FEMININE CHAT AND CHATTER

GOSSIP AND ADVICE FOR THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Some Ideas for a Children's Party. A Toy Party Where Each Guest Brings a Toy Not Costing More Than a Stated Sum—Toys Later Given to the Poor—A Brown-Paper Party Is Good Fun.

Many hostesses are harassed by the thought of having to provide "something quite new"—something which, without being excessively elaborate, shall be strikingly effective and provide a pleasant surprise for both young and old.

For children and grown-ups a toy party is a very enjoyable affair. Each guest is asked to bring with them a toy. It may be home-made or bought, but anyway the cost must not exceed a sum fixed by the hostess.

The toys are all arranged on a table and each guest votes for the most original and the most unoriginal—barring always their own contribution. The donors of the two respective toys receiving most votes each get a prize, and the whole of the toys are sent to a hospital or some poor children in the name of the whole party.

A brown paper party is also good fun. The guests all wear costumes contrived from brown paper. With a little skill some wonderfully good dresses can be arranged. Br'er Rabbit, Eskimos, Red Indians, Prairie Girl Cowboy—these are a few of the most obvious suggestions.

For children a fairy party is very attractive. The room should be cleared of ordinary furniture and transformed into a fairy palace. Some painted cardboard, tree branches, tinsel, flowers and twinkling lights skilfully arranged will effect a most realistic transformation.

The invitations should be sent out in the names of the fairies, and the little guests should come as fairies of every clime and—if liked—characters of well-known fairy tales.

In similar way it is possible to give a witch party in a magic cave or a Dutch party in a Dutch interior, while forethought will suggest other ideas equally attractive and easy to carry through successfully.

When presents are given at a children's party the following novel idea will be found an attractive method of distribution: Cut a cake into slices, and on the outside of each slice fasten a present, with the name of the intended recipient on a little flag stuck in the top of each piece. Place the slices in position again and tie the cake round with a broad ribbon to keep it in shape.

WINTER NEGLIGEES.

A clever woman somewhere, whose name should go down to fame, but who doubtless will die unsung, realized the need of a clever neglige at once filmy, soft and warm-looking and designed the winter tea gown of abatross-lined crepe de chine. It is made after the familiar Empire model, save that the sleeves are cut in one with the upper portion. In mauve, rose or pale blue, with bands of swansdown or ruffles of shadow lace at the throat and elbows, it is the dantiest of afternoon negliges.

More elaborate winter tea gowns are of albatross-lined crepe de chine, messaline or China silk, in soft pastel shades of lavender, blue or silver-gray veiled with yellow, pink or green spotted net. These are made in Empire coat style and worn over the silk petticoats no longer possible under walking skirts. Then there are the fancy striped and pompadour flowered mousselines and the colored muslin embroideries which make stunning and easily put together coats with straight fronts and backs and cut-in-one sleeves, which also are worn over silk petticoats that proved much too full for use under narrow skirts. If the long coat does not become the figure, there may be a cunning little Marie Antoinette sacque of warmly lined crepe de chine or figured satin elaborately ruffled with lace. But when this sacque is adopted be sure to let down the fulness at the top of the silk petticoat into a train, as these short negliges or tea sacques are not pretty above a skirt that escapes the ground. And don't worry about the seams crossing the back of the elongated petticoat, as the rear of the sacque may be extended into flat tabs long enough to cover them.

DAILY FASHION HINTS BY MAY MANTON

7716 SLIP OR FOUNDATION FOR MISSES AND SMALL WOMEN, 14, 16 and 18 Years.

WITH THREE-PIECE SKIRT, ROUND OR SQUARE NECK, WITH OR WITHOUT FLOUNCE, WITH HIGH OR NATURAL WAIST LINE.

The well fitting slip is a very necessary garment in these days and this one has many advantages. It is absolutely without bulk at the waist line and over the hips and it can be finished at either the high or the natural waist line as the dress to be worn over it may require. Such slips are as desirable for silk as for lingerie materials and in the illustration silk is trimmed with a plaited flounce, but this flounce is optional and the lower edge can be trimmed with lace ruffles or with inset bandings, or finished in any manner that may be liked. The corset cover and petticoat are joined at the waist line and closed at the back.

For the 16-year size, the slip will require 3¾ yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 36 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide with 1½ yards of additional material 36 inches wide for the plaited flounce, 3 yards of edging and 2 yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

The pattern 7716 is cut in sizes for girls of 14, 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Pattern Department of this paper on receipt of 10 cents.

PATTERN No. 7716.

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, Maryland.

HANDKERCHIEFS FOR KIDDIES.

"Week handkerchiefs," meaning those with corner decorations supposed to suit the days of the week, are of finest white cambric daintily finished with hemstitched borders in colors—red, blue, violet, brown, yellow, green and pink—that are repeated in the corner decoration which clearly denotes for which day of the seven they are intended.

Sunday and dinner handkerchiefs for small boys have narrow hemstitched borders, and one-corner embroideries showing three initials. There are always in pure white, whereas the handkerchiefs for little girls have scallop-embroidered or narrow lace edges and corner initials embroidered in pale tones of a color.

At dancing school classes the small boy uses his hemstitched handkerchief of finest white linen, but his little sister flourishes a tiny square of muslin bordered widely with real duchess or point lace. And while the embryo man is provided with a case of blue satin-lined dark silk for his monchoirs, the wee woman has a handkerchief envelope of finest white linen, exquisitely hand-embroidered a la Pompadour.

A STYLISH COMB.

For hair worn low there is a long comb of French diamonds that reaches across the entire back of the head and is about an inch and a half wide. It is bordered with the brilliants set in platinum, and on the inside is an interlacing design of the Greek key of alternating platinum and diamonds.

This comb is set on shell teeth, and curves slightly, so it fits well into the back of the hair.

EARLY VICTORIA SLEEVES.

The Victorian influence is everywhere, and a pretty novelty is the Early Victorian sleeve, opened almost the whole length of the outside seam, to let in a wide, soft frill of lace or chiffon. The frill is continued round the wide cuffs, falling in billowy folds over the wrists and hands.

Hamburger's ½-Yearly Clearance Sale

begins this morning at 8 o'clock

It is the most vitally important sale to you that we have ever held. The reductions in every department are so great that every man in Baltimore should come to the store today.

BALTIMORE & HANOVER

Store Open This Evening Until 10 O'Clock

THE COURT OF ST. SIMON

By ANTHONY PARTRIDGE

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

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"The costume of an apache," he exclaimed to himself.

He was alone now and slowly he commenced to disrobe himself and don this unaccustomed attire. Notwithstanding his genuine desire for adventure, his fingers trembled as he fastened the last button of his coat and glanced at himself in the cracked mirror. Nothing was left of the elegant young man of fashion. The change of clothes, indeed, had a curious effect upon him; his face seemed to have become more vicious, he was aware that he looked the part for which he was cast.

The door opened. It was mademoiselle who entered. D'Argminac gave a little start at the sight of her. She, too, was dressed in black. Her gown was ragged, her bodice torn, her head bare. She laughed at his wondering gaze.

"It is a rapid transformation, is it not, monsieur?" she demanded. "An hour ago we were of the great world. At this moment we are people of the street. You see, we go where the other things are not understood."

She walked to the mantelpiece and, taking up a cigarette, lit it. Then from a drawer she took out a long thin knife, tested its edge with her finger, and thrust it into the bosom of her gown. Afterwards she selected another one and passed it across to him. He accepted it without a word.

"Thank you," he said. "Do I do anything particular with this?"

"Use it if you are attacked," she answered dryly. "The best advice I can give you is to show it often but to use it never."

Monsieur Simon appeared at the door. His costume was very nearly the same as D'Argminac's except that he wore a shabby overcoat.

"Come," he said.

They passed out into the courtyard. The door was slowly opened before them and they stepped into the street. A man slunk by them in the doorway, muttering a word as he passed. Monsieur Simon nodded. They entered the automobile. Monsieur Simon whispered an address to the driver and they tore away.

"Do you wish to ask any questions?" he inquired of the younger man.

"I am not in the least curious," said D'Argminac, with a yawn. "If there is anything you think I ought to know, pray tell me. Otherwise, I am well content to wait for this excitement which you have promised me. It is rather a long time coming."

Monsieur Simon smiled. "Perhaps you are right," he remarked. "Just stick to us, then, and act as seems reasonable."

Their ride this time was a short one. When it terminated they were still in an unsavory and unfamiliar part of the city. The automobile stopped at the corner of a street. The other two followed Monsieur Simon on to the pavement, and as soon as they had descended the car at once glided off.

"This way," Monsieur Simon directed. "Keep close to us, my young friend. The brethren of our craft around here are apt to be curious."

They passed a cafe being swept out by a yawning waiter; another, from behind the closed door of which came the sound of music. Then a row of silent, empty-looking houses. Close to the end of the street they slackened their pace. Four o'clock struck.

"Within five minutes," Monsieur Simon remarked, "a man will come out from that house opposite. When he comes, mademoiselle will leave us. As for you, you had better follow me closely."

D'Argminac nodded. Almost at that moment the door of a house on the opposite side of the way was opened, and a man came down the steps and turned into the street. Mademoiselle Josephine crossed the road, laughing softly. The man stopped to watch her. She was wonderfully graceful even in her ragged clothes. She seemed about to pass him, but paused to shout a greeting. He caught a glimpse of her face in the gaslight and hurried after her. Monsieur Simon, making a slight detour, crossed the road a little higher up. Mademoiselle and the man were talking now, on the edge of the pavement. Monsieur Simon crept up behind and D'Argminac began to feel that it was coming. His heart was certainly beating faster. What was it that was going to happen! He caught a glimpse of mademoiselle's face, white and provocative. The man, a coarse, burly brute, was leaning towards her. Monsieur Simon glanced up and down the street. Suddenly he crept up from behind and his arms went around the man's neck like a flash. Almost as he held him, the girl pushed something into his mouth. The man struggled in vain now to speak or cry out. Again the girl leaned toward him and squirted something from a little bottle into his nostrils. Even from where he stood D'Argminac was conscious of a pungent, extraordinary odor.

"It is enough," Monsieur Simon said calmly. "Help me to support him, if you please," he added to D'Argminac. "Now into the car with him."

Silently and without warning the automobile had pulled up by the side of the pavement. Monsieur Simon, with an effort of marvelous strength, lifted the man in. The other two followed and the car was off at once. Monsieur Simon, with Mademoiselle Josephine and D'Argminac, occupied the front seat. The man whom they had garroted lay on the floor by their feet. His eyes were open and he was breathing heavily, but he seemed barely conscious.

"That is the man," Monsieur Simon remarked, looking down upon him—"Jean Henneguy. There is something in physiognomy, without a doubt. One cannot but remark upon the brutality of that face. Look with me, Josephine. The eyes are too close together, the forehead is too low, the nose is small and insignificant, the mouth is sensual. Can you see a single redeeming feature there? What do you say, Monsieur d'Argminac?"

D'Argminac, who was trembling slightly, did his best to speak with his customary drawl. "An ugly and repulsive person," he declared. "I never saw a worse face."

"I am afraid," said Monsieur Simon, "that his biographer has flattered his career rather than otherwise. It is a pity that such a man should be allowed to live. An absolutely humanitarian government would dispose of him in the quickest way. The world is too full of sentiment nowadays. You agree with me, I am sure, Monsieur d'Argminac?"

"Naturally," D'Argminac replied. "This man is no better than the insects on which we tread because the sight of them offends us."

Monsieur Simon nodded. "Sound, my young friend," he declared, "perfectly sound. Dear me, how fast we travel tonight! Once more we are arrived."

To D'Argminac's surprise they were now in an entirely different quarter of Paris. The automobile had paused before the entrance to an old-fashioned white stone house. The door was opened and they passed into a small courtyard. Two servants, who seemed perfectly used to the situation, came swiftly out, picked up the body of the unconscious man, and carried him into the house. Monsieur Simon assisted mademoiselle and motioned to D'Argminac to follow them.

"This," he explained, looking over his shoulder, "is our little hospital. If our friend who has gone in there before us has any money upon him, he will doubtless give us a small donation. We shall see."

Monsieur Simon led the way into a room the odor of which was thrown open by a man-servant dressed in somber black livery. D'Argminac could scarcely refrain from a little cry of surprise as he entered. The room was plainly but delightfully furnished. On a sideboard were various wines and liquers. Monsieur Simon opened a bottle of wine and filled three glasses.

"To the health of our distinguished visitor!" he remarked, bowing and raising his glass. "Mademoiselle and I drink your health, Eugene d'Argminac. Tell me, so far as we have gone at present, have we succeeded in amusing you?"

"The affair was interesting," D'Argminac admitted indifferently, "a trifle tame, though. One reads of such things without emotion every morning in the papers. There is nothing here really stimulating."

Monsieur Simon smiled. "Ah, well," he said, "this is, perhaps, not one of our best nights, but it is not over yet! Ah, our friend recovers! Will you put on this, my friend?"

D'Argminac accepted his mask and adjusted it with a slight gesture of condescension. Monsieur Simon and Mademoiselle Josephine had already arranged theirs with deft swiftness. There was the sound of a voice close at hand, half terrified, half bullying. Some folding doors, which D'Argminac had not noticed, were suddenly rolled back from the further end of the apartment. Almost at the same time Monsieur Simon touched the knobs of the electric lights. The room was plunged into darkness.

CHAPTER IV.

THE COURT OF JUSTICE.

The smaller room, disclosed by the rolling back of the folding doors, was brilliantly illuminated, and from their darkened point of vantage seemed to D'Argminac to be something like the stage of a theater. It was almost devoid of furniture, and the floor was covered with some sort of linoleum. There was a straight broad platform in the middle, on which the man whom they had brought there was sitting. By his side stod the person who was acting as jailer. A smaller man, with black, close-cropped hair, gold spectacles, and the air of a physician, came from the background. He leaned over to Monsieur Simon.

"The man is healthy," he announced. "Pulse and heart action are perfectly normal. He has 270 francs, a gold watch and some unimportant articles in his pocket."

Monsieur Simon sighed. "It is very little," he said. "Destroy everything except the money. Rather a bad case, I am afraid, doctor."

The other nodded. "I have heard of the fellow," he remarked. "He has a shocking reputation."

Their prisoner tried now to rise to his feet. His tie and collar were disarranged, his bulbous eyes were strained in the effort to see into the darkened room.

"Where am I?" he cried. "Is this a hospital? Has anything happened to me?"

Monsieur Simon spoke from the shadows. "Jean Henneguy," he said, "you are before the Court of St. Simon. Have you ever heard of it?"

"The Court of St. Simon," the man muttered angrily. "Is this some silly trick?"

Monsieur Simon sighed. "It is no trick," he said. "I will not explain our title, for I fancy that your reading, Jean Henneguy, has not extended to the ancient history of the world. Let me tell you simply that you are in the presence of those who amuse themselves in their spare moments by endeavoring to equate some of the miserable unfairness of life. It is not much that we can do, but here and there, Jean Henneguy, we take hold of man as we have taken hold of you, whose life does not please us or his fellow-men, and in our small way we do some trifling thing towards righting the balance."

"Is this a mad house?" the man growled.

To be Continued Monday.

Straighten That Lame Back

There's too much suffering among older folks from achy, stiff, lame backs, distressing urinary disorders, weak eyes, dropsy and rheumatic joints.

These are signs of kidney weakness, which, in youth or age, poisons the blood, disorders the urine and lames the limbs or back.

There's help for weakened kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought relief to thousands. Here's Baltimore testimony.

"Every Picture Tells a Story."

BALTIMORE PROOF

Testimony of a Resident of E. Hoffman Street

James S. Crowley, 2013 E. Hoffman St., Baltimore, Md., says: "I suffered terribly from a weak back and there was a constant pain through my kidneys. My back was so weak that I had to be very careful in stooping or walking. I had sharp twinges through the small of my back when I stooped or made a sudden turn. I am obliged to be on my feet a great deal and this had a bad effect on my kidneys. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured me."

"When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name"

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Sold by all Dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Proprietors

New York Clothing House

Inventory Sale

After taking inventory we find our remaining stock of Winter Suits and Overcoats, consisting mainly of the higher grade of goods ranging in price from $18 to $35, and at the reduced prices they cost no more than inferior grades.

SUITS and OVERCOATS 25% OFF

NOTHING RESERVED

Adler-Rochester, Hirsh-Wickwire and Society Brand Clothes are included in this sale.

$15 Suits and Overcoats. TODAY.....	$11.25	$25 Suits and Overcoats. TODAY.....	$18.75
$18 Suits and Overcoats. TODAY.....	$13.50	$30 Suits and Overcoats. TODAY.....	$22.50
$20 Suits and Overcoats. TODAY.....	$15.00	$35 Suits and Overcoats. TODAY.....	$26.25

These same conditions prevail in our Youths' and Children's Department. Suits and Overcoats 25 per cent. off.

Radical Reductions in Furnishings

$2.50 Quality Silk Shirts.....	$1.50	$1.00, 75c and 50c Silk Neckwear.....	35c
$5.00 and $6.00 Pure Silk Pajamas.....	$3.15	$1.50 Quality Gloves.....	95c
$1.50 and $2.00 Grade Pajamas.....	89c	50c Grade Silk Hose.....	25c
$1.50 Grade Colored Shirts.....	89c		

The "BURT" $4.00 Bench-Made and DOUGLAS $3.50 to $5.00 Shoes, $2.25

Every Pair Guaranteed Perfect. In All Leathers, Buttoned and Laced.....

BALTIMORE ST., Opposite Light St.

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G-B-S Brewing Co.'s New Higher Grade Beer

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$1.25 Per Case of 24 Bottles.

Delivered direct to your home or through your dealer.

$1.25 Per Case of 24 Bottles.

Drop a Postal—or—Phone St. Paul 180

Announcement of Winner of $100 "Name" Contest will be made at earliest possible moment.

G-B-S Brewing Co.

313 Hanover Street

MOCHA CAKE.

Beat two eggs light; add one cupful sugar gradually, and one and a half cups flour sifted with one teaspoonful cream tartar and one-half teaspoonful soda; lastly, add one-half cupful boiling milk, in which dissolve one teaspoonful butter. Beat until light and bake in two layers. When cool put together with the following filling: Cream, one-quarter cupful butter, with one cupful powdered sugar; add two teaspoonfuls strong black coffee, two teaspoonfuls powdered cocoa and one teaspoonful vanilla. Frost top of cake with any preferred icing.

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