

"No. 13 Washington Square"

A Novel-a-Week, by Leroy Scott; Copyright, 1914, by Leroy Scott. NEXT WEEK, "MR. PRATT," BY JOSEPH LINCOLN.

Introducing the Famous "Dancing Dollies" In New Winter Dances!



The large central picture shows the "Dolly Sisters" in a movement of the new "Dolly Waltz"; the diagrammatic figures around are drawn by Esther Andrews under direction of the "Dollies" and illustrate the dance. In this dance one really starts with Fig. 2 to perform it the easiest way. This figure shows the dancers taking two steps back, crossing Right with Left and then facing each other and turning as in Fig. 1; from this position a second turn is made, and next a half turn as in Fig. 3, first the Left being extended and then the Right; the next movement is shown in Fig. 4 with the gentleman's left hand holding lady's right hand under right arm; next quick waltz turn as in Fig. 5, followed by leap forward (as in Fig. 6) on the right, the left being extended back; the entire dance figure finishing with the weight being brought on the Right, the Left being extended back.

This is one of a series of "How To Do the New Winter Dance Steps," as described by "The Dancing Dollies," the famous twin stars of the New York stage, now appearing on Broadway in "Bridal Night." They are illustrated with explanatory diagrams drawn by Esther Andrews, the Times' writer and artist.—EDITOR.

By the Dolly Sisters (Written Especially for This Newspaper, and Copyrighted, 1916, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.) You remember, don't you, a ter. How to Do It. The gentleman takes his partner by the hand, but not in a regular waltz position, for the gentleman's right hand, raised to a position slightly above the head, holds the lady's left hand. Start back, crossing right foot with left, and take two steps, dipping slightly at each step. Face each other and turn under raised hands. Repeat forward crossing left foot with right to original position, turn and join outstretched hands. Make waltz turn twice, clasped hands outstretched, returning to original position. Throw weight on right foot, extend left foot and bring down on second beat, making a half turn as you do so. Repeat with the right foot, the second half turn bringing back to the original position. Drop hands to regular waltz position and make waltz turn. Gentleman's right arm and lady's left keep regular waltz position. Gentleman places left hand across his back, holding lady's right hand under his right arm. Gentleman releases his right hand, makes quick waltz turn, returning to lady, who has not moved from position. Repeat with lady making waltz turn instead of man. At the end of this figure instead of coming back to original position drop into place for the skating step. Lady and gentleman cross hands in front or man places right arm around lady's waist, girl's left hand rests upon his right, shoulder. Throw weight on left foot, leap forward on right, two hops on right toe with left extended back. Turn half on right, and leap forward at the same time on left. This step can be repeated as the partners desire. For Two Girls, Too. End facing each other, with right hands crossed above head, left hands on hips. Place weight on right foot, left extended backward. Shift weight to left foot and extend right forward. Throw weight forward on right foot and take three steps, making a half turn. Reverse, left hands clasped. Two steps backward, and lady curtsies. We two sisters find that this is a beautiful dance for two girls. In fact, two girls can dance it just as gracefully as a gentleman and lady. Monday the Dancing Dollies will describe another of the new winter dance steps. It will be fully illustrated. Do not miss it! This is to be a great dancing year!

LEGAL NOTICES. To Whom Assessed. Lot. Bk. Prin. Inter-Adv. & est. Penalty. Total. E. H. Perry 11 4829 2.62 .88 .32 3.77 E. H. Perry 12 4829 2.49 .79 .31 3.59 E. H. Perry 13 4829 2.42 .77 .31 3.50 E. H. Perry 14 4829 2.42 .77 .31 3.50 E. H. Perry 15 4829 2.42 .77 .31 3.50 E. H. Perry 16 4829 2.42 .77 .31 3.50 E. H. Perry 17 4829 2.42 .77 .31 3.50 E. H. Perry 18 4829 2.42 .77 .31 3.50 E. H. Perry 19 4829 2.42 .77 .31 3.50 E. H. Perry 20 4829 2.42 .77 .31 3.50 E. H. Perry 21 4829 2.42 .77 .31 3.50 E. H. Perry 22 4829 2.42 .77 .31 3.50 E. H. Perry 23 4829 2.42 1.01 .36 4.59

LEGAL NOTICES. BY VIRTUE OF WARRANTS duly issued by the City Clerk of the City of Tacoma, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the front door of the City Hall, (South 7th Street and Pacific Avenue) in said city, at 10 o'clock a. m. on the ninth day of October, 1916, the following described real estate, unless the same shall have been redeemed before said date of sale. Said sale is to be made to satisfy the first annual installment of Local Improvement Districts Nos. 945, 946 and 944; the Second Annual Installment of Local Improvement Districts Nos. 831, 1118, 848, 445, 892, 995, 913, 4010 and 860; the Third Annual Installment of Local Improvement Districts Nos. 489 and 902; the Fourth Annual Installment of Local Improvement Districts Nos. 691, 690, 839, 488, 1107, and 593; the Fifth Annual Installment of Local Improvement Districts Nos. 897, 484, 684, 796, 878, 447 and 899; the Sixth Annual Installment of Local Improvement Districts Nos. 433 and 423; the Seventh Annual Installment of Local Improvement Districts Nos. 415, and 412; the Eighth Annual Installment of Local Improvement District No. 400 and 338; and the Ninth Annual Installment of Local Improvement District No. 335 together with interest, penalty and costs attached.

LEGAL NOTICES. Local Improvement District No. 400. Eighth Annual Installment. NEW TACOMA. To Whom Assessed: Lot Bk. Prin. Inter-Adv. & est. Penalty. Total. Price Investment Co. 11 2011 21.55 4.74 2.31 28.60 Price Investment Co. 12 2011 21.55 4.74 2.31 28.60 Price Investment Co. 13 2011 22.45 4.82 2.38 29.65 Price Investment Co. 14 2011 25.25 5.21 2.78 33.24

LEGAL NOTICES. Local Improvement District No. 945. First Annual Installment. SOUTH SIDE ADDITION. To Whom Assessed: Lot Bk. Prin. Inter-Adv. & est. Penalty. Total. H. L. Knox 7 4829 2.77 .87 .33 3.97 Jackson Over 8 4829 2.46 .84 2.08 5.38 Andrew P. Fogel 3 4730 2.41 .77 .31 3.49 Andrew P. Fogel 4 4730 2.41 .77 .31 3.49 E. H. Van Buren 3 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 4 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 5 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 6 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 7 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 8 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 9 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 10 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77

(Continued on Page 3.)

(Continued from our last issue.) Then suddenly coming up the stairway was the sound of hurried feet—of many pairs of feet. The footsteps paused before the sitting room door. "Are you sure you saw that person come in here?" they heard Jack's voice ask. "I'm certain." The voice that answered was Mary's. "I'll bet it was a sneak thief," said a third voice—Mr. Pycroft's. He turned the knob, and, finding the door locked, shook it violently. "Open up, in there!" he called. The three clung to one another for support. "Better open up" called a fourth voice—Judge Harvey's. "For we know you're in there!" "But how could she get in?" queried the excited voice of Mary. "Skeleton key," was Mr. Pycroft's brief explanation. "Mrs. De Peyster, we three will watch the door. You go and telephone for a locksmith and the police." "All right," said Mary. "The police!—she mustn't go!" gasped Mrs. De Peyster. "Open the door, Matilda, quick!"

CHAPTER XI A Family Reunion.

Matilda's shaking hand unlocked the door, Jack lunged in, behind him Mr. Pycroft, Judge Harvey and Mary. On Jack's face was a look of menacing justice. But at sight of the trembling turnkey the invading party halted, and Jack's stern jaw almost dropped from its sockets. "Matilda!" he exclaimed. And from behind him, like a triplicate echo, sounded the others. "Matilda!" "Good—good morning, Mr. Jack," quavered Matilda, locking the door again. Then the four sighted Olivetta. "What you, Olivetta?" inquired Jack and Judge Harvey cried in unison. "Yes, it's I, Jack," she said with a hysterical laugh. "I just thought I'd call in to express it's no more than is proper, my being her cousin, you know—to express my sympathy to your mother."

"Your sympathy to my mother?" "Yes. To—to tell her how—how sorry I am that she's dead," elucidated Olivetta. A little hand gripped Jack's arm. "Jack!" He turned his head and his eyes following Mary's pointing finger. "Mother!" He walked amazedly up before Mrs. De Peyster's pained figure. "Mother!" In the same instant Judge Harvey was beside her. "Caroline!" he breathed, like one seeing a ghost. "Ye—yes, she mumbled. "You're not dead?" "No, no," she mumbled. The Judge and Jack and Mary gazed down at her in uttermost astonishment. To them was added Mr. Pycroft. His bewilderment, for the moment, was the greatest of the group; for the likeness between the black-haired, fled Angelica, and this real Mrs. De Peyster in lavender drassing-gown, was more remarkable than he had ever dreamed.

"Thank God!" quavered Judge Harvey. "But—but how do you come here?" Mrs. De Peyster, with a shivering glance at them all, and one of particular terror at her recent confederate, Mr. Pycroft, made a last rally to save herself. "My explanation—that is, all I know about this affair—is really very simple. I—you see—I really unexpectedly returned home—and discovered this—this situation. That is all." She gathered a little more courage. "I do not need to inform you that I have been away."

"Of course, we know you've been away!" said Jack. "But that Mrs. De Peyster at the pier—who is she?" "She's nothing—but a base—imposter!" cried Olivetta, indignantly. "But we're all ready for the ceremony!" exclaimed Jack. "There are a dozen reporters downstairs, and no end of friends are coming from out of town to be present. And that person, whoever she is, will be here—"

Concern over this new, swiftly approaching crisis for a moment took precedence of all other emotions. Judge Harvey and Mary and Jack gazed at each other, bewildered, helpless. Something had to be done, quick—but what? "Pardon me if I seem to intrude," spoke up the even voice of Mr. Pycroft. "Swiftly he stepped to Mrs. De Peyster's writing-desk, and began running through the pages of the telephone book. The telephone was now in his hand, the receiver at his ear. "Central, give me Broad 4900... Is this the French Line? Then connect me with the manager of the French Line?... I am speaking for Mr. Jack De Peyster—you know. Please give orders to the proper authorities to have Mrs. De Peyster held at the dock. Or if she has left, stop her at all cost. There must be no mistake! Further orders will follow. Understand?... Thank you very much. Good-bye."

He turned about. "It will be all right," he said quietly. "Somebody's been using the bedroom! The bed's not made, and your clothes are all about!" The next moment Jack rushed in behind her. "What a stack of empty tin cans I kicked into in the bathroom! What the deuce has been going on here?" Mrs. De Peyster looked weakly, hopelessly, at Olivetta. "There's no use trying to keep it up any longer. We—we might as well confess. You tell them, Olivetta."

As his associate and as the representative of the De Peyster family. Judge Harvey felt his collar; Jack stared. "Yes—yes," said the impatient Mayfair. "But out with the story! What's doing?" "Something that I think will surprise you," said Mr. Pycroft. "Something that has completely astounded all of us—particularly this lady who is Mrs. De Peyster's housekeeper, and Miss Harmon, here, who has just returned from a quiet summer in Maine to attend her cousin's funeral. The fact is, gentlemen, to come right to the point, there is to be no funeral!"

"No funeral!" ran through the crowd. "No funeral," repeated Mr. Pycroft. "The reason, gentlemen, is that a great mistake has been made. Mrs. De Peyster is not dead." "Not dead!" exclaimed the reporters. "If you desire proof, here it is," Mr. Pycroft, stepping aside, revealed the figure of Mrs. De Peyster. He put his right hand upon her shoulder, gripping it tightly and holding her in the chair, and with his left he lifted the thick veil above her face. "I believe that most of you know Mrs. De Peyster, at least from her pictures."

"Mrs. De Peyster!" cried the staggered crowd. "Mrs. De Peyster herself." "But that other Mrs. De Peyster—the one the funeral is for?" asked Mr. Mayfair. "Who is she?" "That, gentlemen, is as great a mystery to us as to any of you," said Mr. Pycroft. "But how the—how did it all happen?" ejaculated Mr. Mayfair. "That is what I am going to tell you," Mr. Pycroft answered. "Oh!" moaned Mrs. De Peyster. Olivetta and Matilda gazed at Mr. Pycroft with ghastly faces; Judge Harvey and Jack and Mary stared at him with amazed suspense, and Miss Gardner, with whom he had not yet made his peace, breathlessly awaited the next move of this incomprehensible husband of hers.

"What Mrs. De Peyster has said is really very simple. As you know, she left Paris on a long motor trip. During her brief stay in Paris one of her trunks was either lost or stolen, she is not certain which. As she paid no personal attention to her baggage, she was not aware of her loss for several days. So much is fact. Now we come to mere conjecture. A plausible conjecture seems to be that the gowns in the trunk were sold to a second-hand dealer and these gowns, being attractive, the dealer must have immediately resold to various purchasers, and one of these purchasers must have—"

"Yes, yes! Plain as day!" exclaimed Mr. Mayfair. "The face was unrecognizable," continued Mr. Pycroft. "But since the gown had sewn into it Mrs. De Peyster's name, of course—"

"Of course!" The most natural mistake in the world!" cried Mr. Mayfair, excitedly. "Go on! Go on!" "Mrs. De Peyster did not learn of what had happened till the day the supposed Mrs. De Peyster was started homeward. The most sensible thing for her to have done would have been to declare the mistake and save her family and friends a great deal of grief. But the shock completely unbalanced her. She was so completely unnerved—but a mere look at Mrs. De Peyster will show you how the shock unnerved her."

The group gazed at Mrs. De Peyster's face. A murmur of sympathy and understanding ran among them. "In her hysterical condition," continued Mr. Pycroft, "she had but one thought, and that was to get home as quickly as she could. She crossed to England, sailed on the Mauretania, kept her state-room, and arrived here at the house heavily veiled about an hour ago. I may add to the details that she sailed under the name of Miss Harriman, and that her trunks are now at the Cunard pier. There you have the entire story, gentlemen. And since Mrs. De Peyster is in a state bordering on collapse, we would take it as a favor if—"

"No need to dismiss us," put in Mr. Mayfair. "We're in a bigger hurry to leave than you are to have us go. Gee, boys," he ejaculated to his fellows, "what a peach of a story!" In a twinkling Mr. Mayfair and his fellows of the press had vanished. "What's up?" demanded the keen-faced Mayfair. "Before I answer that," said Mr. Pycroft, "permit me to preface what I have to say by touching upon two necessary personal details. First, I believe at least you, Mr. Mayfair, have known me as Mr. Simpson, brother of Mrs. De Peyster's housekeeper. I am not her brother. This harmless deception was undertaken, for reasons not necessary to give, at the request of Judge Harvey; he wished me to remain in the house to arrange and make abstracts of certain private papers. The second detail is, that I am speaking at the request of Judge Harvey,

andable William, took a few respectful paces toward his resur-rected mistress. "If you will not regard it as a liberty," said he, "I should like to express my relief and happiness at your restoration among us."

"Thank you—William," whispered Mrs. De Peyster. William, having delivered his felicitations, bowed slightly, and started to turn away. But Matilda had stepped forward behind him, an imploring look upon her face. "Please, ma'am—please, ma'am!" said she, in a tone that left no doubt as to her meaning. "Wait, William," weakly commanded Mrs. De Peyster. William paused.

"William, Matilda has—has just confessed your engagement. She has also confessed how, during my absence—one night, after driving with you, she—she lost control of herself and seriously offended you. She asks me to apologize to you and tell you how very, very sorry she is."

"Indeed, I am, William," put in Matilda fervently. "It is my wish, William," continued Mrs. De Peyster, "that you should forgive her—and make up things between you—and never speak of that incident again—and be happy and stay with me forever."

Matilda timidly slipped an arm through William's. "Forgive me, William," said she appealingly. William's graven face exhibited a strange phenomenon—it twitched slightly. "Thank you, Mrs. De Peyster," said he. And, bowing respectfully, with Matilda upon his arm, he went out.

"Well, Mary, I guess we'd better be going, too," said Jack, taking his wife's hand. "Mother"—respectfully, yet a little defiantly—"I'm sorry that Mary and I have by our trespassing caused you so much inconvenience. But Mary and I and our things will be out of the house within an hour. Good-bye."

"Wait, Jack!" Mrs. De Peyster reached up a trembling hand and caught his sleeve. "Olivetta," said she, "perhaps you and your—your fiancée could find another place for your confidantes."

"Oh!" exclaimed Olivetta, starting up with a flush. As the pair went out, Mrs. De Peyster slowly raised herself up and stood gazing for a moment at her son. "Do you really—want to—leave me, Jack?" she whispered. "I have been invited to leave," said he, "but I have never been invited to come back."

With a timidity, shot through with tingling daring, she slipped an arm about his shoulders. "Then I invite you," she said tremulously. "Won't you stay, Jack?" "And Mary?" said he. Mrs. De Peyster slipped an arm about Mary, and daintily she kissed Mary's fresh young cheek, and she drew the two tightly, almost convulsively, to her. "Mother!" cried Jack; and the next instant the two pair of arms were about her. And thus they stood for several moments; until—

"Caroline!" broke in the determined voice of Judge Harvey. "I told you I was going to propose to you again. And I'm going to do it right now. Please consider your self proposed to."

She looked up—shamefaced, flushing. "What, after the foolish woman I've—"

"Caroline!" The next moment Judge Harvey's arms had usurped complete possession of her. And she wilted away upon his shoulder, and sobbed here. And thus for several moments.

They were aroused by a polite cough. Both looked up. Halfway to the door stood Mr. Pycroft; gazing at him, tremulously bewildered. "Pardon me," said he, in his grave manner, "pardon me, Judge Harvey, but I believe you failed to mention at what time your office opens."

"What time my office opens?" Judge Harvey repeated blankly. "Naturally," said Mr. Pycroft. "I wish to know at what hour I am supposed to report for work."

"Well—well—" But for a moment Judge Harvey could get out no more. He just stared. Then in a voice of dryest sarcasm: "Would you consider it impudent on my part—I wouldn't be impudent for the world, you know—to inquire what might be your real name? I have heard you variously called Mr. Simpson, Mr. Preston, Mr. Pycroft. Perhaps you have a few other aliases."

"I have had—yes. My real name is Elliot Endicott Bradford. That name has the advantage of never having appeared in any complaint or police report. For that matter, I may add that, under none of my names have I ever been arrested."

"A testimonial from you," exclaimed the Judge—"what could possibly be better?" "But the hour?" gently insisted the other. Judge Harvey stared, his eyes narrowed. Then, suddenly—"Nine-thirty," said he. "Thank you, sir," said Mr. Bradford; and slipped a hand

through Miss Gardner's arm. But before he could turn to go, Mrs. De Peyster, from over the shoulder against which she leaned—she couldn't help it—smiled at him.

And, suddenly, Judge Harvey—he couldn't help it, either—was smiling, too.

THE END.

LEGAL NOTICES. To Whom Assessed: Lot Bk. Prin. Inter-Adv. & est. Penalty. Total. Price Investment Co. 11 2011 21.55 4.74 2.31 28.60 Price Investment Co. 12 2011 21.55 4.74 2.31 28.60 Price Investment Co. 13 2011 22.45 4.82 2.38 29.65 Price Investment Co. 14 2011 25.25 5.21 2.78 33.24

LEGAL NOTICES. Local Improvement District No. 945. First Annual Installment. SOUTH SIDE ADDITION. To Whom Assessed: Lot Bk. Prin. Inter-Adv. & est. Penalty. Total. H. L. Knox 7 4829 2.77 .87 .33 3.97 Jackson Over 8 4829 2.46 .84 2.08 5.38 Andrew P. Fogel 3 4730 2.41 .77 .31 3.49 Andrew P. Fogel 4 4730 2.41 .77 .31 3.49 E. H. Van Buren 3 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 4 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 5 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 6 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 7 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 8 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 9 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 10 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77

LEGAL NOTICES. Local Improvement District No. 400. Eighth Annual Installment. NEW TACOMA. To Whom Assessed: Lot Bk. Prin. Inter-Adv. & est. Penalty. Total. Price Investment Co. 11 2011 21.55 4.74 2.31 28.60 Price Investment Co. 12 2011 21.55 4.74 2.31 28.60 Price Investment Co. 13 2011 22.45 4.82 2.38 29.65 Price Investment Co. 14 2011 25.25 5.21 2.78 33.24

LEGAL NOTICES. Local Improvement District No. 945. First Annual Installment. SOUTH SIDE ADDITION. To Whom Assessed: Lot Bk. Prin. Inter-Adv. & est. Penalty. Total. H. L. Knox 7 4829 2.77 .87 .33 3.97 Jackson Over 8 4829 2.46 .84 2.08 5.38 Andrew P. Fogel 3 4730 2.41 .77 .31 3.49 Andrew P. Fogel 4 4730 2.41 .77 .31 3.49 E. H. Van Buren 3 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 4 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 5 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 6 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 7 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 8 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 9 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77 E. H. Van Buren 10 4829 2.62 .83 .32 3.77