THE COURT OF ST. SIMON

By ANTHONY PARTRIDGE

Author of Passers-By, The Golden Webb, etc.

Copyright, 1912, by Little, Brown & Co.

BOOK ONE.

CHAPTER I.

A CAFE IN PARIS.

The boy was without doubt inclined towards affectation, yet there was also something of truth, a shadow of honest dejection, in the weariness of his restless eyes. Here, where pleasure had become a science, he sat among the midnight revellers, alone and unamused, flaunting his ennui with something of the self-consciousness to which his years entitled him.

"A type," one murmured, glancing in his direction. "Behold the young Frenchman, a man before he has left the nursery, a man in experience and evil knowledge, worn out with pleasure before he has had time to be young!"

A type beyond a doubt. Eugene d'Argminac—it was a name which he had appropriated, for he was really an Englishman—was good-looking notwithstanding his pallid face, slim, and well built. He was dressed in the somewhat extravagant mode affected by the young Frenchman of fashion, but with all that delicate, almost feminine care about details which excuses even foppishness. The droop of his white tie, the stones in his studs and links, his single ring, his soft-fronted white shirt, were all exactly in the fashion of the moment. But for his eyes, which were distinctly narrow and set too close together, and the unwholesome air of fatigue with which he looked out upon the gay scene from his table against the wall, he was a not unattractive figure.

It was the supper place of the moment—Paris has many such which appear and disappear in rapid succession. Every table was occupied save one or two in the best part of the room, reserved for any visitor of distinction who might appear unexpectedly. The usual attractions were in full swing. A Spanish girl, with black hair and a yellow gown covered with sequins, was dancing, a rose in her mouth. A busy orchestra found it harder work even than usual to make their music heard above the clamor of voices, the popping of corks and the rattle of crockery. Toy balloons bearing the name of the restaurant were floating from every table. Every one who was not laughing seemed to be talking. The boy, who sat with a plate of biscuits and a bottle of champagne before him, neither of which he had as yet touched, beckoned to the presiding genius of the place.

"Monsieur Albert," he said gloomily, "it is finished here. One amuses one's self no longer. Already the world is prepared to move on to the next place. Mark my words, your reign is over."

The popular maitre d'hotel, a little staggered, for he was more used to compliments, extended his hands toward the over-crowded room; pointed, also to the visitors waiting for tables, who thronged the doorway.

"But, monsieur," he protested, "never has the rush been so great. Out there I dare not show myself. There are a dozen who wish tables—English, American, Russian. From all quarters of the world they come to my cafe. Finished! Mon Dieu! Monsieur cannot be serious."

The young man yawned. "You have the numbers, it is true, dear Albert," he admitted, "but the quality! Saw one ever such a rabble. Tourists, the bourgeoise of the country towns, shop people from the boulevards, scarcely a person of distinction or interest. How can one amuse one's self among such?"

Monsieur Albert smiled tolerantly. "Monsieur is ennuye this evening. Another time he will amuse himself here. One cannot pick and choose one's clients, but there are many here of the distinguished world. Over in the corner there is a Russian Prince—he does not like to be talked about, but his name is in all the papers. Fourget, the great actor, sits behind with Mademoiselle Lalage, who created the part of Cleopatre. The gentleman with the red ribbon in his buttonhole there is Monsieur d'Anvers, who wrote the play."

The boy half closed his eyes: "All the usual claptrap," he murmured. "A Russian prince, a dancer, a dramatist and an actress. One meets them everywhere at every turn. These are blackberries upon the tree of life here, Albert. Show me, indeed, some one of real notoriety, some one out of the common; show me one single person not of this type."

Monsieur Albert's face was turned toward the door. He gave a sudden start. "But indeed, monsieur, you may soon be gratified!" he exclaimed. "Wait but a little. I return."

It was Albert at his best who moved toward the entrance, Albert at his best who stood bowing before these two newcomers, who with his own hands removed the cloak from the girl's beautiful shoulders, who himself led the way to the best table the place afforded, moving backward most of the time, talking always in his most impressive manner. Even the young man who called himself Eugene d'Argminac lost for a moment his look of weariness. They were strangers to him, these two, and they were certainly people of marked and unusual distinction. He watched them as they settled themselves into their places. The man was apparently about 40 years old, but his exact age it would have been hard to tell. He was inclined to be fair, with a great deal of deep brown hair carefully brushed back from his forehead. His mouth was strong and prominent, a trifle cruel and yet not sensual. There were little lines about his eyes as though he were short-sighted, and the eyeglass which hung from a ribbon about his neck was evidently not for ornament alone. His forehead was good, his face like his frame—long and thin. He looked like a man who had been an athlete and who was still possessed of great strength; a man of breeding, without a doubt. The girl was dark, colorless, as were so many young Parisiennes, powdered, indeed, almost to the dead whiteness of the ladies of Spain. Her eyes were soft and velvety, here eyebrows silken lines, her lips thin streaks of scarlet. A magnificent rope of pearls hung from her neck, and she carried a gold bag set with emeralds. She sat down, calmly contemplating herself through a tiny mirror, a powder-puff in her other hand ready for use. Eugene d'Argminac yawned no longer in his corner. He waited almost eagerly for the moment when Albert at last, after a long consultation with a maitre d'hotel, a waiter and a wine steward, left their table. Then he leaned forward and summoned him.

"Monsieur Albert!" he cried.

Albert, with a little triumphant smile, obeyed the summons. "Voila, monsieur!" he declared. "There are two of my clients whom I think you will not call commonplace. They are different from the others, are they not?"

"Who are they?"

Monsieur Albert smiled. "If one knew their names, monsieur, if one could tell who they were or what place they occupied in the world, they would perhaps lose something of their interest. Is it not so? Supposing, for instance the gentleman were a wine merchant, and the lady a manikin:"

"You know very well that they are nothing of the sort," Eugene protected. "Tell me their names, tell me all you know about them."

Albert made a little gesture of despair. "If only one could tell!" he murmured. "The gentleman calls himself simply Monsieur Simon. He speaks of the lady as his sister. That, however, one is permitted to doubt. They have been coming here now for nearly five months."

"Monsieur Simon—but that is rubbish!" the boy exclaimed. "They are people of account, these. Even if they come here incognito they must have a name and standing elsewhere. You are so clever at these things, Albert. I thought that you made it a point to know the names and standing of most of your regular customers. Surely you have discovered something more about them?"

Albert accepted a cigarette from the gold case of his patron, and leaned across the table. "Monsieur d'Argminac," he said, "I will admit that I have tried to discover who and what they are, these two people, seemingly so rich, certainly so distinguished. I have failed—I admit it—I have failed. We have people about the place, as you know, who are quite willing, for a consideration, to undertake a little espionage. For the sake of curiosity I had these two followed one night. The fellow was caught and beaten, beaten in the open streets by monsieur there. Since then I have made no effort. Once or twice I have had visitors here who seemed about to claim acquaintance with the gentleman. Always he looks as though he wore a mask. He recognizes no one. I have tried questions, but never have I learned anything for my pains. At present I am content. They are good clients, they excite curiosity, it is a joy to look upon mademoiselle. I keep my counsel."

"I should like to know them," D'Argminac remarked.

Monsieur Albert shook his head doubtfully. "They make no acquaintances," he said. "I have never seen them speak to a soul."

"Is mademoiselle also as unapproachable?" D'Argminac asked.

"Absolutely," Albert replied. "And, Monsieur d'Argminac," he added under his breath, "let me have your attention for one moment. Here there are times, on gay nights like this, or towards the time when one leaves, when introductions are dispensed with. A man of fashion like yourself flirts always with the beautiful women. Forgive me if I drop a hint. There was a young man once who tried to flirt with mademoiselle. He would have slipped a note into her hand. Monsieur observed him. It was all over in a moment, but he is a man of mighty strength. He threw the young gentleman across two tables, caught him up as you or I might a baby. Since then no one has looked at the young lady."

D'Argminac smiled. "Your story inspires me with fear, Albert," he declared. "I tremble and I obey. Nevertheless, the coming here of these two people pleases me. I shall remain a little longer. You have shown me something, at least, which it does not weary one to look at."

The monotonous round of gayety rose and fell. More women danced, a negro sang coon songs for the benefit of the Americans. Two Russian dancers, squatting almost on their haunches, went through their ungraceful evolutions. Monsieur Albert walked about, surveying the room with the air of an emperor. He laughed to himself as he thought of the words of his youthful client. Finished, indeed! The cafe was at the height of its prosperity. There was no such scene as this in all Paris. Suddenly, in the midst of his wanderings, he caught the eye of the patron whom he knew as Monsieur Simon, and obeyed in a moment his commanding summons. Eugene d'Argminac watched their whispered conversation eagerly. Somehow or other he began to believe that he himself was concerned in it. Assuredly Albert had once turned half round and glanced towards him. The face of monsieur was wholly inscrutable. Only his lips moved, but once his eyes had looked in the direction which Albert had indicated. Eugene d'Argminac was delighted with himself and with the entire evening. After all, then, he was not absolutely past emotions. He had certainly felt his pulses beat a little quicker at the thought that he might be the subject of their conversation.

Presently Albert, leaving his patron with a most respectful bow, came hurrying across the room toward D'Argminac's table. "Monsieur d'Argminac," he announced, "you have indeed the good fortune. The gentleman in whom you are so much interested, and who so seldom asks questions concerning any one, has just been speaking to me about you."

"What did he say?"

"He asked me your name, who you were, why you sat there alone looking so bored and so weary."

"And you? What did you answer?" D'Argminac asked softly.

"I told him what I knew—that you were a young gentleman of fashion and perceptions who came here most evenings, but who was inclined to find the place dull. He said that he would like to know you. I am at liberty, if you will, to conduct you to his table."

Eugene d'Argminac rose slowly to his feet. For a moment he had hesitated. He could not refuse this invitation brought him so triumphantly, yet some part of his magnificent self-confidence seemed to have deserted him as he crossed the floor.

Albert performed the introduction with much ceremony. "Monsieur," he said, "and mademoiselle, I have the great honor to present to you Monsieur Eugene d'Argminac, one of my most esteemed clients."

"D'Argminac smiled faintly. "Albert has many a better one," he said. "As a matter of fact, he is not pleased with me tonight, for I have told him that this place grows wearisome."

"You will take a glass of wine with us, Monsieur d'Argminac?" the man at the table asked. "Pray seat yourself."

D'Argminac drew a chair towards him. "With mademoiselle's permission," he replied, bowing to her, "it will give me much pleasure to join you for a few minutes."

To be Continued Tomorrow.

DAILY FASHION HINTS

BY MAY MANTON

7713 GIRL'S DRESS, 10 to 14 Years.

WITH THREE-PIECE SKIRT AND FRONT CLOSING, WITH LONG OR SHORT ELBOW SLEEVES, WITH OR WITHOUT STOCK COLLAR.

Girls are sure to welcome this dress that is closed at the front, for it is easy to adjust and can be slipped on and off without effort. The tucks over the shoulders give becoming lines and there is a shield that can be made low or high. The rolling collar in Robespierre style makes a pretty feature. In this case serge is trimmed with messaline, but dresses are adapted to a variety of wool materials and also linen, pique and the like. Blue linen with trimming of white would be pretty, or blue serge could be trimmed with Scotch plaid to be smart and pretty. The skirt and blouse are joined and the closing is made invisibly under the tucks.

For the 12-year size the dress will require 4¾ yards of material 27, 3⅞ yards 36, or 3⅝ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern 7713 is cut in sizes for girls from 10 to 14 years of age. It will be mailed to any address by the Pattern Department of this paper on receipt of 10 cents.

PATTERN No. 7713.

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 misses' 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, Md.

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.

SECRET OF GOOD PACKING.

System is the secret of good packing, and all the new trunks and valises are so designed that the most careless woman cannot be excused for finding her apparel in a muddle when she reaches her journey's end.

The first duty that should be performed when traveling is in prospect is to collect all frocks, combs, chiffons, footgear, hats and jewelry that are to be taken away and to arrange them neatly in close proximity to the trunks, in each one of which, if they are of the latest pattern, specially devised compartments will be found for them.

Such crushable ware as Robespierre and Roi de Rome collars, lace wristlets, velvet chokers, gloves, veils and handkerchiefs will have boxes partitioned out for the various goods, and the hats will go into boxes fitted with cones and webbing to keep them securely fixed and apart the one from the other.

The value of the compartment system is that the clothes are neither crushed nor subject to the tossing and tumbling that must spoil them when this possession or that is looked for in a hurry. A place for everything and everything in its place is the motto that might well be inscribed on the new trunks.

Some have receptacles in which dresses can be hung, just as they are in the cupboard. The receptacles are fitted with racks and quite a number of the limp frocks of the present day can be stowed away on them as if hanging in their usual wardrobe positions.

A DAINTY TEA TRAY.

A novel and most economical way to make a pretty tea-party was discovered by a girl who is very clever with her wits and her fingers. She first purchased for 40 cents a large oval picture frame from a second-hand store, securing a very good bit of natural old woodwork.

Then with a bottle of stain, some sandpaper and a little varnish she polished up the wood to look like new, then screwed on two brass handles, one at each end, afterward cutting a piece of pretty cretonne the same size as the glass, and pasting it smoothly where the picture would ordinarily go.

Covering it with the boards that belong to the frame, tacked securely into place, the entire back then being covered with a piece of felt, she found herself possessed of a most fetching tea-tray, which in the shops would cost from $5 to $8.

WORTH KNOWING.

A tape loop on the apron band is a convenience and will save the apron from being torn if hung on a hook. Sew the loop on the "wrong" side of the band.

Remember when frying fish that if the fat in which it is fried is not quite boiling the fish will be greasy, sodden and unwholesome. Never put in the fish till a blue smoke is rising from the fat.

The next time you wish to beat the yolk and white of an egg separately try this plan: Break the egg, leaving the yolk in the half shell. Beat the white stiff, then drop in the yolk and beat together. It is not only done better, but you save washing an extra dish and losing a large proportion of the egg yolk that sticks to dish and egg beater.

FEMININE CHAT AND CHATTER

GOSSIP AND ADVICE FOR THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Spending $500 for Something That You Want, but Don't Need—Buy Things That Would Suggest Happiness and Whose Value Lay Not in Amount You Paid for Them, but in the Association.

BY WINIFRED BLACK.

I wish I had, I wish I had. What do you wish you had? What would you do if some one gave you—well, say, $500—on condition that you spent it for something you didn't really need—something you just want so badly you can hardly stand it?

I know what I'd do. I'd say thank you, kindly, and I'd buy, first of all, a string—a good long string—of amber beads, clear, yellow amber, that looks like still water with the sun shining on it. And I'd buy me a little heart of clear brown topaz and a tiny silver chain to hang it on, and whenever I became tired, or my head ached or anything was the matter, I'd get out my amber and my topaz and I would look at them and look at them till peace came back and smiled upon me.

The amber would make me think of cool pools in the deep forest, where the ferns and the blue-eyed flowers grow and where the sound is always of falling water.

And I would look and look and look at the topaz heart, and it would remind me of the true eyes I know—clear, honest, faithful eyes—that belong to people who love me, and I would be quite, quite happy.

And then? And then I would buy me yards and yards and yards of pure pink silk, soft, silky silk, like the inside of a poppy petal, and it would be the pure rose of the first pink buds that open on the little old bush in a certain old-fashioned yard I knew once—a yard where there were roses, and heliotrope, and violets with long stems and a hardy hydrangea in the corner.

And I would take that silk in my hand and crumple it and crumple it and smooth it, and look at it, and look at it, and let the sun shine through it and make a glory of it, and I would lay it to my cheek and dream and dream of rose petals floating in the still air of a California June, of pink foxgloves, tall and straight in the Colorado hills; of tiny, tiny anemones standing knee deep in the moss of the Illinois woods.

Oh, I would love that silk, and the look of it and the feel of it and the sheen of it, and the knowing that I didn't have to use it for a thing—not a thing, unless some day it was to make a dress, such a soft, silky dress, for a little blue-eyed girl I know, with knots of black velvet ribbon on it and some real lace—just a trifle of real lace foaming at the slender throat of the little girl.

And then I would buy a ring, a great, big, heavy ring, old, old, old, with queer letters or figures carved on it. It would be blue, I think—the stone in the ring—and it might be silver or it might be gold, but it must have belonged to some one who lived long ago and was much beloved.

And then I would buy me a picture—a picture of still places in deep woods, places where no one has ever talked of money or told you what things cost, places where no one ever said anything about any one but what was kind and loving, places where little striped chipmunks live and chatter all day long about the weather.

And then I would buy me some balloons—little blue and silver ones, with pictures on them, and bright red ones, and one big one like a soap bubble—and I would tie them with long, strong silken strings, and I would hold them in my hands and let them float and float, and I would have nothing to do but watch them and think how fine it is going to be when we can float and float like that without having to get a machine or a street car to tug us around.

And then if I had any money left I'd buy a ticket to Honolulu and I'd go and find the village of Hilo and rent a grass hut and lie down on the little thatched porch and weave wreaths of white jasmine and marigold buds, and listen to the eternal roaring of the splendid purple seas.

And I would have a little, lithe brown girl to bear me company, and she should bring her taro-patch fiddle and sing the songs of the dying Hawaiian race. Oh, yes, I know just what I would do with all that money.

And when I was out shopping with my magic five hundred I would hunt and hunt for a second-hand shop and see if I couldn't find there some of the old things that have gone out of fashion. An hour glass, for instance, laced like a belle of the day when hour glasses were in fashion.

A wreath of flowers made with shells and maybe an old picture frame made of pine cones, plain things, ugly some think them, but they speak of such an humble striving for beauty—I love them, don't you?

And in the shops do you think we could find somewhere on a back table some of the old-fashioned virtues that went with the hour glass and the pine cone frames?

Fidelity, truth, simple faith—the faith that comforted our mothers and kept them from the misery of carrying the universe and its responsibilities on one pair of slender shoulders.

Friendship, lasting and true; convictions, principles, not fads; beliefs, not fancies.

Old songs we should find, perhaps, too. "I dreamt I dwelt"—what a song that was. Awfully bad form now to sing it—too sentimental. No marble halls for Miss Today. A flat, please—pardon me, I mean an apartment, and a hall boy in buttons—and a ragtime pianola.

"I'm dreaming now of Hallie"—what rubbish! Hallie's dead, been dead for years. Why doesn't he get out and find a Sallie to take her place? But I'll take them home with me just the same—the old songs, the old sentiments, the old simple things that made our mothers laugh and cry, and sigh, and smile.

I wish I had, I wish I had—don't you?

BRASS AND COPPER VOGUE.

Brass and copper are once again a fad. But the new things in these two metals are not a weariness to keep bright, since they are varnished with a shellac said to resist dust and other discoloring influences. One of the most attractive of these novelties is the scrap basket of brass, cut and woven in imitation of witches and ornamented with bands of copper held by rows of brass nailheads. This scrap basket belongs with the brass-trimmed etched crystal of the severely plain five-piece brass writing desk sets, the big blotters with heavy corners of matching metal and the various novelties in ink wells. One of these wells is surmounted by a stem-winding clock, another has a standard containing a postage stamp drawer and a third very seductive inkstand is of heavy brass filigree work over green glass. Also for the brass furnished desk are trim-looking stands with compartments for five pencils, brass frames for perpetual calendars, pen vases of old copper verdigris in fascinating shapes and clip trays of brass with beveled edges and short, thick, little legs. For the photograph, which has place on every properly equipped desk, are frames of filigree brass imposed upon copper. And for the cigarettes, which in these degenerate days are quite as likely to be the possession of a woman as of a man, are wood-lined boxes of brass with wrought filigree lids or of glass with beaten brass covers.

More or less brass and copper is used on the table. Serving trays are of beaten brass or of hand-wrought copper, tea caddies are of hand-beaten copper lined with silver, finger bowls of beaten brass, and crumb trays and scrapers of plain copper trimmed with silver. Then there are the very handsome chafing dishes of hand-beaten copper, lined with silver and upheld by three brass lobsters standing upright on their tails, and less elaborate looking, but equally serviceable affairs of copper trimmed with brass. Earthenware baking dishes, set in cases of open work copper, are decorative enough for any dinner table and are matched in fern holders of copper rimmed with hammered brass.

Mix This Simple Remedy for Kidneys or Bladder

Weak, deranged kidneys or bladder can be cured in nearly every case by using the following well-known formula: Get one-half ounce Murax Compound, one-half ounce fluid extract Buchu. Take home and mix with six ounces good pure gin. One to two teaspoonfuls of this mixture after each meal and at bedtime will soon put the kidneys, bladder and urinary organs in good working condition. Such symptoms as backache, rheumatic pains in the joints and other unmentionable symptoms are quickly stopped.

Any good druggist has the ingredients for this mixture. Anyone can mix.

One should use the best quality of gin in preparing this mixture, also the genuine Murax Compound, which comes only in sealed wooden tubes. A substitute will not give the desired results.

Are You A Good Listener?

¶ Why do so many parents and grown-ups get bored or fall asleep when obliged to LISTEN to a program of classical music? It is because they have grown up in ignorance of the wonderful beauties of music and are not good listeners.

¶ How many of Mozart's compositions are you or your children familiar with? Add to these the wonderful creations of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Chopin, Wagner, Liszt, Bach and so on through the works of the masters. How many can you listen to intelligently?

The Angelus

player-piano not only provides you with a means of playing the work of all these masters, but as you PLAY you LISTEN and LEARN, until the once vague sounding notes of a masterpiece become "mine own familiar friend."

¶ Play the Angelus until your music suits YOU and you become a GOOD LISTENER as well as a finished Angelus pianist. The Angelus is equipped with means to control all shades of expression and the simple devices for so doing will be found ON NO OTHER PLAYER PIANO.

¶ THE Phrasing Lever—for controlling time.

¶ THE Melodant—for bringing out the theme or melody.

¶ THE Self-Acting Sustaining Pedal—for loud and soft passages.

¶ THE Artiststyle—for correct interpretation.

Prospective Player Piano buyers will be doing themselves an injustice if they do not investigate all these features.

Our Free Roll Library

Makes the ownership of an Angelus still more attractive.

COHEN AND HUGHES (INCORPORATED)

I. SON COHEN, PRESIDENT.

315 North Howard Street

Exclusive Angelus distributors. We will take your old piano in exchange as part payment at full value.

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

Not because others are doing it—but because the Beer will prove worthy of your patronage.

Place Your Order NOW for "One case" of the New Higher-Grade Beer Delivered Direct to Your Home.

It will be ready for delivery on day "Name" contest closes—(January 31). Drop postal—313 Hanover St. Phone St. Paul 180.

G-B-S BREWING CO.

QUICKLY CURES THE WORST BACKACHE

Makes Kidney Trouble, Bladder Disorders, and Rheumatic Pains Vanish.

It is no longer necessary for any one to suffer with backaching, kidney trouble, have disagreeable bladder and urinary disorders to contend with, or be tortured with rheumatism, stiff joints, and its heart-wrenching pains, for the new discovery, Croxone, quickly and surely relieves all such troubles.

Croxone is the most wonderful remedy yet devised for ridding the system of uric acid and driving out all the poisonous impurities which cause such troubles. It is entirely different from all other remedies. It is not like anything else ever used for the purpose. It acts on the principle of cleaning out the poison and removing the cause.

It soaks right in through the walls, membranes and linings, like water in a sponge, neutralizes, dissolves, and makes the kidneys sift out and filter away, all the uric acid and poisons from the blood, and leaves the kidneys and urinary organs clean, strong, healthy and well.

It matters not how long you have suffered, how old you are, or what you have used, the very principle of Croxone is such, that it is practically impossible to take it into the human system without results. There is nothing else on earth like it. It starts to work the minute you take it and relieves you the first time you use it.

If you suffer with pains in your back, and sides, or have any signs of kidney, bladder troubles, or rheumatism, such as puffy swellings under the eyes or in the feet and ankles, if you are nervous, tired, and run down, or bothered with urinary disorders, Croxone will quickly relieve you of your misery. You can secure an original package of Croxone at trifling cost from any first-class druggist, such as The Read Drug and Chemical Co. All druggists are authorized to personally return the purchase price if it fails in a single case.

The Dulany-Vernay Co.

339-341 N. Charles St.

Desks Chairs and Office Furniture

Phone Mt. Vernon 3691

To Cure a Cold in 12 Hours

LAXATIVE

Sal Quinine Tablets

NO CURE 10c NO PAY

At All Druggists

CHICKEN NUT SANDWICHES.

Chop fine the white meat of a cooked chicken and pound to a paste in a mortar. Season to taste with salt, paprika, oil and lemon juice and spread on thin bits of bread. Spread on other bits of bread the same size and shape of the first bits of bread; butter; press into the butter English walnuts, pecan nuts or almonds, blanched and sliced very thin. Press corresponding pieces together.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

Eggs must be kept in a cool, well-ventilated room, as they will absorb odors from the surrounding air.

In this place the eggs, small ends down and far enough apart not to touch each other or the sedes of the receptacle.

Sprinkle on a layer of salt, then place the eggs, and continue till the box is full.

IF YOU HAD A NECK AS LONG AS THIS FELLOW AND HAD SORE THROAT ALL THE WAY DOWN

TONSILINE

WOULD QUICKLY CURE IT.

25c. and 50c. Hospital Size $1. ALL DRUGGISTS.

BRAGER Gives the Best Values—*Always*

"MEET ME AT THE BARGAIN ARCADE"

Brager's "THE PEOPLE'S STORE"

EUTAW STREET AT SARATOGA

Every Day — *Great Bargains in the* BARGAIN ARCADE — Every Day

The "Bargain Arcade" has grown to be a prominent part of the business; we've planned to make it bigger.

Each and every day from now on each booth in the "Arcade" will be filled with a genuine bargain—something that will make the purchasing impulse irresistible.

For a week or so, just to get you used to them, we shall advertise these Bargain Arcade Bargains. After that, they'll be unadvertised.

NO MAIL OR PHONE ORDERS ON BARGAIN ARCADE ITEMS

Women's LINGERIE WAISTS Values Up to $1.50 at . . — 45c

Women's 29c UNDERWEAR Long Sleeve Vests and Ankle Length Pants . . . . . — 15c

Women's 2-Clasp Kid Gloves White, Black, Tan and Colors, Special . . . . . — 39c

Women's $3 and $3.50 Shoes All Sizes and All Leathers, Choice . . . . . — 95c

WOMEN'S UNDERMUSLINS Gowns, Combinations, Drawers, Chemises, Skirts and Corset Covers Values Up to 79c at . . . — 39c

GRAY ENAMELWARE, Values up to 40c at . . . . . — 19c

4-QT. COVERED SAUCEPANS, 6-QT. COVERED SAUCEPANS, 10-QT. SEAMLESS DISHPANS, 14-QT. SEAMLESS DISHPANS, NUMBER 6 TEA KETTLES, 2, 3 AND 4-QT. MILK KETTLES, 10 AND 15-IN. ROASTING PANS, 6-QT. COOKING KETTLES, LONG HANDLE FRYING PANS, 2, 3 4-QT. COFFEE POTS, 4-QT. BUTTER BUCKETS, 8-QT. LIPPED SAUCEPANS,

PURE FOOD SPECIALS

6 5c. bars Sensible Borax Soap	19c	2 15c. tall cans new Salmon	19c
6 5c. bars Bon Ton Premium Soap	19c	15-pound sack best cooking Potatoes	19c
2 20c. pckgs. Premium Washing Powder	19c	40c. loose Purest Cocoa. Pound	19c
2 15c. pckgs. Not-a-Seed Raisins	19c	40c. pound Purest Black Pepper	19c
2 20c. pounds all new Mixed Nuts	19c	8-pound sack best Family Flour	19c
1½ pounds 20c. fancy new Layer Figs	19c	25c. quality purest Butterine. Pound	19c
Basket, about ½ bushel, Onions	19c	3 pounds loose Muscatel Raisins	19c
3 10c. pckgs. of E. C. Cornflakes	19c	2 pounds purest Shortening for	19c
3 10c. cans Corn, Peas or String Beans	19c	2 pounds Sugar-Cured Corned Beef for	19c
4 pounds best Granulated Sugar	19c	1½ pounds Porterhouse or Sirloin Steak for	19c
25c. pound can Norsalina Coffee	19c	2 pounds Prime Soup Beef for	19c
6 5c. cans Mustard or Oil Sardines	19c	3 pounds of Stewing Lamb for	19c

WHALEBONE PLATES.

The Lightest and Strongest Plates Known. Made Only By Us.

Hours—8 to 6 P. M. Sundays—10 to 1 P. M.

FITZGERALD DENTAL PARLORS

N. E. Cor. Lexington St. & Park Ave.

Entrance, 201 Park Ave., Opp. Putts

THIS SET OF TEETH GUARANTEED..... $5.00

PAINLESS EXTRACTING.....25c

Fillings and Bridge.....50c.

Crowns and Bridge.....$3 to $5

TERMS TO SUIT.

Branch, ACME DENTAL PARLOR, ESTABLISHED 10 YEARS.

Third and Bank Sts., Highlandtown.

Hours—8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays—12 A. M. to 1 P. M.

ESTABLISHED 1885.

MOTHER'S JOY FLOUR

Always Satisfies

Sold at the Stores of J. W. CROOK.

Painless Dentistry

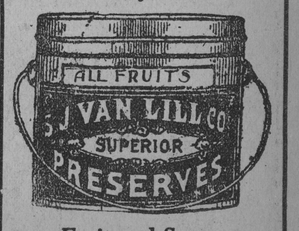
Can be found at the Old Dental Establishment of

Dr. WARNER,

300 NORTH EUTAW STREET.

If you want your teeth extracted without pain and sets made to fit, if you want to take Vitalized Air or Gas by an experienced Dentist, if you want your teeth filled and last a lifetime, if you want Gold Crowns or Bridge Work done, if you want any kind of Dental Work done, be sure to consult DR. WARNER. Don't worry about money. Terms to suit you. Bring this adv. with you—it is worth ten cents on every dollar. Established over 25 years. C. & P. Phone.

Strictly Pure



Fruit and Sugar

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc4150_1_156-0632