

# 5th Floor Bargain Floor

## MONTH-END GROCERY SALE

All charge purchases tomorrow and Friday go on July Statement payable August 1st. If you cannot visit this sale in person use your phone—Our service is at your disposal from 7:30 a. m. to 6 p. m.

- TOMATOES**—Fancy solid packed, No. 3 cans; Month End Sale Price, TWO CANS for 25c.
- BOZEN CANS** for \$1.45
- CORN**—Fancy Maine Cream Sugar Corn; Month End Sale Price, TWO CANS for 25c.
- DOZEN** for \$1.45
- PINEAPPLE**—Fancy Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple, No. 2 1/2 cans; Month End Sale Price, per can 16c.
- DOZEN CANS** for \$1.85
- KARO SYRUP**—Blue Label, 5-lb. pails; Month End Sale Price, per 27c
- MINCED CLAMS**—Highest quality; Month End Sale Price, per can 12c.
- DOZEN CANS** for \$1.40
- CORN FLAKES**—Large packages; Month End Sale Price, FOUR for 25c
- PKGS. for 25c**
- TOMATO CATSUP**—Extra quality, pint bottles; Month End Sale Price, per bottle 17c.
- THREE BOTTLERS for 50c**
- PEANUT BUTTER**—Delicious quality; comes in bulk only; Month End Sale Price, per lb. 11c
- CORN**—Standard Corn—Month End Sale Price, THREE CANS for 25c
- TOMATOES**—Standard Tomatoes; Month End Sale Price, THREE for 25c
- SODA**—Aph & Hammer Brand—1-lb. packages—Month End Sale Price, per PKG. 8c, TWO for 15c

- BAKING POWDER**—Royal Baking Powder; 1/4-lb. cans; Month End Sale Price, each 12c; THREE CANS for 35c
- TEA**—Lipton's Yellow Label India and Ceylon Tea, 1-lb. packages; Month End Sale Price 59c, 1/4-lb. packages 30c
- FLAVORING**—Vanilla or Lemon; Red Rose Brand; 4-oz. bottles; Month End Sale Price, per bottle 40c
- COCOA**—Delicious quality; comes in bulk only; absolutely pure; Month End Sale Price, per lb. 27c
- GROUND CHOCOLATE**—Guttard's pure quality; Month End Sale Price, 1-lb. cans 29c, 3-lb. cans 79c
- PAPRIKA**—Imported pure paprika; 2-oz. cans, Month End Sale Price, each 19c

Coffee 19c Lb. 5 Lbs. 90c

The usual Thursday Sale of our Repeater Blend Coffee—a choice blend of Mexican and Guatemala Coffees—a mild, sweet cupper. Every Thursday reduced to 19c

In 5-Lb. Lots 90c

Sugar Sale

Best pure cane fruit sugar. Reduced for Month End Sale to— 10-lb. Sacks 87c 25-lb. Sacks \$2.15

### CHOICE MEATS SPECIALLY PRICED

- Sugar-cured bacon—highest quality—sold by whole or half piece; Month End Sale Price, lb. 25c
- Choice Spring Lamb Chops—Month End Sale Price, per lb. 25c
- Fork Chops at 20c to 22c

## Rhodes Brothers

In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

## Yesterday's Late News

**WILCOX G. O. P. CHAIRMAN** NEW YORK, June 27.—William R. Wilcox, of New York, was named chairman of the republican national committee, it was announced this afternoon following a conference between Hughes, a sub-committee and Murray Crane.

**SPECULATORS BUSY** WASHINGTON, D. C., June 27.—Food speculators attempting to use the Mexican situation as an excuse for boosting prices will do so at their own risk, said the department of justice today. Reports have been received that food dealers will seize big orders for the government as an opportunity of gouging smaller consumers.

**DUKE REPLACES DUKE** LONDON, June 27.—The Duke of Devonshire will succeed the Duke of Connaught as governor general of Canada, the press bureau announced tonight.



## Low Fares East

Round-trip Summer excursion tickets on sale daily from June 1, to Middle West and to Eastern States and Canada.

### THROUGH TRAINS

The finest, daily, to Eastern terminals, Chicago, St. Louis.

## Northern Pacific Ry.

LOW HOMESEKER FARES TO MONTANA Interesting. Let us explain.

TO CALIFORNIA—Have your ticket read from Portland via "G. N. P. S. S. Co." now, fast, palatial steamships.

U. S. LAND OPENING—Colville Reservation. Register July 5th to 22nd at WILBUR, Wash., the Reservation Gateway. Official drawing Spokane, July 27th. Ask for literature.

TICKETS, information: 925 Pacific Ave., Phone Main 128.

C. B. Foster, C. P. A., Tacoma, Wash. A. D. Charlton, A. G. P. A., Portland, Or.

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# "A TALE OF RED ROSES"

A NOVEL A WEEK. Next Week ANOTHER BEST SELLER.

(Continued from our last issue) "Let's fix it," suggested Sledge. "I'm afraid it's too late," protested Allerton. "Not for a new gas," dissembled Sledge. "A new one can be put over quick."

"But how?" inquired the senator. "That's up to you. Figure it out, and see me tomorrow. Marley, I want to talk to you," said Sledge, leading the way into the library, where he took a seat in an alcove. Marley followed him reluctantly.

"Sit down," directed Sledge. "Bert Glider has been making threats against me."

"Has he?" inquired Marley non-committally. "He's a friend of yours," charged Sledge.

"Yes," acknowledged Marley, feeling that he could afford to acknowledge it now that the street-car reorganization had gone beyond the point where Sledge could stop it.

"How about this marriage with Molly?" "That's Molly's affair," stated Marley stiffly.

"You know he's broke, don't you?" "I heard something of the sort," admitted Marley. "He's a clever young man, however, and until he gets on his feet, I have money enough for both."

"You won't stop it, then?" "Certainly not," declared Marley, feeling that he might just as well make capital for courage out of the fact that he could not, in the slightest degree, influence Molly.

"Huh!" grunted Sledge. "You got enough for both, eh?" "Quite enough."

"Then watch out for your eye," warned Sledge, and rising, walked out into the drawing room.

**CHAPTER IX.** Sledge reduces his salary list. Sledge walked back through the Occident in such a mood that the regular members of the "Good morning, Ben," brigade fell away from him like bar flies from a cake of ice.

Even Bendix waded through the usual morning lineup with wonder frowning on him. He found Sledge standing up, and then he knew something was in the wind.

"Get Bozzam!" directed Sledge, and Bendix went straight to the telephone. "Get Davis!" directed Sledge. When Bendix came back, "Get Feeder!" came the next order. Bendix almost whistled, as he hurried out to locate, by telephone, the ex-county treasurer, who for two years had been drawing a handsome salary from Sledge, for keeping his mouth shut about the public funds scandal.

"Get Gally!" rumbled Sledge, and Bendix telephoned for the Sledge leader in the city council. Sledge, having sent for everybody he needed, donned the fresh red rose which he had put on religiously three times a day since he had met Molly Marley.

"Council meeting this afternoon?" he asked. "Two-thirty," answered Bendix. "How much of the stock is subscribed in the reorganized street railway?"

"Hundred and eighty-five thousand."

"Get ours on the market. Gumshoe sales, but do it quick."

"Who's to be soaked?" Marley guessed Bendix. "The limit," assented Sledge. "Bendix, what's the worst they could hand me on that public funds case?"

"Two or three years, if they got you going," judged Bendix. "That's dead now, however."

"It's back."

"Has Feeder been talking?" Sledge nodded. "Who knows anything?" "Glider—Marley."

"Huh!" grunted Bendix, in unconscious imitation of Sledge. "What are you going to do?" "Call it."

"You don't mean to bring it to a showdown!" protested Bendix. "We can't afford it, with Lansdale and Blake on the bench. Judge Lansdale especially would part with his right arm to toss a harpoon into you."

"Get rid of him."

"I don't see how," worried Bendix. "We've tried for two years to get something on him. He can't be reached."

Sledge pondered that matter weightily and sighed. "Give him a big law job."

"How goes it?" asked Sledge. "Splendidly," said Bozzam. "Amusement park stock all sold, including our own. We're ready to move on, unless we can put over a real good organization of some sort. We don't want another little one. Traction companies are our game."

"Get busy," remarked Sledge. "With the original traction thought?"

A grunt of assent was Sledge's reply. Bendix and a big blue-eyed man with a square jaw and muscular shoulders came in, and Bendix introduced the latter to Bozzam.

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"Probably before I could get down there with the money it would be all gone," he complained, with his hand on the back of his chair.

"Aren't you going to finish your breakfast, father?" inquired Jessie.

"While I'm losing a business chance like this?" he demanded. "It isn't too late, yet, Jessie. I went to the German Bank the other day, where they carried our property so long while we were paying for it, and made arrangements that we could have the money any minute. They've looked up the title, and the papers are at the bank right now, ready for us to sign."

"Maybe the stock's all gone," Mrs. Peters hopefully suggested. "Well, find out," he returned, snatching his hat. "Come on!"

Mrs. Peters looked down in dismay. "I'm not dressed," she protested.

"Be ready in five minutes, then," directed little Henry.

They arrived at the bank ten minutes too early, and waited outside the iron gate until it opened. In a trembling hand, Mrs. Peters signed her name in the places pointed out to her, and went home in a daze, but little Henry, richer by four thousand dollars in his bank book, jammed his hat on the back of his head and hurried over to the office of the street car company.

"Am I too late to take up any of that new stock?" he eagerly demanded.

"By half an hour," the stock clerk told him. "Quite crestfallen, little Henry turned away. As he went through the outer office, Hunt followed him.

"I beg your pardon," said Hunt smiling pleasantly. "Did you wish to buy some stock?"

"Four thousand," answered Henry, with renewed hope. "Four thousand," repeated Hunt thoughtfully. "Um! I think I can get that much!"

"Thank you!" returned Henry gratefully. "Can you get it right away?"

"At about two o'clock," promised Hunt, looking cautiously back toward the main office. "Give me your address, and I'll send it around to you."

Eagerly and thankfully, little Henry wrote down his address, and Hunt, explaining that the stock was to be secured from a man who was hard up for money, cautioned little Henry to say nothing about it.

At two o'clock, little Henry received his forty shares from one John Tucker, and gave his four thousand dollars in exchange.

Jessie Peters and Dicky Reynolds came into little Henry's place of business immediately after Henry had secured his long-coveted stock, and found him in the happiest possible state of mind.

"Hello, Dicky," he hailed young Reynolds cordially. "I got the stock, Jessie."

"What stock is that?" asked Dicky. "Oh, yes, the new traction. Well it ought to be good, I guess."

"It's the most solid investment in the city," boasted little Henry. "I had to use all my influence to get these forty shares. I don't know whether there's any left, but I'll try, if you'd like some."

"No, thanks!" laughed Dicky, exchanging a glance with Jessie, whereat she blushed. "We're going to buy that house in Willisburg, Jessie and I."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed little Henry, blinking at both of them.

"Yes; that's what we came in to tell you," went on Dicky, slipping his arm about Jessie's shoulder.

"I hope you will be very happy," little Henry congratulated them, shaking Dicky by the hand. "That over the young people took a car straight up to the Peters home, where they found mamma baking cookies."

"Hello, Dicky," she greeted. "Did you get that thread, Jessie?" Jessie colored.

"I forgot it," she falteringly confessed. "Why, you went down for nothing else," protested Mrs. Peters. "She met me," smilingly explained Dicky. "You see, mamma Peters, having nothing else to do on the first of next month, Jessie and I have decided to get married."

Mamma Peters slowly sat down and began crying. Jessie was on her knees beside her immediately, and Dicky, seeing that it positively necessary for her to cry, walked outdoors to look at the struggling chrysanthemums.

street car company, which will parallel the present lines. It is backed by Sledge and that means that it will have advantages enough to render the old company almost insuperable. The stock of the old company, in the two hours since the news was known on the Board of Trade, has dropped from par to 35. People who own it are panic-stricken.

Jessie's lips turned pale. "Poor mother," she cried. "Dicky, she knew it!"

"Your father mortgaged this house to buy some of this stock, didn't he?"

"Yes," she acknowledged. "It was a dreadful mistake! Mother didn't want him to. We'll never do that, will we, Dicky?"

"No-er!" he promised, pressing her hand. "No, Jessie, dear, your house—!" He stopped abruptly, and held the paper closer. His eyes had been resting idly upon a minor headline which suddenly seemed to mean something. "West End Bank Gone Under!" he read; then he read the item clear through. "Why, Jessie, that's the bank which has my \$6000," he explained. "It's mixed up, too, in this rotten street car deal. I've lost my money! We can't have any house!"

"Why don't some of you good business men get after Sledge?" he looked at her pityingly. "It can't be done," he confessed. "Molly—"

"I know what you're going to say," she interrupted him. "I won't do it. Can't you think of any way out of your fluctuation but having me marry Sledge?"

"He loves you," he told her, with conviction. "Sledge never gives up."

"That's why he wins," she asserted. "He tries everything. Why don't you threaten to stop all your cars until the mayor or somebody makes the new company build its lines away from your street? The new company couldn't have cars running for six months, and there'd be a riot unless the authorities did what you wanted them to. Why don't you go to the men who are getting up this company and see what you can find out. Then you can begin some planning. I wish

"That's better than being a fat-head," she retorted. "That's what Bert calls Sledge. It seems to me that they're about even."

"That's where they stop being even," declared Marley. "Sledge threatened to break Bert, and did it. Bert threatened to expose Sledge, and Sledge beat him to it."

"That's my fault," she half angrily acknowledged. "I brag-

ged."

"Bert led you to think you might," he countercharged. "He even had me believing that I could defy Sledge; and it can't be done, Molly. You can't fight a man like that."

"I can be the one human being in the world he can't order around," she smilingly insisted. "What do you want me to do—marry him?"

"Yes," was the unexpected reply. "Great goodness!" laughed Molly. "And you bluffed, too?"

"Worse!" he told her. He had a crumpled newspaper in his hand, and now he threw it on the table. "Molly, you know that he threatened to break me. Well, he has done it."

"Nonsense!" she replied. "It is impossible."

"It is a fact," he stated as calmly as he could. "In one day, merely by announcing that he was financially backing a competing street car company, Sledge lowered the value of my stock from \$100 a share to \$35. That same announcement broke the West End bank, has crippled two others and made paupers of a hundred or more small stockholders."

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I were a man!" Frank Marley sat staring at her. "No wonder Sledge wants to marry you!" he involuntarily complimented her. "You'd make a great team!" She laughed and relented. "I don't intend to be mean, but you drive me to it," she said, and kissed him. "Go down to these people and see what you can find out," she counseled. "I think I will," he concluded. (Continued in our next issue.)

We regulate your Watch to keep correct time.

J. P. Cozza, Watch Expert 1530 Pac. Ave.

**UNCLE SAM OPENS COLVILLE INDIAN RESERVATION WASHINGTON**

"Go Great Northern"—on Fare-and-third Lake Chelan Tickets—and Register at Wenatchee or Omak—July 5th to 22nd, inclusive. 350,000 acres of desirable agricultural lands of the south half of the COLVILLE Indian Reservation—located in North-Central Washington—will be subject to homestead entry. "Go Great Northern" and take advantage of very low Lake Chelan fares—good for stopover for registration at Wenatchee—on sale daily from all Great Northern stations in British Columbia, Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Round Trip Summer Tourist Fares East during the registration period permit stopover for registration at Wenatchee or Spokane; also at Glacier National Park. Send Now for Colville Map Folder. Fill out coupon below and mail today for detailed information, map folders and booklets.

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A genuine romance wherein a strong story is woven out of changing threads of humor and pathos. Superb acting and a happy choice of types combine to make this photo play unusually attractive.

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