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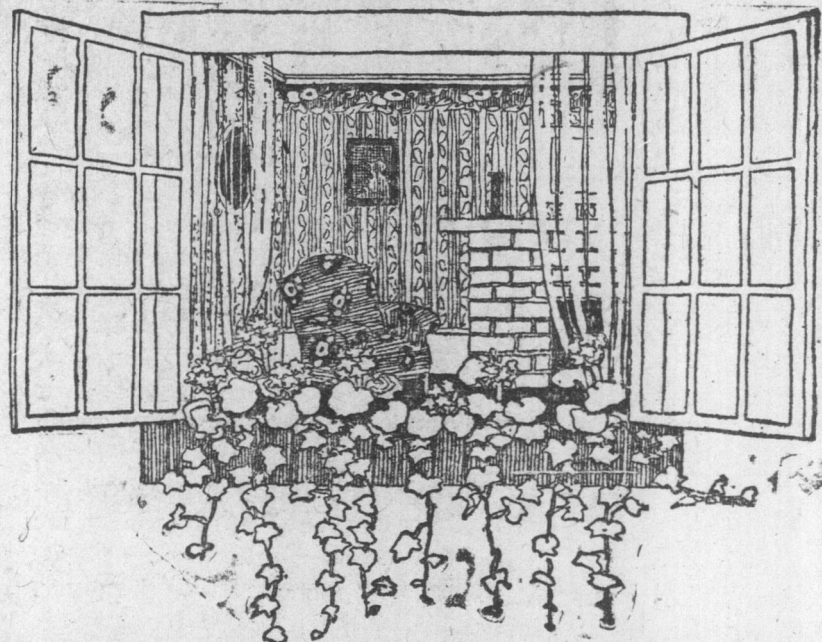
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### Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

#### A CAR AHEAD OF THAT.

Last week I took a trip from my summer home to the great Metropolis. On the way back to the station with just about ten minutes in which to catch a train, the trolley I was in stopped and failed to start up again—after the manner of trolleys in which one is trying to catch trains.

I looked out of the window and saw that there was a car ahead of which for some reason failed to move. Beyond that I could not see as the track curved sharply at this point.

"Now, what," said I to the conductor with the edginess of anxiety in my voice, "is the matter with the car ahead?"

"He treated me better than I deserved."

"Well, ma'am," said the conductor with a much more kindly twinkle in his eye than my edginess deserved. "I should say it was chiefly that there's a car ahead of that."

How often when we wonder why the car ahead of us refuses to move, the trouble is just that "there's a car ahead of that!" Figuratively, I mean, of course.

For instance, somebody is slow in paying you money that is owed you and you can rave against somebody and wonder why he is so dilatory. If you could see around the corner, I wonder if you could not find that the only trouble with somebody was that somebody else was dilatory in paying him—in other words, "a car ahead of that."

The instinct is to push back resolutely.

Again, you are in a crowd and you see someone pushing you. The natural instinct is to push back resolutely with the feeling that that person is to blame. But he isn't necessarily to blame any more than you would be if you were swept on and pushed the person in front of you.

And often when someone is late for an appointment, it is a case of "a car ahead of that." True, the delay may be merely the result of carelessness and unwise planning—but then again it may be that the person who is holding you up has been held up all day by others.

I started to add "crossness" to this list and then I stopped and marked out what I had written. For when a husband comes home and snaps at his wife, it is often because the boss has been giving him a call down—and that it is not a habit I want to suggest any justification for, because there isn't any.

#### OPPORTUNITIES

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#### Food Will Soar.

Prophecy that the price of food next winter will "climb to a level never dreamed of," was uttered by Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Minister of Reconstruction, in an address at Crewe. A member of the audience shouted, "More wages!" Sir Auckland replied there would be no money to pay wages, because it would have to go overseas to pay for food. The Minister warned the public that it was squandering its money in a colossal way on things that did not matter. "You cannot live like mil-

lionaress," he said, "if you are as poor as a church mouse. This nation is now poor. It is living as if it were wealthy."



#### THE TALE OF THE SOUL.

What is the tale that the soul would tell? But the single tale of a life lived well? The flesh would boast of its raiment fine. And the costly food that it takes with wine. Of the skillful work of its brawn and brain. And points with pride to the joys they gain. But the soul that never shall die would speak Of the smile you brought to a pale, wan cheek.

The soul would tell of a kindly deed That lightened another's hour of need. 'Twould make no mention of prizes won Or the skillful things which your hands have done. Or the gold you claimed for your toil by day. But would tell of the joys that you gave away. If the soul should boast it would speak of you Of one who was honest and brave and true.

The flesh might brag of your easy days And the joys you found on life's flowery ways. The flesh might tell of your hard-won fame And the way men cheered when they heard your name. But these are the earthly things which fade When over your body the sod is laid. But the soul which never shall die would tell The simple life of a life lived well.

It would speak of the way that you've borne your grief Of your lasting faith and your firm belief. Of the land stretched out to a man in need. And the cheerful word and the kindly deed. Of the little home that you made a shrine. For all things tender and good and fine. All that the soul would have to tell Is the simple tale of a life lived well.

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#### Slobbers Over U. S.

London, July 31.—L. J. Maxse, editor of the Daily Globe, son of the late Admiral Maxse, having been invited to join the English Speaking Union, has sent this reply:

"Unfortunately, I am not much in sympathy with what I regard as the artificial efforts now being made to promote Anglo-American relations which, in my humble judgment, are more calculated to impair those relations than to stimulate them. I always remember what Capt. Mahan who was a good friend of both our countries if ever there was one, said to me some years ago:

"If only Great Britain and the United States would be content to regard one another as foreign nations and not to expect too much of one another, we might hope for the best."

"I fear I detect a steady determination through all this Anglo-American slobber, which is all the more mischievous because it is one-sided. The Americans are not within 25 per cent as effusive about us as we are about them. I think you will realize from these few words that I am not qualified to join the English Speaking Union."

#### MISFITS.



Perhaps you're sadly out of place; perhaps you were intended, with your ability and grace, for something big and splendid; but while you're doomed to hold a job that mocks your high ambition, it isn't well to moan or sob about your punk condition. If you were born for better things, the work you do will show it; perhaps some day you'll walk with kings, or be a wealthy poet. I used to ride a mangy steed, and herd a bunch of cattle, while thinking I was born to lead the mighty hosts in battle. Such work to me was an offense; the ground was rough and rutty, the pony hadn't any sense, the cattle all were nutty. I herded, though, the best I knew, and chased the loosed heifers, while though my sorrel sideboards blew all kinds of wintry zephyrs. And when I quit the foreman cried, urbanely and politely, "You seemed to take an honest pride in herding cattle rightly." And now I sit in gilded ease, and twang a lyre of pewter, and turn out elegies like these, some cute and others cuter. The weary path on which you hike is rough, but gamely tread it; some day you'll find the job you like, and hold it down with credit.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30.00. Cured him with \$1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for \$85.00. Profit on Liniment, \$54.00. MOISE DEROSCE, Hotel Keeper, St. Philippe, Que.

#### The Poor Fish.

(From London "Blighy.")  
"I hear you are going to marry Blueblood?" said one society woman to another. "Is it true?"  
"Marry him?" exclaimed the other. "Not likely. What on earth could I do with him? He's rejected from the Army, he can't ride, he can't play tennis, golf, nor, for that matter, can he even drive a motor car!"  
"Oh!" said the friend, "but he can swim beautifully, you know."  
"Swim, indeed! Now, I ask you, would you like a husband you had to keep in an aquarium?"

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