# THE COURT OF ST. SIMON

*By ANTHONY PARTRIDGE*

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

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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Will you bring me with you again?" the boy asked.

"You mean it?" Monsieur Simon replied.

"I mean it," D'Argminac asserted. "We may come across one another again. Let it depend upon the humor we are in."

"May I know your name?" the young man asked. "They call you Monsieur Simon, but one knows——"

"Monsieur Simon is the name by which I am known at night. It is the name which belongs to our acquaintance. Descend here, if you please, monsieur, and au revoir!"

Eugene d'Armingnac was left standing at the corner of his street in the cool dawnlight. The automobile was already rushing on towards the Champs Elysees. Even here, through the stillness of the early morning, he fancied for a moment that he could hear the horrible cry of the beaten man. With a shiver he hurried into his apartments.

CHAPTER V.

BRIANE SEEKS HELP.

Valentin Simon, Vicomte de Souspennier, leaned back in his chair upon the worn gray terrace of his chateau in the valley of the Seine, his coffee untasted, a cigarette burning idly between his fingers. His eyes were fixed upon that broad ribbon of white road which stretched from the horizon to the village beneath, straight as the hand of man could build it. It was the road from Paris, and a visitor was even then on his way to the chateau.

The chateau itself was old and rugged, the splendid remains of a fourteenth century fortress. Its interior was a veritable study in contrasts. Some of the rooms seemed to have been left untouched for hundreds of years. Others—the more habitual portion—showed with absolute ruthlessnes the modernizing hand of science. On a corner of the round table where Valentin had recently lunched was a telephone instrument, brought out from the room beyond. Even as he watched he raised the receiver to his ear.

"It is the stationmaster at Neuilly?" he asked. "The mid-day express from Paris, it has arrived? Yes? My car has left, then. Ten minutes ago? Many thanks."

He replaced the instrument and looked once more along the road. In his quiet country clothes he had certainly lost none of the distinction which had attracted the favorable notice of so well-known a dandy as Eugene d'Argminac. Without a doubt, Valentin, Vicomte de Souspennier, was good to look upon. In his English-made tweeds his long, lithe frame, sinewy, without an ounce of fat, his easy carriage, his slim yet powerful shoulders, were even more noticeable. His face would have been colorless but for a slight tinge of brown; his clear eyes, his glossy brown hair, were trustworthy indices of his perfect physical condition. He looked, indeed, as much at home here, amidst his country surroundings, as in the Abbaye.

Soon a little cloud of dust in the road attracted his attention. He touched a bell by his side. "Monsieur Briane arrives," he told the footman who answered it. "Se that fresh coffee be sent up, and liquers."

The man withdrew. The car, being driven at a great pace, was soon ascending the tortuous way leading from the village to the chateau, which was literally built upon a rock. Every now and then Valentin caught sight of it with its solitary occupant, flashing through an opening in the trees, climbing up the steep, almost precipitous drive. Soon it came to a standstill below and Valentin leaned forward.

"Welcome, my friend Briane!" he exclaimed. "Come this way, up the steps. So! The man will take your coat. You are sure that you have lunched?"

"A thousand thanks, monsieur, I lunched upon the train," the man replied. "With your permission!"

He sank into the seat indicated by Valentin. He, at least, fitted strangely with his surroundings. Everything in his face and general appearance seemed to denote the liver by night. His cheeks were pale and thin, his eyes deep sunken, his bony fingers stained with cigarette smoke. His clothes were Parisian, and one realized that he had with difficulty refrained from the silk hat. He helped himself a little eagerly to brandy and lit a cigarette.

"It is pleasant of you, my dear Briane, to pay me a visit in my country solitude," Valentin remarked, "but I very much fear that it is no ordinary business which has brought you from Paris so early in the day."

"It is no ordinary business, monsieur," Briane admitted, nodded his head vigorously, "no ordinary business, indeed. What is it that I said to Mademoiselle Josephine only one week ago tonight? 'Monsieur,' I said, 'must do as he thinks best, but he acts too much upon the whim of a moment. It is enough for him that he wishes it and he brings to an assignation, whose secrecy is the very breath of our lives, the veriest strangers. The whim assails him and he invites. What is it that he does by this? He risks everything—everything!'"

Briane was puffing vigorously at his cigarette. His eyes were bright, his tone had been almost hysterical. Valentin regarded his companion gravely.

"My indiscretions," he declared with a sigh, "are part of myself. I cannot help them, my dear friend. If I were to promise to be more careful in the future, it would be of no avail. The same thing would happen again, without a doubt. Now tell me, what is it that I have done?"

"A week ago tonight," Briane exclaimed, "you brought to the Rue Druot and to the hospital a young man whose acquaintance you made at the Abbaye only a few moments before. The young man you presented to me—it was your friend, it was enough! By chance, the very next day I met with him, late in the afternoon, at a little bar where I take my aperitif, close to the Elysees Palace. We drank together and we talked."

"Well, I hope you got on well with him, Briane?"

"He pleased me," admitted Briane, "in a way he pleased me. He seemed to me to possess something of the modern spirit. I sympathized with him. Notwithstanding his youth, and a certain immaturity of thought which one could not fail to observe, he was still superior in many ways to those others of his age whom one meets. We spoke together of what he had seen the night before."

Valentin smiled. "I should really like to know," he murmured, "exactly what that young man's impressions were."

"I can perhaps inform you," Briane continued dryly. "He found the evening exceedingly interesting, but when he came to examine his sensations afterwards, he was conscious of a certain amount of disappointment. There was, he observed, nothing criminal in what had taken place; nothing, to use his own words, which was unmoral. What was done was deserved. It was, after all, only the inexorable law of justice."

"Dear me!" remarked Valentin. "Was this his point of view or yours?"

"We were, perhaps, agreed," confessed Briane, "on this matter. You know very well, monsieur, that there are those of us whose aid you frequently seek, and under whose protection, indeed, you carry out your enterprises, who go further than you would dare."

Valentin knocked the ash from his cigarette. "Come," he said, "'dare' isn't quite the right word. I know that some of you in the Rue Druot, some of those who use the place, I mean, are criminals. I have not the slightest objection to making use of them where it is necessary. I have even found a certain thrill of interest from association with them. My direct connection with them, however, ceases at that point."

Briane spread out his hands. "'Dare' is not the word I should have used," he admitted. "Monsieur le Vicomte has reason in what he says. Still, to revert to our young friend, Monsieur d'Argminac. Not unnaturally, you will say, his point of view was not without its appeal to me. He was a protege of yours—it was enough! The night before last he came to the Rue Druot at my invitation."

"The night before last," Valentin said softly, "was the night of the outrage in the Place Ceinture."

Briane nodded and glanced for a moment around.

"Monsieur le Vicomte," he whispered, "your young friend D'Argminac was present. It was I who arranged it."

There was a short silence. Valentin's face had become a shade sterner. "Why do you come to tell me this?" he asked coldly.

"It is because of that young imbecile," Briane continued. "All went well, but at the critical moment fear paralyzed him. He could not retreat, he could not even reach his automobile."

"You don't mean to say that he was arrested?" Valentin demanded.

"He was not arrested," answered Briane, "but when the gendarmes came he was held as a passerby, asked many questions, none of which he seems to have been able to answer through sheer terror, and he will be called as a witness tomorrow in the court. This is what comes of taking strangers into our secrets!"

"My dear Briane," Valentin objected, "I think that you are a little unreasonable. I am quite willing to take the responsibility for bringing the boy to the Rue Druot and on to the hospital, but it seems to me that this is a very different thing which you have done. You know very well that I have no sympathy with such deeds as the deed of the night before last. If you choose to indulge in such and to invite your own audience, I take no responsibility. Why have you come to me?"

To be Continued Tomorrow.

## DAILY FASHION HINTS BY MAY MANTON

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For the 16-year size, the dress will require 5 yards of material 27, 3½ yards 36 or 3 yards 44 inches wide with 2⅝ yards of lace 6½ inches wide for the bertha.

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# FEMININE CHAT AND CHATTER

GOSSIP AND ADVICE FOR THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

**Up-to-date Dolls and Toys—The Doll Is in a State of Evolution—Character Dolls With Womanly Expressions — Quaint Dolls Direct From England With Droll, Rosy Faces and Real Baby Stare.**

Never were dolls as they are at the present time. The doll is in a state of evolution. The frivolous woman, for a generation or more, has been compared to a doll, but from now on this simile will have to be abandoned, because the new doll has taken on a new character, and it seems as if every one has a different expression and various smaller qualities which endears itself to the little girls who mother the almost lifelike doll babies. Some of the character dolls have a womanly expression which invites confidence, and their owners have almost a sisterly feeling for the little playfellows of wood, celluloid or lifelike stockinette. The latter has a soft, hugable body, and may be taken to bed without fear of injury to itself, its clothing or to the small child who loves it.

The floating celluloid baby doll, with a laughing, smiling or crying face is a delight at bathtime, because it can share its owner's tub without fear of injury or sinking.

The wonderful character dolls were first introduced to the world by Marion Kaulitz, a Munich portrait painter. These first dolls which represented the little boys and girls of all nations are known by the names which they brought with them—from their own country. There are Hans and Gretchen, Pierre and Measie, Watter and Elsie.

The first idea of the unbreakable doll was conceived in Russia some years ago. The inventor came to this country, where he started the manufacture of the dolls known as "Can't Break 'Em." Later one of America's earliest and greatest manufacturers of toys saw the possibility of a great future for this class of dolls, and he became the owner of the factory, and the development of the American unbreakable doll bgan.

The chief idea in the minds of the manufacturers is to have the heads and faces and bodies appear almost real, so much so that that when they are hugged close the bodies have the soft, baby feeling, and as the faces are modeled from the real face of an American child, the little mothers cannot help loving their dollies. The most popular dolls of this family are "The Campbell Kids," "Baby Bumps," "The Gold Medal Baby" and "Suck a Thumb."

The rag doll of our mothers' childhood days was "a rag and a stuffing and a hank of hair." We see this no more in the modern rag dolls. There are two dolls which should be especially mentioned as rag dolls of high degree, and these are "Gladys" and "Alice." They have celluloid faces, are daintily dressed and have shoes and stockings and are manufactured in a large New Jersey city.

The quaintest dolls which have yet appeared in toyland are those known as "The Hug Me Kiddies." There is a boy and a girl, and they have been imported straight from England, where they made their debut. These little boy and girl dolls have the droll rosy English faces and eyes with "the baby stare." Their clothes are daintily made and can be taken off. Their shoes and stockings are also removable. Their bodies are made of flesh-colored felt, with faces of unbreakable composition. Their thick shock of hair is "unmussable," their arms and legs move, and a real wholesome squeak comes from their "tummies." There is a boy and a girl, and I know of an "old child" who kept the "girl kiddie" near her through a long time in the hospital, and the comical little face frightened away many a tear, and brought laughter instead.

## THE RETURN OF THE SHAWL.

Shawls have reappeared in fashionable quarters, but they are not worn in the fashion of former days. As a matter of fact, they take the place of long scarfs and are worn with evening gowns whenever there is the slightest reason for supposing that a draught may chill the shoulders. Milady does not propose to acquire a cold in the head if she can possibly avoid it. Therefore, the psychological hour for getting out grandmother's cherished store of shawls and making use of them has arrived. Had grandmother a Paisley shawl? Then promptly cut it in two—diagonally across—and edge one of its halves with a dull-hued charmeuse ruching. If the dear old lady owned a shawl of white Canton crepe, wondrously embroidered by hand, it deserves an edging ruche of fine lace—her own duchess or point if she left any behind her. Lacking the ancestral square to be halved and ruche-edged, have a shawl-scarf of chiffon brocaded with huge flowers in raised velvet, outlined with gold. Then line the small wrap with gold tissue and edge it on all sides with white feathers or marabou or fur, and you'll have something that a queen might be proud to own.

Gold net, darned with colored floss after the manner of Italian fillet, and lined with two layers of chiffon, makes a stunning shawl scarf.

## ELEGANCIES FOR TRAVELERS.

Really elegant in appearance, besides being of practical use, are the articles in leather cases designed for the traveler of either sex. One of these is the luncheon set consisting of a folding knife and fork and a flat, squat drinking cup, which goes into an incredibly small leather "book." For handkerchiefs, gloves and veils are moire-lined pigskin, suede and morocco cases, which hold perpetual sachets and for the toilet are flat receptacles of seal, containing a white celluloid comb, which fits into the celluloid back of a flat clothes brush.

Pigskin suitcases, so light of weight that the most delicate of women can easily carry one, are secured by straps that tie instead of buckle and within are fitted with pockets for each toilet article. But in all of these bags is space for a leather-encased clock, which folds almost flatly when not needed and between times stands in easel fashion.

## CULT OF THE LAMP.

The craze for softly lighted living-rooms has brought about "The Cult of the Lamp." The lamp must be selected with care and with an eye to its effect in whichever room it is to have place. One suited to a drawing-room furnished in old mahogany and brocaded damask is of porcelain of old ivory finish and has a dome-shaped shade of glass tinted in sunset effects. For a First Empire room is a French lamp of deeply wrought brass equipped with a pine cone-topped shade of delicate rose silk with brass trimmings. Of similar character is a brass lamp with a shade of opaque glass overlaid with brass filigree work, another of green finished bronze with a green opaque shade inlaid with an attractive pattern in colors, and a third is of hand-wrought copper and bronze with a bronze-hued glass shade.

Boudoir lamps are charming affairs of hammered silver, bronze, brass of copper with delicately tinted shades which may be tilted to any angle desired for reading or writing. And for the dinner table are glass lamps holding, instead of oil, low flat candles, reputed to burn steadily for three hours. They are shaded with flowered or plain silk parasols, fringed with beads.

## PACKING HINTS.

See that the top of the talcum powder can is tightly closed.

Take as few bottles as are needed, and see that the necessary ones are well wrapped in soiled clothes, the kimono or some other soft material.

Wrap shoes individually in soiled clothes or newspapers. This saves space.

If there are framed pictures, place them in the folds of a comfort or between pillows. If these are not available, skirts may be used.

Place books flatly on the bottom of the trunk.

Collars may be folded together in paper if a collar bag is not owned.

Clean handkerchiefs should be placed between laundered clothes if a handkerchief box is not in the belongings.

Posters or other papers to be preserved in smooth condition may be laid on the bottom of the trunk.

The chafing dish may be made to hold trinkets or, if the lid is not to be tied on, may afford space for a package.

If the tray is heavily packed, be sure that it is well supported.

## LENTIL OMELET.

Cook half a gill of lentils in stock or salted water till tender and drain them. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, fry in it a peeled, minced shallot, put in the lentils, and fry for a few minutes. Moisten with two or three tablespoonfuls of brown sauce, season with pepper and salt, and keep hot.

Break six eggs into a basin, beat up well with two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, season with salt or pepper, and pour into an omelet pan containing about two tablespoonfuls of butter (hot). Stir over the fire with a fork till the mixture begins to set. Spread the cooked lentils over the omelet and fold in the sides. Let it take color, a nice golden brown, and turn out carefully into a hot dish. A little tomato sauce may be poured round the base of the dish if liked.

## HADDOCK FRITTERS.

One smoked haddock, two eggs, one gill of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, salt and pepper to taste. Put the haddock into a baking tin with a little milk and place it in the oven for about twenty minutes. Take up and drain the fish, remove skin and bones and divide the meat into fine flakes. Put in a stewpan with the flour, add the milk, and beat up over the fire and mix well. Add the yolks of the eggs, butter, salt and pepper and beat up again, then add the whites of the eggs and beat up the whole lightly. Fry a tablespoonful at a time in smoking hot fat. If in shallow fat in a frying pan, fold over when the edges have set. Fry to a golden brown and serve hot. Half the quantities may be used if desired.

## SAVE-ALL PUDDING.

Place a quarter of a pound of stale bread in a basin and cover with a pint of boiling milk. Let the bread soak till soft, then beat it up with a fork. While beating add two eggs, two ounces of finely chopped suet, an ounce of dripping, two tablespoonfuls of washed and picked currants, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and a quarter of a nutmeg grated. Two apples, pared, cored and quartered, should be added, and the mixture poured into a greased dish and baked for one hour.

## BACON TOAST WITH TOMATOES.

Cut some streaky bacon into rather thin slices, place them in a saucepan with just enough water to cover, and let its contents boil for a few seconds. Then drain the slices of bacon carefully, put them in a frying pan and fry until crisp over a quick fire. The bacon should be of a delicate brown when cooked. Have ready some oblong slices of toasted brown bread, butter them well and trim the sides to the size of the bacon. Cover the pieces of toast with the bacon and dish up; put a small, round slice of fried tomato (these can be fried in the bacon fat) on the top of each slice of bacon, and send to table hot.


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**Membership** Any manufacturer who has a sanitary plant, and who conducts his business on modern cleanly lines, is eligible for membership, and is herewith invited to join this Association now. It is needless for those who do not make Ice Cream under the above conditions to expect to become members of this Association.

**Objects of Association Are:**

1st—To promote and maintain sanitation and cleanliness in the manufacture of Ice Cream, and its place of manufacture.

2d—To promote and increase the sales of Ice Cream from sanitary plants.

3d—To encourage and support all reasonable and practical pure food regulations.

4th—To create among its members a friendly confidence, and to remove any ill will and all petty misunderstandings which often prevails among competitors—but not to destroy honest competition.

The public can rest assured that all purchases of Ice Cream from members of this Association will carry with them an understood guarantee that the Ice Cream has been well made and is absolutely desirable, and that children may consume all they want with safety.

Those who are making Ice Cream under conditions that we do not countenance will undoubtedly make absurd statements about this Association, but we have every confidence in our belief that the public's wish and preference is a clean, healthful food product, made and delivered under sanitary conditions.

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THE HUB, Baltimore St. at Charles.

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TURNBULL, JOHN, JR., & CO., Howard and Franklin Sts.

**COPPERSMITH AND PLUMBER.**
HUBERT, JOHN, 1714 Thames St.

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EMMART & QUARTLEY, 210 W. Fayette St.

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WILLAX, CHARLES J., 560 N. Gay St.

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BRAGER'S, Saratoga and Eutaw Sts.
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GOLDENBERG BROS., 25 W. Lexington St.
GUTMAN, JOEL, & CO., 112 to 122 N. Eutaw St.
GUTMAN, JULIUS, & CO., 201 and 203 W. Lexington St.
HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO., Howard and Lexington Sts.
HUTZLER BROS., 212 N. Howard St.
LAUER'S, 449, 451 and 453 N. Gay, Cor. East.
F. LAZARUS & SON, 507 N. Gay St.
O'NEILL & CO., 114 and 116 N. Charles St.
STEWART & CO., N. E. Corner Howard and Lexington Sts.
ROSENTHAL'S, 206 N. Eutaw St.
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GOMPRECHT & BENESCH, 316 to 320 N. Eutaw.
GODEY, THOMAS, & SON, 520 N. Charles St.
GUSDORFF & JOSEPH, 117-119 N. Howard St.
HECHT BROS. & CO., 682 to 687 W. Baltimore.
HOWARD FURNITURE CO., 109-111 N. Howard street.
MURPHY, FRANK J., 520-522 W. Lexington St.
POLLACK, U. A., Howard and Saratoga Sts.

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CODD CO., E. J., 706 and 708 S. Caroline St.

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**MILL FURNISHERS.**
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LINDSAY, GEO. W., & SONS, 112 N. Paca St.
LIVEZEY, E., N. W. Cor. St. Paul & Lexington.

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