

DRESS SHIELDS

A Special Selling Saturday of Dress Shields, Sanitary Goods

THESE SHIELDS WHILE OFFERED AT VERY UNUSUAL PRICES are nevertheless guaranteed quality and will give entire satisfaction. Owing to the uncertainty of the dye situation, it behooves everyone to wear dress shields and eliminate the chance of ruined garments. These items—

- Fine quality steam cured muslin covered, washable dress shields in sizes 3 and 4—very special, pair... 15c
- Empress Silk Shields, very fine shields in regular shape and in sizes 3 and 4—very special, per pair... 15c
- Sleeve-on Garment Shields, with net sleeve—fine quality and washable—sizes 3, 4 and 5—very special, per pair... 25c
- Elastic Sanitary Belts—made of the double covered elastic webbing—medium and large sizes—very special, each... 15c
- Fine quality Sanitary Aprons, a really fine value—very special, each... 25c

NECKWEAR SPECIAL 19c
A VERY SPECIAL SELLING of new wadded neckwear—come take your choice of the lot at 19c—Broadway Floor

Extra Special
JUST 50 DOZEN new Ladies' kerchiefs—latest colored designs—also plain white—your choice Saturday at 25c—Broadway Floor

Silverware, Jewelry



ONCE AGAIN WE ARE OFFERING for quick selling on Broadway Sales Booth A a great assortment of wanted, useful items in Silverware, Jewelry, Combs, Hair Ornaments, Vases, Jewel Boxes, La Valliers, Bends, Purses, Cold Meat Forks, Berry Spoons, Gravy Ladles, Whip Cream Ladles, Mayonnaise Ladles and hundreds of other useful gift pieces and items for your own personal use. You will also find included a limited number of Bon Bon Dishes, with Tongs, Marmalade Jars with Spoon and Lemon Dishes with Fork, similar to the pieces illustrated above. Come tomorrow and take your choice of this wonderful lot at, per piece... 49c

Also a very Big Lot of Special Values at, per each... 25c—Broadway Sales Booth A

Thousands of Holland Flower Bulbs

Select Varieties, Imported Direct Offered at Exceptionally Low Prices

SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR, Holland has been obliged to send practically her entire output of Bulbs to America, and the Rhodes Store has been one of the largest distributors of these Bulbs in this country.

- Single Tulips**
Crimson, pink, red, yellow, white and variegated—15c per dozen.
- Double Tulips**
Yellow, red—priced 30c per dozen.
Darwin Tulips mixed—priced 30c per dozen.
- Single Narissus**
Empress 1—Pompous Ornatus—10c per dozen.
Albo Pheno Odorato—20c per dozen.
- Single Hyacinths**
Grand Maitre, blue Norma, pink; L'Innocence, white—priced 60c per dozen.
- Single and Double Hyacinths**
Pink, red, white and blue—priced 45c per dozen.
- Crocus**
Blue, white, striped yellow—10c per dozen.
Spanish Iris—10c per dozen.

Great Sale of Canned Goods, Fruits and Vegetables

- FANCY SLICED PINEAPPLE**—No. 2 1/2 cans—reduced for this sale to, per can 14c; PER DOZEN CANS... \$1.85
- FANCY SOLID PACK TOMATOES**—No. 2 1/2 cans—reduced for this sale to, per can 12c; PER DOZEN CANS... \$1.40
- MINCED CLAMS**—extra quality—No. 1 cans—reduced for this sale to, per can 11c; PER DOZEN CANS... \$1.30
- FANCY ASPARAGUS or ASPARAGUS TIPS**—reduced for this sale to TWO OANS for 45c; DOZEN CANS for... \$2.65
- FANCY JUNE SUGAR PEAS**—reduced for this sale to, per can 14c; PER DOZEN CANS... \$1.65
- FANCY WHITE STAR TUNA FISH**—reduced for this sale—1-lb. cans TWO for 55c; DOZEN CANS for \$8.25; 1-lb. cans, each 10c; DOZEN CANS... \$1.85
- FANCY MAINE STYLE SUGAR CORN**—reduced for this sale to, per can 12c; per DOZEN CANS... \$1.40
- CALIFORNIA SLICED PEACHES**—No. 2 1/2 cans—reduced for this sale to, per can 12c; per DOZEN CANS for... \$1.40

Rhodes Brothers

In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

LEST YOU FORGET, IT'S HUGHES DAY Friday has been set as "Hughes Day" throughout the state. E. Senator Wesley L. Jones will speak at the Tacoma theater at 8 o'clock. W. H. Paulhamus will speak at the South Tacoma shops at noon, and meetings will be held tonight at Arletta and Milton.

McBRIDE TO COME HERE SATURDAY
Progressives should support Hughes, according to Former Governor McBride, who spoke at Hughes campaign headquarters Thursday, before leaving for Vancouver. McBride will spend Saturday in Pierce county.

PANTAGES
HERBERT LLOYD & CO.
REGIARI & VOGLIOTTI
FOUR HENNES—CHINCO
"THE CHICKEN STAIN"—NO. 8
AND THREE OTHERS ALSO

"THE HEAVY COLE 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 WENT into the south room, and sat at my desk answering some letters, while I waited for dinner. Presently I heard the front door open very softly. I knew it must be Miss Goodwin. I waited for her to enter the room in a pleasant tinge of expectation, but she did not enter. Several minutes passed, and I got up to investigate, but there was no sign of her. The front door, however, stood ajar. Then Mrs. Pillig called "Dinner!"

I walked into my dining room, and sat down at the table. Beside my plate was the familiar, old-fashioned silver I had eaten with when a boy, and the sight of it thrilled me.

Then I spied the centerpiece—a glass vase bearing three fresh irises from the brookside. Here was the secret, then, of the open door! Mrs. Pillig came in with the platter of eggs and bacon, and she, too, spied the flowers.

"Well, well, you've got yourself a booky," she said.

"Not I," was my answer. "They just came. Mrs. Pillig has a nice fairy lives in this house, a nice, thoughtful fairy, who does things like this. If you ever see her, don't be frightened."

Mrs. Pillig looked at me pityingly. "I'll bring your toast and coffee now," she said.

Out on the porch I could see Peter playing with Buster.

Before me stood the purple iris blooms, and spoke of her so gracious thoughts of me were so gracious, so delicately expressed, so warming to my heart.

The spoon I held bore my mother's initials, reminding me of my childhood. I looked thru the window as my last spoonful of dessert was eaten, and saw the sky breaking into blue.

I folded my new napkin, put it into the old silver ring which bore the word "John" on the side, and rose from my first meal in Twin Fires.

"I have a home again," said I, aloud; "I have a home again after ten years!"

Then I went up the road toward Bert's to deliver my invitation to supper for the following evening.

CHAPTER VII.
The First Lemon Pie

The next day Mrs. Pillig was nervously busy with preparations for the feast.

I worked at my manuscripts until 5 o'clock, and then went up to make myself ready for the feast.

For some reason, I went into the spare room at the front of the house, and glancing from the window, saw Miss Stella stealing up thru the orchard, her hands full of flowers.

She peeped into the east window, saw the coast was clear, and I heard the front door gently opened. I tiptoed to the head of the stairs, and listened. She was in the south room. Presently I heard voices.

"Sh!" she was cautioning, evidently to Mrs. Pillig. When I came downstairs, there were fresh flowers on the mantels, a bowl of them on the piano, and a centerpiece in the dining-room. I smiled.

"The fairy's been here again," said Mrs. Pillig slyly. "Gave me quite a start."

Promptly at seven my guests arrived. Bert was in rare form that evening, and kept us in gales of merriment. Mrs. Pillig brought the soup and meat with anxious gravity, set the courses on the table, and then stopped to chat with Mrs. Temple, or to listen to Bert's stories. She amused me almost as much as Bert did. It was a family party with the waitress included.

Then came the lemon pie. "Now there's a pride!" said Mrs. Pillig, setting it prominently before me.

I picked up my mother's old silver pie knife and carefully sank it down thru the two-inch mass of puffly brown meringue spangled with golden dots, the under layer of lemon-yellow body, and finally the flaky, marvellously dry and tender bottom crust.

"Mrs. Pillig," said I, "pie is right!"

"Marthy," said Bert, smacking his lips over the first mouthful, "if you could make a pie like this, you'd be perfect."

"If I could make a pie like this," said Miss Goodwin, "I should resign from the dictionary and open a bakeryshop."

Mrs. Pillig stood in the doorway, her thin, worried face wreathed in smiles.

When at last my guests started for home I escorted Miss Goodwin. The four of us walked up the road in merry mood, and the older folk left me on the porch.

Neither of us spoke for some moment. Then I said abruptly: "You've only come to my house wearing a fairy cap of invisibility, since I moved in—till tonight. Won't you come tomorrow and walk thru the pines?" The thrush won't sing for me."

"Yes, I'll come—for the last time," she said softly.

"Why for the last time?" I cried.

"Because I'm going back to the 'S,' or the 'J's, on the day after," she answered.

"Oh, no, no, you mustn't!" I exclaimed. "You are not well enough to go back. You are just beginning to get strong again."

"Strong! Why, my hands are as calloused as yours," she laughed, "and about as tanned."

"Let me feel," I demanded.

She hesitated a second, and then put out her hand. I took it in mine and touched the palm. Then my fingers closed over it. She did not attempt to withdraw it for a long moment. The hand slipped out of mine. She rose, and we moved to the door.

"The path tomorrow, at twilight," I whispered.

"She nodded, and suddenly she was gone.

All that next June day I worked in my garden, in a dream.

My mind was not on the task. Over and over I was asking myself the question, "Do I love her? What permanence is there in a spring passion? How much of my feeling for her is passion, and how much is sympathy, even pity?"

Over and over I turned these questions, while my hands worked mechanically. And over and over, too, I will be honest and admit, the selfish bachelor habits imposed their opposition to the thought of union.

I had bought the farm to be my own lord and master; here I was to work, to create masterpieces of literature; to smoke all over the house, to eat all night, and sleep all day. If I so desired, to maintain my own habits, my own individuality, undisturbed.

"All of which means," I thought, "that I am not sure of myself. I must wait."

I went to the house, changed my clothes, and hastened up the road to meet her, curiously eager for a man in doubt.

She was coming out of the door as I crossed the bit of lawn, dressed not in the working clothes which she had worn on our gardening days, but all in white. She smiled at me brightly and ran down the steps.

"Go to New York—but see Twin Fires first," she laughed. "I'm all ready for the tour."

I had not expected so much lightness of heart from her, and I was a little piqued, as I answered, "You don't seem very sorry that you are seeing it for the last time."

She smiled into my face. "All pleasant things have to end," she said, "so why be glum about it?"

"Do they have to end?" said I.

"In my experience, always," she nodded.

I was silent. My resolution, which I confess had wavered a little when she came thru the doorway, was fixed again. Just the light banter in her tone had done it.

We walked down the road, and went first to take a look at the lawn and rose trellis.

"It will be very lovely another year, when the vines have covered it," she said.

"The lawn will look like a lawn by then, and possibly I shall have achieved a sundial plate," I answered.

"Possibly you will," she said, with a suspicious twinkle.

Another instant, and she stood by the road, and back into the dusk of the thicket pines. We walked on to the spot where we first had met, and where first the thrush had sounded for us his elfin clarion. There we stopped and listened, but there was no sound save the whisper of the pines.

Another instant, and we were meeting, suddenly he sang, far off across the tamaracs, one perfect call, and silence again.

Her face was a glimmering radiance in the dusk. Slowly my face sank toward hers, and our lips met.

Another instant, and she stood to go away from me, right in her eyes. Then, as suddenly, she laughed.

"John Upton," she said, "you are a bad man. That wasn't what the thrush said at all."

"I misunderstood," said I, recovering more slowly, and astounded by her mood.

"I'll not reproach you, since I, a philologist, misunderstood for a second myself," she responded.

"Now I must go home to pack my trunk."

Let me drive you to the station in the morning," said I, as we emerged from the grove, in this sudden strange, calm intimacy, when no word had been spoken, and I, at least, was quite in the dark as to her feelings.

She shook her head. "No, I go too early for you. You—you mustn't try to see me."

"For just a second her voice wavered. She stopped for a last look at Twin Fires. "Nice house, nice garden, nice brook," she said. Then we walked up the road, and at Bert's door, she put out her hand.

"Good-bye," I answered.

Her eyes looked frankly into mine. There was nothing there but smiling friendship. The fingers did not tremble in my grasp.

"I shall write," said I, controlling my voice with difficulty, "and send you pictures of the garden."

"Yes, do."

She was gone. I walked slowly back to my dwelling. I had kept my resolution. Yet how strangely I had kept it! All had been so sudden—the kiss, her springing away, her abrupt, astonishing laughter. She had thought it, perhaps, but the mood of the place and hour, and understood.

That was fine, generous! Few women, I thought, would be capable of it. Yes, I had kept my resolution—and I felt like a fool, a happy, hopeless fool!

CHAPTER VIII.
I Go to New York for a Purpose

I shall not here recount the events on the farm during the

Saturday Specials at Tacoma's New Store

A Special Showing of Coats for Women and Misses, Saturday at \$22.50

We're going to emphasize Mode-Art supremacy in style and value giving with this line of women's and misses' coats at this very moderate price. The collection represents the season's favored styles in Wool Velours, Kerseys, Broadcloths and Novelty Mixtures. The style assortment includes full length models with full flare or pleated back, belted front, belted all around and straight line loose effects. The colors are navy, brown, green, black and mixtures.

Women's and misses' sizes—\$22.50 Saturday, extra special... \$22.50

Women's and Misses' Hats—Special Saturday \$2.95

The greatest value we've yet offered in Hats—a smart collection of the season's chic styles that we're being showing at prices up to \$6.75. All New Models in the popular colors. Your choice of a large assortment—Saturday... \$2.95

Girls' Coats, Saturday \$7.50

A special assortment of the latest styles in girls' coats, featuring Zibelines, Flashes, and Kerseys in belted, box and empire back models. Colors are navy, brown, black and mixtures; sizes are 6 to 14. Saturday... \$7.50

Children's Hats, Saturday \$1.98

Children's Velvet and Plush Hats in the season's popular shapes and colors, including red, blue, green, rose, brown, black and white; values in the assortment are up to \$4.00—Saturday... \$1.98

Mode-Art Apparel Co.

J. F. MURPHY, President.

939-941 BROADWAY

LEGAL NOTICES

ington, do hereby certify that the following named persons have been regularly nominated by the designated parties as candidates for the offices set above their respective names, and the party affiliation (except Non-Partisan) and the order of the different party filings are as follows:

SUPERIOR COURT, Non-Partisan Judiciary Ticket.
(Vote for One.)

Ernest M. Card... Majority Candidate
Minority Non-Partisan Candidates.
(Vote for Three.)

W. O. Chapman
C. M. Besterday
M. L. Clifford

DeWitt M. Evans
John D. Fletcher
Frank D. Nash

(Continued on Page 6.)

LEGAL NOTICES

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of Pierce County, Washington, and the Precincts therein, and to all others concerned, that the following nominations for the various offices to be filled at the next General Election, to-wit: Tuesday, November 7th, 1911, have in accordance with Chapter 209 Session Laws of 1907, and Chapter 82 and 232 of Session Laws of 1909 of Washington, the same being "An act relating to regulating the nomination of candidates for public office in the State of Washington, and providing penalties for the violation thereof and declaring an emergency," approved by the Governor March 15, 1907, and March 22, 1909, and Chapter 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 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TAKE THE INTERURBAN Tacoma and Seattle

Service

A two-car limited train leaves Tacoma for Seattle every hour from 7:35 a. m. to 6:35 p. m.; then 9 p. m. A similar train leaves Seattle for Tacoma at 7:30 a. m., 9 a. m.; then every hour until 7 p. m.; then 11:10 p. m.

No other service between the two cities even approximates this frequency. You can leave Tacoma for Seattle and return at nearly any hour of the day that suits your convenience.

Low Fare

A charge of \$1.00 is made for the round trip between the two cities. A valid transfer from the city line to the interurban will be credited on the cost of the round trip ticket, and transfers are given to the city lines at both terminals, making the actual interurban fare but 85c.

Speed

It takes our limited trains but 70 minutes to make the full distance. This means that you can start from Tacoma at 1:35 p. m., arrive in Seattle at 2:45 p. m., transact such business as you may have, and return on the 5 p. m. train and be in Tacoma for dinner at 6:10 p. m.

If you desire to attend the theater or other entertainment in Seattle at night, take the 6:35 p. m. train, arriving in Seattle at 7:45 p. m.; then returning to Tacoma on the 11:10, you arrive at Tacoma at 12:10 a. m., in time for practically all city cars.

Puget Sound Electric Railway