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SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

TWO FACES—OR MORE.



How many different ways there are of being good and bad!

How many different men one man can be in his relations to the world.

A Letter Friend wants me to write about two men she knows. "One is a hard bodied business man," she writes. "He will not allow children in his tenants' apartments. He is very keen on the dollar sign. Yet his oldest daughter said to me: 'If people knew my father as I do, everyone would love him!'"

"The other is a man of charming manners. Most of the people with whom he comes into contact like him. He has a reputation for generosity (he is not in business for himself so one doesn't know what his dealings as a business man would be), always contributes generously to any neighborhood scheme, always insists on paying at least his share of any party, and tips generously. He seems to be exceptionally good tempered and everyone remarks on his wonderful disposition."

His Daughter-in-Law Saw A Different Man.

"But when we were praising him one day and regretting that his wife was not more like him, his daughter-in-law said: 'Well, I'm glad she isn't. She's three times as pleasant to live with as he is. You think he has such a lovely disposition. I wish you could see him when he gets up in the morning and when he comes home from business. . . . And as for his being so generous, he isn't generous to her, and she has to scrimp to make it possible for him to throw money around the way he likes to.'"

"I wish you'd warn people that lots of people have two faces and that you can't tell everything about a person by meeting him in one capacity."

Of course that ought to be a superfluous warning. But I suspect it isn't.

More Than Two Faces.

I suspect that she also puts the number of faces too low. If a man's daughter, his old childhood friend, his stenographer, his office boy, his favorite waiter and his business rival were each to describe his character, I doubt very much if we should know by reading the description (being otherwise uninformed) that it was the same man.

Of course the two strikingly different faces are often the two a man shows to his family and to outsiders.

The house devil who undergoes a startling metamorphosis into a street angel as he slams his front door and walks down his steps is just as familiar and interesting a phenomenon as the worm who metamorphoses into a butterfly.

An Old Picture Of A Modern Type.

Hazlitt wrote of him many years ago:

"I conceive it possible that a person who is going to pour oil and balm into the wounds of afflicted humanity at a meeting of the Western Dispensary, by handsome speeches and by a handsome donation (not grudgingly given) may be thrown into a fit of rage that morning by having his toast too much buttered, may quarrel with the innocent prattle and amusements of his children, and cry 'Plsh' at every observation his wife utters."

There is nothing antique about that picture is there, except the word "Plsh."

As for the man who is harsh outside and gentle within his home, I think he is a much rarer personage, but I know he exists.

He is like a coat plain and rough on the exterior and lined with the softest fur. An unusual but not an unprecedented phenomenon.



"Happy days are here again, Golden sunshine, gentle rain, Emerald grass begins to grow Where but lately lay the snow."

Birds are singing in the trees, Kites are flying in the breeze, Violets with purple eyes Watch the cloud ships in the skies."

sang Bobbie Redvest one morning, so early, while the dew lay on the grass and Pussy Willows by the brook smiled in their looking glass. Yes, sir, the Bubbling Brook in the quiet places was just as good as a mirror. All of a sudden the little robin flew down from his treetop and hopped along the Sunny Meadow. The next minute he was pulling away at a big worm.

"Pull, pull, pull! Tug, tug, tug! That's the way to get a worm. But not a crawly bug."

shouted Professor Jim Crow from his Pine Tree Bungalow.

Bracing his feet, Bobbie Redvest pulled with all his might, but the worm, who had half entered the hole in the ground, swished out the front end of his body, getting such a good grip on the sides of the hole that tug as he could, the little robin couldn't pull him out until, snap! the worm parted in the middle, almost causing Bobbie Redvest to topple over on his tail.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Professor Crow. "Half a loaf is better than no bread. Swallow your breakfast, Bobbie Redvest."

"Dear, Oh dear," sighed Little Jack Rabbit, who happened along just at that moment, "now what will the poor worm do—I mean the part of him in the ground."

"Listen to me for a minute or three, While I hasten to take a look."

Answered Professor Crow as he turned with his toe The leaves of his Wisdom Book."

Then, placing his great spectacles on his beak, he began to read aloud: "The front end keeps on crawling into the hole and by and by, after eating enough dirt, grows itself a new tail."

"You don't mean it," exclaimed the little rabbit.

"I certainly do," replied that wise old bird, "and, what's more, if Bobbie Redvest had just pulled off the worm's head, the tail would have grown a new one. Yes, it would, provided, of course, that the piece left in the hole was longer than the part that was pulled off."

"Dear, dear, dearest me," cried the amazed Little bunny, "I'll tell Mother all about it when I get home," and away he hopped to find a new adventure. And in the next story, Little Reader, you shall hear what happened after that, if Father brings home the paper, or leave it for you to read the stories which your Uncle Dave writes for boys and girls who have never visited Rabbiland.



He pulled with all his might.

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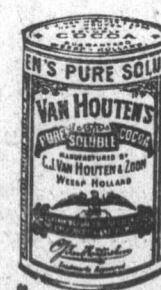
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By CY HUNGERFORD

