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Sensational Button Sale

10c, 15c and 19c

WONDERFUL SPECIAL SELLING OF BUTTONS, including fancy novelty Buttons in every imaginable shape and style, in every desirable size or color.

There are waist and blouse Buttons, pearl vest Buttons, black and colored cloth and satin-covered Buttons—in fact, you will find practically any Button that you might desire in this great special assortment, and at prices so low that there is no reason why everyone cannot share in this sale.

10c, 15c AND 19c

—Broadway Sales Booth "A"

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PEANUT BUTTER—highest quality—comes in bulk only—specially reduced Thursday to, per lb., 11c
TOMATO CATSUP—highest quality—pint bottles—specially reduced Thursday to, each 17c

Coffee 19c lb.—5 lbs. for 90c

The usual Thursday selling of our Repeater Blend Coffee—a mixture of choice Mexican and Guatemala coffees—a good cupper that is very popular with hundreds of our most discriminating coffee drinkers—specially reduced every Thursday at, per pound 19c

In Five-Pound Lots For 90c

Rhodes Brothers

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Railway President's Daughter Will Wed



Lord and Lady Shaughnessy of Montreal, Canada, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Marguerite, to Edwin L. Sanborn, of Havana, Cuba.

Sir Thomas is president of the Canadian Pacific Railway company, and came into prominence since the way by successful supervision of Canadian mobilization.

Stand, Croft Hotel, 1519 Pacific Ave. MOOSE AUTO STAGE Tacoma and Yelm.



"ANNE, ACTRESS"

BY JULIET G. SAGER. Copyright, 1913, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

(Continued from Our Last Issue) Finally Elsie released herself gently. Dazed, Anne led the way into the bedroom, where the girl took off her hat.

She came and put her arms around her mother, laying her cool, scented cheek against hers. "You love me? Don't you?" Anne drew her close and held her.

"Of course I do!" she said, with unconscious vehemence. "And you want me to be happy, don't you? You'll help me to be?"

"I'll do my best. I always have, dear."

"Then listen!" she whispered coaxingly. "I'm going to be an actress, you know. And I want to start in my own mother's company! I want to be in 'The Victory' with you!"

It was so ingenious, so like the little girl who used to beg for ponies when bread-and-butter was a problem, that Anne laughed with sudden relief.

"You are a baby yet! Pray, what could you do in a Broadway production?"

Elsie's arms tightened. "I could play an ingenue part, mamma. I've done it. I was with a stock company in San Francisco all last summer, and they said I was the cleverest!"

"You were where?" Anne drew back, slowly and stiffly. "No, don't kiss me now. I must understand this—what you are saying."

Elsie pouted. There was a flicker of apprehension in her eyes, but she told her story with a brave front.

Yes, it was quite true that she had been playing with a city company, she said. She had always meant to be an actress. So as soon as she had graduated—Aunt Phoebe wouldn't hear of it before they had gone to San Francisco, and she had found an opening in a stock company there the first few weeks after she had played all the ingenue parts.

"And all the while I thought you were at home—just a school girl!" Anna looked at her in somber wonder. "Your letters— they came from there—"

All their mail came and went through Grovelands, Elsie explained gleefully. A neighbor there forwarded it both ways. She had planned that herself, and wasn't it clever?

"So you see, it's not so silly, after all, for me to want to be in 'The Victory'!" she laughed. "You'll get me a part, won't you, mamma? Please! Please, dearest!"

Anne pushed her gently away. "It's out of the question," she said wearily. "The cast was filled long ago. Anyhow, I have nothing to say about engaging people."

"But if you asked it as a very, very special favor? If you asked Mr. Harland? He's such a friend of yours—"

Harland! The name shot rocket-like through Anne's mind. She went quickly to the phone and asked for Mr. Harland.

He answered with eagerness. Had her caller come at last? Could he come up now?

"I'm afraid not, Phil. She's staying with me over night. I'm sorry—but you'd better not come up again—"

"Oh, mamma!" Elsie wailed. "Call me up in the morning, Phil!" she finished, in desperate haste; and hung up the receiver without waiting for his reply.

Elsie's eyes were full of angry, disappointed tears. "That was horrid of you, mamma," she flashed out. "You knew I wanted to see him. I'd have asked him myself to give me a part!"

"Dear child, please don't talk about that. It's impossible. Absolutely impossible, for more reasons than one." Anne spoke kindly but with decision. "What is more, you must go home tomorrow, and stay there till—"

"Go home? Oh! Oh, I won't do it!" Then Elsie burst into tears, and threw herself down on the couch. "You—you're unkind!" she sobbed. "You don't love me!"

A grim shadow of a smile edged Anne's lips for a second. The reproach was as familiar as the voice that uttered it. Just so, in their honeymoon days had Blair North ended every argument in which he was beaten. But she sat down by the girl, and tried patiently to console her.

"Why, you'll be here again in November, child! Perhaps sooner. Don't cry so. What are a few weeks out of a girl's life?"

By degrees Elsie's sobs quieted. Present, with her face still buried, she began to coax to stay till Saturday, anyhow. Anne was honestly distressed, but every minute of it stiffened

her resolve. Already her nerves were on edge, and what state would they be in if this kept up for three or four days?

"No, dear. No. You must go tomorrow," she repeated over and over, till Elsie saw pleading was thrown away, and sat up, subdued and mournful, but resigned.

The next morning Anne awoke late after a restless night. Elsie was up, however, and in the sitting-room.

"Did I wake you, mamma? I tried not to!" she exclaimed, and crossing to Anne, kissed her on both cheeks. "I've been up ages!"

"You must have been up ages, too, now you've innocently suggested it, suppose we get Insie's opinion. I'll take you down to the office as soon as I can dress."

"That's a good idea!" Harland exclaimed; and Elsie turned to him eagerly.

"Thank you, dear," Anne murmured, slyly, discretion forgotten. "But for fear he may think so, now you've innocently suggested it, suppose we get Insie's opinion. I'll take you down to the office as soon as I can dress."

"That's a good idea!" Harland exclaimed; and Elsie turned to him eagerly.

"You take me! Will you?" "No!" Anne said, sharply. "Why not, mamma? If you truly mean to let him decide?"

It was two o'clock and after, when the telephone rang. "That you, dearest?" came Elsie's voice. "You're too busy for a matinee, I suppose? Mr. Harland and I are going, and if you care to go along, he'll try to get an extra seat."

"Yes, Miss Houghton's daughter. She's really Mrs. Blair North," she was saying. "When poor papa died, she dropped his name. I'm the visitor who came last night!"

Anne was breathing painfully now, but all the attention she paid to that was to crush her hand against her heart. Steadying her lips into a smile, she opened the door.

Good morning, Mr. Harland. So my little surprise is spoiled! You're already met my daughter," she said.

Harland was red and wretchedly embarrassed. He shook hands with unnecessary warmth, glancing from her to Elsie.

"You—you must be very happy to have her with you," he hesitated.

"Very. Yes, indeed," Anne said and Elsie chimed in enthusiastically over her shoulder.

"We're the happiest people in New York, I suppose. But aren't you going to ask Mr. Harland to sit down? Maybe he'll stay to breakfast."

Harland laughed, and Anne joined in with a heart like lead. "If you'd care to Mr. Harland—"

"I can't," he refused, hastily. "I'd apologize for being here at all at this hour, if it wasn't for your telephone message."

"Telephone?" she repeated. Elsie's pretty laugh rippled out again.

"It was I who called you up, Mr. Harland. Mamma was asleep and knew nothing about it. Was it horrid of me? But I did so want to see you today, and I was afraid—Why, mamma, don't look at me like that! Was it horrid?" Her lips drooped and quivered.

A furnace blast of anger vept over Anne. But to show it would be to make matters worse.

"Last night she was wild to go shopping directly after breakfast," she said to him, with a very passable smile. "Now, it seems—"

"I was wilder to see him!" Elsie broke in. "There's something I want to ask you, Mr. Harland. Mamma wouldn't do it for me, and so—"

"So I've got to do it myself. Won't you give me a part in your play? I can act. I've had experience!" And out in a torrent came the story of her work in the western company, her success, and her longing to make her Broadway debut in her mother's company.

"I don't know—" he temporized, and glanced back at Anne. "You'd like it, of course?"

After her one futile attempt to silence the girl, Anne had made no other, and dropping into a chair, listened contemptuously. She was not uneasy. She had too much confidence in Harland's common-sense to dream of his yielding.

would be too preposterous!" Nobody spoke for a moment. Then, regretfully, Harland said: "Perhaps you're right." Elsie's big eyes filled with tears.

"Unfortunately I am. I'm as sorry as anybody."

"We know that. Poor mamma!" Under all its sweetness, there was a sudden, wasp-like sting in the girl's voice. "You mustn't think she doesn't want me and is inventing excuses. She isn't. She believes every word she says."

"Thank you, dear," Anne murmured, slyly, discretion forgotten. "But for fear he may think so, now you've innocently suggested it, suppose we get Insie's opinion. I'll take you down to the office as soon as I can dress."

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After her one futile attempt to silence the girl, Anne had made no other, and dropping into a chair, listened contemptuously. She was not uneasy. She had too much confidence in Harland's common-sense to dream of his yielding.

"Certainly I should like it," she said smoothly. "But it's impossible. I've told Elsie so a dozen times. There are no parts open."

"Yes, there's that ingenue. Unless Insie's already engaged some one."

"An ingenue? Just what I want!" Elsie's cry was indignant, accusing. "Mamma, you said—"

A NOVEL A WEEK. Next Week "THE SECRET OF THE REEF" By Harold Bindloss.

thoroughly. Insie had seen the mistake clearly enough at first, and even Harland had his momentary misgivings. But each of them for one reason or another, held his peace and left the initiative to some one else.

The days went by now in a sort of lockstep procession, each one a part of its yesterday and tomorrow. By rights, Anne should have been supremely happy. Unless all signs failed, her struggles were over and her feet set safely on the path that leads straight to the Promised Land of popularity and distinction.

Determined as she was not to worry about Elsie's engagement, inevitably it kept her uneasy and anxious. She was in money difficulties, too. Her expenses had doubled with the girl's advent, and what with providing an extra wardrobe, she could hardly figure how to stretch her funds to cover everything until the first salary day.

On top of all this, was the sudden, disturbing change in all her habits that Elsie's presence involved—the loss of her few, precious hours of privacy, the strain of unaccustomed, close companionship.

The girl was now settled in a large, pleasant room of her own across the hall, but she was in and out of Anne's room perpetually on one pretext or another. There was not a moment that Anne could rest or study, secure from interruption.

Remonstrances were thrown away. Elsie would laugh tolerantly at her "fussiness," or wink back tears at her "unkindness," but she could not or would not see that anybody's affairs were more important than her own.

When Elsie was in a good humor she was like an affectionate, lovable child, and Anne's heart warmed forgivingly to her; but her demands were endless—for money, amusements, sympathy and help of all kinds—and when one was refused, no matter how or why, up flared her temper and out prang her sharp, cruel little claws.

Anne tried to be patient and ascribe her tantrums to the willfulness and egotism of youth. What she found hardest to excuse was that every serious difference between them reached Harland's ears sooner or later, in one form or another.

CHAPTER VIII. The Play Opens. The season was now well started, and the theatrical pot boiling busily all over the country.

Broadway buzzed with tales of "hits" and "frosts." Anne kept track of the big ones, because it was part of her business to do so, but they all seemed very remote and immaterial. Even the spectacular success of Leo Stolpin with his Shakespearean company, headed by a specially imported English star, did not interest her as it would have done once. It put him at one bound in the front

rank of American managers, but what did she—the star of "The Victory"—care?

Sometimes she was appalled when she reckoned up the stakes that were piling up on this one card of hers. By day, she could minimize or ignore them, but at night when she was alone with nothing to distract her—then was when the swarms of anxiety settled down on her and would not be fought off.

At last came the final rehearsal and the first railroad "jump" to the inconspicuous Pennsylvania town where "The Victory" was to open.

The performance that first night went with a smoothness and spirit that delighted everybody on both sides of the curtain. The audience was large, and generous with its sympathy and applause, and its cordially reacted favorably on the players.

With every fresh sign of approval, they grew more confident, more sure of themselves and the piece, and before the end of the first act they were whispering jubilantly to each other in the wings that here was a "sure thing" at last! Even Ellis relaxed enough to grin and now and then, and Insie came back half a dozen times and beamed silently but eloquently upon them all.

(Continued in our next issue.)

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Plea of Wife and Children May Free Captured Outlaw



MADISON, Wis., Aug. 21.—John Dietz, picturesque battling "outlaw of Cameron Dam," serving a 20-year sentence in the Wisconsin penitentiary for killing Deputy Sheriff Oscar Harp, will be pardoned soon, if Gov. Philipp heads the appeal of Dietz' wife and five children. Gov. Philipp will act when he receives a report from a physician who is examining Dietz, who is said to be seriously ill. For six years prior to November, 1910, Dietz successfully resisted a giant lumbering corporation, the courts, and the entire police armaments of Northern Wisconsin. Dietz sprang into the limelight

He sat tight on his land and primed his rifle. When deputies came to serve civil processes he warned them away. Others came and he demonstrated that trespassers, after fair warning, would be shot. Nobody got near enough to serve the summons to court. Sheriffs and deputies tried to surprise him. A few were carried off wounded. Thus matters stood for years. One day Sheriff Madden of Hayward county succeeded in ambushing Dietz' son and daughter and seriously wounding them both. In a pitched battle a few days later Dietz was captured after killing a deputy sheriff.