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### Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

**THE PAIR, KICKED OVER.**  
I heard an expression the other day that was new to me but so rich in suggestion that I felt as if I had seen a great light.  
The expression was a homely one. Maybe you have heard it before and will be surprised that I haven't. It runs something like this:  
"It was just as if a cow had given a kick of milk and then kicked it over."  
Do you know any cows that give a kick of milk and then kick it over? It seems to me that I do.  
In the first place, I know several of the kind who objected to who give generously of time, service and other gifts, and then if you cannot make just the return that they want, or if you do not give the full measure of gratitude they think they deserve (and they are sometimes overwhelmed by gratitude) they turn on you and rend you with what they have done for you and tell you how ungrateful you are.  
Spells the Measure Given.  
Here is another variety of the cow who kicks over the milk—a male, strangely enough. He is the husband of a neighbor of mine. He is fond of her in his way. He likes to see her have the pretty things she, like all women, enjoys, but he hates to spend money. This is how it works out. He will have a lot of generosity and will not let go and buy some things she has long wanted for the house. She will go and buy, not spending any more than he authorized. Then when the bill comes in, or when he feels poor, he will turn on her and kick over the milk.

and about how hard it is to get ahead, until all her pleasure in the pretty things is tainted. If that isn't kicking over the milk, what is?  
**When the Wife Kicks the Fall.**  
To balance the husband milk kick, we must have a wife, mustn't we? Well, here is one whom I am sure the males will recognize. Her husband has an opportunity to go on a pleasure trip at a time when she cannot possibly go. His going will mean the loss of a theatre party they had planned for some special occasion, but he needs the rest, she is a good wife (or means to be) and says, "Go, by all means." He goes. He comes back. He finds his wife in a depressed state of mind. She was so lonely at home, without him, and she was so disappointed about that theatre party, she says, but she is getting used to disappointments, and similar remarks, until the husband's pleasure in his trip changes to a guilty, harassed feeling.  
One doesn't care for cows that don't give milk, of course. But isn't it better to have a cow that gives a small amount than one who gives a large amount and then kicks over the pail?  
**THERAPION No. 1**  
**THERAPION No. 2**  
**THERAPION No. 3**

### When Eve Answers Back

Here Man No Match for Woman's Wit

It has been said that the plainest women are the wittiest. There was no more popular figure in early Victorian society than Lord North's daughter, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, whose ready wit made her friends forget the plainness of face and figure she herself so often joked about.

It was Lady Charlotte who set London laughing with one of her excuses. Arriving late for dinner on one occasion, she apologized to her hostess. "I am exceedingly sorry," she said, "but the roads are so macadamized."  
In those days women with seem to have abounded in society. There was Frances Countess Waldegrave, who had been married three times previously, and took as her fourth husband an Irishman, Mr. Clanchester Fortescue, who shortly afterwards was made Chief Secretary for Ireland. The first night that Lady Waldegrave appeared at the theatre in Dublin, a wag in the gallery called out: "Which of the four do you like best, my lady?"

Instantaneously from the Chief Secretary's box came the adroit reply: "Why, the Irishman, of course!"

**Kiss a Kiss Scored.**  
Among witty women of the modern stage, pride of place must be given to Mrs. Kendal. "We hear a lot about kisses," she said, on one occasion. "To steal a kiss is natural. To buy one is stupid. To kiss a sister is proper. To kiss one's wife is obligation. To kiss an ugly woman is gallantry. To kiss an old, faded woman is devotion. To kiss a young blushing girl is quite a different thing. To kiss one's rich aunt is hypocrisy. Kissing three girls on the same day is extravagance. To kiss one's mother-in-law is a holy sacrifice."

It was Mrs. Kendal who, talking of the stage as a profession for women, declared that to succeed on the stage a woman must have "the epidermis of a rhinoceros, the strength of a man, and the feelings of a graven image."

The written retort courteous was never better set down than by Ellen Terry in replying to the poet Calmar. Alfred Calmar and the actress had a slight tiff during the rehearsals of "The Amber Heart." The author, having occasion to write to "the lady of infinite charm," began his letter: "Dear Miss Terry.—The 'dear' is purely conventional."

The reply he got began: "Dear Mr. Calmar.—The 'dear' is purely theatrical."

Mr. Seymour Hicks relates an incident about that witty writer, the late "Frank Dandy," who first won the affection of the literary public with "Pigs in Clover." Mr. Hicks was leaving a theatre on a first night when he met the novelist. Not having been present at the play, he inquired what he thought of it.

"Oh," she said, smilingly, "there were two good lines in it, but I don't think they were good enough to run an engine on."

**George Bernard Shaw's Manners.**  
Lady Randolph Churchill (who married Mr. Montagu Perceval in 1913), must be numbered among the wittiest of modern women. George Bernard Shaw got more than he bargained for when he ventured to telegraph this reply to Lady Randolph's invitation to lunch: "Certainly not! What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?"

To which her ladyship replied: "Know nothing of your habits. Hope they are not as bad as your manners." Another illustration of Lady Randolph Churchill's wit is provided by an incident which occurred one night at dinner. An English nobleman, who had been very attentive to her, touched one of Lady Randolph's hands, and, intending to pay a compliment, gouted: "Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed."

Their owner's sly retort was the completion of the couplet: "We walked to ecstasy the living lyre" (Glas).

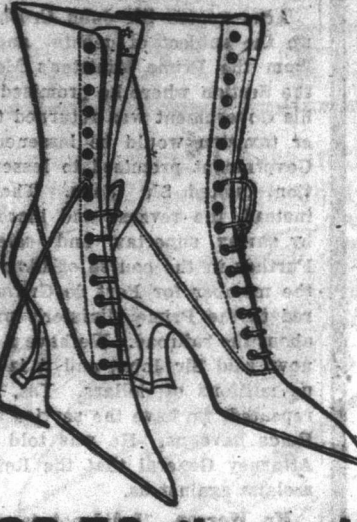
Bolled salad dressing can be canned, sealed and it will keep for some time.

### Miss Flora Boyko Tells How Cuticura Healed Her Pimples

"My face was very itchy at first, and after that it was covered with pimples. I was distressed and itchy. The pimples were hard and red and they were small, and they were scattered all over my face and were so itchy I had to scratch and I could not sleep.  
"These bothered me nearly a year before I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and when I had used five boxes of Cuticura Soap and five boxes of Cuticura Ointment, I was healed."  
(Signed) Miss Flora M. Boyko, Gardenton, Mass., Dec. 26, 1918.  
Having obtained a clear healthy skin by the use of Cuticura, I keep it clear by using the Soap for all toilet purposes, assisted by touches of Ointment as needed. Do not fail to include the exquisitely scented Cuticura Talcum in your toilet preparations. Sprinkle after bathing.  
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Life plays no favorites. The great and low alike with grief she hits. Beneath her blow. Coward and brave must win; subject and happy prince. To her she obe. She deals out smiles and tears. Happy and troubled, young and old, unto the centuries.  
Life cares for no man's whim. Nor bends her plea. What she desires for him. Thus shall it be. Whether he rises or falls. Gaining or losing all. And has her way. Rich, though a man may be. He has no price or foe. Life's hand to stay.  
Whether he smile or frown, Life moves along. Sending her rain storms down. On all the throng. Pain man shall have to know.

Whether he will or no. Even his prayers. Life will not bear or heed. What though his heart may bleed. Little she cares.

Life has no thought to give. One little man. Whether he die or live. On goes her plan. Always she seems to see. Ages that are to be. Better than these; Mail comes and goes away. Life smiles and bids his day. Unto the centuries.



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### Household Notes.

A frappe is frozen only to a mush. Fruit soup may be served hot or chilled.  
Pigs and rhubarb make a delicious jam.  
Add chopped dates to your corn bread mixture.  
A very rich jam should be served very sparingly.  
Rhubarb with strawberries makes an excellent preserve.