Thursday Sales

Miscellaneous Bargains From the Various Departments of the Store That Offer Exceptional Opportunities for Thrifty Thursday Shoppers.

APRON DRESSES

SPECIAL 63c

A WONDERFUL ASSORTMENT of Women's Apron Dresses—they are made of good quality ginghams and percales in light and dark colors. They are full cut and neatly trimmed with ric rac braid and in contrasting colored materials. Not only practical but very good looking. Specially reduced for Thursday's selling only **63c**
—Third Floor

DRAPERIES

Silkolines 12 1-2c

THE VERY BEST grade of comfort silkoline—comes 36-inches wide. This is a splendid opportunity to get new coverings for the old comforter. Reduced for Thursday's selling only to, per yard..... **12½c**

Cretonnes 19c

VERY ATTTRACTIVE patterns and choice colorings to choose from—will make up into very effective draperies. Come take your choice of the lot Thursday at, per yard **19c**
—Eleventh Street Floor

EXTRA
Apron Ginghams
Special 6c Yd.

APRON GINGHAMS in a good quality—come in handsome blue and white checks—on sale for Thursday only, extra special, per yard..... **6c**
(Limit 10 yards to a customer)
—Eleventh Street Floor

EXTRA
Table Damask
Special 32c Yd.

MERCERIZED TABLE DAMASK — 58 inches wide—comes in spot and block patterns—sold subject to slight imperfections in weave that in no way detract from its durability—on sale Thursday only, extra special, per yard..... **32c**
—Eleventh Street Floor

HOSIERY

CHILDREN'S COTTON Stocking in black only—have double sole and knee—splendid hose for school wear. Reduced for Thursday's selling only to, per pair **9c**
—Broadway Floor

EXTRA
Turkish Towels
Special 29c

BLEACHED TURKISH TOWELS—good size—heavy, durable, absorbent—on sale Thursday only—extra special, each. **29c**
—Eleventh Street Floor

EXTRA
Outing Flannel
Choice 8 1-3c Yd.

FANCY OUTING FLANNELS in a great variety of striped and broken checked styles—lengths up to 10 yards. Extra special for Thursday's selling only at, per yard.... **8⅓c**
—Eleventh Street Floor

CANDY
Nut Bar

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE Almond Nut Bar—each bar put up in tin foil—guaranteed pure and fresh. On sale all day Thursday THREE BARS for... **10c**

Jelly Beans

JUST GOT IN a fresh barrel of delicious jelly beans for Thursday's selling—very special, per pound **14c**
—Broadway Floor

10 Grocery Bargains

ANY OF THESE TEN remarkable Grocery Bargains are subject to telephone orders—call Main 890—Grocery Department—any time between 7.30 and 6 p. m. and give your order. We do reserve the right to limit quantities.

Corn Flakes

Large packages of this popular breakfast food on sale Thursday only at the rate of FOUR PKGS. for **25c**

Laundry Soap

The famous Lenox brand—fine for all laundry uses—on sale Thursday only SEVEN BARS for.... **25c**

Tomato Catsup

Fine quality—large bottles—on sale Thursday only at, per bottle 17c; THREE BOTTLES for. **50c**

Coffee 19c Lb.

The usual Thursday only sale of our famous Repeater blend Coffee—so-called because once you try it you always become a regular customer for it—"a repeater." It's a fine scientific mixture of choice Mexican and Guatemala Coffees and makes a mild, sweet cup — every Thursday special, per pound **19c**
In 5-lb. lots 90c

Paprika

Imported pure Spanish Paprika—1-oz. tins — reduced for quick selling Thursday to, per tin 8c; TWO TINS for **15c**
(Limit 2 cans to a customer)

Peanut Butter

A splendid quality that we've sold tons of—comes in bulk only—none sold or delivered at this price unless pail or jar is furnished for container—Thursday only, per pound **12c**

Sugar

Sugar has advanced again and the market is strong, so better supply your needs for sometime to come in Thursday's sale—
11 Lbs. for 95c
25-Lb. Sacks $2.10

Karo Syrup

Blue Label brand — 5-lb. pails—on sale Thursday only at, per pail.. **27c**

Baking Powder

Rumford's genuine Phosphate Baking Powder—1-lb. cans—reduced for Thursday only to, per can 24c; TWO CANS for..... **45c**

Baking Soda

Our famous Red Rose brand Baking Soda—1-lb. packages—on sale Thursday only at, per package..... **6c**
(Limit 4 packages to a customer)
—5th Bargain Floor

Rhodes Brothers

In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

SEATTLE ROUTE

Steamers Tacoma and Indianapolis for Seattle

Leave Municipal Dock, Tacoma, 7:15, 9:00, 11:00 a. m.; 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, 9:00 p. m.
Leave Colman Dock, Seattle, 7:00, 9:00, 11:00 a. m.; 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, 9:15 p. m.
Fastest and Finest Steamers. Eight Round Trips Daily.
S. S. JONES, Agent.
Offices Municipal Doc. M. 3445

Buckley-Tacoma Stage Co.

Leave Tacoma	Leave Buckley
10:00 a. m.	8:00 a. m.
3:30 p. m.	12:30 p. m.
*8:00 p. m.	6:00 p. m.

*Except Sat. and Sunday.
SPECIAL
Sat. and Sun. Only.
Leave Tacoma 11:30 p. m.
Office Central Bus Station, 115 So. 10th st.
Main 264
Buckley—Overmyer's
Round Trip $1.50; Single 85c

'The Idyl of Twin Fires'

By Walter Pritchard Eaton. Copyright 1914-15, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Next Week "Shea of the Irish Brigade," by Randall Parrish.

(Continued from our last issue.)

I had gone scarcely six paces when I heard the crackle of footsteps on dead twigs somewhere ahead of me, and a moment later a woman was visible. I stood still. She did not see me till she was close up. Then she gave a slight start and said, "I beg your pardon. I trust I am not trespassing."

I looked at her. She was scarce more than a girl, pale and unmistakably not of this country world. I cannot say how she was dressed. But I saw that she had very blue eyes on each side of a decidedly tilted nose.

"Trespassing is a relative term," said I.

"You talk like 'Hill's Rhetoric'," she smiled, with a quick glance at my clothes.

"Naturally," I replied. "It was the text-book I formerly used with my classes."

There was a little gurgle of laughter from the girl. "Clearness, force, and elegance, wasn't that the great triumvirate?" she said.

"Something like that, I believe," said I. "I am trying to forget."

"And are these pines yours to forget in? It should be easy." She smiled and made to pass on.

And in that moment, from near at hand, there rang out the golden throb of a hermit thrush. The suddenness, the nearness, the wildness of this song made it indescribably thrilling, and the girl and I both stood rigid, breathless, peering into the gloom of the pines.

Again the call rang out, but a little farther away this ime. She took a step as if to follow, and instinctively I put out my hand, grasping her arm to restrain her. So we stood and waited, but he did not sing again.

Then in a kind of wonder the girl turned her face to mine, and in a kind of wonder I realized that I was still holding her arm. She appeared as unconscious of it as I, till I let my hand fall. Then she colored a little, smiled a little, and said, "What was it? I never hear anything so beautiful."

"A hermit thrush," I answered.

"I have always wanted to hear a hermit," she said wistfully. "And, oh, it is lovelier than I dreamed! I am going now before I get too jealous of you for having one all your own."

"Don't go," I said impulsively. "The hermit has never sung for me. That song must have been in your honor."

"But I fear it is time for my supper," she said, with a little nervous laugh.

I found myself walking by her side through the maples, and pointing out my house.

"Oh," she cried, "they made the front door out of a highboy! How jolly! Is it as nice inside?"

"It is going to be nicer," said I. "Come and see."

"I'll peep through the windows," she smiled.

I led her to my new south door, proudly showing the new lawn and the terrace, and telling her where the roses were to be, and the sun-dial, and dilating on the work my own hands had done.

Then we peeped through the glass doors. Hard Cider had erected the frame of the bookcase and double settle. One side of the settle faced toward one smoky old fireplace, the other toward the second.

"What luxury!" she exclaimed. "Double fireplaces — twin fireplaces—twin fires! That's it. Twin Fires! That ought to be the name of your house."

"You're right!" I cried, delighted. "I've never been able to think of a name."

We walked to the road, but to my surprise she did not turn toward the village but toward Bert's. A sudden light came.

"Are you a broken-down boarder?" I cried.

The blue eyes twinkled, but she made no reply.

As we entered the Temple's yard, Mrs. Bert stood in the kitchen door.

"Well, you two seem to have got acquainted," she remarked in a matter-of-fact tone. "Miss Goodwin, this is Mr. Upton I told you about. Mr. Upton, this is Miss Goodwin I told you about."

"Mrs. Temple," said I, "you are another. You didn't tell me."

CHAPTER IV.

The Ghost of Rome in Roses.

"Stella Goodwin."

"It's rather a pretty name," I thought, as I read it on the flyleaf of a volume she had left in Mrs. Bert's sitting-room.

The volume itself amused me—Chamberlain's "Foundation of the Nineteenth Century."

I was waiting for breakfast, and Miss Stella Goodwin entered with a cheerful "Good morning."

"See here," said I, "this is no book for a nervous wreck to be reading."

"Who said I was a nervous wreck?" she answered. "I'm just tired, that's all. I saw a spear of real grass in Central Park, and ran away."

"From what?" I asked.

"From the dictionary," she replied. "Would you like me to sing you a song of the things that begin with 'hy'?"

She laughed and began to chant, "Hyopotamus, hyoscapular, hyoscine, hyoscamae, hyocyamine, hyoscyamus—"

"Stop!" I cried. "You will have me hypnotized. See, I'm on the 'hy's' myself! Please explain—not sing."

"Well," she laughed, "you see it's this way. I am working on a new dictionary. I'm sort of learned, in a harmless, anti-militant way. I have a degree of philology!

"I stood the dictionary pretty well down to the 'hy's,' and then one day something snapped inside of me, and I began to cry. The doctor tells me I must live out of doors and saw wood."

"Madam," I cried. "Heaven has sent you! I shall get my orchard cleaned up at last!"

"Breakfast!" called Mrs. Bert.

She refused to come down to Twin Fires with me that morning, so I toiled alone, getting out more of the brush from the orchard. In the afternoon she consented to come. As I looked at her hands and then at mine, I realized how pale she was.

"It's wrong for anybody to be so pale as that," I thought.

I was beginning to pity her.

When we reached the farm I showed her where the grape arbor was to be, at the western side of the lawn, and how a lane of hollyhocks would lead to it from the pergola end.

"Now," said I. "I'm going to build a rambler rose trellis along the south. But how shall the trellis be designed, and where shall the sundial be, and where the flower beds?"

The girl clapped her hands. "Oh, the fun of planning it all out from the beginning!" she cried. "My, but I envy you."

"Please don't envy; advise," said I.

"I'd have the sundial right in the middle, where it gets all the sun," she said. "Then I'd ring it with flowers, all bright colors. Then, right in line with the door, I'd have an arch in the trellis so you could see through into the farm. Oh, I know! I'd have the trellis all arches, with a bigger one in the center, and it would look like a Roman aqueduct of roses!"

"A Roman aqueduct of roses," I repeated, my imagination fired by the picture. "Miss Goodwin, you are a wonder! But can you build it,"

"No," she sighed. "I can only give you the derivation of 'aqueduct' and 'rose.'"

"Come," said I, "we will consult Hard Cider."

"Heavens!" she laughed. "Is that anything like Dutch courage?"

Hard grunted and came with us to the line of stakes where the rose trellis was to be. I sketched roughly the idea I wanted.

Hard explained the construction—in fact, brought lumber he took from the shed and helped me to construct the first arch before he went back to his work.

"And now," I added to the girl at my side, "shall we see if we can build the next arch?"

She clapped her hands delightedly and ran with me around the house for the tools and lumber.

I let her dig the first post hole, though it was evident that the effort tired her, and then I took the spade away, while she marked off the trellis strips into the proper lengths, and sawed them up, placing each strip across the wheelbarrow and holding it in place with her foot.

She laughed as she put her foot on the wheelborrow, hitching her skirt up where it bound her knee.

"The new skirts weren't made for carpenters," she said, as she jabbed away with the saw.

I darted a glance at the display of trim ankles and resumed my digging in the post holes. This was a new and disturbing distraction in agricultural toil!

The next morning at breakfast a burned nose confronted me across the table, and the possessor ruefully regarded her sore palms.

"No work for you today," said I. "You will just have to pick out colors for me. The painters are coming."

Ten minutes later we went down the road together and found the painters already unloading their wagon.

We entered, with the boss painter, and went into the south room.

"Now," said I, "I'm not going to paper any rooms if I can help it. I want the walls calcimined. They look pretty sound to me, barring some places where you'll have to patch the plaster. Can it be done?"

The painter walked about the room carefully, then examined the hall, the north room, and the dining room, while the girl and I followed him.

"Sure," he said.

"All right; I want this south room done first, as I'm anxious to get my books unpacked and my desk set up. Now, what color shall it be?" I turned toward Miss Goodwin as I spoke.

She shook her head. "I'm not going to say a word," she answered. "This is your room."

"I suppose you want the woodwork white?" the painter suggested. "Those old mantels, for instance."

"Cream white, not dead white," said I. "The walls have got to set off both pictures and books. They've got to be neutral. I want a greenish, brownish, yellowish olive, with the old beam in the center of the ceiling in the same key, only a bit darker."

The girl and the painter both laughed.

"I'll get my colors," he said.

After several trials he mixed something that looked right to me.

We went into the northeast room and the dining room behind it.

"Same color here?" asked the painter.

I was about to answer yes, when Miss Goodwin spoke: "I should think you'd want these rooms lighter in color," she said, "as they face the north."

"The lady's right," said the painter.

"They always are," I smiled. "You two fix up the color for this room, then. We can decide on the other rooms after these downstairs are done."

"No," cried the girl, "I won't do anything of the kind! You might not like what I picked."

"Incredible!" said I. "I've really got to get to work outside now." And I ran off, leaving her looking a little angrily, I thought, after me.

I was so impatient to see how my lawn was going to look that I went to the shed to hunt up a dummy sundial post which I could set up and mark off my beds around it. At first I could find nothing, but looking up presently into a loft under the eaves, I saw the dusty end of what looked like a Doric pillar poking out.

I scrambled up and pulled forth, to my joy, a wooden pillar about nine feet long, in excellent preservation. How it got there, I had no idea. I dragged the heavy column down, and ran to get Hard Cider.

He grunted. "All yer side porch pillars wuz them kind when I wuz a boy," he said. "Ol' man Noble's fust wife didn't like the porch—thought it kept light out o' the kitchen, an' hed it took down. His second wife hed it put back, but some o' the columns hed got lost, or burnt up, I reckon, so's they put it back with them square posts yer hev now. I reckon that column's nigh on a century old."

I sawed off the upper four feet carefully, and stowed the remainder back in the loft. Then I made a square base of planking, a temporary one till I could build a brick foundation, and took my pedestal around to the lawn. Then I took out my knife, and thrust the blade lightly in at an angle, to simulate the dial marker, and turned to call Miss Goodwin.

But she was already standing in the door.

"Oh!' she cried, running lightly across the ground, "a sundial already, and a real pedestal! Come away from it a little, and see how it seems to focus all the and looked at the white column in midlawn. It did indeed seem sunlight."

We stood off near the house, to draw in the sunlight to this level spot before the dwelling.

"Come," she said, "and see if the paint suits you. Then I must go home and write some letters."

The paint and calcimine tint suited me, of course. They were a warm, golden cream and a very delicate buff, which made the rooms seem lighter. I thanked her as heartily as I could, and watched her depart up the road.

The place seemed curiously deserted after she had gone.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

SAFETY FIRST

Then It Might Be Reasonable

THE public wants the best transportation service possible for the nickel it pays. If the street railway company were able to give the people a satisfactory service and earn a reasonable return on its investment—and in addition take care of paving, pay a gross earnings tax and bear one-half the cost of city bridges—those last mentioned burdens might be construed as reasonable and fair.

But when these charges not only prohibit the street railway from earning a sufficient return on its investment, but actually limit and curtail its ability to give service, then those charges are unsound in principle.

Tacoma Railway & Power Company

DOESN'T CARE WHO WRITES HER PLAYS, BUT SHE JUST MUST MAKE HER OWN HATS

"I don't care who writes my plays, but I must make my own hats," says Miss Brady, actress-daughter of William A. Brady, producer of "legitimate" and movie plays. She is shown in a hat of her own make.

PASTOR ELOPES WITH ORGANIST

(Newspaper Enterprise Association)

SAVANNAH, Ga., Oct. 25.—Aided by a deputy sheriff, Rev. Ernest Altman, pastor of the First Baptist church, here, eloped with the church organist, Miss Ula Mae Majors of Milltown, and they were married after an exciting race through three counties.

The bride's father expressed his objection to the marriage two years ago. The young pastor waited until he was graduated from the seminary and was called to Savannah.

Miss Majors was at the organ, One Sunday, and Altman had finished his sermon, when S. W. Elliott, deputy sheriff, went out and cranked up an auto. As the congregation left, the minister and Miss Majors lost no time getting to the car and whisking away.

To Avoid Distress After Eating

A Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet Contains What the Stomach Requires to Digest Even the Plain and Simple Foods.

Be Convinced With a Free Trial Package.

Acute indigestion may come so unexpectedly that to have Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at hand is like having a life preserver with you when out in a boat. A gassy, sour stomach will sweeten and settle down like magic after these wonderfully efficient tablets. And best of all, you can eat everything worth eating conscious of the fact that come what may you are always fortified against any sort of indigestion or dyspepsia, drowsiness after eating, water brash, fullness, gaging and so on.

The mere fact that they are sold in ever ydrug store in the United States shows to what extent thoughtful people rely upon Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to prevent or to overcome stomach disorders.

Get a 50 cent box today and learn what it means to have absolutely no fear of anything to eat. For a free trial send the coupon below.

FREE TRIAL COUPON
F. A. Stuart Co., 232 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich., send me at once a free trial package of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

We've Got

A New Wet Weather Garment, softer than the "Tin" pants and fully guaranteed; they look mighty good to us; the pants are $2.25 and the coats are $2.50.

We do sell a world of "Water Repellant" clothing every season; it's as flexible as any cloth and as waterproof as the best of them:

The pants are $2.00; double seat and front, $2.50; Coats, $2.50; a longer coat doubled over the shoulders is $3.50.

We always have the "Aquapelle" or "Tin" clothing at the same old prices, $2.00 for the pants and $2.50 for the coats, only this year we have to charge 25c more for sizes 46, 48 and 50 in both garments.

"Aligator" Oil Clothing carries a maker's guarantee tag on every garment and you may take it from us, they're powerful good Rain Clothes.

The pants and jackets are $1.50 each; the long coats are $3.00 and $3.50.

"Carter" Oilskins, pants and jackets, are $1.00 and the long coats are $2.00 to $3.50.

We thank you for reading this advertisement.

Dickson Bros. Co.

1120-22 Pacific Ave.

CARBONADO STAGE CO.
Steam-Heated Cars.
Harry J. McCracken, Manager.
Headquarters Central Bus Station, Tacoma
115 So. 10th St. Main 264

Time Card—Efecftive July 16, 1916.
Subject to Change Without Notice.

Leave.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Carbonado	7:20	1:00	4:20
Wilkeson	7:30	1:15	4:35
Burnett	7:40	1:25	4:45
So. Prairie	7:50	1:35	4:55
Arrive			
Tacoma	9:00	2:45	6:05

Connect with 9:55 a. m., 2:35 and 6:00 p. m. Interurban for Seattle.

Leave.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Tacoma	10:00	4:30	7:30
Puyallup	10:30	5:00	8:00
Orting	10:55	5:25	8:25
So. Prairie	11:20	5:50	8:50
Burnett	11:30	6:00	9:00
Wilkeson	11:40	6:10	9:10
Arrive			
Carbonado	11:50	6:20	9:20