FEMININE CHAT AND CHATTER

GOSSIP AND ADVICE FOR THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Dreams of Childhood—What Fond Illusions and Hopes Come to Happy Childhood! — The Little Boy in His New Cowboy Suit Imagines Himself Daredevil Dick—Little Girls Ride Noble Steeds.

BY WINIFRED BLACK.

The Little Boy was fast asleep.

And such a room as he slept in—the new yellow trolley car stood at the very threshold, the "fast freight" with its red engine and heavily loaded box cars was on a siding at the foot of the bed; the new Christmas tricycle stood in readiness close by the big chair; the Indian suit was hung on the bottom rail of the bed, and the fireman's red helmet at the head.

But what on earth! He was wearing the cowboy "chaps"—wool and a full half-yard wide—the rope in his chubby hand, the blue flannel shirt buttoned over his pajamas. He must have gotten up and dressed himself over again before he really went to sleep at all. Yes, there was the gun in its holster.

How could he sleep in comfort with all that regalia on? But sleep he did, and smiled when he slept, and turned and passed his fat hand lovingly over the woolly chaps, tightened his fingers on the beloved "rope" with its cunningly-fashioned running noose, smiled again and slept on sounder than ever.

Happy dreams, Little Boy—Daredevil Dick, I mean—may you rove over boundless prairies all the happy night and rope the biggest steer seen or heard of by mortal man!

May your faithful pony bear you away, away, far into the glorious West, and may the thud of his flying hoofs strike terror to the hearts of all roving evil-doers, for aren't you there to avenge, Daredevil Dick?

What is the name of that pony of yours? "Let-er-Go?" Fine, just the name for him. "Let-er-Go," and may the lightning be as sunshine to the twinkle of his flying feet!

Dear me, I had a pony once—in my dreams. No, mine wasn't a pony; mine was a Spanish barb—whatever sort of horse that was. He was black as jet, with waving mane and tail, and his name was Spitfire—not Spanish exactly, but still it was his name.

When I rode that Spanish barb I wore, if you please, a dress of rose-pink satin, draped with costly lace of cobweb fineness. There were diamonds in my tumbled golden curls, and my cheeks were scarlet, as were my scornful lips. I had eyes of midnight that were like flashing stars when I was angry, and melted to soft moons when I was pleased.

No one would ever have suspected any of these things who looked at me. I was to the ordinary eye just a red-headed, hatchet-faced little girl in short petti coats, and my Spanish barb was just a hitching rack in the hitching stalls back of the old church—but, pshaw, such people as that didn't see!

They didn't really see that she who rode beside me on the next hitching rack was not the minister's daughter, not a lady of high degree—the Lady Pearl, of Pearl Island, where her estates lay. Her steed was of Arab lineage—a mare, known as a chestnut burr—and she who rode her was clad in blue satin, looped and beaded all over with priceless pearls. The third rack in the hitching stalls back of the old church was an Arab charger, white as the driven snow, with eyes of flashing fire and a mane like crinkled silver.

The rider of this glorious steed was Ayclept Ysabel, proud and stately and noble to an amazing degree, and she wore a dress of shining white satin, looped and hung with deep-hearted rubies, and her long hair was pinned to the bottom of the train, each strand with a cross of burning rubies.

All this we knew, we three who ran to the old church every day when school was out; to all others we were just three queer little girls, with nothing in particular in the way of looks and no adornment that to us was so real.

Madge, Pearl and Ysabel, we rode far, far away in our brave satin, sparkling with gems; far away into that land of dreamy glory that lies always just outside the door in the lives of happy children.

I saw Ysabel, the haughty, the other day; she was just coming from school, where she had been to see why her youngest wasn't doing so well as he might in spelling.

Pearl, the princess, has just returned from Europe. She teaches Greek in a big Eastern college. I wonder if the young ladies ever realize that she is the Princess Pearl. Sharp anxieties have racked her heart in the passing year—anxieties she never dreamed of when she donned her dress of satin leafed with pearls and rode her Arab mare.

Deep sorrow has come to Ysabel. I saw that written in her eyes the other day, though she smiled and held her head bravely. And Madge, she of the golden curls wreathed in diamonds; she of the eyes of midnight, with the crimson cheek and lily brow. Poor Madge, I'm afraid those eyes have been wet with some scalding tears since she rode Spitfire. But I'm glad we rode the Arab steed and the Spanish barb; I'm glad we wore the gem-crusted robes of satin; I'm glad our glorious eyes flashed and our proud lips curled.

I'm glad, too, that the little boy wore his "chaps" to bed last night and slept with his beloved "rope" close in his little hand. I know now that he who rode a round-faced tyke to me is Daredevil Dick, the Terror of the West, who would not hesitate to enter single combat with a grizzly bear and take issue with a whole band of the deadliest Indians that ever whooped.

Dear Daredevil Dick, asleep in your cowboy suit! Happy dreams, Dick. May some of your dreams, the noblest of them, come true.

As for me, when I lie down for the long sleep, what shall I take with me for company, I wonder? Through the long silence, the long, long night, what dreams, what hopes, what fond illusions? And will there be someone to stand beside me and smile kindly at the little treasures I heap upon my heart there in the long stillness?

Putts Co

LEXINGTON AT PARK

Closed Today

(SATURDAY)

The Entire Day

To enable us to mark down our entire stock of goods for the big sale which starts Monday morning at 8.30 o'clock.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MARIONIS

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

(Copyright By Little, Brown & Co.)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

"You have done a brave thing, indeed, Adrienne'" he said slowly. "You have saved your lover. You have betrayed the man who would have given his life to serve you. Listen to me! As I loved you before, so do I hate you now! As my love for you in the past has governed my life, and brought me always to your side, so in the days to come shall my undying hate for you and for that man shape my actions and mould my life, and bring me over sea and land to the furthest corners of the earth to wreak my vengeance upon you. Be it 10, or 20, or 30 years they keep me rotting in their prisons, the time will come when I shall be free again; and then, beware. Search your memory for the legends of our race! Was ever a hate forgotten, or an oath broken? Hear me swear," he cried, raising his clasped hands above his head with a sudden passionate gesture, "by the sun, and the sky, and the sea, and the earth, I swear that, as they continue unchanged and unchanging, so shall my hate for you remain! Ah! you can take your lover's hand, traitress, and think to find protection there. But in your heart I read your fear. The day shall come when you shall kneel at my feet for mercy, and there shall be no mercy. Gentlemen, my sword. I am at your service."

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

A MEETING OF THE ORDER.

A man in a fur-lined overcoat—thin, shrunken and worn—stood on the pavement in a little street in Camberwell, looking about him in evident disgust. Before him stretched a long row of six-roomed houses, smoke-begrimed, hideously similar, hideously commonplace. The street was empty save for the four-wheeled cab from which he had just alighted, and which was now vanishing in a slight fog, a milkman and a greengrocer's boy in amicable converse, and a few dirty children playing in the gutter. Nothing could be more depressing, or more calculated to unfavorably impress a stranger from a southern land visiting the great city for the first time. It was a picture of suburban desolation, the home of poverty-stricken philistinism, uncaring and uncared for. In Swinburne's words, though with a different meaning, one saw there, without the necessity of further travel, "a land that was lonlier than ruin."

The little old man who had alighted from the cab, stood for a moment or two looking helplessly around, half surprised at what he saw, half disgusted. Such monotonous and undeviating ugliness was a thing which he had never dreamed of—certainly he had never encountered anything like it. Was it possible that he had made a mistake in the address? He drew a scrap of paper from his pocket and consulted it again. The address was written there plainly enough—85 Eden street, Camberwell. He was certainly in Eden street, Camberwell, and the figures on the gate post opposite him, worn and black with dirt, were unmistakably an eight and a five. With a little shudder he pushed open the gate and walked through the narrow strip of untidy garden to the front door. The bell he found broken and useless, so he knocked softly at first, and then louder against the worn panels.

It was some time before an answer came. Several of the neighbors appeared upon their doorsteps and took bold and somewhat ribald stock of the visitor. A young person of 81, who was considered the wit of the neighborhood, made several very audible remarks, which produced a chorus of gigglings, on the subject of his clothes and foreign appearance. But he stood there as though he had been deaf, his hands thrust down into the loose pockets of his overcoat, and his deep-sunken eyes fixed wistfully but not impatiently upon the closed door. He was a mute picture of resignation.

At last, after his third summons, the door was slowly and cautiously opened, and the astonished visitor beheld, for the first time in his life, a London maid-of-all-work. The astonishment seemed perfectly mutual. He with his parchment dried face, white hair and eyebrows, and piercing black eyes only a little dimmed by time, muffled up to the throat in furs, and unmistakably a foreigner, was as strange to her as her appearance was to him. He looked at her black hands, her face besmeared with dirt, and with her uncombed hair hanging loose around it, at the tattered and soiled print gown looped up on one side and held together on the other by pins, and at the white-stockinged feet showing through the holes in her boots. What an object it was! It was fortunate for him that the twilight and fog concealed, partially at any rate, the disgust in his face.

"Is—Mr. Bartlezzi in?" he inquired, as soon as he could find words to speak at all.

"Lawk-a-mussy! I dunno,' the girl answered in blank bewilderment. "He don't have no visitors, he don't. You ain't taxes, are you?"

"No!" he answered, somewhat at a venture for he did not catch her meaning.

"Nor water rate? No, you ain't the water rate," she continued, meditatively. "I knows him. He wears a brown billycock and glasses, e' does, and I see him walking with Mary Ann Stubbins on a Sunday."

He admitted doubtfully that she was correct. He was not the water rate.

It began to dawn upon her that it would be safe to admit him into the house.

"Just yer come hinside, will yer," she said. "I dunno who yer are, but I guess you ain't nothink to be afraid of. Come hinside."

She opened the door and admitted him into a dark, narrow passage. He had to squeeze himself against the wall to allow her to pass him. Then she surveyed him critically again, with her arms akimbo and her head a little on one side.

"I reckon you've got a name," she surmised. "What is it?"

"You can tell Mr. Bartlezzi that a gentleman from abroad desires to speak with him," he answered. "My name is immaterial. Will you accept this?" he added, holding out a half-crown timidly towards her.

She grabbed it from him, and turned it over incredulously in the semi-darkness. There was no deception about it; it was indeed a half-crown—the first she had ever been given in her life.

She dropped a rude sort of courtesy, and, opening the door of a room, half ushered, half pushed him in. Then she went to the foot of the stairs, the coin tightly clenched in her hand, and he heard her call out—

"Master! There's a gent here from furrin parts has wants you, which 'is name his immaterial. 'E's in the parlor."

There was a growl in reply, and then silence. The handmaiden, her duty discharged, shuffled off to the lower regions. The visitor was left alone.

He looked around him in deep and increasing disgust. The walls of the little room into which he had been shown were bare, save for a few cheap chromos and glaring oleographs of the sort distributed by grocers and petty tradespeople at Christmas. A cracked looking-glass, with a dirty gilt frame, tottered upon the mantelpiece. The furniture was scanty, and of the public-house pattern, and there was a strong nauseous odor of stale tobacco smoke and beer. A small piano stood in one corner, the cheapest of its kind, and maintaining an upright position only by means of numerous props. One leg tilted in the air, was supported by two old and coverless volumes of a novel, and another was casterless. The carpet was worn into shreds, and there was no attempt to conceal or mend the huge ravages which time had made in it.

To Be Continued Monday.

DAILY FASHION HINTS BY MAY MANTON

7682 EMPIRE HOUSE GOWN, 34 to 42 Bust.

PERFORATED FOR ROUND LENGTH, WITH LOW OR HIGH CHEMISETTE, ELBOW OR LONG SLEEVES.

The house gown that is made in semi-princesse style is a favorite of the season. This one includes fronts that are overlapped to make a simple closing. In one view, it is made with elbow sleeves finished with lace frills, a fancy collar and a low chemisette to be quite attractive enough to serve as a tea gown. In another view, the collar is omitted, the sleeves are long, the chemisette is made high and it becomes a simple morning dress. In whichever way it is treated, however, the pretty, graceful lines remain and whether the skirt shall be cut long or short is entirely a matter of preference. The blouse is a perfectly simple one with tucks at the shoulders and the skirt is cut in three pieces. The chemisette is separate and, when made high, it is closed at the back beneath the blouse.

For the medium size, the dress will require 7 yards of material 27, 5¾ yards 36 or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide with ⅝ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette, 2 yards of lace 9 inches wide for the sleeve frills and 1 yard of lace banding. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2⅝ yards or 2 yards when the fronts are overlapped.

The pattern 7682 is cut in sizes for 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Pattern Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

PATTERN NO. 7682.

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 miss' 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, Md.

WHERE TO DINE

For Dinner

The Rennert

Menu Perfect. A La Carte. String Music. Polite Service. Moderate Charges.

Tonight

The Stafford

"UNRIVALED FOR ITS CUISINE"

The Cooking That Made Maryland Famous

Delightful Music

HOTEL KERNAN

DINING-ROOM

The Bright Spot of Baltimore.

TABLE D'HOTE DINNER DAILY, 6 TO 8, $1.00.

CABARET SHOW, 6 TO 8 AND 10.30 TO 12.30.

Dixie Serenaders in the Rathskeller.

The Belvedere

Charles and Chase Streets

The GREAT HOUSE of ISAAC BENESCH & SONS

549-551-553-555-557-567-569-571 NORTH GAY STREET

OPEN LATE MONDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHTS

Before You Spend a Dollar---Look

Woman or man, you owe it to yourself to make quality the first consideration when making a purchase----don't swap your dollar for worthless merchandise.

Examine the quality of this merchandise that The Great House is offering you at amazingly reduced prices, compare it with any merchandise offered elsewhere before giving the price consideration--we know where your dollar will go.

FOR THE LADIES

Lot of Women's and Misses' Suits, made of all-wool cheviot, zibeline, fancy mixtures, serge and corduroy; all new, up-to-date styles; sold up to $24.98. Marked for clearance at..... $12.95

Women's and Misses' Suits of high-grade materials; diagonals, serges, broadcloth and cheviots; sold up to $35.00. Clearance price..... $18.50

Lot of Women's Coats of chinchilla and plaid back materials; sold up to $15.00. Clearance price..... $7.98

Full-Length Ladies' Coats of chinchilla, cheviot and fancy mixtures; sold up to $22.50; broken lots and sizes. Clearance price..... $11.98

All Furs---Sets---Separate Muffs and Neckpieces 25 PER CENT. OFF

Full-Length Ladies' Coats of all-wool boucle, chinchilla, broadcloth, zibeline, astrakhan and fancy mixtures; sold up to $35.00. Clearance price... $17.95

All-Wool Serge Dresses, neatly trimmed with braid and velvet; sold up to $15.00. Clearance price..... $6.98

All-Wool Serge Dresses, trimmed with velvet, silk and braid; sold up to $22.50. Clearance price.... $12.50

Messaline, Taffeta and Poplin Dresses; sold up to $15.00. Marked for clearance at..... $7.50

Dresses of charmeuse, messaline; beautifully trimmed with lace frilling; sold up to $22.50. Clearance price $14.50

Satin Charmeuse Dresses; finest quality and made in latest styles; sold up to $37.50. Clearance price $22.50

Waists of plain and striped messaline; sold up to $4.00. Clearance price..... $1.69

Any Trimmed Hat IN THE HOUSE 98c

Waists of messaline, chiffon and silk brocade; sold up to $6.50. Clearance price..... $2.98

Lingerie and Voile Waists; slightly soiled from handling; sold up to $1.50. Clearance price..... 69c

Lingerie Waists, beautifully trimmed with lace; slightly soiled; sold up to $2.50. Clearance price..... 98c

Children's Middy Blouses; deep sailor collars; sold for 75c. Clearance price..... 29c

House Dresses of striped and plain percale and chambray; sold up to $1.50. Clearance price..... 89c

Chiffon and Lace Waists, richly trimmed with lace and silk; all colors; sold up to $7.50. Clearance price..... $3.98

Ladies' Raincoats; tan; full back; broken sizes; sold for $8.50. Clearance price..... $4.98

Women's and Misses' Raincoats, in tan; sold for $12.50. Clearance price..... $7.50

Children's Coats 25 PER CENT OFF

FOR THE MEN

Men's and Young Men's Suits; a collection of the odd lots and broken assortments of high-grade suits; guaranteed best makes; all sizes in one lot or another from 32 to 46; worth and sold for up to $22. On sale for..... $11.75

Men's and Young Men's Suits of the better grades, in a good assortment of materials and shades, including blacks and blues; all sizes; values up to $25.00. On sale at..... $14.50

Men's and Young Men's Suits of the very highest grades; made from imported worsteds and cassimeres; values up to $30. On sale at..... $18.75

Men's and Young Men's Overcoats, with plain or belted backs, in the best fancy mixtures; both 46 and 50 inch lengths; values up to $22.50. On sale at.... $11.75

Men's and Young Men's Overcoats of the highest grades, in all the season's best models, of fancy gray and brown weaves, black unfinished worsted; also, High-Grade Chinchilla Overcoats, astrakhan shawl collar and cuffs; values up to $30.00. On sale at..... $18.75

FOR THE BOYS

Lot Boys' Suits of all-wool fancy cassimeres and worsteds; cut in the plain double-breasted or Norfolk coat models; Knicker pants; in sizes 9 to 17; $4.98 to $6.98 qualities. Reduced to.. $2.85

Our entire line Highest-Grade Boys' Suits and Overcoats from such materials as Scotch cheviots, cassimeres, fancy worsteds and blue serges; everything new; tailoring of the highest standard; sizes 7 to 17 years; sold up to $9.98. Reduced to..... $5.85

Boys' Overcoats, in reefer style or the long belt-back model, with convertible collar; of fancy mixtures and blue kersey, with astrakhan collar and cuffs; sizes of Reefers, 3 to 11; sizes of Long Coats, 9 to 17; sold up to $8.50. Reduced to..... $4.85

Big Savings on Men's Shoes

The Famous "Reed" Shoes for men that sell everywhere for $3.50, in lace or button styles; in tan, gunmetal or patent colt; guaranteed hand sewed. Have been reduced to..... $2.95

The Famous Smith-Brisco Men's Shoes, in lace or button styles, in tan, gunmetal, vici or patent colt, that sell everywhere for $5, have been reduced to..... $3.95

Big Reductions in Fur Coats

$100.00 Caracul Skin Coat..... $65.00
$85.00 Marmot Coat..... $55.00
$75.00 Pony Coat..... $55.00
$160.00 Seal Coat; raccoon collar and cuffs $95.00
$175.00 Seal Coat; skunk trimmed....$100.00
$97.50 Ponyskin Coat; blk. fox collar. $75.00
$160.00 Hudson Seal Coat.....$110.00
$197.50 Hudson Seal Coat.....$165.00
$275.00 Hudson Seal Coat; skunk trimmed $192.50

Great Values in Ladies' Shoes

Ladies' High-Grade Shoes, in patent colt, vici kid, gunmetal, velvet, suede and Russia calf; welted and turn soles; regular $4.50 and $5.00 values. Reduced to..... $2.89

Ladies' Shoes of patent colt, vici kid, gunmetal and tan; broken lots; regular $2.50 and $3.50 values. Reduced to.... $1.19

Ladies' Shoes of patent colt, vici kid and gunmetal; medium or low heel, knob and receding toes; regular $3.50 and $4.00 values. Reduced to..... $2.24

The Great House of Isaac Benesch & Sons, 549-551-553-555-557-567-569-571 N. Gay St.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc4150_1_156-0050