

FRENCH OFFICIAL ARTIST SKETCHES SCENES AT GREEK FRONT



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Prima Donna Walks Up New York Avenue, Clumpety Clump, in Real Wooden Shoes



(Newspaper Enterprise Association) Holland has come to Fifth ave., New York! The price of leather is so high even the well-dressed think of wooden shoes. Miss Dixon Gerard, prima donna, is here shown clumpety up the avenue in wooden shoes.

LINER MINNESOTA GIVEN TRIAL RUN

(United Press Leased Wire) SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 2.—The Great Northern steamer Minnesota, outfitted with 16 new boilers, was given a trial run on the bay Friday. She is not yet sold or chartered.

"No. 13 Washington Square"

A Novel-a-Week, by Leroy Scott; Copyright, 1914, by Leroy Scott.

NEXT WEEK, "MR. PRATT," BY JOSEPH LINCOLN.

(Continued From Page One.)

above the fireplace to a gold-framed likeness of Mrs. De Peyster.

"You know my invariable custom; give him my invariable answer," was Mrs. De Peyster's crisp response.

"Pardon me, but—but, Cousin Caroline," put in Olivette, "don't you think this is different?"

"Different?" asked Mrs. De Peyster. "How?"

"This is a group of the most prominent social leaders, with you in the center of them all, where you belong."

"Perhaps it may not be quite the same," admitted Mrs. De Peyster. "But I see no reason for departing from my custom."

"If not for your own sake, then—for the artist's sake!" Olivette pursued, a little more eagerly.

"You have taken up M. Dubois. To have his picture displayed like that, think how it will help M. Dubois!"

Mrs. De Peyster considered an instant.

"Matilda, you may give the man a photograph of the picture. But on the understanding that M. Dubois is to have conspicuous credit."

"Very well, ma'am," and Matilda went out.

Mrs. De Peyster gave her cousin a suspicious look. "Olivette, have you been allowing M. Dubois to pay you any more attention?"

"No, no—of course not," cried Olivette. "Do you think, after what you said—"

"M. Dubois is a very good artist but—"

"I understand, Cousin Caroline," Olivette put in hastily. "I think too much of your position to think of such a thing."

"We will say no more about it," returned Mrs. De Peyster, and arose.

"I think I shall take a turn about the house to see that everything is being properly closed. Would you like to come with me?"

Olivette would; and, talking, they went downstairs. As they neared the ground floor, Matilda came hurriedly up from the nether regions of the house.

"Did you know, ma'am," Matilda flattered, eagerly, "that Mr. Jack is home?"

"My son back!" There was vast relief in Mrs. De Peyster's voice. "When did he come?"

"A few minutes ago."

Mrs. De Peyster's voice became severe. "I shall see what he has to say for himself." She turned and began to mount the stairs.

But as she passed the library's closed door she heard Miss Gardner's voice and a second voice—and the second voice was the voice of a man.

Resolutely she stepped to the door, knocked, and then entered.

CHAPTER II.

Enter An Amiable Young Gentleman.

Half an hour earlier, across in Washington square, a young gentleman was sauntering about. He was fashionably but quietly dressed, and the keenest observer never would have guessed purpose in his stroll.

Presently he noted three men turn up Mrs. De Peyster's steps. The trio had no more than touched the bell when he was beside them.

"What papers are you boys with?" he inquired easily, merging himself at once with the party.

One man told him—and looked him up and down. The next moment the door was opened by a stout woman, hat, jacket and black gloves on. All stepped in. The three reporters started toward the reception room. But the young gentleman remained behind with their stout admittance.

Even a fat woman is susceptible to flattery, so it came about that a few minutes later, when Miss Gardner answered a summons to the library, she went pale, then red, then pale again.

"Eliot—Mr. Bradford!" she exclaimed. Then in a frightened whisper: "How did you get in here?"

"Via the cook," he answered. "But don't you realize that this house is one of the most dangerous places in the world for you?" she cried in a low voice.

"Why, Judge Harvey himself is expected here any minute!"

"Judge Harvey!" The equable young man gave a start.

"And after what I saw only today in the papers about Thomas Preston—! Don't you know you are this moment standing on a volcano?"

"Yes—but what of it?" he answered cheerfully.

"How dared you come here?" she flamed at him.

"I had to come, dear. His voice was pleading. 'You refused to answer the letters I wrote you, and begging you to meet me somewhere to talk things over. I read that Mrs. De Peyster was sailing to-night, and I knew that you were sailing with her. Surely you understand, before she went, I had to see my wife.'"

"I refuse to recognize myself as such!" cried Miss Gardner. "But, my dear, you married—"

"Yes, after knowing you just two days! Oh, you can be charming and plausible, but that shows how foolish a girl can be when she's a bit tired and lonesome, and then gets a bit of a holiday."

"But, Clara—"

"Wait, Clara." He caught her hand as she turned to go, and spoke rapidly. "I don't think I'm so bad as you think I am—honest. You may change your mind; I hope you do, dear; and if you do, write me, phone me, telegraph me, cable me, wireless me. But, of course, not to me direct; the police, you know. Address me in care of the Reverend Mr. Peacock. Here's a card of the boarding house where he is staying." He thrust the bit of pasteboard into her free hand. "Remember, dear, I really am your husband."

With an outraged gesture, she flung the card to the floor.

It was at just this moment that Mrs. De Peyster, ascending from the scene with the reporters, knocked on the door.

"Into the study," whispered Miss Gardner, pointing at a door, "and watch your chance to get out!"

In the same instant the door closed softly behind him. Into the library swept Mrs. De Peyster, followed by Olivette and Matilda.

There was a lofty sternness in Mrs. De Peyster's manner. "Miss Gardner, I believe I heard you speaking with a man."

"You did."

"Where is he?"

"He went out thru the window," said Miss Gardner.

"Ah, he did not want me to find out about you. But by chance I overheard him say he was your husband."

"He is." Then with an effort: "But husband or no husband, Mrs. De Peyster, I believe I would be of equal value."

"I desire no scene, no argument," interrupted Mrs. De Peyster. "I believe you will remember Miss Gardner, that when you applied for your present position two months ago, I told you that I made it a rule to have no employees of any kind who were married. I then asked you if you were married. You informed me you were not."

"And I was not, at that time."

"Indeed! If you had been what you declared yourself to be, and remained such, you could have stayed with me indefinitely. Matilda there has been with me 20 years, as she will tell you, with no desire to change her state whatever."

Matilda hastily dropped her eyes. Mechanically she noted the rejected card Mr. Bradford had tendered Miss Gardner. Her long habit of perfect orderliness prompted her to bend over and secure this bit of litter. She thrust it into the pocket of her black skirt.

Mrs. De Peyster continued: "Miss Gardner, since you are not what you declare yourself to be, I no longer require your service."

Miss Gardner bowed stiffly.

At just this moment a cheery masculine voice called out: "May I come in, mother?"

"You, Jack. You may."

The door swung open, Miss Gardner stepped out, and there entered a young man of 22 or 23, flawlessly dressed. He crossed to Mrs. De Peyster.

"Good morning, mother; glad to get back," he said, imprinting a kiss upon her stately cheek. "Hello, Olivette."

"Good morning, Jack," responded Olivette.

Jack slipped an arm across Matilda's shoulders. "How are you, Matilda? Glad to see you again."

"And I'm glad to see you again, Mr. Jack," returned Matilda, with a look of stealthy affection.

"Please go, Matilda," said Mrs. DePeyster crisply. "And now, Jack," she continued with frigid dignity after Matilda had withdrawn, "I trust that you will explain your absence, and your long silence."

"Certainly, mother," said Jack. "But I'd like to put a few leading questions to you first, Olivette."

"Do you know that Sherlock Holmes found it an instructive and valuable occupation to count the stairsteps in a house? Suppose you run out for five minutes and count 'em. I'll bet you a box of—"

Olivette had risen, somewhat indignantly. "Oh, if you want me out of the way, all right!" And with a rapidity that approached instantaneity, she disappeared.

"Well, first of all, mother, I'm dissatisfied."

"Dissatisfied?" She straightened up. "What about? Do I not allow you all the money you want? Have I not practically arranged a match between you and Ethel Quintard? Ethel will have three millions some day. What more can you want?"

"Well, for one thing, to go to school."

"Go to school! Why—why, you've already had the best of education! Exeter—Yale—not to speak of private tutors!"

"And what did I learn? That is," he added, "over and above being a fairly decent half-back and learning how to spend money? I'm tired of loafing. I'd like to work."

His mother could only dazedly repeat: "Work! You go to work!"

"Oh, not at once. No, thank you! I want to ask you to give me a little proper education first that will equip me to do something. You've spent—how much have you spent on my education, mother? Tens and tens of thou-

sands, I know. Now I've been thinking of late how much I could get out of that investment."

"You mean?"

"I mean," he said pleasantly, "I've been at work."

"At work!" Mrs. De Peyster gasped. "You've worked—at what?"

"Well, you see, mother, if I could have knocked out a home run, say a job as a railroad president, when I stepped up to the plate in the first inning, I suppose I wouldn't have backed away from the chance. But I wanted to find my real value, so I wore cheap clothes and kept clear of my friends. 'What could I do?' every one asked me. You know my answer. And their answer. But finally I met a kind gentleman who gave me a chance."

"Jack De Peyster! I'm astounded at you!"

"I thought you might be a little," he admitted.

"I won't have it!" cried Mrs. De Peyster, wrathfully.

"You really mean that you are not going to add a few thousands more to my hundred thousands' worth of education?"

"I certainly shall not!"

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it," he sighed, "we'll drop the matter—temporarily."

"We'll drop it permanently!" said Mrs. De Peyster, decisively.

"Besides, all this talk is utterly needless. You seem to forget that you are sailing with me to Europe tomorrow."

"That brings me to the second point. I was hoping," Jack said mildly, "that you would consent to take my regrets to Europe."

"Why, your passage is paid for, and my plans—you know Ethel Quintard and her mother are sailing on the same boat. No, most certainly I shall not let you off!"

"Well, that brings us to the third point." He drew a copy of the Record from his pocket and pointed to a paragraph. "Mother, this is the second time my engagement to Ethel Quintard has been in print. I must say that I don't think it's nice of Ethel and Mrs. Quintard to let those rumors stand. I would deny them myself, only it seems rather a raw thing for a fellow to do. Mother, you must deny them."

"Jack, this marriage is bound to come!"

"It's all off."

"And why, if you please!"

"Oh, for several reasons," he returned mildly. "But one of the reasons is that I happen to be engaged to some one else."

"Engaged?" gasped Mrs. De Peyster, falling back. "And without my know it! Who is she?"

"Mary Morgan."

"Mary Morgan! I never heard of her. Who's her father?"

"First name Henry, I believe."

"I don't mean his name. But who is he—what's his family—his financial affiliations?"

"Oh, I see. Mary told me he runs a shoe store in Buffalo."

"Oh! gasped Mrs. De Peyster. "Oh! And—and this—this—Mary person—"

"She plays the piano and is going to be a professional."

"For a moment Mrs. De Peyster's was inarticulate. She choked with her words. Before she could get them out, Jack was on his feet and had an arm around her shoulders.

"Come, mother, don't be angry—please!" he cried with farm, boyish eagerness. "Before you say another word, let me bring Mary to see you. I can get her here before you go on board. The sight of her will show you how right I am. She is the dearest, sweetest—"

"Stop!" She caught his arm. "I shall not see this—this Mary person!"

"No?"

"And I shall never see her! Never! And what is more," she continued, "you are going to give up, yes, and entirely forget, all those foolish things you have just been speaking of!"

"Pardon me, mother; you are mistaken," he said quietly. "I am going to give up nothing."

"Then—then—" she was saying thickly, in her outraged majesty, when Matilda opened the hall door and ushered in an erect, slender man of youthful middle age.

"I beg pardon; I fear I come inopportunistly," he said, as he sighted Mrs. De Peyster's militant attitude. "I'll just wait—"

"Do not go, Judge Harvey," Mrs. DePeyster commanded, as he started to withdraw. On the other hand, your arrival is most opportune. Please come here."

"Good morning, Uncle Bob," Jack said, cheerfully.

Mrs. De Peyster glared at her son, then crossed to the safe, took out a document and returned to the two men.

"Judge Harvey, I do not care to go into explanations," said she. "But I desire to give you an order and to have you be a witness to my act."

"Of course, I am at your service Caroline."

"In the first place," she said, striving to speak calmly, "I beg to request my son to move such of his things as he may wish out of this house—and within the hour."

"And to you, Judge Harvey, I wish my son's allowance, which was paid thru your office, to be discontinued from this moment."

"Why—of course—just as you

utterly worthless social purposes."

"Speaking of money," cut in Mrs. De Peyster, "perhaps I should have spent my money worthily, like Judge Harvey, upon a gift of Thomas Jefferson letters to the American Historical society."

"Why, yes," admitted the judge with increasing bewilderment.

"His share amounts to two millions, or thereabouts."

"Thereabouts."

Mrs. De Peyster took two rustling, majestic steps toward her fireplace. "Until my son gives me very definite assurance that his conduct will be more suitable to me and my position, he is no longer my son." And so saying, she tossed the will upon the fire.

CHAPTER III.

A Slight Predicament.

For several moments after Jack had withdrawn, Mrs. De Peyster stood in majestic silence beside the mantelpiece.

"We will forget this incident, Judge Harvey," she said at length.

"But, Caroline," he began hesitantly, "weren't you perhaps a little too stern with Jack?"

"As I said, Judge Harvey, I do not care to explain the situation."

"Caroline," bracing himself, "there is something—something you were perhaps not expecting to hear—that I must tell you."

"I trust, Judge Harvey—some- what stiffly—that you are not about to propose to me again."

"I am not." His face flushed; then set grimly. "But I'm going to again, some time, and I'd do it now if I thought it would do any good."

"It will not."

He rose abruptly, and with a groaning burst of impatience that had a tinge of anger: "Oh, for heaven's sake, Caroline, why don't you throw overboard all this fashionable business, this striving to keep an empty position, and be—and be—"

"And ultimately be Mrs. Harvey—no thank you!" she replied, in a caustic voice. "But while you are at it, have you any further suggestions for my conduct?"

"Yes," said he determinedly. "You have been spending too much money, and spending it on

discussed as throwing new light upon the beginning of the United States Republic, had a month before been pronounced and proved to be clever but arrant forgeries. The newspaper sensation and the praise that had attended the discovery and gift—warming and exalting Judge Harvey's very human pride—had been followed by an anti-climax of gibes and jeers at his gullibility.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

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