

Bargain Floor

Friday Hourly Sales

No mail or telephone orders filled for any of these Hourly Sale items and we reserve the right to limit quantities. Each item on sale for the advertised hour only so be here or have your representative here during the hour designated.

- Women's Stockings 17c**
A one-hour sale of women's fashioned, mercerized lisle finish Hosiery at less than wholesale prices—come in sky blue, champagne, brown, tan, dark and light grays; all sizes. Slight imperfection. One of the best wearing hose on the market today—on sale for the one hour only at, per pair, **17c** (Limit, 4 pairs to a customer.) —5th Bargain Floor.
- Milk 3 Cans 25c**
Carnation Milk—large cans—everyone knows the Carnation brand—reduced for this one hour's selling only to **THREE CANS 25c** (Limit, 3 cans to a customer.) —5th Bargain Floor.
- New Gingham 8 1/2c Yd.**
Hollyoke and Red Seal Gingham—standard for house dresses, school dresses, aprons, etc.—wash perfectly—big variety of light and dark patterns—reduced for the one hour only to, per yard, **8c** (Limit, 12 yards to a customer.) —5th Bargain Floor.
- Baking Powder 39c**
Royal Baking Powder—needs no introduction to the housewife—1-lb. cans—specially reduced for this hour only at, per can, **39c** (Limit, 2 cans to a customer.) —5th Bargain Floor.
- Men's Outing Gowns 45c**
Men's fine quality good weight Outing Flannel Gowns in sizes to 18. They are cut generous size—come in fancy stripe patterns—made with collar—reduced for this hour only to, per garment, **45c** (Limit, 2 packages to a customer.) —5th Bargain Floor.
- Starch 3 Pkgs. 20c**
Corn or Glass Starch—extra quality—comes in 1-lb. packages—very specially reduced for the one hour only at **THREE PACKAGES 20c** (Limit 8 packages to a customer.) —5th Bargain Floor.
- Women's Suits \$10.95**
Just 15 Women's high class up-to-the-minute Wool Suits in serges, poplins and gabardines—come in the new long coat styles—some fur trimmed—specially reduced for this hour only at, each, **\$10.95** (No exchanges—no refunds—No alterations.) —5th Bargain Floor.
- Coffee 15c Lb.**
Broken Coffee, consisting of the broken and irregular beans taken from our various special blends—makes a mild, sweet invigorating cup—reduced for this hour only at, per pound, **15c** (Limit, 3 pounds to a customer.) —5th Bargain Floor.
- Nail Brushes 9c**
Dandy Imported Nail Brushes—have short, stiff bristles, neat teak-wood handles—very special for this hour only at, each, **9c** (Limit, 1 can to a customer.) —5th Bargain Floor.
- Karo Syrup 25c**
Karo Syrup—the popular Blue Label kind—5-lb. pails—specially reduced for this one hour only at, per can, **25c** (Limit, 1 can to a customer.) —5th Bargain Floor.
- Women's White Corduroy Skirts \$1.19**
Women's fine white corduroy Skirts—last call—cut extremely wide with belt and pockets—this hour while these few last, take your choice at, ea. **\$1.19** (Limit, 2 skirts to a customer.) —5th Bargain Floor.
- Walnuts, 2 Lbs. 35c**
Fancy No. 1 Soft Shell Walnuts—fine stock—very specially reduced for this hour only at **TWO POUNDS 35c** (Limit, 2 pounds to a customer.) —5th Bargain Floor.
- Women's Union Suits 45c**
Women's fine white cotton ribbed Union Suits—long sleeve, ankle length garments—have taped collar—reinforced throughout—all sizes to 44—specially reduced for this hour only at, per garment, **45c** (Limit, 1 suit to a customer.) —5th Bargain Floor.
- Coffee, 32c Lb.**
This is our famous Derby-Spartan Blend—the finest Mocha-Java Type Coffee in our stock. We use it ourselves in the Tea Room and at the Fountain—it can't be beat. Every Friday from 3 to 4 only reduced to, per pound, **32c** (Limit, 3 pounds to a customer.) —5th Bargain Floor.
- Girls' Coats \$2.95**
Just 15 Girls' and Misses' Tailored Coats in chevilles, chinchillas and zibelines—all wool materials—odd sizes and our greatest children's coat special—reduced for quick clearance this hour to, per garment, **\$2.95** (Limit, 1 to a customer.) —5th Bargain Floor.
- Matches, 3 Boxes 10c**
Best quality Parlor Matches—500 in a box—specially reduced for this hour only at **THREE BOXES 10c** (Limit, 3 boxes to a customer.) —5th Bargain Floor.

Rhodes Brothers

In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

TODAY'S MARKET PRICES

WHAT RETAILERS PAY

POULTRY

Hens, live, light, 11@12 1/2
Hens, live, heavy, 11@12 1/2
Ducks, live, 11@12 1/2
1014 springs, live, 11@12 1/2
Geese, dressed, 12@14

BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE

Fresh ranch eggs, 42c
Washington cheese, 15c
Tillamook, 15c
Wash. creamery butter, 25c
Swiss dom., 25c
Cream brick cheese, 25c
Concord grapes, basket, 27c
Hoffers, 120

"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 VIII.

Eureka.

The girl's answer was interrupted by Hartley. "Wait a minute," says he. "I suggest that we adjourn to the house and get into some dry clothes. Then we can talk business, if the young lady is willing."

"The girl looked at him. "Business is what I'm here for," says she. "Which of you three is the quahaug one?"

"Martin," says Van, grave and turning to his chum. "Are you a quahaug one?"

"Humph!" says the girl. "Well, you made a clean job, Lys says. You never see a man so puzzled as Hartley."

"I judge 'twas this young woman's quahaug bed that you and James cleaned out 'tother day," I says.

"Oh!" says Martin. "Awfully sorry, I'm sure. I hope you'll permit me to pay for it."

"That's what I come for," says she. "My brother Lycurgus' quahaugs. He'd just bedded 'em. Quahaugs is worth a dollar a bucket this time of year. 'Will these fifty be sufficient?"

Hartley asks, troubled. "I'm really very sorry. It was a mistake and—"

"Oh, it's all right," says the girl. "You didn't know no better. Pa says boys and children ain't accountable. You'd better spread that money out to dry 'fore you pay me with it. And you'd better get dry yourself or you'll catch cold."

The Heavens hurried up to the house.

"Say," says the girl to me, "you're Solomon Pratt, ain't you?"

"Yes," says I. "And did you say your name was Dusenberry?"

"Sakes alive!" she snaps. "I hope not! My name's Sparrow—Eureka Florida Sparrow."

"Any more in your family?" I asks.

"Yup. Seven of us, counting me—and pa makes eight."

"What's their names?"

"Well, there's Lycurgus and Editha and Ulysses and Napoleon and Marguerite and Dewey—he's the boy. Great names, ain't they? Pa's doings, naming 'em that way was. Pa says there's nothing like hitching a grand name to a young one; gives 'em something to live up to, he says. His own name's Washington, but he ain't broke his back living up to it, far as I can see; and ma used to say the same afore she died."

"O-h-h!" says I. "I see. I knew who she was now. I hadn't lived around Wellmouth so very long, but I'd heard of Washington Sparrow. He lived in a little shanty off in the woods about a mile from Scudder's, and had the name of being the laziest man in town."

We'd reached the house by this time and I left Eureka Florida in the kitchen and went to my room to change my duds. When I come down the Twins was in the kitchen too, and I could hear the Sparrow girl's tongue going like a house afire. Martin had just paid her for the quahaugs.

"How old are you?" asks Martin.

"Seventeen last March. I take in washing, and Lycurgus he goes fishing and clamming and choring around, and Editha helps me iron, and we all take watch and watch looking out for the young ones."

"We're looking for a cook," Hartley says. "Will you come and cook for us, and help about the house here? Mr. Pratt finds the job too big for one man."

She shook her head. "No," says she. "I can't come. I've got to stay home and look out for the folks."

"Why can't your father do that?" asks Hartley.

"Who's that? I guess you ain't heard about pa. He's sick. Pa's had most every kind of symptom there is. Now he's settled down to consumption and nervous dyspepsy. Afore ma died she used to try to cure him, but the doctor and pa had a row. The doctor said pa didn't have consumption nor nothing else; what he needed was hard exercise, such as work. Pa said the doc didn't know his business, and the doc said maybe

Eureka came to the door then, wiping her arms on her apron.

"Why, pa," she says, "I told you I could fix that."

She went on to tell how she'd set up early every morning and cook the meals afore she left, and how Editha would be there, and Lycurgus would split the wood and do the chores, and how she'd be home nights, and so on. She had planned everything, I liked that girl. At last her dad give another one of his groans.

"All right," says he. "I give in. I ain't going to stand in the way. Hadn't ought to expect nothing different, I s'pose. Work and fret and slave yourself into the bone-yard bringing up children, and— and educating 'em and all, and then off they go and leave you."

"Well, I'm resigned, Mr.—Mr. What's-your-name, she can go, Eureka can—for \$2.00 more a week."

Eureka got out of the house finally. When I'd got to the walk Eureka called me back.

"Mr. Pratt," she whispered, "you tell Mr. Hartley that of course I sha'n't take the extra \$2.00; I'll be paid too much as 'tis. But we won't let pa know."

CHAPTER IX.

Miss Sparrow's Diagnosis.

Eureka was on hand bright and

not, but he knew pa. So pa told him never to darken on door again, and he ain't—except to come around once in a while and collect something from me on the bill."

"But we need you, Miss—er—Sparrow," says Van. "We'll pay you so much," he says, naming a price that made even my eyes stick out, and I was used to high prices by this time.

"A month?" she says, staring at him.

"A week," says he.

"Land sakes! A week! I never—but it ain't no use. What would become of pa and the children?"

"Couldn't you come over for the days, at least?" asks Martin. "You might go home nights, you know."

And that's the way it ended, finally. Eureka said she'd talk it over with her folks, and Van Brunt said we would come over to her house next day and get the decision.

"There!" says he, when the Sparrow girl had gone. "Skipper, the cook question is settled."

The next forenoon me and Hartley went over to close the cook trade. The Sparrows' nest was a pretty shabby looking shack, now I tell you. Shingles dropping off, and fence falling down, and a general shortage of man's work everywhere. But there was a bed of bachelor's buttons and old maid's pinks under the front window, and the windows themselves was clean and bright. Eureka had done her best to make the place homey; and on that point she was right. She let us in when we knocked at the kitchen door. Her sleeves was rolled up and there was a big basket of clothes by the steaming washtub.

"Good morning," says Hartley. "Have you decided to cook for us?"

Eureka bobbed her head over the washtub. "I've decided it, if pa has," she says. "He ain't said up his mind yet. He wanted to sleep on it, he said. I guess he's done that. Anyhow he's just got up. Step right into the dining-room and talk to him. You'll have to excuse me; I've got to get this washing done afore noon, somehow."

She she pitched into the scrubbing bench in the middle exact, like a joined pocket-roll, and the Twin and me went into the dining-room.

Washington Sparrow was there. There wa'n't but one comfortable rocking chair in sight and he was in that, with his stocking feet resting on the ruins of a haircloth sofa. He was pretty husky looking, seemed to me for a man who'd plucked with consumption and nervous dyspepsy, but his face was as doleful as a crane bonnet. He had a clay pipe in his mouth and was smoking like a peat fire.

"How are you, Mr. Sparrow?" says Martin, bright and chipper.

"How's the health this morning?"

"Oh!" says he, groaning, something awful. "I'm miserable, thank you. Set down and make yourself at home."

There was only three settable pieces of furniture in the room. He was using two of 'em, and 't'other was a child's high chair. So we decided to stand up.

Martin looked like he didn't know what to say. By and by he cleared his throat and threw out a hint concerning Eureka's coming to Ozone. The sick man shook his head.

"No," he says. "I'm self-sacrificing, and all that, but somehow I can't make up my mind to let her go. I can't bear to have her out of my sight a minute. You can't begin to think, Mr. What's-your-name, what a comfort 'tis to me, agonizing here and suffering, to have her set down at my bedside of me day after day, the way she does. You can't begin to think it, Mister."

"Very well," Hartley says, "I'm sorry. I'm sure she is just the girl we need. Good day, Mr. Sparrow."

"I cal'late Washy wa'n't expecting that."

"Er—er—just a minute, Mister," he says, "I want you to understand I feel about this thing, if I was able to do for myself, 't'would be different, but—"

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"Well, Mr. Hartley," says Nate, "we'll see you tomorrow morning. It'll work all right; you see."

"Will he work?" laughs Hartley. "That's the question."

"I cal'late he'll make the bluff," snickers Scudder. "I don't know where he'll sleep night if he don't. Land of love! Did you see his face when you sprung it on him? Haw! Haw!"

When we got to the house Hartley calls in Eureka.

"You're going to stay here tonight," he says to her. "Mr. Pratt and I have an errand ashore early in the morning and Mr. Van Brunt will be back soon after, and hungry, I imagine. So you must be ready with his breakfast. It's all right. Your father understands."

But in a little while Hartley's secret came out. One day Van took a notion to go down to Half Moon Neck gunning after peeps. He wanted Scudder to sail him down, but Nate was too busy, so he hired Eureka's brother, Lycurgus. The two sailed away in the Dora Bassett to be gone all night. I wa'n't invited.

That afternoon, late, Hartley comes over from the main, rowed by Scudder. The pair of 'em

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McBRIDE WILL BE BUSY ON STUMP

SEATTLE, Oct. 12.—The republican state central committee begins active campaign work this week. Henry McBride will be constantly on the stump, appearing in Tacoma Oct. 25. The itinerary of Senator Miles Poindexter has not been completed, as it is possible he may trade part of his time with Gov. Hiram Johnson of California.

BARGAIN FRIDAY IN "THE PIT"
Doubly Attractive Are These Friday "Pit" Bargains. Do Not Fail to "LOOK IN THE PIT"

Women's 25c Stockings 18c
This is one of the biggest "Pit" bargains we have yet offered for good black cotton stockings in all sizes. 3 pairs for 50c. —"In the Pit."

Outing Flannel 9 1/2c
A yard, a heavy grade of Outing Flannel that is worth 12 1/2c. It comes in white and dozens of pretty fancy stripes a real "Pit" bargain. —"In the Pit."

Save Stamps
Do you know that you actually save 4% cash on every purchase made here if you only ask for Our Brown Trading Stamps.

Patterns McCall's
FEIST & BACHRACH
THE RELIABLE STORE
1114-1116 BROADWAY
"TACOMA'S ECONOMY CENTER"

Friday Bargain' Stamped Goods 15c
Stamped Lises and Wash Cloths. The lises are stamped on a heavy crash, the wash cloths on soft Turkish. These goods are a real bargain. —"On Main Floor."

Friday Bargain' 35c Veilings 25c
The real bargain of the season on Veilings. We offer you a full assortment in black, white, magpie and some few good colors. —"On Main Floor."

Friday Bargain' Knitted Caps 59c
Warm are the these warm yarn knitted caps that are so much wanted when the cold weather strikes, as they come either plain white or colors. —"On Main Floor."

Friday Bargain' Filipino Baskets 69c
These are a real bargain. They will make the finest work baskets for Christmas. —"On Main Floor."

Friday Bargain' Cap and Scarf 69c
Something warm and cosy for the children—a cap with throw made of heavy fleeced material in some very pretty color combinations. —"On Main Floor."

Friday Bargain' Fine Laces 4c
Here's a chance for you to buy better qualities of Val Laces that are worth 10 cents or more for a mere fraction of their worth. —"On Main Floor."

Friday Bargain' Handbags 98c
Real leather Handbags, some of them the small flat style, others the newer puffed shapes. There is not a bag there worth less than \$1.50. —"On Main Floor."

Friday Bargain' Big Bath Towels 21c
Towels that are actually worth 30c. They are quite heavy and have pink or blue borders. You ought to buy dozens of them. —"On Main Floor."

FILIPINO WORK
We want you to see the fine exhibit of hand-made Filipino baskets and novelties we have. You'll buy them for Christmas.

Another Sale Untrimmed Millinery 98c
Already we have held two of these big Friday Shape Sales and the response to them has been quite wonderful. Tomorrow we offer you still another, a sale embracing shapes that have sold with us up to \$2.50. "On Second Floor."

Friday Bargain' Children's Hose 10c
These Stockings are worth fully today's markets. We have larger sizes only to offer you for this price. —"On Main Floor."

Friday Bargain' White Serge Collars 39c
They are the very newest things in the season's neckwear—large round collars made of serge and edged with wool fringe. —"On Main Floor."

Friday Bargain' A Skirt Sale \$3.95
For Dress Skirts values to \$5.95. It is a most exceptional range of Skirts and comes in plaids or plain shades of serge and poplin. —"On Second Floor."

Friday Bargain' 48-In. Serges 98c
Actual worth of these dress serges is \$1.25. We have every shade of them; they are all pure wool and just the class of goods for Billie Burkes. —"On Main Floor."

Friday Bargain' Muslin Gowns \$1.25
Here is a most extraordinary assortment of the Muslin Night Gowns that we are offering you for a fraction of their actual value; all styles of them. —"On Second Floor."

Friday Bargain' Shirt Waists 98c
In this lot you will be able to find a Waist that you will like. They are fine white lingerie material, daintily and prettily trimmed. —"On Second Floor."

Friday Bargain' Dress Fabrics \$1.29
These goods are actually sold for \$1.50 and \$1.75. The lot consists of serges, poplins and gabardines in all the shades and wide widths. —"On Main Floor."

Friday Bargain' 12 Yds. Longcloth \$1.25
This Longcloth is actually worth 15c the yard, but for a fine bargain we offer several hundred pieces of it for exactly cost. Soft, fine cloth. —"On Main Floor."

Friday Bargain' Yd. Wide Outing 15c
This is the generally used white Outing Flannel, the "Daisy" cloth; an extra heavy quality, full yard wide. We have 5 full pieces of it. —"On Main Floor."