

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1923.

ONLY A DAD

Only a dad, with a bent face,
Coming home from the family race,
Bringing little of gold or fame,
To show how well he's played, the
But glad in his heart that his own
relaxed.
To see him come and to hear his
voice,

Only a dad, of a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more,
Pudding along in daily strife,
With a smile, a secret, a secret of life,
With never a whisper of pain or hate
For the sake of those who at home
abide.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
Moving with the surging crowd,
Telling, whispering, to the passing crew,
Paving whatever may come his way;
Silent whenever the harsh commands
And leaving it all for the love of
them.

Only a dad, but he gives his all,
To smooth the way for his sons,
Doubtless courses stern and grim,
The dues that his father did for him,
This is the line that for him I pen,
Only a dad, the heat of mom.

RELAXING

More than anything else life in the
twentieth century means tension. We
live wound up to the highest pitch.
Everywhere about us is the sense of
speed, the sense of effort, multiple ac-
tivity, the sense of world-wide
crowding in upon one another, with
such a persistent, thronging, domi-
nating pressure that one feels as if
we have fairly finished with that
which should have preceded it.

Like children playing on the shore,
A wave, a wave before.
Another always comes before.
We have had time to breathe.

The tension is so constant, so un-
relaxed, that we are hardly aware of
it as tension at all, until at once
something breaks. Well, for us if it
does, the break seems complete.

In such an atmosphere of high,
persistent strain relaxation is good
for us all; for most of us it is in-
dependent of if we wish to preserve our
own health and happiness.

That form of relaxation commonly sought
and advocated is diversion, turning our
thoughts from the pressing business
of life to something that we are
obliged to do, something that will
cheer and gladden and amuse, and for
the moment makes us forget. And that
is what enough. The only trouble is
that the mind is now so much pre-
occupied with the new, that it has
no much a habit that doesn't easily
carry them into even our amusements
—to travel, to play golf, with the same
passion and enthusiasm ardor that we
give to the serious pursuits that are
wearing out our lives.

Better therefore than even relaxing
by diversion is the habit of relaxing
by play with "Leave yourself
down to the sun or in the shade
day by night, and just for a few
moments absolutely ease all strain,
forget all pressure, no matter how
over-tired you are. It may appear
that the mind will droop, like the
nerve and muscles, soft, flexible,
quiescent. Only when you have learned
to relax in this way will you begin to
experience the great and unnatural
is the state of strain in which you
commonly live. And if you learn that
profound and beneficent secret of re-
laxation, you can never be really
over-tired again. It may be
you will not often feel it, and find
more happily, but you will do more
work when you do work, and the work
will be better done.

THE HABIT OF RETICENCE

Although reticence is commonly re-
garded as one of the attributes of the
wise and it had been said that it had
ever made a serious mistake by holding
his tongue, we are not sure that it is
desirable for everyone to cultivate
it. It is desirable for everyone to cultivate
it, but it is not desirable for everyone
who are too reticent, just as people
who are too talkative. It is
hard to believe that ardent, and
enthusiastic people can ever be really
reticent, and I think that the world
would be distinctly a poorer place
if we were all the ardent and enthusiastic
in it to be exchanged for reticence.

Of course, egotism and lack of re-
tication are not the same, and there has
indeed, the egotism that is reticent is
a rare variety. And the enthusiasm
that people have for themselves is
one of the most potent factors that
will be spared. To use the habit of
practice reticence, however, is like
trying to cure a disease by treating
one of its symptoms. So long as
one remains ingrained in the sys-
tem, reticence is unlikely to become a
habit.

A certain reticence in the expression
of one's opinions, especially when
they are of a critical nature, can
be cultivated to advantage
though even on that point advice can
not be unqualified. There are times
when expression of opinion should
not be shirked, however, because it
may be, and the people who are
most about their opinion are likely to
shirk at times when they ought to
speak. And when it becomes a
habit tends to isolate the person
not only from the sympathy and interest
of others but also from the activities
going on about him; it is likely to
make him a misfit, and not so useful
co-operating with the other members
of the community. The reticent man
is a secretive man, and, though he is
the safest kind of person for people
to "open up" to, they don't often do

it.

TWO OF A KIND

An old Yarmouth fisherman settled
on the side of a hill. On looking
over his bill he occasionally
found charges like the following: "to
4 lb. tea—34 ditz."

"Wife," he said, "this 'ere's a put-
up charge. You should like to know
what you have done with so much of
this 'ere ditz."

"Ditz, ditz," replied the old lady, "I
never had a pound of it in the house
in my life."

He took went the ax-fisherman in
high dudgeon that he should have been
charged for things he had never re-
ceived."

"Mr. Brown," he said, "I shant stand
this. Wife says she has had a pound of
ditz in her life!"

The tradesman thereupon explained
the meaning of the term, and the old
man was greatly relieved.

"Yes," he said, "it means that I
am an old fool, and you're ditz."

THE STRAIGHT ROAD

It is all very well to take the wind-
ing way, if you are old and needful.
If you want mystery and uncertainty
and constant surprises along your
route, then the curved road is the
better one. But if you are in a hurry
to arrive the straight road is a time-
saver. It may lack poetry, but it is
practical.

A great many people do not seem to
know whether they are old and needful
or not. If you are old and needful
you know where there are roads
curve ahead leaves them uncertain as
to what they are going to do next.

Sensible young folks will avoid those
curves and stick to the straight road.

The Free Press' Short Story

The Schoolhouse of Indian Ridge

FRANCEN MCKINNON MORTON

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In such an atmosphere of high,
persistent strain relaxation is good
for us all; for most of us it is in-
dependent of if we wish to preserve our
own health and happiness.

That form of relaxation commonly sought
and advocated is diversion, turning our
thoughts from the pressing business
of life to something that will
cheer and gladden and amuse, and for
the moment makes us forget. And that
is what enough. The only trouble is
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