The Rhodes Store Will Be Open All Day Wednesday From 9 a. m. Till 6. p. m.

"Wear-Ever" Week

September 25 to September 30

2 Qt. Covered Berlin Sauce Pan, Special 78c Each.

WHEN YOU CALL FOR 2-QT. BERLIN SAUCE PAN AT 78c ask for a package of "Wear-Ever" Cleanser at the special introductory price at 19c and see for yourself how easy it is to keep aluminum cooking utensils bright and new looking.

We have with us for this "Wear-Ever" week Mrs. Klaus, one of the "Wear-Ever" Company's expert demonstrators. She will be very glad to hear of your aluminum wear difficulties and to demonstrate to you why you should.

Replace Utensils That Wear Out With Utensils That "Wear-Ever"

Tomorrow as a special feature, Mrs. Klaus will demonstrate the canning of pears in a "Wear-Ever" Roaster. The canning of fruit in this manner by the simple placing of the fruit jars in the roaster is the simplest and best method of canning pears that has yet been discovered and it is something that every housewife will be glad to learn at this particular time when the pear canning is just at its height.

—Fourth Floor

Man-Tailored Skirts

MADE TO YOUR MEASURE

$1.75 for the Making

YOU MAY CHOOSE your Dress Goods from anything in our stock, and we will make your skirt to your measure and charge you only $1.75 for the making. Orders will be taken in the Dress Goods Section, where you will find a wonderful collection of plaids, stripes, checks, mixtures and plain colors, in all the fashionable shades of the autumn season.

—Eleventh Street Floor

Rhodes Brothers

In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

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

TEACH RUSSIAN LANGUAGE AT U.

SEATTLE, Sept. 25.—Samuel Hill has endowed a chair of Russian language and literature at the state university, and while in Petrograd recently, engaged Miss Helvine Simeon as instructor, it was announced yesterday by President Henry Suzzallo. Miss Simeon arrived from Vladivostok yesterday and begins work today.

SAFETY FIRST

Our Position:

We are anxious to give to the people of Tacoma better service, more cars and needed extensions as the public is to have them.

But, when our earnings are eaten up with a system handed down from the day of the horse car, in which the street railway is required to pay for 30% to 50% of paving in streets where it operates; when we are required to pay one-half the cost of artistic bridges in which we have no voice as to the amount to be expended; when we are obliged to pay a gross earnings tax of 2% on gross earnings which means approximately 12½% of our net earnings, we cannot even provide for proper maintenance of our present equipment and plant, let alone purchase new cars or lay additional trackage.

Tacoma Railway & Power Company

"BEYOND THE FRONTIER"

A Novel-a-Week, by Randall Parrish; Copyright, 1915, A. C. McClurg & Co.

NEXT WEEK: "NO. 13 WASHINGTON SQUARE," BY LEROY SCOTT.

CHAPTER I.

At the Home of Hugo Chevet

It was early autumn. The air was soft, and the sun flickered through the laced branches of the trellis.

I had fled the house to escape the voice of Monsieur Cassion urging my uncle to accompany him on his journey into the wilderness. I had heard enough to tell me there was treachery on foot against the Sieur de la Salle. To be sure, it was nothing to me, a girl knowing naught of such intrigue, yet I had not forgotten the day, three years before, when this La Salle, with others of his company, had halted before the Ursuline convent, and the sisters bade them welcome for the night.

I recalled it all now, and how we watched them embark in their canoes and disappear, Monsieur La Salle standing bare-headed as he waved farewell.

Beyond him was the dark face of one they called De Tonty, and in the first boat a mere boy lifted his ragged hat. I know not why, but the memory of that lad was clearer than all those others. His name was Rene de Artigny.

And in all those years I heard no more. Into the black wilderness they swept and were lost to those of us at home in New France.

No doubt there were those who knew—Frontenac, Bigot, those who ruled over us at Quebec. Once I had asked my Uncle Chevet and he replied in anger, bidding me hold my tongue. Yet he said enough so that I knew the Sieur de la Salle lived and had built a fort far away, and was buying furs of the Indians. It was this that brought jealousy and hatred

Once Monsieur Cassion came and stopped with us, and, as I waited on him and Uncle Chevet, I caught words which told me that Frontenac was La Salle's friend, and would listen to no charges brought against him.

Then Frontenac was recalled to France, and La Barre was governor. Uncle Chevet was pleased when the news came, but he would explain nothing, until a week later. Cassion came up the river to hold conference.

Then I learned that La Barre had already dispatched a party under Chevalier de Baugis to take command of La Salle's Fort St. Louis in the Illinois country. La Salle had returned to Quebec, but Cassion boasted that the new governor would not even give him audience.

And now Cassion was back again, bearing a message from La Barre, seeking volunteers for some western voyage of profit. And he brought with him word of the governor's ball at Quebec, and had won the pledge of Chevet to take me there.

I could be gracious to him for that, and what they did was nothing to me—all my thought was on the ball. What would you? I was seventeen.

The grape trellis ran down toward the river landing. Suddenly a canoe swept inward toward our landing. I could see those at the paddles, voyageurs, with gay cloths about their heads; but the one in the stern wore a hat, the brim concealing his face. I knew not who it could be until he stepped ashore. Then I knew.

Hat in hand he came toward me. "Mademoiselle," he said gently, "is this the home of Hugo Chevet, the fur trader "

I looked up, seeing at a glance that he had no remembrance of me.

"Yes," I answered. "If you see him, rap on the door beyond."

" 'Tis not so much Chevet I seek," he said, "but one whom I understand was his guest — Monsieur Francois Cassion."

"The man is here," I answered quickly, "but you will find him no friend of Sieur de la Salle."

"Ah!" and he stared at me intently. "You know me them?"

"I knew you once as Monsieur's friend," I said, regretting my indiscretion.

"You knew me once!" he laughed. "Surely that cannot be, for never would I be likely to forget. I challenge you, Mademoiselle, to speak my name."

"The Sieur Rene de Artigny, Monsieur."

"By my faith, the witch is right. Saint Giles! surely 'tis true! I have seen those eyes before; why, the name is on my tongue, yet fails me.: I pray you mercy, Mademoiselle!"

"I am Adele la Chesnayne, Monsieur."

His face brightened as his lips echoed the words.

"Adele la Chesnayne! No, I had not forgotten; only the magic of three years has made of you a woman. Again and again have I questioned in Montreal and Quebec, but no one seemed to know. At the convent they said your father fell in Indian skirmish."

"Yes; ever since then I have lived here, with my uncle, Hugo Chevet."

"Here!" he looked about, as though the dreariness of it was first noticed. "Alone? Is there no other woman?"

I shook my head.

"I am the housekeeper, Monsieur. There was nothing else for me. Besides, I was but a child of fourteen."

"And seventeen, now, Mademoiselle," and he took my hand gallantly. "Pardon if I have asked questions which bring pain. I can understand much, for in Montreal I heard tales of this Hugo Chevet."

"He is rough, a woodsman," I defended, "yet not unkind to me. You will speak him fair "

"No fear of my neglecting all courtesy, for I come beseeching a favor. Cassion has been chosen by the governor to bear message to De Baugis in the Illinois country. I seek pasage in his company."

"You! I thought you were of the party of Sieur de la Salle?"

"I am," he answered honestly, "yet Cassion will need a guide, and there is none save myself in all New France who has ever made that journey. 'Twill be well for him to listen to my plan. And why not? We do not fight the orders of the governor; we obey, and wait. Monsieur de la Salle will tell his story to the King."

He straightened up, facing the door, and I turned, confronting my uncle as he emerged in advance.

"And who is this with whom you converse so privately, Adele?" he questioned brusquely.

De Artigny stepped between us, smiling in good humor.

"My call was upon you, Monsieur Chevot, and not the young lady," he said. "I merely asked her if I had found the right place, and if Monsieur, the Commissionaire Cassion was still your guest."

"And what, may I ask, might be your business with the Commissaire Cassion?" asked the latter, pressing past Chevot.

"I am the Sieur Rene de Artigny."

"Lieutenant of La Salle's?"

'Scarcely that, Monsieur, but a comrade; for three years I have been with his party."

"By the saints!" Cassion exclaimed. "You sought me, you said? Well, for what purpose?"

"In peace, Monsieur. Because I have served Sieur de la Salle loyally is no reason why we should be enemies. We are both the King's men, and may work together. The word has come to me that you head a party with instructions for De Baugis at Fort St. Louis. I came to volunteer as guide."

"You! 'Twould be treachery."

"Oh, no; our interests are the same so far as the journey goes. I would reach St. Louis; so would you. There is not a man who knows the way as well as I. Four times hame I traveled it, and I am not a savage, Monsieur—I am a gentleman of France."

"And you pledge you word?"

"I pledge my word—to guide you safe to Fort St. Louis. Once there I am comrade to Sieur de la Salle."

"Bah! I care not who you comrade with, once you serve my purpose. I take your offer, and if you play me false—"

"Restrain your threats, Monsieur Cassion. A quarrel will get us nowhere. You have my word of honor—and the time of departure?"

Cassion laughed, as he turned slightly, and bowed to me.

"We leave Quebec before dawn Tuesday," he said gaily. "The Governor permits that we remain to his ball. Mademoiselle la Chesnayne does me the honor of being my guest on that occasion."

"I, Monsieur!" I exclaimed in surprise at his boastful words. " 'Twas my uncle who proposed--"

"Tut, tut, what of that?" he interrupted, in no way discomposed. It is my request which opens the golden gates. And you, Monsieur de Artigny, am I to meet you there also, or perchance later at the boat landing?"

"At the ball, Monsieur. 'Tis three years since I have danced to measure, but it will be a joy to look on. Nor shall I fail you at the boat; until then, Monsieurs," and he bowed, hat in hand, "and to you, Mademoiselle, adeiu."

CHAPTER II.

The Choice of a Husband.

It was just before dark when Monsieur Cassion left.

Chevot did not return to the house after Monsieur Cassion's canoe had disappeared.

He was always bearish enough when we were alone. I had learned to ignore his moods, so I paid no heed to the scowl with which he surveyed me across the table, until he burst out savagely:

"And so you know this young cockerel, do you?"

"You mean the Sieur de Artigny?"

"Ay! Don't play with me! I mean Louis de Artigny's brat. Where before did you ever meet this popinjay?"

"At the convent three years ago. La Salle rested there overnight, and young De Artigny was of the party. He was but a boy then."

"He came here today to see you?"

"No, never," I protested. 'I doubt if he even had the memory of me until I told him who I was. Surely he explained clearly why he came."

" 'Tis well for you if that be true," he said gurffly; "but I have no faith in the lad's words. He is here as La Salle's spy, and so I told Cassion. De Artigny—bah! I hate the brood. Listen, girl, I pay my debts; it was this hand that broke Louis de Artigny, and has kept him to his bed for 10 years past. Yet even that does not wipe out the score between us. 'Tis no odds to you what was the cause, but while I live I hate. So you have my orders; you will speak no more with this De Artigny. I have pledged you a husband."

I got to my feet, staring at him.

"But I have no wish to marry, Monsieur," I protested.

He shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"Pooh! Monsieur Cassion has asked me to favor him, and I think well of it."

"Cassion! Surely, you would not wed me to that creature?"

He pushed back his chair, regarding me with scowling eyes.

"Pah!" He gripped me by the arm. "Enough of that, young lady. He is my choice, and that settles it. Tomorrow we go to Quebec, to the Governor's ball, and when Monsieur Cassion returns from his mission you will marry him—you understand?"

The tears were in my eyes, blotting out his threatening face, yet there was naught to do but answer:

"Yes, Monsieur."

We went to Quebec the next day.

* * *

The huge palace was ablaze with lights, and already crowded with guests at our arrival.

Monsieur Cassion congratulated me on my appearance with bows, and words of praise which made me flush.

I will not describe the scene in the great ballroom, for now, as I write, the brilliant pageant is but a dim memory.

I recall the bright lights overhead, the raised dais at one end, carpeted with skins of wild animals, where the Governor stood.

We approached the dais, and awaited our turn to extend felicitations to Governor La Barre.

He was a dark man, stern of face, and with strange, furtive eyes. When he perceived Monsieur Cassion he extended his hand cordially.

"Ah, Francois, you are here at last, and ever welcome. And this," he bowed low before me, "no doubt will be the Mademoiselle la Chesnayne of whose charms I have heard so much of late. Your father, Mademoiselle?"

"Captain Pierre la Chesnayne, sir."

"Ah, yes; I knew him well; he fell on the Richelieu; a fine soldier." He turned toward Cassion, the expression of his face changed.

"You depart tonight?"

"At daybreak, sir."

"That is well. I shall send to you for council in an hour; there are papers yet unsigned."

He turned away to greet those who followed us in line, while we moved forward into the crowd about the walls. Presently Cassion left me for a moment, and my whole attention concentrated on the discovery of De Artigny. Where he came from I knew not, but his voice softly speaking at my very ear brought a little cry of relief. The joy of finding him must have found expression in my eyes, in my eager clasping of his hand, for he laughed.

" 'Tis as though I was truly welcomed, Mademoiselle," he said, and gravely enough. "Could I hope that you were even seeking me yonder?"

"It would be the truth, if you did," I responded frankly, "and I was beginning to doubt your promise."

"Nor was it as easily kept as I supposed when given," he said under his breath. "Come with me into this side room where we can converse more freely."

I slipped back willingly enough through the lifted curtain into the deserted room behind. It was evidently an office of some kind, and was unlighted, except for the gleam from between the curtains. The outer wall was so thick a considerable space separated the room from the window, which was screened off by heavy drapery.

De Artigny appeared familiar with these details, for he led me into this recess, where we stood concealed. Lights from below illumined our faces, and revealed an open window looking down on the court.

"But, Monsieur," I questioned puzzled, "why was it not easy?"

He was about to answer when there was a voice speaking in the office room behind the closing of a door, and the scraping of a chair as some one sat down.

I did not recognize the voice speaking—nor do I know what was said. But the second speaker was La Barre.

"You saw the lady?" he asked.

"In the receiving line for a moment only; a fair enough maid to be loved for her own sake I should say."

The other laughed.

"An heiress, and beautiful! Piff! but she might find others to her liking rather than this Cassion."

"It is small chance she has had to make choice, and as to her being an heiress, where heard you such a rumor, Colonel Delguard?"

"You forget, sir," the officer said slowly, "that the papers passed through my hands after Captain la Chesnayne's death. It was at your request they failed to reach the hands of Frontenac."

La barre gazed at him across the desk, his brows contracted into a frown.

"No, I had not forgotten," and the words sounded harsh. "But they came to me properly sealed, and I supposed unopened. I think I have some reason to ask an explanation, Monsieur."

"And one easily made. I saw only the letter, but that revealed enough to permit of my guessing the rest. It is true, is it not, that La Chesnayne left an estate of value?"

"He thought so, but as you must be aware, it had been alienated by act of treason."

"Ay! but Comte de Frontenac appealed the case to the King, who granted pardon, and restoration."

"So 'twas rumored, but unsupported by the records. So far as New France knows there was no reply from Versailles."

The Colonel stood erect, and advanced a step, his expression one of sudden curiosity.

"In faith, Governor," he said swiftly, "but your statement awakens wonder. If this be so, why does Francois Cassion seek the maid so ardently? Never did I deem that cavalier one to throw himself away without due reward."

La Barre laughed.

"Perchance you do Francois ill judgment, Monsieur le Colonel," he replied amused. "No doubt 'tis small use of our discussing the matter. He hath won my pledge to Mademoiselle la Chesnayne's hand, for I would have him friend, not enemy, just now. They marry on his return."

At the Governor's words De Artigny grasped my shoulders roughly. His eyes questioned and forced an answer from mine. When at last his eyes released me I realized that the Colonel had left and Cassion was in the room.

He was a picture of insolent servility, as he stood there bowing, his gay dress fluttering with ribbons, his face smiling, yet utterly expressionless.

"You sent for me, sir?"

"Yes. You have my letter of instruction?"

'It has been carefully read."

"And the sealed orders for Chevalier de Baugis?"

"Here, protected in oiled silk."

"See that they reach him, and no one else; they give him an authority I could not grant before, and should end La Salle's control of that country. You have met this Henri de Tonty? He was here with his master three years since, and had audience."

"Ay, but that was before my time. Is he one to resist De Baugis?"

"He impressed me as a man who would obey to the letter, Monsieur; a dark-faced soldier, with an iron jaw."

"A stronger man than De Baugis?"

"A more resolute; all depends on what orders La Salle left, and the number of men the two command."

"In that respect the difference is not great. De Baugis had but a handful of soldiers to take from Mackinac."

"And the garrison of St. Louis?"

" 'Tis hard to tell, as there are fur hunters there of whom we have no record. La Salle's report would make his own command eighteen, but he hath lieutenants not so far away as to be forgotten. La Forest would strike at a word, and De la Durantaye is at the Chicago portage, and no friend of mine. 'Tis of importance, therefore, that your voyage be swiftly completed, and my orders placed in De Baugis' hands. I think that will be all."

Both men were upon their feet. I do not know what movement may have caused it, but at that moment, a wooden ring holding the curtain, fell and struck the floor at my feet. Obeying the first impulse, I thrust De Artigny back behind me into the shadow, and held aside the drapery.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

THEY'RE READY FOR SCHOOL

BY BETTY BROWN
(Newspaper Enterprise Association)

Summer play days are over, and mother's chief concern now is a school wardrobe for little daughter.

To help her decide on hats, frocks and coats, I made this sketch of a smart little winter school outfit designed by Mme. Becker of the Fashion Art League of America.

The coat is baby lamb cloth made with triple cape, flaring skirt and a snug collar of black velvet. The round sailor is black velvet, bound around the brim with scarlet. The topknot of ribbon is the color of a scarlet poppy.

Blue and white silk is used to make the frock, but plaid serge or shepherd plaid suiting would be quite as effective.

The prim little waist is strapped with green leather and trimmed with brass buttons. Four flounces is all there is to the skirt. The hat is white crash with green and white crash ribbon and a green quill. A stunning little frock for the school girl of 12 or thereabouts.

AUTOPEDS AND ROLLER SKATES CARRY NEW YORKERS DURING GREAT CAR STRIKE

Various methods of transportation are being adopted in New York on account of the strike of surface car, elevated and subway employes. The autoped, the latest single passenger vehicle, is more prominent on the streets than ever before. The picture shows the autoped and roller skates in use.

SEATTLE ROUTE

Steamers Tacoma and Indianapolis for Seattle

Leave Municipal Dock, Tacoma, 7:15, 9:00, 11:00 a. m.; 1:00 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, 9:00 p. m.
Leave Colman Dock, Seattle, 7:00 9:00, 11:00 a. m.; 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, 9:15 p. m.
Fastest and Finest Steamers. Eight Round Trips Daily.
S. S. JONES, Agent.
Offices Municipal Doc M. 3445

OLYMPIA-TACOMA-DUPONT STAGE

Leaves Tacoma	Leaves Olympia
Donnelly Hotel	Kneeland Hotel
6:00 A. M.	8:00 A. M.
11:00 A. M.	1:00 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	6:30 P. M.
9:00 P. M.	

Subject to Change Without Notice.
PHONE: MAIN 762

TRAVEL INFORMATION for

Leave.		Arrive
	NORTHERN PACIFIC	
12:10 a. m.	Spokane Limited—No. Yakima, Pasco, Spokane	8:15 a. m.
1:40 a. m.	Portland Night Exp.—Via Pt. Defiance	5:00 a. m.
5:10 a. m.	Seattle from Portland via Pt. Defiance	1:30 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	Atlantic Exp.—Spokane, Helena, Butte, St. Paul Chicago	10:50 a. m.
8:00 a. m.	Wilkeson, Carbonado, Fairfax	7:05 p. m.
9:00 a. m.	Grays Harbor Line—Via Point Line & Olympia	4:30 p. m.
9:35 a. m.	Portland Local—Via Yelm and So. Tacoma	9:25 a. m.
9:35 a. m.	Raymond & So. Bend via Yeym and So. Tacoma	8:15 a. m.
10:10 a. m.	Seattle Local—Seattle and Intermediate	
12:45 p. m.	Seattle—From Portland, Raymond and So. Bend via Yelm and So. Tacoma	12:35 p. m.
2:00 p. m.	Grays Har. ocal—Via Point Defiance	12:35 p. m.
3:30 p. m.	Miss. Val. Lim.—Billings, Kan. City, St. Louis	8:00 a. m.
4:40 p. m.	Seattle—From Grays Har. via Pt. Defiance	4:30 p. m.
5:00 p. m.	Orting, Carbonado, Buckley, Kanasket	10:50 a. m.
5:45 p. m.	Portland Special via Pt. Defiance & Centralia	5:35 p. m.
5:45 p. m.	Raymond & So. Bend via Pt. Defiance	5:35 p. m.
5:50 p. m.	Grays Harbor Exp.—Via Lakeview & Dupont	12:20 p. m.
7:00 p. m.	No. Coast Lim.—Spokane, Butte, St. Paul, Cric.	8:30 p. m.
12:45 p. m.	Seattle—From Grays Har. via So. Tacoma	12:20 p. m.
9:20 p. m.	Seattle—From Portland via Pt. Defiance	9:20 p. m.
8:50 p. m.	Seattle—From Grays Harbor via Pt. Defiance	8:40 p. m.
	GREAT NORTHERN RY.	
6:05 a. m.	Shore Line Exp.—North and East	12:35 p. m.
12:45 p. m.	Shore Line Exp.—Portland and intermediate	6:00 a. m.
3:00 p. m.	Inter. Lim.—Everett, Bellingham, Van., B. C.	5:00 p. m.
5:05 p. m.	Inter. Lim.—Principal stations to Portland	2:55 p. m.
5:45 p. m.	Oriental Lim.—Spokane, St. Paul and Chicago	10:00 p. m.
5:45 p. m.	Southeast Exp.—Spokane, Billings, Kansas City.	
9:45 p. m.	Fast Mail (Mail and Express only)	7:05 a. m.
10:00 p. m.	"Owl"—Everett, Bellingham, Vancouver, B. C.	12:01 a. m.
12:10 a. m.	"Owl"—Portland and intermediate	9:55 p. m.
	CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL	
5:15 p. m.	Grays Har. Spec.—Aberdeen, Hoquiam, Raymond	8:05 p. m.
8:45 a. m.	Olympian—Spokane, Missoula, Butte, St. Paul, Chicago	9:30 p. m.
6:00 p. m.	Columbian—Spokane, Missoula, Butter, St. Paul, Chicago	9:55 a. m.
	O.-W. R. & N. CO. (Union Depot.)	
12:45 p. m.	Portland and Grays Harbor Owl	4:40 a. m.
4:45 p. m.	Seattle Local	12:40 p. m.
10:50 a. m.	Shasta Limited	6:40 p. m.
8:30 a. m.	Portland, east and south	1:35 p. m.
6:40 p. m.	Shasta Limited, Seattle	10:45 p. m.
8:40 p. m.	Seattle Local	11:55 a. m.