OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

SHALT NOT FLIRT

By DOROTHY DIX

This is the eighth commandment of matrimony:

Thou shalt not flirt with other women, or roll thine orbs at the man with whom thou fox-trotteth, for jealousy is as cruel as the grave, and the short cut to Reno.

One of the favorite amusements of both men and women, who find matrimony dull and monotonous, is to engage in what they call harmless flirtation. Which is as if one exploited an innocuous stick of dynamite or a frolicsome viper.

Now, the married flirts are not necessarily conscienceless villains. Neither are they always traitors, or even really untrue to the partners of their bosoms. They are merely bored. They are victims to the curse of domesticity, which robs married life of all its illusions, strips from it its pink chiffons, and leaves it bare and bald and commonplace.

Loves His Wife, But—

In his heart a man may still think his Matilda Jane a model of all the virtues, and the pattern of what a good wife and mother and housekeeper should be. If he had to marry, he would marry her over again.

BUT—

Well, there is no allure in making love to your own wife when she listens with half her ear to your impassioned vows and the other ear and a half cocked to hear the bay cry. There's no thrill in sending her favorite flowers to a woman who would rather have the price to go on a new pair of shoes. There's no glamor of romance in having a little dinner somewhere with the lady who has the legal right to face you across the table three hundred and sixty-five mornings and evenings a year.

And the woman who is bored with the eternal roast beef and boiled potatoes of matrimony, and whose palate cries out for something with a little more pep and ginger in it, is tempted along the primrose path of flirtation by pretty much the same impulses as her husband is. She, too, is a-hungered for romance, and, more than that, she is beset by a devilish fear that torments her and will not let her rest.

Her husband has quit making love to her. He has ceased paying her compliments. He treats her with as little sense of her being a woman as if she were a feminine mummy of the time of the Ptolmies. This raises a horrid suspicion in her breast. "Am I old and ugly already? Do I no longer attract men? Have I thrown away my bait or lost it?" she questions of her mirror.

Disaster the End

Whatever the reason of the flirtations of married folks, however, there is but one end to them, and that is disaster. You cannot play with the fires of passion without getting burnt.

This is especially true of women. A woman's flirtation may not be skin-deep in sentiment. It may have been inspired by the most fleeting impulse of vanity, just a whim to see if her eyes had lost the goo-goo trick of her girlhood. She may have merely written and received a silly note or two or had a cup of harmless tea at a restaurant. Her soul and her slate may be absolutely clean, and in reality she may still hold her husband as far above the man she is flirting with as the stars are above the earth.

Nevertheless she is running the risk of wrecking her life and home. Thousands of women have been damned for just so little. She is miring the hem of her garments, and there will not be lacking those who will point out the stain and call her husband's attention to it. And she can never, never, never explain. And nobody will ever, ever, ever believe the truth. Least of all will her husband believe it.

When a married woman flirts it generally ends in divorce for her. When a married man flirts it doesn't end so often in divorce, for necessity forces wives to forgive things in their husbands that husbands do not have to forgive in their wives; but it ends in broken hearts, just the same.

There is no safe flirtation in which married people can indulge. All the ways of dalliance are closed to them, and they stray over the bars at their peril. Therefore, say to Cupid when he comes whispering in your ear, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for I partake no more of romance, except of the well-known domestic brand that is made at home."

Thus shall you keep out of trouble and safe within the fold, for this is the eighth commandment of matrimony: **Thou salt not flirt with other women, or roll thine orbs at the man with whom thou fox-trotteth, for jealousy is as cruel as the grave, and the short cut to Reno.**

(The next article will be on the ninth commandment of matrimony, "Thou shalt exalt no other place above thy home, neither thy business office, nor thy bridge table, nor any cause shalt thou put before thy home, nor neglect thy home for it."

A NEW VARIATION OF MIDDY BLOUSE

Young Girls Are Always Pleased With Anything Like Sailor Suits

By MAY MANTON

8869 (*With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance*) Middy Blouse for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

8750 (*With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance* Plaited Skirt with or with out Yoke and Suspenders for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

Girls always are interested in variations of the middy costume. This one shows a new feature in the collar that can be worn as it is here or rolled open and it can be worn with or without the belt. The skirt is straight and plaited and joined to the yoke. It can be made plain or with suspenders attached. The frock is pretty developed in serge or in linen or in cotton gabardine or poplin or in any similar material, in white or in blue. Here, white is trimmed with striped blue and white to be pretty, but plain blue would be good and is desirable.

For the 16 year size the blouse will require, 3¾ yards of material 27 or 36 wide or 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅛ yard 36 for the trimming, for the skirt ¼ yards 27, 4 yards 36 or 44, with ⅜ yard extra if the suspenders are used.

The pattern of the blouse No. 8869 and of the skirt No. 8750 both are cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on the receipt of ten cents for each.

Missing Lawyer and Wife Are Found Alive in Shack in New Hampshire Wood

Dixville Notch, N. H., Sept. 25.—Joseph A. Dennison, former assistant district attorney of Suffolk county, Massachusetts, and his wife, who had been lost for nearly four days in the wilderness of the northern foothills of White Mountains, were found yesterday. They had suffered greatly from exhaustion and lack of food and sleep, but it was not thought their hardships would cause permanent injury to their health.

The Dennisons were discovered in an abandoned logging camp on the shores of Dead Diamond stream, in the Dartmouth College grant, a wild section of country near the Maine border and ten miles from the hotel from which they had set out Wednesday afternoon for a stroll.

In seeking to return they had lost their bearings in the almost trackless woods and for two days had wandered in quest of a habitation. Not until Friday did they find shelter in an old lumber shack, where they remained, too tired to walk any longer, and not knowing which way to turn. Mrs. Dennison's feet were so painfully swollen that it was doubtful whether she could have continued much farther.

Discovery of the missing lawyer and his wife was made by Earl Gould and Scott Copp, employes of the hotel, who had joined with scores of other persons in the hunt. As a result of their successful efforts they are entitled to a reward of $1,500, of which $1,000 was offered by Daniel H. Coakley, of Boston, brother of Mrs. Dennison, and $500 by Thomas G. Washburn, of that city, a close friend of the former district attorney.

Silver Sandals

A Detective Story of Mystery, Love and Adventure.

By Clinton H. Stagg

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Yes," Colton nodded grimly. "I had them called off to give you your chance. That's why I was so careful to tell you that Bracken would be home to-day. I knew you'd be desperate to get the thing before he arrived. I knew that when I stole the cryptogram the only thing you could do was to come here and try to find it without. I forced your hand at every turn of the game. But your slipping away from the hotel after calling from your room that you weren't to be disturbed was a master stroke. You could have slipped in again, and every employee of the hotel would have sworn that you never left it. Their jobs depended on it."

"What a fool!" murmured Carl, and there was a bit of awe in his voice. "What a fool!" He touched the back of his head tenderly. "Pity I couldn't have got a jolt like that before," he smiled grimly; then he glanced toward the huddled, twitching Norman, and a disgusted look came to his face. "I'm glad you got him, too."

"What did he have to do with the death of Nelson?" asked Colton sharply.

Norman raised his head. "I didn't have nothing to do with it!" he screamed. "He said he couldn't find the crow, and I left him in a saloon on the water front."

"He's right," growled Carl. "He wouldn't have the nerve to push him in."

"The waiter had the one missing link," Colton said quietly. He reached out his hand toward where the district attorney was sitting. "The feather?" he asked. Silently the attorney extended it. "I think this will find the rubies," the blind man declared.

CHAPTER XXI

No Human Hand

Each person in the room leaned forward to see the thing the problemist held in his hand. Even Sydney Thames, who had seen the silver feather before, looked at it with new interest that the blind man's words had brought. Was this simple thing of silver the cause of the murder of the man at the hotel and the death of the waiter whose body had been found in the river? On the faces of those around the big circular room, with its littered papers and torn-up rugs that Norman and Carl had pulled up in their frantic search for the rubies, was depicted the whole gamut of human emotions. Silver Sandals' eyes were on the face of the blind man, trying to read the thoughts behind the words he had spoken. In the eyes of Ruth Neilton was only sorrow. There was no interest in the thing that meant so much to her. She seemed only to see the death and suffering it had caused. Bracken stared frankly his amazement. The district attorney face held the same puzzled look that had been there ever since he had visited the morgue. On Carl's face was disgust, and he was looking at the slouched figure of Norman with death in his eyes. Norman looked down at the floor. McMann and the square-jawed detective leaned back comfortably, with their eyes on their prisoners. Their case was ended. The Fee grinned frankly at the effect of the blind man's words, and shifted the perforated box a bit between his knees.

"The cryptogram was as strange as John Neilton himself." The blind man's voice was very low, but the words came clearly. "I puzzled for hours, trying to find a solution by all the known rules of cryptography. It was not until I entered this house that the answer came. That, too, because of my blindness. John Neilton knew that Silver Sandals could solve any puzzle by the short cuts and turns she had learned in the years of working over hieroglyphic fragments. So he made the crow the key. She had the crow. She was supposed to have the cryptogram. But there was the silver feather that he never spoke of. He mentioned it once to the girl. Once he told Silver Sandals the same thing: Only a feather stands between you and the rubies. She had never seen the silver feather. What he intended to do with it so that she would find it when she was clever enough to remember I don't know. But in some way the waiter who was at the house got hold of it. Probably he took it only for its intrinsic value and because it appealed to him. The words of Silver Sandals that Sydney told me when I was bringing him from the hypnotic state were instantly suggestive. Only a feather! Only a feather! She remembered then. While we were waiting she told me the facts. She thought it was a feather of the crow that was meant. Then Miss Neilton dropped the feather in her haste to go away. I found it."

"The solution! What is the solution?" Silver Sandals was standing. Her husky voice made of the words exclamations rather than questions. She seemed to tower over the seated girl like a great black specter in her satin gown that she had worn in the restaurant. She had forgotten everything else in her eagerness to find the solution that the dead man had left her as his legacy. Sydney Thames realized, as did Thornley Colton, that it wasn't the rubies nor the fortune they represented that the woman wanted; it was merely the answer to the puzzle that she had been unable to solve.

"As is the case when a really clever person tries to work an unsolvable puzzle, John Neilton made it simplicity itself. It isn't a cryptogram at all. It's a map!"

"A map?" Silver Sandals took the papyrus sheet, with its strange figures, from the bosom of her dress. She laid it on the table in the center of the room. Colton, too, was on his feet, walking slowly around the room, touching the circular walls with his hollow, slim stick.

"I said before that my blindness figured the thing. I haven't proved it, but I'm certain. My lack of sight has made step-counting automatic and unconscious. I can't help it. I knew every line of the cryptogram because blindness has made the development of my memory an absolute necessity. The minute I walked down the hall in the house here when I had brought back Carl a peculiar thing struck me. There were just as many steps from the front door to a door that led through a short passage as there were crows pictured on the top straight line of the papyrus; eight. I turned to my right. Three steps, and there was another door. A turn to the left two steps, and I was in this room. It is circular. You have known that for years, yet because your eyes had accepted it as a common thing, you would not get the significance as I would, because I have always been compelled to figure my steps and the shape of things. From the door, nine steps around the circumference of the room."

Breathlessly they watched him count off the paces. Then an exclamation of disappointment rose. He was standing at a window. Sydney stood up with the others. The window overlooked the grove of pines. Outside of it a giant maple kept all the sunlight from the room.

"Nothing there!" There words came from Bracken disappointedly.

"Wait!" The command came sharply from the blind man's lips. He flung open the window. "Sit down, all of you!" he ordered. They obeyed meekly. On the window-sill he put the silver feather. Then he stepped back.

"Release the crow, Shrimp."

Colton resumed his own seat. The boy lifted the cover of the box. With a screeched "Caw, Caw!" the crow fluttered out. It circled the room slowly. It perched on the green glass shade of the heavy light that was suspended over the table by a silver tube from a raised design of Egyptian scarabs that made a circle in bas-relief as large as the globe itself. They hardly dared breathe as the crow walked around the heavy glass shade, his head cocking from side to side as he regarded them with his wise eyes.

"Poughkeepsie!" it suddenly screamed. "Pough-kee-psie!"

It seemed to see the shining silver then. It swooped down, picked it up, and was out of the window.

"Crows are the greatest thieves in the world," Colton said slowly. "They'll steal anything that has a bit of shine, no matter what it is, and hide it in some place they have picked out. That's why the feather was made of silver."

"He's takin' it up in the tree!" The Fee was the only one who had not been impressed into silence and immovability by the weirdness of the thing.

"Good-by feather," laughed Carl jerkily. "It's — Great Lord!"

His exclamation was only part of the startled chorus. The whole heavy shaded light and the design of scarabs had swung downward. Where the heavy raised ceiling decoration had been was a square of silver. On it was painted crows!

"The square design!" cried Bracken.

In the center were pictured, with startling vividness, the under sides of three crows, with their heads together. And to complete the effect, six tiny legs of silver cord dangled.

(To Be Continued.)

Chisel Jeweler's Safe, Lost $15,000 in Gems

Baltimore, Sept. 25.—Defying detection from the hourly visits of a night watchman, crackmen early yesterday chiseled their way into the inner recess of a 3,000-pound safe in the jewelery store of Steman and Norwig and escaped with gems valued approximately at $15,000.

No window or door was broken, but the burglars cut through the flooring and ceiling of the second floor and used a rope to lower themselves directly in front of the safe. Instead of blowing the safe, the cracksmen broke through from the door, cut away a steel plate half an inch thick, broke through six inches of concrete backing and chiseled a second hole in a second steel plate. Despite the large amount of work done within the building and the quantity of dust from the broken cement, not a finger print was to be found anywhere.

SURPRISE FOR MEMBER

Halifax, Pa., Sept. 25.—Members of the Ladies' Bible Class of the United Brethren Sunday School of this place tendered a surprise party on Saturday evening to Mrs. James E. Nietz, a member of the class, at her home in Market street, it being her birthday. Refreshments were served.

Former Chorus Girl Sues Her Millionaire Husband

New York, Sept. 25.—Mrs. Mable Calhoun, formerly in the Ziegfeld chorus, has begun an action against her husband, James Edward Calhoun, son of Colonel John C. Calhoun, head of several railroads in the South, for $200 a week alimony and counsel fees. The papers are on file in the Supreme Court, and the first hearing is set for October 5.

Mrs. Calhoun says that recently her husband and his father made $1,000,000 in an oil deal. In her complaint she said, that it isn't money she really wants, but "love—the essence of the marriage contract."

After Justice Shearn set aside a separation agreement under which Mrs. Calhoun had agreed to wave all litigation against her husband for the sum of $500, she began an alienation action against her husband's father for $100,000.

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Read How to Care for Their Health.

New Orleans, La.—"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough, for I know my daughter never would have been so well if she had not taken it. For more than a year she had suffered agonies from irregularity, backache, dizziness, and no appetite, but is now well. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all mothers and daughters and you can publish this letter."—Mrs. A. Estrada, 129 N. Galvez Street, New Orleans, La.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"My daughter was feeling tired and all run down with no apparent cause. She had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before and knew its value so she again purchased it and she was able to keep to work, her eyes became bright and natural, and her system was built up completely. We generally keep the Vegetable Compound in the house for it is to be relied on."—Mrs. E. J. Purdy, 5131 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Women Have Been Telling Women for forty years how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ills.

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Write for advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

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The names and addresses must be plainly written. Each list of names submitted by a Child must bear the signature of the Father and Mother of the Child submitting the list.

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"But I brush my teeth," you say. Yes, you brush them, but do you REALLY CLEAN them?

Tonight, after brushing your teeth, go to the mirror and examine them. In all probability you will find an accumulation of tartar on the enamel and bits of food deposit hiding in the crevices.

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