THE COURT OF ST. SIMON

By ANTHONY PARTRIDGE

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

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CHAPTER VII.—(Continued).

Valentin drew the child further back into the shadows of the overhanging shrubs. Sophy had come slowly through the window and was standing with her hands upon the iron balustrade, looking downwards. In the soft light, dark all around but with a vivid background from the brilliantly lit room, she looked, indeed, almost spiritual in her plain white dress, and with a rope of pearls hanging from her neck. The child gave a little low cry. Valentin was conscious himself of a lump in his throat.

"Isn't she very beautiful!" Sophy exclaimed. "So beautiful!"

Valentin closed his eyes. "When you have finished looking, dear!"

"That is Lord Ronald Grayson with her," the child continued eagerly. "I know him quite well. He used to bring me sweets. He told me once that he was very, very fond of mummy."

Valentin set his teeth hard and drew away. "Dear," he muttered, "we must not stand here. If mummy knew, she would not like it."

They walked on, but the joy of it all had gone. They listened to other music with deaf ears; the women with their butterfly-like gowns were no longer attractive. Somehow the savor had gone out of the night.

Valentin turned to the child walking by his side, and asked her a question. "Sophy," he said, "don't you ever wonder how it is that your mother and I see nothing of one another? I do not want you to think of this, and yet I know that you must think of it. You came from her to me and you do your best to seem happy, but sometimes I am afraid——"

She looked up at him with misty eyes. "If I had not come, daddy," she interrupted, "I should not have known that I had a dady at all. And mummy told me not to ask any questions, however strange things might seem."

He looked at her long and curiously. "You are a queer child, Sophy," he declared. "I wonder, if I were to let go your hand now and point toward the corner of the street there, whether you wouldn't run away from me as fast as your little legs could carry you, back to your beautiful nursery and your maids——"

"And mummy," the child put in.

"And your mother," he assented.

"I should not go," she said gravely, "because I have promised."

That night more than any other, Valentin was conscious of those following footsteps. Already nervous and overwrought, the things obsessed him. Once, turning around suddenly, he nearly struck a harmless passerby who was following in his tracks. Even Sophy noticed his irritation.

"You are not telling me many stories tonight, daddy," she remarked, as they turned into Pelham street.

He smiled. "I am not at my best, child," he admitted. "Tomorrow we will have a more cheerful walk. We will go up to Hampstead and count the lights."

"And watch the stars come out, daddy!" she cried. "I love that."

They found Mrs. Poynton and several of her guests sitting out on the steps of the lodging-house. She rose to her feet directly she saw him, and drew him on one side.

"You remember a stout gentleman, Mr. Valentin," she said, "who used sometimes to come here A Jewish gentleman he was."

"Yes, I remember him," replied Valentin, frowning.

"He's been here twice," Mrs. Poynton continued. "He's walking up and down the street, waiting for you."

Valentin felt a sudden premonition of evil. A few yards away stood Mr. Luke Cohen, smoking a large cigar. Valentin turned and kissed Sophy. "Run along upstairs, dear," he begged. "I'll come in before you're asleep."

He watched her enter the house. Then he retraced his steps and walked up to Cohen, a frown upon his face. "What the devil are you doing here, Cohen?" he exclaimed. "I thought I made myself clear when I came and took my leave of you all."

Luke Cohen spat upon the pavement. "I am here," he said, "because there's trouble afoot, and because you've got to take your share of it like the rest of us. Walk with me as far as the corner."

Valentin hesitated. Cohen swore softly but viciously. "You've just got to come, Valentin," he insisted, whether you want to or not. I tell you that young fool of a Frenchman of yours—D'Argminac, or whatever he calls himself—has been making a mess of things, and there's the devil to pay!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TRANSOME DIAMONDS.

It was 6 o'clock in the morning before Valentin returned. He came with slow and weary footsteps, from which all the spring of the last few weeks had gone. Mrs. Poynton, looking sorrowfully from her bedroom window, saw him enter. He had given up carrying a latch-key and was admitted by the little housemaid. The house was at its worst and untidiest. He stole up on tiptoe ot his attic and disappeared. At 9 o'clock he took breakfast as usual with Sophy and the nurse. He came into the room, however, with his left arm in a sling.

Somehow or other, the news of Valentin's delinquency seemed to have found its way throughout the house. The parlor-maid who served the breakfast was gloomy. Johnson, the superior nurse—she admitted that her name was Amy but she preferred to be called Johnson—was stiff in her manner and scant of speech. Even Sophy resented her father's unusual silence .

"Daddy, you're not a bit nice this morning," she complained. "You don't talk to me."

"On Wednesday mornings," he declared, making his effort promptly, "my stock of stories always runs out. If I try to think, I have a headache, and if I talk, my tongue gets into a knot. When I return this evening I shall be wound up again. You will find me irresistible."

"Silly daddy!" she laughed. "What is the matter with your arm?"

"Nothing much," he answered, although the pain of moving it brought the tears into his eyes. "I got a rap there yesterday."

"But your face is so white," she persisted. "Aren't you well, daddy?"

She put one arm around his neck and kissed him with honey-smeared lips. He laughed valiantly. "Well enough to take you both to the Exhibition tonight, if nurse says yes," he assured her.

The child clapped her hands. "And may we stay to see the illuminations just this once?"

Valentin nodded. "If nurse will let us," he promised, rather avoiding her eye.

The child sighed. "I can see that this will have to be one of my good days," she murmured. "Come home early, daddy."

He promised, and escaped upstairs to his room. For a moment or two he sat upon the edge of his untouched bed and groaned. Then, with an effort, he rose and walked stealthily to the window. There was no curtain, and it was hard to see into the street below without disclosing his own presence. In the end he managed it, however, by standing with his back to the wall and looking sideways. He stood there, motionless, for several moments. There were the usual number of ordinary passersby, obviously harmless, uninteresting people going about their business. And there was one who seemed different. Valentin watched him with a curious light in his eyes. The man wore a gray tweed suit; his face was ruddy, almost sunburnt, and his figure inclined toward corpulence. He walked slowly, and he seemed to be waiting for some one. Once only he glanced toward the lodging-house, and on that occasion, though well out of sight, Valentin shrank back on to the bedstead. He did not return to the window.

The minutes passed. Valentin rose at last and lit a cigarette. He took up his hat and began to brush it. He even whistled to himself. After all, was it not the love of danger which had first taken him, in the old days, from the narrow paths of conventional rectitude? Was it not still the spice of life for him? He rearranged his necktie and jeered at his own reflection.

"Poor fool of a Valentin! Heaven has sent you something to do for the sake of the woman you once loved, and your nerves are shaken. You are no longer fit for anything but the little dog and the leading string. What if the amiable Patrick waits below? If he knows, he knows."

A sharp knock at the door. Valentin stood like one turned to stone, his fingers still on the ends of his bow. He stared into the glass. Now he was white indeed. He stared wildly at the bed. He was too late.

"Come in," he said.

Ann showed her unwashed face, and behind her a visitor. It was not the man in tweeds, but a very different person—a tall, middle-aged gentleman, dressed with some formality, but exceedingly well. His perfectly creased trousers fell over his shining boots, he wore an orchid in the buttonhole of his well-cut morning coat, he carried a silk hat in his hand. His gray side-whiskers were a trifle out of fashion, perhaps, but they were invaluable in his profession. No one ever mistook Mr. Alfred Welgrove for anything else but a solicitor in comfortable practice.

"Mr. Welgrove!" Valentin exclaimed.

The lawyer bowed, and glanced at the servant who still stood by his side. She closed the door and disappeared.

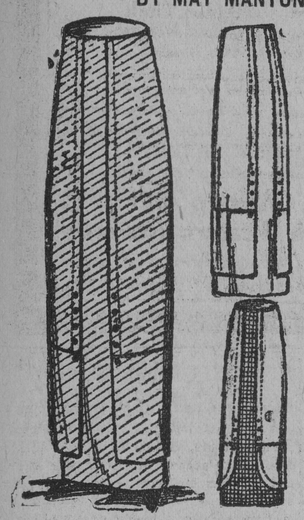
"I trust that you will pardon the liberty I have taken in coming to see you," the lawyer said formally. "I do so upon instructions from—from your wife. I may add that I have respected your incognito. I inquired for Mr. Valentin. I believe that is in order?"

"Instructions from my wife!" Valentin repeated. "I do not understand what need there is of any communication between us."

The lawyer drew off his gloves and placed them in his hat. He glanced around, and Valentin pointed to the solitary chair.

To be Continued Tomorrow.

DAILY FASHION HINTS BY MAY MANTON



7757 Six-Piece Skirt, 22 to 30 Waist.

WITH APPLIED TRIMMING PORTION, WITH SQUARE OR CURVED CORNERS, WITH HIGH OR NATURAL WAIST LINE.

Tunic suggestions are all smart this season. This skirt gives the tunic idea by trimming portions arranged over the sides. The main portion of the skirt is cut in six pieces. The panels at the front and at the back are extended to form the lower portion and the side panels are joined to them. The trimming conceals the seams. In the large view the skirt is shown all of one material, but the suggestion in the smaller view is a good one. The panels and lower portion of the skirt are of a checked material, while the side portions and trimming portions are of plain. The model is an excellent one for the coat suit, for the gown, and for the odd skirt to be worn with separate waists, and is adapted to washable materials as well as to the heavy woolens.

For the medium size this model will require 7 yards of material 27, or 5 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, to make of one material; 4¼ yards 27, 2⅞ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 2⅞ yards any width to make as shown in small view. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards.

The skirt pattern No. 7757 is cut in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Pattern Department of this paper on receipt of 10 cents.

PATTERN No. 7757.

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.

SOME NEW BOOKS

Industrial Development.

The Industrial Development of Nations. By George B. Curtiss. Published by George B. Curtiss, Binghampton, N. Y.

This series of three volumes contains a history of the tariff policies of the United States and of Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia and other European countries.

It gives a history of the rise, progress and expansion of the trade, commerce and industries of the world from antiquity to the present time, and in orderly sequence unfolds the course of the material development of nations from their first stages to their present great magnitude. Here the reader will find the story of how the industrial arts have traveled from the East toward the West; how the mechanical industries of all great nations of modern times have been built up against the unequal competition of nations whose industries had long been established, had gained a firm foothold and were superior in capital, skilled artisans, commercial organization and competitive power, for at no time since the Dark Ages have nations possessed equal facilities for prosecuting their industries and carrying on their trade. Taking the reader back to antiquity, it is shown how the industrial arts of the ancients reached their highest state in Asia Minor and Persia, and were carried to and spread over Europe, aided by the definite action of local governments. That as the cities throughout Europe grew and expanded each adopted its own system of customs duties, protected its artisans and industries within its corporate limits. That this policy finally expanded into a system of national protection known for centuries as the "mercantile system" and by shielding them from the competition of the Orient, the industrial arts were transplanted first to the Italian cities and then set up in Western Europe. How the industries of France were promoted under the protective policy established by Colbert; of Prussia, under Frederick the Great, and of the German kingdoms by extreme governmental restrictions. How England, after remaining a purely agricultural nation for 14 centuries and relying on the Continent for manufactures, under the administrations of Lord Bacon and Cromwell, entered upon the policy of building up her industries and commerce by extreme protective regulations which were strengthened by succeeding parliaments and vigorously prosecuted until 1846, when the United Kingdom became the most powerful and the richest manufacturing nation in Christendom. That again history repeated itself when in the United States, upon the adoption of the Constitution, a nation of farmers under the advice of Hamilton embraced the same system of protective duties for the establishment of manufactories and to foster national development. The historical narrative of the work which unfolds to the reader the causes which have brought about the progress of nations is carried down to the present time in an account of the progress of industries in Russia, Belgium, Switzerland and of Germany and Prussia under the Zollverein, Bismarck and William II., and France, by the continental policy of Napoleon and under the French republic since 1874. The details of this interesting and instructive story of industrial progress is carried through the decades and epochs of the United States under the protective policy of the first seven presidents, from Washington to Van Buren. The depressing influence of the revenue policy from Jackson to Lincoln is given, and the unparalleled growth of the United States from the return to protection under the Morrill tariff of 1861 to 1912. The narrative is humanized and enlivened by the history of the great commercial wars and international conflicts; the struggles for commercial supremacy; civil strifes and controversies; political parties and campaigns; the speeches of noted statesmen; the writings of eminent economists and the great events and controversies which have shaped the destiny of nations. The reader will also find a full account of the system of free imports practiced in the United Kingdom since 1846, how agriculture has been destroyed, industries undermined and extinguished and the nation filled with an army of unemployed and beggars and how her yeomanry, skilled artisans, capital and industry have fled from the blighting influence of that policy and sought refuge under the protective systems of other lands; how Germany, in 1865, France in 1890, other Continental countries and the United States in 1846, following the example set by Richard Cobden for a few years, suffered their industries to languish, their progress to be checked, finally returned to the protective system.

The Mighty Friend.

The Mighty Friend. A Modern Romance of Labor, Warfare, Country Life and Love. By Pierre L'Ermite. Authorized translation by John Hannon. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York.

As an epic of business and social conditions, The Mighty Friend is a gripping tale of love and war, of plot and counterplot—a big story told in a big way. Whether or not the reader sympathizes with the spirit of trade, as so aptly embodied in the three Harmmsters, or with the sturdy champion of agrarian rights, Jacques de la Ferlandiere—the effect of the book will be more than a mere passing impression of strife and disorder, or of love and hate.

The author has very cleverly succeeded in presenting a threatening condition of modern economics through the medium of a fascinating and splendid story, and while his tale is at no time given over to dry philosophical discussions of the problem presented, the very spirit and essence of the book is concerned with a phase of the conflict which is even now going on wherever the tentacles of trade have battened upon a smiling countryside.

The Mighty Friend is, of course, the Land, the country, the real backbone and substance of the nation. When the Harmmsters, therefore, who are manufacturers from Paris, invade the Vale of Api with a commercialism whose immediate effects are baneful in the extreme, Jacques opposes the erection of their factories, as he is far-seeing enough to understand the inevitable result of such an invasion.

With the progress of his almost single-handed fight against these enemies to his peace and prosperity the tale runs on to a startling and dramatic conclusion. The various characters are deftly handled, that of Alberta, the stormy Jewess, being especially well drawn, and the author is at his best in his description of country life, the simple joys and sorrows of a people as yet untouched by the muddy contagion of the town.

The Mighty Friend is a strong, purposeful drama, relieved by the lighter touches of a somewhat sardonic humor, and the question which furnishes the motif for its pages is one of vital importance to the individual, the family and the nation.

The Souls of Men.

The Souls of Men. By Martha M. Stanley. Illustrations by Joseph Cummings Chase. Published by G. W. Dillingham Company, New York, and for sale by the Eichelberger Book Company, Baltimore.

A significant novel, that gives a dramatic interpretation of human passions and emotions, revealing the shifting quicksands of human weakness side by side with the immeasureless depth and strength of human honor.

There is never a woman born, whether to poverty or luxury, that does not wonder some time, between the hours of birth and death, if life is really worth while. In the appalling isolation of a new country, among the wilds of the unsettled tobacco districts of Cuba, a little woman daily vexed herself over the problems that confronted her. A tempter came and the voice of the siren made sweet music to her hungered soul—starving for the companionship, the comforts, necessities and luxuries of a modern civilization. A wealthy New York clubman, traveling in Cuba, was attracted by the unusual quality and purity of her singing voice. He offers to help her get on the stage. She falls in with his suggestions and follows him to New York, where she forthwith makes a brilliant success. This man, to whom she is largely indebted for her achievements, hovers closely in the background of her triumphs, demanding his price. Desperately she tries to avoid the inevitable, but to no avail. At the psychological moment she is saved, by a miracle of fate, from committing a dastardly sin against her better nature; her calmer, saner self comes to the rescue and sends her back to the waiting arms of her husband. The sweet light of her love for him burned steadily at last. No longer did the stubborn goad of ambition drive her, like the moth toward the flame, to the sparkle and gayety of the great metropolis.

Her Right Divine.

Her Right Divine. By Oliver Kent. Illustrations by Paul Stahr. Published by G. W. Dillingham Company, New York, and for sale by the Eichelberger Book Company, Baltimore.

A notable American novel permeated with the tumultuous and emotional drag of sex. The author's vigorously masculine style, combined with a rare intuitive delicacy of insight into a woman's nature, is the outstanding note of the book. A woman, with a virginal soul, but full-blooded and passionate in spite of her purity, is wedded to a man only in a legal sense. An insuperable barrier separated them almost at the altar, yet for the sake of the man's invalid mother, they continued to live outwardly as man and wife. Then came a day when she met the man of her dreams—a government engineer from Arizona, who stirred to the depths the serenely placid calm of her spirit. She resolved that the ghosts of dead yesterdays should not throttle her life and determined to give herself to the man she loved, in spite of the "thou-shalt-nots" of the man-made laws. The nobility of a fine sincerity and courage was in her resolution to fulfil what she believed was the higher law—her divine right to select the father of her children.

The Case of Jennie Brice.

The Case of Jennie Brice. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

More mysterious, more desperate, more baffling, more intense, more realistic and probable than any other mystery story she has ever written is The Case of Jennie Brice, the latest novel from the pen of Mary Roberts Rinehart.

The scenes are laid in Pittsburgh, Mrs. Rinehart's home, and in a manner that is strikingly vivid she pictures the conditions that existed there during the memorable flood of 1907.

The sudden, unaccountable disappearance of a prominent actress is the nucleus about which the story develops. From the first one finds the tale absorbing, and as pages turn interest deepens until it holds one in a vise. A startling case of mistaken identity; a network of circumstances pointing to the guilt of the actress' husband; a chain of evidence by which he establishes a substantial alibi; clues galore indicating a score of other possibilities; a striking jury trial; a strange love plot—all these go to make The Case of Jennie Brice intensely urgent and mystifying. However, there is a delightful love story that is unfolded as the man hunt progresses, to lighten things, and a full measure of humor is added to brighten every situation.

An Unusual Story.

Mark. By Frances Newbold Noyes. Published by Edward J. Clode, New York.

Mark is an unusual book, both in the idea and treatment. It is the story of an unusual hero, who suggests without any direct intimation by the author a faun of old, a creature full of the joy of life, instinct with the spirit of youth and joy, unmoral, unreasoning, satisfied with the present happiness of being and loving, unmindful of the past or future, and ending all with the first approach of trial and the reality of sorrow. The book is remarkable for its imagination and fancy. The story is one to be taken in this spirit, although its fantasy is set in modern and prosaic surroundings and is professedly a story of life. It is very clever, if and even, in the telling, with some brilliant lines and a deft touch in the characterizations. The hero's own story of his birth is one appealing strongly and poetically to the imaginative reader. Full of primitive joy, beauty, absolute truth almost pathetic in its absolute ignorance of life and its complexity, society and its artificiality, his nature comes into sudden contact with ugly realities, and the shock is too much for it to stand. He meets in an American girl—he belongs to an English family of high rank—the complement of his own spirit, and the freshness of their boy-and-girl romance promises a rich and ripe culmination, when a woman of the world enters their young paradise to shatter their dreams and bring about the tragic ending in which an unsophisticated chivalry sees the only solution to a lifelong mistake. One feels that this modern setting with its modern characters is the contrast which gives the intrinsic fantasy of the story its charm. Whatever the varying opinion of the book, which is one to provoke discussion, it must be admitted by all critics that it shows an unusually fresh and talented touch.

The New Pacific.

The New Pacific. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Published by the Bancroft Company, New York.

An economic survey of the great ocean, its opulent shores and its enchanting isles. Of pre-eminent importance to the civilized world during the present century is the exploitation of the Pacific. In the New Pacific are given the romance and reality of this region, its climates and industries, its wealth and potentialities and its assured destiny.

There was a century search for a strait, attended by the fanciful stories of mendacious mariners, which, together with mythical cities and flitting seas, were sent forth in volumes of conjectural geography until the region became for yet another century a great Northern Mystery. All worth mentioning of the actual voyages of discovery and appropriation, originally set forth in 20 large volumes, are given in a single chapter.

To be abreast of the times one must have these books. It is safe to say that a knowledge of this New World now opening to advanced civilization can nowhere else be found in such compact form or the facts so clearly and ably presented.

High Cost of Living

High Cost of Living: Cause and Remery. By T. Cushing Daniel. Published by the Monetary Educational Bureau, Washington, D. C.

High cost of living definitely defines to the American parent how he is in bondage, the nature and cause of same, and plainly shows how it may be thrown off and freedom gained for himself and his children. In this book it is shown how overcapitalization and the manufacturing of debts upon the industrial enterprises of the United States will be stopped. In this book is shown how the money system that makes the poor poorer and the rich richer can be destroyed. Every man who owes money should read and think through this book. He will then see his way out.

Every creditor who expects obligations owed to him to be paid in money should study this book and co-operate with the borrower, in order to have them paid. The only way is given in this book.

Comrade Yetta.

Comrade Yetta. By Albert Edwards. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

This is a romance which deals with conditions among garment-workers on the East Side of New York city. The leading characters are Socialist workers, and Yetta and Isadore, her lover, and afterwards her husband, are engaged in the publication of a Socialist paper, the Clarion, which was very successful. It gives a very lurid picture of the trials of the sweatshop workers and their strike against social conditions, and a very unflattering description of the morals of the police magistrates and police.

The Reluctant Lover.

The Reluctant Lover. By Stephen McKenna. Frontispiece by George Gibbs. Published by John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia.

The reluctant lover is the most modern of modern young men, and still more advanced is the determined girl who sets out to capture his cool, chaste heart. In portraying her and her preference for an unwilling rather than a willing lover, Stephen McKenna strikes a note of refreshing unconventionality and shows a profound knowledge of modern feminine psychology that will especially delight his woman readers. All the young men in this book are preoccupied with the idea of matrimony, and they talk so extremely wittily that the story of their complex affairs, told mainly in dialogue, is followed with breathless interest. The events take place in London ballrooms, smart bachelor flats, and the country houses of the elect. And the majority of the characters are left on the steps of the altar. There is a bon mot in every paragraph and many laughs to a page, yet withal the book has a note of feeling, an undercurrent of seriousness, that raises it far above the ordinary frivolous novel of the day.

Training the Boy.

Training the Boy. By William A. McKeever. Illustrated. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

The motto of this book may be expressed in these words: Train the whole boy and not merely a part of him. Parents and other boy trainers too often fail to appreciate the significance of a full program of education as against a partial one. Too many are looking to the public school alone to give their boys an adequate course, and are blaming the teachers for shortcomings rightly attributable to themselves. With all its imperfections, the public school is tenfold more efficient than the average home. Its source of weakness is lack of substantial co-operation on the part of home, the church and other institutions. This book strives to sketch a practical plan for rounding out the whole boy and to emphasize all the forces necessary for complete training.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. MILLER

Baltimore Woman's Success With Camera and Pen.

The current issue of Leslie's Weekly has a very interesting account of a Baltimore woman, Mrs. Charles R. Miller, who is one of the members of Leslie's staff. Mrs. Miller is both an expert photographer and an unusually good writer, and, as both artist and author, she has traveled all over the world writing descriptive articles illustrated by herself. She has traveled on every railroad in the United States, visited the heights of mountain peaks and the depths of coal and gold mines, covered national conventions, been in revolutions, big national disasters and in out-of-the-way places which it would take nerve in men, much less in women, to visit. She went to Melilla during the war between Morocco and Spain and took pictures on the firing line, thus earning the title of being the only woman war correspondent in the world. There is not a man or woman of national prominence, from presidents down, whom Mrs. Miller has not photographed and written about and not a national department she has not made the subject of her pictures and articles. She is at home alike in Alaska and in the tropics, in Russia and in Spain, and has the proud distinction of being arrested in Hayti as a dangerous character and in Heligoland on suspicion of being a spy, because in both places she took pictures of a picturesque character. In fact, Mrs. Miller's adventures in the course of her profession would fill a book, and a most interesting book at that.

Yet, as Leslie's article states, Mrs. Miller is of a most womanly type, is one of the best of housekeepers, and her beautiful home on Linden avenue is unique in its planning and decoration, as it contains souvenirs of every quarter of the globe. Mrs. Miller is the wife of Mr. Charles R. Miller, of the Fidelity Trust Company, who is extremely proud of his talented wife and of the fame she has won through her work, which is a labor entirely of love, as she pursues it solely through her liking for travel and for newspaper work. As Leslie's article states, she is such a thorough housekeeper as well as writer that even in her farthest travels there is no daily detail in her home which she has not planned and provided for in advance. The Leslie article is illustrated with a photograph of Mrs. Miller in the characteristic attitude of obtaining a timely snapshot.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

OLD COUNCIL TREE BOND

Watch every letterhead that comes into your office for the next two weeks. Keep track of the **impressions** they create in your mind. Note what ideas they give you of **the men who sent them.**

When you've done this you will realize the importance of the letterhead as an **advertising medium.** You will see for yourself what kind of a message it carries, whether **for** or **against** the man who used it. Then apply the test to **your own stationery** and see where **you** get off. See what kind of impressions you are creating in **the other fellow's mind.**

If you want to take the Short cut to success and squeeze advertising out of a medium that costs you a trifle use OLD COUNCIL TREE BOND for your letterheads and business stationery and be absolutely sure that **no one** can criticise you or get a **false impression** of your business ability.

Our special representative, O. H. Barnum, is spending a week or so in Baltimore to explain to interested business men the virtues of this crisp, crackling, classy bond paper for business stationery. He will be glad to call on you—not to sell, but to instruct and prove that a letterhead can easily be made a powerful advertising asset.

ASK YOUR **PRINTER** FOR **OLD COUNCIL TREE BOND.**
Telephone Barnum at the Office of Our Baltimore Distributor,

B. F. BOND PAPER CO.
BALTIMORE

NEENAH PAPER COMPANY
MANUFACTURERS OF LOFT-DRIED WRITING PAPERS
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Administrate a new regime of comfort and healthfulness to your family and employees by wiring your home, office or factory.

We are Experts in Electric Lighting.

No work too large or small. We aim to give uniform satisfaction to every job.

Consult us before installing Electric Wiring and Fixtures. We can give you able assistance and save you money.

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is the remedy that you should first think of when your body is filled with rheumatic pains. No matter how chronic your case may be, Gypsey's Gift

Guarantees Relief

because, taken internally, it goes directly to the cause of all the trouble, and soon frees the body

From Rheumatism

Trial Size, 25c. Hospital Size, $1.00.
Gypsey's Gift Dyspepsia Tablets will digest what you cannot. Try Them! 50c per pkg.
Your druggist sells it, or Read's Three Great Drug Stores.

To Cure a Cold in 12 Hours
LAXATIVE
Sal Quinine Tablets
NO CURE 10c NO PAY
At All Druggists

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
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PAINLESS EXTRACTING..... 25c
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