

Featuring Tomorrow Special Bargains In GROCERIES

CORN FLAKES—large packages—very specially reduced Thursday at FOUR PACKAGES for 25c. PEANUT BUTTER—standard quality—comes in bulk only—very specially reduced Thursday at, per pound 11c. COFFEE 19c—5 LBS. FOR 90c. WATER TUMBLERS 6 FOR 19c. RELISH DISHES, SPECIAL 15c. TOASTER STOVE, SPECIAL \$2.49. FIVE-POUND LOTS FOR 90c.

Rhodes Brothers In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

IN SPAIN? NO! ON FIFTH AVENUE



Spain and Orient come to Fifth Avenue with this headwear. The black Chantilly veil is draped in harem effect from a velvet-trimmed hat. The crown is trimmed with jet.

TRAVEL INFORMATION

Table with columns for 'Leave', 'Arrive', and various travel routes including Northern Pacific, Great Northern Ry., and Tacoma-Eastern Railway.

Read the Classified Ads On Page 7.

"GOOD INDIAN"

By R. M. Bower. Copyright, 1912, by Little, Brown & Co.

(Continued from Our Last Issue.) CHAPTER IV.

The Claim-Jumpers. "I guess that bobcat was after my ducks again, last night," commented Phoebe Hart, when she handed Baumberger his cup of coffee. "The way the dogs barked all night—didn't they keep you awake?" "Never slept better in my life," drawled Baumberger. "Oh, Aunt Phoebe!" Evadna rushed into the room. "Aunt Phoebe, there's a man down at the farther end of the strawberry patch! He's got a gun, Aunt Phoebe, and he's camped there, and when he heard me he jumped up and pointed the gun straight at me!" "Tramp!" suggested Baumberger. "Sick the dogs on him."

by name. "Put down that gun and explain your presence here and your object," he rumbled. The man across the line did not put down his rifle, except that he let the butt of it drop slightly away from his shoulder, and his voice was surly with defiance when he spoke. But Good Indian, regarding him suspiciously through half-closed lids, would have sworn that a look of intelligence flashed between those two. "All there is to it," Stanley began blustering, "is that I've located twenty acres here as a placer claim. I've got a right here. I believe this ground is worth more for the gold that's in it than for the turnips you can make grow on top and that there makes mineral land of it, and as such, open to entry. That's according to law. I realize you may think different from me. You've got a right to prove, if you can, that all this ain't mineral land. I've got just as much right to prove it is."

A NOVEL A WEEK. Next Week "Amazing Grace," by Kate Trimble Sharber.

ceive you, please? Do you want to send a telegram?" The accent upon the pronoun was very faint, but it was there for him to notice if he liked. So much she helped him. So Good Indian told her. "And you imagine that it wouldn't have happened if you had spent more time keeping your weather eye open, and not so much making love?" Miss Georgie could be very blunt, as well as keen. "Well, I don't see what you could have done—unless you had kicked old Baumberger into the river. He's the god in this machine. I'd swear to that." Good Indian regarded her steadily. It was beginning to occur to him that there was a good deal to this Miss Georgie, under that offhand, breezy exterior. "You're right as far as I'm concerned," he owned. "I think you're also right about him. What makes you think so, anyway?" "Do you know anything about mining laws?" she asked, and when he swung his head slightly to one side in a tacit negative, she went on: "You say there are eight jumpers. Concerted action, that, Premeditated. My daddy was a lawyer," she threw in by way of explanation. "I used to help him in the office a good deal. When he—died, I didn't know enough to go on and be a lawyer myself, so I took to this." She waved her hand impatiently toward the telegraph instrument. "So it's like this: Eight men can take placer claims—can hold them, you know—for one man. That's the limit, a hundred and sixty acres. Those eight men aren't jumping that ranch as eight individuals; they're in the employ of a principal who is engineering the affair. And that," she added, "is what all these cipher messages from Saunders mean, very likely. Baumberger had to have some one here to spy around for him and perhaps help him choose—or at least get together—those eight men. They must have come in on the night train, for I didn't see them."

These Are Tough Days For Tenement House Children



A "Kiddie" from the slums getting relief from the terrific heat of tenement halls and areaways at a street corner fire plug.

NEW YORK, July 26.—Cooped up all day in hot tenements with even the windows shut tight, children of New York's slum districts are enduring unprecedented suffering because of the infantile paralysis epidemic. By order of the health authorities all play spots and movie shows have been closed to the kiddies. Here's what a visitor to tenement districts sees: Children playing in damp, dark hallways. Babies crawling about

dirty floors of slum apartments. Many mothers, panic stricken because of the epidemic, have kept their children shut up all day in the rooms. Thousands of kiddies with darning and initiative have been in rebellion against their bake-oven imprisonment, and have taken to inhabiting the public fountains! In almost every park around the tenement districts pedestrians see children of all ages soaking and splashing in the fountains.

WITH A WATCHFUL EYE OUT FOR COPPS. While a special committee has recommended that the playgrounds be opened again under medical supervision and fresh air camps are to be opened soon, it is realized that closing the grounds has not been the only reason for the terrible conditions among the slum children. East side mothers have been carried away by the panic and in shutting up their children and refusing to report cases of the disease, have made matters worse than ever.

GAY AS A POPPY!



BY BETTY BROWN The skirt and deep girdle are scarlet. The underwaist and baggy bloomers are black striped in poppy color. It is a practical little suit and not at all beyond the reach of the home dressmaker. The waist and "trousers" are, of course, all of a piece. The skirt and deep girdle are separate.

dwelling rather intently upon her face, and smiling as they did so. "I can read what's in the book," she remarked lightly, when came a tap-tap of feet on the platform, and Evadna appeared in the half-open doorway. "When did you come up?" Good Indian asked. "Oh—about an hour ago. I think," Evadna drawled sweetly. "I only came over," Evadna went on, "to say that there's a package at the store which I can't very well carry, and I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind taking it—when you go." "I'm going now, if you're ready," he told her shortly, and reached for his hat. "Oh—if you're really going," she drawled, and followed him outside. "Lovers, it would seem, require much less material for a quarrel than persons in a less excited frame of mind. It would be foolish to repeat all that was said during that ride home, because so much meaning was conveyed in tones and glances and in staring straight ahead and saying nothing. They were sparingly polite before they were over the brow of the hill behind the town; and when they dismounted at the stable, they refused to look at each other upon any pretext whatsoever. (Continued in Our Next Issue.)

SEATTLE ROUTE Steamers Tacoma and Indianapolis for Seattle. Leave Municipal Dock, Tacoma 7:00, 9:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, 9:00 p. m. Leave Colman Dock, Seattle 1:00, 3:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, 9:15 p. m. Fastest and Finest Steamers. Night Round Trips Daily. J. S. JONES, Agent. Offices Municipal Dock, M. 3415.

TACOMA-OLYMPIA STAGE Via Dupont Leaves Dornnelly Hotel, Tacoma, at 6 a. m., 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. Leaves Kneeland Hotel, Olympia, at 8 a. m., 1 p. m. and 6:30 p. m. Phone: Main 762. Subject to change without notice.

CARBONADO-WILKESON STAGE CO. Two round trips daily. Leave: Carbonado, 7:20 a. m., 2 p. m. Wilkeson 7:45 a. m., 2:15 p. m. Tacoma 10:30 a. m., 5 p. m. Tacoma Depot CENTRAL BUS STATION 115 So. 10th St. Tel. Main 264.