

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

TWO TYPES OF WOMEN.

How a certain type of woman does love to celebrate the supremacy of the male sex over her own! Here is the sort of thing I mean: We were talking about women driving automobiles. Said the type of woman who, in the face of the fact that thousands of women make excellent drivers, thinks it isn't possible that so inferior as her own should rival men as drivers. Her husband says he hates to meet a woman driver on the road because as you are going to pass them you are sure to take one hand off the wheel and start to fix their hair. "I know about the man who takes the hand off the wheel to light his cigarette," she said, "but I am capable of doing it."

Most Difficult Secret I Ever Kept. It happens, I was once out driving with her husband and daughter as far off the road that we had to get assistance to get back again. He wanted his wife to know what it was about the most difficult secret I ever kept. I don't know what particular pleasure women get from thus decrying their own sex. I suspect it is the thing that they ingratiate themselves with men. The woman in question was the fashionable type who has always

been able to rule by charm and has always preferred chivalry to justice. Even now, in her sixties, she is quick to adapt herself to the mood of any man with whom she comes in contact, and she still has a distinct charm. I admire her so much myself, and I see the cleverness of her and the appeal of her constant flattery of the male so well, that I don't wonder the male likes the type.

Why Should They? Indeed, I often wonder if he will ever like any other so well. Why should he, when this one constantly tickles his vanity?

I read the other day the following description of an oriental wife brought up to be absolutely submissive to her husband and to think of nothing but his pleasure:

"A maiden who has been reared in the most exclusive schools of virtue and domestic enterprise. Of maidenly disobedience and female egotism she stands in more horror than death itself. Her skill in cooking would tempt the appetite of a gorged and jaded emperor. I wonder why men didn't all try to get themselves oriental wives. It didn't seem as if the western wives would have a show beside them."

Belief in the Partnership Ideal. You see, I am in a mood of pessimism. It may be that old way is the right way and that the women who "fatters and fawns to attain her end" is the ideal woman. It may be that to have any other idea is to go against Nature. And yet I cannot help believing that the partnership ideal is the best for man and woman alike, and that as we work toward its attainment, we work toward true happiness.

The Meal a Day in Congo

It is a common observation of those who for the first time, see savage men eat that they are "hungry." "These appetites!" many a white man has said. "This outdoor life must be up to produce such hunger. Where do they show it all?" The savage appetite is often no more than the civilized appetite. In the Congo—the natives eat only one meal a day. In the upper Congo and the lower Congo the natives usually rise at dawn, and they do not sit down to a meal until after sunset. Of course, this meal is as nearly a banquet as they can contrive. It is the household business of the day to provide meat or fish. He is supposed to be a mighty warrior, a clever hunter or fisherman. The wife not only does the work of the hut, but she also does some of the little farm adjoining. Her contribution to the family larder is all the vegetables she can eat. The family co-operative method of preparing the meal of the day is made as varied as possible. If the man brings, whether savage or civilized, become hungry in the outdoor hour period which elapses between one meal and another in the Congo. The Congo natives are not engaged in the hut or on the marches, the Congo natives keep hunger at bay with a handful of peanuts or a piece of sugar cane, perhaps, a roasted banana or a snack of native bread. Although, the dusky natives of the Congo have no liking for sweet potatoes. The native carriers are on the march they rarely eat a full meal from the start of the journey to the other end of the line. They cannot obtain a meal in any place except their village. So they plod through the day after day, living on the food, one accustomed to "regular" meals, no matter where he may be, understand how these carriers manage to live and work the way they do. However, the carriers

make-up for their lost fast with gigantic dinners that vanish as if by magic.

STEPPING HIGHER.

I'm strong for things uplifting. I'd see the world improve; I'd hate to see it drifting into a punker groove; I like to see men striving to gain a height, a head, but few will stand for driving, though many may be led. And nowadays reforming is driving in disguise; we see reformers swarming with fury in their eyes. When wearied by my labors, and fated in my soul, I like to join my neighbors in games of crokinole. And though these games be sinful, as moralists declare, they soothe, when it's a skin full of trouble, grief and care. And if reformers sought me, with gentle dance and song, if patiently they taught me wherein the games are wrong, and if I heard them saying their protests calm and meek, no doubt I'd quit my playing, and other pastimes seek. But no, they rant like thunder, and make their noisy raid, and rend the board asunder on which the game is played. They break the grape juice bottles, and spill my prized cheroots, and maudlin anger mottles the maps of these galleons. They talk of jails and fetters, and statutes they invoke, and thus annoy their betters, and make their cause a joke. And if they'd meet me kindly, and say to me, "Old Sox, the game you're playing blindly will land you on the rocks. I'd think them sane and able, I'd listen with respect, and playing-board and table quite promptly would be wrecked."

Heredity.

This is one of Mr. George Rober's stories: "Sonny," said a company promoter to his youngest son the other day, "I'll give you ten shillings if you dig that patch of ground all ready for your sister to start her flower garden." "Right you are, gov'nor," said Young Hopeful thoughtfully; "but I shall have to ask you 10 per cent. of the contract price in advance, not as evidence of good faith, but simply as working capital." "Working capital! What do you mean?" said the father. "Well, you see, I'll bury a shilling somewhere, and tell all the boys in the neighborhood that I found out that an old miser buried his treasures in our garden. When they strike the shilling they'll go on digging like Trojans. I can tell you. In that way I reckon that I can clear about 80 per cent. In fact, I—"

"Well, what?" inquired the proud parent.

"Well, I think I can also arrange to find the shilling myself!"

And father wept tears of joy as he thought of what a rough time financiers would have when his boy grew up.

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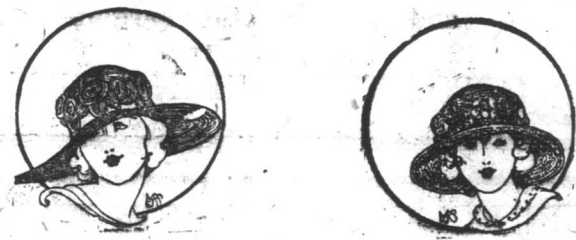
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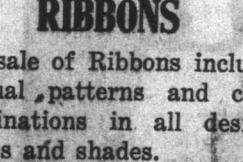
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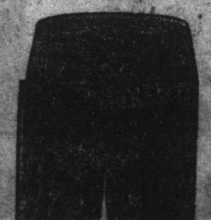
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