

FOR WOMEN

As a Widow Says--

By HELEN ROWLAND

"Every Girl, Nowadays, Looks like sixteen—and Acts like sixty!"



THE "Sweet Old-Fashioned Vamp" is gone! The Girl With The Bobbed Hair and the Bobbed Soul is The Spirit of the Age.

"What has become of the 'sweet, old-fashioned Vamp'?" queried the Widow as she and the Bachelor slipped their after-dinner coffee and idly watched the dancing couples.

They were in a gay little restaurant fitted up to resemble a ship, with flags and bells and masts, and artificial water and a moon that cast fascinating lights and shadows on the faces of the bobbed haired girls in their almost synthetic evening gowns.

"What do you mean? Isn't this room full of them?" The Bachelor waved an expressive hand.

"Of baby-vamps—yes," conceded the Widow. "But the old-fashioned vamps, who were pearl powder and wicked looking earrings and sinuous draperies—the Cleopatras and Theda Baras, the subtle lady-like Circes of a decade ago are all gone—vanished as completely as the old dances and the corner cafes and—"

"Perhaps they are all somewhere in Heaven or Hades," suggested the Bachelor, "stirring with the 'sweet old-fashioned lady killers and woman-tamers' who went out of vogue along with them."

"Every girl, nowadays, looks like sixteen—" began the Widow.

"And acts like sixty!" scoffed the Bachelor. "They don't act like the vamps and dead-liners, any more—that's all. They have learned to 'LOOK like the innocent flower, but BE the serpent under it,' as Mrs. Macbeth advised. It's so much more effective."

"Perhaps," sighed the Widow. "The old traps are rusty and the old tricks won't work. But I hate to see all our pet institutions passing. Even flirtation isn't popular any more. Still, I sometimes think of bobbing my own hair."

"Wait!" cried the Bachelor in alarm. "Touch not a hair of you bright head!"

"I won't!" the Widow assured him, "because I'd have to bob my temperament and my manners and my illusions to match it. But the girl with the bobbed hair and the abbreviated skirts and the bobbed soul is the spirit of the age. 'Make it short and snappy,' is the slogan for everything, from manners and clothes to love and marriage. All the artistic, subtle, graceful ways of life take up too much TIME. Oh, that I had been born with a bobbed soul!"

"Whereas," rejoined the Bachelor, "you were born a human marcel-wave—all curves, and curls, and intricacies, and complexities and subtleties. There is nothing short and direct about you—thank God!"

"You're getting old-fashioned, too," declared the Widow. "Men like to do their own vamping, nowadays, Mr. Cutting. The old-fashioned vamp was too slow and circuitous—"

"Well, I liked her!" asserted the Bachelor obstinately. "She was so much more 'womanly' and refined than these blunt, frank, above-board young creatures with their downright manner, and upright souls, and out-right clothes. At least, she DID wear skirts and draperies and fire our fancies and leave something to our imaginations. She kept us guessing! And, after all, love is just a 'guessing-game,' which is ended the minute you find the answer."

"That's it!" cried the Widow. "You found the answer to the vamp. And HIRK game was over! Every new type of woman is a brand new mystery to a man, until he works out the puzzle or the riddle—"

"And then she finds another mystery," groaned the Bachelor.

"She has to," declared the Widow sorrowfully, "unless she wants to be relegated to 'Wallflowers' Row.' Besides, it's the final aim and the main business of every normal woman's life to find her mate, whether she admit it or not; and she is always going to take the shortest, straightest, quickest cut to matrimony."

"And just now it's the hair-cut," chuckled the Bachelor.

The Widow laughed.

"But I'm wondering," she added, "what there is left for her to try, now. This latest role of 'roadrunner' goes after your man and GET him! seems to be the last stand. When it loses its novelty—"

"Then maybe," suggested the Bachelor hopefully, "she'll sit back, and just wait for us to fall in love with her naturally."

"Never!" retorted the Widow with conviction, "because, even if you did fall in love without being pushed or dragged into it, you'd never know when you WERE in love. You simply demand to be vamped!"

"A fool there was!" quoted the Bachelor, merrily.

"But there aren't any more of them—as far as women are concerned," finished the Widow, with a sigh of regret.

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Two Late Books Are Interesting

"Jesse of the Rebel Trail" by H. A. Cody, and "Jen of the Marshes" by Herbin.

Two late books of more than passing interest have been published and will be fully relished by readers.

"Jesse of the Rebel Trail," by H. A. Cody, the well known local author is indeed one of his best efforts and is a story that will undoubtedly find extreme favor with all lovers of good books.

It is a story of mystery and romance. Captain Tobin was on his knees scrubbing down the decks of the "Eh and Fo" when some one tripped over his feet and collapsed on top of him. As soon as he could free himself from the soft arms that clutched around the throat he twisted his head round to find himself staring into the large frightened eyes of a girl, a little young girl who peeked herself up with dignity and said firmly, "You have to hide me on your boat, I'm running away."

It was so that Jesse started on her rebel trail that led back to a secret covered by dust for twenty years, and forward to a certain man with whom the past had linked her.

"Jen of the Marshes."

"Jen of the Marshes," by John Frederic Herbin which is his latest publication is devoid of laborious descriptions that so often render a novel tedious and make the book heavy upon the hands of the reader. "Jen of the Marshes" is one of the liveliest novels that have appeared in recent times.

The characters instead of being "shown" by the author to the reader, literally "speak for themselves" in a slightly dialogue characterizes "Jen of the Marshes" with here and there just enough strokes to depict the picturesque surroundings in which the characters move. The action takes place in a Romantic Acadia where was enacted the tragedy of the deportation in 1756, but "Jen of the Marshes" is thoroughly modern and its plot shows our present days can be as deeply interesting and romantic as the good old days—our great grand-fathers enjoyed.

I see in one of the New York papers that a room for drinkers has been set apart in one of the hotels. I imagine that one will probably be enough for the day.

Mrs. John Barry, 18 St. Ann's Street, Quebec, Que., writes:

"This is to certify that I was troubled for years with constipation and tried all kinds of medicines without relief. At last my husband suggested that I try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I did so, and must say that they have given me more relief than all the medicine I have taken during the last fifteen years. I may also add that I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with excellent results."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

W.C.T.U. Meeting Held Yesterday

Members Urged to Hear Mrs. Emma M. Whittemore Speaking Here Next Month.

Members of the W. C. T. U. at their meeting yesterday were urged to make arrangements to hear Mrs. Emma M. Whittemore who will speak in St. John, November 13th to 15th. She has been for thirty years a worker in the slums of New York and will give talks in St. John on Social Service.

Mrs. David Higwell, president, and led the devotion, reading the fifth Chapter of Isaiah and speaking on the same from a temperance point of view. Mrs. Ellison led in prayer.

Mrs. Seymour reported that coal had been sent to a needy family and a discussion ensued as to ways and means of raising money to help the poor of the city. A letter was read from the president of the Associated Charities asking for a representative to be sent to a meeting at which relief work done by the organization in St. John shall be reported on.

Mrs. Hope Thompson reported on her visits at the hospital and was given funds to purchase comforts for patients.

Mrs. Ellison who has been absent from the meetings through illness was welcomed back. Miss O'Brien, a visitor, acted as pianist.

STOPS BRONCHITIS QUICKLY, HELPS IRRITABLE THROAT, ENDS SNEEZING, COUGHING

Relief comes at once when you breathe in the soothing vapor of Catarrhosone. Once its healing, piney essence strikes the bronchial tubes, you realize that a powerful treatment is at work. Irritation can't live in the throat of a person inhaling Catarrhosone. It is so soothing, so warming, so full of concentrated healing power that you get results at once. Catarrhosone strengthens the weak throat, stops the cough, removes that hacking, irritating necessity to clear the throat, makes even the chronic sufferer realize that at last he has discovered a real friend. For coughs, colds, catarrh and winter ills, nothing in the family could be better than the complete dollar outfit. Small size 50c, trial size 25c, all dealers or the

FIRST LADY OF FRANCE INTERESTED

Madame Millerand Aiding in "Wear a Poppy" Movement.

The red poppy of Flanders Fields, the flower immortalized in verse when it bloomed over the graves of the hero dead sleeping there, has found a new bond of friendship between the Allied countries and France. The "Wear a Poppy" movement is sponsored by The Children's League of Paris, of which Madame A. Millerand, wife of M. Millerand, President of France, is the leader. Replicas of the Flanders poppy will be worn by the people of France and the Allied nations on Armistice Day in memory of those who fell fighting for humanity's cause.

The organization of the Children's League in France is a clearing house for the relief work among the children of the war-torn areas, and the funds raised through the sale of poppies will go toward the amelioration of the condition among these children and the wounded veterans. The poppies have been made by French orphans and millions of them have been sent to the Allied countries for sale on Armistice Day.

Madame Millerand has been heart and soul in relief work ever since the declaration of war. She has given many hours daily to it, and still continues to do so, despite the demands upon her time because of her position as "first lady of the land." In many cases she has personally administered relief, taking necessities to needy children.

"CASCARETS" FOR HEADACHE FROM LIVER, BOWELS

Get a 10-cent box now. Sick headache, biliousness, coated tongue, or sour, gassy stomach—always trace this to torpid liver and delayed, fermenting food in bowels. Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is reabsorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache. Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels. A Cascaret tonight will surely strengthen you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months.

Recital Given Last Evening

Programme of Great Excellence Was Given in Germain Street Church Institute.

A recital of great excellence was given at Germain Street Baptist Institute last evening under the auspices of the Philathea Class. Those taking part were J. Stewart Smith, tenor, Mrs. Rhona Winter, Violinist, Mrs. C. E. Macpherson, alto, and T. O. Cochrane, accompanist. Mr. Smith's very sympathetic voice was heard to advantage in his selections. Mrs. Winter gave a number of delightful numbers and Mrs. Macpherson's reading was pleasing. The room was well filled. Proceeds are for Church purposes. The programme was as follows:—

Vocal Solo—Miss Nan Powars.

Violin Solo—Miss Rhona Winter.

Dramatic—Mrs. J. Stewart Smith.

Violin—Mrs. Rhona Winter.

Vocal Solo—Only in Dreams, The Knickerbocker, DeKoven; Angelo Guard Thos, "Dance de Jocelyn," Godard; (Violin Obligato) Absent.

Metcalfe, J. Stewart Smith.

Reading—Selected, Ethel Macpherson.

Violin—"Hejre Kait," Hubay, Rhona Winter.

Vocal Solo—"I'll sing thee songs of Araby, Clay; At Dawning, Cadman; Nika Gittara, DeKoven, J. Stewart Smith.

God Save the King.

Died

PIDGEON—Suddenly on October 23 at Brookline, Mass., Edna V., wife of Walter D. Pidgeon.

High School Teachers And Pupils On Strike

Pawnee Wants Principal Re-instated and Board Quits.

Pawnee, Ill., Oct. 24.—Pawnee today was without high school principal, teachers, school board or pupils, due to the most serious school war it ever has experienced.

Following a mass meeting last night at which resolutions were adopted demanding that the Board of Education reinstate Principal Bernard A. Beilich, the school president resigned and the four other board members followed suit.

Mr. Beilich's policies met with the disapproval of the board and he was discharged. Then all the teachers quit and the pupils walked out.

BABy'S OWN SOAP

Best for Baby Best for You

Excellent for the Skin

Trinity Sunday School Rally

Plans for the Coming Winter Were Discussed and Programme Greatly Enjoyed.

A Rally of the Young People was held last evening at Trinity Sunday School at which plans for the coming winter were discussed and arrangements made to carry out suggestions for the season. Rev. Canon Armstrong presided and the following programme was enjoyed by the large number present.

Duet—Misses Hunt and Poole.

Reading—Miss Nan Powars.

Violin Solo—Miss Winifred Barber.

Vocal Solo—Mr. Kingmill.

Reading—Miss Nan Powars.

Vocal Solo—Miss Rhona Winter.

Dramatic—Mrs. J. Stewart Smith.

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The Man of the Hour

In this hour of Canada's most acute national crisis, the country's greatest need is leadership—not class leadership, not sectional leadership, but NATIONAL leadership. A pilot must be chosen possessing the necessary courage, foresight, breadth of vision and determination to lead the nation safely out of the existing economic uncertainty.

And one man stands out head and shoulders above all others as pre-eminently fitted for the task.

Born on a farm near St. Mary's, Ontario, Arthur Meighen is a true son of the people, a toiler who has fought his way to eminence by sheer ability, and force of intellect. Entered Parliament in 1906; appointed Solicitor General in 1914; Minister of the Interior in 1917; and Prime Minister in 1920.

At the Imperial Conference he was acclaimed by the Press of Great Britain as a great statesman, as a strong, virile, vigorous personality—alert in mind, keen and far-seeing in judgment, and with a fearless determination to stand for the right.

Professor A. D. Skelton of Queen's University, and biographer of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, wrote of the present Prime Minister:—"He has already given proof of high administrative capacity. His personal integrity is beyond question."

Of himself Arthur Meighen said to his constituents the other day:—"You know where I stood on this issue in 1903, in 1911, and as in 1911 I stand today."

A Real Force A Real Leader

Canada Needs Meighen

The National Liberal and Conservative Party Publicity Committee.

STANLEY KETCHUM OF MOST R... IN HIS

Was First Champion Who ed Out—Regained T... in First Battle—Was son a Hand Fight, Ne Death.

By ROBERT EDGREN.

The last great middleweight of the world was one of the romantic figures in the ring—less dare-devil adventurer who have been anything from an der to a dragon slaying knight had lived in another era, he found the only outlet for his spirit within the padded ropes made history there.

Stanley Ketchum was a born fighter. He had no fear of anything, world or out of it. He didn't the least how big his opponent. Middleweight champion, he p high-leaped boots to make himself taller, and padded his coat to heavier, so that he could get a with Jack Johnson, then heavy title-holder and at the top of his And Ketchum came within a knocking Johnson "for a goal as he had knocked out a long middleweight.

There was a streak of romance Ketchum. He loved to wear boots and hats, a red silk handkerchief around his neck, a striped his hip, and a few diamonds here and there in his makeup f oral effect. He fought powerfully and drove them like a wild man with amazing skill. Specie in Ketchum's day were little enforcers of his favorite stunts was to a red silk bathrobe, jump into and tear around town creating mass.

In his training quarters, he had sparring partners who cos—and they had to fight, too, day. He loved the sport of boxing. In the ring, he was the highest pitch of nervous but, like Jack Dempsey, who had Ketchum's fighting traits, ways had himself under perfect control.

To his friends Stanley was "Steve." He liked the sound of the name which reminded him of the cattle ranches where he grew up.

"Steve" Starts As a Bouncer Ketchum first attracted a big attention when a cowboy on a big ranch near Butte, Mont. "Steve" around with his friends, he a natural ability to handle his fist in Butte for excitement as he then, he took a job as a "bouncer" a sporting resort, and although weighed only about 140 pounds, he was a trouble-maker out in such that he soon had a reputation as that part of the state. Bullies outlying districts began coming "clean up" Ketchum only to be up themselves. Ketchum fought ring when he was a boy, and after two or three engagements moved out of the preliminary and was launched as a star.

ways won his fights in a hurry. there were more local boys who yandered to California, where were scheduled for 45 round champions were made and every week. At this time Stanley money. His sole possession a cowboy suit, a wide-brimmed hat, a Colt's .44, high-heeled boots a pair of red silk boxing trunks his mother made for him.

trunks were Ketchum's main wore them through all his fights. Oh, yes, he had one thing in Montana record. In nearly four of fighting in and around Butte had forty ring battles.

Record Is Unusual. This part of Ketchum's record the most remarkable that any ever established.

He won 35 fights with clean outs. Of the other 15, two were draws and two were decisions. Maurice Thompson when Ketchum still a novice. He won seven fights in the first round, many in two or three rounds. But that was in Montana. In California had been mer moved about. His first fight with George Brown at Sacramento Stanley flattened him in three That got him a little local enough to attract the manager Thomas, middleweight champion then. Thomas wasn't very bu might as well get a little exercise a small purse knocking out the cowboy fighter. The match was and fought in Marysville, a sm very sporting town upstate.

Joe Thomas, champion, got the prize of his life. Thomas was ter boxer and a first-class boxer Ketchum nearly tore him to pit 20 desperate rounds, and if hadn't been champion the he might not have been "drawn." was. Even the referee was t tied by the fighting streak u by the unknown cow-puncher ize that he was seeing the master fighter in action.

"Steve" the Champion. Ketchum had to go to San Fr then, of course, for the big low ed to see the man who had g favorite a battle, honest hard for this fight. It went 20 desperate rounds. Both me was at times bet Ketchum, with calm, deliberate, endles knocked Thomas out. A a match he beat Thomas in 20 These three fights were in Ju tember and December, 1907.