

FOR WOMEN

AMUSEMENTS

BRITAIN SEES SHE MUST CARE FOR CHILDREN

Beginning to Realize Frightful Infant Mortality Which Prevails.

MANY DEATHS WERE PREVENTABLE

National Baby Week—Educational Movement to Draw Attention to Child Welfare

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LYDIA KINGMILL COMMANDER.
London, August 17.—The fourth British National Baby Week recently held was of the utmost importance. This year London took second place, the principal conferences being held in the Midlands, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, and other big industrial centres.

National Baby Week is an educational movement, which was begun by Lord Rhonda, who unfortunately died during the second celebration in 1918. The work is being carried on by Lord Rhonda's associates including his daughter, formerly Lady Mackworth, now Viscountess Rhonda, in her own right. The directing power is a Council, of which the Queen is Patroness.

The motto of the Council is "Save the Babies," and its seal is a figure of Britannia tenderly holding an infant in her arms. The motto is an entreaty, a warning, a command; and the seal is more a suggestion of what should be, than an expression of what is. Britannia alone has not been tender of her infants.

The Registrar-General gave for 1918 these figures:
Per 1,000 of population, London, breathe 15.8; civilian death rate, 15.7; per 1,000 of population, 96 great towns, birth rate 17.9; civilian death rate, 18.

These figures take no account of naval or military losses. Without these the death rate, which began in 1915 has at least brought England, for the first time in her national history, face to face with a distinct loss in population. The 1918 figures show a slight improvement, but are by no means what they should be.

There have been efforts to save the babies in England for many years—social efforts to help the constant struggle of the mothers, each yearning and striving to save her own. But there was national apathy. Babies were well enough in their places but their place was a very small one in the national consciousness. Free trade was a live subject, and so were world commerce, and taxation and the land question. But babies? Well, babies were just babies—let their mothers take care of them.

Then came the war with its appalling destruction of life, and for comfort the nation turned to the babies, babies that were to fill the places of the slain and give fresh life and vigor to the stricken nation.

But there was little comfort there, for the terrible fact was brought to light that for every soldier who had laid down his life on the battle fields of France or Flanders five babies had died at home in sheltered England.

Not was that all. As the dead are not the full toll of war, but are vastly outnumbered by the maimed, the blind and the diseased, who stumble on through broken years of half-life, so with the babies. Where there is a high death rate there are always many damaged for life who yet survive. In 1918, of 533,392 children inspected, 259,000 were found to be defective—cripples, weak-minded, deaf and dumb, blind, or otherwise imperfect.

At last there was alarm, consternation, questioning. How could the babies be saved?

Many babies as sober, comfortable Bath.

Mother's Love and Care.

But all investigations, the most careful study of housing, feeding, sanitation and nursing, brought into high relief the great central fact that of first importance to the baby, far out-distancing every other thing is Mother-love, Mother-care. No other service, no matter how exact and scientific, can act as a substitute for hers. Years ago, when first the duty of society to its children was realized by a few advanced thinkers, there grew up a tendency to belittle the part of the mother. She was primitive, instinctive, it was said. The child of today was born into a complete civilization, and science, organized, powerful, and scientific could minister to the needs of the modern infant as the mother could not. Nurseries, playgrounds and schools, trained nurses, teachers, and play directors, were to substitute the home and the mother, and all would be well.

Science and system were to turn out perfect children—standardized, like bridges and paving stones, and ready out houses. So many times for sleep, as many feeding times for this and times for that, no handling and no spoiling, and the ideal infant, that would grow strong and sturdy, never get sick and never die, was bound to appear.

Unfortunately all this science was most unscientific, for it left out of consideration the greatest thing in the world—love. Those who serve the baby today do not fall into that mistake. They have found out that God knew what He was doing when He made Mothers and they say, with Coleridge:

"A Mother is a Mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

or the French say:
"The heart of the Mother can never be replaced." Over and over it has been proved that where Mother-love is fully developed it blossoms into self-sacrifice and devotion that is able to triumph over the grossest material difficulties.

Thus the Jewish Mothers of the Whitechapel district, through their intense love of children, lose fewer babies than their Irish and English neighbors, living under the same conditions.

At the Eye Hospital at Liverpool it is found that where Mothers are admitted with their children the babies recover in half the time that in other hospitals do.

In Moscow the largest Foundling Hospital in the world, with thousands of infants in its care, some mothers, after leaving their babies, go round to another door and apply for employment as foster mothers. Then led by love, they manage to find and feed their own children in English city of the race, for twice as many among the mother-fed foundlings survive as among those who fall to the care of foster-mothers.

In Roscommon County, Connaught infant mortality stands at low figure of 36 per 1,000; housing is vile, poverty is extreme, and there is no social service.

But the mothers are Mothers indeed. They live in their homes, they feed and care for their little ones, and, because of the well-known fact that the diseases of vice are practically non-existent. Hence babies live and flourish. In the other hand, in an important industrial English city the death figure is 132. The mothers go out to work, they make plenty of money, but the Mother-love is weak. Pleasure and drinking replace baby tending, and in spite of the most intelligent and devoted work done by the municipality, the babies fade and perish.

So all intelligent care of the baby now centres around the mother. Housing, feeding, training, health, must rest on the baby, as life flows, through the mother. The wise nation will see in the call "Women and children first." Not merely a beautiful sentiment or a noble ideal of self-sacrifice, but a noble preservation.

The future belongs to those nations that faithfully, intelligently, and lovingly heed the motto: "Save the Babies," and thus stop the worst and most cruel waste in the world.

FLOUR MARKET REMAINS LIFELESS

Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 17.—The Northwestern Millers' Weekly Review of the flour trade says:
The flour market has remained lifeless, as buyers have refused to follow the slight advances in flour prices due to the strength of cash wheat. Even with these advances flour is now cheaper than at any time since last November, with the exception of a few days late in July. The revival of trade in wheat futures is apparently holding flour prices down to the benefit of the public, but to the indignation of the farmer.

The mill feed market is more active, owing to scarcity of supplies and the desire of the buyers to get shipments before freight rates go up. The flour output has materially improved in the past week. The Kansas, Oklahoma hard winter wheat mills reporting an output representing sixty three per cent. of capacity, the Ohio Valley soft winter wheat mills, forty-seven and a half, and the spring wheat mills, forty-five.

A Woman's Right

is to enjoy good health. The secret of good health is chiefly to maintain normal activity of the stomach, bowels, liver, skin and kidneys.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Largest Sale of Any Med. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25c. 50c.

A Salt without Comparison

Windsor Table Salt

THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

Branch of the Red Cross Formed

Meeting Held at Buctouche Recently Was Addressed by Miss Bertha Ruddock—Branch Formed and Officers Elected.

At a meeting held at Buctouche recently the first branch of the Red Cross formed under the new peace time policy was formed. A well attended meeting was held which was addressed by Miss Bertha Ruddock, the traveling representative of the N. B. Division of the Canadian Red Cross Society. Her remarks were listened to with close attention and it was decided to organize a branch of the Red Cross for the district. One member struck the keynote of the peace time policy by saying "Disease is our worst enemy now. We sent money to fight the Germans. Why not work to fight disease which is all about us?"

The following officers were elected: President—Mrs. G. Michaud. Vice Pres.—Mrs. Henry Irvine. Sec.—Mrs. A. Dymart. Committee Ways and Means—Mrs. Dr. Delaney, Mrs. Felix Michaud, Miss Emma McLaughlin, Mr. A. Dymart, Mr. H. Irvine, Mrs. A. Legere, Dr. LeBlanc, Mr. Burrows, Mr. A. Rolichand. Knitting Committee—Mrs. LeBlanc, Mrs. P. M. Legere, Mrs. M. Bourke, Mrs. McLaughlin.

Sewing Committee—Mrs. O. J. LeBlanc, Mrs. A. Burgois, Miss Eva Bourke.

Miss Ruddock's lectures are being heard with much interest and her experience of how the Red Cross is organizing so as to be ready for any emergency is showing people that patriotic work by no means ended with the war. The lecture plan has been very successful and great things are hoped for from this first branch formed. Their efforts in the aid of public health will set an example which it is hoped many other towns may follow.

Connie Plans To Buy Up A Winner

Connie Mack, Manager of the Athletics, is going to buy a winner if he can't get one any other way. The long, lean leader of the Mackmen has dug out of his old sock a real chunk of cash and he swears he will equal Babe Ruth's home-run record this year. To date Brewer has had 20 circuit clouts, which is the greatest number ever made on the circuit.

Clark Griffith who has one of the best first-batters in the big leagues in Joe Judge, the Corona boy, is also bidding for the services of Brewer. Mack apparently has more cash to offer.

Modern Ball.

Players running bases under America Cup rules would simply go through the motions and the umpire would give a guess to whether they would have reached the sacks in time or not. In this way risk of spiking would be eliminated.

Hillsboro.

Hillsboro, N. B., Aug. 13.—Dr. and Mrs. Robert Foster, Misses Margaret and Alice Foster of Dorchester, Mass., are registered at the Prince Albert Hotel.

Miss V. Fenton of St. John has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Dawes.

Beth West and Joy Slater are visiting at Moncton.

Horace Stevens of Moncton has been a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Stevens.

The funeral of the late Miss Florence Stevenson was held on Wednesday afternoon conducted by Rev. Mr. Langlois. Interment was made at Grey's Island.

On Thursday evening Mrs. George E. Dawes entertained in honor of her guest, Miss Fenton of St. John. The guests present were Misses Flora Peck, Kathryn Thompson, Reva Duffy, Mollie King, Delta Lowther, Kate and Jennie Taylor, B. W. Gavey, Mrs. W. H. Stevens has returned from Piquash, N. S., where she has been the guest of her son, Truman Stevens.

Mr. George Magee of Moncton was the guest of friends here during the week.

Mrs. Jas. Connor who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. F. Taylor, returned on Friday to her home at Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Kate Taylor, R. N., has returned to Salem, Mass., after a few weeks spent with her mother, Mrs. W. F. Taylor.

On Wednesday evening of last week a vanity shower was given at the home of Mrs. F. M. Thompson and Miss Emma Wallace in honor of Miss Mollie King. Those assisting were Mrs. George Wallace, Mrs. John Wallace, Mrs. C. A. Peck, Mrs. Archie Stevens, Miss J. P. Fowles, Mrs. M. J. Bell, Miss Flora Peck. About 50 were present including out of town guests. The bride to be received many beautiful and useful gifts. Refreshments were served and dancing and games followed.

MEANEST MAN.

Herold Lloyd asserts that he once worked for the meanest man in Montana. "I was just a kid," says the Holm Film Company comedian, "and I had been working for this old skin-flint over a year without a rest. I kept asking him for a vacation and he kept putting me off.

I drove over to a neighboring town with a load of shingles. The horses got scarce at a street car and ran off throwing me high and dry for a broken leg. And as I lay in the hospital the next morning I received a collect telegram from the boss saying: "Your vacation started yesterday."

Doing Well.

Pittsburg bricklayers are now said to be earning—or getting—\$12 a day. But remember that they do all the work the others only carry the bricks.

JOHNSON WILL SOON BE ABLE TO PITCH

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 16.—Pears that Walter Johnson, famous pitcher, was through having proved groundless, according to Johnson himself and Dr. A. S. Knight, who is treating the veteran pitcher.

Dr. Knight has said Johnson is suffering from an inflammation in his arm. Proper care and rest are what the arm requires, he said.

MOTHER!

"California Syrup of Figs" Child's Best Laxative

Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruit taste. Full directions on each bottle. You must say "California."

Will 400 Hitter Be Found This Year?

Sisler, Speaker, Jackson and Ruth All Nearing Coveted Mark.

Will we have a .400 hitter this season?

It looks that way with four sluggers—Sisler, Speaker, Jackson and Ruth—all hovering around the .400 mark. The first three were hitting above the supreme figure a few days ago, and the mighty Babe was then clubbing fast with resounding wallops.

By Cobb was the last to hit .400. He might be up and about this season, but for injuries and sickness. Cobb hit over .400 since the game first got 1914. Jackson, then with Cleveland, hit .400 the same year.

LeJole, that graceful slugger of a few years ago, holds the modern record mark of .422, made in 1901. Willie Keeler of the old Baltimore Orioles hit 'em where they ain't at the rate of .432 in 1897.

There have been fourteen men to hit over .400 since the game first got its start in 1871. Fifteen players hit above that prize mark in 1887, when "Tip" O'Neill hit for the astounding figure of .492. However, in justice to the players of today, it must be explained that a base on balls counted as a hit that year and the batter was allowed four strikes and six balls.

Also the four strike rule was not in vogue. With the same rules in operation today, Babe Ruth, who is walked so often, would be hitting over .600.

It can be plainly seen from the number of high hitting marks this season that the ban against "doped" pitching is having its effect.

Rich Fruit Desserts For a Trifle.

A package of Jiffy-Jell serves six people in mold form, or twelve if you whip the jelly. It is a real-fruit dainty. Each package contains a wealth of fruit-juice essence, condensed and sealed in glass.

No artificial flavor is used in Jiffy-Jell. No saccharine is used. Every housewife who once tries it will always make sure to get it. For this is the only quick gelatin dessert which has these bottled fruit flavors. Your choice of ten flavors—try it.

In Jiffy-Jell you get the delicious fruit flavor and goodness of the fruit.

Opera House Vaudeville

FIVE ACTS OF HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE
Serial Photo Drama and Orchestra

TODAY
Matinee at 2.30
Evening 7.30 and 9

MILK AND WHISKEY MAKE GOOD DRINK

Moncton, Aug. 16.—A local Ivory stable proprietor, who is also in the milk business, was charged in the police court, today, with delivering whiskey as well as milk to his customers. A woman testified that milk and whiskey had been delivered at her house by the accused. His case was adjourned for further evidence.

Quebec, Aug. 16.—(Canadian Press) Seaman did not get started on his mission to the Prince. He made his way instead to the servants' quarters and knocked at the door of the butler's sitting-room. There was no reply. He tried the door in vain. The door was locked. A tall, gruff-faced man in a scotch kilt came out from an adjoining apartment.

"You are looking for the person who arrived this evening from abroad, sir?" he enquired.

"I am," Seaman replied. "Has he looked himself in?"

"He has not the Hall, sir?"

"Let!" Seaman repeated. "Do you mean gone away for good?"

"Apparently, sir, do not understand his language myself, but I believe he considered his reception here, for some reason or other, unfavorable. He took advantage of the car which went down to the station for the evening papers and caught the last train."

Seaman was silent for a moment. The news was a shock to him. "What is your position here?" he asked his informant.

"My name is Reynolds, sir," was the respectful reply. "I am Mr. Peckham's servant."

"Can you tell me why, if this man has left the door here is locked?"

"Mr. Parkins looked at me before he went out, sir. He accompanied—Mr. Miller, I think his name was—to the station."

Seaman had the air of a man not wholly satisfied.

"It is usual to lock up a sitting-room in this fashion?" he asked.

"Mr. Parkins always does it, sir. The cabinets of cigars are kept there, also the wine-cellar key and the key of the plate chest. None of the other servants use the room except at Mr. Parkins' invitation."

"I understand," Seaman said, as he turned away. "Much obliged for your information, Reynolds. I will speak to Mr. Parkins later."

"I will let him know that you desire to see him, sir."

"Good night, Reynolds!" was the good night, sir.

CHAPTER XXIII.

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Seaman passed back again to the crowded hall and billiard-room, and exchanged a few remarks here and there, and made his way up the southern flight of stairs towards the west wing. Stephanie connected without hesitation in front of the fire, reading a novel, in a bodice opening out of her bed-room.

"Princess," Seaman declared, with a low bow, "we are in despair at your desertion."

She put down her book.

"I have been insulted in this house," she said, "tomorrow I leave it."

Seaman shook his head reproachfully.

"Your Highness," he continued, "believe me, I do not wish to presume upon my position, but I am only a German tradesman, admitted to the circle like these for reasons connected solely with the welfare of my country. Yet I know much, as it happens, of the truth of the matter, and the matter which is causing you distress. I beg you to reconsider your decision. Our friend here is, I think, needlessly hard upon himself. So many of his friends will be his reward when the end comes. So much the greater will be the rapture with which he will throw himself on his knees before you."

"Has he sent you to reason with me?"

"Not directly. I am to a certain extent, however, in confidence in this enterprise. I brought him from Africa. I have watched over him from the start. Two brains are better than one. I try to show him where to avoid mistakes. I try to point out the paths of danger and of safety."

"I should imagine Sir Everard finds you useful," she remarked calmly.

"I hope he does."

"It has doubtless occurred to you," she continued, "that our friend has accommodated himself wonderfully to English life and customs."

"You must remember that he was educated here. Nevertheless, his aptitude has been marvellous."

"One might almost call him super-natural," she agreed. "Tell me, Mr. Seaman, you seem to have been completely successful in the installation of our friend here as Sir Everard."

"What is going to be his real value to you? What work will he do?"

"We are keeping him for the big things. You have seen our gracious master lately?"

"I know what is at the back of your mind," she replied. "Yes! Before the summer is over I am to pack up my trunk and my maid, and start for Africa. It is then that time comes. Seaman said impressively, that we expect Sir Everard Dominay, the typical English country gentleman, whose loyalty there has never been a word of doubt, to be of use to us. Most of our present helpers will be under suspicion. The authorized staff of our secret service can only work underground. You can see for yourself the advantage we gain in having a confidential correspondent who can day by day report the changing psychology of the British mind in all its phases. We have quite enough of the other sort of help arranged for. Plans of ships, aerodromes and harbors, saltings of convoys, calling up of soldiers—all these are the A. B. C. of the secret service profession. We shall never lack our friend here for a single instant, but from his town house in Berkeley Square, the host of Cabinet Ministers, of soldiers, of the best brains of the country, our fingers will never leave the pulse of Britain's day by day life."

Stephanie threw herself back in her easy-chair and clasped her hands behind her head.

"These things you are expecting from our present host?"

"We are, and we expect to get them. I have watched him day by day. My confidence in him has grown."

Stephanie was silent. She sat looking into the fire. Seaman, keenly observant as always, realized the change in her, yet found something of mystery in her new detachment of manner.

"Your Highness," he urged, "I am sure here to speak on behalf of the who at heart is, I know, your lover. He will plead his own cause when the time comes. But I am here to plead for patience, I am here to implore you to take no rash step, to

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