

# Censor Fox Trot? Never! It Keeps Flapper Slender



### A "Delayed Resolution" In Music Thins Stout- est When Taken With New Dances

New York City.—Too fat? Lots of people are—but not many have the thrilling experience of Fanny Watson, who awoke one morning to find herself getting thinner and getting paid for it.

Fanny does a stunt with her sister in vaudeville, and of course she's always adding new quirks and turns to her act. The other day she—let her tell it.

"Of course I knew I was too fat," she admits frankly, "but I was lazy—like a lot of women. I hated

exercise and I loathed dieting. So I went on my sugary, near-obese way until that glad morning when my dress bands began to overlap and I had the merry whim to get weighed. Maybe you won't believe it, but as near as I could figure I had lost ten pounds in two weeks!

**Finds Reducing Painless**

"I wasn't going into a decline, that was evident, for I looked and felt better than I had for ages, but I consulted a doctor anyway and he explained the whole thing.

"It was my new act, a burlesque fox trot to 'Stealing' sung by my little sister, Kitty. I say 'burlesque' but I really mean exaggerated because there was nothing burlesque about the effort I put into my trotting, and according to the doctor, that effort was literally 'stealing' away my pounds.

**Delayed Resolution Does It**

"You cover a mile and a quarter in every twenty minutes you fox trot," he explained, "and if you have a song with a constantly recurring delayed resolution, you'll get a certain agitation that keeps you constantly on the go all the time you're dancing."

"Well, I never heard of delayed resolution before, but 'Stealing' has it all right. We tested it to see. Everytime Kitty starts:

'Stealing, stealing, with your eyes appealing,  
There's a tender feeling in my heart for you'  
I figure off goes another pound. That's why one part of my act won't be changed for many months.

"My friends say I'm the luckiest woman in the world. Instead of torturing myself to get thin, I draw my salary for painless reducing!"

### Turmoil on a Turnpike (Crawf. C. Slack)

Were you looking for folks of a different kind,  
And search through the humans, you rarely would find,  
A more varied crowd than journeyed one day,  
To a small country town in the old-fashioned way.  
Distinct characteristic there was displayed,  
Which ranged from the grouch to the smiling young maid;  
They were transients of different callings and age,  
And were being conveyed from the railway by stage.

A preacher rode there, filled with joy-killing grace,  
And a suffragette boss with a masculine face;  
A pack-toting Jew with a soldier-iron nose,  
And a "flapper" who prided in showing her hose;  
A fussy old maiden with glasses and book,  
A bootlegger, also a real estate crook,  
A windy old chap from the "land of the free"  
And a maker of doggerel verse—that was me.

We lumbered along over the corduroy and knoll,  
We bumped over sluice-way and plunged into hole,  
Each one seeming wrapped up in thought all their own,  
And all was serene, when the stage struck a stone.  
The sky-pilot, who had been taking a nap,  
Was landed head-first in the suffragette's lap.  
The pack-toting Jew was sprawled out like a toad,  
And the Yankee yelled "Ain't this a h— of a road?"

I got all tangled up with the "flapper" and hose,  
And the fussy old maid threw a fit at our pose;  
She threw up her hands, dropped her glasses and book,  
And fell in the arms of the real estate crook.  
The land-shark, of course, taking things very calm,  
Asked his bootlegger friend, "If he had any balm?"  
The fellow replied, "Have some in my grip,  
But you'll certainly find some on the stage driver's hip."

"Well, get the dope, quick," said the shark to the man,  
Which he did, and 'twas then the trouble began.  
The preacher objected, but such was in vain,  
For he doused the old dame with it time and again.  
They loosened her tippet and tore off her wig,  
"Rub it in," said the Yank, "and give her a swig."  
They complied to his wish and it proved a success,  
And we passed the balm 'round to relieve the distress.

The Sheeny exclaimed "Mine Goot, I'm come dead,"  
"Dot driver get ting damit-wrong mit hees head."  
A Cockney called him "Au blimed bloody auss,"  
I admitted the driver was first in that class.  
The suffragette said "that such men made her tired,  
That from places of trust they all should be fired."  
Here the driver said "Mrs, I wont stand your talk,  
Should you not like our style you can get off and walk."

The preacher remarked that in all of his days  
He never met men with such devilish ways;  
Such villainous sin he never had found,  
Or language profane, though he'd covered much ground.  
He claimed he had travelled all over the globe,  
And the vilest of dens had managed to probe;  
He'd seen crimes in the slums of wet Montreal,  
But the language and acts of that day beat them all.

Here the bootlegger said: "Most Reverent Sir,  
I don't want to criticize, doubt you or slur,  
But referring to cussedness, Sir, you are green,  
And I doubt that a brand of the real kind you've seen;  
If compared to the 'pink stuff' I'll give you a hunch,  
That we'd be considered a prayer-meeting bunch.  
It's a counterfeit brand we produce here to-day,  
To the kind which Toronto puts up, so they say."

**Goes One Better.**

A correspondent says: An article was noticed in the Kingston Whig where a farmer in that district had 100 tons of hay in his barns, and expected to thresh 1,000 bushels of grain. That sounds very good, but a farmer in Tyndinaga Reserve has 147 tons of hay in his barns and expects to thresh 4,000 bushels of grain.

**Let Month In Jail.**

At Belleville, Frank Taylor and Thomas Hughes, before Magistrate Masson, pleaded guilty to a charge of theft of \$10 and were sentenced to one month in jail. They were arrested in Peterboro.

What is good-looking but looking good?  
There is a remedy for everything could we hit upon it.

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Zeal without knowledge is like Virtue and happiness are mother without light. and daughter.

## FAMOUS "WITS" OF HISTORY

By MARK STUYVESANT.

**How Mary Grotius Saved Her Husband from Death in Prison.**  
Mary Grotius was the daughter of Baron Reigersberg of Zealand. On

July, 1608, she was married to Hugh Grotius, a famous writer, and it is the story of her loyalty to him and how she gained his release from

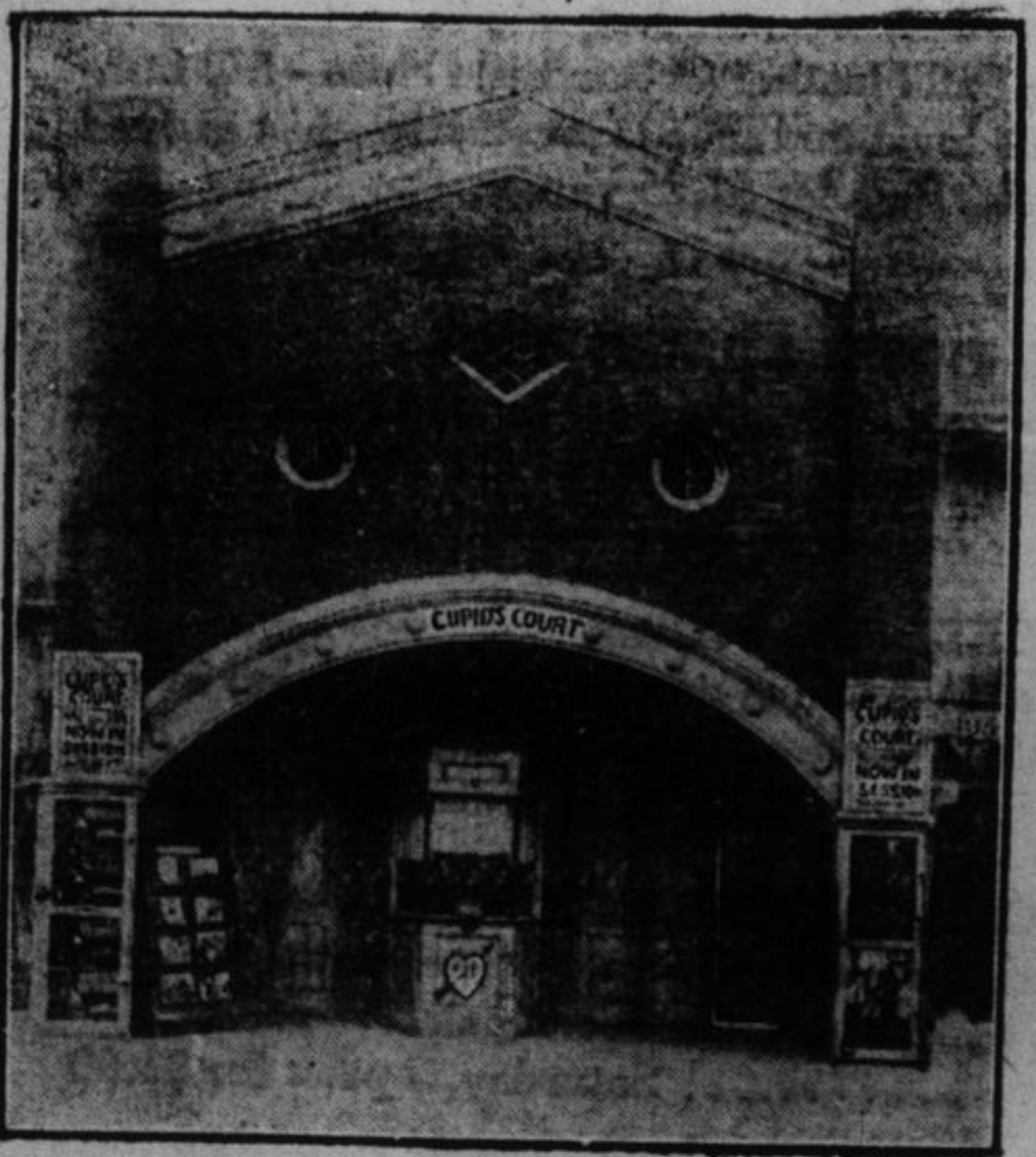


prison which places her among the heroines of the olden times.  
In 1619, Grotius was sentenced to prison for life because he dared to tell the truth as he saw it in his writings on politics. When he was sent to the fortress of Louvestein, his wife begged that she might be permitted to go with him. The request was granted on condition that if she once entered the prison she should never come out again.

Her love for her husband being stronger than her love for freedom, Mary Grotius readily consented to go into confinement for life. In prison, Grotius devoted himself entirely to his literary success, with his helpful wife ever beside him. While Grotius worked and studied, Mme. Grotius was seeking to find a way to effect the liberation of her husband.

She had gained the consent of the prison officials to borrow books for him. The books were carried back and forth in the chest in which his clothes were carried to and from his laundress. The first year the guards were very exact in examining the trunk. But never finding anything save linen and books they finally became careless, and did not bother to open the trunk as it was carried out of the prison.

If Mme Grotius could only prevail upon her husband to make his escape in the trunk! Could it be done?  
The trunk was only three and one-half feet in length, and he was not a small man. Besides, the trip from Louvestein to Gercom was a long one.  
Finally, Mme. Grotius bored holes in the trunk and concealed her husband in it for about as long as she thought it would take her to make the trip. Yes, he could stand it. So one day he disappeared while the commandant of the prison was away. The faithful wife pretended that her husband was very ill for several days and begged the jail keepers not to come near their compartment for fear of disturbing him.  
Soon they discovered that Grotius had made his escape. How had he managed to get away? What did Madame know? He was missing—that was all, and she had feared to tell them.  
Grotius went to Paris where he had many friends to hide him. Finally Mme. Grotius was released from prison after the search for her husband seemed futile, and she joined him in France. They were never recaptured.



### WHERE CUPID REIGNS SUPREME.

Above is shown the Palace Theatre at Hammonton, N.J., where the opening session of cupid's court was held under the auspices of the Lovers' Co-operative Union. It was judgment day for 2,000 persons who have submitted their matrimonial affairs before a tribunal of twelve. Applicants are represented by questionnaires sent in to the union from which decisions are made. Every class of society is represented, from every part of the United States and Canada.

Our relatives cannot always be our friends, for the reason that we cannot choose them.  
Make the best of everything, think the best of everybody, hope the best for yourself.  
Conversing with a man who always agrees with you is like talking to an echo.