.

"I thought you were gone," observed Frank Marley, as Sledge opened the door of his den after the dispersal of the party. "Forget something?"

"Losed my car," Sledge explained. "Molly engaged?"

"I'll see," offered Marley. "I think she is still in the library."

"I mean, to be married," corrected Sledge.

"Not to my knowledge," replied her father, with a slight frown.

"Huh!" grunted Sledge, in satisfaction. "I figure on marrying her myself."

"You!" returned Marley, and the tone was not complimentary. For a moment he looked troubled; then, "Molly will have the final say about that."

"Sure," agreed Sledge. "Bert Glider leads the betting, don't he?"

"I can't discuss this any further, Mr. Sledge," Marley announced. "There is very little I could do in the matter, anyhow."

"Good night," grunted Sledge, and stalked out of the den. He stopped in the door of the library, where Molly and Fern and Bert sat chatting over the unusual party. "Want to ride home, Glider?" he invited.

"Thank you," accepted Bert, with a glance of amusement at the girls, and he arose.

"This afternoon," consented the boss.

In the meantime, Bert Glider, his whole hearing alive with the elation of a man who has just been accepted by the most popular girl in his set, marched jauntily in.

"I'm all ready to take over that Porson tract," he announced.

Sledge swung ponderously, facing him.

"I want to tell you something," he warned. "I'm going to marry Molly Marley."

"So you told me last night," returned Bert, suppressing a snicker. "But really, Mr. Sledge, what has that to do with the Porson tract?"

"I'll rub it in," kindly offered Sledge. "If you get in my road with Molly, I'll wipe you out."

"I understand," Bert was a clever man, and he knew it. "Do you suppose Bendix will be in in half an hour?"

"Uh-huh," grunted Sledge. "I'll return to that time," promised Bert, and hurried out, complimenting himself as he went on his shrewdness.

He hurried down to the Hotel Abbot, where he was lucky enough to find Bozzam working furiously over a prospectus of the proposed new amusement company.

"Well, it's all settled," declared Bert. "I'll have that Porson property in my possession this afternoon."

"I wouldn't close today at any price," responded Bozzam. "I want a thirty-day option."

Bert was silent, and for the second time that morning had an idea.

"What will you give me for a thirty-day option?" he inquired. "Five hundred dollars."

or above the purchase price.

"Well, yes," consented Bozzam. "Twenty-five thousand five hundred in all."

"All right," agreed Bert, and went out smiling. He was a brilliant chap; full of ideas!

He hurried back to Sledge's office, where he found Bendix, and going over to the courthouse, they spent the next hour deeding the Porson estate to the shrewd young real estate speculator, who, after a visit to the bank with Bendix, gave up twenty thousand dollars for the privilege.

This ceremony concluded, Bert hurried down to the telephone, but did not wait to have Molly called. He only directed the maid to tell her he was coming straight out.

Frank Marley, when he walked into his own residence, called Molly into his den at the end of the hall.

"Molly, I wish to speak with you seriously," he observed.

"What is the matter?" she inquired, instantly concerned.

Sledge," he replied, and her cheeks flushed. "He has been speaking of me," she surmised.

Her father admitted it, pleased with her quiet tone. "He is extremely anxious to marry you, Molly."

"And are you in favor of such a marriage?" she asked, so dispassionately that he mentally complimented her on her good sense.

"Well, yes," he said again. "I'm not," she blazed. "It may seem cruel in me to interfere with any of your business plans, but it is too late to dispose of me."

She sailed out of the room, and was confronted by the flushed and excited Bert Glider.

"I say, Molly," he blurted, "have you told any one of our engagement?"

"Why?" she returned, wondering at his anxiety.

"Well, I'll tell you," he chuckled. "A great stunt has turned up with Sledge. I went to him to close it, after I telephoned you my heart and hand, and he had the nerve to tell me that I'd better stay out of the deal if I didn't beat him at his own game. I closed the deal with him, and immediately gave a thirty-day option on the property. All we have to do, for me to make a five-thousand-dollar profit, is to keep our engagement a secret for thirty days."

Molly opened her eyes in amazement.

"Why didn't you tell me our engagement was a business deal?" she suddenly flared. "I'm sorry to be the bearer of sad news. You're broke!"

"Broke!" he exclaimed. "What have you done?"

"Only told Willie Walters," she carelessly stated. "I've promised him the 'scoop' since forever, so that the Blade you have in your pocket?"

She took it, still folded, from where he had thrust it unopened just before he stepped on the car. She opened it, and displayed to Bert's shocked eyes Willie's gleeful, three-column, illustrated announcement of the engagement.

Bert glanced. The telephone bell rang.

"Mr. Sledge, Miss Molly," said the maid.

"Not here," returned Molly, and laughed.

"I'll answer," offered Bert, and she followed him in wonder to the telephone.

"Who is this?" rasped the voice of Sledge.

"Bert Glider."

"Oh, it's you, is it? What's this I see in the Blade about you and Molly?"

"It's a mistake," said Bert.

"When he returned from the telephone, Molly dropped six diamond rings into his hand."

"Don't any of them fit?" he asked regretfully.

"Go home," she haughtily advised him.

Bert tried for a solid hour to slip the largest of the diamonds on her finger, but was giving up in despair when Fern came running in with the home edition of the Blade.

The picture of Molly was the same as the one in the noon issue, but from the pained formerly occupied by Bert, gloomed the funeral features of Sledge, and the three-column announcement had spread until it now covered the front page, at the top of which ran an intensely black line declaring that Sledge denied Molly's engagement to Bert.

Molly grabbed all six rings, and put them on her fingers.

"I'm part of the deal, Bert!" she exclaimed. "No, you can't kiss me!"

Glider left Molly in a high state of agitation because Molly was now heart and soul with him in the project of fooling Sledge.

"I'll bring you his goat at the end of a pink ribbon," confidently promised Bert. "I know some secret passages in the big trust's political history which I will pass over to the Blade, and Willie Walters will attend to the rest."

Bert, planning big things in the way of revenge upon Sledge, rode downtown, and swaggered into the Commercial club, where Dicky Reynolds and Wes Willie Walters were finishing a three-hour fight at billiards.

At two o'clock Bert was circumspect enough to acknowledge that this was the saddest night of his life. At two-thirty, he was led to confess that he still had hopes. At three o'clock he was promising invitations to the great event, which, though deferred, most certainly transpire, in spite of Ben Sledge.

As this interesting stage of his party occurred in the Occident saloon, several of Bert's friends warned him that he was talking too much, but Bert protested that he was a free-born American citizen.

The yellow-haired bartender of the Occident, who carried Sledge's stein of beer in to him next morning, laughed as he set it down.

"Bert had a fine dill on last night," he observed. "Celebrating." Blondy went on. "Think I'll have to snitch on him a little, Chet. He's passing you a double X."

"Now!" protested Sledge. "All right, maybe you know," insisted Blondy. "Just the same he claims the girl's wearing the ring. It's a secret engagement, until he can throw the hooks into you on that Porson property."

Sledge put a fresh rose in his buttonhole, and went to the telephone.

He impressed Mina so much with the importance of his message that Molly consented to talk with him, mainly because she had determined to stop his annoyance.

"Hello!" she said rather crisply into the telephone.

"Well, I'm wise," Sledge blurtly informed her. "Bert has babbled."

"I don't understand," faltered Molly.

"Come off!" scorned Sledge. "Bert blew the whole works. He picked out the Occident to do it. You're still engaged."

"Suppose we are!" retorted Molly angrily. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Smash him," stated Sledge. "I told him I would. He'll be smashed in five minutes."

"I dare you," threatened Molly. "You're a corks!" chuckled Sledge, delighted with the defiance in her voice. "You gonna get back at me; huh?"

"Bert will!" she promised. "He can put you in the penitentiary, Mr. Sledge."

"What?" he rumbled. "That pinhead! Googhye."

"Wait a minute!" she hastily stopped him. "What are you going to do?"

"Call up the Blade."

"The Blade! My name mustn't go in the paper."

"Sure not," Sledge comforted her. "They've already got their orders about that. I'll just tell 'em the new amusement park will be on Lincoln road. The Ridgewood avenue extension's off, and so is Bert."

"And so are you if Bert tells what he knows about the public funds investment!" she triumphantly told him.

CHAPTER VIII. The Society of Politics.

The governor's ball being considered by common consent the first social gun of the season, everybody who was anybody made it a point to be there and compare artillery.

Molly Marley, in the first breathing moment after the grand circle of introductions, led Fern about the stately modern mansion with an air of proprietorship, for this was her second visit, and she displayed with glee the conservatory fountains, the marble swimming pool, the pipe organ, the outdoor sleeping rooms, and the sunken gardens.

"It's a dream," declared Fern, with awed enthusiasm. "Wouldn't you like to own a wonderful place like this, Molly?"

"It would be nice," Molly admitted.

The girls were having the time of their lives at the party, Molly, always a favorite, danced every dance, and her guest was accorded hardly less attention.

A NOVEL A WEEK. Next Week ANOTHER BEST SELLER.

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DRUGSTORES

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Opp. Feist & Bachrach
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Fidelity Bldg.

11th Anniversary Sale of Drugs and Toilet Articles for Wednesday and Thursday.

- \$3.15 Horlick's Malted Milk, Wednesday Special \$2.79. None delivered.
- 25c Kolynos Tooth Paste 17c
- 25c Lyon's Tooth Powder 17c
- 25c Colgate's Tooth Powder 13c
- 25c Peroxide Face Cream 15c
- 25c Spiro Powder 10c
- 50c Hind's Almond Cream 35c
- 50c Robentine 33c
- 10c cake Shaving Soap 4c
- 40c roll Adhesive Plaster, 7 1/2 yards 29c
- 50c Gauze, 5 yards 35c
- 25c tube Nungentine 17c
- 35c Shinola Outfit 19c

EXTRA SPECIAL

25c Best Tooth Brush
25c Santox Tooth Paste
Wednesday Special, the two for 25c.

DON'T LET SOAP SPOIL YOUR HAIR

When you wash your hair, be careful what you use. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is just plain multifid cocoanut oil, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap, and beats the most expensive soaps or anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

"Advertisement."

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Two for the Price of One
25c Little Liver Pills, 2 for 25c
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\$1.00 Sord Remedy, 2 for \$1.00
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ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL FOR MEN

25c Santox Shaving Cream.
25c Santox Shaving Lotion.
Special the two for 25c
Cameras, Films and Supplies, Printing and Developing.
Prompt reliable service.
Free Delivery Except on Sale Goods.

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NOBODY wants to put a big, bulky wad of tobacco in his cheek. All around you, men are using W-B-GUT Chewing, the Real Tobacco Chew, new cut, long shred—and telling their friends about the chew that brings so much comfort. Made by WEYMAN-BRUTON COMPANY, 50 Union Square, New York City



Precedence

Past the crowd in the lobby—straight to the man they're waiting to see, go

WESTERN UNION

Telegrams, Day Letters and Night Letters

The yellow envelope gets the precedence everywhere. It delivers your message before the other fellow has the chance to shake hands.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.