

## "Bruce In Khaki"

### STAFF

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Some ancient intellect once propounded and later stated the fact that it takes all kinds of people to make a universe, and now in later days, we in turn, have found this to be quite true. We discover different types each day. A few days ago we were talking about optimists but now our mind turns to the man who lives on comparisons.

Come what may he is for ever grouping circumstances, pondering and puzzling over these as he goes. In civilian life his comparisons bred a philosophy of his own, but the army as it appeals to him degrades him, and now his old style sinks into oblivion, only to give birth to an almost pessimistic view of comparisons. A multitude of questions groups themselves before him but the only solution is another puzzling conundrum.

Why did he join the army? If he had refused he would have been deemed a yellow shirker, but since he had, a fiend of Wanderlust. He comes into the world without his consent and leaves it against his will, and the road that lies between is not always milk and honey and to his liking.

He recalls his boyhood days, pretty women kissed him; now no one but the little girls purse up their lips for him. He was poor in bygone days and was considered the worst of managers; when money was more easily accumulated he was honest. Then it was that the "Devil may care do you" look settled on his

features and left its mark for all time.

If he desires credit it is refused, but if able to pay his way, favours come from the four corners of the earth. To try politics means graft, but being independent, he is absolutely no use to his country. When he refuses aid to charitable institutions, he is called a stingy old cuss and a veritable miser, but if perchance the strings of his pocket book are loosened, he is simply playing to the gallery, a mere shell for show.

Perhaps his attendance at church and religious ceremonies is regular, then behold he is a prince of hypocrites. To offset this he takes absolutely no interest in anything religious and is immediately styled a hardened sinner.

The warm, red, youthful blood in his veins makes him considerate, kind and affectionate. Then he is the softest of the softies. But to draw within his shell, live for himself alone, caring for no one denotes a cold blooded specimen. To die young is to have had a brilliant future before, but to live to be a grey haired ancient is to be the greatest nuisance of the age.

Money; what a source of worry. To save is to be a grouch; to spend, nothing but a loafer; to get it you are a grafter, and to leave it alone you become a numbskull.

What is the use? It is a problem, but the course of one's convictions is the safest and surest way of answering it. The ways of this world are many and devious, but why worry? What another thinks need not of necessity deter the workings of our own mind. One cannot please everybody and if we go our way and they go theirs, the roads may cross or run parallel in places but life is long enough and the world sufficiently large to hold us all. And when on this world's horizon all roads, paths and by-ways eventually combine to run as one, we may find ourselves side by side with the chap we could never agree with farther back but now continue the best of pals, remembering that yesterday's nays may become the yeas of the morrow.