

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

STEALING A HUSBAND

By DOROTHY DIX

I get a great many very pathetic letters from wives who complain that their husbands have stolen their husbands away from them, and who ask me if I do not think that these matrimonial thieves are the most iniquitous creatures on earth.

It is, of course, natural in such cases to blame the other woman wholly, and to accuse her of being a siren, who has exercised some sort of occult art over the helpless and hypnotized man in order to drag him away, against his inclination, from his home and fireside.

There is a cheering and comforting view for the wife to take of the situation. It is not without reason that the wife invariably blames the other woman. It saves her face. It is one thing to forgive a man and take him back, if he was shamed and taken unconscious and doped aboard the pleasure craft, and another to overlook his side-stepping if he sidestepped of his own accord because he enjoyed doing it, and was tired and bored at home.

Now, any whole heart goes out to the woman whose husband has deserted her and deserted her. I could weep tears of blood on her breast, but the truth remains that every case of husband stealing is what the police call "an inside job." No woman can steal a man away from his wife unless he wants to be stolen. Before the heart thief can get in, a man has to leave all the doors unlocked, and all the windows with the burglar alarms off.

While Love Lives

As long as a man is in love with his wife he is inoculated against all other charms, charm they never so well nor so wisely. The other woman, no matter how beautiful and attractive she is does not exist as an entity. She is merely just a part of the female population, another skirt among skirts, and he is in no more danger of getting into a flirtation with her than he is with his grandmother.

And women know this intuitively, and they waste no time nor smiles upon him. He has got "taken" branded across his forehead, and even a feminine love pirate respects it.

Therefore, when a husband's affections have been stolen, you may be very sure that he has been guilty of, at least, contributory negligence in the matter.

He has left them lying around loose in the way of any woman with predatory instincts and light fingers who chanced to pass that way, and she is not wholly to blame if she took them.

If husband had been safe at home, where he belonged, no lady burglar could have broken down the door and purloined him from his own hearth.

In their fatuous belief that the other woman is a highway robber, who has held a man up at the point of a gun and forcibly taken his heart away from him, many wives are silly enough to actually appeal to the women to return their property to them.

They talk as if love were a peck of potatoes, or a diamond ring, that one could keep or restore at pleasure. How absurd! If a man has really ceased to care for his wife and come to love another woman, the other woman is as helpless in the matter as his wife.

A Hopeless Appeal

If she is a bad woman she can humiliate and mock the wife for not being able to hold her own. If she is a good woman she can pity the wife, but all of that does not rekindle the flame of affection for his wife in the husband's breast.

In reality there is no such thing as a husband stealer. When a woman is in possession of the affections of another woman's husband he has made her a present of his heart. She hasn't filched it, and the only way a wife can take out a burglar policy against having her husband stolen is to keep him so interested he doesn't want to be stolen.

A STYLISH MODEL IN CLOTH SKIRT

Odd Shaped Pockets at Side Give a Special Touch of Quaintness

By MAY MANTON



9166 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Three-Piece Skirt with Yoke, 24 to 32 waist.

The pattern No. 9166 is cut in sizes from 24 to 32 inches waist measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Seth Low, Former Mayor of New York, Is Dead

New York, Sept. 18.—Seth Low, former mayor of New York, twice mayor of Brooklyn and for eleven years president of Columbia University, died yesterday at his country home, Broad Brook Farm, Bedford Hills, N. Y., at the age of 86 years. Mrs. Charles had several months of complication of diseases.

Mr. Low's most recent activities were exerted in an effort to find a solution of the differences between the railroad brotherhoods and the railroads. He had long been consulted by heads of the brotherhoods.

LUNCHEON FOR BRIDE-ELECT

Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 18.—One of the most delightful social events of the season was a luncheon given on Saturday afternoon by Mrs. J. C. Lyter and her daughter, Mrs. Charles C. Baker in honor of Miss Kathryn Brubaker Pike, whose engagement to J. Dale Diehl, of York, was recently announced. The favors were cut for twelve. The favors were cut glass holders. The guests were Misses Kathryn Brubaker Pike, Carolyn Shoop, Esther Brubaker, Virginia Shoop, Marie Smith, Millie Ottobach, Caroline Millard and Mrs. C. M. Richter, Mrs. Hass, Mrs. Claude Ryan and Mrs. W. A. Millard of Plymouth.

Turks Making Further Efforts to Gain Control of Armenian Church

Washington, Sept. 18.—Further steps by the Turkish government to destroy the Democratic organization of Armenian Church in Turkey and place it more securely under Moslem direction are reported in dispatches received in official quarters here.

Appointment of the bishops of the Armenian Church of Ottoman nationality is one of the latest reforms ordered, and the so-called "national assembly" of 1279 and established in 1279 and elected by popular vote among the Armenians, has been supplanted by a new "spiritual assembly" with limited power over affairs pertaining only to management of religious, educational and charitable institutions. The Ottoman Government reserves the right to veto election of any of the bishops composing the new "spiritual assembly."

The State Department is studying the effect of the new decrees and while it could not protest against religious decrees the regulations may be taken into consideration when the American Ambassador Elkus takes up with the Turkish Government the general question of its treatment of Armenians.

BOY'S ARM TORN OFF

Blain, Pa., Sept. 18.—Donald Sewell, 13 years old, whose home is at Blain, Pa., at present is an inmate of the Tressler's Orphans' Home, at Loyalville, had his left arm torn off at the shoulder while working in the printing office on Saturday morning. The boy attempted to put a belt on a pulley and was caught.

BUCKET BRIGADE SAVES HOUSE

Fire yesterday destroyed a small stable owned by Joseph Smucker, Columbia avenue, Edgemont, and for a time threatened the home of the owner, a distance of only about twelve feet away. The house was saved by a number of men who formed a bucket brigade. The blaze is said to have been started by a son of Smucker who had been playing with matches.

H.B.G. RIFLE ASSN. HAS STATE RECORD

Activities Rife Among Members of Local Branch of National Organization

A letter recently received from the War Department by the Harrisburg Rifle Association confirms the report that the local association, comprising fifty-seven members, who are more or less expert with the rifle, has made the highest record of shooting in the state of Pennsylvania. Inasmuch as there are thirty-seven branches of the National Rifle Association in the state, the record of the Harrisburg branch is exceptionally good. Out of those who have shot the militia course, which requires forty shots from the 500-yard range, rapid and slow fire, prone, kneeling and sitting, the club is represented by twelve sharpshooters and twenty-seven marksmen. There are no "bolo" men, which is a term equivalent to the "booby" prize, nor on the other hand are there any experts, but the latter is the exception even among crack army shots.

Activities among the Harrisburg Rifle Association, which was organized last Spring with a large percentage of its membership composed of men on the staff of the Pennsylvania State Police, is so good for its work. It is a semi-military body, with many members who are interested solely for the pleasure of handling a gun and some who are inspired to join through preparedness and patriotic motives. There are no obligations attached to the organization in case of war.

A recent meeting for members for a seven-inch cup presented by the National Sportsman, a well-known magazine, was held on Saturday, Labor Day and won by Dr. L. Deniston with a score of 128. Other scores worthy of mention were: C. S. Landis, 110; James Thompson and George W. Thompson, each 101; and James Fisher, 93. Arrangements are now being made for a match between two teams representing the Department of Labor and Industry and the State Highway Department. The cup will be partially presented by Commissioner John Price Jackson.

The local association is on the lookout for a slice of the \$300,000 provided in the congressional appropriation for the promotion of rifle practice. The money is in the hands of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice.

The local association will hold a meeting some time next week for the purpose of affiliating a number of new members with the organization.

Plans for Conservation of New Bishop Complete

The Rt. Rev. Philip R. McDewitt, superintendent of parochial schools in Philadelphia, will be consecrated as Bishop of the Harrisburg diocese of the Catholic church, in Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, September 25.

The ceremony, which is one of the most impressive services of the Catholic church, will be held in the Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, with Archbishop Neilton as the consecrator, with the Rt. Rev. John E. Inghy, bishop of Erie, and the Rt. Rev. John J. McCort, auxiliary bishop of Philadelphia, as assistants.

The Rt. Rev. Monsignor James P. Turner, rector of the Church of the Nativity, Philadelphia, will preach the sermon, and the Rev. John E. Flood, assistant superintendent of parochial schools, Philadelphia, will read the Papal Bulls. The Revs. William J. Lalou and Thomas F. McNally will be masters of ceremonies.

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Police Called to Handle Crowd in Run on Bank

Chicago, Sept. 18.—Police were called today to handle a crowd of depositors who gathered in front of the State Bank of Schiff and Company, in spite of the assurance of the officials that the institution is solvent.

The run started yesterday because of a practice of the collapse of a site of three private banks last week. Officials of the Schiff bank said that \$50,000 was paid out yesterday and the demand of every depositor would be met. The bank has a surplus of \$1,000,000 according to an audit Sunday. The private bank of M. Ginsburg and Sons, which closed Saturday did not open today. Depositors clamored for their savings.

"Old Skins" Says Rector of His Disagreeing Flock

New York, Sept. 18.—Classifying his parishioners who disagreed with his views on "old skins" as "dead," the Rev. John J. McCort, rector of the Church of the Nativity, Philadelphia, will preach the sermon, and the Rev. John E. Flood, assistant superintendent of parochial schools, Philadelphia, will read the Papal Bulls. The Revs. William J. Lalou and Thomas F. McNally will be masters of ceremonies.

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WOODMEN TO INITIATE

Members of Harrisburg Camp, No. 525, of the Woodmen of America, will initiate a class of fifteen new members at the camp hall, 1365 Howard street, to-morrow evening for the camp recently organized at Middletown.

STEELWORKER BURNED

Michael Murnane, 1052 South Ninth street, was badly burned about the face and arms while working at a blast furnace of the Central Iron and Steel Company last night.

CLUB FOR COP

Charles Wilhelm, ex-chief of police, presented Officer Parsons with a club, which the former official used while on the force. Officer Parsons broke his club over a prisoner's head a few days ago.

GAMBLERS LEAVE TOWN

Officer Carson while patrolling his district yesterday found a gambling establishment and kicking the establishment to police headquarters.

Silver Sandals

A Detective Story of Mystery, Love and Adventure. By Clinton H. Stagg. Copyright, W. J. Watt & Co., International News Service.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Suddenly the problemist forgot the cryptogram and the motionless woman at the table. His ears had caught a sound in the empty house. His acute hearing strained to the utmost, he listened. Some one was stealthily making his way along the dark halls. McMan's hand the police picked up the trail again? Were they going to spoil it before Colton had gotten the thing for which he had come? He knew McMan would find the place, there was too much bull-dog in the police officer ever to give up because he had been lost by the big car and the daring Michael. But Colton wanted to beat him to just one thing. The listener was outside the room door now.

"Why did you murder your brother?" Colton shot the question.

The old woman did not even raise her head. "Because he deserved it! Because..."

The crash of the flung-open door shook the big house. A voice came to the blind man's ears.

"You did! You did! You killed the father of that girl! You..."

Colton's smooth voice cut in: "Sit down, Bracken! I've been waiting for you."

The problemist heard the man whirl to face him. "Who are you? Colton, eh? The blind man! You got here first, did you?"

"I've been waiting some time," Thornley Colton spoke patiently.

"Where's Ruth?" Again Colton heard the man whirl as he turned toward the woman, but the blind man answered the question.

"Your wife is at my house."

"Your house?"

"Yes. Sit down, as I told you, Silver Sandals is working on a cryptogram that means the girl's fortune."

The blind man's ears heard the sharp intake of breath.

"Where did you get it?"

Again the question was addressed to the silent woman. Again Colton answered:

"I gave it to her. She must have time to solve it. The girl's future is on that papirus."

"Her future." All the snarl, the wrath was gone from the man's voice. Colton could picture him, starting at the woman, who gave no sign of his existence; whose whole mind was fixed on the thing before her. Again Silver Sandals was deaf and dumb to the world. Colton appeared to be watching so intently, was blind. The man who stood in the center of the room in the big, empty house was the one Colton had accused of murder.

"She said that she killed him?" he asked. "She said that?" The second repetition was a hard-voiced demand.

"She has confessed," Colton assured him.

"The confession is a lie!" Bracken almost shouted the words. "A lie, understand!" he leaned forward so that the heavy words seemed to strike the blind man in the face. "I killed Neilton!"

"I know it," Colton nodded solemnly.

"I killed him!" The husband of the girl who was locked in the room at Thornley Colton's house was walking back and forth before the blind man like a caged tiger.

"The girl never left the house," he said. "She wouldn't leave him to his fool books and theories. He gave me the opportunity. It was simple. Now she's free."

"She's not," Colton demanded, his voice curiously quiet. "Doesn't the million dollars that the solving of the cryptogram means go to her? I never saw any word pointed to her presence in the suite—a hair on the floor!"

"She wasn't near the suite!" Bracken's voice fairly trembled with that. "The money words seemed to strike the blind man in the face. "I killed Neilton!"

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"She wasn't near the suite!" Bracken's voice fairly trembled with that. "The money words seemed to strike the blind man in the face. "I killed Neilton!"

"I know it," Colton nodded solemnly.

"I killed him!" The husband of the girl who was locked in the room at Thornley Colton's house was walking back and forth before the blind man like a caged tiger.

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