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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

CONFUSION PARALYSIS.



Did you ever have so much to do, so many things that demanded your attention all at once, that when you contemplated them you felt absolutely paralyzed?

In the middle of the housecleaning season, this spring, I was attacked with that species of paralysis. The house was in utter confusion. A paper hanger had promised to come, permitted me to make all preparations, and then telephoned me the night before that he would not be able to come for two days; the rug cleaner had not kept his promise to send back the dining room rugs in a week, so the dining room was in that half-baked condition attendant on an absent rug; we had started to clean the pantry, the day before, and really ought to finish it that day.

Seven Things I Ought to do First. There were, at a conservative estimate, at least seven things I really ought to do first, and every time I made a move towards one of them I felt as if the other six fell upon me and pinioned my arms.

Finally, something in my brain seemed to stop. Instead of working, I sat down on a chair and gazed blankly at the scene of devastation about me.

I gazed at it for five minutes and then I did a queer thing for a paralyzed person: I ran away.

How I Cut the Knot. I simply solved the problem of which of the seven things to do first, by doing none of them! I had long had it in mind to make a visit to a friend who always rests and refreshes me. But I hadn't felt had the time. To-day I made up my mind to make the time.

Yes, the confusion was still there when I came home. I had to face the same problems the next day. But I was a different person who faced them. The paralysis had gone. Instead of sitting down in a chair and gazing at the tangle, I took hold of

one end of it and began to untangle it. I think there are a great many women who can never bring themselves to try to cure this sort of paralysis.

They Suffer to No Purpose. They simply drag themselves about all day and get a few things done, and then face the next day in the same futile state of mind. They think it's cowardly to run away, and with everything to do they think they can't possibly spare the time. And in the end they don't get any further, if as far, as if they had run away. Besides, which, they undergo all the misery of mind inevitably involved.

How do I know? Because, my friend, that is my own tendency, and this was the first time I ever tried the other way. But not the last!

Dover Cliffs.

It is the cliffs that make the beauty of Dover. They are her crown, her support, her defense; they hold her in their arms as she sits, white and long, with her feet in the sea. They are beautiful, at all hours, with their white walls and the bare green and brown of their downs; they are like fortresses, calm, assured, steadfast, and ready to become impregnable. Everywhere towers, walls, the heavy square castle, suggest ancient defenses; and the friendliness of the cliffs to the town, which it holds against the sea, has a reticence of manner towards strangers and foreign coasts. At night they rise mysteriously against the sky, with rows and patches of light shining out of dull level walls, turned now into the candelabra for candles of gold fire. The old red, gabled, sordid harbor, seen dimly, its lights striking like red and yellow knives into the stagnant water, becomes a kind of fairy thing, which one vaguely remembers to have seen in foreign lands. Where? Venice has no such eager cliffs above her famed water; and Venice, for a moment, has come into the memory, returning there, as she does at most sights of houses looking down into water. Is it Alicante? The palms on the sand are not here; nothing of what is African in that rare coast-of-

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A MODERN INSTANCE.



WALT MASON

My neighbor, Swatson, passing wise, believed in lots of exercise. He took long tramps through dales and dells, and swung huge clubs and iron bells, and all his frame was hard as nails; he was a model for all males. And he would come to me and say, "Why do you loaf the livelong day? You are too fat for any use; for such a waist there's no excuse. Why don't you walk twelve miles or nine, and have a shapely form like mine?" And he is dead and in his grave, while I sit here and sing and rave. He was so blithe three weeks ago! Then came the flu and laid him low. The same disease mixed things with me, and lost its pep and had to flee. The rules of health are tiresome stuff; they make life's sledding doubly rough, and I have always let them slide, and I hang on, where health fans died. I do not sit up, in distress, to count the symptoms I possess. A dozen scots, and more than that, have told me I'm too beastly fat; I ought to follow where they led—and I hang on, and they are dead. I eat too much, and I despise all modern forms of exercise; and still I live and write my verse, while wiser men engage the hearse.

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PEOPLE

able to talk like this cannot possibly have impure blood—they just feel fit—no headaches, dyspepsia or bilious disorders.

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Owner Wanted for Necklace.

"Valuable pearl necklace with diamond clasp. Owner wanted." This notice, issued by the London police, has had an interesting sequel at Hove. Two years ago a woman visitor named Postford reported to the Hove police her loss of a pearl necklace while she was out walking. Nothing more was heard until just recently.

The necklace, it appears, was found in a road in 1918 by a man, who gave it to his wife. The couple did not think it was valuable. The wife occasionally wore it. A little while ago the man took it to his employer, who, upon being told by a jeweller its real value, about £500, called in the police. The employee told in story, and the owner of the necklace was traced.

Short Lived Heroes.

The New York Times remarks upon the American habit of turning upon popular heroes. The career of President Wilson is only one of a large number which have soared and crashed in American history.

A classic example in modern times was the fate of Admiral Dewey. Raised to great heights of popular favour after the Spanish-American War, he became the best hated man in the country. At one time it is known he packed up his household goods and was ready to leave America in order to escape the wrath of those who lately had been cheering him.

Roosevelt himself always looked forward to the time when the crowds would turn on him. Had he lived, he might have experienced a reputation as emphatic as any favor he ever received.

The trouble seems to take root in the practise of over-praising their heroes. When General Pershing returned from Europe after the war, the speech of welcome delivered at New York attributed to him the qualities of Julius Caesar, Napoleon, Hannibal and Alexander the Great, rolled into one. It was ridiculous exaggeration. The penalty of the victim of such exaggeration is a readjustment of values in the public mind, turning admiration into scorn.

—Montreal Daily Star.

The long body of a frock may be finished by a deep scallop line. A long tulle sash may furnish hip bouffancy for an evening frock. A band of fur to edge the skirt will give the effect of the narrow hem.

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MUTT AND JEFF

IT LOOKS LIKE MUTT'S OUT TEN HARD-EARNED IRON MEN.

—By Bud Fisher.

