### Oldest Dolls Not Very Old.

The oldest dolls only go back as far as Queen Anne, and there are no records of them at an earlier period. This means that medieval children played with natural objects.

# Dorothy Dix's Letter Box HUMANE SOCIETY

Will the Young Flapper Who Has Reformed in Order to Catch a Husband Revert to Her Old Self After Marriage? Recreation a Necessity for the Home Woman - Shall She Allow the Sick Boy Whom She Pities to Kiss Her?

Dear Dorothy Dix-A friend of mine is about thirty. He is falling in Jove with a girl about twenty-one: He is serious-minded, intelligent, has never been out much with girls; is well to do and wants to marry. The girl



is opposite. She is a frivolous-minded flapper, inefficient at her work. Her desk is always untidy. ridiculed them before he fell in love with her.

The girl knows that this man is a good match, and she is trying to Mr. and orderly, all of the qualities he admires.

Now, is it possible for this girl really to change her nature? Will she not revert back to her original type as soon as she is married? I fear for my friend. FRANK.

When you go a-fishing, Frank, you use the kind of bait that the poor fish you are angling for is most likely to rise to; live bait

for some, flies for others. Same way with women. When they are out to catch a man they try to be what they think he wants them

Why, I have seen beautiful morons sit up and listen by the hour, with an entranced expression on their faces, while a learned college professor discoursed to them upon the wonder and the beauty of the fourth dimension. I have seen girls who were stone deaf pretend to a musician that they were crazy about grand opera. I have seen girls who loathed exercise tramp, footsore and weary, over golf links, and I have seen girls who were bored to tears by books patiently plod through ponderous volumes of which they did not understand a single word because they had a high-browed beau who lent them volumes of heavy literature.

Because a girl goes in violently and suddenly for sports, or domesticity, or religion does not in the least indicate that she is of an athletic, or domestic, or pious nature. It merely means that she has fallen in love with a tennis player, or a golf fiend, or a man who loves to eat, or a young preacher. Why, girls even change the way they dress and they bob or keep their hair long to please some

So it is nothing against the young woman that she has adopted the time-honored tactics of her sex in order to win the man she desires. As to whether her reformation will be permanent, no one can say, be cause marriage does work miracles in women.

All of us have known too many extravagant girls who became stingy as soon as it was their own money, instead of papa's, that they were spending; too many butterfly girls who became domestic grubs; too many lazy girls who made industrious wives, to dare to propnesy.

The only thing that marriage doesn't change about a woman is the amount of gray matter that she has. If she is dull and stupid before marriage, she will still be dull and stupid afterward. But if she has intelligence, all things are possible to her. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix-Should a mother be confined to the home without any recreation; without mingling with friends or meeting other people?

After a while, would not home duties become irksome to her and would not everybody in the home become a bore to her and her home itself distaste-DEVOTED READER.

Most emphatically yes to all your questions. It is absolutely necessary for all of us to have change, to meet new people and have some diversion, if we are to keep sane, to say nothing of being

And no other person on earth needs change and diversion quite so much as the woman whose work is done in her own home and which consists necessarily of a monotonous repetition of the same

The men and women who work outside of the home have at least the excitement of going and coming to their labor; they have social contact with many people and the interest of continually see-

ing new faces and hearing new things. The housewife has none of this, and as she works alone her mind, as well as her body, goes round and round the same tread-

This is why the asylums are filled with domestic women who have had nervous breakdowns. They had no strain to bear greater than other women, but they had nothing to break it, nothing to take their thoughts off themselves, nothing to interest and amuse them, nothing to look forward to. And so at last the monotony of it all got them.

The reason that women get to be slack housekeepers, who do not care whether things are tidy or whether the dinner is good or not, is because they have swept the floors so often and cooked so many meals that they are completely tired and bored with it all. They do not care whether they do things well or badly. They have lost their pep.

But a week's visit or a little trip anywhere would bring them home keen to be back and make a model home.

The reason that mothers fret at their children and are cross with

them is because they have answered the call of "mo-o-o-o-ther" so often that it has frazzled their nerves beyond endurance. If they could only be separated from their children for a few

days they would be once more the patient, loving, tender mothers they should be and the cry of "mo-o-o-other" would be music to

The reason why wives nag is because they have seen so much of their husbands that they have come to the place where they can see only their

A little separation would turn them into the heroes of their girlish dreams once more.

If men only realized how much more agreeable an interested entertained, amused woman is to live with than is an overworked household drudge, every husband would see to it that his wife got away from home for an hour or so every day and met as many agreeable people as she could. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix-A boy lives near me who is afflicted with tuberculosis and he is always wanting to kiss me. The physicians have all pronounced his case hopeless and say he has not long to live. Do you think there is anything wrong in letting him kiss me under the circumstances? SYMPATHETIC BETTY.

I don't think it would injure your morals, but it would certainly do awful things to your lungs. It is little short of murder for a person with tuberculosis to kiss anyone. It is all right to have a heart, Betty, but it is equally necessary to have a head. If you have got one, try to use it a little. DOROTHY DIX.



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"Say It With Flowers"

# WOMEN and THE HOME

Big Poster Contest Ended Yesterday With Announcement of Winners.

The judging of the posters submitted by the school children of the city in the contest arranged by the Humane Society took place yesterday, and the following children were awarded the prizes: Grade 6, Tommie The man knew all these things and Hall of Lorne avenue school; Grade 7, Sam Lackey of Simcoe school; Grade 8, Charlotte Kipp of Empress avenue school; second in Grade 8 James B. Southcott of Simcoe school Bland, Mr. Glenn and Mr. light talk and apparently become an error, a number of the schools serious-minded, and industrious, were not notified of the contest, and in consequence the entries were not as large as expected.

The contest was held to create interest in the work of this society, as the subjects of the pictures were of a humane nature. The school children will take an active part in the being held on Saturday i aid of the society.

### **PERSONALS**

The Misses Masuret, Wellington treet, entertained at mah jong this

Miss Minnie Aiken of Vancouver guest with Mrs. Otto Hilbert, hesley avenue.

Mr. Frank Steers of Ottawa is church coming to town today and will spend later. he summer here. Mrs. Harold Thomson of Elmview

Apartments left yesterday for Hamlton on an extended visit Miss Helen Gibson of Toronto

visiting in town, a guest with Mrs. F. W. Raymond, Ridout street south.

Mrs. J. E. Smallman, Elmwood avenue, entertained at a dinner Saturday evening. Covers were laid for

Mrs. Denny Bright and small son, Mrs. Harold Smith, accompanied

reside in future. Mrs. R. G. Ivey was the hostess Saturday evening of a dinner party

at her home, Waterloo street. Covers were laid for eight. College, Toronto, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Miss K. A.

Elliott, Dufferin avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Howard White of

Chicago, who have been visiting in cown for the past three weeks, are eturning home Thursday.

Rev. J. D. Rogers of the General Board of Religious Education, To-

onto, is a guest with Rev. Dr. Waller and Mrs. Waller at Huron college during the synod.

Mrs. John Taylor of Montreal is expected in town at the end of the month and will be a guest for part of the summer with Mrs. C. B. Hunt, 'Merrivale," South London.

The many friends of Mr. H. H. Ferguson of Elmview Apartments will be glad to know that he is progressng nicely, after having undergone n operation for appendicitis yester-

Mrs. H. H.' Young, Dufferin aveentertained at two tables of ridge this afternoon in bonor of Miss Margaret McMurtry of Bowmanville,

who is a guest with Col. and Mrs.

Anderson, Elmview Apartments. Very Rev. Warren L. Rogers of Detroit, Dean of Michigan, who preached the synod sermon at the opening of the Synod of Huron yeserday, was a guest with Bishop Wil liams and Mrs. Williams at Bishop-

Miss Beatrice Bolton was the host ess last evening of a linen shower at her home in Perry street in honor of Miss Evella Brownlee, a popular bride-elect. Twenty-five guests were present and the rooms were taste-fully arranged with golden daffodils and narcissi

Major Albert Murphy and Mrs. Murphy, formerly Miss Marguerite Mills of Montclair, N.J., who are spending their honeymoon motoring the Berkshires and the hrough Adirondacks, are expected in Londor the latter part of the week. They They will take up their residence in Huron

An enjoyable birthday party was held recently at the home of Mrs. M. Cunningham, Piccadilly street, in honor of her seventieth birthday. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. C. Cunningham and family of Frances

captain of the ladies' golf committee of the Highland Golf Club and Mrs. A McPherson vice-captain at a meeting of the committee held yesterday afternoon at the clubhouse. Arrangements were made for the open-ing contest, which will be held May 24 at 2 o'clock, when clock golf and

bringing its season to a pleasant close with a party and dance at the Institute of Musical Art on Wednes- wasn't afraid. It really was very brave "Why," he said to himself in a tone



MISS M. H. SKINNER,

women who will attend the conference of the International Fedin Christiania, Norway.

of Toronto, one of the five Canadian

Brymner Mrs. Russell Luney, Mrs. M. Bidwell, and Mrs. Manning.

A happy affair of last evening was the surprise party given by the members of the Ladies' Aid of Colborne week-end visiting friends in Sarnia. Street Methodist Church at the home Mrs. Ballery of Detroit is a guest cadilly street. The guests of honor with Miss Amelia Christie, Waterloo street. of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Webster, Pic token of appreciation of their services, while associated with the church work. The presentation was made by Mrs. Knott and Mrs. J. A. Dickinson, president of the Ladies'

Aid, read a charming address. A de-lightful solo was given by Mr. Webster, who was formerly soloist of the Refreshments were served

### Fashions By Wire

family have gone to England, where they will spend a three months' vacation.

Any 12.—Rose petal lips are more than a mere figure of speech at present. Through a chemical process, rose petals for rose netaling line. Paris, May 12.—Rose petal lips are fastened to the lips in lieu of a dash rather attractive than otherwise.

### Imitations Prevail.

Jerome Denny, are guests with Mr. doday seems to be that of imitation. and Mrs. Sydney Martin, Dufferin Cloth is made to simulate leather, Paris, May 12.-The dominant idea eather to simulate silk. And now a by her baby daughter, Marion, has trich feather is so painted as to simu-gone to Hamilton, where she will late a peacock's tail.

London, May 12.-Mauve and cher-London, May 12.—Mauve and cher-ry is a color combination now being used which is very striking and pic-used which is very striking and pic-used which is very striking and pic-Miss Edith Naindy of Havergal turesque if exactly the right shades ollege, Toronto, is spending a few ays in town, the guest of Miss K. A.

\*\*A sense of relief came to him when the cab drew up before the ornate many, with the shades well chosen, apartment building in Park avenue. First the building in Park avenue. was seen in Claridge's the other

## evening. The Flannel Coat.

New York, May 12.—Quite as popular and as much worn as the sweat-er will be the flannel coat when warm thrown open. Diego, has returned home, accompanied by her nephew, Mr. Frank clinging sweater.

frocks with flower motifs are a wel-come relief at present from the frocks turned the automatic starter to floor in one tone. These come in sports as five. well as afternoon models.

### Shoes Are Piped.

New York, May 12.—A smart pump threshold. same narrow white line outlines the a high "tongue" and crosses it in three overturned,

or street wear shown here today is Florence pointed toward the library in black patent leather with a Span-ish heel. The vamp is piped with a narrow line of white leather. This looking into the room he had quitted

## Young Chuck Offers Fight to the Boy Who Saved Him From Death

By THORNTON W. BURGESS. It wasn't until he was almost to shore that the young Chuck that Farmer

Brown's Boy was towing on on old log behind his boat understood at all what was happening. He had been so frightened as he was towed along over the flooded Green Meadows that he hadn't once noticed that he was drawing nearer and nearer to the shore. The boat gently grounded on the

shore. Farmer Brown's Boy took hold of the rope attached to the log on which the young Chuck was riding and began to draw it toward him. It was then that the young Chuck suddenly awakened to his surroundings. You remember that he didn't know Farmer Brown's Boy. Now as he saw himself drawn in toward this two-legged giant he was sure that it was for purpose. It was only a few feet to shore. The young Chuck plunged into the water and began to swim. My, my, how he did make his little feet go! He paddled for all he was worth. Farmer Brown's Bay chuckled. He

C. Cunningham and family of Frances street, Mrs. Jack Cunningham and little daughter Eileen of Windsor, and Mrs. E. J. Coleman and Master The young Chuck reached land there was hard. The young Chuck reached land there was hard turn back because there was no place for him to the companion of the page of the p Mrs. Walter Gunn was appointed go. He had to come ashore. A moment strange place, and he didn't know where young Chuck was no coward. No, sir, ently he came to a hole under some ne was no coward. Drifting about on roots. He crept in there, and for the that old log out on the water he had first time since the water had driven a black Vandyk felt wholly helpiess. But when he felt land beneath his feet he didn't feel so helpless. If he could have he would some thinking. He began to wonder 24 at 2 o clock, when clock gother putting and approaching competitions will be held. The prizes are was wet. However, he did manage to the time Farmer Brown's Boy had found the time farmer Brown's Brown's Boy had found the time farmer Brown's make himself look quite fierce, and he him drifting on that old log to the mo



fight your best friend. But, of course

you don't know it. Run along now, and see if you can keep out of trouble."

He stepped aside and let the young Chuck pass. The young Chuck made his black heels fairly fly. He was in a he was going. But he intended to ge out of sight as soon as possible. Pres-

day evening. Hostesses for the affair are: Mrs. A. D. Jordan, Mrs. E.
G. Shannon, Mrs. T. H. Yull, Mrs. H.
B. Hunter, Mrs. George Copeland, Mrs. H. W. Gibson, Mrs. G. Quintin Warner, Mrs. E. B. Cottle, Mrs. R. T.

wasn't arraid. It really was very brave of great surprise, "why, I guess that "two-legged giant didn't mean to do me any harm! If I should meet him again I wouldn't be afraid of him. It must be he is a friend. Only a friend would have brought me ashort." And right

THE FLORENTINE DAGGER

orway. De Medici start "Who did it? he asked.

De Medici started at them

By BEN HECHT.

INSTALMENT II. tures torn from the wall and de-The Leading Characters: stroyed.

The Leading Characters:

VICTOR BALLAU, wealthy, sauve and debonair lover of all beautiful things and a close friend of JULIEN DE MEDICI, playwright and general man about town, who is in love with FLORENCE BALLAU, daughter of Victor Ballau, a talented actress. De Medici tells her of his love and also obtains parental concession to an early marriage. Ballau plans to hold a party at which he will announce his daughter's engagement, while his daughter's engagement, while Julien promises to call for Florence after the evening performance.

Promptly at 10 o'clock that night
De Medici walked distractedly into
the stage entrance of the Galt Theatre. He had spent the day in a
fever of expectancy. A memory had
'ollowed him like an offeroffer and the memory had
anion.

It arouses

"I grow calm before murder," he
went on thinking swiftly. "Something grows calm inside me."

His fingers reached slowly to the dagger hilt

"dagger hilt"

panion. "She was crying when I went away. His eyes burned as if with fever. Florence and Jane, the house She stood looking after me and keeper, were standing dumbly in the wept."

He had offered his services to his

He had offered his services to his friend Ballau after dinner.

"There's nothing you can do except mess up things," Ballau remonstrated. "I suggest a long, fatiguing walk."

He had smiled kindly and De Medici, unable to dissemble his catally. lice will be here in a minute," continued. "What happened?"

like nervousness, had blurted out:

"The guests will be here around 11," Ballau had answered. "Go walk around till then and don't get run over or fall down any manholes. Entering the theatre, De Medici looked around the back stage quickly for a glimpse of Florence.

"Where's Miss Ballau," he inquired.
"Miss Ballau had to leave," said Cort, the stage manager.
"Leavel What do you mean?"
Cort swore softly.
"We've had a time of it for the last

15 minutes. Miss Ballau got a tele-phone call at the end of the second act. It knocked her out. Refused go on with the show. Said it was impossible. And we've gotten Fedya Gatin, the understudy, to finish the

De Medici listened in amazement.
"A telephone call," he repeated.
"Where did she go?" "I don't know," growled Cort. "All I know is she left us in the devil of a mess . . . and lit out of here

like a streak, make-up on and every-Wouldn't stop to change "What did she say on the tele-"Nothing," answered Cort.

"Nothing," answered Cort. "I couldn't get what it was about. She said, 'Yes, yes. Oh, God!' hung up and was out of here before anybody knew what had happened."

De Medici hurried from the theatra. He sat thinking as a cab hurried him to the Ballau apartment.

"She was crying this morning after." "She was crying this morning after

Entering the building, he nodded to the man at the door and walked quickly to the elevator at the rear of the vestibule. As he approached, the filigreed door of the self-operat-

ing elevator cage clicked and was Miss Emma Christie. Waterloo weather comes. The flannel coat, in thrown open.

Weather comes. The flannel coat, in thrown open.

Weather comes. The flannel coat, in thrown open.

Florence Ballau, her eyes wide with horror, staggered out. She stood looking wildly till her eyes en-

look her best in the more sweater. toward him with a shriek. "Father . . . father," her voice filled the marble interior. "Murder-With Flower Motifs.

New York, May 12.—Crepe de chine rocks with flower motifs are a wel-

The white enamelled door of the Ballau apartment was open. Medici supported Florence across the

few hours before. Chairs had been books scattered ripped in half, vases smashed, pic-

De Medici's eyes caught a glimpse of his fingers. They were reddened. His thought continued: it still flows unchanged in ma."

De Medici reached suddenly for

Fifteen minutes had passed and Lieut. Norton appeared.
"I'd like to see you," he said, nod-

"I'd like to see you," he said, nod-ding at De Medici. He followed the detective into the room. For a sec-ond time the amazingly disordered confronted him.

The eyes of the detective rested on De Medici's stained fingers as he spoke. "Hardly evidence," he answered the man's unspoken question. "I got that on my fingers when kneeled over the body to look at the wound.

tinued and gave the scant informa-tion he had at his command—starting with the appearance of Florence Balau in the vestibule of the apartment Norton pointed to the dead man and De Medici bent over the body. He stared with surprise. The finger of Victor Ballau were short, pointed false beard-

A False Beard.

"There's also this thing here." He indicated a heavy brass candlestick whose body was ornamented with carved salamander figures twining toward its mouth. It contained an The Musical Art Society Choir is ground his teeth together and made the ment when Farmer Brown's Boy had unlighted candle and stood to the left

> then the young Chuck gained faith wasn't afraid. It really was very brave of great surprise, "why, I guess that Farmer Brown's Boy just chuckled. "You unary harm! If I should meet him again always would be his friend. It is a splendid thing to gain faith.

A Record Milk Producer.

The University of Idaho owns a Holstein cow which is the first cow in the state to weigh more than a ton. This one tipped the scales at 2,015 pounds just before freshening, and produced over 20 tons of milk in the year.

"Was that lighted when you came in first?" Norton asked.
"No," said De Medici. "I would "The top is still a little warm," the detective returned. De Medic nodded slowly. He started to speak and stopped.

Lieut. Norton stared thoughtfully at the lean-faced, cold-spoken young

of the dead man's head.

nave noticed it.'

ing guests into the adjoining room to wait. De Medici looked at the fig-ure on the floor with the dagger protruding from its heart. Suicide!

Preposterous! De Medici glanced at the lieutenant A clumsy ruse, perhaps, to throw some one off guard. murmured half aloud, and sprang to his feet. His face had become white. "Has that table usually been in this room?" Norton asked. He point ed to a walnut-topped card table standing beside the fireplace. De Medici shook his head.

"It looks as if two people might have been sitting at that table preparing to eat."

A middle-aged, medical looking

Norton introduced him.

"Dr. Greer," he said.

behind the collapse of her manner De Medici sensed a tautness, a defiance.

"She'll talk quietly," he thought, "and tell nothing. Beautiful, how beautiful she is!"

Her eyes turned to De Medici

"How did you get in?" Norton re-

"Was the door to the library

"There's another door at the end

of the hallway that shuts off the kitchen, isn't there?"
"There are two doors. The dining-

"So if the library door and the two other doors were closed things could

happen in this room without anybody

"Then what did you do when you

"I came into the library and saw

"Thank you, Miss Ballau," Norton smiled at her. "That will be all for

the present. I suggest you lie dow

To the man at the door he added

'Call the housekeeper."
"If you please, Mr. De Medici,"

Norton's voice called, "will you remain while we examine the house-

Jane, the housekeeper, entered and

was motioned to the chair in which

"What's your name?" Lieut. Norton

The woman's eves were reddening

with crying. Her voice was indistinct. "Jane Mayfield," she answered.

about 15 years, I think. "How old are you?"

The season's

prefer to pay

newest shades-

at the price you

in lustrous,

Holeproof

MADE IN CANADA

long-wearing

Hosiery

The detective had started his ques-



"The police will be here in a minute," he said.

But

losed?

keeper?

asked.

Florence had sat.

"Fifty-four."

room's between.

Florence nodded

ame into the house

"I don't know. I came home early. | the room. I had a headache. Jane let me in. I opened the door and saw . . . this. screamed, and Jane came running from the kitchen. I don't remember anything else until I saw you downimbedded dagger imbedded dagger for a moment, and then slowly withdrew the weapon. Jane pointed to the body and began

He straightened, holding the drip-ping blade to the light. o weep. "Oh, he was such a good man." Three policemen in uniform entered. De Medici turned to them.
"Mr. Ballau has just been murdered," he said quietly. "He's in the

"Is there any other door to this place except here?" one of them "No," said De Medici. "The library faces on the street."
"There's a fire escape." Florence

came forward. She pointed to the window. "It runs past there."

The policeman nodded.

"What time did you come home, Miss Ballau?" At last a thick-set, middle-aged

"Lieut. Norton," he announced mase was over?"
mself.
"Yes," she said. "I had a frightful

De Medici nodded and extended his headache. The day's excitement, I suppose "I am Julien De Medici," he said. 'Mr Ballau has just been murdered.' "I proposed to Miss Ballau today," he explained, "and our engagement The lieutenant looked at him close-Two detectives followed the lieu-

was to have been announced tonight tenant into the room.
"Where is the body?" Norton asked.
De Medici indicated the library. The at the supper.' sumed questioning.
"I rang the bell several times and lieutenant addressed his assistants. "Stay here, Jim," he said. To the her he added, "And you come with Jane finally answered it. other he added, "And you come with me. Wait here, Mr. De Medici—with the ladies, if you please,

"I feel as if I could go mad," Flor-nce muttered. He stood thinking and regarding her averted face. "And now she's stopped weeping. When the lieuten-ant came in she changed. She's thinking of something. The telephone call—the rush from the theater. It'll have to be explained. Her father is dead. Her eyes avoided me.

His thought continued:

"Blood on my hands. Incriminating. I reached over and touched the dagger and stained my fingers. But I was calm. I knew what to do: Ah, De Medici blood. Centuries pass and

"Florence," he whispered, "rememper . . regardless of anything—

"Tve made a hasty examination,"
Norton began, "I've also sent for
Dr. Greer, the physician for our
squad. He'll be here shortly."

Norton nodded. De Medici con-

Holeproof (Copyright, 1924, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Homeless Folk."

The detective paused as the woman egan again to weep. At length he esumed kindly. When did you first find out Mr allau was dead?"
"I let Miss Ballau in and went back to the kitchen to finish the sand-wiches for the supper, and then I heard her scream. I came running out. She was standing in the door screaming that her father had been

100% FLAKE LYE

GILLETT'S

"Thank you," said the detective,
"that will be all."
"And now, doctor, and you, Mr. De
Medici," Norton resumed in his natural voice, "we'll see, I think, that
any further investigation will bear
out my impression that Mr. Ballau out my impression that Mr. Ballau

killed himself."
"Impossible," murmured De Medici.
"Just a moment," the detective "Just a moment," the detective smiled. "We can go over the obvious details of the case right here. Cf course, there will be a further and thorough inquiry. But as it stands the case is rather simple. In the first place, we have here the signs of what seems to have been a terrific struggle between the dead man and some assailant. "But you will notice, however"—and Norton's impassive face warmed

under the stimulus of his reasoning -"you will notice that Mr. Ballau's attire is absolutely undisturbed. You'll notice again that this table here seems to have been set for two. One peculiar thing about it is that there are no knives or forks and no evidences of food. Another peculiar thing is that the wine bottle empty and has been empty for at

The doctor greeted De Medici with nod and leaned over the body on he floor. His fingers felt around the When Norton paused De Medici "But the thing in his hand. The

false beard. He tore that off some-'Yes," Norton answered, "off him-"Through the heart," he commentself before he died. If you'll look closely you'll see tivere are evidences Florence arrived. Her vivid face of gum mucilage on his chin. was white. Her eyes were lowered De Medici stood up slowly.
"The whole thing is insane lieutenant," he muttered. "Why should

a man about to commit suicide dis-guise himself in a false beard?" Norton waved him back to his chair. "I'll give you my theory now and we'll see if it will stand up under investigation. I purpose avoided asking the housekeeper Miss Ballau?"

"About half past ten," she replied.

"Then you must have left before question. Now listen. Mr. Ballau desired to establish the fact that there was a stranger in the house.

He put the beard on and showed himself thus disguised to his house keeper. I'm sure we'll find on asking her that there was a visitor here a man with a black Vandyke." De Medici waited in silence as the

man at the door stepped out to call the housekeeper again. "He keeps looking at my fingers," he whispered to himself. "And I touched the dagger. My finger-prints are on the hilt."

He raised his voice

"Have you searched for finger-prints on the dagger, lieutenant?" "Yes, I examined it carefully. Iron is a bad receiver. The hilt is of iron and the traces left are insufficient for any practical evidence." The housekeeper appeared.

"Just one question," Norton addressed the white-faced woman soothingly. "Did you see anybody n the apartment besides Mr. Ballau

anybody at all?" TOMORROW-De Medici Blood.

Copyright, 1924, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.) Simple Application That

Dissolves Blackheads No more squeezing and pinching to get rid of those unsightly blemishes, blackheads. There is one simple, safe, and sure way to get them out, and that is to dissolve them. Get about two ounces of peroxine powder from your druggist—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth—rub briskly over the blackheads for a few seconds—wash the parts, and every blackhead will be gone. Pinching, and squeezing out blackheads make large pores, and you cannot get all of the blackheads out this way—while this simple application of peroxine powder and water dissolves every particle of them and leaves the skin and pores in

