Beginning Today, January 2nd, 1913
At Baltimore's Best Store

A Three-Day

RUMMAGE SALE

The Like of Which
Baltimore Has Never Known!

Completely Advertised in Yesterday's
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As Announced in Yesterday's American

TO-DAY BEGINS THE

JOEL GUTMAN & CO.

"Re-organization Sale"

Presenting Drastic Reductions
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THE SELLING BEGINS AT 9 O'CLOCK THIS MORNING

JOEL GUTMAN & CO.
North Eutaw Street

ALL CARS TRANSFER TO
STEWART & CO.
LEXINGTON and HOWARD
All charge purchases made now will go on January acco
and bill will be rendered February 1.

One Of Our Best
Men's Clothing Sales

Not Only Because the Price Is the Lowest of the Season, But Because of the Unprecedented Values Offered In the Broad Assortment Prepared for Your Selection.

Just 3,000 Suits and Overcoats for Men and Youths

The Values Range from $15 to $20

In Overcoats There Are:
$15, $18 and $20 Black Kersey Overcoats
$15, $18 and $20 Grey Kersey Overcoats
$15, $18 and $20 Fancy Cheviot Overcoats
$15, $18 and $20 Convertible Collar Overcoats
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$15, $18 and $20 Cheviot Overcoats, with velvet Collar,
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25 EXTRA SALESPEOPLE

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$15, $18 and $20 Mixed Cheviot Suits
$15, $18 and $20 Norfolk Suits
$15, $18 and $20 Gray Worsted Suits
$15, $18 and $20 Brown Cassimere Suits
$15, $18 and $20 Black Unfinished Worsted Suits
$15, $18 and $20 English Model Suits
$15, $18 and $20 Double-Breasted Suits
$15, $18 and $20 Two-Button Sack Suits

25 EXTRA TAILORS

All at One Price $7.75 No Charge for Alterations

—Sixth Floor, Stewart & Co.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MARIONIS

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

(Copyright By Little, Brown & Co.)

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"As you remark, the ideas and customs of our countries differ," the Sicilian rejoined. "Here a nobleman of my descent would consider it an everlasting shame to stand quietly on one side, and see the woman whom he worshipped become the bride of another man, and that man an alien. He would be esteemed, and justly, a coward. Let us waste no more words, signor. I have sought you tonight to put this matter plainly before you. Unless you leave this island, and give up your pretensions to the hand of Signorina Cartuccio, you die. You have climbed for the last time to the Villa Fiolesse. Swear to go there no more; swear to leave this island before day breaks tomorrow, or your blood shall stain its shores. By the unbroken and sacred oath of a Marioni, I swear it!"

To Lord St. Maurice, the Sicilian's words and gestures seemed only grotesque. He looked at him a little contemptuously—a thin, shrunken-up figure, ghastly pale, and seeming all the thinner on account of his somber black attire. What a husband for Adrienne! How had he dared to love so magnificent a creature. The very idea of such a man threatening him seemed absurd to Lord St. Maurice, an athlete of public school and college renown, with muscles like iron, and the stature of a guardsman. He was not angry, and he had not a particle of fear, but his stock of patience was getting exhausted.

"How are you going to do the killing?" he asked. "Pardon my ignorance, but it is evidently one of the customs of the country which has not been explained to me. How do you manage it?"

"I should kill you in a duel!" the Sicilian answered. "It would be easily done."

The Englishman burst out laughing. It was too grotesque, almost like a huge joke.

"Damn you and your duels!" he said, rising to his feet, and towering over his companion. "Look here, Mr. di Marioni, I've listened to you seriously because I felt heartily sorry for you; but I've had enough of it. I don't know whether you understand the slang of my country. If you do, you'll understand what I mean when I tell you that you've been talking 'bally rot.' We may be a rough lot, we Englishmen, but we're not cowards, and no one but a coward would dream of giving a girl up for such a tissue of whimperings. Be a man, sir, and get over it, and look here—none of this sort of business!"

He drew the dagger from his breast pocket, and patted it. The Sicilian was speechless and livid with rage.

"You are a coward!" he hissed. "You shall fight me!"

"That I won't," Lord St. Maurice answered good-humoredly. "Just take my advice. Make up your mind that we both can't have her, and she's chosen me, and come and give me your hand like a man. Think it over, now, before the morning. Good-night!"

The Sicilian sprang up, and looked rapidly around. At an adjoining table he recognized two men, and touched one on the shoulder.

"Signors!" he cried, "and you, signor le capitaine, pardon me if I ask you for your hearing for an instant. This—gentleman here has insulted me, and declines to give me satisfaction. I have called him a coward and a rascal, and I repeat it! His name is Lord St. Maurice. If he forfeits his right to be considered a gentleman, I demand that his name be struck off the visitors' club."

The three men had risen to their feet. Two of them were gentlemen of the neighborhood with whom Lord St. Maurice had a bowing acquaintance. The third was a French officer. They looked inquiringly at Lord St. Maurice.

"It's quite true, gentlemen," he said with easy self-possession. "He's been calling me all the bad names under the sun, and I have declined to give him what he calls satisfaction. I haven't the least objection to your knowing it."

The two Palermitans looked at one another doubtfully. The officer, giving his mustache a twist, stepped forward and bowed.

"Might we inquire your reasons for declining the duel?" he asked.

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders.

"Certainly," he answered. "In the first place, I am an officer in the service of Her Majesty the Queen, and duelling is strictly forbidden; in the second, Signor di Marioni is too excited to know what he is talking about."

"In England, signor, your first objection is valid; here, it is scarcely so. As to the latter, Monsieur le Count seems now to be perfectly composed. I am on the committee of the club, and I fear that I must erase your name if you persist in your refusal."

"I don't care two straws about your club," Lord St. Maurise answered carelessly. "As for the duel, I decline it, once and for all. We Englishmen have a code of honor of our own, and it is more to us than the custom of the countries which we chance to visit. I wish you good-night, gentlemen."

They fell back, impressed in spite of themselves by the coolness and hauteur of his words. Suddenly, with the swiftness of a tiger cat, the Sicilian leaped forward and struck the Englishman on the cheek.

"Perhaps you will tell us all, signor, how the men of your country resent an insult such as that," he cried.

Every one turned round at the sound of the scuffle. The eyes of all were upon the Englishman, who stood there, head and shoulders above all the crowd, with blazing eyes and pale cheeks. He was in a towering passion, but his voice never shook or faltered.

"You shall see for yourself, signor!" he cried.

The Sicilian struggled, but he was like a child in the Englishman's arms. He had caught him up in a vice-like grasp, and held him high over the heads of the astonished onlookers. For a moment he seemed as though he were going to throw him right out of the restaurant on to the Marina, but at the last moment he changed his mind, and with a contemptuous gesture set him down in the midst of them, breathless and choking.

"You can send your seconds as soon as you like," he said shortly. "Good-evening, gentlemen."

They fell back before him like sheep, leaving a broad way right into the hotel, through which he passed, stern and self-possessed. The Sicilian watched him curiously, with twitching lips.

"There goes a brave man," whispered one of the Palermitans to the French officer. "But his days are numbered."

The Frenchman gazed at the Sicilian and nodded. There was death in his face.

CHAPTER IX.

"Ah! why should love, like men in drinking songs,
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of earth?"

Lord St. Maurice walked straight into his room without perceiving that it was already occupied. He flung his hat into a corner, and himself into an easy-chair, with an exclamation which was decidedly unparliamentary.

"D——n!" he muttered.

"That's a lively greeting," remarked a voice from the other end of the room.

He looked quickly up. A tall figure loomed out of the shadows of the apartment, and presently resolved itself into the figure of a man with his hands in his pockets, and a huge meerschaum pipe in his mouth.

"Briscoe, by Jove! How long have you been here?"

"About two hours. I've been resting. Anything wrong downstairs? Thought I heard a row."

"Strike a light, there's good fellow, and I'll tell you."

The new-comer moved to the window, and pulled aside the curtain.

"Moon's good enough," he remarked. "I hate those sickly candles. Great Scott! what's the matter with you? You look as black as thunder."

Lord St. Maurice told him the whole story. Martin Briscoe listened without remark until he had finished. Then he pushed the tobacco firmly down into the bowl of his pipe and re-lit it, smoking for a few minutes in silence.

"I tell you what, Maurice," he said at length, "of all the blood-thirsty little devils that ever were hatched, that Marioni takes the cake. Why, I'm going to fight him myself tomorrow morning."

"What!" cried St. Maurice, starting up in his chair.

"Fact, I assure you. Margharita told me that he was going to be troublesome, but I'd no idea that he was such a little spitfire. I landed two hours ago, and came straight here. I'd scarcely had a tub, and made myself decent, when in the little beggar walks, and kicks up no end of a row. I listened for a bit, and then told him to go to hell. In five minutes he's got the whole thing arranged, seconds and all. Tomorrow morning, at 6:30, on the sands, 'll see me a dead man, if he can use his tools as well as he can talk, little beast."

"Briscoe, this is a horrible mess," Lord St. Maurice declared emphatically. "I don't know what you think of duels; I hate them."

"It isn't duels I hate, it's the being spitted," Briscoe answered gloomily. "I can fence a bit, but it's always been with foils. I'm not used to swords, and I expect that fellow is a regular 'don' at it. There's a sort of corpse-like look about him, anyway. Got any 'baccy, St. Maurice? Mine's so beastly dry."

"Help yourself, old fellow. Who the devil's that?"

There was a knock at the door, and one of the servants of the hotel appeared. With some difficulty, for he was a native, and spoke French execrably, he explained that there were some gentlemen below who desired to speak with Lord St. Maurice.

The two men exchanged glances.

"My time has come, you see," Lord St. Maurice remarked grimly. "Wait for me."

In the deserted salle a manger the French officer and one of the Palermitan gentlemen were talking together. The latter approached Lord St. Maurice and drew him on one side.

"I do not know how you may be situated here for friends, Lord St. Maurice," he said, "but I felt that you would only consider it courteous of me to offer my services to you in case you are without a second in this affair. My father wrote to me from Rome of your visit here, and I went to your yacht to call this afternoon. My name is Pruccio—Signor Adriano Pruccio."

Lord Maurice bowed.

"I remember your father quite well," he said, "and I am glad to commence our acquaintance by accepting the favor you offer. Will you be so good as to make all the necessary arrangements with the Count Marioni's second, and let me know the result."

The Palermitan withdrew into a corner of the room with the Frenchman, and a few minutes' whispered conversation took place between them. Then he rejoined Lord St. Maurice, who was standing at the window.

"I am sorry to say that Count Marioni, who is the insulted person in this affair, chooses swords."

Lord St. Maurice nodded.

"When and where?"

"At a place below the cliffs to which I shall conduct you at 6 o'clock to-morrow morning."

"At 6 o'clock! But he has another affair on at half-past."

"So I understand," the Palermitan answered. "I pointed out that we should prefer an interval of at least a day; but Monsieur le Capitaine there explains that the Count de Marioni, having dispensed with his incognito, is hourly in danger of arrest on account of some political trouble, and is therefore anxious to have both affairs settled. I have agreed, therefore, with your permission, to waive all etiquette in the matter."

"I don't know that it makes any difference to me," Lord St. Maurice answered. "Tonight, by moonlight, would have suited me best."

Signor Pruccio laughed.

"You are in a great hurry, Lord St. Maurice. May I ask whether you are proficient with your weapon?"

"I never fenced since I was at school," he answered coolly. "I suppose Marioni is dangerous?"

The Palermitan looked very grave. He began to see that it would be more like a murder than a duel.

"Count Marioni is one of the finest swordsmen in Italy," he answered. "Perhaps, if I were to explain that you are not accustomed to the rapier——"

"Pray don't," Lord St. Maurice interrupted. "He'd be just as likely to shoot me."

"That is true," Signor Pruccio assented. "I have seen him do wonderful things with the pistol. If you can spare an hour or two, signor, I should be happy to give you a little advice as to the management of your weapon. There is a large room at the top of my house where we fence."

Lord St. Maurice shook his head.

"Thank you, I'll take my chance," he answered.

"At 5 o'clock, signor. Will you not come to my house for the night?"

To be Continued Tomorrow.

How to Make
Better Cough Syrup
than You Can Buy

A Family Supply, Saving $2 and
Fully Guaranteed.

A full pint of cough syrup—as much as you could buy for $2.50—can easily be made at home. You will find nothing that takes hold of an obstinate cough more quickly, usually ending it inside of whooping cough, sore lungs, asthma, 24 hours. Excellent, too, for croup, hoarseness and other throat troubles.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, then add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

This is just laxative enough to help cure a cough. Also stimulates the appetite, which is usually upset by a cough. The taste is pleasant.

The effect of pine and sugar syrup on the inflamed membranes is well known. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The Pinex and Sugar Syrup recipe is now used by thousands of housewives throughout the United States and Canada. The plan has been imitated, but the old successful formula has never been equaled.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

FEMININE CHAT AND CHATTER

GOSSIP AND ADVICE FOR THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Selfishness of Women—The Well-to-do American Woman Seems to Live Almost Entirely for Her Own Pleasure—Is the Modern Woman Always Entirely to Blame for Her Idle Selfishness?

BY WINIFRED BLACK.

American women are growing selfish, says Mrs. Rida Johnson Young.

Growing Mrs. Johnson? I thought they hadn't far to go in that direction. The well-to-do American woman seems to live almost entirely for her own pleasure. If she likes bridge she plays it; if she fancies golf, she buys a bag of sticks and spends every hour she can on the links. If she is fond of motoring, or if she wants to make as good showing as her neighbor, she gets a car, somehow, anyhow—but she gets a car.

It may run her husband into debt, that car; it may paint wrinkles on his forehead and draw deep lines around his mouth; it may almost break up the home by the bickerings it makes, but she gets that car and rides in it, too, every step of the way to everywhere.

Clothes! She'll have the best she can get, no matter if her old mother has to live in a cheap boarding-house somewhere and do her own washing in the washbowl when the landlady isn't looking—all to get clothes for herself—clothes which simply emphasize the fact that she isn't young enough or pretty enough to wear them with any sort of grace.

Beauty treatments! Half the women of the well-to-do class have gone absolutely crazy about the face massage, hairbrush and manicure fad. They are wheedled and fooled out of incredible sums by the beauty doctors who fairly bristle in all the shopping streets.

Boarding-houses are packed with idle women who spend the mornings combing out pet poodles and the afternoons at the matinee, and every penny they can lay hold of at the ice-cream places when they begin, and at the cocktail places before they get through.

Idle, empty-headed, selfish. If the whole tribe of them should suddenly take some virulent form of pestilence at some of their beauty parlors and die off in a day the world would never miss them.

The landladies would have to drum up new boarders somehow, and the poodles would have to comb their own hair, but the real world—the great, big world, where men and women strive, and love, and suffer, and forgive, and work and succeed, and fail and hope and despair—would never even know they were gone.

True for you, Mrs. Johnson, very, very true. But are not the men as bad?

I know a woman who started out to be a very good wife, an excellent mother and a woman of some use in the world. She married a good fellow, too, a very good fellow—kind, affectionate, appreciative, devoted. Every one said they ought to be very happy.

But they are almost nothing to each other now. The man is just the person who pays the woman's bills, and the woman is just the person who keeps house for the man and makes a showing for him in the box at the theater now and then when an out-of-town customer brings his wife along to do the fall buying.

I happen to know a good deal about this pair of youngish people, and I'm sorry—for the wife, for it is the husband's fault entirely.

It happened this way: The first year all went merry as a silver wedding bell. They didn't go out much, and when they did go they went together. The man talked over his business with the wife and the wife didn't have a thought that was not shared with the husband.

Then there came a partner, a partner who didn't believe in women. He told the young husband never to tell his wife anything that happened at the office, never to let her know how much money he was making, never to allow her too close to his affairs, and the husband, being an agreeable gander, listened to the partner and kept his own counsel.

The wife was puzzled, hurt, unhappy. The partner got husband to join the country club; it brought business, he said, and every day the two men played golf—not one day in the week, not two, but every day. And at night the husband went home so tired no one could get a word out of him.

It was hard on the young wife. She couldn't get her husband to go out with her—too tired, he said, and so he was—too tired with the amusement he found entirely away from his wife and his home.

He didn't want visitors. They bored him unless they talked golf or business. He didn't like music in the evening. It lasted too long, and he wanted to go to bed early. He grew brown and sunburned and well, and seemed very happy, but his wife grew thin and pale and seemed very lonely.

One day the wife's sister came to visit, and before she went away she had the wife interested in bridge, then in a reading club, then in a little private theatrical affair. Every night was engaged, and every afternoon, too.

And husband was delighted. He didn't have to hurry home from the links, for his wife was probably not there till later than he. He was proud of her new friends, proud of her popularity, and he didn't see that she was getting to be an utter stranger who simply lived in the same house with him.

She saw it, though, and it hurt her bitterly that such an arrangement should be just what he wanted; so she plunged deeper and deeper into all kinds of amusements, all kinds of extravagances, all kinds of friendships, all kinds of absorbing fads. She has no time, no thought, no place in her life for her husband at all except when the bills fall due.

The other day I saw her at luncheon in a downtown restaurant with a man a bit younger than herself. She seemed very much amused at the stories he was not too tired nor too absorbed to tell her. I wonder when her husband will wake up and see what he has lost and how he lost it?

Selfish, the modern woman? Well, so she is, but doesn't she have to live with the modern man?

Is the modern woman always entirely to blame for her idle selfishness, I wonder?

BUCKLES TO THE FORE.

Big buckles are emphatically to the fore this season. They are to be worn upon all manner of hats save those intended for really ceremonious occasions; as a fastening for evening wraps and as claspings for girdles and collars upon daytime frocks. Therefore if money isn't an object, be sure to look about the shops for a really smart buckle or set of buckles. You will find them a-plenty, but the smartest of them are of square, oblong or oval shape in chased or jewel-set silver or gold; in Russian enamel; in Cloisonne on metal; in hand-painted china and in jade. Some of the handsomest buckles are of a fabric like cloth of gold or silver heavily embroidered; of old French tapestry threaded with metallic strands and of hand-embroidered velvet or satin.

If you cannot afford to buy a handsome big buckle and haven't the courage to try to fashion one of a fabric, search among the trunks in the attic for an odd shoe buckle. One of these in metal may be polished and run through with a strip of black velvet ribbon, and there is always the chance that the search may be rewarded by the finding of a shoe-buckle in English paste than which there is no smarter trimming for a tailored hat in beaver or velvet.

EMBROIDERED HOSIERY.

Girls who are fond of needlework will want to embroider themselves two or more pairs of silk stockings in the now fashionable oriental designs.

Select a good grade of silk stocking woven with thread silk, black or any color you desire; then with a sharp pointed piece of tailor's chalk outline a design representing some curious Chinese or Japanese symbol, lettering or number.

These can be found in any oriental shop or on a Chinese laundry check. They are not difficult to sketch, being for the most part broad lines crossing each other in a curious manner.

These should be slightly padded with soft darning cotton, so that the center will be raised above the outer edge. The embroidery is then done in fine floss silk, using brilliant red, green, yellow, purple and blue. All colors rich in tone are effective, and occasionally threads of silver and gold can be introduced in the embroidery.

Care must be taken when applying the work to colored stockings that the colors used in the embroidery harmonize with that of the stocking itself. Any color or combination of colors can be used on black.

Tiny birds and small flowers are lovely when worked in rich oriental colors. For example, a spray of wistaria is charming on violet silk stockings, cherry blossoms on white or green, iris on blue or yellow, and the flaming poppy on black.

When working, an easy way to keep the stocking taut so the embroidery will lie smooth is to slip a china egg or smooth darning egg into the stocking; then hold the silk tightly over that as you would for ordinary darning. The embroidery will then be perfectly smooth when worn.

BAD BREATH

It's Your Duty to Get at the Cause and Remove It. A Word to the Wise, You Know.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, oil the bowels and positively do the work.

People afflicted with bad breath find quick relief through Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The pleasant sugar-coated tablets are taken for bad breath by all who know them.

Olive Tablets act gently but firmly on the bowels and liver, stimulating them to natural action, clearing the blood and gently purifying the entire system of impurities.

They do all that dangerous calomel does without any of the bad after effects.

All the benefits of nasty, sickening, griping cathartics are derived from Olive Tablets without griping, pain or disagreeable effects of any kind.

Dr. F. M. Edwards discovered the formula after seventeen years of practice among patients afflicted with bowel and liver complaint with the attendant bad breath.

Olive Tablets are a purely vegetable compound mixed with olive oil.

Take one every night for a week and note the effect.

"Every little Olive Tablet has a movement all its own." 10c and 25c per box. The Olive Tablet Company, Columbus, O.

EGGLESS PLUM PUDDING.

This light pudding is made by stirring thoroughly together the following ingredients: One cup suet chopped fine, one cup molasses, one cup raisins, one cup best cleaned currants, one tablespoon sugar, one small spoon salt, one small teaspoon cinnamon and soda, one cup milk and three cups flour. Put into a three-quart pail and cover closely. Set this pail in a larger kettle close covered and half filled with boiling water. Add boiling water as it boils away. Steam not less than four hours. This pudding is sure to be a success and is quite rich. Serve with sauce.

A DESK CONVENIENCE.

The worker in an office knows well what it is to be without pins, and a man who knows the wisdom of such convenience in the business world has hit upon a little device for the office desk that is straightway copied by all who see it.

One of the narrow alcoves which all such desks possess he has fitted with a long narrow pincushion that fills it completely. This is made of a warm, brown, thin cloth which has the merit of not soiling easily and allows the pins to slip through readily. It is fastened so securely that the most envious admirer of its usefulness cannot carry it off.

Thus directly before the eyes and within reach of the hand are pins of every size and an occasional threaded needle.

KEEPING RADIATORS CLEAN.

Besides being uncleanly it is unhygienic to let dust accumulate in the crevices of steam radiators. It is a breeder of microbes which are absorbed into the lungs.

Now it is not easy, as every housekeeper knows, to keep dust from radiators; the ordinary dust cloth seems quite inadequate to do more than "slick up" the surface of the pipes.

But there is a brush with a curved handle and long, slender bristles, like a giant toothbrush that goes into every part with perfect ease. These brushes not only keep radiators clean, but they are just the thing to brush off the tops of window ledges or to clean the fender of the open grate or to run along picture molding.

AVOID IMPURE MILK
for Infants and Invalids
Get
HORLICK'S
It means the Original and Genuine
MALTED MILK
"Others are Imitations"
The Food-Drink for all Ages
Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form.
For infants, invalids and growing children.
Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body.
Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged.
More healthful than tea or coffee.
Take no substitute. Ask for HORLICK'S
HORLICK'S Contains Pure Milk

DAILY FASHION HINTS BY MAY MANTON

7680 SEMIFITTING COAT, 36 to 46 Bust.

IN SEVEN-EIGHTHS OR FULL LENGTH, WITH COLLAR THAT CAN BE BUTTONED UP CLOSELY OR ROLLED OPEN.

This season the coat that completely covers the gown and the one in seven-eighths length are smart, this is a particularly desirable one, for the coat can be rolled open to form lapels or buttoned up closely, so that it becomes comfortable both for mild days and for cold ones. Coats are being made from many materials, but the rough finished ones are the smartest. In the illustration, diagonal cheviot is finished with a velvet collar. As the coat can be finished either with or without the pockets, it is adapted to a variety of materials, the sturdy cloths of hard usage and the handsomer ones to be worn upon occasions of greater dress. The sleeves are the regulation two-piece sort, and the seams that extend to the shoulders give slender lines.

For the full length coat, the medium size will require 8½ yards of material 27, 5¼ yards 36 or 4¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide; for the seven-eighths coat, 7 yards 27, 4¼ yards 36 or 3½ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with ⅛ yard of velvet for the collar.

The pattern 7680 is cut in sizes for 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inch bust measures. It will be mailed to any address by the Pattern Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

PATTERN NO. 7680.

UPON RECEIPT OF 10c. THE PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE AMERICAN will send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name.....

No..... Street.....

Town..... State.....

Measurement—Waist..... Bust.....

Age (if child's or miss' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful to give correct number and size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. When misses' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

All orders for patterns, accompanied with 10c. for each, must be addressed to Pattern Department, Baltimore American, Baltimore, Maryland.

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