

Bargain Floor

Friday Hourly Sales

No mail or telephone orders filled for Hourly Sales items and we reserve the right to limit quantities. Bear in mind the fact that all charge purchases tomorrow go on your July statement rendered your August first.

Tennis Shoes 65c
About 100 pairs only of fine Tennis Shoes for women, girls or boys—come in white or black—reduced for this hour's selling only to, pair, **65c** (Limit 1 to a customer.)
—5th Bargain Floor

Matches, 5 Boxes 15c
Best grade Parlor Matches—come 500 in a box—supply your needs this hour only at **FIVE BOXES for 15c** (1 lot to a customer)
—5th Bargain Floor

Percales 7 3-4 Yd.
36-inch 80x80 Percales—50 distinctive patterns to choose from—light and dark colors—take your choice this hour only at, per yd., **74c** (Limit 10 yards to a customer)
—5th Bargain Floor

Cocoa 16c
Hershey's delicious Breakfast Cocoa—1/2 lb. tins—reduced for this hour only to per tin **16c—FIVE TINS for 75c** (Limit 5 tins to a customer)
—5th Bargain Floor

Milk, 5 Cans 30c
Aster brand Milk—fine quality—large cans—on sale for this hour only at **FIVE CANS for 30c** (1 lot to a customer)
—5th Bargain Floor

Muslin Petticoats 35c
A sale that may not last the hour out—a limited number of women's fine white Muslin Petticoats—new ones—daintily trimmed with embroidery and dust flounce—reduced for this hour only to, per pair, **35c**
—5th Bargain Floor

Children's Stockings 6c
Children's fine cotton Stockings with double knee, reinforced heel and toe—black only—most all sizes—buy them this hour only at, per pair, **6c** (Limit 6 pairs to a customer)
—5th Bargain Floor

Coffee 15c Lb.
Broken Coffee consisting of the broken and irregular beans taken from our various special blends—makes a delicious cup—buy it this hour only at, per pound, **15c**
—5th Bargain Floor

Rhodes Brothers

In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

By George Randolph Chester, Copyrighted.

"A TALE OF RED ROSES"

A NOVEL A WEEK.
Next Week
ANOTHER BEST SELLER.

(Continued from our last issue.)

Now it happened that this was the wisest thing that Marley could have done. For Bozzam had not for a minute been fooled by Sledge's action in regard to Feed, and had made up his mind that the career of the Big Boss was about to end. The coming election would settle that.

So when the president of the traction company appeared at his office he greeted him cordially, and before he left it was arranged that Marley should buy, for fifty thousand dollars, the new franchise Sledge had railroaded through the city council. And the further secure things, it was understood that Marley was to secure control of the company. This was easy with everybody in a panic and eager to sell even at thirty-five.

This was all great news for Marley, who was looked upon as a budding financier by both her father and Bert, the latter being instrumental in buying up small holdings of stock for Marley on the quiet.

But for all Bert's quiet work, Sledge, after a long consultation with Bendix and Davis, neither of whom could affirm anything save that Marley had had money for several days and was using cash, strode into the offices of the traction company, and stopped at Hunt's desk.

"Marley drawn any money here?" he wanted to know. "His salary," replied Hunt, fawning servilely on the big man who stood at his side.

"Huh!" and Sledge turned from the desk. "Anybody in with him?" "I think his daughter, sir," smirked Hunt, "and Mr. Glider, unless they have gone out the other way."

Sledge looked down at his lapel. The red rose was an excellent specimen. He walked unobtrusively into Marley's office, pausing just inside the door, struck dumb by a tableau being enacted at the opposite entrance.

Bert Glider, in the act of departing, was kissing Molly good-bye, and Marley, at his desk, was looking unconcernedly. Bert grinned impudently at Sledge and departed. Molly grinned tantalizingly at him, and sat in the leather chair opposite her father. Marley grinned cheerfully and offered him a cigar.

"Who gave out the dope about extending the Ridgewood avenue line?" Sledge gruffly wanted to know. "I did," returned Marley calmly. "I thought it might help the price of my stock. It's been going down of late."

"Who gave you the word?" "I didn't need it," Marley reminded him. "I'm still president of the road, you know."

"I've called it off," Sledge informed him. "You got no franchise." "I beg your pardon," Marley smilingly interrupted. "The original franchise granted a line to the end of Grace street. When it was cut through, to connect with Ridgewood avenue, the authorization of the cut, and all the condemnation proceedings, were for an extension of Grace street."

"May I tell Mr. Sledge what we intend to do out there?" Molly pleasantly inquired. "I don't mind," granted Mr. Marley, beaming upon his child. "We plan to carry out the original idea of building an amusement park on the Porson property, and to drop the Lincoln Road project, if the stockholders don't object at their meeting tomorrow," she happily told him.

"Mr. Glider thinks it a much better location. Shall you be at the meeting, Mr. Sledge?" "In reply he chuckled at her. "You're a corker!" he complimented her.

"You don't own much stock any more, do you?" she went on, delighted with her catechism. "Enough to stick around," he reminded her. "Molly, my Bob is matched against the champion pound bull of Chicago tomorrow night. I can arrange for these rough-necks getting a peek at you."

"Thank you," she replied. "I'm sure I can't come, however. I've never seen a dog fight and I don't want to see one. But I do hope Bob wins."

"He'll win," declared Sledge, confidently. "He's never been licked yet."

"Everybody gets it some time, don't they?" Molly dimpled up at him.

CHAPTER XII.
Sledge's Roses Are Wrong
Both Phil and Blondy wore mournful faces when Sledge walked through the back room the next day.

"He's game, all right," commented Phil. "You couldn't make him holler if you cut his head off," replied Blondy. "I wonder how Bob is this morning?"

"Must be dead from what the papers said," judged Phil. "That King Pin must be some dog."

"He's younger, that's all," immediately explained Blondy. "Bob ought've been retired," criticized Phil. "It wasn't fair to hand him his first lickin' when he's old like this. The Big Boy's been coming around at 9 o'clock, and now it's 12."

"Bob's either dead or better, or he wouldn't be here at all," asserted Blondy. "You know, I like that big slob."

"That's easy," carelessly commented Phil. "There goes his bell."

Sledge sat in his accustomed seat. For the first time in all their acquaintance, Phil saw the chief with his head sunk on his collar.

"How's Bob this morning?" he asked. The mighty breast of Sledge heaved with a long full sigh. "He's all right," he grumbled. "Not a whimper out of him. And another sigh, which was almost like a sob, impeded his utterance."

"By the way," Phil informed him. "Sunny Jim Keeler is dead."

"Gee, the boss is cut up about Bob?" Phil reported to Blondy. "I told him about Sunny Jim, and he never even grunted. That means the whole Third ward's done."

Sledge was not so unimpressed as he seemed to be, however, for presently he sent for Phil, and instructed that a big floral piece be sent, and that the widow's affairs be looked into.

Bendix came in by and by, looking very much worried, and sat down heavily.

"Did you hear that Sunny Jim Keeler is dead?" he inquired. "Sledge nodded." "There ain't a man up there could take the leadership of that ward," went on Bendix, much discouraged. "It's the Third that has always lapsed."

"I looked up Marley's Ridgewood avenue franchise," resumed Bendix. "It's good, all right. Yesterday's meeting was a bright one for him. A few shares of traction stock traded hands on the board today. Bert Glider is floating his amusement park."

"He's made a dicker with the company already formed, to abandon the Lincoln Road park, and they're to take over the Porson tract. The Lincoln Road property is to be used for car barns, according to the latest dope from Marley, and Glider gets fifty thousand in stock and management of the park. It looks like a cinch for Bert."

Sledge raised his chin a half inch, and dropped it again. "I saw Bozzam," Bendix went on with his report. "He claims that, while you own seventy-five per cent of the stock of the new traction company, and could swing everything in a vote, he is the duly authorized agent of the company, and has the right to sell its franchises at the best price he can get; so he's going to close with Marley for fifty thousand."

"Huh!" grunted Sledge. "Waver has decided not to sell his house. He'll go to Switzerland, all right, but he prefers to keep his residence here."

Sledge smiled. It was like the grimace of a man in the electric chair. "But the worst is yet to come," persisted Bendix. "Schwarzman tells me that Judge Lansdale positively refuses that appointment as attorney for the anti-dry movement. If he stays on the bench, Sledge, nothing on earth will make you rich."

after tomorrow." "Wire him to put it off ten days," ordered Sledge. Sledge, bearing his certificate of deposit, went over to the Merchants' bank, where he transferred with President Johnson, who took Sledge's check, and gave him a receipt for it; then the boss went to see Bozzam.

"You sold those franchises yet?" he demanded. "Not yet," replied Bozzam. "But I'm going to."

"Well," announced Sledge. "We don't sell. We keep 'em and build. Dig up for your stock."

Bozzam merely blinked. This was a blow so unexpected that he could scarcely comprehend it. "Dig up?" he faintly repeated. "Two hundred thousand cash."

Sledge rumbled. "I dug." He tossed Bozzam the receipt from Johnson, secretary of the Rapid Transit company, showing that Benjamin F. Sledge had paid \$750,000 cash for 7500 shares of stock in that live corporation.

"Here's the stock," added Sledge, throwing down one lone certificate for the entire amount. "You don't mean that you're going to make a bona fide company out of this?" Bozzam inquired, almost questioningly.

"The money's in the bank. Make good, or let go." Bozzam felt his circulation stopping.

"That sterling friend of the populace, State Senator Allerton, was discovered by Sledge playing poker in the rooms of Assemblyman Buckley."

"Well, what's new?" asked Allerton, obeying a look from Sledge, and following him into the adjoining room.

"Street car business," returned Sledge. "I see we have two companies, remarked Allerton. "Which one are you in?"

"New one. Seven hundred and fifty thousand."

"Whew!" whistled Allerton. "Any money involved?" "All cash," Sledge told him. "On the level."

"You must have a good outlook," wondered Allerton. "Saw!" repudiated Sledge. "It's rotten! No franchises. 'I thought you held easily salable ones, from what I saw in the papers,' puzzled Allerton. 'If you haven't, however, you can easily get them from the city council.'

"They're no good," insisted Sledge. "Short terms."

"That's right," agreed Allerton, beginning to see the light. "Franchises in this state can be granted for twenty years, and are renewable in ten-year periods, at the option of the city council. I suppose your new franchises are for twenty years."

"Uh-huh!" assented Sledge. "That's when the profits begin. We need franchise legislation."

"What do you want?" asked Allerton. "Fifty-year franchises—free."

"Good lord!" exclaimed Allerton. "Why, Sledge, the man who would propose that might just as well retire from politics forever."

against the bill, the general public immediately endorsed it. Such is human nature. Sledge smiled as he read the newspapers, which one and all raised the sentiments of "the people against the street car companies and championed the Allerton bill."

Molly read, too, and begged her father to sell his stock. Mut Marley was enjoying his first real authority as president of his company and laughed at her. But Bert Glider sided with Molly.

Marley laughed at them both, but he finally did offer his stock to an up-to-date syndicate that had him interested some months before.

Bert Glider, a necessary adjunct to the Sunday dinner, came in just in time to sit down at the table with the family, and he was so preoccupied that Molly was half-veiled with him.

"What has happened to worry you, Bert?" asked Marley. "I took a drive out Lincoln Road this morning, and they're going ahead with their amusement park project."

"Impossible," asserted Marley in outraged dignity. "While the Ring City Street Road franchise, which would prevent our competitors from obtaining one, it has not announced any intention of building in that direction, and will not do so."

Bert laughed quite without. "We can't let go!" he blurted, in acute pain.

"Sure not!" said Sledge, lifting his heavy upper lip to snarl at him vindictively. "You cheap crooks thought you could double-cross me. You bought stock in Bert Glider's name. You loaned Marley enough to buy control. Any way you fix it, you lose."

Sledge passed out of the door, mirth.

Molly glanced quickly at her father. "I've already done it," he half-smile explained.

"Sold your stock?" she eagerly inquired. "Sure not!" said Sledge, lifting his heavy upper lip to snarl at him vindictively. "You cheap crooks thought you could double-cross me. You bought stock in Bert Glider's name. You loaned Marley enough to buy control. Any way you fix it, you lose."

"I wish I could sleep until 10, and when I wake up find that it's all right," Molly worried. "If you and Bert are not entirely out of all business deals in this town by our wedding day, Sledge will see to it that we none of us have a dollar. He thinks that if he can only break Bert and father, there'll be no wedding bells for us. Bert and I will each be compelled to seek a more lucrative match."

She glanced smilingly at Bert, and surprised on his face a curious expression, which plunged into deep and not overly pleasant thought.

Molly's anxiety was by no means feigned. The next morning she wandered about the house quite ill at ease; then, unable to content herself, suggested to Fern that they make ready for a drive.

She made the first stop at her father's office. She was told to come right in, and found Bert with her father.

Marley silently handed her a telegram. It reads: "Our Mr. Goldman will see you in two weeks from today."

"Two weeks," she worried. "Can't you possibly hurry them up?"

Marley handed her another telegram: "Impossible to arrange earlier date."

"Not quite," he hesitated. "I did, however, wire the people who have been after my stock to name their best offer."

"Father," said Molly suddenly, in the midst of the silence which followed, "if Mr. Sledge finds you have sent that telegram he will do whatever he is going to do before you can turn around."

"He'll have to move quickly," answered her father. "I sent my people that telegram today, so they would have it the first thing Monday morning. They were very eager, while they were here, to acquire possession, and I shall doubtless hear from them by 10 o'clock."

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then he added impatiently, "Confound it, Marley! We must gain time." "I don't see how, unless Molly marries Sledge," suggested her father, with a laugh.

Molly started to laugh, also, but found Bert looking at her speculatively. "Sledge doesn't need go that far," he mused.

Molly looked at him in sharp incredulity for a moment; then, without a word, she turned to leave the room.

"Where are you going?" asked her father. "To see Sledge," she responded. "I thank you told me that he is always at the bank between 11 and 12 in the morning!"

"Molly," commanded Bert sharply, recalled to his senses by her bearing, "you mustn't see him. I forbid it!"

Molly rejoined Fern. "What's the joke?" asked that young lady. "I've been dying all morning to hear somebody giggle."

"You're to chaperon me while I go over and make love to Sledge," Molly gaily informed her.

"You're not really!" protested Fern, delighted, nevertheless. "I am really!" retorted Molly, her eyes flashing a trifle more than a mere jest would seem to warrant.

"I must, Fern. I plucked both father and Bert into this trouble, and Bert seems to think it's up to yours truly to fool Sledge along until they have time to get out of it. Besides that, it's a sort of a game between Sledge and myself, and I'm not going to have that big duffer win it."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)



My Low Prices Will Continue Throughout the Month of June

\$6 GOLD GLASSES FOR \$2.00

EYES TESTED FREE

ROBERTS

1140 1/2 Pacific Ave.

FEIST & BACHRACH'S FIRST BARGAIN FRIDAY AT THE NEW STORE

Featuring Toggery For the 4th

Formal Opening of New Store Monday, July 3rd. Music and Souvenirs

1114-116 BROADWAY

\$10.00 Midsummer Dresses for the 4th \$6.95

In white pique, plain and fancy voiles, linene, and sports stripe or plain Tussah Silk. They are fashioned in the one and two-piece style with the bloused waist and sheer collar of white organdie or lawn in the large round or square shape, the coat styles have the striped coat and plain skirt. Very pretty and practical dresses. Priced, extra special for Friday at **\$6.95**

Elegant Silk Suits, Values to \$50.00, for \$25.00

Suits of the rich lustrous taffetas, heavy soft Gros de Londres, Faille, Merveilleux and Silk Poplins, beautifully lined and splendidly designed, accentuating the individuality of the more refined modes; colors are light gray, navy, black, rose, bisque, etc.; values to \$50 for **\$25**

All Wool Suits Up to \$45 for \$17.50

Plain "Habit" styles, flare effects, belted models, and individual detailfollers; of imported twills, French serges, velour checks and other fashionable materials.

White Golfine Corduroy Dress Skirts at \$1.98

They will wash and wear better than any skirt we can recommend for midsummer or outing service. They are cut in the latest tailored style; strap seam in front, patch pocket, button trimmed; most all regular sizes. Priced extra special at **\$1.98**

75c Middies for 49c

Middies of white linene with the plain blue or rose collar; also the striped or braid trimmed collar, finished with white pique bow; sizes 8 to 18 years; regular 75c value. Friday bargain **49c**

Women's Muslin Drawers, Regular 60c for 35c

Trimmed in wide embroidery ruffle, assorted styles.

Children's Gingham & Chambray Dresses

2 to 14 years, of pretty plaids, checks and combinations; plain chambray combined with the fancy checks and plaids; made with pleated skirt, large collar and youthful jacket effects in many smart designs suitable for home or outing wear; special Friday at **98c**

TODAY'S MARKET PRICES

WHAT PRODUCERS GET

POULTRY

Hens, live, light 10@12c
Hens, live, heavy 15@18c
Ducks, live 10@12c
1916 springs, live 22@25c
Squabs, live, doz. \$2.99
* * * * *

WHAT RETAILERS PAY

BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE

Fresh packed eggs 25c
Washington cheese 19c
Tillamook 19c
Wash. creamery butter 7@9c
Swiss, dom. 24c
Cream brick cheese, 20c
* * * * *

WHOLESALE MEATS

Mutton, wethers 11 1/2c
Hogs, sides 10 1/2c
Dressed hogs 13c
Siver beef, lb. 10 1/2c
Ewes 10@11c
Spring lamb 20c
* * * * *

FRUIT

Lemons \$5@5.50
Bananas, lb. \$3.50@4.50
Oranges, by size \$3.50@4.50
Cherries, local 7@9c
Goocherries, lb. local 2@2 1/2c
Loganberries, Cal., crate \$2.50
Apricots, crate \$1.75
Blackberries, crate \$1.75
Cantaloupes, crate \$1.75@1.25
Strawberries, crate \$1.4@1.25

VEGETABLES

New potatoes, cart. \$2.75@2.35
Netted Gems \$3.00@2.1
Local potatoes \$2.8@2.9
Onions, Sacramento, sack \$3.25
Carrots, sack \$2.20
Lettuce, head, crate \$2.25
Radishes, local, doz. bunches 30c
String beans, lb. \$2.25
Leaf Lettuce, crate \$1.25
Khubarb, lb. 50c
Florida green peppers, lb. 30c
Spinach, retail, lb. 6c
Cucumbers 30c@31
Cucumbers, doz. 75c
Beets, sack \$2.25
Asparagus, pyramid, box \$1.50
Tomatoes, hot house, lb. 20c
String beans, lb. 10@12c
Telephone peas, lb. 10c
Summer squash, retail, 2 lbs. 25c
Brussels sprouts, lb. 10c
Turnips, sack \$2.90

FLOUR

Amocat \$6.30
Pyramid \$5.25
Niddled \$5.25
Drifted Snow \$5.25
Olympic \$5.25
High Flight \$5.25
Occident \$5.25
Keystone full wheat \$5.25
Lyon's Best \$7.50

HAY AND GRAIN

Corn \$39@44
Bran \$27@28
Mixed Timothy \$27@28
Whole oats \$29
Barley \$33
Middlings \$36
Shorts \$24
Timothy \$22
Wheat, ton \$37@31
Alfalfa \$18@20
Rolled hay, 1000 \$15
Hops, 1915 crop \$15@11c
Hops, 1916 contracts Nominal