

"MR. PRATT"

A Novel-a-Week, By Joseph Lincoln. Copyright, 1906, By A. S. Barnes & Co.

NEXT WEEK, "THE TAMING OF RED BUTTE WESTERN," BY FRANCIS LYNDE

CHAPTER I.

The Master.
Emeline Eldredge, cook at the Old Home House that summer, come down to the landing one morning before breakfast and hove alongside of where I was sitting in the stern of my sloop, the Dora Bassett, untangling fish lines.
"My sakes! Mr. Pratt," says she; "have you heard about Nate Scudder? I mean about what him and his wife has just done?"
"Ain't been giving his money to the poor, has he?" says I.
"Oh! ain't you the funniest thing!" she squeals. "No, indeed! He's let his house to some city folks, and—"
Emeline lifted off after the milk, only stopping long enough to yell back: "Folks say they're dreadful rich and stylish."
I went over to Trumet in the sloop that very day. And I'm blessed if there wasn't Nate Scudder himself, sitting on a mackerel keg at the end of the wharf and looking worried.
"Hello, Nate!" I hailed, as the Dora Bassett slid up to the wharf.
"Hello, Sol!" he says, sort of mournful.
"Hear you got some boarders," I says.
"Yes," says he.
"I made the Dora Bassett fast and climbed onto the wharf."
"Aue they callating to stay long?" I asks.
"Hey!" says he. "Oh—er—yes."
"Hump!" I grunted, starting to walk off. "Well, be careful of yourself; look out it don't develop into nothing worse."
"What do you mean?" he sings out.
"Oh," says I, "I judged by the way you kept your mouth shut that you had sore throat and was afraid of getting cold. Good day."
Would you believe it, he got up off that mackerel keg and chased after me.
"Hold on, Sol!" he says, kind of pleading. "Don't be in such a hurry. I wanted to talk to you."
"Look here, Nate Scudder," I says, "for a man that wants to talk you make the poorest fist at it of anybody ever I see."
"You was speaking of them boarders of mine," he says. "They come day afore yesterday—early."
He fidgeted a minute or so

more. Then he took me by the arm and led me back to the keg.
"Sol," he says, "set down. I want to ask you something. By gum! I got to ask somebody. I'm—
"I'm worried."
"Yes?" I said, giving him a little of his own medicine.
"Yes. Them boarders—they worry me. He and Huldy set up till high eleven o'clock last night talking about 'em. She thinks maybe they stole the money, and I don't know but they're crazy, run away from an asylum or something."
"Twas this way," he went on. "I got a letter from the feller in New York that I sell cranberries to. He said a couple of friends of his wanted to come to a place in the country where 'twas quiet. Did I know of such a place round here? Well, course, I wrote back that 'twas nice and quiet right at our house. And then, yesterday morning, they come—both of 'em."
"Nice lookin' young fellers as ever you see, they are. The biggest one—they're both half as tall as that mast, seems so—he says:
"Can you give us two sleeping rooms, two baths, a setting room, and a room for my man?"
"Two baths?" says I. "Can't you take a bath by yourself? If me and Huldy bunked in the house and the chore boy in the cellar, maybe we could accommodate you, that is, all but the baths."
"He laughed. He was so everlasting cool about things that it sort of riled me up.
"Perhaps you'd like to hire the whole shebang?" says I.
"Good idea!" he says. "I would."
"Well, that was too many for me! I went into the house and fetched out Huldy Ann. There ain't many women in this town can beat my wife when it comes to business, if I do say it.
"How long would you want the house for?" says Huldy, when I told her what was going on.
"A month," says him as calls himself Edward Van Brunt, turning to the other city feller. "Hey, Martin!" The other chap nodded.
"All right," says Van Brunt. "How much?"
"Thanks I, I'll scare you, my

fine feller. And so I says, 'A month? Well, I don't know. Maybe, to accommodate, I might let you have it for two hundred.'
"Two hundred it is," he says. "And I don't know as you'll believe it, Sol," says Nate, finishing up, "but that feller fished out the cash and passed it over to me like 'twas a postage stamp. What do you think of that?"
"It beats me, Nate," I says.
"Blessed if I know!" says Scudder. "All I'm sure of is that they're up home, with the parlor blinds open and the carpet fading, and me and Huldy's living in the barn. She's doing the cooking for 'em till this 'man' of theirs comes. And I can't make out whether them two are thieves, or lunatics, or what. And Huldy can't neither. I never was so worried in my life."
I left Nate sure of one thing: them two New Yorkers must be queer birds and I wanted to see 'em.
And the very next afternoon I did see 'em. They come down the Old Home pier together. One of 'em, the smallest one—he wa'n't more'n six foot one and a half—looked sort of sick, to me. He had a white face, and that kind of tired, don't-care look in his eye; and the bigger one sort of tended to things for him.
"Good morning," says the big one—the Van Brunt one, I judged. "T'other chap said, 'Good morning,' too."
"Morning," says I.
"Can you take us out sailing?" "Why—er—I guess so," I says. "I don't know why I can't, if you feel like going. Course—"
I hadn't finished what I was going to say before they was in the boat.
"Twas a nice day; one of them clear blue and green days that you get early in June."
"This is grand!" says the big fellow, as the Dora Bassett began to feel her oats and lay down to her work.
Think I, "I wonder if Scudder's right? They didn't look like lunatics, but you can't always tell."
I understand you've got a friend coming," says I, by way of ground bait.
"Friend?" says the big one. "I

don't understand."
"Scudder said you had another man coming to his house," says I.
He smiled. "Oh, I see. I don't know that I should call him a friend, Mr.—er—"
"Pratt," says I. "Solomen Pratt."
"Thanks. No, I wouldn't go so far as to call him a friend; and yet he's not an enemy—not openly." He smiled, and the other chap whose name I found out was Hartley—Martin Hartley—smiled too.
"He's the man Van here belongs to," explained the Hartley one.
I kind of jumped, I guess, when he said that. It began to look as if they was lunatics escaped from an asylum, and this feller that was coming was the keeper.
"Hum," says I. "Do you belong to anybody?" I says to Hartley.
"I did," says he, "but he's doing time."
"Doing time?" says I.
"Yes," says he. "Up the river, you know."
I chewed over this for a minute, and all I could think of was that the feller must be in a clock factory or a watchmaker's or something.
"Watches?" I asks.
Hartley seemed to be too tired of life to want to answer, but his chum did it for him.
"No," says he. "I believe it was pearl studs on the show-down."
Well, this was crazy—talk enough for anybody.
"Studs, hey?" says I.
"Yes," says he. "He was a British beast, and Martin was all balled up in the Street at the time—away from his apartments a good deal—and the B. B. annexed everything in sight."
"Go long!" says I, for the sake of saying something.
"Beg pardon," says he.
"Nothing," says I; and we stopped talking.
We got back to the wharf along about dusk, and I walked with 'em a piece on their way to Nate's. We cut across Sears' meadow, and the frogs was beginning to squeal and the crickets to chirp. All at once, Hartley, the sick one, stopped and held up his hand.
"Heavens, Van!" he says. "It sounds like the ticker."
"Sol Pratt," says I to myself, here's a lesson for you. You're old and homely and your bank account is nothing, minus a good deal, divided by naught; but don't you never complain again. S'pose you was good-looking and rich, but out of your head, like them two poor young chaps. Dear! dear!"

CHAPTER II.
The Man.
I see 'em pretty often during the next week. They used to loaf down to the landing of a morning.
As for the girls, they never looked twice at any of the hotel ones. Two skittish females used to get in their way and beg pardon and giggle, hoisting flirtation signals, so to speak, but Van Brunt and Hartley would just keep on their course like they was carrying the mail.
"Twas these two females that first named 'em. 'The Heavenslies'; 'twas shortened later to 'The Heavenslies.'
Every time I took the Heavenslies on a cruise, the more certain I was that they were loons. Most generally they carried a book along with 'em and read it out loud to each other.
You'd think that book was a human almost, they way they went on about it. The name of it was 'The Natural Life.' I borrowed it once to look at, but 'twas all foolishness to me; telling about money being a cuss, and such rot.
One night, just as we were coming into port, Van says to me.
"Sol," he says, "We may want you and the boat tomorrow. My man'll let you know in the morning."
I was a good deal shook up. I'd almost forgot that keeper.
"Man?" says I. "Oh, yes, yes! I see. Is he here now?"
"No; coming tonight, I believe."
So the next day, about half-past nine, when I'd just about decided to let some of the boarders have the Dora Bassett, I looked up from my fish lines and here was a feller coming down the wharf.
"Elo," says he.
"Hello, yourself," says I.
"Mr. Edward Van Brunt's man," says he. "I'll be up the boat for 'a' past eleven," he says.
"I want to know," says I. "How'll he have it—fried?"
He looked back toward the hotel and then at me again. I had a notion he was going to sing out.
"I'm Mr. Edward Van Brunt's man," says he.
And then he began to understand—or thought he did—the keeper. Well, in some ways he looked his job.
"O—oh!" says I. "A'ID right. Yes, yes. I heard you was coming, Mr.—Mr.—"
"Opper," says he; James Opper.
"Proud to know you, Mr. Opper," says I, which was a lie, I'm afraid.
"Not Hopper," he says. "Opper."
"Sure! Opper's wat I said."

He got red in the face. "Opper," he says. "Hatch—o—p—p—"
"Oh, Hopper!" I says.
"Of course, Opper," he says. "I'm Mr. Edward Van Brunt's vally—is man servant."
Well, I'd made a mistake, I judged. If he was a servant he couldn't be the keeper.
"I suppose you'll quit when the keep comes," says I.
"Keeper?" says he. "Wat keeper?"
"Why, the feller from the asylum. How long has your boss and his messmate been crazy?" I asks.
"Crazy?" he says. "Crazy? Wat do you mean?"
"Look here," says I. "Ain't Van Brunt and Hartley out of their heads?"
"Out of their heads? 'Eavens, no!" Then he commenced to tell about the Heavenslies, and 'twas long afore I begun to see that 'twas Nate Scudder and me that needed a keeper; we was the biggest loons in the crowd.
Seems that the Twins was rich New Yorkers—the richest and high-tondest kind. Both of 'em had money by the bucket and more being left to 'em while you wait.
"But, if the vaint crazy what made 'em come down here to live?" says I, "at Nate Scudder's?"
Well, that was a kind of poser, even for Mr. James Opper Hopper. It seemed to simmer down finally to that book, 'The Natural Life.' Seem there was a kind of craze around New York and the cities, stirred up by that book, to get clear of luxury and comfort and good food and so on, and get to living like poor folks. Living the "Natural Life," the valet called it.
Hopper went on with a rigmorole about the luxury in which the Heavenslies had lived in New York. Cutting out everything about himself and the superiority of England to the United States—which was two-thirds of the yarn—there was some stuff about a girl named Page that interested me. Seems she was the real thing in society, too. Had money and good looks and fine clothes—all the strenuous nuisances. And she was engaged to Hartley, once, but they had a row or something and broke it off. And now she was engaged to Van Brunt.
"But, see here," I says, puzzled. "If she's engaged to Van why ain't he home courting her?"
Well, the marriage, so James said, was to be arranged later. Near as I could find out, Van and this Agnes Page had mighty much to do with the marrying. "Twas their folks that was fixing that up."
Agnes herself had gone to Europe with her ma. When she was to home she was great on charity. Her one idea in life was to feed ice cream to children that hankered for fishbals and brown bread.
In another half hour or so the Heavenslies showed up alongside. And then 'twould have done you good to see that valet's back get limber. He bowed and scraped and "Sirred" till you couldn't rest. They spoke to him like he was a dog and he skipped around with his tail between his legs like he was one—a yellow one, at that.
When we'd passed the point out comes that everlasting book and the Twins got at it.
"Van," says Martin, "the Natural Life for mine. I envy the lucky devils who've had it all their lives."
"Twas't none of my affairs, but I shov'd my oar in here—couldn't help it."
"You fellers ain't getting the real article—not yet," says I. "There's a hotel over back of the village where the boarders get the genuine simple life—no frills included," I says.
They was interested right off.
"Where's that, skipper?" says Van Brunt. "What's its name?"
"Well," says I, "folks around here call it the poorhouse."

CHAPTER III.
The Pig Race.
I was getting real chummy with the Heavenslies by this time, so one afternoon I walked up to the Scudder place to see 'em. They were sprawled out on the piazza chairs with their feet on the railing and they hailed me as friendly as if I was rich as they was, instead of being poorer than Job's turkey.
Hartley sat quiet a while and seemed to be thinking. "Skipper," says he at last, "you can coo-oo. We don't like Mrs. Scudder's cooking and James is a frost."
"Well, now; hold on," says I. "Some ways I'd like to, and, if you want plain cooking, why, I guess likely I can give it to you. But business is business and there's my boat and my living for the summer. I'll be up the boat for 'a' past eleven, and—"
"That didn't make no difference. I could fetch the Dora Bassett along too, Van said. Hartley explained that they intended to stay through the summer, anyhow, perhaps later.
"And while we're giving you the story of our lives, skipper," Hartley went on, "I want to say right here that 'I present to you roundings aren't all that fancy painted 'em. The populace are too friendly and interested."
There was more of this, but I managed to find out that what they wanted was a quieter place than Scudder's. A place off by itself, where they could be as natural as a picked chicken. I agreed to try and help 'em fine some place. And I said, too, that I'd think about the cooking idea. Money didn't seem to be no object—I could have my wages by the hod or barrelful—just as I

see fit.
For the next couple of weeks I chased around trying to find a house and lot where them Heavenslies could be natural. But whenever I'd think I'd uncovered a promising outfit the Heavenslies would turn to and dump in a cargo of objections. After five or six funerals of this kind I got sort of tired and quit. It got to be July and their month at Nate's was 'most over.
I was up there the evening of the third and I happened to ask 'em if they wanted me and the sloop for the next day.
There was to be a Fourth of July celebration over to Eastwich, and some of the boarders wanted to go and see the balloon and the races and the greased pig chase, and such like. If the Twins didn't care I'd take the job, I said. But they took a notion to go themselves. So, on the morning of the Fourth we started, me and Van Brunt and Hartley and Lord James, in the Dora Bassett.
The Heavenslies enjoyed the run, and they'd ought to. The Twins laid back and soaked in the scenery. They unbuttoned their jackets and took long breaths.
We made Eastwich Port about noon and had dinner. I cooked up a kettle of chowder—fetched the clams along with me from home—and 'twould have done you good to see the Heavenslies jay into it.
When the dinner was over I started in to help his lordship wash dishes. The Twins sprawled themselves under a couple of pine trees and blew smoke rings.
"Hurry up there, messmate," says I to the valet; "I want to get through time enough to run up to the fair grounds and see that greased pig race."
"I'll go with you, skipper," says Hartley.
Van Brunt turned over and looked at his chum.
"Great Caesar! Martin," he says, "you don't mean to tell me that you're going up into that crowd of hayseeds to hang over a fence and watch some one run, do you? Why any one should want to run," he says, "when they can keep still, is beyond me. I'll be here when you get back."
And he stretched out on the pine needles again.
We found there was a dickens of a crowd at the fairground, five or six hundreds folks, I should think, and more coming all the time.
Hartley gave one look around

Fox Trot! Yes, It's to Be Rage! "Dollies" Tell How

By the Dolly Sisters

(Written Especially for This Newspaper, and Copyrighted, 1916, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

Fox trots come and fox trots go, but the most fascinating that we have danced is a new fox trot that we have originated.

It has been named the Dolly Fox for us. It begins with eight walking steps forward. Finish last step by pointing heel, toe up, repeating with other foot. Make quick pivot turn on right foot. Repeat.

Gentleman goes backward two fox trot steps to four beats, then syncopating, three steps to four beats.

Take open position, two walking steps forward, crossing right foot over left, followed by the syncopated step ending with a slide on the right foot, dipping with both knees, feet well apart. Straighten knees, close feet and face partner, dropping hands.

Then make eight running steps around each other, coming back to original position.

Repeat syncopated step ending with slide on left side, then repeat the running step. Take position with hands clasped. Step right on two beats, extend left back, on two beats, close feet on two beats, then three stamps in position, each on two beats.

Loosen hands, make quick pivot turn to right. Clasp hands again and bend knees, then rise slowly, finishing dance.

(Tomorrow 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!)



THE DOLLY SISTERS IN THE FOX TROT.



First take eight steps forward pointing Right heel first, then Left, completing turn as in Figure One; take five steps backward syncopating last three, as in Figure Two; next take an open position for syncopated walk and begin this by crossing Left over Right as in Figure Three; end in a slide with Right, and dip, as in Figure Four; then take eight running steps around each other, as in Figure Five, and with clasped hands extend Left back. Close. Take three steps into position.

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THE WOMAN WHO HAS BEEN LOOKING for Coats at anywheres from \$20 down will recognize that these are unusually smart and unusually good value, from comparison with the other Coats she has seen elsewhere hereabouts. These Coats are made of handsome mixtures, velours, caraculs, tweeds and boucles. They are smartly trimmed in plush, velvet and self trimmings. There is a splendid variety of light and dark colors. The variety of styles, too, is large, including various handsome belted and flared models. All sizes from 16 to 44. Hurry down early tomorrow morning and get your pick of this lot at the reduced price—Tuesday \$9.95 only, your choice. (See the Display of these Coats in the Broadway Show Windows) —Third Floor

You Can't Wear New Suits Without the Newer NECKWEAR

THAT IS THE CONCLUSION of every well dressed T woman who has seen these accessories in their newest development and determined that they wonderfully suit the new garments for the street, enhancing their smartness and making them wonderfully becoming. They are in the new shapes, deep back sailors and round shapes, the new canonicals—featuring expressed in nets, laces and Georgettes, the new semi-high back and jabot fronts, even the new tailored high neck Stocks of sheer fabrics with pendant jabot. They are marvelously concocted of sheer fabrics or of broadcloth, serge and wash satin. They are fringed, belaced and befrilled, many hand embroidered, many hand beaded in novel ways. Yet, whatever their fabric, whatever their shaping or adorning, to see them is to know that they are necessary to the proper wearing of suit, coat or street dress, and that this wonderful assortment contains a more varied expression of the authentic in fashion than can be found anywhere in this vicinity. —Broadway Floor

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No phone or mail orders—none sent C. O. D.—limit 3 packages to a customer—none sold at this price unless you present this coupon.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF EXAMINATIONS
IN accordance with Article XIV of the City Charter and Ordinance 4342, The Tacoma Civil Service Board announces an examination to be held for the purpose of securing eligibles from which to make certification for the following positions in the classified service of the City of Tacoma.
Oct. 23, 1916, Detectives, (promotion) Police Department.
Oct. 24, 1916, Sergeants, (promotion) Police Department.
Oct. 25, 1916, Captains, (promotion) Police Department.
Oct. 25, 1916, Bertillon Officer, Police Department.
Oct. 27, 1916, Patrolmen, Motorcycle Patrolmen and Auto-patrol Drivers, Police Department.
Oct. 30, 1916, Hosemen, Fire Department.
The examinations will be held on the days above set forth at one o'clock P. M. Notice of the place of holding the examinations will be sent to applicants. Application blanks and further information can be secured at the Civil Service Office, 400 City Hall.
The receipt of applications which must be filed with the Clerk, will close FIVE DAYS prior to the examination.
CIVIL SERVICE BOARD.
Frank B. Cole, President.
J. S. Ellsworth, Clerk and Chief Examiner.
October 9, 1916.