

## SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

## TO USE TO LOOK AT.

All people are divided into two classes, as Gellert Burgess has pointed out. You can make your classification to suit your mood. The lover is "Daisy and the rest of the world." Another are people who eat olives and people who don't (I have an amendment to that—people who like ripe olives and people who don't). Mr. Burgess' own is the Bromides and the Sulphides. The one I want to say a word about today is people who get a lot of their enjoyment out of the books of things and people who want things for use rather than enjoyment.

Take books, for instance. To one man books are something to read. He is interested in the contents not in the container. Such a man will mark a book or turn down a page to keep a place (if it is his own book, of course he will not do it to anyone else's book if he has the slightest pretensions of being a gentleman). He will not care if the cover is torn off a magazine, he would just as soon have a paper-bound book as any other kind. His only interest in typographical appearance is that the type be easy to read.

## The Booklover.

The other class of man cares not only for the contents but also the container. He loves handsome bindings. Good typographical effects give him great pleasure. He will never turn down a page and will seldom mark a book.

Most strikingly is this contrast between the two classes of people shown when they became automobile owners. To the first type, an automobile is something to get somewhere in. He may buy an expensive car, because he wants it known that he can afford an

expensive car, or because he likes the engine performance, but the fine points of the car's design are lost on him. He does not take particular care of his paint. A muddy day does not worry him. A machine is something to get him—and usually his friends, for this type is almost always the generous, hospitable type—somewhere.

## Just Had His Car Washed.

To the second type, the automobile is not only a joy forever but a thing of beauty. He loves the lines of it and its gleaming surfaces. He polishes it and dusts it; he hates to take it out on a rainy day; a scratch on its lovely surface wounds him almost as poignantly as if it were a scratch on his own skin. You will invite him to your home and will hear when the day comes that he is not able to come because he has just had the car washed and it is a bad day.

And now, Reader Friends, tell me with which type my sympathy is. I challenge you thus because I don't quite know myself.

## I Like to Mark Books.

Not to get any joy out of the outside of things is to miss one of the big sources of happiness. But to care so much for the outside that you don't get half the utility out of the thing itself spoils one's own and other people's enjoyment. Personally, I can see that it is too bad to turn down the corners of a book, but I do love to mark my books as I read them, and I love to read books which my friends have marked. It's like talking the book over with them. On the other hand, I have a great respect for the joy the booklover gets out of a fine binding and artistic typographical arrangement.

I suppose the golden man is the man who can thoroughly enjoy the beauty of a thing and at the same time not let that appreciation interfere in unreasonable degree with its utility.

## In re Papa.

Father is so much more pleasant and agreeable than mother about the house, sometimes.

Father comes home from work at close of day, after having been away since before daylight, possibly, and the children are so eager to see him. Mama is an old story; papa is a break in the day; a newcomer eagerly awaited; a change and a novelty. Mother has been disciplining them all day. Mother is an old story. Isn't papa nice? says the Tribune.

Papa is a national bank! Mama is an economist. Papa turns his pockets inside out of pennies, if he feels like it; mama's purse is worn thin with her fingering for the odd penny for the milkman, the ice man, the grocery man; for the odd penny often saves her a problem in paying a bill. Mama deals in odd change; papa deals in dimes and nickels; papa jingles as he walks; papa is used to consider one-cent pieces as nuisances. Mama has none to give away to children. Isn't papa nice!

Papa loves the children; tosses them into the air, overrules mother's decisions as to lengthening their evening they are in their crib; breaks all of mother's rules as to bedtime, makes the hour a vacation. Mother stands by as an obstructionist. She demands a cessation of the frolic. Papa smiles sadly and gives them a surreptitious and semi-mischievous wink as he goes. Isn't papa nice!

Papa lies abed late Sunday morning—he is so tired with his week's

toil. He arises maybe at 10 o'clock, and after a delicious night's snooze and a late breakfast he reads the papers, has a smoke or two, wanders about in his best clothes and parades with the children by the hand—nice, clean children, whom he praises to his neighbors and brags about as he walks abroad with them. Isn't papa nice!

Mama has been up since dawn with these same babies. They arouse by early light, and she has to take them away from the hearing of papa so that he may enjoy that late morning snooze. Mama knows what sort of day it will be if father is unduly disturbed in the morning. Mama scrubs the children, disentangles their curls, braids their hair, cooks their cereal, prescribes what they may eat, dresses—Sunday school books, hears their bible lessons, kisses them away into the street, and then goes and cooks papa's breakfast. Isn't papa nice!

Mother has a luncheon for the children on Sunday on their return from Sunday school, but papa does not care to eat until later at a regular dinner. She waits for the children to come home from church and then she reads the comics to them, prescribes their play, tells them the things that they must not do, does a bit of hasty darning of the children's frocks, prepares husband's dinner for mid-afternoon, punishes one or two of the children in spite of papa's protests, and papa condones them sobbing in his arms. Isn't papa nice!

After dinner mother collects the

"It'll pay you to shop on the other side of the street"

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## THE BLUES.

Sometimes, when I am fagged, I murmur, "All is vain; my hopes are faded, and life gives me a pain; I sow and do no reaping, my eyes are strained from weeping, and I would fain be sleeping out yonder in the rain. I'd rest beneath the lilies, where soft the rephyr croons; my soul has got the willies, and I am full of prunes; I'm tired of things unsightly, of handogs howling nightly; instead of chirping brightly, I grind out dismal tunes." It's frightful how I suffer, I seem a total loss; then I behold a duffer who bravely bears his cross; he's balked at every turning, new griefs each day he's learning, and yet he is not yearning to sleep beneath the moss. "My woes will soon be over," I hear this guy declare, "and I will romp in clover, my coat-tails in the air; although since life's beginning I've lost my underpinning, some day you'll see me winning, and right side up with care." This fellow's Sunny-Jimminy has jarred me through my frame; I find my eyes are swimming in 'briny tears of shame; by fortune I am favored, my luck has seldom wavered, and yet my thoughts have savored of quitters and their game!

Over a mass of black satin, having panels trimmed with wide bands of white lace, a short jacket of white fur is worn.

## WOMAN'S HEALTH RESTORED

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Milwaukee, Wisconsin. "I feel that I ought to let you know about my case. I was ailing and could hardly do my housework and washing I was so run-down, just from having one child. I took a lot of medicines and had doctors. Then I gave them all up and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I feel wonderfully good now. I do everything that comes along, and we all take your medicine as soon as we feel it. I feel just so. I am thankful for what the Vegetable Compound has done for my health and for my family."—Mrs. MARY SAIBERCK, 644 22nd Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Letters like these testify to the value of the Vegetable Compound. These women speak from the fullest of their hearts. They describe as correctly as they can their conditions: First, those symptoms that affected them most conspicuously, and later the disappearance of these symptoms. They are sincere expressions of gratitude. For nearly fifty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been a blessing to women.

## Fish for Shoes and Mole for Furs.

Women's shoes are now being made from the skin of the sea-leopard, who belongs to the porpoise family. The shoes resemble brown leather ones, but have spots on them about the size of sixpences. "Sharks' skins are also being used for women's golfing shoes, and they make very pretty ones, being dark brown and tan in colour." A "Daily Mail" reporter was told by a shoe-maker, "Sharks' skin shoes are being largely worn; they are comfortable and keep out the wet."

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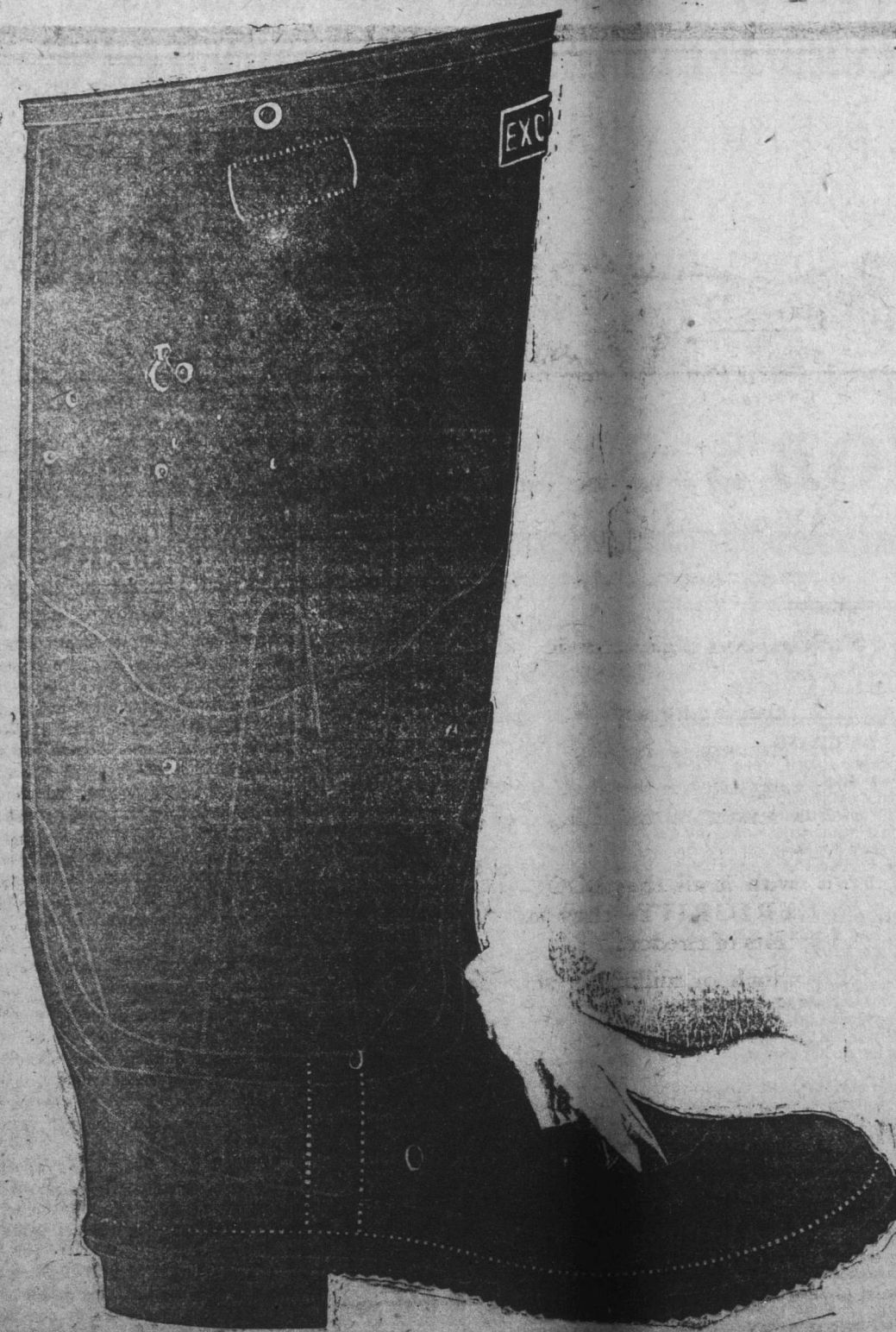
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