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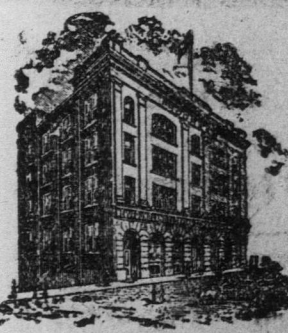
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On Antipathies.

By RUTH CAMERON.



"I am of a constitution so general that it consorts and sympathizes with all things; I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy in anything. Those natural repugnances do not touch me."—Religio-Medici.

A certain good lady, who has a phlegmatic temperament something like that which the author of the Religio-Medici ascribes to himself, always poots hooes me when I grow nervous at the sound of a knife scraping upon tin.

"Nonsense," she says, "don't notice it. Don't let it make you nervous. Why I don't mind it a particle."

I chronicle this little household happening because I think it is typical. People who, like my phlegmatic friend, do not have these peculiar sense antipathies, are always prone to think that those who do have them are using their imaginations.

And worse than that, I know some people who do have one sort of antipathy but are so narrow, so intolerant, that they actually do not sympathize with those who have a different sort.

Now I protest that my feelings when I hear a steel knife scrape over silver or tin is not at all a fanciful feeling. It does not originate in my mind or my imagination. I think it is caused by the fact that the nerves of my ear are tuned to a certain pitch and the vibration which that knife starts sets them to jangling. I could no more control it by merely wishing than I could stop by an effort of the will a wireless instrument from vibrating in answer to another instrument.

When a man is color blind we do

not accuse him of imagining himself to be in that condition. We simply realize that his eyes are adjusted to the various light waves differently from ours.

Have you not noticed how restless a cat usually becomes when anyone whistles near her. This isn't because the cat is wilfully nervous, but because her ears are so attuned that the shrillness of a whistle actually hurts them. In this same way I think all the antipathies of the senses should be accounted for.

Incidentally I find a comparison of these strange little antipathies very interesting. One friend is made intensely nervous by the sound of a piece of cloth being torn in twain. I don't mind that at all rather like it in fact. On the other hand she can sit in a room where someone is scraping a knife across a piece of tin and not even know that the fiendish noise is going on. Still another friend does not mind either of these sounds, but has to leave the room when her father scrapes out his pipe.

You notice that I say sense antipathies. That is because I have in mind antipathies of the other senses as well as of the ears,—of touch, for instance. One friend simply can't bear to touch flannel with the tips of her fingers. Now that is utterly incomprehensible to me until I translate it into the terms of my own keenest touch antipathy. I cannot bear to have the dentist lay the dry napkin across my tongue when he is filling a tooth. When he does that it fairly makes me crawl all over, and just to write about it gives me an uncomfortable feeling.

Antipathies are queer things, but like most queer things, interesting. I should think some of our psychological experts would write us a magazine article on this subject.

Ruth Cameron

LONDON GOSSIP.

LONDON, April 21st, 1914.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN PARIS.

This week's great social and fashionable event is the visit of the King and Queen to Paris. Princess Mary is accompanying them, but the Prince of Wales goes off on a short voyage with his brother on board the Collingwood. He will be, fortunate youth! a guest on Prince Albert's ship for a fortnight, and is much to be envied. The Royal visit to Paris might well have taken place last year. It falls at an awkward time, because the French are in the very thick of a General Election, and I know that we would under similar circumstances be disposed to feel the entertainment of travelling Royalty as somewhat of a bore. The accounts, however, which have reached me from friends in Paris prove that so far from feeling the visit tiresome they are rejoicing at it and are prepared to give their Majesties a real good time. Englishmen will be curious to observe the impression King George and Queen Mary make on the Parisians. Their Majesties have always an air of taking life very seriously. I see them often under varying circumstances, and my experience is that they appear at their worst when it is an affair of State. They are apt to look grim when they merely feel that the occasion is one of grave importance. Much will depend upon the Queen and Princess Mary. If the latter will only smile at and laugh with the crowds all will be well. The Parisians will make a fairy Princess of her forthwith. They cherish many pleasant memories of Queen Alexandra and her charming ways when she was in Paris in state, and, of course, King Edward remains to them the very ideal of a Monarch. I have seen him "descend" many times at the Gare du Nord, and always amid scenes of enthusiasm due to matters as slight as the raising of his hat.

FEEDING THE KING IN PARIS.

The late King Edward was certainly a gourmet or delicate feeder, as distinguished from a gourmand, or

BILLIARDS IN A LONDON CHURCH.

The old chapel where Defoe is supposed to have worshipped at Tooting, has been converted into a billiard saloon. There have been many changes in old South London places of worship of recent years. The Sutherland Chapel in Walworth Road was the first such place to be turned into a picture palace, and soon afterwards the famous Hanover Park Chapel at Peckham went the same way. Rowland Hill's old chapel in Blackfriars Road is now the headquarters of London boxing, and also has periodical picture shows. An old Baptist chapel at Clapham is now a post office. Nonconformist places of worship especially suffer by reason of movement of population. As the people move farther out of London the chapels lose their congregations, and without the aid of wealthy supporters they are unable to keep open. Still, the shutting up of Nonconformist chapels in London has been accompanied by the opening of many new chapels in the outer ring of London.

AUSTRIAN EMPEROR AND THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

Although perhaps politically speaking the death of the Emperor of Austria, if it were to come now would not be catastrophic, as a matter of fact, the situation is very different. This is owing to the existence of a double personal regime—the formal rule of the Emperor and the secret but active rule of the Heir-Apparent. The Emperor Francis Joseph is far too old and broken to rule. He has only one idea—how to keep the peace during the short time that he has to live. His nephew, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, acts almost as if he were already on the throne. He is strong willed, combative, a fanatical clericalist, anti-democratic, and, above all, a militarist. International crises spring up in rapid succession, each more menacing than the last. Up



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to a certain point Austro-Hungary diplomacy, thanks to the Archduke, is strong, aggressive and successful. The crucial hour comes when the army is mobilized. Then the aged Emperor awakes from his lethargy, asserts his pacific will, and the whole edifice so carefully built up by the diplomats is brought down with a crash just when it was on the point of completion. Austrians never speak with disrespect of their Emperor, but under their breath they recognize that the humiliating defeat of Austro-Hungarian diplomacy all along the line is almost solely due to the Emperor's pathetic shrinking from the very suggestion of war. The Heir-Apparent's faults, on the other hand, are only too patent, and the sooner he feels the full responsibility of sovereignty the safer it will be for the Empire. At any rate, the present dual system has become intolerable and even become disastrous for Europe.

LAST STRONGHOLD OF THE ENGLISH SMART SET.

The term itself, that of the Smart Set once so ubiquitous, has now all but ceased to exist. Values have changed in London society of late, and what was once the Smart—i.e., the Court-Set is no longer. But where it actually and really survives is in racing circles. There the same people are still the best people and lead the fashion with all their old authority. The beginning of the London season coincides with the reopening of the smart racing season. The racing set possesses a language, a code of manners, and a society of their own. Their capital is of course Newmarket, and it is the thing to have a house or pied-a-terre somewhere round about the Heath at Newmarket. Owing to the difficulties of getting a house of any sort in the vicinity—people living in neighboring counties will describe themselves as living near Newmarket—anything within a radius of 30 miles being near enough with the possession of a car. The same people therefore meet constantly at the various meetings, know each other intimately, and observe the presence of strangers with a rather disdainful surprise. So expensive is admittance to the best enclosures on the Heath that guests brought in house parties are left to pay for themselves. The uninitiated are sometimes rather dismayed to find that they are expected to disburse something between four pounds and five pounds gate-money. Their pleasure as strangers in the family gathering is not in proportion to such an outlay.

CHANGES IN WOMEN'S DRESS.

The often-heard remark that in these latter days the seasons seem to be changing would seem to apply to more than atmospheric conditions. In the past it has been the autumn that was traditionally "the silly season" for British newspaper correspondence on social or trivial topics; but now, in the spring, London is being treated to a series of letters on the why and wherefore of the frequent changes in women's dress. The shrewdest remark this correspondence has yet produced is that of a lady writer who declares that "the fashions of women's attire are simply a question of trade and the foolish and constant change of style has but one great object—to compel or induce ladies to buy new clothes much sooner than would be necessary with more stable fashions." This confirms the opinion of one of the greatest living experts on the subject. Dining once with probably the best known woman writer on the subject, I ventured to enquire why the fashions so frequently and radically changed. "There is only one cause I have ever discovered," she replied, "and that is that they are set by tradesmen for trade purposes. Their one idea is that the mode shall be so altered year by year that immediate detection of a last season's dress is ensured. Now, no self-respecting woman could possibly allow herself to be seen in a last year's gown." To her mind that settled the question, and there was no more to be said.

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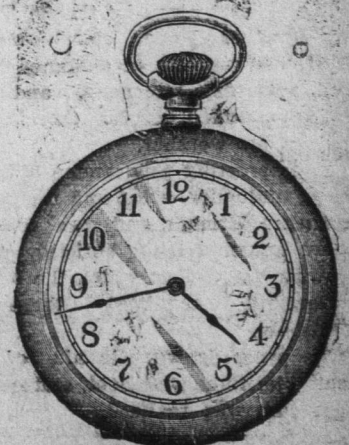
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