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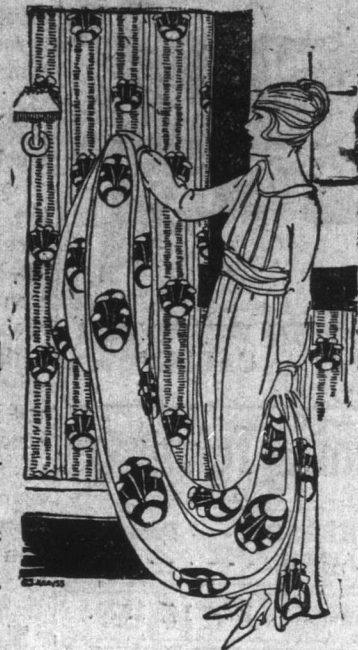
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### Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

#### ARE YOU A SNOB?



RUTH CAMERON

An acquaintance of mine was saying recently how thankful she was (the Pharisee's prayer is still in style) that she was not a snob.

She was moved to this form of thanksgiving by contact with some people who, having recently acquired quite a little money themselves, looked down upon everyone who has not seen so fortunate and plainly made money their only standard of valuation.

She doesn't care whether people have money or not, she declares, she wouldn't be such a snob for anything.

Her Type of Snobbery.  
A day or two later I saw her turn up her nose when a certain woman was mentioned and say, "My dear, she's impossible! Have you heard her talk? The way she drops her 'st'!"

Now is that snobbery, or is it not? This woman herself has little money; therefore, money should not be made a standard of value. She has a measure of education; therefore, an educated speech should be the measure—and all who fall of living up to her standard in this respect should be set down as inferior and "impossible," no matter what the characters they may have or how much native intelligence, or how much force.

Don't you think the majority of us are snobs in one way or another? Every now and then I catch myself doing it.

#### I Do Hate Stupid Clothes.

For instance, I find myself looking down on people who wear stupid clothes. I don't mean inexpensive clothes or shabby clothes; but just stupid clothes—clothes that show an utter lack of thought and taste. For instance, I took a perfectly absurd dislike to a new acquaintance because, though flat-chested and long-necked, she always wore fitted waists with deep flat yokes that exaggerated her bad lines. I like her immensely, but before I could make room for liking of a very lovable woman

to enter my heart, I had to cast out that absurd dislike.

#### One of My Snobberies.

Again, I find myself drawing back from association with people who are sure to say the obvious and bromidic things, who respond to a mention of the photographer by saying, "I'd rather go to the dentist's than have my picture taken." (I always wish I could confront such people with the actual alternative of a good stiff session in the dentist's chair or a half hour at the photographer's and see which they'd really take), who react to a regret that one has brought an umbrella when it turns out sunshiny with, "It never rains when you take your umbrella." And yet when I really know these people, I often find they have much to give me.

Of course, one has not time for more than a few close friends, and it is inevitable that one should select these fastidiously.

But it wasn't inevitable that one should permit one's self to look down on anyone just because in some particular they don't measure up to one's standards. And to do so is to show a form of snobbery to my way of thinking.

#### THE ENIGMA.



That monster of the western coast is now within the prison's gate; his wives, when counted, made a host, and he had murdered ten or eight. He married girls wherever he went, and you, on hearing this, will say, "He must have been a winning gent, who had a fascinating way. But no, he had a feline face, a wolfish mouth, a furtive air; as shy of beauty as of grace—yet he won brides most everywhere. The blooming damsels seemed to see in Bluebeard Watson things that charm; and when he said, 'Will marry me?' They answered him, 'You bet your arm.' And so they decked themselves in white, and with him sought the altar rail, and at the finish of the rite he butchered them and swiped their kale. And I could name a dozen lads, all loaded down with sterling worth,

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who've searched for brides in many grades, who searched in vain throughout the earth. I have no doubt the Bluebeard wives refused the hands of many men who have no blemish on their lives, who are not headed for the pen. I cannot understand those maids who'll blithely marry unknown naves, of wolfish men, who carry spades, with which to dig the ladies' graves.

### Famous Actress of Napoleon's Day.

Hortense Schneider, the celebrated stren of the Second Empire, died recently at Auteuil, France, at the age of 82.

Born at Bordeaux in 1838, she went on the stage at the age of 15 and by the year 1864 had danced herself into the hearts of masculine Paris.

"La Belle Helene" and "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein" she was affectionately called because she had played the title roles in Offenbach's two famous operas.

Princes and dukes were at her feet—and paid royally for the privilege of being there. When she was starring in "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein," Czar Alexander II. of Russia telegraphed ahead to have a box reserved at her theatre and begged her to sup with him after the performance.

In order to keep this engagement the Czar had to snub the Empress Eugenie and Napoleon by begging off from a state dinner arranged for him by their majesties. Nor was he the only visiting royalty who paid greater homage to the queen of opera bouffe than to the royalties of France.

Hortense's love affairs were soon the talk of Europe and Napoleon III. himself is said to have given her a "peck of jewels."

Until the fall of the second empire she could fill any theatre in Paris. During the Franco-Prussian war she hid herself, but returned to Paris with the accession of MacMahon and built a fantastic villa at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne, the garden of which adjoined Prince Murat's, latter James Gordon Bennett's residence.

There she gave wonderful entertainments, at which the heirs apparent of half the kingdoms of Europe were present. Naturally, she had many suitors, but she refused all offers until, in 1881, she surprised all her friends by accepting the hand and name of an Italian, a Comte de Bionne. They soon separated, Hortense asserting that her husband was squandering her large fortune. Also there was some question as to the validity of his title. She withdrew to a convent in 1900, but did not long remain there.

Her last appearance in the news was in 1915, when she presented her

beautiful villa at Pecamp to the Orphelant des Arts, a society formed to care for the orphaned children of soldiers who had been in one of the artistic professions. At that time she was living in strict retirement at Auteuil, with only the memories of her romantic career as queen of opera and of hearts.



THE BOY AND HIS STRING OF FISH.

Home he comes with a string of fish. A barefoot boy with a freckled face And a grin as wide as a king might wish; Home he comes from his favorite place, Triumphantly trudging the village street. Envy by all he may chance to meet. "Hey there, Buddy!" an old man cries, "Let's have a look at the fish you caught!" There's two or three of a decent size; I'll bet there was fun in the way they fought. Give you much trouble? I'll bet they did; Well, you surely are a lucky kid!"

Home he trudges and well he knows That all eyes follow him down the street; Some will stop him wherever he goes. The richest man he may chance to meet. Will look at him with a wistful eye And envy him as he marches by.

For he has been where the air was pure, Where no one battled for gold or fame, He has lived a day where his joy was sure, And comes with the trophies that all would claim; And each of us now, could we have our wish, Would be a boy with a string of fish.

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Yours &c., WILFRED GAGNE.

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By Bud Fisher.

