

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Tests of Real Friendship

Some of the Virtues Which Differentiate the True from the False Friend. . . .

By ELIA WHEELER WILCOX.

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Real friendship results in a sense of freedom in association, but it does not permit of license. No friend can be so intimate that the need of delicacy does not exist. One can never be so sure of a friend that unnecessary and uncalled-for freedom of speech is permissible.

My true friend never comes to me with the belittling and causeless gossip which he hears about me. He never says, "I know you will not care," and then relates some vicious lie invented by the mood of envy. He never tells me anything disagreeable unless it is to warn me on my guard against a secret enemy or against my own imprudence. He tells me the kind and pleasant words he hears spoken of me and takes as much pleasure in hearing them as I do. And he defends me in my absence even against an army of accusers.

He will say things to my face which he would not say or permit to be said behind my back.

Friendship of the highest order should banish all wearisome restrictions and formalities. If I happen to drop in on my nearest friend as she is preparing to go out with another, she should feel free to go with no fear that I will be hurt or feel slighted. The moment this fear of wounding our friends in such matters creeps in it is no longer or not yet an also friendship.

We can bear with the Tyrannies and anxieties, fears and turmoils of love, but the calmer pleasures of friendship are jeopardized if we permit these other emotions to mar them.

Love is like the mid-ocean, grand, beautiful and terrible, full of delight and danger, and friendship should be like the calm bay where we rest, and do not fear; it cannot give us the exhilara-



tion of love and it must not give us the anxieties.

We feel rested and strengthened after an interview with a real friend, never irritated or worried.

The worthy and worth-while friend never chides us for not loving him enough nor begs to be loved more; he makes himself so deserving and so unobtrusive that we need not give him gratitude and affection.

The wise friend never weighs us with his friendship—never burdens us with feelings that he cannot live without our constant devotion. It is the privilege of love alone to do that.

Love may learn and cling forever. And forever grow more dear.

But friendship must sometimes stand upon its own feet or we tire of it.

If my friendship is absolute I will stand by my friend in trouble, danger and disgrace—not upholding him in the latter, but holding him from sinking lower. If he resents my restraint, however, and is determined to sink, I do not prove my friendship by sinking with him. I only prove my own moral weakness. Better let go my hold and save my strength to assist another who wants my help.

If he will not heed my advice or counsel, but insists upon associations and actions which injure him, I only blacken my own record and weaken my power to aid others if I stand by him. Friendship to one's higher self should not be sacrificed in a mistaken sense of devotion to another. Neither should I ask my friend to go down into the valley of despair with me—he will be a truer friend if he stands above the sunlight and strives to lift me up beside him.

I do not want my friend to constantly urge me to accept favors, but when, in my hour of need, I ask a favor, I want him to grant it with the air of one who is the recipient rather than the giver. Neither do I want him to refuse favors on the ground of being unable to repay me, since real friendship finds payments in the bestowing of favors. And always I want him loyal, trusting and sincere in word and act; as liberal, as loving, as free from jealousy as he is full of justice, ready to praise and not afraid to reprove.

Hats the Parisienne Is Wearing

Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar



To top the Louis Philippe bodice Evelyne Varon makes a directoire hat of blue horsehair, banded in very narrow rows of pink cyclamen ribbon, and adds a pink ostrich fantasia.

To her close-fitting toques of silk or straw Evelyne Varon gives the effect of breadth and height by adding at the back an immense bow of black faille ribbon with generous loops.

For the young girl Evelyne Varon shows this hat of navy blue picot straw banded and bowed in faille ribbon of same shade and worn jauntily at right side, extinguishing right eye.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangements for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of Runaway June may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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SYNOPSIS

June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realize that she must be dependent on him for money. She desires to be independent. June is pursued by Gilbert Blye, a wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches desperately for June, and learning of Blye's designs, vows vengeance on him. After many adventures June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist.

TWELFTH EPISODE.

The Spirit of the Marsh.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"You must be my model!" he excitedly informed her. "I will pay you any price you wish. Here is some money in advance." And, jerking a wad of loose bills from his pocket, he thrust them in her hand. "Now stand here." He was so quick, so energetic, so fired with impatient fervor, that June had no time to think, much less protest. He half led, half pulled, her on the small dais which he hastily shoved into position. He caught up a sharp knife. It would not do. He ran to a workbasket in the alcove and brought back a long pair of shears and with one clip slit the filmy negligee at the shoulder.

At that moment the portieres opposite the big canvas opened far enough to reveal the dark, handsome face of the black Yandyeek Gilbert Blye.

Toward the Durban house there dashed two automobiles, the electric of Honoria Blye and the Moore family car, with the parents and husband and her two young boys. In the Hetherington and Bobbie, Marie and Officer Dowd were suddenly interrupted in their leisurely stroll by a loud yelp, and a white and brown streak threw itself against Marie. Bouncer! He barked, he circled; he ran up the street a little way, ran back and darted off again.

"Miss June!" cried Marie, and, clutching Officer Dowd by the sleeve, she ran up the street after the dog.

Vivian Durban, her chin tilted, her face serene, her step deliberate and leisurely, came into the studio. Whatever she had been about to say froze on her lips as she saw the tableau before the canvas. The exquisitely molded runaway bride, draped like the Spirit of the Marsh, stood upon the dais.

"Oh!" the word was a shriek. Vivian Durban rushed down the length of the studio, towering with rage. "So that's it!" she cried. "That's why you brought this creature here?"

"Viv!" protested the artist.

"Out of my house!" the woman screamed at June, her fingers working convulsively. "Out of my house this minute!" And she started toward the frightened June.

"Here!" Bennett Durban caught his wife's arm and held her back.

She stopped, and slowly her chin went up. She turned on him coldly.

"Either that creature leaves—goes instantly—or you go! This is my house!"

With a low cry June had darted across the studio, clasping her gauzy draperies about her as best she could. In the hall she turned to dart up the stairs, where her clothes had been left.

"Out of my house!" sternly called the woman, and as June stopped, bewildered, half crazed, the first door was opened by

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

You Must Decide.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I know two young ladies and believe I could have either for the asking. One is English with little education, while the other is well educated.

While I heartily love the Briton, I find the American a more interesting companion, as her education has enabled us to have the most pleasant interchange of ideas. When I'm with the other I have to do all the talking, except when we discuss personal matters. THE OMAHA.

How can you think of entrusting to a stranger the choice of a wife for you? What do you mean by love? If you mean that the less well-educated girl appeals to your senses and starves your mind, I can hardly advise you to marry her. Nor do I advocate a marriage on a purely intellectual basis. I have an idea that your admiration for yourself is too great to admit of your having an honest and abiding love for either girl.

No.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 29 and dearly in love with a girl of the same age.

This year I intend to enter college, and, as she knows my financial circumstances, she offered me steady assistance. Would you advise me to accept such gifts?

H. M.

Work your way through college. Any earnest young man will receive many suggestions from the college authorities as to how to do this. But don't take help from a girl who may even make sacrifices to offer you assistance. What returns do you contemplate making for her favors?

You Are Courting Disaster.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and have met a man eighteen years my senior. He is married and has a wife and two grown-up children. He told me he cares for me very much and his love is returned. He also says he is tired of his wife and would divorce her for me. Would it be right to accept this offer?

DOUBTFUL K. W.

Why suppose this man would be more loyal to you than to the woman who is his wife and the mother of his children? Out of just such situations as that in which you are allowing yourself to be involved come the bitterest tragedies of the world. Have nothing more to do with your tempter—for your own sake and out of decent regard for that other woman whose life you will wreck with your own unless you dissolve her disloyal and unworthy husband from your life.

What Do You Read?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Have you "the tired business man" type of mind which insist on gaiety for relaxation and is ready to be entertained? Does your daily reading consist of the headlines in the newspapers? Do you carefully omit, in your perusal all editorial, and are you particular not to read the serious, instructive articles which the magazines offer you? Do you ignore all the world of literature in which poetry, the drama, essays, and charmingly written biographies, histories, works of science and philosophy lie?

Reading worth-while things is honestly nothing more or less than a question of getting the habit.

I know a young woman who proudly boasted that she had read none of the classic novels. And then someone gave her Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame." Feeling that she owed it to the donor to read the book she set about what she supposed was going to be a very dry task. Here is the confession she made to me: "I found as thrilling a romance, as fascinating a love story as any of my favorite 'best sellers,' had ever given me. Then, too, I discovered a real philosophy back of the story. I found myself interested in the discussion of architecture and in the description of old Paris. My goodness, when I got through with that book I was fairly inspired to go off and study architecture, the history of the church, the dresses and customs of the fifteenth century, and the chronicles of Margaret of Flanders. And I give you my word that I found reading the ordinary love story about as interesting as drinking hot water in place of a fragrant cup of coffee."

There is the testimony of an average girl about the classical novel versus the passing romance.

Reading merely for amusement becomes rather appalling amusement to any mind that is at all ambitious. Reading for instruction is by no means a dull and dry affair. You simply have to know what to read. Cast about in your mind for something in which you are interested—for every thinking human being has surely one major interest and several minor ones. Suppose you like music. Go to the nearest public library station and ask for suggestions as to reading along this line.

Even if your interest is merely in the melody of popular songs, you will find yourself delighted by the wonderful fortitude of Beethoven's life, for instance; by the romance of Mozart's, or by the magnificent capacity for work of Abbe Franz Liszt.

In all of life there is interest. In all sorts of writing there is the element of being "a human document"—since writing must chronicle conditions of life and living or theories about them.

There are no more splendid historical novels than the actual facts of history. There are no more thrilling adventure stories than the real tales of such a man as Stanley, for instance. And so through all the departments with which fiction deals, fact supplies romances fully as great as those which fiction offers.

If you have ever listened to a really brilliant and charming man talking, you have undoubtedly thrilled responsive to his viewpoint and commentaries on life. The good essayists offer you the same stimulation.

Reading worth-while books will open a magnificent vista of understanding, of life and people and of yourself too. It will keep you from boredom and from slumping back mentally. It will prove just as interesting, even at first, and far more interesting when you get into the swing of learning through your amusements than does the "hot water diet" of reading trash. Good reading—the aroma of fragrant coffee—the stimulation of your own thoughts through the thoughts of others. Doesn't it sound tempting? Try it.

War and Women

By ELBERT HUBBARD

May women go to war? Women cannot have—and do. Clara Barton did. She spent more years on the battlefield than did Von Moltke, Grant, Sherman or Sheridan.

Clara Barton administered to our soldiers through-out the civil war. She went to Europe to forget America's war and found herself amid the horrors of the Franco-Prussian battlefield.

The clincher to the whole round of arguments in opposition to woman suffrage is the platitude: "Women cannot go to war, therefore, they must not be allowed to vote."

And again, "The final test of citizenship is the ability to defend one's country."

I heard a man say, "How it would look to see a regiment of women making a charge."

And his audience laughed.

But a regiment of women have made a charge, and neither the women who made the charge nor the "enemy" laughed.

When women fight they do so to save their children, their homes, their town, their country. There is a fight for freedom.

Women go to war, as did Clara Barton, as organizers of relief service, as nurses, as assistants to surgeons, as protectors, as mothers.

Do women think of the dangers of the battlefield? No more than do men. It is the mother spirit which is aroused and active in women in war time.

The mother is the sacrificer. She does not think of her own safety when her child is in danger.

Women who come to the relief of the wounded on the battlefield, in hospital tents, are not there for the abstract something which we call "patriotism." They are there to relieve suffering, to minister to the sick, to take care of and save the lives of the people who make a nation, who are the state.

This does not mean that woman loves the state less, but she loves humanity more.

The quarrel? That sink into oblivion when men are stretching out arms for help—and she can save them.

Confederate pain, Federal pain, Prussian pain, English pain, Pain is pain to woman. Jew or Gentile, bond or free, are all one to her.

Pain creates a democracy in the hearts of mothers of men.

And here is the only compensation that I can see in war, that it numbs our pride. It brings us back to primitive conditions, to natural living and pure hearts if we are wholesome.

But the women on the battlefield, the women in the hospital tent, or hospital buildings, the women who are nursing wounded and sick who have been returned to their native country for care, are not those who suffer most in time of war.

Suffering is not alone a matter of physical hardships.

The keenest suffering a woman can endure is that which her imagination makes her suffer.

Her home life is broken when husband, brothers, the men of her household, are taken from her.

All the happy routine which made home so broken.

Her leisure is not occupied by thoughts



of hope and anticipation of pleasure. She is not looking for the homecoming. Her anticipation is of fearful news that may, will come.

She reads the lists of wounded and killed. She watches to see what regiments are engaged in battle. The headlines, "Great Loss of Life in Battle Now Going On!" makes the world turn inky black for her, and the blood recedes from her heart.

There is not an experience on the battlefield that she has not lived in imagination.

The pale crippled soldier's life is broken

no more than hers.

She has endured all the physical hardships that the majority of wives and mothers are called upon to endure when the family provider has gone to war. And added to these hardships, she has to endure every tragedy that the imagination can conjure forth. Do women go to war?

Wherever there is war women are participants in it. For when men are sorely wounded they lie where they fall, and there is a limit to physical suffering.

When they fall on the battlefield they sleep to wake no more.

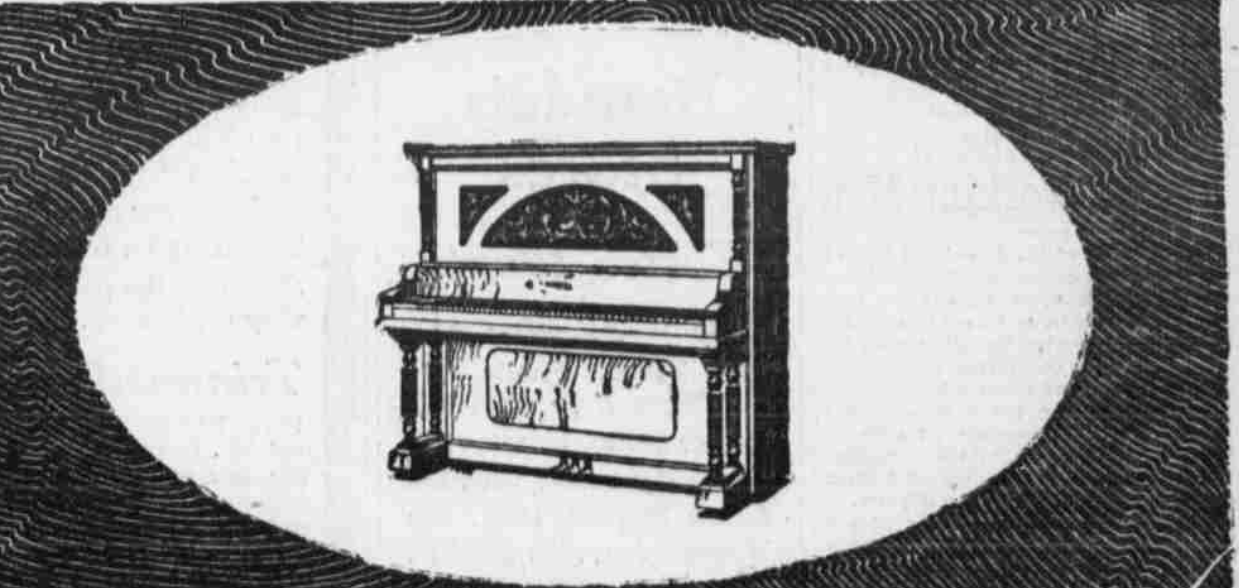
But there is no limit to the pictures which the imagination conjures forth, day and night, forever, and as long as the woman lives.

Her war is never over. The battles are never finished for her.

For her there is never victory, no matter who wins.

Her heart is broken, her life is maimed. For the woman must live on and on.

There may be a reason why women should not vote, but the silly statement, "Women should not be allowed to vote because they cannot fight," isn't it?



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