

# MUNSING WEAR

## Get the Whole Family An Outfit of MUNSING WEAR

### And You'll All Be Comfortable This Winter

MANY folks seem to have the idea that Munsingwear is high priced. The fine quality and careful workmanship in Munsingwear undoubtedly give that impression.

When they find out the price of the particular Munsingwear style and fabric that they like best, they are usually surprised—and delighted.

They are delighted again when they put on their Munsingwear—it fits so perfectly, feels so comfortable.



Again they are surprised when the Munsingwear comes back from the wash—as perfect-fitting as ever.

The climax to their Munsingwear experience comes when they discover how long it wears.

For any man, woman or child—tall, thin, short or stout—there's a perfect-fitting Munsingwear garment in any style, fabric or weight desired.

These Munsingwear features explain why there are now 9,000,000 Munsingwear garments sold annually.

Munsing Union Suits for Men, priced \$1.25, \$2.50, \$3 and \$4 a suit.

Munsing Union Suits for Women, priced \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.50 and \$3.

Munsing Vests for Women—have knee or ankle length pants to match—priced 50c, 65c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75 a garment.

Boys' and Girls' Munsing Union Suits at 50c, 65c, 75c, 85c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 a garment.

Misses' Munsing Vests at 75c, 85c, 95c and \$1 a garment.

## Rhodes Brothers

In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

Agents for Munsing Underwear

Agents for Munsing Underwear

# "THE SMUGGLER"

BY ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT  
Copyright, 1907  
J. B. Lippincott Co.

(Continued from Our Last Issue.)  
Mary Anne proceeded to tell us, with much circumlocution and attention to detail, that the previous summer a famous band of smugglers had carried on successful operations under the very noses of our customs officials located in the little town just across the water.

She added that a police boat had recently been assigned to the station and that a large reward had been offered for the capture of the chief offender.

"But law!" finished Mary Anne exultantly, "no common man 's is, they say, but mayhap one of these 'ere islanders wot comes fur the summer, with their steam yachts and their fine clo'es. Will you be havin' clear soup ag'in to-night, miss?"

"As you please, Mary Anne," Elizabeth spoke absently, and joined us in the living room with an air of suppressed excitement.

"Do you think it's possible?" she inquired, laying Mr. Gordon Bennett's card on the table as though fearing it might explode.

"No, I don't," said Gabrielle bluntly. "It's just servants' gossip. Don't think about it any more."

Of course, after that we talked of nothing else, and when Lord Wilfrid and Lady Edith came up that evening we told them all about it, beginning with our experience on the steamer. Lord Wilfrid disposed of the steamer episode in one succinct word:

"Drunk," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, and really it seemed not improbable, now that it was suggested to us.

Lord Wilfrid appeared in a new light that evening, he was so talkative and agreeable; he also corroborated Mary Anne's story about the smugglers, and gave us a good deal of information on the subject.

The village was quite excited, he said, and the fishermen who hired sailboats could talk of nothing else. He, by the way, had hired a boat by the week, he told Gabrielle, and was ready to take us out at any time.

"We have a boathouse, but no boat," remarked Gabrielle, "and we can't get inside it because Mary Anne's brother inconsiderately locked the key."

"Perhaps one of mine will fit," suggested Lord Wilfrid, producing his key ring. "Let us try and see."

So we all went down to the little boathouse beneath the bluff and waited on the slip while he tried the various keys with no success.

"We are right under the cottage," said Elizabeth, "and yet one can hardly see it. I don't believe I like it down here—it is so dark and creepy."

Suddenly, however, a beam of light illuminated the little dock, so dazzling in its brilliancy that we were completely blinded and stood blinking helplessly.

"It's a searchlight," I said, with great originality, and added by way of encouragement: "It will be gone in an instant."

But it wasn't. I don't know how long we stood motionless in the white light, but it seemed an eternity to me. It was most unpleasant; but so also was the intense darkness into which we were plunged by the unexpected removal of the light, and with one accord we made for the steps leading back to the cottage.

We went inside, and grew quite cheerful and happy again, while Lord Wilfrid told us about his game hunting in Africa. But it seemed to me Lady Edith was tired tonight, for she was paler than usual. When at last they rose to go, Lady Edith laid her slender white hand on mine and slipped her other arm around Elizabeth's waist.

"I hope you will pardon me," she said gently, "I do not mean to be officious, and of course at home we looked at such things differently."

She paused as though she found expression difficult, and then continued with some hesitation:

"But you are just three girls living here alone, and I've been thinking about what you told us tonight, and it has made me a little uncomfortable. It is so easy to be imposed upon that were I in your place I would be very cautious about admitting promiscuous young men. Now, please don't misunderstand me, will you?"

She looked anxiously into our eyes as she spoke, and as we involuntarily smiled in response she kissed us and joined her brother without another word.

It was her first advance beyond the ordinary courtesies of mere acquaintanceship, and we were gratified as well as surprised, for with all her grace and manner she had an air of reserve difficult to penetrate.

Her words carried weight, too, for when Mr. Gordon Bennett repeated his call within the week he was informed that the ladies begged to be excused.

door with an exclamation of pleasure. "Well," I remarked, as I seated myself, "so we are really neighbors, after all! Are you settled yet, and do you like your new home? We are quite in love with ours."

"Settled!" she said, with a slight shrug. "Well, yes, I suppose so. But don't call it home, please—four bare walls, two windows, and a door. Is that home?"

"But," I suggested, "why not look through the window at the ocean?"

"Ah, the ocean!" she interrupted. "How I hate it! Always rolling, always changing; so deceitful, with its treacherous laughing water, and so cruel. I do not see how I am going to live through this summer."

I listened in silent astonishment, and Mrs. Graham paused with a short laugh.

"Pray excuse me," she said; "you see, I'm from the south, and I love the warmth, the flowers, and the many, many trees. My child is there, too. You could not expect me to leave him in Virginia and be happy in Canada, could you?"

"Why not bring him to Canada also?"

"Oh, no, no!" she said, with unnecessary vehemence. "He is better there—far better. See, this is his picture. Do you wonder I am rebellious at the separation? My mother writes that he is quite well and happy."

"He is like his father," I said, studying the laughing little face.

"Very like," she replied; "very, very like."

"Yes," said Gabrielle; "and you two sat and stared as though we had escaped from the zoo. Take your comb, Elizabeth; I never borrowed one before, and I never will again."

"I suppose," remarked Elizabeth, reflectively examining her recovered property, "we may be said to have dropped into his life; first your bag; then Elsie's side-comb, and now this of mine. It's fate—we've got to know him, but it wasn't so bad, after all, was it?"

Indeed, we had all enjoyed the afternoon. None of us referred to our trip up on the steamer, and our visitor departed without once mentioning our property in his possession.

A sudden storm came up that afternoon, and when Mr. Bennett rose to go the sky was very lowering, so he left his boat tied to our slip and went up into the village to do some errands and wait until it should be over.

Instead of a short squall, however, it settled down into heavy rain, so he was obliged to spend the night in the village, as, of course, he could not cross to his island in his small boat.

It was our first real storm in the cottage, and as we listened to the wind sweep about our little home until it sometimes trembled upon its foundations, I must admit we were slightly nervous. So we gathered around our stone fireplace, and lighted the drift-wood. Mary Anne had placed ready.

"What's that?" cried Elizabeth suddenly, and with one accord we sprang to our feet.

For, above the noise of the storm, we had heard a crash, and the fall of a heavy body, apparently right beneath us.

"The cellar," whispered Elizabeth—"some one is down there."

Now, the cellar was a part of our abode we had not yet explored, so as we crept stealthily into the kitchen we experienced a sensation of standing over a bomb which might at any time explode. Gabrielle valiantly advanced to the door leading down into it, and opened it the fraction of an inch.

"Who is there?" she said. Of course there was no reply. Gabrielle shut and locked the door.

"Shall we go down?" Her voice was rather tremulous, and she looked relieved when we shook our heads decidedly.

"If we only had a dog," I hazarded, "we could put it down ahead of us and find out if any one was there; but we haven't."

"No," agreed Elizabeth thoughtfully; "but we have Mary Anne."

As though in response to her name, the outer kitchen door opened, and Mary Anne herself, wet, bedraggled and breathless, stood before us.

Her usually ruddy face was pale, and her eyes rolled wildly as she looked from one to the other while her shawl slipped unnoticed to the floor.

"You've been out?" It was Elizabeth who spoke, and her voice brought Mary Anne's wandering eye to a focus and held it a moment.

"Yes, miss." She picked up her shawl and folded it carefully.

"It's a wild night, Miss Elizabeth," she said, with a shudder. "I couldn't sleep fur thinking of them I knows who are maybe out on the sea, so I got me shawl and started fur me brother's 'ouse to see if 'e 'ad got 'ome safe and sound; but I couldn't git down the bluff. Miss Elsie, the wind being that 'vil'ent it clean druv me back. 'Ow, but it's a night!'"

Mary Anne paused for breath and looked curiously at us. "But what are ye all in the kitchen fur?" she inquired in a more natural way.

## A NOVEL A WEEK.

Next Week  
"BEYOND THE FRONTIER"  
RANDALL PARRISH

wide apart, and therefore acceptable when it comes to getting out the tangles.

Just what really happened I don't know; I believe she got to dreaming out there in the sunshine, but this is what she said:

"I was sitting quietly reading when I heard a little thump, and that miserable comb went through a crack of the slip into the water."

"It was low tide," continued Gabrielle, "and I could look through the crack and see it lying on the sand beneath the water, so I took a stick and tried to poke it out."

"Well?" I inquired, as she paused with a reminiscent chuckle.

"Well, as I was lying there with my face the color of a boiled lobster, I heard a voice say: 'Allow me,' and there he was in a sailboat. He got it, then calmly landed and introduced himself, saying something about having been unfortunate in his visits."

"Then was your opportunity to be dignified and squealing," I interrupted. "You should have frozen him with a glance."

"I tried to," she returned, "but all at once I remembered my hair, and who could be dignified then?"

"So you brought him home with you as a reward of merit," laughed Elizabeth.

"Yes," said Gabrielle; "and you two sat and stared as though we had escaped from the zoo. Take your comb, Elizabeth; I never borrowed one before, and I never will again."

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and she promptly reassured us, saying she had locked everything securely early in the evening, but would go down and investigate. It was very pleasant to hear her moving about, and when she called up to us with a laugh that the hanging shelf had fallen, we laughed also.

"Them ropes was rotten," announced Mary Anne, laboriously ascending the stairs, "and it's a mercy I didn't set the cream there to rise as usual, which, praise be given, I didn't. Don't you worry no more, but go to bed, and I'll make some chocolate to warm you like, for it's very comfortin' to the innards on a night like this."

It was acceptable advice, and we gladly followed it.

### CHAPTER V.

#### The Robbery.

It was a very beautiful world which greeted us the morning after the storm, and we established ourselves upon the veranda.

Lady Edith Campbell soon joined us, fresh and dainty in her pretty morning costume and simple hat.

"Wilfred has gone fishing," she remarked, as she removed her hat, "and as he means to be away all day I shall not be missed."

She paused uncertainly and looked at us.

"Such a dreadful thing has happened! Do you care to hear hotel gossip?"

We hastened to assure her that we loved all gossip, hotel or otherwise, and she resumed:

"Well, last night Mrs. Bundy, the fat old lady who had the table next to ours, you know—"

"Who wore a diamond sunburst on her forefinger and headlights in her ears," interrupted Gabrielle.

"And came to breakfast in a velvet tea gown, with an emerald necklace," supplemented Elizabeth. "Of course we remember her. Did she die of apoplexy or anything?"

"She was robbed," said Lady Edith gravely. "All her jewels were taken, and they were very valuable. Poor old woman!"

"Robbed!" I exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes, robbed. It makes one very uncomfortable, does it not? They say it is the work of an expert, and have put the matter in to the hands of the police."

"Whom do they suspect?"

"I do not know," she hesitated a moment, then resumed quietly: "You see, the hotel was crowded last night with strangers storm-bound on the island, and it will be difficult to form an opinion."

"But," objected Elizabeth, "it must have been some one who knew she had them. It could not have been a stranger."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

## TODAY'S MARKET PRICES

WHAT RETAILERS PAY

### POULTRY

Hens, live, light 15@16c  
Hens, live, heavy 16@17c  
Ducks, live 11@12c  
1918 spring, live 16@17c  
Geese, dressed 12@13c

### BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE

Fresh ranch eggs 34c  
Washington cheese 18c  
Tillamook, extra 17c  
Wash. creamery butter 24c  
Swiss dom. 26c  
Cream brick cheese 22c

### WHOLESALE MEATS

Helfers 12c  
Mutton, wethers 14c  
Hogs, sides 17c  
Dressed hogs 14c  
Steer beef 12c  
Ewes 13c

### FRUIT

Lemons \$5.50@6.50  
Bananas, lb. 5c  
Oranges, by slice \$3.50@4.75  
Loganberries, crate \$1.15  
Apricots, crate 50c  
Blackberries, crate \$1.00  
Cantaloupes, crate \$1.15  
Pineapples, doz. \$1.70@2.00  
Plums 11@12c  
Cal. grape fruit \$2.75@3.00  
Peaches, Wash. 65@90c  
Watermelons, lb. 15c  
Fruite 11c  
Red raspberries, crate 85c  
Bartlett pears, box \$1.00

### NORTHEAST TACOMA BUS

Special trip, leaving Hagus 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 5:30 p. m.

Stand, Croft Hotel, 1519 Pacific Ave.

MOORE AUTO STAGE Tacoma and Yelm

Lakewood, Hillhurst, Grandale, Roy, McKenna, M. T. MILES.

Leaves Tacoma 11 a. m. and 4:30 p. m., Sundays 8 a. m. and 9:30 p. m. Leaves Yelm 7:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m., Saturday nights 6:30 p. m., and Sundays 4 p. m.

# The Bank of California

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION  
Our offices at San Francisco, Tacoma, Portland and Seattle constitute one bank, under one management, and the depositors of any branch have the security afforded by our

## Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits Over \$16,500,000.00

B. M. JACKSON, Manager. G. H. RALEIGH, Asst. Manager.

TACOMA BRANCH, 13TH & PACIFIC



## Street Paving, Gross Earnings, Taxes and the Street Railway

Another burden placed upon the company besides its general taxes, that does not add to the value of service, is the gross earnings tax. This is a tax of 2 per cent on the total gross receipts of the company's passenger business and 5 per cent on the total gross freight receipts. These figures—2 per cent and 5 per cent—look small, but the joker is in the word "gross." In the year 1915 this tax amounted to more than 12½ per cent of the net receipts after paying operation cost and taxes. In other words, the city of Tacoma gets one dollar in every eight left after the company has paid its taxes, its supply bills and wages.

The gross earnings tax paid to the city of Tacoma from 1906 to 1915 inclusive, totals \$187,084.57. The expenditure of this sum of money that has averaged practically \$20,000 per year, has not added one iota to the value of the service rendered. Whom has it benefited? What good has it done? It has decreased the taxes by just that sum that would have been raised from some other source. While this sum is almost an unbearable burden to this company, divided among the city's 100,000 people it would have amounted to almost nothing. It would be 20 cents apiece per year for each of us. Four street car rides. Just two round trips from home to town per year. WOULDN'T IT BE TO THE MUTUAL BENEFIT OF BOTH THE COMPANY AND THE CITY'S INHABITANTS IF THIS SUM WERE SPENT YEARLY FOR BETTERING SERVICE?

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Tacoma Railway & Power Company