

DISPLAYS AND SALES OF KNIT UNDERWEAR

(Continued)

THE BIG DISPLAY AND SALE OF UNDERWEAR announced last night surely hit upon a popular chord—the Underwear counters were kept busy from the opening of the doors. It's high time to think of warmer Underwear. Frost we already have and one of these chill, damp, windy fall rains, which help so materially to inaugurate a season of colds, may come any day. Only those who have warmer Underwear ready will be thoroughly prepared and safe. We are ready right now with the largest, best selected, best assorted stocks in our history to supply the needs of every man, woman and child.



BEYOND COMPARE
MUNSING WEAR

EXTRA SPECIAL
Men's Merino Union Suits—Good medium weight—natural color—cut full size—\$4 to 46—very specially reduced for this sale only to, per suit **\$1.29**

Men's Munsing Union Suits—Fine ribbed worsted; natural color; perfect fitting; can be had in regulars or stouts—splendid value, suit **\$3.00**

Men's Globe Worsted Union Suits—medium weight—natural color—unsurpassed in the city at, per suit **\$2.00**

EXTRA SPECIAL
Boys' and Girls' Cotton Fleece Union Suits, high neck, long sleeve garments—choice of white or gray; all sizes from 2 to 15 years—very specially reduced for this sale to, per suit **39c**

Munsing Union Suits—Good quality worsted—good fall weight; natural color; perfect fitting; exceptional value at, per suit **\$2.50**

Men's Heavy Cotton Ribbed Suits—ecru color only—splendid good value at, per suit **\$1.00**

Men's Natural Wool Shirts and Drawers—winter weight—cut full size—splendid wearing garments that are an exceptional value at, per suit **\$1.50**

Women's Munsing Silk and Wool Union Suits in all the popular styles; all sizes; priced, suit **\$3.00**

Women's Munsing Merino Union Suits in all the popular styles and sizes; splendid value at, per suit **\$1.50**

Women's Munsing Merino Vests; high neck, long sleeve styles; either white or gray; heavy weight; splendid value at, per garment **\$1.00**

Women's Munsing Merino Vests; high neck, long sleeve styles; either white or gray; heavy weight; splendid value at, per garment **\$1.25**

Children's Munsing White Cotton Union Suits; high neck, long sleeve; Dutch neck, elbow sleeve; ankle length garments; all sizes; exceptional values at, per suit, 50c and **65c**

Boys' and Girls' Munsing Good Wool Union Suits; white or natural; all sizes from 3 to 14 years; rousing good values at, per suit **\$1.50**

Boys' Munsing Heavy Cotton Fleece Union Suits in cream or gray; all sizes from 3 to 14 years; very exceptional values at, per suit, 75c and **85c**

Women's Globe Non-Shrinkable Wool Vests in high neck, long sleeve, or elbow sleeve styles, with tight to match—splendid value at, per garment **\$1.75**

Women's Richelieu Seamless Cotton Union Suits in medium weight; all styles to select from; wonderful value at, per suit **\$1.00**

Women's Richelieu Seamless Cotton Union Suits in medium weight; all styles to select from; wonderful value at, per suit **\$1.25**

EXTRA SPECIAL
Women's Cotton Fleece Union Suits—low neck, no sleeve, or high neck, elbow sleeve, ankle length garments, in all sizes, including extra sizes; very specially reduced for this sale only at, per suit **39c**

Women's Globe Non-Shrinkable White Wool Union Suits; high neck, long sleeve, or high neck, elbow sleeve, ankle length garments; splendid value at, per suit **\$3.00**

EXTRA SPECIAL
Women's Medium Weight Cotton Union Suits in high neck long sleeve; Dutch neck, elbow sleeve, ankle length garments—extra good value—all sizes—very specially reduced for this sale **59c**

"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 our last issue.)

Matilda stopped short. Jack wheeled about.

"Hello, Matilda. Thought you'd gone down to the kitchen."

"Why—why—if it isn't Mr. Jack!" stammered Matilda.

Mrs. De Peyster trembled. What more likely than that Matilda, in her amazement, should reveal the house's secret? But the half light of the room was a very obliging ally against such suspicion as her son's.

"Of course, it's Jack," said he. "But say, what's the matter, Matilda?"

"Yes, what's the matter, Matilda?" asked Mary, with great concern.

"Ma'am—ma'am"—staring wildly at Mary—"I—I don't know ma'am."

"What have you already forgotten what I told you about Mary?"

"Ma—Mary?" gasped Matilda blankly.

"Where have you put your head Matilda? Yes—Mary!—Mary!—Mary! Mary De Peyster—Mrs. Jack De Peyster—my wedded wife—whom it cost me four trying to make my own. Understand?"

"P-perfectly, Mr. Jack."

Jack moved to the wall near the door, where were several buttons.

"Mary, I'm going to ring for William—we'd better take him into this thing straight off, or he may stumble on the fact that extra people are in the house and call in the police."

At her crack in the pantry door Mrs. De Peyster grew even more apprehensive.

Jack and Mary cooed; Matilda sat all of a heap, and presently William walked in. He came in with a haughty glower, for he had supposed the ring to be Matilda's. But at sight of Jack and Mary his face went blank with amazement.

"Why, why, Mr. Jack!"

"Hello, William! This is Mrs. Jack, William. Just married. We've come to spend the summer with you."

"Yes, sir."

"But on the quiet, William, understand? If you leak a word about our being here—well, I know about the heart-throb business between you and Matilda. If you drop one word, I put mother next to what's doing between you two. That's all. Good-night."

Jack turned his back, and Mary, whose heart went out to all lovers, delicately turned hers. "William," fluttered Matilda, taking an eager, hesitating step toward him.

He stared at her haughtily. "William," she cried bewildered, "what is it?"

"I believe you know what it is, Miss Simpson," he replied witheringly, and stalked out under full majesty.

"Matilda," spoke up Jack, "have you got supper things started yet in the kitchen?"

"Er—er—what?" stammered poor Matilda.

"Say, see here—what the dickens is the matter with you?" Jack exploded in exasperation. "You just promised to start supper in the kitchen, and now—"

"Of course—of course," gulped Matilda. "I forgot. I'll do it right away."

Matilda was reeling. But she started for the door of the butler's pantry.

In the darkness of the pantry a hand fell upon her arm. "Matilda," breathed her mistress's voice, and Matilda had enough control not to cry out, or was too far gone. Clutching hands, they went down the winding stairs that led from the butler's pantry to the kitchen.

"Oh, ma'am, ma'am!" moaned Matilda in the darkness.

"Matilda, there is only one thing to do! We must leave the house!"

"Oh, ma'am, yes! This minute. But where—"

"There's no time to think of anything now but getting out," cried Mrs. De Peyster with frantic energy. "Slip up the front stairway, Matilda, and get your hat. And here are my keys. Lock my sitting-room, so they can't see any one's been living in it. You manage it without them seeing you. And for heaven's sake, hurry!"

Two minutes later these things were done, and Matilda, bonneted, was hurrying forward hand in hand with Mrs. De Peyster thru the black hallway of the basement.

CHAPTER VI. The Flight.

The two dark figures, with veils down, each looking a plagiarist of the other, slipped out of the servants' entrance, thru the rate of the low iron fence, and arm clutched arm, hastened eastward to University place.

At the head of Union square they caught a roving taxicab. Their next thought, after bare escape, was necessarily concerned with shelter.

"I only just now thought about it—but please, ma'am, did you happen to bring your purse?"

"My purse!" Mrs. De Peyster gasped. "Matilda!"—in a voice chilled with dismay—"I never thought of my purse until this moment! There wasn't time! I haven't a cent!"

"And after paying for the cab, ma'am, I will have only a little over fifteen dollars."

"Matilda!" There was now real tragedy in Mrs. De Peyster's voice. "What are we going to do?"

"It seems to me, ma'am," ventured Matilda, "that a rooming house or a boarding house would be cheapest."

"A boarding house!" exclaimed Mrs. De Peyster. "But where?"

Matilda remembered and reached into her slit pocket.

"Yesterday I happened to pick up the card of a boarding house in the library—I've no idea how it came there. I saved it because my sister Angelica, who lives in Syracuse, wrote me to look up a place where she might stay."

They examined the address upon the card, and twenty minutes later, now close upon midnight, Matilda was pressing the bell of a house on the West Side.

The door opened slightly. A female, interrogated Matilda. They were admitted into a small hall. From this hall a stairway ascended, and from it was a view into a small rear parlor, where sat a clergyman. The lady who had admitted them was the mistress. To her Matilda made known their desire.

"Excuse me, Mr. Pycroft," she called to the clergyman. "So you and your friend want board and room?" the landlady repeated in a drawing tone, yet studying them sharply. When would you want to come in?"

"Tonight!" The penciled eyebrows lifted in surprise. "And your baggage?"

"We came to New York without any," Matilda lied desperately. "We're—we're going to buy some things, you expect to pay in advance."

"Ah—er—at least a deposit."

"One room or two?"

"One." One would come cheaper.

"This way." And she swished up two flights of stairs and into a bedroom at the back, where she turned on the light. "A very comfortable room," she went on. "Bed and couch, easy chairs, running hot and cold water. And for it I'm making a special summer rate, with board of only \$25 a week for two."

"We'll take it," said Matilda. "Very well. Now the deposit—how much can you pay?"

"Ah—er—say fifteen dollars?"

"Thank you. Good night. And with that her large pink-lit ladyship made a rustling exit.

Mrs. De Peyster sank over come into a chair, drew up her veil, and gazed about her.

"Matilda!" she shiveringly ejaculated. "I didn't know there was anything like it in the world!"

"I know, ma'am," that it's not fit for us," grieved Matilda. "But—it's better than nothing."

"The next morning there was a long discussion as to whether Mrs. De Peyster should go down to breakfast or have all her meals sent up. In the end two considerations decided the matter. In the first place, meals sent to the room would undoubtedly be charged extra. In the second, it was possible that Mrs. De Peyster's remaining in her room might rouse suspicion.

The dining room was low ceilinged and occupied the front basement and seemed to be ventilated solely through the kitchen. Mrs. De Peyster hazily saw perhaps a dozen people.

Mrs. Gilbert did not give Mrs. De Peyster a second glance. The other boarders, after their first scrutiny, hardly looked at her again. The effect was as if she had turned their backs upon a man. Then, in a flash, she understood. They were snubbing her as a social inferior!

Mrs. De Peyster was beginning to flame when the clergyman they had glimpsed the night before entered. He seated himself at a small table just beyond Mrs. De Peyster's and was unfolding his napkin when his eyes fell upon Mrs. De Peyster. And then Mrs. De Peyster saw one of the oddest changes in the man's face imaginable. That instant-long look made her shiver. What was in this clergyman's mind?

He was at present without a charge, as she learned later. It was understood that he was waiting an almost certain call from a church in Kansas City.

As Mrs. De Peyster came out of her room that first Sunday at supper time, there emerged from the room in front of hers the Rev. Mr. Pycroft. He held out his hand, and smiled parochially.

"Ah, Miss Thompson"—that was the name she had given the landlady—"since we are neighbors we should also be friends."

Somehow Mrs. De Peyster got away from him. But thereafter he spoke to her whenever he could waylay her in the hallway or upon the stairs.

Mrs. De Peyster and Matilda did not speak of money at first; but Matilda saw evicition in their landlady's penciled eyes, and without a word as to her intention to Mrs. De Peyster, she slipped out on the third day, returned minus her two rings, and handed Mrs. Gilbert ten dollars.

They were secure to the week's end. After that—?

But on Thursday, locked in their room, they spoke of the matter openly.

As they left the dining room, Mrs. Gilbert stopped them on the stairs. She notified Mrs. De Peyster that she would thank them for another week's pay in advance

the following day, or their room.

Here was a crisis that had to be faced at once. Up in their room they discussed finances, going over and over their predicament, for two hours. There seemed no practical solution.

Suddenly Mrs. De Peyster looked up. "Matilda, I think I have it."

"What is it, ma'am"—with faintly reviving hope.

"You have the keys to my house. You slip back there tonight, find my purse, or bring something that you might sell."

"But, ma'am," quaveringly protested Matilda. "Suppose a policeman should see me?"

"Nonsense, Matilda! We have simply got to have money!"

Matilda was beginning to whimper yieldingly, when a knock sounded at their door.

"It's the landlady come to throw us out," quaked Matilda. "The door," ordered Mrs. De Peyster, "and tell her she shall have her money in the morning."

Matilda unlocked the door. There entered the Rev. Mr. Pycroft.

"Please leave this instant!" commanded Mrs. De Peyster.

"It is not my nature," he returned, "to go and leave behind me fellow creatures in distress!" repeated Mrs. De Peyster.

"I was passing," said he, "and chanced to overhear you say a moment since that you simply had to have money."

Mrs. De Peyster's face filled with suspicion. "You have been listening all the while?"

"Possibly," said Mr. Pycroft, with a bland smile. "I suppose, Miss Thompson, you are not aware how much you look like a certain great lady, a famous social leader? To be explicit, like Mrs. De Peyster?"

She sank back, mere jelly with a human contour. So she was discovered! She rolled her eyes wildly toward Matilda; Matilda rolled wild eyes toward her.

"It is really a remarkable likeness," went on the low voice of the Rev. Mr. Pycroft. "I've seen Mrs. De Peyster, not more than six yards away; and the likeness struck me the very moment I saw you. You could pass anywhere as Mrs. De Peyster. That likeness is the foundation of my proposition."

Mrs. De Peyster stared at him, and began to clutch at consciousness. After all, was it possible that he hadn't recognized her as Mrs. De Peyster? But if he hadn't recognized her, then what was he driving at?

"Friend," the Rev. Pycroft remarked, "what's your two ladies' game?"

"Our game?" Mrs. De Peyster repeated blankly.

"Now, don't try to come Miss Innocence over me," he said easily. "I don't understand. In a minute, and I've been watching you ever since. What are the bulls after you for?"

"The—the what?"

"Oh, come—you're dodging the police, or why the disguise?" he queried pleasantly. "What are you? Housebreakers—sneak thieves—confidence game?"

Mrs. De Peyster gaped at him. "I don't understand."

"It's really a pretty fair front you're putting up," he commented with a dry, indulgent smile. "But you might as well drop it, for you see I'm on. But I think I understand." He nodded. "You don't want to admit anything until you feel you can trust me. Well, sisters, you're not the only people the police are after. That's why I am temporarily in the ministry."

"Who are you?" demanded Mrs. De Peyster.

"Well, you don't hesitate to ask, do you?" He laughed, lightly. "Ever heard of the American Historical society's collection of recently discovered letters of a gentleman named Thomas Jefferson?"

Mrs. De Peyster started.

"Yes."

"And perhaps you have heard that authorities now agree that said Thomas Jefferson was dead almost a hundred years when said letters were penned; and that he must have been favored with the assistance of an amanuensis of, so to say, the present generation?"

"Yes."

"That being the case, you may have heard of one Thomas Preston, alleged to be said amanuensis?"

"Yes."

He put his hand across his clerical vest, and bowed first to Mrs. De Peyster, then to Matilda.

"It gives Mr. Preston very great pleasure to meet you, ladies. Only for the present he humbly petitions to be known as Mr. Pycroft."

Mrs. De Peyster was quite unable to speak. So this was the man Judge Harvey was trying to hunt down!

Mr. Pycroft leaned forward. "But this isn't getting down to our business. I've got a plan that's more fun than the Jefferson letters, and that will make us a lot of money, Miss Thompson. It depends, as I said, upon the remarkable coincidence of your likeness to Mrs. De Peyster."

"Yes?" Mrs. De Peyster managed to say.

"You've heard of her, of course; stiffest swell of the lot," went on the young gentleman rapidly. "She's in Europe now,

and the papers say she won't be back until the very end of summer. You need money, I heard you say. Well, I'll stake you till Mrs. De Peyster comes back."

"Stake me?" breathed Mrs. De Peyster.

"Yes. Give you, both of you, what money you need."

"And—and when—Mrs. De Peyster comes back?"

Young Mr. Pycroft chortled with delight.

"Say, this scheme's the best ever! The way we learn Mrs. De Peyster has landed, we dress you up as a top-notch—gad, but we can make you look the part!—we put you in a swell carriage, with her coat of arms painted on it—and you go around to Tiffany's and all the other swell shops where in the meantime I'll have learned Mrs. De Peyster has charge accounts. You select the most valuable pieces in the shop, and then in the most casual, dignified manner—I can coach you on how to put on the dignity—you remark, 'Charge to my account, and I'll just take it along with me.' And off you go, with a diamond necklace under your arm. And same thing at all the shops. Then—we duck before the thing breaks, and divide the spoils of our industry and superior intelligence, as the economists say. Isn't that one great little game?"

Mrs. De Peyster stared at his face, grinning like an elated gargoyle; herself utterly limp, her every nerve a filament of icy horror.

"Well, what do you say?" prompted Mr. Pycroft.

"I—can't—can't do it," she gulped.

"Can't do it!" He stared at her, amazed. "Say, do you realize what you're passing up?"

"I can't do it," repeated Mrs. De Peyster.

He stood up, smiling again. "I won't argue with you. You'll come in, all right," he continued confidently, "for you need money and I'm the party that can supply you. Now think the matter over, girls. I'll be back in half an hour. So long for the present."

The door closed behind him. Mrs. De Peyster gazed wildly after him.

"Matilda, we've got to leave! And leave before he comes back!"

"Of course, ma'am," cried Matilda. And then—

"Matilda had handed Mrs. De Peyster's petty cash account for twenty years, and her business it had been to think of petty practicalities. "We've only got 23 cents left, and we can't possibly get any more soon, and no one will take us in without money or baggage. Don't you see? We can't stay here, and we can't go any place else."

The two gazed at each other. Then suddenly Mrs. De Peyster leaned forward, with desperate decision.

"Matilda, we shall go back home!"

"Go home, ma'am!" cried Matilda.

"There's nothing else we can do. I'll slip into my sitting room, lock the door, and live there quietly—and Jack will never know I'm in the house."

Five minutes later the two twin figures of somberness, their veils down, stole stealthily down the stairs and out into the night.

CHAPTER VII. Home Again!

Home again!

Cautiously they crept through the basement hallway. One more flight, then peace, security.

And then, suddenly, the servants' bell burst into ringing.

"Matilda—what's that?" breathed Mrs. De Peyster.

"M—maybe the police saw us come in," breathed Matilda.

Discarding caution, they plunged frantically and noisily up the stairs; until from out of the overhead blackness descended a voice:

"Stop! Or I'll shoot!"

It was Jack's voice.

They clung to each other, wordless. They heard his feet begin determinedly to descend. Mrs. De Peyster loosed her grip on Matilda's arm and vanished noiselessly downward.

"It's only me, Mr. Jack," trembled Matilda.

"But where the deuce have you been?" exclaimed Jack, coming to her side.

Mary had also hurried down to her. "Matilda, the way you ran away from us!"

"I got a—er—sudden message. There was no time—"

"Never mind about explaining now," interrupted Jack. "Go down and stop that racket before they break in the doors. You're housekeeper, caretaker."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

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