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## Prices Cut on Aluminum **Cooking Ware Here This Week**

This in face of a steady advance in the wholesale price of all articles of aluminum.

This store was fortunate in having stocked up before the price advance, therefore can afford to sell this ware for less money

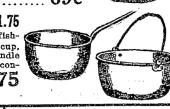
Well-known Saluco Brand Thick Pure Aluminum, with securely riveted handles. See the window display. Sale lasts all week, but a new "special" each day.

\$1.15 Aluminum 5-Quart Preserving Kettle for 69c 5-quart capacity Saluco Aluminum Preserving Ket-tle, well polished. Monday

\$3.50 Aluminum Camp Outfits \$1.75

A fine camp cook kit for hunter, fisherman, etc. Set consists of plate, cup. saucer, bowl and detachable handle fry pan nested in large kettle for convenient packing. Monday \$1.75

Basement.



### \$5.25 Wringers, Spcl. \$2.98 "Arcade," our own brand Clothes

Wringer, made by American
Wringer Co. Has enclosed cogs
to prevent soiling clothes, and
ball-bearings
to insure



\$2.98

### 25c O-Cedar Polish 15c Regular 25c 4-ounce bottle of fa-

mous O-Cedar Polish for renewing floor mops. making dustless dusters, etc. Cleans and polishes at same stroke all woodwork, furniture, floors, etc. Monday at the special O-Cedar Demonstration Booth, Basement

15c

## Downtown Distributors for

## and "Ajax" Guaranteed Tires Prices Slashed on Overstocks

We find that we are overstocked on the following sizes in Plain Tread Tires and cut the price Monday for stock reduction purposes only. Be sure and come early to get your size.

NEW FRESH STOCK, FULLY GUARANTEED Reg. Price. Sale Price Reg. Price. Sale Price. Size.

\$10.69 32x3 1/2 \$13.35 33x4

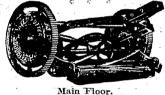
Main Floor.

\$27.35 \$32.30

## "Keen Kutter" Mowers At Cost to Reduce Stock

The best Mower made. Five-knife reel, double gear both sides, ball-bearing. Your money back if not satisfied.

14-in., worth \$11, spec'l \$8.98 16-in., worth \$12, spec'l \$9.98 18-in., worth \$13, spec'l \$10.49 20-in., worth \$14, spec'l \$11.49



\$2.50 Canvas Hammocks

\$21.89 \$25.98

Your last chance to secure a good

Hammock cheap. Made from heavy white canvas, with double stretch ers. Will outwear three ordinary Special to reduce at ......\$1.49

Main Floor.

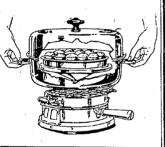
All Refrigerators Reduced 1/4 to 1/3 in Price

## Hotpoint Ovenette \$2.50

For baking electrically on Hotpoint El Glostovo (\$3.50) or El Grilstovo (\$5.00).

FAMOUS HOTPOINT ELECTRIC \$3.00

5- or 6-pound, guaranteed 10 years, complete with cord.



## elder & Hudbut

#### PIONEER OF STATE DIES OF APOPLEXY

Edward McDonnell, Who Came to

Washington in 1872, Succumbs at Tacoma.

TACOMA, Saturday. Aug. 7.—Edward McDonnell, aged 71, a resident of Washington since 1872 and of Tacoma since 1903, died today at his

home, 707 South I Street, of apoplexy. He was a native of Ireland and on first coming to the United States in 1830 went to Dubuque, Ia. After removing to this state in 1872, he was a member of the first board of county commissioners of Columbia County, a member of the territorial legislature in 1877, and chairman of the board of county commissioners of Walia Walla County from 1822 to 1896.

Besides his widow, Sarah A. McDonnell, Mr. McDonnell Leaves two sons, Curran and Shirley, and a daughter Blanche, all of Tacoma.

Tel. Elliott 3299.



"In the Business District for Your Convenience."

1512 Third Avenue.

# DISPATCH RIDERS

Both Called on to Face Foe Single-Handed and to Perform Duty Unflinchingly in Face of Death.

(Continued From Page One.)

phonetic guide to the pronunciation set in brackets underneath.
The rider is also furnished a specially prepared pamphlet containing French and English phrases likely to be of uso to him in making his way about the country. After that he is turned loose with a walletful of important documents and it is up to him to deliver the goods.

goods. "Bikers" Talking Shop.

I had a dinner a few nights ago in Chocques, a village near Bethune, with four "bikers." That is to say, they sat at the same table in the little French restaurant and I listened to their comment. They had all covered more than a hundred miles that day oarrying dispatches, but it was not until coffee was served and cigarettes were lighted that any of them mentioned anything in connection with the day's work.

tined anything in connection with the day's work of them casually dropped the remark that he had a bad "blow-out" that morning. Someone asked where, and he mentioned a bit of high-way that I knew ran for many miles just behind the British trenches and fully exposed to German rifle and shell fire. His three companions did not seem particularly interested, but one of them asked if the blowout had occurred anywhere near a certain stretch of woodland and a bridge brook. The other said it happened just there. "Bad spot, that," said the questioner. "I had tire trouble there about a month ago. Germans made it so hot for me I had to take my bike into the woods to work on it."

The Cut by Bullet.

"Yes," said the one who had broached the subject, "they've got the range on that road now. It's a short-cut from Givenehy southwest, but a bad place if anything goes wrong with your bike. I was hitting it up rather. Must have been going seventy-five. Bullet cut clean through my front tire. Almost had a rotten cropper. Couldn't repair her. Had to drive her along on the rim ten miles an hour, in full sight of the Germans, until I got across that bridge. Look at that"

He tossed his wallet on the table. A bullet had ploughed through it length ways, spoiling the isinglass and the map.

"I never use that road any more."

ways, spoiling the isingless and the map.

"I never use that road any more," said another. "Mate o' mine—you remember Atkinson of Surrey—killed there last month. Shell took his head off without knocking him off his bike. The blke ran on lifty yards and then dumped poor Billy's carcass in the brook. I was washing in the brook when the bike and body flopped in. When I found it was Billy—from his Wallet and letters in his pocket—I got fed up with that short cut—always go around by the west road now."

These quiet young chaps, with their modest way of doing dangerous and important things, impressed me as being about the finest lot in the whole rank and file of the British army. Theirs is not butcher's work. They don't have to fight. But they have to take many a' desperate chance and the safety of some regiment or brigade of fighting men in the trenches often depends upon how swiftly and truly one of these motorcycle dispatch bearers can run the gauntlet of the enemy's fire.

of these motorcycle dispatch bearers can run the gauntlet of the enemy's fire.

The sniper is of a different mould altogether. His first qualification is, of course, marksmanship of more than ordinary calibre. He must be able not only to hit anything he can see at point-blank range, but so skilled as to be able to pick out with field glasses a man a mile distant, adjust the sights of his Lee Enfield and put that distant speek of humanity out of commission inside of three or four shots.

Further than that, he must be out of the stuff that can stand being potted at hour after hour all day long; that can hear the vicious whine of some distant sniper's bullet seeking him out in his hiding place, each bullet buzzing by a little nearer his ear, and not quit.

Making Himself Small. Making Himself Small.

Making Himself Small.

The sniper takes a position usually somewhere back of the trenches, in any spot that looks like a good bit of cover. At various times it is a ruined farm house, a stone-rimmed well, a clump of bushes, a rock or a tree. His first efforts are directed at making himself as nearly invisible as possible to the powerful lenses of hostile field glasses and telescopes. Then he tries to locate the German sniper whose periodical shots have been annoying him or the men in the trenches near to hand.

All sorts of tricks and wiles are practiced by these solitary marksmen on both sides. A Scotch sharpshooter told me recently of an experience he had—a sort of day-long duel with a German expert. The Scot had ensconced himself in a clump of gorse bushes on a hillside well back of the English trenches. He had made himself a thick wreath of gorse leaves and blossoms for his head and wound a chain of green leaves about his rifle barrel. He felt himself practically invisible, but felt himself practically invisible, but after an hour some German sniper must have spotted him or suspected his presence in that clump of bushes, for shot after shot popped in the distance and bullet after bullet pinged through the gorse searching out the Scot's hide.

Scot Perplexed.

For nearly an hour the Scot tried to locate that lone German marksman. At last he glimpsed something through his glasses in a tall poplar tree three-quarters of a mile away. Careful focussing of the glasses brought into view a lumpy spot in that tree that had no business there. With utmost care he figured the range, adjusted the tele-

ONE of the most attractive cars of the 1916 season to arrive in Seattle is the Pullman Junior touring car, which made its appearance last week in

the showrooms of the Parker Motor Car Company. Three cars were in the

# LAKINAW COPPER

When you read the above words you must not connect them with mining stocks or mining corporations. If you would pour out a thousand dollars on our desk the money would not buy a share of stock in LAKINAW COPPER.

THERE IS NO STOCK.

NO CORPORATION.

When you come to understand LAKINAW COPPER you will understand it as a life-long equity in a developed copper mine located in the heart of the great copper belt of Alaska.

You will understand it as first paying back your money with interest and thereafter as paying you profits or dividends through the medium of a fixed and unchangeable royalty or toll from every ton of ore produced.

If you want to undergo the experience of being "whipsawed" through the purchase of mining stocks, don't bother to investigate LAKINAW COPPER. If you want something to manipulate on the stock market don't take up our time nor waste your own—we can't supply what you want.

If, however, you are interested in realizing some of the profits that will be produced by The Lakinaw Copper Mines; if you want to participate in the legitimate operations in the great Copper River belt, on lines of safety to your investment first, we will be glad to have you call at our office and investigate the

ONE YEAR 10 PER CENT PARTICIPATING INVESTMENT NOTES offered for public subscription, go over our records, reports, contracts, etc., and examine samples of our ore, or fill out coupon below and mail to us.

YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED.

I am interested in Lakinaw Copper and would like to have particulars.

## **WESTERN BOND & SHARE COMPANY**

PHONE Main 3309 601-2 Eitel Bldg.

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scopic sight and began to pick away at that lump half hidden in the foliage of the distant poplar. But his fire seemed to have no effect. The German sniper replied as steadily as ever. Again the Scot examined that object in the poplar through his glasses. This time he could see distinctly a man's coat and cap. It must be the sniper, he thought, and returned to his business of trying to dislodge the German. Then he noticed that the enemy's fire was getting louder with each shot.

Bush at Last Moves. Bush at Last Moves

Bush at Last Moves.

Through his glasses he swept the fields in vain until suddenly his eye caught the movement of a small bush about half a mile away. There was no wind and the bush had no reason to move. Watching it a moment, the Scot saw the bush slowly advancing over the field, which was knee deep with grass and daisles.

"I kenned I had him, then," said the Highlander.

Two shots aimed at the base of the advancing bush and a figure leaped to its feet, waved a rifle and collapsed. Looking at the silenced sniper through his glasses, the Scot saw that he was coatless. The German had left his coat and cap in the tree to hold the Britisher's fire while he transformed himself into a bush and crept forward a quarter of a mile to get a better shot at his enemy.

Proud of Their Feats.

PULLMAN JUNIOR 1916 MODEL ARRIVES IN SEATTLE

away at the stone wall and then ricochette off with a big 'zow-wee-ee.' Then one of them comes whanging from that wall plump against my rife barrel and off again. Before I knew what he was up to another follows it and zips from that wall right past my head, spinning over and over and singing loud and horrible. Then I know what's up. That beggar was actually firing billiard shots at me, making 'em carom off that wall and jump behind my rock. Did I move from that rock? Not half. That's what I call real shooting."

Tomit that rock? Not hair. That's what I call real shooting."

There is another phase of the sniper's work that is not often mentioned in official reports and when so mentioned is usually attributed to the enemy, who is accused of "firing upon the wounded." In reality snipers on both sides often feel impelled to play the part of grimly merciful executioners. After a charge the battlefield is sprinkled with desperately wounded men who must lie there and die in agony. No help can go out to them, for there are no truces for burial or relief parties between the lines. But often a sniper, seeing the tossing figure of some dying man far out on the plain, makes use of his skill with the rifle to bring an end to the sufferer's tortures.

## **FUNERAL SERVICES**

quarter of a mile to get a better shot at his enemy.

Proud of Their Feats.

Incidents like this are common experiences among the snipers. I have had them tell me scores of such happenings in their daily work. As a rule the sharpshooter—at least with the British army—is inclined to boast of his prowess. Tall indeed are the tales of marksmanship one may hear when two or three of these rifie experts get together in a camp canteen. Nor are they unwilling to give their German rivals credit for marvelous bits of shooting.

"Some of them beggars can shoot like the old Harry himself," a sharpshooter of a London regiment told me. "The other day I stuck myself behind a big rock which lay to one side and a little back of a ruined stone building. The wall of the building ran on a slant, you understand, with my line of fire. One of them German blokes spotted me behind that rock and kept peppering at me so fast that I had to keep my head down. He chipped my rock for a while and then changed his fire and began shooting at the stone house.

"I could hear the bullets pecking"

Jimmy Kiyohra, Contractor for Apex Mill Near Anacortes, Is Shot to Death During Quarrel.

MOUNT VERNON, Saturday, Aug. 7.
—Jimmy Kiyohra, a Japanese contractor of Oriental labor for the Apex Mill near Anacortes, was shot and instantly killed early today following a quarrel with employes of the mill. Three Japanese are being held in connection with the shooting. Kiyohra, witnesses say, entered the employes' quarters of the mill to arouse the workmen and while awakening the men, took occasion to chastise several who had been on a carousal Friday evening. A quarrel Mill near Anacortes, was shot and in-

arose during which it is alleged.
Kiyohra drew a knife.
Enraged at being confronted with
a knife three of the men, T. Oyokota,
K. Masuyuki and O. Suda are said to
have chased Kiyohra from the shack
and down the railroad track. The
shooting followed.

## AMERICAN WIVES OF BRITONS CROSS SEA

Duchess of Manchester and Mrs. Graham-White Sail for England on St. Louis.

NEW YORK, Saturday, Aug. 7.—The Duchess of Manchester, former American society 10.22. and Mrs. Claude Graham-White, wife of the noted English aviator, sailed for England today on the American line steamship St. Louis. The husbands of both are serving England in the war.

The duchess is in deep mourning for her father, the late Eugene Zimmerman, Cincinnati millionaire. Immediately upon her return to England, it is said, she will establish an elaborately equipped hospital to cost \$1,000,000. The St. Louis, it was said, did not carry one ounce of contraband. Therefore none of the 670 passengers feared interception by a hostile submarine.

### OF COURSE You Have Heard of the LANG (Patented)

Hot-Blast Smoke-Burning Range

## Barnum's Circus installed a Lang Range yesterday. Ringling's Circus have used one for a number of years. Seattle is proud of this "Seattle-Made" Range.

country—is being manufactured in Chicago by Albert Pick & Co. on a royalty basis; also in Vancouver, B. C., and Hamilton, Ont. Look in kitchen of any Seattle restaurant, hotel, cafeteria, club, hosnital, etc.



### You'll See a LANG RANGE Ask any chef what he knows about the

Lang Range. He will tell you it is the best and most economical range on the market. .N. o w

shouldn't Seattle Housewives use the Lang Family Range, which embodies the same principle as the hotel range. Why buy Eastern-

Why buy Easternmade Ranges, which
are out of date,
when you can buy
a new, modern, upto-date Range which
is guaranteed to
burn but coe-half
as much fuel as oldstyle ranges. "Made
in Seattle" by Seattle workmen. tle workmen.

burning wood. This is the stove for your country home. Holds fire overnight with wood. Also burns coal. The stove the government buys for the Alaska business. Made in 3 sizes. Lang's Furnace embodies the same principle as the Lang Ranges. Let us figure with you on a furnace for your home. Now is the time to begin thinking about it. We can refer you to hundreds of satisfied users.

New city salesroom, 1532 Westlake Avenue (near Pine). Office and factory, 2756 First Avenue South. Tel. Elliott 720.

F. S. Lang Manufacturing Co.

1916 model Pullman Junior. first shipment, two painted cream color and the other black. They present a very neat appearance and are superior

irst shipment, two painted cream color and the other black. They present a bodies are roomier than last year, the tery neat appearance and are superior nevery way to the popular Pullman uniors of the last season.

The 1916 models are improved and in every way to the popular Pullman Juniors of the last season.

