

Broadway Sales Booth E

Notions August Sale

- Fine quality solid brass safety pins—assorted sizes—warranted not to rust—reduced to, per dozen 4c
- Assorted wire Hair Pins in cabinets—good quality—reduced to, per cabinet 4c
- Fine quality white bias Lawn Tape—full 6-yd. pieces—assorted widths—reduced to, per bolt 4c
- White Twilled Tape—assorted widths—8-yard pieces—reduced to, FOUR for 5c
- Finest quality 8-ply Darning Cotton—in assorted colors—large 45-yard spools—reduced to, per spool 2c
- Excellent quality Garters in assorted sizes—both in white and black—reduced to, per pair 19c
- Fine quality mercerized Corset Laces—with metal tips—5-yard lengths—reduced to, THREE PAIR for 10c
- White Shoe Laces—round style for the high white boots—lengths from 54 to 68 inches—reduced to, per pair 4c
- Standard quality crimped wire Hair Pins—double japanned—full one ounce rolls—reduced to, TWO ROLLS for 5c
- Good quality Basting Cotton—large 500-yard spools—reduced to, per spool 4c
- Solid Brass Hooks and Eyes—warranted not to rust—all sizes, both in white and black—reduced to, per card 3c
- Large assortment of Colored Stays in assorted lengths—reduced to, per card 6c
- Large 1/2-ounce spools of black sewing silk—fine quality—reduced to, per spool 15c
- Good quality White Cotton Belting in the popular 1 1/2, 2 and 2 1/2-inch widths—reduced to, per yard 5c
- Fresh Water Pearl Buttons—in assorted qualities and styles—come in sizes 14 to 24—very specially reduced at, per dozen 2c 4c 6c & 8c
- Art Gum—large size—reduced to, each 7c
- Fine quality Tubular white mercerized Corset Laces—6-yard lengths—reduced to, each 7c
- Finest quality Silk Hair Nets—with or without elastic—in assorted shades—reduced to, each 4c
- SEVEN for 25c
- Gold and Silver Hat and Dressmaker's Wire—3-yard pieces—reduced to, each 7c
- Fine quality Tooth Brushes—assorted styles and bristles—reduced to, each 10c
- A Few 1915 Model Adjustable Dress Forms at Clearance Prices
- Many of our best bargains are not advertised owing to limited quantities, etc.

RHODES BROTHERS

PANTAGES

"BRIDES OF THE DESERT" CAMERON AND O'CONNOR "THE IRON CLAW," Chap. 18, FOUR OTHER BIG ACTS

NORTHEAST TACOMA BUS

Special trip, leaving Hague Box Factory 8 a. m. and leaving Tacoma 4 p. m. Leaves Postoffice (11th and A Sts.) 6:30 and 10:30 a. m., 1 and 5 p. m. Leaves Northeast Tacoma 7 and 11 a. m., 1:30 and 5:20 p. m.

Buckley-Tacoma Stage Co.

Leave Tacoma Leave Buckley 10:00 a. m. 8:00 a. m. 3:30 p. m. 12:30 p. m. 8:00 p. m. 6:00 p. m. *Except Sat. and Sunday.



"Into the Primitive"

BY ROBERT AMES BENNETT
Copyright, 1908, by
A. C. McClurg & Co.

(Continued from our last issue)

Genial and sincere as was his tone, the familiarity jarred on her sensitive ear. She colored as she turned from him.

"Is there anything new, Mr. Winthrope?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not, Miss Genevieve."

"Just see if you've got everything and fix your hats," said Blake abruptly. "We'll be in the sun for half a mile or so. Better get on the coat, Miss Leslie. It's hotter than yesterday."

"Permit me," said Winthrope.

Blake watched while the Englishman tried the coat for the girl and rather fustily raised the collar about her neck and turned back the sleeves, which extended beyond the tips of her fingers. The American's face was stolid; but his glance took in every little look and act of his companions. He was not altogether unversed in the ways of good society, and it seemed to him that the Englishman was somewhat over-assiduous in his attentions.

"All ready, Blake," remarked Winthrope, finally, with a last lingering touch.

"Bout time!" grunted Blake. "Got the flask and cigaret case and the knife."

"All safe, sir—er—all safe, Blake."

With due consideration for Winthrope's ankle—not for Winthrope—Blake set so slow a pace that the half-mile's walk consumed over half an hour. But his smoldering irritation was soon quenched when they drew near the green thicket at the foot of the cleft. In the almost death-like stillness of mid-afternoon, the sound of trickling water came to their ears.

"A spring!" shouted Blake. "I guessed right!"

The others followed him eagerly. At the foot of the slope lay a pool, some ten yards across, and over-shadowed by the surrounding trees. There was no underbrush, and the ground was trampled bare as a floor.

"By Jove," said Winthrope, "see the tracks! There must have been a drove of sheep about."

"Deer, you mean," replied Blake.

"Could you not uncover the brook?" asked Miss Leslie. "If animals have been drinking here one would prefer cleaner water."

"Sure," asserted Blake. "If you're game for a climb, and can wait a few minutes, we'll get it out of the spring itself."

"Here's a place that looks like a path," called Winthrope, who had circled about the edge of the pool to the farther side.

Blake ran around beside him and stared at the tunnel-like passage way, and up the limestone ledges beneath the over-arching thickets.

"Odd place, is it not?" observed Winthrope. "Looks like a fox run, only larger, you know."

"Too low for deer, though. Let's get a close look."

As he spoke, Blake stooped and climbed a few yards up the trail to an overhanging ledge, four or five feet high. Blake laid his club on the top of the ledge, and was about to vault after it, when, directly beneath his nose, he saw the print of a great catlike paw. At the same instant a deep growl came rumbling down the "fox run."

Without waiting for a second warning, Blake crept back down the trail.

"Get out of the trees—into the open!" he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, and as they crept away white with dread of the unknown danger, he followed at their heels.

"What is it? What did you see?" gasped Miss Leslie.

"Footprint," mumbled Blake. "Must be a leopard's den up there. I heard a growl, and thought it about time to clear out."

"Then we must find water elsewhere," responded Miss Leslie. "Might we not succeed if we went on to the other ridge?"

"That's the ticket! You've got a headpiece, Miss Jenny! It's too late to start now. But we will go first thing to-morrow."

covered, however, for he had a wholesome respect for Blake's physical development at least. But he had no chance to regret to Miss Leslie in private that Blake was not a gentleman.

As for the girl herself—it was impossible for her not to have misgivings. In spite of Winthrope's many assurances and references to his own past, she could not forget that he had been her unwelcome suitor on board ship, and her distrust of him was not wholly overcome. She was alone in an absolute wilderness with two practically unknown men.

But even her natural fears were somewhat forgotten when the building of their first fire. Instead of trying to find a way to scale the other ridge, Blake led them all back to the leopard's den, where the two men built a great fire. It was not long before they succeeded in snuffing out the old cat and her pups. These were skinned with infinite difficulty by Blake with the aid of the penknife and some sharp stones, while Winthrope and Miss Leslie built an immense fire in the cave itself and fumigated it.

When at last they had made it a fit shelter for the girl, Blake called them to a meal of broiled leopard steaks. Even this rude food was delicious after their coconut diet.

During the next few days, several important things were accomplished, not the least being the burning through, near the base, a tall tree growing near the cliff wall. This tree, just before it fell, the two men pushed over against the cliff, thus making a sort of tree ladder by which they were able to reach the top. Here they gathered the sea-fowl eggs which Blake had coveted. These made a welcome change in their diet, as did the tender bamboo spouts which Miss Leslie found.

This last find was a great discovery, not only in the way of food. Of the stout bamboo Blake was able to make sharp knives, bows and arrows, spears, racks on which to dry the leopard skins, and a stout screen for Miss Leslie's cave.

Meantime the girl proved the stuff she was made of by insisting upon taking over her share of the work. She learned to broil steaks, and when Blake brought clay from the river bed with which to fashion some rude cooking utensils, her knowledge of the firing of hand-painted china was useful. They succeeded in producing several uncracked vessels in which food could be boiled, or stewed. This was very necessary, as Blake explained, for a diet of meat alone was apt to cause various serious illnesses, especially in that tropical climate. But with this problem solved they had little to fear since they had come into sole ownership of the clear spring.

The days slipped by almost unheeded. Blake saw to it that not only himself but his companions had work to occupy every hour of daylight. When not engaged in cooking and fuel gathering, Miss Leslie was learning by painful experience the rudiments of dress-making.

At the start she had all but ruined the beautiful skin of the mother leopard before Blake chanced to see her and took over the task of cutting it into shape for a skirt. But when it came to making a waist of the cub fur, he said that she would have to puzzle out the pattern from her other one. Between cooking three meals a day over an open fire, gathering several armfuls of wood, and making a dress with a penknife, thorn and catgut, the girl had little time to think of other matters than her work.

Her own skirt of white cloth was to be hoisted on a tall bamboo pole on the top of the cliff as a distress signal, as the leopard dress was done.

And while the girl worked feverishly at the garment, Blake succeeded in melting up Winthrope's bunch of keys and making of them a bone-handled knife.

When he came to show the completed knife to Miss Leslie, he was fairly aglow with justifiable pride.

"How's that for an Eskimo job?" he demanded. "Bunch of keys and a bone, eh?"

"You are certainly very ingenious, Mr. Blake!"

"Nix! There's little of the inventor in my top-piece—only some hustle and a good memory. I was up in Alaska, you know. Saw a sight of Eskimo work."

"Still, it is very skillfully done."

"That may be—Look out for the edge! It'd do to shave. No more bamboo splinters for me—Jill when you hit a bone. Hello, Win!" This to Winthrope, who had been to the top of the cliff for eggs. "What's kept you so late?"

"None of your business!" snapped Winthrope.

Miss Leslie glanced at him, startled at this outbreak. But if Blake was angered, he did not show it.

"Say, Win," he remarked gravely, "I was going to take you down to the pool after supper, on a try with the bows. But I guess you'd better stay close by the fire."

"Yes! It is time you gave a little consideration to those who deserve it," rejoined Winthrope, with a peevishness of tone and manner which surprised Miss Leslie. "I tell you, I'm tired of being treated like a dog."

"All right, all right, old man, just draw up your chair and get all the hot broth aboard you can stow," answered Blake, soothingly.

Winthrope sat down; but throughout the meal he continued to complain over trifles with the peevishness of a spoiled child, until Miss Leslie blushed for him. Greatly to her astonishment, Blake endured the nagging without a sign of irritation, and in the end took his bow and arrows and went off down the cleft, with no more than a quiet reminder to Winthrope that he should keep near the fire.

Morning found Winthrope more irritable and peevish than ever. Though he had not been called on to watch by Blake until long after midnight, he had soon fallen asleep at his post and permitted the fire to die out.

Shortly before dawn Blake roused and was staring blindly at Winthrope when Miss Leslie appeared. The girl was clad from neck to foot in her leopard-skin dress.

"Well, I'll be—dashed!" Blake exclaimed, and he stood staring at her open-mouthed.

"I fear it will be warm. Do you think it becoming?" she asked, blushing, and turning as though to show the fit of the costume.

"Do!" he echoed. "Miss Jenny, you're a peach!"

"Thank you," she said. "And here is the skirt. I have ripped it open. You see, it will make a fine flag."

"Just scrape up some grub. I'll be breaking out a big bamboo. There are plenty of holes and loose stones on the cliff. We'll have the signal up before noon."

Miss Leslie immediately set about the preparation of breakfast.

When Blake had the bamboo ready, with one edge of the broad piece of white duck lashed to it with catgut as high up as the tapering staff would bear, he called upon Winthrope to accompany him.

"You can go alone," snapped Winthrope. "I am indisposed this morning, and, what is more, I have had enough of your dictation."

"You have, have you?" growled Blake, his patience suddenly coming to an end. "Well, let me tell you, you'll go, if I have to kick you every step."

Winthrope cringed back, and broke into a childish whine. "Don't—don't do it, Blake—Oh, I say, Miss Genevieve, how can you stand by and see him abuse me like this?"

Blake was grinning as he turned to Miss Leslie. Her face was flushed and downcast with humiliation for her friend. It seemed incredible that a man of his breeding should betray such weakness. A quick change came over Blake's face.

"Look here," he muttered. "I guess I'm enough of a sport to know something about fair play. Win's coming down with the fever, and's no more to blame for doing the baby act than he'll be when he gets the delirium, and gabbles."

"I will thank you to attend to your own affairs," said Winthrope.

"You're entirely welcome. It's what I am doing. Do you understand, Miss Jenny?"

"Indeed, yes; and I wish to thank you. I have noticed how patient you have been—"

"Pardon me, Miss Leslie," rasped Winthrope. "Can you not see that for a fellow of this class to talk of fair play and patience is the height of impertinence? In England, now, such insufferable impudence—"

"That'll do," broke in Blake. "It's time for us to trot along."

"But, Mr. Blake, if he is ill—"

"Just the reason why he should keep moving. No more of your gab, Win! Give your jaw a lay-off and try wigwagging your left instead."

Winthrope turned away, crimson with indignation, Blake paused only for a parting word with Miss Leslie. "If you want something to do, Miss Jenny, try making yourself a pair of moccasins out of the scraps of skin. You can't stay in this gully all the time. You've got to tramp around some, and those slippers must be about done for."

"They are still serviceable. Yet if you think—"

"You'll need good tough moccasins soon enough. Since off the hair, and make soles of the thicker pieces. If you do a fair job, maybe I'll employ you as my cobbler, soon as I get the hide off one of those skittish antelope."

Miss Leslie nodded and smiled in response to his jesting tone.

A NOVEL A WEEK.

Next Week
"ANNE, ACTRESS"
By Juliet G. Sager.

But as he swung away after Winthrope she stood for some time wondering at herself. A few days since she knew she would have taken Blake's remark as an insult. Now she was puzzled to find herself rather pleased that he should so note her ability to be of service.

CHAPTER V.
Fever and Fear

By nightfall Winthrope was tossing and groaning on the bed of leaves which Miss Leslie had heaped beneath his canopy.

Blake shook his head when he learned that the attack had not been preceded by a chill.

"Guess he's in for a hot time," he said. "There is more'n one kind of malarial fever. Some are a whole lot like typhus."

"Then you think he will be very ill?"

"Well, I guess he'll think so. It ought to run out in a week or ten days, though. Now you tumble in and get a good sleep. I'll go on as night nurse."

In the morning Miss Leslie found that Blake had built a substantial canopy over the invalid, in place of the first ramshackle structure.

"It's best for him to be out in the air," he explained; "so I fixed this up to keep off the dew. But whenever it rains, we'll have to tote him inside."

"Ah, yes; to be sure. How is he?" murmured the girl.

"He's about the same this morning. But he got a little sleep. Keep him dosed with all the hot broth he'll take. And say, rouse me out at noon. I've had my breakfast. Now I'll have a snooze. So long!"

He nodded, and crawled under the shade of the nearest bush, too drowsy to observe her look of dismay.

At noon, having learned that Winthrope's condition showed little change, Blake ate a hearty meal, and at once set off down the cleft. He did not reappear until nightfall; though at intervals Miss Leslie had heard his step as he came up the ravine with his loads of thornbrush, of which he was making a barricade near the foot of the trail.

This course of action became the routine for the following ten days. It was broken only by three incidents, all relating to the important matter of food supply. Winthrope had soon tired of broth, and showed such an insatiable craving for coconut milk that the stock on hand had become exhausted within the week.

The day after, Blake went off toward the north end of the cleft. When he returned he carried a heavy load of coconuts.

They all drank freely of the coconut milk, and the next day Winthrope's fever turned.

At first Winthrope had been too weak to sit up. But treated to a liberal diet of broth, raw

AN OLD DECK OF CARDS!!

"See here, Miss Leslie," said Blake, somewhat sternly; "who's got the responsibility of keeping you two alive for the next month or so? I've been in the tropics before, and I know something of the way people have to live to get out again. I'm trying to do my best, and I tell you straight, if you won't mind me, I'm going to make you, no matter how much it hurts your feelings. You see how nice and meek Win takes his orders. I explained matters to him last night—"

"I assure you, Blake, you shall have no cause for complaint as to my conduct," muttered Winthrope. "I should like to observe, however, that in speaking to Miss Leslie—"

"There you are again, with your everlasting talk. Cut it out, and get busy. Tomorrow we all go on a hike to the river."

As Winthrope started off, Blake turned to Miss Leslie, with a good-natured grin.

"You see, it's this way, Miss Jenny—" he began. He caught her look of disdain, and his face darkened. "Mad, eh? So that's the racket!"

"Mr. Blake, I will not have you talk to me in that way. Mr. Winthrope is a gentleman, but nothing more to me than a friend such as any young woman—"

"That settles it! I'll take your word for it, Miss Jenny," broke in Blake, and springing up, he set about his work, whistling.

The girl gazed at his broad back and erect head, uncertain whether she should feel relieved or anxious. The more she thought the matter over, the more uncertain she became, and the more she wondered at her uncertainty!

(Continued in our next issue.)

TACOMA THEATER

Starting Sunday Evening—
2:15—Twice Daily Thereafter—8:15
SEATS TOMORROW. MAIL ORDERS NOW.
Elliott & Sherman Present D. W. Griffith's Mighty Masterpiece

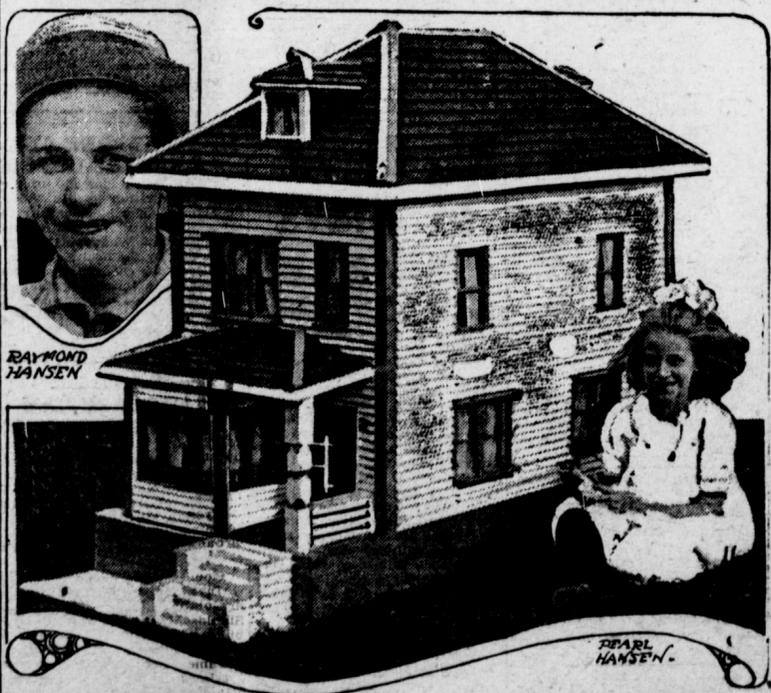


—WITH—
30 SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA 30
Everybody's Going. Get Your Seats Early.

PRICES

| Evenings | Matinees Daily |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Lower floor, 1st 16 rows \$1.00 | Lower floor, 1st 16 rows \$.75 |
| Loges and last 3 rows . 1.50 | Loges and last 3 rows . 1.00 |
| Balcony, first six rows . . 75 | Entire balcony 50 |
| Balcony, balance 50 | Gallery (not reserved) . . 25 |
| Gallery (not reserved) . . 25 | Box seats 1.50 |
| Box seats 2.00 | |

BOY MILKWAGON DRIVER GENIUS AS TOY MAKER



Ray Hansen, the boy Santa Claus, his sister, Pearl, for whom he built his first doll house, and his latest creation which has made such a hit with toy dealers they are making him big offers.

CHICAGO, Aug. 15.—Let us makes them so well toy dealers are beating a pathway to his door with big offers.

He looks to be on the way to a fortune for he makes just the kind of playhouses dealers have been looking for.

He is liable to become so famous in his line some day he will not have to actually make the houses, but just design them.

This boy Santa Claus never took lessons in drawing or manual training. He just works out his own ideas.

His latest "maison" is a two-story building with sun parlor, gable windows, real doors on real hinges and a shingled roof.



Go East This Summer via Northern Pacific Low Round Trip Fares

Enjoy every moment of the circle tours via this line. Get additional scenery and service at no additional expense. Through daily trains to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Kansas City-St. Louis with the best dining car service in the world.

Enroute stop at
Yellowstone National Park
Enter through Gardiner Gateway—original, scenic and only Northern entrance. Spend a week or month in America's greatest wonderland. See the wild animals, geysers, colored terraces, paint pots, Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, etc. Excellent hotels.

Write, call or phone for tickets, information and travel literature. Let us arrange your vacation trip.

A. D. CHARLTON
Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent
PORTLAND, ORE.

C. B. FOSTER, C. P. A.
925 Pacific Ave.
Phone Main 128.

Round trip westbound summer tourist tickets on sale daily—tell your masters friends. Attractive home-seekers tickets to Montana points and return.